

## CHAPTER 1 - Softball

It was 8 long years ago, and as a 30 year old single, successful guy, I seemed to have a bright life ahead of me. I ran regularly and was in really good shape at 5'10" and 175 pounds. Not a big muscular guy, but very fit from my running. I guess I was a "Good Catch" and I was able to meet and pick up women pretty easily. That's when I met Jill.

She was a tan brunette named on our Co-Ed softball league team. Jill was not really my type, but for some reason, we seemed to connect right away. I typically dated smaller, cute girls who were sweet, innocent and very much "the girl next door" type. Jill didn't really fit that profile. At 5'9" and about 150+ pounds I'd guess, she was a bit overweight, soft and had a scar from just under her left ear, almost to the edge of her lip. It really took away from her attractiveness and she was probably very self-conscience and ate more than she should as a comfort vice. But she had a quality I really liked. Although a bit overweight, she had some slight muscularity to her thighs and calves. I'm pretty much a "Leg Guy" and was attracted to that part of Jill.

Knowing she was single, I asked her out to dinner. Through our early conversation, I found out that Jill was also single but hadn't dated in quite a long time, if ever. At 28, she knew her prime years were swiftly vanishing and the hope of having kids and a family probably were too. We had a few drinks and a great night and I took her home. I wanted to invite myself in, but instead, we had a nice hug outside her door and I left. I kicked myself for not being more forward, but we knew several of the same people and I didn't want to be considered a jerk.

Sure enough, before I got home, Jill had texted me about having a great night and wanting to meet again. That's a great sign and so of course I called her immediately and set up another day to go out. I picked her up a couple days later for dinner and a movie. While in line, we were behind a really fit couple. The guy was pretty yoked and his girlfriend was kind of skinny but buff. You could see the veins in her biceps and for being skinny, she had some decent arm and shoulder muscles.

Shortly after walking inside the theater I joked to Jill that the couple in front of us was running for Fittest Couple in America. We both had a laugh and made a few comments about how much time they must spend in the gym. Of course I knew the question was coming and sure enough, Jill asked, "So do you like chicks that are that buff or is it a turn-off." A few years before, I probably would have lied but I decided to just say fuck it and tell her the truth. I said, "You know Jill, I find it incredibly attractive and as a kid, my brother used to make jokes to me because I bought Muscle Magazines to check out the Buff women in 'em".

Jill looked at me with a raised eyebrow and a smirk as she thought I was kidding. "Crazy I know, but true." I said with a smile. Now it was the perfect opportunity so I said, "Hey, I gotta be honest, the thing that initially attracted me to you when we first met was your nice athletic legs.....Don't Judge...Don't Judge" I replied with a smile.

She turned a little red with my compliment and had a huge grin on her face. "Well she said, I'm a bit more into the personality than the looks, so I loved how you made me and our teammates laugh all the time at softball." "Good, I said, cause if it's looks you're after....I'm screwed." Jill laughed and pinched me in the cheek and said, "Whatever cutie."

I must have made Jill laugh just enough because she invited me into her apartment after our date. We started with a drink on the couch, I had a Gin and Tonic while she had a shot of Tequila, followed by some wine. I started to massage her thigh and we began kissing immediately. She was wearing a long skirt and I reached up and pulled down her panties. Within minutes, we were on the plush floor rug getting naked. She was a bit mushy up top, but I just kept messaging her nice thighs to really keep me going.

We just kept at it and at it for 45 minutes or so before I couldn't hold it any more. I had to pull out since I wasn't wearing a rubber and I started to cum on her stomach. Jill quickly bent down, took my penis in her mouth and began swallowing my ejaculation. This really turned me on and I was more than rock hard and ready for more fun. This session wasn't as long, but lasted another 20-30 minutes. By then we were both exhausted and at least I passed out. Don't laugh, I know it was only 1 hour and 15 minutes, but hey...we're not all rock stars☺

I woke up a bit earlier than Jill and covered her with my portion of some blanket that she must have covered us with after I passed out. Her kitchen was a few feet away and I quietly started some coffee and eggs. I hate to admit, but I really made them for me, but Jill woke up and I played off that I was making them for her. It scored major points and I got a nice kiss and quick handy. This chick is alright I thought. Her weight issue still bothered me a little, but for now, her nice legs were enough.

The two of us got along great and had a couple of fun weeks together. It seemed like it might be getting serious, but at lunch one day, Jill had to ask, "So Dave, remember on our second date when you mentioned you were attracted to fit girls?" "Ya, sure why?" I replied, "Well. Jill said, "I just joined Synergy Fitness and am getting 3 Free Personal Training sessions. It kills me to be this out-of-shape, I know it probably bothers you a bit too." "Don't answer, she said...I just wanted to mention it to you." I had to say something supportive so I replied, "Hey babe, obviously I think you're sweet and attractive as you are, but I'll always support you or anyone else who wants to get in better shape." She smiled, kind of jokingly rolled her eyes and took a bite of her chicken salad.

Inside, I was stoked. Jill had some nice legs even without working out. So I knew they would possibly be amazing with some regular training.

## Chapter 2 - Dedication

Sure enough, the next week, I looked in her cupboard to grab something to eat. Instead of the Chips, Salsa, Cookies and other munchies Jill usually had, there were Weight loss pills, Protein Powders and other health food related items. Of course I complained to Jill that all the goodies were gone. She just laughed and said, "When I set a goal for myself, I hit it full bore." "Really", I said, "give me an example." "You, for one." Jill replied, "I knew I wanted to date you after meeting you for the first time. Why do you think I was always around you, laughing at your funny jokes and always wearing shorts and skirts? One of the other girls on the team said she noticed you checking out my legs so I showed them off as much as possible."

"Wow!" I said with a surprised look on my face. "You got me!!!" Jill laughed, gave me a big kiss and grabbed my ass. "Well, how was your first week at the Gym?" I asked. "Really Great!" Jill replied. "You know how you always tell me how great you feel every night when you get home from your run." "Yes" I said. "It's called a Runners High". "That's similar to how I feel. After the workout, I get this euphoric feeling that lasts for a couple of hours." She replied.

I knew at that point, If Jill was already feeling great about herself and her workouts, she was really going to get in great shape. I got pretty hard just thinking about it.

Sure enough, over the next six months, Jill began hitting the gym with reckless abandon. She was there for one morning session and again for one evening session. Jill had lost at least 15 pounds of fat and was starting to show some muscle. Her legs started to get that bulging thigh muscle that popped out to the side with each step. This woman who I found mildly attractive just a few months ago was becoming a 135 pound goddess.

On a random Tuesday night, I was a bit tired and actually went to bed before Jill got home from her evening work out. Just as I dosed off, Jill walked in the room really excited. "Honey" she said, "I just had the most amazing workout". "What do you mean babe?" I aksed. "Well", she replied, "I have been taking a new supplement and it's had great results in only 2 weeks. I just squatted 225 twelve times and then 275 twice!" "That's amazing...I think" I said.

"Geeze Honey, that's a lot of weight." Jill said, "Even some of the guys in the gym struggle a bit with that much weight." Jill then walked over to my side of the bed and said, "Feel these!!!" I reached down

and felt her totally flexed, pumped up legs. Her quads were just rock hard and the bulge in them was noticeably bigger. I got a hard on immediately. "Wow!" I said, "Their Rock Solid honey and you're getting that awesome tear-drop bulge at the base of the quad."

Jill was wearing just a white workout top and some of those old Dolphin teal blue shorts so popular in the 80's. She was bursting with beautiful round hard muscle everywhere and I could not keep my hands off her. As I was massaging her amazing legs, Jill started to flex and un-flex her legs. They went from firm to rock fucking solid as she flexed...back and forth, back and forth she went. As Jill played with her amazing thighs I couldn't help it and started coming uncontrollably. As I came, I kept massaging her mesmerizing body.

Jill realized what just happened and looked me in the eyes and said "Wow, I didn't think they were THAT amazing!" "They are honey." I said, "You don't even know how incredible you look with your new and improved muscular body. I just can't get enough of it." Jill smiled almost embarrassed at my tremendous compliment and at that point realized not only the physical, but also the mental power her muscles were having over me. "Well", she said, "I need to wash these muscles off after my hard workout, care to join me?"

I sprung out of bed, still hard as a rock and followed Jill to the shower. Again, I noticed the side bulge in her muscular thighs with each step. She began to take off her top on the walk to the shower and for the first time ever, I noticed some muscular bulges behind her shoulders too. Holy Shit I thought. Not only were her legs becoming really buff, but her upper body, which had been a bit soft and undefined was too. This just sent a whole level of euphoria through me and my body started to tingle with excitement.

We stepped into the shower and the wetness of her shin glistened in the soft bathroom lighting. I filled my hands with liquid soap and began to massage and wash her beautiful body. Jill wasn't flexing at all but was still very solid. She turned away from me and I squatted down and began to soap up her calves. They were also incredibly solid and started to bulge out as well. I was so memorized by her thighs over the past several weeks that I hadn't really noticed that her calves were growing too.

I had been massaging her amazing thighs and calves for a while I guess because Jill soon whispered, "Umm...hello down there, you know my back and breasts need some cleaning too." We both laughed and I stood up and began to caress her amazing back. Like I mentioned earlier, it was becoming very solid and started to show some nice definition especially behind the shoulders. Speaking of which, they were also starting to become more rounded and I said, "Well babe, looks like you're building your own shoulder pads! Should save you a few bucks at Nordstrom's." That got a big chuckle out of Jill and she turned around to face me.

Jill looked down and noticed my cock was at full attention. "Like what you see honey?" she asked. "Ohhh yaaa." I replied with a smirk. With that, Jill leaned in and we began to make out under the warm dripping water. Her wet kiss was amazing and she kissed with more passion and firmness than I could ever remember. Jill used to kiss me very slowly and softly with a nice romantic feel...now it was all passion and almost rough. I liked it!

After a few minutes of passionate kissing, Jill turned around and bent over. She then reached back and grabbed my rock hard cock, inserting it into her warm tight vagina. I began to thrust back and forth in what seemed like a tighter, warmer spot than before. At the same time, with each thrust, I noticed Jill's back kind of tighten up as she braced herself against the shower wall. With each brace, the upper back muscles flexed and un-flexed, bulging up and out each time. It was this rhythmic flexing that I was controlling as I made love to her. Of course I again had this crazy, passionate, burning, tingling feeling course through my veins as we made love. Jill was also hot with passion and she began to gyrate her hips back and forth in opposite rhythm with my thrusts making the sexual experience even faster and more intense.

Several more minutes of thrusting ensued and Jill began to quiver as she reached orgasm again and again. Although we had both reached climaxed and came multiple times, we never took a break. It was too enjoyable, too hot, too passion filled to stop. It was by far the best sex either of us had ever had in our lives and even as the warm steamy water turned cold and frigid, we couldn't stop. A 15 minute shower had turned into a 90 minute span of amazing pleasure. Neither of us could break the session but finally we were interrupted by a ring of her doorbell.

That finally stopped us and as I backed away from Jill, she turned towards me with puppy dog eyes and softly said, "I love you." Before I could respond, she leaned in and began to kiss me slowly, softly and romantically like she had in the past. In each other's arms we kissed as the water actually started to warm up a bit again. As we made out again, I began to caress her arms. They were amazingly firm and as she moved them I could feel a noticeable bicep muscle. Right then, the God Damn doorbell rang again and I looked at Jill and said, "Should I get it?" She hugged me tightly, with incredible strength I noticed and softly said, "I guess so...."

It killed me to leave her at this moment but even as I quickly dried off the doorbell rang again. I quickly threw on a robe and before leaving the room, turned towards Jill and said with a smile, "I love you more."

Sure enough, I get to the door and right before opening it, ring, ring, ring, ring. I open the door and immediately this ass hole takes a swing at me. I backed up as he swung but he still got a bit of my check. Stunned, I shoved him back and said, "What the Fuck man?" "He then went into this tirade about it being 11 o'clock at night and he can't even get to sleep with our fucking shower running for 2 hours."

The walls in Jill's apartment building are quite thin so I said, "Sorry dude!" and slammed the door shut. He just yelled, "Fuck you, and quit keeping everyone up all night!" And walked away.

I walked back into the bedroom and Jill was already lying down. "What the hell was that all about?" She asked. "I guess the shower was keeping your neighbor up so he decided to come over here yelling and took a swing at me." I replied. "Are you OK?" she questioned frantically. "Yes", I said "he just barely nicked me. No big deal really but that guy is an Ass Hole!" I then got in bed with Jill and she gave me a kiss and started to rub my back. Her warm strong hands felt great and within minutes I was fast asleep.

Wednesday morning came way too quickly as I woke up to the alarm clock beeping at 6:30am. Jill had already left for the gym so I would have to muster up my own breakfast and get ready for work. As I walked out into the kitchen, I was surprised to see OJ on the set table with a note from Jill that read, "AMAZING night my love, I have a surprise for you when you get home tonight...XOXOXOXO ☺" "p.s. Breakfast is ready for you, keeping warm in the oven!" Sure enough, I looked in the oven and found a plate with eggs and toast ready to go. Incredible sex with my girlfriend who was becoming better and better looking by the day and breakfast in the morning...I was sure enjoying my life at that moment.

So with much anticipation, I made it through my workday and arrived home ready for my surprise. As I walked in the front door, Jill was standing there wearing flip flops, a pink two-piece bikini, sunglasses and had white zinc oxide on her nose. Her calves and thighs were beautifully rounded and tight. The pink bikini bottoms were pretty small and led to her now firm and tight midsection. Her hands were behind her back so her shoulders were forced outward and looked even bigger and rounder than ever. Her neck had one large vein running down the right side, which I found strangely attractive and of course she had an ear to ear smile. I had to laugh at the zinc oxide on her nose and the sunglasses and I just said, "WOW!!! What the hell kind of treat am I in for?"

Jill Stepped forward and gave me a quick peck on the lips and then backed up and said, "VEGAS BABY!!!" She then showed me 2 plane tickets and a brochure for the Hard Rock Hotel and Casino in Las Vegas. We had never been there before and I was stoked with the news. Jill was too and let me know that we would be going with a few people she had befriended at the gym. I asked if there was a special occasion and Jill let me know that the Mr. Olympia was there that weekend and we would be going to that too. I wasn't really excited about that but Jill was and just seeing her happy made me happy so I was all for it.

The Vegas weekend was still over a month away and Jill was hitting the gym even harder than before. She wanted to be "Pool Ready" and in the best shape of her life. I wanted to be in good shape too, so in addition to my running, I started doing a lot of core exercises to bring out my abs. I cut out beer, my major weakness and wanted to go from 175 to 170 for the trip. At 5'10", 170 pounds seemed like a really good, "Fit Weight" for me.

My additional ab exercises and reduced beer intake actually worked and within 3 weeks, I actually had some well-defined abs. I stepped on the scale in the bathroom and had also lost all of the weight and was down to 167 pounds. Just then, Jill walked into the bathroom and said, "Oh My God honey, your abs are amazing!" She then walked over and began caressing them. I said with a smirk, "Yea, I'm trying to get them Vegas ready baby." Jill replied "mmmm mmmm mmmm, I'm loving them, whatever you're doing now...keep doing it."

With that, Jill bent down and started licking them slowly. It felt great and I was rock hard immediately. Jill noticed that too and slid my underwear down. She then took my cock in her mouth and began massaging it in her warm moist mouth. I looked down at her beautiful long brown hair and easily noticed her now bulging tight shoulders as they popped up through her loosely hanging hair. Her technique was amazing and she had me at climax in just a few minutes. But she could tell I was about to cum, so Jill would slow down her thrusts and keep me from reaching the finish line. Slowly, Jill would then speed up her pace again and hit that magical spot on my cock, just to slow down again right before climax. She kept up this same rhythmic pattern for 20 minutes. Finally I reached climax and Jill swallowed every ounce of my fluid like a calf sucking milk from her mother. She then licked me clean and gave me a nice wet kiss.

### CHAPTER 3 - The Suitcase

It was finally time to hit Vegas. I always pack pretty lightly and fit my stuff in a carry-on suitcase. Jill on the other hand was a Big-Packer. On the few trips we had been on, she always had 2 huge, heavy suitcases that of course I had to lug around. Sure enough, as I returned from putting my carry-on in the car, Jill was wearing a black sweater and jeans walking down the hall easily toting her two large suitcases. She made it to the kitchen table and with a bit of effort, lifted them simultaneously onto the table. "Wow", I said "you finally packed some lighter suitcases. I guess bikinis and flip flops are lighter than your normal ware." She smirked and said, "Nope, pretty much the standard arsenal", Jill then bent down slightly, gave me a kiss and asked me to put them in the car. She was only an inch shorter than I so when she wore any kind of raised shoe, she was taller. I found it attractive and liked when she wore her tall shoes.

I stopped to watch her walk back down the hallway. Her jeans were almost "Painted On" and she was becoming so good looking that I found myself ogling her all the time. As she walked you could see her thighs and calves stretching the jeans almost to the breaking point. Her muscles were not only getting bigger but they were rock hard too.

Once Jill turned into the bedroom, I decided to grab the two suitcases and get them to the car. I grabbed each suitcase by the top handles, just as Jill had been holding them a minute earlier. I attempted to lift them, but they were too high up on the table and a bit heavier than I expected. So instead, I kind of slid them off the table. The weight of each one was way too much for me to handle and the suitcases dropped quickly off of the table and slammed hard against the floor. Jill heard the bang and asked if everything was alright. "Fine!" I yelled back, "just a little drop, A-OK!" "OK." She said back in response.

Jill had just lifted the suitcases onto the table so I was a little puzzled about what had just happened, so I figured that I had a bad grip or was just off balance. Now with the suitcases on the ground, I positioned myself between them, grabbed each handle and lifted them off the ground. The weight was immense and I struggled to walk them out of the apartment. About halfway to the car, my arm and grip strength could no longer hold and I had to put them down and take a quick break. Twenty or thirty seconds passed so I grabbed the handles again and lifted. The weight seemed even heavier than before, but I managed to carry and kind of drag them to the car.

The trunk of the car was lower than the kitchen table that Jill had just lifted the suitcases onto, so I assumed after another brief rest, I could lift them up and drop them into the low trunk. I grabbed a handle with my stronger right hand and attempted to lift the suitcase into the trunk. It got about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the way and I was unable to lift it higher. As the suitcase hit the bumper, I lost a bit of balance and dropped it to the ground. The inner-male took over and I decided to attempt to lift the suitcase into the trunk again using only one arm. Sure enough, the same thing happened and I was unable to lift it all the way in. I quickly grabbed the handle with the other hand too and managed to get the suitcase into the trunk. Using the same two hand-and-arm method, I then got the second suitcase into the trunk.

Just as I was about to walk into the apartment, Jill rushed passed me saying, "Oops honey, I forgot to pack my hair straightener." She arrived at the car with her straightener in one hand and grabbed the top suitcase with the other. Jill pulled that one out and laid it on the ground. She then grabbed the other suitcase with one hand, lifted it out of the trunk and placed it on top of the other. I was a gasp at the way she was moving the suitcases I had just struggled so badly with. Sure enough, Jill quickly packed her hair product, zipped up the top suitcase and with one hand lifted it and placed it into the trunk. Following the first lift, Jill then placed the second suitcase into the trunk.

My mind was buzzing with confusion as I just watched my girlfriend easily lift items I could barely move. She was fit and becoming more muscular but I had to outweigh her by 30+ pounds. How the Fuck did she just do that. Is she actually stronger than I? The look on my face must have conveyed my total confusion. As Jill walked back towards me she saw my puzzled look and said, "What's that look for honey?" "How did you lift those heavy suitcases so easily?" I asked. "With these!" she said with a smile as she flexed and hit a double biceps pose right in front of me. Jill was wearing a black sweater but in that quick pose I saw a noticeable biceps bulge. I had never even once asked her to flex her biceps for



me and the quick glance at her now peaking biceps hit me like a ton of bricks. She then quickly put her arms down and kind of skipped passed me.

I reached out as she went by and grabbed her arm to stop her and said, "Hold up a second." Her arm was frickn' hard as a rock and full. Jill easily pulled away and turned towards me with a big ear to ear smile. She knew she had some biceps and probably also knew she had never flexed them for me. "Whaaaaat...." She said, still grinning widely. "I thought I saw a little bicep there through your sweater hottie. Give me a little biceps flex." I replied eagerly.

Almost embarrassingly, Jill lifted her right arm and flexed her biceps. As she flexed, a nice bulge protruded up through her tight black sweater. It was hard to tell just how large it was through the thick black sleeves, but it sure seemed big. I reached out and grabbed it. Her biceps had a beautiful round peak starting to build and it was hard as granite. "Holy Shit!" I exclaimed, "That's amazing." Jill had always had nice athletic legs but even she wasn't sure how to react to her newly growing arms. Again she pulled away and shyly said, "Dooooon't". I stood there in a bit of shock as Jill walked back into the apartment.

A few minutes later Jill reemerged outside and we got in the car to drive to the airport. I was hard as hell just thinking about her dam biceps but Jill was spewing out our flight times and hotel info etc., etc. the whole way to the airport. We arrived at the airport parking lot thirty minutes later and I found us a spot in the long term area. The whole suitcase incident was still firmly on my mind and I kind of rushed to the back of the car to get the bags. I had gotten a nice break since I last tried to lift the suitcases. With all my might and concentration I grabbed the handle of the top bag with one hand and lifted. I still was unable to lift it more than a few inches so it dragged over the edge of the trunk and kind of dropped to the ground.

Jill was just walking around the car as I dropped her bag and said, "Honey, quit rushing so much and be careful, darn it." I apologized for being careless but didn't lead on that the bag was simply too heavy for me to handle. I then grabbed my smaller carry-on and easily lifted it out and to the ground. Jill laughed and said, "Wow, nice of you to be careful with YOUR bag." I laughed too and then grabbed her other bag with both hands and lifted it carefully out of the trunk. It still seemed heavy, but with both hands I was able to make it look effortless. Jill thought I was joking by using both hands to get her suitcase and said, "Thank You Smart Ass." I just smiled back and said, "Love you babe."

Right then, the shuttle arrived to transfer us to the airport. The driver, a high school kid presumably, quickly jumped out and grabbed the two bags. As he attempted to lift Jill's suitcases simultaneously, he just kind of laughed and put one of them back down. He then used both arms to hoist it up and onto the shuttle. We waited while he struggled slightly with the second bag and put it onto the shuttle as well. As we got on the bus, the driver looked at us and said, "What are you taking with you, a rock

collection?” Jill and I both laughed and took two seats near the back. Once sitting, Jill leaned over and whispered, “What a pussy driver we have, did you see how bad he struggled with my bags?” “No kidding.” I replied, “I guess his dad owns the company.” We both shook our heads and chuckled.

Jill hadn't seen my similar struggles with her bags at home. I'm glad because I would have been devastated if she made the same comments about me. At the same time, I was still trying to wrap my mind around how much strength Jill had gained by working out so much over the past ten months. I knew her thighs and calves were becoming more muscular and amazing, but that didn't really hit a nerve. Now that her arms were starting to really gain in size and strength, I had to battle with the fact that she just might be getting stronger than me.

#### CHAPTER 4 - Friends

We walked into the airport and met Jill's gym friends. She introduced me to Louie, a shorter muscular guy with black spiked hair and some visible arm tattoos. He was probably 5'7" and could bench press a Mac truck. His wife was Lisa, also a bit short, maybe 5'4" but not just stocky, quite muscular. It was obvious immediately that Lisa had been into weightlifting for a really long time. She showed off her upper body by wearing a white tank top that was very tight and form fitting. Her arms and shoulders were huge and full. I already planned on asking Lisa if she had entered any bodybuilding contests in the past.

Lisa and I shook hands and she made it a point to grip very firmly. I wasn't ready for such a firm grip and she kind of crushed my hand in hers. As I looked her in the eyes, I immediately felt her strength and she gave me a quick smirk as she tightened her grip. As I tried to pull away in pain, Lisa held my hand for a split second longer, just to let me know she could, before releasing it. I kind of smiled too and turned to meet Jill's third friend Samantha.

Samantha was very tall with light blond hair, green eyes and pale skin. She was wearing jeans and a light sweater with flat shoes. I would guess that she was 5'11 or maybe even 6 feet tall. Samantha gave me a smile and we shook hands as well. She had more of a slender, but athletic figure and her grip was firm but in no way immense or intimidating like Lisa's.

We all made some small talk and made our way to the terminal. The entire walk consisted of our group getting ogled by all the passer byes. Some would look in awe and others would stare briefly at the girls and be on their way. I was walking behind Lisa and I caught myself being mesmerized by her huge shoulder and triceps muscle as it flexed while carrying her bag. Within a few steps, I was erect again and made a B-line to the restroom to settle things down. That was close, I thought. Jill would be pissed if she knew how turned on I was by Lisa's bulging muscles.

A few minutes later I met up with the group as we awaited our flight. Jill was to my left reading a magazine. Samantha was to my right and Louie and Lisa sat right across from me. Louie was looking down at his laptop watching a movie and Lisa was listening to some music on her Iphone. As Lisa listened she was kind of dancing and rocking her whole body to the beat in her chair. As she moved, her biceps and shoulder muscles flexed and unflexed rhythmically. Her chest was also very muscular and the cleavage was deep, right in the middle where her thickly built muscle formed a huge gorgeous valley.

Lisa caught me looking a couple of times but I just laughed and played it off like I was having fun watching her shake about. Just a few seconds after my last glance, Jill looked over at me and noticed I had a bit of an erection. She just calmly patted it and said, "There, there honey...calm down, we'll be in vacation land soon." I smiled and leaned in to give her a big kiss. As I finished kissing Jill, I turned towards Lisa who was watching the whole thing. Lisa gave me a smile and a quick wink before looking down at her Iphone again.

I had only known Lisa for a few minutes and she had already made quite an impression. She gave me a nice little intimidation handshake and wink right off the bat. Then she walked right in front of me for several minutes while basically flexing her triceps in my face, and now she has been rhythmically grooving her amazing body to the music 4 feet in front of me for at least 3 or 4 songs. I felt like she was hitting on me right in front of her huge boyfriend, and in front of my girlfriend. I knew I liked Lisa but decided to try to keep my distance during the trip.

Las Vegas

The rest of the flight to Vegas went uneventfully. Jill and I did not get seats near her friends and I figured that was a good thing. Eventually, we ran into them again at the baggage claim and waited for the luggage to show up. Jill and I were positioned near the middle of the carousel waiting for her really heavy suitcases. Lisa had walked up to where the bags come out on the belt and grabbed hers.

As she began to walk back towards us, Jill yelled through the crowd of passengers, "Lisa, those two blue suitcases are mine, can you grab them." Without hesitation, Lisa quickly put her bag on the ground, reached over to the carousel and grabbed both of Jill's suitcases. As she lifted them off of the belt, her biceps and shoulders flexed to their full potential. Her strong hands led to her massive forearms which seemed twice the size flexed then they did unflexed and Lisa's tense biceps were also huge and easily bigger than mine had ever been, and they led to her now bulging shoulder muscles. Instead of putting Jill's suitcases down and grabbing her bag, Lisa walked over to us carrying the luggage. When she got

closer, I could also see some bulky muscle on top of Lisa's shoulders which led to her thick neck. It was too much for me to take so I walked passed Lisa and went to grab her bag.

I arrived at Lisa's baggage and bent over slightly to pick it up with one hand. It was too God Damn heavy too and I almost fell over as I started to struggle with the heavy weight. Again I was a bit confused as I had seen Lisa easily tote it around the LA Airport with one hand and watched as she had easily lifted it off of the carousel here just a few seconds earlier. Not to be defeated, I grabbed it with both hands and kind of walk-limped back to the group with it on my right side. The group was talking amongst themselves and I was hoping that my struggle would go unnoticed.

The others didn't notice, but just before I arrived Lisa turned and took a couple of steps towards me. She reached out with her left arm and grabbed her bag from me. As she was leaning in and grabbing it Lisa whispered, "A little too heavy for you there Davey?" and gave me a smile and another fucking wink. Before I could respond, Lisa turned and walked back to the group. I was still standing a few feet away and she curled the bag up and down three times knowing I had to be watching. Her biceps grew immensely as she lifted the bag, and again I was completely awed by them.

I quickly reached in my pants to adjust my growing hard on. Nobody saw my maneuver and I rejoined the group. Jill leaned over again and gave me a kiss. This time, I enjoyed it a bit longer and did not make eye contact with Lisa when Jill and I finished. I don't know if that pissed Lisa off or not, but as we started to make our way out to the cab line, Lisa pinched me on the ass so hard I thought she may have drawn blood. I immediately jumped away and gave her a weird look. Lisa just smirked and slowly walked past.

## CHAPTER 5 - Hotel Pool

Instead of getting into a cab, Louie had surprised us with a Limo. That was perfect because the cab line was crazy long and the Limo ride was only \$40 vs. \$20 or so for a cab. Jill and I got in the Limo first, followed by Samantha, Lisa and Louie. It was nice to be riding in a little style; I couldn't remember the last time I was in a cab so I thanked Louie a couple of times during the ride. It was amazing to see all of the buildings while driving down the strip. Finally, right before we got to our hotel, we passed a huge electronic sign advertising the Mr. Olympia. The girls and Lisa got all excited when they saw it and Louie mentioned how huge Jay Cutler was but how he wouldn't win this year. From that point to the hotel, the gang couldn't stop talking about the show.

We finally arrived at the Hard Rock Hotel & Casino. Our plan was to check in and then all meet at the pool in an hour. The bell staff took our bags up to the room while Jill and I grabbed a few items at the Casino store and headed up. She bought another Celebrity magazine and I bought some peanuts. Now

that it was just Jill and me, I again focused on her amazing legs and ass as she walked. I was still in awe of how her calves stretched her pant material to almost the breaking point with every stride. And I also noticed how full the back of her leg was becoming. Her hamstring muscle seemed to protruding out the back of her pant leg causing them to stretch even more. By the time we reached the elevator, I was fully erect.

Jill and I reached our room which overlooked the pool area and it was game on. She and I immediately began kissing and caressing each other passionately. I unzipped her black hoodie and pulled it back off of her extended arms. It exposed her round buff shoulders and full biceps immediately. While still passionately kissing, Jill unzipped my jeans and pulled them off. Next I grabbed her painted on jeans and did the same. They were on so tight that it was taking quite a bit of effort, especially to get the lower pant legs off of her bulging calf muscles. Jill bent down to help slightly and we got them off too. I was now still on one knee looking at my girlfriends amazing buff legs and cute white panties. She still had her tight tank top on and she was simply beautiful to look at. I then stood up and looked into Jill's sweet eyes as we grabbed each other and sort of fell sideways onto the bed.

Jill and I began having another amazing session. Her working out had started to give her a newfound pussy control. She could tighten it and relax it rhythmically which greatly enhanced our sexual experience. As usual I could simply not get enough of her physical beauty and what we planned as a quick meeting turned into two hours of pleasure. We were already an hour late in meeting her friends at the pool so Jill finally pulled away and made us throw on our swimsuits.

I quickly put on my trunks. Unfortunately, they were the surfing style that were an actual size and did not have any elastic. The front drawstring only tightened the fly area so they hung loose enough to fall off my damn waist. They were a size 33" and were supposed to be a little loose, but this was not going to work. I guess I had lost more weight over the past month or so than I thought. My solution was to grab a shoelace from one of my tennis shoes and create a makeshift belt. It worked, so I threw on a t-shirt and waited for Jill.

She came out of the bathroom in a colorful pink loose-fitting long-sleeved cover up and flip-flops. The cover up hung nicely on her amazing frame and came down to her mid-thigh. Her muscular thighs and calves were totally exposed and were as full and buff as they had ever been. "God you look amazing!" I said to Jill. "I know." She replied back with a smile. I walked over to her, gave her a kiss and led her to the door.

We made it down the elevator and walked out into the casino. As we walked towards the pool area, every guy and most of the girls ogled Jill. She was just so pretty, a natural take-home-to-mom beauty. That, and her amazing legs had the whole place buzzing. Jill received several compliments on our walk and if she didn't have a big head before, she sure should now. Jill was cute but a little plump when I

started dating her almost a year before. She would have got an occasional stare here and there, but now it was just ridiculous.

### The Pool

Jill and I finally made it to the pool and I spotted Louie, Lisa and Samantha. The girls each had a margarita and Louie had a bucket of Corona's on the edge of the pool near him. We put our stuff on a chair next to Samantha's and walked into the pool. I was following Jill and couldn't help but notice how amazing her ass looked in her small red bikini. It bulged with each step and you could definitely bounce a coin on it. The girls whistled at Jill as she walked in and Lisa said, "Nice Abs Tiger" to me. I laughed and headed right to Louie and the beer. He handed me one and I took a nice big gulp immediately.

We weren't in the pool for 2 minutes and Samantha and Jill needed to go to the bathroom. Lisa didn't need to go so it was just me her and Louie standing in the waist high water. Lisa and Louie were both glistening with a combination of Sun, water and muscle. They were a good match and I'm sure they were getting a lot of looks. I felt like a skinny runt next to these musclebound people, but I had some well-defined abs, so I took some comfort in that. Right away, Louie stuck out his bottle and said, "Two Hours dude...that's awesome, Cheers!" I clinked glasses with him, smiled and looked over at Lisa. She smiled and gave me that damn wink again. I couldn't tell if she was flirting or if she just winked at everyone. Then she said, "That must be what gives you those awesome abs." with that she reached over and gave them a little pet. We all laughed and made small talk and drank.

Several minutes later, Jill and Samantha showed up from the bathroom. The three girls started chatting amongst themselves. It was quite an amazing looking group with Lisa, Jill and Samantha. All three had long hair and it looked amazing as it rested on their muscled bodies. I purposely wouldn't look at them because I didn't want to get a hard on in front of everyone. Just a few minutes later all three girls looked over at me while I was talking to Louie. With smiles on their faces, the girls walked over. Jill grabbed my arm and pulled me slightly away from the side of the pool and in between the girls.

Samantha reached down and grabbed my legs while Lisa dipped under my hips and Jill grabbed under my armpit. I knew they were up to know good, but it happened really fast and I was not strong enough to wrestle free. In an instant, they all did a squat and then stood up, extending their arms and lifting me high into the air. I was held sideways with Samantha hoisting up my legs, Lisa in the middle and Jill lifting my upper torso. They were hooting and hollering and everyone at the pool turned to look. The girls did a big slow turn, showing me to everyone there. By the time they turned me back towards Louie, he had a camera in hand and we posed for a pic. It was quite embarrassing to be hoisted so easily by the girls, but I'm pretty sure every guy in the pool would have wanted to be in my place. As we posed for the picture, Lisa began pinching my ass with all her might. It sent a sharp pain through my body and I instinctively said, "Ouch!" and reached down to grab Lisa's hand. I grabbed her muscular hand and

pulled with all my might. It was no use, she was way too strong and I couldn't budge her at all. I was powerless to stop her. I was soaking wet so luckily the girls and Louie couldn't notice the tears beginning to well up in my eyes. The pain was becoming excruciating and right before I begged Lisa to let go, the girls tossed me backward into the water.

I stayed down underwater for several seconds while I tried to clear my eyes and let the severe pain in my butt subside. My butt was still stinging when I came up for air. Of course Lisa was right there to greet me and said, "Hey avey, your eyes are a little red; I didn't hurt you too badly did I?" I said, "No Lisa, I'm fine, just a little sting, no worries." I then rejoined the group for a big laugh and another drink.

Jill and I were standing next to each other leaning against the edge of the pool. I had my left arm hanging down in the water while holding my beer in my right hand. Louie was standing a few feet away and said, "So Dave, you're a runner huh, really into running? That keeps you pretty slim right?" "Yes" I said, running does keep me pretty trim." "That's cool." he said matter of factually, "As long as you're doing something healthy you know." He paused for a second and then said, "So it's gotta be pretty wild having a girlfriend stronger than you?" Jill and I both kind of chuckled and looked at each other with a questioning gaze. I looked back at Louie and said, "I wouldn't know, I don't think she's that strong just yet." "Are you kidding me?" he replied "Look at how much bigger her arm is than yours!"

We all immediately looked down at Jill's right arm. It did look huge compared to my left arm. She was holding her drink in her right arm which caused the biceps and triceps to be partially flexed. At the same time, she was holding a free giveaway sun-hat between her torso and her biceps, causing her arm to look even bigger. My arm was just hanging straight down, unflexed and to all observers, it was a lot bigger than mine. I quickly flexed my left arm but it really didn't grow that much in size. Like the rest of me, I guess my arm lost a bit of size too as a result of my month long weight loss plan. Jill also realized for the first time, at that moment, that her muscular arms were actually bigger than mine. She put her hand up and covered her gaping mouth as she stood there speechless.

Lisa was surprised at our new discovery and said, "Oh my God Jill, are you just realizing this for the first time right now?" Jill was still speechless but nodded her head up and down slowly, almost timidly. "Well girly" Lisa said, "your relationship with your little boyfriend there is about to change!" At that moment Jill slowly turned her head towards me. We locked gazes and I saw a look in her eyes that I had never seen before; it was a combination of childlike giddiness, love, embarrassment and confidence all rolled into one. We instinctively reached out and embraced each other and in front of the group shared a nice, slow, wet, deep kiss.

As we kissed, I reached out with my left arm and grabbed Jill's bicep. It was hard as a rock and there was some obvious size, especially since she still had the hat between her arm and body, making the bicep even larger. As funny as it seems, until earlier that day, with a sweater on, I had never once asked

Jill to flex her biceps for me. So, up till now, neither of us really dealt with her buff arms. I don't know why, but Jill's muscular legs, even if they were now larger and stronger than mine, didn't elicit any kind of an intimidating response. It just felt natural to admire and love them. Now that Jill's arms had become larger and possibly stronger than mine, we didn't know how to feel, but there was definitely a strange difference; we both felt it immediately. The question was, how will this change affect us?

I tried to play-it-off by changing the subject and shooting the breeze with Louis and Lisa. But Jill just kind of stood there, squatting neck deep in the water, quietly smiling, but definitely thinking deeply about something. Every time I locked eyes with Jill, she would kind of squint and smile giddily and then look away, almost like she was embarrassed about something. Our connection had become quite amazing over our year together and it was like we could see right into each others soul when we peered into each others eyes. So Jill undoubtedly saw the questioning, nervous insecurity that I was now feeling. Either way, I was very eager to get away from Louis and Lisa, out of the pool and into a less uneasy situation.

We made chit chat at the pool for a bit longer and then Louis, Lisa and Jill decided to hit the gym and get in a workout before we went out later in the evening. I followed Jill out of the pool and was still drawn to her amazing legs and ass as she took each step. With each stride, Jill's amazing quad bulged out noticeably and her gluteus muscle on that side tensed up as well. I was 100% sure I could bounce a quarter off Jill's ass. Within only fifteen feet of walking I was already getting hard looking at Jill's amazing, hard, wet, glistening body and I had to look away to avoid presenting everyone my hard-on. We soon reached the pool chairs and Jill threw on her cover-up.

Of course Jill again got several looks and stares on the way back to our room. She was kind of digging it, I could tell. Jill had always been slightly overweight and she was really getting used to this new found attention. I was certainly ready for another love making session with Jill, but she said she had to meet Louis, Lisa and Samantha at the hotel gym in 10 minutes. She threw on some small black shorts that reminded me of the Dolphin running shorts so popular in the 1980's. Jill then pulled on a tight grey Under Armour workout top. It was short sleeved and her beautiful round shoulders bulged out of the sleeve and her gorgeous biceps were completely uncovered. Again, she looked amazing and I was really enjoying her look. She gave me a quick kiss and darted out of the room.

## CHAPTER 6 - The Gym

A few minutes later my phone rang. I saw that the call was from Jill and answered it immediately. "Hey Babe!" I answered. "Ha Ha Ha, thanks Tiger, It's Lisa though, Ha Ha Ha." Lisa replied. "What's up Lisa?" I asked. "Well Tiger," she said "instead of going on your run out in the desert heat, why don't you come down to the gym? There are some really nice treadmills down here, and the gym overlooks the strip." She had a good point about the desert heat so I said, "Sounds like a good idea Lisa, see you in a few."



Lisa replied, "Great, can't wait to see you too Tiger, grrrrrrr." And she hung up the phone. Now I'm no rocket scientist, but fuck it seemed like Lisa was hitting on me again.

I threw on my running shoes, shorts and a short sleeved shirt. I got into the elevator and headed down to the gym level. There was another couple in the elevator with me headed down to the pool. As I stood next to the shirtless guy, my arms were much smaller than his and I was feeling a bit insecure. Instead of getting off at the gym level, I headed back up to my room and changed into a thin, long-sleeved running shirt. Feeling a bit more covered up, I headed back down to the gym.

I walked in and immediately noticed that the fairly large hotel gym was a bevy of activity. With the Mr. Olympia contest in town, obviously the hotels were filled with muscle heads. Pink, green and yellow tight shirts and shorts were everywhere. Almost all of the guys and girls were in ridiculous shape and sweaty muscle and grunts were everywhere. I was very glad to have changed into my long sleeve shirt because I was the biggest wimp in the place. I hadn't lifted a weight in years and these people were all pumped to the max.

Louis and Jill were across the gym near the dumbbells and I began to walk towards them. About half way there I was grabbed from behind in a bear hug and lifted into the air. I looked behind me and down and noticed that it was Lisa who had taken me in her forceful grip. Lisa looked up with a huge smile and said, "Hey there Tiger, grrrrrrrrr." She squeezed her very muscular arms around my arms and waist and I was helpless to move. As Lisa hoisted me a foot or so off the ground, she walked me towards Jill and Louis. They were both laughing hysterically, and my face was beat red with embarrassment. Several of the other people in the gym were also laughing at me.

Lisa probably only took ten seconds to walk me to Jill and Louis, but it seemed like an eternity. It had probably been the most embarrassed I had ever been in my life but oddly enough it gave me an erection. Before putting me down, Lisa spun me around twice to really give me a rise. Now all three of them were laughing hysterically and I had to readjust my shorts and noticeably erect cock. As she walked past me, Lisa spanked my firmly on the ass and said, "Lucky, lucky Jill, he's easy to please!" Jill, still laughing a bit said, "I know he is Lis, that's what I love about him." She then walked over and grabbed my cock and gave me a big kiss.

I noticed the gang was all drinking an orange liquid out of their sports bottles. I grabbed Jill's and was about to take a sip when she snatched it from me. "You don't want that one babe." She said. "What is it?" I asked. "It's called PUMP-HD" she replied, "It gives you a bunch of energy for the workout and also pumps up the muscle." "Oh" I said, "Well, while you get pumped, I'm going to grab some water and hit the treadmill." Jill laughed and gave me another quick kiss before I walked over to the treadmill.

There was an open treadmill across the room and next to an elliptical machine. A really good looking fit brunette was working out on the elliptical and she smiled as I got on the treadmill next to her. She said something about my friends being pretty funny as she also witnessed the shenanigans from a couple of minutes earlier. I tried to laugh it off and then threw on my headphones to avoid having to talk to her or anyone else about it. I got into my run and pretty much zoned out for the next 45 minutes.

I was just about to wrap up my workout when Jill walked up to the treadmill. Her long hair was back in a ponytail which exposed her glistening bulging shoulders. The popped out of her short sleeve way more than I had noticed earlier in the day and her biceps were bulging not only from front to back, but they looked wider and thicker as well. "Holy shit honey." I said, "Look at your arms, their huge! And there's a vein running down the front of your biceps to your forearm." Jill looked down and even she was impressed with her arm size. She flexed her right biceps down at her side and grabbed it firmly with her left hand. "I know." She said, "That PUMP-HD drink Louie has me taking is really awesome, you get a huge pump during your workouts."

As Jill reached her left arm over to grab her right biceps, the triceps in her left arm flexed and bulged up dramatically. I reached out and felt that new triceps bulge. It was rock hard to and I said, "God damn babe, I'm dating a bodybuilder." She laughed and rolled her eyes. "Whatever!" She said, "You should see Lisa's arms right now. They are frickin' amazing!" Right then, the girl who had been on the elliptical machine next to me said to Jill, "Excuse me, but I just have to say, you look great." Jill thanked her and returned the compliment.

Unlike at the pool, where Jill seemed almost embarrassed about her buff arms, here, in the gym, she was proud of them. This was where she obviously felt most comfortable and where women are always complimented on their physiques, not ridiculed. I immediately felt the allure and now knew why she spent so many days and hours at the gym. I don't belong to a gym and therefore hadn't gained Jill's gym-club attitude trust. It's easy to understand, Jill pictures me as a regular guy and probably thinks I don't "Get It." Sure I always compliment her on her amazing body, but I don't know how she is building it, I'm not in-the-trenches with her day in and day out.

Anyway, Jill just came over to chit-chat and talk about our plans that night. We made small talk as I stared at Jill's pumped up arms and tried not to get too aroused. I told her I would be done in 10 minutes or so. She said, "Cool!" and walked over to the others for some more weight work.

I peered over a few minutes later and saw her doing some barbell curls with Lisa. I couldn't tell how much weight was on the bar but Lisa was helping spot Jill and she was struggling a little. Jill curled the bar 8 or 9 times by herself and then Lisa helped a little with 3 or 4 more. Even across the room, I could see Jill's arms flex nicely with each rep. She curled a curved bar with 2 small plates on each side. After Jill was done, they removed the 2 small plates from each side and put them on the second post down of

the weight rack. Lisa then reached down and grabbed a larger weight from lower on the rack. It looked at least twice the size of the smaller weights they had just removed from the bar.

Lisa's shoulder muscle flexed fully as she lifted the larger weight. It would have been impressive on a guy; on Lisa it was flat out amazing. The strength she built in her body from head to toe was a sight to behold. Her buff, rock hard body was pumped to the max and she must have been fantastic in the bedroom, I'm sure Louis would agree.

So anyway, after a minute or so of rest, Jill grabbed the bar and held it down at arm's length. The curved bar now had the two larger weights on it and I could tell already by Jill's posture that it was pretty heavy for her. Lisa gave Jill some words of encouragement and Jill curled the weight all the way up to her chest. Jill's biceps again flexed hard and bulged nicely. Even across the room, I could see the size of her growing arms. As I watched in awe, Jill curled the bar 2 more times by herself, then another time with a little bit of body lean. Finally, Lisa helped her with 2 more forced reps. Jill then put the bar down and kind of jumped up with a giddy excitement, like it was a personal record for her or something.

I was now done with my cardio and walked over to the group. I gave Jill's rock hard body a hug and a kiss and told them I was headed back to the room. Lisa insisted that I hang out with them and watch how a workout is really done. I told her that I also had to use the restroom for #2 and we all had a big laugh. So I gave Louis knuckles and leaned over to give Lisa a hug. I knew she was really strong so I tensed up tightly as I gave her a hug. After a couple of seconds, I assumed the hug was over so I relaxed and attempted to release from the hug. Lisa had been waiting for just that moment and she flexed her torso and arms tensely. I immediately felt her back muscles pop out forcefully as her arms and shoulders tightened to squeeze me into a noodle. I let out a noticeable gasp and was unable to expand my lungs to take another breath. Jill and Louie could see the pained and shocked look on my face and they let out a laugh as Lisa continued to squeeze. After another eight or ten seconds, with Jill and Louie still chuckling, Lisa finally released her grip on me and took a slight step back. As I took in a huge breath of air, Lisa flexed her right biceps into a huge baseball sized mound of muscle and slapped it with her opposing hand. As she slapped her rock hard huge biceps, she said, "You need some of these Tiger!"

As many of you know, when you get the wind knocked out of you, you fight for breath and your eyes begin to water. Needless to say, I was fighting for those breaths, my face had turned red and my eyes were watering up. Lisa then said, "Don't be embarrassed Tiger, it was just a little squeeze." She then looked at Jill and said, "Sorry hon, I didn't even squeeze him that hard." "It's OK Lisa." Jill replied, "He'll be just fine soon, I'll make sure of that." And she gave me a smile and batted her eyes. "Ha ha ha." I said, "I'll see you crazies in a bit." And I walked out of the gym.

On the way up to my hotel room, just thinking about Lisa's squeeze and the power she had got me hard. I was embarrassed and in a bit of pain at the time, but now I couldn't stop thinking about it. For some crazy reason, Lisa's persona and power were an amazing turn-on. She liked me for sure, but I think she was just a big flirt, because she was obviously into big muscular guys like her boyfriend Louis. Well, for what it was worth, I kind of dug that Lisa was a big flirt, and as long as it didn't piss Jill off, I was going to enjoy hanging out with Lisa this weekend.

## CHAPTER 7 - The Gym II

I had been up in the room for almost an hour waiting for Jill to get back. Finally I sent her a text wondering when they were going to be done with their workout. Just then, Jill walked in. I met jumped off the bed and met her just inside the door. She was carrying her workout bag and just wearing that white sports top and dolphin shorts. Her thighs were beefy and amazing as always, but her arms looked like they were exploding out of her skin. They were as large and pumped as I had ever seen them and as I kissed Jill, I caressed them passionately. Jill took a step back and flexed her right biceps. It jumped to attention and the muscle bulge sent an energetic shock thorough my body. Jill saw the amazed look in my eyes and said, "Pretty Amazing huh?" I just nodded my head and reached out and grabbed her arm. As I squeezed her biceps, Jill flexed and unflexed it, sending me into a tonic state.

Jill saw that I was completely mesmerized by her muscular arm and she reached down with her other hand and pulled my rock hard cock out of my shorts. She then got down on her knees and took my cock into her mouth. Jill's technique was fantastic, but what should have lasted a bit longer only lasted 45 seconds to a minute and I began to cum. Jill swallowed every ounce of my semen and then licked me clean. She then said, "Why don't you grab a quick shower Davey, I've got to call my sister and then get ready for tonight." Jill then smacked me in the ass and walked into the room.

As I took my quick, hot shower, I couldn't help but think of how amazing Jill was looking. Her once flabby arms were now full of rock hard muscle and her legs were off the charts hot! Jill's smile and glare were now full of tremendous happiness and confidence and I felt happy just to be in her presence. Pretty lucky guy I thought.

A few minutes into the shower Jill urged me to hurry up. I stepped out of the shower, dried off and walked into the room. Jill was on the phone with her sister and passed me on the way, still in her workout clothes. As we passed, I immediately felt meager compared to her. Her arms and shoulders were pumped and full from her workout while my arms were skinny and you could even see the bone sticking up on the top of my shoulder. It was the first time in many weeks that I had stood next to her in broad daylight without a shirt on and immediately following one of her workouts. On top of that, she had been working out, taking more supplements and eating like crazy while I had been trying to drop a few pounds to really show off my abs.

I quickly got dressed for the night out as Jill got into the shower. As she showered, I threw some product in my hair and was ready to go. Now bored, I knew I had at least a half hour or so before Jill would be ready to go. I sat and could not help but wonder how much weight Jill was curling during her workout earlier. Knowing I had some time, I yelled to Jill that I was getting something from the Casino store and would be back shortly. She yelled back "OK" and I headed out.

The gym was only a few minutes' walk and elevator ride away. I was there in no time. As I walked in, I noticed it was almost empty. Apparently, everyone had gotten their workout in and was getting ready for the night. Sure enough, I walked over to the curl bar area that Jill and the others had been at. I remembered that it was the bent bar and figured it was the second plate down on the weight rack to the side. The empty bent curl bar was on a rack at thigh level. I decided that I would go through the plates on that Jill was curling to see how many I could do as well.

I knew that Jill was getting pretty strong, but also thought that I should be pretty close in strength if not a little stronger. I guess I was thinking that because I was a guy, Jill had only been working out about a year and also because it wasn't like the suitcase incident earlier in that my balance would be perfect and I was determined to lift with all my strength.

I took my long sleeved shirt off and stood in my Nice jeans and a white short sleeved undershirt. The bent curl bar looked like it had a little weight to it so I decided to curl it 10 or 20 times as a warm-up. The first few reps went well, but at 7 or 8, my arms started to burn. By the 12 or 13 rep they were almost on fire, so I quit at 15. A guy was in the gym about 10 feet away so I asked him how much the bar I just curled weighed. He let me know that it was 25 pounds. Not being a gym rat, or even having worked out in years, I didn't know whether that was heavy or light. Even so, I decided to load the bar up with the plates I saw Jill curling.

I walked over to the weight rack and grabbed the second plate down. It was 25 pounds. As I grabbed it with one hand, it was awkward weight and my grip was slipping. I quickly reached over with my other hand and secured the weight. Now with it firmly in my grips, I slid it onto one end of the bar. Knowing that the weight was heavier than I first thought, I grabbed a second 25 pound plate with both hands and slid it onto the other side of the bar. Now I stood in front of the 25 pound bar with two 25 pound plates on it. Doing the math, that added up to 75 pounds. Just saying 75 pounds seemed like a lot to me and I was already wondering how Jill had lifted this weight 4 or 5 times.

With a few seconds of mental preparation behind me, I reached down and grabbed the bar firmly. I flexed and lifted the bar off the rack. Both arms were down at my sides and the weight seemed enormous as it rested down at thigh level. I counted to 3 and attempted to curl the bar up. It took all

my might and I even leaned back a bit to help. The weight began to rise but stalled when my arms got to almost 90 degrees. I let out a huge moan and was able to raise my right arm just a little bit more, but my left arm was too weak and the weight fell back to and against my thighs forcefully. It sent a pretty sharp pain through my body and I dropped the weight on the ground.

The noise was loud and the guy in the gym asked if I was OK. I assured him that it was just an accident and reached down to pick up the weight. Using my thighs and out stretched arms, I was able to lift the bar and barely get it high enough to place it back on the rack. Not to be defeated, I quickly stood in front of the bar and decided to give it another try.

Again I reached down and lifted the bar off the rack. It felt even heavier than it had a minute before. I took a deep breath and again attempted the lift. This time, I wasn't even able to lift it half way. My strength gave out and I half dropped the bar onto its rack. "Fuck!" I thought. How the hell di Jill lift this 4 or 5 times. Still in a bit of disbelief, I decided that it might just be a fluke and some low energy on my part. I removed the two 25 pound weights from the bar and put on the smaller 10 pound weights. Two to each side is what Jill had on it.

Now standing in front of the bar with 10 less pounds seemed plausible. It was only 65 pounds I thought, not 75. Knowing how I almost lifted 75, I figured that 65 would be almost easy. Again, I reached out and firmly grabbed the bar. I lifted it to my thighs and took a quick breath. The 65 pounds did seem slightly lighter and I began to lift. It seemed incredibly heavy, but it was moving. With all my might, I got the weight to the half-way point before it started to stall out on me. With some serious body English and a backwards lean, I lifted the bar to my chest. "Whew!" I said, "Got it." I quickly lowered the weight to my thighs and attempted another lift. This lift, like the 75 pound lift stalled out and my backward lean couldn't help. There was no more strength left in my arms and I quickly dropped the bar back onto the rack.

My performance was poor, and I guess I should have expected that, but what was shocking me was trying to fathom how Jill had so easily curled the 65 pound weight 12 or 13 times and the 75 pound weight 5 or 6 times. Was she that much stronger than me. The suitcase issue from earlier that day had me thinking about it, now this weight curling test had me convinced. Jill was not only as strong as I, she might be Much Stronger!

I splashed some water in my face and put my nice shirt back on. As I was walking back to the room, the shock was still effecting me. Jill and I had never tested our relative strength. We didn't wrestle or arm wrestle so other than her just being a rock hard babe, being physically weaker than her never even entered my mind. Jill had never even given me a true biceps flex till that day. As I opened the door to our room, I got a weird, nervous lump in my throat. Almost like I didn't deserve to be in her presence.

Jill was in the bathroom putting on the finishing touches. I walked past quickly and sat in the lounge chair near the desk and window. Several minutes later Jill emerged from the bathroom. She was wearing a beautiful long silk looking dress and a kind of shawl around her shoulders. Her brown long hair was draped down her back and she looked absolutely stunning. She was radiant and although her newly developed brawn was covered, her beauty was in full effect. Jill turned to the side briefly and her amazing round ass was causing a nice bulge in her dress. Of course she was wearing high heeled shoes so she was easily two or three inches taller than me.

As I stood to greet her, Jill leaned down and gave me a quick kiss. "Ready to go babe?" she asked. "Let's go!" I replied. We then left the room and headed down to the lobby to meet Louis, Lisa and Samantha.

## CHAPTER 8 - Dinner

Jill and I soon arrived at the lobby. We quickly spotted the gang. Louis was wearing one of those designer long sleeve shirts with all of the imbedded designs in it. I joked to him that he was bedazzled. Lisa burst out laughing immediately and you would have thought it was the funniest things she had ever heard. Louis just smirked and gave me a quick but luckily light, punch in the shoulder. I didn't have much meat on my arms so even his light punch hurt like hell. I laughed it off and acted like I didn't feel a thing.

Lisa was wearing black on black on black. She had on a black leather jacket, a black blouse and a matching black leather skirt. Lisa also wore black sheer stockings and 4" black heels. She was covered from mid-thigh up, but her beautiful and very buff muscular legs looked amazing in the sheer stockings. Because of her high heeled shoes, her calves were fully flexed and hard as rocks. My jaw dropped as Lisa did a quick twirl for me. From behind, you could see the deep cuts and separation in her bulging calf muscles. It was very impressive. So I had to say, "Oh my God Lisa...you look amazing all prettied up!" She smiled and took a couple steps towards me. Instead of some ridiculously strong hug, she gave me a quick peck on the lips. "Thanks David, glad I got some approval on the outfit from someone here." Then she looked over at Louis and gave a head nod towards me. "At least someone here likes it." She said to Louis. "I like it honey." He replied, "I just hadn't said anything yet."

As Lisa backed away, she grabbed my hand and gave it a quick gentle squeeze. Even her caress was invigorating and although I was very much into my girlfriend Jill, Lisa had an amazing sexuality to her that was hard to dismiss. Once again, her kiss and light touch started to give me a hard on and I quickly looked at Louis and asked where we were headed for the night to get my mind off of Lisa.

“We’re off to get a drink and then dinner at Ruth’s Chris steakhouse” Louis said. “I’ve been dying for one of their big juicy steaks for weeks.” “I love Ruth’s Chris” I said, “Haven’t been there in a year or two though.”

Right then, Jill said “Woo hoo, look at this hottie!” I turned to see Samantha walking up to the group. She was a towering beauty. Samantha was 5’11” or 6’ tall and wearing 3” beige high heels. She wore a dark blue, mid-thigh length dress that had this twist in the middle at her belly button which exposed the left and right side of her abs and oblique’s. Draped over her shoulders and arms was a long beige flower-webbed mostly see-through shawl that came down past her knees. The bottoms half of her thighs and calves were exposed, and like Lisa, her calves were flexed beautifully due to the high heel shoes. Her legs were not huge but definitely muscular and were going to draw a lot of attention tonight.

Samantha gave hugs and kisses to the girls and Louis. She then leaned down and gave me a quick hug. It was pretty cool to get a hug from a beautiful, fit blonde that was at least 5 inches taller than me. All in all, Louis and I were surrounded by the best looking women in the Casino and I was looking forward to a fun night out.

Just in case Jill was at all mad or jealous about Lisa’s little kiss, I made sure to walk through the Casino with Jill at my side. She wrapped her arm under mine as we walked so it was pretty obvious that we were a couple. As we walked a few paces behind Lisa, Samantha and Louis, Jill said, “Look at Lisa’s calves, aren’t they amazing?” “They really are.” I replied, “It amazes me how many guys out there don’t find that ridiculously attractive. I love how fit and buff you’re getting babe, just glad you dig my skinny ass!” Jill laughed and said, “Well, you know how to please a woman in the right places if you know what I mean!” She then stopped walking and turned slowly towards me. Jill then leaned in and we shared a nice 30 second, moist, deep kiss right in the Casino walkway. We then slowly backed away looked deeply into each other’s eyes....and had an amazing non verbal connection.

Not to bore you all, but it was one of those moments when you just know you’re connected with the other person. We were on the exact same wavelength and knew it. Jill leaned in and gave me a big hug and said, “OK, let’s catch the others.” As we walked quickly to catch, Louis, Lisa and Samantha, I couldn’t help but notice the huge smile, from ear to ear on Jill’s face. I thought I knew we were in love but I think she was so happy because for the first time, we both REALLY knew we were in love with each other.

We quickly met up with the others in the cab line. As I mentioned earlier, all the girls looked stunning but I didn’t expect every single guy in line to be ogling them so much. Even girls in line were turning to check out Lisa, Jill and most of all Samantha. It kind of became laughable after several minutes, but the girls seemed oblivious to it and chatted away.



## Dinner and Drinks

We arrived at the restaurant and all grabbed a quick drink at the bar. After a few minutes of small talk, the hostess seated us at our table. It was a round booth in the corner of the restaurant so we spaced out evenly girl-guy-girl-guy-girl. Jill was seated at the opening on the left of the booth, I was next to Jill, Lisa was next to me, then Louis and finally Samantha at the other opening on the right side.

We were not even seated for three minutes and Jill says to Lisa, "So Lisa, as Dave and I were catching up to you and the gang in the Casino, he commented on how amazing your muscular legs looked and he couldn't believe that every guy in the world didn't find your legs attractive." I immediately turned bright red in embarrassment and chuckled to ease my tension. "Really?" Lisa responded, "Thank you David, I know some guys find them either too intimidating, or too masculine, or both." "Nope." I said, "Their flat out amazing. I love muscular legs on a woman, what can I say." As I finished my response, I grabbed Jill's buff leg and gave it a nice squeeze.

Knowing there was a moment of insecurity, Lisa grabbed my hand and put it on her thigh. She then held it there and began to flex and relax her massive, rock hard quads. "So", she said, "you wouldn't mind if Jill here built some rock hard gams like these?" "Not at all." I replied as Lisa continued to pulsate and flex her amazing leg. The size of her quads were so immense, that my hand literally raised 3 or 4 inches every time she flexed. With my right hand on Jill's thigh, and my left hand on Lisa's muscular thigh, I began to get a hard on. We laughed about the situation, but for 20 more seconds, Lisa continued to hold my hand on her firm, amazing thigh as she flexed and relaxed, flexed and relaxed.

By now, my cock was rock hard and I tried to take my hand off of Lisa's thigh. She acted like it was a struggle but then let go of my wrist. At that moment, as I pulled my hand away from Lisa, the table cloth covered me from the mid belly and below. Right then, Lisa slowly dragged her hand across my crotch and gave my erect penis a bit of a squeeze. I was shocked that she did that right in-front of Jill and as I looked up to see her expression, Lisa quickly turned towards Louis and asked him how his drink was. I then turned back towards Jill, who hadn't seen what happened. Jill kind of laughed and said, "Sorry honey, was the muscle legs comment supposed to be a secret?" "No babe." I replied and then gave her a quick peck on the lips.

We all looked at the menu and after a few minutes were ready to order. Samantha and Lisa ordered the Filet, Louis ordered the porterhouse steak for two and Jill ordered the New York steak. I attempted to order the petite filet, but the girls laughed and told the waiter to get me the regular filet. Then we ordered sides. Louis kind of took command of the ordering and we had Asparagus, Broiled tomatoes and something au gratin coming. Plus we all had dinner salads on the way.

It was a little bit tight in our booth, and just as the dinner salads arrived Lisa kind of readjusted and was now right up against me. Her meaty, thick, muscular thigh was brushed up against my leg. I felt its bulk and warmth and could have scooted over a few more inches towards Jill, but I didn't. I liked the feel of Lisa's thigh next to mine. Lisa was playing her flirt game and kind of nudged my leg with hers; I responded and nudged her twice with my thigh. I kind of smirked and as I looked at Lisa, she smirked and gave me her little wink again. Somehow, Lisa had great timing and I knew neither Jill nor Louis noticed our childish game.

## CHAPTER 9 Dinner/Club

Now that the food had arrived, the girls removed their shawls and exposed their gorgeous arms. Because of our tight fit, Jill's beautifully full left arm was touching my right; and Lisa's ripped, muscular right arm was nudging my left arm. I was sandwiched between the two and enjoying every second of it. Luckily I was wearing a long sleeved shirt so my skinny arms were not being outclassed so obviously. I quickly became mesmerized by Lisa's thick and muscular forearm. As she maneuvered her fork the muscles in it rolled and flexed tensely. Thick rounded veins coursed across her forearm in various waves, bringing her muscles the oxygen and nutrients they needed.

I knew I was turned on by muscular athletic legs and biceps, but just watching Lisa's forearm out of the corner of my eye had me hard as a rock. Even the underside of Lisa's wrist had muscle hanging from it, and her hands were full of veins and muscle as well. Every ounce of Lisa's being had me ridiculously turned on and I was finding it hard to control myself. You grow up being attracted to women's breasts, or a pretty face, or a nice body; yet here I was, completely turned on by Lisa's forearm, wrist and hand. "What the hell was wrong with me?" I thought. Was I turned on by her arm, or by what I knew it was attached to, or by the power I knew it possessed? Either way, I realized at that second, that if Jill wanted to work out to the max, and put on muscle like Lisa, I was going to support it 100%.

After the salads, we all ordered another drink as the steaks and sides arrived. I love the hot crackle of a butter smothered steak and the smell was amazing too. We all dug into dinner like it was The Last Supper. I had finished my salad, had a few asparagus and as I predicted, finished about half of my steak. I was stuffed and could not have a bite more. Jill had completely finished her entire meal, had extra veggies and tomatoes. She could tell I was finished so she instinctively reached over with her fork and snagged the other half of my steak. Jill then devoured every last bite while I sat back and relaxed with my drink.

I started to think about how much protein Jill had just consumed. I looked at her and said, "Babe, you just ate three times more than I did. How has your stomach not exploded yet?" Jill just looked at me

and smirked with a questioning, I don't know, look on her face. Lisa then added, "Hey Davey, she's gotta feed those growing guns." With that, Jill raised her right arm and did a biceps flex for me. It looked amazing and hard and the bulge in her arm was giving me a bulge in the pants. At that exact moment, Lisa whispered in my ear, but purposely loud enough for everyone to hear, "Don't worry Tiger, It'll get bigger...MUCH BIGGER!" Everyone laughed hysterically and Jill gave me a cute little shoulder nudge.

After everyone finished, we all ordered another drink in celebration of, well, being in Las Vegas I guess. As tends to happen, we started talking about relationships and Samantha, being the only single one there took the brunt of the questions. She talked about her past very brief 10 month marriage after college and a few past boyfriends. Finally, Jill asks her, "So Sammy, what is the number one trait you want in a guy?" She answers with no hesitation, "I need one that can perform All Night Long!" "Well Sammy." Lisa interjects, "Apparently Jill here is the only one of us who has one of those guys!" I kind of smiled as it became obvious that Jill had shared our lovemaking habits to the girls.

Right then Louis says, "Hey babe, what about me huh?" Lisa just looked at him and rolled her eyes. "If I want to be good and done in 20 minutes Louie...you're my guy!" The girls laughed and Louis just shook his head and said, "Whatever Lisa, Whatever." As Louis shook his head, Lisa made sure to press her meaty thigh against mine and she slowly began to flex and relax, flex and relax. Within 15 to 20 seconds, my cock was as hard as her beautifully flexed thigh. I tried to act like I wasn't even feeling it, but Lisa knew I was enjoying every amazing second of it. Its warm, thick, hard surface was sending me wild. I reached my hand under the tablecloth to adjust my member. Just as I was reaching my penis, Lisa grabbed my wrist and put my hand on her slowly pulsating quad. To feel its warmth and power was incredible. As Lisa kept slowly flexing and relaxing I was put into some sort of hypnotic state and lost train of thought to what the group was chit chatting about.

Finally, Jill grabbed my right arm and said, "Let's go babe, I want to dance!" It broke me out of my hypnotic state and I immediately thought, "What the Fuck just happened to the last 10 minutes?" My cock was still rock hard so I shot off to the bathroom to readjust things before Jill got wise. As I got to the bathroom, I realized that I had even released a quick spurt of cum. Now I had a small, sticky mess to clean up too. I quickly did that and then joined the group out at the cab line. We were heading back to the Hard Rock Hotel to hit the Body English club.

Louis and I kicked it near the bar while the three girls started dancing their tails off. They were amazing to look at, but in the sea of people, they quickly got lost out of our view. After a few minutes, I caught sight of them again and noticed a couple of big guys trying to dance with our girls. I told Louis about it and he just said, "Fuck it, they ain't gonna get anywhere with 'em." It obviously didn't bother Louis, but after a few more minutes, I was getting a bit miffed. Finally, I made my way over to the group and let the guys know the girls were taken and to find some other babes. One of the guys couldn't believe that a skinny guy like me was with these three buff babes. To prove it, I grabbed Jill and gave her a nice wet deep kiss right in front of the guy. He finally bought it and the two of them walked off.

Several minutes later, I was back at the bar with Louie. He had done a shot or two and was looking really hammered, almost Pass-Out drunk. I knew his night would be over soon. I made my way up to the front of the bar to get Louis some water. Right then I felt this huge bump in my back. As I turned to look, one of the big guys who was hitting on the girls earlier was walking by. I hadn't seen who just blasted me from behind, but I knew it had to be him. "What an Ass Hole" I thought. Anyway, I got the water and was making my way back to Louis, just then, the other big guy from earlier walked by and nudged my arm causing half of the water to spill out onto me. He just looked at me and said, "ooooops." The dude was 5'11" and probably 235 pounds. I had to just take it and be on my way. The dude could have easily kicked my ass with a couple of quick punches.

After the latest incident, I figured it was time for me to leave before the two meat heads had another drink and decided it would be a good idea to kick my ass. I walked around the corner to the bathroom line and decided to take a quick leak before gathering up the gang and heading out. As I stood in line, Lisa walked out of the girls restroom and spotted me. "What happened to your shirt?" she asked. It was obviously covered in liquid, so I gave her the quick story about the two meat heads. Right then, Lisa noticed one of the drunk idiots in line about five people ahead of me. Lisa says, "There's one of those dickheads right there!"

Lisa walked right up to him and started bitching him out right there. It was pretty dark in the bathroom hallway but I saw the big guy act like he was going to head but Lisa and then he spit on her. She immediately reared back and kicked that dude so hard in the balls, they were probably half way to his throat! As he bent down in pain, she kneed him square in the nose with two lightning quick knee kicks. That sent him to the ground in a heap. She gave him one more quick kick in the stomach as he laid fetal on the ground screaming in pain. I thought, "Oh Shit!" and quickly grabbed Lisa to pull her away. Her arm was flexed and tense and it was like grabbing onto a rock hard stone statue. Lisa looked me in the eye, her face burning red with anger, and I said, "Let's get the Fuck out of here now!"

Lisa quickly realized that she had just completely fucked this dude up, probably broke his nose and ruined any chance he had of having kids. Still fuming mad, she grabbed my hand and I led her out of the hallway and up to Louis. He was half passed out, so we just grabbed him and found the girls. They didn't want to leave as they had just taken two tequila shots and were ready for more fun. Lisa quickly explained that she might be in trouble and we had to go NOW!

Hearing the severity of Lisa's claims, the girls also followed us out of the club.

We arrived back to Samantha's hotel room. Louis was so drunk he promptly passed out on one of the lounge chairs in the room. Meanwhile, Lisa began to relay the story to the girls. She said, "I saw Dave in line for the restroom and noticed he was covered in liquid. He let me know that one of the big guys that was hitting on us on the dance floor shoved him and then doused him with Dave's drink. Right then, I spotted one of those ass holes a few places ahead of Dave in line. So I went up and had a few choice words for him."

"How did the fight start?" asked Jill. "Well" Lisa said, "The jerk spit on me and then tried to head but me. I instantly reacted and kicked him as hard as I could in the balls. It must have been a great shot because he bent over in pain immediately. He was about waist high, so I kned him in the head. At that point he fell down and Dave grabbed me to get out of there." "Wow Lisa, all those self-defense classes we've been taking really paid off!" Jill replied. Lisa just nodded her head several times and then said, "Yep, such a great idea for sure."

I looked surprisingly at Jill and said, "You've been taking self-defense classes?" She said, "Ya honey, every Thursday night right after our workout." I was pretty amazed and said, "Well, that's awesome. It sure paid off for Lisa tonight. Hopefully you won't have to use your defense skills anytime soon though." "Just with you honey..." she joked. We all smiled and laughed and made chit-chat a bit longer. Soon enough though, after drinking way too much, Jill and Samantha were asleep on Samantha's bed and Louis was passed out on the chair.

Lisa knew she had to get Louis back up to their room a couple of floors up. Even as strong as she was, she probably needed a little help. So I grabbed one of Samantha's extra room keys and helped her get Louis to his feet. He was still mostly passed out, but we managed to get him to his feet. I held Louis from one side while Lisa grabbed the other. We kind of stumbled and walked Louis to the elevator and up to their floor. Once to the room, we literally let him fall on the bed passed out cold. Lisa was nice enough to take his shoes off though.

I thanked Lisa again for her courage and for being such a bad-ass earlier that night. She just looked at me with this deep, serious look and said, "You, you are very, very welcome Tiger." She then reached out and gave me a hug. I expected her to pull some strength hold and try to lift me up or something again, but for the first time since we met, she just gave me a nice long meaningful hug. I could feel the thickness in her back and it was so strong and full, I knew she had tremendous power. After several seconds, as I started to back away, she still held me fairly close and leaned in and gave me a quick peck on the lips. I looked at her with a little surprise and she said, "Thanks for telling those two jerks to get lost when they were trying to cut in on me and the girls, it was pretty ballsy I must say." I just grinned from ear to ear and said, "You're welcome." I then leaned in and gave her a quick peck on the lips. We then both laughed and I started to walk to the door.

“Hold on.” She said, “Louis is about to turn into a major snore machine so I’m just going to stay with Samantha. I just need to change real quick and I’ll head back with you.” I said, “Okay” and waited by the door. Lisa obviously wanted to put on a show, so she walked into the restroom right next to me to change. Without closing the door, Lisa bent down and slipped her high-heels off. As she reached down, I was again instantly impressed with her magnificent arm muscles. Her triceps flexed into beautiful horseshoe shaped muscle and her shoulders were meaty and powerful.

I should have looked away, but I was mesmerized by Lisa’s muscles and she knew it. She was enjoying being able to flirt with someone besides Louie, so it was a win-win! After taking off her shoes, Lisa slowly rolled down her black stockings to reveal her buff quads. They were hard as rocks and there was a deep striation down the side of each thigh separating her massive quadriceps from her hamstrings. As she slowly pulled the stocking over her right calf, it momentarily got caught on her diamond shaped muscle and then popped down towards her ankle. I half laughed and said, “You are fucking amazing Lisa!” She just looked over slowly with a wry smile and winked. Lisa then stood up and let her leather skirt fall to the floor. From the side, she was a picture of perfection and her now exposed ass was a bubble of erotic hardness that I could bounce a quarter off of, no problem. It had that beautiful indentation in the middle of the side of each cheek. I was still a bit buzzed from the alcohol and I was not holding back, I said at that moment, “Lisa; that is absolutely the most amazing ass I have ever seen!” Again, she just looked over and winked.

I couldn’t believe what I was witnessing and my cock was as hard as a rock. I quickly reached down my pants and adjusted things. Lisa noticed my maneuver and said, “A little turned on Tiger?” “Who the Fuck wouldn’t be Lisa?” I replied. “True!” she said, “Very True.” Lisa then removed her blouse and let it fall to the floor. She was wearing a sheer style bra and I could easily see her nipples through the material. Instead of looking at me, Lisa looked at herself in the mirror and did a double biceps pose. Her biceps turned into baseball sized peaks of hardness and her massive forearms became huge and striated. There were two main veins running across her arm and all the way down over the back of her hands. Lisa then let out some oxygen and flexed her beautiful abs, showing a nice six pack. But instead of her abs being flat, they kind of bulged out slightly, showing off the muscular strength they obviously possessed.

“Vegas ready I’d say” Lisa said as she was ogling herself in the mirror. I just smiled and nodded my approval. Lisa then looked at me and said, “I’ve gotta have a pic of this, do you have your iPhone on you?” “Of course.” I replied. “Cool, I want you to take a few pics and text them to my iPhone.” Lisa ordered. I immediately realized that I would have the pics on my iPhone and was stoked. She walked past me, turned on the room light and walked towards the room window. With each step, her ass became flexed and hard as a rock. At the same time, her thigh muscles bulged out and became solid and huge. Although it was only a few steps, I was in disbelief of her awesomeness!

We began an impromptu photo session as Louis was beginning to snore like a damn freight train. Lisa and I couldn't help but laugh hysterically. Lisa began to pose and flex like she was in a bodybuilding show. As I took the pictures I was marveling at the sexiness Lisa projected as she moved from pose to pose. Instead of just hitting front double bi, then side, then back; Lisa was flowing from pose to pose like an elegant dancer. Just her movements were blowing my mind and I started to slowly move to her muscular rhythms as I took the pictures. Lisa finally said. "Alright Tiger, that should be enough. Let's go."

Lisa walked back past me back to the bathroom. Again I ogled her every step. She exuded a powerful confidence with each stride. Like I said before, it was mesmerizing just to watch her walk. Within 20 seconds, Lisa walked out of the bathroom. She again looked amazing. Lisa was wearing a white cut off sweatshirt that had the huge neck opening that hung loosely exposing her beautiful muscular right shoulder. The sleeves were pushed up almost to the elbow resting just above her thick, veiny forearms. It was cut short as well and a little of her bulging abs and belly button were showing. She had on a pair of small, soft cotton, pink bed time shorts. They were only about 4" long from top to bottom and her ass was trying to bust out of them. I loved how short they were as they didn't cover any of her gorgeous, meaty, muscular quads. Finally, she had slipped on a pair of long white and pink striped socks that went all the way up to the base of her knee. In them, her monstrous calves were clearly visible and I wondered how she had gotten them that big!

As Lisa tried to walk past me to the door, I grabbed her left bicep with my left hand and attempted to spin her towards me. Her mass and power were too much for me to actually control and spin, but she knew what I was trying to do and volunteer idly turned towards me. She looked at me with a very excited look and I waited for just a second too throw a bit of a flirt back towards her. I then lifted up two small individual sized tequila bottles. They were a couple I had bought at the little convenience store and I knew they would come in handy at some point on the trip. Lisa laughed and I handed her one of the small bottles. We each opened the little cap on the top and we clinked the bottles together. She then held up her mini bottle and said, "Too tonight." I held up my bottle and said, "Too you!" We then each took our shot and tossed the bottles into the waste basket. "Aren't you something." Lisa said as we walked out the door. "Oh, look who's talking." I said, as the door shut behind us.

## CHAPTER 11 - Lisa

I know we were just flirting and having fun, but I just didn't want my time with Lisa to end. "Hey Lisa." I said, "Let's stop in my room on the way, I want to put on something more comfortable and grab Jill's pajamas." Lisa was all for it so we got off on my floor and walked in my room.

Lisa walked in and sat on the end of the bed. I quickly took off my clothes and threw on a pair of basketball shorts and a t-shirt. When I looked over at Lisa, I noticed her huge hamstring muscles

hanging down below her quads. I must not have seen her in that position before. So I said, "Lisa stay right where you are, I've gotta get a picture of this for you too." With that, I snapped a quick pic and walked over to show it to her. "My God!" she said as she looked at the pic, "My Hamstrings are HUGE!" Without even thinking I got down on one knee in front of Lisa and felt her beautiful hamstring muscle.

I immediately realized that I may have crossed over the "Flirting" threshold so I quickly let go of her leg. "Oh Tiger, don't stop." She said, "I need a nice leg massage." I kind of looked up at her with a questioning look and she could tell I was a bit perplexed. "Don't worry Davey." She said, "It's just a massage." With that, I grabbed the bottle of lotion that Jill had left on the dresser next to the bed and squirted some on Lisa's right thigh. The lotion seeped into the deep valleys between the huge, striated bulges on her leg. I then began to caress and massage her gorgeous, massive, muscular quads. First I slowly rubbed in the lotion, and then I began to stroke her thigh with both hands in an upward in then slowly downward motion. Her legs were so strong and huge that even using both hands, I couldn't begin to envelop their mass, I wondered if she was getting any feeling at all from my weak grip.

Just as I was beginning to doubt my massage abilities, Lisa let out a small moan of pleasure and tilted her head back. She also closed her eyes, which I knew was a motion of pleasure. I quickly put the lotion on her other leg and began to massage and stroke it as I had the right. After about 5 or 6 minutes Lisa put her right hand under her sweater and began to caress her left breast as I continued to pulsate up and down her gorgeous quads. I still thought we may be in "The Safe Zone" until Lisa then slipped her left hand into her panties and began to pleasure herself down there. I was entirely caught up in our moment and noticed a small nick on Lisa's right knee where she probably scratched it during her fight earlier that night. "Honey" I said, "You got a little bo-bo on your knee."

Instinctively I placed my mouth over the small cut and slowly licked it. Lisa immediately shoved me back with full force and I hit the ground hard. I knew I had just crossed the line with Lisa and as she jumped on top of me, I knew that I was in for the beating of my life. She landed on me hard and her weight was immense. Her muscular thighs straddled me at the waist and I was in a completely defenseless position below this muscle bound bad-ass. Lisa raised her arms up slowly, so I reached my arms out and up in a feeble attempt to block her powerful blows. She then grabbed the neck of her loose sweater, lifted it over her head and tossed it to the floor. I now stared up in fear at her muscular glory. Her shoulders were so wide and buff and full and her traps were tall and rounded as they sat next to her beefy neck. The huge muscles in her arms were rock hard and could easily pound me into pulp. I hadn't noticed them before, but she had huge muscles on her sides underneath her armpits that now looked like powerful wings as I stared up at her. And her abs were buff and hard, and would easily absorb any defensive punch I tried to throw at them. Lisa's strength and power were just too much for me to comprehend and I was immediately scared to death of her.

