

A Very Mrs. Jones XMas Part 1

By 009ELI

Twass 3 days until Christmas...

‘How many days?’ the voiced outside the changing stall asked. The voice belonged to Marge Howitzer, a pleasant, perky mom from the nearby suburbs of Hawthorne.

‘Bill comes back on Christmas eve...’ Jinni called back from inside the changing stall which was located in the back area of the Victoria Secret at Hawthornes local mall. The place was reminiscent of the department store in Elf, fully done up in anticipation of the holiday season.

The store buzzed with activity as the last minute shoppers rushed through the store picking up gift items for the people in their life. Husbands shopped for lingerie, which they hoped would look pleasing on their wives, but wouldn’t start any fights. Moms looked for PJs for their daughters and a small traipsing of other customers shopped for odds and ends.

Jinni and Marge had come to the mall to buy a surprise for Jinni’s husband Bill who had been on the West Coast working on a large project for his company. The bodybuilding house wife decided the best way to welcome

him back would be a special late night surprise on Christmas Eve once their son Sebastian had been put to bed with visions of a new X Box consoles dancing in his head.

‘How does it look?’ Marge asked.

‘I’m not sure...’ came the concerned voice of Jinni from inside the stall. Jinni hasd spent the previous months of the summer bulking up from her middleweight division amateur status to her pro status after a string of wins in local bodybuilding shows. The suggestions from the judges was that she ‘go big’, and she had followed suit pushing her frame from more sculpted middleweight division and into the more bulging and muscular heavyweight status. The muscle had come on hard, thick and fast along with Jinni’s increase in eating and a shift in her supplement regiment as laid out by her trainer.

And now, here she was, shopping for the lingerie for the first time in months as a full on heavyweight BB.

‘Well... let me see...’ Marge asked as Jinni hesitantly unlatched the door and allowed her friend to step in.

‘So...’ Jinni asked expectantly.

‘Fuck...’ Marge said. ‘You look insane.’ The housewife and mother of three said her face contorted into dumbfounded surprise.

The outfit had been hard to shop for as Jinni’s newly built mass offered some challenges. Her waist remained relatively lean calling for a small size, but her heavy growth in her newly developed bowling ball glutes offered a challenge to the small microscopic panties.

While her upper body offered the reverse challenge. Jinni’s breast had become relatively small as she had forgone getting boob implants like some other girls had, instead choosing to go with powerful pumped pec look. Therefore, her cup sizes were still a relatively small B while her sheath of heavily built pec meat was closer to a CC. At the same time, Jinni’s wide girth back which sent a confused sales girl over to look at the plus size tops in order to select a bra big enough to contain the entirety of the bodybuilder’s upper body mass.

The scheme and design of the outfit had been chosen to go in line with a sexy Mrs Claus-look, a small set of red panties with white strings and bows attached, meant to convey the idea of candy canes... while the top was frilly. The overall effect would have no doubt given Chris Cringle a heart attack if he had ever walked in a Mrs Claus that looked like this.

‘That bad...’ Jinni said self consciously.

Marge had been with Jinni since her journey to bodybuilding success and charted her growth, but she still often had difficulty fathoming what her once waify friend had become. The mass of muscle that was Jennifer Hallifax Jones stood there in the micro panties and bra under the harsh fluorescent lights of the changing room. Jinni took her friends awe as trepidation.

‘It looks bad doesn’t it, hun’ Jinni asked twirling and spinning daintily in the pair of heels she had brought in order to try on the lingerie as she would be modeling for her husband.

Jinni turned and spun looking at her backside in the mirror. It was the first time Margie had been exposed to the muscular woman’s back and hindquarters in the tiny outfit. Just as she was finally becoming able to process for friends formidably muscular front side, she was hit with the severe nature of the back of her friend’s body.

From the relatively dainty ankles of her small feet in heels the muscles ballooned up to her thick powerful calves and up to the flow of her covered hamstrings, glute tie ins and up to her massive back and rippled out across her broad shoulders and tapered down her muscle bulged arms.

Margie eyes took in the entirety of Jinni's mass for a moment before finally blurting out... 'You look fucking hot girl!'"

'I don't know. It's just hard to see it.'

'Well then you're the only one cause I can tell you that everyone could see it when we walked through the mall.'

Margie's eyes took a moment and floated down to the sculpted distended ends of Jinni's hard fought chunks of glute meat which stretched the back of teensy fabric of the rear of panties. The muscle meat of the lower part of her body was so pronounced and extreme that each slight step and quiver seemed to fire off flickers of the striated muscle beneath.

The look was in some ways so extreme and startling Margie found herself both in awe at, and in complete disgust with the sheer development that stood before her.

Jinni traced her friend's eyes down to her prominent glutes which hung out from undies, high and hard giving zero sag to the effect of gravity. She thought for a moment about playfully giving her friend a quick show and flex, but as she took in her friend's ashen, amazed face she thought better of it. Given how unsure her friend already looked, it was

unclear whether she could withstand the severity of the muscle when flexed into its full on, rock hard form.

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Walking through the Christmas laden mall, wreaths hung from all the high columns, stores were decked out in all types of decorations and at the center of the grand mall's lobby there even sat a makeshift Santa Village complete with Santa laughing and taking photos with all the kids.

Jinni and Marge walked through the revelers clutching their shopping bags. Jinni had purchased the lingerie along with a couple of sets of leggings to which a baffled sales associate had worked hard to find the right size that managed to contain both the bulk of her built thighs and still fit around her small waist.

Soon the two had found the food court with Margie stopping to get a burger from a nearby kiosk while Jinni brought out one of her containers for pre-measured out food servings of grilled chicken, brown rice and the perfect amount of broccoli which she was forced to carry with her now as that was her one form of sustenance in preparation for her upcoming contest next month.

'This won't bother you?' Asked Marge, concerned, and she bit into her juicy burger. She was always amazed at her

friend's level of discipline as she ate the brown grainy chicken and dry looking rice.

Margie stared as her friend finished up the last of the food in the plastic container. To her the food looked like mush, but Jinni's bulging shoulders and the thick cords of bicep and triceps muscle which stretched the sleeves of her sweater certainly did not.

'So it's the trebele-lone... trenbalone... that's been the main difference in your body....?' Marge finally asked.

'Trenbolone' Jinni corrected as her friend tried to say the new of the newest chemical aid she had added to her regiment. Marge was one of the only friends Jinni had confided her use in although the size she maintained now left little doubt that she had jumped to the next level using chemical help;

'We just call it Tren for short.' Jinni said finishing off the next mouthful of rice before chasing it with a gulp of water.

'Okay I'll remember that next time I talk to one of my weightlifter buddies.' Marge said. They laughed, it had been an odd friendship which had graduated from talking about handbags and their kids education to Marge being versed on the latest in diets and steroid use as her friend's

trajectory had taken off. Yet Marge didn't care because Jinni was real, thoughtful and honest and she appreciated a loyal friend.

Trenbolone was nicknamed 'the monster steroid' and had remained probably last rung that Jinni was willing to take to advance her physique. Due to its extreme nature it had called for an incredibly strict dosing regimen in order to offset its possible side effects and long half life as per her trainer. Jinni recalled with a little bit of embarrassment how the small alarm on her phone had gone off timing for her next dose in the middle of a book club she was attending.

As the circle of woman sat outside discussing the latest James Patterson novel, she slipped off to the bathroom to delicately administer herself with 30 mgs of Russian made grade-A steroid. And she chuckled to herself as her friends sat out their eating biscuits and drinking tea as she jabbed the needle full of the thick substance into the glute cheek of her pulled down yoga pants.

She sat for a moment as she could feel the milky warmth of the oil enter her blood stream and rush to the muscle. She rubbed the small divot of collected substance that had formed under her skin, massage it deeply into her body to rush on its way to rebuild her muscles stronger as she

looked at the few assembled photos of her friends smiling family lined the inside of the pretty decorated bathroom.

With a few bites, Jinni finished up her container of food and ran the last bit of chicken sopping up what was left of the rice. She chewed for a moment and took a sip of her bottle of water which she was required to drink at least two servings of throughout the day.

It was only when she had finished eating that she become fully aware of them –

Margie had noticed them sooner and Jinni followed Margie's eye line across the food court to a table of about 6 teenage boys sitting and eating burgers. They looked in Jinni's direction, but quickly looked away when they saw the muscle woman make contact with them.

