

Henry and The Hardbody - Part 1

By 009ELI

The story of a quiet, soft spoken man who has his world turned upside down when he realizes his dream of being in a relationship with a female bodybuilder.

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‘A-a-and I think y-y-you’ll see in c-c-c-closing.’ Henry stammered through the end of his presentation. Standing there in the front of the boardroom he could feel the sweat start to trickle through his dark blue wool suit and pool around the collar of his shirt.

‘An-an-and I th-th-think if you loo-loo-look at the next qu-qu-’ He was almost there. Almost to the end of it. If he could just get past the next page of notes he’d be home free. That is why it was with a bit of both sadness and kindness with his boss told him--

‘That’s good enough Henry. Thank you for the presentation.’ He said nodding, the looks of pity obvious from him as well as all of Henry’s co-workers gathered around the boardroom table.

‘But-but I ha-ha-ha a—’ Henry began to stammer out knowing he hadn’t fully finished and a had few powerpoint slides left in the quarterly report he was trying to give.

‘No, it was very good Henry. We have the printouts of the report if we have any further questions.’ Said his boss. ‘Why don’t you take a seat.’ It was less of a question then a command giving Henry a reprieve from making the rest of his presentation.

Henry meekly bowed his head and took his seat. He couldn’t bare to look at the other people in the room who avoided his gaze as well, most out of a sense of pity for the grown man who couldn’t seem to express himself. As Henry took his seat, a sense of frustration built in him. He’d wanted to get through the entire presentation this time. He knew the words. They were in his head, he could say them to himself, but he just couldn’t get them out.

Nothing in fact was wrong in Henry’s brain. He knew it. Everyone knew it, he was by everyone at the companies definition smart and perhaps because of his stammering an insanely hard worker. One of the best account executives that the firm had ever had. He’d work hours on a file or a case for his large accounting firm. But he had, had a bad stutter basically as long as he could remember. It always held him back. Growing up he’d fear ever having to get up in front of a class and give a presentation, and luckily his

teachers and most people in his life would take a certain kind of pity on him. Having him give the class presentation of project with the barest minimum of public speaking needed. Then giving him a condescending pat on the back like a dog 'thanks for trying' they'd seem to say.

He'd made it a goal to work twice as hard in spite of his speaking affliction and had persisted through high school, getting high marks, getting into a good college and eventually landing a prime job as an accountant here at the Marks firm, one of the most prestigious accounting firms in the entire country. And Henry had managed to build a good life, good salary and had a great apartment near the beach overlooking the ocean. But he still felt held back. He had watched people less talented and hard working shoot by him in the corporation merely because they were 'one of the guys' or could sweet talk their bosses or higher ups. He bit his tongue knowing that he could work circles around them but that often times the culture rewarded the most vocal and not the most talented and for Henry vocal wasn't his strong suit.

Henry retreated to his office sitting down in front of his computer he looked at himself in the reflection of the monitor.

'Damn it! If I could just finish that report...' He thought to himself. His mind flooding with words and ideas, ever more

frustrating for not being able to fully express them to anyone but himself. He regarded his face in the monitor. He wasn't bad looking, still had most of his hair and his face was long, but lean, a hold over from his days running track in high school. Henry had been athletic but gravitated toward running, the long distances perfect for pouring over his thoughts, keeping his own running dialogue to himself. He continued to run to this day, the vigorous exercise keeping him thinner than most men his age which made him appear taller than his 6' 3" frame. He'd always been tall which was something of an issue, he'd had a commanding height, but when heads would spin as he'd enter a room they would wait for him to say something witty and there in lay the problem. Henry would try to fake it but inevitably the stammer would return and with it the looks of pity and Henry would spend the rest of the evening in the corner, listening to the other men speak. Hating their social ease and the emptiness of their words. Envious of the way the women would look at them as they spewed forth on the topics of the day.

And that was an issue as well. Henry had, had some success with women. A successful, moderately in shape man of his age after all was a catch. Nice car. Beautiful apartment with a 180 view of the beach. He had dated a few girls in college but Henry seemed to fall hard which would just make the women pull away. The harder he worked to maintain the few relationships he was in the

more it seemed to make him desperate and push the opposite sex away. As he'd try to explain to them his feelings he could see the sadness as they looked at this grown man who seemed so broken and Henry was left with a distinct impression that these relationships lasted only as long as they did because the women felt sorry for him and didn't want the guilt of breaking up with him.

His last relationship was a good few months before. A woman he'd met on a dating app. Jenny was her name. On-line and in text Henry was gold, writing cute funny messages with ease. He'd seen Jenny's profile, single mom a year or so older than him fresh from a divorce. Looking at her pictures she appeared rather dowdy, in his mind Henry forced a physical attraction. She looked nice, he thought. Although in her pictures she appeared slightly doughy and unkempt perhaps wearing the stress of her kid and her divorce around her face. She'd spark to his first text msgs and they'd met up. Henry warned her he had a stutter and she sent a text back saying it wasn't a problem 'she liked what was inside of people.' But as they showed up at the bar and Henry tried to work his way through explaining to the matre d' he had a reservation he could see the telltale signs of pity and disgust flit across her face.

She eventually finished his sentence telling the server what they would like to order. It had been terrible and emasculating. The date had been a mismatch from the

start, but that didn't stop them from going back to her place and fooling around. Henry thought mostly to make full use of the night of babysitting she had paid for. Fumbling around in her unmade bed, peeling back her pants, Henry could feel her doughy thighs, heavier than they had looked clad in her jeans and the soft baby fat of her stomach and hips. He had not found her attractive to begin with and her curt dismissive manner and desperate nature made it even hard for him to culminate their interaction. Their two bodies in the bed feeling more like bashing a puzzle piece into a place where it wasn't meant to fit.

Still he was happy to at least have someone to spend his evenings with and had made peace with the fact that he may not find his dreamgirl. Good was good enough at this point and it's not even that Jenny was good enough but he did the math and thought this was better than dying alone. He'd only need to get through maybe another 40 yrs of life together. He had moved past the illusions that fairytales actually ever happen. That was why it was so hard a few weeks ago when Henry got the message (through text) that Jenny was sorry, she and her ex had decided to try and 'Make it work' again.

All this made him turn inward. He read. Went on walks. Mostly kept to himself. The few events he was invited to caused a panic in him weeks in advance and he'd show up.

Henry ate his lunch quietly at his desk. It was a lean flank steak and potatoes supplied by a company called Paeleo-meals. Henry had recently joined a gym and was trying to 'beef up.' Although it seemed as if no muscle would stay on his slim frame. Still he worked with a personal trainer, ordered expensive protein powders and supplements online and even flirted with the idea of maybe getting hormone replacement therapy. He had always wanted to add size, in some ways in his mind imagining that if he could be big enough, his body would have a power that his words couldn't. His dream had been to walk into a party, thick bodybuilder style muscle dripping off his tall physique. Every women's head in the room spinning to look in his direction. Then flocking to him, begging him to take them home.

It had been a dream but still just a few months into his new regiment, it was nowhere near a reality. He still looked relatively the same and it seemed that far from packing muscle on his bursting arms, he seemed to only gain muscle in his calves, giving him an odd Ichabod Crane look as he walked around the gym in his workout shorts.

But deep inside of him Henry carried another dream as to why he was trying to get muscular. A secret he had never truly admitted to anyone. Henry loved muscular women. Ever since he was a young child and had accidentally flipped through the TV in his families living and stumbled onto a

bodybuilding competition on ESPN he had been infatuated. He can still remember sitting on the carpet and flipping to see a beautiful blonde woman he was later to learn was named Anja Langer standing on top of the stage posing in a tiny black bikini that left nothing to the imagination. Her thick legs and muscular arms flexing and tightening and she glistened posing under the harsh lights of the stage. But most of all he remembers her amazing shape. The thick shoulders and arms, the tiny waist and long athletic legs. She had something that Henry didn't have. She had power and she didn't even need to say a word.

'Disgusting!' his dad cried out from the chair and flipped the channel quickly. Henry from his seat on the floor nodded in agreement, not wanting to anger his dad. But from that day on he was hooked. He went back to his room and stripped of his shirt, his pale lanky physique, and looked at himself in the mirror, no doubt thinking how could a woman like Anja ever look at a worm like him. In his head he lied in bed and imagined a future for himself and Anja, despite their age difference they'd meet and marry and she would see what a good and kind person he was and he would work hard in order to give them a life so she could focus on her training.

From then on something switched inside of him. He seemed to seek out these women. When the TV guide would arrive at the start of the week he'd quickly flip

through the channel listings scrolling his finger across the entire line up of ESPN looking for a mention that they would be showing a bodybuilding show. And on his walks to school he'd stop ever so slightly and linger trying to take in as much as he could of the muscle magazines on the newsstand that seemed to sport an amazingly developed women alongside the pumped up men. Unfortunately as he got older he soon began to realize that there were only a handful of these amazing women out there and besides from a few brief spotting's of some curvy muscle under clothes, his own personal Anja Langer seemed would only be a fantasy.

Or... at least he thought...

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Henry had selected Enterprise as his gym. He'd run through the options and Enterprise a high end chain seemed to offer the best options. It had several locations. The gyms were sleek and clean and because of their high price attracted a clientele of upscale business people. Henry flirted with getting a membership to Buster's a hardcore weightlifting gym located downtown. He'd followed them on Instragram and was excited to see that some of his favorite professional bodybuilders worked out there but after doing the math in his head he realized he'd have to drive far out of his way to make it work, and besides in his

mind he pictured showing up to the gym, his thin frame looking like a scarecrow and huge men with necks the size of tractor trailers curled dumbbells that weighted more than him. He even ran through a scenario where an especially huge shaved headed beast would attack him, coursing with roid rage.

Enterprise was in all respects the better fit for him even though he knew that he was unlikely to see a Helle Travino or Aleesha Young working out there any time soon. He was happy to see a few older women, very fit, but more inline with the bodies maintained from hours on an elliptical not the power packed bodies of a Mrs O contestant. Still Henry was happy with his choice. The gym felt more like a sleek vacation spa than a place you worked out, but Henry liked his trainer Jerome. A tall handsome male model looking fellow with sleek black hair gathered into a manbun and a body that rivaled Thor's. Jerome competed in male physique, a step down from pro bodybuilding, and despite that fact that he owed as much of his amazing development to HGH as hard training, the guy looked amazing. His huge arms and shoulders seemed to be moments away from tearing through his skintight Enterprise trainers shirt and his back was insanely huge trailing down to a sleek set of abs that pushed out through the spandex fabric of his shirt. Jerome was who Henry dreamed of looking like. He imagined showing up to the beach one day with Jerome's physique, stripping of his

shirt and taking a casual walk along the sand and every woman looking in his direction. By the end of the day he'd head home with a pile of numbers choosing the lucky ladies he'd visit in the evening and make love to, allowing them to feel and rub on his powerful physique. In his head he'd imagine he'd snag a couple of college age volleyball player types, but also share the wealth a few cougars who'd thrill at the chance to be with someone who looked like him.

Just being able to hang with someone like Jerome made him feel much cooler, besides the fact that he was paying him, he considered Jerome a friend. That's why on this day Henry pushed himself extra hard as he powered him through the workout.

'Henry push hard.... Come on! Curls and then right into dips!' Jerome cried out from behind the bench and Henry strained a pair of twenty fives working mightily in his hands while Jerome looked up every once in a while from his phone, no doubt texting with some girl he'd met or DMing with someone on his Instagram feed which sported mostly shirtless pictures of him lifting huge weights the size of a small car.

Henry squeezed out the last reps. Eager to impress his trainer.

‘Looking good. You’re getting stronger.’ Said Jerome giving him a slight tap on the arm. Whether or not he meant or he was just trying to make his client, who paid over a hundred bucks an hour for the chance to train with him, feel good he wasn’t really sure.

‘Thanks. I’ve noticed my shirts are fitting a little tighter.’ Said Henry bringing his arm up into a flex. They were fresh from a pump and did look bigger, albeit slightly.

‘Well have to get you into 22 territory.’ Jerome joked bringing his huge arm up and flexing it. Every head in the gym turned in his direction.

‘That’s just unfa-fa-fair.’ Said Henry. ‘Well get you there. You still following that diet?’ Asked Jerome knowing fully well that the small meal packages Henry was getting sent at an exorbitant cost from the company Jerome got a kickback from would definitely not be the difference maker, but still he thought if it made Henry feel better about himself. Jerome looked at himself as a trainer and something like a therapist, he genuinely did like Henry and not just as a client. He could see a kindness in him that others might miss and he wanted to help bring it out of him.

‘How’s work going?’ Jerome asked taking a genuine interest.

‘Go-go-good not gre-gre-great.’ Henry managed to stammer out. Jerome waited patiently. After years of training he knew people, he knew not to interrupt Henry, to let him get his words out.

‘I just di-di-did the pre-presentation and it we-went ok-k-kay.’ Henry said.

‘I know you were stressed about it.’ Said Jerome showing genuine compassion. He just wanted this guy to be confident. ‘Next time you go in that board room I want you to be like ‘I’m Henry MOTEHRFUCKER!’” Yelled out Jerome his deep voice filling up the space. Henry laughed. He wanted that to, but that was not going to happen he knew but he loved to ever imagine having half the confidence Jerome had.

‘How about some of that, I bet that would turn your day from good to fucking stupendous’ Said Jerome indicating a woman on the other side of the gym floor. Tall and model attractive with long legs, her flat stomach was exposed from under her sports bra and her long blonde hair was gathered nonchalantly into a baseball cap.

Henry starred at the women in awe. Women like that, that beautiful, seemed like aliens to him. Creatures from another planet, to be looked at but never spoken to or approached.

'I- I do-don't even know if I could talk to someone I-I-like that?' Henry stammered.

'Dude, in a month your going to be so jacked she's going to be dying to talk to you.' Said Jerome, partially humoring Henry, but also trying to give him some encouragement.

That was when Henry heard a...

'Sorry. Excuse me.' As a figure from behind him hurried past and grabbed a set of dumbbells off the racks in front of him. From his initial reaction, he could tell by the sound of the voice, the woman who said it was not one of the many younger girls who frequented Enterprise after work in order to take one of their spin classes with the hopes of sitting next to some rich guy in the hopes he'd marry them and take them away from their boring desk job.

