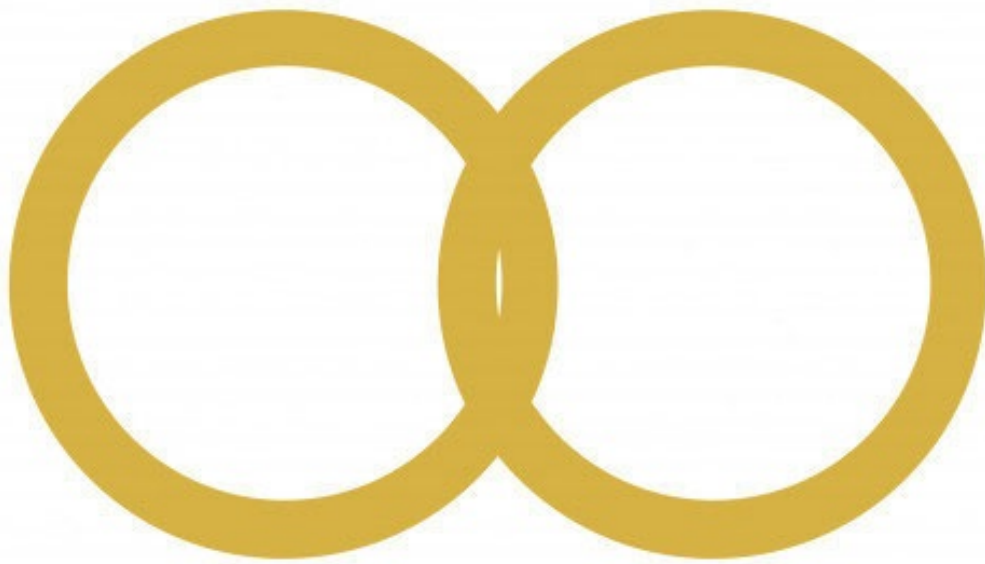


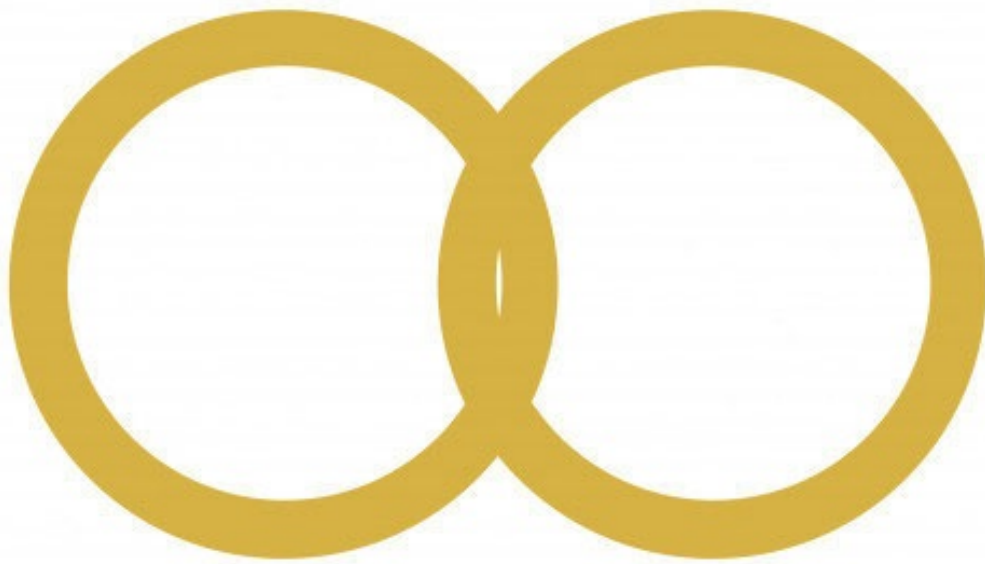
Revenge Body

by Roy Ellison



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Smashwords Edition

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Erica plopped herself into the seat of the diner and declared:

"Thank you for having time for me. I just can't cry anymore."

"It's no problem. That's what friends are for."

Isaac put his hand on hers and added:

"Just tell me everything. Let it all out!"