Lisa then looked me in the eyes and grabbed my wrists. She easily forced them down to the ground next to my ears. I turned my head to the side and closed my eyes instinctively, not wanting to witness my



own beating. A few seconds later, Lisa whispered softly into my ear, "Reeeelax...Don't be afraid Davey, you're going to enjoy this." I was still too frightened to respond and couldn't comprehend what she meant. A second later, with my eyes still closed, I felt Lisa begin to lick my ear. First she licked around the outer edge, then she started sticking it down into my ear canal. Finally, she softly kissed it and whispered, "Let's have some fun." With that, I opened my eyes and slowly turned my head to look at her. Lisa let go of my right arm, grabbed my jaw with her powerful hand and leaned in. We began to kiss each other passionately.

As we kissed each other deeply, Lisa reached down and started to pull my shirt up, she got it to my neck and then pulled it over my head and off. Lisa then started kissing and licking me erotically first in the neck, then on my non-existent chest, and finally on my abs. As they were really my only muscular feature, Lisa kissed and licked them with more vigor than the rest. Lisa continued to slide down my body until her powerful thighs were now resting heavily on my lower legs. She then reached into my shorts with one finger and began to slide it back and forth slowly tickling the top of my rock hard penis several times. She then gazed into my eyes and I just nodded YES without saying a word.

Lisa quickly pulled down my shorts and took my cock in her mouth. She began to give me the blow job of my life. My dick was as hard as it has ever been and I felt like it was going to burst out of its skin. I was completely aroused by a mix of deathly fear and an unbelievable desire for Lisa's muscular body. As she continued to pump up and down, she was able to somehow vibrate her tongue allowing me immense pleasure. After only a couple short minutes her vibrations caused me to spurt just a little cum. Knowing she had me at the apex of arousal, Lisa quickly stopped and stood up over me. As I laid totally fired up in the same position since Lisa had shoved me to the ground a few minutes earlier, I stared up at Lisa's magnificence. Although she was only 5'4" tall, in this position, Lisa looked like a Ten Foot Tall Muscular Greek Goddess.

I stared at Lisa's diamond shaped muscular calves, still bulging out of her pretty pink and white knee high socks. They led up to her massive quads that had huge thigh muscle hanging down one side of her knee cap and a tear drop of bulging muscle on the inside part of her knee cap. It was the most beautiful sight I had ever laid eyes on. As Lisa stood over me, exuding pure muscular and sexy magnificence, I slowly sat up. I reached out my hands and grabbed her massive calves. I tried to squeeze them as I caressed them. They were literally rock hard and could probably cut glass. Slowly, methodically, I moved my hands up and began to fondle her tear drop thigh muscles. Finally I made my way up her glorious quads and grabbed her pink shorts. Like she had done to me, I put a finger under the elastic waistband and began to slide it back and forth. Finally, I grabbed the shorts with both hands and began to slide them down over her massive legs. She lifted up one leg and I pulled the shorts down to the base of her left foot.

Lisa's beautiful vagina was staring me right in the face. I expected her to be fully shaved, but she had a small "Landing strip" of pubic hair just above her naval. Even the area just to left and right of her pussy

was muscular and she had the start of an 8-pack, just above it. I reached around her legs and grabbed her massive hamstrings. They were rock-hard like her calves and they filled my hands to capacity. While my hands were enjoying what they were doing, I leaned my head forward and began to lick her vagina. She had very tight pussy lips and her clit was firm; I started licking it strongly. As I started to pulsate back and forth with my tongue, Lisa placed her hand on the back of my head and started to pull it in and out to help her enjoy my pussy licking even more. My go to method of licking and then flicking her clit with the tip of my tongue sent Lisa wild. My tongue worked faster and faster and Lisa began to grip my hair harder and harder as she was seemingly close to orgasm after just a few minutes. "Oh My God!" Lisa screamed, "Ohhhhhhh YES!" she followed. She then began to shake a little as the erotic pleasure was starting to take over her body.

I pulled my head and body away from her vagina and looked up at Lisa. Her eyes were closed and her head tilted back. She quickly opened her eyes and looked down at me. I stared her deep in the pupils and stood up in front of her. With my hands outstretched around her very muscular torso, I slowly turned her towards the bed. Lisa instinctively bent over at the waist and put both hands on the bed for support. I quickly entered her pussy from behind and began to fuck her. She was incredibly warm, moist and tight. It felt like I had just placed my cock in an oven. While I was providing my own pulsating motion, Lisa was contributing her own amazing fluctuations. Her internal vagina muscles were flexing and relaxing around my cock at ever increasing speeds. At one point, they finally grabbed my cock so firmly that I could no longer provide my own back and forth motion. Lisa knew she had me paralyzed. She waited three or four seconds which seemed like an eternity, and finally relaxed her hold. Even while I fucked her from behind, Lisa wanted to show me that she was in full control of me.

We began to gyrate together in a rhythmic flow that I don't know I had ever experienced before. At the same time, I was staring at these rock hard mounds of muscle that exploded from the back of her shoulder blades. I knew she had a muscular body, but I had no idea bulging muscles could even exist on the back like that. As we made love in sync, I reached out and began to caress and massage these gorgeous mounds of muscle. Realizing my pure enjoyment, Lisa began to flex and relax her back muscles. They continually popped to attention and then slightly flattened out before again exploding up. They were incredibly powerful and I was more impressed with Lisa's body with every passing moment. I moved my hands up and started to massage Lisa's monstrous traps. They were huge and flexed as well due to her position. We continued our rhythmic thrusts and I would occasionally spurt a small amount of cum to release a little pressure. It added to the moisture inside her and I knew I could last a lot longer by doing this. Finally, after almost 30 minutes Lisa began to gyrate ever more rapidly. Her vagina muscles relaxed and I also began to thrust in and out more rapidly. Lisa started shouting, "Oh, Oh, Faster, Faster, Oh, Yes, Yes, Yes, and finally one last YESSSSSSSSSS!" she had experienced full orgasm and her pussy juices flowed forcefully out of her vagina.

She may have thought the experience was over, but I wasn't done yet. I backed off and let her lay down on the bed. I again mounted her from the front and inserted my cock once again. We were now in the missionary position and I started slowly, methodically pushing my penis deep inside her and then slowly

pulling almost all the way out, and then again inserting as deep as I could push. I knew that pushing that slowly and deeply, I would be hitting some new areas inside her that would get Lisa sexually excited again. Her eyes were closed and I started to massage her muscular chest. It was not big, in that she did not have large breasts, but it was meaty, heaving muscle with a deep cleavage groove cut in the middle. I then began licking her hard nipples and beautiful chest.

Lisa again became very aroused and was ready for round two with me. Her pussy and vagina muscles flexed and relaxed in a hypnotic rhythm and we were immediately erotically in tune with each other again. She reached around my torso with her beautiful robust arms, and pulled me in towards her. Lisa then closed her eyes again and tilted her head back in her now reoccurring pleasure posture. Her neck was also large and muscular and she had a huge vein running up the right side of it. I started to kiss and lick her beautiful, buff neck and vein. Now fully turned on again, Lisa grabbed my chin and moved my face directly in front of hers. We began to kiss deeply. Our tongues and lips meshed perfectly and our passionate embrace was matched only by our in-sync sexual gyrations. We kept this same position for 30 minutes, but eventually we started playing with each other, almost flirting again; I would try to kiss her, and she would close her mouth, then lick me in the eye, then we'd lock lips again until I did the same to her. Lisa would then do the same thing to my cock. She would flex her vagina muscles to completely hold me motionless, then release her hold and allow me to pleasure her ever more. We began to laugh while at the same time experiencing extreme pleasure.

Neither of us were ready to climax, but Lisa was ready for a new position. She grabbed my torso firmly with her powerful hands and rolled me over to her side. Now on my back, Lisa rolled on top of and mounted me. Her strong strapping thighs were on each side of my chest. As Lisa pulsated up and down on my rock hard penis, I put my hands on her quads. The power I could feel in them was overwhelming so I closed my eyes and just held her flexing muscles as tightly as I could while Lisa worked her beautiful magic. After many minutes of this, I was ready and wanting to climax. I reached up and grabbed Lisa's meaty biceps. "Flex 'em you gorgeous woman!" I shouted, "Flex 'em you bad-ass!" I followed. Lisa didn't say anything, she just brought them up in a Double-Biceps pose and flexed them as hard as she could. Lisa closed her eyes again and I began to caress her muscular biceps as she began to ride me faster and faster and faster. I was doing everything in my power not to explode but I wanted to wait for her to climax.

Finally, Lisa tilted her head back, put her hands down, one on each side of my head and shuddered. At that moment Lisa began to climax and flow her beautiful juices. I had been waiting for this moment for some time so I immediately quit holding back and released every ounce of stored up cum I had. As we each simultaneously climaxed, Lisa opened her eyes, just a few inches from mine, and we started into each other. Exhausted, Lisa held her position for about fifteen more seconds and then collapsed on top of me. She felt like a thousand pounds of solid muscle on top of me and I was helpless to move her and inch, but then again, I didn't want to.

As all guys do, I now began to think about the consequences of my actions. Having just fucked Lisa, I guess it was going to be all over with Jill, and Louis was surely going to kill me. I slowly got off the bed and started a shower. The water was nice and steamy in just a minute or two so I stepped in and started washing off. Lisa turned out the bathroom light and stepped into the shower with me. We were both soaking wet and Lisa leaned in and gave me a nice wet, meaningful kiss. "Thank You Tiger." she said, "You were fucking amazing! Absolutely Amazing!" I stood there speechless as she began to lather me with soap and wash me off. I then returned the favor and covered her solid, sinewy, powerful body with soap. Sure enough, my penis again jumped to attention. She felt it poke her and said, "Wow...still wanting more I see." We shared a brief laugh and I said, "What can I say, you're just too damn HOT!" After massaging her for several minutes, she turned off the water and we held each other tightly for fifteen or twenty seconds. Lisa then reached up and handed me a towel from the rack. I thanked her and we got out of the shower and dried off.

Lisa put her sexy outfit back on, and I threw on my basketball shorts and t-shirt. She looked sexy as hell sitting on the end of the bed again. I sat next to her and put my right hand on her meaty thigh. Just touching her gave me an incredible feeling. I looked Lisa in the eye and said, "Now what?" "Oh my God, Davey." she replied, "Jill had been bragging about how great you were in bed and I got carried away with the flirting. Once you responded well to it, I just kept it going....Totally my fault. You were beyond amazing tonight and Jill is a very, very lucky girl." "So you won't say anything about tonight?" I asked. "Not a word. What happened here tonight, stays here tonight." She answered. Lisa then stood up and said, "I'll head back to my room and try to sleep through the freight train, you can go down and get Jill." I stood up and gave Lisa a meaningful hug. Just before letting go, Lisa did her signature move and squeezed almost tight enough to break a rib, then lifted me off the ground and held me helpless for a few seconds. She then put me down and gave me a quick peck on the lips. "See you tomorrow Tiger!" she said softly as she slowly walked out the door.

## CHAPTER 12 - Day 2

I quickly grabbed Jill's PJ's and heads down to Samantha's room. As guilty as I was feeling about my sexual intercourse with Lisa, at least I wasn't married. Lisa was married to Louis and I justified to myself that she was more wrong and this somehow made me feel better. It still didn't change the fact that I cheated on Jill, but it lessened the crime in my mind.

Now in Samantha's room, I found them both asleep in her bed. When I lifted the covers up, I found that Jill had taken off her dress and was wearing just her panties. I tried to slip the PJ bottoms on Jill's legs, but her muscular quads were far heavier than I imagined. I couldn't lift a leg with one arm and pull the PJ's up with the other. Since Jill was asleep I expected her legs to be a bit soft and easy to manage, but they were actually very firm, heavy and damn near impossible for me to move. After a couple minutes of failure, I decided to wedge one leg between her legs and then attempt to pull the PJ's up. It worked but I noticed that just trying to move her heavy legs caused me to sweat a bit. Next I needed to put on

her top. Putting her head through the neck wasn't too difficult. Then I grabbed her exposed arm and lifted it up into the sleeve hole. Even her arm seemed extremely heavy to me. The muscle mass she was developing was far heavier than I had imagined and I was finding it hard to believe. When we first started dating, I could actually lift Jill up and carry her a few feet here or there, but now, there was no way. I could barely even lift a damn leg!

Before I placed her other arm in the shirt sleeve, I laid my exposed arm next to hers. Yep, hers were larger than mine for sure and especially her forearm. It made mine look pretty skinny. She had a nice bulge of muscle just below the crook of the arm and it was thick all the way to her wrist. Jill was really putting on some size and the thought of her growth was starting to excite me. Finally, I maneuvered her exposed arm into the other shirt sleeve and then threw the covers back over her. The bed was too small for three, so I grabbed a blanket and pillow, and fell asleep on the floor.

The next morning came rapidly and I woke up Jill and suggested we head back to our room. She gave Samantha a quick hug and we headed out. Jill had a major hangover and just wanted to sleep in the dark a couple more hours. I had not drank as much as her so at 9:00am I decided to head down to the lobby and grab some Starbucks. There seemed to be several people there for the Mr. Olympia weekend because I spotted at least six or seven bodybuilders in the lobby and casino area. The dudes were huge and there was a brunette chick in line a few people ahead of me with arms bigger than Lisa's. Her triceps muscle stuck out at least an inch and a half to two inches above the rest of the back of her arm. I held my right arm at a 90 degree angle like hers and flexed it. I then felt it with my left hand. My arm was a bit tighter than it was relaxed, but there was absolutely no triceps bulge at all. I kind of chuckled at myself while ogling her awesome arm.

I waited for my drinks a few feet behind the Bodybuilder chick. Her ass was amazing too I now noticed and her jeans were VERY tight! The seams were about to split with all of the muscle pressure forcefully pushing them out. I was really starting to get an awe inspiring respect for the muscle on her and the work it must have taken. Sure enough, we soon both had our coffee in hand and stood next to each other at the cream and sugar stand. As we began sprucing up our drinks I said, "Excuse me." She looked over with a smile and I said, "I just have to compliment you on your amazing physique, it's truly inspiring." She got an even bigger smile on her face and said, "Thank you, I really appreciate that." As she did, I noticed that even her jaw was incredibly muscular. It probably would turn a lot of guys off, but I kind of liked it. We made some quick small talk and I found out she was not even a competing bodybuilder, she was just there to work one of the muscle gainer product booths. I told her that my girlfriend and I would say hi if we saw her there. Jen smiled and stuck out her hand to shake mine. I introduced myself and took her hand in mine. Hers was a very solid and meaty grip, but luckily she didn't squeeze extra hard as my hand was still a bit sore from Lisa's monster grip the day before. We parted ways and I watched her awesome ass in motion for a few moments and then headed back to my room.

Like the entire day before, I was again getting hard just thinking about that bodybuilders ass. She must have been one amazing fuck. I got back to our room and headed in. Jill was in using the restroom so I put the coffee on the dresser by the TV and sat on the bed. A minute later, Jill walked out of the bathroom wearing nothing but a red t-shirt. It just barely covered her pussy and was an amazing look. Her buff legs looked incredible and her calves were nice and buff as well. She slowly walked up, muscular calves flexing with every step, mounted my thighs and grabbed her cup of coffee. She was incredibly heavy but hotter than hell just inches from my face. She wanted to thank me for the drink and also apologize for not being able to satisfy me the night before since she passed out. Little did she know I was more than satisfied that night! ;)

Jill reached down and began to massage my penis through my shorts. It was ON immediately. She put down her drink and pushed me back on the bed. A little animal instinct took over and she pulled my shorts down my legs and threw them onto the floor. I was totally erect so Jill mounted me right there and began to ride me hard. She was not usually this feisty but I was enjoying every second of it. She still was wearing the red t-shirt, so I reached my hands up underneath and started caressing her breasts. This always made her feel good so I just kept fondling her breasts as she was fondling my penis with her tight vagina. As we made love in this position, I reached around and grabbed her torso just above her ass. For the first time, I felt some bulging muscle on both the right side and left side of her spine. It was solid and meaty like the rest of her was becoming, and it would flex and then slightly relax as she raised and lowered with her pelvic thrusts.

Muscles on the lower back of a woman seem incredibly sensual to me. I can't explain why, but I was turned on like crazy with Jill's flexing back muscles and after a few minutes I began to cum heavily. To stop from exhausting all my vigor, I placed my hands on the bed and started thinking about anything but Jill's amazing muscle. It got me thorough that moment and we were able to continue a bit longer. Jill knew I had almost blown my whole load and said, "Wow! That was close, are you still good?" "Yep." I replied, "Still good-to-go babe!" My girlfriend was happy, gave me a cute little wink, then tilted her head up toward the ceiling and began to ride me faster and harder. As Jill looked up, I saw that she too was starting to develop some neck muscle, and even had a visible neck vein too. It wasn't as pronounced as Lisa's neck vein, but it was enough to turn me on for sure. After another ten minutes or so, Jill began riding me at lightning speed and I knew she was getting ready to squirt. I again grabbed her lower back muscles and started to thrust in perfect sequence with her. Moments later Jill filled her vagina with fluid and I blew the rest of my load. She then bent down and we shared a passionate 30 second kiss before she rolled over to the side.

Jill and I spooned for another fifteen minutes and then I decided to shower up in prep for our day ahead at the Olympia expo. As the warm shower water hit my body, I again felt lucky to have Jill and knew I could be with her and her alone for the rest of my life. As I was just finishing up and Jill walked in the bathroom and got in the shower. Her naked muscular body was an amazing sight and the thought of it was going to keep me entertained for the rest of the day! We had to meet Lisa, Louis and Samantha in just a bit so instead of any more fooling around, we quickly got ready.

I threw on my black running shoes, beige cargo pants and a Yosemite logo t-shirt. It had always been my favorite, best fitting t-shirt, but that was at 185 pounds. Now at 167 pounds, it seemed just a bit baggy on me. The good thing was that the sleeves now hung a little lower down my arm, so it covered up my skinny biceps. Just then, Jill walked out of the bathroom looking phenomenal as ever. She quickly put on a pair of tight fitting designer jeans and some cute black shoes. They were not high heeled shoes per say, but like most women's shoes now days, they sat atop a two inch platform that of course made her taller. Jill then pulled on a tight red top that form fitted her torso and breasts and covered only the top half of her shoulder. It left her lower shoulder and beautiful meaty arms exposed. She really looked amazing. We walked out of the room and started down the elevator to the lobby.

Jill and I were the only two people in the elevator on the way down to the lobby. We stood next to each other facing forward. The elevator walls were covered in mirrors so we were basically staring back at ourselves. Of course Jill looked taller than me because she was wearing her platform shoes, but she also looked wider and fuller as well. I noticed the size difference immediately, but Jill seemed a bit confused by it. She kind of tilted her head a few different ways as she stared back at us in the mirror, I think she was a bit confused by the size difference and figured the mirrors were off kilter somehow. As I mentioned before, over the last few months, Jill had been eating and training like crazy with Lisa and the gang, while I had been running a lot and cutting down the calories. She had been gaining some mass and I had been losing it. Anyway, we obviously hadn't stood next to each other in front of a mirror in that time, so what she may have remembered about our comparative physiques from a few months earlier had definitely changed. Just then, the doors opened and we stepped out into the lobby. Jill looked at me quizzically and said, "Is that....your favorite Yosemite shirt?" She had seen me wear this damn shirt so many times and probably knew exactly how it was supposed to look on me. The fact that it was now hanging on me loosely, confused her to the point that she wasn't sure if I had become that much smaller or, if I was actually wearing a different, size larger Yosemite shirt. For the first time around Jill, I was actually a bit embarrassed about my obvious weight loss so I lied and said, "Ya, but I think it's getting a bit stretched out. Probably time for a new favorite shirt." She agreed and we headed out to meet the gang.

## CHAPTER - 13

### The show

We arrived at the lobby to meet the gang. I have to admit, I was anxious to see what Lisa was wearing and as we turned the corner by the Wheel of Fortune slot machines, she didn't disappoint. Lisa was wearing black high heeled platform type shoes that probably added 3 inches. She was wearing a pair of small jean shorts and a white tank top. Her shorts were pretty short and they exposed her beautiful muscular thighs. I hadn't noticed it before, but she had a thick rounded vein running from the inside of her upper right quad all the way down and into her lower teardrop muscle. The tank top was tight and her amazing shoulders and buff arms were fully exposed. She had her dark hair pulled back in a pony-tail which was great as it exposed her bulging trap muscles. I leaned in and gave her a quick tight hug.



As I did, she grabbed me with her unreal super-tight hug and I felt the muscles in her back pop to attention as she squeezed. Although I felt the slight pain of the hug, I was too busy enjoying her muscular back to care. Lisa let me go pretty quickly and I immediately looked to Louis and shook his hand. I felt pretty guilty doing it and looked back at Lisa. She was smiling and gave me her quick signature wink.

Lisa was looking extremely pumped and I said, "Damn Lisa, you're looking jacked right now. Are you trying to out muscle everyone at the show today?" "Nope." She replied, "Just you Davey" and she flexed her right biceps. Her muscle jumped to attention and it too had a large vein running over the top of it and down the hump to the other side. Everyone laughed and Lisa said, "Got my cardio in last night and my pump in this morning." Samantha quickly asked, "You got cardio in last night? After the drinking and dancing and kneeling???" Lisa looked at me and said, "Yep, had a great cardio session last night, Amazing!" I immediately tried to change the subject thinking everyone knew immediately what Lisa meant. Of course they didn't, but I was scared anyway.

I quickly turned towards Samantha and gave her a quick hello-hug. She was tall and beautiful as ever wearing jeans so tight they looked like they were painted on. Her legs had some muscle to them and I was really impressed by her nice rounded ass and the rock hard hamstring muscles that were trying to protrude through her jeans. She had on a light blue short sleeved shirt that clung to her amazing, fit figure very well. Her boobs looked bigger than I had remembered and her nice round shoulders and arms looked fit and muscular as well. We then made small talk and caught a cab to the expo.

So we get to the expo and it's crazy. The line to get in was 100 yards long at least. It was about to take us 20+ minutes just to get into the place, but time went 100 miles an hour. The view was amazing. There were fit, muscular men and women everywhere! The gang and I had a great time people watching. The girls especially had fun looking and commenting on everyone. If you have never been to the Mr. Olympia and you love buff women, you better get yourself there. As enjoyable as the line was, inside was even better. Every protein bar and drink company hired these amazingly fit models to rep their products. The girls were really fit, sometimes pretty muscular and always smiling and posing for people's pictures.

As we were walking through the expo, we came across a booth with Betty Pariso. She was fucking huge and ripped! Her shoulders were bigger than any non-bodybuilder guy's I had ever seen. When Betty shook hands, the individual muscle fiber in them would jump to attention. She was by far the biggest and most muscular woman I had ever seen. More than being turned on, I was utterly shocked. A few feet after we passed her booth, I had to turn and take one more look at Betty. Jill saw me looking and questioned, "Too big???" I thought for a second, a bit embarrassed that I had just been caught by my girlfriend and said, "ummmm, No. I just don't know if I have a "Too Big". Jill just kind of nodded her head in approval and said, "hmmmm interesting. Very interesting indeed."



I didn't really know what Jill meant by her response but didn't have time to think about it. We walked to the Explode Supplements booth and Lisa, Samantha and Jill walked in to talk to two huge guys promoting the product. They were very large muscular guys and almost made Louis look small. They were busy complimenting the girls so I just turned around and started watching the crowd. As I mentioned earlier, it was great, there were large bodybuilder chicks, smaller, but still muscular fitness type girls and the typical fake blonde, bolt-on boob's chicks. For every type of guy...there was a girl to watch! Louis was enjoying the scene as well, not at all interested in the Explode Supplements.

About ten minutes later Jill walked up to me with a brochure from Explode. She starts pointing out the different muscle builders, proteins, amino-acids and the like. I was wondering why she was showing me all this stuff I had no idea about but then came the reason. "Honey" she says, "Typically a 1-month supply of their product mix is \$450, but right now they are offering us a show special and partial sponsorship deal of \$900 for a six month supply." "What kind of sponsorship deal?" I asked. Jill explained, "Well, we take a series of prescribed pictures of ourselves every 20 days. We send them into Explode and as we grow and improve our physiques they post us in their promo page on the internet. At the end of the six months, if we've made significant improvement, they'll sponsor us with free Explode Supplements and pay us to rep their product at shows like this." "How much?" I asked. "Well," she answered, "up to \$500 per day plus commission on sales, which can double or triple that amount." She was so damn excited, of course I reached in my pocket and gave her \$900. Jill leaned in, gave me a big kiss and said, "Love you babe, you won't regret this!"

As Jill worked out the details with the Explode guys, I started to feel pretty good about the money I just gave Jill. This partial sponsorship was going to really get her motivated in the gym over the next six months and I was going to get to reap the benefits of her growing body. Right then a girl representative for Explode walked out from behind the booth. She was wearing black sports shoes, a small pair of black shorts and a black and yellow Explode Supplements tank top. Her golden brown skin was popping with ripped muscle. She had long sandy blonde hair that laid beautifully on her bulging muscular traps, and huge rounded shoulders. The arms hanging on her sides exploded with rock hard muscle and there were seemingly dozens of veins running down and crisscrossing her biceps and forearms. The quads she walked up to me on were also bulging with rock hard ripped muscles and her calves shot out to each side and had to be twice as big as mine.

She stuck out her hand and said in a soft, sweet voice, "Hi, I'm Dana. What's your name?" I was still a bit stunned at her size but mustered out in a half mute voice, "Ah David." I stuck out my hand expecting her to crush it like a grape, but she grabbed it with a very feminine and soft grip. It kind of surprised me that this mound of ripped muscle would seem so feminine, but she kind of just pulled it off. She then said back with a smile, "Well, Ah David, nice to meet you." I laughed as well. Dana then asked, "Can I show you some product?" I thanked her and said, "No, my girlfriend Jill is buying a bunch of product right now and I'm just a runner and not into weightlifting." Dana smiled and replied, "Good for her, but David, if she's using Explode and you're not, she's going to be making All of the Rules VERY soon." We laughed for a few seconds and I said, "You're in amazing shape, are you in the show?" She said, "Yes, my

name is Dana Westerfield, and I'm in the Ms. Olympia contest." "Good luck." I said, "We will be rooting you on." She thanked me, gave me a wink, much like Lisa's wink and took up a conversation with a few other people who walked up.

Right then Jill, Samantha and Lisa approached. Jill was smiling from ear to ear, holding all of her new product in two large bags. I looked and said, "So, that's 900 bucks worth?" "No." Jill said, "This is only two months' supply, they'll send the rest to me in a few weeks." "Holy shit!" I replied, "That'll be a lot of Explode in the house...hope it doesn't blow up!" We laughed at my stupid joke and Jill rolled her eyes. I noticed that Lisa wasn't holding any product, and asked, "Where is all your Explode Lisa?" She said, "This trip tapped us out a bit, so I signed up to start the program in six months when I can drop the \$900." "Bullshit." I replied, "It's really \$2700 worth of supplements, here's \$900, I want Jill to have another Explode Supplements partner and you can just pay me back later." Lisa immediately refused but Jill nagged her for 3 or 4 minutes until she finally decided to take my small loan and buy some product. Lisa leaned in and gave me a nice solid hug and then rushed to the counter to get her product.

Jill was pretty proud of me and said, "You just never cease to amaze me honey. I love you so much I could eat you!" I leaned in and gave her a kiss and for the first time in our relationship said, "I love you more!" I saw the gleam in her eye and a beautiful smile encompassed her face. Jill then wrapped her arm around me and leaned her head on my shoulder while we waited for Lisa. I was feeling pretty good about my life right then, like it was going to be truly amazing!

#### CHAPTER 14 - EXPO

Just a few minutes later, we were walking around and came upon the bodybuilding.com booth. As with the other booths, there were very hot and fit chicks giving away product, but at this one, there was a catch. To get the goodie-bag, they were making everyone do 20 regular pushups to get it. Jill said, "Dave, I want a couple of these so do the pushups with me for the free stuff." "No problem babe." I said and we hit the deck right in front of the girl with the microphone. As we started, Jill immediately took the lead; by the time I hit 4, Jill had already pumped out eight military grade pushups. The girl on the microphone was counting and at 10 for Jill, she said, "C'mon dude, this girl is kicking your ass." So immediately, people who probably weren't paying any attention at all now looked directly at me and Jill doing our pushups.

The pressure was on now, but my arms were already starting to weaken and burn at 8. Jill repped out at 20 and popped up to her feet. Now the girl on the mic was counting my reps. "That's 9, c'mon guy you can do it! 10, 11, 12." My arms started shaking and I was seriously doubting my ability to crank out 20 reps. I rested at the top for 3 or 4 seconds and then did three more pushups in succession. "Four to go

big guy, you got this.” Blurted out the girl. But now, even some of the folks watching started to count and cheer me on. After another seven or eight second rest, I pushed out 2 more really weak and struggling pushups. Just to do it I had to start by throwing my ass in the air and using that momentum helped. I took a ten second rest this time and used the same but thrust technique to get one more done. “Nineteen everybody, Nineteen for the guy in the baggy shirt.” Cheered the girl with the mic, “Just one more, You Can Do It!” Finally, after another brief rest I launched down to the ground. My arms were heavily shaking and absolutely on fire, my face was beat red and I thought I was going to launch one of my eyeballs out as I struggled to complete my 20th rep. The but thrust only got me half way up and I couldn’t budge a millimeter more, right then Jill reached down, grabbed the back of my shirt and pulled me up to complete my last pushup. As the few folks around and the girl with the mic cheered, I collapsed back down to the floor, completely spent of energy and strength.

After lying face down on the floor for twenty seconds or so I rolled over to my back, just starting to gain some strength back. Jill reached out her hand, I grabbed it and she easily hoisted me up to my feet. She then leaned in and gave me a quick kiss and said, “Thanks hon, I knew you could do it.” The girl with the mic seemed shocked and said to Jill, “Oh, you’re with him???” “Yep.” Jill answered, “He’s my boyfriend.” “Oh, I’m sorry,” replied the girl, “I’m just surprised because you’re so fit and buff, and he’s, ya know, a bit thin.” “Well.” Jill said, “He’s got it where it counts, if you know what I mean.” Jill then gave her a wink. The girl laughed and handed us our goodie-bags as we walked away to meet up with the gang.

I was totally embarrassed by not being able to even do 20 pushups when Jill made it look so easy. On top of that, the comment by the girl was the first time anyone had ever suggested or was surprised that I was with Jill, that she was too hot for me. When we first started dating it was the exact opposite; I was a fit 185 pounds and Jill was a bit chunky at 155. I contemplated our role reversals as we caught up to Lisa, Samantha and Louis. Lisa looked at us and said, “Davey, why are you sweating?” Jill jumped in and answered, “Oh, we just had to do some pushups to get these goodie-bags.” “Oh,” Lisa said, “How many did they make you do?” “A bunch” I answered, too embarrassed to mention that it was only twenty. Jill didn’t say a word about how easily she had done the twenty pushups and didn’t let the gang know that’s all that was involved.

We walked around a bit more, picking up free samples and looking at all of the muscle bound babes in spandex and not much else. That’s when I heard someone say “David!” I turned to look and just a few feet away was Jen from the hotel coffee bar I met earlier that morning. He was in her full promo outfit. She wore a blue spandex workout bra, white workout shorts and had on Nike trainers. She was bulging muscle from top to bottom. Her traps were huge and led right into her thick neck and muscular jaw. I walked a couple of feet into her area and she gave me a quick friendly hug. She was solid as a rock and I could have squeezed her with all of my might and not even made the smallest impression on her torso.

Jill and the gang followed me into the O2 booth and I introduced them to Jen. The girls immediately started complimenting Jen on her amazing physique and they also asked if she was competing. We had

some fun chatting with Jen, then she had to get us to do the O2 promotion. Much like the bodybuilding.com booth, there was a catch to win the free stuff. They had a pull-up bar mounted on a platform. If you could perform 5 pull-ups, you got a free sample of O2 powder, if you could do 10 pull-ups, you got a free O2 gym bag, powder and a t-shirt. Jen grabbed my hand and pulled me towards the bar. I knew I wasn't very strong and thought 5 would be tough. I said to the group, "I haven't done pull-ups since high-school. There's no way I'm doing 5 and winning the prize." "C'mon babe." Jill said, "You can do it." Then Jen tried to give encouragement, looked at Jill and Lisa and said, "You know, it's always the thinner guys that bang out 10 no problem." She had given the group hope, but I was less confident.

I figured I would get it over quickly, but right then, Jen turns on her little mic attached to one of her top straps and starts encouraging everyone to watch. Damn it I thought, I'm really under pressure now. As a little crowd of people stopped walking by to watch. I looked up at the bar. Not having done pull ups in years, I didn't know what to expect. With the group encouraging me, I jumped up, grabbed the bar and pulled with all of my might. The momentum of my jump got me three quarters the way there and every ounce of strength in my arms got me just to the point of my chin rising above the bar. "One!" Jen called out as I lowered my body after the first pull-up. Just hanging from the bar was now almost more than I could do, but I quickly mustered some strength and began to pull-up for number two. I raised what seemed about half way and came to an abrupt stop. I stayed motionless for a few seconds as I kicked my feet and legs in an attempt to work my way up. It probably lifted me and extra two inches but was nowhere near enough to make it to the bar. Jen moved right next to me and encouraged me to try to raise up again. I pulled with all my might, my hands barely holding on, again, I made it half way at the most before hitting a stop. Jen quickly placed her hand under my right knee and forced me to the bar. "TWO!" she exclaimed as I lowered down again. "3 more" Jen said over the mic as I barely hung on. I attempted to rise again, but this time, before Jen could provide a major assist, my hands weakened and the bar slipped from my fingers.

There were some major chuckles from the folks watching, but Jill just gave me a kiss as I rejoined the group. I said, "Your turn!" Jill gave me a wink and walked up to the platform. Jen said, "Let's give it up for Jill as she attempts to bang out 10 reps." The crowd and I cheered and a few guys let out a cat call whistle. Jill jumped up and grabbed the bar. Instead of using that momentum for her first rep, Jill simply hung fully from the bar. Her long exposed arms looked great and you could see her nice forearms and triceps. After waiting a couple of seconds, Jill lifted up easily for her first rep. Before I could even contemplate how easy she made it look, she rose again for number two. A moment later, number three. Now Jen got into it, knowing she had a stud on the bar. "Look at this girl everybody! She's making this look easy." Then she started the count, and even the crowd started counting, "Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, TEN!!!" The crowd started cheering and Jen reached over and grabbed a O2 sport bag. Louis, Lisa, Samantha and I all high-fived.

But Jill wasn't done. She hung at the bottom of the bar for a couple of seconds and then pulled herself up. The crowd counted, "Eleven!" Then "Twelve!" Then "Thirteen!" As Jill rose for her fourteenth rep, I noticed the upper back and shoulder blade muscles bulging through her shirt. Her shoulders were now

pumped and you could see the muscle fibers twitch and flex. With each rep, her speed slowed but her arms and shoulders seemed to grow. She finally hung still at the end of her eighteenth rep. Her triceps muscles had now become fully pumped and her forearms had grown larger as well. The veins had now popped out of her arms and massive amounts of blood flowed through them to oxygenate her thirsty muscles. Seeing Jill show off her new size and strength in this way turned me on immensely and I was getting an erection watching her. Jill used every ounce of strength and power to move herself up for a nineteenth rep. Now even the veins on the top of her powerful looking hands had grown large and full of vital blood. With muscles trembling, veins popping and her back looking pumped as ever, Jill slowly rose and completed her twentieth rep. The crowd cheered loudly and Lisa and Samantha ran over to give her a congratulatory hug.

A few seconds later, Jill grabbed her O2 bag from Jen and walked towards me. Her arms were bulging out of her cute blue top like never before. Her biceps were full and had a vein running over the bicep head and into her pumped up forearms. Her triceps muscles were still sticking way out and looked hard enough to cut diamonds. Although we were almost the same weight, Jill seemed almost massive and very intimidating as she approached me. The power and strength she exuded with every step almost knocked me breathless. Instead of embracing my girlfriend in a hug, I grabbed each bicep with my hands and leaned in to kiss her. As we shared a quick kiss, I was awestruck by the pumped up size and hardness of her arms. She lifted her left arm which was holding the O2 bag as we kissed and her biceps grew seemingly twice as big. That nearly made me cum right in my pants but I somehow held it together.

Lisa was next and she walked up to the bar. I purposely stood behind Jill so I could ogle her bulging, pumped up arms. Even as they relaxed next to her sides, the muscles were full and ripped. When she cheered and clapped for Lisa, with each clap, a split second of rock hard power ripped through her arms. I even noticed that her rounded shoulder, now full of muscle, veered in and connected to the top section of her biceps and triceps. They then bulged out in a beautifully sculpted arc down into the pumped up muscle that covers the outside of the elbow. That muscle then feeds into her large, muscular, ripped forearms and surprisingly muscular hands. The slight intimidation I had felt just a day earlier when trying to load her suitcases had now turned into almost full blown worship. Standing just a foot behind her, I felt in awe of her muscular presence. At the same time, I was her boyfriend so I again reached out and grabbed her thick arms as she cheered for Lisa. Feeling their blood pumping power was sending a wave of feelings over me and putting me into a Zen type of state. Luckily, just before I would have probably wet myself, Jill ran up to the bar to congratulate Lisa on her 22 reps.

The girls hugged and high fived and then returned to where Louis and I were standing. I put out both arms and bowed to Lisa to be funny. She laughed and said, "Next time, I'm doing THIRTY!" Louie laughed as if she had to be joking and could never do it, but I smiled and said, "I'm sure you will Lisa, I mean you are a complete stud ya know!" Lisa looked at Louie and said, "Jeez hon, at least Dave believes in me!" He turned and smirked. As he looked away Lisa gave me her signature wink and

grabbed my forearm. She gave me a little squeeze and said, "Thanks." I just winked back and we all decided to walk around the show some more.

Sure enough, we came upon another booth with a test. It was a vertical leap test. You had to take off your shoes and reach up with your arm. They lowered a pole which had several plastic red and blue tabs sticking out. You then jumped up and swatted as many of the tabs as you could reach. They then subtracted the height of the tabs you moved vs. the starting point at the tip of your fingers when standing still. That gave you your vertical leap. Again, Jill decided I should go first. I knew I had a decent vertical leap in high school so I figured that I would do pretty well at this non-strength event.

I set down my stuff and they lowered the bar to my fingertip height. I did a couple of little warm up squats and then leaped up with all my might. Immediately, I could sense that I had little leaping power and the tabs I moved confirmed it. I had only leaped 16.5" off the ground. I knew that was bad and decided to go again. This time, with every ounce of quad strength, I leaped up. Still feeling like I had no power once I tried to leave the ground, I managed 17.5". I shook my head in disgust and the girl confirmed that that was pretty low. They had a standings board next to the booth and the person in tenth place had leaped 24.5".

Jill decided to give it a try too. She quickly removed her shoes and did a couple of squats to warm up. As she lowered herself down, the muscles in her legs bulged with power and I was mesmerized by their every flex and contraction. Jill then stood under the pole and lifted her arm into the air. As the girl lowered the pole to Jill's fingertips, I was in awe of her muscular forearm, biceps and shoulders all stretched out. There was a nice split between the lower and upper muscle of her biceps and she was showing some definite buffness. The shirt she wore rose up as she reached, exposing her muscular abs and belly button. And of course her thighs were magnificent with bulging muscle and extreme power within. Lastly, her calves protruded outward with muscle and looked ready to spring her in any direction at any time.

She was finally ready to leap. Jill crouched down and exploded upward with immense power. Her feet left the ground and propelled her well up the pole. She swatted at the blue and red tabs and knocked many of them away. She then landed back on the ground and I watched as her massive thighs flexed magnificently as they absorbed the shock of her muscular body. "Holy Shit!" I exclaimed, "You were damn near in orbit babe." Jill had this very satisfied look on her face and said, "That seemed like the highest I've ever leaped, all those heavy squats must be paying off." I grabbed Jill around her muscular torso as we waited for the girl to measure Jill's jump. She was solid as a rock and I felt like I was now holding on to a world class athlete. Even the girl measuring seemed impressed, "Wow!" she said, "Jill, you just jumped 25.5" and moved into second on the women's board and 7th on the men's." Jill jumped for joy and the power of her movement jerked my arm and her muscular ass bumped me backwards and knocked me to the ground. Lisa jumped up too and embraced Jill in a huge bear hug. To see these two muscular bodies grabbing a hold of each other and jumping for joy was an amazing sight to behold. I

wasn't even mad about being so easily propelled to the ground and I simply was awestruck watching their muscular legs flex and contract with each leap.

I quickly picked myself up and the girls calmed down a bit. The girl working the pole told Jill that usually everyone jumps higher on the second jump. She reset the tabs and the pole and asked Jill to try again. Jill again lined up under the pole in all of her muscular glory. She reached way down and using all of her leg power and some momentum by swinging her buff arms upward she leapt. Jill sprung into the air and kept rising when I had expected her to stall. She reached an incredible height and powerfully knocked many blue and red tabs from near the top of the pole. As she landed, her thighs again flexed to amazing size as they absorbed her forceful landing. Jill knew she had leapt even higher than before and she got a huge grin on her face as the girl took the measurement. "27 inches!" the girls announced, "1st Place!" Jill screamed and gave me a huge hug. As she hugged and jumped simultaneously, I felt my rib cage being crushed and my feet being lifted off the ground. Jill hadn't realized that I wasn't really jumping, and her muscular quads and calves were actually propelling us both into the air. After our third leap, I couldn't stand the pain and blurted out, "My ribs, owe my ribs." Jill finished one more leap and then kind of let go and put me down. "Oh My God!" she said, "Are you OK?" I took a breath and said, "Ya, you just kind of crushed one of my ribs and I felt a bit of a sharp pain."

We had never even realized that Jill might be stronger than me till the previous day, and now she had already accidentally caused me pain and damn near broke a rib. "Well, Wonder Woman," I said, "You'll need to learn how to control all your new muscular power." We both laughed and she gave me a hug and kiss before celebrating some more with Lisa. For leaping to first place, Jill collected another gift bag and we all walked away. Louie and Lisa were not into the jumping contest as their extreme muscular bodies were probably too heavy to be high leapers.

Just a few minutes later, we all came upon an area with several chairs set up and a small stage a couple of feet high. On the stage was a padded arm wrestling table. It was obviously set up for an event, but no one was currently there. I made the comment, "Lisa, why don't you and Jill have a quick arm wrestling match?" She laughed and said, "hmmmm, how 'bout you and I have an arm wrestling match?" Louie laughed and said, "Dave, I'll give you \$20 if you can last 10 seconds with her." I laughed but had to quickly accept the challenge before I looked scared. With grins on our faces, we walked up on the stage and each stood on opposite sides of the table. I had a long sleeved shirt on, thank god, and placed my arm on the table to accept Lisa's challenge. Lisa, put her arm on the table and began to flex and relax her bulging biceps. Even her hands were muscular and the thick veins coursing through them made my hand look like a child's. They led to her thick, powerful, meaty forearms. They were a sight to behold and I knew immediately that I didn't stand a chance.

Lisa finally quit flexing around and we locked grips. She squeezed tightly and my fingers crushed together like fragile twigs in her grasp. I yelled out in pain as my fingers felt as if they would break any instant. Lisa relaxed her grip and I pulled my hand back and began to massage it and move my fingers



slowly to make sure they still worked. "I'm sorry." Lisa said, "I didn't know you weren't ready?" "No problem." I replied, "I'll be a little more ready this time." We locked grips again and I squeezed with all my might to ensure Lisa would not crush my hand. The grips seemed even and Louie held our grip in his hands to make sure no one got an unfair jump. As he did, Lisa again began to slowly crush my hand in hers. I gave every ounce of strength to my grip but it was useless. I could feel Lisa's strength overwhelm mine and I was powerless to stop it. I looked up into Lisa's eyes and she gave me that famous wink. Right then, Louie said, "Go!" and released our hands.

I had absolutely no power left in my hand and knew Lisa would smash my arm into the table in 1 second flat. Instead, she actually pulled my hand towards her side and it looked to everyone as if I was winning. She kind of winced like she was giving maximum effort as she held our hands frozen on her side of the table. She slowly crushed my hand even more and the pain was becoming unbearable. Louie and Jill were verbally conducting the countdown, "9, 8, 7, 6, 5!" Finally, Lisa began to force both of our hands towards my side of the table. By now, she was in 100% full control of the match and it would end as soon as she wanted it to. "C'mon Honey, you can do it!" blurted out Jill. Lisa again gave me a wink and began to continue her slow move down with my arm. It looked like she was going to slam my arm down with 1 or 2 seconds left, but instead, she began to act like I was forcing her arm back. Louie counted out "Two, One, Zero!" as Lisa continued to bring our arms up to dead center. My hand was now completely crushed in her powerful grip and Lisa could see the tears starting to well up in my eyes as the pain became excruciating. I finally gave her a slight head nod that she and I both knew I was surrendering to her power. Lisa was simply waiting for that submission so she slightly relaxed her grip and forced my arm down against the table, signifying her victory.

"Wow!" Lisa exclaimed, "You're a lot stronger than I expected Dave." I didn't reply but Jill came over and gave me a hug. Jill could see the water in my eyes and said, "Are you OK Honey? Did Lisa hurt you?" "I'm fine honey." I replied, "I got something in my eyes earlier in the day and they have been bugging me ever since." Jill had no idea how bad Lisa REALLY HAD HURT me and how badly my hand was throbbing right then. I looked over at Lisa as I told my lie. She was just sitting back with a rye smile on her face, knowing the truth and how embarrassed I must have been at that moment. "C'mon." Lisa said to Jill, "Our turn!" Jill laughed and said, "No way Lisa, you'll beat me in two seconds." Louie then chimed in again and said, "\$20 Jill, if you can last longer than Dave did." We all laughed and I accepted the challenge on her behalf. "Of course she will." I said, "She's gotta be stronger than me after all the time she spends in the gym." Jill just rolled her eyes at that comment and said, "Ya Right!" For some reason, she still hadn't accepted the fact that she might be stronger than me.

The girls put their beautiful arms up on the table. They locked grips and flexed their arms. Lisa was more muscular for sure, but Jill's arms were very impressive too and the buffness in her biceps and triceps was getting me hard. Louie held the girls grips and let loose as he said "GO!" What was buff before, grew immediately as both Jill and Lisa tensed their arms with all their force. It was amazing to witness my girlfriend in a test of strength with another person. She was so sweet and innocent, I had never actually seen her in a direct test of strength before. She looked very intense and the fire in Jill's



eyes as she pushed with all of her might really turned me on. Lisa was stronger though and she began to force Jill's arm back. Louie had been counting and he got to seven before Jill's arm finally hit the table. "Damn!" Jill exclaimed, "Thought I had a chance to beat Dave's time!" "Don't worry honey." I said, "You will soon I'm sure, just a little more Gym Time!" I handed Louie back his \$20 and gave my babe a kiss.

Louie says, "OK, I just don't want this damn \$20, so I want to see Dave go up against Jill just to see who makes the rules in their house." We laughed and I assumed we wouldn't arm-wrestle but almost immediately, Jill says, "OK honey, Let's go!" I looked over at Lisa and she was shaking her head "No" as she knew I would get my ass kicked by Jill, even though everyone else thought I had done better than Jill against Lisa. Jill was almost overly excited and she ran to the other side of the table and put her arm out for us to wrestle. I think she thought that I would beat her one-on-one, but she just wanted to prove that she was getting almost as strong as me. I knew the truth; I knew she was already stronger than I and I wasn't ready for everyone else to know this, especially Jill. I looked across the table at my girlfriend, she was so cute and strong looking. Still not happy about the circumstance, I knew I had to oblige every one and arm wrestle Jill.

## CHAPTER 14

### THE SHOW...continued...

I placed my right arm on the table. Jill grabbed it forcefully and I yelled out, "Ahhh!" in pain. Lisa had severely injured my right hand just minutes before and just touching it caused extreme pain. Jill let go instinctively and said, "I'm sorry honey, what happened?" I shook my hand to ease the hurt and said, "I think I tweaked my pinky finger a bit when I arm wrestled Lisa." That was a lie to be sure. Lisa had fucking crushed my hand and to say my little finger hurt was a vast understatement. I kind of laughed it off and placed my left arm on the table. Jill placed her left arm on the table and we locked grips. Jill also had a strong powerful grip, but she didn't crush my hand like Lisa had. Jill and I locked eyes and big smiles came across our faces. As Louie held our hands still, Jill started to put her strength into her grip. I flexed my hand as hard as I could, but Jill had become too strong and although it wasn't a crushing force, my hand was starting to weaken in her powerful grip. Jill flexed her forearm and the vein running up her arm and into her hand began to fill with blood. As I looked her in the eyes, I knew the jig was up and she was about to realize that she was the strongest force in our relationship.

Louie started his countdown, "Ready, Set..." Just then, a convention employee tapped Louie on the shoulder and said, "Excuse me sir." Jill and Louie looked at the employee. At that moment, I had just begun to put all my force into the match while Jill relaxed her arm. Louie let go of our hands and I immediately forced Jill's arm back half way to the table top. Instinctively, Jill flexed her arm muscles and stopped my momentum in its tracks. She then put some force into the match and quickly began pushing my arm back. Her strength was too great and within 2 or 3 seconds we were back at even. Jill was just a

few seconds from forcing my arm down, winning the match and realizing the strength she possessed over me. I quickly realized the grave situation I was in and so I Kamikazied the match. I pulled my own arm down to help her with the victory! "Jill's the Champ!" I shouted, "Jill's the Champ!" Jill smiled widely and looked at Lisa and said, "Whatever Dave....he let me win." "I just figured it would make your day babe." I said, then I leaned over and gave her a nice wet kiss. "But I want to go for real Dave." Jill responded. Right then, the convention employee let us know that we were not supposed to be on the arm wrestling platform so we politely followed him down to the convention floor. I looked at my girlfriend and said, "Babe, tonight we'll REALY Go for REAL...IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!" We laughed loudly and Lisa said, "Why don't you two love birds get a room already?"

I was feeling great since I had just completely averted disaster. I didn't know how exactly our relationship would change if Jill knew she had become stronger than me. But somehow, I knew it would. Lisa knew what I had done and as Jill and I waked down the aisle, Lisa began walking on the opposite side of me. She lightly squeezed my right hand, again causing immense pain. I looked over at her and she had a huge grin on her face, she then winked at me and said softly, "Close one there Davey, I guess she'll have to find out later." I knew what Lisa meant and said, "Ya, later though....later." Jill was kind of oblivious to what Lisa and I were talking about as she ogled the many hard bodies walking by.

We eventually made our way to the stage area and took our seats just 5 or 6 rows back. Guys and girls were milling around taking their seats and the place was just dripping wet with muscle. For some reason I thought I would be an outcast in this bevy of muscle, but people really didn't seem to care and everyone just seemed happy and stoked to be there. We all got excited as the Women's Bodybuilding pre judging was about to begin. Jill, Lisa and Louie knew who the contestants were and started predicting who would finish where even before the contestants came out. It was much like what my buddies and I do before the NFL football season starts. With much fanfare, the announcer took control of the show and started introducing the Women's Bodybuilders. As he called a name, the bodybuilder would walk onto the stage and take her place along the edge of the stage.

The first two or three walked out and Louie and the girls made a comment about this lacking or that lacking in size or definition, but to me, there were all beautiful mounds of muscle. All of them hot and I would be happy to hook up with any of them. Then out walked Heather Policky. She was the most amazing woman I had ever seen. Her thighs were enormous slabs of muscle on top of enormous slabs of muscle. Her calves were huge masses of solid muscle and seemed bigger than my thighs. Her stomach was ripped and showing a solid six pack and her broad powerful shoulders would make an NFL football player jealous. With each step she took, I felt my heart skip a beat. I became erect immediately and I felt as if my penis was going to rip through my pants. The girls were impressed too and Louie began to whistle and clap his approval. Jill leaned over to me and said, "Oh My God honey, how impressive is she?" I responded honestly and said, "That is the most Amazing body I have ever seen and I'm having a hard time breathing right now." Jill laughed and tapped my rock hard penis and said, "Well, good to know what turns you on babe." "You do Honey! You do!" I responded immediately. She kind of smiled and said, "I know....I know."

Seconds later, as I sat ogling the mass of muscle that was Heather Policky, Jill reached her hand under the bags of supplements and free give-a-ways that I had resting on my lap. She skillfully undid my belt and zipped down my fly. Of course my rock hard cock popped out immediately and Jill began to massage it slowly. I couldn't believe what she was doing and looked around to see who could view what was going on. There was a 3 foot high camera stand to my left, so we were ok there. And the people who were sitting directly behind us, had moved over 2 seats so that wasn't a problem. To most onlookers, it would have seemed as if Jill simply had her hand on my thigh, but even that would be hard to spot with all the bags on my lap. It didn't really matter anyway, as everyone was keenly focused on the female muscle enveloping the stage.

Just being in the presence of all this gorgeous female muscle had me in paradise, now my girlfriend was giving me a slow, methodical, warm hand job as we watched the female muscle ladies walk just feet in front of us. Next out was Lisa Aukland. She was amazing and her diamond shaped calves were the best I had ever seen. I found myself mesmerized by their every muscle-flexing movement. As I continued to receive the penis massage by Jill, I leaned over and said, "Those could be the best calves I've ever seen!" Jill leaned over and said, "I know babe, I'm going to work mine like crazy and just hope to get some close to hers." I kissed Jill on the neck and said, "If so, I'm going to massage them every night and pour chocolate on them and slowly lick it off." She gave my penis a nice tight squeeze of approval and then continued to massage it slowly.

As we continued to watch the muscle bound ladies get introduced Jill kept massaging and then squeezing my penis in an action that got me almost to climax and then calmed me down. Her touch was magical and it had me in a euphoric high and very on-edge. Just watching the female bodybuilders walk around was incredible. With each step, their ass, thighs and calves flexed massively. They would call out each girl and have her perform a series of flexes. My favorite was the back pose, where they would do a double biceps pose from the rear. I could see all of the massive back muscles pop out to unbelievable size, their ass would be striated and hard as a rock, and their hamstrings would bulge out and become almost football sized. Their calf muscles would flex to diamond shaped massiveness with a large defined split of what is apparently a right and left half of the calf. Then they would walk off middle stage. With each step, the unbelievable power they possessed was apparent. They were like goliaths and to see their muscle mass in all of its huge glory has to be seen to be believed. Any pictures I had seen in magazines or on the internet just didn't do them justice.

Jill knew I was ready to climax at any second regardless of how slowly she massaged my penis, so she stopped all together. Her warm hand simply rested on my erect member. She left it there for several minutes as we all chatted away about the contestants and which one of these muscle bound goddesses should win. Finally, they began the call-out round. They would call out a few of the girls and have them do side by side poses to see who was the buffest babe. From our earlier conversations, Jill knew that I liked Heather and Lisa the most. Sure enough, the announcer called out Heather, Lisa and another girl

to come out to center stage. Jill looked over, gave me a wry smile and began to massage my penis again, it took just seconds to get to full attention. As I watched Heather and Lisa pose their muscular bodies, Jill started whispering in my ear, "Oh Davey, look at her amazing muscular ass. Don't you just want to lick it clean and feel its power with each muscular step she takes as you caress her powerful thighs and feel their massive size and strength in your weak little hands? Then grab her biceps as she flexes them to baseball sized peaks. Then you feel her muscle bound shoulders as she easily lifts you off the ground and spins you around like a rag doll." Jill's whispers and hand motion had sent me again into a euphoric state and I began to cum uncontrollably as I watched these muscle bound goddesses flex on stage. Jill smiled widely and kept pumping my penis until every last ounce of cum had shot onto my stomach. She then removed her hand from my cock and showed me a little bit of cum which had ended up on her finger. Then, Jill slowly and very sexually put her finger in her mouth and licked it clean. That wasn't enough though, she slid her hand back under the bags and swiped another load of my seaman onto two of her fingers. Jill then stuck both of those fingers in her mouth and made an "mmmmm" sound as she swallowed my cum. To my surprise, Jill did this again and again and again until she had almost completely cleaned my mess. Finally, Jill grabbed a small tissue from her purse and slipped it under the bags to wipe up any lasting residue. Then, with her skilful ways, she zipped up my pants and redid my belt as if nothing had ever happened. I leaned over, kissed her neck passionately and said, "I Love You!" She nodded her head and said, "I know."

## Chapter 15 Commitment

The Beast was being released right before my eyes and the excitement was almost overwhelming. Jill had always been relatively shy in private and in public. We really didn't go out that much, and when we did, Jill often wore very conservative clothing. She had never even flexed her rapidly growing biceps for me until just 2 days ago. She was coming out of her shell before my eyes. Jill was wearing very tight fitting clothes, showing off her buffer body, jerking me off in public and whispering muscle flexing sweet nothings in my ear. Jill had found a love and comfort ability in this bodybuilding world and she was still very, very young in the game. I wasn't sure how long Jill would be infatuated with this new bodybuilding lifestyle, but I was going to do everything in my power to keep her in it. At 5'9" tall with a naturally muscular physique, I was pretty confident that she could really push some muscular boundaries.

Bodyfat, muscle, Heather, Jill and me....

As we sat watching these unbelievable muscle bodies flex and strut about the stage, the dork in me came out. I wanted to know just how much muscle they could possibly have. I had a bodyfat scale in my bathroom and it says that I am 43% muscle, most of it in my legs and core. At 167 pounds, that meant that I was carrying about 72 pounds of muscle. With a quick google search on my phone, I realized that an average 5'7" woman should weigh approx. 138 pounds. 38% of that weight is made up of bones and organs, with the rest being on average 27% fat and 35% muscle. This means that before bodybuilding Heather Policky had approximately 53 pounds of organs and bones, 37 pounds of fat and

48 pounds of muscle. But now she weighed in at 173 pounds and according to her website, she was shooting for 8% bodyfat. So that means 173 pounds, minus 14 pounds of fat and 53 pounds of organs and bones...blah, blah, blah....carry the two....HOLY SHIT, she's carrying about 106 pounds of pure freakish power-pumping muscle.

"God Damn" I thought. Heather has almost 35 pounds of muscle more than I. I knew that she was surely stronger than me, but 35 pounds of muscle, that is absolute and pure domination I'd say. To see her in person, in all of her bulging muscle glory, I truly felt like a little, weak boy compared to her. The thought of it REALLY turned me on and so I had to ask Jill where she was at. "Babe" I said to Jill, "it says here on Google that Heather is 173 pounds with only 8% bodyfat....isn't that crazy?" "No kidding." Jill responded, "I'm not even close to that." "Oh, I guess I've never asked." I said, "You obviously look amazing, have you every checked your body composition?" "Ya." She responded, "Me and Lisa did a couple of weeks ago at the gym, she obviously was much tighter than me on her numbers at 165 pounds with only 12.5% bodyfat." "Well, you were about 150 pounds when we started dating." I said, "but you've put on some muscle so I guess you're a few over that, right." "Yep, babe. But only a few. I was only 157 pounds when me and Lisa weighed but my bodyfat was significantly lower than when you and I met, I'm down to 18.5%" Jill said. "Well you looking fucking amazing to me babe, no matter what the scales say." I said. I then leaned in and gave her another quick kiss.

Now I just had to figure this out too. At 5'9" Jill's normal weight was 150 pounds, but of course she was a few pounds overweight when we met, so I'd guess I can calculate her original weight at 145 pounds. Based off of that, she should have 38% bone and organs equaling 55 pounds. Now at 157 pounds, Jill was 18.5% bodyfat equaling 29 pounds of fat. Subtracting 55 and 29 from 157 meant that my girlfriend was carrying 73 pounds of muscle. It dawned on me, that in the last week before our trip, Jill must have gained a pound of muscle or more. That was the tipping point. The instant that Jill, my girlfriend and lover now had more muscle than me. But it was trained muscle too, I realized. That explained why she was noticeably stronger than me. The suitcase at the car incident, the weight she lifted in the hotel gym, the pushups, the pull ups, the arm-wrestling match too. I now officially had a girlfriend that was stronger and more muscular than me. She knew she was becoming stronger, but not how strong compared to me. Only I realized...and maybe Lisa, that at that point, any gains Jill made would seem immense; and before too long, Jill too would realize the level of strength and power she had over me.

My brain was fried by what I was now realizing. Of course I knew Jill was going to be stronger than me eventually, and hopefully bigger too. But now that it was a reality, I was scared that she would see me as insignificant and not worthy of her time. I had to stop her from possibly leaving me, I had to secure our bond, I had to marry this woman!

The conclusion of the show was amazing. As I watched the muscle bound bodybuilders flex and pose for the judges, I think I was more impressed by their physiques when they were semi-relaxed and strutting back to their positions along the edge of the stage. Off of their buff bodies hung pounds and pounds of

pure muscle. Their power was incredibly obvious when looking at their major body parts like thighs, arms and shoulders. What might have been even more impressive to me, was noticing how much muscle they had developed in other places. Their asses were so buff and huge; they stuck out 6 inches further than even the best asses I had ever seen before. It seemed as you could rest a drink on the top side of their rock hard glutes. The underside of their forearms and wrists were also unbelievably laden with muscle. Looking down at my arm, it seemed like theirs were probably twice as thick as mine. I didn't even know you could develop that much muscle on the bottom side of your lower arm. Their hands were also extremely developed. The upper side of their hands were bulky and covered with ballooned out crisscrossing veins; and the bottom of their hands were covered with thick muscular pads. Watching these physical specimens made me feel like I was in the presence of perfection.

I sat back totally satisfied and reached over to rest my hand on Jill's muscular thigh. At that moment, I couldn't tell if I had Jill right where I wanted her, or if she had me right where she wanted me. She knew I was completely infatuated with these muscle bound maidens and that the mere sight of them made me extremely euphoric and quite vulnerable. But she liked it too, and I felt that she was going to do everything she could to become one of these muscle bound women. Either way, I truly felt we were both in the perfect situation for each other. As the final call-outs were made, Jill placed her hand on top of mine, slightly pushing it forcefully into her meaty thigh muscles. She then began to slowly flex and relax her quad. As she did, I could feel the trained muscle under my hand jump to rock hard attention and then slowly relax to become a solid meaty thigh again, full of power even at rest. The subtleness of her movement was almost trance like and I was already getting hard again. Jill was enjoying teasing me and I was enjoying it too.

The event finally came to a close as the gorgeous buff girls strut/waddled off the stage. Many of them had developed thigh muscles so large, they couldn't seem to walk normally. The general public would probably make fun of this and ridicule the women, but I was totally mesmerized by their muscle bound strides. As we stood up and started to make our way back into the convention area, Louis, Samantha, Lisa and Jill went on and on about who looked the best, who was the biggest, who was the prettiest, and so on. It was really awesome to hear my girlfriend speak in awe and deep admiration about women with muscles so large, they would make male professional athletes look small. As we walked, Lisa kind of realized I hadn't joined into their conversation and asked, "So Davey, what did you think of the ladies. Were they just a bit too muscular for you?" "Not at all", I replied. "I have a deep admiration and respect for the amount of work and dedication they had to put in to develop such huge and ripped physiques. And muscles on a woman have always turned me on. Even as a kid, I loved watching the Olympics because of all of the hot, buff women gymnasts and sprinters. Why every guy doesn't love that, I'll never know." "Well" Lisa replied, "Maybe you do have a trained eye. Who did you like the most on stage." "For thighs I would give Heather the nod, and for calves, definitely Lisa Aukland." I answered. "Good to know you're into that Davey." Lisa said with a wry smile. She then nudged Jill with her elbow and said, "Hmmm, good to know, right Jill?" Jill just kind of smiled back nodded her head up and down slowly.

With our day over at the expo, the gang wanted to head back to the Hotel for a little rest, relaxation and pool time. Of course I was carrying most of Jill's bags, even though she was certainly capable of carrying them herself. We kind of separated from the group by a few feet, knowing we had some room, I looked up at Jill and said, "Oh my God honey, what the hell was that all about back there?" Jill looked down at me and replied, "I don't know honey, I was just excited and this place is bringing the wild side out of me! You know, When in Vegas...." I grabbed her buff left arm and turned her towards me. I leaned in, she could tell what I was doing so she bent her head down and we kissed deeply. After a few seconds, I leaned back and said, "Are you ready to move our relationship to the next level?" Jill looked very surprised and happy at the same time. "Are you asking what I think you're asking me?" "Well, I want to ask you the right way, in the right place, but yes...do you want to get married?" Jill put her hand over her mouth and stared deeply into my eyes. I could see the joy and excitement rushing through her. She kind of shook a little bit and then finally just wrapped both arms around me saying, "Yes, Yes, Yes Honey. Absolutely Yes!" Her grip around me was almost vice-like and she was so excited she didn't realize she actually lifted me slightly off the ground. Jill put me down and we again kissed as deeply and passionately as we ever had. After a few more seconds, Jill grabbed my hand and started pulling me along as she rushed us to catch Lisa and the group.

We arrived at the group and Jill immediately says, "Hey everyone, hey everyone... I just wanted you all to know, David just proposed to me! We're getting married!!!" "Oh shit!" I thought. I simply mentioned that we think about taking the next step and Jill is announcing to everyone that we're getting married. Jill is really taking the bull by the horns, but I found her new found aggressiveness really hot. Lisa and Samantha immediately started shouting, hugging and making a big commotion, while Louis came over and shook my hand. Everyone was really happy for us. Samantha gave me a big hug and then Lisa came over. She gave me her signature super tight hug and as usual, lifted me off the ground. While holding me in her muscular grip, she whispered in my ear, "Tiger, I wasn't through with you yet!" She then gave me a kiss on the lips and said, "Oh, we're all going to have sooooo much fun together!" Lisa then gave me her signature wink and released her hold while putting me down.

Jill then came back over to me and wrapped her arm under and through mine as we walked over to the cab line. She was really happy and grinning from ear to ear. She walked with a jump in her step and basically pulled me along. I could feel her full, muscular arm wrapped around my skinny weak arm as we moved. I immediately became self-conscious about it and flexed it to make it seem bigger and stronger than it actually was. I was really at odds with myself. I wanted a strong, muscular woman, but for some reason, I didn't want her to know she was stronger and more muscular than me. It really made no sense. As we piled in the cab, Samantha already started looking up wedding chapels while Lisa was looking up jewelry stores. Within hours of mentioning marriage to Jill, I realized she would have a ring on her finger and I'd be a husband. The aggressiveness the girls were taking was beyond belief, but at the same time, I knew I wanted to be with Jill as she became a muscle bound bodybuilder, and once I locked it up, I could truly live my ultimate fantasy.



Jill and I stayed in the cab as we dropped the gang off at the hotel. We then got dropped off at a nice jewelry store off the strip. As we were helped by a nice Russian lady, I realized that I had never been in public with Jill when she was a bit more muscular and also a bit pumped up from our day at the Expo. The lady helping us said, "Oh Wow! You are very strong, powerful woman, do you have strong big man at home to take good care of you?" Jill and I kind of looked at each other and laughed a bit. Jill looked back at the Russian woman, grabbed me around the waist and forcefully squeezed me tightly next to her. As she did, I was kind of crushed under her armpit and it made me look several inches shorter than Jill. Jill then said, "No, this is my fiancé right here." The Russian woman got a big smile on her face and said, "Oh, I'm so sorry, please forgive. I just thought you know big strong girl....big strong guy!" She then looked at me and said, "Nice for you, big, beautiful, powerful woman, like we have in the homeland." I laughed and said, "Yes, she is very beautiful and also strong, so I'm a very lucky guy for sure!" Jill looked down at me, since she still had me held tightly against her side, then leaned in and we shared a quick kiss in front of the Russian lady. "OK, OK lovebirds....let's get the beautiful woman a ring, yes."

The Russian lady, Nadia, helped us as we looked at ring after ring after ring. Finally, Jill picked one out. It was a beautiful white gold wedding ring with two bands of small diamonds that led up to one large 1.5 ct. diamond as the centerpiece. Nadia was insistent that it was a great deal at only \$5800. We then needed to look for a ring for me. I tried on several rings and finally, Nadia, Jill and I picked out mine. It was also a white gold band and was a lot more reasonable at only \$800. My ring was very loose since my fingers are a bit thinner than the average male while Jill's was just a bit tight. The rings would need to be fitted, but for the rush ceremony we were having, we could bring them back the next day for adjustment. We thanked Nadia for her help and grabbed a cab back to the hotel. Jill was overcome with emotion and on the way back, she reached her outside right leg over and in between my legs. This position propped her up slightly and she reached her left arm around my shoulder. My right arm was under her left armpit and reaching around her back. Jill looked down at me passionately and we began to kiss in the back seat of the cab. As we kissed I could feel her meaty thigh flexing. As it did, her hamstring muscle grabbed my thigh tightly and I could feel the force and power that it contained. She also squeezed my shoulder inward and as we kissed I felt almost helpless in her powerful grasp. It was an amazing feeling and my cock was rock hard with excitement.

After a very fun ride back from the jewelry store, we arrived back at the Hard Rock Casino and Hotel. We caught the elevator up to our room and I assumed we would be having sex. Instead, Jill spread out all of her new EXPLODE supplements of powders, pills and liquids on the corner desk. Still excited about our engagement/wedding, she seemed very involved with setting out all of her workout products. I walked over and began to caress Jill's buff arms. "Not now honey." She said. "I've got to get a quick workout in before our BIG night." Jill then gave me a quick kiss and headed over to her suitcase. She slipped on a tiny pair of red, white and blue workout shorts, a pair of ASICS tennis shoes and a small white workout bra. I had never seen her workout in an outfit that skimpy. "Oh My God Jill, you look amazing!" I said as she walked back over to her supplement stand. Her quads bulged like always and her shoulders and arms already looked buff from the day at the Expo, I was just imagining what they'd look like after her workout. Jill quickly downed some supplements and then filled a shaker bottle full of some



purple powder and water. “What’s that?” I asked. “It’s called Ultimate-Pump. It’s supposed to hyper inflate your muscle cells which allows for a better workout and an extreme pump. I should come back with a bit more size in my legs according to the experts.” “Awesome!” I said, “I’ll be waiting for you.” Jill gave me a quick kiss and waltzed out of the room to the gym.

I walked over to the table where Jill had laid out all of her EXPLODE products. There were muscle gainers, muscle pump, protein pills and powders, muscle recovery, muscle stabilizers along with amino acids, amplifiers, 3 stage multi-release products and more. There were also brochures with pictures of huge mail bodybuilders that made NFL football players look small. They had enormous biceps and veins as thick as rope running all over the bodies. If this product did anything close to what it promoted, Jill was going to be putting on some serious muscle. In addition there was a recommended calorie intake chart, workout calendar and log book. The workout calendar looked intense, six days of training twice per day, with one day off per week. The log book was blank of course. I then looked at the calorie intake chart. Jill had highlighted each days projected intake with a pink highlighter pen. The numbers were staggering. She was supposed to work up to a 4500 calorie per day intake. That seemed completely crazy. I knew that I had a 1600-1800 calorie a day habit, to think she would be consuming two and a half to three times more than me seemed unreal.

With thoughts of Jill becoming a muscle bound bodybuilder in my head; I needed to get in a quick ab workout. As it was my only impressive muscular feature, I was damn sure going to work on it. I started with sit-ups, and then did some planks, then some windmills, sided to sides and finally oblique exercises. It was an intense 45 – 50 minute workout. Drenched in sweat, I took off my shirt and tossed it in the bathroom. I then grabbed a couple of Hydroxycut pills and downed them with a cup of water. I stood by the hotel window staring out and down at the pool below. Just as I finished my last gulp, Jill opened the door to the room.

As she walked in I dropped my water glass in awe. Her quads were bigger than they had ever been. They looked easily a couple of inches larger around than when I had seen her the day before. With each stride she took towards me, the teardrop muscles in her lower thighs were so full of muscle and blood that they almost covered her knee cap. The muscles bulged massively out to the sides and filled incredibly throughout the entire quad. Her calves also seemed larger than ever before. And even the muscle on the front of her shin bone was full and bulged with every stride. It only took Jill 8 or 10 seconds to slowly make her way to me, but my cock was already rising to attention and I was speechless.

Jill stopped a few feet before she got to me and extended her right leg out and forward. She then flexed her quad and again, the muscle bulged like I had never seen. “Honey”, Jill said, “Look how frickin’ pumped my legs are!” She was very excited and as Jill flexed her leg, she kind of twisted it left and then right showing me the thickness and hardness that her thigh and hamstring now possessed. I could not believe what I was seeing but took a big gulp and said, “Oh my God Jill, How did they get so big?” Still flexing, and even in awe of them herself, she said, “I took two servings of the EXPLODE Muscle Pump

powder. So my quads totally filled with blood during my intense leg workout! They're so tight right now and fuller than ever!" "They look incredible!" I replied, "But are you supposed to take two servings?" "I don't think so." She answered, "But I wanted to be extra pumped for our big night." She then walked up, placed the palm of her hand on my stomach and whispered, "Abs are looking good babe." We held our sweaty bodies together and began to kiss passionately. As I grabbed her torso, I noticed that she was really hot. A minute or so later, we finished our kiss and I held my head back to look her in the eyes. "Jill, your face is really red, are you feeling OK?" "Just a bit hot and tingly, probably overdid the EXPLODE Ultimate-Pump and also crushed my thighs in the workout!" In addition, the vein on the left side of her neck was full and ballooned out, feeding her the blood she needed. It was sexy as hell and I started to lick it. As I ran my tongue across her expanded vein, I could not even dent or depress it. My tongue popped across it and over to the other side. I licked it again and again, becoming more turned on with every pass. Jill had reached down and was now massaging my rock hard cock. The licking turned Jill on as well and we slowly moved towards the bathroom.

Jill turned and began to walk just ahead of me towards the bathroom. I had my left arm wrapped around her torso, with my hand placed on her hot stomach. I could feel her ab muscles flex slightly with every step. I reached my right hand down and grabbed her amazing ass. It also flexed to a rock hard ball of muscle with each step, and then slightly relaxed, and then flexed again. My hand, which I slipped between her ass and her workout shorts, was cupping her right buttock and its warmth and fullness was amazing! To feel its hardness and know the strength it possessed made me want to hold onto it forever. It was also larger in size due to her leg workout and the EXPLODDE Ultimate-Pump. I was looking very forward to watching it grow in size, hardness and power over the next few months. Once in the bathroom, Jill reached in and turned on the water. We embraced and held each other tightly for another minute as the water warmed up and steam started to fill the room. I then got undressed and walked into the shower. Jill quickly left the room and then re-entered with a lit candle. She closed the door and turned out the lights. The room was now, only lit by a flickering candle. I wanted to see my unbelievable fiancé in better light, but I could still make out her incredible figure in the dim light.

Once Jill stepped into the shower, I immediately got on my knees and began lathering her pumped up muscular legs with soap. As I massaged her rock hard calves, Jill placed her hand over her crotch, inserted her middle finger into her vagina and began to stroke her clit. I had my eyes closed and just became one with her body. I asked Jill to stand on her tip toes as I grasped her right calf muscle with my hands. As Jill raised herself up, the muscles in her right calf rose greatly and expanded into a rock hard ball of muscle. Warm, soapy water streamed down her magnificent leg. I could feel the inside muscle jet out to almost a razor sharp point and the back of the calf muscle formed a huge "W" shape as the two muscle heads became hard and defined. The amount of muscle and power in her one right calf was mesmerizing and simply led to more amazing bulging muscle in her thigh. With her calf flexed, I could barely wrap my two hands around it. I wasn't sure how large it had become, but it was probably 16" in circumference for sure!

I slid my hands up and began to massage her overly pumped up quad. I was mesmerized by the muscle almost covering her right kneecap. It was ballooned out and much harder than I expected it to be. As I massaged it, Jill flexed her right quad causing the muscle to form a bulging teardrop shape to the right and left of her knee. I immediately felt the power of her thighs and began to lick the inside teardrop muscle on her lower quad. It tasted like soap but the texture was mouthwatering. After a few moments of that I began to caress and squeeze her mid thigh. It seemed enormous in my small weak hands. Jill then reached down with her free hand and gripped my hair tightly. While pleasuring herself faster and faster, she said, "Squeeze it hard honey, squeeze it really hard." I began to grip and squeeze her thigh harder, but it was so firm, I could barely make a dent in it. Jill gripped my hair tighter and tighter until I started to feel the pain of my hair just before it was going to be ripped out of my head. "Harder!" she yelled, "Harder!" With all my might, I squeezed her thigh with both hands. Again it barely made a dent as the muscle was too tight and densely packed to budge. Just then, Jill removed her hand from her clit, placed it behind my head and shoved my face into her vagina. I inserted my tongue into her pussy and began to lick her clit in a fast motion, while also slightly tilting my head to the left and then the right, to constantly hit it at slightly different angles. Instead of talking, Jill kept making the moaning sounds of extreme pleasure. As I licked her clit, I reached my hands around her legs and grabbed her hamstrings. The bulging muscle flexed and relaxed rhythmically as Jill moved and moaned softly.

Jill was still gripping my hair tightly and I was feeling several things at once almost causing sensory overload; Pain from her strong hands and pleasure from caressing her majestic legs and tasting her sweet vagina. Again, Jill started saying, "Harder, Harder, Harder!" I was squeezing her hamstring muscles tightly in my hands but their amazing size and hardness, along with the soapy lather that drenched them, made squeezing them almost impossible. As I licked her clit, Jill began forcing my head into her vagina and then pulling it out slightly, back and forth, back and forth in an ever increasing pace. She began to moan faster and faster as I continued to lick and squeeze. My lover began to exert powerful muscle contractions in her vagina, and I knew she was getting closer to The Big O. Her breathing became very rapid and Jill started gripping my hair very tightly again. Finally, Jill gyrated quickly and then flexed all of her muscles simultaneously as she reached climax. As she did, she smashed my face forcefully into her vagina and I felt several follicles of hair being ripped out of my head. She was now in a total state of bliss, and I held my arms tightly around her muscular thighs as the warm water continued to stream down our naked bodies.

## CHAPTER 16 Wedding

Jill slowly turned her powerful body around towards the shower wall. Her gorgeous ass was now right in my face. I grabbed her amazing glutes and Jill bent slightly at the waist and leaned against the wall. As I began to cup and massage them, she began dry heaving loudly. I quickly stood up and began to caress her muscular back in comfort. Jill dry heaved a little more and then actually puked a little against the wall. It was some of her purple colored EXPLODE Ultimate-Pump from what I could tell. "Are you alright?" I asked her in a very concerned voice. Jill took a few deep breaths and then cupped a little water with her hand and drank it. "Wow!" she exclaimed, "That must have been a Hell of a workout

today.” “What are you talking about?” I replied. “Well,” she said, “Every once in a while, if I really push myself hard in a workout, especially a leg workout, I’ll feel a bit nauseous afterwards.” “Damn!” I replied in shock, “Good to know you’re really pushing it to-the-max in the gym babe!” “Umm Hmm” Jill mumbled softly as she kissed me gently in the lips and gave my rock hard cock a little rub.

Jill needed to start getting ready so she stepped out of the shower and began to dry off. I watched her from the warmth of the shower water as the dim candle light illuminated her muscular body. This woman had just worked out so hard, that it caused her to puke, and instead of being mad or discouraged in some way, she was actually proud of herself for working so hard. Anyone who will work that hard through the pain of an intense workout, and then puke their guts out afterwards and be happy; well, they’re addicted I would argue. It was obvious to me now that Jill was addicted to the intense feelings and also the results of her workouts. Most addictions that don’t kill you will stay with you for many years if not your whole life. I was really hoping that Jill had also become addicted to the feelings of intense pleasure I was providing her.

Jill had to leave immediately to go to a Bridal Boutique with Lisa and Samantha. She was going to be fitted for a wedding dress and meet me and Louis at the Chapel. I just had to head a block or so off the strip to rent a tuxedo for me. Obviously we gave the girls a pretty good head start, but I eventually met up with Louis and we headed to the tux shop. I gave the girl there my standard measurements, 42Regular suit with a 16” neck and 34” waist. She kind of looked at me funny, but fetched me a jacket, pants and shirt anyway. I stepped in the changing room and threw on the pants. They were way too loose, but I noticed there was a tightening zipper on each side. Unfortunately, they were already in the tightest position. I walked out and let the girl know that I needed a smaller pair of pants. She grabbed a measuring tape and wrapped it around my waist. “Oh.” She said, “You need a pair of 32’s”. I was surprised I would now fit in 32” pants since I hadn’t worn 32’s since High School, but glad to be a bit slimmer. Sure enough, I threw on the 32’s and they fit perfectly. I then put on my shirt and stepped out to get fitted for the jacket. The girl quickly buttoned my top shirt button in preparation for the tie. Again, it was way too loose. She stuck 2 fingers in between my neck and the shirt. Then she wrapped the tape around my neck and said, “I think you need a 14.5 or 15” neck.” I looked over in the mirror, and it was again obvious and my neck looked really skinny in the 16” shirt. “Damn!” I thought, “I knew I had lost some size in my waist but it was weird to have a thinner neck too.”

