

My last day at Cisco in San Jose was a tough one. It was a great company and I had been there almost 6 years. But even making a good salary, it was impossible to buy an affordable home in the area and I wasn't about to endure a 2 hour commute each way just to buy a house. I had also recently broke up with my girlfriend....well, to be honest, she had just broken up with me, and it was time for me to move on. I knew I could afford a home in my hometown of Citrus Heights, just north east of Sacramento. So I applied and got a job offer at TechSolutions in the area so off I went.

It was good to be home again in a slightly smaller metro environment and having friends and family around is always a bonus. Rent was a third of what it was in the Bay Area so I rented a nice 3-bedroom house, with a pool and hot tub in a nice neighborhood for \$1995 a month. It was hilarious what you could get for so little compared to where I had been for 6 years.

I started settling in at the new job, loved the house I was in and loved the 20-minute commute to work. I had hit a few bars over the weekends with my brother and was anxious to begin dating again. My brother was throwing a 4th of July BBQ at his house and said there would be several single chicks there. So of course I was looking forward to that.

### July 4th BBQ

I was an avid runner and played in an adult soccer league, so I was feeling pretty trim and fit in my board shorts, flip flops and t-shirt. My brother Jeff met me at the door and invited me in. There were a dozen people there and actually were some cute girls walking around. Eventually, after making small talk and catching up with a few old friends, Jeff introduced me to a girl from his office. Her name was Keri and she was really good looking. She was 5'6" and an avid runner as well. Really fit and probably 125 pounds. Keri was funny and constantly had a smile on her face. She had fair skin and long sandy blonde hair. I was very attracted to her and we were definitely hitting it off. I had been talking to her for 45 minutes when I realized my back teeth were swimming I had to go to the bathroom so bad. So I asked her if I could get her another drink and made a quick exit to the bathroom.

When I returned, Keri was talking to some huge bodybuilder guy with arms seemingly bigger than my legs. I was immediately weirdly intimidated and started to turn around and walk back inside. Keri caught a glimpse of me as I was turning and called my name. I quickly turned around and headed back their way, acting like nothing had happened. As I got closer, I quickly realized, that Keri wasn't talking to a dude, it was actually a chick with huge muscles and short, feathered blonde hair. She was probably about 5'8" and had gorgeous, muscle bound thighs bigger than my waist. I handed Keri her drink and extended my arm to shake the bodybuilder's hand. Before Keri could even introduce us, she looked at me surprisingly and with a smile on her face and said, "David, it's Amanda." I realized instantly that she

knew me, and she looked familiar to me but I couldn't quite place it. She quickly followed up and said, "Amanda, from UC Davis, Alpha Chi." "Holy Shit." I said, "You look amazing!" She smiled and extended both arms for a hug. She was like holding onto a granite statue and my cock immediately popped a half Woodie. We both took a step back and Keri asked, "How do you guys know each other?" Amanda answered, "We went to UC Davis together and David actually took me to his Fraternity formal one year." "Oh." Keri said, "So you guys dated in college?" "No", Amanda said, "He just took me to that one event. I was a bit overweight back then and it was really nice of him to do that. I owed him...ha ha." I laughed and said, "Whatever." But she was right, she was REALLY overweight but she was nice, and I was between girlfriends at that point. I did it to be cool, but had no other interest in her at all.

Right then, a very large, bulked up dude walked up to us. Keri greeted him and said, "David, this is my brother Sean." I said hey and shook his hand. We made small talk for a couple of minutes. He had a flat bill hat on and pulled up black socks and wore Chuck Taylor's. His arms were tatted up and he had a very arrogant sense about him. I was surprised that he was Keri's brother since she seemed so nice and he seemed kind of like a douchebag. After only a couple minutes, Sean looked at Amanda and said, "Hey, let's go!" She replied, "But we just got here." "So" he said, "I got other shit I want to do today, let's go." Amanda looked dejected but gave me and Keri a hug and walked away. I couldn't help but stare at her unbelievable legs as she walked. The calf and thigh muscles bulged with every step and Amanda was easily the most muscular woman I'd ever seen.

The rest of the day at my brother's party was great and everyone was having a blast. Keri and I were hanging out a lot and we were getting pretty drunk. It finally got dark and we all walked down to the park to watch the fireworks. Keri and I were sitting next to each other on a blanket and as the fireworks started, I looked deeply into her beautiful eyes and we started making out. I put my hand on her fit thigh and began massaging it as we kissed. She did the same to me and we had a really good bond developing.

July 5th

So I woke up the next morning with a pounding headache. Obviously, I had overdone the drinking but it was worth it to have such a great time and of course to have made out with Keri all night. I got her number and was already planning on texting her later in the day.

Traditionally speaking, I would wait a day to text or call, but I hadn't been laid in a while and I figured what the fuck, may as well see how Keri was doing. I grabbed my phone and immediately noticed a Friend Request alert from Facebook and another from Inst@gram. I laughed a little thinking Keri had beat me to the punch and was already reaching out to me before I texted or called her. I slid open the Facebook alert and opened it up. But it wasn't from Keri...It was from an Amanda Day. Who is that I thought for a second. Then I realized, oh shit, could that have been Amanda from my brother's 4th of July party yesterday. It dawned on me that I didn't even know Amanda from college's last name.

I accepted Amanda's friend request and before opening her profile and reading up on her I decided to pop on Inst@gram to see if it was Keri who was reaching out to me there. Sure enough, It was someone with the inst@gram name @AflexxyDAY. I put two and two together and realized that it was Amanda Day's profile name. I accepted her follow request on Inst@gram as well.

I'm much more of an Inst@gram user as are all people in my age group so I opened Amanda's profile up and started going thru her photos. She was an obvious gym rat and there were lots of pics and videos of her pumping iron and flexing. She was fucking BUFF to say the least and I was getting an erection just perverting thru her photos. Every once in a while, her post was a comparison shot of her when she was very overweight in college...which is what she looked like when I took her to our Formal, although she had long brown hair back then...which is another reason why I didn't recognize her at my brothers party...now with short blonde hair. The pic would be next to one of her in a bikini at the lake looking very muscular and super-hot in my opinion. The transformation was incredible but I was surprised at some of the negative comments people made about her looking like a dude or being too muscular, or gross. It was stupid, here's a girl who was very overweight and probably about to get Diabetes, and she had changed her lifestyle for the better and people were knocking her for it. Amanda would then have to respond to the comments about how she's much healthier and that you shouldn't judge people for their appearance anyway...and on and on and on.

There were also several pictures of her with a cute little 5-year-old brunette girl. I knew Amanda wasn't married to Sean so I assumed it was her niece. He was in some of the more recent pics as well, always trying to look tough or like a bad ass. I was still curious what Amanda liked about him but whatever. Anyway, I decided to click on her Facebook profile and there is where she posted pics of her family and non-gym personal life stuff. Sure as shit, she was a mom. The girl in the Inst@gram pics was her daughter after all. I started flipping thru those Facebook pics and she posted pics of them at the park, at church, birthday parties, etc. Her mom and dad were in many pictures but Sean was only in a couple of recent ones, so I was thinking he probably wasn't the dad. But good for him I thought, cause I knew I wasn't ready to have a kid, let alone date a chick with a kid. Good for them I thought and I logged off.

I started thinking more about Keri and when I should reach out to her. About 1 O'clock I decided to send her a text. "Really great time with you yesterday Keri!", I wrote. "Would love to see you again!!!" then the winking emoji. I put the phone down and decided to walk in the kitchen to get something to eat. I wasn't excited about what was in the fridge so I decided to go grab some crappy fast food....which always tastes good after a night of drinking. As I reached down to grab my keys and phone, I noticed an alert. "Cool" I thought..."Keri was responding to my text." I slid open the alert and realized it was a Facebook messenger message from Amanda. "Great seeing you yesterday" she wrote, with a smiley face emoji..."Are you up for meeting for lunch? I'm starving and want to catch up." I would have been more excited about lunch with Keri...since she didn't have a kid and boyfriend, but thought..."What the

Hell.” I texted back “Sure!....would love to, where???” She quickly wrote back and so I headed off to meet her.

I pulled up to the café to meet Amanda and Sean. It was on the American River and a really cool spot. It was pretty packed and it took me a few minutes to find her. As I approached, I noticed that she was at a table for two and there was no sign of Sean. I was glad, because I really wasn't a big fan of his from our one brief meeting. I expected to see her in some sort of workout gear and had lazily shown up in shorts and a t-shirt. She looked amazing though. She was wearing high-heel white flip flops, with short white jean shorts and a white ¾ length brown sleeved tight shirt and dark sunglasses. She stood up to greet me and her thighs looked even larger than I had recollected from the day before. The muscle bulged out in every way with gorgeous teardrops of thick meat on either side of her knee and bulging hamstrings. As we greeted and hugged, I had one arm kind of around her thick, rock hard torso and the other kind of grabbed her left arm. It was massive and extremely solid, and my cock immediately budged slightly. Because of her high heeled flip flops, Amanda stood at least an inch or so taller than me as well. She was just an amazing, Amazonian sight and had an undeniable sexy vibe!

As we sat, her right arm kind of flexed as she grabbed her water and it seemed like her bicep was going to bust right out of her sleeve. "Well you've certainly made a dramatic transformation." I said. "Thanks...I think." she replied. "That was a compliment, right?" I laughed and said, "Ah...Yah....ya think." "You'd be surprised." Amanda said, "Sooooo many people have nothing but negative things to say about a chick with muscles." "Whatever." I said. "You wear it well, so screw them." "Cheers to THAT!" she replied and we clinked our water glasses...which I think is taboo, but oh well.

Our waiter then came up and took our drink and lunch order. I ordered the turkey sandwich and diet coke. To my surprise, Amanda had a crazy large order. She asked for a large bowl of steamed broccoli, two skinless chicken breast, baked, with no butter and a bowl of brown rice. "Damn" I said, "No wonder your so buff these days!" she laughed and actually flexed her right bicep. It was fucking huge and rounded and ready to burst the seams of her shirt sleeve. "Wow." I reacted, "That is fucking awesome!" "Now, are you just saying that because your jealous, or do you like it." She quipped. I reached over and grabbed her arm. It was damn impressive and I said, "Both!" we cracked up and she took her arm back down to her side.

"So" she asked, "How the hell are you single?" "Oh God, here we go with the personal questions already." I laughed. "Well, I was dating a girl at Cisco for a couple of years. Things were good but neither one of us made enough money to buy in that area and with a bit of a promotional freeze going on there, it was obvious that people needed to start leaving the company and finding jobs elsewhere. She was moving back to Pittsburgh and didn't want to try and make the whole long-distance thing work. So, here I am. No girlfriend and back home in Citrus Heights." "Ya." Amanda replied, "I looked thru your pictures on Inst@gram. She was cute and pretty fit I noticed. Is that your type?" "Pretty much." I answered. "I do like fit girls for sure."

I could tell she liked that answer but as she took a drink of water I could tell she was going further with it. “Well then, is there a level of TOO FIT for a girl where you’d just say ‘that’s gross.’” She asked. “I don’t think so.” I replied, “as long as she is still sexy, a little muscle doesn’t bother me at all.” She nodded acceptance and pondered my answer. I felt a brief uncomfortable pause so I said, “What’s the deal with you and Sean? How long have you been dating?” Amanda almost rolled her eyes and said, “We met at the gym a little over a year ago. When you’re a single mom and don’t look like the average woman, dating isn’t so easy. My daughter doesn’t bother him so we started going out here and there and it just kind of became habit, so we’ve been hanging out ever since. What did you think of him?” she asked. Trying not to be a jerk, I said, “He seemed alright, I just didn’t get to really talk to him though.” “Well, I don’t know.” She responded “He has his ups and downs.” I didn’t want to go further and luckily our meals came out right then.

As we started to eat, my phone rang. I looked down and saw that it was coming from Keri. Excitedly, I answered the phone and said, “Hey Keri, great to hear back from you!” Immediately, Amanda looked at me with a shocked and urgent expression and started shadow saying, “I’m not here, I’m not here, I’m not here.” I was kind of bewildered by that but just made small talk with Keri about eating lunch and said I was alone. I told her where I was and she wanted to join me. I answered that I’d see here in a little bit and hung up the phone.

“What the hell was that about?” I asked Amanda. “She and Sean wanted to meet me for lunch, but I wanted to meet you alone, so I lied and told them I was going to my mother’s house.” “Oh shit.” I replied, “Keri’s on her way here now.” “Crap, I gotta go then, I can’t stand drama.” She explained. Again we hugged and as I looked up into her eyes, there was definitely a spark. Instead of just the quick 2 second hug, Amanda squeezed me tightly for a 5 second count and then made a comforting sigh as she let go and backed slightly. “Too bad I have to go Dave, I was just starting to have fun.” “Me too Amanda, no worries, I’ll see you again!” I said. She grabbed her chicken and walked towards the exit. In her high heeled flip flops, her calves flexed massively with each step and her thighs bulged greatly with each downward stride. Her ass filled the white shorts perfectly, and I found myself extremely turned on by her muscular physique. As she walked thru the exit, she quickly turned and gave me a wave and a broad smile. I sat down at the table with a massive hard on, now waiting for Keri to arrive.

It was cool to realize that Amanda actually wanted to see me bad enough to lie to her boyfriend and best friend about where she was. At the same time, it kind of weirded me out. Here’s a chick with a boyfriend and a kid. She just wasn’t in my wheelhouse of girls to go after, but I was finding myself overly mesmerized by her huge muscular body. Even as I awaited a very cute fit girl to arrive, I was still thinking about Amanda’s gorgeous, huge, musclebound thighs. I’d never slept with anyone so muscular and I couldn’t figure out what was happening to me, why was I soooo turned on by this.

At that moment Keri came walking up to the table. She looked amazing in her black running tights and tight-fitting maroon t-shirt. Her legs were fit with nice thigh and calf shape and her arms were kind of

wiry muscular and fit. Her long sandy brown hair was in a pony tail and draped over her left shoulder. She looked extremely cute and I was excited about seeing her. I approached her and leaned in for a hug. There was that split second where I could tell she was turning her face towards me so I also leaned in for a quick kiss. The feeling was mutual so we both sat down with a smile. "You look great!" I told her as we sat down. Keri smiled and said, "Thanks! You look good too." A few seconds later the waiter again walked up. He looked kind of perplexed that I now had a new girl at my table, but I kind of gave him a look and he knew not to say anything. Keri was hungry and ordered a salad. I of course had already eaten and simply ordered a Mimosa.

As she ate, I found myself mesmerized by her arms. They were thin but kind of ripped. Every time she used her fork and brought it to her mouth, her right bicep flexed and there was some obvious definition. I said, "Keri, you're really fit for a runner, do you actually hit the weights too?" "Thanks!" She replied. "Actually, I started a fit-body bootcamp two months ago. We do push-ups, sit-ups and a bunch of other bodyweight exercises. We don't lift dumbbells, but I've definitely put on a little muscle." "Well It looks great." I said, "Let me see your cute little bicep." She laughed and gave me a quick arm flex. Sure enough, a nice little muscle popped up. Instinctively, I reached over and gave it a grab. "Damn, girl!" I exclaimed, "that's hard as a rock." She laughed with a little bit of embarrassment but continued to flex and relax it a couple more times. "Whatever their having you do in bootcamp Keri....It's working."

Keri laughed as she ate and said, "Soooo, I was hoping you might be free tomorrow...are you?" "It depends." I laughed, "Why What's up?". "Well" she replied, "My brother borrowed his friends' boat and I wanted to see if you wanted to join us for a day on the lake." "Hell Ya!!" I exclaimed, "I'd love to." Any chance to see Keri in a bikini was going to be awesome. We sat and made small talk for another half an hour and I finally asked Keri if she wanted to come over to my house. Unfortunately, she had to take her mom to a doctor's appointment and couldn't come over. I walked her out to her car and kind of grabbed her and spun her towards me. I leaned her back against her car door and went in for a kiss. We began making out in the parking lot and her warm, moist lips tasted amazing. As we kissed, I reached up and grabbed her right arm. She wasn't flexing it purposely, but it was nice and hard and it gave me an immediate erection. As we finally backed away from each other, she looked up into my eyes and said, "mmmm, I can't wait to see you again tomorrow!" "me too." I answered as she slowly turned and got into her car. As she drove away in her small red Honda Civic, she turned, smiled and gave a friendly wave.

