

# The Message

Roy Ellison



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by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

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Your wife finally wrote! You're so relieved. You thought she'd left you for good. Her reaction was bad enough. She found out about your fetish, and it was so embarrassing! To watch her face grow pale as she saw your search history made you want to run and hide. You tried to explain it away, to come up with some weak-ass excuse, but you could tell she wouldn't believe you. There was no way for you to get out of this ever again.

You remember her look of absolute disgust, then she dropped your phone and fell silent. A moment later, she packed her things and left. You were alone. It wasn't much of a change, after all, you had started to drift apart a while ago. But to find yourself exposed in this way? It stung terribly.

You were in a bad place. You couldn't really tell people what happened, could you? Happily, she didn't say a word to anybody. She just left. In a way, you were relieved. After all, she didn't immediately divorce you. No official letters, no rough words, nothing. Just complete silence.

And now, after a year alone, after phases of total despair and hesitation when you tried to motivate yourself to go and find her and explain yourself, there was a sign of life.

You wondered what to do now.

Reluctantly, you picked up the phone and read the message:

“I'm coming back tonight. Be ready.”

Instantly, your heart started beating wildly. You had to get the place in order! Now was the time to fix everything! You wanted to write back immediately, but then, you caught yourself. Instead, you just confirmed that you'd read the message and got busy.

The following hours were a whirlwind of activity. You cleaned the whole house, you vacuumed everything, you dusted the place, you prepared a nice dinner, and you got some flowers, some chocolate, some fancy drinks! You shaved, you went to the hairdresser, you put on a fresh shirt, and you got the house ready to get her back. And if she didn't want to stay, maybe you could just explain that you loved her!

This made you think of her.

When you saw her last a year ago, she was a bit out of shape, but you kinda liked her nice, big butt and her hips. Sure, her breasts had deflated a bit, her long brown hair had lost its shine, and she definitely no longer dressed up ... but she could still make you hard with a little bit of work.

The problem was ... Sure, she was a nice woman and everything, but ... deep inside, you were into something else entirely. Something unspeakable. Something you could never say in public. During the year, you had been tempted several times to maybe find a woman who was into this and visit her for money. You never managed to summon the courage. What if people found out? And they invariably found out in your community. That was just the way it was.

It was bad enough that your woman had left you. Going after something crazy like this? That was a surefire way to be terminally ostracized.

You didn't even dare say it out aloud.

Once, only, did you hide under your blanket, and you said to the world that you loved big, muscular, masculine women. Strong, hairy ones, powerful, dominant,

but still female in their strange way ...

You didn't even dare look at stuff like that on the net for fear of getting caught again. There was no chance since you were alone, but still, it was almost impossible for you to ever go that way again.

Well, you had to banish any thought of that for now. For all intents and purposes, you had to be a very normal person. A regretful person that would never think about this again. A simple, honest man that any woman would like. Yes.

Everything would be well again. Even if it meant saying no to your innermost desires. You would fantasize about these women whenever you saw a sporty woman, a veiled woman, or really any woman that hid her body ... Maybe she was just like that? You would have to look away whenever you heard a woman with a deep voice say something to hide your arousal.

You'd have to stick to that. Be normal. Be normal. Be absolutely normal.

You smiled. You stood, ready to open the door for your wife. You lowered the lights a bit to build a bit of a romantic atmosphere. Okay. The nervousness got the better of you. You could feel your hands start to shake. It was bad. You had to make your shot count.

Outside, you heard a car roll up to the house. No ... That was a motorbike. A motorbike? But ... why would she ride a bike? That was odd. Maybe she had picked a ride with a biker? That didn't make a lot of sense, did it?

You imagined your wife, with her loose, flowy clothes and her scarf, sitting on the back of a motorbike! It was ridiculous. A motorbike! Never. Maybe this was just someone else? But who in your community would drive a bike? That was ridiculous. But what if it were a gangster?

No. That was dumb. This was a nice place.

And then, somebody knocked on the door. You froze. That was not a dainty little knock. This was a loud bump. You didn't react. You just stood there, wondering what to do. Call the cops? Arm yourself? With what?

Another bang. In your mind, dozens of scenarios played, each one more terrifying than the last.

And then, you heard a voice:

“Come on, open up! It's me!”

That voice. It was strange. Familiar. But ... utterly unknown at the same time. It was deep, rough and powerful. And yet, there was a faint memory of your wife's ... Did she have an older brother you didn't know of? An uncle? A cousin? Someone who came to finally punish you for your perversion?

You asked:

“Who?”

“Me. Open. I’m back.”

“But who are you?”

“Don’t you recognize my voice?” There was a hint of amusement in it. “Then just open. You’ll understand.”