He could tell the voice was a little older, closer to his age, with a slight deepness to it, not too deep, just a hint of age and maturity. He was looking down as the figure swooped by him and grabbed the weights.

'Okay Henry next set. Let's go.' Said Jerome. And it was only after Henry looked up from his rest that he could see the woman who had brushed by had just grabbed off the racks a set of 55lb dumbbells that rested right in front of him! Henry thought he had made a mistake and his head turned around looking past his shoulder at the figure

hoisting both dumbbells, twice the weight he was using, easily in her hands and then headed off. Rolling back the tape in his head Henry was able to splice pieces of it together. He was looking down and saw only the spandex workout pant clad leg brush past, but upon further reflection he realized what he had seen had actually been the round, bulbous, thick tear drop of the women's front quad clearly visible even through the fabric of her sweat pants.

Henry quickly spun his head around looking behind him and followed the figure back through the mirror as she made her way across the gym floor. He could clearly see her now... fuck... fuck... it was a female bodybuilder!

Henry's eyes scanned the mirror as the woman quickly walked back across the weight room floor. His eyes fluttered across the image trying to capture every single moment of it. She was wearing a sports bra and Henry could clearly make out the incredible deep thickness of the women's back, the jutting lats and the hugely muscled shoulders, traps and her rear delts, clearly flexing under skin and she worked to hold the 55's in her hands.

Before she completely disappeared across the weight room his eyes got a chance to travel down her lower body. Her waist was incredibly small and tight especially in contrast to the broad developed expanse of her upper back, arms

and shoulders. Under the sports bra he could clearly see the thick columns of her lower back ti- ins flex as she moved, and as his eyes continued to travel downwards, he was just able to get a glimpse of her cute but obviously well muscled ass jump and flex cutely as she hustled her across the floor. A pair of thickly muscled calves, exposed by the bottom of her spandex workout pants, pumping and flexing as she continued to move out of his view.

FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! Henry thought to himself. His head was spinning. He had always wanted to see a female bodybuilder in person, and aside from one time when he was in line at a concert and with another women and thought he spotted the tell tale signs of a muscular female, he had never seen one. And now here one was in the gym amongst all the cardio bunnies and the bro's who lifted to get in shape for Mudruns.

'Henry, those weights wont lift themselves.' Called Jerome from behind him.

But Henry needed to see more of this woman. He'd never seen her here before... and might never see her again. He quickly got up and excused himself hustling across the floor of the gym, telling Jerome he really needed to take a leak.

'Cool' Said Jerome before returning to scrolling through his phone.

Henry shot out of his seat and continued running toward the bathroom before making a b-line and using his best guesstimate as to where the women had went. He tried to trail his eyes across the floor of the gym in search of her but the floor was starting to fill up with the crowds exiting the 5:30 PM spin class. And it was then that he spotted her! I mean how could he not. Once he found her she was impossible to miss.

About 5' 4", Henry could see her on the other side of the gym with another man standing behind her. He was older, bald but still with a long pony tail and a large sweatshirt with the neck cut out, although he looked as if he now did more powerlifting than powerlifting, Henry could still tell at one point he had been a monster. Henry was trying to parse the relationship, husband? Boyfriend? But from the body language and then fact that he was constantly yelling at her –

‘Push hard! Fight for it!’ He guessed trainer. Still Henry was drawn closer, he didn't want to be spotted or discovered as the gym schmo, or stalker, still he couldn't pull his eyes away from the amazing female specimen.

Standing there starrng he could get a better sense of her. My god! She really was the real deal. Not a bikini girl or little twinkly fitness competitor. This was an honest to god real life female bodybuilder. And my god was she impressive in person. From behind Henry watched as she

cranked out rep after rep of curls with the fifties in each hand. Her arms huge despite her smaller frame, they almost appeared as large as Jerome's in comparison. He gauged them at 17" easily and pushing closer to 18 and she continued to pump away under the direction of her trainer.

'fight for it! Fight for it!' He continued to bark. And did she ever! Curling rep after rep the sharp horsehoes of her triceps coming into clear view each time she lowered the weight at the end of the rep and then the thick chunks of her back and lats coming into play and she brought the weights back up. Small pools of sweat began to trickle along her neck flowing down the thick expanse of her traps and trailing along the ridges of her thick back and lats that looked as if they may split the spandex material of the back of her sports bra at any time.

He couldn't take his eyes off her. He had looked at a lot of female bodybuilders in his life and he couldn't place her, but he couldn't understand why he didn't know her? Her proportions seemed almost perfect to him. The big back, arms and shoulders and tiny waist creating a perfect v-silhouette. As he continued to look he could also see that her legs were equally well developed, even from the back and bent slightly to allow for proper form, he could see the perfectly developed sides of her quads as well as her hamstrings and glutes. She was magnificent, he thought.

He managed to pull his eyes away from her lower body long enough to take in her face. As he had initially placed by the voice, she was older, close to his age. Early 40s maybe. But she wore it well. She wasn't model pretty, but her lack of bodyfat allowed her cheek bones to be prominent and her shoulder length brown hair was pulled back. She wouldn't knock you out with that face, but with a body like that she didn't need to. Here it was for him. A true example of a body that spoke all the words it would ever need to.

Henry stood there transfixed continuing to watch her from afar in the mirror. Amazed by her. Amazed by her intensity. She seemed completely focused. Pools of sweat beginning to cascade down the bangs that hung around her eyes but still she continued to pump away. Veins growing under her skin, arms growing massive.

'Pump it—' yelled the trainer and said her name with sounded like something like an A name? Audra? Henry put that in his head. Audra. He'd have to look her up when he got home.

Finally he managed to pull himself away long enough to get back to Jerome. He'd been gone too long and was worried his trainer would be suspicious. Besides, he'd stood starrng for too long at this magnificent women his age that seemed to have the body he'd always desired on his

partners. And really, what was he going to do? Stare at her all night driving himself crazy with lust? He told himself a story in his head. He imagined approaching her. Telling her how magnificent she looked and as soon as she looked at his skinny odd physique and heard his stutter she'd thank him for the compliment and then that look of pity would cross her face.

But, as 'Audra' put the weights down, Henry could almost imagine he had caught her gaze in the reflective glass mirror of the gym. And if he closed his eyes and believed real hard. He could almost imagine that she had offered him a small twinkling smile.

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People felt AUDREY Johnson was nuts. She in fact at times felt she was nuts. Her family. Her friends. Her exes. In fact as she stood here at a little after 5:30PM on a Tuesday in the main weight area of the upscale Enterprise health club she too felt like she may be a little nuts. Behind her, her trainer Enrique screamed his head off.

'Pump curl! Don't stop!' Why did she do this to herself she thought? She had begun bodybuilding nearly 15 years ago. Getting out of college she'd bounced around from job to job. A few admin jobs here and there. But nothing really seemed to stick. In fact the one thing she enjoyed was

going out with her girlfriends, drinking and partying. If you would have told her fifteen years later she'd have nearly 18 inch biceps and single digit body fat she would have laughed at you. In fact if you had told her she'd have anything close to a profession that involved her doing physical exercise she would have told you to get out of her face and go to the bar and get her another shot of tequila. But still she couldn't help but feel as if there was something missing and one day waking up and nearly 30 she looked at herself in the mirror. She felt tired, she felt as if her life was going nowhere. She had looked at herself in the mirror and seen a woman who looked nearly a decade older looking back.

Never the most beautiful of her friends Audrey could feel herself slipping away. She wanted meaning. One day she followed a friend's advice and signed up for a thing called Jazzerobics at a local gym. Halfway through the class she wanted to puke the rest of her nachos she'd had the night before on the floor. She hated it. But she stuck with it. And saw some results and felt better. Suddenly she had more energy and the idea of drinking herself into a stupor with her girlfriends didn't seem as appealing. Besides she was losing weight and felt good and did not want to undo the hard work she had put into sweating away all those pounds in her class.

But things really started to change for her in her late 20s when one day she had left her class, caked with sweat and saw two people working out together on the other side of the gym. A man and a woman. He was extraordinarily developed, a huge slab of muscle easily weighting in at well over three hundred pounds, his thick arms hung at his sides and his sweat stained tank top exposing his pumped chest. But it was the woman with him that truly caught Audrey's gaze. And made her stare in amazement. Audrey had of course seen bodybuilders in magazines, men with overly developed bodies posing in little speedos. Inflating their muscles in comical poses in order to overcome their obvious lack of self esteem. She'd never spent more than a few moments thinking of them. Finding them silly, but as she now dedicated herself to getting herself in shape she was able to develop a new appreciation for the amount of work they put into this.

The woman with him, she'd later learn was his wife, and was the first female bodybuilder Audrey had ever seen in real life and she was immediately taken. Whereas the man (Jamal) seemed to have been comically inflated and looked rather silly, the woman (Delilah) was muscular, massively so, with big round shoulders, huge ripped arms and a slim set of abs that showed a visible 6-pack which rippled as she moved around the gym. But unlike the hulking mass her husband showcased, her muscles had a beauty and poetry to them, she just looked so aesthetically pleasing

that Audrey was immediately caught off guard. The effect that her body had on her wasn't that of masculinity, if anything this woman seemed to have the stereotypical hourglass shape of a classic pin up like Marilyn Monroe only pushed past boundaries Audrey had ever seen. Her shoulders and chest were big while her waist was tiny and feminine. To Audrey she seemed hyper-feminine like the ideal of what a female body could be as if designed in a lab by a scientist.

She was speechless that day, but later, on another visit she'd gotten up the nerve to approach the two figures with the Greek god like bodies who seemed to work in perfect synch throwing massive weights around the room. She introduced herself, and was worried that she had fawned so much over Delilah she may have come across as looking for a threesome instead of exercise advice. However she was happy to learn that not only did they compete they also trained clients. Audrey, then working at a bar knew she had to have this. She had to pursue it. Even if she couldn't look as good as Delilah she knew she had to pursue this as far as it went. Little would she know that as impressive as she found Delilah on this day, within a decade she'd far surpass her in muscular development.

Audrey doubled her shift at the bar in order to pay for training sessions and the food and supplements she was told she needed. She'd push herself to the limit training

during the day and then work long nights. She liked the changes she saw in her body but knew if she ever wanted to get the look that had drawn her to Delilah on that first day seeing her she'd need to pursue this in earnest. She quit her job at the restaurant and found work as the receptionist at the gym. This brought her into an entirely new world. The men and women who made building their bodies to their ultimate their full passion. Audrey was now hooked.

She thrilled as she could see the small changes she made in her body the small pop in her biceps and her shoulders. When she'd meet up with her party friends they couldn't believe the changes she had made, in fact they hated them.

'You had such a cute little body? Why do you want to do this it?' Said one of her friends the first day she had met them out wearing a sleeveless shirt, her newly toned arms on display. But she didn't care. Soon those friends who didn't share her vision she'd let fall away as she dedicated herself to her new pursuit. Delilah and Jerome had first prepped her for her first show, a local fitness competition, but they could soon see her body, despite being relatively small was packing on muscle fast.

'You're not a figure competitor girl... you're a bodybuilder.' Said Delilah one day. This had meant that if she was really

going to make a go of it, she'd need to be out there with the big girls. Delilah and Jamal took her to a local contest. Her first female bodybuilding show where they introduced her to a few of the competitors they knew. 'My god these women are huge!' Thought Audrey as she stood backstage looking at the pumped up women prancing around in their bikinis. They looked like beefy shaved cattle, huge and almost untouchable.

Audrey threw herself into her training and the results showed. She soon found herself moving up the ranks of local and amateur shows. She also soon found a new career and livelihood. As Audrey worked to define her body making it more remarkable she soon found she was approached more and more often by women in the gym who wanted her to train them. Very soon she was able to leave the receptionist job and open up her own personal training shingle. That along with her earnings and an endorsement from a well known Supplement Company had been enough to make sure she could pursue her sport full time.

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Audrey often times forgot exactly how she looked. The body, although extreme to most observers, had come to her over such a long grueling process that unless she saw photos of her old self she had almost forgot the effect she

could have on people. That's not to say she wasn't conscious of her body. It was her life. It was her livelihood. And almost acted as a secondary persona to her own. Her child that she cared for. Her art project she'd nurture. Although she would often go about her day without fully realizing just how extraordinary her muscularly developed body made her stand out, she would at times also catch glimpses of her self in a distant mirror and think to herself 'Is this really me?' The body was so extraordinary it at times did not even seem real to her. And she at times caught sight of herself over her shoulder. Her thick back and shoulders exposed in a tank top and thought 'Wow, who is that?' Only to realize she was gazing upon the body she herself had built.

That did not mean that Audrey was arrogant or egoistical

That is why, on this day she looked at herself in the mirror. When she was down at her normal bodybuilding gym amongst the over huge, overly pumped bodies hers seemed to be the norm, but at Enterprise in comparison to the rest of the clientele she stuck out like a sore thumb. This led to a complex series of emotions, she wanted to hide... was she a freak? At the same time she'd worked for nearly 12 yrs to build this body. She was proud of it. She shouldn't care if people looked at her with awe, envy and twinges of disgust. If they wanted to put in the work they could look like this too. Let them try she often thought.

At the same time she was human. She wanted people to like her and she knew, looking like an action figure stuffed into a sports bra and lycra pants could be tremendously intimidating to some that's why she was also kind when she met people and made sure to smile in way that communicate 'its okay... When you get past the big pumped biceps I'm just a woman. I am not going to hurt you.'

That is why on this day, she saw an older man catch eyes with her in the mirror. She stopped for a second. Tall, she thought if not handsome, cute and distinguished. She wasn't sure why, but she smiled. And smiled at him warmly. And then before she knew it he had disappeared.

Henry and The Hardbody - Part 2

By 009ELI

Henry scoured the internet for any mention of a female bodybuilder named 'Audra' but came up short. He googled 'Audra Bodybuilder,' 'Audra Female Bodybuilder.' Even Audra with his town and the name of the gym and 'A' and then Female Bodybuilder, which brought up plenty of matches, but as he scrolled through the pages he couldn't place then woman. He thought it might have been Lisa Auckland as the two women shared a similar build. But Lisa had lighter colored hair and he remembered hearing she had retired from the sport a few years before and from the sheer build of this woman she was nowhere near retired.

