

Donation

Having Andrea in our lives was definitely going to be a blessing. Was it well earned? Not sure, only time will tell. Obviously from our first meeting getting coffee that morning at the hotel, to the dance club and the many hours of fun we had in the bedroom, it seemed earned. I know the enhanced pheromones me and Teresa give off had something to do with it, but we were smoke-shows. My ass and legs were probably the envy of 99.9% of women out there. Teresa's insane muscularity, size and strength had to be the envy of 99.9% of bodybuilders out there. With us, Andrea was getting a muscle-laden twin package. And in Teresa...an extra package!

I gave Cynthia a call and she was going to meet us at our little off-site facility to help with the machine and the transfusion. My old boss was now many weeks into her own DNA enhanced process and I was curious to see her.

We arrived at the facility and Cynthia came out to meet us. She was really excited when I told her who was coming. She looked better already. Her 55 year old, plump, 5'8" body was already looking more fit. And as I hugged her hello, she was a little more firm than I remember and also looked fresh, not 55 but probably mid to late forties and decreased facial lines. I told her she looked fantastic and she smiled widely as she knew she looked better and she couldn't help but be happy.

Knowing she had recently gone through the process, Andrea asked my old boss about the experience. "Oh don't be worried dear." Cynthia stated, "It's just a little prick from the needle and your heart pump takes care of the rest. The injection procedure is a little weird. The enhanced blood we'll be infusing back into your body is never the exact temperature of your core, so it kind of comes in hot...but look at me...it's well worth it! It has already taken several years off my appearance and I've dropped 20 pounds of unwanted fat already."

Andrea was kind of assured to have an experienced lady like Cynthia coaching her through the process, but still seemed a little weary, she hated the sight of blood and was a bit nervous. It was crazy to see a massive female bodybuilder looking nervous as a schoolgirl. Especially since she had these herculean quads absolutely busting out of her small, short shorts. Her shoulders and back were as wide as a door and her biceps and triceps were bigger than almost every guy alive. How the hell was this solid-rock of a human so terrified...lol

Cynthia calmly led Andrea to the chair and began tying the rubber strap around her biceps. “Oh my god your arms are gorgeous.” Cynthia couldn’t help but blurt out.

The nervous Andrea shined that beautiful ear to ear smile and simply replied, “Thank you.” As she looked down at her arm and the rubber strap.

Smartly, Cynthia had Andrea look away as she injected the needle. The veins in Andrea’s arms were enormous. The largest one magnificently ran down the peak of her bicep and flowed into the crook of the arm and down across her massive forearm. It towered above her herculean muscles and made an easy injection site for Cynthia. Andrea made a slight scared face as she knew the needle was now in and dared not to look down. She simply looked me in the eye while she slowly squeezed a squishy ball to help the blood flow.

Rapidly, the rubberized collection bag filled with Andrea’s magnificent, dark red blood. The needle insertion didn’t hurt and now only caused Andrea a little bit of irritation. Still, she looked at me as Cynthia slowly removed the needle. At that point, Cynthia said, “All done. See...that wasn’t so bad was it?”

Unfortunately, Andrea now knew the needle was out and looked down at her arm. She caught a glimpse of blood on the injections site and also saw the pint of her own blood now in a bag in Cynthia’s hand. I watched in helpless fashion as Andrea’s face turned pale and her eyes rolled back in her head as she immediately fainted. I grabbed the cotton swab and applied pressure to the injection site as Teresa quickly grabbed Andrea’s muscle-bound, limp body to make sure she didn’t fall out of her chair.

“Wow!” I stated, “How such an absolute muscle-laden, powerful woman can be so scared of a little drop of blood is insane.”

“What are you talking about Dee.” Teresa followed, “The slightest glimpse of a spider and you start freaking out like a scared puppy!”

I had to laugh at that, she was right, I fucking hated spiders.

Teresa calmly stroked Andrea’s massive biceps and shoulder to comfort her as she slowly awoke from her sleep. Andrea kind of shook her head as she needed to clear out the cobwebs, and then had to ask, “Did I pass out?” “Yes, you did.” I answered, “But don’t worry, we got what we needed and you’ll be good to go in a few more minutes.”

