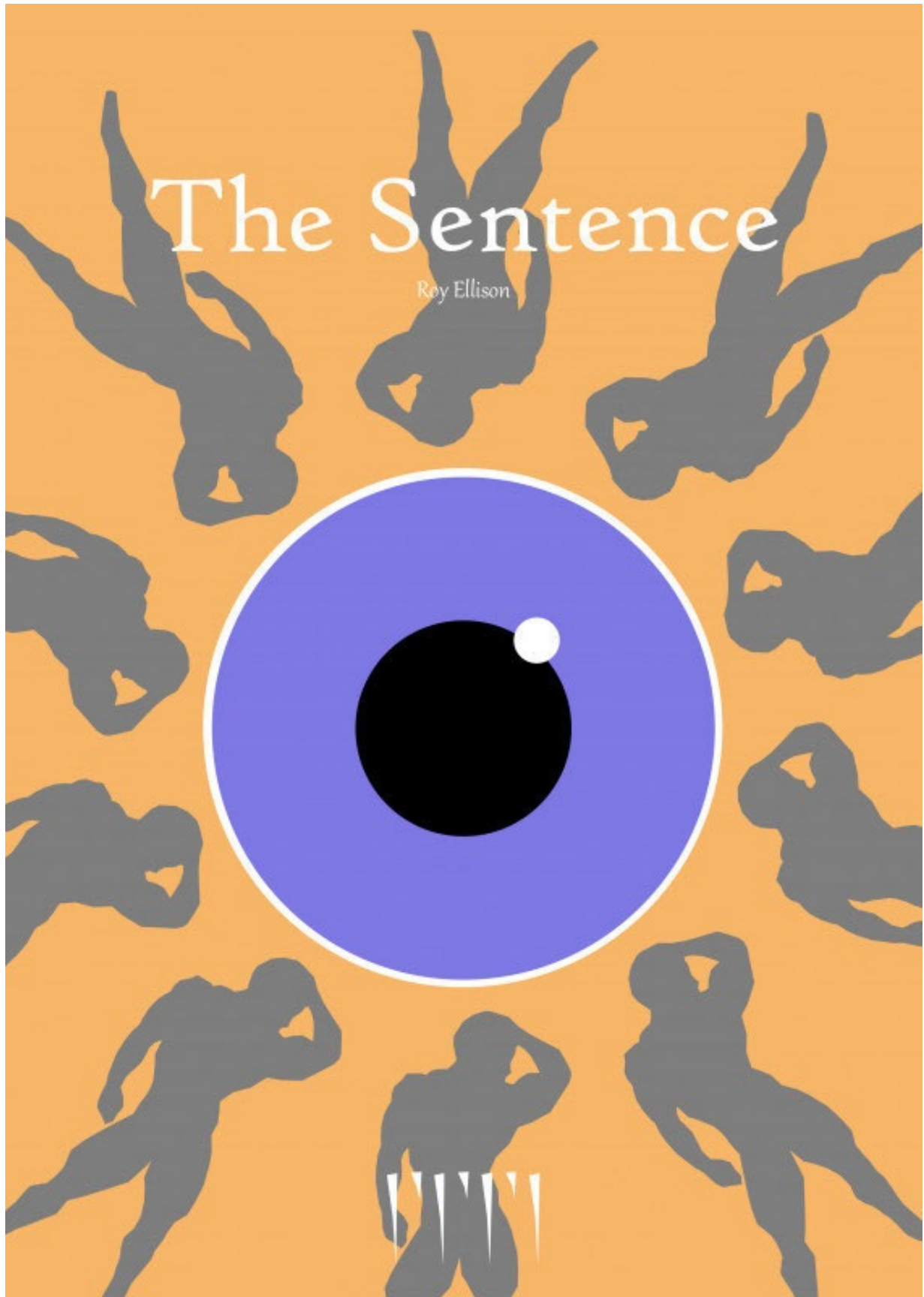


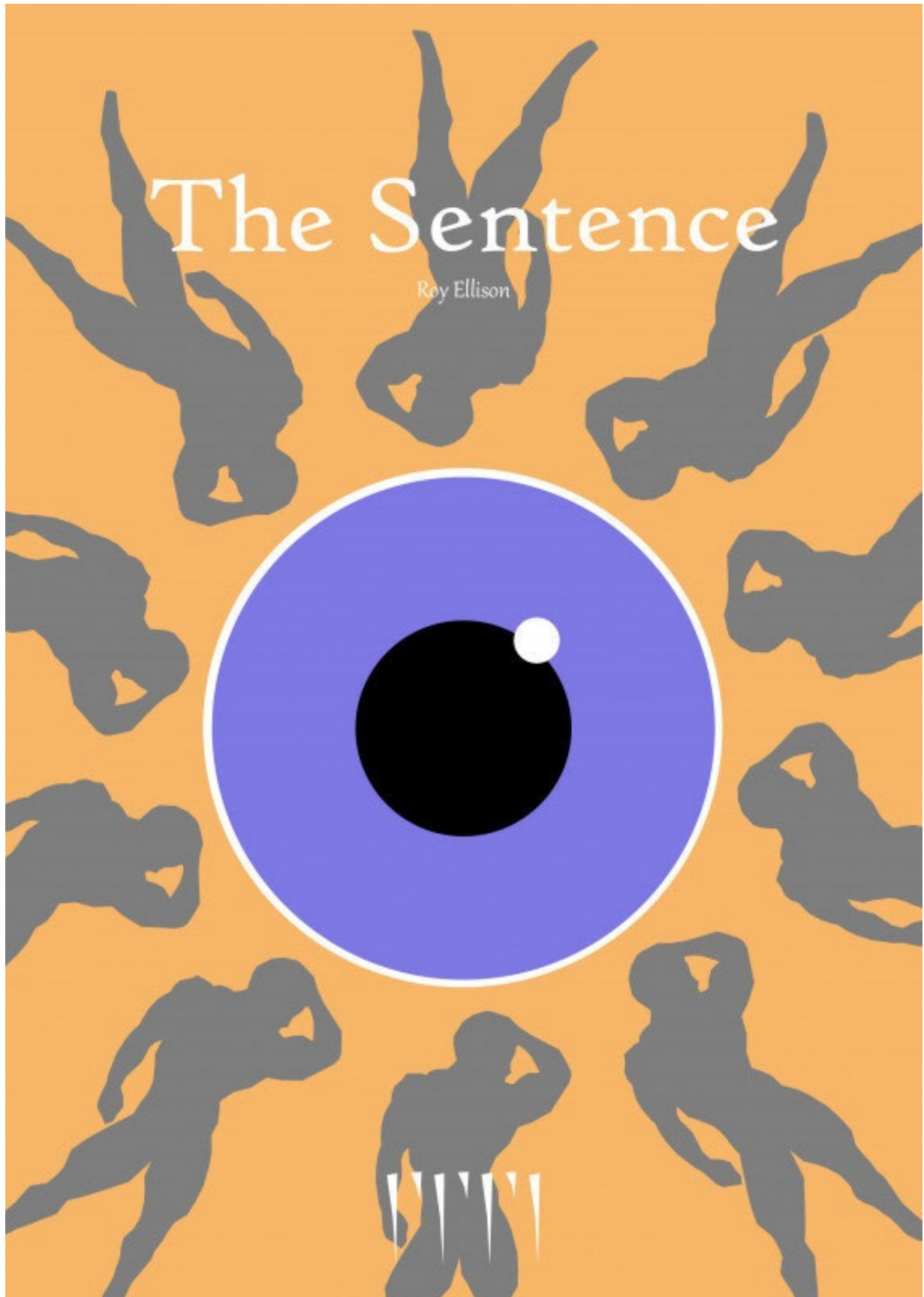
The Sentence

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by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

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O Freunde, nicht diese Töne!

Sondern laßt uns angenehmere

anstimmen und freudenvollere.