'How long have they been looking?' Jinni asked her friend.

'Basically since you sat down.' Marge said.

Jinni nodded and seemed to take this in. She turned and looked and smiled in their direction, it was a warm inviting smile. The leader of the group, a kind of jock like fella with long skateboarder hair that fell in his eyes, turned and smiled back. As if he'd won the lottery or proved his

manhood, he turned and spoke to his friends who giggled loudly.

‘Do you think they’ve seen the photos?’ Jinni asked Marge with some bit of concern in her voice.

‘They’ve all seen the photos’ Margie offered back with a slight up turn in her lip that was offered more in the leering teenagers direction than her friend.

‘The photos’ as they had come to be known were a set of images from a photo shoot Jinni had done after her last contest. They depicted Jinni near contest peak, tuned-in and dialed up to 10 with her bulging musculature on full display. Jinni had hired a photographer on the advice of her trainer to take a series of professional photos to use in case she wanted to gain sponsorship. The photos depicted Jinni a teeny tiny bikini had been tastefully shot and fully within her comfort level. It was only when a few images leaked out did it come into perspective for her just how these photos may be perceived by others in the community.

While tasteful in the realms of bodybuilding photography for female pros, the photos were wildly eye raising for a suburban mom of the local community. And within a short period of time that they had got out on-line they had made the rounds being forwarded via email, message board

posting and private chat room to seemingly every member of the small Hawthorne community.

There Jinni's body, a seeming work of athletic pride that she was confident and proud in – was turned into an element of controversy. Quiet whispers and comments circulated with the photos 'did you see this... totally disgusting... what is wrong with this woman...' as the photos made their rounds though Jinni and her close friends stood their ground coming to her aid. Although much of the flames had seemed to die down as people went on with their lives, the controversy hit its apex for a few short weeks in the beginning of the school year. A few print outs of the photos were found in some of the older boys lockers at school, as well as some of the teachers, but all through the controversy Jinni kept her chin held high and her mind focused on her training.

'That's gotta be crazy Jinni to think about... a bunch of horny teenage boys pleasuring themselves to your image. I don't even think any teenagers pleased themselves to me when I was a teenager.' Margie joked.

'I honestly don't really try to think about it.' Jinni answered, a bit embarrassed but also a little flattered by some of the attention.

‘Oh my god... One of them is coming over here...’ Margie chirped excitedly.

It’s true. The long haired skater and obvious leader of the group had made his way over to the table trudging across the busy Christmas decoration festooned concourse of the food court. When he had first started striding towards the table, he has seemed bold with the kind of confidence one seems to only have at a certain stage of adolescence, but as he drew closer to the table, and closer to Jinni, his confidence seemed to wane. Now he stood near the table, literally turning his hat over in his hand seemingly at a loss for what to do.

Finally, he recovered enough to whisper, “ Are you the... the ‘mom bodybuilder?’” He asked Jinni, his eyes only glancing up from the cap in his hands to her dazzling blue eyed gaze, before once again acquiescing once more in front of the older beauty.

‘Guilty...’ Jinni said with a slight wink and a cock of her head which caused her dangly earring to momentarily brush across the meaty expanse of her thick traps which were stretching the neck of her sweater.

‘What’s your name...’ Jinni said sweetly and tapped the young man’s hand delicately in a way that communicated both the knowing power and the effect her presence was

having on the young nervous man, along with an emphatic warmth.

‘John...’ He answered again nervous. ‘Me and some of the guys were wondering if we can just get a photo with you. We saw those pictures and DAMN do you look cool.’

‘Sure!’ Jinni said beaming. And stood subtly adjusting her mass filled sweater and made her way over to the table of gawking teenagers.

A Very Mrs. Jones XMas Part 2

By 009ELI

Over the river and through the woods...

But it wasn't to grandmother's house they were going, instead it was to Sebastian's school for the annual Christmas pageant.

With Bill out of town, Jinni had decided to leave her smaller, sportier SUV back home and take his G-500. She loved the way the roomier, more masculine vehicle took the road. Handling the road and allowing her to sit up higher while Sebastian dozed in the back seat.

Jinni helped Sebastian into the back seat of their car and then climbed into the driver's seat.

Her legs were still thick and pumped from the lower body workout she had subjected herself to earlier that day.

'Mommy... you waddle now...' She remembered Sebastian saying to her one day as they made their way through the supermarket. It was true, her legs could get flushed with blood, brutally so after a particularly grueling leg day. The residual pump of the full muscle along with the – uhm— increased sensitivity of certain parts of her body, did at

times cause her to walk with a bit of pronounced 'waddle.' Legs splayed slightly outward to prevent the growing thickness of the inner abductor muscle, whose new found bulk often caused her thighs to rub together and chafe.

Snow lined the streets of Hawthorne. Dusting the picturesque buildings in a fine layer of white flakes which gave the small coastal town a nostalgic Christmas feeling of holidays past.

The tires slipped a bit on the snowy streets as Jinni piloted the car through the snowy quiet roads of Hawthorne.

Pulling off the highway and onto the small windy road leading up to Sebastian's school, the snow lined poplars stood against the frosty night sky as snow continued to fall blanketing the streets.

It was only a two days until Christmas and already the holidays had begun to wreak havoc with her carefully planned life.

With Bill finally arriving in just a few days, Jinni had decided to forgo training on Christmas to spend the holidays fully with her husband and her son. While they of course gorged on turkey and ham with all the fillings she'd most likely be eating grilled fish out of plastic container every hour and a half in order to maintain her rigorous schedule.

The shift also meant that she'd need to switch up her training schedule as well as double up on her protocol in order to assure she maintained her proper dosing schedule. This meant that since she wouldn't be training and injecting on Christmas she would have to double up two days out of the week which is why, with just four hours to Sebastian's Christmas recital, Jinni found herself in their upstairs bathroom. After looking in vain for a soft spot on her hardened glutes, she plunged the second injection of tren needle through her full muscle, along with her bulking agent and a cutting compound that had just been introduced the week before. She would normally spread those out by 12 hours, but the change in schedule now called for her to get the injections in the shortened amount of time along with a quick 45 minute cardio session on her stationary bike in order to help uptake of the chemicals into her bloodstream.

This is why she found herself now driving to her son's school recital with the fresh injection of the contraband substances still coursing through her system. The change in schedule as well with increased frequency had also forced her to improvise. The second injection of the day had created a bit of an issue when Jinni's normal entry marks in and around the side of her glutes still hadn't healed from her injection that morning, which is why with just a few hours until she was due to be seated in the warm auditorium she had been forced to deliver the second

dosage of the compounds into her rounded delt. To the trained eye as small pucker of the residual compound was visible through the stretched fabric of her blouse, but she didn't think many people would notice.

'Roid mom.' And now she really was. As her physique had traveled from aspirational to downright improbable. She had her the whispers and her friends had told her how people talked about her behind her back. She shrugged it off. There wasn't much she could do. Her body had quickly progressed to where the additional chemical help was readily apparent. Human beings just didn't look like she did. At least not without the added chemical help of performance enhancing drugs. Still she shrugged it off, let them talk about her she thought. The only concern she had, had been about her son. She how known he had heard the comments and she knew some day she'd have to talk to him about it. For now she knew that he knew that mommy took 'special medicine' for her workouts. The fact that same 'medicine' was both illegal and socially frowned upon for women to use would be something they'd have to talk about when he got older and she hoped he'd understand.

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Jinni lead Sebastian inside the school. Open entering she held her son's hand close. The alpha Wolfpack momma protecting her cub.

As they entered the school's auditorium and felt the warmth wash over her from coming out of the cold of the snowy night and ushered Sebastian backstage for the performance.

Her eyes scanned the room. She saw Marge sitting on the far side with her husband. Marge gave her a wave.

'Sorry we meant to save seats for you.' Marge said apologetically 'But we got here late – ' Marge offered pointing out that they only had enough room for just her and her husband.

'It's fine...' Said Jinni giving her friend a polite kiss on the cheek and promising to see her after the show.

She made her way down the aisle. Stares followed her, along with a few polite smiles. She had gotten used to this. She knew even among the well heeled of Sebastian's school she was an anomaly. A subject of both awe and envy amongst the women who feared what their husbands secretly thought of the sexy muscle mom.