Henry soon gave up the pursuit. Besides, he thought in his mind, what was he going to do? His dream had been of going up to her or catching her on the way out of the gym, conversing with her and charming her and then asking her on a date. But he knew this would never happen and he thought 'She probably has a boyfriend already.' He knew from his experiences that not only were women like her extremely rare, they were always in demand and always seemed to date someone, usually a personal trainer or some kind of Svengali. Maybe that's who the guy she was with today was? Henry decided to put it on of his mind. But one thing he never could quit escape was the weird feeling

that she had looked at him and smiled. albeit briefly, in the reflection of the mirror. But he quickly dismissed this thought, no way a woman like her would ever look at a man like him.

That was why when he returned to the gym that Thursday for his next training session with Jerome he was initially shocked to catch sight of her as he came off the elevator and saw her checking in at the front counter. She was wearing a hooded sweatshirt which clung tightly to her upper body, but her bulging biceps and exposed thick neck and traps were evident under it. When he looked at her face he could clearly make out it was her . He did a quick check on her lower body which was clad in skin tight grey workout pants that did little to hide the shape and definition of her legs and muscular calves.

He checked in the with the receptionist, flashing his membership card and turned to her... This was his chance to offer her his most dashing George Clooney grin, but right as he smiled in her direction she looked at a set a documents one of the other sales girls was showing her. Leaving Henry standing there smiling dumbly at nobody in particular.

He quickly hustled off to change into his gym shorts and get ready for his training session. He cursed himself in his head. How dumb had he been, he really had worked to

convince himself that this woman who easily could have stepped on stage and placed on any of the Ms. O contests he watched as a kid would ever even know he existed! He forced down the pain of the rejection and headed out onto the weight room floor to join Jerome.

‘There he is Mr. H! Hulking Henry!’ Joked Jerome who looked particularly huge and pumped today. Henry wanted to tell Jerome just to zip it, that he knew he was being kind to him and teasing him because he was his client, and after what he had experienced at the check in counter he didn’t appreciate him making fun of him, but all that came out of Henry’s mouth was a feeble.

‘He-he-hey there J-j-jerome.’ He hated himself. He felt like such a coward. No wonder he had nobody in his life. Who would ever find a man who couldn’t even express his simple feelings attractive? He wanted to slink home and looking at his flimsy physique he decided he’d cancel his membership to Enterprise and quit his sessions with Jerome, they were costing him a fortune and Jerome was simply playing him and stringing him alone.

He’d let go of his dream. From now on he’d work... dedicate himself to that. He never wanted to see or be around people again.

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Audrey always felt weird going to an overly commercial gym like Enterprise. She'd been training here the last week to fit her trainer Enrique's schedule, but with her heavily muscled body she stood out like a sore thumb. She didn't particularly like being on display, sure she worked out in a sports bra and tight leggings but those served a functionality, she needed to see the muscles work as she was prepping for a contest a few weeks away. But the stares she received from the post work crowd made her feel ostracized. Not only was she by far the only woman in the place with serious muscle mass. Her thick development put her well ahead of any of the men, most of whom were professionals like Henry who used the gym regularly but seemed to struggle to gain little muscle size. That and the added fact that about 12 weeks out from her next show her conditioning was starting to come in and the lines and details of her body were clearly visible in her workout attire, she could easily be considered the most muscularly developed person in the gym guy or girl!

That is why she kept her head down. Kept to herself and made sure to meet everyone's gazes of awe or disgust with a kindly polite smile. She was also sporting a sports bra and leggings emblazoned with the logo of CelluX her supplement company. Her sponsorship underwrote a huge part of her life and she knew a good part of why it was important work out at gyms like Enterprise was so that her body would act a brand ambassador for CelluX's and it's

products and as the brand ambassador she didn't want to risk coming off as arrogant or unfriendly.

So as she sauntered out to the weight floor today a few people passed. Looked at her briefly, then she could see the same thing happened... They looked in her eyes... Seeing a woman in her early 40s... then... then they caught sight of her body and their expressions changed. She'd seen it so many times. Flashes a shock as their eyes traveled down her thickly muscled chest and to her ripped exposed six pack. Then the panic mixed with politeness set in. They'd try to look away but soon they'd turn back and sometimes look at her dumbly or smile or look in shock. And Audrey knew what she needed to do. Look them in their eyes. And smile warmly. Letting them know she was not a threat.

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Out on the gym floor Jerome worked Henry through the leg workout. The gym was lit brightly with fluorescent lights and the state of the art machines gleamed with chrome.

As Henry sat on the leg press machine, he scanned the place for her, but couldn't find any trace.

'What's wrong today H-Dawg? You seem like you are someplace else. Everything okay at work?' Asked Jerome,

concerned that his client seemed particularly quiet and particularly unwilling to play today.

‘N-N-Nothing wrong!’ Snapped Henry. The anger he felt at being so pathetic barely disguised. Jerome knew when to lay off so he backed away and let Henry continue on the leg press.

Henry pressed away. He looked at his scrawny legs. Grow! Grow What is wrong with you. He’d been working with Jerome a few months and could not believe he’d barely seen any change in his body. Except his calves which seemed to grow overpowering his body and in fact making the rest of his legs look even skinnier. What guy only wanted jack’d calves? He felt like one of those women who were out of shape but wore high heels most of their lives so the one hard part on their body was developed... calves.

As Henry hopped off the machine his legs pounded from the workout he’d just undertaken – IT WAS THEN... He spotted her across the floor.

She was being worked by Enrique using the lat machine. He watched in awe as her back, now exposed with the removal of her grey sweatshirt, clad in her tight sports bra, contracted and flexed hard with each rep, the muscles of her back clearly visible as she pulled the weight down... then her lats exploded and stretched at the end of the

movement causing her back to widen like a cobra hood, making the smallness of her waist even more pronounced. Henry watched in awe as she pumped away, rep after rep. Back stretch up... then pull down flexing in rock hard detail.

No wonder this woman looked the way she did, and everyone else in the gym seemed to pale in comparison. Her intensity was extreme. This was work for her. She wasn't playing.

Henry felt a gut punch like the wind was taken out of him, he starred but knew he had to quickly get back to his workout –

'Already lets finish killing them wheels with some hammie work.' Said Jerome and made his way over to the hamstring curl machine on the other side of the gym.

Henry's manhood began to fire. The machine was right next to the lat pulldown! It would mean he'd be working out right next to HER! His heart began to beat but then he realized not only would he be working out, he'd be lying down on his stomach, his flabby workout short sporting butt sticking in the air as he pumped away sweating out work reps with what she probably use as a workout. After his crash and burn earlier his ego couldn't take that.

'No!' He finally cried out to Jerome.

Jerome seemed taken aback.

'I-I h-hurt my quad.' Henry said touching the back of what was actually his hamstring. Jerome thought his client was certainly acting odd but let it go, they were near the end of the workout.

'Okay... I'll just stretch you and we can be out of here.' He said walking

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Henry was done with the workout when he came back around the corner to the front of the health club. He had given up on the day. Two failed attempts to talk to 'her' had gone terribly wrong. But as he headed towards the elevator he could distinctly hear two voices in what sounded like an argument. And once he turned the corner he could once again see her, her hoodie now back on, but obviously stretched tight across the broad expanse of her upper back from her recent workout.

She was talking with one of the sales girls:

'I don't think that's right.' Said Audrey.

'I'm sorry that's what our rules say. I said we can offer you a membership – ' Countered the sales girl whom Henry had dealt with before. She was a skinny little thing who seemed to spend most of her time on the treadmill.

Audrey knew she had to be careful here. She was fresh from a workout, her make up caked to her face and her body pumped to its max. Huge inflated and vein splattered she easily outweighed the girl by a good 60 or so pounds. She didn't want to appear as if she was in a screaming match with this younger, smaller girl whom to most passers by it would appear as if she could snap in half like a toothpick.

'Okay. I'm so sorry I'll call the federation or my sponsor and see what the deal is?' She said smiling nicely and trying to sooth any rough edges.

For her part, the young girl was completely intimidated by the women standing in front of her who's chest exposed through the top of her sports bra looked like it could crush steal plates. She thought if something did go down her best course of action would just be to play possum because who knew just how freakishly strong or fast the woman standing in front of her was. She'd sure she'd have no chance. So she was happy as the tension seemed to diffuse.

'Well thank you for your help.' Smiled Audrey backing away.

‘Of course please call me when if you need anything. I’m sure it was a mistake.’ Said the countergirl now eager to appease the large bodybuilder.

‘Thanks again.’ Audrey smiled. She was a bit embarrassed, she didn’t like confrontation, and since she knew every eye was on her she was eager to be done with the thing. She pulled her purse on and headed into the elevator, which Henry held for her.

The door slammed shut and Henry, after a few moments of silence offered...

‘Th-they can r-r-r-real jerks h-here.’ He said managing despite himself to spit it out.

Standing there they were the only two people in the elevator and from his vantage point he could see clearly down the opening at the top of her hoodie which had been unzipped slightly revealing the top of the thick slabs of the pectoral muscle of her chest. He gulped looking at how developed it was, the light fluttering of her trying to catch her breath to calm down caused feathery striations to flash across it highlighted by the overhead fluorescents of the elevator.

‘There’s supposed to be a deal between the league I compete in for bodybuilding and this gym, but I guess they

no longer honor it.’ She said matter of factly. ‘Audrey Johnson.’ She said introducing herself and gave him one of her polished and polite smiles as she held out her hand to shake. Of course! Now he could place her!

Henry gazed down to her arm. Despite being covered in a sweatshirt, the thick ball of her shoulder was clearly visible as she extended it and he could see her bicep and forearm extend under the grey cotton of the sweatshirt as she held out her hand. Even the back of her triceps became clearly visible.

Henry smiled and shook it.

‘M-my-my-my n-naa...’ There it was. His mouth was spitting blanks but his mind was firing on all cylinders. ‘Oh my god you dummy! Just get your name out!’ He cried in his head. Meanwhile his hand rested in hers shaking away. My god!... he thought. The underside of her palm was obvious with power. He could feel her hands were even thick with muscle, no doubt from years of gripping barbells and weight loaded with all kinds of heavy plates. But the outer sides were soft, smooth and warm just like any other woman’s, the only difference was the vascularity of the snaking veins that ran from her forearms.

Finally he decided to take another tact and stopped saying his name.

‘Tru-trust me. It w-w-w-ill be worth the wait wh-wh-when I finally get it out.’ He managed to spit out quickly. A joke. And she smiled. It was warm and genuine. The traces of the faux posed smile disappearing from her face. It had caught her off guard.

‘Henry!’ He managed to spurt out coasting of his new found confidence. ‘He made her laugh!’ He thought.

‘Nice to meet you Henry.’ She said back and the elevator reached the ground floor.

‘Well see you.’ She said nicely ‘Hopefully next time I’ll be allowed to work out here.’ She said to him smiling as she headed off to the parking structure towards her car.

‘Boy...’ Henry thought. Did he hope so. He wondered, maybe he could talk to the management, get her a membership. Or buy one for her. He certainly had the money and wasn’t using it for much, but then thought against it. How weird would that some random guy payed for her gym membership just so he could gawk at her body while she worked out. I mean he had certainly heard of situations where men would underwrite these women’s lifestyles. But that felt desperate.

‘I-I-hope it gets w-w-worked out to, Audrey.’ He said her name. It felt good saying her name. Was he being too

familiar with her? He wasn't sure, but he couldn't help but notice it was one of the few words he didn't get caught on. 'Audrey.' He could say it and it slipped out naturally.

She offered him a parting smile and Henry lowered his head and headed back across the parking structure and as he did...

He turned and noticed... Audrey walking a behind...

'Y-y-you st-st-stalking me Audrey?' He said. He wasn't even sure where it came from? It was ballsy and confident and it seemed set the bodybuilder slightly back on her heels. She really wasn't used to being talking to like this. Normally men cowered and smiled subserviently in front of her from obvious intimidation. Here was this guy. His stutter was obvious but damn it he wasn't more confident then he appeared.

She was caught off guard and for a moment, she was the one who stammered. Before smiling and deciding, she had been bested maybe just best to play along.

'Actaully yes. I'm such a mess today I figured I'd just trail behind you and you'd get me to my car.' She wasn't even sure what this meant. It had been a while since she'd been in a verbal sparring match with a man. Normally the guys who approached her were pure 100% testosterone fueled

muscle heads who might start a conversation by mansplaining proper squat technique to her but now she was having an actual a meeting of the minds. Godamanit. She couldn't believe it. She was actually thinking this guy was cute.

'It-it's o-o-kay. I-I-I saw you ch-checking me out e-e-earlier.' Henry said giving her a confident smirk, the one that was so eluded him when they were standing in the elevator.

'Ha! Checking you out? Yeah... okay. You were the one checking me out!" She snapped back a playful smile on her face and... damnit Audrey she thought. She had stepped right in that trap. She began to blush. Hints of red playing across her checks. Neither Henry or her had previously even acknowledged seeing each other earlier and now her she was. Totally taking the bait and admitting that she did in fact checked him out the day before.

Henry burst into a grin 'S-s-so you d-d-do remember me.' He said his smile turning wicked.

Damnit! Audrey thought. She really wasn't good at this. All these muscles and this beanpole had bested her. She had to smile as they finally arrived at her car, a compact SUV that doubled as mobile unit for her personal training business.

'I-I-I'm not s-s-s-ure how'd I'd guess this was y-yours.' Said Henry indicating that the her car was covered with photos Audrey in tight shorts and an ab exposing midriff curling a sizable dumbbell, an advertisement for her personal training business.

For a moment Audrey felt embarrassed by the garish display of her nearly naked body splashed across her own vehicle. I mean, wasn't this the inverse of the typical male female dynamic. The male physically dominant while the female remained coolly in control intellectually, now it felt as if it had been flipped on its head. Here was Audrey to any person, obviously physically superior to Henry in every way now forced to play verbal catch up in their sparring match. She felt something that she hadn't felt in a while, bested by a man and it, far from making her feel alienated, made her feel alive. Her natural competitive spark rekindled.