Nathalie saw the guy's face shift and melt. It was terrifying. He shrieked and growled, his voice dropping and shrilling alternately. The cloudy wave on her mind was breaking, the ache in her head was returning. The man's eyes swelled in his head, his pupils almost engulfing her. She howled in pain and fear, pushing against him. The man struggled against her, he stumbled and fell.

She could smell it.

He had it with him. It was right there, in his pocket. Why wouldn't he give it to her? She had paid him, hadn't she? The fucker had agreed to it!

Even as she tried to cling to this thought, her mind clouded again, returning to the brutal, hammering pain in her head. Her fingers felt as if they were swelling up, her heavy body was growing, blowing up as if filled with gas. The tingle of pain changed into a razor wire scrape.

The man crawled away, his leg standing off at a weird angle. Voices howled in the background as she stumbled towards him. She fell, dropping on his leg. The man screamed out of the back of his molten head, some strange liquid foaming from his ears or eyes or whatever these were.

“Give it to me! I ... I paid! I p-p-paid!”

She pulled at him, her fingers ripping into his skin. The man pushed her back,

slapping his hands in her face, so she bit him. Salivating, she reached forward, grabbing a hold of his head. She pulled it up and smashed it back down. There was a warm smell in the air now as greenish-red numbers floated past. The pain was dancing on her hands now, little crumbs flowed over her numbed fingers.

The man tried to get her off him, but he was getting weaker. He attempted to knee her in her belly, but she held him off, then fell on his face. He struggled, but she held him against her swollen gut. She could feel his bites and scratches, but next to the droning sound in her mind and the drilling feeling in her bones, it was nothing.

Finally, he stopped moving.

She grunted happily, the sudden ecstasy of getting her patch flowing in.

Nathalie sank her hand into his pocket and found the row of patches. With a satisfied moan, she pulled down her pants and stuck it on her thigh. Then she relaxed and fell asleep.

The public defender sighed. Another one. Lately, all his cases were the same. Before some asshole had introduced that Lacplus stuff, he'd had burglaries, robberies, some dealing and the occasional white-collar crime. Now that the patches were all the rage, he had to deal with the fallout, as did the courts. No-one was happy about this. The guard buzzed him in and he looked at his client. Of course. It was always the same. A fellow student of his had managed to only be called on prostitutes and porn girls. Apparently, that was more fun.

The bloated woman was sitting in the room, her jowls hanging and her flabby

chin covering her neck. Her skin was covered in scabs and acne and her fingers looked worn out and grey. The fingernails were broken and torn. Her matted hair stuck to her face and her eyes were empty.

“Hello. My name’s Mike Harper, but you can call me Harp. Everybody does that.”

The woman took a moment to notice him, her face turning slowly towards him. Her look was obviously confused. Did she even know where she was?

“You’re Nathalie Teech, is that correct?”

She nodded vaguely.

“Good ... Okay, now listen carefully. You’re up for 15 years or even life. You did kill that guy after all. We’re going to plead guilty, but I’ve got an offer for a special rehabilitation program that should help you. If you complete the course, you could be out in five years, if you can prove that you are clean and are willing to give back to society. How does that sound?”

Her head bobbed again. Was she asleep? He waved his hand in front of her, but she grabbed it by the wrist. It was a strange sensation. There was so much blobbish fat to it that it felt all soft and sweaty, but there was the raw, uncontrolled strength of the addiction behind it too.

Her voice was a gargle:

“Okay ... I take it. Just get me out of here.”

She released him and he massaged his wrist. Ow. He hated his job.

The judge heard the jury’s verdict and said:

“Very well then. The program sounds like a good idea. Ms. Teech, you have been found guilty on all counts and you are sentenced to fifteen years in jail unless you complete the program at the Juvenal rehabilitation facility within five years. In this case, you will be released and the rest of your sentence will be dropped.”

There was some paperwork, then the court usher told everybody to get back up and the judge left. Nathalie was led outside and loaded into a bus, then brought back to jail.

