

Best Friends Muscle Journey – part 9

Finally!

After pleasuring her long time crush, Hannah was up for heading back to Brian's house instead of spending two hours at the movies waiting to do the same thing. Brian was all for it too and after getting put back together, he eagerly drove them away. Hannah couldn't help herself and rested her hand inside his pants while he left his free hand permanently upon her bulging left quad muscles for the entire drive home. Her leg was so strong, so big, so muscular...Brian was becoming more addicted to Hannah's muscles by the mile and he was eager to be naked with her soon...

They eventually parked in the driveway and Brian couldn't hold back. He leaned over, grabbed Hannah's thick, powerfully built arm and pulled himself over. They locked passion filled eyes and Brian leaned in for some more kissing. Hannah was smitten too. She had longed for a sweet kiss from this cute boy for years, and now she was getting it.

She enjoyed his warm, wet lips on hers while she groped his lean body. At the same time, she noticed his constant feeling, grabbing and squeezing of his hands upon her left bicep. She could tell he really liked it so she kind of gave it a flex. The size and hardness of it grew tremendously and she felt his entire body shake in excitement.

"Wow!" she thought to herself as his obvious pleasure with her muscles was becoming more and more obvious to her.

Hannah's only goal was to lose enough weight over the summer, so that she could finally get the boyfriend she never had in high school. Now, just two months into training, her body had become even heavier, but with pounds and pounds of raw muscle. And she was already seeing the boy of her night-time fantasies.

With her arm still flexed, and Brian feeling and touching it, Hannah knew what she wanted but hadn't received yet. She slowly leaned her head back, looked Brian in the eyes and said, "Babe, let's go inside and have some real fun."

Like a school kid, Brian immediately wore a happy grin and began shaking his head up and down in approval. He leaned back, opened his door and hopped out of the car, quickly making his way to the passenger door. He opened it up, held out his hand and sturdied himself with all his strength. Hannah pulled firmly, but not as strongly as before and let him help her up...without actually pulling him down on top of her.

They laughed as she stood up, reminiscing about just a couple of hours earlier when he didn't expect her heavy muscular weight and ridiculous strength to pull him right down and into the car. Brian grabbed her hand and escorted her to the front door. Her hand was strong...really strong and he wasn't sure why...but he liked it.

Brian fumbled for his keys, nervously put the right one in the door lock and twisted. The bolt on the big wooden door made a loud click and the door was unlocked. Brian pressed the handle and quickly led Hannah inside. It was dimly lit since no one was home and Brian wanted to give Hannah a quick tour.

The house was probably built in the 70's by the size of the door, the tall ceilings, brick façade and mostly muted and darkish colors inside. It made sense though, because she had found out through conversation with Brian that his parents really liked the cabin life at the lake, and this did seem kind of cabin-y to her. But she liked it...it felt homey and comfortable.

The living room was cool with a big cushy leather couch, TV and large carpeted rug covering much of the floor. There was a big fireplace and large, ornate objects in different corners of the room. And apparently Brian's dad liked poker. There was a large poker table in the back of the room with a red felt top and the black padded rails around the edges.

Brian walked Hannah past that but as he started in towards the kitchen, he felt a tug on his arm and his entire body was kind of pulled back. Hannah's tug was quite forceful and he was going nowhere fast. He kind of looked into her eyes and her smile and facial expression was fun and a little sly looking.

"What?" Brian asked...not knowing exactly why Hannah was stopping him.

She just kind of kept holding his hand and then sat down on one of the comfortable seats next to the card table. She kind of pulled on his hand as well, and he got the drift. Brian sat down at the seat next to her, but it was on the corner of the table so there was a little space between them.

"You want to play cards?" he asked like a dumbass.

Hannah chuckled and said, "No...just thought of something else that might be a little fun."

As Brian sat there looking on, Hannah slowly removed her slightly tattered jacket. Again her muscular arms were exposed to Brian and she watched as he gulped with awe as he again laid eyes on her thick, defined biceps.

With a smile on her face, Hannah reached out her heavy, meaty right arm, placed her elbow on the table and held it in an arm-wrestling position.

"Oh...umm...you want to arm wrestle?" Brian asked honestly.

The thought of arm wrestling anybody seemed like an exercise in failure to Hannah just months before. But she was gaining muscle and strength at a historic pace. When she felt her own muscles at home, or when she was lifting weights, she knew she was becoming infinitely stronger. Every day at the gym she was able to lift more and more weight. She was gaining size and muscle filled pounds every day.

