

Olympia

The Amateur Olympia was just a few days away and we were all headed to the airport to make our way to Las Vegas. I hadn't been back to Vegas in a while, since Teresa and I got married and I was looking forward to experiencing the gaudiness and gambling and sex that the city has forever sold as their beacon. Audrey had been many times before and had told us stories about the crazy times she and her crew experienced when they went to Vegas several years earlier to perform briefly with a dance company she had worked with. Of course, her ballet type body was far gone now. Long, fit, firm legs were now replaced with muscular quads and bulging calf muscles. Her once pencil thin long arms now carried a nice amount of biceps and triceps muscles and the long thin neck was now thickening nicely and two small but visible veins now pumped large amounts of blood to her beautiful face and head. With her already athletic and gorgeous genetics now in hyper drive, Teresa, Sarah and I knew she had maximum potential to outclass everyone alive and I was enjoying watching her progress into a muscle-bound goddess. Sarah was even more so I'm sure!

I had quit lifting any heavy weights and was damn near starving myself to death in an effort to not come in "Too Big", for the amateur open physique division I was going to compete in. The top 3 finishers earned their pro cards and I was determined to accomplish that goal. I think if I had another 3-6 months to train, I could have possibly entered the women's open bodybuilding competition, but that was ok, I could always make that a future goal.

The large Uber SUV dropped us all off and we all had several large suitcases and carry-ons to unload. I wasn't sure how to pack for a place I had never been before, and I knew we would be doing so many different activities, many clothes were needed. The other girls did the same and packed workout clothes, bikinis, dresses for the night's out and we were going to hike in Red Rock, so those clothes and shoes were needed too. The driver was a middle aged Hispanic guy about 5'7" and 180 pounds. By the third bag, it was obvious he was struggling to lift, so Sarah decided to step in. Like the rest of us, she was wearing LuLuLemon leggings and I couldn't help but ogle her massive quad bulges as she reached in and began easily lifting the heavy luggage out of the vehicle. She also had on a tight fitting black, zip up sweater/hoodie and it looked like her sharp-as-a-knife triceps muscles were going to rip through her top as she lifted. The driver just kind of sat back and watched in awe as this woman easily handled the weight he had just struggled with. I loved watching guy's reactions to my sister and or wife easily out muscling them, and this case was no different. Oh how I loved the fact that my wife and sister were now herculean, muscle-bound freaks!

I liked to travel comfortably and so was wearing sneakers with my light blue leggings, a grey pull over sweatshirt top and let my hair down to lay across my shoulders. I already described my sister and my wife was wearing black leggings, workout high-tops and a light zip up jacket. Her long hair was back and she had a flat billed baseball cap on, pulled low. Her legs were gargantuan and even the black color of her leggings did nothing to conceal their amazing size. They say black is slimming...but I don't think there was a color ever invented that could work as "Slimming" on Teresa!

Unlike the three of us, Audrey was not used to having big muscles and was enjoying every second in her new, expanded physical form. As we walked up to the check in counter I had to ogle her amazing outfit and body. She was wearing thin, long, white leggings that seemed almost see-thru. Her muscular quads and now protruding hamstrings bulged with each step. Her diamond shaped calves were hard as a rock and the beautiful definition and separation in the middle of the muscle was exquisite. She also left nothing to the imagination as her loose, blue, flowing, airy tank top didn't come down to her gorgeous, perfectly formed ass and I could even see striations in each cheek with each step she took. The side of each glute had started to form a beautiful concave cup in the side and there was no doubt she was carrying a lot of muscle in her lower half. The area of her back just above her leggings was exposed, since, as I mentioned, the top didn't come down that low. I loved how she had already started to form the back muscle that created long humps of vertical muscle on each side of the spine. The lower portion of that, as it connected to her upper glutes was visible and it even pushed her top outward all the way up her back. The straps on her tank top hung pretty low and as she carried and pulled her luggage, her now growing back muscles popped out and flexed as she moved. She was the epitome of grace and each long stride was purposeful and unbelievably sexy. Because she was wearing tall heeled shoes, her already lengthy height of 5'10" was now more like 6'1" and she dwarfed many of the men we walked past. I enjoyed watching and looking up at her statuesque fit and muscular frame.

