

All Dressed Up

As I sat on social media checking out all of the hot, muscle bound Wings of Strength babes I was potentially going to work with and meet in a couple of days, Teresa finally began to stir. I rolled over towards her, and grabbed her thick left peck in my palm. I loved feeling the towering, rounded, muscle-laden pile of rock hard beef on her. It was hilarious to think how much power her pecks contained and I longed for the day she would be bench pressing 700, 800, hell, eventually, maybe even a thousand pounds. I had no idea where her strength would eventually plateau, and neither did she, so it was a fun journey watching her become so fucking strong. She rolled over towards me, gave me a nice warm kiss and asked, “Oh, where’s that coffee?” I had to laugh knowing it was definitely ice cold by now. But luckily our suite had a mini kitchenette so I quickly jumped up and headed towards it to warm her Starbucks in the microwave. “Mm, Mm, Mm!” she emitted from her gorgeous mouth as she peered at my beautiful, hard ass as I walked. I gave my head a quick turn and gave her a grin and then finished my way to the microwave. I then hit the 1 minute button to warm up the drink and also popped in the bathroom real quick to get the shower going.

Still glowing from our recent sexual activities, Teresa was the picture of perfection and the mounds of muscle covering every inch of her body was intoxicating as I walked her warm coffee back to her. She reached out her massive arm and took the beverage while I sat next to her, ogling her insane upper body development as she drank. I was dying to relate my story to my wife from earlier and asked, “Guess who I met in the Starbucks line earlier babe?” In a cute, feminine way, she hunched her immense shoulders and traps upwards and curled her full lips in that, “I don’t know.” Kind of way. “Well babe.” I followed, “I met last year’s Ms. Olympia Andrea Shaw!” “WHAT?” she yelled back immediately. “YA! I know babe...frickin’ Andrea Shaw!” I answered. “No Way!” Teresa said back and she gave me a playful punch in the front of the shoulder. Boom, it hit me a lot harder than my wife expected and sure enough, I fell backwards and off the bed on to the ground. “Hey babe!” I said loudly as I kind of stood up and presented my contest ready physique to her, “Gotta protect the goods till after the show ya know.” “Oh shoot Dee.” She said quickly, “I’m sorry babe, just don’t even know my own strength anymore.” “No worries T, there will be plenty of time for some rough stuff after the show.” I replied.

“So is she nice?” T asked. “Yes hon. Super nice.” “Is she as pretty in real life as she is in pictures?” she followed. “Way prettier.” I answered. “And so what did you say.” My wife questioned me. “Well, we just started having a nice chat, and she noticed my physique and started asking me to flex and show her my muscles. Then she reached out and started grabbing and caressing my flexed biceps!” I answered. “No fucking way!” Teresa said again emphatically. “Ya babe.” I replied, “And that’s not even the best part. She told me I was definitely going to win the amateur physique division and she invited me to work the Wings of Strength booth with her and then said, we’d probably be invited by the photographer to attend a photo shoot afterwards at some sick as hell mansion up in the hills overlooking the valley and the strip.” Teresa just shook her head in disbelief and said, “Wow, we’ve barely just gotten here and we’re already meeting icons like Andrea and getting invited to ridiculous houses for photo shoots. This city really is crazy, and I’m so excited to meet her.” “We are definitely going to have an insane time

babe.” I said, “Can’t wait to hit the town tonight for a bit of fun too.” We smiled widely, gave each other a nice warm kiss and then hit the shower.

I loved hotel suite showers because you could get the whole bathroom nice and steamy, there was plenty of hot water, and they were always big enough for a couple of muscle bound girls to move around in freely. Teresa got up from bed first, walked by me closely and headed towards the bathroom. She flicked her hair on the way by and its silky smoothness brushed against my face. I loved her scent and I quickly followed her massive muscular form into the steam filled bathroom.

