

Ms. Olympia

We all headed down to the lobby floor and walked out to the Limo. Jaws dropped left and right as we walked through and even some of the people in insanely great shape, since there were lots of Olympians at the hotel, stood in admiration for us as we walked by. They were used to muscular bodies, but the amount of perfected, muscle-bound flesh that was passing them, was on a whole other level. Our muscle-bound, diamond shaped calves and bulging, thickly muscled quads were flexing massively with each confident stride. I hate to admit it, but I, and I think the other girls as well had started to develop a bit of a God complex as we walked around the gym and town. But even here in Vegas, with all these world class physique athletes around, I still felt a little superior to them. I know we kind of cheated to attain our perfected bodies, but the slight feeling of superiority still kind of resonated.

Audrey was dwarfing every guy and girl with her ridiculous height as she walked by, and her muscular legs and defined, bulging back were on full display for everyone. She started with a head start in the gorgeous body category, and it was clear to me that she was a shining star in the making. I loved how tall and muscular she was and by the time we got to the limo, there were several guys following us and her. One guy actually had the nerve to walk up within just a few feet and take a picture. It was a bit rude I guess, but Audrey relished the attention. She actually turned, held her arm out and said, "If you want to take a picture, all you have to do is ask." He was shocked, a little embarrassed, but then immediately lifted his phone up to take another shot. Audrey stuck out her left leg a little, flexed her quad and then hit a left biceps pose and smiled at the same time. Her arm had a beautifully sculpted, tennis ball sized biceps and her fore arm was putting on some thickness and definition as well. Other onlookers couldn't believe the physical perfection in front of them and several of them quickly aimed their phones at Audrey and snapped some pics too. The rest of us laughed and admired our perfectly formed friend, but then urged her to join us in the limo so we could hit the club.

Audrey turned her head swiftly towards us, her long, gorgeous hair flipping around through the air like a supermodel and she strutted boldly towards us. As she did, the view was like something out of Hollywood as the throng of onlooker's appeared like paparazzi behind some top tier movie star. Audrey ducked her 6'7" head down, extended a long, muscular leg into the doorway and then joined us in the limo. The driver closed the door behind her and the four of us were all smiles in the neon pink lit cabin. Sarah immediately grabbed a bottle from the mini bar, poured four shots and handed them to us. I told her I had to decline as I was competing the next day, and with a salty attitude, she said, "Fine! I'll drink yours sis...but you better win tomorrow!" I responded that I was planning on it, so the girls extended their muscle-laden arms, held out their drinks, leaned their heads back, exposing their thick, muscle-bound necks and drank the shots. "Wooooo! That's good!" my sister shouted out as the warmth of the fiery liquid trickled down her throat. Teresa and Audrey smiled widely, but had that watery look in their eyes like the tequila hit them pretty strong. I just sat back and enjoyed the view of my herculean creations, knowing we were the baddest fucking chicks on the planet, and about to have a great time.

The limo eventually arrived at Caesar's and we got out to head to the Omnia Night club. As four, muscle laden amazon women got out of the limo, again, jaws dropped. Cameras were held high to capture glimpses of our perfected bodies and huge, massive, powerful, exposed shoulders and bulging biceps and triceps as we entered the building. They weren't hosting the Mr. Olympia there, so seeing bare skin and heaving pounds of sculpted muscles seemed to be freaking everyone out. As crazy as Vegas is, and as crazy as people act and dress in this town, nothing captivated people like large, overly-developed, bursting, muscles! Sarah led our group and her beautiful face and hair seemed to throw people off as they couldn't believe a woman so beautiful could carry 200 plus pounds of colossal muscles. Teresa followed Sarah and Audrey and I walked side by side through the casino. I loved the stares and more than that, I loved watching my wife as she waddled in front of us. Her sheer dress was insane and I could see every perfected inch of her massive, protruding glutes through the thin material. As we walked behind, Audrey said to me, "You're so lucky Dee, to have an ass like that to go home to every night is a dream come true!" "Absolutely." I answered back, "But Sarah's going to have an ass like that in no time...and you get to go home to that every night!" We both laughed knowing how lucky we both were and I simply went back to admiring every powerful step of my wife's herculean legs as we approached the club.