We all dropped off our bags at the check-in counter and headed through security. Luckily I had gone to the DMV a month earlier and taken a new picture, and made a slight name change. Otherwise, I'm pretty sure they wouldn't be letting me through. As we headed out the other side and into the terminal, Teresa, Sarah and I sneakily held back a few yards and let Audrey walk out in front of us. Her strut was very definitive and confident and as she walked, people's jaws were dropping at the sight of her. Not only were the guys...even the chicks were in absolute awe of the perfected physique that was in front of them. A few of them, quickly and kind of in a sneaky fashion took photos or videos as she passed and obviously they didn't see us following behind. Audrey was quite the attraction it seemed. It lasted a minute or so before Audrey realized we weren't right with her and she quickly turned around to look for us. As she did and realized what we were doing, we all started laughing hysterically and she had to laugh too. She put her hand on her hip, and gave us a rye grin and looked absolutely gorgeous in her cute little snarky pose.

The shenanigans were already starting and the next 5 days in Vegas were going to be a blast. Audrey insisted we start the trip off with a shot at the Airways bar. I wasn't a big shot girl myself, but Audrey loved them and was often trying to convince us all to have some with her. Even though I was on a strict diet before the show, I knew one shot wouldn't hurt and we all walked up to the rail and Audrey placed the order. It was Anejo Tequila for us all and Audrey toasted, "Here's to Dee wining her division and for the best 5 days in our lives!" "CHEERS!" we all saluted and slammed the shots. "Oh that was good!" I thought. I kind of wanted another, but knew I couldn't handle it in my carb depleted state. But the bartender had already taken a liking to Audrey's insane physique and offered us all another one on the house. I tried to decline, but Audrey reached out, grabbed my thick arm with her long fingers and surprisingly powerful grip and pulled me into her quickly. My hard body kind of slammed into her rock

hard physique and she quickly leaned her head down and started making out with me in front of everyone. Teresa and Sarah laughed and after a few moments of passionate, hot, wet kissing, Audrey leaned her head away, looked me in the eyes and said, “Oh c’mon babe, one more shot isn’t going to hurt...I promise.” The warm and loving look in her eyes entranced me and I relented and said, “Oh fuck it. Ok...one more then!” The girls celebrated and Tom, the bartender poured us another round. This time it was my turn to toast and I said, “To the four of us having the most fun...sex-filled five days of our lives!” Teresa grabbed my rounded ass hard and said, “Um ha!!!” and we slammed the second shot!

As Teresa raised her arm and leaned her head back, her sweatshirt rose up and I got a great glimpse of the massive bulge in her tight leggings. It looked amazing as her love snake created a long, tubular protrusion nestled just below her muscular abs and over her huge right thigh. I couldn’t help myself so I reached over, grabbed it and gave it a nice squeeze. “Can’t wait to get throttled by this monster later tonight babe!” I whispered to her with a smile. “Can’t wait to have you’re pretty mouth wrapped around it later tonight too babe.” She responded with a grin and then leaned in and gave me a long, wet kiss. Audrey took the opportunity as well and reached down to give my sister’s love rod a nice pat and grab as well. I knew we were all going to Vegas to cheer me on in the contest, but it was evident that there was going to be a lot of horse play for the several days we were going to be there.

I wanted to join the “Mile High” club but with Teresa’s gargantuan frame, there was no way we would be able to fit in the airplane bathroom. Teresa was next to the window, so I took the opportunity to lift the arm rest between our seats, lay a blanket over our laps and I leaned in against her side and protruding peck while she wrapped her muscle-bound arm around my shoulder and squeezed me in tightly against her. I then feathered my hand under the blanket and beneath the waistline of her leggings. Now skin on skin, I enjoyed leaving my hand on her huge cock and periodically gave the thick, warm shaft a loving squeeze. It was tough resisting the urge to start jerking her off and taking her massive beast into my mouth, but alas, I didn’t want to get us kicked off the flight, so just had to wish I could do it and wait till we got to the hotel to pleasure her love rocket!

Sarah and Audrey were in the row across from us and Audrey had watched my move. She asked the flight attendant for a blanket as well and within seconds was leaning into Sarah’s muscular frame and taking her cock in her large, strong hand as well. By the look on my sister’s face, Audrey wasn’t so worried and I could tell she was massaging my sister’s snake and probably going to take her the distance. The action of Audrey’s hand was making her triceps muscle flex and relax over and over again and I was eager to see Audrey’s tall, buff body in the shower next to mine. As she moved, her ass cheeks, which were clearly visible through her thin, light blue leggings, were flexing and relaxing as well. She was developing quite the hind quarters and as the striations in her butt pierced through the material, I was dying to pour some bbq sauce on them and lick off every last drop. Her physique was beautiful to look at before, and was becoming more addicting by the day. Teresa was looking over too and told me how lucky we were to have Audrey in our circle. I agreed and then turned my head into my wife’s massive left peck and said “Ya babe...and she’d damn lucky too don’t you think?” as I gave her member another nice squeeze. My wife simply nodded her head and then whispered, “Be careful down there

babe, I don't want to create a rocket ship under this blanket, If you know what I mean." I laughed and quit squeezing her shaft as I knew it was not too difficult to get her hard.

