

A stylized, low-poly illustration of a person's face and upper torso. The face is a light peach color with simple, dark lines for eyebrows and a closed mouth. The person is wearing a brown coat with a high collar. The background is a dark blue color. The title 'The One Thing' is written in a white, cursive font across the mouth area, and the author's name 'Roy Ellison' is written in a smaller, white, sans-serif font below it.

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by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

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

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Chelsea sighed and stretched on the couch. The day had been long, and she felt a certain tension in herself. She thought about checking on her social media or watching some show, but there was an itch she wanted to scratch.

She was horny.

She'd been like this for a while once she realized that casual dating didn't work for her. Once Sandra managed to get her back together with her ex, things had gotten more intense. After the initial post-breakup catastrophe and her dating rebound, she wanted to try again.

At the same time, she didn't feel ready for the daily grind of their previous relationship. Bills, home repair, long work hours and barely compatible friends had slowly chipped away at their passion and then at their friendship. If she dove right back into this, things would be horrible again soon.

The compromise had been to date. Like lovers. Only ... just online. That was enough for now, and it really brought out the romance. This wasn't some hectic chaos to try and fit each other into their schedules. Instead, they would message back and forth, talking about their desires and playing with their sexual dreams and fantasies. Just having some time for each other and basically going for a pure, relaxed, sensual experience. Right from their living rooms. Or bedrooms, depending on the time.

It was marvelous. Time flew as their messages ping-ponged and they often had to stop only when it was definitely time for bed. She had fallen in love with him again and this time, she would keep him. He was good with words, he was attentive, and he was careful to satisfy her.

Tonight, Chelsea needed this.

She checked on her phone. Bill was there.

“Got time?”

It wasn't very romantic, but after she had sent him a more direct message once and his boss had picked up the phone while he was on his late shift, this was a necessary caution.

“I do.”

She bit her lip and grinned. Wow. She set the scene.

“After a nice romantic dinner, we go up to the hotel room. As we ride up the elevator, I am already really horny. I'm also a little tipsy, so I get very close ... I have this sexy red dress on with the long slit that shows my leg, and I'm wearing those heels ... You know the ones ...”

“Oh yes! They look amazing on you ...”

“In the elevator, I whisper in your ear: ‘I got myself a new bra for this night.’”

“Just the bra?”

“Just the bra. The panties? I don't know where they went.”

“Nice! I kiss you. I got just the right amount of stubble, but it’s not prickly. I went to the barber and had everything brought on point!”

“Yes ... Damn, Bill, I love you with that beard ...”

“I know. I kiss you again, then I go down your neck, to your collarbone ...”

“I sigh deeply. This is wonderful. I run my hands down your back and grope your butt.”

“I cup your boobs, then I embrace you again, kissing your shoulders. ‘Maybe I should get you out of that dress ...’”

“In the elevator?”

“Why not?”

“Good point.” Chelsea grinned as she continued typing. “I hit the emergency stop button. The elevator stops and we’re in that small cabin, and there are mirrors all around.”

“Kinky!”

“I know.”

“I slowly unzip your dress as I continue to kiss you.”

“You can see my fancy new bra. It’s all lacy and pushing up, and my boobs look huge in it. They’re also really squeezed together and bulging.”

“Sexy ... I lick them and slip my face between them, then run my fingers down their side. ‘This looks amazing on you!’ I slowly take it all in, and it’s amazing!”

“Now I get down on my knees, giving you a good look of those tits. I undo your fly and get your cock out.”

“It’s already hard. No wonder with such a wonderful tease as you ...”

“I give it a lick. Just the tip for now. I go around and then slip my tongue down the underside of your shaft.”

“Oooh ... Shaft? Nice!”

“Hey, it’s pretty big, isn’t it?”

“Damn right, it is!”

“Then I give it a little kiss. My lips feel all full and soft on your tip.”

“Yesss ...”

“I lick around it some more and then, I open my mouth and put it in. You can feel how warm and wet my mouth is. I run my lips along your rod and slip it all inside. Also, my hand goes into your fly and I start fondling your balls.”

“Wow! When did you learn that?”

“Oh, I’ve just been thinking about what you’d like and ... maybe fantasizing about you for a bit?”

“Cool. I love it ...”

“Now I’m bobbing forward and back on your cock. I keep my tongue to its underside and I keep it really hard.”

“This is so cool ... I lean against the wall of the elevator and just let you do your thing. My cock is really hard and big now, and it’s pulsating. I’m gonna cum in no time if you continue like that ...”