Finally, after getting a 15” shirt that fit nicely, I tried on the coat. It was also too damn big; it was really loose around my shoulders and torso, and the arms ended half way down my hands. The tux shop girl brought out a 40Regular and it fit much better. It was not tight, but the arms ended just below my wrists so I was satisfied with the length. Believe it or not, I still wore a size 10 shoe, but I half expected that to be the wrong size as well. Louie and I made small talk in the shop as the girl took my pants to the back to dial in the length. Just 15 minutes later, we left and headed over to the chapel.

At the Chapel, Jill was in a side room and I wasn't supposed to see her. Louis and I headed into the Garden Chapel and I was impressed with how nice it looked and the Gazebo was amazing. We milled around for 20 minutes or so, I met and spoke with the reverend and then we were about to start. As Louis and I waited, Lisa and Samantha walked into the Chapel. They looked ridiculously good. They both had on very tight fitting sky blue silky bridesmaid dresses. The front right of the dress was cut up to just passed mid-thigh, so with each step, their amazing muscular legs were exposed just as they put all the weight on their right leg. With each step, Lisa and Samantha's legs flexed firmly; in high heels this meant that their calves and quads jumped to maximum attention 8 or 10 times on the way to the altar. They had on shawls which covered their arms, but Lisa's muscular chest was nicely exposed because of the low cut top. They both were smiling largely and Lisa gave me her signature wink as she got to the side of the altar.

A minute or so later, as the nerves in my skin jumped excitedly, they started the wedding procession music, and Jill emerged from around the Chapel entrance. She looked absolutely stunning in her amazing wedding dress. It had no shoulder straps and fit skin tight around her torso. This exposed her amazing muscular shoulders and biceps. Although the lower portion of the dress was full and frilly, as she walked, her right leg also exposed itself out of a slit in the dress that came above her mid-thigh. With each step, I watched Jill's amazing leg flex and relax, flex and relax, flex and relax. By the time she approached the altar, I was damn near out of breath. Her gorgeous brown hair was professionally styled and the makeup girl made Jill look like a supermodel. I could not believe I was about to marry this woman!

Jill's high-heels made her easily 3 inches taller than me and we reached out and grasped hands as we stared passionately into each other's eyes. It was an amazing feeling and I could see the true love in Jill's eyes. The preacher began the ceremony and with each second, as I gazed at Jill, I felt less and less worthy of her love. She had become the most beautiful woman I had ever laid eyes on, and I was....well.....me.

The invocation was a blur, then the preacher made some more comments and then led us through the traditional vows. Although my voice was a little hoarse and shaky I made it through..."I, David, take thee, Jill, to be my wedded Wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God." By now, Jill was crying and laughing at herself. She apologized a couple of times, but the preacher set her at ease and she repeated these vows, "I, Jill, take thee, David, to be my wedded Husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey, till death us do part, according to God." As she looked down at me, crying, laughing, speaking, I wanted to reach out, grab her rounded muscular shoulders and kiss her deeply, but as I heard her say, "to obey, till death do us part." I knew it was I who was going to obey her. Her bodybuilding passion had already made her stronger than me physically and with each ounce of muscle she gained, I could see her grow immensely in confidence as well. I was very much attracted to her physical strength and her emotional strength and confidence too.

We then began to perform the ring portion of the ceremony. Louis handed me Jill's ring and I grabbed it to place it on her finger. As I grabbed her hand, I was shaking badly now and could not immediately place it on Jill's finger. I had to step back, take a breath and then try again. Everyone laughed and with great effort, I was able to somehow place it on her finger. Jill then grabbed my ring and to place it on my finger. As she grabbed my hand, I looked down and could tell her hands were fuller and far more muscular than mine. I was immediately embarrassed and was glad she was able to place it on my finger on the first attempt. The preacher pronounced us man and wife and asked us to kiss. I reached up and kissed Jill passionately as the photographer took more pictures. It was a warm, wet kiss and as full of passion and love as humanly possible. We then grasped hands and walked down the aisle and out of the Chapel. It was all hugs and kisses in the reception area and both Lisa and Jill shed tears of happiness. Louis broke out a bottle of Champaign and made a toast. "To Jill and Dave. To love, fun and lots and lots of sex!" We all laughed and drank. Then I decided to make a toast and said, "To Jill, Lisa and Samantha, may you all EXPLODE to your potential." Again we drank and Lisa removed her arm from her shawl, flexed her beautiful biceps and said, "Oh just wait Davey...we're ALL going to EXPLODE very, very soon!"

We began taking some of the post wedding pictures with the group and the photographer, Jimmy, asked me to pick up and cradle Jill for a pic. I knew it was going to be tough and looked at Jill with an, "I don't know if I can do this" look. She laughed and said, "C'mon honey, I think you can still do it." "Well," I replied, "you've put on a bit of muscle since a year ago, and I have certainly lost some." Sure enough, we got into position and I grabbed my wife behind her back and also under her legs. "On three." I said, "1,2,3." As I hit three, Jill leaned back and I crouched down. The goal was to position her torso weight under my left arm and her leg weight under my right arm. My lack of strength was immediately apparent and as Jill kicked up her legs, I lifted her just a few inches and then collapsed to the ground under her weight. As we fell backwards, Jill's torso landed on my chest and immediately knocked the wind out of me. She got up quickly, but I laid on the ground struggling to breathe. Jill asked me several times if I was alright and apologized too. Finally, I got my breath back and gave her a kiss telling her I was OK. I wiped my watery eyes and said, "Let's just take the regular pictures." Lisa then said, "Hey Jill, it might be fun to have you hold Davey in a cradle hold." Jill laughed and said, "I'm not LISA strong yet!" Lisa said, "Oh my God girl, you're a lot stronger than you think. I guarantee you can do it." Jill shrugged her buff shoulders, looked at me and said, "Do you wanna try it?" I shrugged my shoulders back and said, "What the hell, maybe you are LISA strong and you just don't know it."

We got into position in front of Jimmy. Jill stood behind me and I faced to her right. She grabbed her left arm around my torso and said, "OK honey, on three, lean back and lift your legs." I said "Okay." And Jill began the count. "One, Two, Three..." I leaned back slightly and began to lift my legs. With surprising quickness, Jill thrust me into the air and held me waist to chest high." The photographer quickly took four or five pictures as I was held in midair by my wife. Jimmy then yelled, "Kiss, kiss, kiss before she drops you." We instinctively followed his commands and I leaned up as Jill leaned down and we locked lips in a kiss." As we did, I could hear Jimmy saying, "Hold that pose, hold that pose." Jill was laughing nervously the whole time as he walked around and took pics of us from different angles.

Finally, after 30 to 45 seconds, Jill's arm strength was beginning to wane and she began to put me down. I put my feet on the ground and stood next to my amazing bride. Jill was in shock and put her hands over her mouth as she stared at me, constant repeating, "Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!" I wrapped my hands around her arms and torso as she stood there motionless constantly repeating herself. Jill knew she was getting stronger and thought it would be amazing to get even close to as strong as me, but she had just absolutely realized, that she was stronger than me.

Lisa quickly joined our little huddle and said, "I want a picture with the groom too. Is that okay Jill." Jill kind of nodded her head in agreement and took a few steps back. Lisa grabbed my hand and said, "Come here Tiger." She led me a few feet away in front of the photographer and said, "Get these dude." Without even counting, Lisa quickly leaned me back, reached under my legs and threw me up into a cradle hold. Jimmy started snapping away. Instead of putting me down, Lisa held my legs up and leaned my head down and back towards Jimmy, spinning and moving me around at will. Finally she faced forward, and lifted one of her muscular thighs up and under my legs. Now fully supported, Lisa flexed the arm that used to be under my legs. So she essentially held me in the air with one arm as she posed her rock hard biceps for the photographer. She then leaned down and pulled my torso up for a kiss, all while still flexing her strong, hard, muscular biceps. It was completely DE masculinizing and I felt weak and helpless in her arms, but I was incredibly turned on and had almost a full blown erection by the time Lisa put me down.

I hadn't been put down by Lisa for five seconds, and Jimmy says, "Okay Samantha, we need one with you holding David up too." She immediately refused, but Lisa and the photographer kept insisting. Finally, Jill breaks out of her little coma and says with a stern voice, "Samantha, I'd like one with you holding David too." The way Jill said it was almost scary, and Samantha finally caved and replied, "Okay Jill, fine." Samantha walked over and stood behind me. I knew she has very nice muscle tone, but she wasn't really big so I thought she might have a little trouble. Sure enough, without even saying a word, she leaned me back and lifted me into the air. As I sat, cradled in Samantha's arms, I truly realized the strength one can get from lifting weights. Sure, Samantha was tall and muscular, but I didn't know she was really strong. Looks were a bit deceiving. Samantha started getting into it too and as Jimmy took photos, she held me in a couple different positions. Finally, now fully erect, Samantha put me down. She looked at me and whispered, "Glad I could give you a little rise...if you know what I mean." She then grinned and walked off slowly. As Samantha did, her muscular ass almost burst through the back of her bride's maid dress and I realized the power it contained.

Jill was really happy as we took the rest of the photos and she kept looking down at the ring on her finger and kissing me. She just seemed amazed the whole time. And she never took her hands off me, she constantly was holding my arm, or hand or waist. It was like she never wanted to let me go. Finally, I overheard her say to herself, "I never thought I'd have one of these." "What are you talking about?" I asked, "You're beautiful and amazing! Any guy would be lucky to have you. Why are you so surprised?" Jill looked deeply into my eyes and said, "Umm, I don't know, I guess, I'll tell you later." I didn't know what that meant, so I just figured she was not making sense as she was overwhelmed by the whole



experience. We finished up the pictures and wanted to all get a celebratory drink. We all headed back to the Hard Rock Casino and after one drink, Jill again wrapped her arm around my waist and said, "All right everyone, have fun tonight, I'm taking this one upstairs." After a few quick goodbye's, Jill and I caught the elevator upstairs.

I was obviously not strong enough to carry Jill through the door, so I opened it like a gentleman and granted her entry. Jill took two steps in gave me a wink and in a soft but stern voice she said, "Get naked...husband!" I had to take a quick pee, so I stepped into the bathroom, took care of that and then rapidly took off my shoes, pants, underwear, jacket and coat. By the time I walked out of the bathroom, Jill was staring at herself while standing in front of the full length mirror flexing. She had slipped off her dress and was wearing white high heeled shoes, white bikini bottoms and a sheer Victoria's Secret Bra. Her quads were bulging and her biceps looked beautiful as well. Without looking at me, staring at herself in the mirror, she said, "Come over here Davey." I walked over the few steps and she said look, while still staring at the mirror. I was naked and she was still wearing her high heeled shoes, so she was now probably 5 inches taller than me. While still posing, she said "Flex your left arm." I did immediately and it was obvious that hers were slightly bigger and more defined than mine. Jill reached down with her other arm and squeezed my biceps. She crushed it immediately as her grip was stronger than my muscle could withstand. She then said, "Squeeze mine!" I reached up and grabbed hold of her rock hard biceps. I gripped as hard as I could but was unable to even dent it. It was slightly bigger than my arm, but much, much harder. Jill quickly spun me towards her and my naked body was next to hers. I looked up to her as she bent her neck facing downward and we embraced in a kiss. I wrapped my arms around her muscular torso and grabbed her amazing fucking ass. I tried to squeeze her ass cheeks but they were rock hard, like her biceps and I could not even slightly dent them. After a nice moment, Jill wrapped her left arm around my waist, spun me slightly, bent down, placed her right arm under my leg and quickly hoisted me into the air. As she cradled me in her arms she said, "Look in the mirror." I turned my head to the left and looked in the mirror. It was the most amazing sight I had ever seen.

Jill bent her head down slightly and peered into the mirror with a death stare and look worthy of a cold blooded killer, she had an evil grin on her face and it was intimidating to see. I quickly moved my eyes downward as to not make eye contact and peered at the reflection of her tense, bulging shoulders. My weight was making her work so the veins running down her bulging shoulders ballooned as they ran down and across her fully flexed biceps. I was then caught by her large quad muscles as they flexed massively while they supported my weight. The second and third muscles that make up her thighs started to fill with blood and they bulged out to the sides and front. Finally, I peered down at her diamond shaped calves, also flexed tensely and extenuated by the high heeled shoes Jill wore. As I stared at our reflection, my once semi hard cock was now at full attention and trying to burst out of my skin. Jill noticed my rise and while we stared at our reflection, we locked eyes. Jill, still with a bit of a sinister grin said, "Yes..... I like this too honey." Jill then turned us towards the bed and took a few steps towards it. My wife was now officially carrying me to bed. As we reached the end of the bed, Jill lowered slightly, then exploded upwards with her quads arms and shoulders to heave me onto the bed. I bounced halfway across the bed and looked back at my powerful wife. Jill extended both arms fully and bent over at the waist slightly, placing her hands on the bed. The muscles in her fore arms, triceps



and shoulders flexed massively. I stared at them for a second and then made eye contact with my wife. Jill looked into my eyes and said, "Get ready for the wildest night of your life!"

## The Night

As Jill began to crawl up the bed towards me, I froze, not knowing what to do. She had clearly taken control of the situation and this night of sex was going to be my inauguration into her strong new world. It was new to Jill as well. We had never slept together with her knowing full well that she was the stronger of the two of us. As she reached about half way up my body, Jill squeezed her muscular thighs against mine. Her legs were on the outside of mine and as she closed her powerful shanks of muscle together, my legs were crushed against each other. My wife then sat up, resting all of her weight on my shins, and then hit a double biceps pose. The rock hard muscle in her arms jumped to attention and I reached up uncontrollably to grasp them. Jill was just as infatuated with her growing biceps and strength as I was. She looked me dead in the eyes as I massaged her gorgeous arms, then a faint smirk grew upon her face and she gave me a cute little wink. She then said, "Flex Yours!" I was a bit embarrassed but quickly hit a double biceps pose for her. Jill reached out and squeezed my biceps with her hands, like I had done to hers, and like just a few moments before in front of the mirror. Her grasp was too strong and my biceps softened into mush in her powerful grip. Jill had again proven to herself and me, that she was strongest.

With that test of strength done, Jill scooted back slightly and bent down to take my cock in her mouth. She began to give me head and simultaneously massage my cock with her right hand. I was feeling the intense pleasure and also looking at the beautiful broad and muscular shoulders of my wife. With each motion, her right shoulder muscle flexed and relaxed, bouncing to attention again and again. Jill had me on the verge of climax in about a minute. She didn't care though, Jill just kept sucking and massaging, sucking and massaging. Finally, I blew my load in her hot, wet mouth. Jill continued to suck and massage until she drank up every last ounce of my juices. "Holy shit honey." I said, "Why did you finish me off? I thought this was going to be an amazing, crazy night." "Don't worry." She replied, "We're just getting started."

Jill slithered back, got up and took a few steps back from the bed. She then told me to come over and remove her panties with my teeth. I stood in front of her, looking up at my gorgeous muscular wife as she still towered above me in her high heeled shoes. Her long beautiful brown hair laid over her left shoulder, exposing her muscular right trap muscle and rounded buff right shoulder. My half woody was now fully erect as my eyes were still in awe of what they saw. I got to my knees and realized I was too low now to even reach my wife's silky white panties. So I crouched up slightly to take them in my mouth. They smelled of an amazing sweet perfume Jill had sprayed herself with, and the silky material felt succulent in my mouth. I slowly began to pull them down her muscular right leg. I loved how her pelvic area was bordered by her thick, muscular torso and led majestically into her right and left tree trunk sized quads. The panties stretched about 5 or 6 inches down and I had to move my head and grab the opposite side of her panties at the top of her left leg. I did this back and forth method as I slowly

pulled them down over her bulging thighs. As I did so, Jill continually flexed and relaxed her thighs. I didn't even realize she had that much muscle, but she relaxed her right leg and began to shake the quad muscle back and forth. The pounds of muscle her thigh contained moved heavily to the left and then the right several times. Then in an instant, Jill flexed her leg, quickly snapping the entire thigh muscle to a huge bulging rock hard shape. It startled me and I actually jumped back slightly. "Don't be scared Davey." Jill whispered, "I'm just having a little fun." I smiled and leaned back in to grab her panties as she relaxed her leg again. Just as I grabbed them in my mouth, Jill popped her quad muscle again. It fucking startled me again and I flinched back instinctively. Jill just started laughing. She started petting my head and said, "There, there baby, you'll be okay.....Are you gonna be alright honey?" I had to laugh in a bit of embarrassment, nodded my head YES, and finally leaned in to grab her silky white panties. The uneasiness I felt with her showing off her power and the beauty of her muscular legs had me spinning. I was ready to make a mess all over myself as I finally pulled Jill's panties down over her diamond shaped calves and past her high heeled shoes.

I stood up looking Jill right in her chest. She still wore her high heeled shoes and was enjoying being so much taller than me. She slid a wooden step in between us with her left leg. I stood on it and was now equal height with Jill. My cock was now right in front of Jill's pussy. She grabbed it and inserted it into her warm, tight vagina. Before I could even begin to thrust back and forth, her pussy muscle was already somehow pulsating and caressing my penis. This new added benefit of working out was really making Jill the ultimate woman. Strong, powerful, muscular, confident and amazing pussy control. WOW! As we stood face to face, fucking away, Jill and I locked lips. We began making out with a playful forcefulness that seemed very appropriate. I would take little nips at Jill's lips and tongue, and she would do the same with me. She again grabbed the back of my head with her strong grip. As we kissed and fucked, Jill would pull at my hair, bringing me an overwhelming feeling of ultimate pleasure mixed with some pain. This went on for over thirty minutes and as our cleavage gyrations increased, Jill's mad grip tightened. Again, I could feel hair follicles being ripped from my scalp. When I finally couldn't take the pain any more, I tried to back away. Jill knew this was coming and shoved my head forcefully into hers. She then reached her left arm around my torso and held our naked bodies tightly together. Jill was forcing this sexual act upon me now, and there was nothing I could do about it. She began to fuck me harder and harder and her grip upon me tightened. Although my cock was rock hard and pleasuring her immensely, I was almost absent from the act and became a pawn to her sexual desire. We stood there, locked together for several more minutes. I was trying not to scream as Jill continued to pull tightly on my scalp. Finally Jill let go and shoved me backwards.

I fell back on the bed and looked up shockingly at Jill. For a split second, I wasn't sure if she was mad or just continuing our wedding night fun. "A little rough?" she asked. "A little." I replied, shocked that she asked or even cared. She put her muscular hands upon my chest, slowly forcing me down against the bed. Jill then slithered up my body laying her entire muscle bound body on top of mine. When she reached my nose and we were face to face she whispered, "But I'm kind of liking it a little rough you know." I didn't answer, knowing full well she intended to continue her Rough-Housing. She quickly rolled us over so that I was now on top. I inserted my cock and began to massage her warm clit. Jill pushed us back, so I was now standing on the ground at the foot of the bed and Jill was laying on her

back with her legs wrapped around my body. As I was making love to my wife, I grabbed her muscular quads in each hand. They felt so massive, warm, hard and powerful. Jill then slowly wrapped them tighter around my body until they began to squeeze my torso. We were going at it so long, my legs began to tire. I was trying to move my hips in rhythm with Jill, pleasuring her as much as possible, but her pincer grip around my torso was making it hard to breathe. I placed my hands between my sides and her muscle bound quads to ease the pressure. It didn't work, and with a bit more pressure applied, now my hands were stuck. I said, "Ease your grip honey." To my wife, but she was not listening. She tightened her grip further and now I was really losing my breath. At the same time, her vagina was thrusting and massaging my cock like crazy. It's warm, tight powerful grip was amazing and even though I couldn't breathe, I didn't want the pleasure to stop. Jill tilted her head back and closed her eyes. That was always a tell-tale sign that she was enjoying immense pleasure, and I felt she was going to climax.

Jill didn't want the love making to end so she quickly released her pincer grip on me and grabbed my left arm. She spun around and now her ass was in front of my cock. Jill wanted to hit a different position so I began to do her doggie style. This gave her the break she needed and we were set to go quite a while longer. As I banged her from behind, I stared down at her beautiful muscular back. It was wide and hard like the rest of her and I loved looking at the small bulging muscles in her back grow and relax as we moved. She was developing a deep valley right down the middle of her back as the muscles on each side shot upward with ever increasing size. The mounds of muscle building on her back would clearly make her stronger and more powerful than I had ever imagined. Wings of thick muscle were developing from about mid-side up under her armpit. They felt firm and thick in my hands and I was becoming ever more impressed with Jill's muscular development. With my hands gripping her wing like muscle, I leaned in and licked the thick muscle bulging from her back. My thrusts into her vagina were now in sync with her unreal pussy control and her tight grip on my cock led us closer and closer to climax. Jill began gyrating very quickly and she started to move her arms slightly, causing the thick muscle I held in my hands to tense and relax over and over again. Finally she could not stop herself and she began to make "O" sounds. They became so loud I thought our neighbors might call security! Finally Jill tensed every muscle in her amazingly buff body, shuttered slightly and then fell, completely relaxed onto the bed. I stared down at my wife, now completely relaxed lying face down on the bed. Even totally relaxed her muscular body was a sight to behold. Her gorgeous thighs led into her beautifully rounded, muscular ass. Her amazing ass was connected to her firm torso that led to Jill's buff, wide back and rounded shoulders. And her relaxed arms were full looking and becoming large even when she wasn't flexing them.

I got in bed with my gorgeous, muscular wife. As I did, Jill slowly moved over and placed her heavy, buff arm across my chest and then draped her thick muscular left leg over my legs. The weight and heat that her arm and leg contained made me feel small, but I loved every second of it and couldn't wait for her to gain more weight and a lot more muscle!

Explode

At 4 o'clock in the morning, the heat was unbearable and my body was covered in sweat. Jill's furnace was at full tilt and the heat her muscles produced radiated into me. My body had been fighting all night to keep me cool and I now lay in a puddle of liquid. I had to go to the bathroom and needed to dry off so I tried to slither out from under her leg and arm. As I moved just a couple of inches, Jill subconsciously tightened her leg and arm around me. She was very strong and without putting in some major effort, I was essentially trapped beneath her powerful grip. Instead of waking her up, I slowly moved a few inches at a time. Each move I made prompted her to tighten her arm and leg around me, but I could usually make a little progress before she held me tightly again. Honestly, my cock was really sore from the amazing action it had seen in the last 2 days, but as I felt Jill tighten her powerful muscles around me, I started to get another hard-on. Eventually I was able to slither off of the bed and go dry off and use the restroom.

I got back in bed, this time from the opposite side and scooted over to Jill. She was now lying flat, so I placed my left arm over her muscular back. I was quickly asleep, loving every second of precious shut eye. A few hours later, still half a sleep, Jill rolled over towards me, she slowly rolled me over to my back and again draped her heavily muscled leg over both of mine. Jill then nudged her torso over my right shoulder and I could feel almost all of her weight on my arm and chest. She reached up with her right hand and began caressing my face and hair. As I looked up at her, it was as if this powerful woman was caressing a child or pet. I felt as if I was now her possession more than an equal or the "Superior" Alpha male. As I peered up at my amazing wife, I said, "Honey, what did you mean yesterday when you told me you thought this would never happen to you?" "Well." Jill said, "I have to admit that until recently, I was strictly into women. I never felt close enough to marry one and become a full-fledged lesbian, but I haven't dated men since I was a Freshman in college." I must have had a completely stunned look on my face and a million thoughts were racing through my mind. After a few brief moments Jill whispered, "Until I met you David, until I met you." She then leaned in and we began to kiss passionately.

Just as my cock got hard as a rock, Jill popped up and walked over to her suitcase. I stared at her from behind as she pulled on some tight red spandex workout shorts. The fabric was stretched as it moved up over her beautiful calf muscles and powerful thighs. Of course her ass looked incredible as it filled the shorts to a nice full bubble shape of hardness. Jill then reached over and grabbed a white workout bra. As she pulled it over her head, some of the back muscles exposed themselves and bulged nicely. Still facing away from me, Jill reached up to put her long, straight black hair in a ponytail. As she twisted the red rubber band around her flowing hair, her biceps muscles moved and bulged. They flexed and relaxed several times during the procedure and I wanted to fuck her immediately. Jill then sat in the desk chair and began to put on her no-show socks and athletic shoes. As she sat, her hamstring muscle hung down from her leg. It was full and firm and I had to walk over from the bed and grab it. Just as I reached down and felt Jill's amazing leg, she stood up and faced me. In her workout shoes, Jill was now taller than me, and I found myself looking up slightly at her. She got a big grin on her face and started walking towards me, forcing me backwards. As the back of my legs hit the bed, Jill pushed me in the chest which made me fall back. I bounced slightly and Jill said, "Calm down honey, I've got to get a quick workout in. We can play later." Jill then turned and started taking some of the Explode supplements

and made herself a pre-workout drink. Before leaving, Jill came over, kissed me briefly and said, "See you in a couple of hours Love." "I'll be waiting." I said as she walked out the door.

I quickly threw on my running shorts and shoes, grabbed my ipod, a banana and headed out the door. Jill's motivation to workout was feeding my motivation to shed every ounce of fat and present her a daily six-pack. The run was long and hot, but once I returned to the room an hour later, I jumped into a 40 minute ab exercise routine. I was totally gassed and sweaty by the end of it, but proud that I was putting in a lot of work. I popped in a couple of hydroxy-cut pills and jumped in the shower. Just a few minutes later, as I was getting out of the shower, I heard the room phone ring. I picked it up and Jill was on the end of the line. "What's up babe?" I asked. "Louie is taking me through a crazy hard shoulder workout." She answered, "So I'm running a bit late. Will you run down to the pool without me and meet up with Lisa and Samantha?" Just as I was about to reply, Jill said, "Love you Davey, see you soon." and she hung up. Damn, I thought, I really wanted to see Jill's pumped up shoulders after her workout. Oh well, I threw on a pair of board shorts, my flip flops, a hat and sunglasses. I caught a quick glimpse of myself in the mirror and was pretty stoked with my abs. The hydroxy-cut was really working and cutting me up. For the hell of it, I dropped and did two sets of ten push-ups; I knew I couldn't do 20 in a row from my failure at the expo the day before, but in this world of muscle I was surrounded by, I decided maybe I could use a little pump too.

Push up's done; I headed down to the pool. I walked to the deck and began to look for Samantha and Lisa. There were your standard bevy of good looking college girls walking around and occasionally I would spot a Super Fit babe that was certainly here for the Olympia weekend. If you've never been, they have a Lagoon Style pool setup with a long winding river and a waterside walk up bar and blackjack tables...so you can sit on these submerged stools and order drinks and gamble all at the same time....really cool!. Finally, in kind of the back corner of the Hard Rock Pool area, I spotted a little photo shoot going on. There was a smoking hot fitness girl taking some bikini pics and sure enough Lisa and Samantha were there. As I approached from behind, I could see Samantha was wearing a red bikini top and bottom and a cute small torn up cowboy hat. Like I mentioned before, she was muscular but tall and sleek looking. Lisa was wearing a shiny black bikini that her muscular ass was forcing it to its maximum capacity. She had obviously been in the water and her dark wet hair laid beautifully over her glistening muscular traps. As I got closer, I began to stare at Lisa's protruding triceps muscle as her muscular arms were draped to her sides. Before I knew it, I had a half woody and needed to readjust my cock down and to the side to avoid being so obvious. I finally arrived at the shoot and said, "Lisa and Sammy, I think you guys are next!" They turned and laughed. Samantha gave me a quick hug and congratulated me again. Lisa then gave me a wry smile and leaned in for a kiss. We were quite friendly now and kissed each other on the lips without feeling like it was an issue. Samantha didn't seem to think anything of it and she immediately started commenting on how amazing and ripped the fitness girl Mindi was. I immediately noticed that she had huge biceps for a fitness competitor and I thought they looked amazing too.

Lisa knew the photographer and as soon as his official shoot with Mindi ended, he invited the three girls to take a couple of shots together. The three of them looked amazing. Mindi seemed even larger next to the others and just as muscular as Lisa. Of course, Samantha was taller than Mindi and Lisa but her sleek, muscular look was also very impressive. I felt pretty damn honored to be in the presence of such hot muscle bound beauty. After 8 or 10 pics Lisa asked Dean if I could join the shoot. He obliged and Lisa signaled me to come over. I tried to decline but even Dean was encouraging me to join the girls. As a goof, I stood up on a small wood block between the three girls. I was only wearing my board shorts and Dean asked me to hit a double biceps pose. Lisa leaned down and grabbed my right thigh in her muscular arms and looked up at me in awe. Samantha stood at my right and grabbed my right forearm with her right hand, her left hand came up from behind and gripped my fairly non-existent biceps. Mindi stood at my left, kind of hunched over and caressed my abs with her left hand. As we stood still, Dean instructed all three girls too flex all of their muscles and look at me in awe. It made for a hilarious photo as all three girls easily outmuscled me, yet gave me the look of a God. Dean took 4 or 5 shots of that and then said he had to go.

We said goodbye to Mindi and Dean and headed to the hot tub. Just as we got there, Samantha had to run off to the bathroom. Normally women go to the restroom together, but Lisa stayed behind with me. She said she had a grueling workout and asked me to give her a quick back massage. I did love caressing her amazingly muscular back and so I agreed. Just 15 or 20 seconds in, Lisa started to pop her muscles. She flexed and relaxed her bulging traps and back muscles, knowing full well it turned me on. Before I could move, Lisa reached back and grabbed my now rock hard cock. "Wow Davey" she said, "Glad you still enjoy my muscles so much, even though you're a Married Man." I quit rubbing her back and quickly reached down to knock her hand away from my cock. "Sorry Lisa" I replied, "You are incredible, but I am a one woman man now for sure." Lisa quickly grabbed my cock again, but this time very forcefully. I tried to brush her arm away, but she was flexing hard and I was no match for her strength. As I started to writhe in pain, Lisa grabbed my cock even harder and said, "Listen here Tiger...You gave me an incredible taste of your passion the other night and I'm going to want more of it. Nothing crazy, but I AM GOING TO HAVE SOME MORE OF YOU!" Lisa then squeezed my cock so hard I thought I was going to pass out. "Nod your head YES, Tiger, ok." I knew I had to agree or she would rip my cock off right then and there. Barely able to see through my blood red eyes I slowly nodded YES. "Lisa immediately released her grip and said, "Wonderful David. I'm glad we can still share an occasional Special Moment together. Now here comes Samantha so just act natural." I quickly ducked under water and stayed down for 15 or 20 seconds to regain my thoughts. Lisa was twice as strong as me, incredibly sexy but completely uncontrollable! What did I just get myself into?

Samantha got in the hot tub as well and I finally came up for air. We started to make the usual small talk but I obviously felt weird the whole time. I now suspected that even the faintest smile at Lisa would send up flares alerting Samantha to me and her. Just a minute or two later, Jill and Louie walked up to the pool. Jill looked as buff as ever. Her shoulders were bulging massively and huge round gobs of muscle throbbed in them. Her traps also seemed larger than I had ever remembered them. Jill looked down at me and said, "Louie just killed me in the gym for 2+ hours and I can barely move my arms." "Well", I said, "Your shoulders look amazing, so whatever you did, keep doing it." She laughed and

jumped in the hot tub and gave me a kiss. I reached out and held her bulging shoulder muscles in my hands. They were round and very firm, and I could feel the power they possessed. The Explode Pump product was obviously working to its full potential. Lisa said, "Hey muscle babe." Jill turned to look at Lisa, "Looking great Jill, Dave is really going to have his hands full from now on, isn't he?" Jill laughed and said, "He has no idea what train is coming his way!!!" We all laughed and I was very excited to see Jill so passionate about getting more muscular. I sat next to Jill in the hot tub for the next twenty minutes with my arm resting over her muscular right shoulder and traps, massaging and grasping her rounded left shoulder. Lisa was very involved with her conversation with Louie, which was great because I was nervous to talk to her in front of the others, thinking I may be signaling Jill as well.

We eventually decided it was time to leave the pool area and get ready for the last night of the Olympia. Lisa and Louie stepped out of the water and headed back to the hotel entrance. As Lisa walked away, the muscles in her quads and ass bulged with each step. I knew I was going to have to deal with her muscular power again, but she was so damn hot, I couldn't really be that upset. Samantha then got out and headed back to her hotel room and Jill and me to ours. As Jill and I walked back to our room, I grabbed her around the torso. It felt thick and firm. It seemed that every inch of Jill's body now turned me on. With my half woodie, Jill and I walked back to the hotel entrance. We got in the elevator and started to head up. We were the only two in the elevator, so Jill dropped the towel that was covering her to the ground. Like before, the elevator had mirrors everywhere, so as we stared at each other, Jill said, "Great Abs Babe!" I replied, "Thanks Babe, nice muscles honey!" With that, Jill hit a most-muscular pose. Her shoulders and biceps popped to attention immediately. I was still having a hard time believing the monster pump her Explode product was giving her. "You too." Jill said bluntly as she posed. I laughed and also hit a most-muscular pose. My arms didn't really grow like Jill's and she said, "Seriously Honey, FLEX!" "I am." I replied. Jill reached over and grabbed my flexing biceps. As she squeezed, my muscle turned to mush in her grasp. Jill grabbed my other arm with her hand and pushed me back against the elevator wall. She then leaned in and we started kissing passionately. "I want you right now David!" Jill said in a very stern, but sexy voice. Right then, we reached our floor and the doors opened. A cute couple was standing there, so Jill kind of tossed me out the door, reached down and grabbed her towel.

We raced down the hall to our room. I grabbed the card to insert it into the door. Jill shoved me from behind and I slammed face first into the door. She then reached down the front of my pants and grabbed my cock. "Open the God damn door!" she screamed as I tried to insert the card correctly. After my second try, the green light lit up and I opened the door. Jill shoved me hard into the room and I fell to the ground about ten feet inside. I looked back and Jill's muscular quads bulged with each step as she made her way towards me. She couldn't wait another second and mounted me right there on the ground at the foot of the bed. Laying on my back, I looked up at my beautiful muscular wife as she sat on my cock. She reached up and removed her top. Her beautiful breasts bounced slightly as they were released and I reached up and grabbed them. Jill then ripped my board shorts down and inserted my penis into her warm, tight vagina. As she began to fuck me hard, I grabbed her muscular thighs. They flexed solidly and then relaxed into a still hard muscular firmness with each oscillation. I tried to participate but her weight kept me motionless beneath her and I was being totally fucked. She was



showing sexual passion like I had never seen before. Jill was taking full control of the situation and I was pretty powerless beneath her. I think she wanted it this way and the fact that she knew I was powerless to stop her made her even more passionate and excited. As she thrust quickly, I was being pushed up and then pulled back down slightly. The carpet rubbing was beginning to burn my back, I pleaded for her to stop but Jill began to thrust even faster. Just a few minutes in Jill began to shudder and I knew she was close to orgasm. I was too so I decided to let loose of all control and exploded inside her. After I finished, Jill fucked me for another 30 seconds to a minute and then she too was done. Jill jumped up quickly, turned and walked into the bathroom.

It was unlike Jill to not kiss and cuddle a bit after sex, so this really was turning into an odd session. I got up and looked at my back in the mirror. It was red and in one spot by my left shoulder blade, and the skin was slightly torn. That was going to hurt for several days I knew. Just then, Jill asked me to join her in the shower. As I walked in the bathroom, she said, "Honey, grab your razor." I usually shaved in front of the mirror but grabbed it on my way in anyway. I stepped in the shower and grabbed Jill's buff biceps as I gave her a kiss. She responded with a quick peck and said, "Play time's over honey, now turnaround." I replied, "Why is it over?" "Because, I'm going to shave you now. That's why." "What, where are you shaving me?" I asked. "Everywhere babe." She said, "I want you clean shaven, I don't like hair." "Shit." I said, "I don't know about this." "Oh my God David, just stand still and relax, you'll love it, I promise." Jill rebutted. I stood for what seemed like twenty minutes as Jill shaved every square inch of me from the neck down...and I mean every square inch. Finally done, I got out of the shower and began drying off. It felt very weird with no body hair and after drying completely I looked at my reflection. I almost didn't recognize the new man in the mirror...Jill's man.

### Silky Smooth

My first thought was that I immediately looked better with no hair on my body. Even though I was skinny, it made me feel somehow more muscular. At the same time, I started to caress my now smooth legs, arms and abs. It felt great and it actually started to turn me on a bit. Jill now stepped out of the shower and noticed me caressing my hairless skin. As she noticed my half woodie, she said, "See, even you like it babe!" Jill then spanked me on the ass and walked out of the bathroom. By the time I walked out into the room, Jill had slipped on some panties. They were purple and lacy and looked glued to her ever growing muscular ass. She then put on the matching bra and walked past me to the bathroom to get ready for tonight. As I heard the hair dryer start, there was a knock on our room door. I threw on a pair of running shorts and walked to answer. I opened the door and Lisa was standing there barefoot in a peach silk robe that could not have laid on her more beautifully. Her muscular neck, forearms and quads were exposed as the silk garment had shorter than normal sleeves and only fell to her mid quadriceps in length. Her hair was wet and she could not possibly look sexier than she did right then. She was a vision out of a dream I had remembered having many times and it almost took my breath away. "Oh my God tiger!" she said, "I love the new smooth you!" "Oh!" I replied, "Jill shaved off all my body hair, and I'm kinda digging it." Lisa reached out with her powerful hands and grabbed my arms at biceps height. She slowly caressed them down to my wrists and then rubbed my abs with the palm of



her left hand. Lisa then whispered something but I couldn't hear it over the sound of Jill's hair dryer blasting away. Lisa leaned into my left ear and repeated herself, "I can't wait to feel your silky smooth body up against mine, all night long tiger."

Lisa then started to walk forward softly bumping into me. As I looked into her eyes, I could see the power in her gaze and knew she wanted me, and there was nothing I could do to stop her. Even though she was softly bumping into me, her body was rock hard and solid, and I stepped backwards slowly to avoid being knocked down. I put my hand out as the back of my legs hit the edge of the bed and said, "Lisa, stop. Jill's right in the bathroom." "I know." she said, "I just want a little taste." We were around the corner from the bathroom door so Lisa wrapped her left arm around my torso, grabbed the back of my head with her powerful right hand and forced my face into hers. We kissed briefly, then she pulled back slightly, bent down and licked my abs just above my belly button. Lisa then looked back up at me and said, "mmm mmm good." With that, Lisa walked into the bathroom and closed the door. I couldn't hear what she was saying to Jill and I stayed hidden around the corner. A couple of minutes later, Lisa quickly walked out of the bathroom and out the room door. I felt petrified for a moment not knowing what Lisa had said.

A couple of minutes later I heard the blow dryer stop and Jill said, "Davey, be a dear and run this dryer to Lisa's room, hers is broken." I quickly threw on a t-shirt, grabbed the blow dryer from Jill and headed down the hall to Lisa and Louie's room. I still felt awkward around Jill since Lisa and I had just kissed only a few feet from her and it was good to be out of that environment. At least with Louie around, I knew Lisa wouldn't try anything, so I felt safe heading to their room with the dryer. I got to the room and the door was partially ajar, I knocked once and heard Lisa say, "Come In Davey." I walked in and the door closed automatically behind me, Lisa wasn't in the bathroom so I continued to the bedroom part of their mini-suite. As I turned the corner, Lisa was standing on the bed, wearing a one piece black bikini and a baseball cap on backwards. Dangling from her buff right hand was a pair of handcuffs that she was swinging around and around. She looked absolutely amazing and muscles were bulging everywhere. The makers of that bikini should be honored to have such a muscle bound specimen wearing it.

Unable to control my thoughts, I said, "You look God Damn amazing Lisa!" "I know" she responded. There was a brief pause and Lisa grabbed the cuffs with each hand and raised her hands above her head. Lisa then flexed her arms. Her forearms and biceps bulged greatly. The muscle was beautiful and I loved how she had several veins running through them. She then slowly brought her arms down, and held the cuffs outstretched in front of her. "As I stared at her beautifully rounded, meaty shoulders, I said, "Looks like Louie is in for some fun right now." "Oh, he'll have his fun Davey, but these are for you." "What are you talking about?" I replied. "Oh, let's just say that Jill wants a little more control over the "bedroom situation", if you know what I mean." She answered. "Oh shit." I said, "These could be dangerous." Lisa then took two steps to the edge of the bed. Her thigh muscles were gorgeous and flexed beautifully just inches from my face. I couldn't resist so I grabbed a hold of her beautifully developed right quad muscle. As I grabbed it with both hands, she flexed it powerfully. The muscles

jumped to attention and I leaned in and licked them passionately. Lisa leaned down and whispered, "We'll have time for that later Davey....later." Lisa gave a pat on the head and as I backed up slightly she leaned down and kissed me. She was shorter than me, so this was the first time I had to look up to meet her warm powerful face. She then gave me a nice firm pull on the hair and ended our kiss. "Now, take these cuffs to Jill and thank her for the hair dryer Tiger....and hide that thing you animal." I looked down and noticed that my hard-on was sticking out at full attention, not exactly how I wanted to walk back to Jill I thought. I turned and left the room hoping I could calm my cock down by the time I got back to my room.

A few minutes later I got to our room and walked in. Jill was now wearing an amazing black clubbing dress that went to just below her mid-thigh. They weren't as defined as Lisa's, but her legs were long, muscular, thick and beautiful in their own way. Her buff arms were also exposed and she was wearing a cute gold bracelet that I had bought her for her previous birthday. As she reached up to put in an earring, her right biceps bulged and immediately, my cock began to grow. Just seeing my wife with buff, muscular arms sent me into hyper drive. I wasn't sure she knew how honored I was to be in her presence, but I felt myself giving up everything mentally and physically just to be with her. I was still really attracted to Lisa, but I wanted to leave Vegas and Lisa behind, and spend every spare minute with Jill. I threw the cuffs on the bed and Jill laughed hysterically. "Oh God!" she said, "Lisa wasn't kidding about that." We both shared a laugh and I gave Jill a quick kiss.

The evening and the show went off without a hitch. Everyone had fun and I wasn't even thinking about my incident with Lisa earlier. With Jill at my side, I couldn't even think of another woman. The girls and Louie oh'd and awe'd at the huge male bodybuilders at the show, but I just kept my hand on Jill's meaty thighs the whole time, glad I was with such a babe. Jill made a comment to Samantha at one point though, which absolutely drove me wild. She said, "You know Sammy, it's just not fair that girls can't get that big. Why do the guys get it, but not us?" Samantha laughed and said, "Girl, we would rule the fucking planet if we could get THAT BIG!" Jill laughed and replied, "Yep, but we can try!!!" I was glad that she showed a general disinterest in the men, other than the sheer size of their muscles and her desire to have them. I loved that Jill's weightlifting habit went from hobby, to passion to addiction. This weekend at the O locked her in for probably another year or more of serious lifting, and I was going to enjoy every minute of it!

We left the show and all headed back to the Hard Rock for some gambling and fun. Louie and Lisa were snapping at each other in an obvious argument so Jill, Samantha and I walked away to let them discuss things privately. We walked up to a craps table and began to play. I had played several times before but it was new to Jill and Samantha. They were the hottest chicks at the table, so obviously the dealers and other gamblers gave them lots of help and advice. As is often the case, the girls were lucky and we all started winning. The drinks flowed, the chips built up and the hours went flying by. Before we knew it, it was 5 o'clock in the morning. The girls and I decided to get a few hours of sleep before our trip home. We cashed our chips out, \$2300 for me and Jill, \$1150 for Samantha...what a great evening! Samantha headed to her room, while Jill and I went to ours.

We were both happy and feeling great so I was playing grab ass with Jill all the way up. We walked into our room and Jill hit the bathroom as I fell onto the bed. I hit a huge lump and heard a loud scream. It scared the shit out of me and I practically jumped through the fucking roof. I leapt to the light and turned it on. I was surprised as hell to see Lisa laying in our bed. Jill simultaneously came running around the corner from the bathroom. It was obvious Lisa had been crying so Jill immediately asked her "What's the matter Lisa?" "I'm so sorry you guys." She replied, "Louie and I had a big argument and I threw my keys at his face." They scratched him pretty good and he told me to get the fuck out of the room before he gets really mad, so I came over here." "Oh my God Lisa, don't be sorry. Of course you're welcome to stay here with us tonight." "Oh Shit!" I thought. There goes a few hours of fun with Jill.

I figured the two girls would be up for hours talking it out, but we were all so tired Jill said, "Let's all just get some sleep and talk about it in the morning." "Good idea." I said, "I'm frickin' exhausted anyway." "You're the best Jill." Lisa said as Jill walked back to the bathroom to get ready for bed. Lisa then got out of bed to approach me. I looked at Lisa and noticed she was wearing my favorite Yosemite t-shirt. It was now too big for me, but she filled it out nicely. Her rounded, muscular shoulders and large biceps filled out the sleeves perfectly. The shirt was a bit too long so it stopped just a few inches below her crotch, exposing her beautiful, powerful quad muscles. As she took a few steps towards me, her bulging muscles were immediately having an effect on me. She reached out her impressive arms and gave me a warm tight hug and a peck on the lips. "Thanks for being so understanding Davey." She said. And then she turned and hopped back in the left side of the bed.

Before my boner was at full attention, I stripped down to my boxers and got in bed on the opposite side of Lisa. I usually slept on the left side of the bed at home, because Jill preferred the right, but I wasn't going to make Lisa move. Besides, I figured Jill would sleep next to Lisa any way. We sat for a few minutes and Lisa simply thanked me a couple more times. I was almost asleep and Jill tapped me on the shoulder. "Honey." She whispered. "Can you scoot to the middle, you know I prefer the right side." "Of course babe." I replied, and I scooted to the middle. I figured I would be able to sleep instantly. But 20 minutes later, I was still wide awake, staring at the ceiling. I was sandwiched between two muscular babes and I couldn't believe it. The girls were breathing heavily and I knew they were both asleep. As Jill slept, she did her usual role inward and threw her heavily muscled leg over mine. Not four or five minutes later, Lisa rolled inward and rested her heavy muscled arm over my chest. I reached down with my left hand and rested it on Jill's fantastic ass, I then reached my right arm up and placed it on Lisa's muscular forearm. Holding these two women gave me an instant hard on and I soon fell asleep in the clutches of two muscle bound gorgeous girls.

### Fun Night

As I slept, I was slowly awoken in the middle of the night. Lisa instinctively while sleeping, moved her hand down to my waist, slid her powerful grip around my cock and began stroking me softly. Her head was cutely nestled under my right armpit and Jill's muscular leg was still heavily resting over my legs.

Stroking me again and again, Lisa quickly had me to full erection. I looked briefly to my left to see Jill, still sleeping beautifully next to me. I then tilted my head back to peer at Lisa. She was still very much in la-la land and she sighed quietly as she was giving me this amazing hand job. Lisa never increased her speed or tightened her seductive grip. It was simply a methodical, slow, mesmerizing message of my cock. Because of this, I was held in an ultimate state of pleasure kept just shy of the level of shooting my love juice everywhere.

After 20 minutes of this slow massage, Lisa began softly licking and kissing my side just below my arm pit. I was now cleanly shaven down there, like everywhere else and it felt amazing. I slowly reached my arm up and around Lisa's head and softly grabbed her right biceps as she continued to massage me. She was not fully flexing, but I could feel the amazing power her arm muscles contained. Their firmness was amazing and I began to softly massage her arm as it slowly moved. My left hand was still near Jill's muscle bound ass and I began to slowly squeeze and massage it as well. Instinctively, Jill felt this and wrapped my legs tightly with hers. As she flexed her massive quad my legs squeezed together like toothpicks and her ass became rock hard in my hand. I was starting to experience sensory overload and finally I could no longer hold back. In the muscular embrace of my wife's muscular thighs and my cock in Lisa's soft firm grip, I ejected my fluids in the air and on to my stomach and chest. Lisa did not really wake from her hypnotic state and continued to massage my dick as I rhythmically squirted my load. Now fully satisfied, I fell into a deep sleep once again in the embrace of these two muscular babes.

I awoke again to the sense of a warm towel slowly caressing my abs and chest. Lisa was cleaning the slight mess from me as quietly as possible. I looked into her eyes and she smiled widely saying, sorry for the mess Tiger, I woke up to my hand in a very private place. I laughed slightly and said, "Well, Louie is a lucky guy to have a woman do that to him every night." Lisa then leaned in and whispered softly, "I've never done that for Louie Tiger, last night was just for you." I was shocked and speechless immediately. I had assumed that Lisa was half asleep while massaging me and had figured that she probably mistook me for Louie in her tired state. But no! This muscle bound woman had the balls to give me a hand job while we slept with my wife! Lisa gave me a soft wet kiss, grabbed a few of her things and quietly left the room. Jill was still very asleep next to me and I knew she had no clue of what had happened.

Lisa was amazing but I couldn't figure out why she was so fucking into me. She had a huge husband who could crush me like a tomato and had muscles for days. I was hoping it was just a "What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas" kind of a thing. But I knew she was a bit crazy to take things as far as she did. Aside from a little fear about the whole Lisa thing, it was literally the best weekend of my life. I had sex with a muscle bound chick who might be a little crazy for me, had amazing sex with my girlfriend turned wife, and got to see the most muscular female bodies in the world. That and the prospect of my wife giving serious bodybuilding a try was almost more than I could handle.

Jill and I got cleaned up to hit the airport that morning and fly home. Jill had worn a black sweater and blue designer jeans on our trip out to Vegas. She was not totally comfortable in her more muscular

body and as I mentioned earlier on, she covered up a bit while in public. That reserved attitude was now totally gone and Jill wore very light, almost see-thru baby blue yoga pants, flip flops and a white Explode Bodybuilding Products sweatshirt with the arms cut off and the lower half of the shirt cut off exposing her abs. Jill's musclebound ass and thighs were almost exploding out of the yoga pants and her buff arms made her look like she was an aspiring bodybuilder. Her transformation to this point was awesome and I was starting to imagine her even more buff as her training continued.

I was mesmerized by Jill's every movement as she packed her things and lifted her suitcase off the bed. I kept stopping what I was doing to grab her muscles in motion. Finally she said, "Relax honey, there will be plenty of time to caress my beautiful body when we get home....husband." She was right, so I gave her a fat, wet kiss and got all my stuff packed as well. As we made our way to the taxi and then through the airport, Jill got stares from everyone, girls included and heard plenty of whistles. I was kind of embarrassed for her, but Jill embraced the new attention and actually reveled in it. She had found a new confidence this weekend and she now projected it openly for all to see.

Home

Getting home was a breath of fresh air. Vegas was amazing of course, but it was starting to get out of my control and I was eager to get back to a sense of normalcy and moving forward with my married life with Jill. We got back and phoned our respective families. My brother and parents had actually met Jill just a couple of months after we started dating, but had not seen her in over a year. Even so, they all seemed to like Jill and were happy for us. To celebrate, we invited them all over to my house for a wedding party in a little over a month. It gave them time to arrange travel and also gave Jill and me a month to figure out our new housing arrangement.

After a week of looking around town and on the internet, we decided to sell my house in the city and purchase a larger house on the outskirts of town with more square footage and a built in pool and Jacuzzi. The house was located only a twenty minute drive back to town and about 15 minutes to Jill and Lisa's gym. It was vacated by the owners and we signed all the escrow docs in hopes of moving in before hosting our wedding party.

In the meantime, Jill was diving in head-first to her increased training regimen and Explode Products supplementation. We had most of the kitchen closet dedicated to housing the supplements and they were spread around the kitchen countertop as well. For extra motivation, Jill put up 8"x10" pictures of some of the huge Mr. Olympia contestants. There were two on the refrigerator, one of Jay Cutler on the kitchen closet door, one of Ronnie Colman on our bathroom mirror and two of Arnold Schwarzenegger on our bedroom closet door. I would have expected a picture or two of a female bodybuilder, but that's not what was motivating to Jill. She was motivated to get BIG, and that meant pictures everywhere of these huge muscular male bodybuilders. It didn't bother me since I had an admiration for muscle in general but I certainly would have liked a pic of Kim Chizevsky or Juliette Bergmann hanging around. Jill

was working out twice per day for a couple of hours each session. She was also constantly eating chicken, veggies, fruit, nuts and other predetermined meals throughout the day. This doesn't even include the dozens of supplements she seemingly consumed regularly. Although she had put on some noticeable size over the 4 weeks since we got back from Vegas, some of the definition she had developed had disappeared.

One morning, Jill was throwing on some workout clothes and getting ready to hit the gym. She pulled on her light baby-blue, almost see-thru yoga tights. Her ass was bulging though the material and her legs looked extra bulky due to her constant weight gain and the light color of the tights. Jill then pulled on a white workout bra over her protruding traps and muscular arms. I said, with my mouth agape, "Babe, you look buffer and better every God damn day!" "Whatever." She replied, "I feel so fat right now." With that I walked up behind her, grabbed her right biceps and said, "Fat is soft babe, these guns of yours are rock solid and beautiful." Jill smiled and gave me a quick arm flex. The biceps did not show its past definition but there was some serious size. "Holy shit!" I said, "Your arms are getting big babe!" Again she laughed and said, "Fat Davey, Fat."

I laughed and leaned in to lick her bulging muscle. At that exact moment, Jill quickly moved; reached her left arm around my neck and put me in a choke hold. It was super tight and although she was playing around, I actually couldn't breathe. She didn't know my honest struggle and was reaching down for her ringing phone while I gasped for air. It was Lisa and I heard Jill say, "I'm on my way to meet you Lis, just having a bit of fun with Tiger first." I then heard Lisa reply, "Well, don't hurt my Tiger and get ready for an ass kicking workout this morning!" As they shared a few more comments about the tough Leg day workout and the pain for the day, I peered at our reflection in the mirror. My head seemed almost childlike in her buff arm and my arms were even skinnier than a month ago as I had lost another 6 pounds dieting that month. I pulled on my wife's powerful left arm with both hands but couldn't loosen her hold. I wasn't getting enough oxygen and my face was turning color. Finally, Jill realized my struggle and let me go.

I had lost strength in my body during my struggle for air and fell to the ground when Jill released me. "Oh my God honey!" She exclaimed, "Are you OK?" I couldn't answer immediately as I was still trying to catch my breath. Jill asked me again twice more quickly as she grabbed my arms and gave me a gentle shake. After a few more moments I finally started to get my wits about me and nodded yes and said, "I'm Ok." Jill grabbed my face in her powerful hands and brought her face inches from mine. "I'm so sorry honey." She whispered "I didn't realize I could hurt you so easily....Please forgive me Davey, I love you so much." I said, "Of course babe, I know you do." Still grasping my red face, Jill leaned in and we shared a long, hot, wet, passionate kiss.

Jill then helped me to my feet and we stood face to face and shared a long hug. Jill gripped me very tightly and her powerful body felt incredible in my arms. After a few more precious seconds, I looked to my left at our reflection in the mirror. I couldn't believe what I was seeing....like it was some sort of

optical illusion. “Oh my God honey.....look at us in the mirror.” I muttered. Jill slowly turned her head and also looked at our reflection. I wasn’t wearing a shirt and only had my boxer briefs on. The way we grasped each other, Jill easily looked twice as wide and bulky as I. Her arms seemed twice as thick as mine and her ass protruded out greatly. Her hamstrings also bulged out behind her muscle bound quads while mine were almost nonexistent. She too was in a bit of shock. It didn’t ever seem like we had developed that kind of size difference, but the mirror does not lie. “How fucking much do you weigh now?” I asked Jill. “I’m not sure.” She replied, “I haven’t weighed since two weeks before our trip to Vegas when I was 157 pounds. “Well,” I said, “you’ve been bulking up like crazy, we should see.” At this point we were both kind of curious so I pulled the scale out of the bottom bathroom drawer.

Like I said earlier, Jill looked amazing in her blue tights and I knew she had put on some major size. With my continued weight loss and her gains, I did realize that she probably outweighed me by a few pounds. Before she weighed, I blurted out, “165 pounds of buffness!!!” She rolled her eyes back at me and said, “Well maybe.....but it’s probably ALL FAT.” I rolled my eyes back at her and said, “Yea, right dear...” At that moment Jill slowly stepped on the scale. Just looking at her bulging calf and quad muscles as she moved was exhilarating for me. Their size was becoming very impressive and the people at Explode Bodybuilding and Supplement products were going to be very proud of this star pupil. We both looked down as the readout on the scale flickered several numbers and then finally stopped at 179 pounds. Both of us were immediately speechless. Jill brought her buff arms up and covered her mouth in disbelief. I just sat there thinking that the scale must be out of whack. My wife peered over at me, had a laugh and said, “You messed with the settings on this thing honey...DIDN’T YOU!” I looked back her in her beautiful blue eyes and said, “No babe,...but your right, its gotta be a bit off....there’s no way you’ve gained 22 pounds in 6 weeks!”

We both kind of shook our heads and Jill stepped off the scale. I leaned down and found the re-set button on the side panel. The scale went through a quick series of tests, and then read ZERO. I looked back at my wife and said, “Should be accurate now.” Jill replied, “OK, you go first then.” I couldn’t resist since I was leaning down and right next to Jill’s bulging right quad muscle. I reached out and grabbed it with both hands, squeezing with all my might. It was very firm to begin with and Jill quickly flexed her leg causing the quad muscles to become even more rock solid. “Fucking Amazing honey.” I said, “Just Fucking Amazing.” Jill flexed it and relaxed it a few more times and then said, “Enough worship babe...your turn to weigh!!!” I didn’t really want to reveal my weight, but knowing my recent weight loss, if it was off, I would probably weigh 170+ pounds on the scale too. I slowly stepped on the scale and the numbers on the read-out changed several times and then stopped at 161. “Damn.” Jill exclaimed, “Now it’s off on the LIGHT side!” I kind of tilted my head, got a grin on my face, knowing that the scale was dead-bang accurate!

“Well, what the Hell,” Jill said, as she easily brushed me to the side and stepped up onto the scale. Again the numbers varied rapidly, then slowed and stopped at 179 pounds. The realization slowly started to sink in, but we still could not believe she had put on that kind of mass in 6 weeks. “Hmm.” She sighed, “Will you be a dear and go grab my 30 pound kettlebell from the spare room?” I quickly



walked into the spare bedroom and looked for the 30 pound kettlebell. I looked for 10 or fifteen seconds and then yelled back to Jill, "I can't find the 30 pounder, there's just a 20 pounder and a 40 pounder." "Just bring the 40 pound kettlebell then babe!" she answered back. I reached down with my right arm and grabbed the handle. I attempted to lift it but only got it two or three inches off the ground and dropped it. My grip was too weak for the weight so I re-gripped the handle very hard and again attempted the lift. Now I realized the weight was just too damn heavy for me and it threw my balance way off, causing me to fall in its direction. To avoid falling down, I kind of half dropped it back to the ground. It made a bit of a thud and Jill yelled, "What the hell are you doing honey." "Nothing" I replied, "Coming!" Realizing the weight was too much for one arm, I grabbed the handle with both hands, held it directly in front of me and waddled back to our bathroom.

As I waddled in, Jill looked at me and laughed, "What are you doing goofball, it's not THAT heavy." "Just playing dork." I replied as I set it down next to her. Jill reached down and easily lifted the 40 pound kettlebell off the ground. Her muscular arm bulged with power under the load. Her grip was very strong and I could see more fullness in her hand and fingers than I had ever remembered. Jill's tense forearm also seemed larger and possibly bigger than my weak ass biceps. Of course that led my eyes up to her ever growing biceps and they were now much bigger than mine, no contest. With the ease of her motion to pick up the 40 pound kettlebell and hold it, I immediately knew my wife had not only put on some considerable mass, but had also gained a lot of strength as well.

As she stood majestically beautiful on the scale, I ogled her from head to toe. Jill was now full and powerful looking in every way. Her calves bulged roundly and there even seemed to be muscle mass in front of her shin bone. I didn't even know you could grow muscle there. Her strong, rounded quads in conjunction with her out-curved hamstring muscle stretched her tights material to the max. Jill's amazing ass had also grown and the beautiful, huge roundness of it projected amazing power. Her waistline was not ripped, but you could sense its firmness and there was some separation visible on her side oblique muscles which now had a prominent and inflated look. From the side, you would expect a woman to be pretty flat in the back, but not Jill. My wife's back now protruded outward behind her shoulder blades. It seemed like there was muscle piled on top of muscle! Their imposing size led my eye to her muscular expanding shoulders and bulging traps which connected to Jill's thick powerful neck. Jill did not have large breasts, but they seemed to swell outward due to the chest muscle growing beneath them.

By now, I had a raging hard on as I stared at my beautiful buff wife. She looked at me and then looked down at the scale reading. Proving its accuracy, it read 219 pounds. "I don't believe it honey." She said, "I really am 179 pounds." With that she looked down at my cock, fully erect and extending out of my briefs. "Well" she spoke softly, "at least he seems pretty happy about it." I smirked, took a step towards my wife and said, "VERY.....VERY happy about it!" I then reached my right arm around her thick mid-section, placed my left hand on her muscular round ass and kissed her bulging powerful shoulder. Jill turned slightly and kissed the top of my head. "I wish we could make love right now honey, but I

have to meet Lisa and I'm already running late. She then quickly stepped off the scale and walked a few steps out of the bathroom.

As she was standing next to the bed grabbing some no-show workout socks, I called her name quickly so she turned around to face me. I then took two fast steps towards her, extended my arms and attempted to shove her onto our bed. It was like hitting a brick wall and she barely moved. Instinctively and lightning quick, Jill grabbed underneath my left armpit, swung me around and flung me onto the bed instead. It happened in the blink of an eye, but the quickness and strength my wife possessed, was clearly superior to mine. As I half rolled over to look at Jill, she extended her right arm, put her left hand on her waist, shook her hips and simultaneously wagged her finger saying, "Not now my love, there will be time for that later." She then slowly walked out of the room to meet Lisa for their workout, one muscle bulging and ass bouncing step at a time.

### Photo Shoot

As my wife walked out to the drive way to get in her car, I peered through the bedroom window to watch her beautiful thigh and calf muscles bulge with every step. I had become obsessed with watching every powerful movement she made. Jill had no idea that every time she looked the other way, or walked out of a room, I was ogling her muscular body obsessively. To me, it was exhilarating to watch her muscles move and flex and relax by her every movement. After several muscle bulging steps, Jill arrived at the car, swung open the door and gracefully hopped inside. As she backed out of the drive way, I could see the large muscles in her arm bulge while she turned the steering wheel and drove away.

I quickly threw on some workout shorts and headed out for a nice 8 mile run. It burned a ton of calories and really helped keep my abs nicely defined. After the run, I went into the back yard for 30 minutes of sit ups followed by a cool down swim. After a quick shower I called Jill's cell to see when she would be bringing her gorgeous ass home for a mid-day sexathon...or so I hoped!!! Her phone rang and just when I thought it was going to her voicemail, it was answered. "Hey babe." I said, "Hey Tiger." Someone other than Jill answered back. I was speechless for just a second as I tried to figure out who it was. "It's Lisa, Davey. You didn't forget my voice already did you?" "Of course not Lis, you just caught me off guard. How's Leg Day going?" I asked. "It's unreal Tiger." She said, "We're both pushing crazy hard and we'll be puking later I'm sure." "Damn!" I replied. "You guys have been going nuts ever since you got back from Vegas. I know Jill put on some serious size already, have you too?" "Come find out later." Lisa replied. "Jill's coming over after our workout to take the Explode Supplements progress pics we have to send in every week." "Sounds Great!" I replied, "See you at your house in an hour!" "grrrrr Tiger, Can't wait to see you again." Lisa replied and she hung up the phone.

I ate an apple, a banana and some nuts for lunch and grabbed a quick shower. Once out of the shower I took a quick look in the mirror and actually looked at myself. We get so accustomed to who we are, that

we don't really analyze ourselves in the mirror. Sure enough, I looked pretty damn thin and my arms seemed exceptionally skinny to me. I guess I started to feel a bit apprehensive heading over to Lisa's house knowing I would be the proverbial runt of the litter around her, Jill and Louie. I figured covering up might hide some of my recent weight loss, so I threw on a pair of jeans and a ¾ sleeved softball t-shirt from me and Jill's old softball team. The jeans were a waist 32" and getting looser by the day so I grabbed a belt to tighten them up. Since it was summer, I hadn't worn pants in a while and even on the smallest hole, the belt didn't tighten far enough to help. Although the pants were too loose, surprisingly enough to me, the softball shirt fit great. I expected to be swimming in it, but apparently it must have shrunk a bit after dozens of trips through the washer and dryer. As a last ditch effort to tighten up my pants I grabbed one of Jill's leather belts. It had multiple holes and I was able to finally secure my pants so they weren't falling down as I walked.

I knew the girls weren't drinking while on their Explode program, but eventually they would, so I brought a nice bottle of wine and some fruit, I hate showing up places empty-handed. Sure enough, the directions Lisa texted me were spot on and I saw Jill's car in the drive way. I parked and walked up to the door. Right after ringing it, I tried to stick my chest out just a bit, knowing immediately I certainly didn't look any bulkier. The door opened and Lisa smiled widely when she saw me. I couldn't believe how fucking big she was and my jaw dropped to the floor. Lisa was wearing very small purple workout shorts which were barely bigger than bikini bottoms and an equally small black workout bra. She had grown her beautiful black hair out a bit and it was now shoulder length. Her quads and calves were huge and muscular, bulky from her massive weight gain and they looked ridiculously powerful. Even though they were no longer ripped, with each step she took towards me pounds of muscle flexed and relaxed. She also had the teardrop muscle on each side of her knee cap and I wanted to caress her mounds of leg muscle immediately. Although her stomach bulged slightly as she had put on a little extra weight, it turned me on as I really like a strong powerful torso on a woman. That however, was easily overshadowed by her massively rounded shoulders and bulging biceps. Compared to the last time I saw Lisa, it looked like she had inflated herself greatly.

I quickly put the fruit and wine down to give Lisa a hug. As usual, she grabbed me tightly and hoisted me into the air. "Good to see you again Tiger." Lisa said as she made her usual feline growling noise. As I tried to answer, Lisa tightened her grasp so immensely, that I couldn't even breath....I just wheezed softly. She laughed at my efforts and said, "What's the matter babe am I getting too strong for you?" I was still wheezing and completely unable to answer. Lisa's grip was even more powerful than before and I knew she was enjoying showing it off. "You may have noticed I've put on a little size Tiger; well, I've put on some strength too." She bragged. She spun me around a couple of times and then finally, Lisa lightly loosened her massive grip on me and I was able to take a full breathe or two. "What do you think?" Lisa asked. "Awesome!" I replied, "Just Awesome!" Lisa liked my response, put me down and gave me a pretty nice, slow, wet kiss on the lips. She then took a step back and said, "Watch this." I looked down and Lisa had relaxed her right quad and began to shake it back and forth. What seemed like pounds and pounds of muscle shot back and forth several times from left to right and back again. It was almost mesmerizing, seeing so much muscle on her leg, and then, in an instant, Lisa flexed her quads and all the muscle stopped violently and shot up to attention. I was speechless so Lisa did it again

two more times. I became erect in seconds and Lisa knew she had achieved the desired effect. She then took a step towards me, patted my cock and picked up the wine and fruit.

“Thanks Tiger.” She said, and then she walked into the house saying, “Follow me Dearie.” I swallowed several times in disbelief as I walked behind Lisa into the house. Her legs bulged so beautifully with each step, I just couldn’t even imagine how powerful Lisa felt walking around on them all day.

We arrived in a small room to the right of Lisa’s kitchen. There stood my gorgeous wife in a pair of very small black workout shorts, identical in size to Lisa’s. Her legs were pumped to the max from her 2 plus hour workout with Lisa and I had never seen them so huge and muscular. “Holy Shit Honey!” I said, “Your legs are massive!” She grinned and walked over to me. With every step, the muscle bulged like never before and for the first time ever, I honestly felt small and meek in her presence. The rest of Jill looked amazing as well, but her Quads and Calves had obviously responded very well to her training...especially because of the Explode Pre and Post workout supplements she was on. I could see the incredible amount of confidence written all over my wife’s face as she approached me. I reached out instinctively and wrapped my arms around Jill’s muscular torso. She wrapped her muscle bound arms around my shoulders and pretty much enveloped me in her grasp. We shared a long, passionate, wet kiss and then Lisa said, “I have an extra room for you two Love-Birds if you need it!” Jill and I laughed and released our grasp on each other.

Jill took a step back, looked at me and said, “Hey, is that my belt?” I looked down and noticed that, although my softball shirt fit me perfectly in the shoulders and arms, it was a bit short in the torso and didn’t even cover up Jill’s belt I was wearing. I looked up and said, “Yea babe, sorry, I haven’t worn jeans in a while and these 32’s are a bit loose. My belt doesn’t even have a notch small enough for my smaller waist.” She then got a puzzled look on her face and said, “Is that MYYYY softball shirt?” I kind of looked down again at the arm length and fit and said, “No Honey, it’s mine.” She reached out her right arm and easily turned me sideways, then pulled out the tag from the neck and said, “HmMMM, since when did you start wearing size Women’s-Large?” “No way!” I replied in shock. “Yep.’ She said, “That’s my softball shirt you’re wearing, I don’t even think I could fit in it anymore.” I was embarrassed and my face immediately turned bright red. Jill sensed it and said, “Oh, isn’t that cute, I can give you all my old shirts that don’t fit me anymore.” I was still too embarrassed to respond so Jill leaned in and gave me another quick kiss.

I took a look over at Lisa and she had a wry smile and gave me her signature wink. “Ok, Ok.” She said, “Let’s take these pictures.” I was still in awe of the girls as they walked around the room, wearing almost nothing with muscles bulging everywhere. Lisa directed Jill through a series of poses, front lat spread, front double bi’s, side chest, rear lat spread, double rear biceps and finally side triceps. Jill wasn’t cut as I mentioned earlier, but the sheer size she was putting on was amazing. I was fully hard and could barely contain myself. As Lisa finished the last pic, I walked up to Jill and grabbed her biceps in my left and right hands. My hands seemed way too small and it was like I was grabbing onto a street

pole, they were so thick and firm. As I grabbed Jill's massive arms, she reached up under my armpits and began to lift me off the ground. I was airborne for only a moment or two and just an inch or two off the ground, but Jill had tested her strength and got a huge grin on her face when she realized she could lift me off the ground. Jill then smashed her face into mine and we began making out passionately, almost violently. Jill's grip on me tightened and I felt totally in her control at that moment. She shoved me against the wall and pushed my body tightly against the flat hard surface with her huge and powerful left thigh. I was now completely immobilized and felt powerless in this moment. Even though I was paralyzed in Jill's forceful hold, a sense of content and enjoyment came over me. I was enjoying every second in her arms and wanted it to last indefinitely. We made out for 15 or 20 more seconds and then both heard Lisa say "Cut!" We both laughed and I looked over at Lisa. She smiled and said, "Well, that'll make a nice video!" "You got that on Video?" I asked. "Yep." She answered, "and in Super HD to boot." "Bet you didn't know you met a girl who could Sweep-You-Off-Your-Feet, did you Tiger?" I laughed to hide the bit of embarrassment I felt, first for wearing Jill's old softball shirt, and second, for being literally Lifted Off the Ground by my wife.

Jill grabbed the HD camera and Lisa stood in her place by the backdrop Lisa had put up for the photos. It was simply a white background, but that was the point since it didn't distract the viewer from the muscular body being photographed. As Jill began to photograph Lisa, I simply stood back and ogled my wife's muscle bound legs. As she bent and squatted to get the right photo angle of Lisa, her legs flexed powerfully. It was sending me into an extremely heightened state of arousal and I actually had to look away to keep from cuming in my pants. Following her poses, I told Jill to give me the camera and I'd take some pics of the two of them. Jill reached her muscular arm over and handed me the camera.

I began to just keep taking pictures every 5 seconds or so and told them to pose together, hug and basically just have fun. Jill and Lisa hit several biceps and quad poses together and it was simply amazing. They had both put on significant size and their off season muscle was big and bulky looking. I preferred Jill to be a little more defined, but to see the mass was damn impressive too. After several shots of that, I asked them to face each other, both look towards me, flex their outside arm and lift their back legs into a hamstring pose. It was just as impressive as I had imagined it. Both of the girls had buff legs and the hamstring muscle popped out beautifully. This also makes the ass stick out and with all of the weight on one leg, both of their front leg quads were flexed to the max. I took 3 or 4 pics of that and then asked them to stand facing each other and hug. It was incredible to watch their two muscle bound bodies slap against the other. Again, this profile view of the girls was amazing and I enjoyed watching them caress their powerful forms as they embraced. I simply watched their arm muscles bulge as they flex and relaxed while feeling each other's torso and back muscles. Their amazing glutes also popped out as they were well rounded and had grown with the girls recent weight gains as well!

We finally finished our little impromptu photo shoot and I was hard as a rock. Watching these two muscle babes pose and caress each other's amazing bodies was ridiculous. Lisa quickly walked out of the room and told me she'd be right back. I asked Jill to hit a few more poses and took pictures to capture this amazing moment. Just then, Lisa walked back into the room. "Put these on Tiger...I want to

take a few pics of you and Jill.” “No way.” I said, “No need for me to show off my huge muscles and embarrass you guys!” She and Jill laughed but Lisa meant it. “C’mon Davey, it’ll be fun and you never know how long this whole joy ride will last....just throw on the shorts and top.” I looked over at Jill and said, “Really???” She winked back and said, “Sure hon, it’ll be fun.” I shook my head and took off my shirt and pants. I pulled on the pair of Louis board shorts Lisa had given me. They were ridiculously loose and there was no way I could wear them. Lisa hurried out of the room to fetch a different pair of shorts while I put on the tank top she gave me. It was obviously one of her tank tops, was black and had “Explode Supplements” written on it. It wasn’t too tight actually and fit quite well. Lisa walked back in the room and threw me a pair of her neon green Nike women’s running shorts. “Like those are going to fit!” I said. “Who knows Tiger.” She replied, “give ‘em a try.” I leant down and began pulling the shorts on, they did have a little elasticity to them and although the waist was a bit tight, they actually fit a hell of a lot better than Louie’s shorts. “Perfect!” Lisa said, “Let’s shoot.” I was barefoot and wearing just the tight shorts and tight tank top. As I stood next to my wife in bright light, I immediately felt puny.

Lisa started directing the shoot and said, “Ok guys, compare biceps.” I was to Jill’s right and flexed my left arm. She flexed her right arm next to mine. My arm made a cut muscle but it was small compared to the mass in my wife’s biceps. Jill seemed both surprised and amused that her arm was now undeniably larger than mine and gave it a squeeze. “Small, huh babe?” she questioned. “Are you OK with that?” I asked. Jill just got a big grin from ear to ear, winked and said, “Yah babe...I think I can work with that.” “Good” I replied and I winked back at her. Next Lisa asked us to flex our thighs next to each other. Now this battle was long over. I was skinny and lean while Jill had always had meaty legs which had recently become downright massive! As we flexed our thighs side by side, Jill’s seemed twice as large as mine. As you may know, a woman has longer legs, proportionally, than a man...roughly ½ of a women’s height are legs while only 3/8 of a man’s height. That said, my legs were about 26.5 inches of my 5’10” height. Jill’s legs were almost 35” of her 5’9” height. So her massive and long thighs and calves dwarfed my shorter limbs. I had taken anatomy in school and knew of this disproportion, but to be standing next to it and witnessing my wife’s incredibly powerful gams made me weak in the knees. While flexing, I reached down and grabbed Jill’s powerful thigh. “God Damn!” Lisa exclaimed, “That is fucking Awesome Jill.” We both looked up at Lisa and laughed as she continued to shot pics. Right then, standing side by side, Jill reached around my waist and held me tightly to her torso. The grip was amazingly powerful and again, I was paralyzed in her hold. Jill then bent to her left, easily lifting me up as her powerful thigh supported my weight against it. “You’re really getting light babe.” She said to me as we gazed in each other’s eyes. “You’re really getting strong babe.” I replied. We began to kiss passionately. It was surprisingly invigorating to be partially suspended in air by my wife as we embraced lustfully. I was now hard as a rock and my cock was busting out of Lisa’s tight running shorts.

Jill put me down and pulled me into Lisa’s bathroom. We entered the room and Jill turned to close the door. From behind, I wrapped my arms around her massive torso. I could feel the power she contained and felt vitalized in her presence. She grabbed my right arm and easily spun me around so that she was now holding me from behind. Jill pulled me down slightly in front of her, reached down with her head and neck and began kissing me intensely on the side of the face and started licking my ear. At the same time, she reached down with her left hand and began massaging my excited cock. My wife began

stroking me slowly but then increased speed to maximize my pleasure. I put my left arm down on her left arm to get her to stop before I climaxed. But her arm was too powerful and not only could I not stop its movement, I didn't even slow it in the least. Jill kissed, and licked and stroked over and over again. I was now grabbing her powerful, muscular left forearm with one hand and caressing her massive right thigh with the other. I was being forcibly jerked off by my wife as she passionately licked, sucked and kissed my left ear, and there was nothing I could do to stop it. I wanted to have sex with Jill, but some sort of heightened state of power and control had come over her and I was simply a pawn to her sexual wishes at this point. The erotic pleasure I was feeling, both from the amazing hand job Jill was giving me and also the sense of undeniable strength I felt in her became too much. I climaxed and began to shoot my load. My wife realized this immediately and quickly leaned down to take my cock in her mouth. With some finger stroking and mouth motion, Jill finished me off, drinking every last drop of the remaining cum I spurted. She then sucked it a few moments more, just to make sure I was fully satisfied.

Totally fulfilled, I leaned back slightly against the bathroom wall. Jill straddled me and leaned down so that our faces were just an inch or so apart. I could see the true passion in her eyes and she whispered softly, "I think I love you more than ever Davey. I want you so badly, always, and I don't ever want to lose you." "You never will my love." I whispered back. "You never will!" With that, Jill grabbed my hand and held it to her crotch. It was wet as she had climaxed too while she satisfied me. Just the act of controlling me while pleasuring me had turned her on so deeply, that she too had become wet. I didn't know exactly what that meant, but her newfound passion would excite and change our sex lives forever.

## Changes

Jill was just giddy with happiness and content following our little session in the bathroom. I turned to open the bathroom door and Jill just reached around my torso, squeezed me tightly and rested her chin on my left shoulder. After a few seconds, she said, "I could just hold you all day honey." She then let out a sigh and continued to hold me tightly. We stood there like that for another 20 or 30 seconds, while Jill slowly rocked me back and forth gently. Finally, she gave me one more big squeeze, a kiss on the neck and then released her grip. I grabbed the door knob and opened the door. As I walked out, Jill gave me a slap on the butt and laughed.

We walked into the kitchen where Lisa was sitting down to have another meal. She presented us with a plate of chicken breasts, vegetable mix, and a sweet potato mash. I wasn't that hungry and had a small portion of the sweet potatoes and a glass of fat free milk. The girls dug into the chicken breasts, veggies and potatoes. Just watching the girls eat was impressive. Their arm and shoulder muscles were becoming quite large and as Jill cut into her chicken, I was really turned on by the flexing muscles in her wrists and hands. Two huge veins ran across the top of Jill's hand and they branched out impressively into her fingers. As her jaw chomped on the massive quantity of food Jill shoveled into her mouth, it flexed and became larger with each bite. As I slowly ate my meal, I became hard and erect again just



watching my wife eat. I knew the chicken, veggies and potatoes Jill consumed represented future muscular power and I couldn't wait for her to grow even more!

Lisa finally took a break from shoveling food into her mouth and said, "Davey, is that all you're going to eat? You'll waste away to nothing eating like that." "I'm just trying to keep my washboard abs Lisa." I replied. "I'm not in the Bulking-up phase, you and Jill are in ya know." "Yah." She replied, "I just don't want you blowing away in the wind cutie!" Jill and I laughed, then Jill put her hand down on my thigh and said, "Really enjoying my skinny guy right now Lis, he's perfect in all the right places in my eyes. I'll have enough muscles for both of us soon, so he can just keep on working on those tight ass abs and we're ALL GOOD!" "Good for you two." Lisa said, "Davey here will fit into all your old shirts and shorts pretty soon!" We all laughed and the girls went back to consuming the rest of the chicken veggies and potatoes.

A couple of minutes later I heard Louie walk in. I immediately froze in embarrassment realizing how ridiculous I looked in Lisa's small running shorts and tank top. I hadn't seen Louie in over a month and was as skinny as ever. Louie walked into the kitchen and immediately burst out in laughter. "Holy shit Dave, are you going for Mr. Skinny Olympia or what?" I was too humiliated to speak and my face turned bright red. Instead of laughing too, Lisa burst out, calling Louie a pig and an ass hole. Jill and I immediately felt uncomfortable and didn't know how to react. Louie immediately apologized, came over and shook my hand and told me he was just goofing with me. Jill looked up at Louie and said, "Hey Louie, not every girl needs a muscle man as long as he's got it where it counts." Louie laughed and then gave me a high-five and said, "Dude, if you can get a babe like Jill, kudos for satisfying her needs, if you know what I mean!" Then we all chuckled and the mood immediately calmed down.