Having a gay best friend was great. Erica really needed his support right now. It was so horrible. Just last evening, she had discovered that Garcia was cheating on her. Such an asshole! They had been together for well over a year, he had been so sweet on their anniversary. They had been talking about moving in together. She had planned to surprise him. She had returned early from the company conference and decided to bring the three things he enjoyed most: fried food, European beer and new lingerie for her. Having a hunk like him as a boyfriend had been so good. Erica was nice, but she was no ten and she knew it. She was tall, that was good, but she had small tits and was rather slim, but not fit. Garcia was amazing: He was tall, muscular and his cock was ... magnificent. He also knew how to use it. Suffice to say, the time with him had been excellent.

And when she had opened the door and heard the scrambling sounds inside, she knew that something was wrong. On a hunch, she started inside and practically ran into a large breasted, very tanned girl with pouty lips and no clothes. She was a platinum blonde and looked at Erica as if she was a part of the furniture. Erica asked:

"Who are you?"

"I'm Izzie."

"You probably are."

Of course, everything went to shit minutes later: It turned out that Garcia had been fucking this plastic bitch for weeks, even months. Every time Erica was on a business trip or visiting her parents, they'd fuck. It had been sheer bad luck that she had discovered the whole thing. Erica sighed, shrugged and slammed the door behind her.

And then, she had cried, cried and cried some more.

She called Isaac in the middle of the night, he calmed her down to get her to sleep and he had promised they'd talk the next day. After hours of twisting and turning, she had finally fallen asleep. Of course, the dreams were horrible.

Isaac said:

"It's horrible. He's such an asshole."

"Yeah. I gotta get this out of my system quick. It's just so bad."

"Definitely."

"And the worst part is, he hasn't even tried to call me and explain. He doesn't

even care."

Isaac leaned back. He was a pudgy little man with little hair, but he had a certain gravitas that gave him dignity:

"You should have a small revenge. Nothing big, just a little pain to make him suffer."

Erica nodded slowly.

"Yeah. I should ... Just a sting to feel good."

"So, any ideas on where to hurt him?"

She thought for a moment and said:

"It's pretty obvious, isn't it? He fucked that bimbo because she was hotter than me. So I'm going to get hotter than her. And then, he'll regret it."

Isaac shrugged:

"That's not exactly what I would have recommended ..."

It was too late. Erica's mind was made up:

"Thank you! I can't wait to blow this asshole's mind! Thank you so much for listening, Isaac."

"No problem."

She jumped up and ran out. Isaac scratched his head. Maybe he shouldn't be giving romantic advice. It always ended up terribly.

A few weeks later, she was angry. Nothing. Well, a little. The problem was clear: She wasn't making any progress. She had lost maybe three pounds, her hair was a mess and her tan wasn't improving. She had no muscle tone to show off or anything, really. Also, getting a new wardrobe was one thing, but she somehow lacked taste and real motivation to do this. This was shit.

Erica was angry with herself. She was still angry about Garcia, but now she was also disappointed of her own inability to fix this. At the same time, stalking that asshole and his bimbo showed her an ever happier couple that was looking sooo good. She was fuming.

That was when Drew showed up. He was a regular at the gym, maybe in his forties, maybe older, bald, short and very muscular. He looked really pumped up, not too real or authentic. Actually, he seemed mostly pathetic. He was also the resident dealer and man of horrible advice. He walked up to her as she was doing pulldowns and said:

"Hey, beautiful."

"Seriously? What's next? Are you going to ask me whether it hurt when I fell to Earth?"

"I just might. No. Actually, I just saw what you were doing and I wanted to help you."

"You? Help me? Why?"

"I dunno. you just look angry and unhappy, and you're doing those exercises wrong. You know, training might be boring, but it still should be enjoyed."

"Could you just leave me alone?"

"Sure."

He turned around and started walking away when she reconsidered.

"Wait. What am I doing wrong?"

He turned back and explained.

"Also, may I check your nutrition? It's mostly not the exercise, it's all about the food."

"Okay ..." She was a little overwhelmed. "Thank you."

"Don't mention it. You just looked like me during my divorce. So I thought you could need some help."

With Drew's help, things gathered speed. He was a nice enough guy, although prone to ogling and making weird comments that probably made sense if you were old. Or something. Also, he could be really patronizing. It took a while to get used to this, but every time she looked at Garcia's account, she felt able to put up with it.

Within a month, she shredded a lot of weight and started building up her muscles. She wanted to be toned and fit, before moving on to the next step. Bigger tits. She'd get massive implants that would shut up that bitch. And when Garcia would start to salivate, she'd just laugh at him and say:

"Ha! You wish."

