

# The Muscular Mrs. Jones - Part 1

By 009ELI

What happens when a young boy meets his new friends bodybuilding soccer mom?

As eighth grade was beginning I was full of excitement about many things. The new school year, starting soccer practice again and most of all making some new friends. Not that I was unpopular by any means, but fall brought a flock of new kids to hang out with.

The soccer team gave me an excellent way to make new friends. I was not a natural athlete, but I was a strong competitor and definitely a team player. There were a few cool kids that I liked hanging out with after practice. This year about 5 new kids joined the team. This was how I met Sebastian. Sebastian was one of those kids that even at the age of 13 seems to have it all going on. From the first day of class it was obvious that he was as popular with the girls as he was with the boys. He had moved over from the next town over and his parents purchased a large house a few miles up the road from mine.

Sebastian was a natural on the soccer team. Coach Paulson loved him and he was a natural fit for the rest of the team. Over the course of the first few weeks of soccer practice

we became pretty cool together. Sebastian was even able to give me a few tips to improve my own game. So it was natural that we would want to hang out after practice. Normally after Friday afternoon practice I would go over to my friend Chris' house, but I needed a little change. We had played most of the video games at Chris' and bothered his older sister to the point of exhaustion. When Sebastian asked if I wanted to hang out after practice I agreed of course. Little did I know that how much it would rock my little world?

Practice was winding down and I was resting against the bench at the end of the park sipping some Gatorade. Coach waddled over to me. Coach was always giving us shit for drinking too much liquid during the game. 'You guys are spoiled. When I was your age, I would practice for three hours without a sip of water,' Coach barked at me. 'You got big plans this weekend Lawrence?' 'Just going to have a sleep over at Sebastian's house.' As soon as I said that a huge smile crossed Coach's face. I have never seemed Coach look like that; it was as if he was in a dream. 'Have fun....' Was all that came out of his lips?

I didn't have time to ask Coach what was going on because Sebastian was beckoning me from across the field.. I could see him standing by a large Mercedes SUV, with an older blonde woman in the driver's seat, which I assumed was his mother. I quickly grabbed my bags and began to hustle

across the field. Before I could take off Coach grab my arm and looked me square in the eye. He still had the dazed look; he opened his mouth and stared across the field 'Remember every detail Lawrence... you lucky bastard.' 'Okay Coach.' I managed to shake free of Coaches grasp and began to hustle towards Sebastian. 'Come on slow poke,' Sebastian yelled as he climbed into the back seat of the SUV.

I threw my bags inside and hopped in after him. I climbed up into the back seat and was sitting directly behind Sebastian's Mom in the driver's seat.

'Hi! I am Sebastian's mother. Sebastian has told us so much about you.' Her voice was silky smooth with a just a touch of a southern drawl it made me feel immediately comfortable.

'Nice to meet you Mrs. Jones.'

She giggled 'Just call me Jinni!'

As I situated myself in the car I was able to get a better grasp of Jinni. I couldn't fully see her because of seat back in front of me, but by sneaking glances in the rear view mirror I could get a good idea of her face. She had shoulder length blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail as well as strikingly pretty features, she had a few wrinkles, but she

wore them elegantly and had a fresh youthful feeling about her. The most defining characteristic about her I noticed sitting in the back seat of that car was her amazingly tanned skin. A dark mocha brown. Darker than any Caucasian woman I had seen in our small Connecticut town.

As we drove towards the Jones' house I was having a blast. Jinni was so fun and full of energy, much different than any mother I had met before. She was so comfortable with herself that she immediately made you feel great just to be around her. Sebastian would regale her with stories of soccer practice telling her how I had made a few good saves in our last games. Jinni slide off her sunglasses and smiled at me in the rearview mirror 'I bet you did Timmy. You look like a natural athlete, what a build. If I was a few years younger.' She smiled, her eyes crinkled a little as she winked her amazing blue eyes at me. 'Awe, mom cut it out,' Sebastian squealed. I blushed.

Finally we pulled up the Jones' place. It was really big, a huge old Victorian which had just been renovated, it had a real inviting feel to it. It felt like home even though I had never been there before. Jinni pulled the car onto the driveway. Sebastian quickly hopped out followed by Jinni. I fumbled with my bags and finally got them out of the car.

As I got my bags out of the car... then it hit me... everything coach was saying... I got a full view of Miss Jones as she made her way into the house. Growing up in a small Connecticut town I had never been exposed to anything like her before. I had seen athletic woman... I had seen woman who kept in good shape... In fact my Aunt was very into working out, and managed to keep herself in decent shape. but what stood before me was from another world. Miss Jones wasn't just in shape... she was in shape like a super hero. She was cut out of marble. The woman wasn't tall (maybe only 5'3") but every square inch of that body was covered in enormous, rock hard muscle. She was wearing a pair of skintight workout pants and a spaghetti strap tank top. She gave me a quick smile as she headed inside. 'Do you need a hand with that soccer bag sweetie,' she asked. I couldn't open my mouth to talk.

As I walked behind her clutching my soccer bag I was in another world. Her shoulders where huge, bigger then my dads (and he's no small dude.) But unlike dads they where solid, stacked deep with pulsating, rock hard shredded muscle which continued up to her thick neck, around which sat a dainty gold necklace. It was so feminine, almost mocking her absurdly huge traps.

Miss Jones grabbed two shopping bags out the front seat of the car. Oh my god... every muscle in her upper body sprang to life. I walked a few feet behind her, trying to take

in every detail. The shopping bags put a slight strain on her upper body. Her back muscles tensed and flexed in a beautiful rhythm as the bags swung at her side. Her triceps popped with thick striated muscles. One of the bags appeared to be slipping out of her muscular grip, so she readjusted her position on it, causing her bicep to flex, thick veins streaked across the top of her humungous bicep.

My eyes traveled down her hugs back to her waist. It was almost as if I was looking at an optical illusion. The waist was too tiny to belong to on that body. As Miss Jones walked her skintight shirt began to hike up slightly giving me a slight peak at her lower back muscles. I knew that people could lift weights to make their biceps bigger, but I had no idea that people, especially women, could develop their lower back muscles. It was so absurd, why would someone put so much detail into such a seemingly meaningless part of their body. Whatever reason she did it was turning me on.

Finally after what seemed like hours, my eyes made their way down to her lower body. Although it was wrapped in skintight spandex, I could get a great idea of the shape... and what a shape it was. From her tiny, little waist sprang a butt like none I had ever seen before. Every girls behind I had seen always had a little sag, a little softness... Not Miss Jones. First of all it sat high, with no sag and each step

caused it to bunch and flex, not bounce. Maybe it was my imagination, but I swear I could see little striations through the spandex. Her hamstrings and thighs pushed out from her little waist and severe angles, it was almost uncomfortable to look at them, they were so 'in your face huge.' The mammoth thighs disappeared into tiny knee joints, then sprang out in wonderfully full calves.

In the supper market I had always snuck glances at some women's calves. Always impressed with women with thick full calves, but those women had been bigger women, who needed the extra size to support their girth. Not here, not on Miss Jones. The calves were works of art, carved out of endless repetitions in the gym. They popped and flexed as she headed up the flight of stairs to the house.

'Come on slow poke.' She called out as I lagged behind, dragging my soccer bag. She gave me a coy wink as I headed inside the house.

The house was nice and I quickly headed upstairs to Sebastian's room. As I headed up the flight of stairs I noticed some photos on the wall. The first two were from some vacation the family had taken. It showed Miss Jones, Sebastian and a guy I guessed was Sebastian's dad. Funny thing, the guy almost seemed to be out of shape, how could he be getting a piece like Mrs. Jones? My eyes lingered on the photo. This was obviously some sort of

family getaway at a Caribbean resort, but what Mrs. Jones was wearing would have stopped traffic anywhere. When my family went on vacation my dad wore a t-shirt and some sort of dorky Bermuda shorts and my mom wore a bathing suite that looked like it was out of a silent film and a huge hat and slathered her pale body in SPF 390 suntan lotion. But not Mrs. Jones, and why should she? In the photo Mrs. Jones, wore a microscopic string bikini that stretched tight over her chocolaty tanned full muscular bosom. Mister Jones had his hand around her tight rippling abdomen and Mrs. Jones had her enormously, freakishly huge arm strung across Sebastian's shoulder. Her whole body was slathered in tanning oil that highlighted every one of her muscular curves.

I was mad, I couldn't explain it. I wanted Miss Jones as my mother; I wanted to be that close to perfection. To have someone so special in my life. What was wrong with my mom? Shoving hamburgers down her throat, she should take a hint from Miss Jones and put some work in at the gym.

As I continued up the stairs, more pictures of Mrs. Jones' perfection taunted me. I passed photos of her on stage in a posing bikini. My mind was reeling, this woman was unbelievable. I stopped at a photo of her standing above a golden trophy, her golden tan highlighted by a gold posing bikini. I stared at her stomach there where eight prominent

bricks of muscle, clearly visible. A feeling of insignificance crept across me. I touched my flabby, pale belly and looked back at Mrs. Jones' ideal form. It wasn't fair... but goddamn was it hot.

'Down here.' Sebastian called as he popped his head out of his bedroom.

I pulled my eyes away from Mrs. Jones' pictures.

'What took you so long?' He asked.

'Your Mother seems pretty cool.' I managed to stammer out.

'Yeah, she's funny.' He said nonchalantly as he plunked on his bed.

'She looks... like really strong.' I said nervously.

'Yeah, dude she is hardcore. She used to be pretty chunky. Then she started going to the gym all the time. Now she works out like three hours a day, six days a week and eats this stuff that's like mush, but I guess it's really good for you.' Sebastian said as he bounced a ball off the wall.

'Cool.'

‘She’s a super good athlete. She is amazing at soccer and could kick anybody’s ass at volleyball. Here.’ He shoots off his bed and disappeared down the hall. He came back with a thick photo album. ‘Check it out.’

Sebastian flipped open the album. The first few pages contained photos of a younger Sebastian, maybe four or five years ago. Low and behold, Mrs. Jones was pretty chunky and frumpy. A photo showed Mrs. Jones at the beach playing with Sebastian. She wore an unflattering set of shorts and a baggy t-shirt, she was pale. Her thighs were thick and not with the kind of muscle I had seen down stairs, they were chunky with fat. Her belly pushed out her shirt and her breasts were large and saggy. In the next photo she posed next to her husband who seemed to be exactly the same as the photo I had seen on the stairs.

‘My mom was always uncomfortable with her body. After my father started making a lot of money at his company she had a lot of time on her hands so she joined a gym.’ As Sebastian told the story he began to flip pictures in the album. Something amazing began to happen.

‘She lost a lot of weight at first.’ The next few photos Mrs. Jones had definitely slimmed down. She was wearing a pair of tight jeans and looked very cute for a mom.

‘But she slowly moved on from the aerobics to the heavy weights. My dad said he thought she looked great and encourage her to continue. He got her a personal trainer and the rest...’

As Sebastian continue to flip. Something truly amazing happened. Mrs. Jones slimmed down physique began to fill up again, with curves in all the right places. A photo showed Mrs. Jones at a bodybuilding contest in a bikini. Her musculature was more prominent. As the photos proceeded, she seemed to sprout muscle all over her body. Sebastian made his way to the end of the album. The last photo depicted Mrs. Jones on stage over a large trophy. Her head was held high as she stared confidently out toward the camera, her huge veiny arms where flexed at her side, her striated abs glistened through her dark tan. Her legs popped with thick cords of muscular. She looked amazing, indestructible, ready to take on the world and so full of sexy confidence that it was almost like she was looking out past the photo, starring straight at you. Daring you to take her on. I flipped back to the beginning of the album, to the photo of the frumpy Mrs. Jones... just the change in the demeanor was amazing, her was a women who just a few years ago was ashamed of her body, and seemed to lack self confidence... turned into a complete muscle goddess.

‘Dinners ready!!’

# The Muscular Mrs. Jones - Part 2

By 009ELI

## SIDE NOTE:

I have been asked what Mrs. Jones' measurements are. So for clarity sake here we go in inches.

Biceps: 17.5

Quads: 27

Waist: 23

Chest: 37

Calves: 17

'Dinners ready!!'

Mrs. Jones called from downstairs.

'You ready to grub?' Sebastian asked.

Ready to grub and see a little more of Jinni.

As we headed downstairs the smell of a wholesome dinner wafted towards me. Mrs. Jones had cleaned up a little and was in the kitchen finishing up dinner.

'Where is this soccer superstar I have heard so much about?' came a voice from down the hall.

I turned to see a man whom I recognized from the photo as Sebastian's father.

'I'm right here sir.'

'I'm Bill. Sebastian's father'' Bill was a shorter guy about five six; he was a little dumpy and was balding slightly. I still find it hard to believe this was the guy that slept next to the muscle goddess Mrs. Jones. 'Sebastian tells me you're quite a soccer star.'

'I try sir.' I blurted out.

'Dinners getting cold.' Mrs. Jones called. Even separated from her body, Mrs. Jones' voice had an aphrodisiac effect on me. It was so soft and smooth, the auditory equivalent of sticking a spoon full of warm honey in your mouth.

We hurried around the corner. WHAT WAS MRS. JONES TRYING TO DO TO ME? She had changed outfits from before, what she was wearing may have been more casual, but it was still insanely hot, then again with that body even a bed sheet would look insanely hot on her.

Mrs. Jones had poured that molten hot body of she-muscle into pair of extremely short-shorts. The shorts where cut high on the hips and butt. The bottom of her fantastically chiseled glutes hung out of the back of them. As Mrs. Jones

moved around the kitchen her glutes tightened and flexed in her tight shorts. Little lines of muscle danced across her tanned ass cheeks.

As Mrs. Jones moved around the room preparing dinner, her body sang an amazing song of muscle and power to me. As she reached into the cabinets for plates, her calves and legs exploded with bulging, brown muscle. When she put the pots and pans away huge veins run across her bicep peaks. I looked around at Sebastian and Bill, where they getting this? Was this erotic display of muscle fazing them as much as it fazed me? But they both where cool as cucumbers.

On top Mrs. Jones was wearing a short shirt that was cut high to reveal the walls of muscle in her tight stomach, her shorts where cut low and plunged far below her belly button, revealingly her to die for eight pack. As Mrs. Jones talked I noticed that her breaths caused her stomach to flex and tighten sending little veins running this way and that. I needed to sit down, I was getting over heated.

‘How was your day Honey?’ Mrs. Jones asked Bill.

‘Fantastic, now that I am home with my, little wife.’

Bill moved over to his heavily muscled better half and placed his hands around her tiny rippling waist and brought

her in for a kiss. His fat belly brushed up against her rock her tummy. What a lucky guy was all I could think.

‘I see you have been hard at work as well Jinni.’ Bill said stepping away and admiring his wife’s physique. ‘What did you work today.’

‘Just blasted my tri’s and calves.’ As she said this she snapped back and brought out her arm straight in front of her flexing her triceps. The muscles slowly flexed out sending a brick of muscle pushing up her skin. Although I had seen Mrs. June’s muscles ripple in passing I had never seen her fully flex them before. It was completely wild; Mrs. Jones triceps where so thick I could hide my overdue library books in there.

Next Mrs. Jones turned her back to us and stood on her tippy-toes causing her calves explode into rock hard diamonds of fierce she muscle. Tiny veins shoot across them.

‘Looking good sweetie.’ Rob said as he grabbed Mrs. Jones arm. He rubbed his hand up and down the hugely shredded piece of beefy arm muscle. I noticed a little bit of drool stream out of the side of his mouth. Seductively Jinni brought him in close to her and gave him a long deep kiss on the lips.

'You are my inspiration Honey. That and I've got to be in good shape to protect my little Sebastian over there.'

I would have traded every single Playstation game I ever had to be Mister Jones. To have this life, to have this great house and of course to be married to such a perfect creature as Mrs. Jones... Hell I would have traded every PlayStation game I had just to be Mister Jones' hand and caress the amazing chunk of arm muscle.

We sat down to a delicious dinner of pasta and breaded chicken with salad and vegetables. I noticed Mrs. Jones wasn't eating the same food we were. Her plate was stacked high with grilled chicken breasts and steamed vegetables.

'Do you want a piece of Pasta Jinni?' I asked thinking that she had run out of food.

Everyone at the table laughed.

'Aren't you sweet. I'm on a special diet for my weight training.' She replied with that insanely sexy voice.

'You don't get a set of abs like this, chowing down on chicken and pasta.' Mister Jones added scarfing down a huge serving pasta. He then gave his wife's shredded mid-

section a light pinch. Her skin was paper thin as it pulled tightly over her crisp abdominal muscles.

‘Oh Rob.’ Jinni laughed as she slapped her husband’s hand away. ‘ Do you want any juice with dinner?’

‘I’ll take some apple Juice.’ Sebastian yelled out.

‘So will I.’ I interjected. Anything to see Mrs. Jones’ muscles back in action.

This woman was incapable of doing anything with out making it an completely erotic display of muscular power. As Jinni pulled open her refrigerator door. It set a chunk of lat muscle on fire causing to thicken to enormous girth. She pulled out a bottle of Apple Juice. The lid must have been on pretty tight, because Mrs. Jones had to strain in order to open up the top. This sent those huge shredded pecs into overdrive. Striations shot out from the center of her thick chest. The cap of that bottle was definitely on my side because it wasn’t budging. God bless her, Mrs. Jones tried even harder. Deep blue veins appeared under her dark tan. Her huge neck muscles came into play, they pushed up the thin straps of her t-shirt. She even had huge veins there on her neck, they streaked across her neck, in an obscene display of power. It looked like her neck muscles where connected to her ears. Her chest looked like it was about to explode... hell I was about to explode as... POP!! The cap

slipped off. Just in time because I was about to pop off in my pants.

Mister Jones gave me a little smirk.

‘Tough little sucker.’ Mrs. Jones said as she shock out her arms and chest causing her pecs to dance up and down.

She put the bottle on the table. It was the best apple juice I ever tasted.

After dinner Sebastian and I kicked the soccer ball around and talked about what we could do tomorrow morning.

‘I mean we could go to the beach or my mom can take us to the beach?’ Sebastian suggested.

That one was easy traipse around the mall or see Mrs. Jones in a bathing suite.

‘The beach sounds cool.’ I said. Trying to sound nonchalant.

‘Yeah it could be fun.’ Sebastian said sending a hard kick in my direction.

As it grew dark we put the soccer ball back in the bedroom.

We went into the living room to say goodnight to Jinni and Bill. They were watching television. Mrs. Jones had her legs propped up on the glass coffee table. If I moved my head around in the right way I could get a nice gander down the side of Mrs. Jones' quad and stare at the bottom of her crisp glute muscle. As she shifted her legs it set caused her huge hamstring muscle to bunch up and flex.

'I think we are going to sleep now Mom. We were talking about going to beach tomorrow.' Sebastian said.

'Sounds good honey. I have to work tomorrow morning but after that I would be happy to talk you guys.' Mrs. Jones said.

'Good night guys.' Bill added as he gently fondled the thick muscle of Mrs. Jones' arm.

'Good night Bill and Jinni I said as I headed upstairs.

As I closed my eyes that night I recounted my day. From that first glimpse of Mrs. Jones' titanic back to her amazingly erotic display opening that bottle of apple juice what a day it had been, and tomorrow I was going to see Mrs. Jones in a bathing suit on the beach. I was like a kid on Christmas eve.

# The Muscular Mrs. Jones - Part 3

By 009ELI

I lay in bed tossing and turning all night. I couldn't sleep. The next morning I was going to get to go to the beach with that glorious monument to muscle Jinni Jones. Finally the exhaustion and excitement wore off and I drifted to sleep.

It wasn't dawn yet when I awoke, to a clanking, banging sound. I turned to see if Sebastian could hear it, but he was still fast asleep.

Drawn by the rhythmic banging I crawled out of bed and followed it. The sound seemed to shake through the house, adding a sublet rumbling to the propulsive white noise of the air conditioner. As I walked down the hall, I passed the Jones' bedroom. The door was cracked slightly. I peered in; Miss Jones wasn't in bed, only a sleeping Mr. Jones who continued to snore through the sublet clanking sounds.

The sound drew me downstairs, past the kitchen where my eyes had lingered on Mrs. Jones mind-blowing body over dinner. Past the family room where I had ogled the muscular perfection of Mrs. Jones exposed glutes and down towards a door lead to basement.

My hand trembled as it touched the doorknob. This wasn't my house, what was I thinking? But I couldn't resist. My body was on autopilot. It was as if the metallic clanking was a siren song luring me to my doom.

Slowly I turned the doorknob. I was hit by a waft of warm moist air as I headed down the stairs. The rhythmic clanking was joined by another sound, a subtle moaning grunt, which seemed to accompany each clank. Far from being off putting the grunting was so inviting. A soft coo of slight straining, rather than a hard grunt, as if the effort being put forth was more sensual than strenuous.

My little eyes and brain could only take so much, and what greeted me downstairs was complete sensory overload. Mrs. Jones was in the middle of her predawn workout. A pair of miniscule white bikini bottoms clung to her dark tanned skin, the strain from her exercise had caused her to sweat making the tiny triangle of fabric cling to her moist skin. On top she wore a pink t-shirt, which was more of a bandana, than anything else. It was cut off high above her abs and barely cover her solid muscular pecks. The sleeves had either been cut off on purpose or Mrs. Jones muscular arms had blown them off. The neck of the shirt had been removed as well, to permit Mrs. Jones thick traps and neck. The words 'Don't Stare' where scrawled across it in pink script letters.

But stare was all I could do. Mrs. Jones' body was a gift from heaven. Would you not stare at the Sistine Chapel or a meteor shower or the Grand Canyon? Each is a natural wonder which should be looked upon with awe. That was what her body was like. My eyes traveled up from her tiny barfooted brown feet on that basement floor, traveled up to a set of diamond hard calves with veins like roadmaps. From those calves my eyes made their way up to her nimble miniscule knee joints which lead to her legs. More stone than skin, they were cocked slightly causing pressure on her hamstrings which sent blistering lines of muscle up the back side of her legs and swirling through the crisp marble cut striations of her buttocks which were exposed through the string of her white thong underwear. From there my mind reeled as I came to her tiny waist which was so little and dainty it wouldn't have looked out of place on a petite ballerina, but seemed a fluke of nature when compared to the bulging musculature of the rest of her body, save for the insane knots of muscles on her abdomen.

Mrs. Jones had her back to me and she was pumping out a set of bicep curls with the insane intensity. The huge dumbbells dwarfed her tiny manicured hands; she stared intensely at herself in the mirror as she hoisted the weight causing her bicep to pop with heroically proportioned muscle. Sweat streaked down her beautifully tanned face as she concentrated on each painfully powerful repetition.

Her eyes where locked on her own reflection on the mirror, she was almost in a trance. Each curl was finished with a tiny feminine grunt, but she just seemed to push herself further and further. I was scared, scared by her intensity. Scared by her power. Standing there I though she may just push herself until her arms exploded. The veins streaking across her biceps looked like they where going to burst. She gritted her teeth, grunted and forced out one more. Her whole body shock as every fiber in her body tensed up and her body became one solid living rock of female muscle, she gritted her teeth and scrunched her gorgeous face as she powered the last rep up... 'UUNNNrgghh!!!'

Mrs. Jones dropped the weights to ground and turned to grab a towel hanging next to her. As she grabbed the towel off the hook she noticed me standing on the staircase. I wanted to run, to hide my face, but I couldn't move. I was so embarrassed. It was so inappropriate for me to be spying on my friend's mom like this.

'Lawrence you are up early.'

Mrs. Jones gave me a wide welcoming smile as she began to towel the sweat off her rippling armor plated body.

'I am sorry Mrs. Jones I heard the clanking sound and it woke me up.' I managed to stammer out.

‘Look, I already told you... call me Jinni.’ She said with mock anger. I smiled and she smiled back. Mrs. Jones ran the towel over her eight-pack abs and across her cannonball shoulders, and gave me a wink.

‘Your arms are so big...’ I couldn’t believe that came out of my mouth... What did I do? I was thinking it in my head, but I didn’t want to say it out loud, but Mrs. Jones’ physical presence was too much for me.

Mrs. Jones’ smiles when from ten watt, to a hundred watt. ‘Aw, Lawrence aren’t you the sweetest thing. Come over here.’ Mrs. Jones sat down on a weight bench and beckoned me to sit besides her.

‘I’m sorry Jinni. I didn’t mean to say that. That was so rude.’

‘It’s okay. I worked very hard keeping my body in this kind of shape. It’s nice to here a compliment. Especially from such a sweetie pie.’ She slapped the seat next to her again

I moved across the room with fear and trepidation. My body was inches from her overly muscled physique. My heart was racing a mile a minute. I couldn’t believe I was sitting so close to such a stunning creature, such a special person. How many women where there out in the world like Mrs. Jones. How many women where there out their, who would put in the hundreds of hours in the gym to

carve the body out of living stone. How many women where there who had the dedication to stick to the draconian diet that brought her rippling muscles into such prominence. How many maybe fifty a hundred, in the whole wide world... and here was and I was close enough to smell the sweet perspiration rolling off her chiseled body.

‘I just pumped them so they are going to really, really hard. Would you like to feel them?’ Mrs. Jones asked, her demeanor was so inviting, so welcoming it was as if she was offering my a slice of warm apple pie.

Mrs. Jones curled her thickly muscled forearm slowly up, and then cocked back her bicep. Her whole arm sprang to life, as her bicep grew right in front of my face. A thick vein streaked across the top, like a cherry on an ice cream Sunday.

‘It’s alright. Go ahead.’ She said sweetly as she made her bicep bounce up and down.

I swallowed hard and placed my hand on her bicep. My hands aren’t tiny but the thing was huge.

‘It’s okay Lawrence you can use two hands it won’t bite.’

I wrapped my other hand around it. It was amazing, better than I could have ever imagined it feeling. Mrs. Jones' skin was soft and smooth, but the muscle underneath was like iron. The discrepancy between the two feelings was amazing, as if Mrs. Jones' arms were too perfect to exist.

'How does it feel?' She said innocently.

'Good.' I tried to say nonchalantly.

'The secret to building a good thick bicep is the tricep muscle. As she said this she cocked her arm straight out causing the underside of her arm to flex out.

'Wooa!!' I stammered out.

'I want to get them bigger put some size on there.'

'I think they are good right now.' I said as if I was an expert. I continued rubbing my fingers over the thick ridges of her tricep muscle.

'Well Bill and Sebastian are always too lazy sleeping-in to help me with my morning, would you like to be my training partner this morning? Maybe I can add some size to my guns and we can get you started on your own set of pythons.'

'Jenni, that would awesome.' I said as my eyes lit up.

# The Muscular Mrs. Jones - Part 4

By 009ELI

I strained mightily. Try as I could the little 7-pound weights hung in my hand. Next to me. The divine Miss Jones continued to pump away—

“Twenty.... One... twenty... two..”

She had been going on like for a few minutes. Lost in her own reflection in the mirror.

“Graggh!!” She screamed pulling up the last rep. The tip of her biceps glowed and pulsed under her darkened tanned skin. “And that’s how we do arms.” She chirped in her singsong, sweet as honey slight southern accent.

As she said this she turned and flexed in the mirror. Her tight top was soaked through with sweat, but she still managed to smile sweetly. Her pearly white teeth off set by her plump pink lips and dark, deeply tanned skin tone.

She turned to the side and cocked her arm down flexing her tricep which jumped slightly the solidified into a horseshoe shape of chiseled lady muscle. As she did this she kicked her leg back in a pose I’d see a lady bodybuilder do some time later in a magazine. As she stuck her leg behind

her I couldn't help but notice the entire back of it solidify into a solid curved chunk of muscle leading from her small dainty feet up through her tiny feminine ankles. Then after the ankles it was where the real magic began her calves puffed out in chunked diamond shaped of girl muscle. After that her hamstring popped outward creating a thick bridge between the back of her knee and the bottom of her lower glute. Which popped and flexed as it pinched up against the bottom of her bikini. The tan meat of her chiseled muscle ass standing in sharp contrast to virginal white of the lower part of the bikini bottom she was wearing.

“You think you got it?” She asked. With a warm kindness and just a touch of motherly concern.