A few days later, she was transferred to the rehabilitation facility. It was far inland, amidst green hills and beautiful forests. The drive took forever. The two guards in the car were relaxed. After a very intense phase of going cold turkey, Nathalie was calm, almost apathic. She just hung in the seat belt, her heavy head resting on her wide bosom. She was still wearing the sack-like orange suit the correctional facility had given her, and there was a spot of drool on its breast.

When the car stopped, she was jerked awake roughly. Two broad-shouldered men in orderlies’ uniforms pulled her from the car, some papers were signed, and she was led inside. Soon enough, she found herself in a nice, bright pavilion,

with large windows and a beautiful view of the facility's gardens. Slowly, her mind started to ease. Maybe this would work ...

A man in his early fifties came in. He was slim and fit, with full dark hair, that only was white at the temples. He had a friendly, caring expression and sat down next to her. A nurse set down a tray with plastic cups down with them.

The man waited for Nathalie to drink, then said:

“Welcome to Juvenal, Ms. Teech. I'm Doctor Taylor. I'll be directing your treatment and make sure you'll recover.” He waved at the nurse. “This is Nurse Stanley. She will go through the registration process with you afterwards, but I want to explain my concept to you first.”

Nathalie grumbled indistinctly. The doctor smiled:

“You see, I believe in a healthy mind in a healthy body, and I have found that this has seriously helped the recovery of my patients. Through a combination of behavioral therapy and positive reinforcement, I have managed to improve the health and outlook of our guests here. I am certain that you will benefit from this in every way. So ... Are you willing to change your life?”

Nathalie looked at him with glassy eyes. She groaned:

“Maybe.”

Then she returned to her catatonic state.

Doctor Taylor nodded and had the nurse and the orderlies bring her to her room. This one had every potential for his preferential treatment. He was giddy with excitement!

Nathalie slowly settled in the life at the facility. The initial treatment consisted of a reduced diet and extended walks in the park. A young, fit woman led the way, encouraging the shambling, tired and frustrated patients to come with her. Nathalie immediately detested her. She took her sweet time, stopped on the way, lost her shoes, got sick and generally did her best to frustrate that annoyingly cheery girl. Nathalie was hungry, the pangs of her addiction returned in force and she started asking around among the patients whether someone could get her some Lacplus.

There were rumors that some of the patients produced their own drugs in their mattresses, but that turned out to be a myth.

Still, Nathalie continued her defensive strategy. She wouldn't yield to their stupid tricks. Once she managed to frustrate the fit girl, she was assigned another trainer, this one one of the more handsome orderlies. The guy was nice to look at, but he still wanted her to train, this time with weights.

Without hesitation, she fucked up. She dropped things, she did either too much or too little and she ignored any of the hygiene and cleanliness rules. She just finished the exercises, then left her sweaty towel on the machines, if she used it at all.

Soon enough, Nathalie found herself in the doctor's office.

“Ms. Teech, I am disappointed.”

The fat woman grinned stupidly. She seriously didn't care about what the man thought of her. She was vaguely aware that this was her chance to not end up in jail, but this man's self-righteous behavior and the whole disgusting perfection of the place just rubbed her the wrong way. Besides, she craved her high. Just getting a good swig of Lacplus ... Yeah. That would be worth any trouble.

The man continued:

“I am disappointed with myself. I thought I could go easy on you and just let you find your way on your own, but I have realized that your treatment will have to be ... more intense.”

The fat woman stared at him. She was tense and unhappy.

“What are you going to do, beat me?”

“Actually, no. You see, a few decades ago, a Doctor Ludovico from AS1 came up with an interesting technique to teach ... difficult students. I have found a way to adapt this method to our problems here. So, if you don't want me to send you to prison, you should join in.”

Nathalie growled:

“Whatever.”

“Very well then. Come with me, I think we can start right away.”

Soon, they reached a remote part of the facility. Hidden amid the trees, surrounded by the chirping of birds, there was a small cottage with white walls and green shutters. The two orderlies that accompanied them stood rather close to Nathalie and she began to suspect that things were going to get bad.