And then she'd walk away, jiggling her booty. She made a mental note to get her ass done too. Yeah. She'd be way too sexy for him.

Meeting with Isaac, she liked the reaction.

"Girl, you look good!"

"Thank you."

She twirled her locks. They were her natural black now, and she had stopped straightening them. Natural strength was in.

"The training seems to work. I was worried about you, but I guess you feel better now, don't you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I just assumed you'd have your best body now and ..."

"Isaac, no. No, I don't have my best body now. I'm still far away from where I wanna be."

She pointed at her tiny chest. Her breasts were now supported by some nice pecs, nothing too impressive, but perfectly okay.

"I'm going to get some big round tits and blow that asshole away!"

"But is that really what you want? You're going to be stuck with them ..."

That made some sense at least. Getting implants just for a joke? Was that a good idea?

"Well, I wanna hurt him. So I gotta rule his cock. Also, I need to get way fitter."

She showed him Garcia's page. There was a picture of him with his plastic bitch. She now had a hard six-pack and she was ripped. "My girl's first fitness competition. Yay! First place!"

"I mean, look at her."

"Yeah. I see it. You shouldn't compare yourself to that bimbo."

"That bimbo is way sexier than I am!"

"You should find your own way, if you really have to do this. Just copying her is stupid."

"Whatever!"

"Say, Drew, I heard you sell stuff."

"Maybe."

"I wanna get bigger quick. My asshole ex' asshole bimbo has abs and muscles and a bikini body. I want more. Can you help me?"

"I guess so. But that stuff is dangerous. You really have to stick to what I say."

"Do I look like I have trouble following instructions?"

Despite his skepticism, Erica's money was good and he had already invested too much time not to make this pay. The same day, he started her on her first cycle.

The effect was impressive. On a normal woman, her gains might have looked a bit too much. On Erica's 6'1" body, they looked just right. She was getting ripped. Her abs were visible and getting quite cut, she had cute biceps and her legs were looking even shapelier than before. She loved it. Also, the broader shoulders made her waist look smaller and the bigger glutes gave her a nice butt. She was sexy and horny and it was great.

The drugs had really upped her libido and she found herself masturbating a lot. Also, there was a certain recklessness to her behavior. She'd really use her height to get her way, towering over people and growling at them if they annoyed her. It was great fun. Also, wearing her hair in a 'fro made her even taller. Combined with some killer four-inch heels, she was super-big. That was fun!

She got hooked. Drew was surprised. Most women didn't want to get big. They wanted to lose weight, get tighter, whatever. Erica said:

"What do you think? Should I add a little more muscle? It would look better on me since I'm so tall, don't you think?"

Drew tried to hide his happy surprise:

"You could try that ... Who am I to judge?"

"Cool! By the way ... Maybe another cycle?"

"I don't think that's a good idea. Just give your body a little rest."

She stood in front of him, towering above his 5'8" frame. He swallowed. Those heels were really high ...

"She's winning fitness competitions. I don't have time to wait around and I gotta stay sharp. The longer I take, the more he gets hooked."

"I still don't think ..."

"Then don't. Just help me." She kissed his bald head.

Drew was amazed. Erica's horniness and her desire to make him help her had led him to her bedroom. And now, he was on top of her. He wasn't too proud of his dick, which had shrunk with his balls. It also didn't always work as intended. He preferred to use his tongue. For Erica, this was just as well. When she realized what he was up to, she licked her lips. Nice. It turned out that the little muscle man was quite skilled.

She gasped as he slid his tongue over and into her cunt. He swirled her clit, caressed her cunt-lips and was gentle, but insistent. She locked her long legs around his head. The poor man was in heaven. Erica squeezed harder. She was slowly becoming aware of her strength and she loved it.

In the middle of the second cycle, she noticed some side-effects. It was weird. Her voice got a little throatier. Her face got a little more square. It was harsher, somehow. She also had a bad outbreak of acne. This made her angry. Oh, yes. Anger. That actually was a big issue lately. She'd explode for no reason in public. Somebody would cut in a line before her? She'd scream at that person and move very quickly into their comfort zone. Somebody didn't understand her the first time she said something? She'd repeat herself with a cutting passive aggression. Someone dared refuse to do what she said? Poor guy.

The odd part was: It worked for her. She wasn't making friends, but she was getting ahead. She wanted a raise? She got it. The boss was just happy to have her out of her office. People kept taking her office food and her cheat food? A stern talking-to and that issue was resolved.

