

The Titans

Roy Ellison



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by Roy Ellison

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Thanks to Brand for the inspiration.

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"Should I help you out of that trash can, Paul?"

Rani looked at his flailing legs. The young man was trying to get back on his feet, but he couldn't. He didn't dare say something because he really wanted to keep all that horrible garbage out of his mouth. In the end, she did what she had to and tipped over the entire can. Rani was really plump and horribly out of shape. Actually, she had never been in shape. A steady diet of cheap meals had seriously bloated her. Also, having a very sedentary lifestyle had made her even less able to take care of herself. All she had for her was her long, glossy black hair, which she wore in a long braid. Other than that, she was far from attractive. The cheap make-up and clothes made it worse. Her family just didn't have the money. Also, cultural reasons prevented her from finding a husband. She was probably damned to just take care of her older sister's kids for all her life and die a virgin. What a life.

Paul managed to remove himself from the can. He was reasonably tall, dark and skinny. However, that was about it. While other men could claim to play basketball, he had zero athletic aptitude. The other students bullied him relentlessly. He was so sick of it.

"Sometimes, I just want to stay on the ground. It really doesn't matter."

"I know that feeling." For Rani, the crappiness of her life was obvious. With Paul, she had to say he was right. They both had failed hard enough at school to still be around despite being adults. Barely but yes.

She helped him to his feet. He looked at the fat Indian girl and sighed. He'd never get one of the good-looking chicks. Cheap, ill-fitting clothes combined with awful looks really didn't help. She said:

"We should get you cleaned up. Come with me, I live next door."

He was grateful. Getting home meant a two hour commute. As they walked down the street, people sneered at him. He didn't fit the quarter, he was covered in trash, he smelled. It was horrible. At last, they reached Rani's apartment. Actually, it was Rani's family's home, but during the day, she was on it alone. Her mother and father both worked and her sister was busy with her kids. As a result, she had the entirety of two rooms and a closet for herself.

She put a blanket over the sofa and told him to sit down. She got him a cup of tea and had him take off his clothes. Without his shirt and pants, he looked even more pitiful. She took it with her and put it in the washing machine. He sat there in his underwear and was deeply embarrassed. She said:

"That's going to take a while, especially since I'll have to dry it. You could shower for now."

"That's so nice of you. I hate those jocks."

"Who doesn't?"

He sighed and got into the bath. The hot water rid him of all the smell and the pain. He hated all of this with a passion. Just as he started to relax, the door opened. He tried to cover himself but found that there was nothing other than the shower curtain. Rani shrieked in surprise:

"I just wanted to tell you about the hot water."

"What?"

"It runs out ..."

It ran out.

"Gah. That's cold."

He turned the water off and climbed out. She handed him the towel. He expected her to leave, but she just looked at him. Then, finally, she said:

"You know, we could ..."

He smiled awkwardly.

"I don't think that's a good ..."

Before they managed to stop themselves, they embraced. His skin was really cold, but it felt good. She was pretty certain that this was a recipe for disaster, but what else could she do. For Paul, it was the same. If it felt this good, could it be bad?

They stumbled out of the bath and landed in her bed. It was pretty small, especially for Paul, but they managed. They thought about using her parents' bed, but couldn't bring up the courage.

In the end, losing their virginity like that wasn't half bad. The sex was horrible, of course. But it felt good. The fact that they weren't alone in their pain was comforting enough.

Once they gave up, both having failed to orgasm, but now happily cuddling, Rani's phone went off. She tried to find it, but Paul was closer and handed it to her. As he gave it to her, he saw the picture on the screen. After she managed to lose her aunt, he asked:

"You have the Man of the Future on your phone. How did that happen?"

"Did you expect me to have a Bollywood actor on it?"

"Sorta."

"Yeah. Well, I do like that, but I actually enjoy superhero comics. A lot."

"Wow. Me too!"

"Seriously? I thought I was the only huge nerd around."

"That makes us two. No, seriously, I really like them too. Titan's my favorite."

"Cool!"

He was a little surprised:

"But don't girls usually like female characters?"

She shrugged, causing her flabby body to quiver and shake.

"I don't know. All those tits and asses just remind me of school."

"True."

"I really prefer the muscles." She blushed. He asked:

"What is it?"