“Do twenty of the—”

“Bicep curls” Jenni offered helpfully.

“With the—” I looked at the weights she had just put down, “With the thirty five pounds.” I gulped. That was seventy pound between the two weights.

Mrs. Jones chuckled “Well I'm dieted down so you'll have to forgive me. Usually I do the fifties.” She picked up two of the large fifty pound dumbbells, hoisting them up and down with seeming ease. I gulped. She pumped them away

and smiled. How was she smiling and lifting basically 2/3 of my body weight!?!

“Why don’t we start you off with something a little easier.”

Jinni put a pair 12 pound weights in my hands. Even those felt a little bit too heavy for me. She then slide in behind me—

The first thing I felt was the hard warmth of her thickly muscled quads push into the back of my legs. Looking back on it, I didn’t really fathomed what had happened, but do to Mrs Jones outrageous physique you had to remember things didn’t really happen as they normally would. Due to the sheer mass, Mrs Jones’ overdeveloped quad muscles seemed to proceed her by a few inches. The steely hard muscle pushed into the back of my much smaller, pencil sized legs. The feeling was warmth. Mrs Jones’ legs were of course well muscled. Outrageously so but her skin was soft and warm.

“Here let me get a better angle in here—“

She shifted around which caused her thighs to pop and flex even more knocking into the back of my legs and sending me tottering a little bit.

“Easy there.” She giggled coming up behind me.

“Now you grab the weight then curl up, trying to concentrate on flexing your arms.”

As she said this she slide in closer behind me.

Muscular Mrs Jones was built like a heavyweight bodybuilder (her build was similar to Lisa Auckland another bodybuilder I'd see some years later) but she wasn't a particular tall women, in fact she was slightly shorter then me, but her presence seemed to take up the entire room over whelming me with her sheer coiled power.

As she slide in behind me, I coul smell her hair and her skin which seemed to smell of sugar and coconuts. It was soft and warm and her hair brushed up against my cheek. Next I felt what felt like her elbow jutting into my back – but what I would later surmise was her chest. Since her hardcore bodybuilding regiment Mrs Jones' pecs were better developed them most male bodybuilders. They pushed in hard against my back as she angled herself down to help out. She grasped my hands. As she did this it made her pecs bounce slightly. Due to the highly trained nature of Mrs Jones body any small movement caused an equally larger counter muscular movements in another part of her body. In this case the tightening of her small, pink nailed hands around my wrists, caused a few small, but powerful pec quivers to erupt against my back. Quick second long pulsations of breast meat pushing into my back through

her soaked sweat shirt. I could feel a few slight quivers as her rock hard nipples poked and prodded my back –

“Now just bring your arms up here—” She whispered in my ear as...

“Mom, you down there?” Sebastian called from upstairs..  
“Yes. Yes honey.” Coming.

With that Jenni dropped my hands.

“Well back to my day job” She snickered. And picked up her towel and toweled off her face. As she did so she seemed to take a moment. Her face pressed into the towel Meditative and calmed. I could see that this, this her world down here, this gym was a type of therapy for her.

“Mom... are we still going to the beach?” Sebastian continued to call out.

“Yup coming, honey.”

“Duty calls” Jenni said smiling at me .Then proceeded to head up the stairs. I stood there for a second. Watching the muscle bunches and flexations that happened whenever she moved from place to place. Even walking up the stairs had a power to it. Her lower glutes clenched, flexed and bounced, splintering into muscular contractions with each

step. I watched her disappear up and out of the basement gym.

I stood there dumbly still holding the weights in each hand. I went to put them down then turned to head up stairs but first. I looked at the fifty pounders.

“Do I dare?”

I grasped the large weight and couldn't even budge.

I moved my hands down to the smaller 35 pounders, but nothing gave.

Mrs. Jones was a real life Wonderwoman.

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A morning chill hung in the air as we loaded up Jenni's SUV in preparation for our day at the beach. Jenni wore a pair of sweats and a hooded red sweatshirt out to the car. But even in an outfit designed to cover it, it didn't do much to hide the excruciating dedication to the body underneath. The hoody must have been specially made for the body underneath because it's shoulders were cut wide and then tapered in, highlighting Jenni's extreme inverse triangle of an upper body. And although compact, and with no padding Jenni had the look of a professional football player from the back about to take the field. Only this wasn't padding this was actual flesh and blood built by an actual woman over 100s of hours of sweat and dedication. Her shoulders

stuffed into the hooded sweatshirt causing her lumps of thick trap to push up against her ears.

On her muscle filled lower body, which only an hour or so ago had been inches from mine, clad in a tiny swim suit that would make a victoria secret model blush, she had now dressed more appropriately for the cooler morning weather. A pair of grey sweat pants tied around her waist, but still her figure was one that even in this more discreet outfit, the effort of her body was visible. Her glutes pulsed out through the sweat pants as she walked to the car. Their muscular size and sculpting moving visibly under the cotton fabric.

In fact the only signs of Jinnis immense bodybuilt bulk where the thick cords of her lower back which were occasionally visible due to the belly grazing cut of her sweat shirt. And the only acquiesce she seemed to make to her extreme athletic development were at the bottom of her sweat pants which she had either rolled up for comfort to accommodate the extreme calf development of her legs. The elastic cuffed had been rolled and bunched at her dainty knee joints to allow her prominent lower legs to be on full display. They rolled and bunched with athletic power as even the flipping of her pink flip flops on her small dainty brown feet and cutely pink painted toe nails caused them to bunch with athletic power.

We climbed into the SUV.

‘God, hope it’s sunny today’ she cooed in her cute accent.

‘Mom don’t embarrass me.’ Sebastian said from the back seat.

‘He gets embarrassed of his old mom sometimes.’ Jenni smiled at us in the rear view mirror. Giving me a slight wink.

‘Mom your body is so muscular people stop and stare.’ Oh my god. I felt like an electric charge going off inside me. Just the idea of Jenni publically showing off that body let off a shock that seemed to travel from my brain stem to my spin. And why wouldn’t people look. Jenni was a million in one physical specimen. A billion in one!

‘People start acting weird...’ Sebastian continued.

I did my best to act normal. But I’m sure the fact that I was loosing my cool was clearly visible.

‘I—oh—that’s—I’m sorry.’ I managed to stammer out.

‘I just think some times when people see someone that looks like me, they don’t know what to do. But it’s okay. We have fun with it. Hey you weren’t mad when we got to

cut in front of all those people waiting on line at Disneyworld were you?’

‘No, that was pretty cool.’ Sebastian countered.

‘I... what happened at Disneyland?’ I asked. An in, as I could ask about this story and not seem creepy.

‘I had just finished a competition so I was pretty lean —’ Jenni proceeded to tell the story.

‘Mom, you were freaking shredded!’ Sebastian yelled out from the back seat now seeming to get into it. ‘You should have seen her. You think she’s ripped now. She was super ripped then. And you were bigger too.’

‘I was about ten pounds heavier.’

‘Heav-ier’ I stammered out. The AC was blasting but I could feel the sweat pouring down my face.

‘I was carrying about ten pound more muscle on my frame. I was really big then! You should have seen me—’

Oh my god. There was more Mrs Jones back then.

‘When we were on the plane a man just came over to her and right in front of my dad asked if mom would marry him.’ Sebastian burst out laughing.

‘I don’t think he’s wife appreciated that.’ Jenni added.

‘He asked you in front of his wife?’ My god. The world of Mrs. Jones.

‘You should have seen her. She was also drooling over mom too. They were both loosing it around you.’

Mrs. Jones laughed. ‘I guess sometimes I have that effect on people.’ She shot me a sideline glance and a cute, but self effacing style.

‘But anyway,’ Sebastian continued. ‘After the competition we went to Disneyland and mom was looking like a freak – Well she started undressing.’

‘I wasn’t undressing. It was hot. I had a sports bra on some shorts.’

‘Mom those shorts looked like underwear.’

‘They did not. They were squat shorts. Spandex ones, like I’d work out in.’

‘Mom, your butt was hanging out of them.’

My breaths became shorter and shorter.

‘Are you okay, do you need more air back there.’ Jenni asked.

‘I’m fine – Jenni. Miss Jones. Misses Jenni’ I stammered.

‘When when you work hard on your butt and you’re my age I think you have a right to show off what you got.’

‘Mom your butt is like a globe, all hard.’ Sebastian laughed.

‘It’s muscle, sweetie.’ Jenni said sweetly.

‘When we get out of the car you have to punch her butt. You can make a fist, but her butt hurts your hand.’ Sebastian giggled.

‘Well anyway’ Sebastian continued ‘There mom was walking around in the barest minimum anyone could wear at the park. Everyone was starrng. And like every five minutes people were stopping to take a photo and ask her to flex. You were more famous then J-Lo.’

‘I sometimes can attract a crowd I guess.’ She said. The effect was modesty. She knew she had power but she was

also kind and did not want others to be intimidated when in her aura.

‘Anyway... after this some of the kids who worked the rides saw mom! They teenagers, high school football players! They were going nuts over mom. They were big but mom was bigger.’

‘It was cute’ Jenni laughed modestly. Ringlets of her hair falling in her eyes. ‘They were sweet.’

‘Anyway when they saw mom they let us cut in front. It was so cool. Mom was like a celeb!!’

‘We had a fun day. And hopefully we’ll have another fun filled day today.’ Jenni said sweetly.

‘Mom you need to get big again – that was so cool.’

‘Ok we’ll see.’ Jenni seemed like she was trying to cool her son out but sitting in the back of the car I was the one who needed cooling out.

As we pulled into the beach municipal parking lot. With the warm sun over head. Little did I know the day was just starting to heat up.

# The Muscular Mrs. Jones - Part 5 Chapter 1

By 009ELI

Hawthorne beach was at the far end of our town. Of the beaches, this was the rich one. All the beaches were public, but this was closer to the well to do neighborhoods and proceeded to attract a more affluent crowds.

Jenni paid the parking and pulled into the lot.

The beach was full for the weekend and the warm sun had brought out a good crowd. A large portion of college age kids were out. Girls tanning and boys running down the beach trying to get their attention. The girls were cute. College age girls who maybe did a little yoga and spin classes on the weekend. At 19 or 20 it's pretty easy to look cute jotting along the beach and cute they did look as I stared out onto the sand.

We pulled in to park and Sebastian, Jenni and I hopped out of the car.

'You going to unload or we on our own here Lawrence – ' I heard Mrs. Jones chipperly say from behind as I turned to see her and Sebastian unloading the back of the Benz. They pulled out the large beach towels, duffle bags and cooler we had brought for our trip.

‘Seb, here you can hold the bag and food – ‘ Said Jenni as she unloaded the cooler

‘Lawrence, you’re on beach towel duty’ She handed them to me. Easily lifting the towels and other bags out of the cart. I was able to fit the towels under my arms and felt like I could carry more but Mrs. Jones had disappeared around to the front of the SUV.

‘Misses Jones if you need any more help I could—‘

I came around the side of the car to offer my help and found Mrs. Jones had slide off her pink flip-flops and was pulling down her sweat pants around her bulbously muscled thighs. She had bent over at the waist –

‘Oh my—‘ I gasped.

‘Oh mom... Already?’ sighed Sebastian coming up behind us.

‘Seb, I’m sorry. I’m not wearing sweats to the beach and tracking back sand. Deal with it.’

She bent in front of me and reached for her sweat bottoms causing her muscular hamstrings and glutes to bounce as she shifted from foot to foot. Getting one of her feet caught in the bottom cropping of sweat pant she nearly

toppled over. I rushed to her side and offered her my hand to, which she took, to help stabilize her.

‘Oh thanks Lawrence, my knight in shining armor.’ She joked and then threw me a wink, which she seemed to toss around in such a casual manner, but which I clung to and kept the way a lepidopterist would covet and cherish a rare butterfly.

Underneath her sweats Jenni was wearing a small bikini. It wasn’t anything abnormal or overly showy. The white base material was decorated with bright, multi colored polka dots. Your basic Target mom standard bathing suit. Tasteful and fashionable. Only on Jenni it became something else. Perhaps because of its style and dressed down decorum, the suit couldn’t help look incredibly sexy. This was a woman whose physical presence was so overwhelmingly powerful it turned a default dressing decision into a fashion statement. The white of the thin straps of the bikini rested on her pumpkin delts and dug in between the deep insertions of her bulldog thick neck only helping to play up her already tanned skin.

‘Let’s go slow pokes.’ Chipped Mrs. Jones. Her energy hyper infectious as always. Never seeming to lag, as if springing from some kind of deep well of joie de vivre.

We came over the dunes to the head of Hawthorne where most of the people from are school congregated.

As Jinni hit the beach, her physical superiority not just too any woman, but any man became readily apparent. Heads swiveled to see who the bronzed goddess with the Arnold Scnwanegger shaming physique was. A few college aged kids who obviously took pride in their own bodies due to their slim bikinis turned in our direction.

And they were not alone in noticing either.

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‘Oh my god. Here she comes?’ Said Joanne Halifax, the queen bee amongst the moms at the beach.

‘Who?’ asked Mary Beckon, Joanne’s second in command in the social hierarchy and pecking order of the mom’s who ran their kids around town.

Where Joanne was stinging. Mary was the decidedly sweeter of the group. Both were attractive women, but in her youth Joanne had been born with the kind of natural all American beauty that was coveted by advertisers and men and women alike. In fact, in her past she had even done some catalog modeling. Now a few years older, she still had her classical good looks, but where she was once

naturally slender, her metabolism had caught up with her. Eschewing hard work, she instead choose to eat less, giving her body a slim shape in clothes, but out of them, like the bikini she wore today, a bony brittle frame that has commonly come to be known as 'skinny fat. ' Mary was slightly less attractive then Joanne but sweet and wholesomely cute for a mom.

'Gorilla girl over there.' Joanne muttered indicting Jenni. Who was trudging over the dunes and toward the beach.

Mary spun her head to follow Joanne's eye line.

'Oh my....' Mary was immediately taken with the visage of the muscle bound mom coming up the sand dunes in all her bikini-covered glory. A slight confusing feeling crept over her, equal parts, fear, envy and attraction. She gasped at the sheer size of the woman who was her contemporary in age, but didn't even look like she belonged to the same species.

Looking at Jenni's broad capped shoulders and neck, Mary almost let out an audible gasp. As she followed the contours of the bodybuilder's body down to the tiny waist which wasn't much bigger then some of the college freshmen that were playing on the beach. Mary was particularly amazed with the bulging 8 pack abs, which seemed to shift slightly with each step caused by the

combination of Jenni's deep, deep chocolate tan and her near zero percent body fat. A "V" of snaking blue veins surrounded the sides and insertions of her hip flexors giving her abdomen an almost medical anatomy chart sheen of muscularity. Mary, who at the start of the day, had felt confident and cute in her one piece, now tapped her stomach, causing the small layer of body fat she carried around her waist to jiggle, making her feel suddenly feeling very, very inadequate.

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'Let's set up here' Said Jenni. Dropping the bags of food.

'Coolio... you any good at body surfing?' Asked Sebastian running off. He turned back to me. 'You coming slow poke?'

'You need any help setting up Misses Jones.' I asked. Genuinely trying to be helpful.

'Nope, I'm fine and—' right then a small alarm beeped on her watch. 'It's time for meal two and a half.' She said smiling and reached into the cooler to pull out a Tupper wear container. 'Grilled lean chicken, broccoli and exactly seven point five ounces of brown rice.' I nodded, sure I said, locked into the tractor beam of Jenni's dazzling deep blue eyes. I was amazed that amongst the gluttony of the

grills and men and women sweltering under the sun on a weekend consuming whatever they wanted, Jenni's discipline was resolute.

'Last one into the surf is a shark bait!' Cried Sebastian as he grabbed his body board and headed towards the waves.

'Go on Lawrence. It's okay.' Jenni said smiling. 'I can protect myself.' She gave me a smile and nodded towards her son who was disappearing into the swells of the beach.

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'Oh my muscles. Will you look at that.' Said Greg Sollad. He was amongst a group guys setting up a grill along the dunes on the beach.

'Oh yeah. That's Bill Jones' wife.' Said Mark Ganz another dad who constantly wore a white golf hat to hide his bald spot.

'Wait, Bill Jones the computer guy?'

Greg nodded his head.

'Bill Jones who looks like he gets winded walking to his mailbox?'

Greg nodded again.

They watched from a distance as Mrs. Jones turned and brushed some sand from one of her muscular glute cheeks. Due to the incredible tertiary strength of the muscle underneath, the brushing hardly caused the body part to move. Instead it bounced momentarily, then quickly returned to its gravity defying, sculpted glory.

All the men let out a simultaneous groan. Impressed but also a bit intimidated. It was obvious even from their distance Mrs. Jones was a physically superior specimen.

‘Jeezus what is she putting in her coffee? She looks like she’s part panther.’ Chimed in Brett, another member of dad’s club.

‘Can you imagine ridding that?’ Asked Greg.

‘I don’t think he does the ridding.’ Joked Mark.

‘Seriously would you hit that?’

‘I don’t know. I’m not big into the cannon ball shoulders.’ Said Kevin O’Connor, one of the other dads. He touched his shoulders self-consciously. At a little over 6 feet tall, they may have been about as broad as Jenni’s but lacked the

sculpted rounded fullness and lines of striations that appeared as she rubbed sun tan oil on them.

‘What do you mean? You mean when you lie down at night you don’t want to feel like your sleeping next to a side of beef?’ Mark joked.

‘Look at that chest, getting a hug from her must be like getting a hug from Arnold Schwarzenegger’ said one of the guys as they all looked at Jenni’s ornately muscled pectorals.

Mrs. Jones sauntered by giving the men a demure wave with one of her girly, pink nail clad hands. All the men quickly sucked in their guts simultaneously returning her wave.

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Sebastian and I played in the surf for what felt like hours. Sweltering under the heat of the day. A few of our other friends had shown up and we took turns riding the waves.

‘Watch me! I’m really going to catch this one’ We’d each cried out trying to impress the other. Even Sarah Solladad, Bill’s daughter, and one of the girls from our school was there. Sarah was easily the catch of our grade. Calm

relaxed and cool. It was obvious each boy was taking turns riding the waves trying to impress her.

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On the far side of the beach Jenni seemed to care not a like. She had covered her body with sunscreen, an expensive European blend designed to tan, but also protect her skin, which was radiant with a glow women of her age would have killed for. She sipped water out of large jug she had brought every few moments another aspect to her regimented lifestyle and cracked a book. It was some dumb love story about an old couple in a quaint Southern town who had grown old and lost touch with each other, but were brought back together because true love won out in the end. That was the thing that was in some ways so tantalizing about Mrs. Jones, despite her hyper-muscular, superhero physique she was in most ways a kind of dorky suburban mom who loved bad TV shows about housewives and was thrilled when the summer dresses arrived at the Talbots. Albeit the sleeveless ones to allow for a set of biceps that regularly curled 50 lb. dumbbells.

‘We think you look so cool... can we?’ A college age coed had stopped Mrs. Jones to take a photo.

‘Of course. Mrs. Jones said smiling sweetly. Rising to take the photo.

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Hannah Royce and group of gossipy girls had gathered at the over hang over the beach.

‘Roid Mom showed up.’ Snipped Hannah with a dismissive click of her tongue before downing another white wine from a small cooler glass she had kept hidden around behind her beach chair.

‘I didn’t know, I think she looks pretty cool.’ Gretchen, a mom from Hannah’s clique chimed in.

‘God she must put a lot of time into the body.’ Added Claire Banks, another mom, who took a sip of white wine from her small plastic.

‘What do you think? Like a couple hours at least.’ Asked Anna, another woman there.

‘I know, Brooke from the club talked to her once. She said she works out at least three hours a day. Does cardio for another or two or so—’

‘Doesn’t she look it?’ All the women had to nod in agreement. Except Hannah who was fuming.

'Five hours!?! Five hours a day. That's like a full time job.' Sighted an exasperated housewife. 'Well her husband's got that computer money, so she can afford not to work, but how are we supposed to compete with that?'

'Uhm. Don't think we do.' Gretchen added indicating the gaggle of men (and women) who would slow down rather obviously as they walked past Mrs. Jones' set up.

Hannah scowled taking another long pull off her alcohol. 'God how could anyone find that attractive?' She puffed up her chest like a monkey and began to do a mocking 'Neanderthal style' voice. 'Me lift weight. Me real macho. Me shoot steroid in my ass.'

'I don't know H. She's in pretty good shape.' Gretchen countered.

'How do you think her husband stomachs having sex with her?'

Right then Jenni rose and began approaching the group, perhaps having a sixth sense she was being talked about, but more than likely to greet a group of women she had become circumvent friendly with through her son's school.

'Oh hey girl' Hannah quickly said breaking into a sweet Southern drawl.

Jenni walked to the group and I noticed something interesting happen, before she even got there, the group opened to allow her in. As if sensing her arrival and then reform with her. It reminded me of a thing I read about tribes of gorillas. They can sense their alpha and they quickly fall in line in their presence. Jenni's body gave her that alpha status here on the beach.

'We were talking about how great you looked.' Said Hannah through a shit eating grin.

Jenni blushed 'Oh well thanks. I'm a little off-season so— How are you ladies doing? I didn't get to talk to you yet.' Said Jenni in a matter of fact way trying to square any tension the women may have felt towards her.

I couldn't help but notice how Jenni held herself compared to the other women. Her body language was open. Her arms and shoulders jutting out from her thick lats caused her arms to hang by her side at a cocked 45 degree angle, forced out as well but the thick development of her chest. Either out of well-earned pride or just due to her sheer musculature, her thickly developed back pushed her chest up slightly. The width her arms hanging, stood in sharp contrast to her slim sculpted waist. Definitely the smallest of the group of women. From then on out her corded thighs caused another roller coaster ride for the eyes. With

her thick quads casting shadows over her small, diminutive knee joints.

Standing from behind I could also get a good view of her ass which seemed to push upward with no sag. Jenni stood open her broad chest fearlessly facing the group.

‘How the kids today? Having fun?’ Said Jenni trying to engage the women who were having trouble finding their voices as they stared somewhat dumbfounded at the mass of muscle now in their presence.

‘Oh nobody wants to talk about that...’ Hannah said a little bit too loudly. ‘Not with you here, Jenni! Well come on ‘Muscles.’ Show us what you got there—’ Hannah encouraged as she downed another swig of wine.

‘Hannah don’t do this’ Gretchen whispered under her breath. Her friend, perhaps concerned about what the obviously physically superior woman may do if provoked too far. Hannah had been drinking a bit too much and it showed in her reddened face and the beads of sweat forming on her upper lip.

‘Oh come on. I’m sure ‘Muscles’ over here would love to give us a show.’

Jenni laughed demurely 'Maybe some other time. Today is really about the kids.'

'Just one pose. Come on. She loves it.' Hannah said. Bringing her own arm up into a flex. Her small bicep caused a small ripple in her arm, but also caused the extra fat to hang downward. A sharp contrast to Jenni's shredded, muscle slathered arms.

Jenni sighed and slowly, in a controlled motion, brought her arms up overhead in a circle. Cocked her hip and stuck out one leg imitating a classic muscle beach Greek god pose I had seen Arnold Schwnegger do. She sucked in her abs which caused her pecs to push up, coming near flush against her chin.

The effect was staggering and had a way of magnifying the smallness of her waist and enlarging her upper body.

'Oh my...' I heard one of them women say under her breath. With that Jenni brought her arms down into a hard bicep flex that left the women open mouth and stunned. She smiled demurely at her audience.

The move by Hannah had backfired. And had quickly and obviously become a miscalculation. Meant to make Mrs. Jones look like a show off, it had the reverse effect and not

only made Hannah look petty, but only managed to highlight Jenni's physical superiority.

Taking on the visage of a performer gifting a group with a performance instead of someone showing off. She was instead an artist displaying her wares for an adoring public who eagerly oh-ed and ah-ed in awe of her. Jenni's audience quickly gathered as she moved through pose after pose.

'Can I give it a feel?' Melinda, a churchy women with a heavy bust asked.

'Sure.' Replied Jenni matter of factly.

Melinda ran her hands over the woman's large vein covered arms. 'My gawd, they are rock hard to the touch!' She squealed. 'Go on girls you got to feel this. It's unreal.

The other girls, once the social boundary was crossed, quickly joined in pawing at the baseball-sized bicep in front of them and cooing like schoolgirls.

'You can't dent it. Go on give it a feel Hannah.'

'I'm good. Sticky hands' Hannah seethed managing the last remaining resevoirs of her coolness.

Jenni stood there confidently holding her pose.

‘You got to feel this Hannah. It’s unreal.’ The girls continued.

Jenni turned and locked eyes with her tormentor.

‘Come on Hannah, it won’t bite.’ A sly smile crossed her face. The closest I’d ever seen to the sweet Mrs. Jones turn to tormenting.

Jenni turned her large bicep under the bitchy women’s face and caused her bicep’s high peak to bounce. Mere inches from the smaller women’s nose and face. In fact it was so close it nearly caused Hannah’s expensive sunglasses to fly off.

‘I’m quiet fine.’ Hannah turned up her nose and quickly turned away beckoning her husband. ‘Come on Harold.’

Leaving Jenni at the center of the women who began to badger her with questions about what to do about their sadal bags and how to stop drooping triceps.

Completely dominating her group of admirers. Jenni was now the true alpha.

# The Muscular Mrs. Jones - Part 5 - Chapter 2

By 009ELI

After showing up Hannah, the group around Jenni continued to grow.

Maybe it was because of Jenni's extraordinary anatomy, but she couldn't even stand without it looking like she was posing. Due to the thick insertions of her lats to her small waist and torso her muscular arms popped out at  $\frac{3}{4}$  angles at all times making her upper bod look even larger and her stance, even in repose, had the effect of looking powerful.

'So cool.' Cooed Mellissa Alba one of the other moms amongst the group. A sweet Midwestern woman who seemed totally genuine and enthusiastic. She was up until Jenni, my favorite of the moms, and the one I considered to be the most genuinely sweet.

'Oh my god Phil! I think I want to do it! I think I want to bodybuild.' Melissa enthused slapping her husband Phil's arm in excitement. 'Do you offer lessons in "bodybuild"' she asked Jenni. Continuing to leave off the 'ing' making her sound both enthusiastic and naïve.

'Well, I do trainings session and train a few clients'

‘And you enter pageants?’

‘Competitions well call them, but the same idea.’

‘And you won them, right? You’re like a champion?’

‘I do alright.’ Jenni countered in her modest manner.

‘Because Becky Ross said you were a world champion.’

Mrs. Jones looked around, a bit nervously; she was still a modest housewife not prone to bragging. ‘When the last rankings came out, I was in the top ten.’

‘In the world?’

Jenni nodded. Averting her eyes in a show of modesty and not wanting to rile up the already enthusiastic woman. The down playing only seemed to goad Melissa on getting her even more excited; she bounced enthusiastically on her heels.

‘Phil that’s what I need to do. What do you think? Could you deal with a little wifey who was into ‘bodybuild?’ She said flexing her rather chubby arms. Phil looked at the his wife then at the sculpted arms of Mrs. Jones, quickly doing the math.

‘I think – we could figure something out.’ He sputtered.

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Afternoon was beginning to creep in and the sun was at it's highest. While the water was choppy a few families had set up a make shift volleyball net and a game was beginning to break out.

We returned back to the beach. Looking to see Jenni had gathered a nice group of people and was now standing solidly at the center.

As I looked over at one of the guys. Frank, who considered himself a real tough guy, was dancing in front of her. I noticed this with interest, as it was the group of guys who fidgeted turned and primped in front of Jenni, in a bid to win her attention. I remember reading years later some study that amongst animals, it is the one who is the least reactive that has the most power. It was amazing, here was 5' 4" little Mrs. Jones, albeit of a Grecian statue, who was the most powerful out of these full grown men, some of whom where nearly a foot taller.

They continued to dance and prep.

Seeing us come back from the water Jenni broke away from her audience and joined us.

‘How did the surf treat you?’ She said giving Sebastian a kiss on the forehead.

‘And how about you, you little wave shredder.’ She tussled my hair playfully.