We got to the door and approached the bouncer in front of the velvet rope. He was a big dude, but in absolute awe of the four of us and his hand was practically shaking as he unclasped the rope to lead us to the VIP table Sarah had reserved. He had never seen women more buff and muscle bound than him and he complimented us over and over again as he led us to our booth. There were several VIP tables available, and the bouncer immediately led us to the one that's basically right in the center and a little higher than the others. To give you some perspective, the normal crowd in the club is held back about ten feet away and a half level below the VIP tables. So we were basically up and on display for everyone to ogle. The tables came with Vodka and mixers and an attendant came over to pour us some drinks.

At first, the crowd was a little sparse, not completely packed yet and they were kind of evenly dispersed throughout the club. But over the succeeding 10 to 15 minutes, you could tell there was a buzz in front of our booth and the crowd was heavily tilted to right in front of us. As the girls drank and cheered each other, they were oblivious to the gathering crowd and admirers while *sober me* noticed it all. I would have thought it would be mostly guys clamoring for a look at the four of us, but there was an equal mix of smoking hot women as well. I couldn't help but notice two young, twin blonde girls right at the base of our table that caught my eye. They were probably 5'10", thin, tan and wearing lots of make-up and skimpy outfits. They were motioning for me to come over and talk to them so I finally obliged.

I walked up and they were slightly below, so I kind of bent down at the knees to talk to them. One of them held out her long, thin arm and said, "Hi, I'm Katrin, and this is my twin sister Annie." I stuck out my hand and introduced myself as well. "My God Dee." Katrin said, "You and your friends look absolutely amazing. Do you think we could join you for a drink?" I wanted desperately to invite them up but it was our little girl's night and I didn't want to change the vibe with a couple, young, beautiful newcomers. "Tell you what Katrin." I answered, "Give me your snap and we'll hit you up tomorrow if

you want to meet us at the Planet Hollywood pool.” They were super excited to connect with us and said they’d meet us there for sure. I gave them a friendly smile and wave and turned to head back to the booth. As I did, Audrey kind of caught what was going on and asked what it was all about. “Oh, they want to hang with us at the pool tomorrow.” I told her. Audrey looked at me and said, “Those gorgeous twins...I’ll have them licking my cunt like little slaves tomorrow Dee. Thanks for getting their number for me.” I laughed, but then had to pause for a minute, because I realized she was dead serious. How the fuck could anyone not fall under Audrey’s trance now that she was such a physically perfected being. The God complex I thought about earlier was definitely in full swing with Audrey, that’s for sure.

The music started pumpin’ the drinks were going down bigtime for the girls and we were all really starting to feel a great spirit and fun in the air. That’s when Sarah looked across the little table and asked, “Dee, I heard you ran into Andrea Shaw getting coffee.” “Ya.” I answered back, “I couldn’t believe it, but I did have a nice chat with her and even got her number.” “Well dummy.” She shot back, “Why don’t you text her and see if she wants to join us.” Sarah was obviously getting pretty drunk I thought. There’s no way, she’d join us, and she was probably doing her own fun thing. I shrugged it off for a few minutes, but my sister kept persisting over and over again. “Fine.” I finally relented, “I’ll send her a text!”

*Me: Hi Andrea, Dee here from the coffee shop this morning. Here at the Omnia Night Club with my friends. Any interest in joining us at our VIP booth.*

Just a minute later...

