

*Saving Our Marriage*  
Roy Ellison



*Saving Our Marriage*

Roy Ellison



# Saving Our Marriage

by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

## License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite ebook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

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

Copyright 2019 Roy Ellison

There I went again, jerking off in the shower. Some people may think that's pathetic, but seriously, as they say, walk a mile in my shoes before judging me. I was in my mid-forties, I'd been married to my high school sweetheart for the better part of my life and it was like it was. After a decade or two, things fall apart. Not even in a bad way. I still loved my wife like I did. She did too.

But the thing is, we both had a job, we were both busy, we had two kids early on, we even managed to pay off our mortgage, we focused on everything for years, except for our relationship. And after all these years, here we were.

We had sex maybe once or twice a year, it wasn't a big thing, really. Didn't take long either. It could, but it wouldn't. I mean, Roberta sure put on a bit of weight and parts that were once perky are now a bit more loose, but who am I to judge. Working on two jobs, I really didn't have time to look after myself. So, obviously, I had a paunch, my hair was greying and while I still looked good in a suit, more casual looks were not very attractive.

That is to say, I should have been happy. Most guys my age were already divorced. That my wife stayed with me is something I could only be thankful for. Also, just to be clear, she was still very attractive. Just so you get the idea: She was as tall as I am, we were both 5'8", and she had this amazingly large ass, those big tits and that wonderful laugh. She was also an amazing singer. She stopped straightening her hair once we got married (I prefer it natural and she didn't mind), so she had a very cool looking short 'fro, which just fit her face.

There was one thing, though: I never wanted to admit it to myself when I was a young man, but ... While I loved her, her looks might not be as attractive to me as I thought at first. It took me a while to accept it, but I really found out I was into muscle women. And big ones to them. Strong women who would fuck me whenever they felt like it.

Obviously, this wasn't going to happen.

Not with Roberta, who was, while not conservative, definitely not into any fetish stuff. Besides, she was much too busy. So, here I was, masturbating to my fantasies.

I imagined myself with her. Her body was covered in muscles. Thick, hard muscles built in the gym. It had been painful for her to turn herself into this dream woman. She was ripped and strong. Assertive. Her torso was wide and massive. Her thick pecs were on full display. She had no breasts to mention, instead, I just saw her thick, deep muscles, the cuts of her dry flesh obvious ...

I thought of her and I realize she'd sacrificed everything to be like this. Maybe she had been beautiful once, but now, her face was harsh and brutal. Her voice was deep and growling. She grinned, her white teeth glinting. She needed me to fuck her, her thick legs wrapped around my torso. She couldn't quite cross them because her calves and her hamstrings were too big, but that didn't matter to us.

She egged me on to fuck her harder, she grunted and cajoled me to sink my cock deep inside of her.

And right then, I wondered ... What does it feel like to touch such a body? How does it feel to be so strong? What if ... What if I get big myself? What if I get the body I dream of?

It was a weird thought, but it pushed me over the edge and I cum, blowing a surprisingly large load down the drain.

That was a sign, wasn't it?

So, what did I do? I signed up at a gym. A guy there showed me the ropes and, soon enough, I was there every day, training for an hour or two, working on my

dream body. I cleaned up my diet, arranged for some massages and eventually moved to the various supplements available.

At first, I kept it hidden from Roberta, even washing my gym clothes in secret to make sure I could surprise her. To be perfectly honest, she probably didn't notice much anyway. Her company was going through major changes and she spent hours and hours taking care of everything.

After maybe half a year, I looked at myself in the mirror and I liked what I saw. The pot belly and the flab were gone. I was in the shape of my life. Seriously, even back when I was a teenager, I never was as fit as this. I had built a thick, muscular physique, but I had made sure that I didn't skip anything. So my legs had become strong and muscular, I had tremendous stamina and I even did a few yoga classes which had improved my flexibility. To be honest, I was getting turned on just by looking at my reflection. If I ever met a woman with a body like me, I'd lose myself instantly, ring or no ring.

As the radio played in the background, I explored my massive, powerful body.

I started touching my thick, strong muscles, enjoying their hardness and the resistance they gave me. I had built a broad back, a v-shaped torso, large, rounded biceps ... I was a muscle god.

As I ran my fingers through the ridges of my sixpack, I sighed. Yes. This was the life. I got very hard in a moment, my cock throbbing. Fuck ... Just thinking about my muscles made me horny as hell.

That's when my wife came in. I didn't hear her over the music. She stood, stared

and tried to figure out what was going on. When I didn't notice her, she cleared her throat and asked:

“Franklin, what is going on? What happened to you?”

I almost had a heart attack.

“Fuck, Roberta, where did you come from? Don't just sneak up on me!”