## The Boat

The next day couldn't come fast enough as I waited at my house for Keri, Sean and Amanda to come pick me up. About a half hour before I expected them, I got a text from Amanda asking for my address. I thought that was a little weird since I had already texted Keri my address, but oh well I thought...guess she lost it. Sure enough, 15 minutes later I heard a car park in my driveway, I walked to the door with my cooler and beach towel, ready to walk out and meet her. As I opened the door, I was struck by the

unbelievable sexiness of Amanda. As she was in mid stride, walking up my entrance, her lead leg would massively burst through the open slit in the front of her beach cover-up dress. The muscles would bulge around her knee powerfully and her calves were flexed intensely as she was wearing these high heeled flip-flops. I stood in awe of her beautiful physique and was basically speechless as she approached me at the door. She was nearly my height normally, and in her high heels, she now towered over me by three inches. I hadn't realized it the other day, but her shoulders were extremely round and wide and I felt a little insignificant and intimidated by her muscular presence as she leaned down to hug me. Again, it was like hugging a marble statue and I was very taken in by her being. "You alright?" she asked, probably puzzled by the stunned look on my face. Weakly I answered, "Ya, Ya, just, wow....you look amazing." I responded. She laughed and said, "That's good to know, most people aren't real supportive of my weightlifting habit you know." "Well, they're idiots." I said. She laughed again and I began to close the door behind me to walk to her car.

Right then, Amanda kind of grabbed me and said, "Keri's running really late like always, do you mind sitting down for a few and making me a drink." "Sure." I said and we walked inside. Amanda took a quick look around and I brought her a quickly made Margarita. I had the pre-mix in the fridge so just had to grab a glass and through some ice in it. It was light and refreshing and most girls liked it. Instead of taking a sip, Amanda held up the glass and gulped the whole thing. I was shocked and said, "Holy Shit Girl! That was awesome, do you want another?" She nodded yes so I quickly made another for her and one for me. I came back in the living room and sat on the couch a couple of feet from her. I had a Runners World magazine on the coffee table with a fit girl on the cover. Amanda grabbed the magazine and said, "So I assume you probably prefer a girl like this over someone too muscular like me huh?" "OMG." I replied, "I don't paint myself into a corner on girls and you're by no means "Too Muscular" I think you look amazing and I've never dated a bodybuilder, but I admire and appreciate all the work they have to put in to look that way." Amanda smiled and said, "I'm so glad you said that Dave, Sean tells me all the time that I'm too big and that I need to lose some weight. He's so insecure, I think he thinks he's less of a man because I'm stronger than him now." "What are you talking about?" I said, "He seems pretty damn big and strong to me." "I know he does Dave, but he's fucked up his back, his knee and his shoulder playing football and lifting weights. He looks big, but he can barely bench press 225 pounds and his knee is so bad, he only squats about 285." "Damn" I replied, "Those sound like pretty good lifts to me."

Amanda smiled, slowly scooted over on the couch until her left thigh was touching my right thigh. She pulled up her cover up dress and exposed her gorgeous muscular thigh. She then extended her leg slowly and flexed her massive quad while saying "315 pounds all day with these babies." It fucking dwarfed my leg and easily looked twice as big as mine. I reached down and grabbed its surface. It was hard and bulging and beautiful. She flexed and relaxed it a couple of times and I got a massive erection. Making it obvious, I reached into my swim trunks with my other hand and re-adjusted my expanding penis. Amanda turned her head towards me with a huge grin and said, "I'm glad you like it David." The connection was undeniable and we began making out instantly. Instinctively, I lifted my left leg up and over her massive quads and was now sitting on their herculean mass. It was like being situated atop two pillars of solid rock and I grabbed her massive biceps as I forced my tongue deeply into her mouth. As

we made out, Amanda began flexing and relaxing her huge legs. The feeling of her power was too overwhelming and I began to come rapidly. I pulled my mouth away from hers and so “Oh shit babe, see what you made me do.” Without hesitation, Amanda ripped down my swim trunks, lifted my torso up towards her face and took my penis in her mouth. She lifted me so easily, I felt like a small child in her mighty grip. My feet were now on the couch supporting my bodyweight and Amanda reached up and grabbed my two arms. She then easily moved them behind my body and locked both my wrists together by holding them forcefully in her thick and muscular left hand. This freed up her right hand and she began cupping and massaging my balls as she methodically gyrated back and forth on my cock. I tried to break my arms free as I felt I might fall forward and hit my head on the wall, but her grip was too strong and I couldn't gain the freedom of my arms. I quickly realized that Amanda had total control of what was going on and I found peace in relinquishing to her overwhelming dominance and simply enjoyed the amazing experience. With my penis in her mouth I looked down and watched her massive, rounded shoulders move and flex as she pleased me. I found myself completely taken and mesmerized by the experience and a feeling of ultimate zen flowed through my veins.

I came uncontrollably and over several minutes, Amanda slurped up every ounce of cum and swallowed it whole. A weakness fell upon me and I relaxed across her legs and into her arms. I peered up into her gorgeous eyes, wanting to lay there forever in her supreme presence. Amanda smiled widely, leaned down and began to kiss me again. To my surprise she kind of spit a little into my mouth and I tasted a bit of the salty cum she had downed so passionately. She laughed and then again leaned in and we made out lovingly for several more minutes. She had released her powerful grip on my arms and with their freedom, I again began to caress her hard impressive fore arm and biceps muscles. Knowing so much time had passed Amanda said, “Ok babe, let's get you into some new trunks and go meet Sean and Keri at the boat.” “But I just want to stay here with you.” I responded. Amanda just laughed, easily lifted me up and cradle carried me down the hall to my room.

I changed into some new swim trunks and followed Amanda down the hall. She was so massive and powerful and sexy, watching her muscular, diamond shaped calves flex hard with each step, I immediately got another hard on. As we were walking out the door, I reached out and grabbed her musclebound right arm to tell her to stay and blow off the lake. At the moment, her phone rang. Amanda answered the phone and said, “Oh hey Keri, yes, Dave and I are leaving now. He was running late and I had to wait outside his house for him to get home. I guess he went to the store or something. Yes, we'll be there in 20 minutes.” Amanda looked back at me and winked. “See there Davey, got ya covered.” I laughed and we got in her car.

As we drove away, Amanda reached over and put her right hand on my left thigh. I returned the favor and rested my left hand on her gorgeous, tan, full and muscular right thigh. It felt amazing to just rest my hand on such power and again, my cock was very happy. At one of the stoplights, Amanda leaned over and we made out for a few seconds before the light turned green. As we drove again, she kind of looked and asked, “you're obviously in really good shape from all your running and soccer, what do you weigh now?” I was a little taken back by such an odd question but realizing she was somehow gauging my attractiveness or compatibility with her based on my weigh I blurted out a lie and said, “Oh, I haven't weighed myself in a while, but I'm about 175 pounds (knowing full well I was 165 pounds soaking wet)”



“Wow!” she replied, “That’s a lot for someone so thin, for some reason I thought you might weigh a little less.” She almost seemed disappointed that I weighed that much so I said, “Well, I would never ask a girl what she weighs, but you started it....” She laughed and said, “A little more than what I weighed when you took me to that Fraternity Dance in college....but all muscle now.” She answered and smiled widely as she flexed her bulging right bicep muscle for me. Instinctively, I reached up and grabbed it and said, “God Damn that turns me on for some reason.” Again she winked and had a very rye grin on her face.

We arrived at the lake and as we pulled up I realized that my hand was on Sean’s girlfriend’s leg and there he and Keri were....waiting for us. I quickly removed my hand before we got too close. Amanda kind of laughed and just said, “Play it cool David, we don’t want to ruffle everyone’s feathers OK.” “Got it.” I replied. Once stopped I got out and quickly walked over to give Keri a hug and went over and shook Sean’s hand. Amanda just kind of said Hi and walked past the two and over to the boat. To my surprise, a five-year-old girl popped her head up and said, “Hi Mommy!” Amanda reached down and kissed her on the head and said, “Hello baby doll, mommy missed you!” She then carried her over to me and said, “This is my little bundle of joy Caitlin!” I said “Hello Caitlin, I’m David.” She just smiled so I said, “I really like the pretty flamingos on your swimsuit.” She just smiled again and looked at her swimsuit and kind of pointed at the pink birds on them.” Keri, Amanda and I then made a bit of small talk and Sean asked me to help him back the boat into the water.

Everyone piled in the boat and I slowly backed them down the ramp. I had a little experience backing up my family boat when I was younger so I did it pretty smoothly and quickly. Just as the boat started to float, I gave the truck a quick shot of gas to push them out and then put it into drive and drove the truck and empty trailer up the ramp. I was really impressed how smoothly I had performed the task and quickly parked the truck and walked back down to meet them. Sean had pulled away and as I approached, he swung the boat around and backed it to the dock. It was a weird maneuver, but I didn’t think much of it. I stepped on the lower rear deck and just as I got both feet on it, Sean hit the gas and I fell backwards into the water, nearly hitting my head on the dock. Now soaking wet, in my shorts, shirt, hat, wallet and cell phone, I climbed back on the dock. Sean was visibly laughing and as they approached I could hear Amanda yelling at him for being a complete ass hole.

I kept it cool and was fake laughing as they approached, I wanted to look unaffected but knew it was a bit of a dick move by Sean. I stepped on the boat sat down next to Keri. She was laughing too and I could see how she was Sean’s sister. Amanda was the only one who seemed concerned and asked if me and my cell phone were ok. Luckily It was a water-resistant case so it was all good...though my wallet was soaked. I expected a bit of an apology from Sean, but none came and he just sped us off to the middle of the lake. Once there, Sean asked if I was up for some wake boarding. I was but of course asked if anyone else wanted to go first. They gave me the green light and I hoped in. As always, I got up right away and started going back and forth on the wake, occasionally spinning 180 degrees and felt like I was doing pretty well. To show off, I wanted to try a flip. I had only completed 1 ever but gave it a few tries any way. After the third try, I was a bit gassed from all the other boarding and tricks, so I headed in to the

boat. Amanda and Keri were very complimentary on my boarding and in typical Sean fashion, he just bagged on me for not completing the flip and said he doubted that I ever had.

With some goading by me and Keri, Amanda decided to go next. She had never wake boarded before but wanted to give it a try. She stood up in her red two-piece bikini and grabbed the life vest I had just worn but incredibly, it was too tight for her and the buckles wouldn't reach each other. I realized that her torso was massive compared to mine and stood in front of her to help adjust them. We made eye contact for basically the first time since I had got on the boat. "A bit too muscular for this little ol vest I guess." I said to her jokingly. Amanda laughed and grabbed my scrawny arm and said, "Or maybe your little body is just a bit too small for it." Keri and Sean both laughed and as I made a smart ass smile back there was a definite gleam in her eye and a shared warmth between us. I loosened the straps and got the buckles adjusted for her. She slowly turned her muscle-bound body around and jumped in the water. It was amazing to watch as her beautiful, powerful, rounded ass bounced amazingly with her leap and then disappeared into the lake.

We began trying to teach Amanda how to get up on a wake board. I say we, but in reality, it was pretty much Sean yelling to her all the shit she was doing wrong time after time. I knew that you only need one coach while learning how to board so I just yelled encouragement to her on occasion. Surprisingly, as we tried and tried to get Amanda up, her daughter, Caitlin wanted to sit with me instead of Keri. I held her securely, but after not having said a damn word to me so far that day, I guess she was starting to trust me. I focused on keeping Caitlin in the boat and not hitting her head or something and just watched and listened as Sean and Amanda continued their efforts. Amanda finally kind of gave up and said she was done. As we drove up to get her, she noticed that I was now holding Caitlin. "Oh my God." She said, "Caitlin is so shy, I can't believe she's sitting with you instead of Keri." "I don't know." I replied, "Guess she knows good people when she see's em." Amanda stepped up onto the rear deck of the boat and removed her life vest. Her soaking wet golden tan, muscular body glistened in the light of the water and sun. Her thighs were now bulging as large as I had ever seen after all of the exercise and as she sat down next to me and Caitlin, I noticed that her arms and shoulders were extremely pumped up from all the exercise as well. Amanda thought it would be a cute pic and gave Keri her phone to snap a pic of me, Amanda and Caitlin.

As we sat on the boat, Sean and Keri decided it was time for sandwiches. Out of respect for Sean, I moved over next to Keri to allow Sean to sit next to his girlfriend. As we chomped down on our Turkey sandwiches, Sean said, "So Dave, I heard you took Amanda to your Frat dance when she was a fatty." I was surprised he said that about her but he seemed like a dick so I guess it made sense. "She wasn't that big." I answered, "and she seemed super cool, so it was all good." Amanda looked at Sean and said, "Yea jerk, there's a lot more to it than appearance you know." "I don't know." He answered, "I've seen pics though and I wouldn't have hit that." "What the fuck!" Amanda said to Sean and then she got up and sat in a different seat to my left. He just laughed and then for some reason backed his statement up with, "Well, I'm just saying, my standards were a little higher ya know." He was just burying himself now and probably needed to just keep his mouth shut.

At that point, we all felt a level of tension on the boat. Keri lightened the mood by changing the subject and tossing a beer to everyone. Then she turned her back against the cushion to her right and laid her legs over my thighs to get them some sun. I gave them a nice massage as they were beautiful, fit, runners' legs. They had nice definition to them and her calf muscles bulged as they laid on me. We were just starting to share a moment and Sean said, "So Dave, what sports did you play in high-school?" "I was on the track team and played soccer. How bout you?" I asked. "I played football man....we used to throw guys from the track and soccer team in the dumpster!" He then started laughing, remembering how funny he thought it was to bully the smaller kids in high school. Amanda chimed in and started singing the song by Bruce Springsteen, "Glory Days....." It was a shot at Sean, since he seemed to be taking shots at everyone else. He again reacted poorly and said, "Oh, what sport did you play in high school Amanda...Flag Girl..Ha ha ha ha." Amanda flipped him the bird and rolled her eyes. He just laughed at his own joke a little more and then took a swig of his beer.

I was enjoying massaging Keri's beautiful, fit legs and actually started to get a hard on, especially as I slowly caressed her muscular calves. Keri got a big smile on her face as she realized what was happening and whispered to me, "I'd really like you to massage me in other places too." She then winked at me as I started at her fit body and rounded, six pack abs. I knew where she was going with that and I said, "I should probably show you my place later tonight." She nodded her head in agreement and said, "Absolutely!" Right then, Amanda said, "Hey guys, Caitlin wants to go out on the Big Brawler." The Big Brawler is a large, inflatable two-person chair style raft that you tow behind a ski boat. The timing was perfect since there was a little tension between Sean and Amanda, and Keri and I were just starting to flirt with each other a bit.

Sean blew up the Big Brawler and secured it to the tow rope. Amanda fastened the buckles on Caitlin's life vest and then bent over to grab the larger one for herself. As she bent over, I couldn't help but peer at her unbelievable muscular ass as it protruded out from her thick hamstrings so magnificently. My cock got even harder and it was now at full erection. Keri was making more remarks about tonight and told me she couldn't wait to get back to my place. At that moment, Amanda stood and looked at me and Keri. "Dave," she said, "I'm having trouble with this top buckle, can you help me with it pleaseeeeee." Without thinking I said, "Sure" and slid out from Keri's legs to help her. When I stood up, I immediately realized that my cock was bulging my swim trunks. Luckily, I had a large t-shirt on and it hung just below my crotch level. Even so, I had to quickly reach down and adjust my dick to the left side. Amanda kind of smile slash laughed as she realized what I had done. She then lifted up both her arms behind and over her head and adjusted her pony tail. As she did, her biceps bulged hugely into massive rounded balls of power. It was the most insane bicep I had ever seen on a girl and my heart stopped beating as I was in awe of their magnificence. I then looked into Amanda's eyes as I knew I had been caught gawking at her arms. She gave me that sincere seep stare and the slowly licked her upper lip from left to right. As I latched the final buckle, she said, "Thanks dear." Turned and slowly hopped on the Big Brawler with Caitlin.