*Andrea: OMG Dee, I was just telling my friend about you. Yes, Absolutely! We are just finishing up dinner and can meet you there in a half!*

*Me: Fantastic Andrea, my friends can’t wait to meet you. We’re all big fans of yours. I’ll put your name in with the bouncer and have him escort you and your friend to our spot!*

*Andrea: Looking forward to meeting up!*

“Holy Shit Sarah! It worked. She’s coming here in a few with a friend.” I blurted. Sarah laughed out loud and said, “See, ya big Puss. I told you. No one can pass up a VIP booth at the Omnia!” Shots! Shots! Shots! I nodded and laughed and it was obvious that we were at the place to be..at...the place to be. Hot twin girls chatting us up, and now, Andrea Shaw on her way to meet us. This was definitely turning into the night I was hoping for, plus some...and it only just started.

We spent the next several minutes ogling pictures of Andrea on the internet and all decided she was the hottest, prettiest, most muscular Female Bodybuilder on stage and was probably destined to win another title this year. Her biceps were absolutely perfectly shaped and developed and the rest of her was equally impressive! It didn’t seem like very long had passed and I felt a light tap on my shoulder. BOOM! It was Andrea in the flesh and she looked incredible. She was wearing a purple, skin tight dress and 5” silver heels. It made her 5’2” height more like 5’8” and it was a perfect height for her. The

skimpy dress had two small, thin shoulder straps, a deep-v in front, thus exposing her tremendously developed pecs and the bottom covered her to about mid-thigh, thus exposing her massively developed, separated quadriceps muscles. The biceps I were just mentioning were insanely thick and the triceps muscles shot out violently from her skin as she held her arms down. Her smile was a mile wide and she was prettier in person than in any of the flattering pictures we had just been ogling on the net. Her shiny hair was long and kind of half curled or wavy, like my sisters and she carried a small, silver handbag. I jumped up and gave her a big hug, enjoying the feel of her bulking, rock-hard muscles in my arms. The other girls jumped up too, and it was introductions and hugs all around for Andrea.

Her eyes were spinning as she met and felt the muscular physiques of Sarah and Teresa and couldn't believe there could be two women this muscular in the world. Andrea was the best female bodybuilder on the planet, and she was dwarfed by the size of my sister and wife. She couldn't believe they weren't competing and couldn't believe their herculean, muscular development. Andrea was in awe of them and couldn't stop complimenting. My wife and sister took it in stride and lied about being lifelong bodybuilders but nervous about competing. They didn't want to blow our little secret yet, so it was the best they could do.

Just a few moments later, a massive dude walked up. He was an insanely developed black guy and obviously a Mr. Olympia competitor. As he approached, Andrea said, "Oh hey gang, this is my boyfriend Greg." Greg looked like a young Phil Heath, maybe 28, with short, almost shaved hair. He was huge and was definitely more muscular than all of us, except, maybe tied with my wife. He greeted us all but like Andrea, was completely shocked with Sarah and Teresa's muscular development. Greg shook his head several times in disbelief as they explained their bullshit story of how they got so big and he was dying to know what "Gear" they were taking. It was better to claim that was the reason they were so big, rather than releasing our DNA secret, but my sis and wife didn't know any steroid names, so that would have been even less believable than trying to claim that they weren't on anything.

Having two actual, professional bodybuilders in our presence was exhilarating for all of us, and although they wouldn't drink either because of the upcoming competition for them, they did do a shot at my sister's insistence. We were having a great time and Greg couldn't help but finally go sit next to my wife and compare arm sizes with her. To all of our amazement. As their heaps of hanging muscle sat next to each other, draping down from their gargantuan, thickly packed shoulders, it looked like Teresa had him beat. None of us could believe it and Greg kept grabbing her rock-hard, magnificent biceps and then his own to see if he could feel the difference in size. After several grabs back and forth, he finally kind of shook his head in disbelief and said, "Wow Teresa, I think you have me beat!" I looked across at my wife, got a huge smile on my face and she did as well. Here she was, a gorgeous woman, with more densely packed, larger muscle than a professional, Mr. Olympia male bodybuilding competitor. Sure he was in contest shape...but still...pretty fucking impressive for sure!