We got Andrea plenty of water and a little protein shake to get her going again. With that, we said good bye to Cynthia and headed out and on our way to the gym. Teresa and I hadn't worked out in days and aside from the warm up bands and stretching we did before the competition, Amanda and I needed to pump some real iron.

Andrea was now giddy with excitement. She was eager to go on this muscle building journey and couldn't wait to get absolutely, freakishly huge. Many people in the world would already consider her to be a muscle freak. But when you're in the industry, and you're surrounded by huge male bodybuilders and other really strong, buff females, you kind of get immune to that. You just want to grow, to constantly improve, to constantly get stronger and to always be packing on more muscle.

Teresa felt super comfortable at our home gym. She walked in wearing her white and grey Otomix Bodybuilding high-tops; a short pair of red shorts, which barely covered her ass and were so tight, almost every aspect of her massive cock were visible from the front. Up top she wore a mid-cut, side cut grey tank that showed off every inch of her insanely developed abs and oblique's. Her side-boob...or really, side pecs were also completely visible as the tank hung loosely and before long, would be completely off anyway. Her hair hung down loosely as well and she did not wear it in a pony-tail today, so it kind of flowed all over the place as she waddled in.

Andrea was no stranger to provocative gym wear and I was smitten looking at her insanely developed, bulging quads and rock hard calves as she walked in front of me. Andrea was wearing a pair of pink, short, spandex shorts and a white and light blue sports bra. Damn near every aspect of her Ms. Olympia winning physique was on display and I was getting, moist just ogling her. I loved how as her arms swung forward and back during her walk, the horseshoe triceps muscle would flex and protrude out from her already thick arms. Her back muscles were also ridiculously defined following all of her contest prep, and the individual, substantial bulges covered it and flexed and relaxed constantly with each stride and arm swing.

We needed to take some original measurements from Andrea before the workout. Obviously we would be tracking and measuring her progress and I know she wanted to do it too. In the ladies locker-room, they had a sale and we had borrowed a measuring tape from the front desk as well. Andrea stood on the scale, and even in contest condition, registered 176 pounds. She was so thick with rock-hard muscle, she would have dwarfed every female competitor in history except maybe Kim Chizevsky or Ann-Marie Crooks. Maybe throw Lisa Lewis in for good measure. They would have her a little bit on height, as she stood just 5'5 ½" tall, but her biceps were just as big or even bigger.

We wrapped the measuring tape around her mesmerizing biceps. They were 16 ½" around and that was in contest condition. Her gorgeous forearms were out-of-proportionally large and measured 14". Next we got to her beautifully sculpted legs. I had her flex them for me and got to my knees to get their

width. Holy shit they were amazing. Muscles and definition covered her leg and as huge as it was, I knew this would soon be small in comparison to the hamstrings and quads she was soon to develop. It was an exquisitely sturdy 26" which matched her small, 26" waist. It was hard to imagine just how someone could improve upon her perfectly formed physique, but dozens of pounds of muscle, was going to make for a very "Enhanced" appearance.

We walked back into the gym and decided to hit biceps today. I grabbed some 25's to start warming up with some curls while Teresa grabbed a couple of 40's. We always purposely walked and stood next to the bigger guys in the gym as we enjoyed showing off how strong we were and basically embarrassing or emasculating them as much as possible. It might sound mean, but trust me, as embarrassed as they might be, they would almost never walk away as they became enamored with our muscle-bound bodies and the amount of weight we were lifting.

I asked Andrea if she minded that we did that. "Oh my god no, Dee." She answered. "I do that all the time. Nothing turns me on more than working out next to some Alpha male in the gym and completely out-lifting him. In fact, Greg and I would kind of play this game. If we were at the movies in line for snacks, or at the coffee shop, whenever we saw a guy with his girl-friend, I would purposely get in line behind them, stand really close and pretty much touch my bent, kind of flexed arm next to his. Then I'd get their attention by saying, "Oh, excuse me, sorry to bump into you." Of course they'd both look at my arm touching his, much more skinny, scrawny arm and their jaws would drop. My arms would look twice as big as his and it was always a rush to see how fast the guy would turn bright red and turn away from me. Usually the girlfriend would stare much longer in bewildered amazement. It was so fun to do."