“Okay ...” You didn’t know why you would go for this, but you obeyed. This voice ... It was so confusing. You had heard it a thousand times, but never like this.

You unlocked the door and opened it carefully.

Your eyes slowly went up. And up. Now, you’re not exactly short, but this person was bigger. Looking down on you by at least four inches was the most muscular person you had ever seen in your life. The most massive by far. The person was wearing a leather biker jacket and some tight pants, which were absurdly stretched by enormous thighs and calves. They wore massive boots, which wrapped themselves around those killer legs.

Your eyes immediately jumped back to the face.

Again, it was familiar. The person in front of you had a big, hard jaw, rough,

with sunken cheeks, a square chin with a cleft, and a broad mouth. The nose was equally large, and the brow seemed to be broader too.

But the eyes ... the eyes were your wife's.

She smiled, her hard face shifting.

“Hello, love. I'm back.”

You collapsed.

Opening your eyes, you realized that you were on your bed. Did you just have a heart attack? A stroke? Were you actually dead? What happened?

Slowly, you realized that what you had seen hadn't been a dream. And yet ... What if it was?

You looked around you. No one there. You were alone ...

Then you heard footsteps. Heavy footsteps. And a deep hum. Your wife's favorite song. The one that got her in the mood ... You hadn't heard it in quite a while now. Wasn't that part of the problem? Losing the romance?

A large silhouette appeared in the doorway.

“Are you awake again? You collapsed when you saw me. Not the kind of welcome I expected, but ...”

Her voice was deep and gravely, rumbling as she spoke. The sound made you hard already. You tried to hide it. You couldn't embarrass yourself again!

“... Okay, so you do like it. I'm glad, because I love it too!”

You watched her move closer like a panther. Her movements were strangely graceful, with a body this massive. You saw her muscles shift in the twilight. You still couldn't believe this was real. She carefully slipped out of the biker jacket, revealing a massive upper body in a tight, v-necked t-shirt. The shirt was emblazoned with a famous gym's logo. It clung to her muscles, and you could see just how fucking enormous she was.

Her chest was dominated by a pair of gigantic pecs that far outsized her former breasts, just two massive, inch-thick slabs of muscle. You could see her nipples poking through the fabric, leading your eyes down to a mass of abdominals that were so absurdly developed that they formed a kind of ten-pack turtleshell, visible even through the shirt.

She grinned as she followed your looks and lifted her right arm. It was equally colossal. That limb was so packed with muscle, it almost looked a bit short. Then she flexed it. The huge, spherical shoulder made the shirt creak a bit, and the sleeve rolled back as a mountainous biceps erupted under deeply tanned skin. Your wife had always been nervous about getting in the sun. Not anymore. This

body was tanned deeply, and her skin had an almost leathery quality. She twisted her wrist a bit to make it shift some more. The veins and ligaments moved, the biceps hardened into a cut rock of superior hardness.

She leaned over and kissed her peak. This made you even harder. Now she was very close, and you could smell her musk invade your nostrils. She had this hard, manly smell, sweat with a strong cologne, rough and powerful.

Finally, you managed to ask something:

“What happened?”

She laughed, lifted the other arm, and then hit a relentless double-biceps pose. The sleeves of her shirt produced a loud creak.

“Oh, I have to admit that I was shocked at first. To find out that my husband was a pervert was quite the blow. I ran. I just tried to get away from you and your madness.”

You apologized as good as you could. She just cut you off:

“Stop it right here. No more of this. I am back, and I am me, so I don’t think you need to grovel. I don’t mind a bit of groveling, of course, and I’m surprised but happy that the place is so nice and clean ... But you will not apologize anymore!”

“Okay, I’m sorry!”

She sighed, her huge chest rising and falling.

“What did I just say?”

“I didn’t mean to ...”

She growled:

“What?”

Finally, you managed to not say anything. Instead, you raised your hands.

“I’ll do my best. What happened next?”

She shifted her upper body a bit, making her muscles dance. Then she explained:

“I did a lot of soul searching ... It was tough on me. I wondered whether something was wrong with me. After all, I had loved you. And then, slowly, I realized that we probably got together because I liked your attitude. The friendliness, the respect. The submission. Maybe I had accepted your role in this, but I hadn’t accepted mine. And that made me think.”

She was very close now, and he could feel her power radiate from her body.

“The more I thought about it, the more I realized that I liked that. That I didn’t want to be a man, but that I would like to have all the perks of being a man. The strength. The confidence. The power ... I liked that. I started working out. Made a lot of beginner’s mistakes. Got myself a coach. Had some successes. And the more I progressed, the more I liked it.”

“But ... how did you get so big?”

“Good question. Allow me to explain.”