"Can I tell you a secret?"

He nodded eagerly.

"Sometimes, I wish I had the muscles. I'd love to be strong and big."

He grinned:

"You're not alone."

There was a pause. An idea was floating through the room and they both hesitated to say it out loud.

The washing machine stopped. Rani got out of the bed and said:

"I gotta be quick. My parents'll come home soon."

Suddenly, Paul made a leap of faith.

"Will you marry me?"

"What? Me? You? Why?"

"Will you? I can't imagine ever meeting a woman like you again. I gotta do what I gotta do."

Three days later, they were married. In secret. Rani didn't even tell her parents. Paul could have, but they didn't seem to care. It was a simple ceremony, conducted by some guy they found on the internet. When it was over, they were relieved, but still aimless. For now, they still had to meet in secret. They managed to time their life together to make it work a little, but it was rather disappointing. They didn't have much choice anyway.

During one of their afternoons at Rani's place, they were reading comics online. Neither had the cash to buy books. Rani had prepared tea and biscuits. They lay on her bed and occasionally caressed each other. It was all very harmonious. She sighed happily:

"I love this, husband."

"Me too. It's wonderful."

"I just wish we could get our own place."

"That would be great. We'd just have to finish school and then get jobs and then ..."

She looked at him and smiled:

"We could get jobs now. Honestly, do you really think finishing school's going to change anything?"

"I thought women were the responsible ones in a relationship."

"Most people do. I think I want my own room now."

"We can at least try to keep up."

In the end, they settled on both finding part-time jobs. As soon as they had enough cash, they'd get their own place and then, maybe, everything would be fine. Other than explaining all of this to Rani's parents. For now, she had a job as a cleaner at a gym. The hours were horrible and the pay was bad, but money was money. Paul got a job at a restaurant. Soon enough, the apartment was in reach. However, Rani chickened out in the last moment. She declared to her parents that she wanted to live on her own. Of course, the mere idea of her moving in with a man was horrifying to them.

After a lot of begging, they let her, but insisted on regular check-ups. Paul hated it, but there wasn't much he could do. He did have to hide in the closet once, though.

One day, out of nowhere, Rani said:

"You know what? We could train at the gym."

"Why is that?"

"To get fit. It would be cheaper that way."

"I guess so. But why?"

"I've been thinking about all this: Our lives are a mess. Maybe we should change them."

"You're weird. How's training going to accomplish that?"

"I don't know, but that's what we've got. Besides, I have been fantasizing about Titan recently. Maybe I should get big muscles."

"Seriously?"

"Yeah, why not? It's not as if I have much of a look right now."

Paul decided to change the subject. He liked her big butt and her plump belly. The fact that her breasts were comparatively small annoyed him, but other than that, he didn't mind.

"Well, I could try that too."

"Awesome. I'm going to find a time slot so we don't get disturbed."

"You're not going to pay for a membership?"

"We don't have that kind of money. Also, I consider it an employee benefit."

"We're going to be so screwed."

They did it anyway. Night after night, they snuck into the gym and hit the weights. They got their training advice on the internet and it did take them a while to figure out what worked and what was bullshit. At first, nothing much happened. They were tired and sweaty, but that was it. No progress whatsoever. This only changed when they finally understood the value of nutrition. The next problem was paying for food. They could barely afford their mini-apartment and their regular food, and certainly had no means to finance a bodybuilder's diet, let alone two.

Again, improvisation was the answer. Paul managed to convince his boss to let him have any leftovers he could use. Carefully, the pair sifted through the food to find the necessary protein. None of this was especially simple or nice to do, but they had no choice.

Despite all difficulties, they managed to make some progress. Rani was the first to notice. She watched Paul get dressed for work and said:

"Whoa, husband. What happened to your arms?"

He was a little confused by the sentence until he finally understood. He lifted his arm, made a flex and said:

"Nice, isn't it?"

He did look more muscular than before. Of course, he was still painfully skinny, but now, there was a certain tone. He smiled:

"Awesome. What about you?"

"It'll take forever to see any changes. I'm way too fat."

He didn't know what to say. Eventually, he declared:

"Come on, flex for me."

She did. Paul put his hand on her biceps. It took a while to find the right position. When he squeezed, he noticed that it was pretty hard.