As they got on the raft, Caitlin kept crawling on to Amanda's side and sitting in her lap. That meant that all of the weight was on one side and it basically, the raft was listing to port and wouldn't tow straight. Sean yelled out several times that Caitlin needed to sit on the other side. "She won't!" Amanda yelled back, "She's scared to ride alone." Amanda then looked towards me and said, "Well, Dave, I think you need to ride with us to equal out the weight." I agreed to go, threw on a life vest and hopped on the raft to the left of Amanda, who had Caitlin in her lap. We started to drift from the boat about 75 feet or so till the rope slack was gone. I looked at Caitlin and said, "Sorry you were scared to ride on the raft alone Caitlin. It'll be fun, don't worry." She kind of looked at me strangely and said, "I'm not scared, mommy said I had to ride in her lap." I looked surprisingly at Amanda. She now had a very guilty smirk on her face and said, "I just wanted to get you alone for a few minutes." "Oh really?" I replied, "Jealous Much???" She rolled her eyes and said "Hit it Sean"

With that, Sean hit the throttle and begun to drag us around the lake. Those rafts are really fun and Sean knew just how to accelerate and turn the boat, so we would go flying out and over the wake, sometimes even catching air. The Big Brawler tended to flip over so we were all in the water a lot. Amanda and I were playing a little bit of grab ass and watching her soaking wet, muscle bound body get on the raft time after time was really setting me on fire. I was trying to play it cool since Keri and I had something going and of course Sean and Amanda were together. Caitlin was having the time of her life and was giggling a lot. We went on a couple more rides and finally, after 15 plus minutes of fun, we called out "One More" to Sean as we again climbed on the Big Brawler. You sit upright on the raft and it has a big back on it, like a big chair. Amanda looked at me and said, "Keri really has an amazing body doesn't she?" I looked back, a little surprised at the question and answered honestly, "For sure. She definitely is very fit and attractive." Our legs were touching and Amanda grabbed my hand and put it on her muscular thigh. She flexed her quad underneath my hand and I felt its power flow through my whole body. "Ok Dave," she said, "I have to know, so I just have to ask....am I too muscular to get a guy like you?" "Hell no!" I answered firmly, "I've never been with a bodybuilder before, but I find your muscles extremely attractive....why do you ask?" She just smiled sheepishly, held my hand even more firmly against her herculean thigh, turned towards the boat and yelled, "Hit It!" We accelerated greatly and my mind began to race.

Sean accelerated the boat extremely quickly and then took a hard left turn, thrusting us violently outside the wake. It was way too fast and Amanda and Caitlin screamed loudly in fear. As our raft eventually flipped over and we ended up in the water, Amanda and I both bobbed to the surface. She looked at me frantically and screamed in horror as she was holding on to Caitlin's empty life vest. I immediately realized what had happened and dove down in a desperate attempt to find her. I swam backwards and in the direction that we had first hit the water. She was just a few feet in front of me and I quickly grasped her and thrust her to the surface. She had only been in under water for 10 or 15 seconds, but she was coughing uncontrollably as she had obviously swallowed some water. I held Caitlin securely as Amanda swam over.

We did everything we could do to comfort Caitlin as Sean and Keri circled back with the boat. By the time we got her on board, she had stopped coughing and now was just crying. Amanda was also crying and lost her shit on Sean. "You are the biggest ass hole I've ever met in my life!" she yelled, "We're

fucking through, fucking through." Her rage was uncontrollable and as she pointed at him in disgust, her bicep and forearm flexed massively. It was a bit frightening to watch Amanda in such a fit of rage, and even though it wasn't directed at me I started trembling a little as I sat next to Keri. Sean tried to apologize briefly, but his ego was too big, so it went unheard by Amanda as it was probably insincere anyway. Amanda then sat next to Caitlin and again tried to comfort her on the way home. She still had rage in her eyes and with each breath, her powerful chest expanded greatly. Silence eventually took over and the only sound on the way back to the dock was the hum of the engine.

When we finally hit the dock, Keri stood to console Amanda and tried to defend her brother's idiotic actions. Then she had the balls to kind of deflect blame on me for not properly securing Caitlin's life vest strap. I was shocked. The strap had been secure enough for 15+ minutes of riding and if I remembered correctly, it was Amanda who fastened the vest. I decided to be the bigger man and apologized if it was me who fastened the strap. That seemed to calm the obvious tension and me and Sean began getting the truck and trailer down the ramp and loading up the boat. Amanda said she was leaving and we all decided that was a good idea since she was still very upset. She barely looked at Sean and Keri, but walked up to me to give me a hug. Amanda wrapped her muscular arms around me and squeezed me tightly. It was a very warm moment and I felt amazing in her tight embrace. She then brought her mouth to my ear and whispered, "Thank you....thank you for being here." She then hugged me tighter for several seconds more. Her hug was so tight, she actually damn near broke a rib and just as it began to hurt, she release her powerful grasp. I knew it was a loving hug, so I felt amazing as I watched her and Caitlin walk away. I became mesmerized watching Amanda's huge quads flex with each step. Her calves also looked extremely beautiful as they were still moist from the water and the sun glistened off of their diamond like hard, large shape!

The ride home was excruciatingly long as both Sean and Keri insisted that I call Amanda and take full blame for the incident with Caitlin. I was feeling very pressured, especially by Sean who seemed mad enough to kick the living shit out of me so I agreed to do it. With both of them listening I called Amanda. Thank god it went to voicemail, but I left a detailed message apologizing profusely for my neglect and how she should forgive Sean. Sean and Keri seemed somewhat satisfied and as they dropped me off, Keri had the balls to give me a hug and a kiss. That seemed ridiculous after blaming me for Sean's idiocy. Then Keri tried to invite herself in. I told her I was tired and would call her tomorrow. She was smoking hot, but I needed a night alone to cool off after the day's bullshit.

I decided to go for an evening run, which always seems to clear my mind. I left at about 8pm and was arriving back about 45 minutes later. As I jogged up to my house, I noticed an unmistakable car in the drive way. It was Amanda's. As I walked up to the car, I first noticed Caitlin asleep in the back seat and then slowly came upon Amanda in the driver's seat on her iPhone. I knocked on the car window and obviously scared Amanda greatly as she practically hit her head on the roof of her car as she flinched so badly. She then began to laugh out loud at her embarrassment, but I could see tears in her eyes. I opened her door slowly and she got out putting her finger to her mouth to be quiet and not wake up Caitlin. As she stood up, her shoulder muscles and arm muscle protruded greatly, bursting through her

tight skin in a red workout tank top. We embraced tightly and as she held me firmly in her grasp I looked at our reflection in her car window. I was wearing my running tank top and my arms and shoulders were exposed as well. But hers were significantly larger in the reflection and I realized for the first time how much bigger and stronger than me she was. Mixed emotions were flying through my head. I had only been exposed to a very muscular woman, her, the day before. I found her muscles attractive for some unknown reason, but now I was being faced with the fact that they were also MUCH larger than mine. I wasn't sure how to process it and I was hit with thoughts of admiration, respect, attractiveness and a little intimidation or fear all at the same time.

With the car door closed behind her, Amanda released her grip on me and leaned her back against it. She crossed her arms, making her biceps, shoulders and forearms look even more huge than they already were. Amanda then asked me if I had a few minutes to talk. Of course I said yes and she began to pour her heart out to me. Tears were streaming down her face as she explained to me how Caitlin's dad was basically a one night stand, and that she had made a couple of other bad choices in men, just based off of looks and muscles and other poor choices in life to this point. Sean had been the last of the bad choices and was basically the end of her rope. She then wiped her eyes, reached out with her massive right arm and grabbed my hand. "David," she started, "when I saw you at the BBQ the other day, my mind started racing. I know you weren't overly interested in me in college, but I really liked you. I was just an overweight girl with no self-esteem and just couldn't let you know that. But you seemed like "The Guy" type that girls want to end up with." I was a bit overwhelmed with this outpouring of thoughts and emotions from a woman so muscular and strong but I nodded my head and said, "Go on!" "Well," she finished, "I know this will seem crazy after seeing me again for only 2 days, but I don't want to lose you this time. Would you consider dating me? Even with a 5 year old, even with these crazy muscles...which I can get rid of if you don't like them?"

I paused for a moment, trying to think of the best way to respond. That moment seemed like an eternity to Amanda and she looked at me with the most beautiful, sad, puppy dog eyes I had ever seen. I then whispered, "Here's my answer." and slowly leaned in and caressed her lips with mine. Gradually opening my mouth in unison with hers and letting my tongue meet hers as we began to kiss passionately. I also began to methodically move my hands up and down her long, thick torso. I expected some softness somewhere, but there was none. It was just solid mounds of muscle on top of solid mounds of muscle. Amanda was so buff and I was still confused on how such a muscle bound woman could also seem so vulnerable. Eventually, I worked my hands onto her biceps and began to squeeze and probe them with my seemingly feeble hands.

If any of you are wondering what it's like to kiss and caress a muscle bound woman, I have to tell you that the first time is quite shocking...like jumping into the ocean and salt water when you're not expecting it. You are used to, and expect this warm, soft feeling in your palms....and it's quite different. You feel this rock hard arm and a million crazy thoughts and emotions go through your mind because you've been used to something else 100% of the time you had ever made out with a girl...It's

invigorating and addicting and even if you only do it once....you'll never forget it.....any way, back to Amanda...

We continued kissing for a bit longer and finally we pulled our heads back slowly. Amanda was still crying and I moved my thumb up just under her eye and wiped away the tears. She laughed and at that instant kind of a spit and snot mix shot out from her and on to my face. That made us both laugh hysterically and now she, wiped off my face. I looked at her deeply and said, "Amanda, I don't know where this will lead either, but let's give it a shot. I've got plenty of room for you and Caitlin, and although this isn't exactly how I planned it, I think I'd like to see you seriously too." She didn't say a word and just wrapped her herculean arms around me and squeezed me tightly into her massive chest as she rested her head on my shoulder and kissed me there warmly. We grabbed Caitlin and walked inside.

### The Bond

Amanda and I grabbed Caitlin and led her into the house. We set her up in one of my guest rooms and Amanda started to get the bed ready for her. I expected Caitlin to be a little scared in this new environment, but she was just so tired that she could barely keep her eyes open. Amanda put her in a cute little grey and light blue pair of pajamas and was starting to tuck her in. Just then, Caitlin kind of realized that she was in a strange place. She latched on to Amanda and wouldn't let her go. It was a cute moment and I had wished I had my camera on me. Amanda realized that she had left her overnight bag in the car and asked me to get it for her. I of course agreed and grabbed her car keys and walked out to the drive. A sense of warmth came over me as I was getting pretty excited about my new life with Amanda in it.

I got to the car and opened the trunk. As I searched for the correct bag, I heard a truck pull into the drive behind me and light up the whole trunk with it's bright lights. At first I was happy, because I was now easily able to identify the correct bag but as I grabbed it and began to turn around, a sense of overwhelming fear came over me. The truck in the drive was Sean's. I yelled "Amanda" at the top of my lungs in hopes of warning her that he was here.

Before I knew it, Sean jumped out of his truck and grabbed me by the neck. He could have probably knocked me out in an instant, but he held his fist back and yelled, "Where is she?" In a shaky voice I simply replied, "Inside." With that, Sean threw me to the ground and headed towards the front door. I rolled over and began to get up when I heard his sister Keri's voice from my right side. "Eat this muther fucker!!!" she screamed as she hit me in the side of the head with something. It landed with a thud and the whole right side of my face went numb. My vision went to shit and all I saw were stars when I was hit two more times right in the back, forcing me face down into the mud. I slowly rolled over in pain and looked up. I was still in a daze from the hits, but could make out Keri's face, illuminated by the

streetlight. She was holding what looked to be my long skateboard in her hands, and I realized that that's what she had hit me with.

She had a crazed look in her eyes and I held my arm up on the side she was holding the skateboard on. "What the fuck is your problem?" I yelled at her. That set her off and she took another swing at me. She hit me right in the left thigh and a huge sharp pain shot through my body. Half dazed and on my back in slippery mud, I realized that I was almost helpless to defend myself against this crazy girl. I started pleading with her by yelling, "Please stop, please stop, please stop." She held the skateboard high for another swing but paused and demanded, "Don't fucking move and shut the fuck up you piece of shit!" I nodded silently and simply held my arm up in protection of my face in case she wanted to take another swing. As I sat there quietly, I could hear Sean and Amanda yelling from the house. He called her every name in the book from loser mom, to desperate cunt to fucked up manly bitch. As a minute or so passed with them arguing in the background, the crazy look in Keri's eyes started freaking me out and I began shaking uncontrollably. I was never a fighter as a kid growing up, but also never thought I would be beaten up and frozen with fear from a 5'6" 125 pound girl.

Keri laughed sarcastically at me and began spitting on me. As if I hadn't been degraded enough, this was making me mad enough to get up and hit her. Right as I felt enough courage to take a run at her, Sean burst through the front door and walked quickly to his truck. He didn't even acknowledge me but saw Keri and said, "Let's go, I'm done with that bitch." I thought Keri was just going to leave, but she quickly turned back towards me and swung the skateboard one last time into my left thigh. She then spit in my face one last time and said, "Go fuck yourself you little bitch!" Keri then hopped in his truck. The pain was even worse than the first strike and I rolled over in pain, grabbing my seemingly broken left leg. I didn't turn around to see, but I could hear them pull away and accelerate quickly down the street.

After 20 or 30 seconds of rolling around in pain, I began to get up. I was still slightly dazed and as I tried to put weight on my left leg, the shooting pain was unbearable. I fell to the ground again and decided to crawl to the front door. Just then, Amanda must have realized that I was still outside and she appeared on my front porch. I must have looked terrible and Amanda leaped over to help me up. "Oh my God David...what did he do....what did that ass hole do to you?.....I'm calling the police right now." She helped me stand up and I tried to walk, but it was no use. Sensing my debilitation, Amanda hoisted me up and cradle carried me into the house. She walked me straight to the bathroom and set me down on the counter next to the sink. She then grabbed the phone from her pocket and began to call 911. I reached out my hand and grasped her phone. "No, No, No." was all I could say. Amanda looked me in the eyes and said, "What the hell David, he severely assaulted you out there. What do you mean No!"

At that moment, the weight of the situation overcame me and emotions took over. I began to cry uncontrollably and tears and snot began to run down my face like a river. Amanda reached her powerful, muscular, solid arms around me and embraced me in a tight hug. I thought that might soothe me, but it only made the emotions ratchet up and I literally couldn't silence myself while I cried wildly



and breathlessly. For several minutes Amanda tried to soften my pain but the combination of being physically and savagely beaten up, emotionally degraded and being helpless to stop it, all at the hands of a 125 pound girl was too much for me to take...i would have gladly been dead right then, rather than to have to live with that physical and emotional pain and embarrassment.

Amanda held me warmly over the next few minutes and I finally started to regain control of myself. She leaned me back, and now, just 20 minutes after I was wiping tears from her eyes, she was wiping tears from mine. We had connected with each other on an escalated emotional level twice in one night and I felt like we had been with each other for ever. Amanda looked at me deeply and said, "Let's get you cleaned up first, we can talk later OK." I nodded yes she walked over and turned on the shower. I removed my shirt and kicked off my shoes. I then lowered myself down and stood on my good leg as I disrobed the rest of my clothes. Amanda also shed her clothes and we stood face to face naked for the first time.

I looked her in the eyes at first but then slowly peered down at the rest of her magnificent physique. Her traps were bulging from her thick neck and it looked like pounds of muscle was piled onto her shoulders. They were also very rounded and exploded from her large frame...making her seem twice as wide as me. Her chest was built to an incredible level and huge pecs of muscle sat where a woman's soft boobs would normally be. It looked as though she could bench press a Mack Truck. Beneath her magnificent chest was a muscle bound torso which exuded massive power. She has muscles and bulges and striations where I didn't even know they should exist. It led to her cleanly shaved, beautiful vagina and although sore, and emotionally and physically beat, my cock became massively erect. I finished looking down at her herculean quads and knew they possessed more strength than I would ever have in my life. Amanda smiled at me widely and grabbed me at her side. She felt like a solid rock and with ease, she side lifted me and walked me into the shower. The warm water sprayed over our connected bodies and I embraced Amanda in the hug of a lifetime as we kissed passionately and Amanda slipped my penis into her tight, warm pussy. We continued to slowly make love and kiss lovingly as we sealed our now unbreakable bond.