She spread her arms wide. Then she brought them together again, and leaned forward, flexing at full power. The shirt gave up. It blew out its back and you could see her back break through the tear like some leviathan emerging from the depths of the sea. She grabbed the shirt’s front and ripped it to shreds.

Watching her muscles swell from the effort and her veins surge only made you harder.

You could see her chest in the nude now, and it was wonderfully sculpted and hairy. She grinned as she removed the last bits of fabric and let her uber-pecs dance. Left, right, left, right, both.

Then she started climbing on the mattress, her weight making it shift. A big cat

had nothing on her. She was the absolute apex predator.

She leaned forward and you felt her mouth on your pants' fly. A moment later, it sprung open. She spat out the button and then you sensed her hard, calloused hand on your cock. You wanted to cum right away, to shoot your load, to just calm yourself again, but she found the right spot and squeezed your dick until it calmed down a bit.

Her hands were so rough and strong, it was a bit terrifying. She could probably emasculate you with a quick squeeze!

“Don't worry. I won't hurt you ... much. I love you way too much!”

She scratched her hairy chest and added:

“The bigger I got, the bigger I wanted to get. I got on the juice soon. Some women are afraid of side-effects. I embraced them. The more, the merrier! Acne, deep voice, aggression, deformed face, disappearing tits ... As I became more and more masculine, I felt better and better. I wanted to tell you right away, but ... I wanted it to be perfect first. No spoilers, you understand?”

You nodded eagerly.

“It looks amazing on you ... All those muscles ...”

“Yeah, I pretty much crushed it at the gym. But the more masculine I got, the more I craved to become bigger. It was pretty painful, but I got myself stretched out. The doctor was shocked by my looks, but he could understand. He also removed those pesky soft breasts. Those were just ruining my thick, hard, unbreakable pecs!”

As if to underline this, she slapped her left pack with her fist.

“I got bigger, I got taller, I became a man’s man. And I loved every moment of it ...”

You were rock-hard, hoping that she would release your cock so you could cum, but she was adamant. You were squirming on the mattress, unable to keep a clear mind.

“I kept pumping my muscles up, and as I got closer to my goal ...”

“What was your goal?”, you gasped. You couldn’t hold it back anymore.

She chuckled, her voice sounding like an avalanche.

“I wanted to get twice as heavy as you. Only muscles.”

“And ...”

“I failed.”

For a moment, you are crestfallen.

“I passed that by at least twenty pounds. I got carried away!”

She gave you that sweet, innocent smile with the faint amusement you always loved on her. So cute! And yet, a face so masculine!

If only you could cum!

“Anyway, I was getting close to my goal, and I thought ... What do I need to be your, and my, masculine dream?”

Without thinking, you howl:

“A cock! You need a cock!”

She laughed thunderously:

“Exactly, my love. Exactly.”

She pulled down her pants and you saw it. It was huge and thick, as big around as a can of beans and as long as your forearm. You had never seen anything like it. It was just big and monstrous, throbbing with power and horniness. A drop of pre-cum was already welling up at its tip. She grinned at your reaction and asked:

“Want to touch it?”

You nodded eagerly, way too eagerly. Then you extended a hand, suddenly hesitating. As you ran your fingers gently down that rod, she gasped. It was an utterly inhuman sound, deeply unsettling and shockingly powerful.

“Yessss ...”

You smiled and tried to wrap your fingers around it. It was just a bit too thick ... Then you carefully began stroking it. She started breathing deeply.

“You’re doing fine, you know? I didn’t expect you to be so ...” She had to close her eyes, overwhelmed with lust. “... so enthusiastic ...”

You realize that you have just kissed its tip, the blob of pre-cum now on your lips. The smell was intense, overwhelming, ecstatic!

You looked at your wife’s strangely mutated face, which had changed into a hyper-masculine caricature of her former visage, and you couldn’t help but

smile. Then you liked her thick cockhead with delight.

She opened her eyes wide, clearly shocked by the sensation.

“Oh my Gooooo ...”

She grunted, trying to catch her orgasm. It was already too late. You felt her pump her load into your mouth. She had never blown you when you were together before, and now, here you were, your mouth overflowing with her jizz. You swallowed as good as you could, but it was so much! A moment later, it came out of your nostrils. And it didn't stop. You suddenly felt all the weight of her giant body bear down on you as you struggled with her cum.

“This is amazing ... You're the best husband a wife could hope fooor ...”

You could see her stretch her neck, the ligaments emerging under her skin as she flexed her upper body into a shape that would get a male heavyweight bodybuilder disqualified for looking too crazy. Then she let out a primal roar as she came again. You were completely overwhelmed by what was happening. Your wife was producing as much cum in one shot as you did in a week, and she did it twice in a row! You clearly had to have some kind of talent ...