Teresa and I laughed hysterically. Imagine being a dude and some hugely muscular, female bodybuilder completely embarrasses you in front of your girlfriend, and makes your arm look as small as a thirteen year old girls. As much as that dude tries to get away and tries to change the subject, you know in the back of his girlfriend's mind, she won't be able to get the picture of that female bodybuilder's arm next to his.

That said, Andrea admitted that, it was probably mean, but she loved to do that same thing on a squat rack. She would sometimes choose to wait at a rack that had a guy and his girlfriend working out at it. She would wait till he maxed out his lift. Then she would say, "Oh, can you just leave those plates on there for me. I need to warm up before I start adding a bunch more." It would get a similar reaction out of the guy and although he was in a gym and probably bigger than most guys, it was still a bit of an embarrassing moment for him.

As Andrea and I worked out and started to pump our biceps. Clearly Teresa was the star of the show. She finished with her light weights and went right to curling some 80 pound dumbbells. As she did,

Andrea and I stared in awe as her enormous 24” biceps pumped full of oxygen delivering blood, and basically grew in front of our eyes. With each curl, as she raised the weight, her arms seemed to grow larger. Teresa’s arms were bigger than a normal humans thighs and still growing. Was 26” possible, 28”...30”. Only time would tell, but she was becoming larger than the largest male bodybuilders who ever walked the planet and I was enjoying every pound of muscle she put on. Andrea was enjoying the show too and decided she couldn’t hold herself back any more. She walked over and grabbed Teresa’s pumping biceps and triceps with her hand as my wife continued to lift.

My wife eventually put down the 80’s, took a brief break and then grabbed the 100’s. Andrea looked at her and said, “No fucking way Teresa!” She just looked back at Andrea and answered, “Way!”

With that, Teresa began curling the massive, 100 pound dumbbells. As she did, every eye in the place looked on in utter amazement. It wasn’t like some of the videos you see online, where a huge dude has to throw all of his weight into the lift. Teresa was standing straight up, stiff as a board and ripping out curls. Her broad, rounded, muscle-capped shoulders flexed massively. Striations of muscle practically jumped out of her skin and she looked at Andrea and said, “Go on, grab them.” Andrea wasted no time and quickly placed her hands around Teresa’s bulging, flexing, slowly moving arms as she curled the 100’s!

“My god I’m getting wet girl!” Andrea blurted out as she shook her head in awe while she ogled the reflection of them and felt the huge, muscular size and power beneath her palms. Teresa looked back at her in the reflection in the mirror and gave her a friendly wink as she continued to lift the mammoth weight.

Still in awe, and with a few more people starting to gather, Teresa finished with the 100’s, placed them down on the rack and took quick break and a gulp of her workout drink. She then reached her herculean arms down, grabbed the bottom of her workout tank and slowly lifted it over her head. Insanely developed, colossal, pecs and traps exploded from her frame. Loud oh’s and awe’s were heard from the fellow gym rats! I was a spectator at this point and as Teresa reached for and picked up the 120’s, I pulled out my cell phone. This was photo worthy and I wasn’t going to miss it. Several of the crowd also got out their phones and this shit was going to hit social media for sure.

My gorgeous wife stood there looking like a mountainous, statuesque, granite chiseled sculpture. Huge 120 pound weights draped each side of her elongated, muscle-bursting arms. The previous reps had made every vein in her arms fill massively with blood and they were bursting through every part of her skin as she began to lift. With a bit of effort, and a stern, gritty look on her gorgeous, athletic face, Teresa began to lift. The weight rose to top dead center and she had somehow made it look easy. With muscles again exploding from my wife’s arms, Andrea couldn’t help herself and again placed her powerful hands on them. Several fans were snapping pics and videoing while I did the same.

One rep became two, became three and even more. By the time Teresa hit eight, people were high-fiving and screaming at the unbelievable sight. I was getting moist watching my wife's perfectly rounded, blood filled biceps in action. The triceps, forearms, and shoulders were equally pumped and I knew she had to be sporting 25" arms by now. A few drips of sweat began to run down her face intoxicatingly and I was in heat.