The hot water continued to stream over our naked bodies, and a sense of overwhelming admiration came over me. As I slowly pumped my penis inside her gorgeous, tight pussy, my cock was being grasped and massaged by her unbelievable vaginal control. I couldn't believe the feeling of satisfaction I was receiving as I had never experienced that kind of female feedback while making love. I started caressing Amanda's thick, powerful biceps and bulging lats that looked like strong, mighty wings connected to each side of her torso making my hands seem small and frail in their presence. Her long blonde hair was perfectly draped over her left shoulder and protruding robust pecs. I had never felt more in-tune mentally or physically than at this moment. I was uniting with Amanda completely and now realizing that she was an Alpha female...was I was now the Beta male I was meant to be? It felt so right and so natural to be connecting with this physically superior being and I knew I would be forever in her sway.

Although I never wanted to leave this embrace, Amanda eventually started to shudder and I knew she was getting close to climax. With every ounce of mental strength, I slowed my pace to keep her from it and got her back into a state of mild satisfaction. My legs bumped into her massive thighs with each thrust and as I felt their rock-hard surface I was having a hard time keeping from cumming myself. After a few minutes, I again quickened my pace and hit her clitoris at the perfect angle. Once more she began to shake in utter pleasure. More than anything, I wanted to be the best sexual experience of her life and I continued the pattern of getting her a whisper away from ultimate satisfaction before slowing my pace. Finally, all of her muscles began to flex simultaneously and she let out a huge scream and extended her wide neck and head backwards. Her pelvis gyrated wildly and in an instant, she reached ultimate satisfaction and release. Her whole body shuddered twice more and she relaxed completely, took a step backwards and rested against the far end of the shower, barely able to stand.

I turned off the water and stared at her moist, powerful, muscular body. I couldn't believe that I could be that attracted to someone so overly muscular, but here I was, ogling every inch of this strapping, bulging woman. I took a step forward on my good leg and leaned against her. Our wet, naked bodies connected as one. I grabbed her huge forearms in my small hands and leaned in to kiss her. She reached her left arm up and pressed my head slightly in to hers. Again we kissed passionately for a minute, our tongues massaging each other's as we swapped our saliva and I licked her beautiful, white teeth. I wanted to taste every ounce of her. With the water off, I reached passed her to the rack by the shower opening and grabbed a towel. I then began to dry her off slowly. She turned around and I was now exposed to bulging muscles on top of muscles in her thick, wide back.

I could feel the waves of hard muscle under my hands as I slowly wiped her down. As I moved the towel lower onto her ass, I noticed that it was so hard, and protruded so far back, I felt like I could set a drink on it and not spill a drop. With both hands, I methodically rubbed her striated, powerful ass checks dry. Next I moved ever lower to her massive quads and hamstrings. The brawn behind her leg was so large and oval that it looked like pounds of huge muscle had been developed where I didn't even know it could exist. Her thighs were also so developed that I couldn't believe she could ever fit into a pair of jeans without ripping them to shreds! Finally, I grasped her diamond shaped calves and noticed that they were cut so magnificently that any male bodybuilder would be jealous of their huge size and shape. I paused and tried to wrap both my hands around them. It was no use and they were too big for my hands to reach. Now fully dry, I stood back up and Amanda returned the favor. She slowly toweled me off and gave my johnson a pleasant kiss on the way back up. Our eyes locked as she stood back up and I could tell she was as enthralled with me as I was with her.

Now dry, Amanda again helped me to the bed and we laid down for the night. I liked to sleep on my back and Amanda laid on her side towards me, covering my torso with her thick, muscle bound right arm. She then extended her right leg and draped it across my thin legs. I felt like the weight of her arm and leg were crushing me through the bed, but I felt as warm, content and secure as I had ever been in my life.

I awoke the next morning alone in bed. I looked over and saw a note next to a fresh cup of coffee on my nightstand. I reached over and picked it up to read : "Hi honey, took Caitlin to my moms and then to the gym...I'll be back later...we need to talk." Then she drew a big heart and XOXOXO! I put it down and reached for a sip of coffee, it was still kind of warm, so I figured Amanda hadn't been gone terribly long. As I turned to sit upright on the bed, a huge pain shot through my back and leg and I immediately remembered the horror and brutal beating I had endured the night before. A massive chill overcame my body as I thought immediately at the death stare Keri had given me as I laid helpless and frozen in fear beneath her. I started shaking uncontrollably as I couldn't get the thought out of my mind. I was so angry at myself for not doing something, for barely raising an arm to protect myself and eventually begging her to stop assaulting me as she spit on me continuously. What kind of a man does that I thought. I started to become angry at myself more and more.

After letting the emotion of that slightly fade, I stood up to look at myself in the mirror. The pain in my leg was almost too much to even stand, but I had to make it to the bathroom. Once there I easily saw the swelling on the right side of my face. It was a large black and blue area just in front of my right ear. Too be honest, after being hit in the head with my skateboard, it didn't seem as bad as I expected. Next, I turned to see my back. Sure enough, there was two distinct 3 or 4 inch long red marks there. Lastly, I looked down at my left thigh to again see two long red marks from the skateboard and also some black and blue swelling. After examining my injuries for a few minutes, my nerves had now faded almost completely, and I decided to go downstairs to the kitchen and grab some Advil and a bag of ice for the swelling. I normally have a big breakfast but this morning I was feeling a lot of anxiety and was a little nauseous.

Right then, there was a loud knock on the door. The sound scared the shit out of me and I fell to the floor in a paralyzed panic. I froze and stopped breathing as I waited in silence. A few seconds later two more loud bangs on my door followed and then a ring of the doorbell. My heart was in my throat and I could hear it beating so loudly, my only wish was for it to stop. Motionless on the ground, I listened intently, hoping the person at the door would finally go away...but instead, I now heard a jiggling at the window and became ice cold frozen as I listened to it slowly slide upwards, allowing whomever it was access to my house. As the heavy footsteps quickly paced up the stairs, I knew I had avoided detection but I could muster no strength to even lift myself up and run outside. Still petrified with fear, I could only hope the intruder left without entering the kitchen. As that thought barely entered my mind, I heard the invader quickly step down the stairs and as the footfalls got closer, I lost all bodily control and began urinating uncontrollably.

As the warm piss flooded my boxers and pooled beneath me, I heard a female voice. "Honey! Are you okay?" she said excitedly as she placed her hand on my back. I recognized the voice immediately, but for some reason was still too petrified to move. Again she asked, "Honey! Are you alright?" I slowly found the courage to look up and peered at my beautiful Amanda as she lovingly stroked my back softly

with her hand. Without saying a word, she gently picked me up, piss covered and all, and walked me up to my bathroom. The strength and power in her grasp, slightly calmed me down and my breathing became more normal. She rinsed me off adoringly without saying a word and the thoughts of horror running around my head quickly left as I admired her caring, muscular beauty.

### The Lie

Clean again, I slipped on some shorts and a comfortable t-shirt. Amanda was eagerly awaiting my readiness and sat me down next to her on my bed. "Honey, you've got to tell me what happened to you last night. We need to call the police on whoever assaulted you." "I know Amanda, but I don't want Sean and his big friend to get thrown in jail for a blindsided punch in a fit of passion." "What does his idiot Meathead friend have to do with us. He should be in jail for hitting you!" she said emphatically. "I know." I replied, "But I only saw a large shadow of him, got punched and went down. The next thing I knew, they were gone." "What about your leg then. How the hell did that happen?" she asked. "When I got hit, I fell on it I think." I answered...hoping she would buy the lie. She paused for a few seconds and then exclaimed, "Oh my God honey. I just realized that I saw you have one of those front door cameras mounted outside which lets you see who's at your front door, or if a package gets dropped off when you're away....let's look at that video!"

"Oh Shit" I thought, I had installed the system a few weeks prior, and the second I opened up the App on my phone, the video would be there....waiting for me.... I had to think quickly, in an instant I realized that I couldn't show Amanda the video of my beating by Keri. It was already embarrassing enough having her think some Musclehead jock kicked my ass, for her to see me beaten up, pleading and spit on by Keri would be too much humiliation for me to live with. So I lied. "Oh no Honey." I answered, "I mounted the system, but haven't hooked it up yet. Over the next several minutes, I started pleading with Amanda to let it go and that I would soon get over it. I didn't want people thrown in jail all over a punch. Amanda hugged me tightly, kissed me passionately, and agreed to forget about the incident and Sean and his buddy and move forward with our life together.

Amanda had come home so soon because she had forgotten her door key and her workout bag. She grabbed them on her way out of the room and even though she was incredibly musclebound, Amanda walked with a feminine grace that was unbelievably sexy. I watched in awe as she strode down the hallway. I listened and heard her close the front door on her way out. After a few more minutes, I again went downstairs to clean up my mess. Home alone, I felt anxious again and hobbled around the house making sure every door and window was locked and secure. I tried eating a little food but was too nauseous and threw it up just a couple minutes later. I then limped back upstairs, walked into my bedroom, locked that door for the first time ever and then got back in bed.

I laid there for half an hour but couldn't get the thought out of my mind. Finally, I decided to grab my iPad and open my security camera app. It opened and showed two separate recordings for the previous

night. I clicked on the first one. The video had a very slight fish-eye effect, but it was in color and unbelievably clear. My friend worked at Panasonic and got me their top of the line \$500 system for only \$100. This first video was of Amanda coming over in her car and me greeting her. It was a nice moment as we embraced and I knew I would be forever glad I had that on video. I replayed the video a couple of times and was mesmerized by Amanda's huge muscle thickness, even though I knew it was slightly enhanced by the small fish-eye effect of the lens.

The exact events of my encounter with Keri were a little fuzzy, so I took a deep breath and decided to open the second video. My hand started shaking a little just clicking on the icon. As I clicked it, I watched as the footage showed me walking too and then behind Amanda's car. At that point I was now out of the camera view, just to the left. All of a sudden, you see Sean's truck pull up and he quickly jumped out. He also walks off camera to the left and then I'm seen being launched to the middle of the lawn, perfectly in front of the front door and security camera. The skateboard is on the ground behind me, and as I'm getting up, you can clearly see Keri rushing up from my side. Instead of hitting me with the skateboard, Keri actually did some crazy jumping, spinning kick and clearly made hard and perfect contact to my head, dropping me to the ground like a ton of bricks. She landed with perfect balance and her leg muscles tensed noticeably in her running shorts as she reached down and grabbed my skateboard. I rewound that part of the video again and again. I had been convinced that she dropped me with the help of a large heavy object. How could a petite runner girl pound me to the ground with her bare hands...and feet??? I didn't want to watch the rest of the video but forced myself to. Worse than the blows to my back and thigh, was the obvious helpless pleading I was doing and the spitting she started thrusting upon me as I laid flaccid beneath her dominating stance. The images were indelibly burned into my mind and I now doubted that I could ever completely forget that night's events.

They say that time heals all wounds, so I was hoping that time, being with Amanda, and getting back to my running would do just that. Luckily the face swelling only lasted a few days and the thigh limp just four or five. For some strange reason though, I wasn't sleeping that well and when Amanda was not around, I had a small sense of paranoia or anxiety and would be obsessed with making sure my house was completely secure. In the past, I had always parked on the drive way, but now, when I arrived home from work, I would hit the electric garage door opener in my car, pull in the garage, and close it's door before even exiting my locked car.

Amanda and I got into a pretty nice routine over the next couple of months. She would typically take Caitlin to preschool and then go workout. I would work and then arrive home for a nice run on my treadmill in the garage. Amanda liked to cook and would prepare us all a healthy dinner. I just couldn't shake my slight sense of nausea so I was having salad with bread and some water, while Amanda was devouring pounds of fish, chicken and veggies. I tried eating more meat, but just couldn't keep it down. I knew I had probably lost a few pounds, but my abs were popping so it seemed like a good thing. Amanda was looking huge now and I had to ask. "Babe." I said, "This is meant to be a compliment, but have you put on some size." "Honey, I'm so glad you noticed...do you like it?" she asked. "I fucking love

it!" I answered and then I reached across the table and grabbed her massive bicep. She turned her wrist up and although her arm was hanging at her side, the bicep balled up and bulged even more."

I almost jumped as I quickly moved to her side of the table and sat in the chair next to hers. I grabbed her thick bicep with both hands. She flexed and relaxed it a couple of times and then she reached down to feel my fully erect penis. "My goodness Honey." she exclaimed, "I knew you liked my muscles but you almost can't control yourself right now." I didn't say a word but lifted my left shirt sleeve and pushed my arm against hers. The size difference was laughable and it looked like she had more muscle in her bicep than both my arms combined. She sensed my excitement and raised both her arms and gave me a full double biceps pose. She had actually never done that for me before and the sight of her massive, bulging biceps was too much to take. I started to cum uncontrollably and actually reached down to massage my cock as the juices pumped methodically out and into my shorts. She smiled widely and said, "Wow baby...I guess I know what not to do if I want a long night in the sack...ha ha ha ha." There was no embarrassment and I was simply in awe of her musclebound physique. I raised my right leg over and sat facing her on her granite like thighs. I then leaned into her beautiful face and began kissing her wildly! Amanda loved making out and we spent many minutes in our warm, kissing embrace.

It was a nice moment but it was a school night so we'd have to get back to being parents and responsible adults and get to bed. Amanda prepared Caitlin for bed and read her a story. I went upstairs to clean up my little mess and get ready for bed myself. I took a quick five minute shower and then threw on some boxers and a t-shirt. About then, Amanda had finished with Caitlin and we both were starting to brush our teeth. I looked over at my love and admired her gorgeous forearms as the muscle flexed and tensed up beautifully while she methodically cleaned her teeth. As I did that, I noticed her get a funny gaze on her face and she said something inaudible. "What?" I asked with a smile as her mouth was full of white toothpaste. She leaned into the sink, rinsed out her mouth, and asked, "Is that my Northern State University shirt." I looked at myself in the mirror and said, "No...I think it's one of mine." I had kept several of my old college shirts since they were great for running in. "Look at the sleeves." she said. Normally sleeves on a guy's shirt reach almost to the elbow, but she was right, these sleeves barely came past my shoulders. We both realized at the same time that I had actually put on one of her t-shirts instead of my own and we laughed hysterically.

Amanda reached out with both hands and started feeling and stretching the fabric of the shirt in my shoulder area, the chest and the torso. "Wow." she exclaimed, "It actually fits you really well. I love tight shirts on guys so you can just have it now. Besides I couldn't possibly fit in it anymore." I wasn't sure what to think, so I went into the closet and grabbed one of MY old Northern State U shirts. I quickly pulled off Amanda's shirt and put on mine. She looked at me lovingly but shook her head from side to side in obvious disapproval. "Nope" she sighed, "waaaay too loose, you look much better in mine." I looked in the mirror and she was right. The shirt hung on me like old drapes. The neck hole looked far too large and the sleeves now hung past my elbows. I flung the shirt off and tossed it at Amanda. "You try it on then." I said a little rudely. She grinned and slowly pulled my college shirt over her head and torso. It fit magnificently and stretched over her body tightly as hers had on me. Her thick

neck was squeezed tightly by the shirt opening. The sleeves stretched around her rounded shoulders and huge biceps. Her muscular chest provided a thick, protruding platform for our school letters NSU. I couldn't believe how massive and amazing she looked in my old college shirt. She was a stud of a woman and I felt like the luckiest guy on earth. I quickly put her old college shirt back on to see if it really did fit. Sure enough, I started to warm up to the idea that it looked and fit pretty well. She grabbed her camera and we took a funny selfie, she in my old college shirt and me in hers.

Scale

We were both pretty amazed and Amanda seemed really happy about our change in physiques. She held out her hand and reached for mine. I grabbed hers instinctively. As I followed her down the hall to the living room, I couldn't help but notice her bulging triceps as they protruded powerfully and beautifully from the back of her arm. I asked her what we were doing and she just turned and said, "You'll see." We got to the door to my garage where she had some boxes of the stuff she had previously brought over. She started digging around in one and I was getting very curious about what she was grabbing. Finally, she pulled out a digital scale. She got a big grin on her face and put it on the floor. I knew what she was doing but immediately got timid about stepping on the scale. I had lied to her about my weight when she had asked a couple of months prior and now, after running a lot but not eating much, I knew I would weigh even less.