She was still quite shocked and asked again:

“What happened to you? Where did those muscles come from?”

I recovered, turned to a smile and said:

“I ... I trained for a while now. I kept it a secret. I wanted to surprise you.”

She nodded slowly.

“You certainly did.” She looked at me for a moment, then nodded: “Impressive.”

“So you like it?”

“Do I like it? You look incredible!”

I blushed a little, but she already asked:

“Could you show off a bit? I never ever saw a guy as muscular as you in real life!”

I grinned:

“Of course. Watch this!”

So, obviously, I went through my poses and did my best to blow her away. It was definitely working and she loved what she saw. I could tell that she was about to just throw herself at me, just to touch my big, muscular body. Also, she couldn't help noticing my big hard cock.

Remember how I told you that we had sex once or twice a year? On that day, we really pushed up the averages. Roberta loved it. If I had known that this would turn her on, I would have started training years ago.

The weirdest part, though, was that I realized that what actually turned me on was the muscles. Sure, she did her best, showing me her big butt and letting me fuck her doggystyle, she even sucked my cock awkwardly, but all of this ... It

was nothing next to my thick, defined muscles.

And for her, it was the same.

The thing is, she was exhausted pretty soon. It was to be expected. I had spent the last months gearing up my body into a fucking sex machine, while she had been sitting in an office chair and driving around in her car. She had zero stamina.

But I didn't hold it against her. I just enjoyed being big and strong and impressing her.

Once we were done, I lay on my back like a fucking action hero, with her cuddled against my massive body. She traced my sixpack and admired my ripped pecs.

“I love what you did to your body, Franklin. You're amazing ...”

“Thank you. I wasn't sure how you'd react.”

“I like it. A lot. It's just that ... How am I ever going to keep up with you now?”

The mere thought of her buffing up made me instantly hard. She noticed it, obviously. Suddenly, there was a kind of mischievousness to her. She asked:

“So you would like me to get buff too?”

I tried not to say anything, but my cock was betraying me. She grinned and asked:

“Like really buff? Like a fitness model?”

My cock was rigid. She lifted an eyebrow.

“Even bigger? Like a bodybuilder?”

My cock was twitching as it was preparing to shoot its load. I did my best to keep myself under control. I must have looked as if I was constipated. She licked her lips.

“God, Franklin, you have the worst poker face on the planet ... Just be honest with me: Would you want me to get big, strong muscles all over?”

“Jeez, Roberta, I could never ask for anything like that ...”

And I came. Like a garden hose. It wasn't funny anymore. She stared at my cock, all that cum soaking my abs. Then she said:

“Okay, I think I see what you have in mind.”

“Listen, I don’t want to come across as a weirdo and ... Just ignore this, will you? I was just so horny and ...”

“There’s no problem. I can’t promise anything, but since you made the effort to save our marriage, I might do the same. Also, it would give us a common activity. Something we can do together?”

I nodded. And in my mind, all kinds of crazy fantasies were playing out.

We hit the gym together for the first time the next day. Roberta was patient and listened to my advice and ideas, before starting to train surprisingly hard. I hadn’t expected this. Even though it was only her first time, she was quite relentless, going through the program I had set up for her without complaining or hesitation. I warned her that she would feel terrible two days from now, but she even accepted that.

To no one’s surprise, she regretted everything the day after tomorrow, when the soreness set in. I did my best to help her, but she was both exhausted and in pain. However, she stuck to it. As soon as her muscles had recovered, she was back at the gym with me.

And she trained on, sticking to the schedule, eating right and even spotting for me. To my surprise, we ended up being an excellent team. We would cook together, train together and also make sure that we stuck to our diets and didn’t

cheat. Also, we fucked. A lot. Nearly every day, whenever we were not too exhausted from the workouts.

It was an incredible experience. As we soldiered on, I saw her progress. The extra flab had disappeared, her body had firmed up and she was starting to look quite buff. In a way, she had recovered her previous shape and then some.

Then, one day as I was injecting myself with the stuff I used to make things a little easier, she said:

“Could I get some of that too?”

“Of course, but you know that there are side-effects?”

“I guess. But I think you’re way ahead of me and I’m starting to feel held back. Also, I’m not sure this fitness girl look is really the right thing for me.”

I obviously got hard again.

The next step was clearly insane. I should never have said yes. That stuff is dangerous. I had been very careful about my use, managing the dosage tightly and only buying from people I trusted, but now, I was taking responsibility for someone else.

She looked at the various little bottles and examined their labels.

“That stuff looks harmless.”

“I assure you, it isn't. But it can be incredibly effective.”

“Well then, let's get to it!”

She dropped her exercise shorts and wiggled her butt in my direction. I prepared the injection and shot her up. She winced as the gear went in and asked:

“So this will make me big?”