‘I saw you catch a few. You looked pretty good out there.’

‘Really?’ I asked, thrilled that I had impressed this superstar.

‘Yup.’ She gave me a nod and a smile.

‘Jinni, we’re getting that game going.’ Said Donald coming back eagerly towards Mrs. Jones. His tone was almost asking her if it was okay to start. What was going on here? In a few short hours Mrs. Jones with just the sheer power of her unbridled physicality had become queen of the beach.

‘Okay Donald. I’ll be over in just a second.’

‘Okay cool. We can wait.’ Said Donald backing away with the same excitement from Jenni talking to him, that a teenage girl may display when she met a member of her favorite pop band.

'Guys! We'll wait! Jenni's just finishing up with the kid's so we'll wait.' Donald barked at no one in particular.

'We're running some volleyball. Want to play?' She asked us.

'Yeah!' Squealed Sebastian and charging out towards the net.

'You coming Lawrence?' Jenni asked me.

'I don't know... I'm kind of beat from the surf.'

'Come on. I said I wasn't playing if you weren't. Besides, we're training partners remember?' She give me a prize winning wink then cranked a monster bicep pose brining me back to our time together in the basement gym this morning.

How could I say no to that.

'Sure.' I said.

'Oh thank god. I was a little bit concerned my knight in shinning armor had forsaken his damsel in distress.' She added playfully.

Teams quickly gathered up.

‘Seb, you with, or against your mom?’ Asked Jenni as we drafted teams.

‘Against!’ Sebastian yelled.

‘Then you’ve chosen your fate....’ Said Jenni adding a playful mock laugh. Teams began to thin out –

‘We definitely need Lawrence.’ Jenni added telling Donald.

‘Yup fine whatever’ countered the older man seeming a little bit too eager to get the games underway no doubt excited as all the other men were to see what the Mrs. Jones chiseled physique looked like in an action.

The games were fast and intense.

Missy Weavers, a former college volleyball player, who took pride in her physicality, and who’s bikini exposed a set of four pack abs that would have normally been the talk of the beach, but were quickly rendered obsolete by Jenni’s anatomy text book perfect sculpted 8 pack, was obviously playing with pride.

Missy squared up with Jenni in her sites, delivering hard returns meant to stun the muscle woman, but Jenni dug in, her reflexes were amazing. Despite her size, one of the only acquiesces Jenni seemed to make to the large bulk she

carried on her body was her gait, which was almost more of a waddle to allow for the thick muscularity of her quads and inner thighs which brushed together as she ran. But Jenni covered the court in a amazing time and with singular precision delivering return after return which seemed to stun the athletic blonde.

‘See, see... I told you she was trouble.’ Sebastian mumbled from his end of the court, both in pride for his mom and a warning to his team.

Throughout the game. Mrs. Jones put on a clinic, I’m not sure I had seen mass move that fast, she was precise returning her shots when she needed to, and powerful when the game called for it. Nailing a few returns that came so fast and furious they seemed to rival serves from a Williams sister’s tennis racket and not your normal volleyball games. One humorous moment occurred when Father Wilbur, our local priest decided to play hero and go up to block a Jenni shot. But instead got blasted square in the face, leaving a bruised nose and forehead which will clearly read the volleyball brand’s ‘Voight’ backwards at most of the church services this month.

As the games began to wrap up. What happened next is of some dispute. What I do know is that the game was tied up and Jenni and my team knew we needed to score to win.

Jenni huddled in close. Whispering in my ear.

‘Lets get these guys Lawrence.’

‘You set. And then I’ll get up and spike it.’

I nodded –

Now what happened here, I’m still not sure of. Missy served the ball and Jenni nodded that she was going left and I should set.

Talking to people later I was able to get a better idea of the fallout. I guess when Jenni went left I had dodged right. What I do remember is feeling like a Mack truck hit me straight on. As Jenni planted herself to make the spike I rammed into her side.

Now if you’ve never have run into a woman who is two inches shorter than you but dense with pure muscle and zero bodyfat, it feels like running straight into a brick wall. To make matters worse, at the same time I hit her Jenni was bringing her arms down from a spike, the force from a woman who regularly deadlifts 3 to 4 times her bodyweight bringing her arms down with maximum velocity was enough to knock me straight out.

When I came to I just remember feeling like I had played linebacker against the entire starting line of the Chargers.

‘It’s okay Lawrence. You’re alright.’ Jenni had craned her neck and was leaning close to me. Her head close and her sun drenched hair brushing my cheek.

‘He’s alright.’ She yelled to the group who had surrounded to clear out and give me space.

‘Did-we... did we win?’ I managed to stammer out. Jenni’s look of concerned dissolved into a small smile. ‘I think we did Lawrence. Maybe just by default.’ I smiled.

Next thing I knew I was being foisted up by Mrs. Jones.

‘I got him. I’ll take him to the urgent care.’

Jenni carried my slack body in her arms. My larger than her frame easily cradled in her thick biceps, my legs dangling over her vein covered forearms. As we walked her thick abs pushed and brushed against my side. Each time I tried to look up to see her face and see what was happening, the only thing in my sightline were Mrs. Jones’ large, distended bikini covered pectorals, which formed a set of human tanned meat muscle drapes interfering with my sightline.

What felt like moments later we had arrived at the beach's Urgent Care Clinic. A line was trailing around the place full of sun burnt bodies and surfers who rode to close to the peer, but all eyes shot to the door as a polka dot bikini clad middle aged woman with a championship bodybuilders physique strode in the place.

One of the doctors quickly dropped his clipboard, pausing to help with another patient, and rushed to our side.

'What happened to your son.' The doctor asked.

'He's not my son. He's injured. Bruise to the head.' Said Mrs. Jones.

'Oh he's not your son then?' glowered the doctor, bouncing his eye brows up and down. What the heck was happening? Here I was with maybe a concussion and this doctor was flirting with Mrs. Jones. 'I'm down here. The one with the bleeding head.' I wanted to say. Then I realized what had happened. Looking out at the crowded ER, we'd line skiped. Just like happened with Sebastian at Disneyland. Despite the pounding in my head, I was overjoyed. I was suddenly on the inside. Mrs. Jones' insane powers were working for me!

'He's my son's friend.'

‘Oh.’ The doctor said then asked. ‘Where is your son? Is he at home? With your husband?’

Jesus guy. Keep it in your pants I thought.

‘We can take him.’ One of the nurses finally said.

The doctors took me out of Mrs. Jones arms and put me on a gurney ready to roll me out.

As I was heading into the medical room I was saw one of the security guards, a beefy bouncer of a man who had eyed us as soon as we arrived, approach Jenni with a small camera to indicate a photo. Mrs. Jones turned momentarily to watch me go off.

‘You’ll be okay Lawrence.’ She said tussling my hair then gave me a kiss on the forehead. Her lips were warm and soft and her skin close to mine smelled sweet, like vanilla.

‘A photo ma’am.’ The guard asked again.

‘Of course.’ Said Mrs. Jones then went off to her adoring public.

‘Look at these muscles. Sheesh. What do you work out like five days a week?’ The guard asked.

'I'm sorry but my son were here first.' I heard another woman in the waiting area exclaim. She was pear shaped creature and with a flat pancake butt.

'Lady! You'll be seen when it's time to be seen.' Snapped the guard before returning for his photo op with Mrs. Jones were he strained to make a bicep flex as Mrs. Jones cocked one of her large arms and smiled accordingly.

I watched them snap the picture as I was rolled away. As I was I could see Jenni turn. Look over her shoulder, and throwing me one of those awarding winning winks. My keepsake from the day.

///

Later my mom arrived to pick me up. I can could hear her arguing outside with Jenni who was apologizing profusely.

'I think you did enough. Maybe it's time you go home. I'm sure your son is waiting.' I could hear my mom say from inside the room.

'It's alright. Mom's here' she said hustling in to be by my side.

On the ride home I tried to explain what had happened. That the injury by Jenni was a mistake, but my mom wasn't

having it. She felt that Mrs. Jones had been negligent in her care.

Later as I lay in bed recuperating I could hear my mom on phone talking to her friends and bad mouthing Jenni. She would routinely comment on her calling her dismissively 'that weight lifter woman.'

After that the soccer season ended and after the time at the beach I found that my mom would make excuse each time I tried to go over to see Sebastian. The distance between us began to effect our friendship and we slowly drifted apart. And within a few month Mrs. Jones' husband would accept a new job and move his family far away to the West Coast.

Besides from a few glances as Jenni picked up her son from soccer. I did have one last memorable sighting of the Divine Muscular Mrs. Jones.

On a late night soccer game, our team had made semi finals. It was a warm spring night and Jenni and Sebastian's dad had shown up to the game. I'm not sure if she was prepping for a show, but when she arrived at the game you could feel it in the crowd. She showed up wearing what could have been seen to be a normal outfit for one of the mom's, but on Jenni's physique took another level. On that evening she wearing a macramé forest green top which

looked amazing against her smooth tanned skin, clinging to the top of her body. It contacted around her thick traps and seemed to get caught in them as she moved. Her heavily muscled back and beefy lats were clearly visible. Like I said, I'm not sure if she was prepping for a show or not but she seemed fuller her muscles rounder and sexier.

On her lower body she was wearing a pair of jean shorts which clearly left her bulbous thighs exposed. Each time I turned around in the crowd I see her sitting her legs crossed pressing the muscled flesh of her thighs together and making her thick diamond calves bulge.

After the game we were clearing out and I loaded into our family car. Looking down at the lot, I could see Sebastian, Bill and Mrs. Jones loading into their car. Mrs. Jones turned for a second and we met eyes. She give me a wink and a smile. Then climbed into the car.

And with that she disappeared from my life... That is... Until many years later.

# The Muscular Mrs. Jones: The College Years

By 009eli

## Prologue

After the Jones' left town. Life went on.

After high school, my soccer skills were decent enough to get me a scholarship to a good college a bit up the road from where I grew up. But after the incident at the hospital and the soccer game, I never saw Mrs. Jones again, but the image of her was burned fresh into my mind.

Her cradling me, her powerful tanned biceps pressing into me, as she carried me to the ER. The way her legs and calves looked in her skin-tight shorts the night at the soccer game. It was an image I could never forget.

And although I tried hard to, those images stayed with me.

Arriving at college had been a blast. I was happy for the space and when my parents dropped me off, and I got to meet my roommate Roger who was a cool dude but obsessed with video games – I got my class schedule, and my life got underway.

I even started dating a girl. Her name was Lizzy Gerber.

A fellow soccer player, Lizzy was fun and full of energy. She was tall and athletic. A lanky body, perfect for sprinting down a soccer field. But it wasn't hard to, in my mind compare her albeit unfairly, to the physical perfection Mrs. Jones had achieved with her prize-winning physique.

Sure Lizzy's long legs looked killer in soccer shorts, but I couldn't help flashback to how Mrs. Jones legs had looked, like marble carved out of living bronze with the blown out insertions that some deluded artist would have never thought to create.

In comparison to Mrs. Jones Olympian physique, Lizzy was very much, of this earth. Despite the years of soccer playing, her legs remained chicken leg skinny and even though she was quite athletic, she seemed to carry a perennial layer of baby fat around her hips and stomach. The impression she gave when she stripped down to her panties when we'd fool around looked a bit like an egg jammed on top of two Popsicle sticks. But we had fun, and we began dating seriously after a few hookups.

That wasn't to say the idea of FBBs had in any way left my imagination.

After meeting Mrs. Jones my paradigm as far as what I found to be an ideal body for a female had shifted. I'm not sure if female bodybuilders would have ever come on my

radar, but they were definitely on there now. And I quickly became an expert on spotting any hint of muscle definition on a female when I was out in public.

A set of bulbous thighs set off an alarm bell in my brain. Invariably those only usually led to squat old ladies who seemed to stay on their feet for too long.

There were a few occasions. One day coming out of K-Mart I spied a woman, early 20s, pretty face, big brown eyes, jogging by in a sports bra and short shorts. Her stomach was ripped to shreds with only the kind of definition an athlete could get, and her arms and shoulders were visibly well muscled. She jogged past, her blonde ponytail bobbing tantalizing along her chiseled back. I tried to follow her quickly, but my family hustled me into the car to go.

One divine shot of grace came in the form of Rose, a substitute gym teacher at our school. Word quickly spread that the new recruit of the gym dept. was also an 'amateur bodybuilder.' At an assembly one day, I spotted her, curly hair and unfortunately not particularly attractive with lousy adult acne. But as the assembly cleared out, I stood up, and although she was wearing a bulky sweatshirt over her upper body, partially obscuring my view, I caught a glimpse of her lower body on which she sported a set of skin-tight leggings. I followed her out of the auditorium hovering closely behind, but not too close to let off a stalker alert. I could see the telltale flexations of a pair of well-built quads

and split diamond calves peeking out of her high tops. But after subbing for a month or so, word spread that she had left and gone to another school located on the West Coast. Most probably to be closer to the hardcore bodybuilding subculture of Los Angeles.

Another sighting came in college. Lizzy and I had been dating for a few months or so... We had gone over to a friend's room who lived in a different dorm for a few beers and to smoke some, well you can guess – Pretty soon we were flying pretty high and had the full-on munchies set in so we piled into the car and headed out to the supermarket nearby.

I was floating through the aisle stacking our shopping cart with pretzels and cookies lost in a cloud of weed smoke. That's when I heard Liz—stop short...

'Fuck, Lawrence dude... check them out –'

She jabbed in my side and pointed to the cashier at the front of the store. And right then I saw them. Two massive bodybuilders unloading their cart and checking out.

They were a couple, African American, he was huge. Obviously pro level and wore a tight tank top, his arms so big and ripped they actually blocked my view of the cashier. But it wasn't him I was looking at. It was the girl

standing next to him. An obvious bodybuilder herself. She was pretty with high cheekbones and her long hair gathered under a baseball cap

But dear lord, it was her body that stopped me in my tracks. She was wearing a tight black spandex dress revealing her massive muscular arms and big thick delts which gave her waist a tiny, tiny appearance. The dress exposed her back which rippled with muscle as she helped her boyfriend unload their cart.

It was late Saturday night, and this duo was obviously restocking, their cart was piled high with package after package of frozen chicken breasts, dozens of cartons of eggs and enough gallons of water to hydrate an army. Or maybe just them.

The entire store was watching them. They moved slowly and deliberately. The cashier seemed to be nervous around them. He was quiet, but I noticed she was talkative and friendly to the cashier, appearing to put her at ease. I stood frozen. The weed was clouding my brain, but I couldn't help but watch them –

Unbeknownst to me, Lizzy ran up beside me. 'Look at them – ' she said slapping my arm. This time they spun around having obviously heard us. Lizzy dumbly stared. I tried my best to look at some stupid magazine at the counter, but

they had obviously heard us. Thee dude stared daggers at me, but the woman started smiling, maybe that's what she did. Her natural women's instinct offsetting her man's more aggressive nature.

They went back to their check out.

'Fuck look at her arms.' Lizzy said.

Shit. That did it. I just about came right there in line. She tugged at my arm.

'Yeah – they are ripped.' I said trying my best to seem 'calm' about the situation.

Soon Lizzy was back staring at a magazine as the bodybuilders had moved on and out of the store.

Later, as we piled into the car, I got another shot to see the two gym addicts. Across the lot, you couldn't miss them. Him, massive, piling gallon jugs of water into the car with ease. But it was her who was the most eye-catching, quickly lifting the same weight her large vein covered biceps straining, but her beautiful featured seeming to in no way show the strain. A single hair never out of place.

Lizzy spotted them to –

'Look at the bodybuilder' she said again.

Fuck! Even just her calling them out felt like it was bringing me a step closer to blowing a load. We watched them

finish loading. Lizzy cracked open a bag of Pirates Booty she had purchased and started shoving it in her mouth.

‘I think I’m going to do that Lawrence. Start bodybuilding, huh?’

She said. Fuck... again, it felt like I was closer and closer to blowing one. This was my fantasy. Maybe I could get Lizzy into the gym with me on campus, who knows, after four good years of training – I could be walking around with my own Junior Mrs. Jones on my arm as we hit graduation.

‘Yeah... but I don’t know. I’m just kidding. Actually, I think it’s kind of gross.’

And there, my hopes were dashed. Deflated. Lizzy shoved another handful of Pirates booty into her mouth.

That night when we fucked, and I should feel bad, as Lizzy peeled off her flowery underwear, I closed my eyes and brought back that mass of woman in the parking lot. As I closed my eyes and plunged myself deep into Lizzy, I couldn’t help but imagine. Lizzy’s frail, freckled arms transforming into the woman’s hard arms. Her thin back sprouting the thick lats and her sagging hips and buttocks transforming into the woman’s massive rock hard orbs of glutes. In fact, as I closed my eyes, I could summon up the hardness I had felt so many years ago of Mrs. Jones’ jutting rock hard musculature forming under my hands. I came within moments. Crashing down next to Lizzie.

‘You were on fire.’ She said rolling over, taking a pull off the vape next to the bed. I groaned as Lizzy got up and got a grape soda out of my mini fridge I clocked her dimple ass, the sag already to starting to set in and the slight ripple of cellulite gathering even at this young age. Is this what the rest of my life had in store? Lizzy was a great girl, she was fun and outgoing, and she seemed to like me – but I just couldn’t imagine a life where I was destined to remain forever unable to culminate my desires.

And as I adjusted to life on campus - I thought as far as my personal life, I was saying goodbye to the dream of ever actually having someone like Mrs. Jones back in my life again.

So you might ask where was Mrs. Jones during all this? After leaving town, I was able to keep abreast of what she was up to as this was the birth of the internet. I remember how my finger first quivered as I typed her name into the search bar on my parents’ old computer. After scrolling through a few names, a real estate agent from Sacramento and the widow of a World War 2 vet, I found her – Jinni Jones professional female bodybuilder. She had won a few shows, and her picture was included. My god. Time seemed to have no effect on her, I popped open image after image of the Divine Mrs. J on stage – her lat spread, thickly muscled thighs jutting out from her minuscule waist, embarrassing a poor competitor who looked at least

a decade and a half younger than her on stage at a local show. Images from the posedown showed Jinni, a wide, inviting smile curling across her pink lips, her perfect white teeth offset against her coco-dark skin, literally owning this woman, who was a few inches taller than her, but looked like a twig as Mrs. Jones bounced her thickly muscled, vein-riddled bicep under the poor woman's chin. A comparison of back shots continued to show the devastation – The thick mass of Mrs. Jones back loomed large like a silverback gorilla every single inch of the curved mass clearly visible under the under the stage lights. Mrs. Jones closest competitor looked like a grade schooler who was sent to play against the pros.

And I couldn't help but imagine, this poor being's drive home with her husband. Maybe it was his idea for her to do this, try a bodybuilding show, but here she had been clearly shown up by her physical superior. The woman looking down at her perfectly adequate toned arms. Later, as they fucked the husband imagining, Mrs. Jones, wife and mother, in place of his consolation prize.

And things continued like that, I was able to chart Jinni's progress, even stumbling across a video recording on a shitty camera of her giving in an interview after a contest win. Framed above the neck, just her perfect all American features smiling, a few locks of hair falling in her eyes, as she talks about balancing a son, a husband, three hours

training, two hours of cardio, meal prep tanning and training clients, like the superwoman she was. The only hint of her inhuman musculature, her thick traps, and neck which climbed into the frame, hinting at the superhuman mass below. And fuck, I was able to just come right to that, that's the power she had, a video of her talking about grilling chicken and packing it in Tupperware was sexier to me than any porn film I had ever watched. I quickly burned the interview on a disc and hid it away for my use.

But that was two years ago, soon after that contest, all word of Mrs. Jones stopped. And the case went cold. I'd try searching her name. Her full name, her family, but it seemed like there was nothing new. I'd experienced this before with some other FBBs I was fans of. The sport is brutal and, and after a time in the sun, many seem to just disappear, perhaps out of modesty, maybe embarrassed about what their fans might say if they saw them without their superhero physiques, looking oh so human.

And that's what I had assumed happened to Mrs. Jones. She had retired merely to return to life as a mom and a housewife. And in some ways I was okay with that, Mrs. Jones was my real life superhero, but I don't know if that is why I kept thinking about her, she just had this way about her that made you instantly feel relaxed, she was still the coolest adult I had ever met and the only person who

treated me like I had something to say. When she focused on you, you felt like you were the center of the world.

But maybe she was finally truly, gone. I had given up hope of ever seeing her again in the flesh.

That is until... One day –

# Mrs. Jones: The College Years

By 009ELI

## Chapter 1

I had dodged my first class, having slept in after a particularly brutal soccer practice – shooting texts back and forth I was going to meet with Lizzy for lunch at the comm when I had my computer out and was dicking around on Facebook.

I'm not sure why I was scrolling through my friends when along the sidebar I saw the 'People you may know feed—' which I had typically found to be full of those old friends you don't correspond with because you never really enjoyed them even when you were in there life. And it was there I saw along the side of the page –

'Jinni H.' the small avatar of the women's face was hard to make out. Pretty, a little older, deep riveting blue eyes.

Mrs. Jones?

I just had a feeling but wasn't sure. But also, how many jinnis are there? I clicked on the profile "SHIT!" Private but... scrolling along the side, I saw 'this person is also friends with... Sebastian Jones.'

WTF? This... had to be her. I looked at my phone. I had to meet with Lizzy in about twenty minutes, but the suspense was killing me. My palms started sweating. It had been nearly five years since I had talked to Mrs. Jones after the incident at the beach and never got to talk to her or express how sorry I felt about how she was treated. I was sweating – I had to at least take a shot. I opened up a message box and typed in –

‘Are you the – ‘

But quickly chickened out and closed it. What was I going to say to her, she was so refreshing, so perfect and I was just a lame 18 yr. old? But still, I couldn’t focus on anything else.

‘Is this Mrs.—’?

I lost my nerve and quit again. What was wrong with me? But I took one last shot.

I opened the MSG box and typed ‘Would you by any chance happen to be Mrs. J—‘

And right then Roger my roommate walked in with his girlfriend Amber, an overweight girl who wore t-shirts with fairies on them. They were both drinking big gulps.

‘Amber and I are going to try out my new rumble seat.’ He announced for no reason.

'Hi, Lawrence. How's Lizzy?' Amber asked as she sat down next to Roger.

I had thrown my laptop across my bed in the panic when I heard the door open.

'Fine—Fine' I stammered out.

Both looked at me wondering why I was sitting on the bed looking like I had just seen a ghost.

I looked back at my phone. I had to go. I picked up my laptop to shut it down fearing that perhaps someone may take a look at what I was looking at, out or my browser history and that's when I saw --

'I am.'

'It is.'

'By chance it is me—'

Msgs spilling into my inbox. Shit! I hadn't closed out of those msgs! I'd sent them! Like a total dumbass! And here she was replying on the other end. Mrs. Jones!

Talking to me!

'Lawrence is that you – ' came the next text.

Fuck my heart was beating... after all these years I was back in communication with Mrs. Jones.

I had to construct the perfect response. I thought long and hard –

‘It’s me. Lawrence’ I wrote back.

Fuck! That wasn’t it.

‘Duh.’ Came the reply. Followed by a smiling emoticon, which managed to diffuse some of the tension.

‘How goes your life?’ came the next reply.

Even the idea of her toned, muscular fingers typing made me feel electric. Did Jinni type with more force than the average woman? More stamina? Or was it again, one of those aspects a goddess like her had to pull back to exist in this world amongst us mere mortals.

I hesitated. What should I tell her? I needed to be cool.

I began to type ‘Goo—’

But right then my cell blasted. It was Lizzy.

‘You coming? Or am I getting stood up.’ Shit. I had gotten so caught up in finding out Mrs. Jones was on Facebook that I had forgotten.

'I'm just kind of sitting here thinking about you ditching me' Lizzy bleeped again. I needed to go. I told myself I get back later tonight and finish my correspondence with the Jinni, maybe not hitting her back immediately might make me seem more exclusive.

I went to close my laptop right as Amber came out of Roger's room.

'That rumble seat is badass.' She said as she reached past me to grab a soda out of our dorm fridge.

'Oh yeah, it's great...' I said barely looking up.

'You okay? You look flushed.' She asked.

'I'm good!' I shouted, much too loud. I needed to get out of there. Whatever would happen going forward with Mrs. J, would happen. Besides. She was a married woman with a kid, and I was just some college kid who couldn't even make varsity soccer. What did I think would happen? Some romance? I'd once again get to feel that warm, armor bound muscled body against mine the same way I did all those years ago in her basement? I dashed that illusion from my mind.

I went to close my computer. But as I did, I saw those ‘...’ Which meant the person on the other end is typing. Within moments the reply came.

‘Not sure if you are still in Hawthorne but I’m coming back for a little. Love to see you.’

And then she included her phone number.

And a wink emoticon. A Mrs. Jones wink. My mind flashed back to all those sidelong, relaxed winks she used to send me back at our day on the beach – and suddenly I was back there. A fifth grader watching the most fantastic woman I have ever seen in the flesh slide off her sweatpants revealing her tanned taut heavyweight bodybuilder physique in all its bikini-clad glory.

My heart started to palpitate faster nearly beating out of chest... ‘Love to...’ I finally managed to type out. Moments later Roger came out to grab another soda.

‘He does look weird’ he yelled over his shoulder, ‘Bro, you sick? You sick I don’t want to catch anything, I have like three chem exams this week.’

I went over to the comm where Lizzy was waiting, but my head was spinning. I rushed through the lunch and ran back to text Jinni.

I texted her later that night, and we set a plan, turns out she would be in town within the next week visiting old friends –

I stared at her photo there blinking in the tiny icon. That was it. No body shots. Nothing – I wondered had Mrs. Jones retired from the sport. Looking at the photo, I couldn't tell. I went to hit the friend request button but hesitated. Lizzy was on my page and Roger. What would my friends think if they saw that I was friends with a jacked out of her mind 40 year old with a kid? I paused thinking better of it but also feeling slightly guilty.

The time until our date couldn't fly by fast enough. Jinni said she'd be in town this weekend!.

The next few days of the week couldn't fly by fast enough. Until the day finally arrived Lizzy had pushed wanting to hang out together but I hastily made an excuse.

“A family friend is in town, and I need to go see her,” I said. Technically not a lie.

“Wow... sounds super fun.” She said sarcastically, and I was in such a state of excitement about the afternoon that I let it slide.

“Well call me when you get back, maybe we can hang out later.” She said before I left.

“Yep, sure,” I said back trying to extricate myself as much as I could from the situation. I didn’t want to hurt or be mean to Lizzy, but ever since reconnecting with Mrs. J online she was all that I could think about.

Mrs. Jones sent me the information for the hotel she was staying at. Driving over

I couldn’t help coming back to those few days I spent in the presence of Mrs. J. She haunted me. The smell of her hair mixed with the warm, soft scent of the suntan lotion brought me back to being carried to the Urgent Care in her arms. The soft flexations of hard peaked biceps pressing into my neck as well as the coarse mixture of salt and sand on her abdomen which due to its rock hard eight back had rubbed and chaffed into my sides as she cradled me. I nearly drove into the next lane as I pulled up to the hotel. A loud honk from an oncoming car one of the only things bringing back into the present.

Arriving at the hotel – I didn’t know what to expect. I hadn’t seen Jinni is over 5 years. Had she changed? Probably. I wasn’t sure what to expect and consoled myself pretty sure she had let her love of the sport go the way I had seen so many other ladies. Hitting retirement.

I entered the lobby of the sizeable elegant hotel and scanned the place. It was busy. A favorite spot for business meetings during the day – I scanned the crowd for any sign of Jinni.

I moved across the lobby and then saw – A smiling face waving in my direction. A few years older, and a few lines of wrinkles and a softness. She waved enthusiastically back and rose to greet me. When standing up, I could see her now wearing one of those pantsuits older women wore, her body was soft, not at all the heavy armor plated musculature I had seen in my youth. It looks like my suspicions were correct. Jinni had given up the sport and settled into middle age. I in some ways didn't really care though, I was just excited to see her. This was a woman who had made me feel so unique and who had such an intense manner of seeing inside at who you truly are, I quickly let my disappointment go and realized how excited I was to see her again –

'Lawrence...'