“‘Mph!’ I can’t really say much since I got my mouth full of you, but that sounds

great! I circle your cockhead now and I rub my tongue along that little stringy thing ...”

“I’m breathing harder now. When did you become such an expert?”

“I felt inspired. Now I open wide and shove your dick down my throat and get my lips all the way to the base of your shaft. I don’t even gag.”

“Fuck yeah ... I shoot my load right at you ...”

“Without missing a beat, I suck down your whole length and I just swallow it all. At the end, I free your cock with a plop!”

“Damn. Daaamn ... Chelsea, I almost fucking came! You’re amazing ...”

She grinned at the screen. Nice. She was pretty sure she was getting him back ... The power of imagination ... She had been rubbing herself the whole time, typing with one hand.

“I’m hiking up my dress now ... How about you return the favor?”

“Yeah! I come down to you and help you lie down on the floor. Then I get between your legs and move up your dress. I slowly kiss your thighs, moving towards your pussy.”

“You can feel the goosebumps on my skin ...”

“I get closer and closer, but I don’t quite get there, increasing the tension.”

“Oooh ... I sigh: ‘Please ...’”

“I’m not just under your pussy and I lick your thighs, then I go up and up and my tongue brushes over your clit. Just a little bit to get you interested ...”

“I AM interested!”

“I chuckle, then circle your clit. I brush downwards along your lips, then across, then inside you then back up, my nose rubs against your clit ...”

“Wow ... I lift my legs and move them up against the sides of your head.”

“I kiss them too, then go back down on you, licking and suckling on your lips.”

“Uuuh ... Wow ... This is so goood ... Oh my God ... Yes ...”

By now, Chelsea was really horny. She was rubbing her cunt furiously, her body

tensing. Wow. This was so great! Bill was making her cum with words alone ... He was a great dude after all. She should have prepared her dildo, but for now, her fingers were good enough. She just wished she were less ... ugly. Her flabby body was an eyesore to her. Seeing her large, hanging tits, her fat belly, those bloated thighs ... It just was kinda bad. If it could somehow change, be different, just not as plump and disgusting ... It wasn't just him and his weird ideas. It was the whole situation. Of course, she could try and fix this, but she totally lacked the energy for such a long-term fix. Better stay in the realm of fantasies ...

“I tighten my legs around your head and ...”

“Could you do the thing?”

“The thing?”

Suddenly, the tension was gone. She was confused. She had been so close to cumming and now this!

“What thing, Bill?”

“The muscles, Chelsea.”

She groaned. Ah yes. The muscles. The working out, the bodybuilding, the looking like a linebacker ... How could she forget?

It wasn't the thing that ruined their relationship, but it was certainly a factor. She wasn't going to kink-shame anyone, but ... him photoshopping her head awkwardly on some musclemethod's body? Bah. Also, he had taken one of the pictures of her fattish, double-chinned pale head and mounted it on that tanned, bulging, ripped bodybuilder. Then he had jerked off to this.

When he had confessed to her, she hadn't known what to say. Was this stupid? Was it just awkward? And why? Musclemethods? She couldn't get it. If he wanted someone like that, why be with her? And still: What was the appeal of this?

The thing was, despite the crappy quality of the photoshop, it had still been a bit of work. Since she didn't immediately chastise him for it, he showed her some more pictures he liked. She didn't know what to say. It embarrassed her a bit, but then again, he had this weird, innocent fascination with the concept.

She took a deep breath and typed:

"You should already be seeing some progress. After all, I've started to work out." The truth was, she did start doing some yoga in the morning now, in order to lose weight and regain a little of her flexibility. Also, it helped her deal with her lower back pain. Obviously, this wouldn't do much for her figure. She'd have to diet too. Bah. She hated that. And she always rebounded after a few weeks.

Still, she humored him.

He asked:

“For real?”

“Uh ... Yeah. Definitely. I’ve been sticking to it too.”

“Nice! Can’t wait to see the results!”

“Uh ... Yeah! Me ... me too. Sooo ... I squeeze your head a bit and you can feel the strength of my muscles under my skin. They swell a bit when I flex them, and you can tell that I have become a little stronger. I push your face closer to my pussy and get you to really lick me hard now ...”

“Wow ... Okay, I take a deep breath and really run my tongue over your lips and then inside you and I give them little kisses just so you know I love you.”

“Mhm ... I’m moaning happily now, and you can feel my thighs move against your ears. Why don’t you ... get on top? I really want it right now!”

She grinned at the screen. Despite the interruption, she was back to it and she was wet and horny again.

“Alright. I struggle to get my head free, though.”

