

The Vine

Teresa and Andrea were becoming absolute muscle monsters. I had just made love to over 600 pounds of meaty, muscle babes and I was going to do everything to make me as desirable as possible to them. Now cleaned up from yet another epic love making session, I threw on a short, white pleated skirt. Then I pulled on some thigh high, thin, skin tight, white socks with two red stripes at the top of them. They hugged my leg muscles spectacularly and I knew they would make the girls wild for me. Teresa had just bought me some pink and light blue Air Jordan's and they looked perfect on my petite feet and muscle bound legs. I wore a light blue, long sleeved crop top and put my hair in two pony-tails to finish off the look. I probably would remind people of a muscular, brunette old school Britany Spears.

When I strode confidently back into the room from the walk-in closet, the girls were nearly ready. Teresa was wearing no socks, just a pair of red and black Air Jordan's and a pair of tight fitting red shorts. She had a XXL Team USA Jordan basketball Jersey on, and her massively muscled torso and towering, full traps made it look skin tight and like an extra small. Her gargantuan 26" biceps and triceps commanded the room and she looked stronger than a team of NFL football players. Her long hair hung gracefully down her back and although her huge muscles were almost impossible to take my eyes of of...I was overwhelmed by the size of the bulge in her shorts.

In slight contrast, Andrea, like me, was dressed more feminine and had taken a few minutes to put on some dark eye-liner and red lipstick. Her hair was long and hung with a slight curl. She wore a black dress that came to about mid-thigh and finished off her outfit with a pair of high heeled black shoes. I loved when she wore heels because she was taller than me and her calves exploded into their signature diamond shape and became wider than most men's thighs. Her dress had a deep v-cut in the front and her muscle-laden pecs were bursting upward and outward, with a hard, deep crevasse between them.

I wanted to give her a final piece to her amazing look. So I grabbed a gold necklace from the dresser, laid the chain over her insanely developed traps and I closed the clasp behind her neck. My face was inches from Andrea's and she looked at me like a teenage boy enamored with the Hollywood bikini babe of the day. I was equally impressed with her dazzling beauty and wide smile. We leaned in for a quick pec and she reached around and gave my ass a squeeze. I tried to return the favor by placing my hands on the back of her ass...the silky black material of her dress the only thing keeping my skin from touching hers. But her fucking glutes were as hard as rocks and my grip created zero dent in their rounded, massive shape. Even so, I loved the feel of her body and this mammoth Ms. Olympia was going to be mine again soon.

"Well look at my two fit, muscular babes." Teresa interjected the moment, "I can't wait to show you both off at The Vine today."

The Vine was an out-door/Indoor mall that wined around the side of a small foothill in the area and it also was constructed at the site of a bygone vineyard...thus the name. It was full of high-end shops and the who's who of the city could often be spotted there.

My wife grabbed each of our palms with her firm, but loving hands and led us out to the drive. She opened the door for us each and we hopped in and let her drive us to The Vine. Teresa was absolutely delicious looking and sitting behind her, I was amazed at how wide her shoulders had become. The left reached all the way to and actually hit the driver's side door, while her right shoulder stretched all the way to...and over the center consol. The rounded muscle bodies on top of them capped the shoulder with probably 20 plus pounds of thick meat! I knew she could now do front and side raise with 100 pound dumbbells and was probably stronger than any man in the world at that.

I reached out and massaged those gorgeous shoulder the entire way to the mall. As I did, I would occasionally bring my hands down to feel the gargantuan horseshoe shape in her triceps. Teresa thoroughly enjoyed when I ogled and caressed her massively developed muscles and she constantly desired to expand them larger and larger. I did everything I could to encourage her to continue to grow, and she lovingly obliged.

I had recently tried encircling her biceps muscle with both of my hands. They didn't even come close to being long enough and I would have needed a full third hand at least to attempt to fully grasp her muscle. As a default, I decided to try to encircle her forearms with both of my hands. Believe it or not, they weren't large enough to do that either. I now had a wife with biceps bigger than some men's waist and forearms larger than most guy's thighs. Clasp my hands together around one of her arms wasn't even close to being long enough. "Oh God she was the most captivating woman in history!" I secretly knew Andrea would be coming on strong over the next year to get to 350 plus pounds of muscle...but as of right now, Teresa held the Alpha title!