I heard from behind and spun to see – I had somehow made a mistake. The initial woman I had seen wasn't, in fact, Mrs. Jones. Who was in fact...

Standing behind me?

I hardly got a chance to spin around before –

“Oh my god! It is you...” I heard her say. That honey soaked sweet accent and as I spun, I couldn’t help but notice.

My god. Mrs. Jones hadn’t given anything up. If anything she had double down. Mrs. Jones brought her arm around to hug me and my mind flash taking in the rippled brown muscle meat of her thick arms. The blue vein splatter and the massive meat of her massive shoulders and finally as I was pulled in tight her embrace into the thick crevasse of her raised, perfectly delineated hardbolt chest.

My head was spinning from Mrs. Jones warm embrace as well as the sweet scent that seemed to waft from her – smelling like fresh linens on a summer day and the warm heat that spilled off her body setting off from the thin paper thin skin the covered her bulging muscles allowing the warmth of her body to snake off with minimal interference.

As I pulled away, I got my first view, Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Jones today – she looked a little older in the face, but not much, perhaps just some of the small crinkles around her eyes had deepened, or maybe just looked that way due to her dark tan, which was dark as ever. And her eyes, her eyes were bright and blue and soft and had that same aliveness, that manic glee she had always possessed. And her hair

was lighter now, going from a sandy blonde to a much lighter color that seemed to make her appear much younger than her years.

Sure Mrs. Jones was older than most people I knew. But she never seemed old, she carried herself with youth and vivaciousness that most people in their 20s didn't even have. Her smile and plump pink lips curled around and exposed her pearl white teeth, bright white, but brighter perhaps more so due to her outrageous St. Tropez bronzed tan.

It was only then as my mind had floated back into my body that I was able to take in the rest of her. And I stumbled a bit as I did so – maybe giving her a 'look over' wasn't such a good idea. Like I said before, my god – it didn't seem as if Mrs. Jones had stopped anything. It looked like she had doubled her efforts.

Mrs. Jones was always big and thick. A middleweight BB tipping the scales at around 140/150 lbs. of rock-solid muscle. But if anything she seemed to have gotten if not bigger. Better. Denser. Everything sat hard on her small frame and seemed to fill every. Square. Inch. Of her body with muscle.

Jinni took my hand in her rather small, diminutive hand. The profound skin tone difference became readily

apparent as I saw her dark tanned hand close over mine and she bounced on her platform wedge espadrilles.

She led me to the table we'd be sitting at and walked a few steps ahead of me. I have to tell you, Mrs. Jones was physical perfection from all angles, but her back was indeed something to behold. She was wearing a summer dress, and it's light blue, floral print played off amazingly against her flawless tanned skin. Highlighting it and seeming to make it even darker.

If Mrs. Jones front side was all thick pec, rounded shoulders bulging with power, her back echoed that, in some ways appearing the most significant part of her body. The thick meaty swelled of her traps pressing up and looking grafted onto her neck. Uncomfortably so. In fact, the whole swell and expanse of Mrs. J's back almost did appear uncomfortable, awkward as if someone had played a joke affixing a mass of muscle far too big for the smaller women to deal with. The thick meat of her mid back thickness pressed out while the bulging beef of the outer part, and undersides of her lats pressing into and straining against the lower part of her dress. It's fleshy muscle meat digging into the fabric, bubbling out while it pushed her arms up and out at weird angles making them spread like wings and, causing her to almost appear to struggle with the simple act of walking.

I followed closely behind and as I did I could see the looks and expressions on everyone we passed. And I was quickly reminded that of the hubbub that followed Mrs. Jones everywhere she went—

As my eyes lingered on her back, I couldn't help but put together how relatively petite Mrs. Jones actual frame was minus the bulging musculature. And how the dress was relatively small as it only had to fit around her trim waist and I could figure that she had in fact purchased in a smaller size as the dress clung to her relatively petite frame and stopped at her back, allowing the thick swells of muscle meat to pop out.

“Too big...” I saw one of the women at a nearby table mouth to her companion and then go back to eating her lunch. I felt an immediately pulsing shock charge of excitement flush through my body. I forgot what it was like to be in around Mrs. Jones' sphere. It seemed to send a charged shack of electricity everywhere she went. I remembered hearing someplace that men derive their power by what they do and

women derive their power by how they are observed and if that was the case then Mrs. Jones sheer obvious dedication to her body and her physical form, the discipline that was wrought on the absolute physical power she displayed by every one of her movements, meant that in a room she becomes the focal point. And some women could be

jealous while as I observed at the beach others seemed to fall under her power and sway –

We were lead to our table.

Sitting down at the high top table I couldn't help but notice, Mrs. Jones thick quads and thighs, no doubt due to the highly developed nature of her chiseled inner thighs were so packed with muscle that she couldn't cross them in the more demure style most women would choose to do in a short dress like the one she was wearing. Instead she had to settle for crossing them at her ankles. Wrapping her relatively small ankles around one another and balancing the bottom of her wedged heels on the base of the chair. The action caused her thick vein splattered calves to force together at the base . I couldn't help but notice the hardness of her calves caused them to push hard, forced together with little to no give, the vein splattered meat forcing into one another.

As the waiter crossed hurriedly over to take our order, I should have of course guessed that he would know Mrs. Jones.

'Jinni- he said waving enthusiastically as he made his way over to our table.'

“Richard!” She chirped giving him a broad, inviting smile, and I couldn’t help but feel a tinge of jealousy as I observed her. Mrs. Jones was so kind, so warm it lead to a natural charisma. When you were around it and focused on you, she made you feel as if you were the only person in the world and amazing that such a fantastic creature was focused solely on you, but when you saw it turned to others, you couldn’t help but be jealous and wish for its intense glare to be focused back on you.

“Well, you be having your usual?” The waiter asked as he bounced on his feet and primped adjusting the few remaining stands of hair on the top of his head.

“Oh... don’t know... Should I be good or bad today.” Mrs. Jones said with a mischievous grin dancing around her deep blue eyes.

And the waiter laughed along. I don’t know why. Nothing she said was funny. And I was immediately annoyed.

‘Oh sigh... Let's be good.’ She finally answered.

“And a glass of white?” the waiter asked to which Mrs. Jones seemed to turn this question over with a graveness in her mind, no doubt doing the lightning-fast calculation of if she needed the excess calories the alcohol would bring.

“White. But one glass. You make me do the worst things, Richard.” She finally said. And Richard the waiter grinned and I couldn’t help but notice start blushing under the intense glare of Mrs. Jones full 100-kilowatt smile.

“Oh and... I’ve been doing the curls like you told me.” The waiter said before heading out.

“Hammer curls?” Mrs. J asked, pursing her lips and narrowing her eyes with a particular intensity which I read to mean regarding the seriousness she took regarding all things working out related. She seemed to switch gears going from giddy housewife out for a wine date, too focused professional.

“Uh huh.” The waiter said proudly and then cocked his arm, flexing a bicep peak that barely seemed to dent the bagginess of his white dress shirt.

“Not bad.” Jinni cooed giving the guy a squeeze. “We may have to train together.” She said and then slowly curled her arm back, the small bracelets along her delicate wrist jangling slightly and then tightened her fist and, giving her arm a squeeze and in an action that almost seemed to surprise herself popped her arm up into a flex. I noticed the bicep tighten and the pop up high and hard into a peak that seemed to stretch Mrs. J’s dark tanned skin, splitting

it's peak in two as the thick blue vein on top seemed to pulse invitingly.

My mouth went dry, and if this had been a movie, the move would have been accompanied by one of those cheesy record scratch sounds. It seemed that the muscle flex had not just brought the waiters attention. It had brought everyone else's' attention in the entire place. Heads in nearby tables seemed to crane to take a look at the highly unusual move of this buffed up lady so arrogantly flexing her muscles in public seemed to rip straight through some kind of social fabric and call attention to all in the room. All that was except for Mrs. Jones who was holding the hard flex of her diamond peaked biceps under the waiter's eyes.

It was hard to know exactly what to do next as I could see the waiter quivering with the tantalizing muscle just inches away, it seemed like Mrs. Jones was inviting him to feel it, but social mores probably prevented him from doing it. And for a few moments, I genuinely felt bad for the guy and luckily after what was only a few secons (but seemed) much longer, Mrs. Jones uncocked her arm, and the waiter seemed to snap back to life coming back into his body.

“I'll get you- your wine.” He said –

“Wait. Wait....” Jinni called after him. “My friend’s order.” She said indicating me as the waiter had completely blind spotted me.

“Right. Right and yes, what would you like.” He said to me gruffly, no doubt turning the same sort of begrudgement that I had focused on him just moments earlier.

I had been debating in my head about what to get. I was no doubt famished, and the hamburger sounded great, but I just couldn’t do it in front of Mrs. Jones. I wanted to impress her so much, I knew I had no chance with her. This older sexy but still cute as a button woman who was the center of attention wherever her muscle bound legs took her, but still I couldn’t sit across from her eating a hamburger.

“I’ll take the turkey meatloaf...” I finally said. ‘With a side salad.’

The waiter quickly snapped the menu from me and headed off.

Soon the conversation turned back to what we both had been doing in the intervening years.

“Whelp, no more Mrs. Jones,” Jinni said somewhat mischievously and flashed her hand where her wedding

ring might be but only now sported the light colored band of exposed pale skin left from years of wearing it.

“Oh... I’m sorry – “ I said confused and thinking for a moment she was maybe hinting that her husband passed away, which Mrs. Jones quickly picked up on.

“No... Silly.... Bill and I are divorced. But it was amicable.”

I told her I was sorry. I genuinely was ,they had seemed like such a happy couple, and I couldn’t help but ask what had happened despite this may be coming across as rude.

“We met in high school... even younger then you are now...” She said kindly and patted the back of my hand in a way that was supposed to connote understanding and being maternal but sent ripples of excitement through my body.

“And well... let’s just say we changed. He changed. I changed...”

My god had Mrs. Jones changed. I remembered the photos I had seen back in her house. Mrs. Jones had started out as cute, but a somewhat unremarkable housewife and then from years of dedication morphed into a Greek Goddess. As I parsed her language, I couldn’t help but scan for subtext. There was something she wasn’t saying. Did Mrs. J’s

transformation into a glamazon somehow impede their marriage? Her hours at the gym brutalizing her body? The draconian diet... had it been too much for a mere mortal man? Or was it something else, had Mrs. Jones chosen to leave?

But soon my mental wheels were brought back by another touch on the hand from Mrs. J's small but powerfully muscled and manicured hands. This time cupping my left hand in both her hands. The undersides of which I could feel were incredibly warm but with undeniable power. A few small calluses no doubt the result of swinging around mammoth weights on a daily basis.

“So Lawrence tell me about you...”

I told her about college – and soon our food arrived. And I couldn't help but marvel as Mrs. Jones made her way through her salad, daintily eating it and picking a few strips of chicken from the side of protein she had ordered, her biceps slowly popping occasionally as she brought the small pieces of chicken up her lips, light flexations of her jaw muscles dancing.

She stared intensely at me. At times tilting her head to the side as if indicating just how deep her focus was and as I talked about adjusting to college. Mrs. J continued to stare at me, an occasional twinkly dancing behind her eyes, the

curl of a smile and I felt as if for a few moments I was the most important person in the world. Her focus fixed exclusively on me.

As I talked, I had no idea of the time, and I could feel myself get sucked into her spell again. The spell of Jinni Jones. I wouldn't have been surprised if hours had passed in the span of what only felt like moments.

We paid our bill, with me trying to pay for my part and Jinni insisting that she cover it and as did, laying down her credit card I couldn't help but see she had one of those fancy silver cards I remember my dad talking about. The kind only given to people who spend 100k of year and I quickly did the math, Bill Jones – Jinni's ex-husband had been a huge deal in tech, selling not one but two companies for huge sums – when Mrs. J negotiated her divorce it was no doubt that a woman like this secured an agreement to make sure she was well taken care of for the rest of her life.

As we made our way from the table, the waiter sai waved a farwell to Mrs. Jones saying he hoped she would come back soon. I only got a cursory goodbye.

“Walk with me to my car, okay Lawrence?” She said as we walked out of the restaurant. From Mrs. Jones, it was less of a question and more a statement knowing that I and the

full world did what she said. And went along with it happily.

As we walked down to the parking structure to retrieve her car Mrs. J wrapped her arm around mine and momentarily rested her head on my shoulder. After that, there was no way to say no.

I couldn't help but read the gesture as only what it was, incredibly warm and caring. But to me, there was an intimacy that was rousing. Despite her raised wedged Mrs. Jones was about a head smaller, and despite her hulking musculature, she had a way of totally making you feel you wanted to take care of her. Protect her. I couldn't help but see why every man fell at her feet.

“So... let's talk about the ladies Lawrence...” She said, looking up at me and batting her big blue eyes. From my vantage point I followed her eyes and followed a line down to the top of her dress, her muscular brown cleavage, the light fluttering of the veins from her light body fat and even on down further as I could see she wasn't wearing a bra, no doubt due to the lack of fatty breast tissue. And as she walked the movement of the dress swaying would occasionally cause it to brush down and away slightly giving a quick view of her nipple. It was so odd, soft... and normal. It looked like Lizzy's, it was such a wild contrast to see this accretion of average femininity on Mrs. Jones. I guess in

my mind she had ascended to such a goddess like status that I forget she had something as ordinary as nipples! My body once again charged with electricity.

And my eyes once again found Mrs. Jones who was still staring up at me. I'm not sure she had even seen my momentary indiscretion. Or cared if she had. She had such a natural way of letting you look at her and her physicality that she would no doubt laugh it off if she did, in fact, catch me.

“So... any girls. Come on there's no way a handsome fellow such as yourself is single.” The compliment was playful but was so satisfying I felt as if I didn't need anything else in the world.

“Yes—yes there's someone... A girl... Lizzy.” I finally managed to stammer still recovering from Mrs. J's compliment.

“Good... I hope she treats you right. Otherwise, I'll be forced to have a word with her.” She said laughing with a sly grin. And I again felt a lightning bolt course through my body as the image of Mrs. Jones with 20+yrs on her standing over the thinner but younger Lizzy flashed in my mind. Jinni embarrassing the younger girl with her sheer unbridled power. I shot back to present, weirded out and a bit embarrassed I had even had the thought. I like Lizzy as a

person, but I couldn't figure out why the idea of Mrs. Jones embarrassing her with her physical superiority excited me to such a degree. And as I try to get ahold of my breathing I felt a bit ashamed.

We stopped at Mrs. Jones new car. A sleek white Porsche Cayenne a trade up I thought from the Mercedes SUV. And I couldn't help but think how fitting this car was for her. A perfect match of man and machine. Of course, Mrs. Jones body called out for the well crafted German engineering. A Porsche was perfect for her. Compact but powerful.

Mrs. Jones through her purse in the back of the car –

“Look Lawrence I—” She stopped and now she looked, for one of the first times a bit awkward and unsure of herself. I couldn't believe it. The flash of insecurity, on some may have come across as unattractive, but on Mrs. Jones, this moment of brief vulnerability only made her more attractive in my eyes.

She took my hands in hers as she stood across from me. And I momentarily looked down at her small hands. Small but streaked with blue veins from her muscularity, which curled up, to her thick forearms.

“That day on the beach... the volleyball game you know I— I just felt so bad. So bad about what happened. You know I

would never do anything to knowingly hurt you...” She said as she looked deep into my eyes and I felt as if I might fall forward due to the tractor beam-like pull of her gaze.

“No- no of course not.” I managed to stammer out.

“I always – well I always – you were always one of my favs...” She said no doubt indicating the group Sebastian’s friends. And again I felt a tingle in my spine.

“And I wouldn’t ever want you to think I could do that. And I feel bad about the way everything happened... but... I have an idea of how maybe we can make it up.”

She said bouncing slightly, and I could hear the squeak as she rocked her powerful calves forward and back in her wedges.

“If I know college students you’d probably love to make a little money on the side. A Fitness Convention is coming up next weekend, and I have to work a booth to work, I used to rope Sebastian into doing them, but he’s a bit too far away, and well Bill used to help out but... yeah, that’s not happening. It would be helping set up, sell some photos and give out samples of the supplement companies that sponsor me. I could pay you two hundred bucks for the day. “

She smiled brightly at me.

“What do you say? Is two hundred bucks worth it to hang out with a boring old housewife?” She said again flashing me a wink.

# Mrs. Jones The College Years - Chapter 2

By 009ELI

Mrs. Jones' skin felt incredible under my hands.

Thin and soft. Stretched tightly over the rock-hard muscles underneath. Her thick beefy pecs, board flat abdomen, peaked biceps... her body. It felt like a warmed stone.

I was in heaven. My hands traveled further down feeling the warmness as her skin moved over her muscles. The complete lack of subcutaneous body fat causing it to feel thin as rice paper as I pinched it in my hands. She giggled slightly and her thick abs flexed under my touch...

I traced further down. Her chiseled intercostals, corded with light veins that floated just below the surface curving down to her sex.

“Do you know how I got this body, Lawrence?” Jinni cooed playfully. Batting her eyes at me. “From pumping big heavy, heavy weights.... From working out hours and hours in the gym... from pumping and pumping until the muscle grew.. big and hard....” She continued to say almost in a baby doll voice. “From dedicating myself, days.... Weeks... months... years...”

“Do you want to feel them, Lawrence? My arms...” Mrs. Jones asked playfully before bringing her thick biceps up into a hard flex.

“It’s okay Lawrence...” She laughed as I stretched my hand out.

“Lawrence...”

And I was suddenly brought back to reality. To the present by my American history professor, Professor Jefferies, standing at the front of the lecture hall calling out to me.

“Lawrence would you like to answer the question?”

“Uhm... Sure Professor Jefferies.” I managed to stammer out, which brought a collective bout of laughter from nearly everyone in the lecture hall.

“Well... go ahead.” He said puffing himself up under his tweed jacket and stroking his beard.

“Can you repeat the question...”? I stammered out bringing much more guffaws from my classmates and a scowl from my history Prof.

It seemed as if this had been happening more and more since my meeting the previous week with Mrs. Jones in the

lobby of the hotel. I would float into these reveries be it if I was walking across campus or sitting, waiting for the bus to take me to my 11:30 office hours in the econ building. Out of nowhere I'd be back sitting across from Mrs. Jones. Taking her in. Or it was back on that beach watching Mrs. Jones strut in her polka dotted bikini and then just as suddenly I'd be brought back to reality.

These flights of fantasy were not helped by the fact that I now learned Mrs. Jones was going by her maiden name 'Halifax.' A Google search of Jennifer Halifax brought up a cornucopia of stuff from the interwebs. Photo shoots from numerous contests of her on stage, her golden hued body trained within an inch of its life. Photo sets of a shoot she had done in a tiny, minuscule swimsuit that you wouldn't even be able to think of a lean young coed in her 20s being able to pull off, never mind your friend's mother. It became a daily battle to fight the fantasy and realize I had an authentic life including school and a girlfriend I needed to focus on.

But still, the specter of the next upcoming weekend loomed. I even thought about canceling it just to stay back and try to keep my sanity, but I told myself the \$200 would be helpful to me to offset my cost of living. But I knew very well it wasn't the money that would draw me to the convention center that next weekend. It was Mrs. Jones.

I had other issues as well. It wasn't odd that I was gone off campus for a weekend, but two weekends in a row was a bit unheard of for me. I knew I'd need a good alibi and saying I was going to see a friend of my families two weekends in a row wouldn't cut it.

“Help your dad?” Came Lizzy's somewhat confused reply. And I felt guilty about lying to her. I hadn't before, but now I was telling her a lie 2 weekends in a row. But still, I figured this was for her own good. Sometimes truth was stranger then fiction and I remembered seeing that Mrs. Jones was heading out of town after the convention so she wouldn't even be a temptation after that... and I'd be able to move on with my life.

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As Saturday approached Mrs. Jones sent me the information to where the expo was happening, and I caught an Uber over, thinking I could quickly make up the difference in the cost of the car from what I would make helping her work the event.

Arriving at the convention center, I had the car pull up front and hopped out.

“Body Power Expo” The sign blared above the large hall of the main building. I was immediately taken by the crowd

piling in. They were unlike any group of people I had ever laid eyes on. It seemed like they looked as close to real life superheroes as humanly possible. The men were huge, great puffed up chests and arms as ripped, as they were thick, swinging at their sides like huge chunks of meat. And the women, the women... my good god... all seemed to have primped posed and pumped for the day. Blonde hair and huge fake boobs spilling out of barely there tube tops which stopped above mid stomach to show abs as ripped as any swimmer. They looked like something out of a Playboy spread, but better. Leaner. Healthier an entire array of BUFFED UP BARBIE DOLLS! All seeming in competition to see who could flaunt the most of their hard-earned bodies.

And flaunt they did – modesty was not on the menu this day it seemed. And who could blame them? Everyone there had worked so hard on their physiques. I'm sure they were happy for the opportunity to show it off. And it seemed that you had to be either the biggest, buffest or most beautiful to get any attention.

Jinni had texted me on the way over to tell me she was finishing up something in the central hotel adjacent to the convention center and that I should meet her over there and we could walk over to the convention together.

Entering into the hotel lobby from the heat outside – I was immediately greeted by the cool of the air conditioning. I could see that the lobby of the hotel had been taken over by the same beefy occupants of the convention center. As I entered, I saw a large group of huge men, all with baldheads and their thick tanned muscles popping out of what was left of their cut-up tank tops. Competitors in the bodybuilding show that was happening that night at the convention.

Each of the muscle heads craned their thick beefy necks in my direction as I entered and then seemed to take in my modest frame, no doubt judging me not to be a threat in any way to their dominance and then just as quickly they turned away to find the next muscular individual in the crowd to look at. It seemed that if you weren't deemed to be at or near the level of muscle in the crowd – amongst this group, it was a bit like you didn't even exist.

“I'm here.” I texted Jinni unsure where to meet her and suddenly feeling a bit nervous and self-conscious of my unmuscled frame.

“Back of the lobby – by the bar –” Jinni shot back and then followed it with an “Excited to see you” and a winky emoji face.

To say I was excited to see her again was an understatement. I had replayed meeting her for lunch over in my head a hundred times in the past week. Slowing every frame of it down into slow motion. How she had looked in her summer dress. The soft, warm blue hue playing off her tanned skin. The way the thin fabric straps had dug into her thick neck and spilled down the expanse of her pecs. Her mammoth back.... And bulging thighs teetering on her wedged heels as we walked to her car in the parking structure.

I felt that seeing her again at least I had gotten a handle on the effect being around her seemed to have on me...

But even then I wasn't quite ready for what I was about to see next.

As I came around the corner off the main lobby. I should have known it was where Mrs. Jones was as there was a large group of onlookers gathered and as I first came around I could hear a man saying –

“Okay. That's good Jinni... Hold it like that... Good and up more....” And what sounded like a camera whirring and clicking.

As I came closer around the corner, I got a better idea of what the commotion was. A large, bright light was perched

on a frame leaning against an area, which I guessed was used as a bar when the hotel was busier.

The light was blocking my view somewhat. But as I walked closer, I could hear the murmurs of the crowd of onlookers who had gathered to look at the scene that was taking place.

“Wow... oh, my... Oh geez...” I could hear the lookie-loos all saying under their breaths a bit in unison and I knew that no doubt Mrs. Jones was playing some part in their collective awe...

But even as I steadied myself and I came into the light and moved past the crowd angling myself to get a better view, I still was a bit flabbergasted by what I saw...

It was a full-on photo-shoot! Mrs. Jones was standing by the bar end of the lobby near a couch, while a short somewhat pudgy man in a blue baseball cap snapped her photos.

“Very good Jinni. Tighten... tighten your arms” He directed her.

But it was what Jinni was wearing that nearly caused my heart to beat out of my chest! Now I had seen and been up close to Mrs. Jones in all types of clothes, and she

somehow seemed to have the ability to even make a burlap sack sexy. I remembered back all those years to her cranking out arm curls in the teeny-tiny white bikini in her basement. The small white pieces of cloth doing little to cover her outrageous musculature. And I, of course, remember full well that day at Hawthorne beach where Mrs. J had pranced for all the world to see in her cute polka dotted bikini. As if it was the most natural thing for a mom and housewife to carry 160lbs of bulk and 4 percent body fat on her frame.

But I don't think all that had really prepared me for what happened when Jinni went all out. Since she was getting near contest condition, her supplement sponsor had thought it was a good idea to photograph her in her near peak condition. I guess I had been late to the part where she wore some cute workout wear... but now the outfit selected was off the charts hot. It was a tiny black swimsuit made up of little straps that I would learn would be called a micro-teeny. Basically only a thin square of fabric connected by tiny straps. An outfit so minuscule its only design was to show off the wearers body as I could imagine it getting quickly washed away when exposed to any water.

Mrs. Jones stood there in all her glory.

"Flex. Flex Jinni..." The photographer barked as Jinni pulled hard on the tiny string straps that sat around her thickly

muscled intercostals and the lower parts of her abs. She pulled hard on the strings pulling them away from her body, and I worried that they may snap as she tightened and flexed her arms down, causing her triceps to flex hard away from her body.

The crowd all cheered in unison and applauded as if she had done a magic trick. Mrs. Jones, I noticed shot the entire gathered crowd her bright, million-watt smile and I couldn't help feel that like a true performer, she was playing as much for the crowd benefit as the photographer.

“I'd hate to have to have you mad at me!!” a sunburnt man in a tight-fitting Disneyland shirt stretched over his belly yelled out and the crowd laughed in unison.

“And I'd hate to ever have you do anything that made me mad...” Jinni shot back in his direction with lightning fast timing. The crowd erupted again in laughter, no doubt as awed by her quick comedic response as her dazzling muscles.

She primped, balancing for a moment on the towering black stiletto heels she wore which accentuated her thick calves and made her legs seem not only impossibly muscled but also supermodel long.

“Just a second... “ Said the photog as he looked at something in the camera.

“Technical difficulties, folks...” Jinni said once again playing to the crowd who ate it up and laughed at the line as if they were watching a comedian give a monologue on a late night talk show.

As Jinni stood for a second as the photog continued to fumble with the camera, she spotted me in the crowd. Gave me a little wink and a little half wave that set my heart afire and I’m sure made the rest of the crowd wonder... who was this kid?

“Okay.. handled it. The light in here is a bit off... So Jinni lets just get a few rear lat spreads to finish...” He said taking a crouching position.

With that, Jinni spun around turning her back to the crowd. And there was another collective gasp. As Jinni spun around, she brought her thick back into view and placed her small hands on her waist. I, along with every other person there traced my eye line down to... the end of her bikini bottoms, which were dental floss tiny coming off the thin material of the side of her bikini and disappeared between the thick, jutting, bowling ball glutes the sprung off the back of her body.

With the great care of the natural performer she was, she stuck one of her high heeled, stiletto feet out and... flexing tightened her calves...

“Oh my...” I heard a woman in a sun visor that had the name of a church on it whisper under her breath.

Continuing the slow flex up her lower leg which caused her calves to thicken and explode with veins. As Mrs. Jones continued, she sent the flex up the back of her leg, bulging out her thick, curved hamstrings and then curled her back in –

Waiting a few moments for the tension to build, she then... with great care and deliberation... slowly spread and flexed first her left lat out... and then, slowly, as if trying to move and sway the large shutters on a door... finally popped her right lat out.

“Oh, my...” visor woman said once again.

And finally as the piece de resistance. Mrs. Jones clasped her hands down hard. Mashing her small tight waist and in one incredibly quick motion, popping up on her toes and flaring her bat wing wide back out and flexing her glutes so hard I not only heard audible gasps amongst the crowd but I worried that the quick, decisive flex may have cut the tiny thong in two –

“Oh, my!” Visor woman finally cried out as Mrs. Jones stood stock still holding the flex for what felt like minutes as eventually, the crowd burst into rapturous applause.

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A little later after the photo shoot had finished, I watched the photographer stash his stuff away and fold up the light.

“I think we got some great stuff Jinni...” He said.

Jinni was on the other side of the lobby talking to a husband and wife. No doubt another group of average humans lured in by the amazing siren song that was Jinni Jones and her body.