“Bigger. Let's just see how you like it.”

Oh boy, did she like it.

She loved it. In no time, she got hooked and would spend her time trying to figure out ever more effective combinations of substances. She would take a look at my own regimen and switch out a few things, and, would you believe it, it worked.

In no time, we both started getting way bigger than before. This was our common passion now, building our bodies and fine-tuning their chemistry to get big. We also started showing off: I would now usually wear custom shirts to fit

my growing arms and chest and she switched to very stretchy, very sexy outfits. People did doubletakes when they saw us walk down the street, looking like muscle gods.

Roberta was getting buff now and our sex was better than ever. The roids made her much more aggressive and way hornier and we would fuck until we were both raw and exhausted, which usually took quite some time. To put things simply, we were going crazy, and quickly too.

Surprisingly, she did ditch makeup, concealers and skin lighteners along the way. I much preferred the natural look, but it had been a tough decision for her. After all, she had spent a lot of time coming up with her style, and now, all of this was going out of the window.

The thing was, she was still holding back. Up until now, she had only minimal side-effects. She had a few bad outbreaks of acne, her voice had gotten a bit rougher and she had more body hair. Nothing we couldn't manage. And her clit had gotten a little bigger, but not much, really.

But one day, just as we got ready for our training, she asked:

“Would you mind if I went all in?”

I could feel my cock stir, but cleverly concealed it behind my big thighs by crossing my legs.

“What do you mean?”

“All in. Like, I get shot up for real, with a bigger dosage. I want to be big. Like you, maybe.”

“Okay ...”

“Yeah. I don’t know about you, but I really like the buffness, the strength, the whole look. It’s just that ... I think I would like it to be more. Does that sound crazy?”

“Absolutely. But ... I would love you to do it.”

“What?”

That’s when I told her everything. She sat there next to me, her mouth hanging open. She couldn’t believe what I explained to her. It was just too crazy.

Once I was finished, I felt as if a weight had been lifted off my shoulders:

“... So that’s the whole story. I wouldn’t blame you if you left me after this.”

She blinked:

“Why would I? I can totally understand. It’s honest, and I get why you would want this. The best thing is, I want it too!”

I was elated. Then she told me the kind of stuff she wanted to use from now on and the kind of training she had in mind. I almost creamed my pants immediately.

The next weeks brought big changes. If Roberta had been insistent on our training before, she was now completely obsessed, and so was I. Every day, I couldn’t wait for her to show up at the gym, shoot her up and get pumping. We ate like combine harvesters, devouring masses of protein and blasting our growing muscles with ever bigger weights. The massages after our training sessions were nightmares, but we coped, because we wanted, no, we needed to be huge.

It worked. It was amazing. You could literally see Roberta’s body swelling up in no time, the drugs releasing her potential and going beyond. While I was turning into a serious heavyweight bodybuilder, complete with massive biceps, wide shoulders and a barrel chest, she was coming in close behind me.

Her breasts had been completely absorbed by her expanding pecs, her sixpack had turned into an eight pack, her body had become big and wide. Her progress was now impossible to conceal. Also, she stopped wearing women’s clothes altogether. There was no point in this anymore. She no longer needed a bra since her pecs stayed tight without any support and she had started to enjoy the additional freedom shorts gave her. Her clit had gotten a bit bigger, looking more like the front of a thumb now.

It was quite sensitive, so she preferred it not to touch too much fabric. The rubbing would make her incredibly horny.

Things came to a head when we went to the lake one day and she just put on some of my swimming trunks. People didn't even notice or care that she was topless. Sure, her face had a slight feminine touch to it, but that was just about the only sign of who she was. Actually, the drugs had started changing her bone structure a lot and she had developed a much larger jaw that made her look quite dominant and powerful. When we stood next to one another, we were basically two musclemen, enjoying the sun and spending time together.

People stayed calm until we kissed. That did cause a reaction. Two huge black musclemen smooching in public? Way too much. People averted their eyes, there was some mumbling, but we didn't care. Instead, we dropped our stuff and jumped in, Roberta immediately challenging me to a race across the lake. I accepted immediately, and soon, we were working our way through the water crawling as fast as our mighty bodies allowed.

It was incredible fun.

We reached the far side of the lake, found a nice little cove and started fooling around. I got her out of her trunks and she grinned:

“I gotta say, I get why you boys love to be topless. It's so much more comfortable.”

I didn't answer and instead ran my finger over her vulva. She shivered:

“Fuck ... I’ve gotten way too sensitive down there ...”

“Let’s see how you deal with this!”

I climbed between her muscular legs, licked over her thick clit and made her moan.

“Wow ... That feels ... great ...”