"Cool. It's hidden, but it's there."

She was all happy and had to try it too.

"That's great! You'll see, I'm going to get really buff soon."

"Like Titan."

"Like Titan."

The small success gave them a push forward. They intensified their workouts and eventually ended up at the gym every night. It was a weird experience to train in the absolute silence of the shut-down gym. Only the clanks of the machines gave any indication of life. On the other hand, the pair was pumping hard. Just as they had researched on the internet, they switched their training from bodypart to bodypart and added cardio wherever possible.

Combined with their changed diets, they began to see more changes soon. Within a few months, they had made reasonable progress. Paul was now quite buff. His shoulders had grown, his arms were big and he had the beginnings of a six-pack. Rani's changes were different. She was still massively overweight, but the training had somehow switched her mass around. She had somehow developed a waist taper, or at least the illusion of it by means of broader shoulders. When she flexed her arms, her fat-covered muscles produced plump shapes that suggested a rather large biceps. Her proportionally small breasts were still the same, but her growing pectorals lifted them up a bit and gave them more volume.

Her best part was probably her butt. It was humongous, each cheek the size of her head. When she flexed her glutes, they collided and mashed into one another. Paul couldn't keep his eyes of her.

Over time, their sex-life had improved tremendously. They found out they liked to pump up a little before fucking, getting their muscles warmed up before screwing each other's minds out. Rani had somehow decided to go against everything she had been taught as a virtuous woman. Instead, she devoured websites devoted to sexual practices and led Paul into the depths of tantric sex, all the while declaring that this was something about her culture. He didn't mind.

Sadly, there was a first problem when her parents walked in on them. Paul was

just lying next to her, his long cock in her snatch and fucking her gently from behind. Her mother looked at her daughter, her father stared at the whole situation. He caught his collapsing wife and gently lowered her to the ground.

Then, the haranguing started.

"Behind our backs ... without marriage ... alone ... with a black man ... disgrace ... prostitute ... lustful ... lack of shame ..."

Eventually, Rani got up and got her marriage certificate from her cupboard as her mother went on and on. She gave it to them. Her mother went pale. She almost fainted again. Her father was still stone-faced. He didn't know what to say or do. Eventually, he said:

"You are no longer a daughter of mine. I won't see you again."

He took his wife with him and left. As the door closed silently, Rani started to cry.

At the gym, she pushed herself with an unknown intensity. She just wanted to be rid of the shame. She wanted to pump all those thoughts out of her mind. Paul was crestfallen.

It took her two weeks to recover. She hardly ate and spoke only little. Then, at last, she had decided that she couldn't change this. Instead, she'd have to roll with the punches. She went on a walk with Paul and said:

"I've thought a lot about this. I don't want it anymore."

"What, our marriage? But I love you!"

"No. I love you too. I love you with all my heart. No. I don't want to be weak anymore. I don't want to be a daughter anymore. I don't want to live my mother's way of being a woman anymore."

"Okay ... So what does it mean?"

"I'm going to build a body like Titan's. Seriously. Before, it was a joke, but now, that's over. I'm going to be huge and muscular. I'm going to be so strong I can crush anything in my way. I'm going to be the least feminine woman ever."

He was confused. Up until now, he had assumed that his taste in women was pretty much like everybody else's. But now, he felt his cock harden. The thought somehow turned him on. He didn't know why. At first, he felt ashamed. But then, suddenly, he decided to take a leap of faith.

He embraced her and said:

"Let's do this. I love you!"

From that day on, they continually increased their workouts. They started building their bodies for real, carefully monitoring their training, their food and their measurements. They really pushed each other, watching over one another to make sure they stuck to their plan.

Within a few months, the effects were there. They had dropped out of school, but their bodies had definitely matured. Paul was now a tall, rather broad-shouldered man with powerful arms and strong legs. He could probably easily win most local bodybuilding competitions, but decided not to compete. He was just too shy for this. His dark skin really brought out the intensity of his muscles. He was quite happy about the look and had begun to dress the part, wearing muscle shirts and tanktops.

Rani had also progressed nicely. Her diet had made her lose a lot of fat and her training had made her quite buff. Since she wasn't shy of any weights and trained for mass, she was more muscular than normal for women, even fitness competitors. Still, she was annoyed:

"It's unfair. With your natural testosterone, I can never catch up to you."

