

Mom's BBQ – part 1

It was finally my mom's birthday and we were all getting ready to head over. I was instructed that it was a pool BBQ themed party and so we were also grabbing and packing our swimsuits in a small bag. As I pulled on my cute summer dress I looked over and watched as my majestically muscled, gargantuan wife toweled herself off after her shower.

She had just got in a workout and the pump session did her some good. As I looked at her from behind, it was insane how massively wide she had become. Carrying 350+ pounds of highly trained, super strong, bulging muscle made her so huge, she really had a hard time even finding clothes that fit. At this point though, as she dropped her towel to the floor, her naked ass protruded so hugely behind her, I could set a table for four on its rock hard, perfectly rounded, still kind of dripping wet surface.

As I walked up behind her, although in shape and muscular myself, I felt like a midget in her presence. I placed one palm on her gorgeously colossal and ripped glute. I then reached up and started to slowly drag my other palm from her towering, full traps, down her luscious back. I felt the huge hills and valleys and bumps of muscles covering its surface all the way down to her previously mentioned spectacular glutes. Teresa always loved how enamored I was with her muscle-bound physique.

I remembered back to the early days when she had just started lifting weights and gaining some muscles. Our trip in the desert and the first time I realized she was stronger than me. The sporting goods store where she was able to out curl me. It sparked an insatiable nerve in me and our relationship had forever changed. At that point, I realized I was insanely attracted to the fact that Teresa had become slightly stronger than me. I found that more attractive than any feature any woman in the world could have and I dreamed of her becoming even stronger.

As I finished caressing the muscle covered back and bulging glutes, I reached out and rubbed my hands around her thick, wing like lats. They were so deeply full of countless pounds of muscle that they probably each weighed as much as a small human. The strength and mass they contained was wholly unimaginable to me just a year or so before. Even the largest professional male bodybuilder would be jealous of Teresa's lats.

I reached around her as much as I could...which wasn't that much really, now that my wife had become so full, so broad. She reached out in front of her and grabbed her red, male bodybuilder bikini bottoms. I reached out and felt her massive biceps as she did.

"My God you're fucking massive babe!" I commented in the most complimentary way possible.

"Thanks babe." She replied. "I'm doing it all for you, ya know."

“I know T. And I just can’t get enough of your muscles. Who knew, not that long ago, when you lifted more than me at that sporting goods store, that you’d turn into this, heaving, powerful, confident, gorgeous mound of muscles?” I asked.

“Did it turn you on?” she asked...knowing the answer, I’m sure.

“Absolutely it did! First, I was a little jealous, then impressed, then absolutely head over heels in love with you and the fact that you were actually stronger than me.” I answered.

“Ya...” she replied. “It turned me on too. I don’t know why. But that day, when I actually realized I could lift more than you...for some reason...it made me want to get even stronger. To the point where I’d be warming up with your max. I know that sounds odd...but it actually drove me to work out harder and harder. I was like racing my self to see how fast I could get a lot stronger than you.”

“Well, as much as you wanted to be stronger than me, for some reason I wanted it just as much or more. So much that I couldn’t even imagine being able to lift more than you. I know it’s weird to think that, or be attracted to that in this world...but I was.”

“That’s amazing babe.” She said as she grabbed her massive cock and said, “And what did you think about this?”

I immediately dropped to my knees, looked up at my wife lovingly and said, “Oh this...I fucking worship this!” I finished and then plunged my head upon her thick shaft.

I had a hard time even looking at her long, love rod without wanting it in me. Sucking my wife’s cock was the ultimate homage and honor I could pay to her and her gorgeously muscled physique. The fact that I was good at it, and made her happy and satisfied made me feel absolutely ecstatic. I tried to satisfy her at least once per day this way and had the little rug burns on my knees to prove it.

Teresa liked it fast and firm and I loved that if I wasn’t thrusting my neck fast enough, she would grab my hair and start jamming my head hard onto her cock, and her tip would thrust down my throat. Luckily I didn’t have a gag reflex and I often loved the sweaty, salty, sticky taste of her rod immediately following one of her muscle-pumping workouts. The musty smell sent my endorphins flying and I would even get moist myself just sucking and swallowing the sweaty juices from her shaft.

While I was currently pleasuring Teresa, I couldn’t help but sneak one hand down and start fingering myself in unison. My g-spot was just past the vagina entrance and two fingers would do the job quite nicely. I sucked her beautiful tip as hard as I could and was often rewarded by small little spurts of yummy goo from my wife.

“Look Up.” Teresa said while I was working away upon her shaft.

I looked up, her cock nicely and deliciously inserted in my mouth. She just smiled and then hit a massive double-biceps flex. Here she was, now looking down upon her husband, wearing a cute summer dress, his mouth full of her massive cock. She had to be shaking her head in disbelief to see our lives change and become so fulfilled and satisfied by this. She then peered at herself in the mirror. Her gargantuan biceps muscles bulging from arms so muscular they'd make Ronnie Coleman jealous. Her massively protruding pecs, so large, and extruding out so far, they were bigger than female breast by a long shot.

