

Porto-Vecchio

The Recruiter

My final college year ended and I was excited to take a trip to Europe before flying home to the states to start a career in Engineering. My buddy from University of California at Berkley and I were all set to enjoy a three-week tour of France, Germany, Croatia, and Italy before heading back and beginning work. I had interned for a construction engineering firm in San Francisco and Mark was all set to work for Apple. We had met in a Calculus class and our similar senses of humor and Asian heritage helped seal a friendship that lasted thru our Junior and Senior years at Cal. Mark Yamamoto and myself, Kenji Tanaka were American but both of Japanese descent. His family had been in the states for a few generations, hence his more American name of Mark. Mine had only been here for one and thus, my parents bestowed a very traditional name upon me, Kenji, which means “Strong” in Japanese. Which is kind of funny since I stand all of 5’6” tall and weigh 132 pounds. Mark isn’t much bigger at 5’7 and 140.

We made our way across the pond and landed in France. It was beautiful, “old world” to us and it seemed like every building, stream, tree and rock had some amazing history and story behind it. Although I was an engineering major, I loved history and couldn’t help but read every plaque we came to. Mark was less interested in that and overwhelmingly interested in every French girl we saw. The women here were different than they were in the states. I loved their French accent, their long dark hair and their natural, old world fashion. In the states, every girl seems to simply wear the exact same, latest tiktok influencer clothes. Here it was different, unique, intriguing.

Mark had our trip planned since his older brother had done the same after graduation just two years before. We got hooked up with all of the places to stay and we even had free internet and wifi through a European App I had never heard of before. It was by some Italian company, and you simply had to allow them access to your location and turn on cookies. So that helped save us some money and headache. I loved the food, women and scenery but it was certainly a bit difficult to hook up when staying in the Hostels. Mark had managed to sneak in a French girl on our last night there, but I had kind of struck out. Striking out is what I did a lot of, especially since I was virgin. I had an uncontrollable attraction to girls who weren’t very interested in a skinny 5’6” guy.

As early as I could remember, I was addicted to strong, tall, muscular girls and there weren’t many of them running around Cal looking for short guys. I loved the look of pretty girls too, but they weren’t my passion. Every ounce of my blood seemed to be laser beam attracted to the strong girls. I had even somehow developed this muscle radar. I could get the quickest glimpse, out of the corner of my eye of a girl walking by and I could see the muscles in her calves or thighs, or fore arms, or even face if you can believe that. I don’t know how it developed, or if I was the only human with it. But I couldn’t control it, it just Was! Unfortunately, there was a trend my last two years in college, where even shorter chicks only wanted to date guys at least 6 feet tall. I obviously didn’t hook up with any of them, but I would often sneak off by myself and go watch our girl’s volleyball team play. I loved getting a seat down on the court, and would try to get as close to the team bench as possible. I would get there for warm-ups and

stood on the edge of the court, turned on and in total awe of the 6 feet tall and even taller girls on the team. Some of them obviously spent some time in the gym too and had these nice, rounded, muscular asses and legs. I would get as many pics as possible on my iPhone, and then hurry back to my dorm room to pleasure myself.

As Mark and I traveled the rest of our trip through Germany, Croatia and eventually Italy, it had become one of the best trips ever. I loved the European lifestyle, vibe and amazing history. The buildings were amazing and as I had mentioned before, the women had a very different than American like, not so tiktok and glam driven presence about them. They seemed friendlier and more accepting. Probably my own fault, but I had failed to hook up with any of them while Mark was now up to 3. Luckily, I had my free iPhone internet app on and it worked perfectly. I was able to go into the washroom either early in the morning or late at night, log on to my favorite muscle girl websites and relieve myself.

On the final night in Italy, before we had to go back to San Francisco and start our working careers, Mark and I found ourselves back at a small café down from the Hostel we had been staying at for the last 5 days. The café was fantastic, quaint, not super touristy and there were some cute girls working there. Mark was really hoping to finally hook up with one of them on our final night in Europe and I was rooting for him. It was a little chilly that night so we grabbed a small round table on the inside of the café right next to the window. We had been drinking our espresso and chatting for a few minutes when Mark noticed a break in action and went up to chat with one of the baristas. She was cute, probably 18 or 19, with a big smile and wavy chestnut hair. He was pretty funny so he had her laughing in seconds.