"I'm sorry, darling, but that's just the way it is."

"Back when we started, I decided I would no longer accept things the way they were."

"So, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to get me some testosterone."

"Are you serious?"

"Of course. There's a guy at the gym who sells the stuff."

"But where are you going to get that kind of money? I'm just glad my boss lets us have all that food. I don't know where we could save."

"Hm. Maybe I should get a second job."

They ended up both getting second jobs. Paul found a place as a bouncer and Rani started to work as a salesperson at a supplement store next to the gym. The owner was surprised when he saw her in a more sales-compatible outfit. He immediately understood that she was training at his gym at night and decided to get both her and her husband free memberships. Rani was elated. This was their first actual break. They still weren't making a lot of money and they sadly realized that the day only had 24 hours to fill with work, sleep, training and spending a little time together, but soon, they were able to buy the first cycle for Rani.

Getting that stuff was like Christmas. Injecting her tight, muscular butt with that stuff was almost erotic for Paul. For Rani, it was incredible. She'd grow. Seriously.

Indeed, that was the push she needed. Soon, she began to grow and she loved it.

Within a few weeks, her muscle mass increased by several pounds and she was starting to get big. By the time the cycle was over, her body was fit for a physique competition, maybe even more. Light bodybuilding maybe? Still, she wanted more. More of everything. When they came home to their cramped, miserable one-room apartment, they immediately undressed and started fucking like animals. Gone were the experiments and the demure passion. Now, it was pure lust for muscles and for hard sex.

Soon, Rani decided she wanted another cycle. At first, Paul was against it, but then she insisted he had one too. Somehow, that did the trick. They'd inject the stuff into each other's buff asses, then pump up like crazy. For Paul, this was a bizarre dream come true. Within a few months, his mass increased further. When the patrons at the bar saw him approach, they'd back down. His mere appearance was enough to make it clear that he'd prefer not to have any troublemakers. His shoulders expanded further and he was now looking like a pro football player. The stuff really transformed him.

With Rani, the effect was even bigger. She was actually quite tall for a woman, but had always slouched to make herself appear less conspicuous. That was over now. She walked tall and she was impressive. Her frame had broadened and she was now reaching almost heroic proportions. Her biceps were well over fist sized, her butt was a mass of striated muscle and she even now sported a six-pack. Muscles were her life now and she was incredible. She now had to dress down in public if she wanted not to be annoyed either by gawkers staring at her, haters shouting insults or old people praying for her salvation. Usually, she'd put on something reasonably demure and carry on with her life. When she was walking down the street with Paul, it was something else indeed. People switched sides and marveled at their enormous bodies. Happily, they didn't run into any people from her family.

She wasn't sure they'd recognize her: Not only had her body and her demeanor changed, it was also her face. Her jaw had grown larger, she had light acne again and overall, she looked harder and rather more masculine. The effect was still

subtle, but it was there. Her voice had dropped a little too, adding to the confusion.

By the time they were on her fifth, his fourth cycle, they were beginning to look bizarre. Up until now, Rani and Paul had been muscular, very fit people with big bodies. Now, the stuff was turning them into freaks. Combined with other stuff they were shooting, their ever more extreme workouts began to screw them up. Paul had turned into a monster. He was now a heavyweight bodybuilder, with legs the size of tree trunks and arms like other people's waists. His chest was wide and large enough to make narrow doors unnavigable. However he tried it, he just didn't fit anymore. His neck was monstrously large, his head looking a little lost on his colossal body. They both loved it.

When he was on top of her, fucking her equally massive body, she was screaming for more, her voice having turned even deeper, just like his. Rani was still a woman, but people could get confused. Her breasts had given up and decided to hide as little lumps on top of her muscular chest. Her face had grown harder still. Where she had dyed her facial hair under her nose before, she was now forced to shave. It wasn't much, but it annoyed her. Also, her hairline had receded a little, giving her a bigger forehead. She wasn't sure she liked that.

On the other hand, she adored her muscles. She was not yet at Titan's level and Paul was still way bigger than her, but she was still massive. When she flexed after a good workout, she was amazed by the swollen size of her muscles. She would spend a lot of time admiring her work and carefully examining it for flaws and imperfections to be ironed out.