“Oh, yes. I hold my grip for a bit and let you struggle.”

“Mff! This is so tight!”

“Yes. Yesss! Try to get out!”

“I have to use my hands now to get your legs apart!”

“Nice! I play around with you for a bit, but then, I gracefully release you.”

“Wow! I like that.”

“Say ‘thank you, Chelsea’.”

“Thank you, Chelsea.”

She grinned. This was a turn-on too! Chelsea chuckled. Okay ... How about this?

“I just had an idea.”

“Go ahead. Meanwhile, I get on top of you and fondle your big soft boobs. I kiss them and worship them. They’re great!”

“Nice! But ... what if it happened suddenly?”

“Suddenly? What do you mean?”

“I mean me getting buff.”

“Oooh ... Yeah ... That sounds interesting.”

“Okay, so it would happen out of the blue, just like that.”

“But how?”

“I don’t know. I don’t care. It just happens. Now, why don’t you stroke yourself?”

She reached for her vagina again, rubbing it and sinking her fingers inside. After a moment, she quickly opened her nightstand and pulled out her dildo. She slowly and gently slipped it inside her wet pussy. She was so horny now ... It was strange, but knowing that he was getting turned on helped her get even hotter.

“Okay ... I’m doing it.”

“Now, it starts. I feel a kind of heat inside of me ... It’s getting more intense. Wow ... It’s a little overwhelming, but it’s spreading to my chest, to my pussy, to my legs and my arms, and even my neck. You can feel it too, and now that you look at me, you realize what happened ...”

“Tell me! Tell me please!”

“My body has become incredibly strong. My chest is very broad now, and my muscles there are all thick and there’s all those lines that are visible. My boobs are there, but they feel unreal now. Like big, fake implants. Really round and taut and they stand off my muscles like ... like porn star tits!”

“Wow ...”

“Now I lift my arms and you can see that they’re all hard and buff. My biceps are like ... uh ... Schwarzenegger’s? Big. And hard. And you can touch them!”

“Fuck. Okay, I put my fingers on them. They’re really thick and hard. I run my hands all over them. Are they veiny too?”

“Sooo veiny. You can see everything. Every little bit of muscle is there, perfectly sculpted. The skin is really tanned, too. It’s tough, but also soft ...”

“Damn. How did you do that?”

“Maybe I drank a lot of protein shakes and worked out every day?”

“Every day?”

“Every day. An hour in the morning and two in the afternoon. It’s sooo hard, but I love the results. I just enjoy pumping iron sooo much.”

“God, I am jerking off so hard right now! Let me look at your abs!”

“My abs? Sure! I grab my big fake tits and push them aside a bit so you can see my six-pack. But actually, it’s an eight-pack! Yeah!”

“Nice ... How hard is that?”

“You wouldn’t believe it. If you thought my biceps were hard, you haven’t touched those bricks! They feel like cobblestones, really. Just blocks of hard, cut muscle! And they’re so tight ... They’re squeezing my bellybutton from all directions.”

“Flex them for me, please!”

“Of course, dear. I breathe in, I breathe out, and then, I flex. I flex hard, you know?”

“I run my fingers over them. I follow the lines and ...”

“I pinch your finger with my abs!”

“Wait, you can do that?”

“I guess?”

“Fuck, that’s so hot!”

“I know.”

“But seriously, how the hell did you get so built?”

“Hmm ... Let me think ... What if I ... used a special super steroid? It’s experimental and a liiittle dangerous, but since I wanted to get uber-buff, I had to use it! And it worked like a dream.”

“It definitely did. You’re gorgeous!”

“I know. And my muscles are so thick and strong! You should try my legs!”

“Alright! As soon as you release my finger, I follow the lines downwards and check out those thighs!”

“You’re in for a treat, Bill ... Cos I’ve been paying special attention to them. Remember how fat I was? Well, all that fat is now muscle! But it’s not just the same mass of muscle ... It’s really ripped. You can see everything! I’m so defined, you can see my muscles move under my skin. When I flex them, there’s a maze of lines and they’re everywhere!”

“Fuuuck ... Chelsea, this is ... sooo hot. I’ve never read anything as awesome as this ... How do you come up with all that?”

“Bill, I’m a superhero now, basically. Marvel ain’t got shit on me! Captain America is more like Lieutenant Puerto Rico next to my muscles. I’ll have to get myself an outfit to show off those pythons in public, you know? Something skimpy to give everybody a good look of my power. I’ll just walk around all confident and make it clear to everybody that I’m a new goddess. But for you, I’ll still be your Chelsea. I’ll have to hide my secret identity at work, but for you, at home ... A nerd in the streets, a hero in the sheets, right?”

