

Flight Guest

I looked at Teresa and she looked back at me in a bit of shock and embarrassment. We were in such a damn hurry to get the hell out of Vegas, we forgot to tell Andrea. Out of all the people in the world I wanted to have join us, it would be her. But she had a life somewhere, a boyfriend Greg, and more Ms. Olympia titles to win. I hadn't yet completely realized the effect our pheromones were having on people when we first met her, and now I knew. "Shit" of course Andrea would track us down and be beside herself if we had disappeared on her.

"Andrea, I'm so sorry, it's not what you think." I blurted out to her immediately.

"It looks like you were leaving...am I wrong." She shot back angrily.

I tried to appease her and answered "Yes, you're right Andrea. We freaked out about something and needed to get the hell out of here. I'm sorry, but I was for sure going to call you when we got home and invite you out."

She didn't seem to buy it at all and still looked at me with a queer eye. I took a step forward and wrapped my arms around her massive, muscular frame. Again I was impressed about how absolutely, freakishly huge she was and how rock-solid granite-like her muscles were, even though she hadn't even been genetically enhanced like me and Teresa. As I held her tightly, my wife extended her herculean biceps and forearms around us both. I was in the middle of 500 pounds of insane female muscle and I definitely had to rethink our plan with Andrea as I wanted this to be a regular thing.

In our loving embrace, Andrea seemed to calm down a little and she was able to take a breath and think a little more rationally. As she did she said, "I'm sorry too Denise and Teresa, I know I should have trusted you but I just want you two in my life so badly, I was afraid to let you go for a second." As she spoke, there were tears welling up in her eyes and as Teresa said a few kind things back, they released and began running down her beautiful, ripped, athletic cheeks.

I loved how muscle-bound and pretty Andrea's face and smile were. She could melt a heart with one look, and it was obvious she was melting me and Teresa's. We told her we needed to have a very serious, probably life-changing talk with her when we got back home. My wife then spoke up and said, "Andrea, we think the world of you but have to admit to you that these bodies, these perfectly sculpted physiques were forged with hard work, of course...but also a

little something else. It's a secret we wanted to keep to ourselves and go on living our somewhat normal and controlled lifestyles. But with everything I guess, there seems to be positives and negative and consequences seemingly beyond our control. We need to figure out a way to wrap our arms around these uncontrollable aspects of our enhanced beings and it's kind of freaking us out. That's why we were in such a hurry to get out of here. D and I really needed to get home and see if there was some way to kind of control or get a handle on this new aspect of ourselves."

"Oh guys." She answered, "I'm so glad you're sharing this with me right now and I know I can help. When anyone first starts taking *advanced supplementation*, there are some major emotional roller-coaster we go through. It's part of the process and I know I can help you guys battle through it."

It was clear Andrea thought we were taking some sort of steroid. Who could blame her? I came seemingly out of nowhere to win the amateur physique division while Teresa had more muscle than a Mr. Olympia male bodybuilding competitor. In addition to her huge cock, Teresa was certainly like no one Andrea or anyone had ever seen or met before.

Andrea now felt like she was in a position of trust with us again and we actually kind of accepted her invitation to help us "Cope With", our *advanced supplementation*. Teresa and I looked at each other, knew we needed to support Andrea and agreed to stay a little longer and attend her competition. We were going to kind of quarantine ourselves to our room except to quickly attend her show. It seemed to set her even more at ease and Andrea thanked me and we made out for a few short moments. Andrea then finished kissing me and wanted to thank my wife as well.

They interlocked lips and Andrea slowly slipped her hand down Teresa's shorts and gave her cock a nice squeeze and several more moments of rubbing and massaging. She was getting my wife excited and Teresa began to gyrate her hips a bit in rhythm with Andrea's firm hold and I knew how great Andrea was making my wife feel. I walked over and pulled the hotel room curtains shut to block out the light and bring the room into a dimly lit ambiance.

I wanted to join in but this was one of those times when I knew it might be better to just watch. After kissing for several more moments, Andrea couldn't help herself. She slowly squatted down, lowered the shorts down and past my wife's massive, herculean quads and exposed her full-fledged erection. I licked my lips at the sight of my wife's perfectly formed, huge, long, rosy

tipped cock. But unfortunately, it wasn't my turn to take its tasty girth and tip into my mouth, it was Andrea's.

Andra's head was now cock height and she started to throttle her head back and forth on my wife's love rod. I couldn't get over the sight of her 18" biceps and triceps flexing over and over again. The insane size and hardness of Andrea's arms was exhilarating and I reached my hand down my pink panties to have my own fun.