The rest of the flight was pretty quick and uneventful and I couldn't wait to get to Sin City. We smoothly made our way to baggage claim after the flight and headed to the Venetian Hotel. We all headed up to the suites and I was ready to show Teresa an unbelievable night. Unfortunately, she was tired from the travel and wasn't ready to party. "I know babe." I told her in the room, "I'll head down to the Grand Canal Shoppes and grab you your favorite Starbucks coffee." "Thanks D!" she said with a sweet kiss and I headed off on my current mission.

Down the elevator and off to the Starbucks line I went. Still wearing my hoodie and leggings, as I stood in line I kind of turned around and couldn't believe it. "Oh my god!" I said to the chick standing behind me, "You're Andrea Shaw!" She was even prettier in person than she was in the pictures I had seen of her and I stuck my hand out to shake hers and said, "I'm a huge fan. You just look amazing and I hope to one day be up on stage wit you." "That's so sweet." She replied, "Are you competing this week?" "Yes I am...the amateur Physique Division." I answered, "I'm sooo nervous, I've never competed before" "That's great." Andrea replied, "Ya, it can be a bit nerve racking, but just don't think about it and go out there like there's no one in the audience...that should help." I laughed and she gave me a friendly pat on the arm. "Oooo!" she exclaimed after nudging me slightly, "That felt big and hard. What are you packing under that sweatshirt." "Holy crap!" I thought, "Andrea Shaw is asking to see my arms...my god, the girls were never going to believe I just sat and talked to the reigning Mrs. Olympia!" "Seriously?" I asked her back. "Ya girl." She responded, "Let's see what you're presenting tomorrow night."

Still in shock, I slowly pulled my hoodie off and stood in front of Andrea with just a small, tight, sports bra. I then did a quick bicep flex for her. "Wow!" she said, "Just Wow! Are you kidding me? This is your first contest. You look unreal, the size, the hardness, the definition...you're going to take the amateur physique class for sure." She finished as she was slowly and methodically grabbing and feeling my arms. "What are you doing Friday and Saturday during the day?" "I, I, I don't know yet, um why?", was she hitting on me or something...what the fuck is going on here, I thought. "Well." She said, "We're going to need a couple more girls to work the Wings of Strength booth so I was thinking maybe you'd be up for that." "Oh my God Andrea." I said while in complete mental denial of what was happening here, "Absolutely...absolutely I'd be up for working with you at the booth." "That's great!" She finished, "and after the expo, we're going to a gorgeous mansion to do some photo shoots. After seeing you at the expo, I guarantee the photographer will be inviting you along too." We quickly exchanged numbers and I gave her a quick hug and thanked her for the opportunity. She was like hugging a huge bicep laden statue and I was in awe of her perfectly formed muscle-bound body and beautiful smile. I grabbed Teresa her coffee and hurried back to the room to give her the news and unreal story.

I burst into the room and as I walked up to the bed, Teresa was sound asleep and looked dreamy in her leggings and with no top on. As she slowly breathed, her pecs expanded and protruded up into the sky

greatly and she made a soft whine as she exhaled. Her bulging biceps and arms laid at her sides and brushed up against her gargantuan thighs. I put the coffee on the night stand next to her, leaned down and gave her bulge a nice peck. She didn't feel a thing and slowly pulled her leggings down to her knees, exposing her glorious member and then slowly pulled them down and off her pretty, well-manicured feet. She was a huge, beautiful pile of rock-hard muscle and still keeping her eyes closed, although now half awake.

I started down at her feet and began to firmly massage her insoles. She let out a very satisfied moan and I knew she loved when I rubbed her feet. I stayed there for just a bit, and then worked up to her 19" calves to give them a proper rub. They were relaxed but still super firm and intoxicating to look at and feel. I massaged deeply into the muscle with my strong hands and tried to really get her blood flowing. It was fun caressing these calf muscles that pro male bodybuilder could only dream of and they were certainly larger than some grown men's thighs. I ogled and felt them for several more minutes before gliding my palms up to the billowing teardrop muscles on the inside part of her knees. The muscle hung low but had a massive, protruding shape that was full of so much muscle, it never went away, even when fully relaxed. It led up her thigh and separated and disappeared into the mountainous muscle body that was her herculean quad that had three distinctly separate muscle bodies. I dragged my hand across them and let my fingers drop down into the valleys created between them. I was getting wet just looking at my wife's muscle-laden physique and as I moved my hands up her thighs, I finally arrived at her damn near foot long love snake.