Jill and I were ready to go a few minutes later after their huge meal, which was one of 6 different meals the girls were having per day. The girls were consuming so much food, it seemed as though they were gaining several pounds per week! As we attempted to walk out Lisa wanted to take a quick group pic. So she set her camera on the tripod and Louie, Lisa, Jill and I posed for a few pics. We stood with arms around each other for one, then we all did a goofy pose, then Lisa had an idea. She had Louie squat down, she got on his shoulders and he stood up. She then suggested that I get on Jill's shoulders the same way. Jill had squatted up to 265 pounds in the gym, so my mere 161 pounds would be no problem. Sure enough, I got on Jill's shoulders as she squatted down, and she easily stood up, hoisting me up in the air. Now we all hit double biceps poses for the camera. Jill then walked me around the room and started doing a few more squats. Lisa quickly grabbed the camera and started videoing it. Finally, Jill stood in front of the camera, flexed her right biceps and did a slow squat. She was easily playing with my weight and the strength she had gained over the last year and a half now seemed incredible. With a full woody, Jill finally let me down and we had a good laugh. Lisa looked at us and said to Jill, "Your boy-toy could be a lot of fun hon, ...I'm feeling a bit jealous here!" "Well." Jill replied, "Unless Louie here goes on a crash diet...I guess you'll just have to be jealous of my little Davey." They laughed and again I was a bit embarrassed at being referred to as "little Davey".

Jill was ready to leave, so she gave Louie and Lisa hugs and said, "Let's go babe, I want to get you home and naked right now." "Hold on a minute." I replied, "I've got to get out of Lisa's clothes and put on mine." "No way honey" Jill said, "I like that look on you, makes you look vulnerable and ripe for the taking." "Okay with me if it's okay with Lisa." Lisa gave me a wink and said, "Keep 'em Davey. I think Jill's hormones really like you in them." I laughed, shook Louie's hand, gave Lisa a quick hug and Jill and I left. As I walked past Jill towards my truck, she patted me on the ass and said, "Take my car babe, I want to drive the truck home." "Why?" I asked. "I don't know hon, I just have had a couple of close calls in my Volkswagen bug and I just don't feel real safe in it right now." I said, "No problem babe." and handed her my key to the truck. She handed me her Bug key and walked towards my Black and Silver Ford F150 and got in. I stood still as she got in and she actually looked amazing in it. I then walked over to her Light metallic green Volkswagen Bug and got in. She backed the truck out and we began to drive home.

As I was stopped at a red light, I was in the middle lane and she was in the left lane. I looked over to talk to her or give her a wink, but the Bug I was driving was too low and I couldn't make eye contact with her. Just then, another truck pulled into the right lane. There were a couple of high school or young college guys in it. They were pretty buff and were wearing t-shirts with the sleeves cut off. They spotted Jill in the truck to my left and started yelling obscene remarks. Jill couldn't hear them because she had all of the windows up and was probably listening to the radio pretty loud as always. After a few more comments, the driver looked at me in the bug and said, "What are you staring at Faggot?" I immediately realized that these guys might be able to kick my ass so I looked forward and tried to ignore their derogatory threats. The light finally turned green, and like an idiot, I flipped the boys off as I drove away. Unfortunately, just a quarter mile up the road, we hit another red light. Jill had zoomed through the intersection when the light was Yellow, but the Bug was slower and I didn't get there in time. I immediately realized how dumb I was for flipping them off.

They stopped their truck right behind me and the passenger got out of the truck. I looked down to find the door lock button, but in the panic of trying to roll the windows up quickly, I accidentally hit the OPEN button instead of the LOCK button. Right then, the right side door on my Bug flew open and the kid leaned in. He was much smaller than the driver of the truck that followed me and younger too, he still had braces on his teeth and pimples on his face. He was thin, but very muscular and even though I knew immediately he was probably only 15 or 16, I was quickly petrified. I put both my arms up and said, "I'm Sorry, I'm Sorry, I'm Sorry." The kid quickly grabbed my hair with his left hand and punched me four or five times in the arm and side of the head. As I was being beaten, I quickly reached forward and honked my car horn loudly. For some reason, it startled the kid and he jumped out of my Bug and ran back to the truck. I quickly reached over and locked the door the kid had just slammed closed. Instead of feeling pain, I had become completely numb with fear and I hid down across the seat. I heard their truck zoom away as one of the kids hit my car with a cup of ice and soda.

I sat there for another 5 or 10 seconds paralyzed and almost afraid to move. A car horn behind me honked loudly, and I realized that I was holding up traffic. Without thinking, I pressed the gas pedal and drove through the intersection. Just a couple of blocks down the road, I began shaking uncontrollably and quickly pulled into a parking lot. I saw a dumpster and a brick wall near the far end of the parking lot and without knowing why, I parked the Bug behind it. I was now hidden from the road and felt a little safer. I tried to stop my shakes but couldn't and as I relived the past minute in my head, I began having trouble breathing and began to cry uncontrollably. I was trying to be deafly quit as I cried and snot ran from my nose, thinking I needed to hide from the world at that moment. After a few minutes, the numbness started to go away and it was replaced by major pain in my arm and face. I slowly pulled down the sunshade and looked at my reflection in the mirror. I had a huge welt developing over my right eye and some blood was trickling out of my right ear. The kid had also punched my arm and there was a huge red mark on it, and it now hurt to move my arm in any direction. I felt a little safer parked behind the dumpster, but I wanted to wait a few more minutes just in case those kids in the truck were still out there somewhere. Shortly thereafter, I tried to gather myself and drive home, but what seemed like just a few minutes had been a half hour. Finally my phone rang and it was Jill. I tried to answer it in a very normal voice and said, "Hi honey." Jill somehow sensed something was wrong and said, "Are you Okay?" "Ya." I replied, "Umm I just got in a little scuffle." "What!" she said, "Are you hurt? Where are you?" "I'm in the Bank of America parking lot behind the dumpster." I replied. "Will you come get me?" Without hesitating a second, she said, "Yes honey, I'll be right there."

It was about ten minutes from my house to the parking lot I was in so I waited a couple of minutes and then decided to try to clean myself off a little bit. I made sure the lot was clear and I got out seeing if Jill had a rag in the trunk of the Bug. Right then, I heard a vehicle pull into the lot so I quickly jumped back into the car and locked the doors. I ducked down in the seat and peeked up as the car drove by. It was an older lady in a Honda Accord so I felt a bit of relief. I waited another couple of minutes to calm down and then attempted to get a rag from the trunk again. Sure enough, Jill had some old gym towels in the trunk so I grabbed one and wiped the blood from my ear and cheek. After cleaning up a bit, I walked a few feet to throw the towel in the dumpster. Right at that moment, I heard a loud truck engine pull up. It startled me and I instinctively dove behind the dumpster to hide. I laid on the cold hard ground frozen solid in fear as I heard the vehicle stop and the door open. After a few seconds of terror, I heard Jill yelling, "Dave, where are you? Dave, are you here?" Still lying on the ground, I answered back, "Jill!"

For some reason, I didn't even move after I knew it was Jill, still thinking I was safer on the ground behind the dumpster. Jill walked around the dumpster and I looked up at her as she found me. She had put on some thin white tights and a tight blue tank top. Her thigh muscles bulged hugely through the material and her arms seemed enormous to me as I laid on the ground looking up at her. Jill quickly bent down and grabbed my face in her powerful hands. "Oh My God Davey!" she said, "Are you Okay? Are you Okay?" I tried to answer her but as she wrapped me up in her warm muscular arms, I just began to cry again uncontrollably. Jill sat next to me and pulled my head into her amazing chest. She then calmly petted my head softly and whispered, "It's okay honey, It's okay, I've got you, I've got you." Jill then patiently kissed and caressed me for several more minutes until the tears stopped flowing and I began to regain my senses. I felt incredibly safe in her arms and I never wanted her to let me go. Finally, Jill reached her left arm around my torso and put her right arm under my legs and lifted me up. She carried me over to the truck and put me in. Jill grabbed my phone and the keys from the Bug,

locked the doors and then got in the truck with me. I scooted right next to my wife and wrapped my arms around her muscular body as she drove us home.

## Family

In the presence of my beautiful muscular wife, I felt very safe and a calming sense of security soon came over me. I began to spill out the details of my beating to Jill. As I spoke she filled with rage and I saw a side of her I had never seen. She kept shaking her head in anger and was grabbing the steering wheel tightly. As I spoke and the muscles in her arms bulged and twitched fiercely. Within a couple of minutes, she was so filled with rage that the veins in her neck began to pop out profusely. At the conclusion of my detailed recollection of the events I told her that I hoped never to see those guys again. Jill was steaming mad and hardly uttered a word the entire ride home. I hadn't ever seen her this upset and it actually scared me a bit. I started to try to calm HER down at this point, instead of the other way around. I let her know I was okay now, and that I learned my lesson to not flip people off in the car and actually tried to take on some of the blame myself. It wasn't working and as we got home, Jill simply grabbed my hand and led me inside the house. I think she was trying to be gentle, but she was still filled with anger and her hand was crushing mine inside of it. She led me into the living room and told me to lay down. I laid on the couch and just a minute later, she walked back in with a frozen bag of pees. Jill kneeled next to me, applied it to the side of my face and the cold temperature took the pain away and would hopefully reduce the swelling.

"You know Davey." Jill Said, "Thank you for thinking of me and trying to protect me from those boys yelling obscenities...it was very brave of you."

"More like Stupid of me Jill." I replied.

"No honey, it was brave of you, but you don't need to do that. I don't want anyone hurting you ever again, and I've been making sure that I can protect myself if needed and you too." Jill answered.

"Thanks Jill" I replied. "I have to admit it's been fun seeing you grow into a powerful and muscular woman. I've enjoyed the thrill of you being stronger than me very much. But it's too frustrating being so weak. I am going to get back into the gym and put on some muscle too."

Slowly, Jill rose to her feet. Her gorgeous muscular thighs were now bulging beautifully right next to my head. She relaxed and then shook her right thigh several times. I watched the pounds of muscle swing from side to side again and again until she flexed forcefully and caused the muscle to tighten and protrude amazingly through her thin white tights. I reached out to touch her quad and caressed it softly with my hand, again causing me to become erect. Jill sensed my immediate excitement and with her

incredibly muscular arms, she slowly pulled her white tights down over her bulging thighs and huge muscular calves. As she slipped out of her tights, my wife grabbed Lisa's running shorts that I was wearing and pulled them down over my rock hard cock and thin legs. My wife then threw her left leg over my legs, and carefully laid directly on top of me. We were face to face, staring into each other's eyes. I was held completely motionless under the massive weight and power of my wife as we began to kiss passionately. Just as I thought things were going to get very fun, Jill stopped kissing me and rose her torso slightly.

Looking down at me, Jill said, "Honey, I've always been with women in the past because I have a burning desire to be the protector and the strong, robust force in the relationship. Probably because I had a horrible father, who was abusive to my mom and me and who ultimately put this scar on my face." I laid there silent and stunned at the words now coming from my wife's mouth. I had never heard a word about an abusive father and had always believed her scar was from a childhood accident. She continued, "When we first met, I loved your sense of humor and your looks. But in hearing some of the stories about your ex-girlfriends, I learned that you preferred strong willed, athletic women. At that point, I knew we could be perfect together....and we are perfect together, don't you think?" I was still speechless and simply nodded my head "Yes."

"I see you stare at me all the time Davey." She said, "I know you ogle over my muscles and secretly want to feel and caress their power, my power, my strength. But what you don't realize, is that I ogle you too. I've watched your weight loss and have secretly enjoyed every minute of it. I've felt and fondled your abs, always encouraging you to get ripped and cut down a few pounds. I want to feel that you need my protection.....and that you desire it. I love knowing that you walk around with a little insecurity, it makes me feel warm and needed. It's my aphrodisiac my love."

I was completely stunned and speechless as I stared into my wife's beautiful eyes. Although she was a very strong and powerful woman, I knew she had just put her heart and true feelings out there, and I needed to respond. Jill's arms were outstretched and straightened; her left arm to the right of my head and her right arm on the other side of my head. I slowly bent my arms back and grabbed her meaty forearms. Slowly I began to massage them as I spoke. "Jill" I said, "We are perfect for each other. I love your smile, your sense of self and desire to protect me. I guess I have always wanted that in the end. I now realize that it's not just the muscles that I lust, it's the feeling of having a protector and someone to rely on, that I have to rely on. We are meant for each other and I want us to be together forever too."

My wife started to tear up with happiness and she again leaned down to kiss me passionately. I reached my arms around her to slowly stroke the bulging muscles in her back. They protruded and bulged as Jill moved her arms while squeezing my face and kissing me lovingly. She then reached down and inserted my penis into her pussy. It was warm, moist and tight and her vaginal muscles began to squeeze and massage my cock perfectly. As Jill thrust her hips up and down, I moved slightly left and right in perfect timing to excite her incredibly. I grabbed her gorgeous, flexing, massive quads as tight as I possibly

could to feel their amazing, unstoppable power as she fucked me. I then started saying over and over again, "Fuck me honey, Fuck me honey, Fuck me!" Jill grunted loudly with every thrust. As she started to speed up her thrusts, I reached up and grabbed the bulging muscle under her arms on her sides above and back of her oblique's. She looked to be growing wings and now had protruding muscle where I didn't even know it could exist. Knowing my pleasures, Jill then lifted up both arms and gave me a double biceps pose. While my cock was in ultimate pleasure dome, I reached up and grabbed her now flexing arms. Jill relaxed and flexed her biceps for me several times. She was obviously enjoying her show of strength as much as I was.

The thrusting, and fucking and massaging went on for a bit longer until Jill finally started to reach climax. She began to thrust much more rapidly with shorter and shorter strokes until finally Jill moaned loudly and had a quick violent shake. She released her hot juices forcefully and my penis became much more wet in her already moist vagina. Still wanting me to finish, Jill lifted herself up slightly, turned her body around, stuck her bulging, muscular ass in my face and began to blow and stroke my cock. I was already near climax before this and just a minute into my blow job, I ejected my semen violently. All the while, Jill stroked my penis with her powerful right hand and licked up and swallowed every last ounce of my juices. As she relaxed, I reached up and massaged her round, sweaty ass.

After a brief respite, Jill slowly rolled on to the ground next to the couch. She then reached her arm up and carefully pulled me down on top of her. I laid on top of my beautiful muscular wife nose to nose. She was still breathing heavy but with a look of total satisfaction on her face. Her body was so solid and strong, I could tell my weight on top of her was not bothering her at all. After a few seconds of staring into each other's eye, we both just burst out laughing. We had been open in many things but also hidden in each's selfish desires for each other. Now that it was all on the table, we laughed with relief, joy and excitement at the future we were going to have together. Jill then began to run her finger through my hair and said, "I love you Davey, you're my soul mate without a doubt." I nodded in agreement and said, "I love you too Jill, and can't wait to get started on an awesome future with you....us!"

I know my wife was pretty much a muscular bad ass, but I felt compelled to treat her like a fine woman. The next day, I had the local florist deliver roses to her at the gym. I knew that had to be rare, but fuck it, I wanted to make her feel a bit special in return for making me feel awesome all the time. She might be stronger than I, but I was the man and that's what we do. Sure enough, minutes after their delivery my phone rang. Jill was telling me how much she loved me and what an amazing husband I had become. Lisa was in the background essentially issuing the same sentiment. After a few minutes of that, Jill and Lis had to get back to the workout. I had scored some major points and I knew Jill would return a favor. Jill had a late kick boxing class and I was asleep when she got home. Jill quietly got into bed next to me and kissed me on the ear. I slowly turned over in hopes of a nice long evening but Jill shut me down. "Not tonight honey." She said, "I'm dead tired but will make it up to you very soon!" We kissed briefly and I rolled over to wrap my arms around my muscular wife as she went to sleep. It

was a bit disappointing to not 'Get Lucky' after buying my wife flowers, but it's always good to have your wife feel like she owes you....so I guess it was probably a 'Win' anyway.

My face had been swollen for a few days but my job was installing and teaching corporations on the use of new security software. Because I didn't have any clients in town or have to go out of town that week, I was able to work from home and avoid the office. This helped, but Jill and my Wedding Party for family and friends was in 1 day. I felt like the swelling would go down, but my bruising and skin discoloration would still be there. Not ideal, but it was too late to cancel.

Finally, the day came to welcome my family into town. Our house had 2 extra rooms so my brother and also my mom would be able to stay with us. I was looking forward to seeing them again but was unsure about asking Jill to take down all of the bodybuilding pictures she had posted about the house. So the morning I was supposed to pick up the family, I decided to ask her. "Jill" I said, "What do you think about all of the bodybuilding pictures being up while my family is here?"

"I hadn't thought of it dear." She replied, "But should we really change the place up and hide things from them? They're going to realize I'm quite into bodybuilding don't you think?"

"You know Jill, you're right." I admitted. "My family knew I had always liked fit, athletic and even muscular women. But I guess I still fear the shock factory when they meet my wife who is obviously bigger, stronger and more muscular than me."

Jill slowly walked up to me, reached her muscular arms out and grabbed each one of my biceps in her hands. She kissed me gently and then said, "Honey, they're going to love us together for who we are. Don't be afraid of what they'll think, I may be more muscular than the average woman, but you really underestimate people's acceptance of their family and friend's spouses. The few times I've spoken with your mom, it's been nothing but a pleasure....so quit worrying silly." Jill gave me another kiss, winked at me and said, "Follow me to the bedroom."

I followed my wife to the bedroom thinking we might just have time for a quickie before I pick my mom and brother up from the airport. Instead of fun, Jill wanted to show me the outfit she bought for me. It was a pair of designer skinny jeans with a wild design on the ass and a white long-sleeved shirt with a huge fleur de lis design on it. The shirt and jeans were way over the top and expensive too, but Jill loved 'em and so I hugged her excitedly and thanked her for the awesome new duds. Jill didn't want to show me her outfit and said it would be a surprise for when I showed back up with my family. Jill was spot on with the 31" waist and although I had not worn that size since high school, they did fit well. They were tight around the thigh and calf and you could tell I didn't have much meat on my legs but I guess that was the style. I expected the shirt to be a little looser fit, but I guess the shirt style was tight too. I hadn't worn a men's medium since high school either I thought. I left for the airport and gave my muscle bound wife a kiss goodbye.



I hopped in the truck and made the 45 minute drive to the airport. After a few texts, I spotted them by the curb. I excitedly jumped out to give my mom a big hug. She took a step back and said, "Oh my God David, you've gotten so thin!" I lied and said, "Oh Mom, I may have lost 10 pounds since I've seen you last. Just trying to keep from getting fat." "Well you're face looks way too thin honey." She replied, "We'll fix you up with some good cooking this weekend and get a little weight on you." We hugged and I then reached to my brother. Eric had always been about my size, but it looked like he had put on a few pounds and he seemed huge compared to me now. We embraced and he too said, "Damn dude, you're hella skinny. You're not going anorexic on us are you?" I laughed and told him to F off. We high fived and I grabbed my mom's bag. Not even thinking of the weight, I tried to lift it up onto the truck tailgate. At most, I may have gotten it half way up before realizing it was way too heavy. My mom and Eric saw my struggle, as the bag dropped quickly down on the ground. I tried again. This time, I took a breath and used all of my might to lift it. I would have had it up, but the bottom wheel on her suitcase caught the tailgate and stopped. Now out of momentum, the weight of the bag threw me off balance and the bag and I fell to the ground. I was totally embarrassed and began to turn red. Eric gave me a hand up, and with a bit of effort, he lifted the bag up and into my truck. "Wow!" Eric said, "You may want to eat a steak once in a while or something brother." My mom just kind of shook her head and we got into the car.

On the way home, my mom asked about me and Jill. I let her know that I had really started running and exercising a lot and that Jill had too. "Wow!" my mom replied, "I just don't understand what it is about you young people exercising so much and wasting away to nothing. I'm going to treat you two to some down home cooking and put a pound or two on your bones." I could have jumped in right there as my mom obviously assumed Jill had been losing weight like I had, but I decided not to and wanted to see the wow factor on my mom's face when she saw Jill. "Okay mom! I can't wait to have some of your cooking." I replied. We made a bit more chit chat and finally arrived at my new house.

I had no idea what Jill might be wearing as she wanted it to be a surprise. I grabbed my brother's smaller bag out of the truck bed, and he was nice enough to grab my mom's bag, which had already proven too packed full of whatever for me to handle. We walked up to the front door and entered the house. Just as we entered, I heard Jill say, "Welcome to our home Judy!" I turned quickly to the left to see my gorgeous wife. She looked absolutely stunning and majestic in her dress and open toed high-heeled shoes! Jill was wearing a long blue dress which went almost all the way down to the ground. There was a slit down the left side of the dress from about mid-thigh to the bottom, but the way she was standing, you could see some beautifully tanned leg, but her bulging muscle was not really visible. The neck opening was wide and reached from the top of one shoulder over to the top of her other shoulder. It revealed her stunning muscular traps, but her long brown hair was pulled over the shoulder closest to us and my mom probably didn't really notice. The sleeves went down to her wrists, but there was a slit in them too from just below the shoulder to about mid-forearm. Again, you could see her lovely skin, but could not truly see her large muscles through the sleeves. Her makeup was also amazing and she seemed to be glowing. My mom was speechless for a second and then said, "Oh my God Jill, you're three times more beautiful than I remember!" "My Davey has done very-very well I see!" My

wife smiled widely and said, "My mother would say the same thing about David, Judy!" They both laughed cutely.

My mom was holding a small gift she had brought, so as Jill took it, she leaned down considerably and gave Judy a kiss on the cheek. Somehow, my tall 180 pound muscle bound wife had pulled off looking absolutely amazing without revealing the physique she now enjoyed. Instead of a hug, Eric just stuck out his hand gave Jill a friendly hand shake and a smile. He did notice her muscular traps though and said, "Wow Jill, you look to be in amazing shape. I expected you to be almost too thin like my brother, but you seem much more healthy." "Thanks!" my wife said with a grin, "Davey is more into the cardio thing and I actually really enjoy lifting weights." Eric nodded his head and said, "Whatever it is Jill, you look great!" With that, Jill turned and asked to take Judy and show her the room she would have the next two days.

I then walked Eric the other way to his room. "God damn!" Eric said, "Jill's looking pretty damn athletic bro, and her shoulders are damn muscular for a chick don't you think." "Man." I answered, "You know I like athletic chicks, and by the way, you haven't seen anything yet, she's frickin' buff." "Then I guess she's ridiculous in bed huh?" he asked. "Like you wouldn't believe E. Once she really started working out, she developed some unreal vaginal muscles. It's almost like I'm being fucked while I'm fucking her. I had never experienced anything like it before and she's Horney A LOT so our sex life is through the roof." "No wonder why I hadn't seen you in a year Dave, you're too busy Fucking!" We laughed our asses off and it was like we hadn't been apart that long at all.

...continued

A couple of minutes later, I wheeled my mom's huge piece of luggage to her room. There was a table in the room so I placed it right next to the table while the girls were talking. My mom stopped mid-sentence and asked, "Oh David dear, could you put it up on the dresser, I just am having a hard time bending over right now, and it will make getting my things a bit easier?"

Here I was again dealing with some heavy luggage. After not being able to lift the damn luggage into my truck bed at the airport, I knew getting it on the taller dresser would be an even tougher task. I said, "Sure mom, no problem." I felt if I got my legs into it, I could probably get it to the dresser surface. So as my mom and Jill watched, I squatted down, grabbed the handles with my outstretched arms and lifted with my legs. It worked great and using my legs, easily allowed me to stand with it. Unfortunately, I still had to lift it another foot or so to place it on top of the dresser. I kind of squatted down slightly and then thrust upward, figuring the momentum, and my arm strength could lift it high enough. It made it within an inch of the top but clipped the edge. The weight was now far too much for my now extended arms to hold and I dropped it to the ground with a thud.

"David!" my mom screamed, "Be careful, I've got your gifts in there and they're Very Fragile!" I apologized and attempted to pick it up again. Just then, I felt Jill's powerful arm easily push me back. Jill

then bent slightly at the knees, grabbed the luggage powerfully with only her right arm and forcefully lifted it up and onto the dresser. My mom was shocked and stood mouth agape, stunned at how easily Jill had hoisted the bag with one arm while I couldn't even raise it to the top of the dresser using my whole body. Jill looked at my mom, brushed both hands together signifying a job well done and said, "Seems a woman's job is never done around here....I guess I'll go check on the appetizers Judy." With that, she sauntered out of the room, but not before turning to me and giving me a hidden wink. As she walked away, I couldn't help but stare at her muscular ass which protruded nicely through her dress.

Just a few months before, Jill was actually timid and unsure about her growing muscular physique. She barely showed it off for me at home and never would show it off out in public. But ever since the Mr. Olympia weekend, she had a new found confidence in both her strength and her strong physique. Although her dress today was beautiful but conservative, Jill had recently started wearing short-shorts and tank tops out in public. The reactions she started receiving were almost all complimentary, especially from other women who would politely ask her for training advice. Showing off her strength so obviously in front of my mom was Jill's way of saying she felt extremely confident in our relationship and her strength and that my mom needed to know that and accept her for who she was, not judge her because of the non-traditional physicality that she now possessed.

My mom then turned her surprised, open mouth gaze at me and just half coughed and blinked in disbelief. I could see my mom was in silent surprise so I broke it by saying, "Well, someone around here has to have the muscle mom, and I guess it's Jill." I thought my little joke would cause a laugh, but my mom just shook her head, still in disbelief. As a last ditch effort to calm her mood, I leaned in and gave my mom a kiss. Just as I began to pull away, my mom grabbed my hand to hold me close, she then put her other hand on my face which still had some bruising from the beating I took a few days earlier.

As she looked me dead in the eye and caressed my face, my mom said, "David, how did this bruising happen?" "Mom." I explained, "A few days ago, I flipped off a couple of guys in a truck. It was stupid I now realize, but they were yelling obscenities at Jill and I felt like I had to do it. Anyway, less than a mile down the road, I hit a red light and one of the guys reached into the car and hit me a few times." As I told the story, my mom just shook her head and softly felt my bruising. After a brief pause, my mom finally said, "Dear, be careful. You're not in High School anymore and fighting is just so stupid....promise me." "I promise mom, trust me, I promise." I then gave my sweet mom a kiss and walked out of the room.

As I walked into the kitchen, Jill was standing next to my brother Eric. Although he's a big guy at 195 pounds she dwarfed him. Like me, Eric stands 5'10" tall. In her heels, Jill stands 6'1 or 6'2" so it was an awesome sight and it turned me on immediately to see Jill standing so tall. As I approached, I could see Jill's amazing ass bulging outward, her thin blue dress gracefully following its round contour. I then peered down to see that her muscular thigh was partially flexed and visible through the slit in her dress. I quickly grabbed the digital camera off the kitchen table and took a pic. They didn't know I was taking it so it was truly a candid pic. From the angle, you could see Jill's beautiful thigh as I just described and also a significant height difference. One of the pics I definitely planned to add to our wedding party album! Jill was really trying to keep it classy and elegant, and she was pulling it off beautifully, but like everyone else lately, my brother was asking her about her training. Finally, although I was still several feet away organizing the mini bar we had set up, I saw Jill stick out her right arm and flex her biceps. It

was still hidden under her dress sleeves, but there was obviously a large bulge visible. Eric then reached up and grabbed it. "My God!" he exclaimed out loud, "It's ridiculous." She gave Eric a smile and a cute wink, but instead of feeling it just once, Eric reached up again and seemed to be testing its hardness as he gripped it firmly. He couldn't make it bulge and finally quit grabbing it and just said, "That is solid as a rock Jill." Again, she just smiled and said, "That's what an exhaustive year and a half in the gym will do Eric."

Right then the doorbell rang and our first guests arrived. It was Lisa and Louie. I knew they had been having some issues at home, but they came together for our party. I opened the door to greet them. Lisa looked fucking incredible. She was wearing black high heeled shoes with black, skin tight leather pants. Her huge calf and thigh muscles were bulging the material greatly. She also was wearing a sleeveless leopard print top that hung beautifully over her thick neck and left her bulging muscular arms exposed. She must have just worked out earlier that day because her arms were incredibly pumped and there were extended veins running beautifully over her huge biceps and forearms. Lisa reached out and gave me her signature hug, squeeze and lift. After a few seconds of not being able to breathe, Lisa put me down and gave me a peck on the lips. Louie then reached out and gave me a firm handshake. He was wearing jeans and a designer long-sleeved shirt and looking as big as ever.

I followed Lisa and Louie over to Eric and Jill for the introductions. Before I could say a word, Lisa walked up and said, "You must be David's brother Eric, you look so much alike." He said 'yes' and reached his hand out. Lisa took it and gave him her signature Hard, Long squeeze. I could see Eric tense up immediately and after just a couple of seconds he blurted out "Hey, hey, hey." Lisa could sense immediately she had got the better of him and released her powerful grip. He kind of laughed and shook his hand a bit to relieve the pain. Eric kind of stepped back and took a full look at Lisa's physique and said, "I think you could crack walnuts with that Grip Lisa." She laughed and replied, "Whatever needs 'cracking' I think and she hit a quick biceps pose." Eric instinctively reached out to touch Lisa's amazing bicep and jaw a gape said, "God Damn that's impressive." I quickly realized that Eric might have a similar attraction to muscular females that I have. Even though he never verbally admitted it to me in our youth, I think he definitely was either very curious or very attracted to it. I had made it pretty clear that I was always attracted to fit athletic women, but Eric always went for the large breasted girls, maybe he was more open to a muscular female than I knew.

Louie then also shook my brothers' hand and started making a bit of boring chit chat. Meanwhile, Lisa, Jill and I headed out to get some gifts from Lisa's car. Once there, Lisa says, "So Davey, does your brother obsess over muscular women like you do?" "C'mon." I replied, "I don't obsess over it, I just happen to find muscles on a female very attractive." Lisa laughed and looked at Jill. Jill shook her head up and down while saying, "Honey, you may obsess over my muscles a little bit you know!" "Okay, okay, I guess I might obsess a little over them damn it..." "Any way, I brought up the subject of my attraction to athletic and buff girls when we were in high school. He just told me he didn't want to date a girl that could beat him up...but he never bagged on me for liking them and now that I think of it, he dated a very athletic college swimmer at Oregon State for a year or so." Lisa looked at Jill and said, "The way he

ogled and caressed my biceps a minute ago, I'd say this lust for muscular girls must run in the family!" Jill and Lisa got a big laugh out of it and we headed back inside. "Oh Shit." I thought, now it's going to be Lisa's quest to find out if my brother likes muscles on woman as much as I do.

A few more guests arrived and then finally Samantha showed up as well. She looked fucking incredible. She wore a long red dress and high heeled shoes making her stand 6'3" at least. The flowing red dress hung from behind her neck and left her muscular neck, shoulders, arms and some cleavage exposed. I had not seen Samantha since Las Vegas six weeks ago and she was using the Explode Supplements to full effect. Her once solid but sleek shoulders and arms were now fully muscular and pumped. There was now a large vein that draped over her rounder powerful shoulder and reached down her bulging bicep and into her muscular fore arm. I walked over to give Samantha a hug but she leaned down and gave me a VERY friendly kiss on the lips. "Samantha." I said, "You look absolutely amazing girl!" She smiled and said, "I owe it all to you for buying the Explode product Davey, I truly owe you." "Well, looking like this is payment enough Samantha." I replied. "Well David, I truly want to thank you somehow, in my own special way." I didn't know what she meant by that but I simply said "Oh, okayyyyyyy." Samantha then gave me a pat on the butt and walked in to the party.

As you might expect, with three totally buff girls at the party, much of the group conversation revolved around them and how great they looked, and how they got in such amazing shape. The girls were busy speaking with each other and doling out diet and training advice to the others at the party. A couple of my work friends, my brother Eric and my mom were taking in every bit of advice from the girls and the response was overwhelmingly positive. I was most nervous about my mom and her acceptance of me having such a muscular and strong wife, but as the wine flowed, she too asked Jill for a bicep flex and had to feel its hardness and size. She had a very surprised and 'deer in the headlights' look on her face at first. My mom had obviously never felt a rock hard bicep before and this new experience for her was fun to witness. As soon as she was past the shock factor at Jill's huge, muscular arm, Judy turned to me and asked me for a bicep flex. I laughed and gave it all I had. The long sleeves on my shirt covered my right arm, but as I flexed there was certainly no bulging of the material if you know what I mean. My mom then reached out and grabbed my bicep. She then reached over with her left arm and grabbed Jill's left bicep, still covered in her dress sleeve and hanging down at her side not flexed. Even just hanging at her side, I knew my mom was feeling a large, solid bicep compared to my much smaller arm. "Wow." My mom exclaimed, "Jill's arm is, I have to say, much larger dear." Right then, Jill quickly lifted her forearm and flexed her left bicep muscle firmly. It obviously gained considerably in size and hardness and startled my mom as she let out a quick scream and said, "Ahhh, Oh My God Jill!!!!" I chuckled knowing exactly what my mom had just experienced. With her rock hard bicep flexed, my mom again grabbed both of our arms at the same time for comparison. Finally she let go and said, "You be nice to my boy now, won't you." Jill smiled and said, "As long as he's a Good Boy Judy." We all laughed and decided on a bit more wine.

Without too much more excitement, the party went on a bit longer before our guests began to depart. I kissed my mother good night around midnight and she went off to bed while Jill and I started to do a bit

of clean up. I thought that Lisa and Louie were the last to leave but then Jill and I noticed my brother Eric and Samantha chatting on the patio in the back yard. My brother was pretty funny, like me, and he had Samantha laughing loudly. We decided to join Eric and Samantha in the back.

We wanted to know what was so funny so we asked what all the laughter was about. Samantha started to relay the story. "Apparently, when Davey was about 12 or so he really began the early stages of masturbating to some dirty magazines. In addition to the Playboy and Penthouse magazines that his buddies were also using to pleasure themselves, Davey had grown very fond of the Shape magazines his mom had in her bathroom. He would obviously go into her bathroom and masturbate to the fit girls on the pages, not needing to see boobs or vagina to get aroused. Their fit bodies were what David started lusting for." I already had relayed this info to Jill, so at this point; there was really no surprise to what Samantha was saying. I looked over at my brother Eric and he had a large smirk on his face, like the surprise was coming. Samantha continued, "Any way, for whatever reason, while in her bathroom one day, he must have noticed his mom's red one-piece swimsuit hanging over the shower door. It matched ones worn by many of the models in the Shape magazines. So Davey here must have put on the swimsuit and began masturbating to the models. Unfortunately, he made a mess on the swimsuit and attempted to wash it off. He surely assumed he had done so, but his mom noticed some very light staining and put two and two together to determine what had happened. To double check, she noticed the arrangement of the Shape magazines and her swimsuit the very next day. Sure enough, when she checked on them after getting home from work they HAD BEEN MOVED!" Jill, Samantha and Eric all began laughing hysterically as I turned bright-bright red thinking that secret had never been known. I looked at Eric and said, "How the fuck did you know about that???" "Mom told me dude." He replied, "You mean she never told you that she knew about that." "No." I answered, "I thought I pulled it off." Eric just shook his head with a huge smile on his face the whole time. Jill then looked at me and asked, "Why the hell did you masturbate in her swimsuit?" Still bright red, I answered "I don't think it was the swimsuit per say; what I really liked was the tight, smooth, slick feel of the swimsuit material on my cock. It always gave me an immediate hard on." "Well," Jill answered, "I guess I know how to make you hard in an instant if I ever need to!" We all laughed and although I was still very embarrassed about that part of my youth, I did have to admit that it was pretty funny.

The mood got pretty fun and light, especially following Eric and Samantha's very embarrassing story about me and my youth. We were all a bit drunk at this point in the evening and certainly didn't want the fun to end. Jill then asked, "Who's up for the Jacuzzi?" I was always up for a dip but Eric and Samantha said in unison, "I didn't bring a suit." "No problem." Jill answered, "I've got suits for you". She then walked inside to fetch them. I looked over at Samantha, still a little embarrassed about the whole mom's swimsuit issue. She sensed it immediately and said, "Don't worry about it Davey, we've all done some goofy and embarrassing stuff in our youth...that has to be pretty low on the scale compared to some other craziness I've heard of." I thanked her for saying that and gave her foot a playful kick under the table.

Just two minutes later Jill walked out of the house. She looked absolutely amazing in her little two piece black bikini with light blue trim. Her quads jumped to attention with every slow step she made towards us. The muscles in her calves were rock hard and I half expected the concrete to buckle under her powerful strides. She clutched towels in her right hand and swimsuits in her left. The way she was holding them, her biceps flexed beautifully and the mounds of muscle in them was exhilarating to look at. Before I could say anything, Samantha said, "Damn girl....showing off those unreal muscles for us all. Huh?" Eric was quite impressed with Jill's freakish physique and even though he knew she worked out, he had no idea she was carrying this amount of muscle. Jill looked at Eric and said, "What's the matter?...Cat got your tongue?" He stood there staring and finally said, "Damn!!!!" She was curious so she replied, "Damn Good....or Damn Bad???" Finally he answered, "Damn Impressive." She took that as an approval and threw him a swim suit. Jill then tossed Samantha a cute little pink two-piece bikini and then took a step back. "Hey guys." She said, "I brought this one just for Davey." Instead of board shorts, Jill held up between her hands a Red and Black one piece women's swimsuit. We all got the joke instantly and began laughing hysterically! I then looked at my brother, shook my head and said, "Thanks again dick, for that story...I owe you one bro." "I know, I know," he laughed as he walked into the bathroom to throw on his suit.

Eric soon emerged from the bathroom wearing one of my old swimsuits Jill tossed him that was obviously several sizes bigger than the ones I wear now. He joined Jill in the spa as Samantha walked into the bathroom and I went to my bedroom to grab a pair of my swim trunks. As I emerged from my room Samantha jumped out from around the corner. It scared the shit out of me and I jumped back. Samantha laughed but she looked fucking amazing. Her abs were not shredded but actually bulged out of her stomach, full of muscle. Her legs were not as large as Jill's but they were incredibly muscular and at 6 feet tall, they were long and must be very powerful. As I stood staring at Samantha's amazing physique, she stopped me with a quick question. "Davey." She said, "I'm really liking your brother right now. Do you think he's into me or am I just too damn muscular for him?" "Right now." I answered, "There's not a straight guy in the world that wouldn't be into you! If I wasn't married, I'd be hitting on you like white on rice!" Samantha smiled, gave me a long wet kiss on the lips and said, "Thanks Davey, I needed that." As we walked out to the spa, I was mesmerized by her rock hard ass flexing and bulging with every step. By the time we got to the water's edge, I had a ridiculous hard on.

Eric was facing us and I could tell he was very impressed with Samantha's physique. It was kind of dark since we had the pool lights off but I could see him try to look away; but he couldn't and when he went to say something it came out as gibberish. I chuckled but I could tell Samantha was nervous that he wouldn't approve of her extreme musculature. She got in the spa and sat next to Eric and I sat next to Jill. We eventually got into our own conversations and Jill and I could tell that Eric and Sammy were really starting to get along well. Within a few more minutes, I could see Sammy's shoulder muscle flexing and relaxing and making a quick motion. I knew immediately that my brother was getting a hand job. I squeezed Jill's muscular thigh under the water to signal her that something was up. She knew too, but instead of us getting out of the spa and giving them some privacy, Jill quickly slipped off her bikini bottoms and brought her muscular right thigh over my legs and straddled me. I was already hard and Jill's muscle bound physique sitting right in front of me got me even harder.



Jill placed her two hands on the edge of the spa just to the right and left of my head. I reached up and grabbed the thick muscular wings under her arms and inserted my penis into her pussy as she began to ride me like a stallion. Jill started riding me more and more quickly, all while her amazing vagina muscles grabbed and massaged my cock inside of her. I was fully into Jill, but when she moved slightly to the side on one of her thrusts, I could see that Samantha was now riding Eric too. His hands were clearly visible grabbing her back muscle and then her strong well-built arms. I was happy for him and for Samantha. And I immediately realized that I was not alone in loving these strong, athletic, strapping women. But, a few moments later, I could no longer think about Eric and Samantha and became one with Jill's dominant body. I reached around and grabbed her amazing ass. I tried to control the power and speed of her pelvic thrusts, but she was too strong for my weak arms and she totally controlled the speed and virtue of our sex. She wanted it to last for a while, but I was having a hard time controlling myself. As Jill moved her upper torso forward towards me, I leaned in and began to lick her buff abs. I then reached up to feel her heaving chest. I had never noticed how deep the cleavage was between her pumped up chest muscles, but it seemed deeper and harder than ever. Her chest, not her tits mind you, but her chest was becoming larger, more rounded and rock solid. This new revelation had me entranced and I spent the next moments caressing her heaving chest muscles hypnotically. This somehow put Jill and me in sync perfectly and we began to thrust together in absolute unison. Jill became aroused almost beyond control and began to spasm shortly after. Just as her spasms reached a climax, I let go of all control and we reached orgasm almost completely in tune. Jill slowly stopped thrusting and she laid her heavy, powerful body on top of mine, exhausted but totally satisfied. My cock was still inside her warm vagina and I could have slept there all night.

Minutes later, I tilted my head to the left to see if Eric and Samantha were still having fun. They had finished their love making, and they now sat next to each other, with eyes closed kissing passionately. As they made out, Eric was lustfully caressing Samantha's muscle bound, pumped up arms. I got a large smile on my face knowing my brother had clearly come over to the dark side. Although I had and still do find pretty, skinny girls with nice tits attractive, There is nothing in this world that can compare to the hotness of a muscular female physique and I knew there was no turning back for my brother now. "Welcome to my world bro", I thought, "Welcome!"

Mornin'

The next morning came very- very quickly. I felt Jill lift her heavy arm off my torso and rustle out of bed to go to the gym. Normally I immediately roll over and watch her beautiful muscular curves as she readies herself. But after our long night of drinking and hot tub sex, I was too tired to move. Shortly after she got up, I felt Jill's wet lips on my forehead as she whispered, "Love you babe." I was half a sleep and responded the same.

A half hour or so later, I decided to get up and get in some cardio. I threw on a pair of my running shorts. They were too loose and seemingly getting looser all the time. Luckily, in Jill's dresser, I noticed

she still had a few pairs of old running shorts she used to wear, so I grabbed the least feminine pair and threw them on. They fit perfectly. The shorts were black with purple piping, but were a lot better than the pink or light blue pair she also had. They were pretty short, as running shorts are and my shaved, skinny thighs and calves were totally exposed. I wasn't proud of my skinny legs, but Jill didn't seem to mind and always insisted on shaving them herself every couple days. Anyway, since she liked my bird legs, I guess I didn't need to be self-conscious at all about them. I quickly laced up my running shoes and put on a tank top and headed out the door.

My jog went great and after the 60 minute trek, I knew I had just burned a bunch more calories and also got a little sun to add a bit of color and get the Vitamin D. I kicked off my shoes and walked into the house hoping Eric and my mom were still asleep. Unfortunately, they were up by then and were having some fruit and toast in the kitchen. I walked in and decided to join them and have some fruit as well. Eric looked at me and started to laugh, "Jesus Christ dude." He said, "You runners sure look gay." "Well! Jill would argue pretty hard against that bro." I replied. Eric had seen me in the hot tub the night before so I expected his shock level to be low, but I guess he was a bit pre-occupied with Samantha and didn't notice my obvious weight loss. Almost immediately following my brothers comment, was my moms' reaction. "Oh, God David," she exclaimed, "You're just as skinny as a bird dear." "Mom" I exclaimed, "I weigh 160 pounds, so it's not like I'm blowing away in the wind or something." She reached over and grabbed my skinny arm and then looked me up and down really slowly. "You were always so athletic with some muscle dear." She said, "Now you're just so darn thin." "Well, standing next to Eric, who weighs 195 pounds, I look really skinny, but in reality 160 pounds isn't anorexic or anything mom." Eric didn't like the conversation so he just walked away shaking his head in disapproval and a bit of disbelief and scuttled off to take a shower.

My mom looked at me with her loving eyes and said, "Son, I need you to be 100% honest with me." She placed her hand on my still slightly bruised face and asked, "Did Jill do this to you?" "WHAT! NO! Of course not mom!" I replied. "She wouldn't hurt a fly. This is from those ass holes in the truck!" My mom tilted her head slightly and asked, "Are you sure?" "I'm telling you the truth MOM. She wouldn't hurt a fly!"

At that exact moment, the front door swung open. Standing in all her muscular glory was my wife Jill. She looked absolutely amazing. She was wearing CAT work boots with long black socks which covered her bulging calves and stopped just below her knee. Her gorgeous muscular thighs were exposed and feed beautifully into her tight, black workout shorts. A small portion of her lower abs was exposed, and she wore a grey sweater with the sleeves cut off awkwardly with a pair of scissors. It exposed her huge, round powerful shoulders and of course her amazing biceps and thick fore arms. Jill's long black hair draped over her tight, round, thick traps and she wore a baseball hat turned backwards. She looked like a complete bad-ass and with each step she took towards my mom and me, her muscular quads jumped to attention and bulged massively. She personified strength and power and I could tell that my mom was intimidated and almost frightened by Jill's powerful musculature.

As she approached, Jill looked at me and said, "You look delicious honey, I could just eat you up right now." She then reached around me with her powerful musclebound arms, crushed me in a bear hug and lifted me off the ground. In her boots, because I was barefoot, Jill was easily 2 inches taller than me. It must have looked like David versus Goliath to my mom as Jill easily hoisted me in the air and kissed me passionately on the lips. My skinny arms were pinned against my sides and Jill's pumped up arms were much bigger than mine and I realized that my mom was shocked by the sheer difference in our physiques. Jill then put me down, said hello to my mom and walked over to the fridge. My mom was still too much in shock to respond and simply manage a fake smile. As she reached the fridge, Jill's back was turned to us, and my mom and I gazed at her physique as she opened the fridge. Jill's muscular ass was bulging greatly and the hamstring muscles in the back of her legs were becoming massive. At 189 pounds of muscle, my wife looked like she could start for an NFL team any day. My mother knew that Jill had some muscle from the night before, but now, dressed like a beast and pumped to the max after a hard workout, Jill looked down right huge!

Jill, still facing the fridge, grabbed a protein drink and began to guzzle it. As she held it in her right hand, her biceps muscle formed into a large, round, thick ball of muscle. I was now hard as a rock watching my beautiful wife's massive physique move and flex. It was a sight to see and my mom was still speechless. As Jill drank, it also drew our attention to her thick and muscular neck. Ten seconds later, finally done, Jill turned at us and said, "How was your morning?" "Great babe!" I replied, "I got in an amazing run and worked off all of the calories I surely put last night." Jill slowly walked over, stood behind me and reached her muscular right arm around my waist. She then reached her hand under my tank top and massaged my abs. She then lifted the tank top up, looked at my mom and said, "Judy, look at your son's six pack...isn't it amazing?...I just can't get enough of it!!!" My mom, who had sat silent since Jill walked in, finally spoke. "Jill, they are very impressive, but I think you're the one with the unreal physique here." I didn't since that my mom meant it as a compliment, only as a statement of fact. Even so, Jill took it as a compliment and said, "Oh, thank you so much Judy, I was so worried you might judge me as being a freak or something." Jill then walked over to my mom and gave her a hug. As she did, I could since my mom was a bit uncomfortable by the look on her face and she said, "Oh my God Jill, I feel like I'm hugging a rock." Again Jill took it as a compliment and thanked her. What she did next though just blew me away. My wife stuck out her right arm and flexed her biceps, then straightened her arm, then flexed it again, then straightened it. My mom flinched backwards slightly and covered her mouth in shock and awe. Jill repeated her flexing and relaxing five or six more times then said, "Look at this Judy." My mom and I were both in awe of my wife's huge, now pumped-up flexed biceps. But Jill then grabbed my mom's left hand and placed her middle and index fingers on the bulging vein that ran across her muscle. It was ballooning out, full of blood and seemed as large as a garden hose coursing across her biceps. As Jill moved my mom's fingers back and forth across the thick vein, I saw Judy lean back slightly as her eyes fluttered for she was failing to comprehend what she was witnessing and had gone into some kind of mental overload. Jill felt my mom falling backwards as she seemingly lost consciousness and grabbed her quickly.

After a few seconds my mother kind of came to her senses. As Jill asked if my mom was OK, I quickly rushed over and handed her a glass of water. Judy sipped on the water and then said, "I don't know what came over me kids, I just kind of lost it a bit there." She then looked at my wife saying, "I'm so sorry Jill, I would never judge you but I just kind of freaked out there for a minute. I mean, your muscles are truly amazing, but I just have never seen such muscle on a woman. It was quite an odd and euphoric feeling that came over me there." "See mom." I replied, "I get the same feeling every time I'm around her too. I just can't get enough of it." Jill looked over at me and said, "Awe, thanks babe. That means a lot." I then leaned over and we shared a quick but passionate kiss in front of my mother. I then stood behind Jill and reached my arms around to grab Jill's gorgeous biceps. With their mass in my hands, I leaned around Jill's torso to face my mom with a huge grin on my face. "Well." My mom responded to us, "I can certainly see the spark in your eyes when you're around each other. It's refreshing to see in this day of age." "Thanks Judy." Jill replied, "And now, I think it's time I take this sweaty kid of yours to the showers." We kind of all laughed and Jill grabbed my hand and led me down the hallway to our room. It must have been a sight for my mom to see her thin, petite son being led away by a hulking, muscle bound woman. But at least she knew our true love for each other and appreciated that passion.

As Jill led me to the bedroom, I peered down at her bulging ass as it flexed to a rock hard huge mound of muscle with every step. It had grown immensely since she began working out religiously and I knew it now contained tremendous power. With my other hand, I reached down and tried to grab it. The muscle was so rock hard, it was like trying to grab a huge firm watermelon. I pushed with as much force as possible against it, but it didn't dent even a millimeter. By the time we reached the bedroom, my cock was rock hard and busting out of my shorts. I grabbed to close the door behind me and just as I did, Jill swung me around through the air and easily tossed me onto the bed. Her strength was now becoming massively overwhelming and as I looked into her steely gaze, she barked with a voice of firmness and confidence I had never heard from Jill before, "Take off my cute little shorts you skinny little bitch and get ready for the ride of your life." I reached down and lowered the shorts off my feet while Jill kicked off her boots and removed her tight, black workout shorts. With her massive quad muscles exposed, Jill reached up over her head to grab the back neck of her cut off sweatshirt. As she lifted the garment over her head, her biceps muscles bulged into baseball sized mounds of power. Still wearing a small, blue workout bra, Jill stepped to the edge of the bed. I was laying down on my back, my dick completely erect as Jill lifted her huge right thigh and placed it on the bed next to my left leg. She then brought up her massively pumped left thigh and began to slowly crawl up the bed towards my midsection on her knees. As her knees reached my waist, I stretched out my arms and grabbed each quad. I then bent up slightly and reached around her legs further to grab her bulging hamstring muscles. The hamstring muscle was also rock hard but had a beautiful, massive memorizing curvature to them and they connected so perfectly into her massively rounded ass. As I began massaging the back of my wife's gorgeous muscular legs, she sat back, immediately trapping my hands between her rock hard calves and quads. I tried to pull them out, but my strength was no match for the power of her legs. Jill laughed as she realized how vulnerable and stuck I was and after a few more failed attempts to release myself, I looked up at my powerful wife as she smiled down at me.

Jill peered down at me with her signature grin, flexed her right biceps muscle, grabbed her chin with her left hand and whispered, "Hmmm, what shall I do with you now." In all of our 2+ years together, Jill had never had me in a completely trapped and vulnerable position, and there was a bit of trepidation on my side and some true felt exhilaration on her side. She seemed excited about it, so I again attempted to struggle free from her massive grip on my hands. Again Jill got a huge gleam in her eye and grin on her face as she leaned down to kiss me on the lips. As we made out passionately, I felt Jill's hand grasp my cock and begin to massage it. The more I tried to free my hands, the more Jill flexed her leg muscles keeping me helpless in her grip. As she massaged my cock more vigorously, she said, "Davey, your helpless in my grasp aren't you?" "Uh huh." I replied. "Well then." She asked, "I guess you're just my little bitch right now aren't you?" "Uh huh." I again answered. Still massaging my cock, Jill lifted up her torso so I could get a better look at the muscle bound woman who was clearly having her way with me. Jill then squeezed her quads together smashing my pencil thin legs between them. My hands were still stuck between her calves and hamstrings, and now my legs were being crushed between her thighs. Jill could see that she now had complete control over me and she kept squeezing until I finally screamed in agony. Jill let off the pressure slightly and said, "Shhhhh my little bitch, I don't want your mom to think I'm beating you in here!" I quieted down immediately but looked up at Jill wondering why she was causing me such intense pain.

After a few more seconds, Jill reached down and pinched my upper arms with her powerful hands. My small arm muscles were being compressed between her fingers and it didn't take much effort on her part to again send me into excruciating pain. I grunted loudly in agony and Jill again said, "Shhhhh, my little bitch, Shhhhh." She let go of my arms and then grabbed the very small amount of trap muscle I had on top of my shoulders just at each side of my neck. Jill was probably again using minimal force, but the massive amount of sharp pain she was causing had me wheezing greatly, but per her instruction I kept as quiet as possible. Jill was going crazy as she was realizing the power and control she now possessed over me. She had known that she could lift more weight than me, but now she was coming to realize that she could very easily, physically dominate me. My eyes started to water as I tried to cope with the massive stress and discomfort her vice like grip was causing. Something came over my wife and she just kept on squeezing and finally pinched even harder to the point I felt like a knife was piercing through my skin and muscle. As the tears welled up and started to flow from my eyes like a waterfall, Jill bent down and began to lick them off my face. She was licking up my tears and as a little snot slowly dripped from my nose, she lapped that up as well. Finally, Jill released her grip and began to massage my half limp cock back to life. The freeing of my traps from immense pain allowed me to take a full deep breath which now caused the tears to flow even more and the snot to gush from my nose at full throttle. My wife quickly raised her thigh pressure off of my hands and I pulled them to my sides. After just a couple of moments, Jill had my cock at full erection and she lifted her torso up and inserted my member into her vagina.

Jill quickly grabbed my limp arms and brought them up, directing me to grab her muscular torso. She then hit a full, double biceps pose flexing her buff arms to their full, muscular, powerful beauty and looked down at me. I was still crying and turned away immediately from her commanding and confident gaze. We both realized at that exact moment, that I was now meek, obedient and submissive to her and

that she was now completely dominant in our relationship. With tears still streaming down my face, Jill said, "Look at me Davey, look at me." For some reason, I was actually fearful to look her in the eye, like I wasn't deserving of it. Realizing this fear and obedience she had just instilled into me, Jill grabbed my jaw with her left hand and turned my head to face hers while she gave my right arm another painful pinch. She brought her torso back down and with her face just a few inches from mine said, "Now Davey, I love you now as much as ever, but you are my little bitch aren't you?" My cock, still at full erection and experiencing the pleasures of her amazing muscular pussy control, tears still flowing from my eyes, I nodded my head yes. "Say it." She commanded. I paused a few seconds so she commanded it again, only she whispered softly as she slowly compressed my arm harder causing more immense agony. Finally realizing what she wanted, I softly whispered as the snot ran into my mouth, "I'm your bitch." Jill immediately raised her torso back up and again placed my hands upon it. She began gyrating up and down faster and faster bringing me immense pleasure. As I felt and held onto her muscular, powerful body, she ordered, "Keep saying it." So over and over again, I kept saying, "I'm your bitch, I'm your bitch, I'm your bitch." Jill and I fucked as I continued to repeat the phrase of my submissiveness to her when we almost reached orgasm.

At that moment, Jill got a scowl on her face, dismounted me and stood at the side of the bed in her sweaty, musclebound glory. She reached out her arms and I instinctively stood and stepped to her. She grabbed me around the chest with her powerful grasp and I wrapped my legs around her body. Jill easily carried me to the shower and we stepped in. Within seconds, warm water was flowing over our bodies. My wife was easily hoisting me in the air and I looked her dead in the eye and said sincerely and slowly, "I'm your bitch." Jill lowered me to my feet, simply put her hand on my shoulder and slowly pushed me down to my knees. Knowing my clear obedience to her every whim, I immediately started to eat her out. As I licked her pussy with total vigor, I grabbed her wet, muscular, powerful thighs. Jill was enjoying my efforts and began to gyrate slightly as the immense pleasure overcame her. I too was enjoying the experience completely and reached around to caress her warm, moist, muscular hamstrings and rock solid bulging ass muscles. Normally, after I licked my wife's pussy for some time, she would return the favor by sucking my cock or fucking me. But this session was about her and we both knew it. I licked and flicked her box like never before and I wanted this to be the best oral sex she had ever experienced. As I felt her gyrating massively, she grabbed my hair and greatly tightened her grip, almost pulling the hair out of my head and again causing me great pain. I didn't waver and continued to lick her pussy with almost unconscious effort as again, tears flowed from my eyes. My rhythm and speed and pressure were in perfect sync and I gripped her muscular ass tightly as Jill shoved my head deeper and deeper into her rock hard pelvis. My hands were feeling and massaging my wife's firm powerful glutes, my head was feeling immense agony and my tongue and mouth were tasting my wife's flavorful muscular pussy. At the same time, my wife was experiencing total and immense pleasure while her now knowingly obedient husband performed oral sex on her while she caused him pain. The varied, physical and emotional intense feelings were causing us both to be in a wild state of flux, experiencing something completely new and previously unfathomable. Jill had finally reached emotional and physical climax and she fluttered massively. Her pussy juices flowed and I slurped them up and swallowed them into my warm body. As I licked up around her pussy and pelvis eagerly, Jill finally released her massive grip on my head. Exhausted, Jill reached her hand under my chin and slowly lifted me up to my feet. I still didn't make eye contact with her so Jill, again grabbed my chin and turned

my eyes towards hers. With caring eyes, she leaned in and again licked the tears from my check and then kissed me passionately. She then placed my head on her round, bulky, massive, powerful shoulder and tightly hugged me in her muscular grip as the warm water continued to pour over our naked bodies.

Chapter...

My wife had obviously grown more muscular and stronger than me with her ridiculous dedication to weight training. She was like a kid with a new toy, and I think she had an underlying, childlike curiosity to use it. I couldn't know if her recent actions were intended to hurt or dominate me, or more of an experimentation of her superior strength and the fact that it did clearly help define our new positions in the relationship. Jill loved me more than ever and this slight shift in the relationship dynamic was exciting for both of us. It wasn't stated, but Jill had slowly developed the confidence of the Alpha person over the last two years of our time together and I had become attracted and completely addicted to it. I could have worked out and gained strength, but I didn't, I wanted to feel this new excitement so it was my fault and not hers and I knew it. I grabbed a towel and began drying her off. She stood majestically, silent in front of the shower door as I wiped off the last bit of water from her rock hard muscular frame. A wry grin of confidence painted her face and then Jill gave me a peck on the lips before slowly walking into the bedroom. Jill's peck made me feel very warm and happy inside as I had recently become more and more addicted to her every approval. Her long brown hair was still wet and hung behind her, draped over her round, powerful back muscles. With each step, I ogled at her bulging muscular thighs and huge, round ass. She was becoming an incredible sight and the model of physical perfection before my eyes. I knew I would do anything to remain with her. Jill eventually turned the corner out of my view and I dried myself off too, before entering the room.

Jill and my mom were going to go shopping and Eric and I were going to head downtown to grab lunch and check out the new bridge over the small river walk we had. I wanted to be comfortable so I threw on some cargo shorts, which were way too loose of course, but using Jill's belt, I was able to tighten them enough to stay on. I then grabbed a size Large T-shirt I had and threw it on too. It was a bit loose as well, but it was the smallest non-running shirt I had. Just then, Jill came out of her walk-in closet looking God Damn amazing! She was wearing these Sneakers that actually had small high-heels built into them, making her easily 3 inches taller than normal. Because of the heels, her calves were flexed into large, beautiful diamonds, and her quad muscles looked like bulging, powerful teardrops as they draped lusciously around her knee caps. She was wearing short Blue-Jean shorts and a small portion of the white pocket material was exposed. Jill had put on a pink tank-top which fit tightly around her muscular torso and exposed her buff shoulders and arms fully. Her hair was pulled back into a pony tail and if a woman this muscular could look CUTE, she definitely did. She took one look at me and let out a chuckle. "My goodness Davey." She said, "You look like a kid who's in his older brother's hand-me-down clothes." I stepped to my left and looked at my reflection in our full-length mirror. My shorts and shirt were hanging more loosely than I thought originally and what made it worse was that my ever-thinning arms and legs were exposed. I started to become embarrassed and started to turn bright red I'm sure.



Jill quickly walked over, patted me on the ass and said, "Don't worry baby, we'll hit the store next week and find some clothes that fit, OK." I nodded my head affirmative and followed Jill to the kitchen.

Jill was a few steps in front of me and because of her mass, I was not visible to my mom and Eric walking down the hall. As Jill entered, I heard Judy say, "Wow! You look incredible!" while Eric said, "Damn, that's freaky!" I couldn't tell if Eric was being complimentary or derogatory, but Jill let it go either way and thanked Judy. As they saw me walk in, Eric started laughing and said, "Dude, I think you need to put on some damn weight." Before I could say a word, Jill quipped, "He's got it ALL where it counts Eric, if you know what I mean. And don't be mean to my Davey, he's perfect if you ask me." My mom just laughed and got a huge smile on her face after THAT comment and I was very happy that Jill had stuck up for me so quickly and the fact that she thought I was perfect meant the world to me. I walked up, stood next to her, and put my arm around her muscular, rock solid torso. She was in her lifted shoes and I was still barefoot so the size difference was huge. Eric quickly took out his smart phone and wanted to take a picture. I smiled and Jill gave me a nice squeeze with one hand and put her outside hand on her hip. Her arm made kind of a 45 degree angle and I knew she was probably flexing to make her arm and shoulder stand out greatly. "Oh, that's perfect!" Eric replied as he took the picture, "Now let's get one with Jill flexing." Jill obliged my brother's request and flexed her left biceps. "Make sure you text me a copy" Jill asked. Instead of replying to her, Eric chuckled again and said, "The guys at work are going to die laughing when I show them this picture of my brother and his huge ass wife." At that point, I knew Eric was just being a dick head and Jill sensed it too. My mom immediately scolded Eric for being rude and told him that true love is blind! He kind of quit laughing and we all decided that we should head out.

I wasn't sure why Eric was being such a jerk, but I guess it was just weirding him out to see his brother, who dated a bunch of hot, cute girls over the years, to be married to such a huge, muscular woman. Clearly that, and the fact that I had lost 25 pounds or more since the last time he saw me was making him act strangely as it took him out of his comfort zone.

We all walked out to the driveway and my mom instinctively walked to the Volkswagen bug. Jill looked over at her and said, "Oh Judy, we're taking my truck. The boys are taking Dave's Bug." My mom got a bit of a funny look on her face and replied, "So Dave has the cute little Bug and you're running around in this big truck?" as she pointed at the truck. "Oh my God Judy," Jill answered, "I'm constantly throwing my gym stuff, cases of supplements from Explode, gobs of food from Costco and everything else in here. All he does is drive to work and back, so we gave him the little bug." As if I hadn't endured enough grief, Eric had to comment on my green little "Hot Rod" too. Jill's truck only had the stock raise on it, so it's not like it was huge, but my mom still seemed to struggle a bit to hop in. With a honk and a wave, Jill and my mom took off while Eric and I got in the Bug and left as well.

I could tell as we drove downtown that my brother was still bothered a bit by me and Jill. Finally I just said, "Dude, what is your problem with me and Jill?" "What's my problem." He answered. "My problem

is that Jill is turning you into a little bitch and she could straight kick your ass. That's my problem." I immediately pulled to the side of the road and looked Eric in the eye. "Man, you know I've always liked athletic chicks right?" "Right" he replied. "Well, when we started dating, that's what she was; An athletic chick, with muscular legs and a few pounds overweight. That was enough for me and we were having sex almost daily. She started working out, met her friend Lisa, and then really began putting on muscle. It never changed who she was and that's who I fell in love with. This muscle thing may just be a few year fad of hers, but I will still love her no matter what. So I'd appreciate if you'd get over the fact that she's really muscular and focus on the fact that she's an awesome girl and your sister-in-law." Eric was taken aback by that and realized that he really hadn't thought about her as anything but a bad ass muscle-bound chick. He apologized, shook my hand and admitted that he probably needed to get to know her a bit better.

So we grabbed some lunch and then went over to the cool new river-walk bridge. Sure enough, a couple of minutes later, a really fit girl goes jogging by. Eric and I both watch her firm ass and toned legs as she disappears into the distance. I couldn't let the moment go without commenting on her. "See." I said to Eric, "We both ogled that hot fit girl run by. Her tight, athletic body is all the rage right now and girls would kill to have her abs. Why is Jill so different?" "She's just too muscular for me Dave." He answered. "I couldn't date a girl that could kick my ass." "What are you talking about dude?" I asked, "You just hooked up with Samantha at my house last night!" "Yea." He said, "She was a bit too muscular but I was drunk and in the mood, you know." "Nope brother," I responded "you let your true admiration and attraction to her muscular body come out last night because you were drunk. When you're sober, you find it appalling because that's what society teaches us, that physically and mentally strong women are too masculine. But they're not...they're just Hot, Strong women! Why can't we just accept that?" "Dave, don't try to convince me who I'm attracted to or not attracted too, okay?" he replied. "I won't Eric, I won't." I answered, "But you sure didn't need my convincing to be all over Samantha last night...that's all I'm saying." He waited 10 or 15 seconds and then said, "Yah, she was pretty God Damn Hot, wasn't she?" I just nodded my head yes and we stared out at the water.

A little later, after Eric and I ate lunch, checked out the bridge and grabbed a beer, I got a text from Jill which read, "GREAT DAY with Judy!!! Heading over to Lisa's to take more of the Explode pics, bring Eric." I replied quickly, "Sure honey, see you there, but Eric...are you sure?" "Yep." She replied, "Somebody wants to see him ☺" I chuckled a bit knowing that Samantha probably asked Jill to have me bring him, but I didn't tell Eric. I simply got in the car with him and we drove over to Lisa's.

Sure enough, we arrived at Lisa's house and I saw several cars in the drive, one belonging to Samantha. We walked to the door and rang the bell. Lisa quickly answered the door. As always, she looked amazing. She was wearing short, tight black workout shorts and a small black workout bra with an Explode advertisement on it. She had obviously just worked out and her biceps were pumped to the max. Besides the bulging muscle, there were large, full veins crisscrossing her arms and into her hands. Lisa gave me a kiss and grabbed me in her signature bear hug and lifted me off the ground. Her grip was super strong and my arms were pinched at my sides rendering me helpless in her grasp. Seeing Eric

besides me, Lisa then put me down and extended her hand to my brother. He shook her hand firmly. I could tell he wasn't expecting her to use a vise like grip and he gestured in some discomfort as she squeezed his hand tightly. The pain written on my brother's face increased, but before embarrassing him too much, Lisa let go and guided us inside. As Lisa led us in, Eric tapped me on the shoulder and as I turned around, he shook his hand in pain and whispered, "What the Fuck?" I just chuckled and followed Lisa.

When I entered the kitchen, Jill began walking towards me in all of her muscular glory. Her eyes lit up like flashlights and she had a huge, giddy, childlike smile on her face. I was a bit surprised at her total excitement to see me but pretty damn stoked. Jill's huge quads had begun to dominate her muscular physique and with each powerful step, the muscle bulged tightly and formed a large teardrop shape around each kneecap. Her calves were gorgeous too and they began getting that diamond like appearance, visible even from the front. I felt like Jill had more muscle and power in her amazing legs than I did in my whole body. As she reached me, I leaned in to kiss Jill and grabbed onto her bulging, round shoulders. Just touching her rock hard body turned me on and gave me an almost immediate erection. She grabbed me firmly and instead of a little kiss, we began to make out passionately. After 10 seconds or so, Jill leaned back, looked me in the eyes and said, "Oh honey, I missed you today! So glad to see you." "It's great to be with you too honey." I replied in surprise. We had only been apart for a few hours, but Jill had become quite passionate about being around me all the time and I must admit that I liked it. As she stood back, Jill simply grabbed my torso with her left hand and gave it a quick squeeze. It was almost a crushing pinch and a shot of pain rocketed through me. I made a slight grunt from the pain and Jill released her grip quickly. She got a wry smile on her face and gave me a quick wink. It was amazing to me now, how quickly Jill could cause me some pain with minimal effort. I don't think she fully grasped how strong she was becoming and her playful pinches hurt a lot more than she knew. But it was obvious that Jill enjoyed these little shows of strength she had over me. The fact that she, Lisa and Samantha were still going full bore with their workouts and Explode supplementation only meant that she would continue to get even bigger and stronger. I must admit that I was eager to see them all grow in strength and size!

Still reeling from his painful handshake, Eric leaned in and gave Jill a hug too. She didn't seem to pull a Lisa and just gave him a standard quick grasp and let go. Right then, Samantha walked out of the bathroom. She also looked absolutely incredible. We all stood speechless as she approached. Samantha was wearing the White version of the same little Explode Workout wear that Lisa and Jill had on. Her gorgeous blonde hair was hiked back in a ponytail. Her six pack abs flexed hard with each step and her golden brown tan made her buff arm and leg muscles look extra ripped. Although she was not quite as muscular as Lisa and Jill, Samantha was plenty buff and her arm and legs were significantly larger than mine. In all of her beautiful glory, Samantha walked up to Eric, with a huge smile across her face and gave him a friendly hug. Eric was completely speechless and probably didn't realize how muscular Samantha was from the night before because of his inebriated state. Eric tried to say something but it came out a bit like gibberish and we all began to laugh. I looked at Samantha and said, "He's a little confused right now Samantha, not sure he realized how HOT you were!" We all laughed and finally Eric said, "F off Dave." He then looked back at Samantha and said, "He's right though, you

look very impressive.” “Impressive huh?” she replied, “Well thank you....I think.” She the smiled and walked over to a glass of water she had set down earlier. As she walked, I watched my brother. His eyes were glued to her bulging, tight ass and muscular legs and like every man would be, he was entranced by them.

I walked over to give my mother a kiss and she immediately blurted out about the amazing day she had with Jill. They went shopping, ate lunch, chatted about me and had just a great few hours together. Then she said, “You know David, Jill was complimented by no less than 5 or 6 people during the afternoon about her physique and she was so nice to give them diet and training advise. A couple of people even wanted to take a picture with her. It really opened my eyes to her musculature and her kind personality as well. She’s a good one.” My mom then gave me a pat on the butt and I gave her a kiss. “I know mom.” I replied, “I just figured you had to get past her appearance and get to know the Jill that I know and love.” “Well honey, I think she’s great and so glad to welcome her to the family.” Jill was so happy to hear that from my mom and gave her a big hug as she smiled widely. Jill then looked at me and said, “Yep, I just love your mom and we’re going to get her on a little exercise program too!” I knew that was great because getting my mom and my wife to become friends was huge and was my biggest hope for inviting her and my brother down!

With all of the greetings out of the way, the girls wanted to do their Explode photo shoot. As I mentioned earlier, they were all gorgeous; and to watch the three musclebound women bounce around in next to nothing was an amazing sight. First, each one of the girls would do some standard bodybuilding like poses, front lat spread, double biceps, side chest, etc. They were all very muscular and impressive to look at, but it was rather boring so I decided to inject some excitement into it. I grabbed the camera from Lisa as she was finishing up with Jill’s shoot. I then said, “Lisa, why don’t the three of you get together for some group posing and I’ll take the pics?” Lisa agreed that it was a good idea and she and Samantha joined Jill in front of me by the wall. Instead of taking pics though, I put the camera in HD Video mode and began recording. The girls were acting funny at first, posing like Victoria Secret models, flinging their hair around, blowing kisses at the camera and strutting around. As they moved, they were flexing their muscles unintentionally. Biceps were bulging, quads were flexing, triceps were protruding and their hard asses were bouncing so firmly, I knew I could bounce a quarter off of them. It was fun to watch and I was trying to hide my obvious excitement, especially since my mom was in the room.

Then, without any warning, Lisa grabs Samantha’s muscular torso with her bulging meaty right arm, placed her left arm under Samantha’s buff legs and hoist her into the air. I moved in closer with the camera and began to focus on the huge protruding back muscles on Lisa. The weight of Samantha was causing Lisa’s traps, shoulders and upper back muscles to fill with blood and pump up nicely. As I focused in on Lisa’s incredible muscles, I suddenly was grabbed firmly and hoist into the air as well. Jill had a vice like grip around my body and easily lifted my legs with her muscular left arm. As Jill spun me around, I could see my brother and mom laughing hysterically. It was all a good bit of fun, but Jill easily spun me around and around and at one point kind of fake tossed me up in the air. Then, she and Lisa

somehow communicated without saying a word, faced each other and began doing squats with me and Samantha. I quickly threw Eric the camera before I dropped and broke it. They began counting as they squatted and it was obvious that a competition had ensued. I looked over at Samantha and said, "How much do you weigh?" She replied "169, how about you?" "160" I answered. "Oh, looks like Jill has a slight advantage then..." Samantha quipped.

"Eleven, Twelve, Thirteen, Fourteen, Fifteen!" my brother counted out loud. "Sixteen, Seventeen, Eighteen, Nineteen, Twenty!" my mom exclaimed in total astonishment at Jill and Lisa's strength. Everyone was excited and having a blast watching Jill and Lisa squat me and Samantha. I was held firmly in Jill's powerful grip and I grabbed onto her rock solid forearm as she lowered and then raised me in unison with Lisa. I then peered over at Lisa and became mesmerized by her muscular quads as they flexed massively. Over the next few reps, the girls started to slow a bit and they kind of nodded at each other to stop at twenty five. Eric and Judy began clapping and cheering wildly for Lisa and Jill for being such amazing studs.

Lisa put Samantha down, and Eric immediately gave Lisa a big high-five and gave Samantha a hug. It was good to see him so excited in the midst of these powerful, muscular women. I expected Jill to put me down as well, but my light weight and her increased strength kept her arms from getting tired. Jill then began to rock me back and forth like a child and said, "How do you like it up here dear?" "Just fine." I answered, "This will take all the work out of walking around the amusement park when I get tired you know." We all chuckled and Jill walked me over to the bar stool near my mom, did a couple of squats, again proving how strong she was and then sat me on the stool. It was a bit demeaning but at the same time, I knew Jill was just having a bit of fun at my expense so I shrugged it off. My mom looked at me, still laughing and smiling from ear to ear and said, "hmmmm Davey, you are a bit red faced, Jill didn't embarrass you too badly did she?" "No mom." I replied, "And as long as we still have our own private fun every night, she can just go around carrying me all she wants." My mom gave me a nice wink and we both looked back at the girls.

Jill then looked at my excited mom and said, "What do you think of these Judy?" Right then, she began to shake her massive right quad muscles and then in an instant, flexed them to a rock hard huge mound of muscle. It startled my mom and she exclaimed, "Oh My God Jill! WOW!...do that again!" Without hesitation, Jill again shook the massive muscle in her right thigh from side to side and then, without warning, flexed it again into a huge rock hard state. Jill could tell that my mom was curious so she said, "Go ahead Judy, give them a squeeze." Slowly, my mom reached down to feel Jill's pumped up quads. As she placed her hand on Jill's un-flexed muscle she said, "Oh my God Jill, it's so solid." My mom then began pushing harder on it with both hands and then tried to squeeze it. At that moment, Jill flexed her thigh massively. The individual thigh muscles jumped up into a rock-hard state and again startled my mom. "OH MY!" she exclaimed as she pulled away briefly. She then reached back down and began poking at Jill's flexed thigh. "It is harder than granite!" my mom said shockingly. She kept poking and feeling the tense muscle, but it didn't give and my mom was a bit shocked at how truly massive and solid

Jill's legs had become. "Don't mess with Jill!" my mom then announced to the group, still in amazement at her muscles.

Not to be outdone, Lisa walked up to my brother and began shaking her quad muscles for him. She tensed them into a solid, massive mound of muscle as Jill had done with virtually the same reaction from my brother. After a couple of rounds of flexing, Lisa said to Eric, "Feel these babies!" As instructed, he reached down and felt her solid un-flexed muscle. He shook his head in amazement and then grabbed her thigh with both hands. As he attempted to squeeze them, Lisa flexed them again into a rock hard muscular mass. Eric squeezed as hard as he could, but could not make a dent in them. "Holy Shit!" he exclaimed, "That's Crazy!" Lisa started laughing and replied, "What do you think of this much muscle on a woman?" He was still kind of shaking his head while he continued to hold her beautiful, massive thighs in his hands, but all eyes were on him. After a few more moments he said, "I was never one for bodybuilders, like Dave, but I admit, it's pretty hot I guess." "I know." Lisa answered, "All a guy has to do is feel some muscle on a woman, and he's hooked." Eric kind of laughed and gave a friendly gaze over to Samantha. I could tell she was very interested in Eric's response and had obviously taken a liking to him. She gave him a quick smile and he smiled in return. I could tell she was a bit jealous of all the attention Lisa was giving Eric, so she stood behind him and began giving him a shoulder massage. I quickly grabbed the camera and took a picture of my brother massaging Lisa's enormous quads while Samantha, in all her muscular glory was rubbing his neck.

I knew we had to get my mom and Eric to the Airport, so I suggested that we make way. Samantha immediately said, "Oh, I'll give Eric a ride to the Airport." Eric looked up at her a bit stunned, so she quickly looked back at him and added, "If that's Ok with youuuuuu?" Eric smiled and said, "Yea, that'll work for me if Dave can bring my suitcase when he drops off mom." "No problem E." I answered, knowing Samantha had some obvious plans for my brother over the next hour. So Jill, Judy and I gave our good byes to Samantha and Lisa and headed home. This time, my mom wanted to ride with me in the bug while Jill drove home in her truck.

Almost immediately as we drove out of the drive my mom says, "I would have never though such muscley women would be so sexy to men, but it's obvious you and your brother have taken a liking to it." "Mom" I replied, "I've always liked it. You had to know when I hung a poster of Rachel Mclish on my bedroom wall in high school." "Oh dear." She said, "That girl was quite fit, but Jill and Lisa are surely more muscular." "Could be mom, Jill may be rock solid but she has a soft heart, and I love her." "Yes dear." She answered, "I like her too." "By the way mom," I added, "as frisky as Jill has become, you could have a grandchild or two before you know it!" She smiled and I could tell she was VERY happy to hear that. I was glad to have had this little discussion, because I didn't want it to be awkward around the holidays every time I bring my musclebound wife around.

Soon enough, we arrived home and to my surprise, Jill's truck was already home. I guess I took the long way but it was good since I had a bit of time to talk to my mom and get her approval on Jill. Not that I

needed it, but I obviously wanted it. We walked inside and Jill was not around. My mom went to the guest room to gather her and Eric's things so I headed down to our bedroom. The door was open so I walked inside and called to Jill. There was no answer so I walked over and looked in our bathroom. Right then I heard the bedroom door shut behind me. I turned to look.

Jill stood in front of the bedroom door she had just shut. The lights were off but some ambient light was sneaking through our window blinds which immediately gave off a romantic mood. Jill was wearing her lifted hightop sneakers and my old favorite Yosemite shirt. It was just long enough to cover her naked pelvic area but 99.9% of her gorgeous, muscular legs were exposed. Jill had cut off the sleeves of the Yosemite shirt and her massive, rounded shoulders were unconcealed. Her muscular chest and torso made my XL shirt seem like a medium as it stretched almost to the breaking point. My wife held up her impressive right arm towards me, gave me an imposing stare and motioned with her index finger for me to come over. As I approached my gorgeous wife, I couldn't get over the size and power her massive quads now contained. I tried to smile at Jill as I walked closer, but none was returned. At that moment, I again knew my musclebound wife was in total control and my obedience would be required, which sent a chill of fear and excitement through my body. As I reached her, Jill placed her left hand on my right shoulder and pushed down. I fell to my knees and instinctively reached into her pelvic area and began pleasuring her.

As I licked Jill's juicy tight pussy, I again grabbed her massive, rock hard, firm ass and began massaging it. I then slid my hands down slightly and squeezed her bulging hamstring muscles. They were completely firm and warm and my tight grip didn't even make a slight dent in their curved structure. Finally, I slid my hands down to her diamond like, gorgeous and powerful calf muscles. They were also rock hard and I began to think she was chiseled out of stone. She hadn't grabbed my hair or caused me pain in any way and I began to think she had experimented enough with her little tests of strength. I quickly lifted my head away from her magical vagina and looked up at her. She had both arms up under the Yosemite shirt and was caressing her own breasts. She quickly looked down, grabbed my head and again shoved it into her pelvis area. On queue, I immediately began pleasuring her again and reached around to massage her amazing, powerful butt.

Right then, Jill leaned back slightly against the door, lifted her massive left leg and lowered it over and behind my right shoulder. Next, she lifted her muscular right leg and lowered it over and behind my left shoulder. My body was now forced under her muscular ass and torso and my head was bent back slightly in front of her juicy hot vagina and between her immense quads. I reached under and around her muscular thighs from beneath and grabbed onto the top of them for support. They were warm and started to become slightly moist from our session. I began to massage them firmly as I continued to pleasure my wife. Jill then slowly closed her powerful thighs together, squeezing my head slightly in the process. First it was just slight pressure on my ears and I was able to feel their massive power, which turned me on greatly. I loved this little power play by Jill and began eating her out furiously. A minute or two later, Jill decided to tighten her grip and squeezed my head a bit more. Now the pressure became a bit too much. My ears were feeling a sharp piercing pain as they were pinched tightly against



my skull while the heat being generated was causing me to turn bright red. I tried to slip my head down as the heat and pain intensified, but could not even budge. At the same time, I pulled against her huge thighs with all my might but couldn't come close to moving them. Jill again tightened her massive legs slightly and my head soon became burning hot and it felt as if my eyes were about to shoot out of their sockets. I was unable to even move my jaw in her muscular grip to beg Jill to stop so I started tapping Jill on the legs, like a wrestler giving up. Jill must have known the grip was far too tight for me to handle but obviously loved proving to me how strong she had become. She let me battle for probably 30 seconds, which seemed like an eternity and then released her locking grip on me and I fell to the floor in relief.