Teresa finally hit ten reps with a little bit of a body swing and the gathering cheered applause as she dropped the weights hard on to the rack making a huge thud. As she turned towards Andrea, Ms. Olympia leapt into my wife's tired arms and she wrapped her massive quads around T's muscular torso. "I want you right now!" Andrea exclaimed in front of me, the crowd and Teresa. My wife laughed, gave her a quick, fun kiss and said, "Soon Ms. Olympia...soon!"

Reluctantly, Andrea released her leg hold on my wife and again stood on the floor, out of Teresa's embrace. Teresa looked over at the gazers and asked loudly, "140's???" The crowd went wild and everyone started chanting and clapping "One four oh, one four oh, one four oh." I couldn't believe it. I had never seen my wife curl that much and it might have even been some sort of world record for all I knew.

Andrea walked back over to me and wrapped her buff, pumped up arm around my waist. She pulled me in tightly against her muscular body and whispered to me. She was beyond excited today to start her muscle-building journey and she was already having thoughts of grandeur, being able to lift the kind of crazy weights Teresa was lifting and also putting on that kind of insane size.

Teresa walked up to the rack, reached down and grabbed two 140 pound dumbbells in each hand. As the gym crowd continued their chant, Teresa heaved the large weights up. Draped at her sides, every muscle in my wife's goddess-like, muscle-laden body flexed. Instead of lifting in front of her reflection in the mirror, my wife turned her herculean body around to now face the crowd. Her spectacular, fully exposed pecs, flexed massively and the pounds of built up, slabs of gorgeousness was unavoidable to gawk at.

We all began cheering her on and Andrea whispered in my ear, "I can't wait to have that ravishing goddess inside of me." I laughed and squeezed her muscular mid-section back tightly as my attention immediately moved down to stare at my wife's large bulge in her shorts. As impressive as her herculean muscles were, her gorgeous cock was the ultimate envy of my eye.

One-Four-O, One-Four-O, One-Four-O we continued to chant. My wife got a stern look on her face, flexed her arm greatly and her huge bicep began to lift the heavy weight. As the muscle grew immensely, the dumbbell slowly kept climbing up and up and up. Finally, she again reached top dead

center. We all cheered as my wife slowly lowered the weight, but she wore a look of extreme determination. She now began to lift the other weight. Her left arm was absolutely mammoth and as that bicep exploded from her skin, that dumbbell rose as well. It climbed even faster than the first and within a second, she had succeeded in curling 140 pounds with both arms! We all went nuts and Andrea and I hugged and kissed with joy as Teresa continued to lift. A second rep went up, a third rep, a fourth rep...and finally a fifth and final rep of 140 pounds was lifted.

Teresa dropped the weights heavily to the ground and the whole gym shook from the pounding of the dumbbells to the floor and the throngs of us jumping up and down. I raced to my wife and leapt in her arms like Andrea had just minutes before. I leaned in and it was tongue on loving tongue as we kissed passionately. Andrea also embraced us and wrapped her thick arms around my waist and Teresa's hulking back. It was a celebratory moment and had made me wetter than ever.

Without even thinking, Teresa waddled us to the women's room and right into the long shower. As we kissed, Andrea ripped off her workout shorts and turned on the hot water. Teresa turned towards Andrea in the quickly steaming shower as I pulled her cute, tight workout shorts to the floor. Her cock was already half hard and growing. I grabbed it in my wet hands and began to stroke it quickly. As it grew hard, long and thick, Teresa grabbed Andrea under her arm pits and easily lifted her entire body up in the air in front of her. It still amazed me how easily my wife could lift up another human and even one as huge and muscle bound as Andrea.

Teresa looked Andrea in the eyes and said, "I've been wanting to fuck the recently crowned Ms. Olympia since last night." With that, Andrea got a huge smile on her face, her eyes got sparkly and she replied, "Of course you can Teresa, I'm all....yours...."

My wife immediately lowered Andrea onto her now fully erect cock and thrust herself inside her. Andrea let out a glorious, satisfied scream and my wife began throttling into her with force. As Andrea was being used as a sex toy upon my wife's love rod, I lathered my hands with soap. Wanting to be a part of the fun, I began caressing my wife's massively flexed, muscle-bulging back. As she easily lifted Andrea's entire muscle-bound weight up and down on her massive cock, I felt with pleasure as her back, lat and delt muscles flexed massively beneath my palms. The warm water and steam was cascading down our wet, fit, muscular bodies and my long wet hair was now dripping wet.