The next half hour or so flew by and as I sat next to Andrea at the booth, and the rest of the girls and Greg were all enjoying some small talk, she asked me how we were all together. I said, “We’ll, my sister Sarah and Audrey are together and Teresa is my wife.” “Oh.” She replied with a grin, “You’re all partnered up. Ok. I’m totally cool with that. In fact, I used to experiment a little before I started dating Greg.” With that, she looked me kind of deeply in the eyes, put her powerful hand on my thigh and kind of gave it a squeeze. “You know Dee. You girls are all so amazing, I’ve got to ask, would you guys be up for a little swinger type fun tonight.” My jaw fucking dropped. I had just met Andrea getting coffee that morning and now, the same fucking day, Ms. Olympia is hitting on me and wanting to fuck...Wow! There was a definite pause on my part and Andrea immediately took her hand off my thigh and said, “I’m sorry Dee. I got carried away there. Forget I said anything OK.” “No, No, No.” I replied quickly. “It’s not that, it’s just that I’m in shock right now and to be honest couldn’t even respond.” I put my hand on her rock-solid quad, gave it the best squeeze I could, and then said, “Um, Ya, I mean, I think they’d be up for it, but I probably should ask...right.” She smiled widely, leaned in and gave me a kiss on the cheek and said, “Ya...I guess you should probably ask. If so...we’re in Suite 4012 back at Planet Hollywood, meet us there in a bit if you’re all down!”

Still in shock, I watched as Andrea and Greg said their good buys to the girls and strutted off to head back to the hotel. As they left, the girls were abuzz about how amazing Andrea and Greg looked and how awesome and friendly they were. “Hey guys!” I stopped them all and got their attention. “Andrea and Greg want us to meet them back at their suite for some swinger type fun if you all are down tonight.” “What the fuck are you talking about Dee?” Sarah asked aggressively. I quickly answered, “I’m just saying that Andrea told me she used to swing both ways and that she and Greg would love to have us over for some REAL fun tonight.” Sarah shot back, “Umm, dummy, Teresa and I have some extra equipment if you haven’t forgotten. How are we going to explain that.” “I don’t know?” I answered, “Maybe you could just jam your extra equipment down Andrea’s thick throat and explain it that way.” I said back. Sarah fell back into the comfortable couch and shook her head, also in disbelief at the offer in front of us.

I knew it was up to them, but I was obviously up for some fun with Ms. Olympia. “Fuck It! Let’s do this girls.” Audrey interjected. “So what if they find out you and Teresa have cocks. What’s the worst that can happen, they ask us to leave. Big deal. It’s not like they’re going to go tell anyone. Swingers like to keep their swinger shit quit, unless it’s with other swingers. And I want to taste that Ms. Olympia pussy...so let’s do this!” I looked over at Teresa who seemed undecided. She peered back at me with a grin, tilted her head to the side and shrugged her herculean shoulders and traps affirmative. “Great!” I shouted, “We’re all in sis...up to you...” “Oh Jesus...OK...what the fuck...you only live once.” She finished. I jumped up excitedly to get us going. I hadn’t been able to drink and have too much fun, so I quickly grabbed the bottle and poured us all a shot. “Here’s to What Happens in Vegas – Stays In Vegas!” I toasted and then downed the drink. I knew I was about to burn off a bunch of calories anyway...so why not!!!

We gathered ourselves and our stuff and headed out of the Omnia and back to the Planet Hollywood. I contemplated going back to our suite first and putting on something else, but knew that would probably just end up in me getting overwhelmed by Teresa's beautiful, muscle-bound physique and never leaving the room. I texted Andrea and let her know we were on our way. She gave me an excited response and I knew we were balls deep now. Well...cocks deep anyway...lol.

The girls and I were giddy with excitement as we approached the door to Andrea's suite. I knocked on it firmly and heard someone approach. The door swung open at it was the beautiful Andrea smiling and buff looking in her silver, silk robe. It covered her muscles for the most part, but the shape of the curves underneath sent my muscle-radar off and she looked radiant with her long hair draped over her left shoulder and breasts. "I'm so glad you guys decided to join us." She said as she grabbed my hand softly and escorted us inside the suite. The room was dimly lit and there were candles burning and the smell of cinnamon in the air. I liked it a lot and was immediately In-The-Mood!