Jill quickly reached down and lifted me up in front of her. I barely had time to ogle her muscular physique and she spun me around and pulled my back tightly against her chest. As I now faced away from her, she reached down and grabbed my throbbing cock in her right hand. She began to give me a hand job while gripping my body tightly and holding me against hers. My left arm was trapped but my hand reached down and I felt the awesome muscular dimple on the outside of her round ass. With my right hand, I grabbed her strong and massive left forearm. As I massaged it, I felt the veins crisscrossing its surface and realized the strength it must have contained. We were stationary in this position for several minutes while my wife continued to pleasure me. I started to move my hand up her arm and felt a round hard bulge on the outside of her elbow. It must have been the upper part of her forearm muscle but it was firm and round and I loved the powerful feel of it. After a few more moments caressing that, I slipped my hand up to grab her mighty biceps. There was a long thick vein running the length of her arm and I found myself mesmerized by its size. Large veins feed large muscles and the thought of how large her veins were got me very excited. Finally, I couldn't hold it any longer and I began to eject my seaman. Jill sensed this immediately and quickly spun me around, lowered her head and started licking and swallowing every last ounce of my salty white cum. This woman who had just so easily caused me great pain was now offering me great pleasure. The pain in my head had long since stopped and I knew I never ever EVER wanted to leave this powerful woman's side.

Chapter...I don't know...I lost count :)

After another amazing session with my beautiful musclebound wife, it was time to run my mom to the airport. I threw on my same loose fitting clothes and Jill put on some workout wear as she was going to meet Lisa and Samantha at the gym for a workout. As Jill pulled on the paper thin light blue yoga pants I loved so much, I watched the muscles in her back and triceps pop powerfully and move and flex gracefully. It was a fluid, mesmerizing act, watching Jill simply get dressed. With each movement she made, different muscles moved in such a beautiful and harmonious motion. Jill then slowly pulled on a small white workout bra. As she lifted it over her head, her traps bulged massively and the way they connected to her powerful neck, turned me on immediately. I walked up from behind and wrapped my arms around her solid, muscular torso. She turned and gave me a quick wink, then, with muscles bulging, she walked into the kitchen to meet with my mom to say good bye. I walked into the guest room to grab my mother's suitcase. I tried to lift it off the bed with one arm, but it was obviously too

heavy for me, like it was a couple of days before and I kind of dragged it off and dropped it to the floor. It made a loud bang and I knew the girls heard it. I then grabbed it with both hands and held it in front of me as I waddled into the kitchen. My mom saw my struggles and said, "Still having problems lifting my suitcase dear?" "A little", I answered, "What do you have in here, ROCKS?" She laughed and said, "I picked up a few things when Jill and I went shopping honey, but nothing too crazy." Hugs and kisses were shared and we needed to leave. Instead of grabbing just my mom's suitcase, Jill grabbed both my mom and my brother's heavy suitcases. Her arms flexed hugely and her triceps muscles were especially on display. My mom reached over and grabbed Jill's amazing triceps. Jill looked over and smirked as the weight of the bags was not that heavy for her and she knew my mom was warming up to her incredible musculature. "Hard as rocks." My mom exclaimed, "Well," Jill answered, "With a bit of work, you can have these too Judy." They both laughed and we followed Jill to the car. With each step I watched her muscular thighs bulge massively to the sides as her calves and glutes formed rock hard balls of muscle. Her biceps and triceps were also flexing greatly as she carried the heavy bags. Jill loaded them into the back as Judy and I hopped into the bug.

Jill then walked over to the driver's side window. Her size completely consumed the girth of the window and she looked massive as she leaned into the car to give me a kiss goodbye. As she did so, my hand was on the steering wheel. Jill placed her hand on top of mine gripping it tightly as we kissed. Right then my mom said, "Oh my Gosh." I looked over and said, "What's up mom?" "Oh, nothing, I just am noticing your two arms. Jill's looks twice as thick as yours, just surprising I guess". Sure enough, I looked at Jill's arm which was resting on top of mine as her hand grasped mine on the steering wheel. It was seemingly twice as thick as mine and rock hard muscle to boot. "I know Judy," Jill responded, "But I just love his cute arms and hands." Jill then kind of lifted her arm, twisted it slightly and started flexing her forearm muscles. As the thick muscles bulged and moved powerfully, we really got a great grasp on Jill's size and strength. My arm was still positioned a few inches below Jill's and I truly felt like a wimp in her presence. Jill quit posing, gave me another quick kiss and said, "So great meeting you Judy, we'll talk soon." My mom said, "Goodbye." And we drove away.

On our way to the airport my mom just couldn't stop commenting on Jill and how muscular she was. I had to ask so I said, "Mom, does it bother you that my wife is more muscular and stronger than me?" "At first it seemed a bit odd, but she's just wonderful dear, so if it doesn't bother you, it's fine with me." "Good mom." I replied, "Because I know she and Lisa are really into getting big so she may put on even more muscle, especially since they're getting a partial sponsorship from Explode Supplements." We drove the rest of the way to the airport and I gave my mom a huge hug and kiss as I dropped her off. Just then, Eric also showed up. Samantha dropped him off after what was surely a fun time. Eric didn't see me as I drove by, but I could see he had a bit of a limp going and was wearing his sun glasses even though the sun wasn't out.

I drove home and decided to get in some sit ups and cardio. I did an hour of abs and then hit the pavement for a nice run. Jill had insisted I let my hair grow out a bit, so to keep my bangs out of my eyes, I threw on one of her head bands. As I mentioned earlier, her short dolphin running shorts now fit

me pretty well, so I had thrown them on and also the black Explode Supplements tank top Lisa had given me. Although I was looking pretty damn skinny, I was developing a decent tan which I liked and it made my abs look good too so I knew Jill loved it. About half way through the run, I could tell there was a car which had slowed a bit and was not passing me. I turned to look and it was a Honda with two young guys in it. As soon as I turned, the passenger stared at me for a couple seconds and then said to his buddy, "Oh shit! That's a dude." "Damn" the driver replied, "Could have fooled me." I then turned away from them and heard them laughing as they drove away. I was a bit shocked that I could have possibly been mistaken for a chick but then realized that from behind, I was thin, completely shaved by Jill, had shoulder length hair, had on a neon yellow headband and was wearing Jill's running shorts. As soon as I arrived back home, I placed Jill's full length mirror at one end of the hallway. I then stood at the other end of the hallway about 15 feet away. Sure enough, if I squinted my eyes just a bit, my frame was now thin, with kind of meek shoulders and long hair. I still wasn't convinced, but when I turned around and looked at myself from the back, I quickly realized that I could easily have been mistaken for a frickin' chick

About an hour later, Jill got home. She looked fucking amazing and her biceps were bulging massively from her hardcore arms workout with Lisa. Still wearing her small running shorts and headband, Jill got a huge smile on her face and said, "You look delicious honey, I wanna' just eat you up." Jill then grabbed both my thin arms in her powerful hands and leaned down to kiss me. As she took my tongue in her mouth, she reached around and grabbed my ass, squeezing it tightly in her hand. "hmmm." She said, "I love these shorts on you babe." "Well then," I replied, "I guess I'll keep wearing them." We shared another quick passionate kiss and then left the entryway. We sat in the kitchen and she spoke excitedly about her connection with my mom and how she was looking forward to giving her workout advice and getting closer to her. After some more chit chat, I said, "Jill, I'm thinking of cutting my hair short again." "NO!" Jill blurted out instinctively. "No, you can't." she followed, "I love your longer hair, so keep growing it out." "Okay, Jill, no problem...it was just a thought." Jill stood up, walked around the table and grabbed my hair in her hand, she then smelled it and said, "You have beautiful, healthy, thick hair Davey. You can't even think of cutting this, it's beautiful." "Thanks babe!" I replied, "But, I was also thinking of hitting the gym a little bit with you and the girls to put on a few pounds." "My God Dave!" She quickly shot back, "Don't even think about it, you nearly perfect." Jill immediately reached down and caressed my rock hard abs and said, "See....perfect." That was all the assurance I needed. I urged to please Jill in every way, and if she wanted me to be thin and have longer hair, I would have longer hair!

We then walked down to share a nice warm shower together. With each step, I again ogled her every muscle and how it moves so harmoniously on her. We quickly undressed and got in the shower. As I massaged her gorgeous, muscular body, I had to ask her about Eric and Samantha. "So babe," I asked, "I saw Eric at the airport and he looked a bit sore and was wearing dark sunglasses. Did Samantha say anything about her and Eric?" Jill grabbed me around the torso with her strong grip and pushed me back against the shower wall. As Jill pushed me forcibly against the shower tiles, she leaned her body firmly against mine. Jill was rock solid and I felt like I was being squeezed in a vice between her and the equally hard tiled surface of the shower. It turned me on greatly and I had an immediate erection. With me now held firmly in her control, Jill said, "Apparently, your brother wanted to experience a bit of rough sex with strong Samantha. But he bit off more than he could chew, and when Eric started insulting Samantha to get a rise out of her she took it a bit too far." "What do you mean?" I asked.

“Well honey,” Jill whispered, “Eric called her the C word thinking he was funny, and without thinking she popped him in the face. Upset about being struck by Samantha, he then called her a crazy Bitch, so she jumped up, put him in a choke hold and made him pass out. When he woke up, dazed, he swears he didn’t remember calling her any of that and tried to have sex with her again. She was still mad, so she put him in a scissors hold between her powerful thighs and gave him a squeeze so hard, she thinks she may have broken a rib.” “Holy shit!,” I exclaimed, “Samantha gave him a black eye, made him pass out and then broke a God Damn rib....he’s never going to want to visit again!!!” “I know.” Jill answered, “I’m sorry Samantha hurt him so badly. Hopefully his pride recovers soon, Samantha said he didn’t say a word to her on the ride to the airport and looked totally defeated.” “Well honey, I’m sure that’s the first time a chick kicked his ass, so he’s probably trying to come to grips with that right now. I’ll call him later and see if he’s OK.” I said. Jill then looked me in the eye and said, “Just let me know anytime you want it a little rough Davey, I wouldn’t mind having a bit of fun with that you know!” I smiled and replied, “Any way you want to give it to me Jill, and I’ll take it!!!” We then kissed passionately as the warm water soothed our bare skin.

Later that night I called Eric to see if he was OK. He didn’t answer and I’m sure he knew Jill told me what had happened. He was a prideful guy, so it didn’t surprise me that much. I left him a voice mail and told him to call me soon. Two weeks had gone by and I still hadn’t heard back from him so I gave him another call. He answered this time and I asked him if he was all right. “Ya.” He replied, “I just needed some time to reflect.” “What do you mean?” I asked. “Well.” He answered, “Sammy is crazy in bed and I thought she would be great to date, but after she hit me and made me pass out, I freaked out, lost my mind and needed a break.” “Crazy knowing a chick could literally kick your ass brother.” I said, “But don’t let it get to you, just move on and enjoy the next chick.” “Thanks.” He replied, “I think I need to do just that. It’s cool that you and Jill get along so great, but it just wasn’t the same for me and Samantha bro.” He hung up and I felt good that we were able to talk a bit. I texted Jill about my chat with Eric and she texted back that she’s glad he was able to overcome his pride and move on and then texted, “I wasn’t sure Sammy was right for Eric anyway Dave, she seems a bit mean to all the guys I’ve seen her date.” I wasn’t aware of that part of Samantha, but was still bummed a bit though since I did want him and Samantha to hit it off.

It wasn’t two weeks later and I got another call from Eric. We started having basic sports talk and then he said, “Hey, can you give me Samantha’s number?” I was a bit surprised since I knew he had moved on but said, “Sure, why do you want it though?” “Well Dave.” He answered, “I’ve gotten with two chicks lately and all I could think about when I was with them was having crazy sex with Samantha! They were just weak and frail and boring, ya know.” “Ya.” I answered, “I do know, that’s why I love every minute with Jill...I’ll never experience weak and boring again!” “Thanks” he replied, “I’ll let you know how it goes.” “Good Luck.” I replied and hung up the phone. I was excited for him and couldn’t wait to tell Jill when she got home from the gym.

I quickly suited up to go for a quick run wearing the usual gear. My hair was now starting to get annoyingly long and I absolutely had to wear Jill’s headbands all the time to keep my long bangs out of

my eyes. I had taken over her old Dolphin running shorts collection and at this point considered them mine. They drove Jill crazy when I wore them around the house too so I was glad to have them. I tried to run more in the evenings when it was dark so I didn't have to deal with idiots that mistook me for a chick from behind. It made my runs more enjoyable as well. An hour later, I got home from my run and as usual, had beaten Jill home. It wasn't a surprise since she, Lisa and Samantha always completed their workout, had some of their pre-packed food and then took their self-defense class on Tuesday nights. They were all becoming muscle bound bad asses and I enjoyed being around them all the time. Anyway, I threw off my shoes, and tank top and stepped on the bathroom scale. I was down to 154 and had lost 5 more pounds over the last few weeks. I was thin in the arms, legs and chest, but my abs and legs were becoming more and more ripped and Jill loved me walking around the house with no shirt on, showing them off. Sure enough, Jill walked in and attacked me immediately. We kissed passionately for a few moments and Jill then leaned her muscular torso down to lick my abs up and down. As she did I looked down to notice her back muscles bulging out even more than normal. They were rock hard and full of muscle. Just seeing muscular bulges on her back sent me into orbit and I began caressing them feverishly. Jill was also in a great mood and quickly took my solid cock in her mouth. Seconds later, Jill was on her knees satisfying me greatly. She normally would have toyed with me for a while, bringing me almost to climax and then calming me back down, over and over again. But today was different. She had something on her mind and I knew it. Within three minutes, I had blown my load and my wife quickly licked up every bit of cum.

We kissed again briefly and then I said, "Hey babe, I have some exciting news for you." She said, "Really, I've got a bit of news for you too." Now standing upright in her workout shoes, I was looking up slightly at my muscular wife as I told her about Eric wanting to call Samantha again. "That's great." Jill replied, but he may not be able to see her for a month." I got a very quizzical look on my face and said "Why not?" "Well." She replied. "That's my news. The girls and I want to go to Texas tomorrow for 4 weeks to train with a couple of world renowned trainers there. Explode Supplements has been really impressed with our progress and they want to do a full photo shoot, take training videos and have us work with top professional trainers for a month." "Holy Shit!" I said, "That's awesome!" "I was hoping you'd be OK with me being gone that long." Jill replied. She then grasped me in a bear hug, lifted me off the ground and walked us into our room for a quick shower. As we soon stood in the wet shower, warm water pouring over us, soothing our slightly aching bodies I said, "Honey, I'm going to miss you every minute of every day that you're gone. But I know this is a great opportunity and I'm really excited for you and the girls." Jill just nodded without saying a word. She then held out the bar of soap in her hand. I instinctively grabbed it and began to lather and caress every inch of her muscle-bound body. Jill turned around away from me and placed her hands up on the shower wall, like someone who's being searched by the cops. She then said, "Get a load of these." At that exact moment, she flexed her back tensely. The muscles jumped out of her back and it became a huge powerful surface with mounds of bulges all over it. With soapy hands, I began to feel the large, solid mounds on her back and knew the power she contained must be tremendous. Her ass was flexed as well and I then grabbed it too. I then began to beat on her round ass with my hard cock as the warm water continued to rain down on us. Slowly, I reached down and placed my cock underneath her muscular round goodness. Jill reached down with her left hand, grabbed my cock and inserted it into her tight, hot pussy. I began to pound her rapidly and then slowly and the rapidly again. I knew she loved the change of tempo, and luckily, since she

pleasured me just minutes before, I knew I could go for a while. I reached under her torso and grabbed her breasts as I pleasured her from behind. They were disappearing with her extensive training and diet, but the huge amounts of chest muscle she was developing just under and above them, turned me on even more. I gently tickled her nipples and within seconds they were rock hard. She loved when I did that while banging her and within a few more minutes, she began to shudder. We had been at it for almost 45 minutes and the water was barely above cold by this point. Her amazing pussy control had me at climax too and as her vagina muscles gripped and released my cock more rapidly, I finally couldn't hold it any longer. Right as I began to cum, Jill climaxed and released her pussy juices in a soup of love liquid with mine. Jill and I both finished our respective climax and took a few seconds break. My cock was still inside her amazing, powerful pussy and I loved leaving it in for a minute or so after sex. When I finally pulled it out, it gave Jill a final rush of pleasure and she always shivered and shook. I knew she always got the last little bit of pleasure from that and it helped me seal the deal with her 2 years earlier for sure.

We soon dried off and as we readied for bed, I said, "Honey, will you step on the scale for me real quick. I am down to 154 pounds today and I was curious to see where you're at?" Jill started to get on the scale for me, then turned and said, "Let's make it my little secret, and I'll get on it for you when we get back from Texas in 4 weeks." I was a little bummed, but figured that would really be something for me to look forward to. "Ok." I replied, "I hope you don't break the scale with all the muscle you're going to put on out there." She laughed and said, "Yes you do!" "Ha Ha Ha, ya, you're right...i do." I answered and I gave her another goodnight kiss as I embraced her muscular body and drifted to sleep.

A MUST READ SUMMATION for those of you with questions about Jill, Dave and their future together!!!

I feel the need to clear some things up for you:

I guess I didn't paint a clear enough picture of Jill and Dave prior to them getting together. All of the below items are mentioned or implied at times in the story, but here's a summation for you:

Jill had a very poor relationship with her father, and he actually was a bit abusive and caused the scar on her face which has given her an inferiority complex her entire life. She ate too much as a stress relief, obviously gained some unwanted weight which gave her even more confidence problems. As a result, Jill was mainly in same-sex relationships since high school as she felt uneasy around men. She has always had a slight fear or mistrust in them because of her bad father. Because of her height and slight weight issue, Jill has normally taken the alpha role in her same-sex relationships. This is her comfort zone but certainly she couldn't take on that role in a normal hetero-sexual relationship.

...along comes Dave. Jill met Dave in a co-ed softball league and after a few months felt very comfortable around him and loved his kindness and sense of humor. She found out from friends on the team that Dave was impressed by her muscular legs and something about that fact triggered a possible relationship response from her. He was not large like her father, in fact, Jill and Dave are almost the same height and Dave was fairly thin at 5'10" and 175 pounds. Although stronger and larger at the time, Dave was not a physically imposing man and Jill needed that. Remember, she still has an underlying fear and mistrust in men, one that will probably never totally go away. As Jill met Lisa and began working out vigorously, she was becoming stronger. With every pound of strength she gained, Jill was able to suppress her inferiority complex and gain self-confidence, something she never had prior.

Jill knew she was becoming stronger over the months and months of working out with Lisa and she certainly noticed that Dave had lost a little weight since they first started dating. It was never a conscience realization, but this played perfectly into her sub-conscience needs and she was losing her underlying fear and mistrust in men when she was with Dave. Jill had never possessed this comfortable of a feeling with any man and it made her want to be with Davey exclusively and possibly forever. When in Las Vegas for the Olympia show, Lisa and Louie pointed out that Jill might actually be more muscular than Dave, and later that weekend, she actually found out that she was indeed Stronger than Dave too. As soon as she realized this, for the first time ever, she actually had no uneasiness around a man and fell more deeply in love with Dave than she ever thought possible. They got married almost immediately.

As Jill continues to work out, and Dave continues to lose weight, she suppresses the underlying fear and mistrust she's always had in men to an almost unrecognizable level. As the ALPHA in the relationship, Jill sub-consciously wants this gap in their physical strength to widen. Having Dave take on a more meager and slightly more feminine appearance, only works to more solidify Jill's sub-conscious needs. It will never go away in Jill and she will always feel the need to be strong so that the horrible mental scars her father left in her will not resurface. It is a battle with herself that Jill fights, not one with the one man she loves in Dave.

...and on with the story...

Workout Journal and new found comparison...

It had been a few days since Jill had left and I missed her immensely. I had pleased myself for a couple of days, just thinking about her gorgeous muscular thighs wrapped around my torso as she would hover above me fucking me passionately. The feel of the firmness and power in her quads was intoxicating to me and I was thinking about them often. The previous night was nice as well, Jill called me and we had phone sex for the first time ever. It seemed that we had almost always been together for the two years since we met, and she had fun describing her hot, wet, muscular pussy to me as she fingered herself from 1000 miles away. Even so, I desperately missed the smell of her breath and the sight of her



gorgeous, muscular body. I decided to look in her closet to see if she had thrown any of her sweaty gym clothes in her hamper. My hope was that she had, and they still contained her wonderful, sweaty scent. Unfortunately, she didn't have any clothes there, but she had left one of her gym bags. That was totally uncharacteristic of Jill and she almost always had her blue gym bag with her. I decided to unzip the bag hoping to find some of her recently worn clothes. To my complete happiness and amazement, the bag contained Jill's light blue long workout tights and a white half-sweater top that had the arms cut off. They had been worn and Jill's scent was still on them, making me Horny immediately. Being nosy, I looked in her bag some more and actually found what I figured was her workout log book. I was very curious as to what exercises and weights Jill was lifting so I decided to thumb through it.

To my surprise, it was kind of a combination life journal and workout book. She dated and titled some of her entries and as I started to read them, a sense of guilt crept over me. These were obviously private thoughts and not meant to be shared. For example, I quickly saw an entry for just three weeks prior; March 15th: "nervous about meeting Dave's family, hope they're not freaked out with a little muscle...what to wear???...cover up or expose" Obviously Jill decided to cover up a bit for the initial meet at the house but exposed both her large muscles and her superior strength the next day. Flipping a little further back, it got really juicy. I found an entry from almost a year earlier; "Showered with Lisa at the gym today, caressed her muscular body, and she mine; we may be taking a giant step here...should I tell my Davey???" I knew that Jill had lived a bit of a bi-sexual past before she met me, but thought I had cured her of that...obviously not. Was that a good thing or a bad thing? Luckily our sex life was really in full force during that time and I think I somehow convinced her that I was her best option. She did mention me sexually in the journal on several occasions following that entry. Most of them were about how wonderful it was or she would just write, "Still feel Amazing! D was on fire last night!" Shit like that. I had later hooked up with Lisa in Las Vegas so I didn't think she even went both ways. Holy shit, what to think??? I scoured the journal looking for another entry with her and Lisa, but other than workout info, I didn't find any more sexual entries between them. Maybe I was overthinking the whole thing! But I did see that even a few months prior to our Las Vegas trip, she was thinking about our future together. One dated July 30th read, "Lisa asked me again...Where's the RING???" "Wow!" I thought, I guess she was ready to marry me months earlier than we did. I'm glad I mentioned the word marriage to her in Las Vegas, because she was wet and ready for it FOR SURE!

I looked back several months' earlier, a few weeks before we left for the Olympia weekend and saw an entry titled "ST - Davey Ice test...40 Pounds...barely, both arms; I used one arm with all 60, not crazy heavy, could I really be that much stronger???" I immediately realized that Jill had been testing my strength level leading up to our trip! We were going to a BBQ at a friend's house and needed to take ice. Jill volunteered to run to the store really quick and get it. I had noticed that when I walked down the hall, the three 20 pound bags were inside a large duffle bag. In passing, but now I realize that it was premeditated, Jill said, "Hey honey, will you put the ice up on the counter for me?" As she watched, I reached down and grabbed the small straps on the duffle bag. I lifted it only a few inches off the ground when I realized it would be way too heavy for me to lift up onto a 40" high counter. I guess I simply thought Jill had struggled to bring the ice in from the car and couldn't lift it to the counter top either. I then reached in the duffle bag and grabbed one of the 20 pound bags of ice. I placed it on the counter

and then believed I could easily lift the remaining bags and duffle up. Knowing Jill was watching, I grabbed both straps and lifted. The bag was too heavy and hung too low for me to simply place it on the counter, so I kind of swung the bag out, and used its momentum to sling it up onto the counter; so technically, I kind of cheated to even lift the 40 pounds of ice that high. Jill must have realized at that point that she was in fact considerably stronger than me. Curious, I started flipping back through the pages looking for the letters "ST", which I assumed stood for "Strength Test".

Sure enough, just two months prior to the ice lifting test was another ST entry. It read, "ST – Davey PB jar test....he couldn't open it, even with the kitchen gripper strip we had. I acted like it was a struggle, but easily opened it in front of Davey. He liked it and jokingly made another positive comment about how strong I was...I know he loves it!!!" Jill was obviously stoked to be stronger than me and even more excited that I knew and loved how strong she was becoming. Still flipping through the log book, I found another comment that just a week after the PB jar test that said, "Tightened all the jar lids today!" There were no comments about ST related to that, but I immediately realized that over the past six months, I constantly had to ask Jill to open lids for me. She had over tightened them on purpose and enjoyed watching me struggle and fail to perform a strength related task that she could so easily execute. The journal was not littered with so called Strength Tests for me, but it was obvious that she was keeping an eye on it and it was an important factor in our relationship. Finally concerning me, I noticed that the several times we had weighed each other, Jill thought it important enough to jot down my weight too. Even the last one from a few days ago read, "D-Weight 154!!! 140's possible???" Now it was absolutely solidified in my mind that she was turned on and excited about either my weight loss, or her massive weight and strength advantage over me...or both! That's why this relationship was working so well. We were on the same page on what we wanted both emotionally and physical and I was overjoyed at where we might be able to take it!

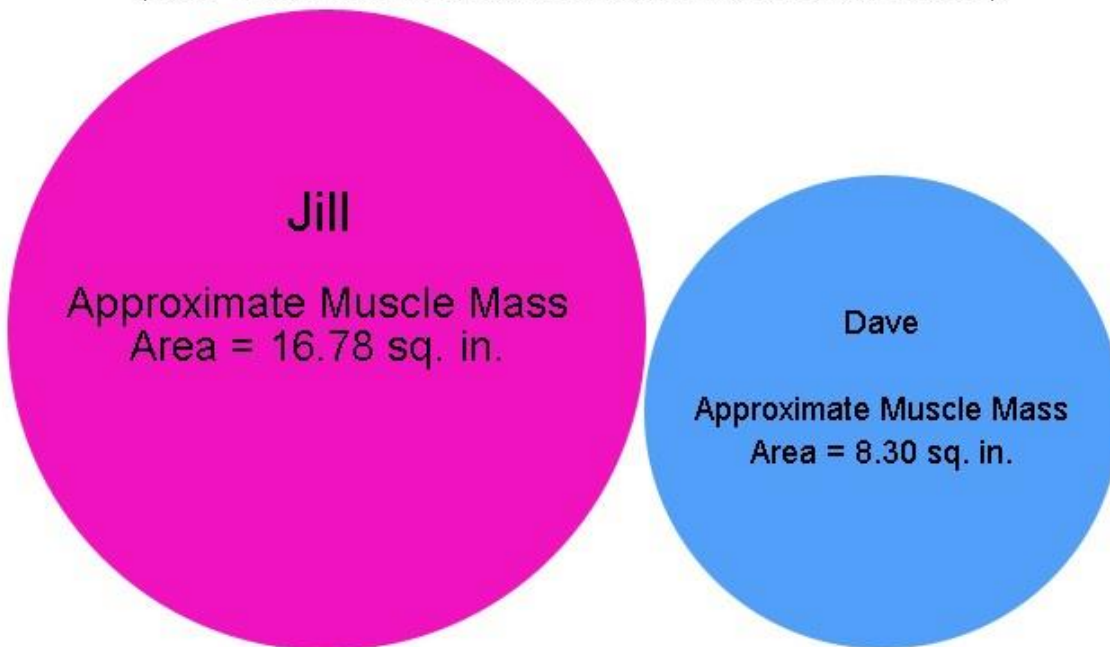
What I really wanted to find at this point were any kind of strength or size measurements Jill might have jotted down. Unfortunately, in the entire journal, there was only one that I could find on Jill's growing size. It was dated from a month ago but damn impressive. "Mar. 7th, Measure Up! - Lisa insisted she measure me today, putting on some size so it was interesting to see...Biceps: Right 15.25", Left 15.0"...Waist 27"...Quads: Right 25", Left 25.5"...Calves: Right 15.5", Left 15.75". Jill was really getting muscular and I knew at that point, after a little over two years of 110% dedicated training and supplementation, not only was she bigger than me now, I think she may be bigger than I had ever been. I remember measuring my biceps once in college when I was hitting the gym a little bit. I think my right biceps had got to about 14 3/4" and my left was just slightly smaller at 14 1/2" if I remembered correctly. That was back at the height of my weight at probably 182 or 183 pounds, so now at only 154 pounds, I was desperate to know what my measurements were and how I stacked up against my beautiful muscle-bound wife.

I grabbed a fabric tape measure out of the box of odds and ends Jill had in our linen closet. I then wrapped it around my left biceps. First I measured it without flexing: 11 1/2". It was pretty meager I thought, so I decided to flex it and measure. Due to my complete lack of working out and lack of any

physical activity other than running, even totally flexed, there was almost no movement or peak created. I realized immediately that my left arm was a complete pussy. The slight movement didn't even stretch the tape. I then moved the tape to my right arm. I measured it before flexing as well and it was slightly larger at just over 11 1/2". For the hell of it, with my arm still in the tape, I loosened it to where it would be stretched to 15 1/4". The mass in that empty space was impressive but hard for me to really wrap my mind around. At first I thought, wow, Jill's biceps are 3" larger than mine are; she must be about 20% stronger than me now. I got an immediate erection even thinking about the possibility that Jill's muscles, and strength was 20% greater than mine!

After a bit more thought, I realized that I was wrong. Looking at a dissection of a biceps muscle, a circle with a circumference of 15" has more than 20% more area than one of only 12". I had to know how much and decided to really find out. First off, I found out that the area of the average female Humerus arm bone is 1.77 sq. inches while the males is 2.22 sq. inches. Plugging it into my computer, Jill's biceps, a circle with a 15.25" circumference has an area of 18.55sq. in., less the Humerus bone equals 16.78sq. in. Ok I thought, Jill's biceps have an area of approximately 16.78 square inches. Now for mine, a circle with a circumference of 11.5" has an area of 10.52sq. in., less the Humerus bone of 2.22" equals 8.30 square inches. HOLY SHIT!!!! Although her arms were just over 3" larger around than mine, they contained over double the muscle mass. Jill's arms could be Twice as strong as mine! To get a visual, I quickly got on the computer and created a visual aid of a circle with a 15.25" circumference and one with an 11.5" circumference. The difference was astounding and I immediately realized how much more massive Jill was than me...

**Relative Muscle Mass  
Between Jill's 15.25" biceps versus my 11.5" biceps  
(Total Circumference less Humerus bone area shown below)**



Really curious, I then measured my right thigh muscle. It was hard and lean from my running and came to 22" in circumference, compared to Jill's 25.5" quads. So Jill's massive quads contained about 52 sq. in. of muscle while mine only contained about 38.5 sq. in. Again, subtracting the area of the Femur bone, which is slightly thicker in males, our relative quadriceps muscle mass was 49.56 Sq." for Jill and 35.96 Sq." for me. Jill's quads were literally 13.6 Sq." more massive than mine, almost 40% larger and of course they were longer than mine too. The power in Jill's legs had to be almost exponentially stronger than mine!

Finally, I decided to run another overall muscle mass comparison, like I had done when we attended the Olympia 6 months earlier. I knew that I was about 95 pounds of organs, bones and fat; and so carried about the rest in muscle. At 154 pounds, I was now carrying approximately 59 pounds of muscle. Jill was about 189 pounds of mass when my mom had just visited, but had put on a little body fat while bulking up. She had been about 18.5% body fat at the Olympia, but I guessed that she was a little higher now at maybe 22%. So Jill was carrying the same 55 pounds of bones and organs, but at 22% also carried approximately 42.5 pounds of body fat. At 189 pounds, minus 55 pounds of bones and organs, and 42.5 pounds of fat, Jill must be carrying about..... 91.5 pounds of muscle. 91.5 POUNDS OF MUSCLE....GOD DAMN!!!! My wife was now carrying 32.5 pounds more muscle than I was. She was slightly stronger than me 6 months prior when we carried almost the same amount of muscle, now there was no question. She was had to be massively stronger than me.

Overly excited, I put on the white half-sweater with the arms cut off that I found in her gym bag. I stood in front of the mirror and looked at my scrawny arms, just picturing how massive and muscular her arms would look wearing this same sweater. I leaned my head back, closed my eyes and pictured her beautifully buff, powerful body as I masturbated. I imagined her muscular arms, pumping heavy weight, while drops of sweat bubbled to the surface. Her neck and chest heaving as she breathed deeply, exerting massive force against the bars and dumbbells she was moving. How amazing it must be for her to lift heavy bags of ice, luggage, groceries or whatever in her daily life, always thinking they were as light as a feather while I would struggle or could barely lift them. She had tightened all of the lids on the jars in the pantry, loving her strength compared to my weakness. Jill's lovely, strong muscles had become an obsession for both of us and I pictured her naked, powerful body next to mine as I began to squirt my semen all over the bathroom sink. As it spewed from my rock hard cock, I pictured Jill, squatting down on her huge quads, taking my penis in her mouth and sucking up and swallowing every last ounce of cum.

Jill was obviously gung ho at this point in her life with the whole weightlifting thing, but like with a lot of women, I knew it could be a quick two or three year fad and then on to something else. I also knew that my recent dedication to losing weight could also easily pass and I'd be back to 175 or 180 pounds in no time. So I said to myself, "Fuck it Dave, go ape shit on the weight loss thing for a month, and then re-evaluate or even put the weight back on!!!" Over the next few weeks, more committed than ever, I slightly lowered my calorie intake to four small meals per day consisting of fruit, vegetables and fish. I then began doing two sessions of high-intensity cardio per day (on the stationary cycle), while also

increasing my sit-up regimen. It was obvious to me that Jill wanted me to weight in the 140's and I was dedicated to achieving that before she returned from Texas. I knew that muscle weighed more than fat, and I figured if I reduced my protein intake significantly I could lose a bit of that muscle and hit the 140's. Wondering how healthy or unhealthy that could be, I picked up a book by Sabastian Coe and found that at 5'10" he weighed only 120 pounds when he competed in the Olympics. At the same height, I was 34 pounds heavier so I knew I could easily drop a few pounds without significant health risk!

The diet and exercise regimen was working brilliantly and I lost 2.5 pounds the first week alone. I lost another 2.0 pounds the second week and about 2 more pounds the third week. I felt a little weak but was excited to have dropped all the way down to 148.5 pounds. Knowing my beautiful wife would be home in just 8 more days, I decided to cut down by one meal per day and add 10 to 15 minutes to each cardio session. I knew I wasn't dramatically risking my health, but constantly took vitamin supplements in hopes all would be well. Just a day before Jill's arrival, I stood on the scale again. To my amazement, the scale flickered numbers and then stopped at 145 pounds. Doing a quick calibration,  $(145 - 95)$  I realized that I was probably now carrying about 50 pounds of muscle on my frame. I quickly grabbed the measuring tape and threw it around my left arm. I pulled the tape tightly to see it read exactly 11". Using the same formula from before, my arm now contained only 7.40Sq. in. of muscle. If Jill hadn't gained a centimeter over the last month, she would still sport 16.78Sq. In. of biceps mass...now 2.25 times as massive as mine!

I wasn't 100% sure I could believe it and decided to weigh myself again. Sure enough, the digital readout said 145. I wanted to make sure the scale was calibrated correctly and decided to go into the other room and grab one of Jill's kettlebells to be sure. There was a 40 pounder, a 30 pounder and a 20 pounder lined up against the wall. For the hell of it, I reached down and attempted to lift the 40 pounder. It seemed like it weighed 100 pounds and I nearly ripped my arm out of its socket during the try. I laughed briefly reached over and attempted to lift the 30 pounder. I was able to bring it about six or eight inches off the ground, but my grip couldn't handle the weight and it slipped out of my weak hand and dropped with a thud to the ground. Lastly, I reached over and grabbed the 20 pound kettlebell. It was also very heavy to me, and my grip seemed like it might let go at any second, so I grabbed it with my other hand too and walked it into the bathroom. Hanging the weight in front of me as I gripped the handle with both hands, I stepped on the scale. After a few seconds of calculating, it stopped at 165 pounds. The scale was obviously accurate and I had indeed dropped to 145 pounds.

Proud of my accomplishment, I walked the weight back into the other room. For the hell of it, I thought I would try a few curls with the 20 pound weight. I held it down at my right side and attempted to curl the weight. I literally got it 1/2 of the way up and could not move it further. I even tried leaning back slightly to cheat, but could not manage to lift it any higher. Finally, I reached over with my left arm and helped my right arm curl up the weight. I had to shake my head and laugh at how weak I had become, not even able to curl a 20 pound weight. I put the 20 pound weight down and stepped over the 30 pound kettlebell. Reaching down and squatting slightly, I grabbed the handle of the 30 pound weight

with both hands and stood up. With the weight hanging by both hands in front of me, I began to curl the kettlebell up. It seemed like it weighed a ton, but I was able to curl it all the way up. Curious, I tried it again, it burned a bit and felt like it was heavier, but I got it all the way up. I repeated this again but by the sixth rep, I no longer had the strength to curl the weight. I knew I had really lost a lot of strength by this point, only able to curl 30 pounds with both hands five times. I know it sounds weird, but I actually got an erection thinking about how weak I had become, knowing Jill had done nothing but get larger and stronger over the same time frame. I couldn't wait to see her tomorrow...

Jill's return...

Before Jill left for Texas, I let her know not to send me pictures of her progress. I wanted to be surprised when I saw her at the end of her intense training. She agreed and we simply texted, e-mailed and called each other over that time. There was the obvious phone sex, but I was left using my imagination and some pictures I had of her on my computer. Over the past two weeks though, I quit even looking at pictures of her at all, wanting the eventual meeting to be that much more exciting. The night before she came home I decided to send a quick picture. I stood on the scale which read 145 and took and sent the picture. Just a minute later, she texted back, "No way that's you honey, but very funny ☹️." We texted back and forth a couple of times but it was obvious she didn't believe I had lost 9 more pounds over a month. Finally, to prove it was actually me, I set a mirror up on the floor next to the scale. It was hard to get the angle right, but I finally was able to take a picture with my face in the reflection of the mirror next to my feet and the 145 pound readout on the scale. It seemed like a long wait, but finally she texted back, "XOXOXOXO!!!! Can't wait to hold you in my arms my Davey!!!!" I was pretty happy to read that and was trying to picture just how buff and powerful those arms would now be.

I wanted to look good for Jill when I picked her up from the airport so I started going through my dresser and closet for some cool clothes. I found a pair of pretty dope Lucky Brand jeans she bought me when we first started dating and threw them on. Unfortunately, I had lost almost 35 pounds since then and they were 34" waist. I grabbed a belt, but even at the tightest hole, the belt and pants were so loose, they dropped off my waist and down to my ankles. I also looked for a cool shirt to wear, but other than a couple of nice button down dress shirts I bought for my occasional visits to a client, they were all way too big. The XL shirts looked like I was wearing a blanket, as the sleeves now came way past my elbows as I had obviously lost all of my shoulder girth. I had purchased a couple of size L shirts when I was down to about 165 pounds, but those looked way too big on me as well, and other than being slightly shorter than my old size XL shirts, they were still very loose and the sleeves also came down just below my elbow. Looking in the mirror, it looked as if I was a kid wearing his dad's big shirts. So, I literally had nothing cool to wear.

I had read on the internet that high school kids were now wearing tight "Skinny Jeans" to be cool and that guys were actually wearing "girls" jeans because tight ass jeans were in-style for some reason. I imagined that they were popular because they were so damn tight, they actually showed off the guys package too. Anyway, I knew Jill had been about 150 pounds when we started dating so I thought, she



might have a pair of jeans that would fit me in her old clothes area of the closet. Sure enough, she had several designer pairs of jeans that she had not worn in forever. A couple of the pairs were actually kind of loose on me, but I eventually found a few pairs that fit really well. The pair that fit the best was a pair of Rock & Republic jeans with some sort of crown bead design on the pockets. They fit my legs tightly, but I was surprised that they actually looked decent on me. Normally, I was not one for designs on my clothes, but I laughed and thought, well, I guess I'd be cool in high school wearing these. She had some shirts in there too and I figured there had to be something that fit me pretty well in her wide selection. I found a black v-neck short-sleeved shirt that fit me perfectly. The sleeves only came about half way down my upper arm and it was just barely loose around the shoulders and tight around my torso. It had a small blue shamrock and the letters LB on the back, just below the neck line. I had the jeans and shirt on and looked in the mirror. I actually looked pretty cool and knew I had my outfit for the meet up with my wife. My hair was starting to get annoyingly long, but I knew Jill loved it so I kind of parted it in the middle, let the left side hang down covering part of my face and scooped the right side behind my ear. I saw a picture of Brad Pitt doing that with his long hair and figured chicks probably dug that look.

Motivated and excited about seeing my wife for the first time in a month, I got in a last 90 minute cardio and abs workout. I had become very obsessed with it and an hour and a half of cardio per day was becoming the norm. Sleep was awesome and I woke up the next morning refreshed and excited to see Jill. I cleaned up, put on the clothes I had picked out and jumped in Jill's truck to head for the airport. Having not even looked at an old picture of Jill in two weeks, and knowing she had certainly put on some muscle, I started to get a hard on just thinking about my beautiful, muscular wife. I hit a bit of traffic on the way, but found a decent parking spot just across from the baggage claim entrance, which is where I was supposed to meet Jill. I couldn't wait to see her, so I hopped out of the truck and walked briskly to the entrance. On the way out of the parking lot, a very muscular guy walked slowly past me. He was wearing shorts and a white tank top showing off his obvious dedication to lifting major amounts of weights, and looked pretty damn impressive. He was bigger than your normal bodybuilder and I wondered if he also went to Texas to train with who Jill and Lisa trained with over the last month. It was kind of a bodybuilding workout camp and I immediately realized that the airport might be filled with these muscle heads.

Sure enough, I walked in and immediately saw another huge muscle head sitting on a wooden bench about 20 feet away. As I walked up, I was admittedly impressed with how muscular he was. Since he was kind of sitting just on the edge of the bench, and wearing short, black workout shorts, his muscular quads heaved upward as there was basically muscle piled on top of muscle. What was more impressive to me though, was how his muscular hamstrings hung powerfully down in a large arcing curve with major separation between the upper and lower mounds of leg muscle. His calves were thick as well and I knew that was a dude I would not want to cross. He was also wearing a white hoodie with the arm sleeves cut off. The hood was up over his head and hat as he looked down at a magazine. As I was almost up to him, I couldn't help but peer at the huge biceps and forearms on him. They were incredibly muscular and even from a few feet away, I could see the veins almost protruding out of his skin as they coursed over his thick muscles. Just as I passed this muscle bound bodybuilder to look around for Jill he gave me a quick cat-call whistle. I was immediately embarrassed, realizing that he probably was



mistaking me for a chick so I didn't turn and just kept walking. Six or eight quick steps later he whistled again, now making it obvious he thought I was some hot chick walking by that he was just going to seduce by showing off his huge muscles. A bit frightened, I took a few more quick steps and he again whistled and then said, "Dave." In a bit of a high pitched voice. I quickly turned to look at him wondering how the fuck this huge bodybuilder knew my name.

The sun was shining brightly from directly behind him and I immediately realized that it was probably Louie waiting there to pick up Lisa. He stood up and I had to squint to keep from being blinded by the light. I could really just see his silhouette as he started walking towards me. With each step, his huge quad muscles bulged and protruded out massively. He had so much leg muscle, that he actually had that bodybuilder waddle stride as he approached. His massive arms were hanging down at his sides, but his triceps poked out of his arm greatly and I knew he had to be incredibly powerful. He had sunglasses on, plus he had the hood covering his head and hat so I said with a questioning voice, "Louie?" He just started laughing and as he got to only a few feet away I could finally see his face clearly. I stood there stunned and in complete disbelief as I now realized that this massive bodybuilder with huge powerful quads, calves and biceps was not Louie, and not some other powerful meathead.....It was my wife!

Jill had a gleam in her eye and huge smile on her face as she enveloped me with her massive, muscular arms and easily lifted me off the ground. She leaned back slightly as we embraced, lifting my feet easily one or two feet off the ground. Her arms were crushing my small frame and I felt like I was hugging a massive stone statue. The muscles in her back were now so large and wide, I could not even wrap my arms completely around her. Rock hard and incredibly powerful, Jill swung me back and forth excitedly as she began to place wet kisses all over my face. She just kept saying, "I missed you, I missed you, I missed you." As I hung there silent and speechless at the huge mass of muscle that was now my wife. Jill finally put me down and we stood back slightly, checking each other out. I was still speechless as I looked at her imposing, massive, bulging muscles. Her shoulders were now large balls of rock hard muscle that protruded greatly out of her white hoodie. I couldn't fathom how large they had actually become and I felt like she had shoulders that would make an NFL linebacker jealous! Her biceps had also grown massively larger and it seemed like they were now bigger than my thighs. I reached out to grab her thickly muscled left biceps and as my hand slowly approached, it began to shake uncontrollably. I hadn't even realized it, but my entire body, now starting to realize how enormous and powerful my wife now was, began to shake uncontrollably. She was colossal in size and as I looked at her neck and jaw, I realized that she had somehow developed tremendous musculature there as well, with two thick and bulging veins running up from her upper chest to just under her jaw. My body was reacting subconsciously, trying to process the presence of my now gargantuan wife. Wearing her shoes with a bit of lift in them, I peered up at her as usual, but she not only seemed much more muscular, for some reason, she seemed a little taller too. It may have just been the overall mass of her, but I immediately felt miniscule in her presence. Jill grabbed my face gently with her now thickly muscled hands and moved our faces together to again share a passionate kiss. As we kissed, I reached my hands up underneath her arms and felt the power and unbelievable size of her massively developed lats. I actually tried to cup them in my outstretched hands but they were too large and bulky, and I only was able to feel part of their new mass. I now had a massive hard-on and the skinny jeans of hers that I was

wearing could barely contain it. Jill reached down to cup my balls and cock but I said, "Don't do that now or I'll be cuming all over the place in here." She laughed and said, "I can't wait to fuck you like you've never been fucked before honey." With her new strength and size, I knew it was certainly going to be a ridiculous ride!

After holding her for a few more moments, I noticed one of her bags was coming around on the luggage carousel. I walked a few feet up the lane and reached over to grab the handle. Unfortunately it was on the opposite side of the edge of the carousel rail and I was really outstretched to grab it. I started to tilt it upright, but it felt extremely heavy and at about half way up, the conveyer came to an abrupt stop and while holding on to the handle, her bag dropped back down. The weight of the bag, and my unwillingness to let go, suddenly pulled me over and into the carousel. Just then, before I could quickly recover and push myself upright and out of the luggage bin, the conveyer started up again, pulling me sideways and laying me, stomach down, completely into the metal carousel. Before I could react, Jill quickly grabbed the back of my pants and belt and lifted me completely out of the carousel and onto the ground. I turned to look up and saw my hugely muscled wife, standing over me as a tower of pure strength, saving me from the jaws of the dreaded luggage monster! Her right arm was flexing massively as she had also, in the same motion as whisking me up and out of the carousel, grabbed her luggage. I looked up at her with a puzzled gaze and said, "How the hell did you lift me with one arm?" "Adrenaline I guess." She replied, "Oh yea, and this!" she said as she hit a full-fledged left biceps pose. The biceps balled up into a huge mass of muscle and I couldn't believe how much volume my wife had so recently put on. I froze, speechless as I looked up and ogled her unbelievable arm. Sensing I wasn't going to budge, Jill reached down, grabbed me under the left arm-pit and easily lifted me up and onto my feet. I immediately wrapped my arms around her hulky torso and held her tightly. A few moments later, Jill grabbed her other bag and amongst many jeers and stares, we wheeled them out of the baggage claim area and walked to the truck. I had a million questions I wanted to ask Jill, but was somehow speechless and we walked quietly to the parking lot. My wife was now so huge and massive, I just couldn't believe it.

We arrived at the truck and I said, "Wait a second." She stopped, so I grabbed one of the bags with both hands and tried to lift it above the truck bed wall and into the back. I could only manage to lift it a little over waist high and I quickly dropped it back to the ground. Jill laughed, said, "You're funny." And grabbed the handles on both bags. She then easily lifted them simultaneously up and over the bed wall and laid them in the back. It was pretty impressive, but I knew that as easily as she made it look, it had to be a bit of a struggle. I then started to walk to the driver's door to get in. Jill slapped me on the ass, stinging it greatly and said, "Other side princess." She had never called me that before, and I gave her another puzzled look. She got a really serious look on her face and said, "Well, if you're going to wear my old designer clothes, I guess the name fits, doesn't it?" I thought she might be mad that I wore them and an immediate sense of dread came over me as I stared at her, speechless again, not knowing what to say. "Relax honey." She said after a brief pause and stare, "I'm just kidding, and I'm going to have you out of them exactly zero minutes after we get home any way." I was still a bit too nervous to smile and then said, "oh, um....Ok."

We got in the truck and Jill began driving us home. We could not get there fast enough and we wanted to ravage each other immediately. I lifted the middle center console and slid next to my muscle bound wife. Her thighs towered up and seemed to have grown immensely in the 4 ½ weeks she was gone. I placed my hand on her right thigh, feeling its warmth and tremendous, solid, mass even as it was relaxed. It was almost rock hard, even while relaxed and I couldn't even imagine how much brute force it contained. I had an erection busting through my pants but really wanted to wait till we got home before I started shooting semen all over the damn place. Jill grabbed the steering wheel with her brawny left hand, reached her muscular right arm around my shoulder and pulled me in tightly next to her now massively solid body. She then looked down and said, "Looks like you're VERY excited to see me." I replied, "Ummm huh." And then reached out with my left hand and grabbed onto her huge left biceps and triceps as she drove. "Unbelievable" I uttered as I caressed it in total amazement at its new, larger size. I then started to caress her massive fore arm, noticing all of the newly developed protruding veins crisscrossing its muscular surface. We hit a red light and Jill took the opportunity to lean in and start kissing me passionately. While kissing, Jill reached down with her left hand and unzipped my pants, taking my cock in her warm, powerful hand. With her now monumental power and size, I felt vulnerable to her every whim, but also warm and safe in her presence. A feeling of euphoria had completely taken over me and she probably sensed my complete reverence to her every word.

I was hoping not to cum all over myself in the truck and so I grabbed her forearm in my hands to stop her. It was so large, it seemed bigger than my biceps. I had no chance of interrupting her desires and her powerful, warm grip caressed my penis perfectly. The light turned green and Jill began driving us closer to home, all the while giving me a hand job. I reached up and grabbed her weighty biceps in my hands. Both hands could not even reach all the way around it, and I realized that she had indeed put on at least an inch or so since she left for Texas. "Oh my God!" I exclaimed as the elation of realizing just how massive her gorgeous biceps had become and the amazing feeling of her hand massaging my cock sent me skyrocketing into an amazing state of ecstasy. I then leaned over and began lightly kissing the enormous mound of muscle that now covered her shoulder. It almost seemed fake, it was so large but it too was very firm to the touch and I knew it had to contain astonishing strength. Finally unable to contain myself, I exclaimed, "I think I'm about to explode!" Jill immediately pulled to the side of the road, bent over and took my cock in her moist, warm mouth. With literally six or eight thrusts, my member erupted like a volcano into her. Jill continued to thrust and drink every last ounce of my cum, like a dog lapping up water after a hot run. While cleaning me up, Jill's weight was against me and I was being squeezed into the seat like I was going to become a permanent part of it. It was not a painful feeling, but the pressure was immense and I was starting to fully realize the power in her glorious mass. I looked down at the back of her neck as she finished cleaning me up and noticed that her traps had also grown immensely and they flexed massively as she moved. I reached out and grabbed them in my hands, feeling how absolutely dense and mighty they had become. Jill finished and slowly rose up, and kissed me passionately for a few seconds. She then, put the truck in drive and guided us home. As she drove, I again placed my hand on her massive quad muscles, anxious to have them wrapped around my thin torso when we got home.

We arrived home and Jill parked the truck in the drive way. She got out and looked back at me with a sexy and sinister look. "Come here my darling." She whispered as she held out her enormous arm towards me. Excitedly, I grabbed her powerful hand and exited the truck. She turned, flipping her gorgeous, long brown pony-tail through the air and it rested beautifully over her huge right trap muscle as we began to walk towards the house. In tow, I peered down to watch her colossal quads, hammies and calves as she waddled us to the door. As I had always loved about big bodybuilders, Jill's inner thighs were now so muscular; she could not take a straight step. So her hips had to turn slightly with each stride. This made her legs turn just a bit outwards and thus her muscular thighs seemed even more gargantuan. I was also having trouble believing how huge and powerful her ass had become. I reached down and clutched it as we approached the door. It was more round and bulbous than I had ever remembered and it was hard as nails! It felt amazing as I felt its mass through her silky black shorts. We approached the door and I fumbled for the key to unlock it and get inside. I opened the door and walked a few feet inside. I then remembered that we had left the luggage in the truck. Quickly, I turned around and said to Jill, "We forgot your luggage." Jill immediately answered, "Fuck the luggage babe, I want to eat you up right now."

Facing my wife just inside the door, Jill put both hands under my armpits and easily lifted me straight up into the air. As she lifted me skyward, my hard cock was now right in front of her face. Jill walked me several feet into the living room and threw me onto the couch. I bounced a couple of times and Jill was now at my feet. She quickly pulled off my shoes and threw them back over her shoulder. I couldn't help but notice her huge, protruding triceps flex massively as she did so. Now shoeless, Jill grabbed my pant legs and ripped them off and tossed them over her shoulders as well. I was ridiculously excited as Jill was now easily having her way with me. She quickly jumped on me, and instead of sliding my boxer shorts off, she grabbed the fly and ripped them in half, exposing my rock hard cock. She kissed me passionately for a few seconds and then rose her torso up to remove her top. Her weight was immense and I felt like I was being smashed through the couch and onto the floor under her mass. Jill threw off her top and I was stunned at what I saw. Instead of her rather medium to small breasts; they had been getting smaller since she had taken up weightlifting a couple of years prior, she now had almost no visible boobs, but had grown, massive, rounded chest muscles. They heaved outward and made a huge, cavernous valley in the middle of her upper trunk. I reached up and felt their immense hardness and as I ran my fingers into the middle, she quickly flexed them and her pecs literally grabbed my middle finger! It shocked me and I had to pull firmly to remove it. Jill then decided to give me a pec dance. She flexed and relaxed her left and right pectoral muscles in opposite rhythm five or six times, putting me into a state of awe. Then, with no warning, she flexed them both firmly at the same time and gave me a "most muscular" pose. The muscles in her huge chest flexed massively and led my vision straight to her towering traps which of course tied into her ever thickening neck, covered in large, rounded, blood pumping veins. As I stared her in the eyes, Jill had a huge wry smile on her face and her gorgeous eyes peered through me like arrows of confidence. I was aroused beyond human capacity and my eyes uncontrollably rolled back into my head as I faded from consciousness and fainted.

I awoke a few moments later to Jill gently patting me in the cheek saying, "Wake up Davey, Wake Uuuup...." She was now standing next to me and had taken off her shorts, but was still wearing the

boots. As I peered up at my huge, muscle-bound wife, she grabbed my hand and helped me get to my feet. Because she was wearing her tall heeled shoes, and I was barefoot, she towered a few inches over me; simply exaggerating the fact that she was much more massive than me anyway. "Sorry my love," She whispered, "I didn't know my muscles could have that drastic of an effect on you." Finding it a bit hard to speak I looked up into her eyes and said, "They're, they're, they're...." I couldn't find the words to accurately describe their magnificence so Jill jumped in and said, "I know honey, I know." She then bent her head down and we began to kiss passionately. As we did, I reached my arms around her mammoth torso and felt the leviathan mounds of muscle protruding from her back. As I moved my arms down closer to her waist, there were two huge mountains of thick muscle on either side of her spine, again causing a cavernous valley in between them. The amount of thick, layers of muscle on my wife were almost unfathomable to me. The power they contained had to be tremendous and my cock was about to explode just thinking about her potential.

Jill now turned and walked me a few feet to the dining room table. She then turned away from me and bent over. I was now staring down at her formidable rear and extraordinary legs. I quickly inserted my penis into her warm, tight pussy and began to pump in and out in a slow but methodical rhythm to get her warmed up. Just twenty seconds or so into it, Jill slightly twisted her quads outward and simultaneously flexed her powerful ass. Her muscle-bound glutes clinched my cock so tightly I could not move. They were like a vice on my cock and I could not believe the power they harnessed. "What's the matter back there?" Jill joked, "Does something got you all bundled up?" I laughed as I could never even have dreamed that I could be held motionless, trapped by my wife's enormously muscled ass. She laughed a bit as well and then released her powerful grip on my cock. Enjoying my newfound freedom, I began pulsating in and out of my wife's moist pussy at a faster rate. Her pussy had always been firm and strong, and she could control it in a way to actually massage my penis. But now, it was gripping onto my cock with every stroke, more firmly than ever before, and its muscles gripped and massaged my cock to the point of ultimate pleasure. It seemed as this was now this inner world inside Jill that was controlling and overpowering my cock, much like in the real world, Jill could easily overpower me. Again, I was probably close to fainting from pleasure overdose when Jill relaxed her pussy just a bit. I then got into a nice, firm, regular pace and tried to hit her G-spot with every stroke. As I did, I reached up with my hands and began to caress the bulging, thick, layers of muscle covering her back. It seemed like there was muscle where I didn't even know it existed, and then even more, smaller muscle piled on top of that.

Just as I again seemed close to climax, Jill clinched her ass muscles and held my cock tightly, trapped and helpless. She then rose up, now standing immediately in front of me, my nose hitting the base of her thick, muscular neck. Jill then started to slowly slide step back to the dining room. I grabbed onto her thick torso as she moved, hoping she would not tear my cock off me. As I held her, I felt thick bulges of ab muscle flex and relax with each baby step. I was held captive by her powerful glutes and had to mimic her every move. Now into the dining room, Jill relaxed her powerful grip and released my erect cock. She then spun me to face sideways to her, put her massive arms under my knees and back and hoisted me into the air. She held me in her arms like a small child and I knew her strength over me was beyond recognition. Jill slightly curled my body up, leaned her head down and took my cock in her

mouth. I wrapped my arm around her massive shoulder and held on tightly as I knew this was going to be a wild ride. As Jill gave me the most extreme, erotic blow-job of my life, I leaned my head back and couldn't believe how awesome my life had just become. Jill started to walk me around the table while pleasuring me greatly. Her powerful, wet tongue and seemingly muscular lips held my cock tightly as she bobbed her head up and down rapidly. I kind of grabbed onto her towering trap muscle as my world was going nuts. Finally tiring from holding me aloft, Jill leaned me up against the wall for a little support. My powerful wife was holding me 4 or 5 feet in the air, giving me head and sweat began to cover her face. It was unbelievably sexy and that sent me in to orbit. I tried to hold it, but feeling the intense pleasure on my rock hard cock, I finally ejected my cum into her mouth. Jill drank my moist warm semen and then began to lick up everything around my cock. Because I was hairless down there, per her request, she was able to lick me quite clean. Finally done, Jill peered into my eyes, smiled and said, "Your turn." She then placed me back on my feet and pushed my shoulder down.

I got on my knees and was now directly in front of my wife's gigantic quads. I slowly began to caress and kiss them as Jill massaged my head with her strong hands, occasionally running her fingernails across my scalp. I reached down to grip Jill's calves as they had become so hard and massive, I felt like they could cut class. I tried to put my hands around one of her calves and together, they could not even totally reach around them. I knew they were now much larger than when she had left for Texas and obviously stronger too. Jill then sat slightly, her powerful ass now resting on our dining room table. My head was now between Jill's massive thighs and she pushed it in forcefully to engage her vagina. I stuck out my tongue and placed it deep into her pussy. Her vagina instinctively gripped my tongue and actually started to pulsate. I left it there for a few seconds, wanting to feel how powerful her vaginal muscle had actually become. Excited by that, I began to flick my tongue quickly, while also moving my head in and out in a method that always turned Jill on. Her pussy was so wet, warm and firm I couldn't believe I survived a month without it. I reached my arms up and around her musclebound quads and dove in more firmly. My cock was now fully erect and if I had any cum left to spew, I surely would have. Jill loved my method but wanted it to last even longer. She would occasionally close her powerful thighs in on my head, squeezing me just enough to feel a little pain and realize how fucking massively strong she now was. After a few seconds held motionless, my wife would relax her authoritative grasp and allow me to continue to lick and pleasure her irresistible pussy. Finally near climax, Jill began to gyrate in a way that always led to her ultimate pleasure.

Just then the doorbell rang. It screwed up my mojo for a second, but I quickly got my rhythm back and got Jill close to her gyrations. Ten seconds later, it rang again. Again, it messed with me a bit, but I figured they would now leave and Jill and I could finish. They must have heard a little noise and the persistent bastard now started knocking on the door. Jill angrily pushed me to the side, flinging me easily onto the floor as she marched towards the door. She burst open the door, standing totally nude still wearing her boots. The salesman was completely in shock as he stared at my naked, musclebound wife standing in front of him. "What!!!" she said, "ALL THAT FUCKING RINGING AND KNOCKING AND YOU'VE NOTHING TO SAY!" Jill then grabbed the guys briefcase and threw it fifteen feet behind him, then, in an instant, my wife grabbed the guys arm, twisted him around, grabbed under his ass and easily threw him several feet into the yard. As he was still rolling across the lawn, Jill slammed the door shut,



and turned towards me. She still had a ferocious look of rage on her face as she waddled over. The guy had to be my height and probably close to 200 pounds and Jill treated him like a rag doll. I realized then, that she wasn't just much stronger than me, she was probably stronger than most guys!

The moment had been ruined, so Jill grabbed my hand and lifted me to my feet. She then bent down and hoisted me over her shoulder and waddled us down the hall. As we made our way, I looked down at her powerful ass and legs, not believing how strong she was and how fierce she had become. Jill tossed me on the bed and mounted me. Not wanting to be cheated of her orgasm, she stuck my cock in her amazing pussy and began to ride me. As she pounded up and down on me, she came closer and closer to the ultimate climax she certainly deserved. She leaned over and had her hands on either side of my head. I reached up and began to feel and caress her ravishing, huge pecs. Somehow, while fucking me hard and rapidly, she flexed her chest muscles forcefully, bringing them to their ultimate size. I marveled at how thick and large they were and wanted to lick them passionately. Jill sensed this and lowered her upper torso towards my head. As I kissed and licked her chest, she flexed them on my nose, grabbing it between them. It seemed like there was no part of my wife that was not totally muscular and completely over-powering. As she released my nose and I looked back up at her, I noticed that even her face seemed buff and muscular. It wasn't fear that struck me, but there was now a major intimidation factor knowing my wife could so easily overwhelm me with a quick flex of her muscles. Jill then began to ride me with shorter more rapid strokes and my cock felt amazing in her pulsating, muscular vagina. She rose her herculean torso up and reached her hands up and on top of her head. As she did, her lats stretched out widely and she appeared easily twice as wide as me. Her biceps bunched up into huge balls of muscle and she leaned her head back slightly. Jill began to gyrate quickly and with four or five final gasps, she let out a sigh of ultimate pleasure and reached orgasm. She slowly pumped my cock a few more times and then laid her muscular, hulky, warm, sweat covered body on top of mine. Jill then let out a comforting grown, closed her beautiful eyes and went to sleep in my warm embrace.

The Gym again...

As I woke up from our restful nap, I again looked over at my beautiful, hulking wife. I knew I hadn't been dreaming but was still amazed at the sheer size of my wife. She was laying on her right side facing away from me. I laid on my side towards her and was in awe of how far her left shoulder shot up into the air. I reached out and up to caress its massive roundness. As I did, Jill let out a peaceful sigh and turned to face me. We gazed lovingly into each other's eyes. Although I was staring into Jill's beautiful eye's I couldn't help but notice how truly massive she had become. Even laying down, I felt humbled in her presence. After a few brief moments, Jill said, "You were amazing today Davey. I missed you so much when I was in Texas!" I was obviously thrilled to hear that, I replied, "Me too honey." Then leaned into Jill's powerful jaw and gave her a long wet kiss. I leaned away slightly, then reached up and began to softly massage Jill's beautiful face and said, "My God honey, even your jaw seems powerful and muscular. Did you notice that too?" "Of course I did silly." She answered, "Every part of me has become powerful and muscular because of the workout and supplementation the Explode Products people have me on. Didn't you notice I even have unbelievable vagina muscle control?" "I did." I replied, "It was like YOU were fucking ME for Christ sake!" After a brief pause, a wry smile slowly came upon Jill's beautiful, muscular face and she replied softly, ".....I was...." I immediately put my left hand on Jill's buff right



shoulder and attempted to push her onto her back. She didn't budge and it was like I was trying to shove an immovable object, but she caught my drift and rolled onto her back; I then jumped on top of her muscular physique, leaned in and began passionately kissing my muscle-bound soul mate. Jill reached up, grabbed my shoulders in her vice like grip and held me tightly as we did. I just grabbed her powerful jaw in my meager hands, feeling the unreal strength it contained as we made out. I was rock hard again so Jill grabbed my cock in her hand and began to stroke it slowly.

Jill then rolled me to the side and slid herself off the bed. I looked at her unreal physique and watched all the muscles in her shoulders and arms flex beautifully as she slid her hands under my back and thighs. With minimal effort, Jill lifted me up off the bed and held my side into her muscular pecs. Being lifted and cradled by my wife sent an arousing, electrifying feeling through my entire body and the sensation was almost indescribable! Beyond aroused, she then leaned down slightly and took my rock hard penis in her mouth. Completely airborne and in Jill's powerful hold, I was being given head by my wife. For fun, and to show off her unreal strength, Jill began walking me through the house while sucking my cock. It was quite the Power-play on her part, but I had to admit that I was loving every second of it. After a bit more walking around, Jill's arms did finally tire, so she leaned me into the living room wall for a little extra support while she finished the job. I ogled at her huge, round traps as they led into her now thick, strong, blood pumping neck. She worked my penis up and down, up and down, over and over again. Finally I was reaching maximum pleasure and I exploded my cum into her mouth. Tradition held as my wife lapped up and swallowed every ounce of my juices. Jill then gave me a quick peck on the lips and set me down to my feet.

Naked and still aroused, I grabbed Jill's thick meaty hand and led her back to our room. I turned the shower on but led her to the scale first. I stood on it to give her my reading first. As expected, the readout finally settled at my 145 pounds. I turned towards my wife who had a wide smile on her face. She knew I was about to be surprised beyond belief. While staring into my eyes she said, "Are you sure you're ready for this?" "Absolutely my love." I replied. My wife then lifted her massive quad and stepped slowly onto the scale. Like always, it bounced around a bit, but then finally settled on 201 pounds. "Holy Fuck!" I exclaimed. "That can't be possible honey....that's 22 pounds in almost 5 weeks...is that possible???" "You're looking at it aren't you." She said. I answered, "Stay here." Ran in the other room and grabbed the measuring tape. "Flex your arm." I demanded. Jill was stoked at how amazed I was and quickly hit a biceps pose. The muscle bulged greatly and I struggled to put the tape around its mass. Finally I got a good measurement. It came to exactly 16.25" around. I then quickly placed it around her massively flexed quad muscle. It stretched the tape to 26.75". Finally I measured her always enormous calf muscle which came to 17" around. I dropped the tape in awe and began to lick her beautiful, powerful calves.

Steam bellowed from the shower, so Jill grabbed my left arm in her vice like grip, turned down the lights and pulled me up and over to the door. She stepped in first and I quickly followed. Jill faced me and stood directly under the shower head letting warm steamy water flow over her head; matting her long brown hair tightly across her massive shoulders. Her pecks expanded out greatly and made her seem to

have an incredibly thick upper body and upper torso. Jill's hulking arms hung motionless at her sides, but even still, they projected an awesome strength and confidence. Her lower torso was still thick and powerful but tapered down towards her waist and led magically into her gorgeous pelvic area. Jill's ass also bulged massively and it was harder and rounder than I had remembered. Obviously, she had put on size and strength there too. I then peered down towards her thighs. They were as full of muscle as humanly possible and they protruded out to the sides and really arced out forward to the point where there's no way Jill could actually look down and see her own knee cap. It would be obscured from her view by the mounds of muscle in her quads. One of Jill's best features were always her strong, thick calves and they were even more massive as well. The roundness and thickness to them made me believe she could lift any amount of weight in the world. Even her feet seemed full of muscle and blood pumping veins.

I looked back at my wife's face and noticed she had her eyes closed as she enjoyed the warm water flowing down her muscular physique. I slowly got to my knees, wrapped my arms around her herculean legs and rounded, hard hamstring muscles and shoved my face deep into her pussy. Jill opened her stance and leaned back slightly to allow me full access to her. I reached my tongue deep into her vagina, noticing her clit like I hadn't before. It had grown since she left and I began to lick and suck it intensely. Jill began pumping her pelvic area and as I sucked her clit, it was being jammed forwards and backwards in my mouth. It was like she was fucking my mouth with her gorgeous clit. I began sucking harder and then reached my tongue deep into her pussy. As I did, her vagina muscles grabbed it and began to grip and relax, massaging or fucking my tongue, I couldn't decide which. I pumped my head in and out as quickly as I could to deliver her maximum pleasure. As I did, Jill poured shampoo all over our bodies and began rubbing it all over her massive physique. I again went back to licking and sucking her clit and reached around and up to grab her bulbous, powerful ass in my hands. Her ass was now smooth, slippery soap covered and I was now rubbing my hands across its amazing, hard, rounded surface. As I continued to lick and suck as fast as possible. Jill quickly reached orgasm, shuttered violently, let out an amazing high pitched scream and began grabbing her massive, slippery pecs forcefully in excitement. I was beyond turned on and began to lick up her clit while I started to shoot my cum onto the shower floor. Not wanting to miss a chance, Jill quickly grabbed me under the arms, pushed me against the opposite shower wall, scooted me up the wall as high as she could reach, and then leaned down to take my hard, wet cock in her mouth and finish the job. High above her and against the wall, I reached down and began to caress her gorgeous, hulking biceps and triceps muscles. Their size and hardness was beyond anything I could have possibly dreamed and by my current position, they were also stronger than I could have fathomed! Jill finished cleaning me up, gave my cock a couple of more thrusts in her warm, moist mouth and then leaned her head back and looked up at me. The look of content, happiness and confidence in her eyes gave me the warmest, most satisfying felling I'd ever had in my life. I knew I wanted to be with this woman every minute of every day!

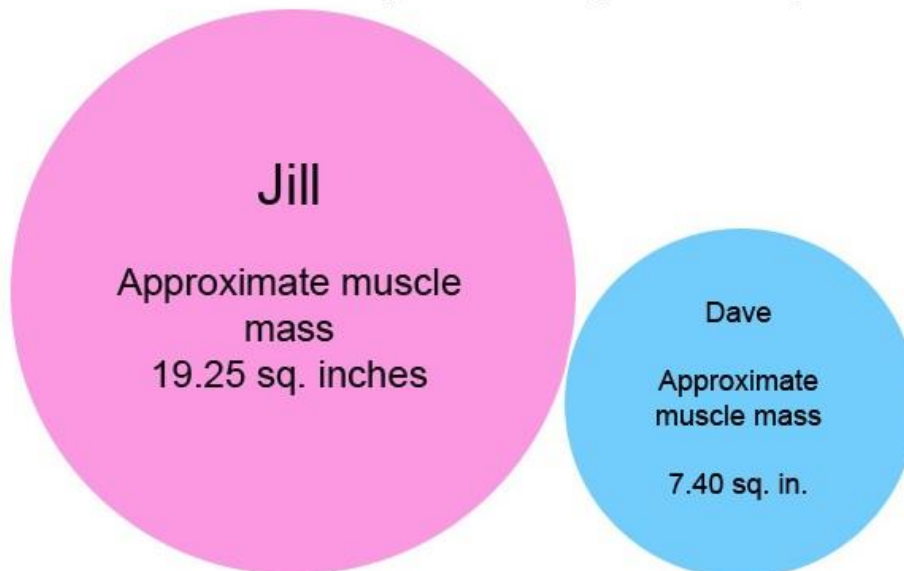
Jill lowered me back down and we shared a long warm embrace under the warm steamy water. I held onto this mammoth, muscle-bound woman but felt like a child in her massive presence. Her strength had surpassed mine by leaps and bounds and I knew she could snap me like a twig in an instant. The love we had for each other trumped any kind of physical fear I probably should have had for her and I

felt like she was now my guardian and protector and I honored her greatly. We soon dried off and Jill threw on her gym clothes to meet Lisa for a workout.

Jill puled on some long white yoga pants, threw on a sports bra and a hoodie that had the arms and most of the neck and shoulder area cut off. Her thighs bulged greatly and it looked like she had tree stumps for legs. Her amazing ass was trying to burst the pants at the seams and her gorgeous arms looked like they could lift a truck. Jill quickly put her hair in a ponytail and grabbed her gym bag which was full of Explode Supplements products. I gave her a quick peck on the lips and asked if I could meet her and Lisa at the gym to watch them workout. "Of course you can Davey!" she answered, "Lisa would love to see you I'm sure!" "Great!" I answered, "I'll be down there in just a little bit." Jill gave me a peck on the lips and walked out to her truck. I ogled her every step and watched her calves and quads bulge hugely with each stride!

As my wife drove off to pump her hulking muscles and grow ever stronger and larger, I ran to the computer to see just how much larger my wife had grown in comparison. Again, the geek in me came out and I threw in her biceps numbers. Using the formula from my earlier calculations, I found that a bicep with a circumference of 16.25" has an area of 21.01 sq. in.; less the humerus of 1.77 sq. in = 19.24 sq. in. That meant Jill had gained another 2.5 sq. inches of muscle mass in her arms. I also knew from my earlier figuring that my arms were 11." and contained 7.40 sq. inches of mass. The size difference was becoming staggering, although her arms were only 5" greater in circumference than mine, they contained almost three times the muscle mass and I could only imagine the strength advantage my muscle laden wife now possessed over me. See the chart below... the visual gives you a good idea of the difference!

### Jill's 16.25" Biceps versus my 11.0" Biceps



Still curious, I wanted to know how much more power her quads possessed over mine. I had previously measured mine at 22" in circumference, compared to Jill's now 26.75" quads. So Jill's massive quads now contained about 56.95 sq. in. of muscle while mine only contained about 38.5 sq. in. Again, subtracting the area of the Femur bone, which is slightly thicker in males, our relative quadriceps muscle mass was 54.5 Sq." for Jill and 35.9 Sq." for me. Jill's quads were now literally 19.6 Sq." more massive than mine, more than 50% more muscle mass than I possessed; and of course they were longer than mine too. Jill's legs could now easily crush me like a vice in their powerful hold!!!

Lastly, I wanted to run another overall muscle mass comparison, like I had done twice before at different stages of Jill's development. I again knew that I was about 95 pounds of organs, bones and fat; and so carried about the rest in muscle. At 145 pounds, I was now carrying approximately 50 pounds of muscle. Jill was up to 201 pounds from her previous 189 pounds of mass before leaving for Texas. I guessed that she was still around 22% bodyfat at this point. So Jill was carrying the same 55 pounds of bones and organs, but at 22%, also carried approximately 44.2 pounds of body fat. At 201 pounds, minus 55 pounds of bones and organs, and 44.2 pounds of fat, Jill must be carrying about..... 101.8 pounds of muscle! My huge wife had carried 32.5 pounds more muscle than me, but now carried an astonishing 52 pounds of muscle more than me...SHE CARRIED MORE THAN TWICE MY MUSCLE MASS!!!!

Just thinking about the strength and muscle mass my wife now contained got me crazy excited. To hold and caress her unbelievable body was almost an outer-body experience. I couldn't wait to meet Jill and Lisa at the gym and struggled to decide on what to wear. I finally decided on my running shoes, a pair of Jill's old running shorts and as a bit of a joke I put on the Explode tank-top Lisa had given me the last time I saw her. I put a thin head band in my annoyingly long hair to keep it out of my eyes and was headed for the gym. Just before I left, I decided to peak in Jill's large duffle bag of supplements and other Explode products for some sort of energy bar or gel. While riffling through the bag I found a small plastic box about 4" by 8" by 3" tall. Curious, I popped it open and my jaw dropped in shock. It contained a syringe, needles, and 5 small clear blue top bottles with liquid in them. I immediately realized that my wife was now injecting her massive body with some sort of steroid and the results may have dangerous effects. I stood there looking at the bottles and I tried to read the label, but it was all in Chinese. I sat at the kitchen table for a few more minutes wondering what to do. I finally decided to act like I hadn't discovered anything for now, and make my way to the gym.

As I drove to the gym I began to ponder the future effects of Jill's recent and possibly prolonged steroid use. On one hand, I was excited to realize that she would undoubtedly gain a massive amount of size and strength, but I also knew that she might become aggressive and impatient in her personality and possibly be subject to fits of rage. I arrived at the gym and parked right next to Jill's truck. As I approached the door, a weird sense of nervousness and uneasiness came over me. I had just been with my amazing wife and had experienced ultimate pleasure with her, but I was now entering her world and knowing about her steroid use gave me great pause. I opened the door any way and proceeded to the front desk. Behind the counter stood a kind of dorky looking girl with a few pimples, black rimmed glasses and a name tag which read Amanda, written cutely with a heart at the end of it. Obviously the employees got to write their own names on the tag. She was tall and thin, had pale skin and was

wearing an unzipped track jacket over her shoulders which covered up her arms. I was trying to let her know that I was just here to meet up with my wife and was hoping to work out for free or just to put my day fee on her account. She looked at my measly frame and said, "Are you sure you're at the right gym?" It was more of a hard-core type of gym and it was obvious that Amanda thought I was way too small to really work out here, or know anyone large enough to workout here, especially my wife. I stressed that I was in the right place and the girl started to get frustrated by my insistence to get let in and said, "I need to call the manager." As she reached for the phone, the track jacket fell off her shoulders exposing her muscular ripped arms. I immediately felt puny and realized that this 19 or 20 year old dorky girl easily had biceps larger and stronger than mine. As she stared at me, waiting for the manager to pick up the line, her right biceps holding the phone bulged nicely into a strong ball of muscle and her fore arm was thick with a protruding vein running through it. She obviously knew she was stronger than me as I looked quite weak in my shorts and tank top, and her look of disdain conveyed that belief. She must have been thinking, "Why is this feeble little runt giving me shit?" I was both intimidated and aroused by this 20 year olds biceps and I finally just said, "No problem Amanda, I'll just pay the day fee." She rolled her eyes, smiled and then said, "\$10 please and sign here." I reached out to sign the roster and noticed her peering down at my scrawny arms. I was immediately embarrassed and couldn't wait to get past her and into the gym.

As I started walking through the gym looking for Jill and Lisa, I knew immediately that I had worn the wrong clothes. I felt puny and pathetic amongst the very muscular girls and guys walking throughout the place. As a natural, subconscious reaction, I held my eyes low and didn't make eye contact with any of the muscle-bound guys and girls walking past me. I got a few double takes and it was obvious these people also wondered what the hell I was doing in their SERIOUS gym and home away from home. The gym had a U-shaped design with the front desk, offices and guys and girls locker rooms in the middle. I had entered from the right side and as I made my way around the middle, I passed the Cardio section, then Legs, Shoulders, Arms and eventually Chest. As I walked around the corner to Chest, I heard who I thought was Lisa yell, "C'mon girl, Lift this weak ass shit. C'mon, Go Go Go Go Go!" From 20 feet away I looked and saw Jill struggling mightily to lift the bar onto the rack. With a huge effort and a loud scream I saw her lift it up and then drop it heavily onto the rack, making a loud clang and shaking the whole gym! Simultaneously, she jumped up, hit a massive most muscular pose towards Lisa and they high fived forcefully several times with rage in their eyes while Jill yelled "Three Fifteen Bitch! Three Fifteen!!!" It scared me and I found myself frozen in place, unable to walk up to these fanatical women. They were in their zone of muscle and strength and sweat and intensity, of which I possessed none. I kind of backed up and contemplated my next move. The wall was a full length mirror and I looked at my skinny, pathetic physique after having just watched my muscle-bound wife man handle 315 pounds. Knowing what I knew now about Jill taking the steroids freaked me out and scared me on a level that her simply being stronger than me had not done. I didn't feel like I was in her world now and I needed to figure it out fast before I came unraveled. I knew they hadn't seen me and my only reaction was to walk quickly back from where I came and out of the gym. As I walked passed the desk, Amanda said with a smirk, "See, I told you, you were in the wrong place." I didn't say a word and pushed open the front door. I couldn't remember ever being that intimidated to be in a place and I knew I didn't want to spend another second in that testosterone elevated, muscle pumping, high-intensity habitat. I quickly got in my bug and zoomed home, pondering my reaction and unexpected feeling of flight.

## The Juice

I arrived home still a bit freaked out. Knowing my wife was injecting massive amounts of testosterone in her body was not something I felt comfortable with. It seemed counter intuitive on my part to want her to be large and muscular, but to then judge the way in which she accomplished it. Was I the reason she was doing this to herself, or was there an inner drive that caused her to want this so badly? I could have dwelled on that all day, but decided to get in a good run and an ab workout myself to clear my mind. I set out on my run and decided for a nice 6 mile workout to really get the blood flowing. As was becoming more common due to my damn long hair, which Jill insisted I keep growing, I got several honks and whistles along the route. I had become accustomed to this so I would simply turn my head the other way as they passed by, so they wouldn't get a look at my face and realize they had just made a serious gender mistake. I didn't need to deal with any more pissed off dudes thinking they had to now kick my ass to prove they weren't gay. A good run was always the best medicine and I arrived home in a better mood.