I knew it turned her on incredibly to see what a fantastically over-developed muscular physique could be. And by her own admission, being stronger than me was also a huge turn-on for her. It was comical now, just how much stronger she had become. But the combination of her insane musculature and the fact that her husband was now on his knees providing her a ridiculously satisfying blow-job sent her into a warm, erotic trance.

As I still peered upward at my beautiful, muscle-bound, intimidating wife, I watched her eyes roll back in satisfaction. Simultaneously, she couldn't really control herself and a nice, large spurt of her delicious cum shot into my mouth. It helped lubricate the perfectly formed, rosy tip that was bumping the back of my throat. I squeezed my lips upon her shaft even more forcefully and began jamming my own head firmly onto it and into her rock solid, block-like abs. She slowly lowered her herculean arms and began caressing her own pecs and abs with one hand, and rested the other heavy limb upon my head.

I liked feeling the weight of her arm on my head and the pressure gave me an additional pleasure point, in addition to my own satisfaction of having her large cock in my mouth and my fingers in my vagina. At that moment, I knew I was the luckiest guy alive...even though I now was finger banging myself and sucking my wife's cock.

Being the loving wife that she is, Teresa wanted to show me some gratitude as well. She reached her monstrous, meaty arms down, placed her hands firmly under my armpits and lifted me up easier than a parent can raise a newborn child. Her strength had almost no limits and my entire, fit body felt light as a feather to her. She winked at me, smiled and then lowered me down and onto her behemoth, rosy, perfectly rounded tip. It pierced my vagina like a rounded, warm little missile and in an instant, she rammed her shaft upward and the entire, thick, length of her cock was deeply inside me. The friction of her rod against my clit sent a lightning bolt of pleasure through my entire body and I shook twice uncontrollably as she drove herself home.

Now face to face, we just smiled and snuck sweet kisses back and forth while Teresa effortlessly held me in front of her and moved her hips up and down. The motion of her pelvis was constant and firm. I loved being nailed by my wife and the level of satisfaction of feeling both her raw strength, in holding me like this, and being screwed at the same time was overwhelming.

"Fuck me hard, fuck me sooooo hard!" I begged her.

“Oh baby...” she whispered back at me. “I’ll jam it in you so far you’ll taste my tip in the back of your throat!”

“Please do!” I begged again. “Please ram it in me that far!”

While still staring lovingly, passionately into my wife’s eyes, she started to bang me firmly. The upward thrust of her pelvis blasted into mine. Her cock lunged into me further than ever before and there was an overwhelming, new sensation. I don’t know what organ she was pushing into, but it was sensitive and tingles of pleasure were radiating through my damn skin. Even the top of my head felt the tingles of joy.

She could see the uncontrollable happiness on my face and Teresa was determined to ram her cock even further inside me. The blasts into my vagina were hard and almost violent and we started making loud slapping sounds as we fucked. Luckily, I was in phenomenal, physique competitor level shape...so I could handle the beating. Lord help anyone else who would get nailed that firmly from their spouse.

I was like a damn pogo stick bouncing up and down on her pogo-stick! But the rubbing of her huge cock against my clit was super-fast, super hard and super intense. She reveled in providing me this much pleasure and my eyes were watering I was in so much giddy indulgence. What started off with me just providing her a quick little blow before we left for my mother’s birthday party had turned into the fucking of my life. God, Teresa sure knew how to pleasure me with her big stick!

I peered deep into the beautiful eyes of my gorgeous wife. Her athletic face and muscular jaw left me entranced and she smiled widely enjoying the pounding she was delivering to me. But I knew she was getting some deep satisfaction as well because I kept feeling intermittent, uncontrolled spurts of warm, wet, cum inside. My tight pussy around her monstrous cock gave her an unrelenting, tingling satisfaction and the faster she fucked me, the more pleasure I was bestowing upon her muscle-bound body.

As we both felt unbelievable shots of joy throughout our fit, muscular bodies, I wrapped my hands around her tall, thick traps, leaned in for a kiss and whispered, “Finish me off!”

“As you wish Babe!” She responded with a quick peck.

She then did something I could have only dreamed of not too long before. She spun around, let her back lean up against the wall and created a sight angle between her feet and back. Now at that slight backwards angle beneath me, Teresa just physically took absolute control of me. Instead of thrusting her hips, she lifted me up and shoved me down upon her thick, love rod. My body was being flung up and down, up and down rapidly. My long hair was flying up and then crashing down over my face and shoulders with each stroke. Again, and again and again I was lifted easily in the air...her shaft exiting my vagina all the way and just the upper portion of her bulbous tip was still inside me...then I was thrust down all the way upon her shaft as my pelvis crashed into her rock-hard body. God it was exhilarating to ride her like this!!!