And then I followed up, engulfing its tiny little shaft with my lips. She hadn’t expected this and, quite honestly, it did feel weird to me too. But the effect was immediate and obviously satisfying. As I blew her, bringing her closer and closer to the edge, she suddenly wrapped her thick legs around my head and squeezed me into her crotch. I panicked, but once she came, she released me again, sighing happily.

“That was ... incredible. Do it again, please!”

I obliged her.

Things only got more intense from then on. We were now spending most of our free time at the gym and it was now practically undeniable that we were both massively using steroids, growth hormone, you name it, we’d shoot it. Even for muscular men, we were starting to look like absolute freaks. Roberta loved it, though. Her voice had dropped to my level and when people called, they’d ask

for “Ms. Kinley” and she’d answer “Speaking.”, causing people to wonder what was going on.

Also, people who didn’t know her would tend to say “Mr. Kinley” and sometimes, she’d correct them. Sometimes she didn’t.

Once, we went to a funny movie, yes, those still exist, and we roared with laughter until people tried to shush us. Yeah, our fuses were pretty short by then. The guys escaped, so that was that, but when we got back home, we’d fuck like animals. I just loved to have our thick, hard bodies rub against each other, to kiss and lick her and to know that she was just as insane as I was.

And then, slowly, I started to realize that she was beginning to outgrow me. It was a gradual process. I only really noticed because I could no longer wear her clothes without them looking odd on me. That’s when I had to ask:

“Say, Roberta, did you change anything to your training routine?”

She was just busy styling her hair. This was a bit of a point of contention to the whole thing. I had started shaving it all off a while ago, going with the glinting bowling ball style, but she was still dealing with her originally thick and bouncy hair going all thin and sad. Also, she had a major bald spot which she tried to deal with a combover. I had offered buying her a wig, but she had declined.

She turned to me and said:

“Yeah ... Maybe?”

“So ...”

I showed her how big her shirt was on my body.

“You noticed, huh. Well, I may have switched to some more interesting roids lately, and I just might have started putting in some extra rounds of exercise.”

I stared at her. Now that she said it, I had to admit that she was now way bigger than before. It had been a gradual change, but now that I knew it, I couldn't unsee it. She smiled, her pearl white teeth contrasting against her deep black skin:

“It was a little surprise. You know about those, don't you?”

I gasped for air:

“Oh God ... I love you so much!”

I threw myself at her, but she just caught me and lifted me up, despite my bulk. She brought me above her head and started sucking me off, pressed overhead. I couldn't believe it. I was resting on her gigantic arms, her defined and massive muscles right below me. She opened wide and deepthroated me. I squealed and she licked and sucked on my cock, completely oblivious to my mass. When I

came after a very short time, I seriously messed up what remained of her hair.

As she lowered me back down, she sighed:

“Okay, fuck this. Just cut it all off.”

I obliged her, but soon enough, we were in bed, fucking each other senseless. The sudden realization that she was going to get even bigger made us both horny as hell. I took her from behind, imagining that her already huge back would get even wider and her neck even more bullish. I came and came and came some more.

Of course, I tried to keep up with her training schedule. I didn't want to be left behind. The trouble was, I started to realize that I just might not have it in me. She could torture herself on and on, completely ignoring the mind-shattering pain. Me, I just stuck to what I already knew.

I did my best, but it was pointless. So I stayed where I was. Which was still a very massive heavyweight bodybuilder physique.

The thing is, she went beyond that.

If we had turned heads before, we were making people doubt their eyes now. Seriously: Roberta was gigantic. Since we were both 5'8", she just packed that frame so full of muscle that things were getting really difficult to parse now. Besides, we were looking like mutants now. All those hormones had completely

messed up our systems and our faces ... well, let's just say we wouldn't win any pageants anymore. Never, really.

But when it came to sheer hugeness, Roberta could challenge most draft animals now. She usually wore custom shirts that had to be buttoned on the arms and the front just to cover her enormous uber torso, as well as pants that had to be fitted with a special inlay at the crotch just so that the friction of her legs wouldn't destroy them. She might dress like a man now, but no man was anywhere as big as her.

So, I got my fantasy. She got hers.

We both love it. I still love to fuck her hard, but what I enjoy most is just lying between her huge legs and suck her clit. I play around with it until it gets hard and then, I blow her. I get to worship her muscles, I get to play around with her giant pecs and she still keeps on growing bigger and bigger.

In a way, it's a dream come true and we certainly fixed our marriage, even though it is now very, very different. In a good way.

###

Roy Ellison writes weirdo erotic fiction. Despite evidence to the contrary, he insists it is about the characters and the plot.

He thanks you deeply for your trust and support.

Commissions are available at [El\\_Roy\\_1999@gmx.de](mailto:El_Roy_1999@gmx.de). Rates upon request.