'It's for my personal training business.' She said, continuing to blush. Now a little embarrassed about the showiness of driving around in a vehicle plastered with her own image.

Henry nodded. 'Well it was nice meeting you Henry.' She said throwing her stuff in the back seat of the car.

'Y-y-y-you too Audrey.' And there it was again. No problem saying her name.

‘Hopefully I’ll see you around.’ She said offering him a hopeful smile and a parting handshake. This time squeezing her hand hard, unlike in the elevator where she held back on her power.

Fuck! Thought Henry. The squeeze she gave only lasted a few moments but was powerful, incredibly so, and he felt as if his bones would shatters. A quick, subtle warning shot of her physical superiority. He winced and Audrey felt bad for a moment but smiled a devious smile inside her head serves you right for trying to show me up, she thought.

Henry watched her for a moment climb into her car, the tight spandex clinging to her lower body and as she bent to get in he could even see the flashes of the muscular definition of her ass muscles flex and contract slightly. My god! He thought.

Finally he managed to get his head in check and headed back across the garage...

But something inside of Audrey was firing. Did she want him to come back? She felt something. Annoyance but if she looked bellow it was attraction. Was she really attracted to this lanky guy with the odd self-confidence? She knew she had always said what all woman said, ‘I just want someone nice.’ But then she kept making the same dumb mistakes. And here this guy was. Nice and smart.

Obviously so... she sat there for a minute. Making her peace. 'Oh well she thought.' She had a huge competition coming up in just under three months and she was going to be in no way ready to start a new relationship even if the guy did seem nice. So maybe all was for the best.

Right then there was a tap on her car window.

'St-st-stalker.' Said Henry from outside the car. Audrey couldn't believe it. And she was fucking starting to hate that nickname now. I mean she was Audrey Johnson, championship competitive bodybuilder. Nearly 170 pounds of pure she beef. Her posters where in gyms all over the world. She could bench over twice her bodyweight. When she accidentally bumped into grown men THEY APPOLIGIZED TO HER! And now here was the guy accusing her of stalking him! I mean... you just had to laugh. And she was. She found herself smiling again and rolled down the window.

'Look I told you. I'm not stalking you!' She said defensively. Laughing as soon as she realized how ridiculous that sounded.

'How about-t-t-t we grab a cup of coffee s-om-som-some time.' Henry managed to get out. Fuck the guy had balls Audrey thought. She liked balls. She wasn't exactly sure how she felt about him. But she was smiling and it had been a long time since someone made her smile.

‘Sure.’ She said and dug one of her business cards out of her purse and passed it to him out of the car window.

‘Call me’ she said before rolling up her window and speeding out of her spot.

Henry looked down at the business card in his hand. It featured a shot of Audrey from right after her last contest. She was huge and ripped wearing a matching pair of tiny tight shorts and top, her arms were exploding as she curled a heavy barbell. Her teeth gritted together as she strained under the weight. The shot managed to both be incredibly intense yet sexy. In Audrey’s mind it captured the perfect blend of sensuality and power.

As she drove away Audrey smiled to herself ‘Okay Mister... you want to play games? Well... I dare you not to think about me’. And then she sped off.

Henry and The Hardbody - Part 3

By 009ELI

As Audrey got ready to go over to see Henry that night she slid on a tight white pair of denim shorts.

The shorts were cut high and allowed the lower part of her glute to hang, slightly exposed. One thing Audrey had learned from her years as a bodybuilder, was the remarkable development of her physique gave her license to wear outfits and attire that might seem, garish, tacky or slutty on many other women. The idea of a woman in her early 40s wearing a teeny-tiny pair of white denim shorts if she was overweight might appear vulgar as people looked at her and wondered why this older woman was walking around with her butt hanging out especially if she was overweight or cellulite ridden.

But Audrey's hard-fought body seemed to make these outfits permissible, the viewer was being treated to something akin to a work of art and would think nothing of it. In fact, she had often found the more she layered, the more garish she could look. A heavy sweater or top would do little to cover the bulk of her thickly developed shoulders and arms, the neck of the thing would strain against her traps and lats and the overall appearance was that she was wrapped up like a present and not to mention

the fabric made her appear even more prominent than she actually was.

She pulled the billowy, flowy blouse top over her thickly developed pecs. The low cropped top stopped just short of her bra and left the center of her muscled cleavage thickly exposed. She had chosen a bra too as well that would do as much push up action as it could. She had long ago sacrificed her fatty breast tissue for a thick, shelf of rippling muscle. She didn't miss it. If anything she thought she had a more than an adequate substitute. She liked how pecs looked over boobs and figured you could pump them up giving yourself a fuller bustier look, so she had worked hard to build the underside of the muscle. The overall look was one of a full chest and cleavage, but as she pulled down the bra she wore underneath she noticed with pride that unlike boobs, her chest had little bounce and zero sag. Her pecs popped into place jiggling slightly as she fitted them to her bra then locked into place.

The hem of her shirt was loose and gave the appearance of summery relaxation. Good, Audrey thought. How to dress for a date without looking like she was on a date, and the top of the shirt stopped just a few inches below the top button of her shorts giving a beautiful view of the lower 4 cubed abs of her six pack while the billowy shape only helped play up her already slim waist and hips.

She knew that abs were the new cleavage and thought since she had a midsection you'd more regularly see on a top Olympic athlete than a 40-year-old woman why not show it. Besides she wasn't exactly sure how the date would go... or if she really liked this tall fellow with the stutter. Yes, he had made her laugh, but she just didn't know. Hers was a demanding lifestyle, and she wasn't sure at this point if she even wanted someone else in it. But something told her to give it a shot. Besides... he had busted on her in the parking lot, maybe the idea of tantalizing him with a little libidinal torture may be fun. And whoever knew where anything could lead. After all her life had changed all those years ago when she decided to begin training.

As she looked at herself in her bedroom mirror she could see she was beginning to see the small lines and striations start to appear under the surface of her skin, even though she was a few months away from her contest she was amazed after years of dieting and building muscle how quickly her body would begin to respond to dropping weight. She knew over the next few months the detailing would only get better. And right now she was still moderately pale as she hadn't tanned in a little bit so that added detail would alone stand out as time went on.

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Pulling up outside Henry's building Audrey had begun to feel the slow roiling of insecurity start to build inside of her. Henry lived in the marina in a large luxury tower complex that sat on the water. The buildings were beautiful, sleek, modern and... expensive!

She had often gazed at them across the way as she left the gym. Wondering about the people who could afford to live there and the insecurity grew as the black-suited doorman helped her out of her car.

She felt terribly insecure as she looked at the BMWs, Mercedes and sports cars parked outside the luxury towers.

"Good evening Miss Johnson" the doorman said and for a second she wondered if he recognized her. But then she remembered hearing that at these sort of buildings the building's employees were regular briefed on the residence guests and to know them by name and call them as such, making the place feel more like an upscale hotel than an ordinary residence.

Her question was answered when the doorman, holding the door for her continued to say "Mister Wills is upstairs and awaiting your arrival."

Audrey's insecurity only grew as she entered the building and took the elevator up to Henry's floor. All around her were businessmen and women in suits arriving from their days at work. Men and women whom no doubt held 6 and 7 figure jobs. Her working-class background had always been an insecurity of hers as she looked upon people like this and just didn't understand how people made money like that.

Her parents both had struggled to get by – provide for her, but were by no means wealthy. Her mom a teacher and her dad worked a string of jobs most in warehouses work but all the time scheming to try and get something off the ground. Maybe that's why Audrey always dreamed of getting out – she moved to California right out of college with dreams of being an actress. But she was always cute, never beautiful, short and a bit squat with mousy hair and cubed nose that didn't play on camera – she knew she would be cast in a lifetime of roles as the short best friend. Never the lead, maybe that's why she had responded so well to bodybuilding.

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Henry had been nervous about the evening all week – after calling back and forth and texting, they had finally decided on Thursday, it was the more casual day, Friday or Saturday

would say hardcore date... Thursday said 'let's give this a try.'

Audrey was training a client nearby and could be off slightly early.

After much texting back and forth over the course of the week, Henry had first proposed coffee, but scheduling-wise that didn't work. Then it turned to drinks, but Audrey's schedule put that into a lurch.

Finally, for his part Henry had been ballsy enough to throw out just a casual evening at his apartment -- He didn't put 'Netflix and chill' in there.... but instead alluded to 'Netflix and coffee.' And Audrey had accepted. She had blanched slightly but thought, physically, she was in little danger and almost, in some ways, was eager to get the thing over with as she wasn't exactly sure how she felt about Henry up until that point.

The four days between Monday and Thursday couldn't have seemed to go slower for Henry – and if he had a time machine, he'd give anything to jump forward to the day of the date. Everything else seemed inconsequential – he was about to have a championship female bodybuilder! At his apartment! For a date! Even if it just ended with a good night kiss, he felt he could die happy.

He had tried his best to not think about it – but then any opportunity he was on the internet he found himself going to Audreyjohnson.net and pouring over the limited number of photos of her on the site. A section of contest photos, her standing high and proud on stage in an orange bikini slathered in oil holding her pose. He'd study the pictures looking at her face. Her smile, her eyes. He'd look it over, he knew you'd never call her beautiful, her eyes were a bit small and beady, and her nose was rounded like a pug and her hair was slightly mousy, but the more he stared at her – the cuter and cuter she got. Goddamnit, he was falling for her.

He knew he needed to get it together. Besides what if she was tracking the IP addresses that visited her site? Conceivably she could know he was looking. Not only once or twice a day, but hourly. He closed the browser but – just quickly a drop down of posed gym shots beacons his attention.

They had been from the same photoshoot like the one on the card. Her looking ungodly amazing. Almost like no human had the right to – hard, huge and ripped, but all the same time her made up, cute inviting face on top seemed to mitigate the brutal body underneath.

A few photos of her in a red leotard hinged at the hips her arms exploding in sheaths of muscle while using the tricep

machine nearly forced him over the edge and he knew he'd have to shut down his web browser. He wanted to bring people into his office and point at his computer – "She! Is coming to my apartment on Thursday!" For him, it was better than any singer, model or movie star.

There was the question for him, how to take care of himself in the few days leading up to the date? It went without saying after the first meeting Henry had run home and finished himself off multiple times to the image of Audrey. As he lay in bed and pleased himself his mind raced to:

Her pecs in her sports bra in the elevator...

Her thick arms hanging at her sides...

The cubed meat of her glutes as they flexed as she sauntered away...

And he'd finish himself off multiple times to the point where he was done, and he'd feel his cock stir to life once again beckoning another round. He'd regularly jerk himself off to some fbb contest footage or a flexing video from the vast amounts he kept on his hard drive, but he knew coming into the date he'd need to manage himself. Who knew what kind of energy would come off him if he'd been

jacking off to her for the entire week leading up to their date?

He knew women were particularly adept at reading this and if she sensed anything bizarre or off she'd most likely bounce at the first opportunity and be out of his apartment and his life forever. He'd decided to forgo jacking off for the next four days leading up to the date. That was tougher than he'd thought as any time Audrey entered his mind he'd feel the bulge of sperm begin to wedge itself up into his shaft as if beckoning him to finish himself off to the thought of her.

Still, he fought hard, kept busy, if he wanted a relationship with this woman (which he was telling himself he did – he really did) and not just for the muscle. He began to look at photos and video and was slowly starting to be taken with the gentle way he'd seen her carry herself. He pushed the thought of her as some sex object separated from her body out of his mind and tried to work to see her as a fully formed person...

But still, it felt as if he walked around with his dick on half chub for the majority of the week.

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In the elevator up to Henry's apartment, Audrey was crowded in by the businesswomen. Feeling immense insecurity and suddenly, in her casual attire she felt incredibly underdressed knowing most eyes would be on her.

Crossfit had brought muscular women into some prominence. That's what most people would guess she did, but she was still so much more muscular than those women and at a somewhat stout – 5'2... maybe 5'3 on a good day her muscle was packed on her densely like an action figure and less of a rangy leanness like some of those girls.

So here amongst the business-suited women, her insecurity hit her hard. She wondered what they thought of her? This interloper in their presence. They were all so much taller, and Audrey thought more elegant. Off from their esteemed jobs to their happy families and their handsome husbands. Audrey felt like they had figured out some mathematical formula to a life she had never been able to figure out, that alluded her.

She smiled at the woman next to her in the elevator. A tall, elegant redhead in a black sports jacket who typed away aggressively on her phone. Audrey looked at her bag, a black imported thing that Audrey knew if she had ever

bought would mean she would be eating ramen for the next two weeks.

She felt so different from these women, and even though she knew she shouldn't, she envied them – Tall and slim, Audrey knew her broad back, blown out thighs and her shoulders – especially her shoulders – would look ridiculous in the tailored office wear they sported – and Audrey felt insecure like she was just a sweaty jock lifting weights with the boys in the garage. That jockey sister who tagged along so eager to belong but never honestly would be able to breach the circle.

'I like your bag.' Audrey said smiling up at the woman who took her eyes off her phone and looked down at the smaller muscular woman, she was obviously trying her best to not stare at her, and she flicked across her best, businesswoman smile, the one that had no doubt helped her become saleswoman of the year at the firm she worked at said...

"Oh... oh, thank you. It was a gift." She said back to Audrey. The 'gift' part was meant as a sign of appeasement. A way of her saying... I know it's expensive, but I didn't buy it myself.

She gave Audrey another quick smile and then returned to her phone. Audrey was happy she didn't get the next part

something along the lines of ‘You’re very muscular...’ and then a question about what she did.

She just didn’t feel in the mood right now to be a walking advert for the bodybuilding lifestyle, and she wondered what these women thought she was doing here? Certainly, she didn't live there, with her obviously discounted clothes. Maybe the thought she was some trainer showing up to work one of the bored housewives, some kind of muscular maid service? Buff call girl? She knew if she walked into any hardcore gym in the world the gym manager would stand up to greet her show her around the place. In that one very isolated part of the world, she had status, an endorsed athlete paid by a gym clothing company and a supplements company. When she toured and spoke and gave seminars gyms were packed, but outside of the loop of the bodybuilding community she was an unknown. And it was queen bees like the ones lining this elevator and the halls of the building who had the true status in the world.