A confidence built up in her in just a couple of months...more confidence than she'd ever had in her entire life, and now she walked around with it on a daily basis. And it was a growing confidence. Whatever the outcome with Brian now...she knew deep down that tomorrow she'd be even stronger...and even more so the following days and weeks. In fact, she was having a hard time even contemplating how big, how muscular, how strong she would be in a years' time...but she knew it would be herculean.

"Uh huh." Hannah answered affirmatively, as she smiled and nodded her head up and down.

Brian peered over at his opponent. She had the gorgeous, thick, muscular arms. They fed beautifully into her rounded, full, thick looking shoulders. Tall, wide traps sat on top of them and led into Hannah's muscular, meaty looking neck. Her stunning, gorgeous face stared back at him. A wry smile was strewn across it, her long, flowing red hair draped down her back, a small amount nestled atop one of her gargantuan shoulders.

Brian had never even contemplated arm wrestling a girl before. Why would he? It would obviously be a waste of time, surely he would win and there would be no gain from it. But as he peered over at Hannah, he still had some confidence that he would win, even though strong, thick muscles were staring back at him.

With her arm still resting upon the red felt covered table, Brian raised his arm and placed it upon the table as well.

"Maybe you should take that off." Hannah said to him. "I wanna' see the strain in your muscles when we wrestle."

Brian kind of thought for a second, not knowing why she wanted to see his arms, but he complied. In a quick motion, Brian lifted the long sleeved shirt up from the bottom, lifted it over his head and threw it to the ground.

Hannah licked her lips and smiled as she stared at the fit, tanned, ripped torso across from her. He was lean and probably didn't have an ounce of fat on his whole body. Soccer players are super fit and it's why Hannah liked him in the first place those many years ago. Cute, fit, athletic, tan...Hannah was in awe of the boy who sat across the table from her.

But as he stretched out his arm again and placed it on the table something was glaringly obvious. Hannah was a lot thicker than Brian. As they locked grips, Hannah gave him a hard squeeze.

"Oww!" Brian kind of screamed.

"Oh shit. Sorry Brian...did I hurt you?" she asked as he pulled his hand away sharply and shook it out to relieve the pain.

Hannah had squeezed too hard and he wasn't expecting that kind of grip strength. Brian's fingers and bones had collapsed quickly under the force of Hannah's grasp. She acted

concerned, but this was the first time arm-wrestling for her and she didn't even realize her own strength. She couldn't have expected to cause so much pain so easily to this fit guy and she kind of had a shockwave of emotions flow thru her as she started to realize just how strong she was. To lift a weight, doesn't give you a real sense of your strength versus another human being...but arm wrestling does and she was more than eager to re-grip hands with Brian and find out for sure.

"No, I'm fine H, just didn't expect you to grab my hand so hard. I'll be ready this time." He answered as he shook his hand out a little more and then placed his arm back up on the table.

Although he looked amazing with his shirt off to her, in retrospect, he seemed so little to her. Hannah had been used to looking at her own, muscular reflection in the mirror on a daily basis. She was used to staring longingly at her own thick torso. Her wide, muscle upon muscle topped shoulders. Her own heavy, thick, vein covered, muscular arms. Now she stared longingly and passionately at Brian. His ripped upper body was dreamy, but almost seemed frail in comparison.

His thin arm was upon the table and Hannah again locked grips with him. Brian was a bit more prepared this time and Hannah also had decided to ease up on her grip a bit. As they slowly grasped each other's hands more firmly, it was clear Hannah's bicep was considerably larger than Brian's. She definitely out-muscled him, but she had a small doubt in her head. Yes, she looked bigger, stronger, more muscular than him. But he was a boy, and she was a girl. Could she actually beat him?

As they started to apply more and more strength to their arms, in anticipation of the match, Hannah's forearm was now fully flexed. It grew tremendously in size and now dwarfed Brian's forearm. A vein began to fill with blood and it curved up from her elbow and all the way up into her thick wrist. Even her wrist dwarfed that of her counterpart. She was becoming more and more confident in her chances to win...but even with the difference in muscle and apparent strength, still there was doubt. Again...he was a boy...she was a girl...would her muscle mass even matter???

They soon locked eyes and in unison, they nodded to each other and then began to count down... "Three...Two...One...GO!"

WHAM!!!

"Oh fuck!" Hannah screamed as she had thrust Brian's arm down to the table with such speed, and such force, it hit the table like an anvil.

And in that instant, with his core and shoulder tightened up, Brian fell off his chair to his right and hit the ground.

Hannah instinctively jumped out of her chair, reached down and easily hoisted Brian back up to his feet...embracing him in a huge bear hug Hannah exclaimed, "I'm so sorry Brian...are you OK? Are you OK?"

Basically in shock from the force of the blow, Brian felt his body engulfed by this muscle-bound girl, felt her warmth and firm rock-solid body against his. "Ya...I mean I think so..." he answered slowly.