That was the time when their respective bosses decided to get rid of them. They were now scaring off clients and their passion was probably getting dangerous for everyone around, including themselves. When Paul got into a roid-rage filled argument with some asshole, he ended up getting arrested.

He was quickly sentenced to a year in jail, but when Rani visited him a few weeks later, she noticed he was doing fine. Strangely enough, he was even more muscular. People were very accommodating to him. After all, he was so massive that whatever gang recruited him was sure to gain more support. That's when an utterly bizarre plan began to ripen in their twisted minds.

Using another state's recent liberal policy, Rani had her gender changed to male. It wasn't hard to convince the clerk to do that. She had shaved off her hair and sold it for some extra cash and to look the part, and even if she did feel a pang of regret, her lust for muscle was much bigger. Honestly, the clerk assumed an administrative error in the first place.

The next step in their craziness was getting sent to jail. It turned out that that was really easy: She paid one of Paul's former tormentors a visit.

Soon, she found herself at the same correctional facility as her husband. Just like him, she was an excellent recruit for the gangs and managed to get herself assigned as a trainee to Paul, happily sharing a cell.

And that was the moment everything clicked into place. It turned out that being huge bruisers with a tendency to fall into violent rages wasn't the worst ability to have. Instead of trying to get out again, they set up their home behind bars. Somehow, they didn't miss much.

They were easily able to procure all the drugs and protein they needed to continue their quest for mass and power. Also, bullying their inmates to help them wash their gigantic bodies and dress themselves was easy. Actually having servants wasn't too bad.

Soon, Paul was an ogre-like beast with an enormous roid-gut and arms the size of other people's chest. He was huge and ripped, his distorted face with its massive jaw making people shit their pants as he approached. When he got violent, the effect was horribly impressive and further increased his prestige and his sentence. At the same time, he was careful enough never to overdo it. It was all a matter of maintaining a certain balance.

Rani had eventually caught up to him. With her shaved head, her soccer ball-sized shoulders and her gigantic chest, she was just as mind-bogglingly hyper-masculine as he was. Her pecs rested on her bloated gut and her legs were so huge she had to wear some special pants to walk comfortably. Just like her husband, the occasional bout of violence ensured her ongoing satisfaction.

And satisfaction they had.

Paul pushed her to the ground, trying to master her enormously powerful body. She resisted playfully, almost smashing him into the wall in the process. She bellowed:

"Fuck me! Please, fuck me!"

He grabbed her around the waist like a wrestler, his large hands digging into her pronounced eight-pack. His chest rubbed against the hair on her back. He held her down for a moment, forcing her gargantuan legs apart as he readied his long, hard cock. She bucked again, laughing deeply. He grunted as he finally managed to shove his dick into her snatch. She immediately squeezed it with her massively powerful internal muscles. He groaned as he tried to ram it down.

"Come on! What are you doing? Push it in!"

"You're not letting me."

"Well, maybe you're a wimp! Fuck me harder!"

He managed to pound her and she immediately turned even more aggressive.

She grunted:

"Fuck me, you stallion! I want your big cock in me!"

She was now on all fours, but lifted a powerful hand to her oversized clit and begun stroking and tugging at it as he rode her hard.

People outside tried to stay quiet. They knew that disturbing these beasts meant retaliation later on. Nobody wanted that.

After Paul shot his load, she came with a howl. Rani rolled on her back, a complex procedure that showcased her monumental body. She looked at him, her face as unfeminine as one could imagine. The steroid abuse had made her jaw larger than most men's. Somehow, her features were strangely distorted by the growth of her skull. She pulled him to her, their roid-guts colliding. He lay on

top of her. Somehow, he recognized the softness and sweetness that had once led him in her arms. It was still there, well-hidden under a body made of steel and a demeanor that was all terror and pain. They kissed softly, first just a peck, then a long, sweet kiss like teenagers'. He smiled and said:

"I love you."

"Me too."

She grabbed their needles from the bed and said:

"Let's get shot up. I want to get bigger!"

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

He thanks you deeply for your trust and support.

Commissions are available at El_Roy_1999@gmx.de. Rates upon request.