She had tried to offset this as best she could on a night like tonight where her son was concerned. She had sported a set of skinny fit stretch jeans and a light colored cashmere sweater, but even the more casual attire stretched outrageously to accommodate her musculature. Her thickly muscled and curved thighs, hard pumped calves and chiseled glutes stretched and bent the stitching of her jeans to the seeming breaking point. While the light colored cashmere top which was large and meant to hang loose on most women, clung and stretched to accommodate her upper body. Stretching tight along her shoulders, and clearly showing the peaks of her biceps, thick traps and flaring outer side heads of her triceps. The fact that her darkly tanned skin played off the top's light color only added insult to injury. She had topped this entire outfit off with a set of black high-heeled stiletto ankle boots less to draw attention to herself and more to accommodate her in traversing the snowfall which had started a few days prior. But still, the raised height of the boot gave her a striking, powerful silhouette.

Jinni was about to grab a seat to the side of the auditorium when she saw a friendly face wave to her. –Of course... it was Joe Calhoun.

Joe was a father of one of the kids in Sebastian's class and a recent widower. His daughter Macey was one of Jinni's favorite of the school and she found Joe to be a truly

darling and sweet man. The fact that he was such a good father and seemed to care so much about his daughter only made him more so in Jinni's eyes. (You've already introduced Joe - not sure you need to do that - might be fun to introduce Lawrence's parents here instead? It would be fun if his dad was a bit of a schmoe too and was struck by Jinni - I know it might be tough to rewrite - its just a thought)

'Jinni...' Joe continued to wave. And pointed to an open seat next to him.

Jinni made her way over. Her bulky frame and hard muscled body moving with poise grace, trotting like a thoroughbred through the aisles of parents seated for the recital.

Jinni soon found the empty chair and sat down next to Joe.

He was a spirited, cherubic man about Jinni's age, and despite his balding and a bit of paunch, Jinni actually found him quite cute in a of dad kinda-way.

For his part Joe was thrilled to have the muscle mom seated next to him.

'Thank you Joe...' She said sweetly and gave him the polite requisite hug.

Joe had, had in the past seemed to light up whenever Jinni was around and Jinni was aware of this. She was both flattered and sensitive to the single dad. She was widely aware of the effect her body could have on certain men and tried her best to maintain a decorum. She could sense how Joe had looked at her in social situations, and the feeling became all the more apparent when, during the incident and scandal involving the leaked photos of Jinni. It came to her attention that Joe was one of the fathers in Hawthorne who was in possession of them. This came to light during a play date at a pizzeria with a group of kids. Macey had blurted out, 'My daddy has photos of you in a bathing suit in his dresser!'

Joe had immediately blushed and stammered out an answer but Jinni, sensitive and not wanting to see the man embarrassed in front of his daughter -- smiled and offered back without missing a beat 'Well all of us parents have photos of each other. – It's in case we get in a jam and have to have another daddy or mommy pick one of you up from school. That was we can show you which daddy and mommy to go to. It's very common. I have tons of photos of Joe.' Jinni had added with an animated flourish and the improvised answer seemed to appease the young girl because she went back to her slice of pizza with no further questions.

Jinni had been happy to save Joe from the embarrassment and Joe mouthed back to her under his breath 'Thank you.'

Ever since then Jinni had been aware of the way Joe looked at her and while she found it flattering and perhaps even thinking if she wasn't married to Bill, Joe; caring, considerate and kind -- might be exactly the kind of man she might date – she was cautious to in no way lead him on. But still, she enjoyed his kindness and friendship.

Soon the lights on the stage dipped and the play was underway. Joe, himself was amazed and had to consciously pull himself away from gazing at the spectacular physical specimen next to him and refocus on the action on stage. He occasionally found his eyes glancing down and taking in Mrs. Jones' spectacular thigh development, which even though hidden from view in her tight fitting jeans, still sprung and curved outward due to the pressure of the chair. They seemed to be expanding out inches and filling the gap in between chairs, occasionally rubbing up against his own, albeit much slimmer khaki clad legs.

The lights dipped and the show began.

A Very Mrs. Jones XMas Part 3

By 009ELI

Twas the night before Christmas....

The next day Joe found himself at the Hawthorne sports club. He had arrived for a quick workout before starting a busy day and had found the club bustling with activity. It was Christmas Eve after all and he suspected that the denizens of the small town were eager to get one last workout in before the holidays.

On the far side of the gym Joe noticed the treadmills and one in particular. – Sloped high and set on the highest possible setting, the woman on it walked impossibly fast. The dark black tread of the treadmill disappeared under the clean white of her sneakers – It was only then did he realize it was Jinni cranking away at what seemed an impossibly fast pace –

Next to her was another woman whom Joe recognized almost instantly. It was as Helen Yen, one of Jinni's frequent training partners. Helen was perhaps the only other woman in town with muscle that rivaled Jinni's. Helen was a physique competitor and albeit smaller than

Jinni's heavyweight bodybuilder status, Helen's physique was still impossibly muscular for the small suburban town.

A pretty Asian lady around Joe's age, he had only seen her in passing briefly in the gym, but had been taken with her amazing physique. Each time he saw her, as well as the fact that he had become aware that she too was a single parent with a child who was similar in age to Joe's daughter, Joe's eyes lit up in awe.

Joe stood frozen by the entrance unable to move at the sight of the two muscle women, treadmills cranked up to 10 talking animatedly as they both hung on to the front ends of the machine as they cranked out rep after rep. Jinni's upper body was covered with a large loose fitting sweatshirt whose neck was cut out and hung low occasionally sliding off down the side of her broad shoulders and exposing the upper part of her thick neck and traps. The shirt loosely covered her upper body, but still the shape of the bulging musculature of her body was apparent under its fabric.

Next to her Helen kept pace, a few inches shorter than Jinni, Helen's body was nothing to scoff at either –where Jinni choose to cover her upper body, Helen's was exposed in a tan and turquoise sports bra which hugged her back and traps. Her back was big, massively so and seemed almost out of proportion with her relatively small frame.

Joe stood staring in amazement as with each step on the treadmill the thick meat of the small Asian women's lower lats would bulge and strain against the material of her top. On her lower body Helen sported a pair of low cut leggings which matched the sports bra in color coordination. He took delight in how the leggings clung to her powerful legs which bulged and flexed with each step.

Helen seemed to reflect Jinni, just in a smaller package. Besides the size difference the two women with their matching proportions looked like they were created in the same factory: a factory intent on manufacturing futuristic females of muscular proportions.

His moment of reverie thought was interrupted as he saw in the mirror Jinni make eye contact with him, then wave indicating the treadmill in between her and Helen was open. Joe declined at first not wanting to interrupt the two muscle women in the midst of what was no doubt a workout that would test the limits of most men. –Joe also questioned his sanity being stuck between the two bulging beauties, but Jinni beckoning remained insistent pointing animatedly to the treadmill. In between, Joe couldn't resist not only because Jinni's demeanor was both warm and inviting, but also because he feared what the sweet natured mom might do if crossed ;)

‘Joe, this is Helen Yang, Helen Yang this Joe Calhoun. Joe’s daughter Macey is maybe the most delightful seven year of on the planet and classmates with Sebastian.’ Jinni said making the introduction as Joe started on the treadmill in between the two Olympian women and did his best to keep up.

‘Hiya...’ Helen said taking one hand off the treadmill and extending it to Joe to shake. As she did so he took a moment to look at the woman’s small hand in his, her nails were long and strikingly feminine, painted in an ornate pink and gold pattern. Joe gave her hand a brief shake while he did his best to keep up with the fast spinning treadmill. He felt her hand in his, small, warm, and feminine, but as his fingers brushed the underside her could feel something else, a strength and power. – The meat of the underside of her hand seemed to almost emanate raw power yet the flesh was soft but at the same time. Joe could feel the small sets of calluses along the underside of her fingers no doubt from throwing prodigious amounts of weight around – a delightful contrast to the soft femininity of the upper side of her hand. Joe had a moment to take her beauty in. Her features were pretty with a short bob of black hair which framed her face in a haircut that he had seen on many women in the area who were growing into their roles as caretakers for their kids. But while the haircut was conservative the wildly muscled body underneath most

certainly was not. Joe also marveled at how Helen's large bicep and shoulder bulged prominently as she shook his hand and then put it back on the treadmill.