She grabbed my hand and tried guiding me onto the scale. I hesitated at first, but finally decided to step on it. I had told her I was 175 pounds right after we met, but 165 would have been pushing it. The numbers started flashing all over the place as I stepped on and I was praying for anything close to 160. The scale finally stopped and the digital display flashed 154. I was a bit embarrassed but Amanda smiled widely. As I stood there, some other numbers and percentages began to flash on the screen. I said, "What are those." "Oh," she replied, "it also measures your fat, water and muscle percentages." I got off, not worried about that shit and Amanda stepped on. She was just wearing my NSU t-shirt and it went down to just below her pelvis. So her huge quads and unbelievable, rock hard rounded ass were protruding beautifully before me. She was looking down at the dial indicator while I just ogled her massive quads and beautiful calf muscles. The numbers stopped flickering on the scale and it read 174. "Holy Shit!" I exclaimed. Amanda turned at me quickly to get my reaction. I guess I looked pretty surprised to realize Amanda outweighed me by 20 pounds. She asked, "Are you ok with this?" Something came over me, a sense of total awe and admiration for her superior physique. I nudged up against her, face to face, and as she waited for my response, I said, "As long as you're ok with this." At that instant, I wrapped my arms around her neck, jumped up and wrapped my legs around her thick torso. She instinctively grabbed under my legs to fully support my weight. She was now carrying me easily and we were face to face. Peering into each other's eyes, I leaned in and we began to make out lovingly. The passion was unmistakable and it was obvious that we each enjoyed each other physically, regardless of who was obviously the Alpha and who was the Beta.

Amanda seemed really giddy. She put me down and leaned down to grab another box. She opened it up and started pulling out some clothes. "What are those?" I asked. She got a big smile on her face and tossed one of the shirts at me. "They're my old college clothes Babe. I was about to put them in storage since I'm just too damn muscular for them, but you looked so good in my old NSU shirt...I figured they could still be of some use...he he he." she laughed. "Put that one on babe." she kind of demanded nicely. I pulled off her NSU shirt and pulled on this one. It was just a bit tight, but damn near fit perfectly. She pulled out a couple more and I tried them on as well. "Damn." she said, "close, but I think you may still need to drop a few pounds to fit in them perfectly." I laughed and said, "No kidding honey, but I'm embarrassed enough being this skinny. Any more and you'd probably quit finding me so attractive." She smiled, shook her head and said, "Oh no baby, I love you looking all thin, and you're much easier to carry that way you know!" We both laughed hysterically but I kind of felt like she was serious.

Just trying her shirts on got me incredibly aroused. I looked at Amanda and said, "Why am I getting so fucking hard just trying your shirts on? Is that weird?" I asked. "Hmmm" she replied, "Nothing weird about this." She then instinctively bent down and took my rock hard cock into her mouth. I loved the warm, wet feeling of her gorgeous mouth as she stroked up and down over and over and over again. I placed my hands on her massive traps as she continued to make me the happiest man alive. They were so muscular, it felt like I was holding on to rock hard biceps, but they were simply her rounded, bulging, herculean traps. Her neck was also thick with muscle and the moistness that was developing on it made it even hotter!!! Her technique was amazing and my cock was feeling ultimate pleasure as she slowed her pace down to a perfect rhythm. I leaned my head back in ecstasy and grabbed her huge arms in my hands. The feeling of her raw power while she slowly massaged my cock with her tight, warm, moist mouth was too much to handle. In an instant, I began to cum uncontrollably. The semen pulsed out of me powerfully and she eagerly swallowed every last drop of my juices. Knowing I was done, Amanda stood up, grabbed me under the legs and cradle carried me to bed. She then laid next to me, her warm breath calmly brushing against the back of my neck as we eventually fell asleep.

I woke up the next morning and peered at the back of my beautiful girl's hair. She smelled intoxicating and I just couldn't get enough of her. Somehow, she sensed my awokeness and slowly turned her whole body towards mine. We normally slept in the nude, but last night had gone to bed in each other's NSU t-shirts. Not knowing what to say, I smiled and whispered, "Nice shirt." Amanda smiled back, looked deeply into my eyes, placed her thick, powerful hand on my thin arm and said, "I've never loved anyone as fully as I love you right now." An immediate sense of warmth came over me and I smiled back and gave her a quick kiss on the lips. I could tell she wanted more so as she peered into my eyes I said, "Me too my love, me too." That seemed to do the trick, but she got a nervous look on her face, took a deep breath and asked, "Will you marry me Honey? Will you make me the happiest girl in the world?" Shocked I said, "I, I, I....yes of course Yes! Yes I'll marry you Amanda...of course I will." She grabbed the back of my head with her strong hand and pushed my face into hers. It was the deepest, sweetest, most passionate feeling I'd ever known. This amazing, beautiful, musclebound woman wanted to spend the rest of her life with ME....holy shit I thought. Which meant not only was she marrying me and wanting me to be in her life forever, she also trusted me to now help raise Caitlin...the most important thing in the world. A feeling of utter satisfaction came over me and only happiness ruled!



The morning started out better than I could ever have imagined and both of us were in a state of euphoria. Amanda happily popped out of bed to make me and Caitlin breakfast. I watched intensely as she strode down the hall towards the kitchen. Her muscular ass and legs bulged with each step and there was an air of confidence in her with each step. I found myself attracted to that power and confidence in an unimaginable way. I couldn't believe this amazing girl wanted to spend the rest of her life with me!

I've always been a very "Goal-Oriented" person. As such, Amanda had thrown a new goal in front of me and I was going to see if I could meet it in a safe and healthy way. She didn't mind me being skinny and for some reason took pleasure in the fact that I almost fit in her college shirts. At 154 pounds, I was just a little too big, but knew I could probably safely lose some weight and fit in them quite nicely. At the same time, the more weight I lost, the larger Amanda would seem to me....and that was definitely a thought that appealed to me. I had always been attracted to fit girls, but sleeping with one who was obviously fitter, and more muscular than me was a level above any past notion I'd ever dreamed of.

While Amanda was in the kitchen I got on my iPad and looked up "Ideal Marathon Weight". I knew marathon runners had to lose as much weight as possible, but still be "Healthy" in order to not keel over during a 26-mile race. First the site wanted me to determine my bone structure as Small, Medium or Large. To determine this, it instructed me to try to wrap my thumb and forefinger around my wrist. If your fingers touched easily or overlapped, you had "Small" bone structure, if they barely or almost touched, you had "Medium", and if they weren't too close, you had "Large". I took the little test and could easily touch my fingers together. The site therefore classified me as Small Frame or Small Bone-Structure. Next it asked for my height in inches. Although I always claimed to be 5'10", I knew in reality I barely stood 5'9" and thus was 69 inches tall. The calculation for ideal marathon weight for someone with "Small" bone structure was defined as (doubled your height and subtract 10 pounds for the total). So  $69 \times 2$  is equal to 138 minus 10 equals 128 pounds. "Holy Shit" I thought. That seemed impossibly low. I read the instructions again and it confirmed 128 pounds. Unconvinced, I logged into a couple of other sights and they also listed ideal marathon weight at a low of 128 and a high of 138 pounds for someone with a small frame and 5'9" tall. Even 138 pounds seemed crazy, but there were multiple sites saying the same thing. Solidified in my new goal, I threw on some shorts and joined Amanda in the kitchen.

"Oooo Baby, still liking you in my shirt." She said and then gave me a quick peck on the lips. She then turned her massive physique away from me and back to the stove where she was making eggs. I reached around her left side and grabbed her left wrist with my left hand. I tried to wrap my thumb and forefinger around it, but it wasn't even close. Immediately, I knew she was a "Large Frame" person, which is why she was a bit overweight in college, but now turning into a muscle machine! I then played it off by kind of massaging her muscular forearm and then her left bicep. "I do not know what it is about your muscles honey." I said, "But just the sight and feel of them excites me in a way I'd never known." Amanda turned at me, gave me another peck on the lips and replied, "That's great babe, cause I wanna see how far I can push these babies over the next several months." "Well, I'm on board, so you just let

me know whatever support you need, cause I'll give you 100%!" I then gave her a big kiss on the cheek and walked over to the table, waiting for my and Caitlin's breakfast to be ready.

Amanda eventually finished the prep and sat down with me and Caitlin. Caitlin had a small portion of scrambled eggs and some cut up pieces of strawberries. I portioned off what was probably 2 scrambled eggs and an English muffin. "Is that all you want?" Amanda asked me. "Yep." I replied, "I got a few pounds to lose." She tilted her head in disbelief, thinking it still wasn't much and then she said, "OK...the rest for me then." So she portioned of the remaining 6 or 7 eggs, and then a half a chicken breast. As she began to devour the meal, I said, "Damn girl, looks like your appetite is going nuts today." She laughed and held out her right bicep and flexed it massively, then retorted, "Gotta feed the machine." Instead of laughing, I just ogled her flexed bicep in awe and kind of swallowed. We both finished our meals and I just kept staring at Amanda's bicep as it flexed and relaxed while she ate. She had to notice and as she took her last bite she said, "OK babe...let's find out." "Find out what?" I asked.

Amanda then pushed her empty plate out of the way, placed her arm on the table and said, "You and I are both curious as hell, so let's just find out if these muscles are just for show, or if they actually work." I hesitated at first and then slowly placed my arm on the table to lock grips with her. She looked at me deeply and quietly said, "We should do this..... right? Shouldn't we know?" I answered "Yes, we may as well find out." Of course, that meant we were going to find out who was actually stronger and probably by how much. Is that good for a relationship? Could it strain us somehow? Amanda obviously was working out and had large muscles, but was she just slightly stronger, a lot, or not at all. A million thoughts went through my head, but I WAS curious as hell and started to get excited about the idea that in a true test of strength, she might win. I looked Amanda deeply in the eyes and said, "Honey, I've never lost to a girl before, so don't be upset if I win." She laughed but obviously took my kind of seriously and got a determined look on her face.

We locked grips and I immediately realized that I had never firmly grabbed her hand. It was thick and rock hard. She closed her grip on my hand and began to kind of crush it. Instinctively, I started the match and forced her hand back six or seven inches. Amanda flexed her arm quickly and stopped my advance dead in my tracks. Amanda started to force my hand up to the neutral position. I gritted my teeth hard and put all of my shoulder and arm strength into the match. Her flexed, musclebound arm didn't budge. Pride and ego started to take over, I took a bit of a breath, let out a grunt and again put everything I had into it. As her arm was rock solid and motionless, I looked up into her eyes. She got a huge smile on her face and almost an embarrassed look on her face, as we were both realizing right then, that she wasn't just as strong or a little stronger than me....she was MUCH stronger than I was. Any pride I had remaining quickly vacated my body and a look of awe and admiration came across my face as she started chuckling as she easily and slowly moved my arm backwards. Within an inch of the table, when I realized all was lost, she quickly let up and allowed me to bring her arm back up to neutral. She then laughed again as she easily moved my arm down towards defeat...not once, not twice but several times. Each time she did, more of my ego was crushed and after the sixth or seventh time, Amanda finally put me out of my misery and slammed my arm to the table.

With total defeat, I sat back in my chair and stared in utter adulation at her. Amanda could not contain her embarrassed smile and we both realized that she was clearly the Alpha in the relationship. I looked at her awesome, muscular shoulders, her thick neck and bulging biceps. They were something to be admired and worshiped and I quickly stood up, walked over and hugged her tightly. Amanda returned the favor, looked me passionately in the eyes, stood up, lifted me off the ground, and carried me lovingly into the bedroom!

Over the next several weeks, Amanda and I were living a dream. I was able to satisfy her both mentally and physically, and our obvious size and muscle difference fit both of our subconscious desires and beliefs. I also started coaching Caitlin's soccer team on Tuesday and Thursday nights. Amanda told me on several occasions that I was making her the happiest woman alive. I was having fun with both of the girls and looking forward to spending the rest of my life with them.

It had been almost a month since our arm wrestling challenge and I had gone full throttle into my own weight loss program. I had drastically cut calories and was running in the mornings and had a long elliptical session in the evenings. A book I had read advised that you only weigh once a week, but I decided not to weigh for a month. I knew I had lost a lot of weight though because my size 32" jeans were ridiculously loose. My belt holes weren't even made for a waist that thin, so I actually had to punch a new, smaller hole in it twice. My size Large shirts were also hanging off me pretty loosely and I knew I had lost some size in my arms and shoulders as well. I decided that today was the day for my weigh-in and got out of the shower after my run and got out the scale. As I turned it on it started flashing the numbers from the last time it was used. I recalled that Amanda had stepped on it last and eagerly read the numbers. It started with 174 pounds, which still amazed me and I started getting hard just thinking about Amanda's large weight, but then it flashed thru the other numbers that I remember her telling me about, Fat, water and muscle percentage. I didn't care about the fat and water but kept my eye on the muscle percentage which read 44%.

I stepped on the scale excited that I had lost some weight. The digital scale flickered several numbers and finally stopped at 143. HOLY SHIT I thought, I had managed to lose 12 pounds in a month. I was hoping for 7 or 8. I peered down at the scale again and it flickered through the other measurements. Finally the readout stopped and I noted the last number of 34%, which was the % of bodyweight made up of muscle. I was already beaming about the fact that Amanda was at least 32 pounds heavier than me, now I figured I'd calculate the muscle mass difference. I was  $143 \text{ lb.} \times 34\% = 48.6$  pounds of muscle. Amanda had been  $174 \text{ lb.} \times 44\% = 76.6$  pounds of muscle! I was really excited and got a hard on just realizing how much stronger and bigger Amanda was over me now! I quickly ran and grabbed Amanda's old box of college clothes. I reached in and pulled the first one over my head. It fit perfectly and wasn't even that tight. My thin arms and torso were just the right size. I reached in and tried on two or three more. Finally, I found a light blue one I really liked. I then noticed that she had some old Under Armour running shorts in there as well. They also fit and I was weirdly excited about that.

The weight loss in about a month excited me and I was more determined than ever to get even thinner. In addition to my long morning and evening cardio sessions and my reduced calorie intake, the weight loss needed to be even greater. Even though I knew it was probably a bit unhealthy, I decided to start taking laxatives as well. I could tell I was losing even more weight and becoming extremely weak, thus making Amanda even stronger than me than she already was. It excited me to probably a mentally ill level, but I was addicted and kept up the rigorous routine for an entire month. By now, not a single piece of my clothing fit and I was reduced to wearing Amanda's old sweat pants and other shirts and sweaters....which were actually almost too big as well. Finally, I got on the scale for my own little weigh in. I was secretly hoping for anything in the low 130's, but as I stepped on the scale, the number only came to 128 pounds. I was beyond overjoyed and then waited patiently for the muscle percentage reading. It came to 30%. Quickly doing some math, I now knew I only had 38.4 pounds of muscle. My arms were like twigs and as crazy as this sounds, when I flexed my arm, there was almost no movement whatsoever. I got a huge hard-on realizing Amanda was probably five times stronger than me now and could easily toss me about and carry me around like a rag doll.

## The Store

I threw on a pair of her sweat pants and also one of Amanda's college zip up sweaters to make a quick run to the store. It was a little chilly outside and with my massive weight loss, I had no fat to keep me warm and was always cold. At only 128 pounds with increasingly skinny arms and legs, none of my old clothes fit me anymore, not even t-shirts, sweatpants or board shorts. They fell off me like a scarecrow. I know I could have gone out and started buying new clothes, but to be honest, I didn't know if I could keep up this whole weight loss thing much longer, so I decided to make do with what was currently in my house. I found myself digging through Amanda's old clothes box on several occasions and often found that most of it fit. Some of the colors and designs were just too feminine so they were out. Usually I would just grab an old NSU item or something she had that was dark in color. I would have never known or thought about it till now, but it kind of turned me on to wear some of her old clothes out and about. I felt like I was "Getting away with something." Even if nobody noticed or cared. For some reason the fact that she was far too muscular to fit in them gave me even more pleasure. I guess we're all programmed differently, and until I met Amanda, the love of my life, I had always somehow subconsciously hidden the desire to be the weaker partner, with a wife who was the muscular, strong, dominant, but loving and affectionate one. Now that I looked back at my dating life, even in high school and college, I found myself attracted too and ended up dating girls that other guys said were "Too Bossy" or "She's a bitch". To each his own I say, and I left for Abbey Market.