While Mark made his move, I slowly peered out the window. To my surprise, there was a girl sitting at the small round table just on the outside of the glass, literally 2 or 3 feet from me. She was staring back at me and gave me a friendly smile. Her face was rather striking and I was attracted immediately. She had beautiful brown eyes, olive skin, long black straight hair and thick, but perfectly manicured eyebrows. It was chilly, so she was wearing a wool sweater and mostly covered up, but my muscle radar immediately went off. Her face seemed athletic and as I looked closer, she seemed to have traps protruding up from her just to the sides of her also athletic looking neck. I turned away quickly, shy, but then again, obviously not knowing what to do. That only lasted a few seconds though and I again peered out the window towards her. She laughed, sensing my shyness, slowly put up her hand and curled her finger, motioning me to come out and join her.

A tingling feeling overtook me as I nodded to her, stood up and walked out to her table. As I approached, she stood up to greet me and stuck out her hand. "Hi. I'm Alex." She said with a smile. I was blown away, she was tall! Easily three inches taller than me. I stuck out my hand and said, "Hi, I'm Kenji." As I shook her hand, it was nice and firm. Confidence flowed through her and I was quickly very turned on but slightly intimidated. "Kenji...Ooo, I love that name, it means Strong, right?" she asked. "Yes." I answered, shocked that she knew that. Nobody ever knew that. "Will you sit with me?" she asked. "Of course." I replied and I let go of her hand to sit opposite her. As I did, I quickly peered down

and noticed that she was not wearing pants. She had these brown, kind of mid-top leather boots that a lot of the European girls seemed to wear, and also wore a short blue skirt. Her long legs were also olive skinned and absolutely stunning. They were muscular and she had calf muscles and separated quads. “Holy crap.” I said as I sat down. “You have amazing legs. Do you play tennis or something?” I was shocked I said that, but somehow, I couldn’t help myself from complimenting her amazing legs. She got a big grin on her face and said, “Oh, thank you. No, I don’t play sports really, I just work out a lot.” I wasn’t sure what to say and just kind of said, “Oh.”

“Do you work out?” Alex asked as I took my seat. “No.” I replied, “I just play a lot of Frisbee-Golf back home. Good exercise and fun, but no, I don’t workout.” “That’s cool.” she replied, “But, you like girls that do?” “Ya.” I said, “They’re hot and I don’t know why, but ya, I really like that athletic look on girls.” “That’s interesting.” She said, “Most guys really don’t like muscles. They think it’s gross on women and are somehow intimidated and turned off by it. But not you Kenji?” “Not at all.” I answered. “Like I said, I really like it, muscles look great...I think.” I couldn’t believe what I was saying right now. I had never told anyone about my muscle obsession, and here I am, a half a world away, telling this to some chick I’d known for two minutes. WTF!!!

Alex and I proceeded to chit chat and she asked me about California, my family, university, my travels, etc. I asked her what she did and where she lived. Alex said she was a recruiter and lived in Proto-Vecchio. “Porto-Vecchio?” I asked, “Where’s that?” “It’s on the island of Corse.” Alex answered. “It’s a beautiful island, with great history, amazing ports, blue waters and beautiful buildings which you mentioned you loved. You should come for a visit.” “Wow!” I mentioned, “That sounds incredible, but unfortunately, my friend and I are leaving back for the states tomorrow.” “Ok.” She said in disappointment, “Well, maybe next time you visit.” “For sure!” I replied, “For sure!” I wasn’t sure what to do next so I asked for her snapchat, which we then exchanged. I was about to get up and see if Mark was ready leave when Alex said, “Hey. Since it’s your last night here, and mine too, why don’t we grab a quick bon voyage drink? There’s a bar right up the street and I know the barman, we can probably get a few for free.” I definitely wanted to spend some more time with Alex and was glad she suggested a drink. I rushed inside to tell Mark to meet us there when he was done chatting up his barista friend. Mark was shocked I had a girl interested and immediately peered out to see who Alex was. She was still sitting at the table, taking the last sip of her coffee and looking really cute. Mark gave me a high five, said, “Good work Kenji!” and that he’d meet us up there in a bit.