Andrea was pleasuring my wife greatly and her right arm was reaching up and stroking my wife's massive love wand. The horseshoe shaped triceps muscle was flexing and relaxing rapidly. I loved the erotic dance she was performing on my wife and my fingers were quickly titillating my own g-spot. While I flicked my own pleasure sensor repeatedly, I lifted my left hand and began massaging and caressing my own, bulging six-pack abs. As much as I loved the huge, mammoth, powerful muscles on my towering wife, I also loved my own, rock-hard, fit, muscular body. The tightness of my skin and the thickening, muscle bodies beneath it gave me an erotic sense of pleasure every time I looked in the mirror or decided to drag my palms a top their rounded, hard, bulging surfaces.

I reached over and grabbed the body oil off the nightstand and drenched my abs and pussy with the slippery liquid. It felt amazing and had a luke-warm heat to it as I continually rubbed it into my rigid, ripped, trophy winning oblique's and abs. As I did, the liquid entered my vagina through my firmly held fingers. It began to heat up my clit even more than my stomach and the satisfying, tickling sensations began to move swiftly through my entire body. I laid down on the bed with my left hand still seductively caressing the deep valleys between my individual, well defined, separated ab muscles. My right hand and extended fingers were moving sensually back and forth upon my clit and as I was heating up greatly from the hot oil and pleasure filled motions, I tilted my head to look back over at my wife and Andrea.

Andrea was on her knees and I looked down from the side at her gorgeously sculpted glutes. As she motioned her head back and forth on my wife's cock, her glutes would continually flex and mildly relax. The concave, bowl like shape in the side of the ass muscle would fill in, full of more brawny, meaty power, and then flex inward, again forming the insanely attractive concave shape in its side again. On top of that, were thick, but clearly visible muscle fiber striations on the top and back surface of the glute. It actually formed wave like ripples tough it when it was in the flexing portion of the flexing and relaxing rotation.

Below Andrea's incredibly developed glutes, were these thick, ebony colored, gargantuan hamstrings. As they were supporting her muscle-laden body, they would also continually flex and relax over and over again. Her hamstring muscles were so over-developed, that they probably contained more muscle than an average man's quads. The roundness and the amount they protruded from the back of her legs was immense. I started finger banging myself almost violently and more and more rapidly just staring at Andrea's crazy muscle-filled rear leg. I was a sucker for supremely developed hamstrings for some reason and I loved the feel of that perfectly sculpted muscle beneath my hands.

She also had an exquisitely developed thigh and the way her quad hung so dramatically and full in the front of her leg made them look thicker than a grown man's waist. It was clearly more full and broader than her own beautifully muscled torso and it gave her an hourglass appearance, even from the side. Andrea's side-chest pose was the most impressive in the entire Ms. Olympia field. It was a signature pose that gave her a huge edge on the competition and I was just a couple feet from it. Ogling it. Fantasizing about how perfectly all of her massive, tremendous muscles all tied together to make up one of the most muscle-bound, sexiest women alive.

Just in front of her were my wife's greatly developed stems. The fact that they were 36" around made them the most massively developed, muscle-bound female legs in the world. Hugging just one of her massive legs was like hugging a full grown human being...and she had another one right next to it. I loved how powerful they had become and watching her squat over 600 pounds in the gym for reps was insane. The bar would bend greatly under all the heavy plates, but her flexing, exploding large quads would handle it without any problem. This mountainously muscular woman was my wife and I was thoroughly enjoying watching her get a blow job from the muscle-laden reigning Ms. Olympia.

As the pleasure from Andrea was starting to turn my wife on more and more, Teresa reached her powerful hand out and grabbed the back of Andrea's head. She then squeezed her fingers tightly around a patch of her dark hair and began jamming Ms. Olympia's head hard onto the end of her beautifully constructed cock. The rosy, bulbous tip started pounding the back of Andrea's throat firmly. Andrea loved the feeling of the rounded, firm shaft and tip bumping her inside of her and she squeezed her mouth even tighter upon the thickness of the massive missile.

Teresa pounded her rod harder and harder and faster and faster into Andrea. The force was immense and I could see my wife's gargantuan quad muscles flex tremendously with each

thrust. But Andrea took pleasure in every second of it and she was actually helping satisfy my sex crazed wife by blasting her neck and upper body forward and further into my wife's love rocket with each powerful stroke. I was enamored and uncontrollably turned on by the site of my colossal wife, with her biceps bulging arm, firmly grasping Ms. Olympia's hair and blasting Andrea's head upon her titanic dick!