At last, she managed to calm down a bit. She rammed her fists into the mattress on both sides of your weak body and breathed deeply, her pecs swelling dangerously towards your cum-splattered face. Then she reached over to the nightstand and handed you some tissues.

She helped you clean yourself up, still very happy with what she had just produced. Finally, you were clean enough, but still very, very hard.

The massive musclewoman licked her lips.

“I’m so glad to be back. I think that wonderful welcome needs a visitor’s gift ...”

Without warning, she got up and pulled you to your feet on the mattress. Her enormous weight made the bed a rather wobbly affair, but you managed to hold straight against her huge arm. It was just incredible how much she towered above you. She freed herself of her pants and kicked them away. Now you could see a pair of equally large balls, and the most gigantic pair of thighs ever. Each one was as thick as your chest, and it was absolutely pumped!

She grinned and kissed you eagerly, little pricks of hair touching your lip. Apologetically, she said:

“Side-effects.”

“I love them.”

“I know. And I shaved before I came here.”

“Me too.”

“Yes, but your cheeks are still as smooth as a baby’s butt.”

You blushed. Then you try to say something else:

“The bike, was that yours?”

“Yeah! I thought it would fit the image, and I grew very fond of it. I fix it myself, of course. And I can lift the whole 800 pounds of it easily.”

“Whoa.”

“Yeah, lifting heavy things is kinda the point of this.” She flexed her arms casually. “Come on, touch them. I know you want to.”

You did. Putting your hands on this gargantuan bicep was amazing. You tried to even dent it, but it didn’t shift one bit. Until your wife decided to, and then, she made it grow so much your fingers got spread apart. You breathed in sharply.

“Wow ... You’re ... you’re incredible.”

“I know. All the hard work, for us.”

You kissed her again. Longer. Deeper. Her powerful tongue invading your mouth, her leaning you back as her thick pecs bore down on you. You were like putty in her hands. Her hand went to your cock, and again stopped you from cumming, but it was getting pretty impossible to prevent now.

She released you a bit and asked:

“Want a ride too?”

You nodded without knowing what would happen. A moment later, you were hoisted in the air on both her hands, higher and higher, until you almost hit your head against the ceiling. She quickly had you put your legs on her enormous shoulders, and then looking down at the colossal musclewoman your wife had become, she started to blow you.

You felt her strong tongue rub along the length of your cock. Sure, it was less than half as long as hers, but ... she made you feel like a king. Her warm mouth, her tight lips, her throat flexing against your shaft ...

You were screaming for mercy as she sucked you until you came, shooting your tiny load into her mouth.

As you were finally dry, she licked you clean, then let you back down, letting your legs rest on her hips, her hands on your butt. As you wrapped your legs around her, you could feel the mass of her broad back and the shelf-like enormousness of her butt.

She had truly hulked out beyond belief.

You rested your head on her round, massive shoulder, sighing happily. You were a bit exhausted after this. Gently, she stepped off the bed, then set you on the mattress, and a moment later, she slipped under the blanket too, radiating a strong, loving heat. You cuddled against her giant body in the same way she had when you were freshly married and so much in love.

She caressed your head, running her gnarled fingers through your hair. You could see her broad chest rise and fall like a subterranean volcano about to blow. Gently, you set a hand on her hairy chest, running your fingers through the bushy pelt and sighing happily. She shifted her legs a bit, then reached for her cock and balls to unstick them a bit.

She giggled:

“Still getting a bit used to it. You boys have so much more experience ...”

“But you have more cock.”

She grinned:

“Yeah. The first time I had morning wood ... I was so confused. Also it was really breezy.”

“We’ll get you a bigger blanket.”

“And a bigger bed.”

You looked each other in the eyes. You kissed her again. She replied with gentleness this time. A soft little kiss, her strong hand caressed his cheek. Then it went down, down, down to your butt and she gave it a squeeze. You could feel her cock stir.

“Mmmh ... You probably noticed, but I get horny easily ...”

You grinned in the darkness:

“I’ll do my best to keep you satisfied.”

“I’m sure you will. It’s good to be bad.”

“It’s like a dream come true.”

You grinned, and then mischievously, you set your lips against her super-hard abs, and blew them. The sound was a bit terrifying, she let out a deep scream and broke into an explosive laugh. Then she hugged you tight, her gigantic arms almost squeezing the life out of your body, and whispered:

“I love you, little man!”

“I love you, big dude!”

You kissed again.

You had no idea of how to explain this to the neighbors, but as you rested on your wife’s enormous muscle-chest, her semi-hard cock pushing between your legs, you decided that this could wait.

Now was now.

###

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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