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For his part, Henry had been eagerly looking at the serving trays in his apartment. Before moving in, he'd done a big order – sourcing out plates from William Sonoma paying a few thousand dollars. The idea was that he'd host dinner parties live a kind of swinging social life – an accounting Hugh Hefner -- but that had not come to fruition and the

expensive bowls just filled his cabinets, mostly just acting for him to serve himself cereal on – He had called ahead to PaleoMeals his meal delivery service a few days before to secure a set of good meals.

‘Wh-a-a-t sh-sh-ould a b-b-b-bodybuilder e-e-at?’ He managed to stammer out to the woman who answered the phone, who confused, thought he was a bodybuilder about to go on a prep diet for a show and tried to sell him an entire 16-week program that would cost thousands. He instead slowly explained he was looking for a single meals if he was a bodybuilder. He wanted to yell into the phone ‘Audrey Johnson!! Three-time Ms. USA heavyweight – second-place finisher at last year's rising Phoenix!! Two times NPC overall heavyweight champ!’ was coming to his apartment for dinner.

With the help of the phone op, who probably was housed somewhere in the Midwest and didn't know the first thing about nutrition, they had decided on a couple of plates of the grilled lean meat buffalo kabobs. A tuna steak poke taco and something that the woman had called ‘Mass Mush’ which was a dip infused with protein but just looked like hummus.

In his nerves leading up to the date, Henry had also rushed out to Whole Foods and nearly cleaned out the prepared food section and made a quick duck into a wine store, ‘did

she drink,' he wondered? Not if she was prepping from what he knew, but if not... maybe... he settled on a red because he knew it was somehow healthier (fewer tannins or something?) and what people were allowed to have on paleo. And then freaking further he also threw a case of lite beer in his cart and a few bottles of vodka and some other booze.

“Having a party, mister?” the lady checking him out had asked.

Now looking at the counter full of food he realized he had made a mistake. It looked like he was about to feed an army. Not a single, albeit, muscle-packed woman.

‘You’re trying too hard,’ he said beating himself up and began putting most of the food back in the fridge. He decided on the kabobs and the dip which he could serve with some crackers he had purchased because the box claimed they were paleo friendly – whatever that meant.

He chilled the wine and kept the bottle of red nearby him, he had cracked a bottle of Buffalo Trace and had taken a few pulls off the glass – liquid courage – he knew he needed something to take the edge off but if he was loaded it would no doubt be unable to be a good host and the entire evening.

This was the chance of living out his childhood dream would be lost. He knew to have a good night he'd need to throw caution to the wind. Lighten up. Besides he had done this. He'd won her over – it seemed as if she liked him... for who he was... Now he just needed not to blow it.

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Stepping off the elevator and arriving at Henry's floor Audrey wanted to do a quick set of pushups against the wall in the elevator, but with the people in there it didn't feel appropriate...

Before leaving her place, she had done about 50 push-ups. She could have done more, but thought, hey a girls got to do what a girls got to do...

So walking down the hall, she had contracted and tightened her pecs to draw blood into them. And she flexed her tris and shoulders in an effort to pump blood into them in order to give them, she didn't want to overdo it. She knew pumping and posing was a ley to presenting muscular development, but she didn't want to show up at this man's door looking like an anatomy chart, ripped with veins running below the billowy cut of her shirt, she instead just wanted to showcase her upper body to the fullest – why not? If you've got it... flaunt it. And if you liked muscular women... she certainly had it.

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In his apartment, Henry heard the doorbell ring...

'Here goes Henry.' He said to himself with his heart racing like it hadn't since he was a little schoolboy and had asked Jenny Royce to the school dance, she had said no, but tonight this date, this girl had said... yes.

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Audrey had been going through a thing on the ride up and had even felt a bit of envy wedge inside of her as she got off the elevator and she looked at the walls which were immaculately clean white and even smelled of fresh cleaning product a sure sign that the building took care of its wealthy clients to a tee.

She felt envious and embarrassed. Her apartment complex seemed to slowly be going into disrepair. She even felt a bit of flush as she realized the high floor and she remember a client she had trained, a real estate agent, telling her the higher the floor, the more expensive. If this was the case, Henry's apartment was undoubtedly expensive. 'High... class...' she said to herself and again felt she needed to give herself a pep talk that she belonged there.

At the same time, she was parsing over how she felt about Henry. Make no mistake she was not thinking about him the entire week, and even considered in the middle of the week canceling.

Yes, he had made her laugh and seemed cute and was apparently successful... but she didn't know... that was the best way to put it... she just didn't know.

It turns out when you'd spent the last decade of your life posing in teeny tiny bikinis on stage you get a lot of romantic attention and Audrey had no shortage, guys who'd hit on her at the gym, guys who'd show up at her events clutching photos from embarrassing photoshoots of her in nearly nothing – she'd even have the older 'bros' successful guys who ran supplement companies not to mention the hundreds of comments she'd get after posting a photo on her IG, some asking her to do the most disgusting things she'd ever imagined.

And the schmoes... another warning flicker that had crossed her mind. Was Henry a schmo? One of those guys who just lusts after female bodybuilders to satisfy some fetish. She'd seen them. She knew plenty of her fans were them, but she had always kept her distance understanding in some ways that being worshipped strictly for her physicality would never lead to a fulfilling relationship. The idea of being held up on some pedestal left her feeling an

icy coldness that circled her heart. She still wasn't sure, and all this was present

Now as she approached the door, she had the genuine possibility of something romantic happening – what? She wasn't really even sure if she was attracted to him, she wanted to turn and leave and run. If he tried to kiss her, what would she do?

But still, he was nice, and something had made her not cancel. There was a reason she was here – but again, her mind flashed forward with girlish thoughts – who knew – maybe one day she'd be in one these apartments – a fat pregnant belly to go with her still well-muscled arms as Henry and he had a kid, looking at herself high above the city living in the lap of luxury.

'Don't... think about it, dumb girl." She said shaking her head and mere moments before she knocked on the door, making that contract women do before. A nice, polite little snack, maybe a quick chat and then I bounce.

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But then when Henry popped open the door a bit to let her in, she was calmed as she saw him standing there, tall, smiling. He was cute, she thought, and her mind quickly flashed back to those racing feelings of emotion she had

felt in the parking lot as Henry had bested her in their verbal sparring match.

For his part – Henry's mind was in meltdown – Audrey looked... amazing...

Cute. Cute as a button and just cool... Relaxed in her shorts and shirt. She looked like a perfect advertisement for summer and the shore. And he wanted to romp on the beach with her. He smiled at her landing on her face. Her face that he had looked at many times over the last few days and was slowly, dumbly falling for. His mouth nearly popped open in an – My god... but he forced a smile back on his face.

For her part, Audrey had clocked the subtle shift in his facial expression and read it as a disappointment. 'Okay... that's strike one.' She thought, her building insecurity at being undressed compounded from her vulnerability in the building.

'What did he want me to show up in a cocktail dress?' She thought. 'This was just supposed to be a casual date.' Her mind beginning to do the work of emotionally removing herself from the circumstances, maybe I'll get home early. Get ahead on some work she thought. And crossed her arms in front of her – her exposed thick bicep peaks proving a bit awkward to cross, and cover her thick chest.

Few understood the rampant insecurities that could also follow women like Audrey, she was judged on her body. Her lively hood. Her presence in the world was the body she had built, and despite the fact that she looked like she had come straight out of the wildest dreams of some superhero comic book artists she looked at herself differently.

Although she carried herself at near single digit bodyfat, she always felt fat although no part of her had jiggled in well over a decade. Her inverted triangle upper body and thick swells of her lower body were near scientifically perfect in approximating the famous golden triangle of aesthetic ideals, but she still saw things like her massive back overshadowed her arms and how her quads could be more prominent and her calves... although thick hard and exposed had been her lifelong weakness and she hated when anyone looked at them too long.

Even though 99 women out of hundred would have given anything to have her sculpted ass which, despite being in her mid-40s, was so developed with rock hard zero signs of cellulite. Or her stomach which despite the trend of 6 packs being in for women sported something else entirely a thick perfectly defined near inch thick columns running up from her crotch splitting into hard ripples on each side of her little belly button. Four on each side making it the near

impossible to attain 8 pack but if anything she was more secure than the ordinary woman.

Henry was slowly getting his wits together and managed to stammer out a –

'G-g-g-ood evening Audrey.' And there it was again. He didn't stutter her name. Just like in the parking garage. Why was that? He couldn't get over it.

'Y-y-ou l-look g-great.' He said.

'I don't know. I think a few women coming up in the elevator thought I might have been 'the help.'" She said staring down a bit and now, self-consciously, trying her best to pull the hem of her blouse down low over her rocky abs.

'Oh don't mind t-those-those-those women... Most-most-most are bitches.' Henry said with a dismissiveness of his hand covering his mouth, and the shock brought a wave of relief, and Audrey laughed loud and hard.

Henry stared in wide-eyed wonder as her laughter caused the blocks of abs exposed by the low cut shorts to flex and contract with each breath. Audrey caught him looking at her midsection, and he quickly looked away. Naughty boy, she thought and gave him a smile. She liked being admired

by men she liked and right now she was remembering when she had liked this fellow so much.

Henry took her purse, and Audrey looked around the apartment. It was...

'Beautiful.' She said taking it all in. The lights of the ocean filling the large bay windows. Now it was Henry's turn to smile seemingly pleased with Audrey's approval of his domicile.

She began to flash onto the beautiful apartment – and images of her and Henry living there – her training during the day and playing the adoring housewife to him when he came home. It was a beautiful place to live. Beautiful – and she'd feel comfortable there... beyond comfortable. An image of her like dressed a 1950s housewife in polka dotted dress quickly flashed in her head offering Henry a martini as he arrived home after a long day of work. Her looking pretty, her hair down up in curls. Of course she'd be a housewife with peaked bulging shoulders poking out of her exposed dress top and 3 percent body fat. Those bitchy women from the elevator would certainly be giving them looks as she and Henry would push the stroller of their child together, Audrey of course wearing a tiny set of workout shorts, her striated glutes readily apparent to those onlookers and their husbands who'd no doubt gawk with envy at the near supernatural development of the

recent mother – and be left to wonder why their wives didn't put in the adequate work to maintain a physique like that. All the while Henry and her would pretend to ignore their envious gazes.

The feeling of safety felt good, felt reassuring and turned her on rushing to her nether regions. But she shook it off, she knew as much as she wouldn't be in a relationship where she had merely been worshipped for her body, the idea of her being in a relationship with a man strictly for his money left an equally cold feeling inside of her ... and still, there was nothing wrong with feeling comfortable.

'Can I get a tour?' She asked eagerly. Maybe a bit too eager as she had always wanted to see how the 'other half' lived. Being a secret fan of those architecture magazines at the supermarket newsstand. She would always peruse them wondering what it may have been like to live in a dwelling so beautiful and now here she was, a guest inside one.

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Henry continued the tour of the apartment – the furniture the artwork. A chair he said the name of with a thick German accent, Audrey remembered seeing one in the office of a start-up and mentioned it to him.

'I think what you are talking about is a Herman Miller,' He said correcting her.

And god, she felt a sting of dumbness. She touched the smooth oaky finish of a no doubt expensive dresser, she looked at her hands. The chipped nails. The dirt under her fingers, she was a mess, everything was making her feel wholly inadequate. She yearned for the gym and momentarily wanted the date to have been there. Her stomping ground. Here amongst these lavish objects she felt outclassed and – as Henry talked – she began to feel something else – a warmness – his knowledge was sexy, his class was sexy. She felt outclassed, and it was fucking turning her on.

She stared at Henry's lower lip as he explained about a painting on the wall that he had shipped in from a gallery. She looked at his lower lip twitch. And he was upgraded right then to cute... definitely cute... Maybe even sexy in that kind of bookish, nerdy way like she'd found the guy who played Dr. House on TV.

She smiled at the warmness building inside of her as Henry began to talk, his passion for the artwork spilling out. He was passionate, and passion was definitely sexy.

As she listened she thought –Henry, you don't know it yet – but with your cute lower lip and your occasional stammer

which had been a bit off-putting but now, now had begun to grow on her and far from jarring merely meant she'd need to listen even harder to everything he said. Henry, she thought, you're going to get a kiss goodnight.

A kiss goodnight and maybe who knows what else and for the first time that evening she was happy that she came and the thought of being anywhere else didn't cross her mind.

Henry and The Hardbody - Part 4

By 009ELI

As Henry finished up the tour of his apartment the two came back around into his living room. There had been some talk of watching a show and Audrey had plopped herself down on the sectional couch in Henry's living room.

The view from the room opened up into the sweeping 180 degree vista of the marina below. Outside it was gorgeous, calm and peaceful on a night like this.

Henry ventured into the kitchen which opened up into the living room to grab drinks for them. He tried his best to forage for glasses in his cabinets but his mind...

His mind was on Audrey...

For Henry having this woman so close to him was making it increasingly hard to focus on anything – everywhere she moved around his apartment she seemed to be like a vortex of energy pulling his attention there. He tried not to stare at her as she sat at the edge of the couch, her thick tricep momentarily popping to life and flexing as she lowered herself on the cushion. But everything she did, with her fully realized physicality was so wildly erotic, and

to make matters worse, she just seemed so dang relaxed and chill.

Maybe it was the power bestowed by her fantastic development, but Audrey seemed to move differently than any other women Henry had ever seen in his life. Sinewy, yet powerful – she was bulky, and he could catch in small intimate moments how the width of her wide lats would occasionally acquiesce for their size, or the thickness of her chest would alter her hand gestures... and her legs... as she walked over to the couch earlier in the evening he could glimpsed how her small hips (to which he could still get hints of the thin young girl she had been in her youth) fought in contrast with both the thickness of her quads, which pushed out from her sides, but also the inner thickness of her thoroughly developed inner thighs. He could see that over the course of time she had developed a bit of a waddle in her gait to allow for her full leg development – and at times she almost appeared from behind to resemble the bowlegged gait of a bulldog.