The thought, a year or two ago, of seeing my wife completely out-muscle and over-power Andrea Shaw in a sexual act was unfathomable. But here I was, watching that exact thing happen to both my wife and even Andrea's full consent. The pleasure sensors in my own, fit, muscular, ripped physique were all going off. The tingling sensation in my clit was now overtaking my entire mind and body. I tilted my head back, rolled my eyes and jammed my fingers deeply inside of me. My hot, wet pussy was gyrating rapidly and within a few more moments of stroking, I gushed out my love juice all over my own moist fingers and hand. I continued to rub my g-spot firmly and reached ultimate satisfaction as I stared alluringly over at the two huge mounds of muscle in motion just beside me.

But now Teresa was also reaching the heightened state of ecstasy and both she and Andrea knew it. The pounding was continuing and the forceful nature of two, hugely muscled women, banging hard into each other sexually was exhilarating. Andrea was still being hammered by my wife's cock as she stroked its shaft as fast as she could with her muscle-laden right arm. The muscles in Andrea's neck had been working so hard, a huge, blood filled vein protruded greatly from its thick surface. It started from the top of her gigantic, weighty chest, ran up the side of her neck and then connected alluringly just below her chin.

Andrea's wide open mouth kept taking the punishment and Teresa kept applying it eagerly. The magical, tingling feeling began to overtake my wife and finally, as she continued to jam Andrea's head upon her substantial love arrow, Teresa's hips gyrated uncontrollably and she let out a wonderful, pleasure-filled scream and exploded violently. The cum blasted into Andrea with the force and volume I'd never seen before and it hit came out so hard, Andrea's powerful jaws had to clamo down with full force on my wife's cock to keep from being blown across the room.

The grip strength worked and Andrea began to swallow my wife's love cream eagerly. I could see gulp after gulp after gulp go down. But I quickly realized that Andrea had a competition in just a few hours and my wife's nutrition filled love milk was probably not going to help her look totally ripped. I quickly jumped off the bed, leaned into Andrea and begged her for my wife's

shaft. Luckily, as I quickly explained, Andrea realized that she probably shouldn't drink all the cum and let me in.

I grabbed the soaking wet rod and swiftly jammed my wife's gorgeous, dripping tip into my mouth. God it was huge, I loved the feeling of the large, one-eyed monster as the rounded, firm surface passed through my lips and upon my tongue. I eagerly I took it all the way in and my wife immediately began blasting her love shots deep into me as I swallowed them with great pleasure. The smooth, silky, salty but somehow sweet taste of my wife's love juice was incredible. I felt like I could live off of it if needed. It seemed so full of substance and nutrition.

I reached my hands around and placed each palm on the surface of my wife's massive, gargantuan glutes. The fullness and power in them was evident as I felt their massive, rock-solid surface and I was happy when I felt my wife also grab my hair in her strong fingers. I knew what was coming and was ecstatic as I felt my wife start plunging my head forcefully upon her cock. It seemed like she got a second wind and as the vigorous thrusts continued, I thoroughly enjoyed the act of my wife completely overpowering me and using my head and mouth as some sort of personal pleasure device. Her shaft rocketed through my lips and the bulbous tip was now banging hard into the back of my throat.

She had never stopped cuming though, so the white liquid was running deep into my throat but also leaking from my mouth and dripping down my chin. Andrea saw what was happening and couldn't help herself. She leaned her head in from the side and began licking the white love sauce from my face as my wife continued to pound me.

The forceful motion and explosions from my wife's shaft continued for several more minutes. My wife was producing more and more pints of cum and it was getting hard to even drink it all. In addition, it seemed like she could fuck and cum, fuck and cum, fuck and cum repeatedly. Getting her to do anything but lift weights, eat and fuck was getting more difficult. The more I thought about it, the more I realized we needed someone like Andrea in our daily lives. I was going to need help keeping my muscle-bound, massive cock wielding wife satisfied, and who better to help than the gorgeous Ms. Olympia. I knew Teresa was on board for the idea, so as soon as the show was over, I just had to extend Andrea the invite.

Teresa's authoritative grip and plunges of my head upon her dick finally started to slow down. I gulped down the last remnants of this latest explosion of love milk and then began to lick her cock clean while Andrea finished cleaning up the last drips from my chin. Teresa let out a huge

sigh, relaxed her body and fell backwards onto the bed, a heap of satisfied, lightly moaning meaty mass.