Standing there in between these two pillars of strength Joe was taken with how the women, both smaller than him in height seemed to take up more room than him. Jinni with her bulging shoulders and musculature and Helen with her wide back which seemed to pop and flex with each step.

Joe wasn't the only one noticing, ever since he climbed on the treadmill between the two show stopping examples of musculature he could see looks leveled in both his direction and the women's. Heads behind them cranked as they walked past, trying to catch views as discreetly as possible to see who the man was in between these two female specimens.

Joe noticed too how both Jinni and Helen seemed to shut down the attention around them, focusing hard on the task at hand. Completely focused, completely centered no doubt a necessary skill set that must be developed by anyone attracted as much attention as these two women did by their mere physical presence.

'And that is what we call pre-Christmas cardio...' Jinni said and gave Helen a nod as if to confirm that her powerful partner had reached their desired allotment of time. Both

women powered down their treadmill and stepped off. Joe took the opportunity to steal a quick glance at Jinni's prominently muscled quads which were displayed in a pair of skin tight pink spandex shorts which were cut high stopping just a few millimeters below her crotch to display the full roundness of the muscle. He could now clearly see the front of her cut off muscle shirt. The image depicted a classic shot of none other than Arnold Schwarzenegger in his muscle beach days and Joe registered with some wonder that Jinni's bulky upper body didn't seem much smaller than the great Austrian bodybuilder in his prime. Albeit repurposed on a smaller suburban mom's frame.

The two grabbed their gym bags and two large jugs of water that they had stored next to the treadmill no doubt to hydrate the large bulging muscles they planned on putting to the test during the work out.

'Nice meeting you Joe...' Helen said with a pixie-ish accent that was completely at odds with her muscular frame. Joe stood staring in wonder and thankful he had gotten to witness the two spectacular women up close in their element.

As they headed off, Joe followed the women in the mirrors that surrounded the gym and watched Jinni stop and whisper something in Helen's ear. The smaller woman listened intently then nodded. Then Joe watched as they

both made their way back, muscles bulging as a swath of gym goers cleared the way for the ultra built babes. –

‘Uhm... Joe... let me ask you... ‘ Said Jinni leaning in and pressing herself against the arm of the treadmill as Joe hopped off, the pressure of pressing against the machine caused the molten expanse of the exposed pec meat left open by her low cut workout shirt to press up and flare against the older women’s collar bones. The effect was almost like a push up bra, but one stuffed with muscle meat instead of soft breast tissue. Joe tried not to gasp and felt his mouth go dry as he quickly pulled his gaze away and refound his footing by finding the muscle mom’s warm blue eyes.

“A small favor ...’ Jinni said sweetly biting the corner of her lip, having little understanding of the libidinal torture she was putting the divorcee through.

‘Helen over here is going for her personal training cert next month and we were wondering if – and you can say no here – but she could practice training you.’ Jinni finished asking with some trepidation as if she didn’t want to put him out.

‘You’d be our guinea pig...’ Helen added, playfully rubbing her hands together before giving a tiny little Pippy Longstocking giggle that Joe found both completely

becoming and slightly disarming coming from the well muscled woman.

‘You can say no...’ Jinni added again sweetly as if to give Joe a way out. Joe stood there, the two muscle woman standing in front of him, completely filling his site line with hard fought for girly muscle. Joe couldn’t help but be amazed at how, even here in repose, their bodies oozed with obvious power and sex appeal. They stood relaxed, but both women’s thick upper bodies and jacked lat development caused them to stand like real life action figures.

‘I guess... If I have to...’ Said Joe finally with a self deprecating laugh.

‘Uh-ah-ha-ha next victim...’ Helen said with faux menace and rubbed her hands together imitating a mad scientist. The thick caps of her shoulders dancing under the straps of sports bra as she did so.

A while later Joe had taken off his heavy sweatshirt and found Helen on the far side of the free-weight area. The area was somewhat foreign to him, although he had been a member of the gym for a number of years he chose to stick mostly to the machines on the far side of the gym choosing. He’d forgone working out in the more ‘hard core’ free weight area which me mostly saw large Neanderthal

type men throwing around heavy weight. He felt like he didn't belong. But now, oddly, he was here with a woman who must clearly belong. Helen patted one of the benches they had cleared off indicating for Joe to sit. He felt like he had gained entry into a secret club.

Joe made his way over as Helen turned and grabbed a few sets of dumbbells off the rack. Joe watched her in the mirror, She was an interesting dichotomy her cute face and short black hair bob was completely in line with a woman her age, while her body revealed by the tight fitting workout clothes underneath was something else. Joe marveled for a moment about how the muscle on her looked so different from the large beefy men training in the area. She in some ways seemed as massive but more put together, while the men's physiques seemed more haphazard – Big fleshy chests with little definition, some pumped large arms the size of hams – but their bodies lacked the aesthetically pleasing proportions. Helen's muscle on the other hand seemed to have been shaped as if by a sculptor. – Her arms bulged, quads flexed, but each muscle, each tendon ebbed and flowed into tiny joints, feminine wrists, her frame worked together as pleasing whole.

Jinni had gone to refill both women's large water jugs and soon returned to the weight area to join them.

‘Has the victim been tortured yet...’ Jinni asked strutting her weight back to the weight area and giving Joe a playful smirk in the mirror.

‘Nope. Just getting him all set up.’ Said Helen placing an area of weights alongside of him.

‘Great glad you didn’t get started without me... Maybe we should make him sign a waiver,’ joked Jinni finally arriving back at the group. She dropped the two jugs of water in front of the women and then tightened the weight belt around her midsection which Joe noticed she wasn’t wearing earlier.

She then lifted the hem of her Arnold shirt up and pulled it up over her head. And for the first time that day Joe really felt the air go out of him. She wore an off white sports bra underneath, which stood out in stark contrast to her dark, tanned skin.

Joe’s jaw nearly hit the floor as the shirt continued to come off and Mrs. Jones body was fully exposed in its full muscular glory. Joe had of course seen photos of it in online and experienced flashes of it albeit hidden under clothing but here, now revealed to him in all it’s glory it was truly staggering. The woman, looked massive. Joe had read all about just what the difference between a finely honed physique competitor’s body like Helen and a

heavyweight like Jinni, but seeing it in the flesh was something else. Despite Helen's massive development, Jinni's exploding chest, shoulders and arms made her look like a small child in contrast. Joe felt his mouth go dry as Jinni passed in front of him giving him a clear view of the bulging knotted topography of her back muscles.

Throughout the workout Joe did his best to keep up with the muscle women's intense heavy training regimen. Upper body seemed to be the theme of the day and Joe quickly fell into a groove as the 'training session' progressed.

Helen would occasionally hand him weights and give him instructions.

'Here. Shoulder press and angle your back, tighten your glutes...' The little muscular Asian woman would say occasionally brushing up against Joe's hand or arm as she handed him the dumbbells. Joe thrilled as each time she moved past she'd brush by his outer arm, the fully developed outer head of her lycra clad quadriceps brushing his arm with its muscle packed hardness.

Jinni would work in as well. Sliding down onto the weight bench as soon as Joe was done and grabbing a set of weights that looked far too big for her dainty hands but would quickly be thrust up over head as Jinni cranked out rep after excruciating rep.

The close proximity and similar training regiment gave Joe a chance to gauge the level of weight he himself was using against the girls and he was amazed at the differential. Where he was given a set of small silver 25lb for shoulder press Helen grabbed a thick set of 45s and grunted out a set of ten reps seemingly without breaking a sweat. Joe was impressed, here was a woman, a fabulously muscled one, but still a woman lifting nearly twice as much as him. Joe was to have that shattered as Jinni quickly swooped in and scooped up two large 60 pounders whose heavy black rubber weighted ends looked bigger than her own head and then....

‘Argghh!!’ With Helen’s help, she brought them up and cranked out 12 hard reps her shoulder muscles blistering and firing, veins exploding under her dark tan skin. Joe took the opportunity to glance around to see if anyone else had taken in the extraordinary display of strength. He saw a couple of men who no doubt considered themselves fit take it in, then quickly look away as they saw Joe spot them. Joe noticed a few men doing similar exercises with less than half the weight Jinni used, quickly put the dumbbells down then leaving the free weight area no doubt not wanting to have to check their manhood against the muscle bulging housewife.