When we got to The Vine and began walking in, we were stopping traffic and pedestrians alike. There was my colossal wife who was as large as Mr. Olympia, but with a beautiful, athletic face and long hair. Her loving, muscle-bound Britney Spears looking spouse and then of course, the heavily muscled, gorgeous pretty and quickly growing Ms. Olympia Andrea.

For all of the people that think that muscles are gross on women and say derogatory things...I can tell you first hand that the people at The Vine that could catch their breath enough to speak as we walked by, had nothing but good and complimentary things to say. Whistles could be heard and I was getting workout questions and tons of admiration from women and men alike. I guess I came off as more approachable than Teresa and Andrea because of their sheer size. But they still had their share of positive comments and questions too.

My mom was really looking great herself. So we decided to spoil her with a bunch of really well made outfits from Athleta and LuLuLemon. I scoped out a navy blue above-the-knee dress for her that would really show off her gorgeous legs and arms. It had no sleeves and a free floating

skirt portion, but the midsection was tight and could amplify her tight abs. Speaking of abs, my mom did love to show off her ripped and muscular mid-section, so we bought her a bunch of skirt and sports top combos that would do just that. It wasn't long till we spent over \$1000 on her but she was worth it...and she loved opening gifts.

We found a gift wrap place in the outdoor mall and dropped off the gifts to get them put in gift bags and boxes. It would be a bit of a wait, so we decided to hit the popular steak house in The Vine and have a wonderful meal.

It was kind of an inside-outside restaurant and the hostess decided we should be out in the patio to be visible to anyone walking by. I know that management always asks hosts to seat the attractive people where passersby can see them and it was free advertising for the business. The fact that she sat us there was more validation that even this young girl thought we were good looking enough to get the premier seating. There was just a small cool looking low metal wire post and fence styled separation between the outside tables and the huge walkway, so it almost felt like you weren't even part of the restaurant...almost had a picnic type of vibe to it.

Occasionally guys and girls would see us as they were passing by. Teresa with her huge muscles and me and Andrea's would garner more stares and comments. It was all part of the experience of being in public when you were this big and we were kind of getting used to it.

We eventually got our big, juicy, perfectly broiled steaks. The butter was sizzling loudly and the aroma was to die for. I cut a small slice, brought it up to my mouth, eagerly closed my lips around it and felt a small bit of heaven when the flavor crashed upon my tongue. I chewed it slowly and enjoyed the amazing taste with each small swallow. Other than having Teresa's glorious cock in my mouth, this steak was a close second!

Andrea, Teresa and I were thoroughly enjoying our meal...so much so, that we had barely spoken a word to each other. Just as the euphoria of the great steaks was starting to calm...a loud noise startled us. "Murderers!!! Psychopaths!!! Carnivores!!!" was yelled through a loud speaker just a few feet from our table.

I turned in shock to see this hippie looking fat chick and her equally disheveled looking thin boyfriend. They shouted at us uncontrollably and she held a sign that read something about how we are killing animals and ruining the planet. Judging by our size, they must have assumed we were the biggest meat eaters in the place and they seemed to focus all of their attention on us. I looked over and saw Teresa clench her fists forcefully. The muscles in her forearms and biceps exploded into gigantic mounds of meat and I knew she was pissed. I placed my palm on her rock hard, pumped up arm and said, "Calm down babe. They'll leave in a few minutes when security gets her...let's just wait it out."

She kind of just sighed, although if looks could kill, those two antagonists would be dead. I could tell she had relaxed slightly and I decided to take another bite of my steak, even as the

insults continued to come. I wasn't happy they were there, but I figured we just paid a pretty penny for this meal and I was going to eat it.

But just as I was taking a bite, the fat girl reached over and flipped my plate in the air. The steak flew several feet over and dropped to the ground. Before I could react, the girl reached towards Andrea's plate. But Andrea was ready. She reached over, grabbed the fat chick by the hair and thrust her onto the ground beside our table. She hit the deck harder than my steak and Andrea yelled, "Oh no you don't Bitch!" as she poured her glass of water on her head.

It was an awesome move and I was immediately proud of her. But the fat chick stood up as quickly as she could and again reached for Andrea's plate. This time, Andrea grabbed the heavy girl with her powerful arms, flipped her upside down like a child and smashed her into the trash bin just on the other side of the small, separating wire fence.

The guy screamed like a chick through the megaphone as he watched his girlfriend get treated like the piece of garbage that she was. How dare her, for feeling she could ruin our expensive meals because she wanted to project her own frickin' opinions on everyone in society. I was happy she was now face down in the trash receptacle and laughed as I looked at the shocked, horror on the guy's face, as he had clearly messed with the wrong girls.