Shopping for Amanda was certainly a chore. The amount of eggs, fish, chicken, turkey and vegetables she consumes on a weekly basis is crazy. It's turning her into a muscle factory though and her recent strength and muscle growth turned me on immensely. Every pound she gained or extra pound of weight she could push in the gym made the food expense worth it. Meanwhile, every pound I lost made her even larger in comparison, kind of doubling the effect and feeding my once subconscious desires even more. Anyway, I grabbed some laxatives for myself and headed to the back of the store to grab

Amanda's Items. As I walked thru the store in Amanda's dark green NSU sweat suit my "Muscle Radar" went off. Up by the eggs I saw a woman wearing Ugg boots, booty shorts and a really tight long-sleeved shirt. Her calves and quads were noticeably musclebound and even though I was cold, her large, muscle laden legs were probably like large heaters and kept her nice and warm. I peered up to her arms, the biceps and forearms definitely stretched the fabric greatly with their mass. The shirt had a built-in hoodie and it was covering her head so I couldn't make out her hair color or length. I had no desire to hit on or even talk to this muscular woman since I was more than happy and satisfied with my larger, muscular Amanda, but I needed eggs so I figured a closer look was in order.

As I was walking up from about 15 feet and ogling her beautifully muscled quads, I peered up towards her face from the side. She turned slightly in my direction. "OH SHIT!!!" I thought. HOLY SHIT...It was Keri. I turned away quickly and started walking fast towards the corner near the beer coolers, hoping her brief gaze didn't recognize me. A few seconds later, it must have clicked for her and I heard her yell out, "Hey! Come back here!" I nearly jumped out of my skin and I quickly made the right turn and started heading down the cooler aisle. The hair on the back of my neck stood up and a chill of fear rushed through my body. Knowing she had to be several steps from the corner, I pushed my cart quickly down an open aisle and then quickly opened the beer cooler door to my left and rushed inside.

I looked around frantically in the beer cooler for a place to hide as my heart started racing uncontrollably. There was a stack of Moosehead Beer on the far end of the cooler and there was just enough room for me to jump behind them. I laid down on the cold cement floor with my head towards the large glass doors facing the store with the racks of beer in front of me. I could see down the aisle I had just pushed my cart down through the glass and I was nervously attentive to every sound. Seconds later, my heart jumped through my chest as Keri's Ugg boots stepped right in front of me. She must have recognized my cart sitting 10 feet down the aisle and she slowly turned and powerfully marched towards it. Her calf muscles bulged with each step as she eventually reached my cart. She peered inside and grabbed the grocery list I had made. She then turned it over and laughed slightly as she read the other side. I immediately realized that I had written down the grocery list on the back of a solicitation letter that came to my house. My name and address were obviously on the other side and now Keri knew for certain that it was me.

She turned slowly back down the aisle and was now striding forcefully in my direction. Her quads were flexing greatly with each powerful step. She had developed a tear drop muscle on the inside of her knee and the outside of her upper thigh seemed to jump out forcefully into a rock-hard shape as she bared her weight on it. I stopped breathing in fear and began to shake uncontrollably as she potently approached the cooler. She opened the door directly in front of my head and I could not see up, but was staring at her robust calves as she stood on her tippy toes to peer inside. What was probably six or seven seconds seemed like an eternity, but she had not seen me and closed the door. She quickly walked to check the aisles just past my cart thinking I may have gone down one of them. I was just thinking she may give up the chase when I felt a rush of air blow as the far cooler door burst open. Her sarcastic tone was unmistakable as she began chanting over and over, "Come out, come out wherever you are...I know you're in here...Come out, come out wherever you are...I know you're in here." Paralyzed with fear and knowing it was only seconds until she discovered me, I began to urinate uncontrollably.

As fear was enveloping me I felt a soft nudge to the back of my foot. I subconsciously hoped I had imagined it, but seconds later there was another. I was absolutely frozen in place as I heard Keri say softly, "Go on there now, get yourself off the floor." I still didn't move so she repeated herself and again gave me a soft nudge on the foot. My arms were completely absent of strength and I could barely muster enough guts and energy to slowly get up. Still petrified, I gradually rose and stood in front of her. I simply peered down at the floor and avoided making eye contact. Keri smelled the piss and looked down at my soaking wet sweatpants and whispered, "Oh, we're just a scared little puppy now aren't we, just peeing ourselves silly at the first thought of fear." "Well your right to be scared twiggy." She called me. "I've put on 20 pounds of muscle since I last, well...., beat the piss out of you....and it probably wouldn't take but a second to turn you into a crying little pretzel now, would it?" I stood silent. Keri placed her hand under my chin and lifted it, now making sure I was peering directly into her eyes and she again asked, "Would It?" Slowly I nodded my head up and down, answering her question silently, but assuredly.

Keri reached out and slowly unzipped my, or rather Amanda's, NSU sweatshirt. Once unzipped, she slowly pulled it off of my shoulders, down past my arms and placed it on the stack of Moosehead to my right. I started shaking feverishly, not knowing what further pain and embarrassment Keri had in store for me. "My God twiggy, calm down....I haven't laid a finger on you.....yet." She said sarcastically. Keri then looked me up and down and said, "You've got the arms of a 12-year-old girl now, and probably just as weak." With that, she grabbed on to my upper arm where there's supposed to be a bicep. "Wow, nothing...just nothing. Make a bicep for me." She demanded. I slowly raised my right arm and tried to flex it. There was just no hardness to it and Keri reached up, grabbed it and squeezed it firmly. Pain immediately shot through my arm as she crushed what little muscle I had into nothing and I screamed, "Ow!" "Oh, calm down!" she replied, "I barely squeezed it." She looked around quickly and grabbed a 24-pack of beer by the handle and easily curled it up to chest level. "Grab the handle." She instructed me. I reached out and grabbed it. She let go and it immediately fell to arm's length, hitting me in the thigh and knee. "OMG!" she shouted, "Curl it." It seemed massively heavy and I attempted the lift. I hadn't lifted a weight in months and had lost almost 40 pounds over the last four. My arm had literally no strength in it and I barely raised the beer six or 8 inches from my knee before the weight become too heavy and down it went again. Keri grabbed it quickly and easily repped it 7 or 8 times before placing it back down on the ground. Keri then raised her right arm and flexed her own bicep. It stretched the fabric greatly and formed into a large rounded ball of muscle. She then grabbed my still trembling left hand and placed it on her rock-hard might. I instinctively tried to squeeze it but her arm was too strong and my grip was useless to dent it. "Quite impressive don't you think?" Keri asked. I nodded my head up and down again in awe of her newly developed power. "I just quit running and hit the gym 6 or 7 days a week with Sean, and boom!...hello Muscle!" she beamed. "I had no idea that I seem to have a genetic gift for putting on size and strength Twiggy." She bragged. "Looks like you have the gift for the opposite." She then said sarcastically.

Keri looked at me quizzically and reached out to grab at my shirt. Slowly she asked, "Is that my shirt?" "Ummm, no." I answered, "It's Amanda's". "No" she replied, "I lent that to her a year ago...you're

actually wearing my shirt.” I was shocked and not sure what to do so I began to take it off. “No, no, no.” she said as she laughed. “Keep it! I think it suits you, and God knows, there’s no way I’m fitting in it anymore!” I didn’t know how to respond and just kind of looked her in the eyes and slowly said, “Thaaaaanks.” A sense of uneasiness overcame the moment. Keri looked deep into my eyes and leaned into me, her strength and weight easily pinning my back up against the cooler wall. She then met my lips with hers and we began making out. It started off oddly and uneasy, but passion quickly overcame the feeling and we started kissing with feeling and emotion. Instinctively, I reached up and grabbed onto her bulging, solid biceps. After a minute or so, she reached down into my pee-soaked pants and grabbed my rock-hard cock. Keri then leaned back, again looked at me deeply in the eyes and asked, “Is this out of fear or excitement.” Without thinking I quietly answered, “.....Both!” Satisfied, Keri took a step back, again peered directly through my eyes, kind of smirked, and said, “See you around Twiggy.” She then turned and slowly and confidently walked out of the cooler and down the aisle.

Snapchat

Still soaking wet from my “Accident”, I escaped the store unseen thru the back stock-room door. I skittered out to my car and grabbed a towel from the trunk. I wrapped it around my waist and hopped in to drive home. A million thoughts were going thru my head as I had just experienced a paralyzing fear mixed with exhilaration and arousal. As I was just pulling out of the parking lot, my phone buzzed and I looked down to see who was texting me. I assumed it would be Amanda asking for something else from the store, but instead of a text, it was a Snapchat friend request from Keri. I froze, not knowing what to do. Not 30 seconds had gone by and she hit me with a second request...then a third. As I finally swiped the phone to open it, my thumb was already visibly shaking. Even a phone notification from this girl had me quivering.

Uncomfortably, I knew I had to accept her friend request! Now, with a thousand thoughts running through my brain, the fear and anxiety again took over and I could barely hold on to the steering wheel. I pulled over to the side of the road and again began shaking uncontrollably. At 125 pounds Keri had kicked my ass with one kick! Now at 145 pounds, and me at just under 130, she could probably kill me.

After 5 plus minutes, and a bottle of water, I finally calmed down enough to start driving again. For the rest of my drive home, I peered down at my phone every 10 to 15 seconds....waiting for the inevitable Snap that was coming my way. I was nervous and couldn’t believe my bad luck in randomly running into Keri again. Minutes went by that seemed like hours and nothing came. I finally arrived home, got out of the car and headed inside to change out of my wet clothes and head back to the store to actually buy the food my growing Amanda needed.

I threw on another pair of her old college sweat pants, since I had basically taken over her old clothes and then found another comfortable sweatshirt. It actually seemed big on me even though it had been Amanda’s. I jumped back into the car and headed back to the store. It had only been 20+ minutes and

my cart was right where I had left it. I swapped out a couple of the cold food items and headed to the checkout. A weird sense of dread came over me and I kept looking over my shoulder wondering if I might see Keri again. Luckily, there was no sight of her and I quickly loaded up the car and headed home. I turned on some easy listening music to take my mind off of the shit situation I knew I was now in. Sure enough, by the time I arrived home, I saw a Snapchat message notification from her. I was a little apprehensive to open it, so I waited till I got home and unloaded all of the groceries.

Fifteen minutes had passed, and although anxious, I finally found the courage to open the message. I didn't know what to expect....It was a video and the camera was pointed at a long hanging boxing bag. There was a row of them and a padded floor, and I knew immediately, she was at one of those UFC gyms. She slowly walks past the camera and towards the bag. She was barefoot and wearing pretty short shiny black shorts. Her calves and thighs were noticeably muscular and with each stride they flexed greatly. Her butt looked full and amazing as it bulged with each stride; the shiny UFC workout shorts draped perfectly on her round ass and I was turned on immediately. She was also wearing a black sports bra and she had bulging lats and delts. Keri had turned into quite a muscular powerhouse.

Her pony tail hung long down the middle of her back and as she started practice punching the bag, her arm muscles all flexed and bulged with each hit. After a 15 to 20 second warm-up, Keri began hitting and kicking the bag with more force. Each punch started to make a loud "Pop" and each kick made an incredible "Thud". She then started speed-punching and kicking the bag..."Pop, Pop, Pop, Pop!" "Thud, Thud, Thud." With each punch the bag swayed back forcefully...with each kick, it swung wildly from the incredible power she was striking it with. Her intensity went to the next level, and she began hitting and kicking the bag so hard and so fast, it just became a flurry of "Pop! Pop! Thud! Thud! Thud! Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop! Thud! Thud! Thud! Thud! Thud! Pop! Thud! Pop! Pop! Thud!" Her muscle-bound arms and legs were moving so fast they almost became a blur. Just one of her kicks, when she was 125 pounds and I was 165 pounds, months ago had knocked me senseless and to the ground. Now with Keri at 145 pounds of powerful muscle, and me at 129 pounds of skin and bones, there was no doubt in my mind that just one of her punches would probably do the same....two or three might be lethal! Keri continued on this unreal pace for almost a full minute...finally, she stopped punching and kicking the shit out of the bag, slowly turned her beautiful, moist body at the camera, flexed her now bulging, sweaty right bicep and gave me a wink. The video stopped and I was left looking at my Snapchat app.

I was incredibly curious to watch it again, and luckily Keri had not placed a 1-time view on the post. I clicked on her image on my phone and the video played again. After having watched the video the first time, I now had much more knowledge of her power, and each stride she took towards the bag held that much more an authoritarian, dominant feel. As she began to destroy the bag with her supremely mighty punches and kicks, I began to equate each Pop! And each Thud! As a direct hit to my side or face. I began to imagine broken ribs, broken jaw, and broken legs. I knew that her energetic and potent strikes could render me or anyone into a bloody, broken mess! Her flex and wink at the end of the video meant that she obviously knew the same. Mesmerized, I watched the video again and again, becoming more aroused with each viewing. I knew I loved a muscular, powerful ALPHA Woman, and Keri was all



of that, plus some! By the fourth viewing, my rock-hard cock was spewing juices all over the place and I had pleased myself greatly at the thought of this All-powerful woman destroying anyone in her path. I just needed to make sure “that someone” wasn’t me.

I wasn’t exactly sure how to respond, so I simply entered two emoji’s into the comments box....the Winking smiley face, and the Flexed arm...and hit send...

So Strong.

I cleaned up my mess and took a nice hot shower. The warm water and slippery soap felt good on my body and as I peered down, I noticed how skinny my waist and legs had become. Normally I liked taking a shower with the lights on “Dim”, to make it more relaxing, but today I had left the bright light on and was doing a self-evaluation. My legs were a little bird-like and my super thin waist actually had visible veins running up it. I didn’t even know we all had veins there, but I was looking at living proof of it. As I dried myself off with a towel, I looked in the mirror at my now skinny and seemingly frail, weak body. My arms were of course super scrawny and I tried a double biceps pose. It was beyond pathetic and I noticed that my bicep area had no noticeable muscle and was just as skinny as my forearms. I knew I had looked much better with some meat on my bones and decided I’d ask Amanda later that night if she minded me putting a little weight back on.

I then grabbed a pair of running shorts and threw those on. Even Amanda’s old running shorts were now too loose on me and I had to tighten the draw string all the way to keep them from slipping off. Then I quickly pulled one of her college t-shirts over my head, again noticing that even it was a bit large on me. At 143 pounds, her old clothes had fit...but losing 14 more pounds seemed to make me too thin even for that. As I again looked at myself in the mirror, my skinny body barely even holding her old clothes on gave me a weird sense of arousal and again I started posing my non-existent muscles. At that moment, I heard a car pull into the driveway and I rushed to the kitchen.

Sure enough, it was Amanda who drove up and into the driveway. She was a sight for sore eyes and although she walked up in booty workout shorts, with her now massive thighs bulging with each step, Amanda had this aura of calmness about her that eased all the tension in the world. When she walked in the door, I raced over to her and jumped into her herculean, muscle-bound arms. The stress I felt from my encounter earlier in the day left my body immediately as Amanda and I embraced in a long, loving kiss. I felt safe in Amanda’s presence and became her virtual shadow as I followed her throughout the house and then asked her about her day.

“Well”, she answered, as I asked how the gym was, “I don’t think we’ve ever talked about it, but I hit a PR today!” “PR?” I asked, “What’s that?” “Oh...” she said, “It stands for Personal Record. So we all just

say PR when we hit a new Max Lift.” “That’s great Honey!” I exclaimed. “What did you lift?” Amanda got an excited look on her face and replied, “I actually squatted a new best of 315 pounds today!” “Holy shit!” I said, “That seems like a lot of fucking weight!” “Oh my God, it is just a number I never saw myself hitting babe.” She answered, “Even a lot of the regular guys at the gym never lift that much.” At that moment, I looked Amanda in the eyes, lifted my right arm and attempted a bicep flex and said, “This bad boy could lift 315 huh!” Amanda’s eyes popped out of her head as she laughed hysterically. “Oh baby.” She said as she reached out and grabbed my noodle arm. “I think you’d have a hard time lifting 15 pounds with these, let alone 315!” We both had a good laugh as she continued to grip my arm.