Soon they hit a grove and Joe actually began to feel completely welcome amongst the group. He’d laugh at

their jokes and marvel at their insider knowledge of weight training. They seemed to share a jargon which most people outside of muscle beach probably wouldn't understand.

'Should we do forced reps on the preacher?' Helen asked with the gravest concern as if her entire existence hinged on executing this workout.

'Let's do partial inclines and then we can do rear delts and drop sets for tris...' Jinni answered queuing some new torture up for Joe 'their victim.'

Throughout all this lifting jargon – he also found they frequently returned to talking about their kids, family and holidays. Joe was somewhat taken aback that in the midst of this macho, anabolic fueled workout session that two buff girls were wholly feminine, flirty housewives like you might meet on line at the Cost-Co, only housewives who could deadlift a small fridge and hadn't touched a carb that wasn't on their diet plan for years.

But still Joe couldn't help feel like 'he was on the inside.' The entire gym seemed to be watching him and he trained with these two brawny women – throwing around iron.

The torture session came to an end and Joe's arms felt like they might explode.

The apex of the entire experience probably came when Helen, trying to demonstrate a rear delt exercise, slide in around him, placing herself in-between Joe and the bench. Her pert, flared glutes mere inches from his crotch and her exploding back cranking out rep after rep in front of him.

‘Right here... You want to get right here... Feel...’ she said taking Joe’s hand and guiding it over her bulging shoulder and giving Joe the encouragement to feel it. His hand traveled over the muscle for a few seconds feeling the impossible hardness of the little muscle women’s skin.

‘Now you’ve really earned Christmas dinner...’ Said Jinni as they wrapped the workout, the bulging muscle women’s frame still exposed as she had yet to put her top back on.

‘What’s your fav Christmas food?’ Asked Helen dabbing her chest with her towel and taking in the cool down aspect of their post workout.

‘Dessert.’ Joe said. Everyone laughed.

‘I knew there was something about you I liked – ‘ Said Helen giving another pixish laugh and touching Joe’s arm playfully.

Jinni eyed this...

“What are you doing after this Joe?” asked Jinni narrowing her gaze on Joe.

‘I was going to go home and get Macy and maybe grab lunch.’

‘You need to refuel. You depleted your glycogen stores, we did a lot of compound stuff so you should get some good carbs, healthy fats and proteins...’ Jinni said and Joe nodded trying as best he could to process the eating regiment the bodybuilder was laying out for him. ‘Oh my god Helen you should take him to Eatz.’ Said Jinni playfully smacking her muscular friend’s arm.

‘What’s Eatz?’ Joe asked with some trepidation unsure and maybe a bit afraid of somehow offending the two buff moms.

‘Oh my god Eatz is so good! They have the most bomb protein pancakes’ Said Helen tapping Joe’s hand playfully.

“Well if its bomb...” Countered Joe.

‘You guys should go... together... Helen will show you the ropes –’

'I... Well I do need to run home and get Macy... but –' Joe added somewhat nervously not wanting to jeopardize this opportunity.

'Well I need to get Reggie.' Said Helen bringing up the name of her son who was about the same age as Joe's daughter. 'Maybe we can all four go.'

'Brunch at Eatz.' Offered Jinni, a wry smile crossing her face.

Jinni stood and watched them exit out into the parking lot, Helen's broad sculpted hour glass back and Joe's tall lanky frame, a light dusting of snow had begun to fall and as the bodybuilder mom watched them head to their cars talking she couldn't help but feel like she'd play Santa/Cupid to two fine people. The only thing that was missing was a bit of mistletoe hanging over the gym's protein shake counter.

A Very Mrs. Jones XMas Part 4

By 009ELI

After playing matchmaker Jinni found her way to the steam room. Thick clouds of steam of the steam room circled and danced around Jinni's form as she made her way to the back of the linoleum lined room and sat against one of the small benches. The Hawthorne sports club had made the room co-ed and now here before the holidays the room was empty., As it tended to do on a yearly basis, the town had begun to thin out with folks heading off to spend the season with family in warmer climates or visit relatives up north.

Jinni often found the room to herself on days like this and relaxed against the bench after her grueling work out. She wanted to sweat out a bit of water weight in preparation for her reveal to Bill when he finally arrived home that night.

She found a seat in the empty rear, turned the heat up slightly and sat down removing the towel that clung to her upper body. The room was located between the men's and women's locker rooms which meant that occupants were required to at least wear a bathing suit. Today Jinni had picked an athletic cut bikini top and bottom which were similar in design to what a professional might wear in a

beach volleyball tournament. The cut was sporty with the top opening wide allowing her pumpkin delts, thick pecs and board flat abs to be exposed. Her arms were hard, pumped and veiny from her upper body workout, and the small black bottoms were cut high over her thickly developed legs. The overall look was of extreme physical fitness and given the chance this was the same suit that she often used to practice her posing.

Soon though her reverie was cut short as she heard the door on the far side of the room open and watched a figure enter through the fog. She could see, only partially visible through the clouds of steam – it was man... tall... tanned... and muscular. Impossibly so. He had his back to her and Jinni strained to make out through the thick clouds of steam a tall form and an impossibly muscular back. Darkly tanned and chiseled, beefy with thick muscular built perfection.

Soon the form turned and began to make its way across the room – first sitting along the far side – there Jinni could get a better sense of the figure. He was tall, well over 6 foot, perhaps 6' 3. Not only was he muscular – she could now clearly see as he sat, his arms were thick with hugely pumped biceps and thick horseshoe shaped triceps which exploded as he gripped the tiled bench. His shoulders too were preposterously broad and rounded and made even her own incredibly developed shoulders look tiny in

comparison. His chest, was so thickly developed it seemed to hang and protrude almost like female cleavage, just with an impossibly muscled shape. And his abs, which were exposed above the towel he wore low around his waist, was a set of thick, bumpy cubes of muscle. The man looked like he stepped off a pillar in ancient Greece. – He was almost god like in his proportions and Jinni felt for the first time in a very long time a stirring of yearning pierce her being.

“Do you mind if I turn the heat up... just a bit...?” came the figure’s voice from across the room. Jinni strained to see him better and got, for the first time, a sense of the hunk’s face. He was young, perhaps college aged, maybe 21- 22 at that most , with fine chiseled features. His size was staggering for his physical development – and Jinni couldn’t help but get a sense she was dealing with an anomaly. He was a boyish Grecian god come to life.

“No... no turn it up. It’s okay. This is just the temperature it was on when I came in here...” She heard her herself answer back and was alarmed at how dainty and girlish it sounded coming out of her mouth. She found that even with the heat she was getting very warm and very flushed indeed.

She could hear the figure get up and makes his way to the thermostat and turn the heat up and then sit back down.

The action and the rise of the form had given Jinni another chance to remark on the creature's spectacular development and she traced his outlined silhouette in the steam as he rose. She could see that yes he was remarkably tall, and remarkably built for his height. While his upper body was insanely developed with a ridiculous v of broad capped shoulders, his hips were almost small and feminine and his legs were long and underdeveloped. His physique was the epitome of 'skipping leg day' but on this physique it seemed more by design than mistake. Jinni surmised that the youngster had let his lower body lag to better in order to better show up his remarkable V shaped upper body in contrast.

"I'm sorry...." He said and moved in closer a few mere few inches away from Jinni's bikini clad form and Jinni thought him for a few moments a very fresh young man indeed.

"Ashton" He said extending his hand out. And now giving Jinni a chance to gaze upon him, or up at him as he height gave him a slight advantage over her. Where Jinni was a few moments previously taken with the man's body, she found herself struck perhaps more so with his features. He was gorgeous. Almost femininely beautiful in his handsomeness. Impossibly high cheekbones, a large gaping mouth filled with bright white teeth and piercing blue eyes. They produced the effect of looking at Jinni so hard she felt as if she was being looked through. And the tension and

intensity of his gaze gave her the feeling of having the breath seeped from her lungs and her body gasping for air. He was there, perhaps, the handsomest man she had ever seen in her life. Young, beautiful and muscular beyond belief and she felt right there on the warm tile bench a thing that many people had felt gazing at her and her impossibly built female form. An impossible. Painful longing.