But the rage overcame him, and before he could think, he flipped the cap off of the 20oz. cup he was carrying and flung the liquid at Andrea. Luckily, her reflexes were lightning quick and she leaned out of the way of the oncoming substance. I was not so quick unfortunately and in an instant, I was covered with a large amount of red paint. "Take that you Murdering Bitch!" he yelled at me as the paint covered my tits, top and face.

Teresa lept up and over the small fence immediately. The guy was in complete shock as he watched 350 pounds of heavily developed muscle fly through the air and land with a thundering bang just a few feet in front of him. As he turned and ran, the pussy left his girlfriend still face deep in the bin while he tried to save his own skin.

Teresa quickly took chase and the enormous muscles in her glutes, thighs and calves exploded outwardly with each powerful stride. She would have easily caught him in just a few paces, but as she got to him, the complete loser flipped over a baby carriage right in front of her. She had to stop to see if the baby was injured, but luckily the carriage was empty as the mother was holding the baby a few feet away. There's no way the guy knew that when he pulled off that deplorable action and it made me realize he had no respect for human life.

I had jumped to follow and as I ran into the parking lot, I saw the guy get in his Prius right before Teresa could get him. As always with these idiots, he had a "Coexist" sticker on the back window. He wasn't really doing much "Coexisting" with anyone who thought differently than him though...typical protesting ass hole!

My wife angrily reached out and grabbed the door handle. Of course the door was locked and with her insane strength, Teresa ripped the handle completely out of the door. The dude had a

look of fear in his eyes and he tried to speed away. But he was a crappy driver and had parked so crooked in the parking spot, he actually backed into the car next to him. As he put the car in forward to move up in the spot before backing up again, Teresa didn't give him that chance. With what I could only call Super-Strength, my wife reached down, grabbed the side of the car and heaved it up in the air. With insane strength, she turned the car completely on its side and now totally off its wheels. Her biceps and quads were flexing massively and I wanted to tell her to stop, but I didn't. I desperately wanted to see what she was going to do.

As I heard his ear piercing screams from inside the vehicle, I watched my wife's spectacular muscles move and expand as she leaned into the back of the Prius and began pushing it forward. There was a small ditch filled with water below and she forcefully shoved the car into it. The nose of the car banged into the opposite side of the small ditch and the car fell over onto its top. The guy kicked open the door and threw himself out and onto the bank, soaking wet and crying profusely following the fear that must have completely overtaken him.

Teresa then walked up to me, her powerful, intimidating, gorgeous body glistening in the warm sunlight. She grabbed my hand and said, "Are you alright baby?"

"Yah hon. I'm alright, just a little startled at all the loudness and aggressiveness of the damn activists I guess." I answered.

"Good. I'm so sorry he hit you with that paint. Let's get you home and cleaned up babe." She finished as she grabbed my hand and quickly walked us back to the restaurant.

As we approached the steak house, the fat bitch had somehow wiggled her sloppy body out of the trash bin and was walking towards the parking lot. A food wrapper was still stuck to her clothing and it looked like mustard and a mix of other condiments and liquid was strewn across her face and body. She was also teary eyed and must have been embarrassed as hell at the shit storm she and her boyfriend had brought upon themselves. I couldn't wait for her to get back to see her car on its roof and stuck in a ditch!

Andrea was waiting for us and let us know that the restaurant manager had comped our meal due to the situation. So Teresa grabbed her hand too and said, "We probably need to get going, security might not be too pleased at what I did to their fucking car." Andrea just looked at us with very questioning eyes and I said, "We'll fill you in on the way home." And we hurried away.

We made a quick stop to grab our recently wrapped gifts and made our way to her truck in the parking lot on the opposite side of The Vine. Teresa covered me in a towel to keep the red paint from getting on everything and she placed me in the back seat. She and Andrea jumped in the front and she drove us away quickly.

I realized how stupid people could be and was glad to have my muscle-laden wife and Andrea to protect me when needed.

We arrived home and I had wiped most of the paint off my body, but I definitely needed to clean up properly and was happy to jump in the sower immediately. I stripped off my Air Jordan's and knee high socks. Then pulled down my skirt and panties, before lifting the paint covered top over my head. I got the water as hot and steamy as possible and lathered my muscular body with a ton of soap.