I walked outside and Alex quickly stood up. Her height was again super noticeable and she looked down a few inches at me. This time, I also noticed that her shoulders were really wide and a bulging rounded surface covered them. Noticeable to my muscle radar, even under her sweater. She grabbed my hand forcefully and stepped a few feet in front of me, excitedly pulling me along behind her. Alex’s long, black hair, floated behind her as we made our way. Her grip was really strong and my hand felt feeble in comparison. As I continued a few feet behind her, I couldn’t take my eyes off her gorgeous, diamond shaped calves and muscular thighs and hamstring muscles. They flexed with each quick step under her

smooth, olive colored skin. By the time we made it the two blocks, my penis was easily half erect and I had to put my free hand down my pants to adjust it, so it wouldn't be so obvious.

Alex had surely been here before and walked us through the crowd of people, pulling me along forcefully, right up to the bar. Her muscular build and Alpha type of attitude was giving me an amorous feeling and I was still baffled by my tremendous luck. The bar tender saw her and without even asking, handed her a couple of shots. She handed me one glass, said "Cin Cin alla nostra salut." And we drank. I had been there long enough to know the local custom and it basically meant, "Cheers to your health." Alex had a big grin on her face, grabbed me behind my lower back and basically slammed my small frame into her rock-hard, muscular torso. She was a strapping girl and her build was beyond impressive. The height difference was really obvious, now that my face was just inches from hers. I peered up at her strong jaw and face. It was too loud to hear what she whispered, but in a second, she leaned down and placed her warm, moist lips on mine. I was shocked, we pulled our faces apart briefly, looked into each other's eyes, and again leaned into each other and began kissing passionately. I wrapped one arm around her firm back and held her tightly next to me. I brought the other up her grabbed her sweater covered arm. I was shocked to feel what seemed like rounded granite. Her bicep was full and bowed out and was absolutely solid as a rock. My member was at full attention now and as she squeezed me firmly, she had to feel it on her buff quad. Alex slowly reached down, patted it sweetly and said, "I know how to take care of that for you." We both laughed and continued our kiss for a few moments more.

This one night was making my whole trip ten times better and I was really pissed that I had to fly home the next day. The few moments more ended and we slightly backed our faces apart. Still held tightly into her muscular physique, Alex looked at me and asked, "Why don't you come stay at my apartment tonight?" Oh Shit! I thought, Is this really happening. A million thoughts went thru my head and all that came out was, "Ah, well, I mean, were kind of waiting for Mark to show up aren't we?" "Oh, right." She answered and then said, "Text him really quick and ask when he's coming up?" With that, I reached in my pocket, pulled out my phone and started to text him. Just as I did, Alex snatched the phone from my hands and said, "Oh, let me send him a little message." I tried to snag it back, but she turned her body away from me and she was too wide for me to get around in time to get my phone back. "There." She said a few seconds later, "We're all good now." "What did you text him?" I asked as I held out my hand for the phone back. "I just let him know that you were staying with me tonight and that you'd catch up with him in the morning." "No, no, no." I said, "I've got to pack and get some sleep for the long day of travel. Here, give me my phone back."

Alex slowly brought my phone behind her and slid it into her back pocket. I tried to reach for it but she put her strong left arm out and easily held me at bay. I got a little mad and tried for it again. Again she brushed me off to the side easily and said, "Kenji. Do you really think you can get it from me?" She kind of held her arm up halfway and hit a left biceps pose. A huge ball mounded up beneath her sweater and I knew I was no match for her muscle-bound arms. Alex could tell I kind of gave up, looked at the bartender and nodded her head. He knew her signal I guess and brought us two more shots. I grabbed the glass, looked at her and said, "Cin Cin". We slammed the shot and she looked at me with the eyes of