I wasn't sure how to confront Jill on the issue, but knew I had to ask and at least be on the same page with her moving forward. Not long after I arrived home, Jill pulled up in the driveway. As always, I peered out the kitchen window to ogle her muscular physique as she walked up to the door. Her thighs bulged massively with each step, but it was her arms which looked absolutely humongous. She was looking awesome as her workout had her arms and chest pumped to the max. The steroid use still had me weirded-out and it was like I was seeing her almost as a freak, instead of my loving wife. Jill walked in the door looking tall and massive and I met her with a kiss. I did love how she wore high-heeled shoes, boots or sneakers all the time and in my bare feet, she seemed to tower over me. As I reached out and clutched her arms, I said, "My God Jill, your arms are bigger than I ever!" She smiled and said, "You're right Davey, and they're getting bigger by the day it seems." She then hit a quick bicep pose, which she knew I loved and said, "Stronger by the day too!" The biceps muscle bulged into a rock hard ball so I instinctively reached out and grabbed it...but I couldn't even wrap my hands completely around it. Jill chuckled, gave me a cute pat on the head and said, "Now now dear, time to feed the machine." She then waddled past me and into the kitchen. Her legs were becoming so muscular that her waddle was becoming more and more pronounced. It turned me on greatly to know Jill was putting on significant amounts of muscle and it was hard to fathom how powerful she had become. I followed her into the kitchen as she grabbed a pre-packed meal out of the refrigerator.

As Jill began to consume massive amounts of food, I sat across from her with my fruit salad and fat free milk. She was also downing an army of pills and a huge Explode Supplements shake with creatin, bcaa's and time release proteins. She seemed content in her food, so I decided this was the time to let the cat out of the bag. "Honey." I said, "I love you like crazy but I have to talk to you about something." Without skipping a beat, she replied, "Oh, is it about you coming into the gym today and then leaving abruptly?" I sat there stunned, not knowing what to say. I had no idea she knew I had come by and now I was frozen in shock, having no clue how to reply. Jill sat there patiently eating her meal, waiting for me to respond. Finally, after a several second delay I said, "I um, I um...well I went there and um...huh!" I



took another deep breath knowing I had been caught. "It's okay honey." Jill said, "Take your time, breathe, and tell me why the hell you left." I felt like a kid who had just got busted by his parents and let them down and my face turned bright red. After several more seconds I was shaking a little with nervousness and my voice quivered a bit while I said, "Well honey, I um went there to see you, but um, I had never felt more feeble and weak walking around all of those muscle-bound guys and girls and then um, well um, when I saw you lift 315 pounds and start high-fiving Lisa and flexing your pumped up muscles, I just felt embarrassed and insignificant and intimidated, so I left as fast as I could." With that admission and my uncontrollable fearful physical reaction, my ego took a crushing defeat and I hadn't realized that I was so in awe of my muscle bound wife that I had given up any equal footing a man and wife might have. Jill realized my clearly defeated reaction and waked around the table to sit next to me. Her hulking physique now dwarfed mine and she put her massive arm around my shoulder, hugged me and kissed me on the forehead. "There, there Davey." She said, "Don't ever be intimidated or afraid of my muscles. I would never hurt you and only want to protect you till my dying day. I love you with all my heart and I don't ever want you to feel that way around me again. Okay?" Finally one eye had welled up enough for a tear to stream down my face. I was choked up, embarrassed at my own uncontrollable reaction and obvious underlying fear of Jill's massive physique and was still shaking a little but managed to say, "Okay honey. Thank you, I love you too." Jill gave me another hug and kiss and then walked back around the table to continue eating. I wiped my face and eyes and had a bit of an embarrassed smile on my face. Jill looked over at me and as we stared deeply into each other's eyes we both laughed hysterically at the craziness that had just transpired. I don't think either one of us really knew how to react so laughter was probably the best outlet.

We continued to eat and finally Jill broke the silence and said, "So, what were you about to say before I so rudely interrupted you?" I had forgotten all about what I was about to ask her a few moments before but had not lied to my wife yet and wasn't about to start. "Well." I replied hesitantly, "I shouldn't have done it, but I looked in your supplements bag for an energy booster before I went to meet you and Lisa at the gym." Jill looked up at me with a bit of an annoyed look on her face so I stopped right in my tracks. Not knowing if it was wise to continue. Finally, she said, "Go on..." I took a gulp and said, "Well, I found the, well, you know, I found the uh... the steroids." "What steroids?" She said with surprise. I knew what I had seen yet Jill was denying it right to my face. Sensing impending doom, I took a huge back step and said, "Oh I don't know honey, never mind okay?" "No Davey, not never mind." She got up and grabbed her supplements bag and reached right for the case I had discovered with the syringe and the bottles. Placing it on the table she looked at me and said, "This case here David?" "Yes" I slowly replied. Jill calmly opened the case to expose what I had seen earlier and said, "Well honey, this was supposed to be my birthday gift to you, but I guess it'll just be a little bit early." "What?" I said, "You wanted me to start taking steroids?" "No you big dummy." Jill replied, "These aren't steroids. They're the purest, most natural form of HGH available on the planet and the results I'm supposed to gain from them should be astonishing!" "I don't understand honey, what does that mean?" I said. "Well," she answered, "This form of HGH is not even legal here in America, but in China it is perfectly acceptable for the medical field to harvest pure HGH from donor bodies. Babies and adolescents, who are incapacitated due to an accident or natural cause, and will never mentally recover from their disease or injury are kept alive by the medical field. The medical administration then harvests the organs to give to other accident victims or in the case of HGH sells it for a profit." "What are the effects?" I asked. "Two



fold really.” She said, “Muscle growth and also bone growth.” She then handed me a pamphlet to quickly read describing the benefits:

HGH stimulates bone growth:

Height is a result of bone and muscle growth. If your bones continue to grow, you will certainly grow taller. HGH stimulates bone growth by stimulating a pro-insulin substance known as insulin like growth factor or IGF-1. IGF-1 is secreted in the liver and leads to growth and multiplication of osteocytes or bone cells. Once HGH acts to release IGF-1, this substance in turn synthesizes raw material for bone matrix formation which will make you grow taller.

Another thing is that HGH permits the retention of calcium in the body. Calcium is a raw material in bone formation. If there is adequate calcium in your body, you are sure to form stronger bones and this will help you grow taller.

HGH stimulates muscle growth"

Height is also dependent on muscle bulk. Muscle bulk is increased with HGH because this hormone binds directly to muscle cells with the help of specific cell receptors. Once HGH binds to the muscle cells, it triggers a cascade of reactions that lead to the secretion of growth factors and chemical messengers that make muscle cells multiply. Thus you grow bigger and taller as a result. HGH also triggers the release of amino acids. Amino acids are the building blocks of protein which in turn compose muscle. Thus you can be assured that HGH will certainly make you grow bigger and taller.

After reading the information I looked up at her in amazement and said, “I had no idea that it could actually make an adult grow taller. Jill shook her head up and down and said, “Pretty amazing huh? I planned on surprising you with my increased height for your birthday, but now you know!” “Holy shit!” I replied, “How much can you grow?” She had a puzzled look on her face and said “I’m not sure, just a millimeter here and there as the bone matrix calcifies and increases in length, but over time, and the adding up of each bone’s very small growth it can be a lot; according to several confirmed reports, with proper spine stretching techniques, a regimented diet and exercise program, subjects gain between 1.5 and 3 inches in height; with a small percentage gaining as much as 5 inches.” I knew she had probably been taking the pure form HGH since she left for Texas so I had to ask, “Have you grown taller yet?” “Let’s find out!” she said. With that, we stood up and walked over to the wall. Jill took off her shoes and stood flat against the wall. I grabbed a thick book, stood on a stool and made a mark on the wall marking her exact height. We then grabbed a measuring tape and took a reading. It read 5’9.5”. “Oh my God Jill, I think you have grown a half inch!” I replied excitedly. Not even caring about myself, Jill then said, “Let’s measure you.” I was already barefoot and so placed my back against the flat wall. Jill took the same book and marked off my exact height on the wall as well. To my surprise, the mark was only slightly taller than Jill’s. We measured the mark and realized that I was exactly 5’9.75” tall. I was now only a quarter of an inch taller than Jill, and if the HGH performed as promised, that would not last very long. I always enjoyed looking up at my wife but knew it was because she wore high-heeled shoes.

Now the possibility existed that she might actually grow tall enough for me to look up to her no matter what. As we peered into each other's eyes, the height difference was almost imperceptible and I got an immediate hard on. Jill tapped my penis and said, "Put him away dear, I've got to eat and do my stretches; I still want your birthday present to be a good one." Knowing my wife was not using steroids and was not going to experience some major personality changes for-the-worst put me at ease and I immediately felt as comfortable around her as I ever had. It had been a crazy emotional first 24 hours back with Jill and I was hopeful the normal day to day married life would kick right back into place.

After a solid half hour of stretches, Jill then hooked a contraption to her feet and hung upside down from hooks that were secured to the doorway in the guest bedroom. That lasted another fifteen minutes and then she drank another Explode supplements concoction and asked me to follow her to the bedroom. I ogled every ounce of her muscular body and was ever more excited when she stripped down to her panties. I began to take off my shorts and she said, "Hold on there stallion; it's not what you think." She handed me a book and said, "Now you have to deep massage my spine and back muscles. Just follow the diagrams in the book." Jill laid face down on the bed and I sat on her rock hard ass and began to follow the spine and back massage exercises from the diagrams. I was massaging and trying to move massive, thick back muscles that protruded from Jill amazing torso. It was hard work, but I knew it would be worth it. After another half hour of effort, I finally finished all of the steps in the book and hoped now would be the time I could get intimate with my wife. But instead of turning to embrace me, Jill reached down to the side of the bed and handed me a duffle bag. It was full of wires and round sticky ends and was all hooked up to a laptop computer. There was a wiring diagram I needed to follow and at least fifty or sixty wires to stick to my muscle-bound wife. "What the hell does this do?" I asked. "It's electrotherapy and speeds up the recovery process by two to three times honey." She explained. "That's what has allowed Lisa and I to work each body part twice and occasionally three times per week, greatly speeding up the muscle building and more importantly, the recovery process." "Oh shit." I replied, "That's how you put on over twenty pounds of rock hard muscle in only five weeks!" Jill winked at me and said, "Oooooops, now you know my secret." We both laughed and I began attaching the wires. This process took me another thirty minutes and by now it was damn near time for bed. Jill needed me to start the process on the computer and then go fetch her a last meal prior to bed time. It was some natural protein and then another Explode product that advertised time release protein and Amino Acid supplementation that would take over 5 hours for the body to fully digest. I looked at my wife and said, "This seems more like a Science than a Sport." Jill agreed and asked me to turn down the lights so she could get her full 8 hours of sleep.

Jill's daily routine became completely regimented and I could almost tell you what she was doing every minute of every day. It was great for her muscle building progress, but she wouldn't let me weigh her as she wanted my birthday present in two months to be a surprise. Jill only wore large baggy clothes around me and always wore very high heeled shoes so I couldn't get an accurate read of her height. I also was sleeping in the guest bedroom to "keep from spying on her muscles" according to Jill. For my daily massage sessions with her, she would cover her lower body and arms in the sheets and only allow me access to her back. It seemed to be getting larger over the course of several weeks, but her overall mass was hard to gauge. The bulges were becoming thicker and rounder and I knew she had to be

putting on much more weight. Although we were desperate to keep her gains a secret from me, we still both desired sex; and so I came up with an ingenious plan. I would enter the room first and lay naked on the bed. Jill would turn down the lights, handcuff my hands to the bed posts and then strip for our pleasure session. It was completely exhilarating to have the lights off and only my imagination of her gains as my massive wife would mount me and begin giving me sexual pleasure. As you can imagine, her weight on me was incredible and the senses in my legs and torso could feel the hardness in her muscular quads and ass as she relaxed and tensed up during sex. Her vaginal muscles were becoming ever stronger and more under her complete control which allowed her pussy to grab and squeeze my cock forcefully during sex. It was an amazing transformation and something I would have never guessed was even possible. I was essentially being jerked off by Jill's pussy and keeping myself from reaching orgasm in the first two minutes of sex was a mission in itself. Having my hands handcuffed to the bedposts also put me in a vulnerable position and that added an extra exhilarating excitement to the event.

I still desired to see her in her muscular glory very badly, but it was only a few weeks away and I knew it would be worth the wait, to see my Jill as a much larger person. At the same time, I kept up with my two a day cardio sessions and also cut my food intake tremendously to fruit, veggies, tofu for a small amount of protein, and water. I decided not to weigh myself or look in the mirror from the neck down either, as I wanted that to be a surprise too for my undoubtedly amazing upcoming birthday.

The day before my birthday, I finally decided to find out what progress, or the opposite thereof I had achieved. It's not so much that I wanted to be skinny or weak, in fact I hated being like that in public and it embarrassed me greatly. I only went out in public when absolutely necessary and was becoming a bit of a hermit. I had actually started wearing one or two of Jill's old shirts under one of my old Large t-shirts when I went out. Not only that, my legs and waist had become so small, that I would wear a pair of Jill's old sweatpants under a pair of my Jeans that of course had a waist size far greater than my current 28". I also wore two pairs of socks to give my skinny ankles a thicker appearance. Again, although I did all of this in public, emotionally and physically, I craved for my wife to be much bigger and stronger than me, and all that effort was worth it to me when I was with her, caressing her strong powerful muscles in my weak, feeble hands.

I striped down to nothing and walked over to the scale. It was in front of our bathroom mirror and as I peered up at myself, I looked skinnier than I ever had in my life. My legs were super thin and I could see my knee caps sticking out blatantly. My tan, exaggerated the fact that my rib cage was now clearly visible and my shoulders and chest was so thin, you could distinctly see my clavicle and shoulder blades. There was an almost complete lack of muscle and fat and it almost seemed like it was a thin layer of skin covering my bones. I was excited to know just how much weight I had lost over the last eight weeks. Constant cardio and an almost non-stop feeling of hunger was the price I paid for this crazy fetish and as I stepped on the scale I watched anxiously as it bounced on several different readings. Right before seeing the final number, I closed my eyes, prolonging the excitement and payoff for what I had considered very hard work. The cardio wasn't so bad, but the constant hunger was a killer and I knew my sacrifice had probably paid off. Finally, I slowly opened my eyes and peered down at the reading.

My jaw dropped with excitement at the unbelievable accomplishment. I couldn't believe the scale was accurate so I stepped off, reset it, stepped back on and confirmed the reading. I had exercised and starved myself into losing about 2 pounds a week and stood there at a feather light 129 pounds!

Giddy with excitement, I ran and grabbed the measuring tape. I wrapped it around my right arm, even though I was flexing, there was almost no movement or firmness in my arm now and the tape didn't even budge as I tried to flex. It read an even 10.25" in circumference. I knew that was small and weak but I wasn't sure how much. I quickly threw the number in my previous calculations and knew I had only 6.14 square inches of mass in my arms now. I got an immediate erection just thinking about how much stronger Jill was than me now. I walked into the guest bedroom and reached down to lift the 30 pound weight. I knew from two months earlier that it would probably be difficult to pick up but remembered that I had curled it with both hands 5 or 6 times. I again overestimated my strength and even squatting slightly and grabbing the handle with both hands, the weight felt massive as it hung below me. I managed to position it in front of me with both hands grabbing the handle from underneath. With a huge effort, but trying not to swing the weight, I started to lift it upward. Yet, by the time I got it waist high, the tiny amount of strength in my arms had disappeared and I could lift it no more. Amazed, I lowered my arms back down with the weight hanging. I counted to five and then put in max effort to bring the 30 pounds of iron upwards. Again, I barely lifted it waist high and could raise it no more. I placed it back down on the ground and looked at my frail arms in utter amazement. I couldn't believe that they were now so small for one thing, but secondly that they had really become that weak. I had given it full effort to lift the weight but to no avail. I had sabotaged my own muscles and the level of my success in doing so amazed even me. Wanting to know my true strength, I reached down and grabbed the 20 pound kettlebell. The fucking thing also seemed massively heavy but I held it in front of me and attempted the same type of curl. With both hands, I lifted the meager 20 pound weight to my chest. Even though it felt very heavy, I was able to lift it another four times before my arms were on fire and I again couldn't lift it past my waist height without major cheating. I placed the kettlebell back on the ground sadistically happy at my accomplishment, eager to see my herculean wife for the birthday celebration of my dreams!!!

## Birthday

Jill phoned me a little later that day. "Honey," she said, "I have some prep work to do for your birthday tomorrow, so I'd like you to retire to the guest room for the night by 7:30 before I get home." "Oh c'mon honey." I begged. "I've been dying to see you. Are you sure about this?" "Positive." She replied. "You're going to love it, so just promise me you'll be in the guest room by 7:30." "I promise." I replied. "I love you." "I love you more!" she answered and then Jill made a kiss sound and hung up the phone. I was pretty excited that Jill was putting so much effort into my birthday so I hung around a bit, cleaned up the house and then reluctantly retired to the guest room at 7:29. Just a few short minutes later, I heard Jill's truck pull into the drive. The car door shut, and I knew that my amazingly buff wife was about to walk in. I hadn't seen her entire gorgeous body in two months and the thoughts I imagined of her recent growth gave me a hard on. I wanted to peak out the door as I began to hear her moving

about down the hall, but out of respect for my beautiful, muscle-bound wife, I didn't. She was obviously doing some sort of set up as I heard furniture moving and I swore I heard a couple of other voices. A few minutes later, there was a quiet knock on the door and an envelope was slipped under. It said, "Open me." On the outside of the envelope. Inside was a Heart, wonderfully drawn with exquisite lines and shapes around its edges. I opened the heart and it read, "No words can describe the love, trust and faith I have in you my Davey! You have been there for me and I only hope my eternal and lifelong love and devotion to you will be enough....with all my heart XOXOXO!" To know this woman of my dreams and ultimate fantasy could be equally in love with me made me feel ten feet tall. I was bursting to see her but knew that would ruin her surprise and thus I sat there, examining every word of the card over and over. After another twenty or thirty minutes, another envelope slipped under my door. This one said, "Take this pill, and set your alarm for Midnight...you know, the first minute of your birthday...XOXOXO!" Holy shit I thought, I was thinking I had to wait till 7 or 8 the next morning, but my birthday was now just four hours away. I quickly set my alarm for 12 o'clock, took the pill, laid down and went to sleep.

Beep, beep, beep, beep my alarm screamed before I could turn it off. I looked at the clock and realized it was now Midnight. I hopped up and walked to the door. At the foot of the door, another note laid at my feet. I picked it up and read it, "Strip, don't turn on the lights, and follow the glow sticks." I quickly pulled off my boxer briefs and t-shirt, opened the door and followed the glow sticks into the living room. The room was very dark except for a glow stick that sat on the only piece of furniture now in our living room, a padded chair. I sat on the chair which was aimed at a large light blue curtain that was on the other side of the room. As I stared at the curtain, some music began to play. It was a mix of trance workout music and rap. It was awesome and I was getting pumped up just listening to the music jam. It went on for at least a minute before, all of a sudden 1 quick burst of a strobe light from behind the curtain went off. It immediately got my attention and I became totally affixed to the curtain. The music was pumping and I felt myself grooving to it as I sat excitedly in the chair. Blast! Another 2 bursts from the strobe, but still no sign of Jill. Another twenty seconds went by then 3 bursts from the strobe. This time Jill had moved her arm and fingers between the light and the back side of the curtain and I caught their shadow. I was instantly excited, now finally seeing Jill was there. A few seconds later, there was another 3 bursts from the strobe, but this time, Jill had moved her whole body in between the strobe and the curtain. I caught her whole shadow this time. Her legs were closed together and her arms were down at her sides, but in that instant I could clearly notice the huge side bulge in her quads and the massive roundness of her shoulders. I couldn't wait for another glimpse and the ten seconds between strobe light bursts seemed like an eternity. Another 3 bursts came, but this time, Jill had struck a double biceps pose and her arm shadow seemed gargantuan. I was dying to jump out of my chair and blast through the curtain, but I somehow restrained myself. The music was sending me into a frenzy! Another 3 blasts from the strobe...this time Jill was standing sideways with her arms reaching, stretched in front of her at slightly different angles. I could clearly see the immense roundness of her huge, amazing ass and thickly developed thighs and hamstrings. Just then, the strobe turned into a solid, soft white light and Jill began dancing to the beat of the music and hitting different poses. Even through the curtain, it was obvious Jill had a lot of thick muscle and I was anxious for the charades to be over so I could feel my warm, hard wife in my own hands.

Finally, the music all of a sudden got louder, the strobe began flashing constantly and the curtains opened. My wife stood there half sideways, one hand on her hip, with the other pointing straight in the air like John Travolta in Saturday Night Fever! She was barefoot, but wore a Porsche Red bikini bottom and top with Native American designed leather bands around her ankles, wrists and head. She also had Indian war paint on her face and a feather in her hair. She looked God Damn Amazing Sexy and was also covered in a glistening oil. Jill slowly brought her massively muscular arm down into a colossal biceps pose. The muscle was enormous and rock hard as it formed a large baseball sized peak over a densely packed arm and thick triceps muscle. She then turned towards me with all of her weight supported by a humongous back leg while her left leg pointed out and down and she flexed her striated monumental thigh muscle. There was complete separation and the three headed monster of muscles protruded high above the deep valleys they formed in her quad. Her thigh seemed larger than my waist and I couldn't believe its size. As I peered up into her eyes, she had a dead serious stare and hit a world class double biceps shot. As she did, her lats spread out massively and looked like huge wings on her sides as they shot out from her muscular, ripped torso. Her shoulder tops rose greatly and almost matched the height of her gorgeous, massive biceps muscles. As she brought her arms in closer, her forearms were so thick and big, they made most men's arms look like toothpicks. As I stared into her gorgeous eyes, the music, the war paint and her monstrous thick neck nearly sent me into a heart attack.

The strobe light turned off and a dull red light now filled the room, Jill began to slowly move her muscle-bound body in a trance type groove and was dancing this way just three feet in front of me. It was safe to say I had never been more turned on in my entire life! Jill slowly took a step towards me on her Herculean legs, got within a foot and turned her backside to me as she bent slightly forward away from me. My face was perfectly aligned with her unbelievable ass and I reached out to caress it. The oil on it made it very smooth to the touch, but it was massive and absolutely rock hard. The way she leaned slightly forward created a shelf on the top of her unreal ass and I knew I could set my drink on it. Instead, I leaned in and licked her rounded glutes and tasted their awesomeness. I peered down and noticed that her hamstring muscles bulged out greatly, even as she stood straight. I reached down and felt them as well. Covered in oil, they were also smooth to the touch but contained amazing power and their hardness was telling of their strength! I reached around to also caress her massive thighs and as I did, I felt as if I was trying to reach around a building. I had never even fathomed that her legs could become so muscle-bound and thick, that I would barely be able to reach around them. As I looked down, I realized that my arms looked like thin pieces of string trying to rope a bull. My chances of physically stopping her enormous quads from doing anything would be completely futile. The power they contained was almost infinite compared to me. As I was attempting to wrap up my wife's unbelievable legs, she slowly turned to face me. She gently grabbed my hand and pulled me up in front of her. As I peered up slightly at her gorgeous eyes and awesome war paint, I realized that she was definitely taller than me now. I looked down quickly to make sure she wasn't standing on her tip toes. Both of her feet were flat on the ground, just in front of mine. I again peered up and looked directly at her. Her nose was slightly above mine and she bent hers down slightly and gave me a nose to nose pat. She couldn't help it and actually broke into a little bit of a smile as we both knew she was now taller. Jill took just a half step back and flexed her awesome right biceps muscle. I reached out and grabbed it with both hands. I couldn't wrap all the way around it with both hands and realized immediately that it had grown significantly over the last two months and was at least 17" around. I then grabbed her



muscular forearm and tried the same thing. My hands definitely didn't reach around it by much and I figured that they were possibly 15" around themselves. The thickness and power in my wife was overwhelming and I didn't try to but actually let out a little squirt in the excitement.

Noticing my excitement, Jill put both her robust hands under my armpits and easily lifted me into the air. Noticing how light I felt, Jill bent her knees and arms down slightly and thrust upwards with her powerful quads and strong arms, at the apex she released me up into the air like a small child and then caught me on the way down. Jill easily had thrown me three feet up into the air. Sensing the excitement, Jill again bent down, but a little more and with a powerful explosion, tossed me 5 feet up into the air. I couldn't believe how easily she was throwing me around and as she thrust me upwards for the third time, the sheer and pure exhilaration of being so easily handled by my wife caused me to begin to shot cum all over the place. Jill began laughing but wouldn't stop. She threw me again, and again and again, watching me shot my semen uncontrollably. Finally, she held me up at the apex of her powerful reach and took my rock hard cock in her warm, strong mouth. There was no more cum as I had ejected all I had during the tossing. Jill cleaned up what she could and then set me back on the ground. Her huge arms had just got a bit of a workout and they were massively pumped and large veins protruded up and across her shoulders, biceps and forearms. I leaned in and began to lick the largest vein across her biceps. It was so thick, I felt like I could take a bite out of it.

Jill slowly reached her tremendous arm under my legs and lifted me off my feet and cradled me. She then slowly walked us into the family room. There were no lights on, but the fireplace and six or eight candles romantically illuminated the room. Jill easily carried me about, but then gently put me down on a large padded rug in front of the fireplace. She removed her bikini bottoms and exposed her gorgeous pussy and ever growing clit. As I lay on my back, Jill hovered over me and then lowered her moist vagina over my rock hard cock. As she took me into her, I immediately noticed the massive flexing and relaxing pressure her vagina muscles were putting on my penis. They were grabbing and massaging my cock like never before. I looked up into Jill's eyes as she surely knew the power thy contained and she had that famous wry smile and gave me a wink. Then, without warning, here vagina muscles tensed greatly and got a lock on my member. Jill then applied slight tenseness to her massive quad muscles and literally lifted me off the ground by my cock. It was only an inch or two, but just the fact that every muscle in her body was apparently now immensely strong and completely under her control was almost too much to handle. I placed my hands on Jill's gorgeous quad muscles for extra support in case she tried that move again, but felt like I was grabbing on to two mammoth tree trunks. Jill then slightly relaxed her vagina muscles and began to ride me up and down at an ever increasing pace.

She closed her eyes and tilted her head back as I began to pleasure her more and more, increasing the speed and depth of my thrusts as she became more excited. I peered up at her and marveled at the sheer size and thickness of her completely muscle-bound neck. It had grown in magnitude and now and had two huge veins running from just under her jaw, over her neck and into her massively developed chest. I reached up and placed my hands on what used to be her breasts. Now it was a rock solid mass of thickly piled muscle, larger than her former breasts used to be and there was a huge valley created



between her chest muscles that seemed a couple of inches in depth at least. I moved my fingers into the valley and caressed their magnificence. Without warning, Jill began to do a pec bounce. First she would flex one at a time in alternating order, putting me into an immediate mesmerized trance. Then Jill began flexing them at the same time, bringing their mass to an almost unimaginable level. I found myself squirting into her immediately, and the extra lubrication was appreciated by my wife who began squeezing my penis again in a rhythmic fashion with her amazing muscular vagina. Never wanting to be left out, Jill began to bang me more rapidly, the force of her muscle-bound body crushing me underneath. I knew she was being thoroughly satisfied so I kept from screaming at the pain I was experiencing under her massive weight. Finally, after a few minutes, my wife began to shudder and let out a high-pitched scream as she banged me hard during her fantastic orgasm. Jill then slowly lowered herself upon me and leaned to her side, facing me, with my penis still in her. As she closed her eyes in total satisfaction, her warm, moist, well-built pussy held me tightly in her as she slowly drifted to sleep. I reached out and cupped my hand over her massive thickly muscled arm, knowing she was now almost inconceivably stronger than me and seemingly twice my size. The warmth of the fire and her pussy put me in a euphoric state and I too drifted to sleep next to my herculean Jill.

### Morning

In my content slumber, I was gradually awakened to the feel of my penis being slowly massaged by my muscle laden wife. Realizing she was now in the mood again, I gradually opened my eyes. To my surprise, Jill and I were still face to face just inches apart. Jill was fast asleep but had a sexy, slow and relaxed heavy breath going on. She seemed to have a smile on her face and looked completely happy and fulfilled. Her Indian war paint looked sexy as hell and I wasn't sure where she came up with the idea, but I was into it big-time. As I laid there staring into the beautiful, strong face of my wife, my cock was being slowly and rhythmically massaged by Jill's amazing vagina. It wasn't enough to really get me off, but enough to give me great pleasure and keep me hard as a rock. We were attached at the waist and I leaned into her a bit more and threw my arm over the top of her thick muscular torso. Slowly I drifted back to sleep as content as any man has ever been.

I woke up from my amazing night with Jill to the amazing smell of Bacon. I heard a bit of cracking and the sounds of cooking in the kitchen. I quickly threw on a pair of my running shorts...well, I guess technically they were Jill's old running shorts, but I had made them my own of course, and walked into the kitchen. Jill was standing naked in front of the stove with her back to me wearing only an apron. She had tied the apron string just above her gargantuan glutes in a cute bow. Her massively rounded ass connected down to her hamstring muscles which arced out greatly and must have been able to support massive amounts of weight. They led down to her amazing calf muscles which were diamond shaped and so large, that they touched each other even though her bare feet were slightly spread apart. I quickly glanced up and watched her huge triceps muscles bulge and flex as she was turning something over in the cooking pan. Her arm was now so thick, that I wondered how many NFL players would be jealous of their huge mass. They led up to her bulging rounded shoulders which looked ballooned out they contained so much muscle! As she moved her arm, different muscles bulged greatly in her shoulder area and there was what seemed like mounds and mounds of muscle piled on her back. The

muscle was so thick that there was a huge valley created in the center of her mid and lower back as it led down to her glutes.

Jill's long brown hair hung beautifully over her mammoth right shoulder and as I walked towards her I said, "Gooooood morning." Jill turned to look at me and had a huge smile on her face, she had washed all of the paint off her face and was glowing beautifully as the morning sunrise shined through the kitchen window and illuminated her amazingly. She replied, "Happy Birthday Sunshine." And I leaned in for a smooch. Jill leaned her head down slightly and our lips met for a quick 10 second passion filled kiss. She leaned back slightly and said, "Just making you your favorite little breakfast birthday boy." "Mmmm." I said, "Smells amazing. I haven't had bacon, eggs and potatoes for breakfast in ages. My mouth is already watering!" "Sit down babe." She said softly, "I'll bring it over to you in a sec." I walked over to our breakfast nook, which was a small square table in the corner of our kitchen that had an L-shaped wood bench on the inside of it, and sat down. Of course I watched Jill's every, sensual, muscle-bound movement. I was completely infatuated and addicted to every twitch of her muscle and I simply felt in awe of her presence. As she finished making my breakfast I said, "Honey, you look absolutely breathtaking! Your body is just, well, words can't describe it. You know." "Thank you babe." She replied, "It's been a lot of hard work, but....I think it's been worth it. Don't you." "Whatever work you put in Jill has been worth its weight in Gold! No doubt!" I answered. "Yes Davey, I knew you'd love the little bit of muscle I put on, but more than that, I'm getting ridiculously strong too." She replied. "Little bit of muscle?" I said, "Seems like you've put a ton of muscle on babe; what do you weigh now?" "Oh, Davey, we'll find that out later this morning, but for now, just enjoy this amazing food okay." She said with a wry grin as she brought my food to the table.

As instructed, I bit into my breakfast. I had been on such a strict diet over the last 3 to 4 months, that I hadn't had a single piece of bacon. It was unreal and there was a taste explosion in my mouth. It was so good, that I actually took my eyes off of Jill for a moment, closed my eyes and enjoyed the intense flavor. As I finished the last delicious bite of that bacon strip, I opened my eyes just as Jill had grabbed herself some fish, broccoli and a wealth of Explode Supplements products for her meal. Instead of sitting to my right on the right side of the table, Jill came in on the left, nudged me over slightly and sat next to me. She slid me over with ease as her solid, rock hard body felt like stone against me and I was moved over a foot or so. Her naked thigh was right against mine and even through my leg, I could feel her warmth and firmness. My left arm was now next to her right arm and as they touched we both looked down at them. Mine was like a pencil next to hers and her forearm was easily much larger than my biceps. As we looked down at the comparison, Jill twisted her arm over and flexed her wrist up. As she did, her forearm actually balled up greatly and increased massively in size. I placed my right palm on it and she flexed and relaxed it several times. The size and power her forearm contained was incredible and I again got an immediate erection. Then I noticed her wrist. "My god Jill!" I said, "Even your wrist is thick with muscle. It's gotta be bigger than my forearm!" "Wow." She exclaimed, "Of all the muscle I've put on over the last year, I hadn't really thought about that." She then got that wry smile on her face again and placed her wrist right next to the thickest part of my forearm. It was obvious to both of us, that it was definitely larger. "Amazing." I said. "Just absolutely amazing!" We chuckled a bit and then both began to finish our breakfasts.

While eating, I looked over and realized that Jill was actually taller than me sitting down too. It didn't make a lot of sense though, because her legs were always taller, as women genetically have longer legs, proportionally than men, but now her torso seemed taller too. In addition, I realized that Jill had packed a lot of muscle on her ass. So now she was sitting on an extra few inches of rock hard glutes. Most people, when they sit down, their butt actually squishes down slightly and is basically padding as we sit, but for Jill, her butt was so solid, it didn't squish down a centimeter, so it was like she was now sitting on a rock hard booster seat, making her large presence even larger! As I was ogling Jill's amazing glutes, I noticed that her thighs were almost twice as high as mine as we sat. They were now so full of super thick muscle that even though we sat on the same bench, her quads towered over mine. As I stared, I wondered if they now had twice the mass of my ever thinning legs. Jill knew I was getting excited as I ogled her massive gains so she reached down, put her palm around my cock and gave me a nice little 20 second massage. As she did, her enormous right biceps was pushing against my chest and I marveled at its larger, unreal mass. Again, I wrapped both hands around her bicep and tricep. I could barely touch my finger tips, stretching my hands to the max. Sensing what I was doing, Jill brought her arm up in a full bicep flex and spread my hands out greatly. With all my effort, I was totally unable to reach my hands completely around her muscle-bound arm. She then lifted its magnificence right in front of my face and I instinctively began to lick it like a dog licking up a plate of steak juice. My wife then leaned over and we locked lips and began kissing passionately. I was completely smitten in her presence and after several more seconds, Jill leaned back and said, "So, are you ready to hit the scale?" Speechless and in a mild state of euphoria I nodded my head and said, "Yes."

My wife stood up, put her hand between my thighs and slid me towards her. She then easily picked me up in a cradle hold in front of her. As Jill slowly walked us down towards our bedroom, I reached out and began to caress her thick, muscular chest. It heaved upward powerfully with each breath and I couldn't fathom the power it now contained. I then reached up and grabbed her beautiful long flowing brown hair. I put it to my nose and smelled it, now even relishing the scent of her every being. Jill smiled, knowing the complete state of awe I was in and it obviously pleased her greatly. She finished waking us to the bathroom and she put me to my feet. We now stood face to face and as I looked up slightly into my wife gorgeous eyes, my entire peripheral vision was taken up by her huge muscular mass. Jill reached her mammoth arms out and put them under my arms. With an incredibly confident look, she lifted me a few inches off the ground, took a half step forward and placed me down on the scale. I was now standing backwards on the scale peering at my muscle-bound wife. She waited a few seconds and then looked down at the number reading at my feet. She looked back at me, realizing I was now under 130 pounds and said, "Amazing job honey, I'm so proud of you!" then she leaned in and gave me a quick peck on the lips. As she did, I put my hands on her rounded, powerful, muscular shoulders while she easily lifted me off the scale and placed me to the side of it.

Jill then took a step forward and stood on the scale. As she stepped forward, her shoulders were now so wide, that I was brushed back and nearly fell as her simple nudge seemed like a blow from a MAC Truck. She was just so fucking solid it was unreal. Jill quickly said, "Sorry babe" and we both looked down at the reading. As the numbers bounced around, she said, "This will be a surprise for us both honey, I

haven't even weighed myself in 8 weeks!" The numbers finally stopped and Jill and I looked at each other in amazement. "Holy Shit!" she said. I just stood there stunned and my cock got rock hard. "Twenty freaking pounds! Damn!!!" Jill exclaimed. She then hit a huge double biceps shot and smiled widely. "My God!" I exclaimed, "I'm married to a 221 pound ripped, rock hard, muscle bound babe." I then grabbed onto her left arm, which was still hitting a biceps pose and I lifted my feet off the ground. Jill leaned over slightly as my weight pulled down on her arm, but she quickly caught my mass, leaned to her right slightly and supported my entire body weight with her tensed, powerful left arm. We looked into the mirror and it was an amazing sight and for the first time in months, we stood together in front of our reflections, astonished at the incredible transformations we had both made.

Jill put me down and I stood a couple of feet back, admiring the mammoth physique that was now my wife. Her breasts were now small bulges at the base of her thick muscular chest and her massiveness now challenged every ounce of my manhood. She was now so muscle laden, I honestly felt completely physically insignificant and helpless in her presence. Jill looked at me and said, "Hit me." "What?" I replied. "You heard me right honey, hit me as hard as you can." I laughed and said, "Jill, I'm not going to hit you, I love you, what are you talking about?" "Davey, my dear, I'm not asking again, now hit me right here." Jill said as she pointed to her rock hard, thick torso. "Okay honey, fine...here you go." And I then hit her lightly in the abs. She tilted her head and said, "Seriously Davey, hit me in the stomach as hard as you can." She gave me a wink, and nodded her head as she had a stern look of approval on her face. I kind of reared back a little bit and as I was preparing to punch her in the stomach, she tensed every muscle in her body. Her shoulders and arms bulged with ripped, powerful muscles and veins and her neck seemed to double in width. I leaned into it and probably hit her torso with 50% of my strength. It was like hitting the ass of a horse and I didn't sense she even felt it. "C'mon!" she said, "Harder!" Again I reared back but this time put 75-80% into the punch. Again, I knew that still didn't even register on her pain meter. "Harder!" She exclaimed forcefully. Finally, I decided to put everything I had into it and gave my punch 100% effort. She started laughing now and said, "You hit like a little girl Dave, give me something to feel won't you." This time, I actually took a half step back, leaned into it and hit her stomach with all my might. My hand bounced off her rock hard abs and I felt like I might have actually broken my wrist. Jill laughed hysterically, grabbed my right shoulder and shoved me forcefully out of the bathroom. The force of her push was so fast and powerful that I fell to the bedroom floor. Two seconds later, I rolled to my back and looked up at my towering wife. She was straddling me and had one foot on each side of my torso. Instinctively, I reached up and began to caress her massive, diamond shaped calves as I peered up at her massive thighs hovering over me like two conquering pillars of muscle-bound power.

Jill then dropped a small package on my chest. It was a wrapped present so I looked up at Jill and she said softly, "Happy Birthday big boy." It was funny for her to say that as she towered over me, but I happily opened the small package. In it was a bunch of sewn together leather straps and some padding? I looked up at Jill puzzled. I wasn't into the whole S & M thing and I didn't think she was either. She crouched down and began to carefully lift and move me as she placed the leather straps around my crotch, torso and chest area. I still didn't understand it as I wasn't really tied-up so to speak. She finally latched the last buckle and said, "There you go honey...Happy Birthday!" Still laying on the ground, I

again looked up at her and said, "I don't get it?" At that instant, Jill lifted her massive right leg and stood with both feet shoulder width apart to my side. She then squatted down, grabbed a small leather strap portion of my leather contraption and stood up. As she stood up, I was easily lifted a couple feet into the air as Jill's arms were down and I hung at her thigh level. Jill looked down at me and said, "Look into my eyes." As I peered up into Jill's beautiful, confident brown eyes, she all of a sudden curled me up to chest level. While at the top of the curl, I must have had a shocked look on my face, not truly believing that my wife had just physically curled my entire 130 pound bodyweight. As I continued to peer into Jill's eyes, she lowered me back down to thigh level, then curled me once again. She continued to curl me and told me to start counting as I only looked into her eyes. "Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven and finally Eight!" Being curled by Jill was the most unreal, exhilarating feeling I could possibly imagine. Staring in her unbelievably confident eyes the whole time locked me into a state of complete worship of her and the exponential physical power she possessed over me. I wanted to say something but I simply couldn't speak. She had flipped some sort of switch in me and my brain and my mouth were no longer connected. I was now in some sort of comatose state and I just stared in utter awe of Jill. Sensing she had triggered something even she didn't expect, Jill carried me over to the bed and set me down. I simply stared at her muscle-bound awesomeness unable to speak or move.

#### Off to The Party

Still lying on the bed staring in awe at my muscle-bound wife, she had her massive quads spread out and her strong hands on her hips kind of shaking her head. As I ogled her speechless, she said, "Well Davey, do you like your present?" I probably still had a look of shock and total awe on my face but I managed to nod my head up and down a couple of times. She got a bit of a smile on her face and said, "Good, we'll have to make regular use of it then." She then took a couple steps forward, grabbed the handles on my body harness with her powerful grip and again lifted me into the air. Jill took a step or two backwards, held me briefly at thigh level and again began to curl me. Instead of staring at her face this time, I reached out with my right hand and grabbed her humongous right biceps muscle. It was massive with two large blood filled veins running down to her bulky forearm. The muscle was harder than anything I had ever felt before. I expected there to be the slightest plyness to it, but there was none. It was literally as hard as granite. As Jill slowly lowered me to her thigh level, the bicep muscle would elongate and a huge ridge was created at the end of it as it veered down towards her middle arm. She would then curl me fully and I felt the massive muscle squeeze to a huge ball of rock hard muscular mass, easily larger than 17 inches around. Jill and I then locked eyes again as my muscle-bound, unbelievably powerful wife curled me up and down several more times. She then placed me down on the floor at her feet as she stood upright and flexed both of her colossal pumped biceps. From my angle, she seemed like a ten foot tall muscle laden goddess. My cock was again rock hard and I grabbed it under my running shorts and began stroking it as Jill showed off the blood filled veins crisscrossing her enormous arms.

Jill rolled her eyes and said, no time for that right now babe, we've got a little party to get ready for. I reached up and Jill grabbed my hand and easily lifted me to my feet. I looked at her massiveness and

timidly spoke up, saying, "But honey, I'm dying to measure you now. Your biceps are enormous and your quads are epically huge and I think you may have grown a bit taller too Jill." She winked and said, "Okay, okay, I know I have babe and I haven't measured myself either. This should be fun." I went into the other room and grabbed the measuring tape. As I walked back into the bedroom, Jill had stepped into her walk-in closet. She had just slipped on a red, one-piece "lifeguard" swimsuit that I didn't even know she had. It was similar to the ones the girls from Baywatch used to wear and she looked fucking amazing in it. The straps were stretching to the max because of her massive traps and shoulder thickness, her pecs pushed out on the material greatly and created a huge valley between them and the tight material seemed to exaggerate her gorgeous clit bulge. As always, she was an over-the-top sight and everything she wore made her seem herculean. In total awe, I had to ask and said, "What's with the swimsuit honey." "We're going to a pool party today Davey." She replied. "So you'll need to throw on a suit too." I guess I was excited to be anywhere with Jill, but I was already realizing that although I love being smaller and weaker around Jill, it actually embarrassed me a bit to be like this in public. Jill could sense the immediate uneasiness I had about the party and asked me what was wrong. Although I hadn't admitted it to her to this point I finally came out with my confession. "Well honey." I said, "I love being around you and your gorgeous muscular, powerful physique every second of every minute of every hour that I can, but I have become more and more embarrassed to be seen in public as I've lost all my weight and manhood." "Oh Davey." Jill said as she reached down and firmly grabbed my cock in her muscular hand. "You've got all the manhood you need right here!" We then each laughed and with that, I knew I was going to the pool party.

Measuring tape in hand, Jill extended her massive right arm and flexed her huge, recently pumped up biceps. I started to pull the tape around it and noticed that my hands looked miniature compared to it. As I got the tape situated it seemed to hold tight at 16.5". Just as I was about to get excited about that, Jill realized that it wasn't around the largest part. She moved it slightly to the middle and flexed with all her might. There was an enormous amount of solid, powerful meat underneath the arm and then a baseball sized muscular bulge on top of what used to be one bicep. It was like there was muscle, piled on top of muscle! As Jill got a huge grin on her face, we both realized that her arm now measured 17.25". I don't think even she could believe how large it had actually become and her face was full of joy and amazement. I leaned over and we shared a long passionate kiss. I thought we were done and began to back my face away from hers, but she wasn't finished, so she forcefully grabbed the back of my head, stared into my eyes from only inches away, and then again began to kiss me passionately. It was like I was being rewarded for her incredible muscular gains. Finally satisfied with our kiss, Jill said, "Measure this." As she flexed her wrist and forced her forearm muscle to ball up massively. I was so taken by her biceps that I actually hadn't noticed how huge her forearm was. It was filled with a massive amount of muscle too which tapered down beautifully to her thick, muscle-bound wrist. As it flexed, I pulled the tape around the widest part. I could hardly believe it, but Jill's forearm was actually 15" thick, and as I moved the tape down her arm, her wrist was muscle laden as well and almost 9" around!

Shaking my head in disbelief, I bent down and wrapped the tape around Jill's powerful right quad. She flexed it too and three huge muscle heads jumped to attention. I knew Jill's legs were massive, but had



no idea they were this big. I measured them to be 28" in circumference. They were too gargantuan for me to even fathom the power they possessed. I grabbed one with my hands and felt like I was trying to grab the side of a 300 pound Tuna. It was solid as a rock and just as I leaned in to lick it, Jill quickly grabbed my head and forced it down slightly. She then stood with my head between her two massive thighs. She hadn't even flexed yet but I was completely trapped and helpless in her thigh hold on my noggin. Jill waited for me to try to struggle loose for a few seconds and then began to apply a little pressure. She then gave a quick two second full flex and smashed my skull between her granite like thighs. My ears felt like they were on fire and I felt like my brain was about to explode. I couldn't believe how much force she could apply with the smallest effort. Jill then let go and I fell to my knees. My face was beet red and felt like it was 1000 degrees. Within just 2 or 3 seconds, Jill rendered me completely helpless and on the verge of passing out. She kind of got off on showing me how strong she was because she knew I loved it! Finally, I knelt down and placed the tape across the gorgeous surface of her well-built calf. It was diamond shaped and beautiful and huge. Her calf measured an unreal 18" and I wrapped both hands, fully extended about it, but of course it was too big and I could not reach all the way finger to finger. Jill put her hands under my armpits and easily lifted me to my feet. She then slowly reached over and softly plucked the measuring tape from my hands. My wife then wrapped it around my firm waist. As she pulled it tight, I realized what she was doing. My waist measured exactly 28" around....meaning that her quads were as large as my torso. I didn't even know what that meant, but it seemed unfathomable to me. While we looked into each other's eyes, Jill grabbed my right hand and held it tightly against her muscle-bound thigh and whispered, "You know Davey, I might have as much muscle in this one little thigh, as you have in your whole little body!" She then relaxed her quad muscles and gave her leg a back and forth shake. The mounds of pure muscle cascaded from side to side and it seemed like an incredible mass of thick flesh. My cock couldn't take much more excitement and it was protruding out the top of Jill's old running shorts I was wearing. Again, Jill said, "Not now babe, a little later after the pool party. Okay." After a few speechless seconds, I answered "Okay." as I put my hand down and adjusted the shorts to kind of cover up the raging hard-on.

As I stood bummed out, I watched my buff wife waddle to my side of the closet and grab my board shorts. I took off the running shorts and pulled on the board shorts. They were way too large and unlike my running shorts, there is no elastic in the waist portion to tighten around my ever shrinking torso. I realized that the last time I'd worn them, I was probably 145 pounds or more. They were only a size 30, but if I simply stood straight up, they would fall to my ankles. Jill laughed and began to look for a pair to fit me. Everything she found was bigger and there's no way any of them would fit. She looked at me and said, "Honey, why do you keep all of these clothes that are way too big for you now. Don't you think it's time you donate them to Good Will?" "I don't know honey?" I responded, "I guess I figured that when I eventually put some weight back on, I could wear them again." Jill smiled at me widely, grabbed my cheek with her fingers and said, "Oh, Davey, I want you to stay just the cute little size you are, so there really is no reason to keep them; Okay baby cakes." I smiled back and nodded my head up and down, realizing that even without my own internal effort; it was Jill's goal and desire to mold me into the small, weak and petite spouse she clearly wanted. After a brief pause, my wife addled back to her side of the closet and found a pair of light blue "Boy-short" bikini bottoms she had when we first started dating. She tossed them over to me and I slid them on. Amazingly, they fit me perfectly except, they don't build room for a cock in women's swimwear, so I had a huge bulge in the front. Jill couldn't



believe they fit me so well and got a huge smile on her face. She then tossed me something and said, "Throw this on." It was a women's White, Blue and Pink Roxy half-shirt rash guard. It's made of a stretchy material but fit me perfectly and exposed my abs between the light blue women's boy-shorts and the bottom level of the half shirt.

I turned back towards my wife, who now had a determined look and half smile on her face. She said with forcefulness and sex appeal, "Oh My God!" and attacked. Jill reached right her arm around the back of my legs and her left around my mid-back and easily lifted me into the air. She then pulled me into her thick, muscular torso and began kissing me on the forehead, cheek, all over my face and began kissing my neck to. She was ravaging my face with her licks and kisses as she waddled us to the bed. Jill then easily tossed me onto the middle of the bed. As I looked up at her she exclaimed, "Oh my God Davey, I've never been more physically turned on by you than I am right now!" I sat there stunned, knowing just minutes before, she had declined my advances for sex. Now that she's dressed me up in her old swimwear, she has completely lost control of herself.

Jill semi crawled on to the bed, starting at my feet. As she crawled up, her strong, powerful arms flexed massively as she extended them with each advance. The look in her face was of pure, uninhibited passion and was overwhelmed with giddy excitement as she moved closer. My cock was rock hard and throbbing already. As Jill reached my waist, she leaned down, kissed my penis which was still confined inside her boy-shorts and then continued to move up. She slowly licked my abs as she proceeded up. Finally reaching my face, I felt miniscule as Jill was on her hands and knees and her herculean mass hovered above me. I reached up and gently grabbed Jill's muscular cheeks. She then thrust her face upon mine and kissed me passionately but very forcefully as a wild spirit had been let loose in her. She reached her tongue so far down my throat I almost gagged. She then slowly dropped her whole weight upon me, practically pushing me through the mattress. Her mass was so heavy I was helplessly trapped beneath her as she started to do hip gyrations into my still bound penis. She then grabbed my right wrist and brought my hand down into her pelvis. Jill then began masturbating her own, bulging clit with my hand. I got the picture and began fingering her rapidly.

As I began to make Jill hotter and hotter with passion, she reached down and pulled the boy-shorts off me and threw them over her shoulder. Jill then grabbed my rock hard cock and inserted it into her hot, wet, throbbing pussy. My wife was so exhilarated, she didn't even take the time to remove her Baywatch Red Swimsuit, she simply moved the crotch area to the side and jammed my cock into her vagina right beside it. She began to pound down onto me so forcefully; I thought she might break my cock off. I placed my hands on her hips, trying to soften the blow, but she was too heavy and way too powerful for my weak arms. Her thrusts became faster and faster while also thumping me harder. My cock was experiencing extreme pleasure while my pelvis was in pain under the tremendous pressure. Jill was fucking me so violently that I could not even speak and try to get her to slow down. I put my hands on her massive thighs and felt them flex monstrously in my grip. Feeling her now unstoppable power in my hands, while being fucked forcefully by my muscle-bound wife was an experience I could only dream of just a year or two before. Now it had become my reality and I was immensely enjoying every second

of it. Jill leaned her upper torso over me again, placing her massive forearms and biceps to each side of my head. Her muscular rounded shoulders took up all of my peripheral vision and I reached up to feel their mass. Jill then leaned in further and shoved her tongue deep into my mouth while still fucking me forcefully but no longer jamming me so hard in the pelvis and hips. With this brief respite, I felt the softer, tender side of my herculean wife and although she was covered in rock hard powerful muscle, her kiss gave me a brief key to her heart and I kissed her back just as passionately.

Our lovemaking slowed down considerably and her muscular vagina began to massage my dick slowly but powerfully. I felt the control she clearly had over me and knew I was both emotionally and physically beneath that charge. We also slowed our passionate kiss to a crawl and as I briefly opened my eyes, I was surprised to see Jill staring deeply into my eyes with a small tear trickling down her cheek, just next to the thin scar, the constant reminder to me of her troubled childhood and lifelong distaste and distrust in her father and men in general. I backed my head up slightly, reached up and kissed her wet tear, drinking it in. Jill smiled widely, kissed my cheek and lifted her torso straight up again. She put her hands behind her ears to move her long dark hair out of the way. As she did, her biceps obviously flexed massively and they seemed larger than her entire, beautiful head. Her massive chest glistened with little beads of sweat beneath her silky smooth red swimsuit. Although it was but a brief moment, my mind slowed it down to a pose and picture I would never forget. Jill then reached her muscle-bound arms down and grabbed me gently around the waist. She lifted up her pelvis while holding my cock firmly in her vaginas muscular grip. My ass and waist now slightly airborne below Jill's muscle bound body, she slowly forced me into her pussy and out while on her knees above me. It was unbelievable and she now had control of my cock and my thrusts and I felt like she was treating my like a sex toy and fucking herself with me. After several minutes of this motion, she speeded up the gyrations and began forcing me in and out of her at a very rapid rate. I was simply along for the ride and helpless to control any part of the act. I couldn't hold myself back any longer and began to cum inside her. The liquid spewed in her powerful vagina and all over my throbbing cock but Jill had not yet reached climax. Now done with my part and completely satisfied, I watched Jill in awe as her arms bulged with strong powerful flexed muscle as she lifted me up and down continuously. After a couple more intense minutes of that, she finally hit the perfect G-Spot and her chiseled body shuddered violently above me as she reached orgasm.

Jill let out a huge sigh and lay down beside me. Our faces were right next to each other and Jill began kissing me softly as we stared into each other's eyes. Her left leg rested heavily over my legs and her massive left arm hung over my side. Although she wasn't flexing or holding me purposely, I felt completely trapped and confined by her relaxed limbs weight and power. The sheer mass and strength of my wife was overwhelming and my wildest dreams and fantasies of a spouse had become true tenfold. Again, Jill began to get a little teary eyed as we embraced. "What's the matter honey?" I asked, "Why are you crying?" Surprisingly, her voice kind of cracked while she spoke and she said, "You're perfect." I laid there speechless thinking, I'm a fraction of the man I used to be, skinny as hell and as weak as a damn seventh grader, how the hell am I perfect. Jill waited just a few seconds more and then spoke softly saying, "You're exactly what I've always wanted in a husband Davey, but I didn't know what that was 100% for sure until today, just a bit ago when you stood there, looking at me with your cute

little face, looking so innocent and vulnerable.....and hot!” We began to kiss softly again and I whispered, “I love you.” to which she replied quietly, “I love you more” as she squeezed my frail body forcefully with just a mild flex of her muscle-bound arm. I was finally getting a clear picture on my wife’s deep down subconscious personality. She loved being strong and powerful and impervious to the world, probably due to her father’s abusive actions to her as a child. But she wanted to be a protector, defender and guardian to her loved ones. The more vulnerable and meek I seemed to her and the world, the more she was physically and more importantly, emotionally attracted to me.

## Shorts

Based on my recent clarity of what Jill desired most in a spouse I began to think of our physical differences again at this point. I thought back to the last comparison I had calculated when I was 154 pounds and Jill was only 189 pounds. Although she only outweighed me by 35 pounds then, she carried 91.5 pounds of muscle compared to my 59 pounds. I knew that I was about 95 pounds of organs, bones and fat; and so carried the rest in muscle. At only 129 pounds now, I was carrying approximately 34 pounds of untrained, weak muscle. Jill was now 221 massive pounds and I was excited to again calculate her measurements. The pure HGH she was taking actually lowered her bodyfat noticeably from the previous time I had calculated her mass, so I was going to use 15% as a bodyfat number. Jill was carrying the same 55 pounds of bones and organs, but at 15% also carried approximately 33.5 pounds of body fat. At 221 pounds, minus 55 pounds of bones and organs, and 33.5 pounds of fat, Jill was now carrying approximately 132.5 pounds of muscle. “Holy Shit” I thought. My wife now carried more muscle mass on her herculean frame than my entire bodyweight!!!

Amazed and incredibly turned on by the thought of my wife’s growing muscles, I then thought about her comment earlier and read that a female bodybuilder will carry approximately 45% of her bodyweight in her upper body and 55% of her bodyweight in her lower body. Knowing my wife now had 132.5 pounds of trained muscle, I calculated that her upper body held 59.5 pounds of muscle and her lower body contained the other 73 pounds of powerful muscle. Dividing by 2 meant that each leg/ass held 36.5 pounds of muscle. She was right! Jill now had more muscle in each leg, than I had in my whole body. I again peered down at my wife’s huge, muscle bound quad as it rested heavily over my now chicken like legs. I reached down and felt its mass, knowing now, without a doubt, that it was stronger than my entire body.

Jill felt my massaging hand on her gorgeous, muscular thigh and gave me another tight squeeze, again applying minimal pressure on her part but completely trapping me and rendering me helpless in her grasp. She then popped up and said, “Honey, we’ve got to get to your birthday party now...people are waiting.” I looked up at her power and beauty as her muscles protruded from every opening of her sexy red swimsuit. She looked too stunning for words and I just stared at her briefly as she adjusted her suit and put on a cute white elastic belt around her firm torso. I then got up and grabbed her light blue boy shorts, still wearing the Roxy top she had given me several minutes earlier. As she looked over at me, I

held them at the end of my finger and said, "Really honey, are you sure I should wear these?" Jill slowly walked over, moved her beautiful but powerful face just an inch or so from mine, kissed my nose and whispered, "Oh no Davey, you can't wear those cause' I just wouldn't be able to control myself. We need to find you something else to wear..." Jill slowly backed up and walked into her closet, but I stood there knowing, no matter how much stronger and in control Jill was in every aspect of our relationship, I now held a key to unlocking an uncontrollable sexual urge in her.

Jill walked out of the closet with a red life guard tank top and tossed it over to me. "It's form when I was in high school working for the pool on the weekends. It should fit you perfectly." She said. Sure enough, I took off the Roxy top and pulled the tank top on. Like many of Jill's old clothes, the shirt fit me perfectly. I looked at Jill in her red Baywatch bathing suit and realized that she obviously wanted us to match outfits. "Now we just need to stop at Wall-mart on the way over Davey, and get you some bottoms." I threw on a pair of her running shorts, and some flip flops and we headed out the door. She had recently got her truck an 8" lift so Jill opened up my door for the truck and helped me get in. She quickly closed my door, walked around to her side and jumped in as well. As we drove to the store, Jill placed her right hand on my left thigh and kept taking her eyes off the road to look at me; and at every stop, she leaned over and gave me a kiss. She seemed giddy with excitement to be with me and there had obviously been some sort of epiphany moment for her earlier that day. I placed my hands on Jill's enormous right forearm as she caressed my thigh. The thickness and size of it was incredible and while Jill actually had her eyes on the road, I slipped my arm down next to it. Her forearm dwarfed my bicep and I now began to realize that there was probably more muscle in her forearm than there were in both of my biceps. I quickly thought back to my earlier calculations; with scrawny 10.25" arms I had about 6.25sq. inches of muscle in each bicep. Obviously, two times that meant I had a cumulative total of 12.5sq. inches of muscle in my two arms combined. With a 15 inch forearm, Jill had approximately 16sq. inches of muscle in her one forearm alone. I got an immediate erection as I now realized that my wife's right forearm was probably stronger than both of my arms put together. The magnitude of Jill's power and strength over me now was starting to become comical and I wondered how long I could survive any kind of physical altercation from her. I knew that I could probably only measure my defense in a matter of seconds. I leaned over and rested my head on Jill's powerful, musclebound arm and shoulder as she drove.

We soon arrived at Wal-Mart and Jill masterfully parked her raised truck in a tight spot with one smooth motion. I immediately realized that when it was my truck, I would avoid such tight spots and actually park further away in a more open area because of my lack in parking skills. I looked at Jill and said, "That was amazing Honey!" She gave me her famous wry smile, winked and said, "Like a Glovvvvve." Jill quickly hopped out and as I took a moment to put my long hair back with a thin, red workout headband, my door opened up. Jill reached out her thick, strong hand and assisted me out of the truck. She was of course wearing high-heeled type flip flops that had become so popular recently and I was in my flat flip flops. She towered several inches above me, but I reached up on my tip-toes and gave her a kiss on the lips and said, "Thank you Honey." "You're welcome babe." She replied and we started to walk to the store. I was wearing my flip flops, Jill's old short running shorts, her old lifeguard tank-top, and a pair of sunglasses. Jill was only wearing her swimsuit with the white elastic belt, her high-heeled flip flops and

sunglasses. As we approached the door, a silver Tacoma truck drove behind us on the street that stretched the length of the storefront and as it passed, a young guy rudely yelled, "Dykes!" while forming a V shape with his fingers and sticking his tongue between them. Jill and I quickly turned to see them and Jill flipped them the bird. Thinking that I was obviously offended for being mistaken from behind for a chick, Jill put her arm around my shoulder, pulled me in tightly and said, "Screw those guys Davey, you're the one that gets to have ME!" I had become a little used to it by now, having had to endure similar comments while on my runs and didn't care what other people thought, as long as Jill was happy with me, that's all that mattered. As we walked through the store to the men's section, Jill got several stares and jaws dropped with awe at her size. I was probably invisible to the customers and I was fine with that. Jill didn't act like she noticed them as they ogled while her huge muscles bulged and flexed with each step.

We finally reached the men's section towards the back of the store and Jill grabbed a few pairs of red and white board shorts for me to try on. My waist was now a size 28" so Jill had handed me 3 different pairs of 28" shorts. The first pair was way too loose and the company that made these was obviously way off. So I tried on the second and the third pair. They were both too loose as well and I emerged from the dressing room to meet Jill. "Honey." I said, "I know we just measured my waist at 28" but these are all too loose. "Oh no." she replied, "I think 28" is the smallest size they have." Right then, an employee walked by. Jill caught her attention and she walked over. She was a nice Hispanic girl, probably 17 or 18 and 5'2" tall and a few pounds over-weight. "Cindy." My wife said to her as she had read on the girl's nametag. "My husband here has a 28" waist, but none of the shorts here fit him." Cindy got an immediate look of shock on her face and said, "Wow, you two are married?" Jill answered quickly, "Yes Cindy, we're married and I'm very lucky to have him." The girl replied, "Oh, I'm sorry, it's just that you're so muscular, I guess I just would have expected to see with, you know, like a bodybuilder or something." "Nope." My wife replied, "He's not a bodybuilder, but he has it where it counts, if you know what I mean." The girl laughed and Jill smiled widely as well. "Okay, okay." Cindy said, "Most manufacturers actually make shorts larger than the size indicates so that customers feel better about themselves when purchasing that product. So for example, a size 32" short usually fits more like a 34" pair. For your husband, if he's a size 28" waist, he probably needs to find shorts marked 26." "That's just it Cindy." Jill said, "These are the smallest pair we can find." Cindy grabbed the pair of shorts Jill was holding and said, "Follow me." Jill and I both followed Cindy as she walked us into the BOYS section of the store. She reached into the rack and pulled out a pair of white board shorts with a cool 2" red stripe down each side, size Boys XL. They seemed small as I looked at them, but I quickly walked into the dressing room and threw them on. I walked out to show both Cindy and Jill. Cindy walked up, put a finger in between my waist and the suit and pulled lightly. She then turned to Jill and said, "Perfect!" Jill laughed and said, "At least we can save a few bucks on clothes now that you fit into boys sizes." She and Cindy both laughed at my expense as I smiled and shook my head.

We checked out and headed back to the truck. Again, Jill opened my door and helped me in. It was the second time she had done that today and I was thinking it odd, but allowing her to feel better about herself by helping me out anyway. Just as she closed my door, I heard her say sharply, "Stay here!" I looked up, and saw Jill jogging quickly one row over in the parking lot. Sure enough, I immediately

recognized the silver Tacoma truck of the guys that had called us Dykes earlier. The guys were walking back to their truck and were only 8 or 10 feet away from Jill. I heard her say something and the two dudes got in her face. They were both larger than I had first expected from our earlier encounter. One was probably 5'11" and probably 200+ pounds and the other guy was a bit taller, probably 6'2" but most likely under 200 pounds. Obviously, whatever they said insulted Jill greatly and she put her finger in the taller guy's chest forcefully. He slapped at her arm so she instinctively Bitch slapped him right across the face with severe force. He stumbled back two or three feet and hit the car next to his Tacoma. The other guy immediately rushed by his friend to attack Jill. With lightning quick reflexes, she kicked him right across the face with some sort of round house kick she learned in her self-defense classes and he crumbled to the ground. Still a bit dazed from her powerful Bitch slap, the taller guy took a step towards her to shove or hit her. Jill grabbed his arm, flung it around behind him and forced him face-first into the ground. Jill then jammed his head into his own truck tire and must have broken his arm as I heard him scream loudly in pain. She let go of the guy and began walking briskly back over to the truck. Her black hair was beautifully bouncing up and down with each, muscle-bound, powerful stride Jill took. She was returning a conqueror with two grown men laying broken and beaten behind her. As she jumped into the truck, I saw a look in her eyes like I had never seen before. It was true, raw, unfiltered emotion. Her nipples were excited and practically cutting through her swimsuit, she had goosebumps all over her arms and legs and her eyes were like lasers peering right through me. Jill leaned over, gave me a warm, powerful, passionate but brief kiss and then quickly backed the truck out of our spot. As we drove away, I looked back to see the larger guy, still lying unconscious on the ground and the taller guy rolling around in pain holding his now broken arm. Jill had completely dispatched two grown men in the span of 10 or 15 seconds without suffering even a scratch. I leaned into Jill, without saying a word, conveying my deep appreciation for her devotion and protection.

We drove several more minutes towards Lisa's house and Jill finally broke the silence. "You know Davey," she said, "I lift all those weights and take all of those self-defense classes and today, they were totally validated. I mean, I kicked the living shit out of those guys and barely even tried. If I was mad enough, I probably could have killed them." Then she said something that worried me, "...Wow that felt good!" she said under her breath. I was totally speechless and still in awe of her. Not only was my wife a huge, muscle-bound bodybuilder, she was also a fierce fighter and male-beater. The confidence she now had was impossible to be diluted and this latest incident was probably going to change our lives forever.

Lisa's house

Jill stopped the truck and turned off the ignition. She then moved to exit her side of the truck but hadn't noticed that I was clinging on to her muscular right arm as tightly as I could. I fell towards her as my whole body was easily pulled her direction as she made a simple movement out. As I started to fall out of the truck, Jill caught me and said, "Honey, you need to let go of my arm okay." I nodded, "Yes" but never wanted to let go of her muscular, powerful, protecting body. I was now completely physically and emotionally addicted to her every word and movement. I couldn't imagine being anywhere else in the



world other than by her side. Still clinging to her huge, rock hard arm, we walked to the front door. I reached out and rang the doorbell. It took about a minute, but the door slowly opened.

Standing there in matching red Baywatch one-piece swimsuits were Lisa and Samantha. They were both on the same Explode supplements and pure-form HGH that Jill was taking and their muscles were bulging out of their skin. Lisa was absolutely fucking huge and in her high heeled flip flops, she stood eye to eye with me. Her abs were so muscular, round ab bulges were almost protruding through her suit. She reached out with her massive arms and instead of giving me her usual crushing hug, she lifted me right up into the air in front of her. I looked down in awe at her massive strength and couldn't help but notice the gargantuan traps, filled with pounds of muscle protruding from her massive shoulders and connecting to her thick, muscle-bound neck. Lisa gave me her signature wink and said, "Happy birthday Tiger." As she smiled widely. Lisa then lowered me back down and gave me a long wet kiss on the lips. When she finished, I leaned back slightly still in awe of how massive Lisa had become and probably had a dumbfounded look on my face. Lisa then hit a right biceps pose and said, "These babies are almost as big as Louie's were you know...and I'll be there soon. Pretty impressive hey Tiger?" I shook my head up and down not even knowing what to say in her awesome presence. As I stood in awe of Lisa, Samantha grabbed my arm, spun me easily towards her and said, "Happy Birthday David." She then leaned down significantly and gave me a quick pec on the lips. As I stood back, I looked at Samantha's muscular physique and knew she had been taking bodybuilding much more seriously than before. Her arms were not as large as Jill's or Lisa's, but they were big and super long because of her height. She seemed to be 6'4" or 6'5" in her high-heeled flip flops and I asked her if she too had grown. "Of course I have silly." She replied, "I'm 6'2" in bare feet now and hope to grow another couple of inches." The Explode supplements and pure-form HGH were doing their job and these three girls were all becoming huge, muscle-bound freaks, and I loved it!

"Wait till you see this." Lisa said as she grabbed my hand and began to lead me to the back yard. I looked back at Jill, never wanting to leave her side, but she knew my look and said, "It's okay honey, I'll be right behind you." With that, I followed Lisa to the back. As soon as we walked outside, I spotted another girl in a red Baywatch bikini. Her back was to us, but she had really muscular calves and nice thighs and a perky ass. Her back was ripped with small muscles protruding out and her arms were firm and showed a little triceps bulge from the back. I didn't recognize her but figured she was from their gym. As we got within a few feet, she slowly turned around. "Holy Shit!" I exclaimed as she turned to face me. I was completely speechless and could not make my mouth work as she hit a quick biceps pose and showed off her guns. "What do you think son?" my mom said while still showing off her newly developed muscles. I stood there trying to process what I was now witnessing and it seemed unfathomable that my mom was now turning into a muscle-bound bodybuilder as well. The girls were laughing hysterically at my reaction and applauding my mom on her amazing physique. My mom then walked over, gave me a huge firm hug and kiss. She then took a quick step back and said, "Thanks to Jill and the girls, I learned that you're just never too old to work out and get a little stronger." Still in a bit of shock, I kind of nodded my head and said, "Ya.....Ya....ya." Jill then came up to my side, grabbed my shoulder and squeezed me into her rock hard chest and torso and said, "See honey, we're just forming



our own little muscle-bound sorority here. Can you sense it dear?" All I could say was, "You girls are unbelievable, just flat amazing and unreal."

Just then, I noticed my brother in the pool. "Happy B-day Bro." he said. "Thanks." I replied, "Glad you could make it!" "No problem." He replied as he started to walk up the pool steps. As he was about half way out of the pool, I immediately noticed that he looked significantly thinner than he was six months before. We all stood and watched as he got all the way out and approached to give me a hand shake and bro hug. "Damn." He said, "You are as thin as a bird." "Damn." I replied, "you're looking a lot thinner yourself." We greeted and he took a step back and he and Samantha embraced. She was much taller than Eric in her flip-flops and obviously considerably more muscular. Eric had lost much of his arm and shoulder size and standing next to Samantha made him look even smaller. "What are you down to?" I asked. "About 170 I think." He replied, which was easily 30+ pounds dropped in only six months. "Damn." I replied, "You're on a mission." Instead of answering me, he looked up at Samantha who said lovingly to him as she peered in his eyes, "Yes Dave, as a matter of fact, were both on a bit of a mission." With that she held up her muscular left hand which had a diamond ring on it. "Oh my God!" I said, "Are you two engaged?" Samantha nodded her head and smiled widely as she and Eric then shared a passionate kiss." "Wow." I replied, "Congratulations!" and I then walked up and embraced them both. "When is the big day?" I asked. "Well," Samantha answered, "That depends on your shrinking little brother here. Once he hits about 150 pounds, we'll decide on a date." "You've got to be 150 pounds before you guys get married?" I asked my brother. He didn't say anything but Samantha answered for him and said, "Well Dave, we made a little deal and he's gotta hold up his end of the bargain and I'll get to 200 pounds of ripped muscle and hold up my end." At that moment, they kissed passionately again and looked very, very in love, or lust I guess. As they did, I could clearly see my brother's thinning arm next to Samantha's large bicep and knew she had already past him greatly in strength, something I never thought my brother would be in to. At that point my mom chimed in and said, "I don't understand what it is with my boys and large muscular women, but I sure do like your choice in wives and hope you're all just as happy as clams in mud."

I still couldn't get over how amazing my mom looked at 52 years old and asked her, "Well how the hell did you get so fit mom?" "Well honey," she answered, "the girls have been advising me every day on workouts, meals, Explode supplements and that pure-form HGH for six months. I can't wait to see what I'm like in another six months." I shook my head again in disbelief but was very proud of her at the same time. Right then Jill said, "Honey, stand next to your mom for a picture." As I did, Lisa said, "Wow Tiger, I think your mom might be more muscular than you." "No way." I replied, "I don't think that's possible." "Ok then," Lisa said, "Let's see a biceps pose from you two." My mom immediately took up the challenge and hit a double biceps pose. Sure enough, the bicep balled up a bit and became rock hard. I reached up and grabbed my mom's arm, feeling how firm it was and I tried to squeeze it down. My grip was way too weak and her bicep didn't budge at all and stayed solid and strong. "You too." Lisa said emphatically to me. Reluctantly, I also hit a double biceps pose. Unlike my mom next to me, there was no visible bulge in my arm and just trying to make a bicep muscle actually burned a little. Right then, my mom reached over, grabbed my arm and squeezed it forcefully until a shooting pain went through it. I pulled my arm away quickly and began to shake out the pain. "Wow dear." She said, "I

think I've got your cute little arms out muscled." "No way mom." I replied, "No way!" Lisa quickly voiced in and said, "How about a mother/son arm wrestling challenge then, to settle the debate?" "Sure!" I answered confidently for a split second still thinking there was no way my mom was possibly stronger than me. "Great!" my mom replied strongly.

We walked over to a picnic bench type table Lisa had in her back yard. As we did, I was following my mom and couldn't help but notice the muscles in her legs flex and bulge slightly with each step. I even found myself admiring her hard seemingly muscular ass as well. I was beginning to realize that my mom was actually pretty muscular compared to me and it's only because I was used to seeing such huge muscles in my wife, that I had underestimated my mom's physique. We quickly sat down and faced each other for the match. My mom stuck out her right arm and I grabbed her hand with mine. My mom then looked at Lisa and said, "Now how do I do this dear? I don't think I've ever arm wrestled before." Lisa answered, "Don't worry Judy, it's easy. As soon as I let go of your hands, you just try to force Dave's hand down to the table." "Ok." My mom answered, "I guess I'll give it a try." I now thought I had the upper hand as I had arm wrestled many times before and knew if I could get my shoulder forward and pull my mom's arm slightly towards me, I could win the match. While holding my hand, my mom flexed her bicep muscle several times in a joking matter. I tried to flex mine, but as I mentioned before, there was literally no movement in what little muscle was in my arm. Lisa grabbed our two locked grips in the top position and began to count down from five. Just as she did, I noticed that there was some muscle bulging up in my mom's right shoulder as well. In fact, her whole upper torso was muscular and I noticed a blood filled vein now stretching up her firm seeming neck. I was coming to the immediate realization that my mom was becoming quite muscular everywhere and that I may be in way over my head. Lisa hit Zero and released our grips. I put all my might into the match and actually got a jump on my mom forcing her arm a few inches back as my small shoulder muscle worked it's ass off. Judy had caught my advance and I immediately felt the power in her arm and shoulder as she began forcing my arm back. I tried with all my might to stop her, but my mom had become too strong for me. I looked up to see her shoulder flexing greatly and after only five or six seconds, she had my arm held only a couple of inches above the surface of the table. My mom then caught my eye and said, "I love you dear." And she slammed my hand down, easily winning the match. Everyone cheered loudly and congratulated my mom for whipping me at arm wrestling. Jill said, "Look over here Dave and Judy." As we looked over, my mom waved and smiled widely to the video camera and flexed her pumped right arm in victory. I sat there looking dumbfounded as my mom had so easily beaten me in a feat of strength. I was a bit embarrassed, but the audience was having too much fun at my expense. They started the chant, "Left arm, left arm, left arm!"

My mom and I knew what they wanted, so we extended our left arms on the table. The grin on my mom's face was priceless and she was obviously very proud of her new strength. Unlike me, my mom was actually left handed and her left biceps was larger than her right. My left arm was slightly smaller and definitely weaker than right and I knew this was going to be a very lopsided match. Again, we locked grips on the table. My mom actually began to play around and force my arm one way, then the other and then back the other way, proving to us both that she was the Alpha dog in this fight. Lisa grabbed our arms and counted down. A split second before Lisa hit Zero, I put all my might into the

match and as Lisa let go, I actually forced my mom's arm back slightly. With lightning quick reflexes, my mom stopped my progress and easily forced my arm back to only a few inches off the table. I looked up at her, not knowing why she had stopped. She then brought our arms all the way back to the top and said, "C'mon Davey, give me some effort." With that barb, I threw all my weight into it again and literally didn't force her arm back an inch. She actually laughed, brought her right hand up towards her mouth and began to blow on her fingernails in a demeaning gesture proving how much stronger she was than me as Jill videotaped the whole match. I had enough and grabbed our grip with my left hand too, now having a two arm to one advantage over her. It worked briefly and I began to force her arm back, but with a huge grunt, my mom put all her strength into her muscular arm and shoulder and forced my hands back and down to the table. I had just been hugely outmuscled by my mom and sat there stunned at how much stronger than me she had become. She again hit a huge biceps flex and the girls all ran over to her and hugged and kissed her in victory. My brother just walked over and patted me on the shoulder saying, "Better luck next time bro." I shook my head in defeat knowing there would definitely not be a "Next Time."

I looked over at my mom again and she had Lisa whispering something in her ear. Lisa's arms were up forming a cup around her mouth and her biceps were beyond huge; and I wouldn't be surprised if she had fucking 18 inch arms. I saw a huge smile come across my mom's face and she replied to Lisa, "Well, if it's tradition, I guess I have to do it." "Do what?" I asked quizzically as my mom approached me. "Time for a dip according to tradition honey." She answered. I put my arms up in defense thinking that I could at least hold my mom at bay. She grabbed both my wrists forcefully and lifted me too my feet. "Mom, NO!" I exclaimed as she began pulling me towards the pool. As she stepped back, leading me, I tried to dig my feet into the grass and hold my ground, but she forcefully pulled my arms again, and I had to walk towards her to keep from falling to the ground and being drug across the grass. I couldn't believe how strong she was and again I noticed the muscles in her thighs and calves as she flexed them with each powerful backwards stride. My mom then reached the pools edge, swung me around and threw me into the water. I stayed underwater for a few seconds realizing that my mom had just whipped me at arm wrestling and now this 52 year old woman just flung me into the pool like a helpless child. As I surfaced, Jill was pointing the camera at me and asked, "Davey, what a birthday present, to be tossed in the pool by your mom like you were ten years old again." They all had another laugh at my expense, and I simply said, "Well if I can provide you all a good chuckle, I guess it's all worth it!!!" Lisa then quickly stepped out of her flip-flops and dove into the pool. She quickly reached me, gave me a huge hug and kiss and said, "Sorry Tiger, but it was fun and we all love you ya know." I gave her a peck back and said, "Ya....I know....I know." as she quickly dunked me under water and swam away.

## Pool Party Part 2

As I surfaced above the water again, I looked over to watch Lisa's muscular, water soaked body get out of the pool. The sun glistened off of her perfectly rounded rock hard ass and her leg thickness was beyond belief. From behind, she had a huge v-tapper because of her enormously wide shoulders and I was amazed at all of the bulging, rounded muscles protruding from her back. I couldn't even fathom

how strong she had become, but it was incredibly attractive to me and I got an instant hard-on just looking at her. As she walked over to the group, it was amazing to see the muscle-bound girls standing, chatting and moving around. It was like a scene in an adolescent dream I had and the fact that it was now a reality was almost overwhelming. I ogled their huge, developed muscles and even was impressed with my mom's recent development. She had added obvious muscle size in her arms, legs and shoulders and she was probably in the best shape of her life. I was proud of her and happy that she was now so excited about her muscles as well. I wanted to get out and join them, but I had a huge hard-on and knew I had to stay in the water as I would be embarrassed for my mom to see me so aroused.

Right then, my brother walked up to the group. He looked like a runt compared to the girls as his 30 pound weight loss had robbed him of his once muscular thighs, arms and shoulders. Their massive girth exaggerated the difference, but what struck me most, was that at only 135 pounds, my mom looked buffer than Eric at 170. It's amazing what having muscle does to both visual perception and reality. My brother outweighs my mom by roughly 35 pounds, but she actually looked buffer and stronger than him. As I watched them interact, it was still striking me at how much stronger and more massive the girls were compared to my brother; then I realized that if they make my brother look like a runt at 170 pounds, if I stood in the middle of all that beef, I would look like a frail little kid at only 129 pounds...a full 41 pounds less mass! As Eric stood in with the group, he must have said something derogatory in his smart-ass sense of humor way because they all looked at him and Samantha grabbed his wrists playfully, but also forcefully. Within a second or two, Eric went down to his knees as Samantha applied more pressure to his weakened arms. Samantha had gained some serious bulk in her arms and shoulders over the last six months and the difference between her mass and Eric's was becoming huge. She then started playing with him like a puppeteer making him move up, then down, then to the left, then to the right. The girls were all laughing hysterically, but I started feeling bad for him as he had to be embarrassed, especially having my mom watch as his fiancé so easily toyed with him. Finally, Samantha instructed him to stand up, walked him over to the edge of the pool and said, "Jump!" Without any hesitation, Eric launched himself into the pool, not even asking or trying to take his nice shirt off. It was a level of obedience I had never seen my brother show to any one, not even my mom when we were kids. Samantha had him trained quite well but I didn't think she should show it off so openly in front of everyone.