“Seriously? Wow ... Chelsea, you’re incredible ...”

She worked her dildo into herself while she rubbed her clit. It was that picture ... She thought of it. The craziness was starting to fit. She imagined herself with a body like that. Her pale, bloated face with the round cheeks and the double chin, on top of this brutal, muscle-packed uber-body ... The mere idea made her both horny and disgusted!

She wondered what it would feel like to look like that. To move with all this strength, to feel the heaviness of those muscles. She closed her eyes and imagined a mirror to see herself and she visualized those enormous, ultra-fake tits perched on a pair of tremendous pecs. Wow. She thought about cupping them, lifting them, letting them bounce ...

She would run her hands all over this tanned, brutally ripped body.

Maybe she craved this too?

“It’s ... I can get why you like this ... It feels incredible. I ... sense this power, this energy ... I’m huge and buff and strong and I got tits like a sex-bomb ... Who wouldn’t want this?”

“Wow ...”

“Now come on ... Check out my monster butt!”

“I slip my hands under it and grope it. You can feel my hands exploring it, and I do everything I can to dent it!”

“I laugh and just flex my cheeks. They get so hard and big, they force your fingers apart.”

“I really try to resist!”

“You’re powerless. My muscles are way too strong for you, and they’re way too ripped. My body is all muscle, no fat, and I’m just way beyond you.”

“Then I just kiss you and worship you. I adore these muscles and I have to kiss them and lick them ...”

“Nice ... Go ahead. Show me ... This turns me on ...”

“I lick the hard chords of muscle of your thighs, I follow them to your pussy, and now, I dive in deep, sucking on your clit and giving it little nibbles. My hands are still on your wonderful, perfect ass and you can sense that I can’t resist ...”

She closed her eyes after reading that last line and imagined herself right there. Fumbling with the dildo and the phone, she wrote:

“You ... you excite me sooo much ... I ... I’m cumming ... I’m cumming! You too. You now!”

He did. Bill shut his eyes, overwhelmed as he shot his load all over his torso. He hadn’t cum like that in forever ...

He almost lost consciousness. It was like when he was a horny teenager and only just discovered the joy of masturbating ... He grunted happily.

As they opened their eyes, they were confused. They were in bed together, but in a hotel room they had never seen before. There was a big mirror close-by and the whole place oozed fancy and sensual. He looked around and asked:

“Wait ... Where are we? Why are you here? What is this place?”

Her reply was a purring, enticing whisper:

“I don’t know, and I don’t care ...”

Her body was covered by a blanket. She felt it was different. Somehow, it was tighter, denser, and more powerful. It was strange to feel that the heat and sweatiness of her flab had disappeared. Instead, she felt a kind of raw energy course through her. In the twilight, she peaked under the blanket and stared. Her body had completely transformed.

It was massive and heavy now, but it felt incredibly intense. It was as if a force of lightning was cursing through her muscles. She barely managed to contain herself. With a grin, she decided to give him a little tease.

She rolled over to him, the blanket draped over her and started undoing his fly.

“Remember what I sent you? What I described? The big, heavy muscles? The tanned, dark skin? The massive fake tits? All those deep, incredible cuts? Those giant chest muscles, bigger than my flabby boobs? The hard, muscle-packed

arms? The incredible strength? All of this?”

She pulled down his pants and got his cock out of his undies.

“Bill ... I pumped iron like a madwoman to get those guns. I trained every day for hours. I busted my ass to get this muscular dream body. I turned my flabby, slobbish, weak self into a hard, brutal, goddess physique ...”

He felt her strong, relentless grip on his cock.

“I ate protein like I used to binge on chocolate. I swallowed every supplement I could get. I shot myself up with that incredible super-steroid ... I did everything I could to get huge. To get ripped. To have abs like a pro bodybuilder. To blow your mind with those linebacker shoulders ...”

She was rubbing him quite hard now and it was almost painful, but the horniness eclipsed any ache he might feel. It was too intense for him.

“Think about those muscles. They’re solid, all hard and real and they’re all mine. Mine to make you mine again. I have an ass that could crack walnuts and it just looks sooo incredibly good in those tight outfits ... You wouldn’t believe it. I got me those fake, heavy uber-tits, they’re as big as my head, and they’re always perky and full. I love them. The only reason why I don’t go even bigger is that I don’t want them to hide my muscles. And I’ve been tanning hard to get that perfect, dark, crispy look. The one that makes every striation pop!”