But the waddle of her hips had, far from being a turn-off, only seemed to turn him on even more. The pronounced waddle brought attention to her thick and completely developed glutes which appeared to peacock from the back calling attention to her no doubt self and sexual mastery. The overall effect she had in the command of her physical body was akin to a jungle cat, lithe but powerful.

So many women he found were flamingos, lanky tall and uneven, or house cats supple yet lacking in noticeable charismatic energy. Audrey, in contrast, was a panther.

Audrey had made her way to the living room and --

“Mass... mush...” Audrey called out from the other room reading off the label of the dip of the container Henry had placed out on his coffee table. She seemed to look confused as she read over the label and Henry felt momentarily dumb for even trying to impress her by buying that stuff.

“You trying to fatten me up?” Audrey asked putting down the container and then tapping her abs, flexing them slightly, and a set of stomach muscles that wouldn’t look out of place on Michael Phelps popped up under her hands and Henry felt like he may need to momentarily wipe away the dry saliva that was forming at the corners of his mouth.

“It’s j-j-just dip w-w-ith extra protein,” Henry said trying to clarify why he had purchased it, maybe more for his own benefit than hers.

“Yeah, they put protein in everything these days—” She said somewhat dismissively and placed the package down on Henry’s coffee table.

Dumb-dumb.... Dumb, Henry thought to himself. He shouldn't have tried to impress her, and he was relieved when she seemed to forget about the dip and break off a small piece of the poke.

“Wine?” Henry asked getting up.

Audrey was a week and a half off from her diet and knew she maybe shouldn't – she vacillated slightly – she wasn't a big drinker, and when contest prep came it would definitely be off limits, but the wine was her poison. She loved it, and something told her this guy who had just spent twenty minutes showing her his fancy foreign made dresser may have good taste.

“Just a little.” She said indicating with her two fingers.

“I have a red and a white.”

She knew the red was ‘better’ but she craved chilled white, it made her giggly.

‘White,’ she said. And Henry cracked a bottle of...

“Foxen Sauvi-Sauvignon Blanc. It's from just a bit up here. N-n-n-orthern California...” Henry said returning and pouring her a glass. She nodded as Henry sat down –

And in a terrible miscalculation of spacial relations he had seated himself on the far end of the couch. A distance away from Audrey who had pushed herself back on the end of the large sectional.

Audrey took a sip of the wine...

"My God." She said.

"G-g-good?"

"This is the best wine I've ever tasted. It tastes like...." She looked for the words. "Butter." She finally exclaimed.

"W-w-well, I g-guess that's good," Henry said laughing at her unbridled enthusiasm as she took another sip.

A plan had been concocted, and the idea of watching Stranger Things had been decided on after a small back and forth between Henry and Audrey.

Audrey had discussed the show with clients and knew it was all the rage but had not gotten a chance to see it herself. Netflix was a thing but she didn't have the extra to spare TV to her internet box, she had always been a bit oblivious to this stuff.

But she was eager to see the show. One of her clients, Jessica an orthodontist from Irvine who was trying to get in shape after her third kid, had raved about it and she was supposed to train her tomorrow, so she thought at least she'd be able to converse about this new 'hot show.'

As Henry flicked on his TV and scrolled over to the programming... He began to wonder about the odd seating arrangement and how, if he was going to make his move he'd even begin to attempt it now.

As they sat on the couch... At the end of the couch, actually. Which much to Henry's dismay had presented a bit of a logistical conundrum to the accountant. If he wanted to put a movedon her, which he no doubt wanted to, she was now a full half a body width away and comfortably out of arm's reach.

Audrey was instantly taken with the show's storyline. The tale of Eleven the misfit little girl with powers beyond her control had somehow touched something inside of her. And she remembered back to her girlhood in Pittsburg and running and playing and reading comic books about characters like Wonder Woman but especially the X Man character Jean Grey AKA Phoenix, she was beautiful but tortured with a hidden unrealized strength inside of her that she fought to try and control.

But as the episode wound to a close and Audrey had ventured on to her second glass of wine Henry seemed no closer to moving near her or making a move...

“Okay? Did this boy invite me over here just to watch movies?” Audrey wondered to herself.

She jammed out her feet. Her short, stocky legs thick with muscle, and stretched them out. Henry seemed to respond and take her feet and place them on his lap.

But, no, that was not what she wanted. She didn't know what she wanted... she wanted... she wanted Henry to throw her feet off of him and stand up for himself and say “Get your damn feet off my lap!” And then move toward her and sweep her up in his arms.

But he hadn't. He sat with twith her feet on his lap.

"So you're a footrest now? Ok... then you're a footrest..." Audrey thought to herself, kicking her feet slightly, maybe to get comfortable, but also perhaps to try and get a response out of this man. This was strike two. If there was a power meter on her libido it was slowly powering its way down to zero.

Henry had been somewhat surprised... startled and.... Weirded out about the feet thing. It was wholly bizarre,

and he wasn't sure what it meant. It felt oddly intimate but also oddly belittling to him, so without thinking he had placed her feet on his lap. He took an opportunity to gaze at them and he shifted his gaze between them and the show playing on the screen. They were good feet, little was his first impression, not pampered, feet of a person who worked, who was on them all day. The edges were coarse with thickness, no doubt from Audrey's active lifestyle, but he was pleased to see her toes were little and girlish and the feet were well taken care of (of course they had to be, she presented herself barefoot, so she did the best to pamper them after all the hard work) and had recently been painted with a dark, dark purple nail polish that was so dark it almost appeared black until further inspection. The nail polish had been a bit of a shock, a seemingly odd signaling of gothy darkness amongst the person whom Henry had first gauged as an overgrown jock. It made Henry think momentarily of himself about secrets – about how everyone may have a side of them they hide from the world and here was the first shot that maybe Audrey wasn't exactly the woman he had gazed at longingly pumped and posed in those photos on the internet.

Audrey dug her feet in a bit deeper and even just having the muscle women's feet on his lap, just that level of physical touch with this girl who was the complete embodiment of all of his desires since his preteens, was turning him on, wildly so and he began to worry she may

either feel or sense the growing hardness of his erection through his pants.

"So.... This one is about girl's who wrestle?' Audrey asked flipping her attention to the TV, a bit of boredom creeping into her voice and she soon thought that if something didn't happen between them, she would leave and still salvage the night.

Henry had transitioned to GLOW after Stranger Things ended, a comedy about the early days of the all-lady wrestling troupe Gorgeous Ladies of Wrestling.

"It's-it's funny..." Henry said back. Dumbly. Now having no idea what he was even talking about, he could see and feel the moment and the evening was fleeting, and Audrey as doing her best to telegraph her impatience in her body language and she folded her thick arms over her chest.

"More wine?" Henry asked holding up the glass. Audrey slashed her hand indicating no more and turned back to the TV now navigating the best time to make her exit.

For his part, Henry's mind was spinning, he knew he needed to make his move but Audrey's legs on his lap and her distance meant there'd be no way to get over to her to kiss her without it being jarring. 'Jump in!' He said to himself... imagining the days when he was a kid and he'd

need to force himself to jump into the icy cool of the pool. The cold water at first being shocking but then slowly giving way to comfort.

He knew if he could get over to her smoothly he could kiss her, but he couldn't make his body move. And now he was getting in his head, and he worried that Audrey would smell the awkwardness on him.

“So this was a real show...” She asked, trying to hide the flatness as she watched two of the women on the show flip each other around. She thought maybe she could at least get some appreciation of the comedy if nothing else from the night.

“Yup... it was on in the eighties...” Henry said back staring at the TV, flatly.

Audrey nodded and turned back to the TV, resigned that the night was a lose and Henry had been another small blip in her life, and it was in the moment of writing him off that Henry did it—

Made his way across the couch. Fuck it!! Pushing himself, the way he had thrust himself into the icy coolness of the pool in his youth.

He leaned down on Audrey kissing her hard on the lips.

"Fucking..... finally," she thought as she arched her back up slightly, meeting his kiss with her parted mouth.

The kiss was awkward as first kisses were and they had bumped heads slightly – Trying to maneuver each other's bodies. Audrey had forgotten how tall Henry was, and as she leaned in, he seemed to engulf her – despite the fact he was no doubt, pound for pound, the far denser of the two, but she wanted to feel overpowered. She wanted to feel small and little and like a little girl lost in the shadow of this bigger man.

Henry continued to kiss her, first on the lips – he was concerned that he would maybe spit on the girl -- did his breath smell? All the old insecurities popped up, and he was a bit surprised to find that Audrey's lips were a dryer than he thought – a little chapped – and it made him feel more confident. She wasn't perfect after all, she had dry lips and slightly jacked feet.

The kiss too had taken Audrey by surprise as well, and she worried she may still have a bit of poke floating around in her mouth and was trying her best to both, kiss Henry back and navigate her tongue just to make sure she didn't have anything stuck in her teeth.

As Henry kissed her, leaning over her – his arms had stayed still at his sides. Perhaps scared. Perhaps worried that as

soon as he grabbed Audrey's muscles, he'd lose it. Lose all control of himself and just grab and knead and turn her over like inspecting a piece of produce, he wanted more than anything to let his hands go. To explore her capped shoulders, her enormous biceps and traverse the exposed hardness of her stomach, but still, he resisted.

For her part, Audrey was wondering why this man was leaning in on her kissing her with such a passion and intensity that she had to admit she hadn't felt for a long, long time while keeping his arms at his side?

“The remote – “ She said in between kisses.

“What—“ Henry asked pulling back.

“Under my back – “ She said adjusting up, and Henry could see in his move to kiss her he had discarded the remote to the TV awkwardly under her back. She leaned up for a moment and pulled it out. Presenting it to him.

“Right... need that.” He said taking it from her hand. He had no idea what he was talking about? A fucking TV remote....

“Right... don't want to break it...” She said back. Equally delusional, equally confused and kissed him again hard.

“Right – the TV you don't... they are hard to replace.” What the fuck was he even talking about? TV remotes? His mouth was running taking care of some sort of societal programming to be involved in conversation and answer questions when asked, but he wasn't actually talking... he didn't care. He could hear himself speaking, but it felt like

the voice was coming from someone else. His true heart and center of his mind were fully engaged in the action of kissing this woman, and he could feel a part of himself in the back of his mind rejoice. It was a 10-year-old version of himself, gawky and pre-pubescent... that same kid who clipped pictures of Anja Langer from muscle mags and kept them under his bed... he could see him, and he wanted to travel back in time and tell him... its all worth it... put up with everything... the bullying... people making fun of how you talk... the work... in the end... many years later WE. PULL. IT. OFF.)

Henry had begun to kiss down Audrey's neck, his lips soft on her thick traps and Audrey roiled with pleasure. The thinness of her skin covering her musculature, the developed nature of her neck made the small kisses fire with pleasure. Each kiss felt like an orgasm, and the extreme sensitivity of her skin, the muscles, shot explosions of pleasure down her body. She bucked up, and coming up met Henry face to face and kissed Henry's face hard and breathlessly, long and sloppy. It was sloppy, and she no doubt knew her eye makeup, and her lipstick was running on her face, and she was a mess, but she didn't hate messes and life was sloppy, and this right now was sloppy. And she propped herself up bringing herself face to face with Henry whose lips too were getting chapped from the saliva and her red lipstick.

She began to unbutton Henry's dress shirt moving her fingers fast fumbling fast to strip the shirt off him. And Henry's hands finally found her shoulders.

My god! He nearly exploded right there. The undersides of his hands coming into the thick roundness of her deltoids. Big, he knew she was big, but not until he got his hands on the meatiness of her shoulders was he aware of just how big they were. He could seemingly barely fit his 6'1 hands over them and palmed them like softballs. But it was the feeling of her skin, her skin under his, that sent electric shocks up his spine. He had dreamed of this moment all his life, but he was so shocked by how smooth her skin was on his hands. It felt like baby's skin and the warmth as well brought on by how close the muscle was to the surface. It felt amazing. Softness, hardness, smoothness, and warmth all at once. He was in awe.

Audrey could sense it too – she knew, she knew her body was meant to be touched and it was an extraordinary thing when it was. Wholly unique, she loved the first time men touched her. She hadn't been with many since she began training, but since she came into her own, since she developed herself to the superhero extreme, the first few times men touched her had been a truly... She could feel there awe at her, and she loved it. It gave her power. It made her feel god like, and she liked that. They all would

tremble like little boys as they explored her magnificent creation.

She gave Henry time. She gave Henry time to touch her. To take her in. And she luxuriated in his caress.

For his part, Henry was doing his best to keep his shit together. He wanted to push into every inch of the surface of her body to feel the insane hardness of her – his hands explored her broad back and traipsed down tracing her pronounced arms and jutting triceps. He explored the ridges and intertwining veins along the surface of her smooth skin, pressing and needing into the flexed muscle to feel it's hardness – he literally had to fight his best instincts to keep from poking and prodding her –

Audrey felt Henry's hand along her body as they continued to kiss heavy and hard and – leveraging her weight and her strength she quickly flipped herself and Henry over forcing him down on his seat and straddling him, sitting on top of his lap with her thick legs straddling his lap.

She had always been strong, strong for a girl when she was younger, and she'd take great joy in besting the boys in wrestling, but then they grew up, and she was just strong for a girl. Now... it didn't matter. She was strong, stronger than pretty much any woman and pretty much any man – as much as she wanted to be dominated -- she took joy in

her strength, and assertiveness and bounced on Henry's lap as she continued to kiss him breathlessly, her hands tracing along his shirt as she continued to unbutton it frantically.

The spin maneuver had shocked Henry as he had momentarily forgotten just how strong Audrey undoubtedly was and as she came down on him, her weight on top of him, he could get the full sense of just how dense her body and her musculature was. At 5'2 she was relatively short, but as she sat on his lap he wouldn't been surprised if she was close to him in weight, and he was amazed at how the compact muscle packed density of her body felt on his lap.

His hands continued to roam on her body as she made fast work of his shirt – and he found that his large hands were almost able to cup the smallness of her waist and meet at both sides.

On top of him, Audrey had pulled away most of Henry's shirt now...