I basically poured half the bottle over my head and let the slippery liquid run down my breasts and abs. Then across my muscular thighs and finally down my hard calves to my tired feet. It was doing the job and the red paint that once streamed down and into the drain was now only soap mixed warm water. I had hoped to shower with Teresa, but she never joined me and I dried off and wrapped the towel around me before entering the bedroom.

To my elated surprise, my gorgeous wife was sitting naked at the end of the bed. Her monster cock was fully erect and she had a shit eating smile on her face as I approached. Now I knew this afternoon would have a happy ending and I was eager to take her foot long cock inside of me.

Her massive, diamond shaped calves and thundering, muscle-bound quads were separated just enough for me to slip my legs between them. But as I started to reach down to grab her majestic love rod, my wife put out her hand and stopped me saying, "Watch this babe...I want to show you something."

I kind of took a half step back and watched in total amazement and she leaned her upper body forward, hovered her mouth over her own tip and with a bit of a stretch, took her own cock into her mouth. Her muscular back was massively aloft below me as I watched her head bob up and down slowly upon herself.

"Holy Shit babe!" I exclaimed in utter astonishment. I didn't even know that was possible. I would have never come close to being able to do that in my former life!

She took a few more blows at it and then slowly raised up...a massive smile across her face. But jealousy quickly hit and I knew that I wanted to service her way better than she could ever do herself. I dropped to my knees and immediately wrapped my mouth around her perfectly shaped, rosy, pliable tip. I loved the feeling as its width filled my lips and crashed into the back of my throat. She boinked it into my esophagus purposely but I had no gag reflex and easily took in her extra length. My tongue now caressed the bottom of her shaft and I felt it filling even more and more as my pleasure filed gyrations sent bolts of ecstasy through her body.

I plunged my head upon her tip over and over and over again. I never wanted her to be able to provide herself with as much satisfaction as I could give her. I tightened my lips as tight as possible around her thick rod and pushed my head forcefully upon it. My hands were firmly gripping the muscles bulging out of her thighs and she took the opportunity to squeeze me between their awesomeness.

As I continued to enjoy the taste of her love rod and occasionally gulped down shots of her pre-ejaculation she leaned down and whispered in my ear, “I want to finish...I want to finish.”

I was still in a bit of disbelief that she could stretch down and reach but I was always wanting to please her and would get her as close as I could and then send her in. I started thrusting my head upon her cock faster and faster. At the same time, I began slightly shaking my head from side to side with a rapid but vibrating type of motion. Teresa let out a satisfying moan and I knew I was sending huge jolts of pleasure thorough her.

Her cock was absolutely filled to the max and the girth of her shaft in my mouth was almost overwhelming. I continued to slide my lips up and down it, while occasionally getting a little pop out of her beautifully shaped tip as it briefly exited my mouth. I would then immediately drop my mouth deeply onto it again and start the whole process over.

With each gratifying round, Teresa made louder and louder moans and shook her body more and more violently. Her muscles would flex and my entire body would briefly be squeezed between her power-laden thighs and crushed like a tin can. Eventually, I got her to the point of busting a nut and I patted the top of her thighs to let her know it was time.

At the perfect moment, right as she was about to explode, I lifted my moist, tight lips from her cock and leaned back as I watched her stretch forward and intake her own tip inside her lips. As Teresa made a second or third thrust upon her own cock, it happened. My wife ejaculated her own white gu vigorously. The cum shot startled her for a moment as her entire, muscular back flexed intensely. I placed my palms on the towering mounds of muscles and watched them move in rhythm with her thrusts. She swallowed and swallowed and swallowed and it seemed to her like she had a never-ending supply of semen.

I reveled in getting her to this point and as she began to slow down her pumps and the liquid didn't blast out as quickly, Teresa raised her head to look at me. She had the most satisfied look of love and contentment that I had ever seen and I immediately leaned my lips into hers and kissed her passionately. The sweet, white liquid was still on her lips and in her mouth and I sucked it and swallowed it eagerly. I cleaned her lips and mouth out for many minutes and leaned my breasts against her bulging, powerful pecs as we kissed.

Teresa wrapped her muscle bound arms around my body, pulled me tightly against hers and leaned back on the bed. She was now beneath me and my entire body was resting on her muscular form. Her rock hard cock dug forcefully into my torso and I was as happy as I had ever been in my life at that moment. A new and exciting opportunity had just opened up for us and I was going to enjoy going on this sexual gratifying journey with her. I closed my eyes and rested my head on her gargantuan chest...matching my breathing rhythms with hers and knowing we were know one.