“Flex.” She told me. “I am” I replied, as I tried to flex, but there was literally no response from the bicep muscle. Amanda gripped my arm, with her powerful hand and slowly gave it a squeeze. A second or two later, a piercing pain shot through my arm and I screamed in agony. She immediately let go and said, “I’m so sorry baby....I just gave it a little squash.” “Oh my god!” I replied, “It felt like it got pinched in a vise.” Amanda quickly leaned in and began to slowly kiss my throbbing arm again and again. She then looked at me in the eyes and said, “I’m sorry my little precious, I’ll be more careful with you from now on.” I laughed a little and we began to passionately make out for another minute or so. I slowly caressed her massive, hard body with my frail hands, feeling the rock hard lats under her arms that seemed like thick, herculean wings of muscle. The power they contained had to be immense and I got an enormous hard on just thinking about their strength. As I moved my hands up towards her shoulders, I felt round mighty bulges popping up all over. There was essentially muscle on top of muscle and it was intoxicating to realize the tremendous strength they obviously contained. A feeling of Zen came over me and I slowly went down to my knees, caressing her muscular body as I lowered myself. My head ended up in her pelvic area and I pushed it between the upper section of her massive, hulky thighs. I reached my hands around and grabbed the full, hard, beautifully sculpted ass cheeks that were now pounds and pounds of rock-solid might! After massaging them briefly, I reached down to her hamstrings which bulged out powerfully from the back side of her leg. Their size was colossal and I didn’t realize that muscle could be developed to such a large extent. Finally, I reached down to massage her diamond shaped, immense calves. They had to measure 17” plus and I wanted to lick them as they were so desirable, I could hardly contain myself.

Feeling the moment, I grabbed Amanda’s workout shorts and slowly pulled them down past her gorgeous, monumental thighs. I reached my head in and began to lick her pussy, it tasted like heaven to me, and the fact that this god-like woman was letting me pleasure her, made my skin break out in goosebumps. Amanda laid down right there and spread her titanic legs for me to gain better access to her sweet vagina. I licked at a fast and methodical pace. As I continued to pleasure her, Amanda grabbed the back of my head and began to control my rhythm. As she did, she pushed my head forcefully into her clit allowing me to enjoy its size and increased hardness as she moaned in satisfaction with each pulse. She was warm and very tight inside and as I reached my tongue deeper into her, she began to control the muscles in her pussy, lightly gripping and then letting go of my tongue. It shocked me that she had such amazing muscle control of her vagina and my cock was satisfied and throbbing in pleasure as she did this.

Amanda then slowly grabbed me under my armpits and lifted me up easily with her powerful grip. She then placed her feet under my thighs and pushed up. I was now completely hoisted in the air above her, looking down at her beautiful face and herculean body. I reached down and grabbed her forearms which were twice as big as my arms and rock solid, with thick, beautiful veins coursing through them. Amanda got a smile on her face and started moving me around, side to side, up and down; she easily had full control of me and I probably felt as light as a feather to her. I began to feel almost child like as she held me up and joyfully played with me. She had a very wide smile and said, "I just love you so much baby." I quickly replied, "I love you too honey." She then lowered me for a quick peck on the lips, then hoisted me back up in the air to swirl me around a bit before doing it again and again and again. As she did, it was obvious that she had ultimate physical control over me and that I was so out-muscled she would be the physical force and ultimate protector of our relationship.

Felling overwhelming joy in the presence of such an Alpha force in our relationship, I never wanted this moment to end. I loved how much stronger than me she was and for some reason it excited me in a way that is virtually indescribable. Amanda seemed almost giddy as she realized how much stronger she really was over me. But she also loved me deeply and wanted me inside of her. She slowly lowered me back down. I now laid contently on top of her rock-hard physique. We made out some more and with each breath she took, I could feel my body being thrust upward and then downward in that rhythm. Amanda then reached down and grabbed my massively erect penis and inserted it into her. Again, I felt the warm, tight vagina that my love possessed. I began to thrust into her in a pleasing pulsing way to make her more and more satisfied with each stroke. She was on her back and I had each arm positioned to each side of her muscular torso. Amanda reached up with her arms and grabbed my biceps with her powerful grip. I know she was only lightly gripping my arms, but again, it felt like they were caught in a vise. It didn't matter though, the ultimate pleasure I was feeling as I continually thrust my cock into her wonderful, tight pussy overcame everything. Slowly, and more and more frequently, Amanda began to shudder in direct cadence with me. I pushed harder, and harder, and harder as I pulsed faster, and faster and faster. Finally, we reached an amazing crescendo and Amanda thrust her back forcefully upward, and shuddered back down to the ground quickly as she screamed loudly in ecstasy and her warm pussy juices rushed smoothly around my pulsating cock. I laid tiredly on her hot, moist torso, my cock still firmly in her vagina as we breathed rapidly and held each other tightly in a long, lasting, loving embrace...feeling a mutual admiration and love for each other that could last forever!

The next morning, after one of the most amazing sexual experiences of my life, Amanda began to rustle around a bit and got out of bed. I watched as she walked her muscle-bound body into the bathroom and then heard the sink running as she began to clean up a bit. I just laid in bed and watched in awe as Amanda then slid a pair of Dark Green Under Armour running shorts over her huge, powerful thighs and around her thick, muscle laden waist. Amanda then pulled over one of my old NSU t-shirts that she had cut the arm sleeves off of and also the bottom of it, so it clearly exposed her six-pack abs and huge arms and shoulders.

Facing me, she then lifted her hulky arms as she pulled her hair up and wrestled it into a beautiful, long ponytail. I stood up, met her face to face, wrapped my hands around her gorgeous biceps and kissed her lovingly on the lips. "God, I love how big your arms are getting." I said. "Mmmmm." she responded, "You should come with me to the gym then babe, it's arm day today and my pre-workout pumps these babies up like crazy!" ha ha ha, I laughed, "I haven't set foot in a gym in forever." "Ohhhhh baby." she said, "It'll be fun!" she then lifted her right arm and flexed her biceps into a huge, powerful ball of muscle and said, "Plus, I think you'll be impressed how much I can lift these days!" I reached out, grabbed her beautiful muscle and nodded Yes!

I quickly grabbed one of her NSU t-shirts and matching pair of shorts. I had only been wearing Amanda's shirts and sweats and didn't realize how loose her old shorts actually would be. Luckily, they had a draw string on them and I was able to tighten them up enough to stay around my thin waist. I then threw on a pair of shoes and headed to the kitchen to meet Amanda. She walked into the kitchen from the garage, carrying a couple of towels in one hand and her large black workout duffel bag in the other. She lifted the duffel up easily and set it on the counter, unzipped the top slightly and put the two towels inside. I asked her, "Do you want to add a couple bottles of water?" "Oh, there's already water in there babe." she answered as she walked past me.

I watched Amanda's thighs bulge with each step as she had slowly sauntered effortlessly to the door. I was still mesmerized by their mass and was staring as Amanda turned around towards me and said, "Ummm, are we going?" "Oh yeah...of course." I answered as I turned briefly and quickly grabbed the duffel bag handles with my right hand and took a step towards her. As I did, instead of actually lifting the duffel bag up off of the counter, I kind of slid it off. The weight was immensely more than I had expected for a couple of bottles of water and two towels. The bag swung down, hitting me in the back of my right knee, which caused it to buckle and I fell down to the ground and sideways on to the floor. I popped up quickly and turned bright red as Amanda doubled over laughing at my clumsy move. Fighting off tears of laughter, she asked if I was ok. I shook my head yes and swiftly reached back down to pick up the bag. Again, it was much heavier than I expected and I struggled to walk with it as its weight pulled my arm down and it hit the floor. I then grabbed the straps with both hands and kind of waddled it in front of me as I made my way towards the door and Amanda.

As I got there, she said, "Are you kidding me honey?" and she grabbed the bag easily with one hand and curled it a couple of times to show how light it was. I said, "ok, ok, give me that back showoff." I then grabbed it with my right hand and attempted to curl it. I got my arm about half way and the weight was just too much. I slowly admitted defeat and returned it to the ground. "Holy shit." I exclaimed. "What the fuck is in there?" "Um...a gallon of water, a couple water bottles for you, my pre-workout shake, my post-workout shake, my lifting shoes and a couple other things." She answered. "But it couldn't be more than 15 or 20 pounds babe." she said as we walked towards the truck. I just kind of shook my head in disbelief as I was quickly realizing how weak I may have actually become.

Amanda hopped in the driver's seat and I got in the passenger side but then slid over next to her. She asked me to pass her the pre-workout drink, so I unzipped the bag and handed her the purple shaker as she had instructed. Amanda lifted the bottle and as she drank, I became mesmerized for the first time by these massive neck muscles that bulged with every gulp. I couldn't believe how huge and powerful even her neck had become. I then stared at her traps as they had become huge mounds of muscle on top of her already mighty shoulders. I was definitely in the presence of an ALPHA female of enormous proportion and strength. Strength I knew that I had never had and would never in my wildest dreams possess.

Amanda finished her drink and handed me back the bottle to put in her bag. We hit a stop light and I reached my hand down and placed it on her left thigh. At that moment she looked down and said, "Oh my God." I looked down too and said, "What???" "Look at that!" she stated as we both still looked down at our legs. "Look at What?" I repeated in confusion. "Look at the size difference." She said. "I mean, I knew you were much thinner now than you were, but my thigh is like 3 times the size of yours now!" I realized in embarrassment that she was right and as they were sitting together, touching, hers was massively larger than mine. It even seemed that 3 times might be an understatement. I became immediately embarrassed and slid across the front bench seat a foot or so away from her. "Oh my God." she said, "Don't be a little baby...slide back over here." as she patted the area of the seat right next to her. I paused, but then slowly slid back over with an ashamed look on my face. As I got close, Amanda grabbed my thigh forcefully and pulled it hard next to hers. She then gave her leg a flex and the muscle popped out hugely forming three distinct, bulging muscle groups, completely dwarfing my bird leg. The power in it had to be 10 times more than mine and we both knew it. Amanda then grabbed me around my right shoulder, pulled me tightly against her herculean torso and said, "Ohh Honey, this is going to be so fun!!!!" I knew right then, she was really looking forward to showing me just how much larger and stronger she had become.

Max's

We pulled into a parking lot easily two miles before the gym. "Why are we pulling in her?" I asked Amanda. "Oh," she responded, "They put in this Max's Muscle Factory gym a few months back and offered an unreal offer to sign up. So I've been here ever since." "That's cool." I said, "Is it different than the last place?" "Big Time!" she answered. "They take their bodybuilding VERY serious here. But they try to add a little fun and encourage 80's bodybuilding style attire." I reached out and grabbed Amanda's buff arm and said, "Sounds kind of fun...That must be why these babies are growing!" She laughed and gave her rock hard arm a little flex, just to let me feel their power!

She perfectly backed the truck into a spot and we hopped out and walked up to the glass doors. The logo was a big Rhino with biceps bursting from its Max's Muscle Factory tank top. It looked pretty intimidating and I already started to feel uneasy about the hulk's that would be walking around the place, wondering what my skinny ass was doing there. Being the man, I reached out to pull open the door for Amanda. It wouldn't budge, so I leaned away from it, pulling as hard as possible. Amanda

laughed hysterically, reached out and pushed the door open. I immediately realized that it clearly said "Push" on the door frame and I got a good laugh at my stupidity too.

As we walked up to the front counter, a huge dude was sitting there with a big smile on his face and arms the size of most men's thighs. Amanda said, "Hi Max, this is my fiancé David, he's going to be working out with me today." I expected a level of shock from him, seeing such a muscular woman with my thin 130 pound ass, but he was cool and shook my hand. "Well David." he said, "You have a lot of catching up to do, Amanda here is gaining some major size and strength and we've even offered to sponsor her if she's willing to train hard for an upcoming power-lifting or bodybuilding show!" Amanda turned beat red, knowing she hadn't mentioned a thing to me about it. "That's amazing Max." I said, "She's got the determination I'm sure, and I support her 100% in anything she decides." Amanda reached out her muscle-bound arm, grabbed me around the shoulder and hugged me tightly while kissing me on the forehead. "That's why I love this guy." she smiled as she looked at Max. He winked and gave me a towel, and said, "Have a great workout guys...nice meeting you David." I shook his hand and we walked to the right into the gym.

I was quickly shocked by the loud grunting, clanking of barbells and sound of heavy dumbbells hitting the floor. It was cool that they had 80's rock on the sound-system though and Van Halen Jump was currently radiating throughout the gym. There was lots of tights and neon everywhere, and true to form, as we got to the dumbbell rack Amanda pulled out a pair of white Reebok high tops and a large neon yellow sweatshirt with the sleeves cut off to go over her sports bra. She looked fun and amazing all at the same time. The neck of the sweatshirt was also cut out, so her huge traps bulged visibly and the top edge of her rounded shoulders and huge arms also were exposed for all to see.

In true 80's gym fashion, we weren't there for three minutes and this girl came walking up to chat. She was a tall blonde with a golden tan and her hair up and to the side in a 80's style pony tail. She also wore Reebok high tops but had on a pair of yellow tights with red bikini bottom over those and a white cut up sweatshirt like Amanda's. She was extremely muscular and had a very Sandy Riddell look to her. She was incredibly attractive and I knew all the single dudes in the gym had to be chasing her. She reached out her hand as Amanda introduced us and she squeezed tightly. I wasn't prepared for her grasp and my hand was crushed inside. I said "Oww" and pulled my hand back quickly. She immediately opened her hand and said, "I'm so sorry David, I guess I'm just used to a more meaty grip." Amanda and Sandy laughed and I did too but realized it was a bit of a dig at me by her. "Well you too are just too cute, let me get a quick pic for you." Sandy said. Amanda held out her phone and grabbed me tightly. We smiled and Sandy took a couple of pics. Then she said, "C'mon you two, how 'bout a flex?" I held out my right arm and tried to flex. Of course there was almost no movement and I realized that this was the first time I had flexed for anyone since my dramatic weight loss. Amanda was flexing her left arm and I was looking into the camera, but knew instinctively it was probably quite impressive. Before I knew it, Amanda pulled me across and in front of her. She stood on her tippy toes and was now flexing her right biceps slightly behind and just above my flexed right arm. Sandy just kept snapping pics and laughed hysterically while doing so. "Oh...we got some keepers here guys!" she exclaimed while

handing the phone back to Amanda. My fiancé said, "Thanks girl...he's a keeper alright!!!" Sandy waved bye and turned to walk away. Her ass was rounded and hard and her calves flexed amazingly with each step.

Now with some space to ourselves, Amanda sat on an adjustable bench and asked me to grab her two 15 pound dumbbells for some warm-up reps. I walked up to the rack and grabbed one in each hand. As I pulled them off the rack, they seemed far heavier than I had ever remembered 15 pounds being, but I gripped them tightly and got them to Amanda. She grabbed them in her noticeably thick hands and began to curl them easily. One, two, three, four...15, 16..20. She then held them out easily for me to take back to the rack. I grabbed them tightly, knowing how heavy they had felt a minute earlier and walked them back to the rack. With some effort, I raised them up and placed them in their correct spot. As I started to grab two 20's, Amanda yelled "25's!" I grabbed the two 25's and their weight immediately pulled my arms down. With straight, struggling arms, I walked the weights to Amanda. I kind of swung one up to her left hand, and then swung the other one to her right. Amanda easily grabbed them and began to rep out more curls. She lifted the 25's as easily as she had the 15's and I wondered if this was just some silly warm-up procedure for her. One, two, three, four....I figured she'd stop at a lower number, but again she repped out 20 curls and held the dumbbells out for me. Their weight to me was extreme and it took 110% effort for me to not drop them as I grabbed them from Amanda's outstretched hands.

I made my way down the rack and tried to raise one of the dumbbells up to the top shelf of the rack. I was obviously too weak to lift it that high and the side of it hit the rack and fell noisily to the ground. Several people looked over and I was immediately embarrassed and turned bright red. I used both arms to lift the other weight up and onto the rack and then bent down and lifted the first weight with both arms as well. I peered down at my buff fiancé and she yelled, "35's" Holy shit I thought. How the fuck am I going to bring her weights that heavy. I figured, fuck it, I'll just bring her one at a time no matter what it looks like. Just as I was about to grab one of them, two muscular arms reached out and grabbed the 35's off the rack. As I looked up and into the mirror, KERI stood next to me with a huge smile on her face, winked and said, "Don't worry twiggy, I gotcha." I stood frozen in fear. Her muscular arms were intimidating enough, but the video she sent me of her unbelievably powerful leg kicks is what my mind raced too. Keri turned and walked towards Amanda, easily hoisting the 35 pound dumbbells and handing them to her. As she walked, I looked down at her bulging thighs and ass....knowing the sheer power and danger they contained. I stood still, not knowing what to do as Amanda began to curl the 35's easily while Keri stood just feet away.