She looked down on herself and sighed.

Chelsea couldn't care less about how this happened. The only thing she knew was that she stared down at a magnificent pair of thick, strong pecs that supported a set of ultra-fake tits whose cup size went round the alphabet once.

She pushed herself up with perfect ease and stood next to the bed. The blanket slipped off her shoulders like a cape, revealing her enormous physique. She shivered for a moment as the cool air hit her, but the look of confusion and fascination on Bill's face instantly relaxed her. Her muscular body felt both heavy and light at the same time. She was enormous, but that power in her made her relaxed and assertive. She walked over to the mirror and stared.

It was just like in the picture.

Her face was still the same as before: pale, plump and shapeless. She hardly thought of herself as attractive like this. But the crazy thing was that her body was completely different below her chin! The contrast was insane.

Just seeing herself like this made her breathe quicker. She felt an incredible tension rise within her. She was getting amazingly horny, so she turned to Bill and grinned:

“So ... this is what you wanted? Me, being buff like this? An amazon?”

She slid her strong fingers between her plump, moist pussy lips. Chelsea touched

her clit, slipping her fingers around it, over it, giving it the slightest squeeze.

She lifted her other arm and flexed her biceps. Watching the muscle swell under her skin, the veins popping and the cut meat expanding into a maze of striations ... She had to take a deep breath. Slowly, she started exploring her new muscles. Of course, she had only ever seen that bizarre picture, so she had no idea of how muscles like that even could feel like. Now that it was real, she was struggling to comprehend just how massive she had become. She touched her brutally tanned skin, surprised by its leathery, hardened texture. She almost pinched herself to see whether she was dreaming, but stopped herself in the last moment. This was a dream she wanted to last ...

Chelsea felt the warmth emanating from her bulky muscles, the strange shapes created by veins, fibers and striations shifting under her fingers. With a thought, she made their bulk swell and tighten. She had never imagined to be in control of herself in such a way. It was both insane and incredibly satisfying.

She licked her lips, then ran her fingers over her bulky pecs down to her breasts. Feeling the frontier between rock-hard muscles and what felt like a strange foreign structure under her tits' skin made her shiver. She cupped her tits, then followed her waist down to its muscle-packed center. It was incredibly tight and so small, she couldn't believe it.

“It's wonderful ...”, she whispered.

The musclemom now examined the thick strands of muscle that formed her thighs. She could barely see them because of her bosom's absurd bulk, but she could feel them move and the thought alone was enough to turn her on even more. She reached back for her butt and almost came. This was just one massive block of muscle, and it was completely under her control ...

Still grinning, she abruptly hit one of those bodybuilder poses.

Her skin seemed to creak from the intense pressure. She had no idea what she was doing, but her body was so over the top, it just worked anyway.

He was rubbing his cock eagerly and gasped:

“Oh yes! I always wanted this! You had to be strong and sexy like this ... Did you do it all for me?”

Still flexing her muscles, she shot him a smoldering look and replied:

“For you. Yes ... but also for me ...”

She leaned back a little and then hit a hard flex of her abs, the brickwork of her midsection crunching into diamond hardness.

“Wow ... You couldn't understand just how awesome this feels ...” She took a deep breath, then spread her wings and made her gargantuan chest swell. “Now that I have done ‘the one thing’ for you ... I need you to do ‘the one thing’ for me!”

She climbed on the bed like a panther, the muscles under her skin moving

elegantly. She pushed his hand away from his cock and slipped it inside her. Bill stared at her as her heavy body sank on him, the mass of her muscles bearing down on him.

He gasped as she started riding him, some unseen muscles gripping and squeezing his cock. He was amazed by her control, her powerful physique taking control of him. Chelsea set down her strong, muscle-packed arms on both sides of his much weaker shoulders and moaned as she closed her eyes.

It was uncanny just how incredible this could feel.

She was taking him higher and higher and he did his best to keep up. Then, she could feel his cock pulse and he shot his load, his cum spreading inside her filling her up.

“Oooh ...”

“Wow ... This is ... sooo ... wow ...”

A wave of relief washed over them. They relaxed, but she stayed where she was, beaming down on him. She could feel her erect nipples brushing against his chest. He wanted to say something, but she cut him off with a grin and a spasm of her cunt’s muscles. He was already hardening again.

“Now, I will give you such pleasure ... All the pleasure ...”

She grabbed his hands and led them over her wonderful physique, letting him explore the artwork that was her musculature.

She purred happily as she felt him grow stiff within her ...

###

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.