Isaac was shocked when he saw her again. She was getting big.

She strode into the bar, wearing a minidress that seemed glued to her body. With her six-inch heels and her hair, she towered over the other patrons. They stared. One of them dared to do a wolf-whistle. She stopped, cables of muscle emerging from her neck. She took a deep breath and shot the guy a look. He shrunk into his seat, focusing on his drink. She smiled grimly and sat down next to Isaac. He stared at her tight muscles. Her small boobs had completely disappeared, turning into hard pecs. Her traps were bulging, as were her shoulders.

"Wow. You're looking ... new."

"I do."

"Also, I like the dress and shoes. If I were straight, I'd salivate." He smiled.
"Heck, your muscles are moving you right up my alley."

"You like them?"

"On men, mostly, but that's nice too."

"Thank you, I guess. So, how's life been treating you?"

"Oh, same old, same old. I actually had a fling with a guy called Dashiell. Can you imagine this? Like the author?"

She shrugged her broad shoulders.

"Was it nice?"

"Oh, it was great. Although we decided not to make it complicated. I would have liked a little more complication, if you know what I mean ..."

She smiled. He asked:

"But enough about me. Have you managed to get your asshole out of your system?"

"Nah. It's getting worse, I think."

She showed him Garcia's page.

"Oh shit."

"Exactly. They're getting married. If I want some kind of revenge, I gotta be quick."

"Or you could just ignore him ..."

"Never."

"This isn't healthy. You know I'm your friend and I love you like a sister, but maybe you should see a shrink. Just to talk."

She exploded without warning. Isaac stared at her as she screamed at him, threw water in his face and left.

This wasn't good.

After training hard, Erica calmed down a little. She showered, got dressed in her shapeless track suit and cap and was about to sprint home when she noticed that it no longer was shapeless. Actually, it was now pretty tight. She liked that. Grinning, she ran off. Feeling the cool evening air around her face felt nice. At a red light, she had to stop, running in place. Next to her were two girls which were already quite drunk. They snuck a peek. One of them said:

"Whoa. That's one big guy we got here. Awesome."

"Yeah. But you gotta keep it down. Cos he's not supposed to hear."

"Totally."

They crossed the street. Erica stayed there alone. She stopped running. She just stood there and thought.

A wicked plan grew in her mind. A very evil plan. Dangerous, crazy, really, really bad. She loved it already.

She called Drew.

"Hi! What's up?"

"I just had the best idea."

"Okay ..."

"Yeah. I know how to have my revenge and to humiliate this bastard!"

"Do I want to know?"

"Oh, yes. You do." She paused for effect. "I'm going to seduce his bitch bimbo."

"What? How? Why?"

"I will make her fall in love with me. I know the vapid type. She's going to fall for me hard. And then, I'm going to make him lose his shit. And I'm going to gloat!"

"Is she bi? Because otherwise, this isn't going to work."

"She isn't, but that won't matter."

"What the hell are you up to?"

"She likes big, manly men. With muscles and hair. Tall guys built like brick shithouses."

"Okay ..."

"So you're going to turn me into one of these. Got it?"

"Err ... No."

"Oh yes. You wouldn't want me to tell the cops about your little business, would you?"

"Don't you dare ..."

"I won't. But you'll have to help me. Also, you'll get so much sex, you won't even have time to worry about this."

There was silence. Then he said:

"Okay. It's stupid, but we can try."

"I knew I could count on you. See you tomorrow!"

The next day, Erica woke up early. She was excited, but also really anxious. Was this a good idea? Of course not. Was it necessary? Definitely. She stood in front of the bathroom mirror and said to herself:

"Hello, my name is Eric. Nice to meet you."

She smiled. Then she took a pink joke hat that was still left from New Year and put it on, tipping it to her reflection:

"M'lady."

She put on some roomy training outfit and joined Drew at the gym. He said:

"Okay, so hear me out. This is insane and you definitely shouldn't do it."

"I don't care. It's my life and I want revenge."

"I know. I just wanted to say it again."

"I heard you the first time. Get on with it."

"Fine. It's your funeral." She made an impatient gesture. "This is the stuff I'll be shooting you up with. It's bad. It'll make you physically sick. It'll also make you lose your period, give you bad rashes and acne and make you grow a beard. Also, say goodbye to your hair. However, it will also blow up your muscles like crazy if you follow my training plan."