“I couldn’t help but notice you out there in the gym earlier” – Said Ashton tripping a bit over his words and tilting his blonde hair down in a way that would at times cause it fall in his eyes. “You’re a bodybuilder?” He asked.

“Yeah- a yes...” Jinni said. And felt a girlish giggle spring up from somewhere inside of her ‘Keep this together.’ She thought to herself, but at the same time, in the presence of this massive beautiful man she found herself nearly out of control, extremely small and exposed. It was a feeling that was both wildly uncomfortable and at the same time she wasn’t sure she wanted it to end.

‘Jinni.... Jones...’ She finally said extending her hand to shake and took his hand in hers. She looked up and closely and took in the sheer massiveness of his arms.

‘And you... You must... as well’ She said beaming to young man’s bulging body.

‘Physique. I’m on break from college. I’m trying to jump ranks at least into Men’s BB, but I’m having trouble putting on size.’ He said and then as if to demonstrate turned and cranked one of his massive arms out front Jinni’s face for inspection. The bicep was huge and peaked stretching the skin up and out filling up with massive muscle. Jinni felt that the display was both bold and a bit gratuitous but at the same time she could appreciate the spectacular work that had gone into the young man’s arms.

‘I don’t quite know about that, you seem properly...’ She felt herself search for the right word. ‘Developed.’

Ashton smiled and pulled his arm away and down and he met Jinni with a flirtatious smirk which she was sure melted any sorority girl the young hunk encountered on his college campus.

‘I’m at home. Visiting my parents. Thought I’d give the gym a try.’ He said offering further explanation. ‘I saw you out there and...’ He let the sentence trail off. ‘You’re – you’re heavyweight?’ Ashton continued taking Jinni’s massiveness.

‘Just jumped weight classes...’ Jinni said feeling the conversation shift back and once again fall under her control as the young man’s eyes took in her physique. She, upon his gaze, leaned back and cranked out a double bicep

flex. She could feel the man's gaze traipse along her muscular flesh hungrily. She held her arms up holding the flex for a moment, letting him take her in, and perhaps mischievously returning a bit of muscular punishment he had inflicted on her.

'Your triceps are spectacularly developed...' he said looking at the prominent sculpted thickness of Jinni's under arms. 'I'm having problems hitting the anterior heads of mine.' he continued and stuck out his own arm in front of Jinni, clenching his fist and exposing a tricep head which seemed to pop off nearly a foot thick from his arm. He twisted it from side to side letting the soft light of the room play off the exposed, feathered striations which danced under his skin and Jinni could not help but become aware that the young man had taken the opportunity to in fact flaunt his prodigious development to her.

Her competitive drive fired on, not to be outdone...

'I've had the same issues with my quads...' Said Jinni extending her leg closest to the young man, pointing her toe daintily the causing the thick muscle of her leg to tighten and flex. First, the thick diamond hardness of her calves and then the exquisite developed tear drop heads of her inner and outer quads. Jinni held her leg out, toe pointed and turned the muscle over for the young man's inspection, the soft dew of the steam beading along the

prominent thick tear dropped heads of the muscle. She could tell by the tension and silence that the muscle boy had been momentarily thwarted and a bit humbled.

Things continued on with a bit of conversation about training regimens and Jinni taking the sheer level of development the boy had sported at such a young age wanted to ask him, in confidence, just what in fact his drug regiment was, but bit her tongue. In fact, Ashton taking in the bulging mass sported by this woman who was close in age to his own mother, but looked cut out of marble wanted to inquire as well, but also held back. – The knowledge that both had attained their physiques through disciplined training as well as chemical means added a bit of subtext to their conversation. To the untrained eye who might peak in seeing two of the most perfectly developed human beings, they may have ever stumbled on sitting dangerously close together – their muscle flesh nearly touching – him the epitome of the young beautiful Greek masculine ideal – and her nearly 2 decades older than him, but her body matching his in scale, development and size.

Ashton leaned forward putting his weight on his arms and his thick triceps ballooned impossible proportions. Jinni had to resist the impulse to raise her hand and test the young man's bubbled to flesh to see if it truly was as hard it appeared. The shift too had caused his thickly muscled chest to balloon outward and the crevice between each

sheet of pec muscle rippled and seemed to recede so deeply that Jinni thought she could stick her entire fist in between the deep shelf of muscle. She could feel herself lean forward as well and here too, her pecs deep with muscle flesh as bunched and rippled pressing outward if the thick shelves of her impossibly developed physiques sought to meet their equal in the young man. She could feel her nipples in the low cut fabric of her bikini top press out and harden, almost painfully so. The nipples pressed out and down slightly as if they thirsted for contact against the boy's muscular flesh.

Jinni too at the moment could feel, not only the blood rush from her head, but also rush down her body and down between her legs. The lips and ring of her sex flaring out and coursing with energy. The hard raised tip of her clit too becoming engorged. Ever since starting her chemical regimen, she had found that this happened more and more increasingly, a sudden rush of horniness, of lust. She could be walking in a grocery store and see a man, an average looking man albeit tall and dark and she could immediately be gripped with an insane longing to throw him down and make passionate love to him. She had asked one of her girlfriends who had taken a similar regiment of PEDs what was happening and had it explained quite simply 'the male hormones.' The effect was similar to a young man going through puberty. So in fact, Jennifer Jones -- very much a wife, mom and beautiful woman -- was at some part of her

deep down, also a lusty little horny young boy gripped in the throws of puberty. The dichotomy of this, the male and female trapped inside of her made her feel at times powerful, heady and wildly impulsive and mischievous.

The blood in the lips of her pussy and her clit continued to pulse and throb and she had wished very much that she had affixed the small strip of Scotch tape which she had often used as hack learned from her other bodybuilding girlfriends, against the back lower part of her bikini bottoms to mask the growing arousal she felt pulsing in between her legs.

Suddenly, Jinni's phone beeped and she was brought back into the room. She looked at it. It was an alarm letting her know that Sebastian needed to be picked up and then head out to the airport to pick Bill her husband up. She welcomed the interruption and quickly felt some of the sexual longing slip away as she returned to her body and her form remembering the very real connection to her son and her husband.

'Duty calls...' Said Jinni briefly flashing the phone in Ashton's direction.

'Very nice meeting you' Said Ashton his playful smirk returning to his lips and his eyes seemingly dancing with mischief and desire as he drank in Jinni's form.

'Goodbye Ashton' Said Jinni rising from the bench. As she rose she let the towel drop from her back and sauntered out of the room giving the young muscle hunk a last lingering glimpse of her muscular form and then disappeared through the steam. And out the door. And out of Ashton's life forever.

A Very Mrs. Jones XMas Part 5

By 009ELI

Jinni put the small set of Mrs. Clause bikini bottoms back in the Victoria secret box and then put the thin, candy cane themed bra on top and stowed them for later that night. She adjusted the top of her sweater and headed out.

The airport was busy with last minute arrivals for the Christmas season. Mrs. Jones parked her car and made her way over to passenger arrival to meet Bill.

The 7:22 PM from Seattle arrived a few minutes late and Bill sat in his seat finishing up a last bit of work before the plane taxied to its gate where Bill rose and pulled out his bags from the overhead and de-boarded the plane.

It has been nearly 2 months since he had seen Jinni and he was eager to catch up with his wife and get back home and spend Christmas with his family. He had kept a bit abreast of Jinni's developments over Skype calls while he worked in Seattle. Jinni briefed him on training, but Bill had been so busy with the company's new server project that he wasn't completely able to follow. Still he knew she had been adding mass as she mentioned on their Skype calls. Despite only being able to see her from the neck up when they did their catch ups, with Jinni usually fresh from the gym and

wearing one of her loose fitting loose necked sweatshirts, Bill could tell by the increasingly growing and bulge of her traps under the sweat shirts that his wife was quickly packing on seemingly epic levels of muscle mass.

Another hint had been from the boys at work. After a few days of working with his new team in Seattle a few of his co-worker engineers had, after a quick Google search, discovered that his wife was 'Miss Universe' female bodybuilding division. With the article, they had found a revealing photo Jinni online complete in her two piece posing suit at a recent show. The group of jokers had photoshopped Bill's head on top of Jinni's massive physique and posted it next to his work computer. The joke was good humored and Bill kept the photo up throughout his assignment. But still the image of his wife chiseled and near perfect musculature in the tiny two piece bikini made Bill especially eager to get back home to her company.