"Oh thank God." Hannah said back, relieved. "I thought I might have hurt you."

Even as she said it, she kind of couldn't believe it. She had not only defeated Brian, she had absolutely demolished him in a test of strength that lasted a mere second. WOW! AND Holy Fuck...she was a beast. She loved the feeling of consoling her defeated prey in her powerful arms. She had to now rub his back slowly, providing comfort to her cute, little boy.

As a feeling of overwhelming accomplishment flushed through her entire body something unexpected happened. Brian leaned his head back, looked her in the eyes and said, "Rematch?"

"Rematch...Rematch?" she thought to herself. She had to have just completely crushed his ego. A girl had not only beaten him...she had completely annihilated him. Why would he want more?

"Um...sure." Hannah answered, a bit confused as to why he would ask. After the events that had just occurred, how could he possibly think he could win?

She released her bear-like grasp, took a step back, looked at her cute, ripped little soccer player and sat down. Brian took his seat as well, placed his arm on the table and eagerly awaited her grip. A million thoughts raced through Hannah's head...should she go easy on him? Was she just lucky? Did he not even try that first time?

With that going on, she took her position on the table. Her thick forearm still looking huge, muscle-filled, vein covered and strong. His arm looked even smaller to her now. Hell, Brian looked even smaller somehow. Maybe the victory she had over him gave her an even larger sense of self. She wasn't sure, but she liked it.

Again, they counted down in unison... "Three...Two...One...GO!"

WHAM!

"What the hell Brian? Are you even trying?" Hannah blurted out as his hand blasted into the table from the force of her thrust. Luckily, he had positioned his right foot out a bit and as his whole body leaned heavily to the right again, at least this time, he didn't hit the floor.

"Jesus Christ Hannah...Ya...I'm trying...you're just crazy-fucking-strong!" Brian blurted back.

She kind of sat up in her chair, even more pumped up than before. It wasn't a fluke, she didn't just get lucky, he did try. She was just a strong ass girl and she was filling with more and more self-confidence by the second.

She wasn't sure how he was going to take this second embarrassing defeat. He might have thought he wasn't ready the first time. He might have thought it was just a fluke. But there was no denying it now...she was way frickin' stronger than him and they both knew it.

But another unexpected turn to Hannah.

"Left handed?" Brian blurted out as he kind of shook his right hand. Her grip, the quick thrust and the hard impact into the table had obviously slightly damaged his right hand. Now he wanted to try her left.

Hannah smiled widely, kind of kinked her neck and with full confidence, she lifted her left arm and flexed her bicep hard. Brian stared in awe at the sight of the bulging, rounded, rock-hard bicep that greeted him. "Holy shit." He said as he reached out to grasp the billowing muscle.

"Nope!" Hannah said quickly as she pulled her arm back and out of his reach. "Let me see yours."

Hannah for some reason wanted to compare her muscles with his. So they both could see the difference. It was a power-play and they both knew it. But Brian loved her muscles, loved her strength over him for some strange reason and he quickly lifted his arm and flexed. It was lean, there was some muscle there, but it was small, flat, puny compared to hers.

She smiled. Hannah moved her arm right up to his so the comparison would be accurate. Her muscle was huge. It looked twice as big as his and the ball of muscle on top of her arm was definitely bigger than his entire arm.

"How do you like that Bry?" Hannah had to ask.

Without hesitation, he immediately leaned in, extended his tongue and gave her gorgeous, balled up biceps a lick. "Umm...delicious." He said with a smile as he leaned back and stared at Hannah with a loving, admiring gaze.

She laughed out loud, kind of wiped her wet biceps with her other hand and then cheerfully placed her left arm on the table. "OK." She said back to him, "You asked for it."

Brian put his small little boy arm up on the table and they again locked grips.

"Three...Two...One...GO!"

WHAM!

The result was the same and his arm felt like a feather to her. She wasn't just stronger than a boy...she was exponentially stronger it seemed.

Brian seemed to gleefully shake out his arm again. Placed it on the table and said, "Rematch?"

With a laugh, Hannah placed her nicely muscled extremity on the table. Before locking grips with Brian though, she started clinching her fist and flexing her forearm, letting Brian see it fill with muscle-pumping blood as it grew and the veins became engorged and filled to the max. It was an intimidating, impressive sight and Hannah knew it...and Brian loved it.

"Three...Two...One...GO!"

WHAM!

Again

WHAM!

"Two arms this time Brian." Hannah ordered...confidence growing by the second.

WHAM!

Again

WHAM!

It was no contest. Hannah had not only crushed him one hand versus one. Now she was absolutely destroying him as he used both hands against her powerful left.