The room was dark on purpose and only a small white nightlight near the sink illuminated the space. As we entered the shower, we could see even less as the steam, in conjunction with our eyes not yet being acclimated to the low light, left us kind of blind. I could just make out the backside of Teresa’s three foot wide, muscle capped shoulders in front of me as her long, wet, silky hair covered the center of her back...encapsulated between the two magnificent muscle bodies that ran the length of her back from the top of her rock hard ass up to her towering, thick traps. I grabbed a bottle of body wash, poured a ridiculous amount in my hands and then draped my palms on her protruding back muscles, on the back of her shoulder blades. There were an uncountable amount of bulging muscles covering her back and I loved gliding my slippery hands across their bulky surfaces. Just to make me even more turned on, Teresa started moving her shoulders back and forth and up and down in kind of circular motions. It made the muscles in her back, dance and flex and pop all over the place. It was a random but mesmerizingly beautiful and I got moist immediately as my palms felt the methodic, hypnotic tango of her immense muscle bodies flexing and relaxing in constant motion.

I rubbed the silky soap deeper and deeper into her hard, rounded surfaces and put each palm over the huge vertical muscles on each side of her spine. I slowly brought them down, feeling the hard power in them and followed their vastness all the way down to her ass. Her glutes were so large and stuck out so far, I played around and tried to set the body wash bottle on them. The bottle did tilt slightly though, since her ass cheeks were rounded and not flat and the bottle slipped and fell off. She laughed out loud when she realized what I was trying to do and she gave her bottom a gorgeous side to side shake for my enjoyment. I picked up the bottle, unscrewed the top and literally poured a huge glob of soap on her gorgeous behind. I grabbed her ass so hard I thought I might be able to make a dent in it, but not a chance. The muscles were so fucking compacted and solid, there was no making a dent. I still loved rubbing my hands across their amazing surface though and gave her the ten-minute ass massage of a lifetime. As I caressed her glutes with my palms, she slowly moved her hips forward and back, and a little side to side. It made the concave surface on each side of her gorgeous glutes fill and then retract, fill and then retract, over and over again. So much muscle on my wife, I had a hard time remaining conscious.

I could have stayed focused on her ass the whole time, but her gargantuan thighs were calling me. They jetted out immensely to the sides and it was getting to the point that they were probably thicker than

the average man's waist. They were definitely larger than mine and I squatted down so I'd have an eye to hamstring look at the back of her legs. The rear muscle protruded out mightily and I leaned my face and lips into their perfectly formed, firm, wet surface as I reached around with my hands and began to lather up her quads. I could easily feel the several separations and striations in her gargantuan legs and I loved the feel of her massively rounded tear-drop lower quad muscles. They were perfectly formed, dense and protruded out tremendously. I focused my efforts on those muscles for minute after minute as the warm, steamy water streamed over her leg and my hands. While doing that, I was kissing and licking her monstrous hamstrings from top to bottom. There were intoxicatingly beautiful and I loved how thick and hard they were. The sensation of feeling her massive quads with my hands while simultaneously caressing her hamstrings with my mouth was sending shockwaves of pleasure through me. I knew Teresa loved it too because she was making soft moaning sighs while I performed my loving massage on her.

I finally left the pleasures of her gorgeous upper legs behind and moved my palms down to her diamond shaped calves. The back of them were separated into two distinct muscle bodies of immense size and hardness. The edges of the lower part of the muscle could cut glass and the way they exploded out to the sides, I wondered how she could even walk without them constantly banging into each other. They were magnificent, vast, gigantic muscle bodies and absolutely rock-solid. I tried to reach my two hands around one of them, but still couldn't even come close to getting my fingers to touch. Her muscles were just growing beyond rational belief and I felt like her waddle was getting more and more exaggerated as she grew. I kind of wondered how she'd even get around if they became so big, it hindered her ability to walk. I guess by then, I wouldn't care because I would just want her waiting in bed for me all the time anyway, so I could caress and feel her herculean muscle-bound body all day and night.

I rubbed her beautiful, French tipped, perfectly manicured feet for a few moments as well. They were strong, thick, powerful, muscle laden feet, but still relatively small, female sized. As mentioned, of course she also had to put the small white strip of paint on the edges of her toenails...she did like that look and her beautiful feet deserved it!