My clit was getting tickled more and more and the intensity was magnified tenfold. Her cock was also being stimulated beyond belief! Her muscle-bound arms lifted me up and plowed me down, my sex toy life was becoming such a reality. An unbelievable dream of a reality at that.

“Oh...oh...oh God!!!” my wife screamed in ecstasy.

I was providing her the tight, warm entrance and stimulation for her massive hard-on and I couldn't have been more proud. “Keeeeeep...goiiiiiiiiing!” I whispered back.

With strength, speed and intensity, Teresa began stroking me almost violently upon her. The speed was so fast I felt like I was pretty much vibrating on top of her. The ferocity and fervor ratcheted up and the ultimate pleasure did simultaneously. Teresa started shaking violently as well from the gratification and within seconds she began blasting massive amounts of cum inside me. The warm liquid filled my cavity and each delicious gush was quickly followed by another. She pumped her love juice into me again and again and again as she slowed her strokes and began slowly raising me up and down on her cock.

But my wife kept me moving and the feel of her shaft sliding back and forth inside me eventually brought me to orgasm as well. With a little scream of pleasure, I closed my eyes, leaned my head back, and began squirting my own female juicy-juice as well. The warm liquid mixed with hers and her rod had the ultimate lubricant to keep her slipping and sliding past my clit.

I assumed since we both had ejaculated our cum, she would be done. But she loved the feeling of lifting my entire body up and down upon her and she kept me moving for a couple more minutes. Oh lord she felt so huge inside me. But I loved her massive cock and every inch of it she could jam in my pussy made me love her even more. The strength of her...the size of her shaft...the herculean muscles piled on top of her frame...and her gorgeous, beautiful, athletic face...made me melt a thousand times over.

“God I love you babe!” I whispered as her pumps slowed to a gentle stop.

She simply smiled, leaned her forehead against mine and whispered back, “I love you too my little lover...I love you too.”

With that, Teresa finally lifted me off her rod and it popped out of me, still at full staff. It was covered in our mixed juices and I quickly leaned down and again took it into my mouth. I sucked and licked it clean, drinking every bit of the delectable mixture. I then gave her tip a nice kiss and then stepped to the sink to give myself a little cleaning.

After I got myself cleaned just a bit, I gave Teresa a couple minutes to cool off. As she cooled, her erection finally began to soften, so I grabbed her red male-bodybuilder bikini.

“Lift up your foot.” I asked her sweetly.

Teresa lifted her foot and I slipped the opening of one of the bikini holes over it. On que, she lifted the other foot and I got the other bikini bottom hole over it. Now in place, I began to slowly raise the bikini up. Her ginormous calves barely fit through the openings. Their diamond shape seemed to be getting bigger and bigger by the day. They had to be over 20" around and I knew they were bigger than a lot of people's thighs. As I pulled the material past those and up to her insanely huge quads, I knew it would be a stretch. It was and the material was pushed to the max as I had to firmly pull the bikini over her glorious thigh muscles. Just putting my palms on quad muscles that large gave me erotic quivers, but I controlled myself somehow and continued to situate my wife's bikini.

Now almost in place, I had one more tall task to perform. I had to squeeze and reposition her enormous cock and get it to fit inside the small pocket provided in the bikini. It wasn't meant for a woman with this large of a penis and it took some definite maneuvering to get the shaft and tip completely covered by the shiny red material. I kind of adjusted the straps at the sides of her thick, muscular waist and got the suit properly straightened. The majestic bulge in the front would be hard for me to ignore, but I would do my best to behave and not grab her gloriously perfected love rod in front of everybody at the birthday party.

With Teresa situated and pulling a light, wispy dress like cover over her head, I walked over and slipped on a clean pair of panties. We both put on some flip flops and I grabbed the bag with my suit and sunscreen. As we walked out into the living room, Andrea was standing there smiling from ear to ear.

"Having fun back there girls?" she asked sarcastically.

"Ummm ya..." I said as Teresa and I glanced and smiled at each other.

"You heard all that?" Teresa asked her sheepishly.

"Ya...hard not to." She answered.

"Oh...why didn't you join in?" I had to ask.

"Ya know...just thought it was your all's moment...but trust me...I want a piece of your tight little ass as soon as possible D." she told me, again flashing her gorgeous, big smile.

"Oh...I can't wait to give it to you A-Shaw!" I responded back eagerly.

She walked over, her phenomenally developed, insanely muscle-bound quads bursting through her skin with each step. She patted me firmly on the ass, then kind of grabbed and squeezed it and whispered, "Oh ya D...I'll be pounding that thing before nightfall!"

We all laughed but I knew and was eager for her to make it true.

Teresa, Andrea and I then hopped in the car and headed to Cam's house for the big Birthday BBQ....