"Perfect. Let's get going."

"First, I want you to sign this. It's just a confession that you forced me into this. I don't want to be charged with murder."

"No problem. Let's do this!"

And they did.

The first days were hard. Drew's prophecy came true. For days, Erica was violently sick as her body was forced into another shape. She struggled to keep down all the food she had to eat, she barely managed to get through the workouts. It was hell. And despite all the suffering, she loved it.

She could literally see her body grow harder and bigger. The stuff Drew gave her wreaked havoc in her mind and body, but it was wonderful for her. Within weeks, her muscles ballooned outwards. She was gaining mass like crazy. Her shoulders swelled and spread, her v-taper getting more and more extreme. Her biceps were now so big they were getting in the way. Her bodyfat was dropping quickly, revealing a sickeningly ripped eight-pack. Her legs and ass were getting bigger and harder. She was constantly horny. Her swollen clitoris throbbed all the time. She had to wear a pad just to manage all the fluid she was producing. She couldn't watch people on the bus without getting aggressively aroused.

Also, her face was starting to look strange. The massive overdose of hormones made her jaw mutate. Without much warning, her soft, feminine face had turned hard, then manly. Her skull seemed to grow bigger and rawer every day. There was also the hair. It sprouted everywhere except on her head. There, it grew thinner and thinner. She didn't care. She just shaved it all off and stared maniacally at her developing beard. She scratched her stubble. Yes. Soon, she would be big and hard enough to take a stab at Izzie. The poor girl would never know what hit her.

For now, she had to build more muscles.

At the gym, she was now pumping massive weights. People stopped to stare at this huge guy that curled the biggest dumbbells and deadlifted sick weights. She dressed in a masculine fashion to get used to it. Only occasionally did a feminine sigh escape her. Mostly, she grunted like the manly man she was turning herself into. Showers were difficult, but she was careful to be alone in there. She did use the men's, though.

Watching the water run down her amazing abs was tremendous. As her muscles relaxed under the warm water, her fingers went to her clitoris. She rubbed it, then pulled it. She had been using one of these vacuum pumps for a few days now and it was getting longer. Of course, it wouldn't be as long as a real cock, but no problem, she already owned a few strap-ons and a massive doubleheader she'd use on Izzie.

The thought of fucking her made her so hot she came. This was so sexy!

She dried her body, wrapped a towel around her waist and grinned at her reflection. She could still recognize herself, but it was getting harder by the day. Her chest was getting really big now and her breasts were nothing more than large nipples now. She flexed her arms and let her swollen, veiny biceps pop out.

One of the other customers came in and stared at her. He then took in a sharp breath and puffed out his chest to keep up with her. Pathetic.

She gave him a contemptuous smile and left. What a weakling!

Erica decided to give her body a test run. She walked over to the juice bar and waited for a client that was still new to the place. She spotted a rather fit girl and approached her, her chest covered only in a wide wife-beater. She showed off her muscles, her coarse hair sprouting from her chest.

"Hi! You're new, aren't you?"

The girl checked out her body and clearly liked what she saw. She replied:

"I am. Could you show me the ropes?"

"Sure. The name's Eric. And yours?"

"Mathilda."

"Pleased to meet you. Shall we?"

Two hours later, she had that girl's phone number. She grinned. That had been easy. She wasn't sure she was ready, but that had worked well. She'd need some more experience. And bigger muscles. Always bigger muscles!

A few weeks later, she noticed that the preparations of the marriage were speeding up. It was time to act. She looked at her reflection in the mirror. It was shocking. She was a hulk now. Her pecs were gigantic and very ripped. Her shoulders were easily twice as broad as her waist, if not more. She scratched the

thick, coarse black hair that covered it. Her arms bulged against her chest. There was more hair there. She was getting positively bearish. A little while ago, her abs had begun to turn into a kind of weird muscle gut, but they were even more ripped. She grinned maniacally. Her hands still hurt a little. Just yesterday, she had been clubbing, partying hard at one of the more trendy locations. When she was back outside, drunk and horny, she had run into some guy who clearly wanted a fight. The poor fuck had completely underestimated her. She had smashed his fist into his face, breaking three of his teeth and sending him on the pavement. As the steroid-induced rage flooded her mind, she had kicked his prone body, laughing at her power. This wasn't the first time something like this happened. She was slowly losing control, and she was enjoying herself. Thinking back of her weakness and frailty and emotionality made her sick. She was a monster and she had every right to do this.