Max's 2

Still standing, frozen solid 20 feet from the girls, Keri turned and looked back at me. "Come over here twiggy." she said and waved me over. Amanda had the 35's in her hands and was already busy curling away as I slowly approached. Keri reached out and gave me a hug. She looked buffer than ever and her squeeze nearly pushed all the air out of my lungs. She kind of leaned back and lifted up, bringing my feet off the ground and slowly turned me in a full circle, letting everyone in the gym know she could easily throw me around. Amanda, looked over and smiled widely, thinking it was very funny. Keri put

me down and said, "Look at those pythons on Amanda, bet you can't wait to have those biceps wrapped around you huh?" I was still a bit speechless but nodded my head Yes as I ogled Amanda's massively pumped up arms.

Amanda finished 12 reps with the 35's looked at Keri and said, "45's!" Keri gave her a smile, grabbed the 35's and walked down the rack to grab the 45's. "Holy shit." I said, "45's....really???" "Oh honey." she answered, "You have no idea how strong these babies are getting." She then hit a hard double biceps pose...her moist muscles bulging larger than I had ever seen. I reached out and grabbed her left bicep and squeezed. It was no use, it was rock hard and pumped full of blood from the pre-workout Amanda took. She gave me a wink, lowered her arms and said, "Only getting bigger if that's okay!" I was speechless and just shook my head in disbelief. Right then, Keri showed up with the 45's. My fiancé reached out and grabbed them, got a serious look on her face and began to curl. One, Two, Three....5....8....10....and with a huge grunt and her neck muscles bulging....11! She dropped the weights to the ground with a thud having given 100% effort on that set. "Fuck 'n A babe!" I said. "That was amazing!" She was too gassed to talk and just slapped her hands together with utter satisfaction. "Woow" she exclaimed, "That was a record...previous max was 7 reps with 45's." Keri gave her knuckles and said, "Time for 55's then girl!"

Keri picked up the 45's with her growing, muscular arms and powerfully strode down the rack to get the 55's. As she walked back, the forearm and biceps muscles in her arms bulged as the weight of these dumbbells was even heavy for her. Amanda grabbed the weights and let them rest for a minute on her muscle-bound thighs. With her legs hanging off the end of the seat, I was shocked at the amount of meaty, full, hamstring muscles billowing on the underside of her quads. Every part of my future wife was becoming muscle piled on top of muscle. I knew then that her 175 pounds would probably soon be pushing 200 and beyond. With some words of encouragement from Keri, Amanda again got truly focused and serious, took a deep breath, let out a small grunt and held the 55's to her side. Her massive arms flexed and then easily lifted up to full curl. One....two....three...a bit of a pause at the bottom....four....another pause, then a "C'mon you bad ass bitch!!!" from Keri.....five.....a pause....more yelling from Keri.....siiiiiix. A pause and a "holy shit!" from Amanda....some more chirps from Keri.....then finally seeeeeveeeen! The weights dropped heavily to the ground....Amanda jumped up, hugged Keri...looked at me, easily hoisted me into the air...a kiss on the lips and some high fiving!

Amanda's arms looked even bigger than before and I quickly got out my phone and put it in camera mode for a pic. "Double biceps." I said to Amanda. She hit the pose and the muscles were literally bursting through the skin. I handed the phone to Keri and stood next to my future wife, also with a double biceps pose. Keri snapped the pics and then smiled widely as she handed back my phone, having seen the incredible size difference between my pumped up woman and my twiggy ass self. Amanda sat back down and I grabbed her huge resting left biceps with both hands. Even with my finger fully extended, I could not get them to touch. "My God." I said, "I can't even get both hands around your massive arms babe...they have to be 16 or 17 inches at least..." She looked at me with utter satisfaction



on her face, smiled and said, "That's a good thing babe...and they're only getting bigger!" I knew then that she was going to go full bore, massive, muscle-bound crazy....and I couldn't wait!

Amanda took a huge swig from her shaker bottle full of purple BCAA/Creatine/whatever else was in there drink. Sweat had started to well up on her beautiful, powerful face and I handed her a towel to wipe off. "What next?" Keri asked Amanda as she gathered up her duffel bag. "Barbell curls" Amanda answered. "Great." Keri said, "We'll meet you over there." Amanda nodded and Keri grabbed my hand and easily pulled me in the opposite direction. "What are you doing?" I asked as she easily powered me towards the front of the gym. "Getting you some proper clothing." she answered as we arrived at the small retail area they had at the front of the gym. She quickly grabbed a pair of blue and white striped spandex shorts and handed them to me. She then sifted through the neon Max's Muscle Factory tanks only to realize they had nothing so small it would fit a 130 pound man. She then walked over to the neon pink women's tanks, grabbed a medium and threw it at me. "Those should go together twiggly." she said, let's go put those on. I looked at her crazily...and she immediately said, "It's 80's theme in here David, now put those on before I make you Put Those On." I knew it would have been futile to argue with such a powerful woman and so I walked into one of the changing rooms to put on these ridiculous clothes. Just as I closed the door, before I could lock it, the handle twisted and Keri quickly darted in, locking the door behind her. I stood frozen, quickly realizing Amanda wasn't around to save me and an incredible sense of vulnerability came over me.

Keri looked at me directly in the eyes. She had a foreboding look and chills went down my spine, immediately rendering me cold and helpless. Keri took a step, swirled around with the speed and grace of Bruce Lee and stopped her foot, mere inches from my face. She held her pose, her muscular weight firmly planted and balanced on her left leg, with her powerful right leg and foot posed perfectly for a strike. While still balanced, she started to flutter kick right next to my ear...1,2,3,4 ....seemingly countless times, always staying in perfect balance. Finally, she spun back around, landed perfectly on her feet and she slowly inched her face just inches in front of mine. I tried so hard to be a bad ass and hold my ground, but within 10 seconds I began to shake a bit uncontrollably. Keri had a deathly serious look on her face and she finally made a quick head thrust towards mine. Although it was just a fake, I jumped back, slamming against the wall and fell to the ground. She started throwing fake punches and kicks at my face and I closed my eyes, too afraid to move or scream for help. Within seconds, I again began to pee uncontrollably. Keri said, "Yep, just like a scared little fucking puppy dog aren't you." She was just plain mean, and I knew she got her intended result. As I laid on my back, not knowing what to do, Keri threw me a towel and said, "Clean yourself up twiggly and throw on your new outfit! I'll meet you at the barbell rack." With that, she strode powerfully out of the changing room, leaving me helpless on the floor in a small puddle of my own urine. I knew she was trying to belittle and embarrass me in front of Amanda with this stupid outfit, but i wasn't going to let her get the best of me. I'd play her little game for now...

Luckily, the floor was tile and I was able to gather myself together, clean up the mess and throw my NSU shorts and shirt in the trash. I slipped on the skin tight spandex White and Blue striped shorts and ridiculous neon pink tank top. It fit tightly but well and it clearly exposed my bone skinny arms. I was dressed like a 1980's bodybuilder....except without an ounce of muscle. I reluctantly made my way back

onto the gym floor and headed towards the barbells where I saw Amanda and Keri. As I arrived, Amanda got a huge smile on her face and she and Keri snickered a bit at my appearance. "Well honey," she said, "I guess you're fitting right in here with that get-up....not leaving much to the imagination though are you?" Sure enough, I looked down and the top didn't hang low enough to cover, the tight spandex tights/shorts and the bulge in my crotch was very apparent. "At least he's not lacking in that area." Keri said with a grin. She had obviously put on her fake friendliness around Amanda, but I knew the real Keri, and I was going to have to tell Amanda about her when we got home.

Amanda took another swig from her bottle and again got a very serious look on her face. She walked over...arms still pumped up from the bicep curls a few minutes earlier and grabbed the 65-pound bar. She slowly and methodically began repping out curls. It was almost easy for her and she simply stopped at 20 reps and placed it back on the rack. It was hard not to be in total awe of this strong, power laden, muscle-bound woman. I mean, even many guys in the gym had to be a bit jealous. After a short rest, Amanda grabbed the 85 pounder and again pounded out many slow, methodical reps. Instead of just focusing on her biceps, I started to stare at the huge muscles bulging out of her back and lat area. Rounded up balls of muscle stretched her skin to the max and made her look twice as wide as me at least. I didn't even really know you could have muscles there, but my future wife was proving you could. She finally finished her set and placed the bar on the rack. "95 or 105?" Keri asked her as she paused and took a break. But before Amanda could answer, Keri looked at me and said, "What do you weigh again Twiggy?" I was a bit ashamed but answered anyway, "130 right now i guess." I answered sheepishly. "Ha Ha." she laughed and then looked at Amanda and said, "C'mon girl....let's try it." Amanda looked at me and was somehow sizing me up, in more of a predatorial way, like a lion or shark tracks its prey. She did a long once over and then looked at Keri and said, "Yea....lets go for it." We then followed Keri a few paces down to a bench press area.

Keri grabbed the bar off the rack and walked in front of me. "Grab this." she demanded. I put my skinny arms out and grabbed the bar. The way Keri was easily holding it, I expected to cradle it just as easily. But the weight was far more than I anticipated and it dropped down to my thighs. "Curl it." she commanded harshly. I thought for a second, then put max effort into my arms and struggled to curl the heavy bar up. I got it about half way and the strength in my arms was totally gone. They were frozen and there was no way I was lifting it higher. Just as Keri laughed and reached out to grab it, I heaved backwards, thus giving myself momentum and curled the bar into my chest. I had a look of satisfaction on my face as Keri reached in and grabbed the bar, her attempt to completely embarrass me again had only partially succeeded. Reluctantly, she took the bar from me and walked it to the rack. She put a 35 pound and 5 pound weight on each side. "Well Amanda." Keri said, "That's Dave's weight on the bar right now....you think you got this?" Amanda looked at the bar, then slowly looked at me, sizing me up and down again, nodded her head yes and reached out to grab the bar off the rack. She firmly lifted the bar off the rack and lowered it to thigh level. She got an unwavering look of determination on her face, let out a huge grunt and heaved the bar upward, the progress was slow, but the bar moved upward inch by inch by inch, finally getting to three quarters the way up and then slamming firmly into her bulging chest. Keri jumped for joy, knowing Amanda had just curled my weight and she hit me in the shoulder. The move was probably not meant to do so, but she knocked me completely off balance and I fell to the

ground. She said, "Sorry." even though I know she wasn't and I jumped quickly to my feet to watch Amanda attempt another rep. This one went even faster than the first rep and my 130 pounds was curled for a second consecutive time by my girl. She let it down again quickly and then began a third curl. The veins were now popping out of her herculean arms and massive neck as she struggled with this rep. Again, she slowly moved my weight up until it banged her hard in the upper body. But the bar was bouncing off a surface as hard as its own and the muscles protruding from my powerful wife were becoming invincible. I figured she was done, but Amanda gritted her teeth, flexed her muscles tensely and attempted yet a 4th rep with 130 pounds. Her right arm quivered just a bit, her left arm shook, her head moved around and another large grunt was exhaled....but the weight moved up and the bar full of weight made it to the apex. Completely satisfied, but completely gassed, Amanda dropped the heavy barbell to the ground and took a huge breath. I jumped at her and grabbed her tightly. But it was a crazy new experience, her muscles were bulging past any size and hardness limits I had ever experienced. The Pre-workout shake had her blood flowing to maximum capacity and her muscle bellies were as full and hard as they had ever been. This amazing woman, with muscle bulging from every square inch of her body was as hard as a granite statue and my soft skin melted in her magnificent herculean presence.

Keri looked me over with a smirk as I reveled in the presence of my Alpha woman. I could only imagine she was planning my ultimate demise, but she gave me this moment, high fived Amanda, and sauntered off to the women's room, leaving me alone with the woman I loved.

Amanda was pumped up to an amazing level and her cute, innocent face looked incredibly pleasing on top of her muscular, powerful body. Her shoulders and arms hung massively out of her sweatshirt top and they were now pumped to such a huge level, they were literally popping out of her skin. Pumped veins now coursed across her shoulder bulges and a large, full one ran perfectly down her herculean bicep and down to her large forearm where it split into many more which ran down and across it in various patterns. She was now the picture of muscular perfection and I couldn't even fathom what many more months or years could do. Without even thinking about it, I got a huge hard on and fought unsuccessfully to control it. Amanda looked down and noticed the obvious bulge. She got a huge smile on her face knowing that her physical appearance was so pleasing to me now, that I couldn't even control myself. She kind of patted my member and said, "Geez honey, you might want to wrangle that in." I laughed and said, "My God Amanda, you're so fucking hot right now, I don't think I can." She leaned over and wrapped me in here massive arms and whispered, "Let's hit the dressing room and I'll take care of that."

Amanda grabbed me around the shoulder and we strode side by side to the dressing rooms. With each stride of our inside legs, Amanda's massive quad brushed against my skinny leg, sending even more tingling sensations through my body. We got to the first door and I opened it as she kind of pushed me inside. My back hit softly against the back wall. She said, "Slip off your shoes." Immediately, I slipped them off, now standing barefoot, still with my back rubbing gently against the wall. She reached her strong fingers into the waistband of my ridiculous spandex shorts and slowly pulled them down to my ankles, my penis now standing at full attention. Right in front of me, Amanda then reached her arms back and began to tie her hair into a ponytail. As she did, her biceps flexed massively and the lower side of her biceps, I'm guessing they're the triceps, but looking at them from the front, also hung down

massively. I reached out and instinctively grabbed them. She smiled widely again, knowing how enthralled I was with her amazing, gigantic muscles. As she looked at my eye to eye she said, "Too Big?" I just nodded my head side to side, "No." Amanda then moved each arm out to the side almost touching the side walls with each hand. My palms gripped her extended, buff biceps. She then, very slowly started to bring each arm up. With each inch of movement inward, her biceps began to bulge into huge mounds of rock-hard muscle beneath my tender hands.

Finally, her biceps grew to their maximum potential and her bulging forearms began to pinch my feeble hands between the two. I felt the pain starting to build and tried to pull them out, but of course her strength was way too formidable and I was unable to budge them. Amanda didn't have a mean bone in her body so she quickly relaxed her flex and let my hands free. I then wrapped my arms around her thick, powerful torso and my eyes met her nose. In her shoes, she was now a couple of inches taller than me and I think she enjoyed it. I did too, and after a brief pause I whispered, "Lift me." She kind of grinned and I placed my hands on her massive chest and again whispered, "Lift Me." She slowly placed her hands under my armpits, kind of squatted down, straightened her muscle laden arms and stood up quickly...easily now hoisting me several feet off the ground. It was her first showing of utter dominance in strength over me, and she would have never done it without my asking. Now hoisting me up in the air like a feather, we locked eyes and my utter look of awe and satisfaction was obvious. She then seemed embarrassed by her unbelievable strength, started turning red and had an ear to ear uncontrollable smile on her face as she set me back down.

It was plainly obvious to us know that she could easily throw me around like a rag doll if she wanted. Clearly, she would never hurt a fly, but just knowing how strong she was had to be a turn on to her too. Wanting to satisfy me even more, Amanda quickly lowered to her knees and took my rock-hard cock in her mouth. I placed my palms on her rounded, bulging traps as she began to pulse back and forth in a perfect, methodic rhythm. They were protruding so high above her shoulders that it seemed like there were pounds of mighty muscle in each one. My hands could barely cover their surface from front to back. As she tightly and warmly stroked my member, I couldn't help but to continue to caress her rounded, power laden shoulders and traps. In and out, In and out she thrust until finally, the satisfaction around my cock and in my hands was just too much! Sensory overload happened and I began to cum uncontrollably in her. Amanda kept thrusting again and again and again until the last shot from my throbbing, hot cock. Completely satisfied, I slowly knelt down, meeting her face to face and we grabbed each other in a tight embrace. Amanda slowly rose, gave me a kiss on the top of my head and said softly, "OK honey. I love you...I'll see you out there." And she walked out of the room, quietly closing the door behind her.