With a huge smile, Andrea and I made out briefly and she needed to take off and go get ready for her show. We promised to attend that night and I let her know we'd text her when we showed up. She left us front-row tickets at will call, so we were going to be impossible to miss, probably exactly what she wanted since she was so nervous that we might leave Vegas without her.

Teresa and I decided to rest together on the bed for another hour before getting ready. I curled myself up in her muscular arms and she lifted her massive top leg and lifted it over me, lightly lowering its heavy mass upon me, like always as we slept. I felt so protected under her herculean muscles and that contentment always allowed me to fall asleep in minutes.

After a light nap, my wife and I got up and took a nice hot, steamy shower. We had some fun in there as well. I always liked to lather up her massive, bulging muscles from top to bottom. It was always hard to pick a favorite body part to massage with the silky soap since all of her muscles were so perfectly developed. So I usually concentrated on her massive cock instead and often gave it a few loving strokes with my hands and mouth during our time under the hot, cascading water.

Neither of us were completely sure what to wear. We wanted to look good for Andrea and be presentable, but at the same time, we were trying not to make close contact with anyone while we tried to figure out what we could do to keep everyone from falling under our euphoric, hypnotic, loving spell. I went with a pair of the Ms. Olympia track pants and top they gave me as a physique competitor. It was a shiny red and fit the body tightly, but it didn't expose much skin, so I figured it was a good mix of sexy, but also a little conservative considering the venue. Teresa went with some black leggings, which obviously showed off every massive, herculean curve of her gargantuan calves and quads and glutes. But again, no skin was exposed and she put on a huge, baggy upper sweatshirt top to cover up the massive upper body muscles she possessed. The top was supposed to be pretty baggy, but her arms, wide shoulders and torso actually filled it pretty thoroughly. It did hang down a bit though, so her bulging crotch was fairly hidden just below the lower level of the sweatshirt material.

We eventually waded through the crowds at the show and tried not to make any eye contact with the fellow patrons. Eventually we found our seats and texted Andrea to let her know we

were there. She poked her head out from back-stage and gave us a huge smile and wave to thank us for attending. Eventually the lights went down and there was an electric buzz throughout the auditorium as the show was about to begin. The MC was very fun and witty and the music was fast paced and on point to amplify the energy that was already flowing through the room.

The different competitors took to the stage and they all looked insane in person and that close. The muscles were all perfectly tanned and the lights reflected the shiny substance to make all of the girls look alluring and very sexy. Eventually it was Andrea's turn to present her physique and she didn't disappoint. The muscles I had just ogled a couple hours earlier looked even more spectacular. Her smile was amplified with bright lipstick and pearly white teeth. On top of that, she had on a bit of glitter and her eyes sparkled like never before.

Andrea gave me and Teresa direct eye contact several times during her routine and especially during any of the line-ups. Teresa and I were absolutely falling in love with this gorgeous woman with every impressive double-biceps shot and especially her side chest. The peck muscles absolutely exploded from her torso and I was already imagining just how insanely developed they were going to become if she chose to let us take her through the DNA enhancement process.

I probably don't need to explain to anyone how over-the-top huge Andrea's muscles had become and it was clear that she would take home another Ms. Olympia title. As the awards began to be given out. Andrea just kept looking down at us and smiling widely. One by one the other competitors were given their medals, flowers and other prizes. And finally it came down to Andrea and the other bodybuilder. We all knew the eventual outcome and of course, the MC announced, "This year's Ms. Olympia is...you guessed it...repeating again!!!... Miss Andrea Shaw!!!"

We all jumped up in applause and loud whistles as Andrea also jumped up and celebrated by hugging all of her fellow competitors. Greg was so happy he ran up the stage to hug his champion girlfriend. To our surprise, Andrea basically ran past his outstretched arms, down the stage stairs next to the judges and directly over to me and Teresa. We grasped her emphatically and excitedly as her tan paint covered, slippery muscles embraced us. She showered us with kisses, hugs and smiles and after several loving moments, she eventually turned and returned to the stage for all the victory pictures and on-stage celebrations and awards.

She eventually gave her boyfriend Greg a hug and kiss, but I knew it was pretty much a goodbye embrace as she was surely coming home with us. After we watched Andrea continue to go through all the pomp and circumstance related to her victory, I texted her our flight info for 11 o'clock that night and let her know we reserved a seat for her if she wanted it. Obviously, Andrea returned the text and said ABSOLUTEY!

In just a few hours, I was thrilled to take our lives on an exciting and continuing journey, knowing we'd have a new, passionate, beautiful person taking it with us...