Slowly, I rose to my full height, still a few inches shorter than my mammoth wife. I peered down at her gorgeous, muscle-bound ass one more time and then tapped her mighty shoulder and asked her to turn around towards me. Still very dark in the steamy, poorly lit room, Teresa rotated her massive frame to face me. As always, I was immediately struck by the sheer size and mass of her pec muscles which now stood just a couple inches from my face. I quickly poured some body wash on them and placed my warm hands on them. God they were huge! As I started to rub in the slippery goo, Teresa started bouncing them rapidly for me. Right, left, right, left, right, left she flexed them over and over again. She had so much muscle control, that she could actually flex them in a wave. First the lower portion would harden, then the middle and eventually the top. So it was this constant alternating wave of muscle flexing up the surface of her pecs. Right, left, right, left, right, left, she kept on. I was getting so moist at this point, I knew I was seconds away from squirting. My hands on her alternate flexing chest muscles

was causing me to roll my eyes back in my head and straight up orgasm right there. God it was erotic and satisfying!

I leaned in and placed my nose in the deep crevasse created between the huge mounds of muscle. The pecs flexed and gyrated wildly and I simultaneously felt Teresa's massive hard on practically pierce my abs as I leaned harder into my wife. "I bet Andrea's chest isn't quite this impressive. Is it?" Teresa whispered under the sound of the rushing water cascading down her wet, muscle-bound body. "No." I answered quickly, "And she doesn't have a joy stick either." I added with a laugh as I took its thick shaft in my hand. My hands were still dripping with soap and I began jerking Teresa off as she continued to play with my head as it still rested between her protruding bosom. I loved the feeling of my wife's cock in my hands and I took great pleasure in stroking her faster and faster. My slick hands were making easy work of her love rod and it grew to max length, thickness and hardness in 15 or 20 short seconds. Now that I had her just where I wanted her, I gripped even more firmly and concentrated on rubbing the underside of her tip, where her G-spot was. Teresa began bouncing both pecs in unison now, with my quick rubbing. My head was being pounded by her bust and I stuck my tongue out to lick her firm muscle as they moved.

With Teresa again at the precipice of ultimate satisfaction, I grabbed the body wash bottle with my left hand and dumped it on her cock. The extra slick lube was a great addition and made it easier for me to rub her shaft and tip even faster and squeeze even harder while still being able to maintain the up and down motion. My wife slowly leaned her head back, started to shudder slightly and then with a shaky moan and an "Ohhhh Yesssss!", exploded a huge glob of cum like a geyser between us. The massive amount of white liquid shot up into the air towards the ceiling and then cascaded back down, covering her pecks, my head and my breasts. I continued to stroke her firmly, and with each upward stroke, Teresa let out another blast of cum skyward between us. I stuck out my tongue to catch the liquid as it fell back to earth between us and Teresa did as well. It was like a game as we both reached out with our mouths and tried to catch as much of the falling liquid as possible with each tremendous squirt. I massaged her love rod harder and harder and it was working as the upward bursts of her white love sauce kept on coming and continued to shoot high into the air. We managed to play this loving game for a total of eight or ten salvos before Teresa was finally about out of ammo and smaller spurts dripped out of her glorious tip. I quickly leaned down and took her cock in my warm mouth to drink in her final drips when I started to kind of choke and laugh. "What's the matter babe?" she asked, "You normally love my taste." "Ummm" I answered, "Not the greatest mix with all the damn soap I lathered all over you." Her whole body shook as she laughed out loud, realizing I had just washed my own mouth out with soap. She put her hands under my armpits and easily lifted me off my feet, holding me out in front of her. "God I love you babe." She said with a grin. I winked at her and she brought me in for a nice long, wet, warm kiss as the hot water and steam continued to drown our muscular bodies.

It was hard getting anything done with such a muscle-laden babe always around me, but we had to meet the other girls for our night out and Teresa and I needed to get ready. We dried off and I threw on a pair of small, v-shaped pink panties and slipped on a tight, black dress. It had thin straps that draped

over my shoulders and the front formed a deep V between my breasts, exposing the muscular cleavage that separated them. My bosom was so firm, I didn't even need to wear a bra, and you could see the inside half of each tit and my nipples were clearly visible from the front. I planned on making me the envy of Teresa, Sarah and Audrey all night! The dress hung down to nearly my ankles, but there was a long slit on the left side, so my left leg was constantly busting out of the dress and clearly visible with each stride. I finished off the look with some high heels.