The doctor unlocked the cottage and invited them inside. There was a changing booth in a corner, as well as a large gynecological chair in the middle. Next to it, there was a wide array of machines and apparatuses, as well as a strange helmet suspended from thick cables above the chair.

“Get changed, please. There is a frock in the booth.”

She grumbled and disappeared inside. She returned moments later, the outfit hanging from her sloping shoulders like a sack.

“On the chair, please.”

Nathalie clambered onto it.

“So, what are you going to do to me? Is this some kind of torture thing?”

“No, I assure you, it is not.”

The orderlies strapped her into the chair, thick leather bands holding her arms, legs and chest. Finally, they added a broad collar to hold her neck. She did her best to annoy them by mock resisting, but the doctor scowled at her and she stopped.

“Ms. Teech, I’m going to be frank with you. Your antics are highly irritating. As a result, I will try to use the predilection therapy to help you. I assume that this will help you become a better person.”

She struggled with her bonds:

“Why did you tie me up?”

“Well, I need you to be attentive, and I don’t want you to interrupt the treatment. Now hold still while we set up the crotch piece and the helmet.”

The doctor lifted her frock and sprayed some gelatinous material on her crotch, then affixed a rather clumsy looking device to her thighs and hips. She grinned mischievously at him.

“Doctor, you’re some kind of a pervert, aren’t you?”

“I assure you, I have only your wellbeing in mind.”

After a bit of turning of knobs and adjusting of mufflers, the orderlies lowered the helmet on her head and the doctor did the final check-up. She heard his voice over the headphones.

“How do you feel?”

“Bah.”

“Is the helmet too tight?”

“No. Just get on with it.”

“Very well. What about the volume?”

“It’s okay.”

“Good, good.”

There was a flash of light and some virtual reality-style projections started in front of her.

“Can you see the symbols clearly?”

She grumbled a bit and the doctor did some adjustments. Eventually, everything seemed to be okay. The machine started up and she heard a soothing female voice on the headphones:

“Beginning predilection therapy. Please relax and keep your eyes open.”

There were some blinking lights, followed by geometric shapes. Next, the music started. The violins swelled, rose and then the whole orchestra joined in ...

The shapes in her field of vision started to change, taking up forms that reminded her of women. Dancing women. Happy women. They held hands, moving in circles. She could see their happy faces. They were ... not exactly thin. Instead, they all seemed fit, even muscular. They moved in time with the music. Nathalie wondered what this was supposed to do.

Then she felt a touch on her clitoris. And another. Soft, then more intense, then gentle again. She gasped. The pictures switched now. The women were posing, showing their muscles and their agility. The closer the camera got, the more the device between her legs increased its ministrations. Nathalie gripped the armrests as the machine circled her clitoris, gently touched her labia and even sank some tendril into her.

“Oooh ... This is nice ...”

She wanted to close her eyes for a moment, but the helmet blew a faint stream of cool air on her eyelids and she opened them again.

The women in her vision were training now. The harder they trained, the more intense the music got and the more powerful the apparatus between her legs worked her vulva.

She was now breathing heavily. The doctor monitored her heartrate, occasionally adjusting some dial and checking some other gauge. He was completely focused.

Eventually, he faded the images and the music.

Nathalie relaxed, but she was clearly unhappy.

“But Doctor ... I wasn’t finished!”

As he removed the devices, he shrugged:

“That’s okay. We will continue tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow? But ...”

“Why don’t you move to your workout routine for now?”

She scowled at him, but the orderlies led her away.

This day, she completed her training without much resistance. The coach was happy and congratulated her. In the evening, as she was lying in her bed, she slipped her hand under her fat belly and got herself off. It was nice, but it wasn’t the same as that incredible machine.

In the night, she had the strangest dreams, all too similar to those videos. She awoke sweaty and horny. To her surprise, she managed to add a training session in the morning, before finally getting called up for the next round of predilection therapy.