I looked up at her as I laid vertically up her legs and she was playing coy, still lying back with her eyes closed. I then carefully grabbed her one eyed monster and took it deeply into my mouth. It was flaccid, but thick and warm and as my moist lips began thrusting gently up and down its length, I could feel the blood rushing in and her cock hardening up for me nicely. I continued to suck her off deeply while jerking the stem tightly. That did the trick and within a minute, she was full hard and I could get both my hands on the shaft while my mouth, lips and tongue fondled her rosy tip. Having my wife right where I wanted her, I began speeding up my motions and was trying to wake her out of her slumber with my erotic behavior. I loved wrapping my lips around her large, mouth filling cock and she knew it. As I was still sucking her quickly, I could feel her hips start to move in motion with my gyrations.

I wanted to continue this play and give her a great blow job, but my pussy was getting way too moist. I pulled my leggings off, moved up on her muscle filled thighs and slammed my cunt on her rock hard appendage. Her tip and shaft drove deeply into me and managed to rub my g-spot immediately. As I looked up at my colossal wife, she still had her eyes closed, but a rye grin was evident across her face. I started to move up and down on her rod, letting it plunge deep inside me with each drop. She still left her bicep laden arms at her sides, but she started to pulse her hips in rhythm with mine and her ridiculously muscle filled abs flexed and relaxed continuously as she did. I put my hands down on them as we fucked and I loved feeling the bulges in her midsection with each continual push. Boom, Boom, Boom I thought as I continued to fuck the shit out of my herculean wife while she played asleep. I knew she was feeling the same ultimate satisfaction thought since she started pressing her hips into me

harder and harder. I loved feeling her power and loved having her fuck the shit out of me on a nightly basis. As her impaling cock hit my g-spot quicker and quicker and her tip pushed into me deeper and deeper, those erotic sensations were becoming too pleasurable to ignore. My whole body began to tingle and I knew I was seconds away from orgasm. Just when I thought I was about there, Teresa sprung her arms up, grabbed me forcefully around the waist, lifted my whole body and held me just so her tip was barely inside me...and then began rapidly slamming me down hard onto her shaft till my ass hit her thighs. Whap, whap, whap, whap, whap she slammed me onto her gorgeous, huge cock over and over again. It rubbed a slightly different part of my clit and the tickling and tingling hit a new apex of pleasure. Being handled like a sex toy was also sending me into satisfied orbit and with each continual heave and plunge, my loose head bobbed and moved like a fulfilled bobble head.

Teresa kept up the rhythm and after another minute I just couldn't hold back any more, I shuddered and screamed in pleasure as my juices began to flow. She pumped me several more times on her shaft, making sure I was finished, and then she slowed her pace down as my tight body began to relax and the liquid stopped leaking from my pussy. Just as I was ready for a rest, Teresa picked up the pace and began thrusting me up and down with ease upon her and she looked at me and said, "My turn baby." With that, I simply held on to her gargantuan, muscle filled forearms for dear life as I was being throttled from below and my head and hair were flying everywhere uncontrollably. She pounded me again and again and again and picked up her pace so rapidly, I couldn't even focus my eyes anymore and decided to close them before I got nauseous from the motion.

The up and down propelling was at an all-time high and I loved knowing I was making her the happiest wife in the world as her cock pushed ever deeper into me. My clit control was at an epic level and I was trying to grip her shaft tightly with it while she fucked me. The sensations on her rosy, firm top finally got her to the highest level of satisfaction and with a great, loud moan and a bit of an uncontrolled shake, Teresa exploded into me. The gushing firehose of cum was filling me with tremendous force and as the third or fourth wave hit, she lifted me off her shaft and let the next few bursts shoot all the way up and cover my firm breast with their milky white color. She was expelling an ever increasing amount of cum and I opened my mouth for her. She read my body language and brought me back down to her rod and let me take it in my lips again. I plunged my head upon it and enjoyed the last few bursts she had left and drank her love juice happily. I gulped down a pint or two of that and then left her in my mouth as she slowed to a halt and then laid my sticky body upon hers, my mouth contently holding onto her love snake.

As she was just minutes before, Teresa laid her head back down on the pillow, closed her eyes and let her massive, muscle-bound arms rest at her sides. We were in this exact same position as we started our activities and I slowly took her rod and gorgeous tip out of my mouth and had a laugh. I then went to the bathroom and prepared a warm wet towel. Methodically, I then finished off our recent loving moment by slowly wiping down her bulging, strong muscles with the warm cloth and then laid contently next to her, eager to share my story about our new friend Andrea.