Just as I was thinking I was super-hot, Teresa busted out of the bathroom, looking as what can only be described as erotically delicious! My jaw dropped and my eyes bugged out of my head as I took in the sight of my gorgeous wife before me. She was wearing a light-tan shaded sheer dress that was almost completely see thru. It only had a single one-inch strap that hung over her immense, rounded, muscle-packed right shoulder and the body of the dress hugged her herculean physique tightly and went to just above her knees. Her abs were busting through the material and every gorgeous vein that covered them could be seen. Teresa's 36" quads were completely exposed and noticeable and I don't even know how the tan material contained them. At the base of the dress, kind of a black sheer, wispy shall hung a little lower. The body of the dress was outlined in a thin black trim and there was non-see thru brownish coverings over her nipple and crotch. Amazingly, the dress bunched up ever so slightly just below her waist and her cock bulge was barely visible for the untrained eye. She also had on strap style, matching light tan high heels.

Teresa's long, gorgeous, silky hair hung over her left shoulder and as she turned to lead us to the door, I was again struck by the fact that the sheerness of the dress left her back and beautiful, glute muscles completely exposed. She was damn near walking around naked and every inch of every herculean muscle would be presented on display.

I knocked on the door between our suites. Sarah and Audrey reserved the suite next to ours and there was a door between the rooms. It was great since we didn't even have to go outside our hotel room door to get to their room. The lock clicked and Sarah opened the door. She was absolutely stunning and her years of practice in putting on makeup payed off. Her face absolutely glowed and her long, sandy-blonde hair had the perfect amount of slight curl to it. She was also busting out of her red dress and it was perfect for her. The top wrapped around her neck, then crisscrossed, forming an "X" across her breasts and then down around her waist. This left her upper deep cut, muscular cleavage and six pack abs completely exposed. It looked like something the Kardashians would wear. Her bulging biceps and massive shoulders were obviously completely uncovered as well and they were thick and powerful looking for sure! The lower half of the dress went all the way to the floor and covered her right leg completely. Like mine, her dress had a huge slit running up the middle of the left side, so her gorgeous, huge, separated, muscular quad would also be exposed with every step. I gave her a quick kiss on the lips and walked in her room, followed by Teresa.

As we stood making small chat, I heard the bathroom door handle click and out walked Audrey. She was absolutely insane looking and the three of us stood in awe and silence as she strutted confidently towards us. She was wearing 8 inch heels and easily stood over 6'7" tall. She had a look of giddy boldness on her face and I looked up to her like she was a freaking NBA basketball player. Her long black hair was at full length and behind both shoulders and she wore bright red lipstick. The dress had a thick silver collar around her tall, sinuous neck and the one piece slip on dress had long black sleeves. The insane part was that the right half of the dress, which hugged her body from breasts to ankles, was solid black. The left side however, was seemingly 70 or 80 thin black straps that connected in her front to the solid side in front of her right leg, and wrapped all the way around to the back just behind her right leg. So essentially, her entire left side, was completely exposed. The gorgeous, rock hard glute muscles, her perfectly developed quad and hamstrings and her gorgeous, diamond shaped calf and perfectly formed ankle. There was a silver area in the dress to cover up her left breast that matched her silver neck collar. I don't think a man alive would be able to take a breath in the presence of her goddess like beauty, and I was pretty sure she was going to cause a few heart attacks tonight! She walked up to me, looked waaaaay down, placed her long, firm arms around my shoulders and said, "Thank you Dee. Thank you for making THIS possible." And she leaned down and met my lips with hers for a few passionate moments.

I think my heart briefly stopped as well and I was finding it hard to speak. I just kind of let out a breath, didn't realize I was holding it...and replied, "You are unbelievably welcome Audrey. I mean...holy shit girl, you look absolutely magnificent!" She smiled widely and turned with an intoxicating hair flip and embraced Teresa for a few moments as well. "Alright then babes." My sister said confidently, "Let's go own this fucking town tonight!" With that, she grabbed my hand and led me and the girls out the door for a night we would never forget!