The doctor smiled as she got into the chair and made herself comfortable. Very well. This made things easier.

Again, she was strapped in, the helmet went on and the music started. Nathalie’s fingers danced on the leather as the lights danced and then, the scenes with the women came on. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she wondered why those women were all so muscular, and she could swear they were even more so than yesterday. In the end, however, she didn’t much care. She just wanted the machine ...

Over the next week, Nathalie easily stuck to her training. Gone was the reluctance and opposition. Instead, she showed up early and went at it hard.

Doctor Taylor was very happy with her. He watched as she started to shed the extra weight and increased the duration of her sessions.

He was merciless, though. Somehow, the machine could always tell when she was about to cum and stopped or slowed down early enough to leave her unsatisfied. Her nightly sessions were nice enough, but they lacked the absolute intensity of the machine.

Nathalie was starting to obsess with this. She craved the time in the chair and she fantasized about the incredible feelings she would have once it finally gave her what she wanted.

She was now full of unreleased energy, doing her best to keep in control.

After a month, her training had started to pay off. She was still grossly overweight, but she sensed a kind of hidden strength in herself. She was now walking tall, her posture much improved. Her body was firming up as she watched. The doctor had added a whole regime of drugs to her daily medication and she was pretty certain that they were mostly meant to help her grow her muscles. She didn't care. More than that, she loved this.

When she watched the women dance, train, pose and flex, she got hotter and hotter. Lately, the program had added more scenes which were set up from her own point of view. She could look down on herself and see thick slabs of pectoral beef as well as strong thighs and hard abs. When she was taken from the machine, she felt a pang of sadness at herself not yet being at that level.

It only spurred her on to work even harder!

After a particularly hard workout, she slipped into her room to shower and get ready for lunch. In the bath, she sank her fingers into her hungry pussy. She closed her eyes as the warm water washed the sweat from her thickening back.

“Aaah ...”

Flashes of hard, trained muscle appeared before her inner eye. She grunted with lust. There was something strange behind this. Some sensation ... As if there were secrets hidden under those bodies. She tried to focus, but the tension in herself was just too much.

She came with a growl.

As she relaxed under the water, she had a vision of Doctor Taylor towering above her. She gasped and sank her fingers into her pussy again ...

The music thundered around her again. The choir sang joyfully, the words, which she couldn't understand, familiar. She didn't care. She was completely immersed into her sensations. The women danced around her in a circle, their hard, thick muscles working under their skin. Another group entered the choreography, interlocking with the first. The women touched, kissed, running their strong hands over their defined bodies. There were so many of them and their faces were so familiar. Only slowly did Nathalie realize that some of them had her face. The endless rows of musclewomen that were touching each other and themselves, that displayed their physiques, that were glinting with sweat ... they were going to be her.

The machine on her crotch worked hard on her, licking and sucking on her clitoris, sinking its tendrils into her pussy, rubbing her perineum, and now stroking the inner sides of her thighs. She clung to the arm rests as her body tensed more and more. The doctor had now added some caps to her nipples and they too were getting caressed, squeezed and fondled. Strange fingers extended from the machine's neck-rest and massaged her shoulders and nape.

It was incredible. She loved this machine so much ...

Every day, she would train hard, knowing full well that once she was done with her first session, she would be allowed a round on the chair.

Lately, she had two rounds of training at the facility gym every day, with just one rest day a week. This day was usually the hardest for her. She had to content herself with just some light exercises and maybe a little walk. The worst was, of course, that she couldn't use the chair. She found other ways to pleasure herself, but the machine was just incredible.

The solo singer launched into the familiar verse and the choir answered. The music swelled and she let out an ecstatic howl.

When the doctor suggested that she could use an array of drugs to increase her muscle growth, she eagerly agreed. She would get herself shot up by an orderly and then pump iron like a maniac. The facility's masseur would work hard at breaking up her aching, overwhelmed muscles to make them grow bigger and harder.