And he slid his hands up the sides of her body and past her beefy lats to pull off her bra. He traced his hands around the fullness of her back looking for the bra clasp – but stopped. Feeling in its place...

“Is this is a—“ He asked but before he could reply Audrey shot back –

“It’s a sports bra.”

“Wh-wh-what did you think? I was go-go-going to make you do cardio?” He shot back, and Audrey laughed and playfully gave him a smack.

“I didn’t have anything clean.” She said through her laughter a bit taken aback that she had been caught out there like that.

Henry smiled and continued to play his fingers up between the beefy meat of her lower back muscles and the spandex of her bra, trying to wedge his fingers and pull the thing off over her top, but was having trouble even maneuvering over the batwing thickness of her jutting lats.

Audrey brought her hand around and placed it on Henry’s pulling it away from the bra.

She waved her finger in front of his face tsk-tsk-tsking him like a naughty schoolboy and placed his hand back on his lap.

His hand cupped under the underside meat of her ass, and the thick overhangs off her dense hamstrings which were spilling over his legs from her seated position. And he traced up to the waistband of her tiny shorts, he scrolled his index finger in and in between where the denim of the

short and her stomach met, and he could feel the ripples of her muscles flex as she continued to move and buck her hips, grinding away on his lap.

He slowly snapped the top button on the white denim shorts open and continued to trace his finger down feeling the top of her frilly panties underneath. Finally fiddling it in and onto the underside and traced along the top of where her sex met the bottom of her abdominal wall and could feel it there. It was entirely smooth and shaven.

He pulled his fingers away and continued to try and unbutton the last few buttons of her shorts to pull them down but--

But again he felt Audrey put her hand down onto his and gently pull it away.

She smiled naughtily at him and again gave him a tsk-tsk-finger wag and smirked at him sexily as if to say 'naughty boy...'

What she wanted to tell him was 'you dummy... I like you... I can't fuck you because I like you...' it didn't make sense and in fact made very little sense to her, but she knew to fuck him on a first date if there would ever be a relationship, that would poison it from the start.

But still – she continued to grind, drive and shimmy her hips, rolling them back and forth, flexing and hinging with the immense power she had developed over the years in her hip and waist area. Grinding and driving down her hips and the lower connected regions of her hamstrings hard into the top of his thighs as she sat on his lap.

She knew she'd need to do something as the two continued to kiss going at it – she could feel Henry's erection poking out rock hard into her inner thigh through his pants. She could begin to feel the oozing of precum, and she knew she needed to give this guy some relief...

She slid off his lap dropping to the floor, and accidentally kicking her small foot against his coffee table as she did so –

“Sorry...” She heard herself say for some reason.

But Henry was in heaven and merely shook his head – as Audrey dropped down and wedged herself in between Henry's legs – Henry was again surprised at the thickness of her shoulders which now, sat pushing his kneecaps out slightly, and he was amazed how far he had to spread his legs to accommodate the bulk of the short woman...

Audrey worked to undo Henry's pants and wasn't surprised as his cock sprung out rock hard from his boxers. It was a

good cock, slightly bigger, not too thick but with a big thick head and she smiled. It was a good cock...

She ran her hands daintily along the underside of his shaft and immediately felt the cock pop and stiffen and twitch in anticipation of what was to come, the precum oozing out of its shaft.

For his part Henry was in heaven as he looked down, Audrey looked up smiling at him, her makeup was smudged, but beneath the streaked mascara and smeared lipstick he still saw the pretty girl whose face he had stared at on the internet just a few days before. And as he looked down, he could take from his vantage point the top of the capped shoulders and beefy insertions of her neck.

Audrey knew she was good at blowjobs. She had been told. She was in a long relationship from college and into her early 20s. Stan Rodgers, a smelly baseball player who'd made the club team in college and would come back from practice, his treat for a game well played, was to sit on the couch while Audrey blew him. At first awkward, Audrey had worked out her technique over the course of those years. By the end of his senior year, Stan Rodgers was batting well over 300.

Audrey was confident in her abilities to work the equipment – all men were different, but there were a variety of different things they all responded to –

Audrey took her small hands and wrapped them around Henry's shaft and again – his cock twitched under her fingers feeling as if it may go off any minute and Audrey worried he may discharge before she even got her mouth on him, blowing himself all over the side of her face...

On the sofa Henry was looking skyward he almost didn't want to risk looking down on Audrey in his lap, the pile of rippling muscles filling up his vantage point threatened to be too much for him to take, but still he couldn't help but trace and run his fingers along the top spherical roundness of her shoulders, groping, squeezing and caressing –

Audrey took Henry's shaft and his head into her mouth – and Henry gasped, and he could feel her tongue tickle under his shaft as she began to simultaneously stroke it with one hand while her mouth took the expanse of his manhood – in and out for what felt like a few mere seconds as...

Henry exploded. More powerfully than he had ever come before. The build-up of the entire week – forcing him to come hard and without knowing, in reaction, he squeezed down his fingers digging into Audrey's shoulders –

As she felt the explosion in the back of her mouth and wondered if she wasn't going to risk drowning on dry land – and she very quickly and deliberately had to suck his seed down less risk it running up her nasal passage like when you dive into a pool.

Henry lay on the couch. Body relaxed. Spent -- that was it – only it wasn't, and he looked down to see that unlike all the other times he had ever finished himself off to some clip on the internet or a picture – the girl was still there – very much there and real and still in his life. Actually in his life. He smiled – if he had smoked he would have smoked the entire pack.

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Audrey cleaned herself up in Henry's bathroom. She used a paper towel to wipe away most of the makeup around her eyes and the smeared lipstick on her mouth. It seemed like she used tissue after tissue and as she dried her face on a nearby towel, she couldn't help but notice she had smeared a bit of the inky coal of her eyeshadow.

“I'm sorry—I got some eye make up on your towel. I can get you another one.” She said exiting the bathroom and coming to find Henry standing by the kitchen counter buttoning up his shirt.

Henry had thought of making a joke about billing her for it, but thought otherwise, worrying that it could come off as in bad taste and – he could see as Audrey stood there she seemed suddenly very small and very vulnerable.

Audrey went to head out –

“I’ll walk you downstairs.” Henry offered.

“It’s fine. You don’t have to.” She said but Henry knew better and walked her to the door and out anyway and she felt thrilled he had.

They talked very little going downstairs, just a bit about the building and how long Henry had lived there (3 yrs and he still felt relatively new.)

Audrey didn't know if she even wanted to be touched, but when Henry held the door of the elevator for her and touched her delicately on the small of the elbow to lead her in, she felt wonderfully in his sway, and as if he had taken control and she very much liked that.

In fact, they spoke little in the elevator ride down, and Henry stood behind her. She could feel him there, standing taller over her and it made her feel safe.

It was getting late, and the halls of the building were mostly empty as Henry held the door for Audrey to exit into the lobby and he touched her lightly in the small of her back again, guiding her forcefully but empathically.

As they exited out of the elevator, Henry passed Bob Simmonds a friend of his and tax accountant Henry would often see in the building's gym.

"Evening Henry..." Said, Bob, as Henry held the door for Audrey.

"Evening Bob..." Henry said back, and then Bob nodded politely at Audrey as Henry, and her walked out, and Bob's head spun quickly at first thinking that Henry was escorting a young, well-muscled boy, but then as he spun and followed the couple he could see 'she' was, in fact, a woman with the body of an NFL linebacker. Bob shook his head and wondered if he didn't maybe drink a few too many old fashions at the bar that night.

Henry walked Audrey out and out to the car park of the apartment complex. They stood outside waiting as the valet brought her car up. They barely spoke, and the sound of the lapping water of the marina was audible in the distance. Audrey had fitted her hand in Henry's large hand, and she took it, and she stared down at the ground feeling like a very, very young girl... and looked up and smiled at

Henry who returned the smile and patted her hand. He didn't say anything, he smiled, and she felt it was enough.

Soon the valet brought the car around, and Audrey climbed in. Henry helped her close her driver's side door behind her, and she pulled away from the building. As she did so, she watched Henry disappear in her rearview in the cool evening darkness.

Henry and The Hardbody - Part 5

By 009ELI

“Mister Willis...” The call came from the guard down in the parking structure of Henry’s job. “You left your keys in the car... and your engine running.”

Since the night before with Audrey, it seemed like his head was no longer connected to his body. He was absolutely giddy and felt like he was floating.

As he watched her drive off into the night, he couldn’t help but feel their evening together was a huge success, and he couldn’t get her out of his mind. Everywhere he went in his apartment he could sense of where she had been. He wanted to take the cushions where she had reclined so casually while watching the shows off to have them bronzed. He even had to stop himself from taking a hair off the cushion and saving it. That, he thought to himself was borderline creepy.

But as Henry sat at his desk, he realized he’d cleared the first hurdle but was now staring down at the second. Follow up.

The fact that today was a Friday and the weekend was right around the corner had thrown him for a loop... and then

add to the fact they had gone directly past go so fast and had a full on an intimate night meant that the pressure was on. Henry knew he had to make a move – text something smart, funny. Perfect. It had to be perfect, and this stopped him in his tracks.

There sitting in his morning meeting. He stared down at his phone and began to type.

‘Great time seeing –’ and then looked at it. What had he typed? Great time? It was amazing. A dream night he knew he’d never forget. Audrey wasn’t just the physical embodiment of everything he told himself he sought in a woman since his childhood. She had something else, Henry always felt like he was the stick in the mud. He got a sense from Audrey she had that natural quality he had found so attractive. She seemed like one of those people who was born cool. Everything about her last night from her tossed off demeanor to her flowy blouse and dressed down body-hugging denim shorts spoke to Henry of a sort of freedom that had seemed to elude him, at least thus far in life.

Henry stared at the text:

‘Great time seeing you...’

And quickly deleted it. The mounting pressure was building, and it seemed like his knack for words (at least in

the written sense) was vanishing under the pressures of following up. Of letting Audrey know how much she had meant to him, he thought if she was just here he could tell her, but that was not the case.

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Audrey had, after the night, went home. On the drive she found she'd occasionally check her phone, hoping for a text. At home, she washed her face and cleaned her make up off. She talked her self down, but she had to admit she felt something. It scared her. As she lay in bed, she curled up and jammed a pillow in between her legs cradling it and hugged it tightly as she went to sleep, her stomach felt as if she had just gone on a roller coaster and she looked at her phone one last time, reading up and down Henry's messages to her before to set up the date and fell asleep, a smile on her face.

"You like him!" Sarah, Audrey's training partner, yelled across the booming music. Looking closely, she could see Audrey was grinning and the more she denied it, the more apparent it became.

"Oh my god girl! You totally have a crush on him!!" Sarah said mockingly, the edges of her latina accent rounding off the vowels as she spoke.

The two women were down at Metroflex, the hardcore gym in Long Beach, that Audrey was happy to be back at as her competition prep loomed in her mind. The warm air coming in through the large warehouse space felt good after the weeks at the swanky Enterprise health club where she had first met Henry, with it's chilled recycled air.

Sarah had been Audrey's training partner for nearly four years; generally a powerlifter Sarah's much more blocky and bulked physique lacked the aesthetically pleasing balance of Audrey's small joint insertions mixed with bubbling curvy muscles. But Sarah, as different in aesthetics as she was, had something more that Audrey needed. Intensity! A five-time powerlifting champion, her off the charts strength pushed Audrey on driving her to places she didn't think she could get on her own. Now as the two buffed out but slightly different looking women (Sarah's long hair and dark Spanish features were a bit in contrast to Audrey's overgrown all American softball girl gone muscles look) pushed each mercilessly on the squat rack. It was Friday which was leg day and leg day with Sarah was a brutal affair – Audrey had been thankful as it was Sarah who had pushed her in the year's before to lift heavy and hard under the squat bar and finally build up her legs, always a lagging body part, to where they were now, which was one thing which Audrey believed had been the difference taking her from the midteirs of the pros into the higher echelons. Now finishing near or at the top of most

shows, Audrey's full outer developed quad sweep mixed with the jutting curves of her insanely developed hamstrings equaled out her dramatically expanded upper back and had brought a level of balance to her physique she had not had before.

"Pics or it didn't happen," Sarah said loading the squat bar, much to Audrey's dismay with her standard two 45 pound plates and then sticking another 25 on each side for good measure.

"You kidding me." Said Audrey looking at the bar which was hanging bent from the weight, all around the gym, the buff bros and midday workouters had been taking intermittent stops from their training to crane their necks to check the two beefy pro caliber girls working out in tiny spandex squat shorts (bright pink on Sarah's naturally tanned behemoth legs and a turquoise neon blue that was fun festive and cheesy 80s inspired on Audrey's paler, but still rippling lower body.)

"Come on, you don't start prep until next week, then you can bitch about being all dieted down and weak," Sarah said mockingly about the bending weight bar.

"uRGH... Fine but only because I know it's you and you are judgy, Missy." Audrey threw her head back and closed her eyes. Her thick thighs clenched and the taut muscle of her

glutes bunched as she approached the massive bar. She fit her head in, and the thick iron of the bar came down resting into the beefy insertions of her traps. She closed her eyes and clenched bringing the bar off the rack lifting it up, her face shot bright red as she strained under the bar and she was glad her eyes were closed, or she worried they may have shot straight out of her head as she hoisted the heavy weight.

“One... Two...” She heard Sarah counting behind her. She was straining hard and was happy that she was at the more hardcore gym where she could grunt, scream and huff like a tired Clydesdale. She knew she’d have to be on her best behavior at the other health club, but here she could be the screaming drooling red-faced mess that she knew she needed to be in order to prep for the contest.

“Three... four...” She heard Sarah continue to count as she huffed away repping out the strenuous weight coming down now hard and heavy on her back.

As she worked away, she was surprised to find Henry pop into her head. She was surprised to think of him and was maybe a little embarrassed now of herself in her tiny shorts. She thought of him in his suit being smart... and her mind was starting to get away with her and run on its own. She saw an image of him, talking to women, men, in a room where they were all so well dressed and polished,

and her feelings of inadequacy bubbled up. Did Henry talk to smart women during the day? Like those business women in the elevator? And what would they think of her, her chalked stained hands, dirty knees sweaty lower back?