As I watched their interaction. The husband, occasionally rubbing his chin as Mrs. Jones talked to him about her health and training regiment. Every once in a while stealing glances at Jinni’s impossibly muscled, thighs, glutes as Mrs. Jones gathered her stuff up after the photo-shoot.

The wife too, almost staring as if she herself couldn’t believe that someone like Mrs. J actually existed. I could see even now, Mrs. Jones’ body acted as a beacon. A view of what the human body was capable of. Utterly unattainable to the average person, but none the less an

outlier that hinted at what complete discipline over ones physical self might look like.

Even standing there, dressed only in enough fabric to barely fit in a pencil case, Mrs. J had an ease about her. I had seen it before, but she had the amazing ability to look more clothed the less clothes she wore. As if the muscle that wrapped and coated her frame was all the clothing it needed. And the work that went into honing such a body to this apex of development called for it to be looked at rather than hidden behind layers of fabric.

Before I knew it, Mrs. J had finished her conversation and was trotting back to me, doing a remarkable job of balancing her bulk on the towering platform heels. Her thick quads, quaking, then relaxing causing the thick teardrop over her tiny knees to bunch into quick hard flexs and contract with each step.

“How did I do?” She said taking a seat next to me. Her muscular capped shoulders just inches from me as she lowered her bulk down to the bench and took a small towel from beside her and lightly began to towel off the droplets of sweat that had run down the crevasse of her bulging pectorals during the photo shoot.

“I think you did great.” I managed to stammer out, my mouth dried of any liquid as I watched Mrs. J give the

underside of her boob a quick swipe with the towel. This action caused the heavily muscled breast to bounce momentarily, just as it would on an average woman. But Mrs. J was far from normal, and I watched as the pec quickly snapped back into place, reforming into its cubed, muscular shape.

“Okay. Well, don’t run away. I just need to change for the floor show, and I’ll be right back.”

Runaway? After Mrs. J’s photo shoot. I don’t think I could move.

Jinni grabbed a small plastic bag she was carrying her stuff in and with a click of her 5-inch heels powered her way to the women’s room. The back side of her thickly developed back, inches thick tris and bull work neck, swaying femininely under the black lycra strings of her swimsuit. And the cubed muscle meat of her thick glutes, bunching and squaring rhythmically as she made her way to the women’s room.

I couldn’t help but wonder what the reactions of those ladies in the women’s room would be to seeing sheer physical perfection in an outfit that none of them would ever be able to wear in the wildest dreams, unsheathing that body in front of them. But I knew whatever would

happen Jinni would navigate it with her seemingly otherworldly 'Aw-shucks' beguile.

A little while later – Mrs. Jones had exited the women's room now wearing what she would wear for the floorshow of the convention. A definitely more modest outfit, consisting of skin-tight lycra workout pants which clung to the impossible swells of her thighs, her thickly chiseled calves and stopped inches below her belly button giving the world a clear view of her chiseled waist and blown out 8-pack. The outfit was topped with a black sports bra that exposed Mrs. J's chiseled stomach. I couldn't help but notice too how an outfit like this seemed to bring into focus Jinni's' tremendously developed thick arms which seemed to hang, jutting out at her sides pressed out by the thick back swells which were giving the strained straps of sports bra a run for their money.

The outfit was definitely more modest than the barely-there bathing suit she was wearing moments earlier but still, let the amazing shape (Mrs. J's calling card in the world) open for all to see.

Now out of her ridiculously high platforms, Mrs. J was a full head shorter than me, but still, her presence seemed to far outstrip her relatively short height.

“How you holding up?” She asked, and put her hand on the small of my back. She gave me a combination, light rub and scratch with her nails. The entire thing feeling tremendously intimate and maternal.

I nodded. Good now, I thought.

###

Later we found our spot out on the convention center floor. All around us the rest of the booths were setting up for the day. Our booth was for the “Pro-Ex’ a top the line supplement company that Mrs. J was working for. My web searches have stumbled across a few ads shoots she had done for them. “Pro-Ex Pre Workout Performance Bars are good enough for my workout, are they good enough for yours?” Blared the ad copy above an ad that showed a sweaty soaked Jinni Jones (ne: Jennifer Halifax) hoisting a substantial old-school dumbbell that looked well over 50lbs while staring down at her arm with a fierce look of concentration.

As we set up the both I was also introduced to Mark and Tony, two of the co-owners of Pro-Ex and guys who looked like I could easily have been friends with them in high school. They didn’t seem much older then there mid-20s. Which was impressive considering their company was well known.

“What do we got here – You certainly seem to rope ‘em in young, Jennifer?” Said Mark, the biggest one, playfully. The two of them were big and built tall guys, but seemed to have more of the physiques of off-season football players, then the balloon inflated musculature that many of the bodybuilders circulating the floor sported.

“Meet Lawrence... he’s my manager.... So any decisions you have. Just run them through him.” Jinni said back with a playful giggle. She had changed into a pair of skintight spandex pants that clung to every curve of her bulging lower body. Her thick squared off glutes, tiny waist and curved up quads that seemed to cast her small knee joints in shadows, were all hugged and highlighted by the skintight material. On her top, she was sporting a sports bra which was cut high revealing her armor-plated stomach and allowing her thick vein covered arms to hang at her sides propped up from the meat of her thick back.

Both the pants and the sports bra were emblazoned with the company’s logo.

“Well, we got to get you jacked up and into some Pro-Ex gear. Here you go, Lawrence.” Said Tony, the shorter of the two who looked like he can easily step off the floor and play running back for a division one college.

Tony tossed me a Pro-Ex shirt and dug out from behind the table a large handful of samples of different energy bars, pre-workout and protein powder.

“Yeah, you better treat my manager right!” Jinni said playfully coming up behind me and putting her sculpted hands protectively on my shoulders.

“You okay?” She asked bending down and drawing close.

I nodded as I pulled the shirt on as the convention hall opened and was flooded with people.

###

As the hall filled up, I pretty quickly got the gist of how the day was to go. Jinni had set up a huge stack of glossy photos of herself, and a line began to form around, full of eager patrons of the convention.

Jinni would sign photos that I would grab – take snaps, which I would help out with and then pass the eager fitness buffs a handful of Pro-Ex samples that I was also in charge of prepping.

Far from being a drag, I was soon thrust into the swing of things and felt the energy of all the people at the event. As well as being around Jinni began to fuel me.

I would often sit and watch the cast of people moving by, the men huge and muscular and the women looked like they had all fallen off the front pages of the most insane bikini spreads imaginable. Boobs so big and pushed up they threatened to hit their chins, all showing off flat stomachs in their tight-fitting clothes.

My people watching was monetarily interrupted as I heard —

“Jinni-dahling...” in a thick, Spanish accent. The voice was high pitched but at the same time had the bass-gruffness of a smoker.

My head snapped to follow the sound, and I had that odd feeling, it was coming from a tall woman with dark, Latina features, dark hair... and I thought for a moment it may have been a friend of Jinni's from back in Hawthorne or maybe a person from the college. I had that feeling because I was sure I recognized her. But what I was actually experiencing was a feeling akin to seeing a celeb and confusing them with a friend from high school. I could see now that the woman was, in fact, Paloma Silva the famed Venezuelan heavyweight bodybuilder, currently ranked #1 in the world! And a headache as far as Mrs. J's efforts to climb the rankings as she had usually finished in the top spot at the Mrs. Olympia almost five years running and now had moved her dominance over the Rising Phoenix,

the current contest whose winner was generally considered number 1 in the world.

I had of course seen pictures of Paloma online many times, and I had.. ergh... let us just say, been intimate with her... even though she would of course not know that ;) It was hard not to – towering near 5'10 she was bodybuilding royalty. A former model with long black hair and exotic feature and curves that didn't seem possible on a human being. But seeing this exquisite creature in real life was indeed something else. Paloma was clad in skintight white jeans which seemed to want to burst at the seams under her famous bulging Brazilian thighs and titantically muscled glutes, and a pair of heels pushed her near six feet. She was huge and even made Mrs. J seem like (somewhat) small in comparison. It was crazy to see this woman in real life. The photos I had seen online and in mags didn't do her justice and seemed to flatten her, as if shrinking her down to just a small digital image. But in real life she was huge. Her big broad back dwarfing many of the guys at the show.

She stopped at the booth and flipped her long mane of raven black hair over her broad shoulders and knelt slightly to give Mrs. Jones a hug. I winced a bit as I felt an electric charge of excitement fire through me as I saw Paloma's burly, silicon enhanced chest push hard into Mrs. Jones iron pumped pecs as the two hugged, momentarily mashing their massive chest regions against each other. I

couldn't help imagine what that felt like to be stuck in between there. The hard, stretched silicon forced against the muscle mass would surely be enough pressure to turn coal into diamonds.

Watching the two women try and navigate their thickly developed pectorals was like watching two oil tankers try to dock.

After the huge Paloma straightened herself up, jabbing her plastic enhanced chest out to such a degree, I wondered the struggle her internal system must go through just to balance herself. Let alone stand on her tall, log leg enhancing high heels she was currently sporting.

The gigantic and the buffed up MILF were stopping traffic on the main floor, and I noticed people whipped out their phones merely to start filming the two buffed up ladies interaction.

“You look good... big...” Said Paloma tripping over English with her light Spanish accent. All while playfully squeezing Mrs. Jones arms. I noticed Mrs. Jones mirrored the action back as if the two titanically built women were checking out each other the way you'd kick a car's tires.

And as Paloma's big, muscular hands continued to needs and squeeze Mrs. J's arms, triceps and shoulders in a full

test of their tactile strength I felt a pang of envy. There was the feeling that these two women had built their bodies up with such extreme dedication that they were members of a club. A special club. And once you had proven your membership with your extreme commitment to your body, your diet, you were given full access to touch, test and prod someone else's physique rewarded your sacrifice.

"You look... amazing..." Mrs. J said back, apparently in awe or the gargantuan Venizualian who playfully took the comment and whipped her ponytail over shoulders an NFL linebacker would envy.

"I don't know... I feel a little flat..." Paloma said with the same insecurity of a regular women checking on her butt in a department store mirror. Only she then proceeded to cock her arm in front of Jinni and flexing a bicep peak, which was so big – It literally covered Mrs. Jones' face. I kid you not.

Standing there watching this interaction, it was odd. I had, of course, looked at photos of Paloma online, but in person, as I said before she actually appeared 'too big.' Although I had imagined myself being intimate with her as I peruse her photo sets, now seeing her in real life – I was almost scared. Mrs. Jones compact, albeit massively pumped body with its muscles and curves seemed just fine to me – Paloma, while standing so close to her I literally felt

flashes of adrenalin, fearing for my safety if something happened and she went Hulk and got angry.

Soon the two buffed up women parted ways, and Paloma gave Jinni a cute wave 'Okay... see you in a few weeks...' she said in her accent, which I did notice was undercut with a gruffness to her voice which seemed suspiciously deep and low for a female.

'Yep... see you, sweetie.' Mrs. Jones said and gave the buffed up brunette one last hug, and it almost appeared as if Mrs. Jones herself seemed to savor the mashing and the duo's muscular chests once again pressed up against each other.

Watching that exchange I couldn't help but wonder, and also observe in Mrs. Jones eyes, a sort of mischievous glee as if she loved the muscular poking, prodding, and power of feeling up against Paloma's sizeable muscular chest herself. It wasn't lost on me that these powerful women seemed to get off on each other's muscles maybe as much as they got off on their own. And why shouldn't they? They more than anyone else would know what went into building these bodies they paraded around.

But soon my reverie was interrupted as I saw Mrs. Jones fumble nervously and gather a few items as she exhaled under her breath... 'And... here goes...'

It was odd to see her flustered. Perhaps the first time I had ever seen her that way. The cause of this disturbance? A tiny, grey-haired man in a skintight muscle shirt whose bulging biceps and swelled chest looked like someone had inserted overly inflated tires under his skin. The little man walked swinging his huge arms and spoke with a thick German accent as he approached our table –

“Jinni-fer! Jinni-fer!” he called out excitedly as he strode over to us. His bulk clearing out a pathway as he came over.

This man, whose chest and upper body was so massively muscled it, seemed impossible he would ever be able to put his arms flush against his body. I soon recognized him as Uri Kingman, or Uri ‘The Champion Trainer’ as he was called in some of the muscle mags I had purchased off of newsstands, in a desperate search for more women who looked like Mrs. Jones. Uri wrote a column, and I knew, trained many of the highly ranked male bodybuilders. His training techniques were often seen as highly unique (weird, contractions holds, etc.) but the results spoke for themselves as many of his clients had gone to win major titles, including the past two Mr. Olympias.

I could gather from the interaction that Mrs. Jones was one of Uri’s clients. This would, of course, explain so much, how

her muscles seemed to have a sculpted, aesthetic 3d shape that set her so far ahead of the rest of her competition.

“There she is—okay to let me see it...” Said Uri as he approached the table and got uncomfortably close to Mrs. Jones. I momentarily felt a desire to protect her despite that fact that Uri seemed as thick as he was wide, but Jinni appeared to welcome the attention, if not entirely, but with only some slight reservations – which made me relax and decide to let unfold whatever was to happen.

“Okay... Let's see these compulsories...” Uri said as he began to walk Mrs. Jones through the compulsory poses she'd need to do onstage at her upcoming competition that I believe I heard Uri say was the Nationals.

But as Uri led Mrs. Jones through her poses as she strained, pumped and flexed for him, the young girl who had walked over to our booth, at Uri's side, momentarily diverted my attention.

As Uri peered at Mrs. Jones over his glasses, my eyes glanced over to Uri's companion. I had seen him walk over to the table with another girl, but now that they were close by I could get a better look. Looking at her face first, she was young and blonde with her golden spun hair done up in a ponytail. And as I looked closer at her, I gauged her age at reasonably close to mine. She had big eyes, and her

makeup looked like it had been done fast and cheap, that wasn't to say she looked unattractive just unsophisticated. And her bold perky lips regularly showed two buck teeth with a small gap in the middle of them which would appear when she smiled. Far from making her look unattractive, these added a sort of innocence to her that was highly alluring.

But to be honest, it wasn't her face that most people would look at. Not as she was dressed now. She was wearing a bright yellow tube top and small daisy duke type denim shorts. It was an outfit I noticed had been selected by her with the design to show off her body to its fullest.... And what a body it was.

I had been gazing at fantastic physiques all day, and standing by the most fantastic one at least in my opinion: Mrs. Jones. I had gone a bit numb. But this girl's body was definitely a jaw dropper. She lacked the heavyweight bulk of Mrs. J but instead looked longer and leaner. With everything on her upper body looking incredibly developed. She was tall, and her physique seemed as if someone had taken a hardcore FBB and stretched her out. That's not to say she wasn't muscular, far from it. The girl's tube top showed off a huge pair of shoulders that seemed almost disgustingly muscular and thick. In fact, they looked jarring on such a young girl.

It looked in fact like Uri had shoved thick basketballs under her thin, clear skin. Taking in her sizeable upper body, I could see that her back was huge as well, pressing her thick arms out, giving her shape an impossibly inverted V-shape. And standing there I wondered (was she Uri's wife? Girlfriend? Daughter?) It was odd to see two people (Uri short in stature and the girl, tall) but both with this distinct feature of arms unable to touch at their sides due to their full development. I flashed to an image of a family unable to walk into their front door without having to turn sideways first.

All this led the eyes down to her acres of visible abs. Obviously, her pride and joy as they were exposed for all to see. This girl may have had the best abs I had seen. Thick and running along each side of her abdomen. One, two, three.... Four... five... up... and the other side. Fuck! This young girl had the elusively developed 10 pack that only the most extreme of all athletes seemed to be able to developed. Each thick abs pressed hard and out, fluttering lightly as she breathed, under her perfected skin, before disappearing down into her low cut denim shorts.

The effect was odd because although her legs were toned, they didn't even come to close to the extreme development of her upper body. She was the pre-eminent example of the old gym joke, 'don't skip leg day.' And it was as if some

mad professor had told her to only focus on building her upper body, bigger and bigger.

The entire thing was utterly mind-blowing to behold... and I couldn't help but get the sinking feeling as I was looking at someone or something... that seemed a bit off. A bit unnatural. But my gaze taking in her body, which she appeared wholly fine with me doing, was interrupted by her raising a soft girlish hand and giving me a half dainty wave, followed by a cute, demure smile.

After her impromptu posing performance. Mrs. Jones gave Uri a stern look.

“Enough?” She asked. Her sternness giving way to one of her playful grins.

“Enough. You work. Hard.” Uri said. “You will do well at Nationals... but we still have some work.” He said cryptically.

After a few parting goodbyes and plans to follow up regarding her training Uri get a text that he was needed and bid Mrs. Jones goodbye and held out his hand for his young blond concubine to take it. I watched as they headed off into the crowd of the expo. Uri's bulging; bulldog body disappearing amongst the throngs of the overly pumped crowd. I scanned for a little bit longer

following the blonde's taut physique and chiseled sports bra shoulders. Looking on a few minutes longer until I finally saw her daisy duke clad chiseled glutes and long, coltish legs disappear as she obediently trotted on her tall legs behind Uri. Looking on for a moment I saw her look over her shoulder, flipping back her blonde ponytail and give me a half wave and was gone.

I looked up to see Mrs. Jones looking over at me. Smiling somewhat mischievously. I wasn't sure if she had caught the interaction between me and the blonde. I wasn't sure if she cared for that matter. Mrs. Jones seemed to at times catch every detail and also appear entirely unaware as if the trifling's of us regular humans couldn't interfere with the goings on between her and the other gods on Mt Olympus.

"You must be starved, Lawrence. Let's take a break and get you something to eat." She said as she gave my hair another playful tussle.

###

We had shut down the booth and now made our way through the crowded convention center. Mrs. Jones once again leaned in and playfully wrapped her arm around mine; she was able to convey the gesture in a way that

wasn't romantic. More like a close friend taking you into their confidence.

For our walk over to the convention center's food court Mrs. Jones had pulled on a tight-fitting grey hooded sweatshirt with the name of her supplement sponsor on the back. I could only imagine she had done this, perhaps to be comfortable, or moreover to avoid any undue attention. Like she was shutting down the show that followed her pumped up physique wherever she paraded it, but in some ways covering up only seemed to have the opposite effect. The thin, subtle material of the hoodie squeezed tightly over her rounded shoulders and clung, stretching to the breaking point trying to contain her bulging biceps. And it was apparent as it pulled and stretched over the curved muscles of her upper body that the shirt, which reached near translucence at specific taxed areas, was made for a woman with a far less developed body.

Mrs. Jones body was a physical impossibility. It seemed almost improbable for a human to look like that. Like an anatomy chart wrapped around a real live woman. As we walked and talked with the closeness of old friends, I would occasionally crane my neck to try to catch glimpses out of the corner of my eye. I couldn't help but notice how the thick rolls of swells of Mrs. J's musculature offset the effects of gravity. The thick bulges of her overly developed

hamstrings and obviously thickly muscles glutes seemed to push up, forming a muscular shelf which appeared to offset the sag that most women of a certain age sported in her lower hindquarter.

I had to shake out of my discreet gawking as we soon found our way to the food court.

“What do you want. My treat?” Mrs. Jones said, a cheerful smile dancing across her face.

“You don’t have to—“ I began to protest.

“You kidding, I dragged you out here. Bored you by exposing you to all these muscle heads... Hey! Uri’s daughter certainly seemed to take a shine to you.” She said winking.

Daughter? That made sense and would explain the age difference. But still.... It seemed like the daughter was in the some ways playing guinea to Uri’s constructed training schemes. Or if not guinea pig, benefiting from them as she had to be by far once of the most developed humans I have ever seen around my age. Man or woman!

But before I had an answer – Mrs. J had yanked me further along the food court.

“Sebastian loves those... what are they – Which-which...” Mrs. Jones said indicating the shining awning of the sandwich-based food chain.

“The bread has a very low fiber count, and the turkey has a lot of phosphates... but then again, I’m not eating it.” She said cheerily and indicated her lunch in the small Tupper wear container she had carried over from the table.

“Yep. Sure. Which-which is fine.” I said, my head still a bit swimmy, from Mrs. Jones, and from Uri’s over pumped daughter, from meeting Paloma Silvia. From the entire day!

“Welcome to Which....” I heard the cashier say as his eyes fell on Mrs. Jones and he trailed off, and I could clearly see this cashier, who looked close to my age, his eyes were getting tractor beam locked into the exposed muscular cleavage that the combination of Mrs. Jones sports bra and the unzipped front portion of the hoodie offered up for view.

I felt terrible for the poor guy, as I too had fallen prey to that alluring siren call many a time. Luckily I could see him shake himself out of it. He looked over at Mrs. Jones for a moment and then looked back at me as if trying to piece together what the relationship was. Mother/son? Close relative? Boy toy and muscle mommy? I can only imagine

what he came up with. Of course as per usual Mrs. Jones was wildly unaware of any of what was unfolding.

“Can you get my friend here whatever he wants...”? She said smiling at the poor cashier who was now entirely under her charms.

I ordered a turkey wrap, trying my best to be good and keep in Mrs. Jones good graces, all though I'm not sure if she actually would have cared if I ordered something terrible for you off the menu. And of course, as we waited for my sandwich the regular circle that followed Mrs. Jones wherever she went began to unfold. Moments after ordering my sandwich a young woman who introduced herself as the manager came out and handed Mrs. Jones a handful of coupons which heralded her next purchase as being 1/2 priced!

Mrs. Jones of course gratefully accepted the coupons and then passed them off to me, her faithful follower (who would no doubt use them, as Mrs. J would never put something as impure as a chain sandwich in her temple of a body.) And I then watched as the manager, and a few other employees talked to her, eagerly animated, each trying to engage and impress the muscle-bound woman in their midst. And of course, after it was all said and done came the photos. Mrs. Jones dutifully slid off the grey top, peeling it off with a slowness and casualness that

communicated a complete unawareness of the effect she had on other people.

And I couldn't help but notice as she pulled off the hoodie, revealing her bulked up muscle bound upper body in all its glory the cashier who had to take our order stared slack-jawed at her as she took her requisite series of photos with her adoring fans.

We ate both of our lunches in relative quiet at one of the tables on the other side of the food court. Not much to see, just a mediocre college soccer player and the overly muscled mother of his one of his old friends enjoying a lunch together ;)

Mrs. Jones looked up from her small container which contained the perfectly pre-measured out servings of rice, chicken breast, and asparagus. One of her six times a day rationing of her perfectly planned out macronutrient rich diet.

“How's school going?” She asked matter of factly taking an asparagus tip off her bowl and eating it with her fingertips. Her question was so matter of fact it was easy for me to momentarily forget it was coming from the lips of a hardcore female bodybuilder and not just any other of my friend's parents.

“Good... Good...” I said, finishing up a bit of my sandwich.

“Okay?” Mrs. Jones asked me quizzically. And as I looked away, she held me in her gaze. Her eyes staring deep into me. And giving me that gaze. The one that held me. The one that told me she was going to get her way no matter what and it was just a matter of time.

“There is... there is this one Professor whose always up my ass...” I said, venting about Professor Jefferies, my history teacher who seemed to take delight in torturing me.

“He always calls on me. I have the work ready, and study hard... but... he just seems to have it out for me.” I said with exasperation.

Mrs. Jones continued to take a look at me. Long and hard and pursed her lips slightly as if turning over my answer. Examining it for truths in her lie detector of a mind.

“You know what I think...” She said pulling another asparagus spear and biting the tip off of it. “I think he’s jealous of you...”

“Yeah. I don’t think so.”

“No, I’m sure... He’s probably looking at you, sitting there in his class and wondering why every girl is looking at you. And not him.”

“Yeah. I don’t think that’s it.” I said with a huff.

“Lawrence, I want to tell you a secret,” Mrs. J said and lowered her eyes, cupping her hand partially over her mouth in a conspirator tone.

“You and me...” She said, leaning in close with the great care of someone taking you into their confidences. “We’re not like everyone else... we’re meant to stand out. Not to blend in – and trust me, it bugs some people. They can’t stand it. And they’ll do anything to try and cut us down.” She said again, chewing hard on the last of her lunch. And I looked at her. Closely. Really looked at her and for a moment, there amongst the raucousness of the food court for a moment I saw a flash of pain briefly behind her eyes and then... and just as quickly. It seemed to pass, and she was back to the chipper Jinni that I had grown to know so well.

“So... lunch break over. Come on. I’m going to put you back to work and really make you earn this two hundred bucks.” She laughed as she toweled off the Tupper wear and rose to head back to the booth.

As we walked back to the booth, I noticed Mrs. Jones had dispersed with the hoodie and held it in one hand at her side. Her back arched up, pecs standing upright, her muscular arms swaying at her sides, slicing through the crowd. And like magic, it seemed as if the crowd seemed to part to let the woman bodybuilder through.

“So... what are we going to do about this professor that is ruining your semester?” She asked me again, intently.

“I don’t know--- study harder.... I guess.” I said trying to come up with my best plan. “There’s a faculty open house next week, and I’m trying to get my parents to come to maybe have some face time with him to try and smooth some things over, but it’s looking like they’ll be traveling on business.”

“How about I come!” Jinni said. Her eyes were bright and vast and vivid all of a sudden.

“No! No! Noooooo...” I said maybe a bit too loudly, so a group of beefy bro’s by some exercise equipment spun their thick necks to look in my direction. It’s not that I don’t want Mrs. Jones there. God, no. I’d walk across a hot desert just to help her pick out paint samples, but I was still struggling with balancing these two spheres of my work. I hadn’t ever told Lizzy what I was doing, and she had no

idea about my love for or desire of muscular women. Mrs. Jones being chief amongst those.

There was that, as well as the fact that there still was a possibility of my parents going, and after the incident at the beach all those years ago, my mother had never forgiven Jinni and certainly would not look kindly on her playing stand-in parent.

“I... I really think my parents are going to try and make it though...” I said pulling my self out of the tailspin. Still, Mrs. Jones stared deep at me with those eyes that threatened to crack me open from the inside out.

###

As the day ended the crowd began to disperse, and I helped Jinni and the rest of the team from Pro-Ex pack up from the day.

“I can drive you back Lawrence.” Mrs. Jones said as she put the last of the stuff away and stashed an extra bit of Pro-Ex product in my gift bag.

I told her I was fine and had gotten an Uber over but she was insistent.

“You helped me out, and we don’t do things in half measures.” She said as we put the last of the stuff away.

Later driving back to campus in Mrs. Jones Porsche. The whirr of the traffic outside seemed to glide past in the cool air-conditioned interior, and as I sat on the ivory white seats of the luxury SUV, I couldn’t help but feel safe and protected.

Mrs. Jones would occasionally glance over as if checking on me and we finally pulled into the front entrance area of my school where most of the drop-offs happened.

“Here we are – oh and... your money I almost forgot.”

“I’m fine...”

“Please, you helped me.”

And I agreed. A bit freaked out about what if one of my friends saw me pulling up in an ivory white Porsche SUV with one of the top 10 FBBs in the world chauffeuring me around. What if Lizzie saw me!

Pulling up to the college. Mrs. Jones fished around in the back of the car looking for something.

“Hand me my bag.” She asked. And I reached into the back seat of the SUV, digging through a few exercise straps and some sweat towels that had no doubt been used to towel off Mrs. Jones champion caliber body after many brutal workouts.

I finally found it, digging out a leather purse and passing it to Mrs. J on the driver’s side. And as I brought it out, I could see it was tan and had bright flowers on it. For a moment I was taken aback as the purse was so corny and looked like something one of my mom’s friends may bring over for tea. It was such a vivid reminder that Jinni was, underneath all the muscle, still a well taken care of housewife from the suburbs.

She slowly clipped open the flask of her purse with her well-manicured nails which I could see were painted a shade of pearl white which offset her deeply tanned hands and pulled out her clutch, which too looked like it could have belonged to any SUV driving mom picking up her kids from soccer practice.

“Here you go, Lawrence... “ She said flicking out a set of crisp \$100 bills. “And this is for being my bodyguard” She smiled and pulled out an extra hundred. Wow! \$300 bucks. I held the money for a second. Even it smelled good, clean, and pure. As if Mrs. Jones was able to retrieve even her

cash from someplace us mere mortals weren't allowed to tread.