a wolf who just found its prey. It was sexy, but super intimidating at the same time. Right then she got a surprised look on her face and said, "Oh, I think it's Mark." She reached in her rear pocket, pulled out my phone and read the text. "See!" she said as she turned the screen so I could read it as well...*Hell ya dude! That chick looked hot! I want pics...lol! See ya tomorrow.* "Looks like your friend approves Kenji." She boasted, "C'mon sweetie, let's have some fun on your last night in Europe." She grabbed my hand, put it on her right bicep and flexed. I was now feeling the largest, hardest biceps muscle I had ever felt in my life. It was fucking amazing. "I'll let you do a lot more than feel it." She said as I ogled it uncontrollably. I nodded "OK." Alex grinned, grabbed me by the hand, took charge and again led me out of the bar, aggressively walking through the crowded establishment.

This time, as we walked up a cobblestone street towards her apartment, she held me tightly next to her. My head was slightly taller than her shoulder and as I wrapped my left arm around her thick mid-section, I was giddy with excitement knowing where the night might lead. As we walked up to a beautiful building, with large balconies, surely with a view of the sea, I asked, "How do you have such a nice apartment here, I thought you lived on an island?" "It belongs to my boss Kenji." Alex answered "Oh, for the recruiting company you work for." I responded. "Ya." She said. "Cool." I responded in awe of the nice place. "What kind of recruiting do you do?" I asked. "My goodness." She said, "You're just full of so many questions little one. But if you must know, it's kind of a personality and relationship type of placement thing." With that, I kind of nodded my head, thinking she probably worked for a company that hooked up rich European dudes with hot young chicks. None of my business I figured, but really stoked I was going to get to stay in this nice apartment tonight!

Alex began walking up the stairs to her apartment, just a few steps in front of me. My eyes were at her lower leg level. With each step, her glorious, muscle-bound calves flexed massively just a foot or two in front of my face. My mouth was agape at the sight of such perfectly constructed calves and I couldn't wait to feel and lick them vigorously. We reached her door and she opened it and led me inside. It was a modernized flat with all of the square edged granite and silver-grey painted walls. The washed out wood flooring and high squared off base board finished the modern look. There were green, leafy plants everywhere and for as modern as it was, it did feel warm and cozy. Alex hit a button and the fireplace turned on immediately. She cut the other lights, and now the fire was all that illuminated the main living room. There was a large, white, bear skin shaped, fluffy rug in front of the fire and it looked comfortable as hell. I sat on a small ottoman in front of it while Alex walked into the other room.

Epic, motivation type music all of a sudden started playing on the apartment sound system and I watched as Alex re-entered the room. She was wearing a long, deep purple, silk robe and as she walked, her muscular, front leg would flash out of the front cut of the material. She slowly walked to the glass bar, poured us each a splash of Scotch and approached me with the drink. We each had a sip of the warm, malty, buttery beverage. Alex then smiled, took a few steps back, methodically untied the robe belt and then slowly slid it down her tall, muscle-bound physique. I was staring at perfection and my cock was bursting through my pants. Alex's buff, olive skinned body was completely naked and just feet in front of me. She slightly squatted her muscular right leg, stuck her left leg out to the side, fully flexed.

The quad muscles separated into two distinct full, muscle bodies and the teardrop around her knee cap was, well, captivating. Her abs were hard and ripped and as she breathed, I could see them kind of flex and relax with each exhale. She had thick lats on each side of her full torso and she had her left hand gripping her side waist, while her right arm was in a full, biceps pose. As Alex turned her head to the right, to view her massive, baseball shaped bicep, her long dark hair fell over her tall traps and rounded shoulders. As she and I both stared at her beautiful arm, she stuck out her exceptionally long tongue and began licking and kissing her bulging bicep. My mouth was watering as Alex looked back towards me and said, "C'mon, have a taste won't you." 100% aroused, I lept up and walked up to her massive arm. She was a few inches taller than me, so I had to get on my tippy toes to reach the top of her biceps glorious surface. I began kissing and licking it intensely.