Andrea was smiling with enjoyment as my wife's thick member plunged deep inside her. Andrea tilted her head back and was being gyrated up and down and her tight pussy was stroking my wife and providing warm, pulsating pleasure. As the shaft and tip kept titillating Andrea's g-spot, the underside of Teresa's shaft was receiving equally satisfying gratification. Watching my herculean, ultimately huge, muscle mass of a wife hold up and pound the gorgeous, muscle covered Ms. Olympia was a thing of pure satisfaction for me.

I wanted to join in, but was not going to interrupt their moment and simply caressed my wife's muscular back and gargantuan, fully flexed glutes. Her hips kept thrusting forward and up, so I enjoyed the feeling of power and movement in my wife's ass as she flexed them and moved them forcefully into Andrea.

She fucked her harder and faster and more and more rapidly as the feeling of ultimate erotic orgasm was approaching. The tingling sensations inside both of them reached a fever pitch while the throttling continued. My wife's rosy tip continually bumped into and out of Andrea's cunt and flicked against her magic spot over and over again. At the same time, Teresa's shaft was experiencing the tightness and tickling from Andrea's opening. I was so fucking moist I couldn't hold it any longer and started fingering myself with one hand while watching the two muscular, perfectly formed specimens have sex.

Andrea began moaning louder and louder as the love rod penetrated her deeply and I knew she was getting close. The warm water streamed down their luscious bodies and with a few final plunges into her, my wife finally brought Andrea to climax. She made one final scream as her body gyrated uncontrollably and she immediately began to gush out her womanly liquid. The increased lubrication just allowed Teresa to fuck her faster and harder and within a few more moments, Teresa too let out a glorious, satisfied scream and she began to burst.

This was the parts of the action I was not going to miss out on. I quickly slammed my head between the two muscular babes and plunged my head and lips upon my wife's massive, exploding cock. Her bulbous tip always felt wonderful in my mouth and I want to gobble it forever. As the warm, white cum filled my mouth, I gulped it down with pleasure. I had become quite good at drinking all of my wife's ejaculation and as it filled my throat, I just learned to swallow more deeply and handle much greater volume. As she blew her wad into me, I continued to bob my head up and down upon her thick shaft and also grabbed its lower portion to stroke it and force even more of her love juice into me.

I drank and drank and drank from my wife's glorious fountain. There seemed to be no end to the amount of cum she could produce. I continued to massage her shaft forcefully and as the blasts finally became less violent, I pulled her gorgeous cock out of my mouth and began to squirt her love sauce across my face. Wearing her final blasts was always a huge turn on to me for some reason, and Teresa always s mustard up a little extra volume to satisfy that desire of mine.

Still having fun, Teresa started to boink her splendid, hard but pliable, rosy tip into my face and nose as I joyously licked the dripping white goo from my face. It tasted like pure erotic satisfaction to me and I always enjoyed every last drop of it. While I finished that up, Andrea began to massage my traps and shoulders with her powerful hands as the warm water continued to flow down our muscular bodies. The steam had filled the shower completely and as the moisture entered our pours, the mellow feeling of utter contentment overcame us all.

We enjoyed several more minutes of cuddling and kisses in the shower before finally turning off the water. We dried each other off and as I ran the towel across Andrea's towering, hard traps and perfectly sculpted pecs and quads, I couldn't wait to see her start to put on the pounds and pounds of thick, bulging muscle. We wrapped the towels around our waists and headed out into the locker room. My breasts and Andrea's and Teresa's pecs were fully exposed but we didn't care. It was the women's room for one, and we were very proud of our perfectly formed physiques anyway.

There were a few girls who followed us into the locker room and they actually stood and applauded us as we walked to our locker. They had enjoyed the muscular feet from Teresa earlier. Had sat there and listened to us completely satisfy each other in the shower. And were now standing in awe of our perfectly developed physiques as we dressed. It was amazing to be so admired by other women and I couldn't help but have complete admiration for our amazing bodies as well. And couldn't wait to see how far we could take them!!!