“Let me park, and I can walk you back to your dorm.” She said after sliding her purse back behind her seat. My mind hit a panic! As much as I would love to saunter through campus with the jacked up Mrs. J on my arm, the idea of Mrs. Jones now still wearing her skin-tight outfit clinging to her bodybuilder hourglass shape would most doubly cause social problems for me.

“I'm good...” I said too quickly. And right then my phone buzzed with an email. I checked it.

Mrs. Jones looked over at me, and I could see she was looking hard, trying to gauge my expression.

“You okay...” She asked staring at me with her deep blue eyes, looking into my soul. She slowly raised her arm and nuzzled my hair slightly in a playful manner, causing her thick shoulder to bunch up, and the movement sent light ripples down my arm.

“I'm—I'm fine,” I said, and Mrs. Jones bit down hard on her lip. Her bright white teeth sinking seductively into her pink lower lip.

“Let me guess. Your parents. Can’t come to the open house...” I was about to open my mouth to say something, but before I could, Mrs. Jones continued. “That seals it. I’m going.”

“But—” I began to protest.

“When and where is it?” She said with a touch of sternness. And I sat there feeling very much like a chastised child.

“Where and when is it, Lawrence?”

But I didn’t answer.

“Very well, I can call up the history department. ‘Hello... hi... This is Jinni, Lawrence’s... stepmother... I’m supposed to come to the history open house, but young Lawrence is withholding the information from me... would you be a dear and tell me...” Jinni said playfully while pantomiming how the imaginary conversation might go. She leant over the gear shift panel and gave me a playful tickle, jabbing her strong fingers in my side as I tried to dodge it, but her index and pinky soon found my lower oblique, and she gave me a quick, mighty squeeze with her two fingers, that felt both painful and pleasurable as I finally gave out the information.

“Thursday! 7:30! History department!” I yelled trying to shield myself from the next of her poking’s.

“Great! I’ll see you then.” She said chipperly.

“And it's cocktail attire.”

Jinni pulled down her sunglasses and shot me a look, “Oh really... I was going to come in my posing suit.” She said it bitingly, but still, the comment stirred in my mind that image and I felt a strong ripple of pleasure flash across my body. The perfect anecdote to the still tingly spot where Mrs. Jone’s powerful fingers had tickled me.

“I’ll meet you there... 7:30... And don’t worry Lawrence... I’m not going to embarrass you.”

# Mrs. Jones The College Years - Chapter 3

By 009ELI

Jinni told me to meet her in the parking lot at 7:30. I sat there waiting on the curb close to the visitor's parking area.

My heart was fluttering. I was a mess of mixed emotions. I was apprehensive about what the night may bring – I don't think I had ever really fathomed about what could transpire from Mrs. J crossing into my well-maintained college life. I had only previously met her at her hotel and then later at the show, in her worlds and as a friend to her son. I was beginning to realize she was now crossing over into my world. An idea that was giving me serious pause.

But at the same time – it meant I would get to see her again. And the apprehension I felt was mixed with equal parts excitement. So much so my excessive heartbeat was causing me to sweat through the navy wool suit jacket I was currently wearing.

After returning to campus from the time at the fit expo, I tried my best to adjust back to my life as a college student. But I still couldn't help but feel I had been exposed to another world that felt more advanced and grown-up than hanging out with my video game playing roommate or

Lizzie, who seemed to want to either fuck or hang out with friends.

The people I was around were men... and women. Real adults. And even though they may not be as well known in some circles, they were in fact highly accomplished athletes. Paloma Silvia was the golden girl of female bodybuilding, and there I was inches from her. Even the bros from Pro-Ex were actually adults with a thriving business, who asked me to keep in touch with them and email them about possibly being a brand rep on campus. Whether not they actually meant it or were only being helpful to me because of my relationship with Mrs. J felt a bit irrelevant. They were actual adults out in the world, doing real things.

And that's what Mrs. J made me feel. She made me think not only was I supposed to be there, but I was equal to anyone who was...

And it was sitting there that I welcomed that feeling this evening, but still with apprehension. I felt any dumb thing out of my mouth could tarnish or taint this relationship. Maybe this was a mistake. Perhaps I should have just texted her to cancel. Appeased myself with merely glancing at her online when she posted a photo on her IG –

But any chance I had to get out of the evening was soon interrupted as my phone buzzed with a text.

JINNI: Pulling up now.

And I could see the LED headlights of Mrs. Jones luxury SUV cut through the night as she pulled into a spot. The engine of the white Porsche shuttering down and then just as quickly I heard the door pop open and then slam shut. Followed by the click of heels across the parking lot....

At first, I couldn't see her due to the darkness of the evening.

“Lawrence...” I heard her calming voice call out and it soothed me, and it felt like warm honey pouring over me. Sticky, sweet but comforting.

The night was quiet, and the campus had cleared out a bit, and you could only really hear the faint distinct sound of the cicadas that were rural to our area mixed with the click of Mrs. J's heels as she drew nearer.

“I'm right here...” I said rising from my seat and dusting off a bit of the crud that had gotten on the back of my suit pants as I stood up.

Mrs. J emerged from the darkness. I was once again taken with fear, apprehension, adrenaline... all those powerful emotions but also an odd feeling of pride that this extraordinary woman had chosen to spend time. Time with me. Here! She could have been online with her tens of thousands of fans. And I felt an immense warmth to her, mixed with an odd feeling. A feeling of wanting to protect her....

Mrs. Jones emerged from the darkness and I was once again given my first glance at her. It seemed as if each time I had seen her, it was like seeing her for the first time – and here it was. That first time all over again, replete with those ripples of excitement...

I had been exposed to soccer mom Mrs. Jones. Beach bunny Mrs. Jones. Casual brunch Mrs. Jones and muscle expo bodybuilder making a statement Mrs. Jones but it was at this moment that I realized I had never been exposed to high-end elegance Mrs. Jones... And that's what she was undoubtedly embodying this night.

There was something about a woman, who knows when she has 'It' – that certain charisma and sex appeal that makes them seem as if they glow and stand out in a crowd – but doesn't need to force it on you which is as intoxicating as anything. And here Mrs. Jones was with 'IT'!

She had followed my pleading instructions and dressed in cocktail attire – not come in a posing suit, as she initially threatened me in the car (although, I may have in a fantasy, loved to see what that would have done to the uptight faculty of the history department.).

She had wrapped a light pashmina type scarf around her neck and shoulders. The fabric was flowy and maybe made of silk and sported a floral print. Which I again thought was funny as floral seemed to be the go-to print of choice of women of a certain age and I once again harkened back to the fact that despite Mrs. Jones' space age physique she was still that soccer mom in an SUV.

The light nature of the scarf covered, or I should say, fit on top of her upper body. Offering slight hints of her thick corded neck and traps as it hugged her tanned muscled skin. The sides of the scarf embraced tight covering her bulged, capped shoulders and tied in front at her pectorals. I should say fit instead of covered because the look was one which on most women would cover, but due to Mrs. Jones overly built muscular neck and shoulders, the scarf had no choice but to wrap itself around, acquiescing to her hard musculature underneath.

Mrs. Jones was sporting a very nice, and most likely very expensive, grey wool dress. The grey, heather color communicated business and class and had a bit of a look of

what a high-end business woman would wear to work – and then be able to transition to a post-work cocktail reception without losing stride.

The dress fabric fit and I noticed perhaps had been selected, in light of Mrs. Jones unique build to be sleeveless as it exposed the broad expanse of her back, which I could see bulging, even from the front as she walked towards me.

Despite the professional attire and cut, the dress still seemed to be cut rather high on her powerful legs, mid-thigh... and I couldn't help but think that the elegance of the dress was meant for something like a young 20-year-old intern at a publishing company flashing her long legs for all the male execs to see. Only this wasn't a young intern, this was a 43 yr old mom!!

And for a split second, I felt slightly embarrassed for the audacious showiness of Mrs. J's prominent thighs which seemed to roll, bunch and flex above her small knee joints with each step across the parking lot. I also felt a creeping bit of dread too at the obvious fact that every woman at the event tonight would unfairly compare themselves to Mrs. Jones powerful, shapely legs and no doubt come up short in their own estimations.

“There you are...” Jinni said, and I heard her high heels clack across the pavement and watched her powerful calves flex up and down as she came over to me.

“Stand...” She commanded putting her hands on her hips. And I stood up.

“You look so handsome!” She said giving me a pinch on my cheeks.

In heels, we were close to the same height, and in the flickering light of the parking lot, I took a moment to stare into her eyes.

“Let me see...” She said spinning me around to take in the full look of my suit jacket and trousers.

“My. God... I’m a sucker for a man in a suit. Little hint...” She said and leaned in, her hair brushing across my ear, and the soft hoop of her gold earring swinging inches from my collar. “Every woman is. Although, I’m not sure who tied this tie.” She said taking a step back, and with lightning quickness, she untied my tie and adjusted it through my shirt collar.

“I had to tie Bill’s ties all the time. I used to tie them at night. And then leave them for him in the morning.

Sometimes I'm surprised I didn't need to help him put on his sneakers."

As Mrs. Jones talked, she quickly flipped, readjusted and then re-tied the tie. As she did so, my close and raised vantage point gave me an intimate view of the small flickers and lightning bolts of sinews, veins, and striations which played under the exposed pec muscle of her low cut dress.

"There you go." She said pulling the tie tight up against my collar.

"Now... I believe you've got an event to escort me to..." She said holding out her arm for me to take her hand in mine.

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Inside the history department building, it was a bit cooler than it was outside. There was a good crowd in there and a group of student milling around making small talk with the handful of professors who easily mingled with the students and their parents.

As we headed inside, I walked slightly ahead of Jinni, guiding her inside the sizeable old archway of the buildings entrance hall. As I did so I got an up-close glimpse at the back of her neck, thick with muscle, and I watched as the

light scarf danced in the cool breeze, it's soft fabric playing against the rock-hard muscle underneath. I couldn't help imagine what that felt like. To be Mrs. Jones. The soft silk scarf seemed to hardly phase her at all as it continued to flap against the overlapping muscles of her thick back. And I thought about how a mighty bull pays no notice to a small fly flapping near it. I wondered too, what it felt like to be her. How did that muscle feel to wear under her skin? Did it feel like an extension of her body? Or did it feel like wearing thick plates of armor?

We found our way inside and posted up in the main lobby area. I generally am a wallflower and like to drift to the corners of parties and stay out of sight and on my own until I leave, having talked to almost nobody. But as we made our way I noticed as I began to drift to the wall, Jinni stayed in the center of the room. I couldn't help chalk it up to her natural ease and comfort. It seemed as if she was the center of attention in any place she was in... so why not own it.

Still here, on this night I was amazed that Mrs. Jones' muscular physiques seemed to have hardly registered, and I began to think that this was either because the assembled were too polite to gawk... but what I genuinely believe was that seeing an outlier like Mrs. Jones in this buttoned-down affair was such a shock few had honestly gotten a sense to properly process it... yet.

“I... hate... parties...” Jenni said to me, leaning in her way that implied she was taking me into her full confidence. She also finished her sentence by biting down hard on her lower lip. I got the sense she was trying to signal vulnerability in this new situation, but also at the same time the gesture couldn't help but come across to me as being highly carnal and charged and an I felt a flash of desire run through my stomach.

Mrs. Jones had subtly dropped her scarf, now exposing her pumpkin-sized delts which danced with shadows in the warm lighting of the room. And I could begin to hear from behind her the low ripples of voices of coming from the place....

The soft chattering and whispering. Men and women at the gathering beginning to slowly take in the women in their midst. Looking behind Mrs. Jones and past her massive traps I could see a student behind her, a female close to my age take in Mrs. Jones' massive back which had now been exposed to her by the dipping scarf and mouth to her companion in wide-eyed amazement.

And across the room, the same scenario was playing out. The gapes, the awe... the, of course, different reactions. The men who tried not to stare. The women who stared with envy and then looked at their male companions to see if they were watching.

Of course through all of this, either by plan or ignorance, Mrs. Jones completely ignored it. Seeming as unflappable as ever.

“Come Lawrence... why don't you show me around ...” Jinni said wrapping her bicep around my arm and taking my hand in hers.

A girl with a serving tray of glasses filled with champagne came over to us –

“Madame –“ I could see her eyes drift briefly to Mrs. Jones musculature and linger for a second before quickly snapping back to her own reality “Uhm... Champagne?” She asked holding out the tray of course only to Mrs Jones who was clearly past drinking age. I only got a brief smile.

“Of course... Aren't you so sweet...” Jinni said taking one of the glasses as the girl headed off to pass out the rest of the drinks. But not before doing a quick double take over her shoulder in Mrs. J's direction.

“Here you go...” Jinni said looking both ways before passing me the glass. “Down it.” She said again in a conspiratorial tone.

“But I'm... I'm not 21...” I said protesting.

“Jeez Lawrence... Don’t be such a stick in the mud.” She said giving me a playful wink with one of her dazzling blue eyes. “Besides, I’m in contest prep mode.” She said and smoothed out the waist of her dress and I could clearly see the defined lumps of her sculpted 8 pack under the fabric. “Don’t you know never to argue with a female bodybuilder while she’s in prep mode. Now if that had been a tray of chocolate cup cakes... Let’s just said there may have been problems.” She laughed again and quickly motioned for me to finish the glass of champagne. Which I did and then quickly passed the empty glass back to Mrs J hopefully before anyone had noticed.

The quick downing of the alcohol had my head swimming. “Are you trying to liquor me up?” I asked her.

“That’s exactly what I’m trying to do.” She said back with a smirk. “Listen... I need to ask you a question. I have a contest next weekend. The nationals and –“

But before Mrs. Jones could answer I heard a voice coming from behind us...

“Lawrence... I thought that was you... “

And spun to see Professor Jefferies making a B line towards us across the room. I was glad I had finished the drink when I had, if Jefferie’s had caught me with it, it’s no doubt

that it would have increased his dislike of me which he often seemed to have little problem hiding.

“Good evening Professor Jefferies – “ I said trying my best to get my bearings after gulping the champagne. That and I was still adjusting from the nearness of being in such close proximity to Jinni, whose muscular body and shoulders I could feel emanating heat just inches away from me.

Soon Professor Jones was right in front of me in his tweed jacket and wool sweater combo.

It had taken a minute but I could see that Jefferies had finally gotten a chance to take in Jinni and his face registered a flash of surprise. It didn't hurt matters that Mrs. Jones had let her silk scarf drape lightly off her shoulders, allowing him a full view of her tanned muscled neck, capped shoulders, pecs and the top portion of thick biceps which peaked out just above the light colored fabric.

“And who is this divine creature..” Jefferies asked matting down what remained of his balding hair and held his hand out to greet Jinni.

“This is my – “ I froze. We hadn't exactly worked out this dynamic and my eyes flitted to Mrs j's who looked at me in recognition of the jam we were in. Whereas my eyes

registered panic, Mrs J's only danced with schoolgirl glee at the prank she was putting over.

"My step mother..." I heard myself say.

While Jinni blurted out... "In law..."

Wait? That didn't make sense and I could see Jefferies picking it over in his mind.

"My step mother..." I quickly recovered. "She—"

"I was married to his father. Briefly." Jinni said extending her hand. Her small wrist was replete with a small gold tennis bracelet, which only seemed to highly the golden tan of her skin and the blue veins which snaked up the back of her thickly muscled forearms.

"Right. They were married." I said jumping in again.

"And then we got divorced." Mrs. J threw in, keeping the game alive.

"And then my dad remarried... My old mother." I looked at Jefferies to see if he was buying it, and although he looked a bit puzzled I don't really even think he caught on.

“Jennifer... Jennifer Halifax” She said finishing up the introduction and extending her hand out.

“Oh mademoiselle enchante...” Jefferies said pawing over Mrs. J’s hand... and if I’m not mistaken I think I even saw him try and press into one of her veins as if to test the tertiary strength of the artery... Before bringing Jinni’s hand up to his mouth to give it a kiss, which I even had to admit seemed to go an uncomfortably long amount of time before Jinni quickly pulled her hand back.

It was at this moment that Mrs. Jones, either by chance or design, slowly undraped the scarf from her shoulders.

“Lawrence, it’s getting hot in here, would you mind holding this my dear.”

And fully exposed her upper body. I had to briefly control the urge to let off a slight whimper as Mrs J stood there, with her shoulders arms and broad back now fully exposed. I was once again taken aback, it seemed like in just the few short days it had been since I saw her at the convention Mrs J had taken her conditioning to another level. Now exposed, I couldn’t help but marvel at the large peaks of her biceps which, contracted and flexed as she folded up the delicate scarf and passed it over to me.

“There we go... that’s much better.” She said as she adjusted the dress slightly which had dipped while removing the scarf. The action caused a brief ripple of striations to dance across her rounded delts.

I quickly gathered myself... but Jefferies didn’t seem to be dealing with it quite as well. During the unveiling of Mrs J’s upper body I could see his mouth go slack and now he was leaning in slightly rocking back and forth in his thick black loafers and I couldn’t tell if he was shocked, scared... or maybe a combination of the both.

“Professor Jefferies... You okay...” Mrs Jones asked in her most caring Southern Bell voice.

“Oh... Yes... Yes my dear it’s just... As may I say.... You seem to be in quite spectacular shape I—“ Jefferies hand seemed to float out away from his body. It hovered inches from the back of Jinni’s thick triceps which were pushing out from her arms. His hand stood there trembling as Mrs J pumped her arm out straight, flexing the horseshoe of her tricep out as the hairlines of the deep striations danced under her tan skin.

Jefferies hand continued to hover there and then... briefly touched the thick tricep and then quickly shot back as if it had burned him. Mrs J did her best to stifle a laugh at how fast she had turned this ‘brilliant man of letters’ into a

cowering pool. I was in fact dying and loving every moment of it and I can't help but think Jinni realized that and was thus prolonging the agony.

"I try to keep active." Jinni said, drawing back her flexed arm and returning briefly to her relaxed state.

"Uhm... Don't let her lie to you Professor Jefferies... She's a professional bodybuilder. Actually she's number... What are you 37? 42?" I said jokingly padding the number out to try and get in a dig at her expense.

"I'm actually... top ten..." Jinni said in playful mock amusement. "Actually top five." She finally added and I thought I could see a vein in Jefferies neck go into over drive at the news that he was standing so close to such an elite competitor.

"Oh that's... Oh is that great... The physical pursuits have a great tradition in the art world... One only need to look at the classic statues of the Roman era which depicted the honed bodies of Olympian athletes."

"Oh really, Professor Jefferies? I thought you said all athletes were dumb jocks?" I asked him again parroting a statement he had made to class one day about members of the school's football team.

“Oh what... no? Me? In fact I too was an athlete. I did archery my junior year at Yale.” He said puffing up his chest.

“My dear in fact if you would like I’d love to show you some very rare Berlusconi carvings that the department has just acquired. I think you will find a kindred spirit in their depiction of the animal lure of the human body...” He said rolling the last part of the sentence with great theatricality.

“Oh Berlusconi. How can I resist!” Jinni said, doing that thing that only she seemingly could do, of communicating one thing to Jefferies, while seemingly signaling another to me.

“Shall we Madame...” Jefferies said holding out his arm.

“You sure you’re going to be alright here... all alone?” Jinni said turning to me.

“I’ll be fine...” I said, now more sure than ever that I could plagiarize the first twenty pages of the Declaration of Independence as my final report and Jefferies would still give me a passing grade.

“You sure... I don’t want to leave my little schmmoopie out here...” Mrs Jones said pinching my cheek again in a way

that I realized was completely in mockery and meant to communicate a secret to just me. That we were both players. On the same team playing at this charade.

“You know my little schmoopie here is very shy. I used to have to wash him and bath him and... “ I could see just at the reference of the intimacy of feigned relationship that Jefferies looked as if he was about to burst a blood vessel.

“Ah-hum...” Jefferies said clearing his throat. “We should look at the Berlusconi’s before the evening gets away from us.”

“Of course.” Said Jinni and then gave me a sly wink, before taking Jefferies arm. I stood there watching them briefly as Mrs. Jones muscular back and lower body sauntered away from me before disappearing across the crowded lobby floor.

# Mrs. Jones The College Years - Chapter 4

By 009ELI

I watched Mrs. Jones' impossibly muscular upper body saunter its way across the room. Her thick shoulders, arms and exposed back, open for all to see quickly disappeared into the hallway and I was left alone.

I made my way across the party. A hint of Jinni's aroma still lingered on my arm where she had playfully touched me earlier during our charade and playing stepmother and son. I smelled my shirt and could always pick up the light scent of her perfume, flowery with a bit of spice to it. And that hint of coconut. Like the beach. Even when I think of her now, that's how I remember her...

But I was soon interrupted by the sound of someone behind me --

"I'm sorry but who the f- is she?" It was a girl's voice, and I spun around to see--

Tara Owens. Tara was a classmate of mine, but she was also the captain of the school's girl's volleyball team. Tall and supermodel lean, Tara looked as if you combined every hot blonde tennis player into a single girl. She was nationally ranked, and it was big news when she had

picked our little school over a bigger college on the West Coast.

I stammered slightly to get my answer out “My step mother... In law..” I managed to get out, thinking we should go with the roles we had decided to play spontaneously. And then dumbly adding the “In law...” part. I quickly recovered.

“My stepmother... My ex-stepmom...” I said starring dumbly into Tara’s lipid pools of electric blue eyes. While I had, of course, clocked Tara in my history class but one never in a million years dream of even uttering a word to her and now here she was talking to me and surrounded by her posse of equally beautiful blonde volleyball playing babettes. My date with muscular Mrs. Jones was paying unexpected dividends.

“Damn... Your stepmom is jacked...” Tara said, accentuating the end of her sentence of a little bit of a valley girl twinge, that I might generally find annoying but on her seemed to suit her. The profound respect she was showing for Jinni’s hard-fought muscular body, athlete to athlete was turning me on a bit.

“Did you see her back!” One of Tara’s friends exclaimed.

“And her legs were like BLAM! BLAM!” Said another in apparent awe of Mrs. Jones sweeping lower body musculature.

“Yes. She works out –“ I said rather dumbly, again, saying Jinni worked out was a bit like saying LeBron James played a little bit of basketball.

The girls soon laughed.

“She’s a bodybuilder. “ I quickly added. “Top five in the world.”

Tara extended me her hand and I shook it in awe. “Tara Owens... Me and my friends do a study a group if you want to drop by. We try and turn Professor Jefferies stuff into something at least partially interesting.”

Tara laughed slightly as she said this and I saw that her abs, tanned and exposed, in her belly cut shirt tensed somewhat. She was a highly erotic turn on, but still nothing compared to the solid cue balls of abs I had seen on display by Mrs. J at last weeks expo. Even un-flexed, Jini’s abs looked as if they might, at any moment, burst through their skin.

“You should stop by...” Tara added with a twinkle.

I couldn't believe it. Tara was a walking dream billboard all through campus. At almost six feet and ravishing she turned heads everywhere she went. She was every guy's go to crush. And now here she was... inviting me to study with her and the entire volleyball team. I had, of course, experienced the halo effect that Mrs. Jones' body had caused, but now, here she was creating ripples when she wasn't even in the room!

"What're Y'all talking about?" I heard Jinni's silk smooth drawl come up behind me and briefly tickled the hairs on the back of my neck.

"Jinni, I'll go to the bar and get us some waters..." I heard Professor Jeffery's say clearing across the room. Before Jinni give him a kindly, albeit slightly dismissive fluttery wave with one of her hands. Her long, well-manicured nails catching a bit of the soft lighting of the room.

"We were just talking about how cool you look..." gushed Tara breathlessly.

"Aww... thanks well aren't you so sweet." Said Mrs. Jones taking in the compliment in stride.

"Could you... you know..." Added Tara, bringing her arms up into an exaggerated flex, which I noticed caused her own well-toned biceps to pop notably.

Jinni laughed, I'm sure flattered by the attention that the cute girls were lavishing on her.

“Uhm... erh... let me see...” She said. Standing back a bit. “I'm not exactly dressed for it... but – “ Mrs. J said in regards to her evening dress, whose back looked as if it was struggling mightily to keep her bulging lats under wraps without tearing.

“Here goes...” Said Jinni. Once again unfurling the scarf and passing it off to me.

Jinni took a step back, placed her left hand on her hip, and balled her right hand into a fist. And then with the great theatricality of a natural performer cocked her hip slowly to the side bending down and finished by bringing her fist into a hard flex. A tight baseball-sized ball of muscle bunched and then popped up along her arm, stretching her skin tight and allowing a large blue vein that snaked along the top to pop prominently to life. The hard flex also caused the veins on Mrs. J's forearms to push out and press out forming silhouetted blue subway map sized veins to crisscross across her arms.

“Got- damn...” I head one of Tara's friends in tone.

Mrs. J then hinged at the hip. Lowering her elbow slightly like a tea kettle. I could see now, the reason for this was to

allow her bat wing sized lats to pop out and accentuate her small waist. She then pumped her bicep one more time and brought it up in line with her shoulder one final time.

The effect of the last pump I could see now was to fill the bicep with blood and bring it to it's full, flushed shape, which was now noticeably more extensive and more than defined than just moments ago.

“Got... damn....” Tara’s friend said once more. And I could see that the three college-age girls were all slack-jawed with the large muscle displayed inches from their face

Not only that. Mrs. J’s display had brought the night to a stop, and I could see pretty much every head in the nearby vicinity crane to see the impromptu flexing show that was being performed by a person whom everyone in the room believed to be my stepmother.

“Ah-mazing...” Tara finally said. A goofy grin crossing her face.

For the piece-de-resistance. Mrs. J, slowly and again, with great theatricality, brought her hands down to her waist. Balled her fists and, just like I had seen her do in her rear flex during the photo shoot at the fitness show, mashed her fists hard against her waist causing the fabric of her dress. I noticed, with the force generated by her small fists,

the fabric bunch of up and she smashed her hands hard against her hips, contracting her already tiny waist into a now, near minuscule shape.

Then... slowly... clenching her fists harder... sending out snaking veins over her already pumped forearms and shoulders and then.... With a quick upward motion popping up on her toes and cocking her elbows out to the side in a full-on lat spread.

The pose was an impossibly forceful and powerful and I noticed the contracted muscles of her arms and the upward swing of her flaring back caused her rippled pecs, which were having problems being contained in her low cut dress, to stretch wide over her clavicles and splinter in flexed muscle meat. The top muscle of her chest even pumping up high and obscuring the bottom part of her chin.

Mrs. J stood there for only a few moments holding the pose, which was no doubt impossibly powerful in front of the gawking girls. Before quickly dropping her arms at her side.

“Can’t do that one too much... Or I’ll be back at Nordstrom returning the dress....” Jinni added offhandedly. She shook her arms out to relax them, and I noticed the ropy muscles bunch and flex.

The girls all broke out into spontaneous applause.

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Later. Jinni, Tara and her friends spoke about training for a little bit, with Mrs. J even acknowledging Tara' remarkable build for a college-age girl.

"I didn't start training until after I had a kid. If I had started at your age..." Mrs. J said, and I could see Tara glow with some pride.

We left them with Jinni promising she would send them some training tips and that they would keep in touch via email.

A little bit later we found our way out to the courtyard area. Professor Jefferies had not so subtly slipped his number to Jinni and sauntered off with a hop in his step to mingle with more parents.

"Did he try to do anything to you?" I asked.

"Why? If he did. What are you going to do? Fight your history professor?" Mrs. J asked, raising an arched eyebrow in a taunting manner.

"Yeah – I maybe..." My fists began to tighten.

“Don’t worry. The only thing he tried to do was to give me a history lesson on ancient European sculpture.”

I briefly unballled my fist.

“But I’m so glad I have you here as my protector...” She leaned forward and draped her muscular arms on my shoulders and gave me a small kiss on the cheek.

The night outside was warm, but a little bit of fall had just started to creep into the air, and we both sat there for a moment, quiet. The area had a large fountain in the middle, and we both observed silently, happy for a reprieve of peace from the festivities.