The doctor also sent her a cosmetologist to take care of her skin. Under the

woman's skilled hands, all the scabs and badly healed cuts and discolorations from years of drug abuse healed and disappeared. Her hair, which had fallen out in spots or turned into a grizzled mess, was now long, full and shiny. Watching herself in the mirror was wonderful. She was like a changed person now.

Every day of work brought her closer to her ideal.

The women in that virtual reality had now become her fully. She was caught in their dance as the machine worked hard to carry her higher and higher.

Lately, the assistant had to fit larger straps to the seat, simply because her muscles had grown big enough to surpass the previous' set length.

She was surrounded by hypnotic patterns of musclewomen, interlocking, weaving together in a surreal scheme that she flew through as the machine's massive dildo rammed her pussy and asshole, while a long rod slipped down her throat, and two pumps sucked on her hard nipples. Everywhere, fingers seemed to touch, knead and caress her.

Somehow, the patterns seemed to transform into the doctor's face before disassembling again. Was this real or was this just her fascination with her newfound existence?

She couldn't decide. As the music washed over her like a storm, she gagged and growled with insane lust. Maybe her mind was better now ... but maybe she was just as lost as before. She felt the leather of the armrest tear under her strong fingers. Lately, she had even taken up an additional training to improve her grip strength.

She would be the perfect musclewoman. Strong, hard, beautiful. Unstoppable!

Nathalie spent the rest days wandering the grounds of the facility. She would find a hidden spot and daydream, fantasizing about her transformation and about the man who made it all possible. The doctor was showing up in her dreams more and more lately. Was she growing obsessed about him?

Probably.

She couldn't deny it. He had remade her like this and she was amazingly happy. Sure, it was painful to be sore after a hard workout. Sure, the diet was rather monotonous and sometimes, she just craved sweets and fatty treats.

But then she looked at her heavy, muscle-packed body, the mountainous shoulders and the hard, defined arms. She ran her fingers over her brutally carved eight-pack and those magnificent pecs, feeling their mass in her strong hands. She would flex them gingerly, letting those slabs of hard beef bounce and tighten. Her gaze would go down to her monumental thighs with their perfectly detailed quads.

Nathalie grinned. She was a dream.

Thinking about the doctor, she lost herself in visions of him standing above her, her master. He would look down on her, his cock rigid, thick streams of semen splattering her face, her pecs, running down the midline of her abs, pooling in the crevices of her neck muscles. The thought turned her on even more. Her

fingers slipped into her snatch and she began masturbating furiously.

Suddenly, she stopped.

Wait.

She could have the real thing, couldn't she?

With a horny smile, she got up, astonished by the weight of her muscles. She ran swiftly to the gym. If she was to really do it, she had to be perfect.

An hour later, Doctor Taylor finished transcribing his notes on his personal project, encrypted them and carefully burned the paper in the fireplace. He smiled to himself. It was a full success. He hummed a few bars of that symphony when there was a knock on the door.

Making sure his notes were closed, he said:

“Come.”

The door opened. It was Nathalie, wearing an oversized robe. She bowed to him.

“Doctor ...”

“Nathalie. How nice of you to come and visit. I trust you are fine?”

“Yes, Doctor. But ... I ... I need you.”

“Good. Then please, come in.”

She shut the door behind her and dropped the robe. Her body was freshly pumped from a hard, pitiless session. It was glistening with sweat and she was stark naked. The doctor took a deep breath. His machine had outperformed his expectations.

“You are wonderful.”

She looked at him, completely enraptured. To her eyes, he towered above her, a god made flesh. She fell on her knees and crawled towards him. The music was playing in her ears as she approached.

“Doctor ...”

He grinned and undid his fly. She eagerly extricated his cock and immediately started licking and sucking it. The doctor looked down on her muscular neck, her wide shoulders and her hard, powerful back. She was perfect ...

He sighed as she sank his cock down her throat, moaning lustfully as she felt his girth swell.

She was his.

Freude, schöner Götterfunken,

Tochter aus Elysium,

Wir betreten feuertrunken,

Himmlische, dein Heiligthum!

###

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.