Once the fucker was knocked out, she had returned to the club. Moments later, she found a girl that attached herself to her muscles and took her with her. They ended up in the darkness of a park. In the bushes, Erica fucked her with her massive double-header, grunting and generally being an animal. The poor woman was shocked by her aggression, but the sex was amazing. When she was finished, Erica got up, grinned and said:

"Bye."

And left.

Remembering this made her smile. And thinking of what she'd do to Izzie was even better. That's when the doorbell rang. She groaned and went to open the door. Maybe a package?

It was Isaac. He stared at her. It clearly took him a moment to make sure it was

her.

"Whoa. Whoa. Whoa ..."

He seemed stuck. She grinned and checked out his crotch. He was getting a hard-on and fast too.

"See anything you like?"

"What ..."

She grabbed him by the hand, pulled him inside and pushed him on the ground. He tried to recover, but before he could, she had undone his fly, extracted his penis and started to lick and suck him. He was in complete shock and shot his load almost immediately. She shot him an insane look and said:

"You're quick, man. A little too fast for my tastes, but ..."

"What happened to you? Why are you ... What's up with your voice? And the beard? Why?"

"I took your advice, little man."

"I don't think I ever said anything like that ..."

"Who cares? I feel great!"

She turned him around and pulled down her pants. Reaching over to the double-header she had casually discarded yesterday, she deep-throated it, then slipped it inside her.

"Do you mind if I come inside?"

He looked at her face, then at the plastic rod, then at her broad chest. He was horny as fuck and this was wrong. But right now, he didn't care.

She shoved her plastic cock up his butt. First gently, then harder. Then much harder. Isaac grunted with delight as she hammered away at his butt. She was growling with lust and he was losing his mind. Finally, her strokes got longer and harder and she came with a moan, sending him over the edge.

After a while, they recovered. He was lying next to her, his hands in her coarse chest hair. He was a little in love, he had to admit. This woman, his friend, was all he ever wanted in a man. She smiled at him and said:

"I'll have my revenge on this piece of shit. Do you think his bimbo will be able to resist me?"

He had no answer to that. She probably needed therapy for her anger issues now. But there was the slight chance that they'd end up together. He sighed:

"Just do what you want ..."

She ran her hands over her chest and abs and said:

"What did you want anyway?"

"I just wanted to pop by and fix our relationship. Maybe some coffee."

"We can still have a chat."

A couple of days later, Izzie was at the gym, doing bench presses. She wanted to look good in her wedding dress, and that meant toned arms. Obviously. She had also had some more botox to her face, more fillers in her lips and a little extra saline to her boobs to bring them beyond double-d. Her wedding dress was an extremely revealing outfit and she couldn't have even a tiny fault. Everything would be on display, so everything had to be perfect!

She suddenly heard a deep voice above her:

"Do you need a spotter? That's an awful lot of weight you got there."

She groaned as she pushed the barbell back up. She looked at her watcher and smiled. Nice! A big guy, built like a brick shithouse. Nice beard. Hairy chest. And an interesting face ...

"Why not? Nice of you to help me."

"I wouldn't want you to get hurt."

Erica grinned at the bimbo in front of her. Her tits were ridiculous, all round and fake, her lips were stuck in a permanent pout and she had never seen anybody wear so much makeup for training. Also, the outfit was basically underwear. The situation turned her on.

She helped Izzie to finish her set and replace the barbell. Then she asked:

"Wanna have a drink at the juice bar?"

When Erica left the gym, she had Izzie's contact on her phone. She also had received a lot of seductive smiles and a barely concealed offer of a blowjob on the toilet. She was a little shocked. She had expected this to be difficult, but that girl was just extremely slutty. She had refused, but only in the last minute. She felt a little sorry for Garcia now. This woman was willing to cheat on him even during wedding preparations.

Even as she arrived home, she got a message:

"I can't stop thinking of you! I'm so horny!"

Erica stared at the screen. What. She replied:

"Me too, girl."

"I wanna come over. I gotta get more of this big hairy chest!"

"Okay. Just give me a second to get my room in order."

"I'm coming!"

Erica was panicking. Her apartment was still mostly girly. And now this! She had to act fast. She pulled down all the pictures and made a mess, storming down to the shop to buy some beer and generally trying to male-ify her place.