“My protector.” Mrs. Jones said. Her arm felt terrific. It felt so different than anyone else's arm. Substantial and I could even feel the thick vein of her bicep pressed lightly into the back of my neck. That was the thing about Mrs. J, she was substantial. She took up space. Physically. Mentally. Nothing on her body was there by mistake.

No square inch of her frame existed by default, it had all been earned. Chiseled away by grueling hours in the gym. This gave her a fantastic presence and substance in the world. You felt as if, when everything was flying and spinning, she was the one beacon – that north star you could set your compass by.

“Don’t you think you should go back and visit your adoring public.” I said in a joking manner.

“Oh my... “ Mrs. J laughed a throaty laugh and tossed her head back.

“I think you certainly left a positive impression on Professor Jefferies.”

“Oh... He’s so cute...” She said in a way that was both off hand and dismissive. The way you may describe a friend’s pet whose constantly yapping for attention. But still, I couldn’t help but feel a pang of jealousy.

We rose to get up and head back inside satisfied with our moment of peace out away from the party, but before I headed back Jinni grabbed me by the shoulders and spun me around.

“Before we go back in – I just need to know... Are you proud of me...” She asked me. Standing there, she took both of my hands in hers and looked me in the eyes. I’m sure to anyone observing at the party, the image looked somewhat ludicrous. Me, a bony long college student, ahead or so higher than Mrs. J, in silhouette, her body thickly muscled, bulging arms, bulging back, lats and a lower body that was so curved with muscle it should have come with its own traffic hazard sign. Standing there,

facing each other in the moonlight as the music of the party was drifting out into the courtyard.

“Of course I’m proud of you,” I said.

“Good,” she said and quickly broke off the embrace

“Lawrence... You’re so cool...” She said and gave me another playful tussle of my hair and trotted off back into the crowd.

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We had spent about another hour or so in the party with Mrs. J, of course, being the talk of the night and getting Professor Jefferies' phone number.

"Call me Mon Cherie--" He said planting a kiss on her hand.

Heading back to Mrs. J's car we walked side to side along the small walkway that lead to the parking lot.

“Lawrence I need to know if our great friendship is going to continue are you an introvert or an extrovert... meaning do you like to be around people or are you more comfortable with your own space... ”

“I guess... I do like to be around people, but also like my own space.” I said taking this in and being a bit surprised by the level of depth of Mrs. Joneses' question.

“So, an introvert. Good. Good. I'm one too –” She said and smiled.

“I don't think so. You always seem to shine when you're around people.” I added, looking over to her.

“It's all an act.” She said, in a kind of mock diva voice. And then gently rolled her head back on my shoulder. “I'm shy but...” She put her hand to lips as if she was telling a secret, but exaggerated the action to imply a certain detachment “Don't tell anyone.”

“Now come on.” She began to trot along a bit of the grass alongside the path back to the parking lot. “You always need to walk a lady back to her car to make sure she gets back alright.”

She said and bound forward a bit making me run to catch up with her. As we walked back, Mrs. Jones walked in the grass. She took her heels off and walked barefoot, kicking up a bit of the evening dew that had fallen. She walked kick up her legs as if exaggerating the walking action, and I could see her small, feminine feet, complete with a

beautiful shade of pink nail polish kick up the dew that had collected on the grass.

She felt entirely natural as if she was some sort of nature sprite, more connected to movements of the planet and life and nature and it was in moments like this I couldn't help notice how small she would seem – far and away from the crowds and despite her massive frame she had a way of making you feel like you needed to protect her.

As we traipsed along and took my hand in hers. Holding it only by the fingertips, somehow it made feel even more intimate than if she had held the entire thing.

“Okay.... So give it to me. How did I do?”

“I think you did awesomely.”

“Hmmm., “ she said pursing her lips tightly as if really taking this in. “I do think you'll maybe get some good grades from Michael...” She said referring to Professor Jefferies, as I guess they were on a first name basis now.

“Oh yeah...”

We finally arrived at her car and Mrs J dug into her purse and clicked the car doors open.

“We can talk more about it at the show...”

“What show?” I asked. “The Nationals?”

“Yeah... duh...” She said clicking her tongue and shrugging her shoulders as if it was the most natural thing. The playful movement made her numerous traps bulge up high giving the motion even more of a pronounced effect and made Mrs. J’s neck and shoulder region look Frankenstein thick. And I couldn’t even help but notice the movement causes a ripple of a thick vein to cascade down the profile of her rounded out shoulder and off the thick tip of her bicep. The vein stood out even more so in the street light of the darkened parking lot.

"You brought it up but you didn't say anything else..."

"My bad... Contest prep brain..." She said in a dismissive manner. "I have the nationals in a few weeks. My biggest show of the year, I have a friend coming out to help me, but I'll need my manager there. You know help me handle stuff. Bill and Sebastian used to do that for me -- but you know... Bill's kind of out of the picture and Seb's away at school so... "

"What kind of stuff?" I said kind of dumbly.

"Lawrence... You're my manager..." She said and leaned in pushing one of her fingernails in my chest in playful mock annoyance.

"Fine... Fine... I guess I'm on my own." Mrs. J said throwing up her arms in a shrug and heading around to the driver's side of her car. And I noticed, again bathed in the mixture of the moonlight and the streetlight ahead, the exaggerated gesture caused the muscles of her back to bunch and her lats to flex out to an excessive degree that I was glad the dress seemed to have a stretching fabric which moved to accommodate Mrs. J built body.

"Besides... it's just going to be a bunch of muscled oily women posing and prancing in small bathing suits. I guess we are kind of foolish... Kind of gross and freaky..."

It was the first time I had heard Jinni talk about herself that way and I couldn't tell if she was genuinely down on herself or just being a bit self-deprecating.

"I- I think it's cool..." I said managing to stammer out a response and try to keep my poker face as possible.

"Cool... I think it's kinda cool too..." Mrs J said smiling back.

# Mrs. Jones The College Years - Interlude

By 009ELI

“Let’s see. Well, you missed a bunch of these answers...” Professor Jefferies said as he went over my test scores. “But you seem to have a good knowledge of the subject so...” He said smiling and then, ignoring a sea of red pen marks on my history quiz he quickly changed my B – grade into a B.

“Ah... What the hell...” And then crossed the B out and finally made it an A minus.

“Jinni’s competition is this weekend huh?” Jefferies asked passing my test back to me with the new highlighted grade. “I know she’s nervous. Had to bring in her body fat and add to her quad sweep. I know Paloma is a favorite but I actually really think Jinni has a good shot at getting the title.”

I looked at Professor Jefferies in an odd way. “We corresponded by email and I was checking some of Inst@gram posts...” He said, no doubt covering up his obvious schmoe-like tendencies, but who was I to be mad about something like that. After all to come down on him would be hypocritical.

“I can’t go this weekend, big history conference. But if you could give Jinni this.” Jefferies said as he dug under his desk and pulled out a hardbound book.

“Great romantic poetry...” I said reading the title.

“Yes... Yes... Jinni expressed a bit of an interest in it...and I just want to give it to her to wish her luck.”

I flipped the book open and saw he had written something in Latin on the inside in a dedication to Jinni.

“Oh yeah... Just a little well-wishing from me. No need to read it. And if you could just –” He then leaned down again and pulled a long, red long stem rose out from a vase on his desk and stuck it in the book.

I quickly grabbed the book and my freshly graded mid-term test and bounced out of the office.

It seemed like in the past week since Jinni made her appearance at the History open house things like that had been happening to me over and over again. Now when I came to class Jefferies never seemed to call on me or embarrass me, and as soon as I walked in Tara and her clique of buffed up, volleyball girls beacons me to a seat next to them. Every eye in the room watched me, and every guy looked on in jealousy as Tara tapped the seat

immediately next to her she saved for me each class. As I took it, sitting next to her and Becky Garvis, the teams star spiker and a near 6 foot 3 amazon of a woman whose delts would bump into me during class, and she bent over to take notes during class.

In fact, everything seemed to be smooth sailing. Not only that, because Lindsey wasn't taking a history class this semester it appeared as if she had been sequestered from hearing anything about Mrs. Jones' appearance.

Everything seemed to be going perfectly...

That was until just a few days before the contest...

I was sitting in the student commissary with my roommate Roger and his girlfriend Amber, just grabbing a quick lunch in between classes. They had gotten pizza, but with the upcoming deadline of seeing Jinni I had declined the delicious smelling pizza and instead got a salad. I couldn't really explain it. Ever since being around Jinni and looking at photos I just wanted her to be proud of me. I would have felt disgusted with myself I had gone to see her, her body cut and ripped posing in a tiny bikini (not only to mention all the other muscle women I would get to see this weekend) if I had shoved a pizza in my face. That was how she made you feel like you wanted to be a better person.

When I heard Lizzy's voice come up behind me. A slight shudder rippled in me. It had been a little over a week since I had last seen her, and we had slowly been drifting apart as Mrs. Jones became a more prominent aspect in my life and free time. And I definitely hadn't seen or talked to her since Mrs. J had made her presence known by attending the history department event in the role of my escort and stepmother.

'Hey there Lawrence. Long time no see—' I heard Lizzy say as she plopped down in a seat next to me. I was no expert on emotions, but I could get a sense from her expression that there was a bit of bitterness in her tone. Perhaps I had been lax in my duties as a boyfriend to her, but ever since that start of our relationship, we had both agreed to be casual. That and I had not actually ever done anything to cheat on her, although the thoughts of Mrs. J occupied my mind and more than once when Lizzy and I had been intimate the thoughts of Lizzy's thin frame being replaced by Mrs. J's massive musculature had danced through my mind.

Roger and Amber greeted Lizzy as she joined us with polite hellos.

"You've been quite a busy man... Hard to get a hold of." She said. I remained quiet. I wasn't sure exactly what she

was getting at. And Roger and Amber shared a look at her tone was becoming apparent to everyone at the table.

“Hey, Lizzy...” I said trying my best to keep my cool as she leaned across the table and grabbed a slice of pizza off the tray without asking.

“So... Kind of crazy that we’ve been dating a few months and you didn’t tell me you’re parents were divorced.”

And it was now apparent what Lizzy had been getting at. Although Lizzy didn’t take any history courses, and our school was large, it was only a matter of time that word of the hubbub Jinni showing up had caused would flood back to her.

“Did you know Lawrence’s parents here were separated...” Lizzy asked across the table in Roger’s direction. Roger shook his head. Maybe a little confused about why this information seemed to put Lizzy so on edge.

“Also... I hear you’ve become quite good friends with Tara Owens and that entire volleyball group of hers.” She said. Pronouncing ‘Volleyball group’ with the disdain like it was something to be ashamed of.

Again Roger and Amber traded confused glances.

“First of all. My parents were separated, but my dad has gotten back together with my mom...” I said. Somewhat swallowing my words. As I knew very well what I was saying was untrue, but that the damage had been done “I also didn’t know I had to clear all of my social interactions with you.” I said defending myself.

Lizzy took another slice of pizza and dabbed the crust in the orange grease that had been pooling on her plate. I noted with a bit of disgust, comparing it perhaps unfairly to Mrs. Jone’s highly regimented eating habits. Noting that the times I had been with Mrs. Jones, she consumed helpings of the perfectly measured out foods she needed for her diet. Again, a sign of her discipline and rigor as opposed to Lizzie’s gluttony. I wanted to tell her that if she had been more disciplined in her eating habits, maybe she could get rid of a bit of her belly that she often complained about. But I kept my mouth shut deciding to fight one battle at a time.

“I am so confused...” Roger said sharing a bit of a concerned look with me, his roommate. And Amber who had been dragged into this domestic drama against their will while eating lunch.

“I guess Lawrence here has a stepmother who is some big buffed up championship weightlifter or something – “ Lizzy said again hitting the words ‘Buffed up’ in a way that

communicated clownishness and 'weightlifter' with the same disdain she had shown for 'volleyball player' just a few moments earlier.

"First... she's a bodybuilder and not a weightlifter... and again, I don't see why this is any of your business." I said now feeling the need to protect Mrs. Jones and come to her defense and also beginning to feel a rising bit of annoyance by being attacked by Lizzy.

"Oh... sorry... Bodybuilder. Didn't mean to attack your girlfriend." Lizzy said perhaps sensing the way to choose the right words to sting me.

"I'm so confused..." Amber said.

"I just think it's odd that Lawrence disappears for the last two weekend and gets all shady and then when we talked about families, and I said my parents were divorced... you never said anything about your family being separated."

Even though I was feeling very attacked, I could empathize with Lizzy. She felt betrayed and betrayed by the trust in our relationship. I had maybe been a bit shady as the desire to spend more and more time with Mrs J and the headspace that Mrs. J had taken up, be into seeing her in the flesh or spending time talking with her online and

glancing at the numerous galleries and pix she had posted documenting her getting ready for the upcoming contents.

“Lawrence here showed up to the history department meet up with his stepmom. A real honest to god, buffed up female bodybuilder.” Lizzy continued, as she told bodybuilder she even did the exaggerated sort of puffed up chest thing that people do to indicated a muscle head. The odd thing is, the hate Lizzy was sending in Mrs. Jones way only kind of made me turned on by her even more. The sheer fact that Mrs. Jones physicality threatened my girlfriend so much, and she didn’t even need to be here just spoke of how truly spectacular what Jinni had been able to achieve with her physique.

“Do you have pictures...” Roger said in a way that indicated that he too was getting slightly odded out by the fact that his roommate of a few months maybe hadn’t been completely honest with him about his home life.

“Come on pictures,” Lizzy said now, knowing full well that she could drag this out in a way to embarrass me and get back from not being honest with her about my whereabouts the last few weeks.

“I don’t...” I stammered out, kind of wanting the entire thing to be over with.

“You don’t have pictures of your stepmom?” Lizzy asked, communicating that she was doubtful.

“Like I said, my dad remarried for a brief period. Then got back together with my mom.”

“So what’s this ‘Bodybuilder’s’ name? Let's take a look at her. There’s got to have pictures online. After all, I heard she made quite an impression.”

“Jinni—“ I began to stammer out, but then realized that Jinni had changed her name after her divorce “Jennifer Halifax.” I finally said, a bit of anxiety creeping into my stomach as far as what was going to happen next. I had already come to terms with how Lizzy was acting, but a part of me felt protective of Mrs. Jones and didn’t feel it was fair or right that she was being dragged in such a way without her being here to defend herself.

At the same time, both Roger and Amber looked nervous as well at the way Lizzie was behaving herself.

“Let’s see Jennifer... Halifax... female... bodybuilder...” Lizzie said typing into her phone. Even just hear Lizzy say the words ‘female bodybuilder’ was giving me a slight turn on.

I sat, waiting a second nervously as Lizzie looked at her phone and then –

“Oh... oh.... BLEEACH!!” She finally said looking down at her phone and making the noise of someone pretending to throw up and pretending to cover her mouth.

“Oh barf...” she said again and pretending to cover her mouth as she pulled up the image.

“Let me see...” Asked Roger now becoming more interested. Lizzy passed him the phone, and Roger’s reaction of disgust flittered briefly under his face.

“Oh no...” He said less with meanness and more with general concern.

The image she had found had been one that had recently been posted on Jinni’s IG page. The shot was a promo for ‘Pro-Ex’s new line of pre-workout supplements called ‘X-Treme-X’ and the photo definitely fell in line with the name of the product. The shot depicted Mrs. Jones in full buffed up to the max mode mid bicep curl. Despite the fact that the photo was taken in the gym Mrs. J was sporting a criminally tiny pair of bikini bottoms and a top emblazoned with the ‘Pro-Ex’ logo that had been stylishly distressed to make it look like Jinni’s bulging muscles had torn through the neck. Mrs. J was posing mid-curl, and everything in the photo, including the lighting, the camera angle and a thin layer of oil and sweat had been choreographed to make the set up look as extreme as possible. Mrs. J teeth were

gritted as she cranked the bar which had two huge 45 lb plates on each side. The sheer weight caused every fiber in her arms and even up to her shoulders to flex prominently, and veins crisscrossed her exposed pecs and flared up under her neck as she gritted her teeth communicating her strength and power. The bottom of the photo ended right around her upper thighs which allowed for her bulletproof hard flexed 8-pack and the top points of thickly muscled upper thigh and the bulging curve of one of her glutes to be visible.

The photo was a secret favorite of mine, maybe an example of muscle pushed too far. It was definitely extreme, but I felt Lizzy was a bit too mean.

Amber leaned over and looked over at the photo as well. She seemed to take a moment to take it in.

“Pretty gross right?” Lizzy said taking a moment to snatch the phone away and find another photo. This one was of Mrs. J in a bikini, slightly less extreme but still striking in her display of muscularity.

Lizzy passed the phone back over to Roger and Amber who both looked at it.

“Err...” Roger, I think his face communicating some disgust but not wanting to mean about a person he believed was one of my family members –

“That’s fucking gross right?” Lizzy said again loudly, I feel like trying to promote a reaction.

“That’s pretty hardcore,” Roger said I think trying to find the most politically correct thing to say.

“Gross, right Amber? This woman obviously has mental problems.” Lizzy asked the only other person at the table.

Amber took another look at the photo, seeming to take a bit more time to look at it then Roger did.

“I don’t know... for me... It’s not my cup of tea. And I wouldn’t want to ever look like that myself, but I think we now celebrate all different types of women and different types of bodies... if she chooses to look like that and it makes her happy, then we should support it.”

“She looks like a freak...” Lizzy said back.

Amber shrugged as if again taking this into consideration  
“Again, it's not my cup of tea, but I think there are different ways women can be beautiful. And I definitely respect the

work she had to put in to look like this. I – don't like it, but jeez that must have taken years of training.”

I was a bit surprised by Amber's remarks especially coming from someone like her who didn't really seem to do much exercise besides gaming with Roger, I felt her comments were surprisingly progressive, but it only looked to egg Lizzy on.

“Blah-ha!” She said letting out an exaggerated laugh. “Look at her in a dress. Its kind of funny” Lizzy said and flipped around her phone. She had found a photo of Mrs. Jones at some kind of award banquet, and she was wearing an evening gown, which did look slightly out of place. Her huge capped muscled shoulders and veiny arms were clearly evident under the elegant dress.

“Okay... We get it.” I said finally. But Lizzy was on a tear.

“You realize this woman is taking massive amounts of steroids, right Lawrence?” She said again and this time flipped between two photos of Jinni from a recent contest, looking freakishly large as she held a lat spread on stage.

It was the first time in a while I had heard the ‘S-word’ said in conjunction with Mrs. Jones. Of course, back in Hawthorne, there were whisperings about it, and I'm sure my mom and some of the other women in town had said

such things, and I saw what people had said as well in the comments section when Jinni posted photos. I had perhaps chosen to ignore them, but I couldn't remaining being that naive. Still, I had been up close with Mrs. J, and despite maybe some light acne around her jawline, I could see none of the normal side effects one associated with steroid use. Her skin was nearly crystal clear and her voice, slightly throaty, but more in the way an older mature women's would be and nothing out of the ordinary. Yet I knew the world of competitive bodybuilding somewhat, and I knew that even the girls at local shows were taking something and that for Mrs. Jones to compete at the level she did involve heavy drug use. And not only that to hold the size she did well into her 40s would have been unachievable naturally, but still, it registered as a shock to have Lizzy come out and say it in such a way.

"You know this woman is like a drug addict right?" Lizzy said again with a level of bitterness I was surprised by. But at the same time having her call Mrs. J out on her apparent use of steroids again weirdly left me feeling turned on.

"You don't know her. She's a very nice person." I said trying my best to get the subject settled. I think I had known that things with Lizzy were done at this point, there was no future for us. What would she do? If she ever met my parents, she would quickly found out I had lied about the

entire situation. Perhaps that's why I had done this the whole time. To destruct this relationship.

"Was she popping needles when she was your step mommy?" Lizzy retorted. "I bet a spanking from her old muscles really packed a wallop." She said again.

"Okay, that's enough" Roger finally said. I think both him and Amber were feeling bad for me and realizing Lizzy had crossed a line.

"You know this is a person in my life who I really enjoy..." I finally said, finding a well of strength inside of me that I wasn't sure I knew existed. "Whatever she is doing with herself is her own business." I finally said.

I could see both Roger and Amber give me a look that said they were proud I had stood up for myself. And I was proud too. I wanted to tell Mrs. Jones that I had stood up and defended her good name in her absence. But at the same time thinking about the hurt that may come if she knew she was being made fun of in such a way.

"Fine... whatever...." Lizzy finally said snapping her phone shut. "I'm going to get some grub... want to join." She said to me as if nothing had happened.

I declined and told her I had work to do.

“Suit yourself,” She said and headed off to the food court.

I quickly excused myself and went back to the dorm. I was pissed and tried to get some of the work I needed to get done, done so I could have everything cleared before I went to help Jinni at the show that weekend.

I was a little bit into an English essay I needed to complete when I heard a knock on the door.

“I’m so sorry...” It was Lizzy. I popped the door open, and her nose was wet from snot and her eyes red from crying.

“I’m sorry Lawrence... I didn’t mean to make fun of your family member. I just was hurt when I thought you were lying to me.” She said crying and collapsing into my arms. Gone was the anger and bitterness that was so prevalent at lunch. It was replaced by a kind of helplessness, and I genuinely felt terrible as Lizzy continued to blubber in my arms.

“I was—that was so rude. You are right. I shouldn’t have made fun of that woman” she said as she continued to cry. Despite my feelings, I patted her on the back comforting here. It’s okay.

“I just – I just like you is all,” Lizzy said looking up at me with tears in her eyes.

Before we knew it, Lizzy leaned in and kissed me. I tried to fight her off, but I felt bad and returned it. Before I knew it, we had tumbled down onto my bed.

“Yes... Yes... “ Lizzy cried out as she climbed on top of me, I couldn't help noticing she was intense and emotional and also highly aggressive. I was frustrated and still highly annoyed about the unfair way she had talked about Mrs. Jones at lunch and quickly flipped her over and climbed on top.

“Oh my god yes!!” Lizzy cried out seemingly getting more and more turned the rougher I got. I grabbed my hand and placed it around her neck, squeezing, which seemed to drive her crazy and she fumbled for her pants button and quickly slide them down her hips. She grabbed at my belt, and I promptly popped it open. I'm not sure I was turned on, I was operating more on anger and resentment only Lizzy seemed to be completely into it.

She grabbed my dick out of my pants which was only even hard and begin to massage it with her hands. I honestly wasn't turned on but knew I couldn't turn her away like this and went along more out of moment and passion.

Only something sparked to life inside of me. “Fine!” I said and flipped Lizzy over on her stomach and forced her head

down. I quickly grabbed my dick and began stroking in and closed my eyes... Seeing in my mind's eye Lizzy's thin boney back quickly transform into Mrs. Jones massive bulging one. Lizzy's weak lats quickly become Mrs. J's massive bulging lastissimus dorsi and her small, bird-like shoulders transformed under my hands in Jinni's thick cannonball sized delts.

"You like that Lawrence..." I heard Mrs. Jones throaty cue float into my ear.

"I do... I do..." I said to myself continuing to imagine myself pumping at Mrs. J's massively muscular physique until I collapsed, spent, onto the bed and slept.

# Mrs. Jones The College Years - Chapter 5

By 009ELI

The next few days until the contest flew by. I guess I had bought myself a little bit of time with Lizzy, as our make out session seemed to in some ways take care of her. And I noticed after our rough, aggressive sex she was positively docile and lovely to me in any interaction I had with her over the phone.

But still, all that paled in comparison to knowing that on Saturday I was about to see Mrs. Jones again. And not just see her; see her in her element, compete in a real honest to god bodybuilding competition.

Figuring I was just going to be away for the day and come back that evening since the show ended around 8 and my duties would be done by then, I decided on not telling my roomie or Lizzy my whereabouts and slipped out Saturday morning. I threw a few things in my backpack including my phone, some studying I needed to get done and my Pro-Ex shirt since Mrs. J had told me I should present myself as a rep for the company, and headed out.

Driving out to the convention center where the event was taking place I was giddy with excitement and any time traffic backed up or slowed I noticed myself getting

aggressive and frustrated as I just wanted to be at the show with no delay. I honestly, besides seeing Mrs. J again, couldn't believe what I was getting to do. I was going to a bodybuilding show, as a guest of one of the competitors. I hadn't really worked out what my duties would be, texts between Jinni and I had been somewhat sporadic with her being busy in prep mode and travel for the few days leading up to the show and apologizing for being flaky as a symptom of her 'Contest prep' brain.

I pulled up to the parking lot and went to park at the convention hall. Just being a college student I had to park in general parking which was 8 bucks! I dreamed of someday maybe parking in VIP parking at an exorbitant to me at the time \$20 bucks. My mind began to race as it danced with images of me pulling up in a sick sports car with Mrs. Jones as my escort, her hopping out and everyone's jaws hitting the floor as they took in her well-muscled body clad in a tiny miniskirt, and me somehow having a well of income deep enough to afford the expensive parking. But alas... that day it was not to be.

I quickly slid off my t-shirt and put on the Pro-Ex one I had brought, as I wanted to seem like I was part of the event while walking in. I briefly took a glance at my upper body in the mirror as I did so. I had been hitting the weight room hard in preparation for today hoping I could walk into the hall with a bulging chest and those huge veiny arms I had

seen on the biggest guys at the convention when I attended. Although I could see some slight changes in my chest, which seemed a tad more developed, my arms still looked like pipe cleaners. I sighed frustrated that my long, lean body type, while ideal for endurance sports like soccer, never seemed to display any prominent muscle no matter how much I trained.

I quickly exited the parking structure and began to follow the throngs of people heading towards the convention center for the show. I noticed soon that the crowd for the event did not seem to share the same problem with gaining muscle as I did. The guys (and the group was mostly guys) were all a bit shorter than me, but what they lacked in height they made up in dense muscle that was stacked in their bulging arms and back.

Entering the lobby I could get more of a sense of these same people. My eyes were darting all over the place and were tantalized by the well-developed physiques on display there.

I grabbed my phone and quickly texted Jinni that I had arrived as that was what she had asked me to do, and I wasn't entirely sure what the game plan for the day was when she had asked me to help her to help out.

‘Down in the libby...’ I texted her. Already embarrassed that I made a stupid mistake.

The telltale sign of the ‘...’ Dots appeared on my phone indicating that someone was typing. Then quickly disappeared. Then stopped and then reappeared again followed by –

JINNI: Cool. Lori will be down in just a sec to get you 😊

I waited for a moment. I had guessed that Lori was Jinni’s friend, Lori Summers whom, despite not being anything of a bodybuilder herself (or really much looking like she did any serious working out) was Jinni’s best friend for years and was often mentioned in Jinni’s IG posts as helping her out at her various shows.

Within a moment I heard the ding of the elevator doors open, and Lori exited. I had seen a few photos of her on Jinni’s IG. Snaps Jinni in a bikini post-show hugging her, with Jinni’s body looking virtually otherworldly, while Lori, fully dressed had that appearance of a regular mom. Although very cute and perky and with a flowy blonde ponytail which cutely hung off her head swinging from side to side whenever she displayed excitement.

“Lawrence...” Lori yelled getting off the elevator and walking over to me. I could see she was wearing a pair of

casual blue pants and a loose fitting shirt. She definitely did not fit into the hardcore bodybuilding crowd much like me, along with my stringy physique, we must have looked like oddballs amongst the hyper built crowd that circulated the lobby before the show. People passed, taking a glance at us, and then moved along to get a gander at the more prominent, buffer people in attendance.

Lori bounded over to me. Her white Ked sneakers bouncing along the floor excitedly as her ponytail bobbed on her head as she gave me a big welcoming hug.

“Jinni said oh... go find Lawrence he’ll be the handsome young man in the lobby! And I was like that must have been him!” Lori said peppily and then led me over to the elevator.

###

Lori was talking to me about the plan for the show as we exited the elevator on to one of the hotel’s top floors. I could tell that despite her calm demeanor, Lori was undoubtedly feeling the stress of helping Jinni out that day. “I am glad you are here, Jinni was so excited that you were coming. And you are friends with Sebastian?”