'Baby!!' Said Jinni as Bill descended the escalator and he could see Jinni through the parted sea of family members waiting for their relatives.

Jinni ran to him and Bill scooped her up giving her a kiss. She had dressed cutely to pick him up, a large white cashmere hat covered her hair and her dark hair spilled out of it. Bill marveled that even here in the middle of winter

on the east coast Jinni was remarkably tan, standing out in sharp contrast to the other pasty East Coasters. Bill held her by her arms. She was wearing a large thick turquoise down jacket to keep her from the chill and even through the heavy fabric he could feel the extraordinary heaviness and bulk. He was amazed that even through her down jacket he could see the thick bulges of her outer lats and was amazed at her thick arms stretched the fabric of her jacket.

“There you are honey...” She said rushing and embracing him giving little care as the heads around them spun to take in the pretty older woman trotting over to him in heels.

Bill also took a moment to take in his wife’s lower body. Jinni wore skin tight leggings which wrapped her bulging shapely legs for all the world to see. The jacket was cut short and gathered around her waist and only seemed to Bill to highlight the extraordinariness of her bodybuilder’s hourglass figure. All big massive muscles on top, tiny waist, rock hard ass and bulging muscular thighs. She had finished off the outfit with a pair of diminutive fur lined heeled boots with causes her calves to bulge flex.

“Come on sweetie... Let’s get you home and warm. Jinni’s got a nice little Christmas present waiting for you.” His wife

said with a twinkle and grabbed him by the wrist leading him to the car.

“You’re tired from your flight. Why don’t you let me drive?” She took his heavy bag as if it was nothing and flipped it over her shoulder. Even weighed down and in her heeled boots he struggled to keep up. Lifting up the trunk she picked up the bag with her other arm. Her bicep bulged with the effort, veins snaking across the top yet it looked the motion was effortless. Bill had stumbled around the airport fighting the bag before she took it from him. Was she stronger now?

When they sat in the car, he looked across at the silhouette of his wife and watched the bulge of her sartorious muscle rise off her leg like ramparts on top of a hill. He stared at her in awe before hesitantly reaching over...

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Jinni had stripped off her winter parka and was moving around the kitchen as Bill sat at the table. She was wearing a plunging muscle shirt – strap stringy and plunged low – exposing much of her chest – and sports bra. The exposed chest area that Bill could see looked almost masculine in its development. Jinni had so transformed herself that her once smallish boobs had been replaced by thick slabs of

chiseled muscle meat. The muscle looked dry and dense, small feathers danced under the tanned skin.

Bill had truly been amazed when he and Jinni discussed her adoption of this hobby of bodybuilding he hadn't quite fathomed just how far she'd take it. The woman before him had his wife's pretty features and her sweet demeanor, but that seemed to be where it ended. The body underneath was pumped and massive and Bill found himself completely taken aback by Jinni's massive shoulders which were balled and large and stood away from her body seemingly pushing out and up against her thick neck. Her meaty muscular arms hung loosely at her sides a few inches away from her body, literally brimming with power. She turned to grab something off of the counter which gave him a view of her concrete back the lower portion of which was so lean and developed it seemed to mirror the Christmas tree that was set up glowing with a warm glow in their living room.

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They had put Sebastian to bed and finished placing his toys under the tree. The fire crackled and Bill was finally alone with his wife. He found himself awed and strangely nervous around her. He wasn't sure whether it was from their time apart or her new physique, but he found himself hesitant and unsure. She, however, projected an air of

confidence that he couldn't find anymore in her presence. Twice, he tried to speak, but lost his train of thought and closed his mouth. –

Finally, he managed, “The guys played a joke on me.” as he pulled out the mock up photo his crew had made with his head on his wife's bulging body.

“Oh no...” Said Jinni both trying to empathize and hide her smirk. “I do have to say your quad sweep looks fantastic.” She finally said and the two shared a laugh.

Bill took a moment and approached his wife there with the fire flickering in the fireplace. He moved in close, he was tall, maybe a foot or so taller than his wife, but Jinni's mass, even just in her leggings and top took up much of her view.

“Did you miss me...” Jinni asked playfully and bit her lip causing a cute pout.

“I did...” He said and took his hand and ran it under her shirt stroking the outer sides of her bubbled abs. No matter how many times he touched them he still couldn't fathom that they belonged to his wife.

He felt his fingers trace up the cobble stoned masses under his wife's soft sweatshirt and... subtly Jinni contorted and

flexed the bricks of abs as his fingers traipsed along them. They shifted and felt hard as stone under his touch. Jinni breathed out a bit hollowing her stomach and Bill could feel the muscles shift under his hands. Her skin was warm and soft and moved like a thin coating of paper while the muscle underneath was so incredibly hard and dense it was difficult to believe he was touching another human being rather than a piece of brick or stone.

“Easy...” Jinni said, her voice breathless and her dark tanned skin illuminated by the glowing light of the fire.

“I have a present just for you...” Jinni teased as she led her husband upstairs.

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As Bill lay in bed in the bedroom next door Jinni readied herself in the bathroom.

She took a moment to gaze down at the tiny set of lingerie she had selected a few days before and breathed out with a sense of trepidation.

‘Here goes she said...’

And looked at herself in the mirror fixing the bra strap along with her massive shoulders.

Her trepidation had been because Bill had yet to fully witness the changes in her body over the past few months.

Sure, he had enjoyed her newly sprouted muscles when she was a middle weight. The buffed up cheerleader look, she had called it. Pumped shoulders, chiseled abs and a sculpted lower body. – But this, what she looked like now was something different, more extreme

This was hardcore bodybuilder shit. This was the biggest of the big girls. The kind of girls that women looked at and said ‘appreciate the effort. But not for me.’ She was big. Bigger than big now, not just big for a woman... but bigger. She was at least as densely muscled as any man at the gym. Now was the test of whether her man could accept it. There was a very real possibility she had pushed her body too far. – Would her husband even be attracted to her? Would he be scared of her?

Her fingers traced down her massive shoulders and the ridges of her abs as she applied a light shine body bling product which put a small shimmer to her deeply tanned brown skin. The liquid found the crevices in between the ridged blue veins of her forearms at the granite hard muscle of her bulging biceps and triceps.

There was no turning back... Here goes nothing she said... And swung the door to the bathroom open...

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Bill was lying in bed when the door their bathroom swung open... He couldn't believe what he was seeing. What was in front of him had to be an optical illusion.

Jinni was lit up from behind. The warm, golden light from the bathroom shining behind her, illuminating her batwing back from the rear. Her frame seemed to fill the entire doorway and she looked, big massive, her body stuffed with muscle.

Bill gasped as she approached.

Jinni for her part could see and sense the shift in Bill's expression. She had witnessed it many times before in the gym when her body was unfurled and someone caught their first glimpse of her mass. It was a heady mixture of awe, fear and attraction. A powerful chemical, almost primitive cocktail that her physique would cause in the observer.

Jinni's immediate reaction was to calm her husband. To reassure him thus diminishing the adrenal firing that she knew her presence could cause.

'It's okay sweetie... It's me honey...' she said in her soft hushed tones as she approached the bed where her

husband lay. The soft click*clacking*clacking of the towering stiletto heels she wore to complete her outfit against the wood floor providing the only sounds besides his labored breathing and her soft cooing.

‘It’s just me... It’s just your Jinni...’ her tone was kind and warm and reassuring, but at the same time as Bill saw her now come into the light he still couldn’t believe it. Sure it was his wife’s head, her soft pretty features, her warm blue eyes and her long auburn brown hair collected in a bun at the top, it’s soft wisps falling and glancing along her high cheekbones, but underneath was something else. He had witnessed Jinni’s transformation over the years from his thin waifish wife to iron pumped bodybuilder, but what stood before him was something else.

Jinni’s training and chemical regimen had built her a solid foundation of muscle over her last three years, but this... this was something else... It didn’t look right. It didn’t look real. As Jinni came completely into the light Bill could see that every square inch of his wife’s relatively diminutive frame had been crammed with rock hard, jutting muscle.