But still, this fired her on – she wanted Henry to be proud of her. She could tell he was turned on by her body and she wanted that. She wanted to drive him crazy.

“Christ! Six... seven.... Eight!!” She heard Sarah cry out in surprise that her training partner was repping past the usual 4 or so she got out during a mass building movement like this.

Finally, Audrey’s legs gave out at 8 and sputtered trying hard to get the bar back up on the rack.

“Well shit girl...” Sarah said helping her friend who was red-faced and seemed shaken up. Audrey was emotional, and it seemed like it had fired her on.

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“Okay so here,” Audrey said pulling out the phone from her bag.

“Let me see Mister businessman...” Sarah said taking a pull off her protein shake as the two buffed out girls sat in the

waiting area outside the gym gathering their stuff in their gym bags –

“And don’t laugh..” Said Audrey extending the phone, and then pulling it back into her chest.

She had, had to admit that after last night she had spent the mornings while making her breakfast doing that oh so girly thing girls do like Googling Henry’s name. Wanting to see a picture. But it had been harder going then she thought. Not a world-renowned bodybuilder with sponsorship and 30,000 followers on Instagram like herself, she had found few to no images of him on social media. An Instagram had a few shots but mostly seemed to have been abandoned years ago and only sported a couple of pictures from odd vacations. And his Facebook was even less of a help. She had stumbled across an image that was a headshot used at his firms website but... shook it off... it was posed and made him look like he was going to be Bill Ny’s lab partners.

The image she liked and the one she was going to show Sarah today had been one taken at an accounting conference a few years prior. He was giving a keynote speech and was on stage, his shirt-sleeves rolled up and was mid-talk—he seemed relaxed yet authoritative, smart and in midspeech was smirking and seemed intelligent and

funny. From her brief interactions with him, this is who she really knew him to be.

“Ok, he is...” Sarah said looking at the photo of the shirt and tie wearing bespectacled guy on stage. “No he’s cute...” she finally said.

“What? You think he’s dorky.”

“No... No, I don’t... I mean... but he IS dorky.”

Audrey laughed. “I guess he is,” she said and snapped the phone away somewhat defensively from her friend. Put it back in her bag, but checked it one more time wanting to see Henry’s face before she put it away.

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Henry’s mind continued to spin on what the follow up would be. He knew it had been acceptable not to text last night. It was what it was, and in his best estimate, he decided to just let the night be... the fantastic experience that it was.

Still, he knew that after the level of intimacy that had gone down if he wanted to see Audrey again, which for the record he did... he really, really did. The ball was going to be in his court for him to text her – but still, he struggled to

know that if he didn't come up with the perfect witty reply, he'd risk seeing this amazing developing relationship slip through his fingers.

“The Mitchell report was really something Henry—“ He heard a voice say to him, it was Becca Breskin, one of his coworkers and a junior associate partner who was slightly under him at the firm. She had come on a few years ago as a trainee and her and Henry had hit it off, regularly talking and flirting. You could call her Henry's ‘work wife.’

Becca was cute if a bit pear-shaped, and Henry felt immediately guilty for comparing her to Audrey's trophy winning, one in a million extremely developed physique who's design was to capture the eye.

Becca was brainy like him and her appeal failed to thrill the deep tendrils of Henry unlike Audrey's who's unabashed physicality seemed to balance out a part of himself he was lacking – with Becca they were the same side of the coin sure she was smart, and a brilliant lawyer but Audrey's brilliance was in how she showed up in the world and read to the observer taking in her body... in that aspect, Becca paled in comparison – the irony of Audrey appearing maybe more masculine in her physical appearance was a misnomer. Audrey's preening care she put into her muscular physique some how made her read even more feminine to Henry.

He felt terrible about comparing the two – Becca couldn't hope to differentiate herself. She was like him, but Audrey, Audrey's body sang a song of physicality that was a whole new world to him, and in his mind he flashed out to her, moving around the couch, the suppleness mixed with the power she contained in his body drove him mad.

“Yup... yup I-I-I'll get back to-to-to it.” Henry said, his annoyance evident in his stammer and Becca backed away feeling rebuked.

“You okay...” She asked concerned trying to gauge her friend's emotional state.

“YES. FINE.” Henry said a bit too loud and immediately felt terrible as Becca headed out his office, and he watched the sloppy roundness of her untoned butt in her work slacks jiggle. His head down.

He had immediately felt bad about snapping but was still stressed about the perfect follow up to craft.

///

Audrey headed back to her SUV. The sun was bright and the day was beginning to feel warm. She had two clients she needed to train today, and she knew she needed to get out of Long Beach and up into the West side of the city.

Her legs were still quivering from Sarah's brutal leg work out, and she was sucking the last of her liquid BCAAs to try and refill her system knowing she still had nearly a full day ahead of her.

It was then that her phone beeped. She had been like a dumb girl checking her cell phone nearly every few minutes. Pulling her messages down and refreshing them. Waiting impatiently as the spinning wheel would load up new messages but at a certain point, they had stopped. She even thought of asking the managers Rodrigo and Eddy at the front counters if the wi-fi in the gym was down, but thought better of it, not wanting to damage her rep as a brutal competitor at the gym and embarrass herself in front of the ever tough Sarah and come off as some love-struck girl. But still, she couldn't keep her mind off the night before, she had exposed herself, at least emotionally and was now invested more so then she might have liked to think. Henry had an ease, a class about him that Audrey found intoxicating, at the same time he had a kindness and an innocence about him, his stammer, his tall awkwardness with his frame, that was incredibly boyish. The combination of the two stayed with her. She felt she wanted to rescue him, from what? She wasn't exactly sure.

It was when she was back at her SUV she propped the hood and threw her pink gym bag off her thick shoulder and into the back of her trunk— she felt her phone vibrate – she

heard it go off a few times in the gym but each time she ran to check it she felt the frustration of only seeing business emails come in. Now as she climbed into her car, she felt the phone go off and again and moved to get it – but moved too fast– fumbling it in her hands and dropping it on the ground. She ran after it, but her sneaker kicked the phone further across the lot. Now here she was chasing her cell phone across the parking lot. She hurried quickly worried that anyone might catch the sponsored athlete on her hands and knees digging for the phone.

The text was from Henry –

Henry: Were you going to clean this up or just leave it...

The text said, and she scrolled to see he had included a photo of his coffee table. Her half-eaten poke and wine she had left out from the night before.

Fuck... She laughed. And felt a burning fire inside of her through her laughter. Here she had chased after her phone expecting.... Well expecting what? A thank you for the bj? And she had instead gotten, well, busted on – She would have expected no less, it seemed this man had a unique way of teasing and toying and playing with her natural competitive desires to be the best. He wasn't going to take any shit from her, but he would always throw it back in her

face in a way that was smart and seemed just out of reach to her. She fucking loved it.

Her fingers began typing, burning energy in her – a bit of anger –

AUDREY: After all I did. we did---

But stopped. She was angry. Chill. She thought and quickly deleted the text.

She hopped in the car. The ember unleashed by Henry's text still burning brightly in her mind. She wanted to best him at his own dumb texting game but just couldn't think of anything.

She forwarded the text to Sarah.

AUDREY: Help me think of a funny, smart comeback.

And saw the ellipses indicating Sarah was typing back.

SARAH: Oh my god. UR such a dork.

AUDREY: Help.

Audrey texted back waiting again.

SARAH: Tell him to go fuck himself.

Finally came the reply.

Audrey looked at the clock, she needed to go to not be late and finally decided to send her friend an emoji of a face making a 'duh' expression. Henry's text would have to wait.

///

After the text left Henry's phone. He immediately thought better of it – FUCK? Too far? Too much. Should it have been something sweet?

And when he saw the ellipsis's of Audrey typing her text to him enter his phone. Then stop, he got the brutal feeling that he had blown it and she was telling him to 'Fuck off' but then stopped and wanted nothing more to do with him.

He immediately wished he could reach up and grab the text out of midair and briefly thought of googling if there was a way to extract texts once they were sent but knew how ridiculous that was. It was what it was he thought, and the damage had been done. Best to stand by his decision.

Still, as he waited for his next meeting, he had a bit of an edge that she didn't. Knowing that due to her vast

following Audrey posted one picture on her IG was in some ways able to stalk her. He'd refreshed the page a few times that AM trying to get a sense where she was. Some days it was just posed photos from the past or flyers for discounts on supplements. This time a few minutes before he had refreshed to find a new video clip.

@Audreyfit: Smashing legs with @-Sarahh.

Followed by a clip of Audrey repping away on the squat rack of a bar that Henry knew in his wildest dreams he'd never come close to lifting. Still... okay... he knew she was busy. She was in demand, maybe she hadn't seen the text. But again, as Henry scrolled through the comments.

- Gurl your are goals!
- So hot!

From all the beefy dudes with handles like '@Gorillagus' and '@Mass.Michael,' Henry began to have a wild bit of insecurity build in his stomach and once again felt like he was fooling himself. Who was he kidding? This woman had men porposing marriage to her on every one of her posts, and he could see in the background of the video clip guys buzzing around who looked like they could bench press cars. And his mind flipped to Audrey holding up the phone to some beefy pile of muscle and laughing at the dumbness of Henry's text.

Still, he sat in the meeting refreshing his phone. Becca sat next to him.

“Everything alright?” she asked as Henry, agitated put away his phone – in some way’s worried that she may have seen something, but what? A text trail. Anyways.. she sat next to him, and he felt instantly annoyed.

Annoyed in a way that he felt she was clingy and a small part of him thought about Becca finding out he was dating Audrey (how? When? Indeed, if this relationship continued she be a guest of his at work events... on his arm looking enchanting and sculpted. ‘The Brain and the Brawn.’ But that was far too far away for him to think about but still, it made him happy.) And part of him flashed back to when Becca would find out, and how it would make her feel about herself, comparing herself unfavorably to the championship bodybuilder. Part of Henry felt a sense of guilt and remorse which in turn made his complicated sense of disdain grow even more.

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Sarah: I don’t know dork, text him back something nice.

Audrey looked at the text from her training partner and her friend.

Sarah: Text him a shot of your abs. Hell prob cream his jeans.

She sent again, and Audrey put down the phone.

“Everything okay?” Jessica, Audrey’s current client, asked. A cute woman of about her age, but nowhere near her build. An orthodontist who was currently lifting little 5lb weights while doing curtsy squats.

“Eh yeah yes. Good job.” Audrey said putting away her phone not wanting to be rude to her client. Jessica had hired Audrey over a year ago in an effort to get in shape for her wedding (the second one to an oral surgeon who she had met at a dental conference) and loved the changes in her body. She bragged to her friends that while they were at spin classes being taught by out of work actresses, she had a three-time Ms. Olympia finalist who would drive out to her house and train her four days a week. The changes she saw in her body were amazing, and she was soon sporting sleeveless tanks with her defined arms on display to the young 12 yr old boys whom she would fit with braces much to their delight.

“Good job,” Audrey said taking the small pink weights from her hands which, after pounding away curls earlier in the day with the 50s felt as light as feathers.

“It’s just... it’s just boy problems...” Audrey said as she put the weights down and found an elastic band that Jessica knew meant a series of glute kickback exercises that would leave her hobbling for the next day or so – a feeling she savored in a sort of masochistic way.

“Oh! Oh! Boy gos talk! Talk!” Jessica exclaimed clapping her hands together excitedly.

“Is this the boy from the supplement company?” Jessica continued to ask. Alluding to Kenny a thick-framed local level bodybuilder whom Audrey had briefly exchanged texts with and quickly got bored of.

“No this is... someone else.” Audrey said, not wanting to seem like she was a slut or a drama queen jumping from man to man in front of her client.

“He’s actually not in the industry,” Audrey said and handed Jessica, the band she strapped around her legs.

“He’s.... a businessman,” Audrey said, a bit even unsure how to describe what Henry did. She knew it was something with money, but bodybuilder was easy, what he did seemed vague.

Jessica stared at her trainer for a second.

“What?” Audrey said defensively and self-consciously flipped a bit of her hair behind her ear. She knew exactly what Jessica was thinking. Like went with like in this world and Jessica was no doubt thinking Audrey was a meathead bodybuilder who’d just stick to the world of other meathead bodybuilders, but still they were friends, and Audrey considered her more than a client. She gave her the benefit of the doubt.

“What...” Audrey said again, growing increasingly self-conscious.

“You like this boy...” Jessica said a smile crossing her face.

“I—” Audrey went to protest, but find herself grinning, and she couldn’t help it.

“Bus! Ted!!” Jessica said grinning and jabbing her muscular friend in the shoulder (a habit she found she often did. Jessica was obsessed with Audrey’s muscles and found any way to poke, prod or just flat out fondle her trainer’s arms at any appropriate opportunity she could and also inappropriate ones. And she often had to wonder if she kept Audrey around for her training expertise or for the sheer tactical delight she got from copping feels off the woman’s muscles.)

“What’s he like.”

“He’s smart...” Was the first thing she said. “Funny and cute in a dorky kind of way.”

“Cute and dorky is good.”

“And he’s nice.”

“And nice is even better,” Jessica said roundly and gave Audrey a hug jumping up and down happy for her friend.

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It was late in the day, past 5 and Henry had checked his phone so many times he was worried he might fuck up its home screen.

Finally, he resigned himself to sit and finish up his work. It was late on a Friday, and the office was beginning to clear out. Maybe his dumb attempt at a witty message had backfired. Perhaps he’d scared her away. Maybe she had only come over to his house and gave him a blow job because she felt pity for him. Some sort of female bodybuilder outreach program designed to provide horny out of shape men just a taste keep them strung along so they could return to a lifetime of browsing fruitlessly for them on the internet.

Anyway, he had his work, it was what he always had, and he figured he'd get ahead on it. Bring some home. Crack a bottle of wine and spend another Friday alone.

In fact, he had gone so far in convincing himself to let the idea of Audrey again ever reaching out to him – that when his phone buzzed to life with a text, it literally made him jump.

Audrey: That's my bad... (cute pouty emoji face above the previous text from Henry with the shot of her junk)

Then...

Audrey: I had fun the other night. Maybe I can come by this weekend

...

Audrey: You know just so I can clean up after myself (cute smiling emoji face)