Greg walked around the corner and was also wearing a large, silver robe. He was hulking out of his and it didn't come close to covering his massive muscles. As we all entered the room, and the door shut behind us, Greg quickly untied his robe belt, let the garment fall to the floor and hit a huge double-biceps pose for us. He was obviously trying to show off a bit, but I couldn't care less about Greg, I was there for Andrea. Sarah and Audrey were showering Greg with compliments and it was up to them to keep Greg entertained while Teresa and I spent our time with Ms. Olympia. Greg started with that first pose, then transitioned to a side chest, then the back pose, and finally, the front thighs and abs. The man was chiseled and huge and ready to compete.

The ice needed to be broken about the extra equipment Sarah and Teresa were armed with, so I said to Greg, "Hey, Teresa here is pushing the limits of muscularity...why don't you two have a little pose-down?" He smiled, but was probably a little nervous about being shown up by a girl, but played along and said, "Sure Dee. I'm down for a little friendly competition." With that, Teresa walked to the open area past the beds and in front of the large window overlooking the strip. She grabbed the upper edge of the sheer dress and began slowly pulling it down over the massive, heaving pecs, protruding, thick abs and bulging, muscle-packed thighs. The way she pulled it down, she kind of bent over towards us, so her long hair covered her privates. Now fully nude, with a quick flick of her hair backwards, and standing up straight, she hit an enormous double-biceps pose and exposed her huge, hanging cock below. It was like Andrea and Greg were shot with a bullet and both of them reacted wildly. Greg fell back and hit his ass on the bed with his eyes bugging out of his head, and Andrea dropped to her knees, covering her mouth with her hand and uttered, "Oh my God...It's massive!"

While they were frozen with shock, Teresa continued to flex her biceps hard. The softball sized balls of gargantuan muscle turned rock-hard under the pressure. Her forearms were as mighty as most buff dude's biceps and the veins running over the peaks of the muscle were filled full with oxygen pumping blood. She then turned to the left to hit the side chest. Her closest peck ballooned massively as she hit

the pose and the bicep pushed hard against her side made it look bigger than her waist. The right quad was now fully flexed and the separated muscles formed huge mountains of beef on her leg. As Audrey and her boyfriend still sat motionless in silence, my wife turned her back towards us. When she stuck one leg back, kind of bent at the knee, pushed her shoulders out as wide as possible and hit the back double-bi, I nearly fainted. So much muscle exploded out of every orifice of her back, deep, deep crevasses formed everywhere, emphasizing the heaps of muscle bodies that gathered on top. At the same time, huge, thick, meaty lats formed substantial wings on the left and right. Her shoulder muscles were now extremely voluminous and led to the back side of the triceps head that also became mountainous and rock-hard with the flex. As she slowly turned towards us, she flipped her hair behind her and decided to hit a most-muscular pose. The neck grew immensely and the towering traps became bigger than I could have ever imagined. Her pecs heaved up to supersized abundance and the biceps and forearms filled thick with power laden muscle!

I looked back towards Greg and noticed that he was still speechless, but he obviously loved what he saw, cause his cock was rock hard and half of it had escaped from inside his little bodybuilder bikini. Andrea was still just staring in shock and so I grabbed her by the hand and helped her to her feet beside me. Teresa walked up to us slowly, reached out with her gargantuan arm and slowly untied Andrea's robe belt. The silky smooth material slid gracefully off of Andrea's beautifully muscled body and fell softly to the floor. Her pecks were humongous and insanely built and led to her perfectly sculpted abs and perfectly shaven pussy. Andrea looked up at my wife with eyes of bewilderment and awe. Teresa sensed the moment, grabbed her and my hand and started walking backwards, leading us to the bathroom for our own fun, while my sister and Audrey slowly approached Greg and hoped on the bed beside him, to show him a great two-on-one time of their own...

to be continued... 😊