Her small dainty chin and curled pink lips sat merely inches away from her bulging neck and traps of which the thickness startled him. Gone was his wife’s thin swan like neck, replaced with two thick columns of solid rough hewn cow-beef that looked like it had been grafted under her

skin, jutting up and uncomfortably near her jaw. Rising below that were the thick columns of pectoral slabs that Jinni had worked so hard to develop. Forgoing the breast implants that were becoming increasingly popular amongst female competitors, she'd chose to build a shelf of rock hard granular muscle whose paper thin skin did little to cover the thick muscle underneath. In fact, here in the moonlight Bill could clearly see a web of small spider lines of veins spill out from the center of Jinni's chest. Running to and fro along the brown columns of muscle before disappearing down and into the tiny cups of the lingerie which covered her nipples.

There moving to her lower body things became downright bizarre. Where her upper body was jutting, large meaty football sized shoulders and bulging biceps, Jinni's undercarriage was something else entirely. Covering down bellow the shelf of pec meat Jinni's waist stood out, tiny, minuscule and – against Bill's better judgment it seemed even smaller and daintier than he remembered it being before her hardcore training regimen began. But how could that be? It was sleek. Covered and feminine, but at the same time mounted with the thick plating and series of highly delineated musculature plated abs which seemed to rise and fall with each of Jinni's soft breaths in the moonlight.

Jinni could almost feel Bill's eyes as they traveled down her lower body and she exalted in the feeling of him taking in her magnificence. She had worked so hard for this body, sweating, lifting monstrous weights injecting herself with god knows what in order she her to build this monument to strength power and discipline.

She could feel Bill's eyes as they traced down her front side, along her rippling mid-section and down to the tiny piece of cloth that contained her sex. She had spent the better part of the morning at the salon getting her lower parts waxed and buffed and the entirety of her sex stood clean, hairless, just the paper thin of her bulged tanned body in between her and the soft inner linings of the panties.

In acquiescing to her husbands gaze Jinni slowly flexed and quivered her thigh and hip muscles. Rising up high on her tiptoes and causing her lower body, to bulge and bubble as she squeezed hard on her quads forcing them to ripple out. The thick balloon like muscles inflated, stretching her taut, tanned skin and the inner divots and flexations of the muscles pressed outward.

The move brought a gasp to her husband and she had accentuated it by pulling taught the tiny strings that connected the front of the panties to the small triangle the wedged thick between her glutes on her back. The action

managed to squeeze up and in the small, silky fabric momentarily causing it to wedge against the lips of her sex which, since the first moment of catching a glance of herself in this proactive attire had bulged thick, filling with blood, At the same time, the upper part of her pussy bulged hard with her clit, now a small pronounced form due to her uptake in her chemical regiments pushed out and downward slightly denting the outer silky sheen of her panties.

She stood there, holding the pose for what seemed like an eternity. Looking like a living statue cast in the golden light of the evening before releasing it and moving towards her husband. 'You look... you look amazing.' Bill managed to stammer out.

'Thank you sweetie... ' Jinni said moving closer to the bed. Each step causing her thick quads to bubble and shake as the muscle underneath quivered with each powerful step towards the bed.

Her main goal now was to get Bill comfortable. She was sure that the start of her body reveal had, produced its desired effect and caused awe in her husband. But she knew she would need to relax him and dissipate some of the fear and awe she had caused in order to fully experience this night of pleasure with the man she loved. After all this was her man, her husband – she wanted to

bring them on level footing and make sure he can fully enjoy this body she had put all this work into.

She approached the bed as Bill looked at her. My god did she look amazing he thought. There standing above him she seemed like something else the moonlight highlighting every cut crevice of her bulging rock like physique.

‘Here...’ she said gently. Her lips curling in a warm inviting smile that Bill had seen his wife deploy many times. It was sweet and maternal. It was the smile of a wife, a mother, a woman who contained an infinite amount of loving energy. It was his Jinni, only he’d never experienced it in contrast to her bulged, vein riddled and almost scary built body. The effect was intoxicating and its dichotomy once again sent sharp ripples of pain, desire and awe through his body.

Jinni could see this and smiled warmly.

‘It’s okay honey...’ She said once again and took Bill’s hand in hers. She moved slightly closer to the bed and took the back of Bill’s hand, his hand rough with hair and a bit of callous and gently brushed it over her bulging, rock hard quad. As Jinni ran her hand over her outer leg she jostled her foot slightly causing the thick muscles of the outer head of her leg to jostle and bubbles lightly flexing out and forming it’s fully formed cap over her relatively dainty knee.

‘How does it feel?’ She asked sweetly as she continued to rub Bill’s hand over her bulged muscle as she continued to demonstrate her muscle control, slightly undulating it with insane precision under her husband’s touch.

‘It feels... I don’t know... it feels amazing... like soft... and then rock hard the next moment... and then smooth... it feels like there’s... it feels like there’s energy.... Electricity under my hand... like I feel sparks...’

Jinni smiled. She had been inside this body for so long and experienced from the inside, but from the outside, she had no idea how it felt. She could see the looks of awe. The lingering glances that followed her as she made her way through her day to day lives or in the reflection of the mirror at her gym, or the looks of jealousy on other women as they watched the reactions her body elicited from their husbands. But she herself could never feel how it truly felt for someone else to experience her.

‘Hmmm... it’s probably the power underneath.’ She said as she continued to guide his hand. ‘So... I squat nearly 500 lbs, for multiple reps. Do you know how much weight that is honey?’ Jinni continued. Her demeanor had changed slightly, it was still warm but now had shifted slightly and she addressed him with just a hint of condescension, like talking to a child. The speech was both to educate her

husband on the work she had done but also designed fill him with awe at the woman his wife has transformed into.

‘That’s more than most men can ever dream of lifting.... That’s a refrigerator honey. It’s more than any man at the gym. When I do it... You should see the bar... you know those big 45 lb plates?’

Bill nodded, only slightly now paying attention. His eyes rolling back in his head. Jinni could see the effect she was having on him as Bill’s cock quivered and jumped up with anticipation tenting the bed sheet that had covered it.

The bulged head of his dick stood up thick and hard pressing into the bed sheet. Jinni watched as the bed sheet was quickly became damp with sticky, moist pre-cum which was now steadily flowing the head of Bill’s erect member.

‘That’s one, two...’ she began to count out the number in a soft, girly baby cooing voice that threatened to send Bill over the edge. ‘That’s 5 plates on each side,’ she said and offered of a hard lex of her leg. ‘The bar bends underneath that kind of weight and I need to get under it... grunting... screaming.... To push the weight up and tear these big bulging muscles up and rebuild them for you...’

Bill nodded and his hand hungrily explored her leg. Grabbing and feeling it. It squeezed her hard and Jinni answered by giving her leg an incredibly hard SQUEEZE AND FLEX as the muscle bulged under Bill's trembling hand.

'It's rock hard...'

'Yes it is baby... That's the thick muscle fibers underneath.... So big and strong.... But the hardness is caused by the wittle, itty bitty bit of body fat I keep on body...' she said and coyly pinched and inch of her skin around her mid section. The thin skin stretched off of Jinni's body and seemed to gave way completely under her finger tips, moving around momentarily and then resettling over Jinni's plated abdomen. To Bill amazement the skin seemed to have nothing under it, and looked like waxed paper under his wife's pinched polished nails. As if showing her complete lack of subcutaneous fat on her abdomen. Jinni placed her hands behind her head, took a deep breath out and crunched in her stomach hard and tightly. Her face showed little to no strain of her effort, but the already ridged mounds of her stomach seemed to bubble forming into deep wedges. As if to prove it's structural integrity, Jinni took her left hand and with her dainty long nails tapped it, probing at its strength. The sound was unlike anything Bill had heard. It sounded more like fingernails tapping along lacquered wood or the polished stone of a

counter top and less like a sound that could be elicited from the contact of skin on skin on a human body.

‘Now... ‘ Jinni said reaching one of her well muscled arms behind her body and with a quick flick, flicking off the tiny bra that covered her nipples.

‘I just want you to relax... Let this body do all the work...’

Jinni said and stepped out of her panties, pulling them down along her thick legs and stripped down her tiny ankles.

‘This body is incredibly powerful and I wouldn’t want you to get accidently... hurt...’

Jinni climbed up and mounted her husband and Bill closed his eyes and thanked whoever it was that had gotten him the best Christmas he could have ever deserved.