Eric swam over to me towards the shallow end, on the opposite side of the pool away from the girls. They were giddy and talking and laughing loudly, having a great time. As Eric swam up I said kiddingly, "Damn Eric, I never thought you'd be that into a massive, buff chick who bosses you around a bit." He just looked at me and said, "You have no idea Dave." "Well," I replied, "Jill is massively stronger and buffer than me, so I think I have a pretty good idea bro." "No Dave." He answered, "You love that shit, and it's cool I guess, but Jill seems pretty chill. Sammy can go psycho on me sometimes and it's scary as hell." "Really???" I answered, "Like how scary?" "Like, I think she's going to break my arm off, and beat me with it sometimes...that kind of scary." "What the fuck!" I said, "Why the hell would you put a ring on her finger then?" "Well Dave, it used to be almost All good times and very few bad times, but I think all the shit she is taking may be affecting her mood, because now it seems closer to 30 – 70 and I'm always on edge around her. I'm hoping once she gets off all the supplements and HGH, she'll turn back

into cool Sammy!” Just as he finished saying that, he looked over at Samantha and said, “Oh Shit!” “What?” I asked. “She just gave me her look. She knows I’m talking about her.” I didn’t believe him, but sure enough, Sammy walked over to the edge of the pool and extended her finger, signaling Eric to come over. Without hesitation, my brother swam over to where Sammy was standing. I don’t know if I was a bit scared too or just had too much to drink, but I suddenly felt the urge to use the restroom. So as Sammy and Eric spoke, I got out and walked into the side door of the bathroom which connects the house to the backyard.

It was weird to think about the current situation. It was like Eric had to tip toe around his fiancé to avoid “Getting in trouble.” It didn’t seem very healthy, not at all like my relationship with Jill, but Eric always liked girls that he could argue with growing up. I can remember going on road trips with Eric and he and his girl would debate shit and argue the whole damn time, but they loved it and it was an interesting dynamic to their relationship. Knowing his past with those kinds of girls, I just brushed it off and felt like he probably liked the confrontation deep down and it was his own unique taste in women. My mind was racing, but I finished my piss and was about to walk back outside and join the party. Just then, someone knocked on the inside door that led to the laundry room that led to the house. I walked over and opened the door. To my surprise, Samantha was standing there in all of her muscle-bound glory. She had put her high-heeled flip flops back on and was easily 5 or 6 inches taller than me and her herculean mass pretty much filled up the doorway. I didn’t know why she had come in this way, since it was easier to access this bathroom directly from the backyard, but just said, “Oh, hey Sammy, it’s all yours.” And I started to walk past her out of the bathroom. She took a half step forward and then turned sharply toward me. As we made contact, I bounced off of her rock hard body and pretty much slammed into the wall. With my back against the wall, Samantha placed her hand on my chest, forcing my back firmly against the wall and said, “Oh sorry Davey, I just have a quick question for you.” I was absolutely pinned against the wall and pretty much unable to move so I said, “Sure Sammy, what’s up?” “Oh.” She answered, “I was just curious what you and Eric were talking about in the pool.” “Ummm, you know, just sports and women...the usual stuff.” I replied. “I don’t know Davey.” She replied, “I can just tell when your brother is up to no good and he kind of had that look on his face. Are you sure there’s nothing more you can tell me?” She was speaking to me very nicely and with a smile on her face, but physically, she was forcing me harder into the wall and was intimidating the hell out of me with her strength. “Ya Sammy.” I said, “just regular chit chat about sports, that’s it.” Sammy leaned her head back, examining me and my expression, trying to see through my lie. I felt like I was being interrogated and I immediately knew why Eric was having some issues with her. I was a terrible liar and as Sammy stared me down for a few more moments I was just about to give in and let her know the jest of our conversation when she broke the silence and said, “Thank you for being honest Davey, it really means a lot to me.” Sammy then leaned down and gave me a nice wet kiss on the lips and turned to walk out. As she did, I watched her quads and calves bulge with each powerful stride knowing that she was very strong and the last thing I would want is for her to be pissed at me. With that confrontation over, I reached into the sink to wash my hands and noticed them shaking uncontrollably. I didn’t realize I was even that scared but obviously, subconsciously, I was very intimidated by her.

I walked back outside and the girls were setting up a volleyball net across the shallow end of the pool. They were laughing and having fun and their beautiful muscles were dripping wet and looked intoxicating as the sun reflected off their beautiful surface. Jill signaled me to hop in so I immediately jumped in and swam up to her. Her hair looked amazing as it was slicked back and draped across her muscle-bound traps. Jill put her hands underneath my arms and easily lifted half my body above the surface. My mom took notice and said, "Wow Jill, that's pretty impressive huh?" "Oh, it's nothing Judy." Jill replied, "he's becoming light as a feather by the day and just the cutest thing ever don't you think?" "Oh Jill," my mom replied, "Both of my boys are as cute as they come." "Especially this one!" Samantha said loudly from the other side of the pool as she sat next to Eric and pinched his cheek. They were both smiling widely and Eric didn't seem as worried as he had just a few minutes earlier, so I knew he was either faking it really well, or Samantha bought my story about speaking with Eric about sports and nothing else. Jill put me back down and we began hitting the volleyball back and forth to my mom and Lisa. They both looked amazing and I was in awe of Lisa's huge muscles as she jumped and dove and hit during our game. My mom was looking great and it was odd to see her arms so firm and muscular, and I even noticed some trap muscle protruding up above her shoulders. Whatever this pure-form HGH was, it was obviously working great on women at any age.

We were having a blast playing volleyball and it was becoming my best birthday ever! Every time we scored a point, Jill would embrace me with her huge, muscular body, or give me a hot, wet kiss, or reach down and grab my package. I was busy caressing her wet powerful muscles every single chance I got, and I longed for and enjoyed her affection towards me with every scored point. The game was going great and I was obviously the weak link. Jill was already now taller than me, and she was able to jump really high to get balls that I couldn't reach. I lacked any power in my legs and it was hard for me to jump up in the restriction of the water. For the hell of it, I wanted to find out just how much more athletic Jill had become than me. So we took a quick break in the action and I stood right in front of my wife. She was maybe an inch taller, but her huge mass made her seem 2 or 3 inches taller to me. Any way I said, "Ok honey, let's have a jump off." "What do you mean?" she asked. "Watch." I said and I stood in front of her and extended my right arm upwards towards the sky. "Now you." I instructed. Jill extended her left arm towards the sky. Not only was the muscle mass and arm thickness dramatically different as my skinny arm looked like a toothpick compared to her thickly muscled arm, but her hand reached easily 5 inches higher than mine, and her hand actually looked larger than mine too. I understood the muscle mass difference but was not prepared for the now massive reach and hand size difference. The growth she had recently experienced was affecting every part of her gorgeous, muscle-bound being.

Jill looked slightly down at me with a crooked smile, knowing she was going to dominate this competition like she had dominated me recently at every other physical interaction. She loved it and it seemed that, the more I could compete with her and lose badly, the more she loved me and the more physically attracted she was to me. It was a playful, humorous internal competition we had between each other and it sounds crazy, but it was the only control I had over her. Every time she discovered a new strength over me, or found that I had become weaker, she lost emotional control and desired me more greatly than the time before. It seemed strange to have to give up strength and perceived power



to my wife, to actually feel like I had more control in the relationship...but it was the reality. As we faced each other, mid-stomach deep, I could see the excitement in Jill's eyes as she knew, she was about to crush me at yet another physical competition. Eager to start, I asked my mom to count down from three to zero. My mom immediately began counting and at precisely zero, Jill and I leaped into the air. The weight of the water felt immense and at the most, I was able to leap about a foot up as the water came to about mid-to high thigh on me at its height. Meanwhile, Jill's muscular body exploded upwards and her kneecaps actually rose above the water's surface. She had easily out-jumped me by a foot to a foot and a half. Again, our physical competition was a landslide in Jill's favor and she knew it. Instead of stopping though, she said, "I can get higher!" She bent at the knee a bit more this time and like before, her body exploded upwards. She was right, and jumped at least three or four inches higher this time, actually exposing some of her diamond shaped, dripping wet calf muscle. Even Jill was giddy, realizing how much power and strength her legs now possessed.

Jill took a step towards me and wrapped her muscle-bound right leg around my torso. She then squeezed me tightly with it and I pushed against it with all my arm force, trying to relieve the slight pain that was being applied to my body. Without using her hands, and knowing that she again had me in a vise like grip, my wife forced her right leg, and me underneath her. She held me down for several seconds and I tried to push against her powerful thigh and lift my head above water. It was no use and I couldn't budge. Knowing I was running short on air, I tried punching her thigh as hard as I could to let her know I was mad. I could hear muffled laughing from the girls above the water surface but knew I was completely helpless to do anything but hope my wife eventually brought me up. Jill finally, playfully brought me up and I gasped hugely as I took in a huge gulp of air. I looked at my mom and Lisa, who were both laughing hysterically as Jill again forced me underwater. I decided to remain calm this time and looked up at my wife from below. She was only gripping me with one of her thighs, but her strength was so great, I was powerless to move. She had one hand on her hip, and the other near her mouth as she blew on her fingertips as if drying nail polish and exerting no effort to render me helpless. Again, she held me under for too long, and although I attempted to remain calm, as I lacked more and more oxygen, I began to panic. My wife sensed my panic and effortlessly lifted me up out of the water. Exhausted, I felt the show of power was over, but Jill quickly swung her hip and again forced me under water. By now, every ounce of strength was gone from my body and I hung there debilitated, hoping for another chance to breath. Knowing she held all the power, and essentially, my feeble existence in her muscle-bound thigh, Jill was probably in a state of Zen. As time ticked by, I knew I was about to pass out from lack of air and I simply tapped her gorgeous quad, hoping she would know that was my signal to lift me up. I'm sure she knew, but Jill held me under just a few more seconds and finally breached my head up above the surface. By now, I was too weak to even lift my arms or speak and simply tried to bend my neck to hold my mouth above the surface. After just three short breaths, Jill again forced me underwater, but this time, I had no stamina left and felt I would pass out or die within seconds. I tried to tap my wife again on her leg, but couldn't muster enough energy to move my arms, it seemed like the most herculean feat. As I just started to give up hope, Jill again forced my head up above the water. Survival instinct took over and I again took in a few huge gulps of air. Jill released me from her titan grip but I was too weak to even stand and began to sink in the water. Sensing my abandoned state, my wife reached in, grabbed me around the torso and lifted me above the water. I was too flaccid to even move a limb and felt like a wet noodle.



My wife now cradled me in her arms like a small child as I began to cry uncontrollably. I wasn't sad but in my struggle to survive the dunking's and a drowning, emotion completely overcame me and the tears gushed from my eyes. I tried to talk but only gibberish came out and Jill said, "There, there honey, don't speak, just let it all out and have a good cry." I only looked up at Jill's beautiful, muscular, powerful face and felt like a helpless baby in his mother's arms. Jill easily walked us over to the pool steps, and cradled me out of the pool and walked me into the house. Jill loved being my rescuer and although she had put me in my powerless state, she was reaping the emotional rewards of coming to my rescue. Jill put me to my feet in the bathroom and began to pat me dry like a little kid. She then started drying her huge muscles and although tears still dripped from my face, I was immediately turned on by the immense power they held over me, both physically and emotionally. With minimal effort on her part, Jill could have easily drowned me! Jill saw my excited member, looked at me and said, "I'm glad that turned you on too honey, I'm so turned on right now, I'm about to explode!" That solidified in my mind that Jill did that all to satisfy her own, odd sexual pleasure; and to do it in front of my mom and our friends made it even more exhilarating to her. Jill was developing some strange sexual tastes and I was both frightened and excited about where that might take us.

Jill turned her back to me and asked me to pull down her suit. The red straps were tightly stretched over her enormous traps and it was actually difficult to pull them down and out over her massive shoulders. As I stood behind her, I was in disbelief at all of the bulging, rock-hard muscles protruding from her back. I placed my palms on the muscle and felt the size and hardness of them, knowing the incredible power they contained. At her urging, I quit caressing her back and pulled the suit down over her protruding, stone like ass, down past her meaty quads and diamond shaped calves, and finally to the ground. Her mass and power was overwhelming and I felt like every moment in her presence was like spending s time with A Greek Goddess. My naked, muscle-bound wife turned towards me and slowly squatted, grabbing my swimsuit and pulling it down to the ground. I now expected her to do the usual and place my raging hard-on into her warm, moist mouth. Instead, my wife grabbed her wet, red Baywatch one-piece swimsuit and pulled it near. She lifted my left foot and placed it in one of the leg openings; she then grabbed my right foot and placed it into the other opening. "So Davey..." Jill said, "I remember a little story you told us all about you and a certain bathing suit incident in your youth. Well, let's just say, we'll relive a little bit of that now. Is that OK with you my love?" I knew what she was doing, and although a bit embarrassed, I nodded my head YES. Jill lifted the suit up past my thighs, around my still erect cock, situated it over my ass, put my arms through the upper openings and finally brought the straps up over my thin shoulders. I was used to wearing some of Jill's clothes, like her running shorts, an occasional shirt or pants, but this was clearly a new level. My muscle-bound wife took a step back, looked me up and down and said, "Not bad actually." Jill then scooped me up, opened the bathroom door that led into the house, and quickly led me to Lisa's guest bedroom.

She tossed me onto the bed, and jumped on top of me, hovering over me like a conquering eagle, our faces just inches away. Unable to control herself, Jill grabbed my cock out of the left leg opening of the red Baywatch swimsuit I was wearing and inserted it into her hot, tight pussy. I loved the feel of the tight spandex material on my body and caressed my abs through its slick surface. Jill's muscular pussy

control was in its usual form and it tightly grabbed and massaged my penis as she rhythmically raised and lowered her hips and torso on top of me. I grabbed hold of her meaty midsection and was amazed at all of the side muscle running up from her hip to her wide, wing-like lats. Sensing my massaging hands, Jill flexed her lats firmly, causing them to shoot out even wider and become rock hard. The muscle on top of muscle Jill now had was awe inspiring and my mouth watered just looking at her amazing physique. My wife often liked to control our lovemaking and with my cock inside her, Jill grabbed it firmly with her powerful pussy and held it in place. I looked up at her as she now raised her torso vertically above me. She then hit a most-muscular pose, making her traps and neck morph into a hugely massive block of muscle. I grabbed this massive accumulation of muscle and felt its power. My hands seemed incredibly inadequate and puny in comparison. How my wife could be this herculean was beyond my wildest dreams and a sense of ultimate pleasure came over me. I reached out to feel Jill's rounded immense shoulders and biceps as well, dragging my palms over the protruding muscle and veins that ran down her arm. Finally at her hugely flexed forearms, I tried to fathom how they were now much larger than my biceps and I grabbed one of them in both hands to feel just how massive they had become.

Now satisfied with her muscle show, Jill slightly released her vicelike hold on my cock and began to massage it again, proving that her strength could also provide me with incredible pleasure. Jill slowly rolled to her side and then to her back, moving me simultaneously into the top position sexual. As I looked down at my amazing wife, she said, "My turn for a muscle show honey...don't you think?" I laughed but decided to play along. Looking ridiculous I'm sure, in her red Baywatch swimsuit, my cock still nestled tightly in her amazing vagina, I began the show. I hit a double bicep flex. There was literally no bulging of any muscle and Jill began to laugh hysterically. "C'mon baby." She chuckled, "Not even a little bump on you is there?" as she grabbed my bicep in her powerful grip and gave it a squeeze. "My goodness Davey, tell me if this hurts." At that point, I flexed my right arm as hard as I could while she grabbed it between her thumb and forefinger. It felt like she was bearing down on my arm with a pair of Channel-Lock pliers and I screamed, "Owww!" in pain. Jill quickly let go of my arm and said, "I'm sorry baby, please continue." I said, "Ok." And hit the double biceps pose again. After that, I threw a most-muscular pose and then pointed my left arm out and to the left while I again tried to hit a right biceps flex. Jill was still laughing hysterically and I said, "Well dear, I'm glad you can find humor in my meagerness." "Oh honey," she replied, "I want your sexy little meager ass like you wouldn't believe." With that, Jill slid us down to the edge of the bed, and with me still inside her, stood up and leaned back slightly against the wall. Now being completely hoisted by my massive, powerful wife, I was turned on like crazy and battled her tight, muscular pussy to thrust into her as hard as humanly possible. She slightly relaxed her vagina and thrust forcefully back as our pelvic rejoins pounded each other in perfect opposite unison. Jill had her hands around my torso to keep me from falling, but as our intercourse hit an intense level, she was actually slightly lifting me off her and then slamming me back down into her cunt. My pelvis was being beaten, but my cock was feeling the most incredible pleasure imaginable.

There was a full-length mirror leaning slightly against the wall a few feet to the right of me. As I looked at our reflections, I was struck by the pure massiveness of the reflection of my wife as we had sex. Her bulky back was leaning against the wall and her legs were out, but at about a 130 degree angle as she

supported my weight on top of her. With each thrust, her massive hamstring muscles flexed hugely and her gorgeous quads did as well, almost like I was being supported by reinforced concrete pillars. Squinting my eyes slightly to blur focus, it was funny to see how thin and petite I seemed on top of my huge wife. She saw my wondering gaze and also turned her head to look at us in the mirror. Making a mockery out of most things, Jill released her left grip from my torso to hit a massive triceps flex. Then she smiled, slapped me firmly on the ass, grabbed my torso again and began to thrust me hard against her. My frail body was feeling the immense power and sexual appetite of my muscle-bound wife and although it was physically taxing, I was enjoying every second of it. I placed my hands down on Jill's bulging pecs as she got every last ounce of enjoyment out of my rock-hard cock. Finally, I couldn't hold it any longer and I began to shoot loads of my love juice inside of her. Not yet done, Jill felt my warm ejaculate and began to thrust me into her at a very rapid pace. I was now just along for the ride as Jill pleased herself with me for a minute or so more. She too finally reached orgasm and as she shuddered hard due to the immense pleasure, she slowly lowered her back to the ground as I laid down on top of her...an awesome birthday it was turning out to be!

Pool Party continued...

After a few more minutes of laying on my beautiful, muscular, rock-hard wife, we decided that we should rejoin the party. In our hurry, Jill had left my swim trunks on the floor in the bathroom. We quickly bolted back down the hallway and into the bathroom. I was still wearing Jill's red Baywatch swimsuit, and she was buck naked. Jill said, "That'd be awesome if we went back out in each other's swim suits, like it was an accident, wouldn't it?" I agreed but thought it would be a little embarrassing, since my cock would be pretty visible through the spandex like material of her Baywatch swimsuit. Jill said, "Don't worry. I'll get a little waist cover up for you from Lisa." Jill then bent down and put her right foot through my board shorts right opening. She seemed to barely get her right calf through the hole, and as she attempted to pull it over her thigh, the opening was clearly way too small. "Oh my God." Jill said, my thigh barely even fits through the waist opening on your trunks, let alone the leg hole. "I know." I replied, "Your damn thigh is almost as big as my entire waist you know." While she contemplated the swimsuit situation, I knelt down and leaned my waist next to her monstrous left thigh. Comparing the two, I said, "See honey, same size." She peered down at me and my frail waistline and smiled widely while shaking her head in disbelief that it was even a possibility. It amazed me that she didn't know that, but it had been me who was obsessed with all of the numbers over the past months and year or two....not her. Frustrated, Jill slipped the suit down over her massive right calf muscle and handed me my swim trunks. I slipped off her silky red swimsuit and handed it back to her. After rinsing it off and ringing it out, Jill let me put it back on her. I enjoyed slipping it over her gorgeous muscular thighs and situating it perfectly on her amazing rock hard ass. I then lifted the openings over her buff, meaty arms and finally stretched the straps over her incredible shoulders and traps. Jill turned towards me and we shared one more long, passionate kiss before heading back out to hang with family and friends.

We walked out to rejoin the party. Since Jill towered over me in her high heeled flip flops, I had wrapped my left arm around her huge torso and grabbed the thick muscle on the left side of her amazing abs. She held me tightly by reaching down slightly and wrapping her muscle-bound right arm

around my shoulders. Lisa started filming us with the camera and said to Jill, "So, how was your mid-afternoon birthday romp?" I smiled widely, knowing immediately that they all knew what Jill and I had just done. Without skipping a beat though, Jill replied, "Well Lissss, since you asked, I think this boy needs to cool off." At that exact moment, Jill bent down, grabbed me under my legs and literally launched me several feet into the air and into the middle of the pool. I splashed down and as I floated back to the surface, I was in disbelief at how far my wife had just thrown me. Jill not only launched me several feet up, she also tossed me easily 10 to 12 feet out and into the center of the pool. As I shook the water off my head and looked back at my wife, she was smiling beautifully while flexing her huge right biceps with her other muscle laden arm at a 45 degree angle and her hand clinched forcefully against her left hip. It was an amazingly powerful and dominating sight. Jill was taking every opportunity to show me and everyone else how much stronger she was than me, and to be honest, I was enjoying every minute of it. So far today, she had held me under water, made me cry, cradled me out of the pool, fucked the shit out of me, and now launched me 10 to 12 feet through midair. There was absolutely no doubt to me or anyone else there who was now the Alpha partner in our relationship, but also that we loved each other deeply. That seems to trump all else and our passion for each other made the physical dominance by Jill seem OK and possibly even a great strength in our relationship.

Seconds later, although not so far and high, Samantha launched my brother into the pool. He came splashing down quite awkwardly and there was a loud splat as his back smacked the water at the angle that stings like hell and makes a big red mark. He was kind of motionless in pain for a few seconds and then came paddling over to me. Unlike the fun and enthusiasm Jill and I showed towards each other and her powerful dominance, Eric and Samantha had an opposite kind of vibe. As he approached me, I could see the look of pain, embarrassment and even anger at how he had just been treated by his fiancé. Jill's physical upper hand over me was fun and passionate while Samantha's seemed more demeaning and a "Show of Power" that she got off on. As uncomfortable as Eric seemed to me, the girls didn't seem to notice so they laughed and lauded Samantha and Jill for their obvious advantages over me and Eric. Again I saw an opportunity to talk to my bro so I said, "Hey man, is everything cool with Jill?" "Ya dude, it's awesome. Things are great bro." He answered reluctantly. Obviously not wanting to talk to me about it, he kind of swam away towards the other side of the pool and relaxed by himself.

The girls were still busy looking buff as hell and talking and laughing loudly when the sliding door opened and Louie walked out. "Holy Shit!" I exclaimed as I saw Louie for the first time in many months. He looked back at me with a half grin on his face and said, "Hey Dave, good to see your skinny ass too." What shocked me was Louie's physique. He was once a huge, blocky, muscle-bound dude, that probably weighed 250 or 260 pounds, but now was probably 210 or 215 tops. He looked great obviously and was still muscular, but was definitely getting away from the meathead look. No longer did he have the ballooned out muscle bodies in his legs, shoulders and arms, and even his face looked much thinner. I popped out of the pool and walked over to join him and the girls by the bbq. He had brought home pounds and pounds of chicken and steaks, potatoes and corn with the husks still on. Louie was standing next to Lisa and although his arms were larger than hers, it wasn't by much and it seemed like she was almost as tall as him now too. As I observed the two of them I said, "So Louie, why the toning down?" "Well Dave," he answered, "It was just too much work and becoming way too expensive to feed two

muscle bound freaks. Plus, all the Supplements and Lisa's pure-HGH aren't cheap either. So were going to focus on her financially right now, and I'll probably get back into it down the road as finances get a little better for us." I smiled and nodded in agreement, but I felt a little bad for Louie knowing he did like being the big huge guy in the room, but just couldn't afford to keep up that lifestyle right now because he was pouring all his paychecks into Lisa's training, food and supplementation. Another odd thing I noticed about Louie was that he used to always wear work boots or some other form of footwear that made him seem taller than his 5'7" frame. But today he was simply wearing flat soled flip flops and as he stood next to Jill, she towered over him by what seemed like a foot. We made a few funny comments but Louie just rolled with the punches and decided to get the BBQ going.

As Louie was busy with the BBQ and my mom, Samantha and Jill were cooling off in the pool, Lisa grabbed my hand and led me into the house. Her muscles were bulky and popping out of her suit everywhere and I tried not to get a full on raging hard on as we spoke. "So Dave?" she said, "What do you think of my Louie losing so much size and weight?" "I don't know." I answered, "I mean, he still looks to be in great shape? Why?" "Well." She answered, "I want what you and Jill have; the passion, the love and the unorthodox physical dynamic. This crazy physical role reversal has made you and Jill the envy of me and Samantha too." "Lisa, I don't think Louie is going to be anywhere close to my size and strength so that may not work out so well you know." I answered. "I know." She replied, "That short son of a bitch is going to be even smaller." I stood there a bit stunned at what she had just said. Lisa slowly walked over to the supplement cabinet in her kitchen and pulled out a bottle full of pills. "Do you see these magic beans here Davey?" Lisa asked. I nodded my head affirmative. "These are estrogen pills and I've been giving them, along with some weight loss, appetite suppression and mild laxative pills to Louie for months." "I can't believe he would take those." I said, "He just doesn't seem like he'd be totally into what Jill and I have, he seems too big and proud for that." "Oh, he doesn't know Davey, and you won't be telling him either. He's convinced they're multivitamins and other healthy amino acids I'm getting from Explode Supplements." I stood there stunned and my jaw dropped to the floor. At least with me and Jill, it was by our choice that we had taken such a wild physical ride, but here was Lisa, sabotaging Louie's physique without him even knowing it was happening. "I see you're a bit shocked Davey." Lisa whispered into my ear. "Well, I want what Jill has, and if I can't have you, then I'll just have to come up with my own version of your cute little ass." As she finished, she leaned heavily and powerfully into me, put her hand down my shorts and grabbed my cock. At the same time, she leaned in and gave me a long, wet kiss while massaging my member. She then took a step back, as I ogled her beautiful, muscular physique. "Oh lookee there." She said with a wry grin, "time for Louie's feeding." As I stood with a raging hard on in the kitchen, I watched Lisa walk out to Louie with a small handful of Pills. She handed them to him, gave him a quick peck on the lips and looked back at me in the kitchen again with that wry smile and a wink as Louie quickly popped the pills in his mouth and swallowed.

"Wow" I thought. Here's me and Jill, just doing our own passionate thing somehow inspiring others to physically copy what we're doing in hopes of connecting emotionally like Jill and me. This is crazy though, I wanted and desired to be with a strong, confident woman like Jill since I was a kid. My brother Eric never really did; I know he loved having girlfriends that challenged him intellectually, but never physically as far as I knew. And how 'bout Louie, he was a shorter guy who had pumped weights, eaten

like a horse and probably taken some steroids along the way to be the biggest, baddest guy around. Without his muscle, he would probably become a scared little man with little confidence and an even smaller personality. What the hell should I do? My fairytale existence with my muscle-bound wife would probably become a nightmare for Eric and Louie. I felt like I should talk to Eric and somehow warn Louie. I walked outside and decided first to talk to my brother about it. But as I approached him, I looked over and saw Lisa speaking with Samantha and looking my way. Lisa looked at me with a shake of the head no and I could tell she knew what I was up to. Samantha immediately came walking over and met me right as I got to my brother. Instead of keeping a questioning eye, Samantha played it cool, slipped her muscle-bound body into the pool and sat on the underwater bench next to Eric. She and Eric's shoulders and arms down to their elbows were above the waterline and Samantha started dripping water over my brothers smaller arms and massaging them. As she did she looked at me and said, "Just think Dave, in a few more months Eric's going to turn these into little pencils arms like yours. Aren't you Eric?" Without commenting, he just nodded his head in agreement with her. Samantha then flexed her left bicep which was getting huge; and obviously bigger and stronger than Eric and my arms put together. On cue, Eric began caressing its mass while Samantha flexed and relaxed it over and over again. Then she stuck her tongue out and flicked it a few times, signaling my brother to begin licking her rock hard bicep, worshiping it on her command. I would have voluntarily done that to Jill's amazing arms on my own desire, but it did seem a little forced with Sammy and Eric. It was like he was worshiping her muscles on her demand, not with the internal passion and lust for muscle that I had burning inside me. Samantha was impressive for sure and I had to walk away before my hard on was beyond control.

I walked back over to the group by the BBQ. Louie was finishing up grilling all the beef and chicken while my mom finished up with her famous fruit salad. I set the picnic table and within a few more minutes we were all ready to eat. I sat down in the middle on one side of the table with my mom on my left and Jill on my right. Mike, Samantha, Louie and Lisa sat on the opposite side. There were a few comments about how amazing all of the girls looked in their matching red Baywatch swimsuits and about how much muscle was on display. The girls all took it in stride as they loaded up their plates. I watched in awe as my mom loaded a chicken breast, a slab of beef and a mound of fruit salad on her plate while Jill piled up two chicken breasts, a slab of beef and a ton of fruit on hers. Samantha and Lisa had similar portions in front of them as well. I had what was probably 4 or 5 small bites worth of chicken breast and a small portion of fruit on my plate and I noticed Samantha carefully portioning my brothers plate just the same. As Lisa put a small portion on Louie's plate she looked over at me and again gave me that quick wink. I immediately realized that my mom was eating close to twice as much as me, Eric and Louie combined and the other girls were devouring almost three times the amount of us three guys. As the smallest person in the group, I also realized that eating like they were; Louie and Eric would soon be joining me in a very meager physical state...I wondered to what extent they knew the ever shrinking path they were on.

As we ate our meals, I looked down at my mom's thighs. They were muscular and hard as rocks and without a doubt larger than my skinny bird legs. To see my mom as fit and muscular was one thing, but to sit next to her and realize how muscular and powerful she was becoming in direct comparison to me



gave me another inappropriate erection. It's not that I had any stupid or backwards ass sexual thoughts about it, it's just that seeing muscular thighs on a woman, so close to me turned me on. I then peered up at her face hoping she hadn't noticed my erection to see that she was indeed facing forward towards Lisa. As I watched her chew, I could see that her jaw was also becoming muscular and powerful. It's like my damn mom was becoming this muscular, powerful babe right in front of me and it was weird to realize. I quickly took my eyes off my mom and gazed down at my wife's powerful thighs. They were bulky, huge, full and seemingly twice as large as mine. I placed my right hand down to grab her left thigh and a sense of exhilaration went through me as I felt its warmth, size and firmness knowing how unbelievably powerful it had become. Jill then reached her left hand down and grabbed my thigh, which looked like a child's compared to hers, and she gave it a firm squeeze. Like every other time Jill gave me just a small squeeze, a small bit of pain shot through me as she didn't realize how strong and powerful her little squeezes had become.

Eric, Louie and I finished our meals and even though it was a very small amount of food, I was full. Jill, Samantha, Lisa and my mom continued to devour the huge portions on their plates and even that was exhilarating for me to watch. It was like I was witnessing the girls become larger and more powerful just based on their huge caloric intake. I guess it helped that they all had bulging biceps and rounded, buff shoulders, but I especially found myself attracted to Lisa's huge, muscular neck as she chewed and swallowed each bite. As us guys sat there, watching our muscle-bound women consume mass quantities of food, Lisa places her hand on Louie's thigh and says, "Well Sammy, since Louie has slimmed down a little, he has been amazing in the bedroom. He's had stamina and endurance like never before!" "Oh my God Lisa..." Samantha replied, "Same thing with Eric. He's getting better and more fun all the time. And we're getting to experiment now like never before." Just then I said, "Slow down with all the chatter girls, my mom's here you know." Samantha looked over at Judy and said with a smile, "I'm sorry Judy, but I just can't get enough of my little Eric here! He's getting cuter by the day." Just as she finished, she pinched his cheek like he was a little kid, possibly to embarrass him slightly. My mom laughed and replied, "Not to worry Samantha, what you and Eric do in the privacy of your own home is for you to decided, but if it involves some grandkids down the road, I'm 100% for it!" We all smiled and laughed and I realized that my mom probably wanted me and Jill to have some kids too.

Pool Part continued...

As we finished eating, we got up and gathered around a golf-green sized grass area next to the pool and BBQ area all drinking our cool margaritas. I finally took notice that Louie and Eric were not their usual outgoing and boisterous self's. They were much more quit than I had ever known them to be and kind of just hung around the girls listening to them and smiling and nodding when appropriate. The girls on the other hand were as loud and funny as could be, dominating the conversation and relishing in their subconscious spotlight. It seemed appropriate though, the girls had worked hard and built themselves up into muscle bound goddesses and they loved the spotlight and drew attention to themselves as could be expected. Louie and Eric were becoming shells of their once manly selves and did subconsciously not want to draw any attention. Louie was still a muscular fit looking guy, but he must already be feeling the



mental effects of his own loss in terms of what he once was. With Lisa's slight growth over the last several months, he was now looking almost eye to eye with his once shorter wife. If she grew any more, Louie would be the shortest person in our group.

The girls started to get friskier as the margaritas got consumed. Jill had been kind of grasping me tightly and keeping me next to her, occasionally caressing my abs or grabbing my ass firmly. Without warning though, she decided to lean me back slightly, reached her musclebound arm under me and lifted me up in front of her, cradling me like a small child. The guys and girls laughed as Jill rocked me back and forth and then spun me around a couple of times. I took the opportunity to grab her rock hard, rounded left shoulder in awe as it flexed greatly supporting my weight. Lisa then handed me Jill's half-drunk margarita and I lifted it to my wife's lips and fed her the smooth sweet drink from the comfort of her supportive hold. Samantha on queue immediately hoisted my brother up with ease and held him in a cradle hold as well. My mom applauded the girls and their obvious superior strength and asked us to pose for a picture. Samantha and Jill stepped next to each other and we all smiled for the camera. Eric and I each reached out and high-fived while my mom snapped some pics. I was in heaven and it seemed that Eric was in better spirits and enjoying the moment in Samantha's arms as well. Like the smart ass that I am, I yelled over at Lisa, "Hey Lis, why don't you grab Louie and join us for another pic?" Louie laughed and said, "I don't know if she can do that yet there Davey boy. But I'm happy for you and your shrinking brother there." The girls goaded Lisa on so she actually walked behind Louie to attempt to lift him. He was still 220+ pounds of muscle and he looked pretty confident that Lisa wouldn't be able to lift him. Sure enough, he played along and put his arm around Lisa's muscular shoulders as she squatted slightly and leaned him back. Lisa struggled a bit but leaned way back and actually hoisted Louie into the air. Her quads and biceps were at full flex mode and the mass in her arms actually looked close to that in Louie's. Louie was in shock as his once petite wife waddled towards me and Jill with Louie firmly in a cradle hold. The girls all lined up and my mom quickly took some pics of the three girls holding us three guys in midair. Lisa began to tire and leaned forward slightly setting Louie back to the ground. He was still in shock but his massive hard-on was practically bursting through his swim trunks. Samantha noticed it first and said, "Louie, apparently you enjoyed being man handles by Lisa more than you ever knew." Louie blushed brightly, which I had never seen him do before; he was way too manly to be embarrassed I thought. Lisa then reached in his shorts and quickly adjusted hi package. Lisa was beyond excited that she had just lifted her once huge meathead bodybuilder boyfriend and I knew she was only beginning to realize the strength she would soon possess over him. They were both excited though and Lisa excused them and led Louie back into the house which was surely going to be a fun sex session for them both!

We all looked at each other and smiled widely, knowing what Lisa and Louie were about to do. Eric and I reached out and gave each other knuckles. Standing so close to the pool, Samantha walked over, looked at Jill and said, "I think it's time to cool off the boys." Jill smiled back and answered, "Absolutely!" With that said, Samantha squatted slightly, turned her body sideways, then exploded upward and towards the pool, throwing Eric 4 or 5 feet into the deep end. Seconds later, Jill said, "I think I can beat that distance." She then lowered and twisted me down slightly, then also exploded upwards, launching me airborne and easily 8 or 10 feet into the pool. As I flew through the air I realized

how powerful Jill must now be to send me so far! I swam a few feet under water and then lifted my head and looked back towards the muscle-bound girls. My mom was congratulating Jill and in awe of how far I was tossed. Samantha then said, "Come here Davey, it's my turn to see how far I can throw you." I immediately realized that a husband tossing contest had begun and I slowly swam back to the girls standing at the edge of the deep end. Samantha reached down, grabbed my two forearms and easily hoisted me out of the water. Her muscles were bulging greatly and I especially noticed the muscles in her face and neck. The thickness she was gaining could intimidate a lion and I felt like a weak pawn in her grasp. With everyone watching and cheering her on, Samantha grabbed me in a cradle hold, squatted, made two complete 360 revolutions and hurled me through the air. She easily threw me the same 8 or 10 feet that Jill had and as I surfaced, Eric was calling for Jill to throw me again to break the tie.

I was starting to enjoy being tossed and man handled by the muscle-bound girls and slowly paddled back to the edge of the pool. This time, Lisa was waiting for me and like Samantha; she grabbed my arms and easily lifted me out of the pool. I grabbed under her arms and felt her huge lats as they were pumped and full of muscle. They were so firm that my tightest squeeze didn't even put a small dimple in them. I didn't even have that muscle, so to see it so huge and prominent on my wife was an amazing euphoric feeling. I felt like I was married to the female version of Hulk and stood in awe of my powerful, muscle laden wife. Jill was having fun with the impromptu contest and she quickly cradled me and got ready to throw. Seeing how Samantha had used momentum in her favor, Jill copied her technique and began to spin around. Instead of stopping at 2, Jill spun an extra revolution and hurled me into orbit. I couldn't believe the height I had attained and was easily floating backwards six or eight feet high in the air. The distance she threw me was also going to be a record and I knew that I was going to land into the water a full 12 feet or so from Jill and Samantha. What made me a bit nervous was that Jill had not launched me straight into the pool, and I knew I was angled towards the left edge instead. Time kind of stands still at these times in our life and as I enjoyed having a wife so strong that she could toss me 8 feet up and 12 feet out into the abyss, I glanced down towards the edge of the pool and knew I was on a crash course with disaster. Milliseconds later, my feet and hips entered the water, but my lower back slammed hard into the concrete and tile siding of the pool and a massive, sharp pain shot through my body. I lost all feeling and slipped down into the water. My eyes were open and I saw the pool bottom approaching, but I couldn't move my arms and so my head hit with a thud. Several seconds later, I was being hoisted out of the pool, still not able to feel anything but a massive numbness in my whole body. Eric and the girls lifted me to the decking and laid me on my back. I was breathing and knew that was a good sign. Eric asked me if I could feel anything and I just shook my head "No". Glad I could at least move my head. Jill was completely freaking out and started saying, "I'm Sorry, I'm Sorry, I'm Sorry" over and over again as she was streaming tears. My mom ran inside to grab her phone and call 911 while Samantha consoled Jill.

As I lay on the ground, the initial shock wore off and Eric kept touching my fingers and toes to see if I had feeling. Luckily I could barely feel when he squeezed my toes and although we were all happy I wasn't paralyzed, there was a severe numbness and I doubted highly that I could walk or even lift my hands over my head. As the sirens got louder, I knew the Ambulance or Fire Dept. was close. A minute

or two later, the paramedics put my neck in a collar, were asking me questions, and feeling my extremities. They knew I was still in grave danger and placed me on a hard flat board to keep me from moving. Knowing that swelling could cause even more damage than had already been caused, the team rushed me to the hospital. I was still confined and motionless as the paramedics gave me anti-inflammatory drugs and painkillers. Although mostly numb, when the ambulance hit a bump, a huge pain shot up my spine. Eric and Jill rode in the ambulance with me and although I couldn't really feel it, Jill rested her hand on my thigh. Eric was greatly concerned and Jill was still pouring tears during the trip.

At the hospital, the Paramedics rushed me in and two hospital staff techs wheeled me into an x-ray room. They laid me on the table and proceeded with their X-ray process. Within minutes, a doctor came in to show me and Jill the results as my brother was waiting out in the hospital lobby. "Well David." The doctor said, "I have bad news and good news. The bad news is that you have several spinal fractures and we will need to operate immediately and place you in a body cast." He saw the look on my face and could tell I was upset. Jill began crying more than she already was and she was almost inconsolable. "Now for the good news." He followed, "If you had fractured your spine even an eighth of an inch more, you could have been paralyzed permanently or even killed." I was initially shocked and said, "Killed?" "Yes." He replied, "Killed." I guess with that news, I should be relieved and to an extent I was. My head was still restrained, but I peered over to Jill and said, "Honey, calm down. It was an accident dear. Please stop crying." She leaned over and kissed me on the lips and grabbed hold of my hand. Right then, a hospital assistant asked Jill to speak with her in her office regarding the accident. Jill was hesitant to leave my side, but I told her it was ok and asked her to go with the assistant. Jill gave me another quick kiss, somehow got out the words, "I love you" and exited the X-ray room. Once gone, the doc had obviously noticed the size difference between me and Jill and said, "Wow Dave, your wife is easily the largest, most muscular woman I have ever seen. How did the two of you end up together?" I gave him the quick version of our story, how we met, how she made friends with a male and female bodybuilder at the gym and how her couple of years of intense training and supplementation had transformed her into the powerful, muscle-bound woman she is today. The doc, like most men, in public, they mock and jeer muscle bound women, but in private they are incredibly impressed and curious about them. I just finished our little chat by saying, "Well doc, it's the best sex you'll ever have in your life and women who workout like Jill want it all the time." I then smiled widely and the doc did too.

I waited in the room a few more minutes and then a police officer walked in. I was immediately taken off guard and wondered what the fuck he was doing here. He introduced himself as Officer White and said that he needed to ask me a few questions about the accident. I started to relay the story to him and as I got to the part about my wife tossing me several feet into the pool, he actually laughed at the notion that I could be thrown several feet by her. Officer White had not yet seen my wife and although he doubted my story, he asked if I would like to press charges for spousal abuse against her and possibly have her arrested. I was shocked at that question and said, "Oh God no officer. We love each other, I swear to you that it was an accident." He mentioned that depending on the corroboration of other witness testimony, they police department may file charges any way. I was shocked and begged him not

to press charges as he left the room. My birthday had turned from fun, to pain, to now fear as I realized that Jill may be in trouble with the law.

Luckily for us, I guess, all of our stories corroborated and the police department decided not to press any charges. Jill and Eric joined me in a new room they had transferred me to and we tried to talk about anything other than what had happened that day. As the pain killers took more effect, I drifted to sleep and woke up hours later with a doctor, an assistant and Jill in my room. Doctor Chan was recommending the fusing of possibly up to four vertebra, eight weeks in a body cast and then a long rehab process. Although I was devastated by the injury and the news, doctor Chan just kept telling me how lucky I was to not have been paralyzed and killed, and how many patients have had a very good recovery from this operation and have been able to live fairly active lives considering the injury. Jill was still feeling terrible about the incident, but I kept reassuring her and consoling her, letting her know that I still loved her more than ever and that we would get through this. Soon after, Samantha, Lisa and Louie showed up to show their support. They were very bummed about my prognosis, but we all smiled and laughed and told jokes to lighten the mood. Louie told doctor Chan to make sure there was a hole in the cast so that Jill could give me a little pleasure if he knew what I meant. Doctor Chan was a pretty serious guy, but even he laughed and assured Louie that there would be a gap in the cast so I could go to the bathroom and yes....have other benefits!!!

The gang hung out for a while longer and tried to cheer me up, knowing the battle that lay in front of me. But after several laughs and a little crying too, I finally said I wanted to be alone and get some sleep. Jill stayed with me, pulled a chair close to my bed and held my hand as I drifted to sleep... I awoke the next morning to doctor Chan and a couple of doctor's assistants and nurses in my room. Jill was there too and gave me a big kiss and said, "I Love you Davey." I replied in kind and Doctor Chan started to go over the procedure they were going to perform and the other details of my recovery. As he finished his talk, I asked him a follow up question regarding the fusing of my spine. "Doctor Chan," I asked, "You said you are going to have to fuse four vertebra, is that going to affect my height?" "Unfortunately it is David." Chan answered. "The nature of the fracture is that two of the vertebrae, one lumbar and one thoracic are quite destroyed and you could realize a slight height loss of up to a half inch or so per fused vertebra. It's very important that we fuse them to avoid serious risk to your spinal cord David." He was very blunt in letting me know that I would become a shorter man and I realized that I was possibly going to have a 1+ inch height loss. He then said, "David, I've got to also let you know that you'll experience a bit of muscular atrophy due to the inactivity of the muscle while in the body cast, however, with proper diet and rehab, you will be able regain much of the lost muscle." "I appreciate your honesty doctor." I replied, "Now, let's get this damn thig over with!" They let Jill walk down to the operating wing of the hospital with me and she gave me one last kiss on the forehead as they wheeled me into the restricted area.

What seemed like seconds later, I was waking up in a recovery room. I stared up and in an out of focus haze, I saw my beautiful wife sitting over me. She looked absolutely beautiful, her long black hair was flowing gracefully over her huge trap muscle and the white tank top she wore wrapped around her

muscular chest and torso so tightly it looked to be painted on. Her biceps and shoulders were huge and pumped up like she had just worked them harder than hell at the gym. I then peered down to see my entire body in a cast and felt like a mummy. Jill realized I was awake and leaned in for a sweet, long, passionate kiss. Her eyes were red and welled up so I realized she had been crying very recently. She just kept saying, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry." Over and over again. I wanted to reach out, grab her hand and tell her "It's OK." But obviously I couldn't move. "Oh my God Davey." She then said, "How do you feel?" "Great." I replied, "They have me on some pain killers and to be honest, I feel really content and mellow." "I'm glad." She answered. "I'm going to be here for you, whatever you need honey, through this whole process." I was glad to hear that and was beginning to drift back into sleep again. Right then, doctor Chan walked in and asked me about my condition and how I felt. He then went through the whole series of what they did, how my back was now in good condition and fused properly and what I would experience in the cast for the next 8 weeks. I was still having a hard time realizing I would be immobile for so long, but eventually knew I would be back to normal...a new normal I guess.

Over the next week, the doctors were please with my stability and I was able to go home. Jill had set up a spare bedroom perfectly to house me through my eight week stint in the cast. There was a hospital style bed that was on wheels and could be rolled outside, so I could enjoy some fresh air, There was a new flat screen TV mounted on the wall in front of the bed, she had it hooked up to cable and luckily my hands were free and I would be able to work the remote. In addition, there was a drink tube next to my head which I could access when thirsty. Jill also enlarged one of our wedding pictures and hung it on the wall next to the TV. It was one where I was standing and she had her head cutely resting on my shoulder. Her arms were muscular then too, but nothing compared to now I had to admit. I loved that picture and the happy and content look in our faces. It was a picture that exemplified "True Love!"

It had been a week and Jill and I wanted to share a passionate moment again. She called me from the gym and let me know that she had taken an extra dose of the Workout Pump product from explode and her muscles were as hard and large as ever. I got excited just thinking about her amazing, muscular body and couldn't wait to see her. About 15 minutes later, I heard the garage door open and knew Jill was home. In a sexy voice she said, "Be right there lover..." and I heard her walk into the master bedroom. A minute later, she reached in, dimmed the lights and walked in holding a large candle. Immediately there was a sexy ambiance and scent though out my room. Jill was wearing a new, silky, gold chemise (skirt/top). It had thin spaghetti straps and laid gently over her amazing, muscular chest and torso. It was barely longer than the level of her crotch and her bulging, muscular thighs were completely exposed. Her rounded muscular shoulders made the straps almost disappear and her biceps were as large as I had ever seen them. Jill saw the look of awe on my face and so she lifted her right arm up and hit a biceps pose. The huge rounded muscle expanded greatly to over 17" and became absolutely rock hard. She then placed the candle on the small table at the foot of my bed and began slapping her huge bicep. It made a thud and I could literally hear how hard it was. Jill then made a fist with her left hand and began punching her rock hard bicep. Even her strong punch couldn't dent her amazing arm muscle and it sent my cock to an extended rock hard state that almost hurt I was so aroused.

Jill proceeded to my crotch area and took my cock in her beautiful mouth. Her tongue and cheeks were muscular and she was forming a very tight, warm, moist hold around my penis. Her beautiful hair fell beautifully down as she slowly pulled her mouth up and down on my rod. Within a minute I was ready to burst. Sensing my arousal, Jill slowly removed her powerful mouth from my cock and got on her knees, now straddling my body. Her muscular thighs held up the rest of her gorgeous muscle-laden body and she slowly scooted up and lowered her vagina in my face. I reached out with my tongue and inserted into her warm, tight pussy. Like before, she showed incredible vagina control and it grabbed my tongue as I pleased her. To touch my herculean wife was an exhilarating feeling unto itself, but to actually feel her power was what really sent me into outer space. Jill slowly thrust her body up and down as I pleased her greatly. I looked up and could see her amazing, rock hard abs as her silky blouse feathered in the air. Everything about this woman was sexy beyond belief and I felt like the luckiest guy in the world to have her, even though she had just about killed me. Jill sensed orgasm and began gyrating rapidly. I held my tongue extra firm and vibrated it as fast as possible. Finally, Jill shuddered and began to squirt her love juices like never before. She wasn't much of a "Squirter", in the past but there was definitely liquid flowing from her vagina. I began to drink it up as any juices flowing from my muscle-bound wife's pussy was like sweet nectar to me. Having let me drink her passionate love juices, Jill quickly laid beside me in satisfaction. Realizing that I had not yet cum, Jill made her way back down to my cock and again took it in her warm, firm mouth. She licked it rapidly, then would take it all the way in, deep throating it as far as possible, until it completely disappeared in her. She would then rapidly pull off my rock hard member, just to lick it and deep throat it again and again. I was occasionally spurting out little shots of cum, and Jill would lick it up and swallow it like a mad woman. Jill acted like she was addicted to my cock and treated it like a Popsicle stick, grasping it firmly in her muscular jaw and mouth. Finally unable to hold back any longer, I ejected shot glasses full of my semen into her mouth. Jill lapped it up like a thirsty dog and licked me clean as her addiction to my love juices was insatiable! She then scooted up to me and with some of my cum still in her mouth, began making out with me. She wanted us to share each other's love juice in a passion filled kiss that lasted several minutes long. Drinking her love juice, and she mine, made us feel connected like never before and I could tell by the look in her eyes, that she had Never been more in love!

## Recovery

Jill snuggled up next to me on the small hospital style bed and rested her head next to mine. As we chatted away, I came up with a fun idea. "Honey." I said, "I know this will sound crazy but I want you to do something for me." "Anything for you Davey, anything." She replied. "Well, I'm going to be bound up in this damn cast for eight weeks and I really want the "freedom day" to be extra special...So I don't want to see your amazing, beautiful, muscular body again until that day." "Really?" she said. "Yes honey...Really." I answered. "It will just give me something to look so forward to and will keep me from getting depressed, which doctor Chan said is common." "Wow!" Jill whispered as she flexed her huge right bicep again for me, "You want me to keep these bad boys covered up till then." "Yes." I answered with a smile. "That way they'll seem Extra-Huge by the next time I see them." I laughed. "Oh...they'll be Extra-huge by then dear. I assure you of that!" We then laughed together and she again rested her head on mine and fell to sleep.



Over the next 7 weeks, a care giver would take care of me during the day, and although I would speak with Jill on the phone, she would only come into my room at night with the lights off to chat or give me an occasional blow job. Just a couple of days before my cast was to come off, I got a call from Lisa on my cell phone. I hadn't spoken to her since the first week after my accident and was actually excited to hear from her. Instead, it was Louie on the phone asking for Jill. He didn't sound the same and there was actually a feminine twang to his voice and so I asked if he was sick. "Oh, this is Lisa." The voice replied. "Oh, sorry Lisa." I answered, "We must have a bad connection, you sounded a little like Louie for some reason." She laughed and even her laugh sounded deeper to me for some reason. "I let Lisa know that I couldn't reach Jill on her cell phone either and I would let her know that Lisa called when she got home. Lisa and I chatted briefly, then she thanked me and we hung up. I secretly wondered how much more weight Louie had lost under Lisa's rouse but had decided not to ask. As promised, when Jill got home, I let her know that Lisa had called and was trying to reach her. I then mentioned that Lisa seemed like her voice had become deeper and asked if Jill had noticed. Jill said she hadn't and that I probably had a bad connection or something. I agreed and didn't mention it again.

To make the unveiling and surprise as pure as possible, I asked Jill not to accompany me to the hospital to remove my cast. She agreed and was going to set something of a surprise up for me. We arranged the transportation to the hospital and I arrived in good spirits knowing I was finally going to be free of this plaster prison. I was finally in the private room and doctor Chan entered to cut me out. He immediately seemed shocked at my appearance and asked if I had been eating the prescribed diet. "Umm, well." I answered, "I stuck to it for the most part but probably didn't eat as often as the regiment had listed." "David," he said, "Eating that prescribed diet would still have left you with a 5% to 8% loss in bodyweight and muscle mass, but by the thinness in your face, I feel you may have lost a little more." "It's okay." I replied, "I'll just chow down over the next several weeks and gain it back." "Alright." He replied slowly, "but don't be too shocked at what you see in the mirror in a few minutes." I nodded yes and doctor Chan began to cut away. It was an exhilarating feeling to feel the wind and cool air hit my body. I purposely didn't look down as he cut and let him completely remove the cast. A nurse then came in and gave me a wet bath to remove the slime and smell that had developed. Finally clean, I asked for some privacy and the doctor and nurse left the room to give me a few minutes to myself. I stood up and slowly walked to the mirror, wearing only the hospital gown they had given me. My long hair had continued to grow and came down to below my nipple height. I looked up at my face in the mirror and with my hair covering both sides of my face I saw a thin, shell of what used to be me. I couldn't believe how skinny my face was and I reached up to feel it. My neck was now pencil thin and looked like it was struggling to simply hold up my head. It was almost skeleton like and you could easily make out my cheek bones and jaw bones. I took a small step back and looked at the frail outline of myself in the hospital gown. It still covered me up from the shoulder to below the knees but there was almost no outline to my body and my shoulders were so narrow, I questioned if they even still existed at all. Looking down at my legs, my calf muscles had disappeared completely and I wondered how my skinny, bird legs even held me up. I had purposely skipped several meals during my recovery in hopes of losing a few extra pounds, but I was starting to realize that I may have taken it too far.



I finally decided to drop my gown and look at my entire body. As the gown hit the floor, I almost dropped to the floor as well in shock. My quads were completely gone and my kneecaps protruded out greatly with the lack of any muscle surrounding them. I was barely thicker than the bones in my legs as there was just a thin, flimsy layer of skin and flesh surrounding my lower and upper legs. My stomach was flat but I had lost all of my abdominal muscle tone and I now had no chest muscle and my ribs were slightly visible through my skin. Bones protruded out of my shoulder socket and my upper and lower arms looked the exact same thickness. I raised my right arm to make a bicep and didn't even have the size or strength to flex. I tried as hard as I could, but the small amount of muscle in my arm was so weak from lack of use, it literally would not flex. I was appalled by my look and vowed to put on at least 20 pounds of muscle as soon as possible! Curious, I slowly walked over to the scale on the other side of the room. I stepped on it and adjusted the weights on the slide in front of me to bring the arm level. I first put the weight at the 120 pound mark, thinking I may have actually lost up to 9 pounds over the 8 weeks in the cast. My weight did not raise the arm of the scale and I immediately realized that I was less than 120 pounds. I then slid the large weight to 110 and the small adjustment weight to 7, meaning 117 pounds. Again, I was not heavy enough to lift the arm. After a couple more moves, the weight finally settled. To my complete disbelief, I now weighed a grand total of 113 pounds. I had lost over 12% of my body mass and was a skinny shell of the person I once was. The hospital also had a height bar and I extended it out and slid it up above my head. I faced it and as I began to lower the slide slowly, I noticed that at 5'10" it was still well above my head. I stood up as straight as possible and continued to lower the slide. At 5'9" it still hadn't touched my head and I was beginning to doubt the accuracy of the height rod. Finally, at 5'8 ¼" the height bar sat atop my head. I knew I was going to shrink slightly due to the surgery but discounted the height bar as inaccurate and decided to measure myself more accurately later.

I had also brought a measuring tape in my bag of personal items and grabbed it to do a few assessments. I first wrapped it around my left calf. There was little muscle left there and the tape only stretched to 12". I was more curious about my weak looking thighs and took a measurement there. I tried to flex it to get it to reach its maximum size, but again, there was no movement and I realized I had no strength in my thighs at all. Unbelievably, my thighs were only 16" inches in circumference. I knew I was going to lose some size, but that seemed crazy to me. Quickly, I wrapped the tape around my waist and saw it only go to 26.5" around. I felt like a little kid and realized that these measurements were probably close to what I was in junior high! My right forearm came to only 8" around and finally the moment of truth arrived. I slowly pulled the tape around my now very skinny arm and secured it tightly. The circumference came to exactly 9". My arm was now smaller than my forearm used to be. I knew I had to have lost some strength as well and opened the bottom cupboard under the sink. Sure enough, there was a 1 gallon rectangular pitcher/bucket they probably used for cleaning or something. I lifted it and put it in the sink to fill with water. Full, I knew that a gallon of water weighs a little over 8 pounds. I grabbed the full bucket by the handle and attempted to lift it out of the sink. I couldn't lift it even 6 inches out of the sink and it felt incredibly heavy to me. I now grabbed it with both hands and was able to barely lift it out. I placed it down on the doctor's chair and the top of the bucket handle was almost exactly the height of my downward stretched arm. I grasped the handle with my right hand and began to lift. I had maybe lifted the bucket 4 inches before the weight was too great and I could lift it no further. Knowing I had lost a great amount of strength, I now stood in front of the bucket on the chair

and grabbed the handle with both hands. I leaned back slightly and began to curl the bucket. Although it seemed incredibly heavy, I was able to lift it up and curl the weight. I did this again a few more times, but by my fifth lift, my arms were burning badly and I could lift no more. As a final test, I dropped to the ground and got into push-up position. I tried to do a pushup, but there was literally no chest or shoulder strength in me, and I only raised a few inches before falling back to the ground.

It was even a bit of a struggle to get up off the ground, but I managed to stand up and walked back over to my bag. I grabbed the electric razor I had brought and quickly removed all the hair I had grown on my body since I knew Jill liked me to be totally shaved. I then reached in and pulled out a pair of Jill's old running shorts, which I had made my own and also grabbed her old size medium softball t-shirt from our old co-ed team. As I pulled the t-shirt on, it was looser than ever before and I felt like I was swimming in it. I looked in the mirror and my pencil arms were barely even touching the sleeve material since they were so much thinner than the sleeve itself. The neck hole looked huge around my tiny neck and it hung loosely on my ever disappearing torso. Realizing that even medium sized shirts were possibly too big for me, I slipped on Jill's running shorts. The elastic waist in them barely touched my skin and they seemed easily a size or more too large. I had no option but to wear them since I brought no other shorts and I hoped they would not fall off me while walking through the hospital. I finally laced up my shoes, surprised that they actually still fit, but I guess you don't lose a shoe size when losing weight....lol. I walked over to the door and pulled on the handle. The door didn't budge and I realized that it may be locked for my privacy. I looked for a locking mechanism and couldn't find one. Again I pulled the handle, but the door didn't open. Figuring I was doing it wrong, I pushed on the door. Still it didn't move. Frustrated, I walked over to the phone and called the nurses desk, letting them know I was locked in. The nurse insisted that the doors don't lock but said she would send someone down. While waiting, I looked up at the door hinge and realized that the huge spring in it might have somehow gotten jammed. Right then, a cute volunteer girl walked in. She was probably 16 years old, 5'5" tall and very pretty. She looked thin and I guessed she was probably 115 or 120 pounds. The door closed behind her as she entered the room and I began to explain how the door wouldn't open. With her standing at my side, I reached out and attempted to open the door again. I pulled on the handle and like before, the door didn't budge. "See." I said, "Now it's bound up again and were both stuck in here." She then reached out, pulled on the handle and easily opened the door. She gave me a funny look and I said, "What the hell? Let me try that again." I reached out and pulled the handle but like before it didn't open. I then dropped my bag, pulled on the handle with both hands and leaned back, finally the door began to open for me. The girl snickered at my weakness and kind of rolled her eyes in disgust. It then hit me like a bullet. I was now as skinny as a damn 16 year old girl and definitely weaker than her!

I felt quite weak as the girl led me down the hall to doctor Chan's office. I hadn't walked in weeks and every step was slow and very mechanical. I had no flow to my motion and knew I would have to learn how to walk smoothly again. My back was sore, but didn't hurt as it had been on the mend for 8 weeks. Even though I only had some light personal items in my bag, it became heavy during my walk, and I had to switch hands carrying it in the short walk. As I entered doctor Chan's office, he sat with a concerned look on his face and had a guest with him. She was a fairly plain looking brunette woman in a doctor's white hospital lab coat. Her name was Kim and she was going to be my physical therapist. She

mentioned her concern about my physical appearance and wanted to put me on a nutrition and workout program. I agreed to everything and just wanted to get out of the office and get to my Jill. I walked outside and waited for the cab I had called. Sure enough, a few minutes later, a cab pulled up and an older Hispanic man got out and walked around to open my door. He grabbed opened the door, reached out his hand and said, "I'll take that for you miss." I was too embarrassed to explain things to him, so I simply handed him the bag and sat in the back seat. I gave him the directions and he gave me a funny look, the voice didn't go with my frail body and clothes and hair, so I think he was a bit confused. Instead of heading immediately home, I had him stop at the sporting goods store first. I wanted to run in and buy a track outfit, since I was so ashamed at my thinness and lack of abs and I didn't want to be seen this skinny in public or even by Jill.

Here is what totally shocked me; I first went to the men's section to grab the track suit. The men's small has a waist of 29". I had run into a similar problem when purchasing a swimsuit a couple of months earlier so I was resigned to the fact that I would have to find my outfit in the boys section. I looked at the size chart and noticed that a waist size 25"-27" is a boys medium. The problem there, is that the damn inseam (pant length,) is way too short, for boys 5'0" tall and shorter. I tried a pair on anyway and it was a joke, the pants were above my ankles. Realizing that wouldn't work either, I wasn't sure what to do. Men's length was great but the waist was too damn big, Boy's waist was fine, but the length was too damn short. I was running out of time here and it's not like I could buy the men's pants and get them altered. I grabbed the Nike brand size chart wondering what to do. Just below the Men's size chart was the women's. Sure enough, according to Nike, a size 26" waist was a Women's small with the option of a Long Inseam of 33". My odd fascination and fanaticism to become much weaker than my wife had finally gone too far. I couldn't even find proper clothes to fit and was standing here, in a mega sporting goods store, realizing I had to go try on a damn Woman's size small track suit. Trying not to attract any attention, I found a rack near the dressing rooms with some Nike track suits on it. There was a Navy Blue section and I started riffling through them quickly, looking for a Size S. Unfortunately, there was no size S to be found. They also had the outfit in Light Blue, Pink and Purple. I chose the Light Blue as it seemed the least gay out of the three and also, Jill loved me in Light Blue any way.

I walked over to the dressing room to quickly try on the suit. Unfortunately, the damn thing was locked. Seconds later, a girl, Caitlin, asked if I wanted her to open the door. I said, "Yes Please.", and kind of held the outfit to my other side. Sure enough, she recognized the outfit immediately and said, "Oh, I'm sorry sir, but it looks like you accidentally grabbed a women's outfit. I'll go get you a Nike men's suit." "Oh my God." I answered, "How embarrassing, I guess I'm just in too much of a rush. Thanks for noticing." "No problem." Caitlin said with a smile and rushed off to fetch me a men's Nike track suit. At least she knew I was a guy I thought. While she walked away, I said, "Fuck it." Quickly kicked off my shoes and pulled the bottoms on over my legs and running shorts. "Bingo" I thought, they actually fit me perfectly. I quickly took them off and then put on the top. The shoulders were just a little bit tight and although my torso was now shorter than it used to be, the top just came up a little bit too high. I quickly walked over to the rack and exchanged the Small top for a Medium top, got the suit all organized on the hanger and walked back over to the dressing room. Caitlin was there already and handed me the men's suit. She then reached out her hand and said, "I'll return that Ladies garment back to the rack for

you.” “Oh. No thank you.” I replied, “I’ll return it.” She insisted on taking it and with a smile on her face, grabbed hold of the suit. I tried to keep her from taking it, but she was quite athletic and easily overpowered my grip and snatched it from my hands. This cute high school girl just outmuscled me and I had now proven weaker than two teenage girls in the span of about an hour. She laughed as she walked away thinking I was just goofing with her, but I had truly tried to hold on to the suit. Defeated, I walked into the dressing room and pretended to try on the men’s medium suit she had given me. After a minute or two, I emerged from the dressing room, Caitlin nowhere in sight.

Seeking an opportunity, I walked over to the women’s Nike track suit rack and grabbed the Size S pants and a Medium top. I put them together, hung my Men’s suit there and made my way back to the check stand. I breathed a sigh of relief that Caitlin was not the checker and waited my turn. Sure enough, the gal in front of me had a bunch of returns and the wait was taking too long. The checker got on her microphone and called another checker to the front. Of course, 15 seconds later, Caitlin walks up, smiles and says she can help me on the next register over. I slowly walked over to her register and placed the garment on the table. She looked up at me with a puzzled look, knowing full well that I had now re-grabbed the women’s suit and had no intention of purchasing the men’s garment she had brought me. My face was beat red now and I was thoroughly embarrassed. She couldn’t help but snicker a little, knowing this Women’s suit was for me and she even shook her head a little bit as she tried to ring it in. She quickly noticed that the pants were a size Small and that the top was a size Medium. “Sir.” She said, “Unfortunately, you can’t mix sizes. Do you need to switch it out to a Small top or Medium bottoms?” “That’s how they fit Caitlin.” I answered, “Can’t I just pay a few bucks more and get the Small and Medium mix?” She quickly turned to her co-worker on the other check stand and said, “Beth, this customer wants to purchase Small bottoms and a Medium top. How do we do that?” This was starting to get out of control so Beth comes over and says “Yes you can, but they’re billed separately and not as a set so it costs more.” Now fully embarrassed, I said, “OK, fine, I’ll pay for them separately.” Finally, Caitlin rang me up for the suit, so I grabbed the items and ran back out to the waiting cab.

The driver quickly drove to my house as I pulled off the tags and put on the track suit. As expected the Small pants fit perfectly. I then put on the top and it also fit quite nicely. My meager shoulders and skinny arms fit right in and as I zipped up the front, it was form fitting, but wasn’t overly tight. Minutes later we pulled up on my driveway and I exited the cab, excited to see my amazing wife. The few hours I had been gone had seemed like an eternity and I couldn’t wait to hold Jill in my arms. As I reached to open the front door, it slowly started to open for me. I was giddy immediately and had a huge smile on my face awaiting the gaze of my herculean wife.

To my surprise, it was not my wife who opened the door. It was two very attractive young women wearing ancient Greek or Egyptian clothing. Simultaneously, with high-pitched friendly voices, they both said, “Welcome home Davey.” Both were tall, at least 5’10”, with olive skin and long, straight black hair. They were also very fit with nice muscle tone in their legs and arms. They were wearing gold colored sandals and white toga’s wrapped nicely over one shoulder. Each also had a gold colored rope

style waist belt, gold bracelets and a gold or brass headband. They closed the door behind me and the entire house was dark, as all of the windows had been covered in dark cloth. The only light was being emitted from lit candles which gave off a very juniper like fragrance. There was a chest high blind a few feet from the door and one of the girls asked me to proceed to it and put on a short white cover up. It was more like a gym towel, but I quickly disrobed and tied the towel/cover-up around my waist. It also had a waist rope, but it was thick white cloth, made out of the same material as the kilt like garb I had just put on. Pretty much naked, I was now immediately embarrassed in front of the two lovely girls as I was clearly weaker than them and my skinny arms were very unmanly. One of the girls then placed a vine headband on me and gathered my long hair behind my neck while the other girl handed me a goblet filled with some liquid. They then instructed me to follow them down the hall. As I mentioned, the house was completely blacked out and the only light was being emitted from the candle being held by the first girl who was leading us down the hall. The walls and floor were covered in white sheets and it felt like I was being led down an ancient hallway to some sort of secret room. As we walked, I felt even smaller and weaker than ever before. The girls towered over me as they were fit and tall and also wearing sandals with some slight lift to them, while I was barefoot and practically naked. Although not huge, their nice calf muscles dwarfed my thin legs and they were certainly several times more powerful than mine. Jill had obviously gone to a lot of effort to set up this charade and I was coming out of my skin to see her.

Instead of leading me to the master bedroom, the girls led me to the left where we had a second great room which Jill had been thinking of turning into a gym. It was supposed to be two bedrooms originally, but the previous owners had knocked out a wall and turned it into one large room. It wasn't adjoining the living room though so it was large, but kind of in an odd place. As I was led into the room, I noticed a small platform at the far end with a thin white silky drape concealing what was behind it. The only illumination still came from the candle being held by the first tall, fit girl who led us down the hall. The room also was covered in white sheets everywhere but had been decorated with several three to five foot pillars which had either Ivy plants or brass bowls or vases on them. There was soft harp music playing and it was very Greek like and it cast an amazing mood to the room. In the center of the room, about seven or eight feet from the front of the silk drape lay a 3 foot by 3 foot gold colored pillow. I was led to the pillow and asked to kneel on it. I did so without hesitation and looked to the left, only to notice that half of the large room was concealed by another huge white sheet, making the room seem long and skinny. The girls each walked over to the two large pillars on either side of the platform in front of me. They both affixed their beautiful gaze on me and then raised their inside arms up as if presenting to me whatever was behind the silky sheet. Even non-flexed, they each had nice muscle tone in their arms and their bodies were things of beauty. The girl still holding the candle then blew it out and the room was cast into pitch blackness.

Over the next few seconds, which seemed like hours, I heard some light footsteps from one of the girls. Moments later, a match was struck and a candle from behind the curtain was lit. It cast a forward shadow onto the silk curtain from behind a large figure sitting down. I couldn't make out a lot of detail, but could see the figures head and what seemed like it was wearing a very large jacket or something over the shoulders. A few seconds later, the girl struck another match and lit a second candle behind

the figure. It helped cast more detail in the shadow and I could make out some sort of Tiera or crown being worn on the head. One of the girls emerged again from behind the curtain and took her place next to the pillar. Behind the silk, the large figure then slowly stood up. I still couldn't make out the detail, but the shadow was herculean in size and way too large to be Jill. I started to wonder who this huge guy might be, and what the hell was going on. Slowly, the girls reached in towards the middle of the silk curtain and began to pull it apart towards the side pillars. I got a huge lump in my throat and was almost afraid to see what they were presenting.

The curtain was pulled and the back light now perfectly outlined a herculean sized woman, an amazon in the purest form. I still couldn't make out Jill's face, but the outline of her physique was immense. Her calves were monstrous and stretched the gold lace of her Greek-goddess type sandals to the max. Her calves were now so huge; I quickly realized that they were probably larger than my thighs! The lace wrapped around her ankle up to just below her knee. Just two feet in front of my face, only the bottom half of her thighs were exposed under her short white skirt which also had gold trim, but they were also beyond belief. They were huge and muscular and three large muscle heads bulged from them massively, joining into rounded, full, hard teardrops around each kneecap. The muscle was so full there, I know it jutted out at least two inches ahead of her knee. The dress top was attached to the skirt portion only on the left side, which exposed her rock-hard ab muscles which protruded greatly from her midsection. I had no idea that abs could become so large and the massive bulges created deep one inch valleys between them. I peered up and saw that her lat muscles stretched so far to the sides that she seemed as wide as two people and it forced her arms out greatly even though she was trying to hold them to her sides. That's when I took notice of her mammoth arms. Beautiful thick gold bracelets adorned each wrist and the hands, wrists and forearms were now full, muscular and covered in massive, bulging veins that took on a life of their own as they moved tremendous amounts of blood and oxygen to her now herculean muscles. The forearms ballooned out to probably 15 or 16 inches and led to biceps so large, a male bodybuilder would be jealous of them. I couldn't even guess at their size, but I knew they had to be pushing 20" in circumference and also had two huge veins running the length of their surface. Her left arm also had a Greek-style thin gold curved arm bracelet around it and I imagined that she could break it into pieces with a simple flex of her bicep. What I originally thought was some sort of covering over the figure's shoulders turned out to be the sheer size and massive roundness of her muscular development there. It looked as though she had bowling ball sized shoulders and pounds and pounds of heavy muscle was piled on them. It led to her traps which shot up enormously and stood several inches tall. I couldn't even believe that muscle could grow so large, but I was just feet away from it and knew it to be true. Her gorgeous, long brown hair was curled slightly and hung down over her traps and partially covered her hulking chest muscles which were so full, they looked like pecs Arnold Schwarzenegger would be jealous of. The valley in between them was several inches deep and I knew they contained unfathomable strength and power. Finally, my eyes led me to Jill's gargantuan neck which was laden with massive amounts of muscle and also covered by two large veins. I felt like I was now in the presence of an Amazon worthy of a superhero comic book and was still in disbelief at her overall muscle-laden physique and sheer size.



The girl on the left lit another candle exposing and casting light upon Jill's face. She was absolutely beautiful! Jill was not one to wear make-up, but obviously had someone apply the perfect amount for this special unveiling. Whatever supplements and hormones Jill was on had also caused some muscular development in her facial muscles. As she smiled down at me, I was in awe of the powerful muscle size in her jaw and face and knew that her muscular transformation was complete. I couldn't have possibly dreamed of having a wife so strong, so powerful and yet so sexy. Her eyes peered directly into my heart and with a soft look, she reached out her left hand and said, "Stand." I placed my meager hand in her powerful paw and she gently pulled me to my feet. I expected to be almost eye to eye with her since she was wearing almost flat soled sandals and I was in bare feet, but it was not the case. I was peering up at her still and she was now easily 3 or 4 inches taller than I. I didn't just feel small in front of her, I felt almost non-existent in her magnificent presence! The HGH and other hormones and supplements had given her another growth spurt and since I was on my back for the last two months, I hadn't been able to notice the height change. As we looked lovingly into each other's eyes, Jill grabbed a grape from a small vine one of the girls was now holding. She placed it into my small jaw with her thick fingers and I bit into it. The sweet flavor burst into my mouth and I quickly grabbed a grape off the same vine and reached it up towards Jill's mouth. She took it in between her gorgeous white teeth and crushed into it. The juices squirt onto my face and Jill leaned down and began to lick them off my cheek with her tongue. The force of her tongue thrust actually pushed my head back and my neck was too weak to withstand even her gentle push. She had developed so much strength that even her slow, light movements became a great force. She then teased me with a quick lick on the nose and she took a half step back. Dressed in her Greek-Goddess style outfit, she was literally the sexiest woman I had ever seen in my life, and also the buffest.

Feeling the moment, Jill raised her left arm and hit a biceps flex. It became monstrous immediately and a huge Grapefruit sized bicep appeared. It expanded the thin gold colored metal bracelet around her arm easily as the bracelet proved no match for her unbelievable size and strength. Noticing the growth in the bracelet, Jill slowly slid it off her arm and handed it to one of the girls who then took a couple of steps towards me and handed me the now expanded gold arm bracelet. I put my arm through it and held it right around where my bicep would be...if I had one. My arm looked like a golf ball in a basketball hoop and the immense size of the gap in the bracelet Jill had created was hard to believe. It looked as if I could fit several of my arms inside the hole which only fit her left bicep. In awe, I then lowered it and slipped it over my leg. It fit easily over my skinny calf, and I brought it to the thickest part of my thigh, only to realize that her arm bracelet was too loose on my quad to even stay on and it quickly became apparent that Jill's arms were bigger than my legs. Still looking incredible, Jill slowly turned her back to me and slowly strode back to a throne looking chair on the platform she had emerged from. Her ass was un-fucking believably massive and the roundness and sheer size of it was hard to comprehend. Each cheek carried what seemed like 20 pounds of rounded, ripped muscle and the bottom half of each was exposed from underneath her white skirt. They led to hamstring muscles which jetted out in huge arcs as they swept from the bottom of her ass down to just above the back of her knee. It was like someone plastered slabs of muscle to the back of her legs and with each step, they flexed to huge rock-hard beautifulness! Now I peered down and saw two massive diamond shaped calves that an NFL linebacker would be jealous of and I guessed that they had to be 18" or bigger. With each stride, Jill's quads expanded out to the sides greatly and it seemed like each thigh contained 40+ pounds of rock



hard muscle. The sheer mass of this woman was hard to comprehend and with each step, her weight actually caused a vibration in the floor. Jill eventually reached the throne and turned gracefully and sat down in it. I still stood in speechless awe of my wife and my mind was racing as I tried to think of something clever to say. She signaled to one of the girls and immediately she approached Jill with the small vine of grapes. The girl took one and fed my herculean goddess wife the sweet, purple fruit. The girl was quite tall and muscular in her own right and certainly made me look like a puny wimp, but next to my wife, she too seemed tiny and feeble in Jill's presence.

The second girl approached me and softly said, "What do you think?" I struggled for words and finally just said, "Magnificent!" Jill of course heard and she had an accepting look of approval but still had not smiled at me. She reached out her colossal arm and moved her finger for me to come forward. I thought I was walking but realized after a few seconds that I was too in awe of my massive wife to move and a complete sense of shameful non-deservingness came over me. My wife had now become a living herculean statue of perfection while I had rotted away and become a weak excuse for a shadow of the person I once was. I felt in no way equal to her and actually felt like a peasant in the presence of a queen. Jill sensed my paltry self-worth and again signaled me to come forward. Wearing only my small towel/cover-up around my waist, I slowly stepped my tiny 113 pound frame towards her. There was a small gold pillow at her feet and she pointed down with her finger. I instinctively got on my knees before her and kneeled just inches from her massive legs.

On que, one of the girls began to pour warm oil on Jill's massive quads and calves and signaled me to rub. Like in a dream, I placed each of my hands upon one of Jill's gargantuan hunks of meat called her quads and began to slowly rub in the oil and massage the substantial warm, hard surface. My hands were insignificant and tiny in comparison, but rubbing their powerfulness gave me an erection that was probably the largest my dick had ever been in its life! Slowly, I caressed and pressed against their greatness. Eventually making my way down to her diamond shaped, thickly muscled, firm calves. I tried to wrap both hands around her left calf, but I wasn't even close to reaching all the way around and I may as well have tried to grab a tree trunk. Finally, after several minutes of massaging Jill's immeasurable thick legs, she slowly grabbed my head and moved it towards her crotch. She slightly spread her legs and I was moving in towards her vagina. She must have been turned on too; as I moved towards her, I noticed that she has a slight clit bulge protruding from her pussy. I began to suck and lick her clit like I was addicted to the sweet smell and taste of the woman of my dreams. As I began to ram my tongue into her tight warm pussy, as usual, she grabbed it with her strong vagina and playfully pinched and then released my tongue during the process. I licked as quickly and playfully as I could, trying to satisfy my wife like never before. Meanwhile, I rested both arms over Jill's muscle-bound thighs and felt their immense power with each sexual thrust she made.

After several more minutes trying to satisfy my wife with my tongue. Jill grabbed me under the arms and easily lifted me to my feet. She then slightly reclined her posture, held me around the waist, and inserted my penis into her warm pussy. She then extended one leg and basically tripped me off my feet. Both my ankles rested on her left leg ankle and lower leg while she now supported my waist with the

strength of her hands. I was now basically suspended by the strength of my wife; and while controlling my waist with her powerful hands, she began to thrust me in and out of her. Although I was providing the cock, Jill was controlling every aspect of our sexual experience and treating me like her favorite sex toy as I was gyrated in, out and side to side to her every whim. I rested my hands on her gargantuan, thickly muscled chest causing even greater pleasure than the sexual experience itself. As Jill became more and more aroused, she began to force me into her harder and faster with each powerful thrust. Just before she reached climax, my wife clamped onto my rock hard penis with her muscle-bound vagina and slowly pushed my waist away from her. She was testing the strength of her vaginal hold on my cock and it was stretching it to the limit. As she pushed me away further, I screamed in pain from the pull. Finally, she slightly relaxed her pussy and my cock was release back to me. After just seconds to recover, Jill again rammed my cock into her and began the love making again. This time, she relaxed her vagina slightly, just providing ample, perfect pressure and tightness on my dick, providing me with immense pleasure. Again, as the thrusts increased in depth and speed I could no longer hold my juices and began to cum massively into her. She still supported me with her massive, powerful arms and then moved me in rapid gyrations as she wanted to also pleasure herself. She was now moving and vibrating me in a manner which I had never done before. Although I had always been very proud of my love making abilities, it was obvious now, as she had complete physical control of me, that she wanted my cock in her more quickly and with more varied gyrations than I had ever provided. Now that she could completely control the speed and movement of my thrusts into her, she was experiencing pleasure from me like she had never experienced before. I wasn't sure whether I should be disappointed in myself for having never before provided her this level of physical satisfaction, or happy that at my vastly reduced weight, she could now use me to provide herself this ultimate level of physical satisfaction.