Alex now had me completely transfixed. She walked me back to the bear shaped rug as I continued to kiss her arm. She slowly pulled off my belt and without even thinking, I dropped my pants to the ground and threw off my shirt. I then wrapped my arms around her neck, jumped up, and also wrapped my thin legs around her muscular mid-section. We kissed deeply for a minute or so before Alex slowly lowered me to the ground beneath her. She laid me on my back, placed her massive right thigh on my left side, her herculean left thigh on my right side and took my fully erect cock into her pussy. It was warm and moist and I had failed to tell her that I was still a virgin. As she started slowly lowering and raising her muscular body up and down on my cock, the tingling satisfaction I felt was mind numbing. Her pussy had some sort of unreal muscle control, and it was actually grabbing and releasing my cock over and over again while we fucked.

My hands were on Alex's muscular quads, but I slowly moved them up and massaged her gorgeous abs and wide, thick Lats as she continued to pump on top of me. She looked down at me as I felt her gorgeous body and asked, "Ohh Kenji, you love my buff muscles don't you." "Ya huh." I answered back affirmatively. "And you love how powerful I am, don't you?" "Ya huh." I answered again, "And you love how I'm taller than you, don't you?" "Ya huh." I responded a third time. "That's what I thought." She finished with a rye smile as she continued to ride me forcefully. I continued rubbing my palms all over her Lats and protruding abs as the pleasure in my loins was getting hotter and hotter. As she eventually quickened her pace, and her vagina muscle grabbed and released my penis, I reached down and put my hands on her bulging, muscular quads. They flexed and relaxed and flexed and relaxed over and over again beneath my palms. The protruding, bulging muscles had to be strong as fuck and knowing she was exponentially stronger than me was an added turn on.

Alex pumped on me faster and faster and faster and I let out a small squirt of cum as the pleasure of her warm, tight pussy was becoming too great. In a flash, she yelled, "No you don't!" peeled her tight, moist pussy off my wet, throbbing cock and lowered her head on to my knob. I was now looking down at the top of her gorgeous, long, straight, black hair and wide, rounded, cut, muscle-bound shoulders. Her mouth was as tight as her warm pussy and she took my entire shaft into her throat, licked it firmly with her tongue and kept popping her lips off the outer edge of my penis head. The tingling sensation was becoming too much for me to contain and as the pleasure increased, I began to shoot out small spurts.

Alex eagerly kept methodically pumping her head up and down my cock and swallowing every ounce of my white milk. I placed my hands on top of her muscle-bound shoulders as she worked me over. They were so full, and round and strong. I loved them. My small hands couldn't even come close to covering their massive surface! As I massaged her muscles, she continued to suck me harder than I ever thought possible and she became so aggressive at it, I just pulled my head back, rolled my eyes in the back of my head and enjoyed the feeling. Her thrusts were so forceful, my butt was almost bouncing off the rug with each one. My tip was continually hitting the back of her throat and I was feeling the lustful pleasure of a lifetime. Eventually, the tight, rapid, moist suction on my penis was too much. My body started to stiffen and pulse with ecstasy and in a moment, the pleasure was immense and I exploded my thick, sticky, cum into her. Alex gulped and gulped and gulped as the pulses of my juices flowed into her. She sucked and swallowed long after I quit actively shooting out my stuff and she was determined to lick up every last drop. I couldn't believe someone could be that addicted to my love juice, but as she slowly moved her warm tight lips, up my shaft and off my penis head with a pop, she looked deeply into my eyes like I had given her the top, finest 5-star steak meal ever.

Alex patiently waited above my now shrinking cock and quickly licked up any additional splodge as it leaked from the tip. After a few final clean-ups, Alex slithered her long, muscular, rock-hard body up next to mine. She gave me a long sweet kiss, wrapped her thick arm and heavy torso onto me, raised a hot, massive, powerful leg on top of mine and nestled her head into my neck, slowly going to sleep, her warm soft breath touching my skin, romantically intertwined with me. I stared at the ceiling, exhausted, but as satisfied and content as I had ever been in my life, enjoying the muscle filled moment and slowly fell asleep as well.

Too be continued...