When Izzie rang, she looked around: Her place looked horrible. It was completely devastated. She hated this. The things you do for unrequited love! At least she pulled down the blinds. She'd need the twilight to camouflage her fakeness.

She took the plastic double-headed cock and slipped it inside her. Then she let her in.

Izzie was a sexy mess. She had her tits in a tiny tank-top and was wearing a miniskirt that was basically a belt.

"Hi! I wanna fuck!"

Erica stared at her. She had never expected a woman to say something like this.

The bimbo attached herself to Erica's chest and started sinking her fingers into her thick pelt. Erica decided to recover the initiative and went into full on sexy aggression. She grabbed the tiny woman and lifted her crotch up to her lips. Izzie produced a squeal and wrapped her toned legs around Erica's head. The muscled woman licked her competitor's cunt vigorously. The woman squealed:

"Oh God! Oh God! You ... Fuck. This is amazing! This is ..."

Erica grinned as Izzie flooded her face with her juices. She threw her on the bed and said:

"I want you!"

She noticed how deep and aggressive her voice had become. It was downright intimidating. She put Izzie on all fours and grabbed her dangling plastic cock, inserting into Izzie's flooded pussy. The fake woman gasped and grunted lustfully as she shoved it in roughly.

"Oh yeah. Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Erica bent over her victim and started hammering at her cunt, stretching it with her giant rubber dick. Her thick, hairy hands squeezed her fake tits as she smashed her pussy. Her heavy muscles worked overtime to make her cum. Izzie was losing her mind. Sex with Garcia was great. He had a big cock and he knew how to use it. But this monster was something else.

The weird part was that Eric perfectly knew what he was doing. Not only as a cock-bearing muscle beast, but also as a lover. As far as she could tell, this hulk of a man understood how she wanted to be fucked. He just didn't pound her until he came, he seemed to feel what she expected. It was amazing ...

Their fuck-sessions became a casual kind of entertainment. Izzie would turn up unexpectedly and get fucked by the ever huger Erica. Now that it was on, Erica was amping her body to eleven. She was shooting enough roids now to supply an entire swimming team. Her body was getting more and more extreme. She was having trouble cleaning herself, simply because she could no longer reach certain parts of her back. It was just too large. Happily, Isaac insisted on helping her. He was still confused about how he felt about what had happened, but getting fucked by this god was worth it. Drew was trying to escape his predicament, but since Erica was now a muscular bulldozer, she held him tight.

Erica's clothes now had to be custom-made. A single wrong movement would bust a seam or tear up a new shirt. She was now growing her beard to hipster levels and Izzie loved it. Getting hammered by her huge plastic cock, the bimbo woman squeaked with delight. However, something was missing. After a particularly extreme session, she lay on the bed, completely exhausted. Erica had covered her crotch with a blanket. Izzie said:

"That was amazing ..."

"I know."

Izzie loved Eric's cocksure attitude.

"I have a question, though."

"Go ahead."

"Why ain't I allowed to suck your cock?"

"You're not?"

"You never let me. I want to return the favor."

"I don't like it."

"Seriously? All the guys love it."

"Are you saying I'm like all the guys?"

There it was again. This wasn't a "man" thing to say. What was going on with that hunk?

"Are you sure?"

"I'm sure."

"I don't want to brag, but I'm a major expert. I suck like the best. Just let me give it a shot and you'll ..."

"I said no."

"You're weird."

"Why? Because I don't want my cock sucked?"

"Yeah. Also more stuff. I like it, but you're weird. You're like really attuned to me. I still can't believe it."

"Thanks, I guess ..."

"Also, you have a secret. There's something you're not telling me. Something big."

Erica stared at the plastic-titted bimbo that had seduced her man. She had thought this was a complete dumb-ass and now, she was proving to be quite clever. How was that even possible?

"You know what? Before I was like this, I was a real tomboy. I climbed on every tree, I fought with the guys in my neighborhood, I binged on everything and I was really into fast cars. Even before I had my license. My parents were worried. They thought I was a boy. They really wanted a girl, my mom, mostly."

Erica blinked. What was this rubber-titted girlie-girl saying?

"When I finished high school, I decided to change. The boys didn't want a butch girl like me. They always had me as one of the boys, so I had friends, but no boyfriend. It took a while to get everything right, but after a while, I got into it. They loved it. So I got more of it. Because everything worth doing is worth overdoing. Hence, boobs."

"Okay ..."