Jill's incredibly massive, muscular gains had brought me to a mental and physical state of sexual euphoria that I would have never even dreamed possible just a year or two before. At the same time, my vast loss of weight and total physical attraction and admiration of her had allowed Jill to pleasure herself both physically and mentally like never before. This symbiotic relationship was mutually beneficial and at that moment in time, as I lay comfortably on my muscle-bound wife, we both felt a bonding connection that would solidify our relationship forever!

Welcome back continued:

After what was probably a couple of hours of rest, I awoke to find myself being carried by one of the tall, buff girls into the other half of the room which had been hidden behind the long red curtain. There was a metal contraption in the middle of the room with several different pulley systems and cables but it couldn't be a workout device as I noticed that there were no weights on or around it. The room was also dimly lit by several candles placed on pedestals in each corner of the room. It gave off a slight juniper scent which I loved. I was still naked and the other tall buff girl walked into the room with a leather belt and straps item in her hands. She walked up and began putting this harness looking contraption on me and then actually attached me to one of the cables using one of the several carabineers on the straps. I was now suspended by one of the cables hanging off the large metal framework in the middle of the room. The two girls then slowly walked out of the room. Although Jill

was much more muscular, the girls were very buff themselves and probably pushed the scales to 165 pounds each. I enjoyed watching their buff calves flex nicely as they took each slow step out.

I hung from the cable with immense anticipation as I awaited Jill's arrival. At just 113 pounds, the straps from the harness were not that uncomfortable and hanging in the air was actually a comfortable experience. Just a few seconds later I felt a slight vibration in the floor as my herculean wife entered the room. She always walked kind of heavy, if that makes any sense, and now at 220+ pounds of powerful muscle, the ground almost shook under the powerful gape of each step. She had put her gold laced sandals back on, but instead of her Greek goddess outfit, Jill simply wore a white bikini bottom and top with thin gold piping. The gold leaf Tiera still adorned her beautiful, flowing brown hair. She also had on thick leather wrist wraps, which looked more suited for a roman gladiator and it completed her beautiful but powerful look. Just as I was about to say how amazing my wife looked, she reached her meaty arms up and grabbed onto a t-handled bar near the top of the metal contraption I was attached to. Just inches from my head, I was about to reach out and caress her beautiful, muscular bicep when all of a sudden, I was thrust upward with great speed.

Jill had pulled down on the t-handled bar, and I immediately realized that the cable attached to my harness was also connected at the other end to that t-handle. I was now looking eye to eye with Jill as she had easily thrust all of my weight upward as she performed a triceps push-down. Still locking gazes, Jill slowly lifted her arms up and my entire body was lowered 2+ feet about to her waist level, just then, my wife again thrust her arms down forcefully and my entire body was flung upwards swiftly. She slowly whispered, "Count" to me as I was lifted for the third time. Totally mesmerized by her beauty and her thick powerful muscles, I somehow caught on and eaked out the word, "Three." Jill slowly raised and lowered me again, "Four." I whispered. With that, I reached out and held onto her enormous arm as she again raised me up. It was as hard as a rock, and all my might would not have made the smallest dent in its well defined structure. Holding on to my wife's powerful arm as it lifted me was quite a rush. "Five." I uttered. We still had locked gazes and as I was lifted a sixth, seventh and eighth time. The feelings running through me were euphoric and with every rep, I felt myself becoming more and more entranced and more and more in awe of her awesome raw power. As she finished her 10th rep, Jill grabbed a leather handle on my harness and unhooked me from that cable. She then easily lifted my entire bodyweight walked half way around the large metal contraption and hooked me to another dangling cable. As she slightly adjusted my harness I felt like a small child in the presence of his parent. Feeble, vulnerable, dependent, in total awe and of course completely aroused are a few feelings that coursed through my body. Jill picked another t-handled bar off the ground and as she lifted it up to waist level, I was lifted ever so slightly by the cable. She now did a biceps curl with her gorgeous, muscle-bound arms, and I was again thrust upward. Out of habit, I immediately whispered, "One." Jill slowly let me down, also getting the negative on the rep and then slowly lifted me again. "Two." I muttered. Ever so slowly, Jill lifted and lowered me time and time again as I counted in unison with her reps. Again, I reached my arm out and grasped her huge and growing baseball sized biceps. It was being pumped to a proportion I had never even dreamed imaginable. I also grabbed it with my other hand and realized that it was larger by several inches than I could possibly grasp in my paltry hands. Jill was many pounds of muscle heavier than ever and the sheer size of her muscle bellies was incredible. The

huge roundness to her shoulders looked larger than a linebacker in shoulder pads and the thickness in her chest carried slabs of pure muscle even a male bodybuilder would be jealous of. Jill's supplement and food intake, mixed with all the pure-HGH and super-intensified workouts had taken her to a level of physical, muscular perfection that was beyond my wildest imagination!

Jill now started to add a sexual twist to her little workout. As she lifted me up, my cock was raised to full attention. At this point, with her shoulders, biceps and even massive forearms fully flexed, and my hands grabbing their immense muscular awesomeness, Jill slowly leaned down, took my cock in her mouth and began to pleasure me passionately. To add a bit of a twist, instead of moving her head up and down to provide a wonderful massaging motion, she simply pulled me up or slightly let me down using the herculean power of her arms. Again, like earlier that night, I was being treated as a sex toy, easily thrown around, thrust or manipulated by my brawny, strapping, pumped-up wife. Jill began to lift me faster and faster and her warm, tight mouth on my penis was giving me extreme gratification. Finally unable to contain it, I began to cum massively into her mouth. Like always, Jill continued to bob her head up and down on my warm, stiff member until every ounce of my love juice was swallowed and licked clean. I let out a gasp and my body became completely relaxed in the leather harness.

Feeling she had got a good enough little workout, Jill lifted me up slightly, unhooked the carabineer and placed me on my feet. I was peering up at my now 6'0" tall wife, I slowly reached out and grabbed her massive arms and we kissed deeply. She saw the puppy dog look in my eyes and I know she knew I would do anything for her. She grabbed my hand without saying a word and walked us over to a small scale that was in the far corner of the room. With little, I'm sorry, let me correct that, with no effort, Jill placed her hands under my armpits, lifted me up and placed me on the scale. It bounced around a bit and then settled on 111 pounds. I was a bit surprised but assumed I had lost a little water weight during our sexual fun over the last few hours. Even she was surprised at that, but a look of great satisfaction came over her face as she whispered, "111 pounds Davey....puuurfect!" She then easily lifted me off the scale and stepped her immense legs onto it. Her mass was mind boggling and it seemed as if someone had simply plastered pounds and pounds of pure muscle onto her frame. There was no part of my wife that was not covered in thick, densely packed muscle. As the scale needle bounced rapidly, it finally settled on a number that was almost inconceivable...Jill just looked at me with a huge smile on her face and mouthed the word, "Two hundred and Forty!!!!" My jaw was agape and we both couldn't believe the number. The fact that she was also slightly ripped made me think the number would come in lower, but the scale didn't lie and as I started to do the dorky math in my head, the numbers were almost too high to calculate. She weighed more than twice as much as me, but it was ALLLL-MUSCLE, so she wasn't just twice as strong as me, she was INCONCEIVABLY STRONGER!

At only 111 pounds and probably only 8% fat, I carried 76 pounds of bones, organs and fat. Meaning I now only carried a paltry 35 pounds of muscle. Jill was leaner now than before, probably down to 9 or 10% fat so about 24 pounds there; and taking into account her new bone and organ mass of approximately 60 pounds, Jill carried 84 pounds of bones, organs and fat. 240 pounds minus 84 pounds meant that my herculean wife now carried 156 pounds of muscle! Even though Jill only outweighed me

by double, she had almost 5 times more muscle on her body! I thought it was me who would be overly excited, but Jill too loved the size and power difference she now had over me. Giddy with excitement, Jill pulled out the measuring tape from behind the scale. She handed it to me and slowly brought her right arm up and flexed it massively. It was HUGE and the biggest biceps I had ever seen. There was a massive, baseball sized muscle on top of muscle and it looked like there were 3 distinct enormous muscle groups in her arm. I put my hands on it and squeezed with all my might. It was as hard as a rock and Jill lifted it up slightly so it was now at my eye level. I wondered how much weight it could truly lift as my skinny, twig like arms reached up to its mass.

I slowly draped the measuring tape around her gargantuan muscle. I knew it had to be pushing 18+ inches and couldn't wait to pull the tape tight. As I tightened the tape, it came to a number too large to be accurate. I thought maybe it got curled up on the back side of her biceps, so I loosened it, checked for a kink but to my amazement, there wasn't one. Again, I pulled the tape around trying not to kink the tape as my hands were shaking almost beyond control....and was amazed....it read Twenty and a half inches. Realizing what we had just discovered. Jill and I both dropped our jaws. With a twinkle in her eye, Jill winked and said, "How do you like me now?" I gulped and leaned in and uncontrollably began to lick its surface. Jill laughed as I became dazed and light headed with exhilaration. I was no longer in the presence of a hot chick, I was now in the presence of a goddess and every ounce of my being now felt feeble in her muscular greatness.

#### Moving forward

Jill had dismissed the two girls she had brought in for the awesome welcome back affair she had just thrown me and we lay naked, comfortably on our amazing bed. There were a couple of candles burning and it gave off a very dim, flickering light to the room. As usual, Jill had draped her gargantuan leg over my two skinny legs and as I lay on my back, I couldn't help but feel and massage Jill's huge, muscular arm as it lay over my chest. I was in awe in Jill's muscular presence and she had physically so surpassed any of my wildest dreams which probably explained my now absolute addiction to her every move, hair flick, breath and word. Many say that that's not healthy in a relationship but it wasn't that Jill demanded or even asked for this level of dedication from me, internally, I just literally could not control this physical and mental lust.

The heat that my sleeping wife's massive muscles produced was creating a sweat pool over my legs and chest and I loved the feeling of her unflexed weight on top of me. I knew that I had become so weak and Jill so strong that even the mere mass of her was more force than I could repel. As I lay there thinking, I again began to dork-out and calculate our muscular differences. At 20.5" in circumference, less the Humerus bone area, Jill's biceps now contained 31.5 square inches of muscle mass. At 9" in circumference, less the Humerus bone area, my arm now held only 4.25 square inches of muscle mass. Jill's arms now contained over 7 times more muscle mass than mine. Just thinking about that started to give me another erection and I now started calculating and determining that my wife's arms were bigger than my legs. I then came to realize, that her two arms may contain more muscle than my entire body

and that one of her thighs probably did as well! Why did this turn me on so much, what was wrong with me? I was not gay and had never lusted for another man, but I desired with every ounce of my being to have a woman so strong and powerful, a protector, an Alpha-Female as a wife.

The size and strength disparity Jill and I had created with each other had been so mutually desired that it had strengthened our relationship far beyond any breaking point. I don't think she could find another man who could entertain her and please her emotionally and physically while also fulfilling her internal, burning desire, while sweet and caring, to also become the undisputed Alpha in the relationship. At the same time, I knew I could never find that same symbiotic partnership. Most muscular woman desire an equally or much larger muscular man and clearly, that would not lead them to find me attractive at all. I soon fell asleep knowing I had hit the Relationship Jackpot for me and Jill had done the same.

The morning came quickly and as Jill woke up and started rusting around, obviously I awoke too. But before she got to wide-eyed and bushy tailed I leaned over and began making out with her passionately. We shared a nice moment as the glint of sunlight began to put a dim haze throughout the room. Jill then got up and waddled, as her legs were far too huge and muscular to walk normally, to take a morning tinkle. Although her legs were huge and bulged greatly with each stride, the size and fullness of her ass absolutely blew me away. She always had a great ass, but it was now packed with so much rock-hard muscle that a huge rounded spherical massive muscle body extended out behind her exhibiting a muscle-bound power I could not even imagine. It was like something from a comic book and almost skirted on the edge of reality and what I thought was humanly possible! My jaw dropped in awe and a feeling of euphoria shot through me and I immediately got goosebumps on my arms. After a few moments, I got up too and put on a purple pair of Jill's old Dolphin running shorts; which of course I should now just call mine, since I'm the one who wore them all the time and there was no way Jill's huge thighs would even fit through the leg holes, let alone her massive, muscle-bound ass. Another moment later, I also realized that I needed to use the restroom very badly as well and I walked into the bathroom a few moments after I heard her finish up.

Jill stood in the doorway, feet stretched out and hands on her hips, guarding the doorway to the bathroom with her immense powerhouse presence. I approached her quickly to get by and tinkle myself and our new height difference became evermore evident. As I was just over 5'8" now and wafer thin, Jill seemed like a true amazon as she stood 6 feet tall and carried 240 massive pounds. I tried to push by Jill to the toilet but of course didn't even budge her colossal form. She laughed cutely at my complete lack of strength and said, "C'mon Davey...how bad do you have to go?" I looked back up at her, realizing she was turning my immediate need to relieve myself into a fun game. "Pretty God Damn Bad!" I responded and I quickly tried to dart by her. Again I couldn't even budge her. I tried a couple more attempts and then she said, "Davey, hit me in the stomach." I just looked up at her with a confused look, but it was obvious that she was enjoying our little game of strength. I just tried to get by, but she then grabbed me under the arm with a vice like grip, slightly lifted me up to where only my tip toes were touching the ground and again she said, "Davey, hit me in the stomach as hard as you can, and I'll let you go to the bathroom." It took me a few seconds to realize it, but it seemed now that even

my taking a piss was an event that she had total control over. I nodded and said, "Okaaaay." Like a little kid being scolded by his parent. I reared back and struck her rock hard abs. She chuckled, letting me know that my blow was like a soft wind hitting her bare skin. I became frustrated and struck her abs three more times with increasing ferocity, which only made her laugh exponentially more loudly. Still laughing slightly, Jill said, "Okay Davey, good try, now you may go to the bathroom, and she stepped to the side. Her mammoth size still took up half the doorway, but I again attempted to slip by. She quickly stuck her left arm out and pushed hard against the other side of the doorway. My chest hit her rock solid arm and so I put both hands on it to push it out of the way. Smiling, she said, "I'll just leave my arm here dear, you simply have to dislodge it and you can tinkle." Finally, I felt like I had a physical chance to win. I put both arms on her bicep and forearm and leaned into it to push it outward and away from the wall. Again my attempts were in vein. I could tell that Jill was getting incredibly turned on by my desperate dilemma as her nipples were now hard as diamonds and she reached down with her free hand to pleasure herself while I struggled to budge her.

I finally decided to take a couple of steps back, than lunged at her extended arm, hoping to finally break through. Again, the strength in her arm proved to be too mighty for the weight and strength of my entire body and I was unable to break through. I looked up at her like a puppy dog begging for a biscuit as I knew I was not going to be able to pass without her supreme consent. She had a smirk on her face that immediately turned into a full-fledged smile as she grabbed me around the chest with her extended arm. She easily turned me away from her and then pulled my back in tightly against her chest. As she was holding me securely, she knew I was helpless to move. Jill then reached her right arm around me and grabbed my right hand, bringing it down to her vagina. Instinctively, I placed my forefinger and index finger in her warm tight pussy and began pleasuring her. I was pretty good at it and was rapidly pulsating my hand and fingers, trying to get Jill off as fast as possible, but in the meantime, I just said, "babe, I can't hold it any more....I gotta pee." She was entranced in the pulsating of my fingers in her pussy and it just didn't register to her. Her strength was far too great for me to wiggle out of, so with my free left hand, I pulled my cock out of my pants and literally started pissing towards the closest thing, the sink. So I'm now gyrating my fingers in Jill as fast as possible, and also peeing through the air towards the sink. For some reason, Jill opens her eyes and sees what she's forced me to do, but instead of letting me go, she starts wiggling me slightly back and forth causing my stream to miss the sink and hit the counter and everything else. After a couple of brief seconds, with me still pleasuring her, Jill easily hoists me off the ground and walks us to the sink. My wife was now so strong, she had easily lifted my bodyweight against hers with one arm and walked me across a room. Like a small child held by his mother, I now pointed my dick down and finished my pee directly into the sink. After a few more pleasurable seconds of my gyrating, Jill took my hand out of her vagina and inserted my warm moist fingers into my own mouth. She then started motioning with her mouth for me to lick my own fingers clean, taking in the warm moist taste of her gorgeous vagina all the while.

My wife was now so huge and muscular, that as I sat on the sink counter looking at her, she towered over and engulfed me completely with her herculean presence. As she leaned over me, her long dark hair fell upon my shoulder and she began to kiss me passionately. Her tongue was somehow as strong as the rest of her incredible physique and she dominated our kisses in a way which made me feel



completely in awe of her. The passion flowed through our bodies and I felt completely connected with her more than ever. I reached my arms around her muscle bound torso and grabbed her as tightly as humanly possible. As the sweat of both of our bodies trickled down towards our waists, Jill leaned back slightly and whispered, "I feel like we're now two souls merged into one. Like the two of us make one complete, perfect person." I knew I loved her more than ever, but to have her feel, and say that she felt like I was a part of her, launched me into the stratosphere with emotion. Realizing that I had somehow managed to mentally and physically bond us together so tightly, meant that I would never lose her and it filled me full of a confidence I had never known before. I reached my hands up and around Jill's checks and pushed my mouth against hers with all my might. Jill lifted me up off the counter and back into bed where we continued our passionate kiss and laid together, intertwined in a way that befitted our mental and physical union.

NOTE:

Guys...at this point into the story, after taking direction from some readers, it gets a little dark between Dave and Samantha. You can skip that chapter if you want.

Samantha...

I hadn't seen my brother in a while and wanted to know how he was doing. I texted him and called him a few times over a two week period and hadn't heard back from him. I was a little concerned as he had become more and more distant as he and Samantha spent more time together. She was a bit controlling and as she had become bigger and stronger, unlike Lisa and Jill, Samantha started to develop a real dominating type of attitude. Samantha had become a 6'4" mound of muscle so at this point, she could pretty much do whatever the fuck she wanted to do.

It was a Saturday and Jill gave me a kiss goodbye as she was leaving to go workout with Lisa and Samantha. It was a cold day so she looked incredible with her white yoga pants on and one of my old XL grey sweatshirt that her arms filled out and were almost bursting the seams. The white color made her massive calves and thighs look even larger and I ogled her lustfully as she marched out to get in her raised truck. Jill hopped in and drove off to the gym. She usually held a two+ hour workout on Saturday's with the girls and then they would hit their favorite restaurant for a protein and carb filled lunch. So she was out of the house for about four hours or so every Saturday.

I knew that Samantha would also be away from home for about four hours and decided to take this opportunity to go see how my brother Eric was doing. I felt like Samantha had his every movement controlled under her dominating thumb and knew I had to see him face to face to see what was up. For reasons I've previously explained, Jill loved dressing me a bit feminine, so I threw on a purple Victoria's Secret sweat outfit Jill had given me for my birthday, put my long hair in a pony-tail and headed out to jump in my Volkswagen Bug. Obviously, none of my old clothes fit me anymore, at only 120 pounds, so my entire wardrobe had turned into a mix of Jill's old clothes or new clothes that Jill bought for me.

I drove over to Eric's house and pulled into the drive next to Eric's car. Samantha's car was gone, so I knew she had left to meet the girls at the gym. I headed up to the door and rang the bell. I waited a couple of minutes and then rang it again. After another minute I began to knock. A bit concerned, I started looking in the windows to see a sign of Eric. Sure enough, there were a few lights on, so I knew he was home. Perplexed as to why he wasn't answering I shot him a text, "Hey Eric, it's Dave at your front door....open up!" I again waited a couple of minutes and got no answer. I felt that he had to be inside so I started to look around the porch for a spare key. Sure enough, on top of the porch light I found a key. I inserted it into the lock and slowly opened the door.

The house was quiet as I stepped in and slowly closed the door behind me. I walked through the house calling Eric's name. After a thorough search I got an eerie feeling and started to actually become a little scared. I had decided to leave but as I walked by the door to the basement, I realized that Eric might be down there watching a college football game or something. Slowly, I opened the door to the basement and began walking down the stairs. "BANG!" I jumped out of my skin and looked back to see that it was the basement door that was spring loaded, slamming closed behind me. I walked down the stairs and opened the door to their basement. I walked in and was immediately in shock at what I saw.

Eric was naked and laying at the bottom of a human sized cage. He had a small blanket covering him and looked at me in shock as I walked towards him. He had some slight bruising on his face and arms and he looked pale and incredibly skinny. "Holy shit!" I exclaimed, "What the fuck is Samantha doing to you?" He just stared at me, unable to speak. I asked him where the key was to the cage and Eric just stared at me. "Dude!" I said, "Where's the fucking key?" after several more demands that he tell me where the key was, he finally spoke. It was so quiet, I couldn't hear him, so I leaned my head down and was just a few inches from his face. From inside the cage he said softly, "You should leave." "LEAVE!" I said, "No fucking way, I'm getting you outa here." I demanded a few more times for him to tell me where the key was. Eric had now become totally silent and actually completely covered himself with the blanket. I began to search the room in vain for the key to the cage. After ten minutes of looking, I began to lose faith and sat in a chair that was just outside the cage.

I was just contemplating leaving and getting Jill or possibly calling the police. Right then, a woman's voice shot out from the basement stairs, "Looking for these?" I jumped 3 feet in the air as it startled the shit out of me and turned to see Samantha holding a key ring from her fingers. I was completely speechless and fear now completely took over every cell in my body and I was unable to move.

Samantha was huge! She stood 6'4" now and was even taller in her high-heeled type of workout sneakers. She wore a short black workout short and red sports bra. She began to walk towards me and with each step, her gargantuan thigh muscles bulged incredibly. Her calves were also huge and looked to be bigger than my thighs. She must have been doing a lot of ab exercises too and instead of being ripped, each ab muscle actually protruded out of her midsection forming rounded bulges of muscle in six or even eight places. As she eventually made it across the room towards me, I was dwarfed by her

super wide shoulders and massive arms. I looked up at her and was in disbelief at how small and feeble I was compared to her. As I stood there in fear and awe, Samantha reached out her right arm and grabbed my jaw with her powerful hand. She squeezed tightly and it felt like she was about to smash my jaw into pieces. I grabbed her arm with my weak hands in attempt to pull her away from my pain ridden face. She laughed loudly and said, "I could crush you in a millisecond little Davey, so don't even try to budge my lock-like grip on your pretty little face." Slowly, I let go of her arm and accepted the fact that Samantha could physically do whatever she wanted to me and I would be helpless to stop her.

"There, there." Samantha said to me, like a mother consoling a child, "Just let big Samantha do whatever she wants to do, and it'll be easier on everyone. Do you understand me little Davey?" I stared at her powerful jaw as even it was full of strong, bulging muscle. Having not answered her, Samantha repeated, "Do you understand me cute, little Davey." Still a bit to shaken to speak, I simply nodded my head up and down slowly, meaning yes. She then pulled over a chair and sat in it, just a few feet from the cage Eric was confined in. Slowly, she grabbed me around the waist and easily hoisted me upon her powerful right quad muscle like a child. It was hard as a rock and my light weight didn't even begin to dent it in as I sat on it. Sensing my fear and confusion, Samantha said, "I bet you're wondering why your brother is in his little cage right now, aren't you?" I was now really freaked out and scared, and couldn't even nod now as I sat in the lap of this muscle-bulging creature. She continued, "Well, Eric here was a bad boy and spilled his water at the breakfast table this morning. It got all over my workout tights and I had to change them. So we're teaching little Eric here a lesson to be more careful. If he doesn't want his water at breakfast, he'll have no water or food for the rest of the day. Hopefully, this will teach him to respect his water and not spill it...(Loudly) ALL OVER THE GOD DAMN TABLE AND ME!!!" I flinched back in utter fear as Samantha yelled and immediately pissed myself.

Samantha felt the warm liquid on her leg and immediately hurled me across the room. I landed 7 or 8 feet away crashing into another chair and knocking it over. Samantha quickly strutted over, muscles bulging everywhere and a scowl look on her face. I tried to say, I'm sorry, but I think just inaudible garble came out. She peered down at me and snapped, "You disrespectful little shit, I'm going to teach you to respect your superior right fucking now!" Samantha reached down and grabbed my ponytail. She then walked towards and up the stairs, pulling me by my ponytail the whole way. I looked back at Eric's cage as I was led up the stairs. He had hid himself under a blanket and I was about to be dealt a punishment by Samantha that he had obviously experienced himself.

The pain in my head was becoming completely unbearable as Samantha led me up to her and Eric's bedroom. She walked me to her bathroom and said "Strip." I stood motionless for a second and the look Samantha gave me meant, Strip or Else! I slowly kicked off my shoes and removed my wet sweat pants and underwear. My underwear was slim cut athletic briefs and Samantha commented, "Wow, I half expected you to be wearing women's panties." Now completely exposed, Samantha said, "hmmm, not to bad Davey." and she gave my penis a little pat. She looked at me and said, "All the way Davey." So I also removed my top. Now completely naked, in front of Jill's friend, I felt weak and rather helpless. I think this was part of Samantha's plan, knowing her every word would now be my command. She told

me to stay still, gathered up my clothes and walked down the hall, throwing them in the washing machine. I thought about running for it but was too scared to budge. She returned a few moments later and spun me around towards the mirror. Samantha stood behind my feeble frame. Her muscular body was easily 8" taller than mine and twice as wide.

She carried 100 more muscle laden pounds than me and the flick of her wrist would probably knock me over. Samantha then hit a double biceps pose and huge, rounded bulges exploded from her arms. Even in a state of fear, I began to get an erection as I ogled her huge, powerful body. Samantha smiled and grabbed my hand, leading me over to the bed. She lightly pressed my shoulder and I sat on the bed's edge. "You see Davey," she said, "I was going to issue you some punishment right now, but I feel like having a little fun instead." I was a bit shocked to hear that and my erection immediately got a bit harder. Samantha grabbed my hand and walked me over to the closet. She moved some boxes out of the way and eventually grabbed one marked, "Old Clothes". She opened it up and began to remove some outfits. Eventually she pulled out an old cheerleading skirt and matching red and blue top with the letters CHS on it. Samantha looked at me and said, "This is my old Junior Varsity cheer outfit from my sophomore year. I think it will fit you nicely Davey." I pulled on the skirt and it fit perfectly around my tiny waist. Samantha then pulled the cheer top over my head and shoulders. It fit perfectly as well and left my hard abs exposed. "Wow!" Samantha exclaimed, "You're hot." Samantha then put some padding in the breast area to give me a look of having at least a little bit of breast size and then she led me back to the bathroom. She sat me on a stool in front of her and got out her make-up bag. She then spent the next several minutes applying blush, eyeliner and lipstick. I had not worn make-up before and it felt very odd. Samantha finished up, scooted a foot or two back and immediately became very aroused. "My God" she exclaimed, "No wonder Jill loves you so much, you're one hot bitch!" She immediately grabbed my hand and led me downstairs.

We arrived at the front door and she opened it for me. Samantha then led me outside and had me stand in the middle of her front grass in the cheerleader outfit. She then went into the garage, grabbed a football and brought it outside and tossed it to me. Over the next few minutes she had me do a bunch of cute poses while she took photos. I couldn't imagine why she had me doing this but it seemed to arouse her greatly. After a few minutes of that, she set up her camera on a bench, grabbed my brother's old Football helmet, put it on and walked over to me. Samantha then grabbed me and started hoisting me over her hugely muscular, herculean body. There were spins, lifts and even tosses. Samantha was super strong and I was her cute, cheer, play toy. Finally, Samantha put me down and had me follow her back inside. She led me back to her bathroom wearing the football helmet the whole time.

Now in the bedroom, Samantha had me stand next to the bed in front of a large mirror leaning against the wall. She then walked back into the closet to grab something. I looked at my reflection and almost didn't recognize myself. Samantha was amazing when it came to make-up and had worked in the

Macy's cosmetics department in college. It was hard to admit it, but looking at my reflection from a few feet away, I wasn't looking bad I had to admit. Samantha then emerged from the closet. She was wearing the helmet and had now put on my brother's old football jersey as well. Her shoulders were so large and muscular, it looked like she was even wearing shoulder pads. Her beautiful, long blonde hair fell cutely out of the helmet and over her gorgeous shapely shoulders. She had removed her workout shorts and now exposed her perfectly shaved pussy to me, nestled beautifully between her enormous, muscle laden thighs. I became aroused immediately and my cock became rock hard. She was holding something behind her back and got a huge grin on her face. She told me to get on my knees in front of her. I instinctively got on my knees and she pushed my head into her crotch.

I placed my hands on her powerful, muscular thighs and began to move my tongue rapidly into her tight, warm, moist pussy. She let me pleasure her for a few minutes, making supple, soft noises as I licked up her amazing pussy juices. I reached up and around her to feel her rock hard, huge ass. Its roundness and huge dimples in its sides also felt amazing to me. Finally, Samantha said, "Davey....look at me." I paused for a second, moved backwards slightly and peered up at her amazing mass and into her beautiful blue eyes. With a wry grin on her face she said, "I have a surprise for you." She then turned away from me, her unbelievable ass right in my face. She then slipped her unreal foot, calf and thigh into what looked like leather panties. I couldn't see around her huge lower body mass, but as Samantha slowly turned back towards me, I was in shock as I saw a fake, erect light blue penis and realized she had just slipped on a strap-on. I was kneeling motionless now frozen in confusion as I didn't realize what was going on. Samantha then playfully slapped me with it a few times in the cheek and said, "Don't worry Davey, you and I are going to have a little fun, no need to be frightened."

I leaned back more and Samantha told me to reach out my hand. I slowly reached out and she squeezed a bit of KY jelly into it. "Now apply it to the toy Davey." She commanded. It felt odd and against everything I had ever thought about as a man, but as instructed, I slowly began to apply the jelly to the blue penis. After a good rub, Samantha then reached under my armpits and lifted me to my feet. She was so tall that the penis was actually poking me in the upper abdomen region. We then walked slowly to the bed where she instructed me to lean over and place my hands on the edge of the bed. Now my backside was completely exposed to Samantha and I was in a very vulnerable position. Samantha came up behind me and told me to turn my head to look into the mirror. As I did, she slowly moved in and poked the tip of the dildo into my ass hole. I jumped extensively and ended up face down on the bed. "Now, now Davey." Samantha said, "You need to relax and enjoy this." I was very tense, and Samantha lifted me back up into position at the edge of the bed. Again, she poked me in the ass and slowly inserted the penis in and out. I was feeling a very uncomfortable feeling and a little pain as well. Samantha made me look at her eye to eye in the mirror as she slowly moved the dildo in and out of me. "You see Davey, I'm the fucking Alpha in this household and you need to learn a valuable lesson don't you?" I just stared at her without saying a word. So she repeated, "I'm the Alpha and you need to be taught a lesson don't you?" This time I caught her drift and nodded in acknowledgement. "Say it!" she commanded. So slowly, and awkwardly, as she methodically inserted her penis inside of me, I said, "You're the Alpha and I need to be taught a lesson." As Samantha continued to violate me, she ordered me to keep saying it, so over and over, as we locked gazes in the mirror to our right, I repeated, "You're

the Alpha, You're the Alpha, You're the Alpha." Samantha held my tiny waist in her powerful grip and began to pound me a little as my rear opened up and became more accepting of the object being thrust into me. Uncontrollably, I began to cry as my manhood was being stolen from me, never to be returned. I was already contemplating how I would kill myself as the embarrassment of this moment was taking all of my dignity as well.

Finally, Samantha exited me and I fell helpless and limp onto the bed. Slowly, Samantha began to massage my legs and ass, knowing full well the worthless and helpless feelings that were overcoming me. She slipped out of her strap-on and laid on the bed next to me, grabbing me and holding me tightly next to her. Caressing me the whole time, Samantha finally began to speak. "Davina" she said, "don't be ashamed, this was not a terrible act, it was simply a sexual experience that you had never experienced before." "Trust me," she continued, "you'll learn to enjoy sharing my pleasure as I enter you with my sexual desires and form an unbreakable bond. Your brother has come to accept and love me and all of my whims and desires, and so shall you." I was confused and of course still in a state of shock as Samantha preached to me about her desires and tried to calm my exploding nerves. I knew that I never wanted to see Samantha again, and couldn't wait to be let go and leave her house of horrors.

A few minutes later, she asked me to caress her muscles. Reluctantly, I began by massaging her bulging right bicep. It was rock hard and huge and probably bigger than my thigh. I felt in complete awe just being in its presence, let alone feeling and caressing it. Slowly, I worked my way down her gorgeous, bulging abs and perfectly shaped thighs. They were so powerful, so gargantuan and so muscular. Even still in a weird state, I started to become hard as the sheer mass of Samantha's muscles turned me on greatly. As I continued to feel and experience her unbelievable physique, Samantha began to flex and relax her muscles, causing them to bulge greatly, fill with blood and expose her huge, powerful veins. I couldn't help but become rock hard and Samantha lifted one of her huge legs over my body and lifted herself up on top of me. Looking down at me, she reached and grabbed my cock and inserted it into her moist, warm pussy. It felt incredible and Samantha began to slowly raise and lower her muscle laden body above me. I reached up and put my hands on her muscle filled chest and she began to bounce her pecs to my sheer enjoyment. Within a few minutes, Samantha rode me harder and faster, bringing me to full arousal and ultimate climax. I pressed my pelvis into hers harder and faster as well, and we eventually hit a perfect rhythm of fucking that made us both moan in pure sexual satisfaction. Finally Samantha began to gyrate in ecstasy and we both began to orgasm in unison and were filled with exhilaration and satisfaction.

After laying in silence and complete contentment for a few minutes, sensing that I was beginning to recover from being violated earlier, Samantha lifted me up, and carried me to the shower. She turned on the water and within moments, it was filled with steam and hot water. Now naked, we entered the shower and Samantha began to lather me with soap. I held my hands down at my sides, as this herculean, muscle bound woman massaged my body. I didn't know why, but a complete state of awe and obedience came over me. Jill and I shared a symbiotic relationship of sex and respect for one

another, but it was completely different with Samantha. She was in control of every aspect of my being in her presence and it felt right and exhilarating in an odd way. Finally clean, Samantha instructed me to later and clean her temple of a body as well. With careful hands, I cleaned every ounce of her bulging, powerful physique and knew I was touching the body of a goddess. She knew that she was all powerful over me and it was understood that she would control every aspect of our relationship moving forward. Now clean, Samantha turned off the water, handed me a towel and we both began to towel off. Once dry, Samantha walked down the hall, grabbed my clean and dry clothes and told me to get dressed. While slipping on my Victoria's Secret sweat outfit, Samantha said, "Davina, don't mention a word of what happened here today to Jill or anyone. Do you understand me?" "Yes." I replied, "I won't say a word." With that, Samantha walked me out to my bug and I slowly drove away, confused, horrified and satisfied all at the same time....

Back home...

Now home I walked into the bedroom and looked at myself in the mirror. I was a changed man. Having a wife more muscular and stronger than me was a fantasy come true, and I enjoyed every minute of my marriage with Jill. But being physically violated and feminized by Samantha had now broken and confused my own internal beliefs. Who was I now, what was I? The mixed feelings began to overcome me emotionally and as I looked at myself in the mirror I began to weep.

Although a happily married man, I doubted my own masculinity at that point. Wearing Jill's clothes, long flowing hair, a completely shaved and soft thin body. Even I knew, I was now a shell of the strapping young man I once was. I raised my right arm and tried to make a bicep muscle. There was literally no change in my arm as I tried to flex it. It was like the muscle in my arm was so out of practice that I couldn't even make it tighten. Frustrated by my complete lack of strength, I decided to do something I hadn't done in years...go to the gym. I got out of Jill's Victoria secret sweats, threw on some gym clothes and a baseball hat, grabbed one of Jill's gym bags and headed to the "Globo Gym" that Jill, or any of the girls wouldn't be at. Jill still had a membership there since she was years ago an original member and thus we continued to pay the \$6 per month for the membership.

As I walked in the gym, I simply waved Jill's card in front of the scanner at the front desk and walked by the desk clerk. The young, but noticeably muscular, pimple faced girl said, "Have a nice workout mam." as I walked past. I was briefly taken back by the confusion and her comment, but said in kind of a high-pitched fake southern woman's accent, "Thanks." as it just seemed easier. As I walked towards the bathrooms, I looked in the mirror and noticed a couple of guys checking me out as I walked past. Immediately, I realized that they too had probably mistaken me for a woman. I got to the entrance to the men's and women's locker rooms and was quickly realizing that I was in a sticky situation. If I walked in the men's room, the guys would be confused and obviously I would be greatly embarrassed, if I was again mistaken for a woman. However, walking into the women's locker room would obviously be very wrong. Right then, two muscular guys walked out of the men's locker room, one of them making eye contact and giving me a smile. Startled, I swiftly turned and walked confidently into the women's locker



room. I had never been in it before and you walk in the doorway and make a quick right turn. There is a long hallway and as I started to walk down it, there was a thin brunette walking towards me with a gym bag. I was quickly going to avoid eye contact with her, but just three steps down the hallway, I realized that there wasn't a woman walking towards me, it was a reflection of myself in the full length mirror that was attached to the far end wall.

I couldn't believe that my reflection actually briefly confused myself and I watched my every movement as I approached the mirror. I had subconsciously dressed myself very girly with light blue tennis shoes, a pair of Jill's white yoga pants with the large flowery designs down the right and left side of the leggings, a light blue women's t-shirt, which barely covered my shoulders but was long enough to cover my penis bulge in the tights, and wore a matching light blue Bodybuilding.com baseball hat with my long hair pulled through the snap back into a ponytail. In addition, I had Jill's purple workout bag and one of her pink water bottles. The fact that I dressed like that naturally and without a second thought about it, went out in public, made me realize that I had already made some sort of subconscious decision about myself.

I thought about leaving immediately, but took a minute in the locker room, stuffed my bag into a locker and decided to head out to the gym floor. First I decided to do some lat pulldowns on the universal type setup they had. I put the pin in the 40 pound hole and reached up to grab the bar hanging from above. I pulled down with all my might but couldn't get it to head level. I expected to easily pull it to my chest and then work with a higher weight, but obviously that was a huge mis-calculation. I then inserted the pin into the 20 pound hole. This time, I was able to pull it down to my chest, but after only six or seven reps, my weak arms and back were on fire so I decided I'd had enough. Done with that, I headed over to the dumbbells to do some curls. I reached out and grabbed the 5 pound weight for a warm-up. After only 8 or 9 reps my arms were burning and it seemed heavier than 5 pounds could ever be, so I wondered if it was in kilos, meaning it was 12 pounds and more understandable why I was failing to lift it any more. I took it over to the scale with me to check. Clothed, but without the weight, I weighed 130 pounds. I grabbed the dumbbell and got back onto the scale. Sure enough, it read 135 pounds. "Damn" I thought, it was only 5 pounds.

I was about to walk the weight back over to the rack and noticed a couple of tall, fit high school girls standing in front of the rack. They both had very fit legs and were wearing short volleyball shorts which also showed off their round, muscular butts. One of the girls had her back to me and on the back it said RHS Frosh-Soph VB with a picture of a volleyball. Her sleeves were rolled up to her shoulders and as she started to curl a weight, there was a nice, noticeable bulge in her arm. As I almost got to her, I realized that she was actually curling a 20 pound weight. I stopped in my tracks, embarrassed to return the puny 5 pound weight back on the rack in front of two fourteen or fifteen year old girls curling four times the weight I was able to.

As I took a few steps back and over to the side, again I looked the girls up and down. Here they were, probably fourteen/fifteen and fit as hell, lifting weights and putting muscles on their frames to be better volleyball players. As I briefly ogled their muscular legs and tight, fit arms, I couldn't believe that I had become so thin and frail, that a fourteen year-old girl, with a bit of training was actually stronger than me.

Intimidated to walk in front of the young girls and put back such a small weight, I simply put the dumbbell down and decided to walk away from them. As I did, I noticed a fit, muscular woman doing some pull-ups. She was very muscular, and not your typical girly girl just working out to be fit for her husband, like most of the women in the gym at that time of day. I became a bit mesmerized by her back muscles as she did pull up after pull up. After 12 or 15 I lost count and didn't realize that she had noticed me staring at her in the mirror. She dropped down from the bar and took a few steps towards me. Although not as tall as me, she was very muscular and had to be several times stronger than I was.

As she walked right up to me, I looked away in embarrassment as I knew she had caught me. In a surprisingly sweet voice, this muscle bound woman reached out her right hand and said, "Hi, I'm Teresa." I reached out my hand in embarrassed silence and noticed her grip was very strong. She then said, "I'm a personal trainer and noticed you seemed a bit impressed with my pull ups." I smiled widely and shook my head yes. She then said, "Would you be interested in a free training session, us girls can always use a bit of muscle right." she followed as she hit a small right biceps pose for me. She obviously knew I was ogling her strong, hard muscles just earlier and was doing her best sales pitch to gain another client. I also quickly realized that she had also mistaken me for a woman so I simply said, "Sure" in the softest voice possible. "Cool." she replied, "follow me to the lockers.

I felt compelled to do whatever Teresa asked me to do at this point and didn't want to blow my cover. As we walked to the locker room, I couldn't help but ogle her bulging round shoulders and ripped triceps muscles. As we walked down the long hallway into the locker rooms, I stared at her reflection in the mirror. With each step, her thigh muscles bulged and were seemingly twice as thick as my twig like legs. Teresa's calves were also quite muscular and hard as diamonds I was sure. Unable to help myself, I said as we reached the mirror and it was obvious that I was staring only at her muscle bound reflection and not mine, "Wow Teresa, you have an amazing physique!" Again sensing my admiration, and wanting to solidify her status as a personal trainer she hit a double biceps pose for me showing off her large, rock hard biceps. I felt a bit of an urge in my cock and immediately tried to look away before a hard on gave up my gender.

We walked into the locker room and I followed her to her locker. She opened up the door and reached in and grabbed a business card. Again I stared at her muscles, from her beautiful bulging ass to her ripped strong back! As Teresa turned to give me her card, I reached out for it and accidentally knocked it out of her hand. She quickly bent down to pick it up and looked up at me to hand it over again. As I reached down for it, I realized that her head was just below my waistline and she was probably staring

right at my slightly hard cock. A huge scowl came across Teresa's face and she stood up in front of me. Her physique was very strong and the look of surprise and disgust on her face was unbelievably intimidating. I froze in fear as Teresa slightly cocked her neck and reached in to grab my cock. As she did, I gasped in fear as she realized that I was a man. "You fucking pervert!" she said loudly as she grabbed my nuts strongly. The pain was unbearable and I fell to my knees in agony. Teresa then kneed me in the chest and I fell backwards onto the floor. It was easily the hardest I had ever been hit in my life and it knocked the wind out of me. As I laid on my back, desperately just trying to breathe, Teresa briefly straddled over me and I looked up at her muscle bound body, praying she wouldn't kill me. Instead, she leaned down and bitch slapped me across the face. The left side of my face immediately felt like it was on fire and I now honestly feared for my life. I was finally able to take a breath and muttered, "Please stop, please stop." as I held out my arms for protection and began to cry. "You're such a little perverted bitch." Teresa said. "I should really teach you a lesson." I was now so scared and fearful to reply, so I just wept and held my arms up. Teresa un-straddled me and gave me a swift kick in the side. It hurt like hell and I rolled into the fetal position for protection.

An instant later, I felt Teresa grab my ponytail and commanded me to stand up. I feebly got to my feet and found myself being pulled by Teresa out of the locker room. I was walking backwards as she forcibly tugged me. We reached the end of the locker room hallway and Teresa pulled me out onto the gym floor. As everyone stopped to stare, Teresa led me to the front desk and told the girl to take a picture of me. The fit, pimple faced girl quickly grabbed the webcam on the desk and snapped a pic of my pitiful, red, weeping face. She then led me to the door and easily tossed me into the bushes, leaving me sprawled out in the wet, muddy flowerbed. "Don't ever come back here you perverted ass hole!" she yelled as she walked back inside.

I realized that I had left my bag with my keys, phone and wallet in the women's locker room. I waited a few minutes and then poked my head into the door after I knew that Teresa had walked back into the heart of the gym. The pimple faced girl was there so I apologized to her and asked her to retrieve my bag. She said ok, so I walked back outside and waited. As I waited the two fit high school volleyball players came out of the gym. They both looked at me and laughed, obviously aware of what had happened. My current level of embarrassment had hit an all time low and I just longed to be home, back in Jill's protective, muscular arms.

To my surprise, it was Teresa who came out with my bag. I instinctively turned and began to run away, fearful that she might physically assault me again. "Calm down, you little bitch." she said. I just wanted you to know that I took a picture of your driver's license so if you ever show your face around here again, were going to press charges. With that, she tossed my bag into the muddy flowerbed again and said, "Get lost." After she walked her muscle bound body back into the gym, I quickly grabbed my bag and headed home.

## Home

Now home, I longed to be in Jill's strong, powerful, protective grasp. I got out of my dirt covered gym outfit and decided to take a long hot shower. Just as I stepped in, I heard Jill arrive home. She walked into the bathroom and I was as happy to see her as I had ever been. I jumped out of the shower and ran into her powerful, muscle bound arms. She easily hoisted me off the ground and held me up to her face. We locked lips and kissed passionately for several seconds. My wife then slowly lowered me back to the ground and released her grip from around my thin torso. I kind of took a step back and she said, "Honey, I'm so excited for this new Explode PumpForce supplement I've been taking recently. Check this out!" With that, she kind of extended out her huge right leg and forcefully flexed her quad muscles. Three enormous, rounded muscle bodies exploded out of her leg and my heart stopped in complete awe of their size and power.

"Oh my God!" I exclaimed, "That is the most massive, awesome thing I have ever seen!" I reached out and could physically grab the rock hard rounded quad muscles in my feeble hand. Feeling that size and power made me feel like i was in the presence of a god, and I quickly grabbed a measuring tape. I stretched it around her flexed leg and was totally amazed by the sheer mass of it. Fully flexed, the tape came to just over 34". "Holy shit Honey." I said, "That's incredible!" "I thought you'd like it my little Davey." Jill responded. She then quickly grabbed the tape from me and pulled it tight around my waist. "HmMMMM." she sighed, "Only 27 inches my little toothpick, show me one of them legs." I stuck out my leg and she pulled the tape around it as well. "You're cute little twiggy is 17 inches Davey." We kind of both realized immediately that her right quad muscle was as big as both of my legs combined. "This is hilarious." she said, "Go throw on a pair of shorts babe." Jill told me. I didn't know where she was going with this, but I complied and pulled on a pair of her/my light blue running shorts.

I walked back in the bathroom and Jill pulled me tightly next to her. As we looked at our reflections in the mirror, Jill pointed her camera down towards our lower bodies. The difference was incredible as Jill's left thigh looked bigger than my torso and both lower legs. I was like a stick figure standing next to my huge, muscle-bound wife. She snapped a couple of pics on her phone and then asked me to kneel. I got on my knees and Jill flexed her left thigh firmly and leaned it against my waist and torso. It was huge and dwarfed me in its massive presence. She again snapped a couple of pics and said, "This is so funny Davey, I've got to send it to the girls!"

As she texted the pics off to Lisa and Sammy, i said, "Honey, does it bother you at all to be so much stronger and more muscular than me?" "Of course not Honey." she answered quizzically, "I am just concerned that it might bother you to be so much weaker and smaller than me." "My God Jill, I love it, I'm addicted to it, i have for some reason developed an uncontrollable desire to become more frail and feminine as I'm addicted to your ever gaining strength over me." "I know." she responded softly, "That's why we're so perfect for each other my love." With that, she again proved her incredible strength by grabbing me under the armpits and easily hoisting me up in the air. She then said, "Let me know if you enjoy this Davey." Jill then reached between my thighs with one hand and now hoisted me horizontally above her head. As I looked down at her herculean arms and into her gorgeous, powerful eyes, my wife

began to bench press me up and down from above her head to her chest, over and over again. My cock became rock hard and I felt like a small gymnast or cheerleader in her powerful grasp.

Sensing an ever increasing sensation of power, Jill lowered me to her chest and took my rock-hard cock in her mouth. Her warm, muscular tongue and lips massaged my penis perfectly and the sensations coursing through my body as my muscle-bound wife completely controlled and pleased me were too much to take. I began to cum uncontrollably. Like always, Jill slurped up every ounce but she felt like she had taken all of me, she quickly put me down and locked lips with me. As I grabbed her massive, hard biceps in my feeble hands, Jill surprised me as she hadn't completely swallowed all of my cum and it circulated through our mouths as we kissed. The odd, salty taste shocked me briefly, but as I embraced her muscular torso and Jill pushed against my face forcibly with her powerful jaw, and tongue, I knew she was experimenting and enjoying the obvious control she had over our passion filled intercourse. After another twenty or thirty seconds, Jill backed up slightly and looked at me lovingly and said, "I've always wanted to share you with you....what did you think." "Anything you want to share with me is fine honey." I said and then I leaned in for another kiss to prove my love and my total conformability to her every desire.

She pushed ever so slightly on my shoulders and I knew instinctively what she wanted. I lowered to my knees, slipped down her workout shorts and buried my head and tongue into her warm vagina. I reached my arms around and placed them on her gargantuan ass. It was so large and muscular, I knew any pro football player would be jealous of it. She could easily out lift 99% of the men in the world and she knew it! Her ass felt like two, powerful head sized mounds of muscle; and as I tried to squeeze them, she flexed them tightly, causing them to become rock hard in my grasp. At the same instant that she flexed her ass, her muscular vagina also contracted hard and it grabbed my tongue firmly. I tried to pull my tongue out, but her vagina's grip was so powerful, I couldn't overcome it. Stuck, Jill laughed and then slowly released her grip on my tongue, proving that even one of her smallest muscles was too strong for me to resist. Feeling that powerless in her presence turned me on even more and my cock was as hard as it had ever been. I began to pulsate ever more quickly to satisfy my muscle laden wife and give her the ultimate pleasure that she deserved. As I did, I reached both arms lower and grasped around her huge, tree trunk like thighs. It was comical and I couldn't come close to surrounding them. As their mighty girth flexed, I knew they could easily crush my head between them. I loved being in the presence of such power, and as Jill began to shudder her massive body in utter satisfaction, I again began to cum wildly. Instinctively, as it splattered all over her muscular thigh, I licked it up and immediately stood to embrace my wife in a kiss, sharing my cum with her.

Jill appreciated it greatly and as we made out passionately, she easily lifted me up and carried me to the shower. As we passed the mirror in the bathroom, I peered over to see our reflection. She was gargantuan now and her bicep looked as big as my torso. My skinny arms looked like a child's next to her huge forearms and even my legs looked thinner than them. I knew I was now in the presence of a woman who had become the most muscular, massive human being I could have ever imagined and I never wanted this to stop...

## Berlin

My wife, Lisa and Samantha had become obsessed with not only the aesthetic look of the huge muscles they had developed, but had also become addicted to the strength they had gained. The unbelievable confidence they walked around with made them give off an aura of invincibility that was contagious and Eric, myself and Louis loved being in the presence of it. It had been a few weeks since my unpleasant experience with Samantha but as I waited eagerly for Jill to come home from the gym, I saw Samantha pull up into my driveway. To my surprise, Eric was with her and they approached the door. An instant feeling of fear came over me as I heard Samantha knock loudly. I froze briefly, but the somehow mustered the courage to open it, knowing Jill was due home anytime.

As I opened it, I was immediately struck by Samantha's awesome presence, she towered over me and Eric and her arms bulged greatly. She was wearing white high-top athletic shoes, short black workout bottoms, which her huge thighs jutted out from, and a grey hoodie that she had cut the arms off of. Her long hair was in a ponytail and laid over her huge left trap muscle. As they walked in, she leaned in and gave me a firm hug and a kiss on the lips. I looked over at Eric, who extended his hand and we shook. He was looking quite thin, but fairly healthy. I looked at Samantha and said, "Is everything OK with you two now?" "Of course." She said, "He's been such a good boy, we've been having nothing but fun since the little punishment he got a few weeks back." I peered back at Eric who nodded his head YES, got a smile on his face and gave me an all good wink. I was reassured by that and happy that it might have been a blip on the radar of their relationship. Eric had to use the restroom and so he went to it, leaving me and Sam alone.

Just then, I saw Jill pull up the drive in her truck. I started to walk past Samantha to welcome my wife home. Sam stuck out her powerful left arm, hitting me in the chest and stopping me dead in my tracks. She then reached her right hand down and extended a finger, briefly putting pressure on my ass hole. As she held me there, she leaned in and gave me a wet kiss again on the lips, but with much more passion than the hello kiss from earlier. She then leaned back and said, "That's our little secret, right?" I peered up at her and said, "Yes, Sam, yes." "Good." She replied, "Let's keep it that way OK." I replied, "OK." So she let me go and I rushed out to greet my wife. As I went to meet Jill, I realized how fucking strong Samantha had become and that, I was kind of a subject to her will, at least when Jill wasn't around. I contemplated saying something to my wife, but decided to let it go for now, unless things got worse between Samantha and me. I embraced my muscle-bound wife near her truck and kissed her passionately. She hugged and lifted me off the ground briefly, then we went inside to see Samantha and Eric.

Once inside, Samantha and Jill wanted Eric and I to sit down with them in the living room. Jill led us to the recliner and asked us to have a seat. A recliner is normally meant for one person, but our recliner was slightly larger than normal and Eric and I had become extremely thin. Believe it or not, we actually both fit, side-by-side comfortably on it. In contrast, Jill and Samantha were huge, both over 230 pounds of muscle each, and they sat across from us on the couch, taking up most of its large space. The

difference was easily noticed by all of us and we had a good laugh about it. Finally, Samantha spoke and said, "Boys, Jill and I have the opportunity to make some groundbreaking gains. There had been scientific studies for years knowing that the difference between humans and primates is less than 1%." Eric and I looked at each other briefly, not sure where this was going. "Go on." I said. "Well honey." Jill spoke up. "As you know, primates are much stronger than humans." "Yeah, So." I replied. "So..." Samantha jumped in, "It's because their tendons are much stronger than ours, and because their muscle cells are twice as long as humans." Eric and I sat in silence, not sure where this was going. "Let me get to the point boys." Samantha finished, "They figured out the reason why. Like primates, we have the same genes to control this development, called the ACTN3 gene. But ours is turned-off." "How does this affect you and Jill?" I asked. Jill then said, "Samantha and I have volunteered to be test subjects for a team of scientists in Germany who think they can temporarily turn this gene back on in humans." "Why you?" I asked. "Because Jill and I have come close to reaching current human potential for strength and muscle growth David." Samantha replied. "So far, they have only got the procedure to work on other female species that also have the ACTN3 gene. As such, they'd like to have Jill and I come in for some preliminary testing."

"How do you know it works?" I asked. Jill replied, "Well honey, we have had several pints of blood taken from us, stored on ice, and sent to their labs for testing already. According to their tests, our blood did not reject the procedure, so they will simply be taking our blood, subjecting it to the procedure and then re-introducing our own blood back into us. Our own blood, then simply travels through our body, turning the ACTN3 gene back on. Then, we either start to develop stronger tendons and longer muscle cells, or we don't. It's our own genes honey so there's just no danger. It's completely safe dear, and we're only going to be there for 11 weeks." "11 Weeks! I can't stand to be without you that long." I shouted. "I know, I know." Jill answered, "But you still don't have a passport, and we have to leave tomorrow." "TOMORROW! TOMORROW!" I said. Jill could see my discontent and immediately pooped off the couch, hoisted me into the air and gave me a huge hug. "Honey, I love you sooooo much." She whispered. "I'm going to miss you too, but this opportunity is unbelievable and we have to try it. The results could be earth shattering." Seeing the pain on Eric's face, Samantha also got up and hoisted him into the air. Embracing him and showering him with love. I had not seen them that happy in forever, so I was already starting to feel better about the recent news.

Unfortunately, Lisa's samples had come back negative, so she would not be joining Jill and Samantha in Germany. After an amazing night with Jill, she and I picked up Eric and Samantha and even picked up Lisa on the way to the airport. Samantha could not stop kissing Eric and telling him how much she loved him on the whole drive. It was annoying, but again also a relief after what I had witnessed at their house just a few week earlier. There was a quick, emotional goodbye at the airport, and I knew that the 11 weeks I would be away from my muscle laden wife would seem like 11 years. It was funny to watch these two muscle bound women walk past pedestrians as they entered the airport. They made everyone around them seem so small and weak. I was so secure in knowing that one of those amazing women was my wife.



## 11 Weeks

I spoke with Jill nightly as she was going through her ACTN3 procedure in Germany. It turns out that she and Samantha were bored as hell. The doctors wanted to create a baseline strength test, so they took a bunch of early measurements before the process began, but would only let the girls do basic calisthenics until the end of the 11 weeks when the ACTN3 gene had been turned on and had almost 3 months to transform their muscles and ligaments. The early measurements were ridiculously impressive though. Jill was 6'1" and 233 pounds of rock hard muscle upon their initial arrival to the German lab. She had 19" biceps with 30" thighs and 17" calves. She was an incredible sight to see and powerful as hell. She could bench press 315 pounds for reps and squat 465. I couldn't imagine her possibly getting bigger or stronger, but that was what could happen according to the scientists and doctors.

Just 3 weeks into the process, Jill and Samantha started to experience significant aches and pains. The doctors were starting to give the girls massive amounts of muscle relaxers and pain killers, just to allow them to sleep through the night. By the 5th week, the girls were bed ridden and only up for a few hours a day to eat, do very light muscle movement exercises and use the bathroom. Talking to my wife was like trying to talk to a teenager who had been up playing video games all night...barely responsive to questions and in a complete state of haze!

I had to get on the phone with one of the doctors over-seeing the procedure. "What is happening doctor." I asked, "Why is my wife in a constant state of haze?" "David." he responded, "the procedure is actually going well. The fact that the girls are going through significant aches and pains means that their bodies are changing physiologically due to the activation of the ACTN3 gene. We'll keep you abreast of the situation and hopefully they will begin to adapt to the changes soon and get off of their current medication." The doctor spent the next several minutes explaining more about the recovery period and other technical shit, so i was finally put at ease. I wasn't happy that Jill was kind of out-of-it, but i knew the medication was to help her.

The weeks went by like years but by the 9th week, the aches and pains, although present, had become bearable and the doctors finally got the girls completely off the medication. They began upping the amount of exercise the girls could do but it was still bodyweight exercises only and the girls weren't allowed to touch a weight. I got to speak with Jill just after she got some measurements from the doctor. "What did your new measurements show?" I asked my wife. "I'm a bit confused." she replied. "They said I actually grew slightly, which was unexpected, but with my lack of lifting weights, my arms and legs were slightly smaller and I am down to 230 pounds." "GREW!" I replied..."How much?" "An inch or so I think." Jill replied. "Holy shit." I said, "That's awesome. At 5'8" I'm REALLY going to look up to you now." "I know babe." Jill answered, "I enjoy being so strong, but I LOVE being tall..." "I can't wait to see you honey, this being apart is killing me." I said. "Me too Davey....me too." she said sweetly. We chatted passionately for a few more minutes before she had to go. I couldn't wait for her to come home in two weeks.

## Germany - Week 11

After a week and a half of bodyweight only exercises, the doctors finally brought Jill into a weight room. Jill had been eating like a horse for weeks and was consuming almost 9000 calories per day. An equal mix of Protein, Carbs and fat. One of the female scientists led Jill over to the scale and height measurement area. Jill backed against the bar and the girl read the height, "193.55cm." The doctors looked at each other in amazement. One of the senior doctors said, "Recalibrate and do it again Anja, that must be a mistake." Jill was confused, since she had no idea what cm height was so she stood patiently as Anja again measured. "My error," Anja shouted, "Her height is actually 193.57cm." Again the doctors looked confused, so the senior doctor took over the bar height apparatus and measured for himself. "Damn!" he explained, "Anja's right, Jill now stands 193.57 cm tall." Finally, the curiosity was killing my wife so she asked, "What the hell is THAT in feet and inches?" Anja did a quick calculation and said, "That's about 6' 3.5"!" Amazed, but elated, Jill smiled from ear to ear as Anja led her to the scale.

As she approached the scale, Jill took off her track suit for an accurate weight measurement. She was simply wearing a sports bra and small workout shorts. Anja peered over and her jaw dropped immediately in awe of Jill's unreal physique. The muscle on her was exquisite, huge rounded, ultra ripped muscles protruded from every limb of Jill's body and her level of condition was above in the top rated bodybuilders in the world. She seemed to be carved out of stone and her physical appearance was that of unbelievable physical superiority. Anja reached out slowly and placed her hand on Jill's unbelievable quad. As she touched it, Anja fell to her knees in awe, too weak to even stand in the presence of such physical perfection. Even Jill's jaw dropped as she saw her own reflection in the mirror for the first time in a month. Giddy with happiness, Jill stepped on to the scale. Anja finally regained her composure and adjusted the scale to get the correct measurement. "111.6 kilos" Anja read out loud to the doctors. Again they were amazed as Jill patiently stood on the scale. They asked her to step off the scale and re-weigh for validation. Again Anja read, "111.6 kilos." "What's that?" my wife asked politely. "245 pounds." Anja answered. Anja again reached out and touched Jill. She almost quivered as she did, not knowing how to react properly in the presence of such greatness. Jill looked at herself in the mirror, staring at a body and face she barely recognized. Her muscles were now so perfectly formed, she felt like any male bodybuilder would be jealous of her gorgeous rounded shoulders, bulking traps, huge, wing-like lats and simply monstrous calves.

Having taken some basic measurements, Anja now led Jill to the free-weights. Walking by the dumbbells, Jill reached out and grabbed a 25 for a few quick warm up reps. She did 10 or 12 reps and realized that 25 pounds seemed too light, even for a warm-up. So Jill decided to grab a 40 pounder and use that instead. It felt a bit heavier but still seemed OK for a warm-up so she pumped out 10 quick reps with that. Anja peered up at Jill and said, "That's amazing Jill." "Not really." Jill said, "I have curled a bit more than 40 pounds before." "Ummmm." Anja sounded, "Those are in Kilos Jill....not pounds." Jill quickly realized the mistake and said, "Oh! OK. How many pounds is this?" "88 pounds Jill." Anja answered. Jill was shocked, the most she had curled for reps before was 65 pounds, and that was with max effort. She had just easily curled 88 pounds as a warm-up. Excited, Jill said, "Which one of these is about 100 pounds?" Anja quickly pointed at the 45 Kilo dumbbell. Jill walked over and gripped it tightly with her right hand. She lifted it up easily and began to crank out some reps. Although she was putting

in considerable effort, she knew she could lift more. Jill then grabbed the 50 kilo dumbbell. 4 quick reps in, Jill grabbed the 60. With solid effort, but still using good form, Jill curled the weight twice before putting it down. "What was that Jill asked?" "132 pounds." Anja answered in total shock.

Jill again got a huge smile on her face, looked in the mirror and flexed her right bicep. The perfectly sculpted muscle balled up massively and a sense of ultimate power and adrenaline rushed through Jill's body as she was beginning to realize how physically superior she had just become. She looked back at Anja's beautiful, soft face, picked her up easily off the ground and locked lips with her in a heated moment of passion. The endorphins were racing through Jill's body and she couldn't control herself. Anja leaned her lips and tongue into Jill as well, for although she was a straight, heterosexual female, she couldn't resist Jill's ultimate perfection and was overcome with passion for her. The doctors urged the two to stop this nonsense, but were powerless to stop them. After 20 or 30 passion filled seconds, Jill put Anja down and regained control of herself. Anja blushed and realized that she had just fallen for this ultimate physical specimen.

Excited about her advanced strength, Jill walked over to the bench press area. She placed the equivalent of 180 pounds on the bar and did 12 quick warm-up reps. It felt light as a feather to Jill so she bumped the weight up to 140 Kilos, about 308 pounds. Jill lay under the bar and easily pumped out 10 reps. She knew she had a lot more strength in her and upped it to 200 Kilos. As she sat under the bar, she knew this was a lot more than she had ever benched. Excited, she lifted the bar off the rack and pumped out 8 quick reps. She looked back at Anja, still blushing from their recent experience, and said, "How much?" "441 pounds." Anja answered. Excited, Jill said, "What's 500?" Anja quickly did the math and answered, "227 Kilos." "Hmm." Jill sounded, "Let's go with 230 Kilos!" With 507 pounds on the bar, Jill lay beneath it and put all her effort into the lift. The bar slowly came off the rack and Jill lowered it to her massive chest. She then pushed mightily and forced the weight back to the rack. Excited, Jill jumped off the bench, looked at her reflection in the mirror and hit a most-muscular pose. Her chest muscles bulged like never before and it seemed as though she had two massive football sized slabs of muscle where female breasts were supposed to be. Anja, watching the unbelievable pose forgot to breath and fainted to the ground.

Jill regained her composure and one of the assistants brought her gym suit back to her. They asked her to cover up as her new development needed to be kept confidential for the time being. Jill put it on and giddily made her way back to her small apartment style room to eat and get some much needed rest. As she finished her meal, there was a knock on her door. She assumed it would be one of the docs, but it was Anja. Anja was a beautiful girl with long blonde hair, standing about 5' 6" tall and weighing about 120 pounds. She was fit looking but was a hiker, not your typical gym rat. So she was mostly soft and sweet, with a nice midsection but fit legs. Jill hoisted Anja up instantly and they began their passionate kiss again. She swept the door closed with her foot and rushed Anja into her bedroom. Placing her on the beds edge, Jill quickly stripped Anja of her clothing. Anja's body type was perfect for Jill, for she loved a fit body that was still feminine and soft in all the right places. Jill was definitely the Alpha in her relationships and she began to take Anja passionately. As they began to make love, Jill quickly stripped

off her clothes and exposed her massive, muscle bound body to Anja. As Anja caressed Jill's herculean chest and protruding, rounded ab muscles, she again forgot to breathe and passes out.

Jill laughed a bit, but grabbed Anja's limp body, and laid it on top of her own. Anja quickly woke up, laying naked on my wife's hard, hugely developed muscles. She began to passionately lick Jill's body and slowly made her way down and began kissing and licking Jill's pussy. At the same time, she started vibrating her two fingers rapidly in Jill and caused my wife great pleasure. Jill reached up and grabbed the metal bar attaching her bed frame to the wall. As the passion escalated, Jill began to gyrate quickly and eventually reached orgasm, unknowingly ripping the metal bar out of the wall. Hot and wet, Jill grabbed Anja and held her above her head. She lowered her body slightly and began to return the favor. As she massaged Anja's pussy with her amazing tongue control, she realized how much she loved the beautiful female body. She had been with me for so long now, she had forgotten how beautiful a woman could be. It was a Zen moment for Jill and she wondered how she could break the news to me, that she had, in a moment of passion, cheated on me. Their session over, Anja and Jill fell asleep in each other's arms, covered in hot, wet passion.

#### Exit Europe

It took all of Jill's emotional strength to call me and admit to me that she had a brief indiscretion with Anja. She was crying as she told me the whole story and was begging for my forgiveness. I had remembered back to my indiscretion with Lisa and I had no choice but to feverishly forgive Jill over and over again. It was an emotional call for both of us and I had always suspected that Jill's bi-sexual relations past might someday catch up with us. It's why I had tried so hard to be the man Jill needed for her sexual satisfaction, but to also have a feminine aspect about me that I knew she also longed for and needed. We ended the conversation well with many "I Love You's" and several "I can't wait to be in your arms again." But I was a little crushed. I had an ego like everyone else and I had to keep Jill from ever wanting to be with someone besides me ever again.

I had sacrificed a lot to be Jill's idea husband. I had lost almost all my muscle mass, had shaved every hair on my body, kept a nice golden tan, had grown my hair out long and kept a nice six pack abs for her viewing pleasure. How could I fulfill an even more feminine role for her. Physically, I just didn't know what more I could do. Losing more weight just wasn't an option and everything else about me seemed to be perfect for her.

I called Lisa and "cried on her shoulder" so to speak. Lisa was best friends with Jill and I knew that she might be able to help. Lisa knew of my wife's occasional bi-sexual desires and said that She had a crazy idea, but one that might eliminate Jill ever wanting to be with another person again and it was something Jill and Lisa had even spoken about over a bottle of wine, without my knowledge. I had to know what it was and begged Lisa to tell me. After several minutes of playing hard-to-get, Lisa finally relented. "OK Davey." she said, "But you have to do exactly as I say and not question my methods." I agreed and Lisa and I headed out. Jill's flight was due back at the airport later that afternoon and I indeed going to push the envelope on meeting Jill's obviously bi-sexual desires. Samantha had become

ill the last week in Germany, so she couldn't complete all of the exit interview and strength tests for the scientist's, so she would be coming back a few days later. I was heading to the airport with Lisa to pick up Jill and we would then go over to Lisa's house for a bit of a welcome home party.

I knew Jill loved when I wore her old pink running shorts, so I had a pair of them on with my matching running shoes and a really tight old light blue t-shirt of hers with the really short sleeves that barely covered my thin shoulders. On the way to get Jill, we left early to make a critical stop. It would be possibly the most embarrassing thing I had ever done, but possibly the most rewarding as well. "Now listen." Lisa said, "This is going to be very hard for you to go through, so just let it flow, don't freak out, and if it doesn't work, you'll never have to do it again." I was immediately scared, but decided to trust Lisa anyway.

We pulled into the Mall and walked into Nordstrom's. Once there, I was greeted by a very attractive woman in her early 30's. She seemed to have very good taste in clothes and make-up so Lisa told her what I needed. Her name was Sarah and she was excited to help. She immediately escorted me to women's wear and chose a light blue skort for me to try on. It was like lycra underwear with an outer skirt portion to it. It was made by Under Armour and I found it to be very comfortable. She then brought me a white tank top that fit fairly tightly but had a lot longer opening down the sides under the arm pit than I was used to. On the front it read "Fierce". Lastly, she handed me a matching light blue and white pair of UA running shoes. I was satisfied that Jill would like the more feminine look with the skort, and was confident and ready to go. , Lisa couldn't stop looking at me in a very sexual way. I said to her, "You don't find this attractive do you?" Lisa smiled and said, "I would rip that skirt off you and fuck your brains out on this floor if you weren't married!" Holy Shit, I thought, how could women find this feminizing look attractive? Lisa then handed me some blue shaded Ray Ban aviator glasses and stood back. "Holy Shit." she exclaimed, "Your HOT! Don't you think Sarah?" Sarah looked me up and down and just shook her head yes, with a very sexy gleam in her eye.

I thought we were about to leave, but Lisa said, "no Davey, we need to hit the make-up counter for a light brush stroke or two." Here I was, a man in a skirt thinking, i can't put on make-up, that's just too damn gay! I told Lisa as much and she said, "Hey, were going at this full speed Davey, Jill's either going to love it 100% or hate it 100% so sit your pretty little ass down at the counter and let this woman improve your look a little." Reluctantly, i took a seat and the woman behind the counter spoke with Lisa and Sarah as i closed my eyes and felt the brushes and pencils touch my face. I thought it was going to be a four or five minute job, but as the girls got more and more into it, they decided to see how "pretty" they could make me. I had no facial hair and a thin face, so apparently it was a good canvas. Almost 40 minutes later, the girls took a step back and all looked at me in amazement. "Oh my God!" Lisa said, "I think we did it." "Did what?" I asked. "ummm, made you look like a damn hot chick." Sarah demanded.

The girls finally agreed and turned a mirror towards me from 4 or 5 feet away. "Oh shit!" i exclaimed, from several feet away, I looked like a fucking chick. They had given my face a soft look, with a light

colored lip color, slightly highlighted cheek bones, thin eyeliner and long dark eyelashes. It freaked me out and I demanded they wash it all off immediately. Lisa grabbed me forcefully and said, "Davey, I know this crap feels weird on you, but give it one chance with Jill. Worst case scenario, you'll never do it again...OK!" I slowly nodded OK and said goodbye to Sarah as we headed out of Nordstrom's.

## The Airport

We arrived at the airport and Lisa and I began to walk towards the baggage area. We heard several cat calls and whistles so I looked at Lisa and said, "Hey Lisa", "You're getting a lot of positive attention today! I guess there are some muscle lovers around here!" She laughed and said, "No Dummy, those whistles and cat calls are for your Hot Ass, those idiots have no idea you're a dude." I was confused for a second, but then stoked as I realized that Jill might just like my new look."

We arrived at the baggage conveyor and waited patiently for Jill. As her flight gathered around to wait for their bags I anxiously awaited Jill's arrival as well. I was becoming increasingly nervous about my look and also uneasy about all the attention from dudes that Lisa and I were attracting. No less than three guys came up to hit on us, but Lisa was great at shooing them away so I didn't have to get involved. But many minutes passed without Jill showing up. People from her same flight gathered their bags and luggage and departed the airport. After 20 plus minutes, the last passenger from her flight got his bag and left. Lisa and I double checked all of our information and knew for sure that Jill should have been here by now.

Just then, I received a text from Jill to meet her at the security office. I was puzzled why I should have to meet her there, but immediately texted back that we were on our way. We soon arrived at the security office and were greeted by a tall, Hispanic, muscular officer. He was probably 6'0" tall and 210 pounds and I definitely wouldn't mess with him. He looked very puzzled and said, "Ahhhh which one of you is the husband of Jill Walker?" I immediately realized that he was utterly confused as he thought two women showed up. In my deepest voice, I answered, "I am." Officer Bill was still confused but I showed him my I.D. and let him know that my wife preferred that I look this way. He kind of laughed and said, "That would make sense." I didn't get it, but he then escorted me back into a hallway. Lisa was left in the waiting room at this point. Once in the hallway, I was greeted by a short slightly overweight black woman. She said, "Follow me." So Bill and I walked with her approximately 30 feet, past several doors and eventually the female officer and I walked into one, while Bill entered the room next to ours.

The room we walked into was darkened and there was a large tinted glass window between our room and the one next to it. Before I could even look next door, the female officer said, "Is that your spouse?" I quickly peered in and saw Officer Bill speaking to a huge man with short hair, wearing a backwards baseball cap. The man was easily 3 or 4 inches taller than Bill, had ridiculous arms that made Bill's look thin, had a neck as large as my thigh and he was obviously a huge professional bodybuilder. He hadn't

turned to face us yet but I quickly realized that the female officer mistook me for a woman and got me mixed up with a woman looking for her massive bodybuilding husband. Kind of embarrassed, I looked at the officer and said, "Sorry mam, I'm actually looking for my wife, Jill Walker. Not him. You may have mistaken me for his wife." "Sorry, Mr. Walker," the officer said, "but the person in the next room is claiming to be a Mrs. Jill Walker."

I quickly turned to look at the bodybuilder in the next room. Again, I was staring at a massive, muscular bodybuilder, wearing a huge white tank top that exposed mounds upon mounds of muscles protruding from the shoulders. The lat muscles were like massive wings or slabs of muscle attached to the side of the torso and the traps were larger than a small country. Still wondering what the female officer was talking about, I looked back at her. She picked up a microphone and said thru the intercom to the next room, "Please face the mirror and remove your cap." The bodybuilder slowly removed the cap and long, beautiful brown hair came cascading down, covering the shoulders and half of the muscle bound back. As the massive person slowly turned towards us, I peered into the gorgeous, loving eyes of my wife. I stood in shock as I realized that this massive, 6'4" 250 pounds muscle-bound bodybuilder was Jill! I stood there, jaw agape as I was realizing that Jill was now as massive as any professional bodybuilder could hope to be....male or female!

Her eyes were soft and loving and my heart raced with excitement as I ogled her now massive physique. The hair laid beautifully over her herculean shoulders and her chest was made up of pounds and pounds of rock hard muscle. I waved but quickly realized that she couldn't see me. I ran out and over to the next room and barged in. As I moved swiftly towards my wife, she took a slight step back, and put out her arm to stop me. Her huge arm contacted my chest and stopped me cold. Jill had a puzzled look on her face so I said quickly, realizing that my appearance had changed, "It's me, Davey!" Jill quickly realized it was me and covered her mouth in shock. "Oh my God!" she exclaimed. I realized that my plan may have backfired massively and she might be appalled by my overly feminine appearance. Not knowing what to do, I stood there motionless, praying for a response from her. The seconds passed like hours and Jill said softly as a tear started to well up in her eye, "You're perfect, honey.....perfect." She then reached out both of her massive arms, picked me up like a feather light doll and held me close, pressing me into her massive, rock hard physique. My frail arms were trapped by my sides in her strong grip, and she began to kiss me warmly on the head, forehead and cheek. After several more soft, wet kisses, Jill tilted me back slightly to face her; she peered into my eyes and asked, "You did this just for me?" I nodded my head YES as I stared into her beautiful, wet eyes. Jill then leaned in and we began to kiss passionately on the lips for a minute more. Feeling as warm and as loved as I had ever been in my life, I knew I was with the woman who I would spend the rest of my days with.

#### Final Chapter

Jill hoisted me easily out of the back room and hallway in her huge, muscular, rock hard form. As we exited the final door, I heard small laughs and comments from the officers, but I could not have been happier. I was mesmerized by the strength and power of my wife and felt a connection with her and loyalty that was unmatched! We met Lisa and then drove out to the welcome home BBQ with my family.



When we arrived, my family, who had watched me transform into a frail, submissive but loving caring husband to my Alpha wife accepted us as they would any loved one who just happened to have a slightly different view and passion for their relationship than the norm. The love that emanated from me and Jill was unwavering and very energizing to those who knew us. Wearing some of Jill's clothing was just the next step in the evolution of me and Jill's relationship and since it played into my wife's internal desires to be the loving, strong, protective Alpha in the relationship, I wanted it that much more.

My mother pulled me to the side of the group and in her now muscular form asked me, "Davey, this seems like a big leap, even for you, are you truly happy being pranced around like this." "Mom," I replied, "I've always had a desire to be with an athletic, strong, self-assured and confident and loving woman. So I must have always also had a desire to become the frail, loyal, obedient, faithful and loving Beta in the relationship. Every pound of muscle that Jill puts on, and every step back I make in strengthening my odd desires makes me more emotionally satisfied." "I am a man!, I only love women, but I have some crazy, internal belief, that I want to look up to, respect, obey and love a woman who makes me feel loved, protected and for some reason vulnerable. It's like, the more vulnerable I make myself, the more Jill's love for me strengthens; Jill has the opposite desire as I, in that she has always seen herself as the Dominant, yet loving protector of her spouse. So our opposite views make our bond unbreakable. So as odd and out of the norm that you see us, with my feminine look and women's clothing, our love and heterosexual relationship is probably stronger than anyone's I've ever known. I'm truly, the happiest man you've ever met in your life mother." My mom leaned in and kissed me lovingly and gave me a huge powerful hug. She knew that I had found ultimate content and happiness with Jill, and her job as a mother was complete!

Jill and I enjoyed spending time with our loving, understanding and accepting family. Jill was quite a sight now and i could best describe her physique as beautiful tan bodied brunette, with gorgeous, flowing straight hair, which draped down over shoulder so massive, a professional male bodybuilder would be jealous. From behind, she reminded me of Kim Chizevsky if Kim were 6 inches taller and had 50 more pounds of muscle! Wrap your heads around that sight for a moment guys. As I stood behind her, her massive, muscle bound ass was so perfectly rounded and rock hard, I could hit it with a baseball bat and it wouldn't even flinch. Her body was the most solid, muscle filled physique in existence and she seemed stronger than everyone at the party combined. Jill hit a double biceps pose for us and we all dropped our jaws in amazement. 20"+ biceps on my wife were bigger than my thighs and seemed larger than my waist. As she held them out, My brother and I reached up held on to one arm, it never even dipped, even as we lifted our feet off the ground. Louie and Lisa held on to the other arm and did the same. Jill had reached a level of strength that none of us could have possibly imagined. My mom snapped a photo of us all and it now sits prominently displayed on a wall in my living room. To be funny, Jill spun us around a bit and then launched all four of us easily into the pool.

I was turned on immensely and told Jill I needed help drying off in the bathroom next to the pool. Once in the bathroom, Jill slowly lifted and removed my sports top up and off me, exposing my thin torso, my

wet, long hair draping over my left shoulder and across my left pec. Jill then pulled my skirt down past my skinny legs to the floor and gently grabbed my rock hard cock. As I stared at my 6'5" muscle bound wife, I never felt so small in my life. She seemed like she would be bigger and stronger than ten of me and she knew it. I fell to my knees quickly, but instead of looking directly into her snatch, I realized that I was now just head high to her massive, herculean, and muscle filled thighs. I reached around and grabbed her bulging hamstring muscles and it felt like she was made out of warm granite. I tried to squeeze and grab her beautiful hamstring muscle, but it was too solid. Jill laughed, reached down and easily hoisted me into the air in front of her. Like a small child, she began to toss me up into the air and then catch me. As I looked down, our eyes were locked and I could see the utter joy she had in being able to do this to me.

My cock started to pulse uncontrollably as she easily tossed me up and caught me again and again. Finally, I could hold it no longer and I began to burst. Jill quickly placed my exploding cock into her powerful jaw and began to drink my cum strongly. As I felt her warm, tight lips and cheek muscles around my pleasure filled cock, I looked at her powerful forearms. They probably measured 17" and had veins protruding powerfully throughout. I reached down with my hands and realized that I could not even wrap both hands around one. The feeling of Zen that came over me, realizing that she had become so massive in ways I never even dreamed possible. Even her wrist had what seemed like pounds of muscle engulfing them. Jill slowly lowered me to her face and we kissed deeply, to my surprise, she hadn't swallowed all of my cum and the salty taste interplayed between us. She finally put me down to my feet, and I realized that she had easily been hoisting me in the air the whole time. As my powerful wife and I gazed lovingly into each others eyes, we knew that we would spend every last day together enjoying our Alpha and Beta roles.