Hannah stood up and ripped off her top, exposing her gorgeous, muscle-filled pecs. Just inches from her victim, and filled with the utmost fearlessness and assurance she hit a Most-Muscular pose! Her shoulders and neck absolutely exploded in size. Her pecs became hard, full and rigid and her biceps and forearms blew-up in mass!

Brian jolted back in his chair in an instinctual motion of fear. But his jaw and eyes said otherwise. He was absolutely speechless and actually stopped breathing as he witnessed the absolute, muscle-covered beast in front of him. And as Hannah continued her show of domineering strength and power she peered down at Brian's trousers. His cock was rock hard and he was pitching a tent in his pants.

Hannah wrapped her cute little crush in her meaty arms. She easily lifted him out of his chair and walked him over to the cushy couch. With minimal effort she tossed him upon it and then jumped on top of him. Easily overpowering him, she sat upright, her gargantuan quads to each side of his thin athletic body. With her heavy weight on top of him, he was absolutely powerless to move and Hannah knew it...loved the feeling of total control she had over him in this moment.

She leaned down slightly and took both his hands and moved each arm up and to the side of his head. She then moved both his hands together. With her powerful, left hand, she gripped his frail palms in it. Hannah now had his body motionless beneath her and his arms easily corralled

by her powerful grip of both his hands. He had a huge smile on his face as she was issuing her control upon him. With her free right hand, she reached down, moved her weight slightly to one side, and pulled his pants down, exposing his erect cock for her much needed and deserved pleasure.

With her weight back above him and her flexed, massive, muscular quads to each side, Hannah lowered herself down. His tip entered her pussy and for the first time, she felt the joy of a male cock inside her. Hannah peered down at Brian as she felt his thick shaft gliding deep inside her. It was wonderful. Yes, it hurt a little but, there was some serious stretching going on, but the warm, tight, moist feeling was insane.

As much as Brian loved the view of this gorgeous, red headed muscular beast on top of him, his eyes rolled in the back of his head. The pleasurable feeling upon his cock sent shockwaves throughout his entire body. The feeling of her immense weight, her strong grip, and her tight pussy was absolutely insane!

Hannah used her muscular thighs to continually raise her entire body up, then slowly lower it back down again. The sensation of his rod hitting her clit was intoxicating. She felt some wetness inside her and the lubrication added to the ultimate feeling of satisfaction. Hannah glared down at her cute crush. She saw his closed eyes and cute face, defeated, dominated but somehow happy and completely content beneath her. She loved this feeling of complete domination mixed with the pleasure of his cock inside her. God Damn this was awesome. She wanted it to last forever!

As the extreme gratification went on, Hannah quickened her pace. She started raising and lowering herself faster and more forcefully. She felt the impact as her body kind of slammed down upon him. But Brian didn't seem to mind. Hannah could tell he was in a Zen-like state beneath her and in her grasp and he loved it. She knew he was feeling just as satisfied as his hips were rebounding from her impacts and then rising up slightly with her every stroke.

Her clit was getting more and more aroused and as it enlarged inside her, it became even more sensitive. Every brush of it from Brian's rod gave her more tingling, more uncontrolled excitement. Her body even started to jitter slightly as each downward and upward motion sent pulses of pleasure through her gorgeous, massive, flexed muscles.

Slap, Slap, Slap noises echoed out as the area was becoming wet with sweat and small leaks of her juices. They were both heating up tremendously.

"Oh Brian...Oh Brian...Oh Brian!" Hannah began blurting out as the sensations started to overcome her.

With each successive pounce down upon his cock, Hannah felt more and more miraculous agitation. Her clit was practically exploding out of its pink skin as it reached out for more and more pressure from Brian's erect shaft.

And with several more forceful strokes of her rock-hard body, she couldn't hold back any longer. She reached orgasm and her wet, warm liquid flowed like a stream inside of her. And that warmth and added lubrication sent Brian past any level of control. He exploded a burst of cum inside her and filled her vagina with his manly juices as well.

They continued to pump each other madly and as their bodies shook and vibrated uncontrollably, sensations of love and passion filled them both. With him still inside of her, Hannah released her tight grip from his hands and laid her thickly muscled chest upon his. Breathing heavily and feeling contented and satisfied, Hannah closed her eyes, enjoying the upward and downward pushes of Brian's heavy breaths beneath her.

As she slowly fell into a Zen like trance of sleep and satisfaction, she couldn't imagine how much fun she was going to have, getting stronger, more powerful, more muscular compared to little Brian, and any other cute boy she met. Hannah was going to revel in showing them her ultimate strength and then showing them incomprehensible satisfaction under her powerful and stronger physique.