"Yeah!" Izzie squeezed her giant fake tits. "Ain't they great? You're really the first guy I tell all this. And you didn't even get a tit-job yet. You don't want these either, do you?"

"I'm sorry."

The sudden revelation was making Erica a little hesitant.

"Too bad for you. I really slutified myself. And I love it."

"That's good, I guess."

"Totes. But sometimes, I want to be a tomboy again. Play video games, get in random fights and being a nuisance. Also, repair my dad's old motorcycle."

"Mhm." Erica hesitated. She was beginning to like that bitch. Somehow, screwing with Garcia was starting to feel a little pointless.

"I guess we all do a show for our reasons ..."

"Okay, Izzie, I have a confession to make too."

"Cool. What is it?"

Erica pulled the blanket away. At first, Izzie gasped at the size of the cock. Then she took a second look and noticed the thumb-sized clit lying on it.

"What."

Erica pulled the double-header out.

"Yeah. So ... I'm ... Listen."

"What? Who are you?"

"I'm Erica. I'm Garcia's ex."

Izzie was stunned. She looked as if her mind had crashed. Eventually, she managed:

"But how?"

"Roids. Tons of them. A lot of training. I wanted to hurt him by seducing you ... And it sort of worked. And now, I really like you."

"This is so weird."

"I know. It's super awkward right now."

"Yeah. Yeah. But ... Sexy. Also, you're crazy hard. You're like a walking tank."

"Thank you. That was the idea."

Izzie grinned:

"It's good. I like the confession. And now, I'm going to blow you away. You're the best guy I ever had, so you deserve a sick blowjob!"

When Erica felt Izzie's plastic lips on her clit, she bit her lower lip. That was amazing. She had never expected anybody to be so good at this.

When they lay next to one another afterwards, Izzie said:

"I think I have just decided on something."

"Come on! One more rep!"

Erica was standing above Izzie and was spurring her on.

"Pump harder! What kind of pussy are you! Push it!"

Izzie was grunting. She was pushing up the barbell. The bar was loaded with heavy weights and she barely managed to pump it back up. She was sweaty all over, her newly grown muscles heavy and bloated. She groaned:

"I hate you!"

"I hate you too. Now get on with it!"

The monstrous taskmaster above her growled at her. Erica was a shocking monstrosity now. Her body was completely distended and deformed by the insane bulk she had loaded on her frame. When she moved, it was like a tectonic shift. Her shoulders were as broad as a door-frame, her arms were so full of muscles she could hardly flex them anymore. She had a massive roid gut that looked sickening. Her face was equally crazy. She had a big, heavy jaw now, covered in a trim, dark beard. She kept her head shaved, polishing it until it glinted in the sun.

She racked the barbell and declared.

"Not bad. I'll have another rep in a minute."

"But ..."

"Maybe later. Now, it's fucking arms!"

Izzie blew a raspberry. She got up, her arms strained by the hard training. She had changed a lot.

Ever since that evening, she had turned her life around. The first thing had been to cancel the wedding. She had sent Garcia a picture of her getting fucked from behind by Erica. Without comment. He understood.

The next day, she started training hardcore. She was roiding hard, mutating her body as fast and heavily as possible. After a few weeks, she had her implants taken out. They were starting to look weird on her. Erica missed them a little, but as Izzie's chest got bigger and harder, she was enjoying herself.

The two women were basically fucking all the time now. The roids were making them horny and aggressive. They had trashed a hotel room in their lust, they had beaten up a few guys in the street and they were general nuisances. When they went out in the evening, they'd dress up, seduce some girls and fuck them with their plastic cocks, sometimes even hitting on one girl simultaneously. They were loud, obnoxious and brutal.

Also, Izzie was catching up quickly. The various laser treatments she got before meeting Erica left her hairless and the lip injections gave her a strange feminine expression, but she compensated this by being even more brutish. She wore her hair in a buzz-cut and was generally willing to fuck people up.

After a hard session at the gym, the pair would pose in front of the mirror, admire their gains and compare their physique. As they spread their wings, the other gym regulars would stare. Izzie was closing in on her girlfriend. When they were all pumped up and jacked to eleven, they would hug and kiss, their

huge bodies colliding like continents.

When they left, they would get on Izzie's restored bike and thunder off, their bodies hugging tight on the hog. As they roared off into the sunset, they thought of their amazing muscles, their strength and their love. They knew they were crazy, but who would judge them without getting his nose pulverized?

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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.

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