I nodded. Somewhat omitting that although I had initially met Mrs. Jones through my friendship with Sebastian back

those years before, that mine and Mrs. Jones' friendship had, in the past few months morphed into something else. And that I honestly hadn't talked to Sebastian at all in the last few years. I decided to omit it as Mrs. Jones had apparently already told Lori something about our friendship.

"Anyways I understand this is your first bodybuilding show! A pretty big one to start with I'd say! The NPC Nationals! Whelp, I've helped Jinni with her past 6, so I know the ropes. Although I don't necessarily understand why she does this to herself..." Lori continued to yammer as she made her way down the halls of the hotel and I hustled to keep up. "Anyway, I love Jinni like she's my sister and I just will do anything for her so if it makes her happy, well then... but don't get me wrong some of these bodybuilder folks are some oddballs! "

And with that Lori dug the card key out of her purse and opened up the door to the hotel room.

And what a hotel room! I soon entered and saw what was to be my first 'hotel suite' I had ever actually experienced in my life. Although the hotel was a Marriott and a chain hotel, it appeared as if in true, nothing but the best for herself 'Mrs. Jones style,' she had gotten one of the top floor suites and I gazed in wonder as I walked in first through the black marble entryway whose mirrors bounced

off each other and exited out onto the central area of the suite, a large open area whose sweeping windows looked out onto the convention center across the way.

The room wasn't huge, but it was obviously nice and expensively decorated, and it took me a few moments to situate myself.

My head was no doubt craning for my first glimpse of Mrs. Jones...

But the first person I saw was an overweight gentleman in a blue t-shirt and Orlando Magic hat who was eating sour cream and onion chips out of a bag, occasionally taking a moment to lick his fingers clean of the dust.

"This is Bob, my husband..." Lori said waving to Bob.

"Yo, what's up?" Bob said barely looking up from his chips and quickly went back to watching a Tampa Bay Bucks game on the phone in front of him.

"Okay don't mind Bob. He is so rude..." Lori said and gave Bob a dismissive shrug.

As I continued to walk into the room I could hear a thick, gruff German accent:

“Okay no. You listen to me. She may have you beat somewhat on symmetry, okay, but you have her beat on back. I think for you, the top seven is very good. Maybe even top five...”

The thick voice was coming from the lowered couch area, and as I walked in I could see Uri Kingman, Jinni’s incredibly thickly muscled personal trainer on the couch talking loudly, and I entered –

“Oh, there he is!!” And it was then that I heard that voice. That silky soft coo of Mrs. Jones.

As I came around the couch area... I saw she was laying on her back on one of the couches. A baggy sweatshirt with the Pro-Ex logo covered her upper body. But the lower part of her legs was visible and was propped up on a cushion on the end of the couch. I would later learn that was to allow the blood to flow out of them to show the maximum amount of detail later that night at the show.

Although she was all but covered up and obscured by the sweatshirt, I could see just by her exposed calves and lower body, that she was tanned a deep dark brown. And, judging only by the muscles that were exposed on the lower part of her legs, Mrs. Jones was cut and conditioned in a way I don’t think I had ever seen her. With nearly every small

detail of her muscle fibers fluttering under her skin as she shifted to the side to see me as I walked in.

“No-Jinni-fer. Jinni-fer. You stay. Okay? You don’t move...” Uri barked as she somewhat rolled over to the side to greet me.

“I’d stand and greet you Lawrence, but I’m afraid Uri here my dock me some carbs,” Jinni said joking, and I saw a warm smile cross her face.

Uri looked at me crossly as I came around to get a closer look at Jinni, who looked a bit tired lying there on the couch, and I could understand why often bodybuilders would talk about just how much it took for them to get ready for a contest.

Maybe I compared her somewhat unfairly to Mrs. Jones, but I took a brief glance back at Lori who was prepping a bag full of stuff we’d need later on for the show. I knew they were both contemporaries but where Mrs. Jones’ face was lean and defined in her jaw with raised cheekbones and piercing eyes, Lori’s face while still pretty, was softer and slightly doughy with a sort of faded complexion which stood in contrast to Jinni’s skin which seemed to be so bright and healthy as to look almost translucent.

I pulled up a chair and sat down amidst the group and briefly Mrs. J asked me about getting over and parking and how the ride had been – but quickly Uri got a beep on his Apple watch.

“Okay need to check on the competitor before the show so... let's go, go, go Jinni-fer.” Uri clucked in his thick accent. “Off, off, off...” He said. “Show us what you got.”

Show us what you got? I don't think a phrase has ever thrilled me so much as I watched Mrs. J shift somewhat on the couch. Prop herself up, and then, the lower part of her legs flexing and popping under her baggy sweatshirt make her way over to the center of the lowered living room part of the room.

“Okay... Here goes...” Said Jinni. A bit of mock dread playing in her voice as she knew she was about to be inspected in close detail by a room full of people.

Jinni took her place in the center of the room and then slowly brought her pretty manicured hands down to the lower hem of her sweatshirt, which had fallen mid-thigh. And then, slowly began to peel the sweatshirt up. Exposing first the lush, bulged meat of her thickly muscled quads and then up over her crisp abs... and finally managed, with a bit of difficulty to pull the sweatshirt up off over her head

exposing her buffed, built upper chest, traps and rest of her upper body.

Mrs. Jones stood then for a moment, shifting slightly on both feet which caused both her bulging thighs to dance and bunch with muscle as she did so. For a split second, the muscle mass on her legs could almost appear to the untrained eye as being fat except for the slow, subtle shifts which would instantaneously cause them to tighten and contract to showcase the crisscrossing conditioning and striations sitting under her thin layer of body fat.

It was almost off-putting to stare at Mrs. Jones' body. It looked, to me, physically perfect. Her small joints. The large flowing muscles of her rounded shoulders, broad back and how they fit into her smallish waist and on down to the sweeping curve of her glutes, quads, hamstrings and the other muscles that made up her lower body. It was at times nearly painful to behold. And too me, now, it was there standing so close to me, I had to fight the urge to reach out and touch it. Like testing to see if something so perfect could actually exist. I wanted to greedily experience it. To consume it in some way. But I managed to fight off the temptation, and my hand stayed at my side shaking a bit.

I also don't think I had quite been ready to see... Just.... How.... Big... And developed Mrs. J had become in the years since she wore that bikini on Hawthorne Beach. Mrs. J had

seemed immense when I was younger, but what I didn't really fathom was at that time she had been a top-ranked amateur, but just how much more prominent in size a nationally ranked pro-competitor was. Which is what she was now. And there, standing in the middle of the room in just a small pair of athletic fitted Under Armour underwear and a white sports bra that was struggling to contain the spillover from her bulging lats, everything now seemed bigger, thicker, more densely developed. As if she had taken that already incredibly buff and symmetrical body and poured another layer of hulking muscle mass over it.

As Jinni finished peeling off her top revealing herself, I could feel a bit of breath go out of the room from between me, Uri and Lori at the stupendousness of Mrs. Jones development. It was as if all of us in unison had gasped, silently inhaling our breath. Of course all of us except for Bob who barely looked up at the near-naked muscle woman in front of him and continued to eat away at the bag of chips occasionally crinkling it and sucking his fingers.

“Jeezus Bob, do you mind?” Lori yelled out across the room.

“What?” Bob yelled back only taking a cursory glance over in Mrs. Jones' rippling direction.

“It’s fine Lori... Don’t worry about it...” Jinni said casually and gave a dismissive wave of her hand.

“Okay side tri, now,” Uri grunted as Jinni slowly dropped her arms and shook out her back causing the bulging intertwined muscles to shake and unclench as she relaxed them. She then, and with great care pivoted to the side and drove her right toes deep into the hotel room carpet and, pushing down on her toe began to tense from her bent foot causing first her calve to flex then her hamstrings to pop away inches from her body and finally up until she grabbed her wrist with her right hand and forced her flexed arm hard against the side of her body causing her tricep to pop and bulge both from the developed muscle as well as the pressure of holding it clenched against the side of her body. She turned slightly and exhaled her breath bringing the flex into its final form and, smiled widely as she turned to showcase the muscle to the rest of the room.

I couldn’t help notice how thick and wide her tricep was and how its horseshoe-shaped development danced with thin muscle fibers under its surface. Same with Mrs. Jones hard flexed abs which continued to clench and unclench bared, visible in her small underwear as she continued to hold the flex, a minimal amount of strain apparent on her face as she smiled showing off her bright white teeth.

I knew from what little I had picked up reading bodybuilding forums online that posing was something of an under-appreciated art form, often taking more strain on the body to hold these poses for prolonged periods than actual training, and here was Mrs. J holding them all while maintaining a broad, welcoming smile.

She finally dropped her pose. Shook her arms out and smiling turned her gaze to the rest of the room, all of us who looked at her in quiet admiration. She seemed to offer up a shy smile as if to say that displaying a body that gloriously developed was 'No big deal,' Still, we all looked at her with a bit of slack-jawed awe.

All of us of course except for Bob who continued to eat away at his chips, crunching away loudly.

###

After Uri had departed to see another client of his who was competing in the day we all headed downstairs as the show was just an hour or so away.

We exited the elevator into the lobby area, and Lori and Bob walked a few steps up ahead of us. Bob had his head down looking at his phone, but I noticed every few moments Lori would watch over her shoulder at Mrs. Jones and me walking a few steps behind just to check and make

sure we were okay. And I too couldn't help but notice that we had paired off in a way as if to break into couples; Lori and Bob up ahead and me and Mrs. Jones following up the rear.

"How is school? They give you any big assignments you need to do this weekend?" Mrs. J asked turning to give her attention to me.

"Nothing really that big a deal. I did some yesterday." I said and was somewhat amazed that moments before she was about to step on stage on one of the biggest contests of her life, Mrs. Jones' main concern was about me.

"Good. This is fun, but it shouldn't take you away from your schoolwork." Jinni said with genuine concern.

"Damnit! " I yelled snapping my fingers. "Professor Jefferies gave me a book of poetry he wanted me to give you. I forgot it in my car..."

"Oh... that's sweet." Jinni said as we came to a stop outside of an area with a large sign marked Pro-Tan up above and clouds of brownish liquid smoke spilling from it.

"Name?" Asked the women with the clipboard.

“Jennifer Halifax.” Mrs. Jones said as the women scanned her clipboard and checked off her name.

“Oh and no men in the tanning area while the ladies are in there.” Said the clipboard girl.

“Okay. Got it.” Jinni said and turned to me. “You’ll have to hang back and then Lori will come and get you for the show.”

I nodded I got it.

And then Mrs. Jones said cheerily. “Time to get my tan on...” And then was quickly rushed in through the double doors.

I found a small area along the side of the lobby and pulled out one of my books to try and get some work done, but with the parade of near constant muscle babes, it was hard to concentrate on anything.

My heart nearly skipped a beat as a Russian figure competitor I followed on-line named Valentina Mishina walked past me. She was wearing a tight shirt, and her lower body was covered in a pair of black stretch leggings which bulged with every step of her of well muscled thighs. I smiled at her as she walked past and she gave me a cute smile and wave and then headed off over to a group

consisting of huge men with shaved heads, the smallest of whom looked like he could pick up a house.

Each time I looked down at my book, some glorious piece of tanned, muscled she beef would trot past me and I'd quickly lose my train of thought. And quickly just relegated myself to scanning the lobby of the hotel which pretty much most guys and girls seemed to be doing waiting for the next freak of nature by the guy or girl showing off their outlandishly developed body.

What seemed like only a short time later Lori rushed back.

“Okay. Showtime for us Lawrence.” She quickly dug into her bag and dug out a laminated pass with a lanyard tied around her neck.

I looked at it a bit confused but I didn't even have time to ask --

“Okay. Follow me. Next stop, pump up room.” She said and then headed off so fast I literally nearly spilled my books running to catch up with her...

Pump up room!?!

It was first the warmth that hit me as we headed backstage. Then the noise of the blasting music of the convention hall

stereo system could be heard coming from the front of the house, but it, along with the sound of the crowd taking their seats was slightly muffled in the backstage area.

That didn't mean it was calm. As I followed Lori, who seemed to know exactly what she was doing, to the backstage area I was hit with more busyness and commotion. Employees of the show hustled around with headsets on. As did various trainers, spouses, and helpers for the competitors that day.

Jinni had headed into the backstage 'pump up room' a little earlier to get started and changed into her suit.

Taking in the women of the show. Their bodies were all such transgressions from the norms of what was considered the ideal female form, but at the same time I couldn't help but find them all so highly attractive in different ways. As they strode around the room, clad only in these tiny and sparkly bikinis, their radiance and confidence in their own physical forms were nearly overpowering.

As I acclimated a bit to the surroundings, I was able to take in a little more and begin to separate the competitors out, many of whom I had recognize from looking at their photos online, but some were brand new to me. It was interesting to see them now in person, two things became apparent;

the first was how much larger they were in real life. The photos had the effect of flattening them, of diminishing the 3-D quality of the muscle, and the other was how facially attractive most were. In photos sometimes the women could appear drawn or overly masculine, perhaps from their diets, or maybe from the drug use, but seeing them in real life and all made-up, most were facially very attractive.

Margie M. Martin, a huge African American woman and one of the major competitors strode by me clad only in a her yellow bikini and as she passed I gaped at the size of her back and upper body, which momentarily blocked my view of the rest of the room as she stood there in front of me. This gave me a brief moment to try and calculate just how big she was and I could easily estimate her back at being twice as wide as mine!

Lori quickly called me over to where Jinni and her had set down their stuff.

“So we do a quick pump up and then oil?” Lori asked setting down the bag and grabbing a set of clear plastic gloves from out of Jinni’s Pro-Ex insignia backpack.

Jinni nodded and turned to grab a few weights off the weight rack in front of us that had been set up in front of the room for the competitors to pump up before the show. I quickly did the math again and compared Jinni’s back that

was to me now to Margie's who had just passed a few moments before. It was an interesting exercise. Both the same muscle group, but with Margie having a few inches on Jinni I could begin to see subtle differences. Margie's muscles were a bit longer and more stretched, giving her a somewhat taller appearance. While Jinni's appeared amazingly thick as if the tissue had been deeply layered on itself. The impression was somewhat surprising and just seemed to give Jinni an even more powerful overall look, and I gasped slightly as Jinni picked up a set of dumbbells and began to pump small contractions with her shoulders and her triceps in an effort both to warm up and get the blood flowing to her muscles.

I stood behind her taking this in and watched her face in the mirror reflecting the room in front of the weight rack. I could see Jinni's soft blue eyes begin to harden a bit as she stared at her image as she continued to pump away, the small five pound weights looking somewhat ludicrous in comparison to her large pumped arms. As I watched her watch herself in the mirror, I was taken with her intensity, I could see her just focusing on herself and I was taken back to that morning back in Hawthorne when I walked in on her basement workout and was frightened and brought back by her intensity as she repped out rep after rep of bicep curls.

I wondered what that looked like for her? To look at her body like this? After all, I had seen pictures of how Jinni looked before she started training. She looked like everyone else but now... she looked like a superhero. Did she notice the difference? Notice the changes? Thrill in her own physical supremacy? Or did it come so slowly for her (over the 12 or so years of training) that she didn't notice the extraordinariness of her own body?

Jinni put the weights down, then stepped away for a moment and cranked her arm out flexing the tricep and bringing it into a sharp flex. She looked at herself in the mirror and then slowly brought her arm down to her side in a hard side tri pose, turning and twisting and allowing the bright overhead light to catch the subtle details of the muscle. I could see her, her lips were pursed, looking over her body critically as an artists would examine the sculpture they had created and then – just like that – she released the pose and bounced slightly on the balls of her toes – and adjusted the glittering top of her posing suit which had slid to the side just a bit, threatening to expose the bottom portion of her pec muscle and nipple – and then turned to me, a bright smile once again on her face. It was like the mask of pure concentration had fallen away and she was back to being Jinni again. I smiled at her warmly, and she smiled back as if to say, 'Did you like what you saw?'

But the moment was broken as Lori hustled back and presented me with a pair of gloves.

“Wha—what are these for?” I asked.

“The oil,” she said, and I felt like she was too busy to ask me what a dumb question that was.

I quickly stared down at the gloves that I had begun to pull on my hands and the small bottle of oil Lori had just taken out of the bag. I started to do the math.

“Everything okay Larr?” Mrs. J asked as she trotted past me and over to the small area that Lori had cleared out for our stuff amongst the other competitors bags and personal items.

“Yes... yeah....” I said as I finished pulling on the gloves. Any further protesting would be useless as by that point Lori had popped the top of the oil bottle and began to rub it between her gloved hands and over the tops of Mrs. J’s feet.

“Just put a little dollop of the oil on your hands. Rub it like this—” Lori said demonstrating, giving the drop of oil in the middle of her plastic gloves a quick rub, “And then start applying it.” She continued.

“Oh and... a light coat. Brush, then rub...” Lori added, demonstrating as she moved up Jinni’s feet, to her small ankles and then continued to brush the oil along the area where Jinni’s bulging calves tied into the thin portion of her lower legs. I noticed with some amazement that Lori, on her hands and knees in front of the muscle woman, was working hard, rubbing the oil into the muscle, which she would press on as she dabbed each coat and the bulging outer ridges of Mrs. J’s calves, which stood off her body would somewhat contract under the tension, then just as quickly flex back to their full size. It was like they had a mind of their own. A pride that said we will not be contained by anybody.

The entire sight and experience were beginning to get too much for me.

“Yup... a light coat, Lawrence. I’m not a Thanksgiving turkey.” Jinni joked and then gave me a trademark Mrs. Jones wink before unfurling her arms up and out to the side in a cross-like pose that caused her already capped and bulged shoulders, to flex up, even more, brushing against her bikini strap.

My hands trembled slightly as I took the small bottle of oil and put a drop in my gloves and rubbed it together. The anticipation of touching Jinni’s exposed, bulging muscle, was beginning to overwhelm me. Not only was I feeling

light-headed, but the entire experience of being around all these highly physically realized women was starting to shift to my manhood. I had, had a bit of a chub all day ever since walking into the convention center that morning, but right now my balls felt like they were filled with concrete and I had to fight the urge not to run off and relieve myself.

“You okay – “ Lori asked, some genuine concern on her face as I’m not even sure how I looked.

I nodded that I was and then slowly begin to rub the oil into Jinni’s muscular body.

Both women shared a quick covert smile, which I was trying to parse, and placed somewhere between ‘cute’ and ‘should we be worried about him.’

And for a moment my fingers flitted over her bulging shoulders. Feeling their immense hardness and roundness. As the oil smoothed between the warmth coming from my fingers under my gloves and the tautness of Mrs. J’s warmed muscled skin. My fingers traced finding the groove between the front head of her deltoid and the muscled outer head that pushed up, off the body giving her shoulders that bulging look of a 3-dimensional superhero.

My finger continued to trace, and I fought the urge to poke and prod to test the strength of the muscle underneath

knowing my job was merely to spread the thin coating of oil on the surface of the muscles, not to get caught groping. But still it was hard to resist, and within a few moments, my fingers found their way tracing up the area that connected Mrs. J's thick shoulders to her lower arms and came right along the outside of the curved outer part of the delt and felt something odd under my finger...

First, it felt a bit like a small zit, but Jinni's skin was nearly perfectly smooth with only a few light beauty marks along her neck and trapezius. This was something else, and I felt my fingers linger on it. A small bump, which I quickly, and with a bit of shame surmised as what I could guess as the injection point for Mrs. J's gear usage on her upper arm. I had a bit of knowledge from my time on the internet and knew that many people's preferred protocol was to inject right into the glute, but at times using the rounded muscle of the shoulder was also preferable to switch up the regular uptake of body-enhancing substances.

I traced around it while acting as if I was rubbing the oil, maybe staying a bit too long on this one particular area. Still, it fascinated me. And I couldn't help but think of the nozzle on a beach ball which one blows into to inflate or let air out of the balloon. That's what this was. A nozzle Mrs. J used to inflate, pump, pump, pumping up this body to its otherworldly proportions.

I must have stayed a bit too long because as I looked over, I could see Jinni shooting me a slight ‘Do you mind...’ look out of the corner of her eyes. In the way that women with an overly large set of breasts may give one a look that said ‘My eyes are up here...’ and I quickly broke off my rubbing of the small, interesting bump and continued to oil Mrs. J’s muscles. Who seemed to forget about it and quickly returned to her warm smile.

I could now see the system was Lori to work her way from the base and me to work my way down, but with Jinni’s back, traps and shoulders so developed I was finding the simple act of applying the oil was taking longer. And I couldn’t believe that one person would have been able to do this. I had seen videos of this type of thing online and on YouTube, but I noticed they would only show a brief clip of the girls being oiled, and now I could see why. The entire process was involving and after being at it for what felt like 20 or so minutes the ligaments in my hand were beginning to ache merely from the density and lack of pliability of Mrs. Jones’ muscles, especially her shoulders and upper back was such that it was literally making my hands sore.

‘Girls! Twenty minutes! Twenty minutes until you are on stage!’ One of the show employees with a headset barked in passing, and I watched her go. She too showed signs of buffness in her capped shoulders, and the entire aspect of

being around these amazons was literally making my dick throb in a way I never thought possible.

“Lawrence, can you help me down here?” I heard Lori’s voice call as I looked away from the buff headset girl who had made her way past and looked down at Lori who was still working away, diligently at Jinni’s bulging quads. Her small hands traveling and gliding over the hard muscles that seemed, to shift, bulge and contract, each time Lori’s hands drifted over them.

“Sweetie, help Lori get the back of my legs and lower body, please...” Jinni said kindly, flipping her hair out of her way and looking over one of her thick traps and offering me a kind of subtle smile that seemed to emanate as much from her smoky blue eyes as her pink lips.

“Uh... Yeah... sure...” I said slowly and hesitantly pulling my hands away from Mrs. Jones thick columns of her lower back.

I bent slowly and joined Lori, kneeling on the floor. Lori had been working hard on the front parts of Mrs. J’s legs which left for me the back of her hamstrings and the tie-ins to her luscious bikini-clad glutes.

Hands shaking again. I covered my gloved hands with oil. I peered up for a moment and found Mrs. Jones looking

down on me. From that crouched vantage point and looking up, I could see the towering and curved muscle of her upper body and her capped shoulders and bikini-clad overhanged of her bulged pecs somewhat obscured her, but I soon saw her face come into view and again, gave me another warm smile, as if to say it's okay, and I couldn't help but notice the light from above in the room, and the fluorescents bathed her from behind giving her an almost otherworldly glow of radiance.

I slowly took my hands and at first found the small-connected area of Mrs. J's lower knees. The back ligaments and ran my hands along them, feeling the power that came from even that body part, but soon, and within moments they had been well oiled, and I knew my hands had to travel up. And then gliding along the back, the warm oil pooling slightly and beginning to glide under my gloves my hands then began to move, as if with a mind of their own, up and around taking in the bulged overhang of where the hamstrings interconnected to the knee.

I wouldn't be surprised if I let out an audible 'moan' as my hands caressed Mrs. Jones' hamstrings. Standing caused her to put a stress on them, and through no fault of her own, the muscles stood out hard and flexed. They felt, unlike anything I had ever felt on a human before. Hard as rocks and the thin layer of skin, which had been deprived of any fat by Jinni's long and arduous diet process glided

smoothly over them, like silk sheets, along WITH a view of every muscle fiber underneath.

My hand continued to work it's way up, first hitting the base and then quickly finding the peak of the muscles which, bulged and pushed away a matter of inches from her body at a such a remarkable angle that each time she subtly shifted her weight it appeared it may at any moment brush against me – or my face – which was mere inches from the hyper-developed leg muscle.

“We good...” I heard Mrs. J say and then step a few feet away, pulling me out of my muscle induced reverie. The issue was that we were getting dangerously close to stage time. Mrs. J took a small step and slowly rubbed in a last dollop of oil that I had missed on her lower thigh and then slid her finger along the back bulge of her lower bikini. Slipping it in-between her bulging striated glute and the satin fabric and slowly pushing a bit of the material that had slid out of place.

I GULPED hard as I notice the glute, acquiesce every so slightly under Mrs. J's finger and long pink nail and then quickly flex back into its gravity-defying shape, pushing up high and hard off the back of her developed hamstrings.

“Final pump up...” Jinni said leading me over to her stuff where she pulled out a small towel.

“Are you nervous?” I asked her.

“Oh my god. I’m shaking.” She said cupping her hand to the side of her mouth in style she used when she’d disclose small personal things to me.

“I’m nervous for you,” I said. We were on the side and slightly out of earshot of the other competitors as well as Lori who gathered up the last of our stuff. It was close and intimate and felt quiet and safe.

“Lawrence, don’t be nervous. This is supposed to be fun.” Jinni said and cleared a bit of the hair that had fallen along the side of my face. And then she did the same, to a bang of hers that had dropped onto her cheek. The act was oddly bonding, and I felt an intense closeness to her at that moment that was hard to explain. A connection, like we weren’t two people. We were one living organism tied together.

“Okay...” I finally said.

“And, here’s the thing. If I don’t do well.... Fuck it!” Jinni said loudly, and a few heads spun near us. She began to laugh at her own joke, and I started to laugh as well. It felt so good, like such a release and soon Lori joined us and probably looked at us a bit like, ‘What are you two laughing about?’ But that was Jinni’s magic. Her aura was so

intoxicating it left you feeling as if there was nobody outside of just her and you.

“Well we should go out there – they’ll start lining you guys up soon,” Lori said.

“Okay...” Jinni said and gave her bikini top one last tug.

“Go get em, girl,” Lori said and held up both of her hands in a high five gesture which Jinni reciprocated and then turned to me and I did the same. We all laughed a bit, and we wished Jinni good luck, and then I watched her join the line of competitors. Watching her amazing back disappear and head out towards the stage.

We made our way back to our seats and joined Uri and Bob who were waiting for us. Bob at that time had made his move away from the chips and was eating a giant hot dog.

As we rejoined them, he offered the hotdog to Lori.

“No, damnit Bob! I don’t want any hotdog...” She said dismissing the hotdog as he shrugged and began to chomp away on it.

Soon the lights went down, and the show started. The theme of the show was ‘God’s Of Old’ which seemed to both combined Greek myths, Roman Myths and just about

anything that had happened in the past and I couldn't help but wonder how many bodybuilding shows had used this theme before.

The show started with some muscular men dressed as gladiators carrying out a large chair which held the host. One of whom I recognized as the MC, a big beefy guys whose suit barely fit him. The other was the female MC Nicole Willis! The four-time Mrs. Olympia and just one of the all-time cutest muscle women in my mind. Nicole had short bobbed blonde hair and seemed to be the perfect representation of that wholesome, to die for a Midwestern girl. Only if that girl sported capped delts, a rowers back and sculpted quads that popped out from under her short black evening gown and bulged and shifted as she moved around the podium.

“Tonight! We are here to see the best in muscle, isn't that right Nicole?”

“Yes that's right Bruce, these guys and girls have worked hard. Give it up!” She said into the mic, and I couldn't help but notice that she was even shy and slightly awkward which just made her appear that much cuter in my mind.

The show started with the guys, and I couldn't help but feel slightly inadequate as these huge dudes pumped and posed on the stage. It was also somewhat awkward as I

didn't want to be seen starring at the huge bulked dudes in tiny posing briefs on stage so I mostly just tried to look around like I wasn't looking too hard.

Luckily soon the first of the girls then came out. The bikini girls in their tiny posing suits. It was an odd feeling to be able to not only publically gawk at these women but be encouraged too, and I noticed that the crowd screamed and yelled for their favorites.

After that where the fitness girls and then finally the lights dimmed and the Nicole and the other MC took the stage.

“Okay.... Now its time for the biggest of the big – “ The male MC said.

“That's right. These ladies aren't playing around. It's time for the Female Bodybuilders!” Nicole said as she cranked out a bicep flex, letting off what was actually a pretty colossal arm muscle. And I gasped as she did so in her dress, which to me there was almost nothing sexier than a muscle girl in elegant evening attire posing.

I was glad that it was time finally for the FBBs to get out on stage as I actually believed it or not getting kind of bored. It's hard to explain, but I was starting to get fatigued as ripped, hot muscle lady after muscle lady came out on stage.

I thought I had maybe hit my max, but as the first FBB took the stage, I instantly felt myself snap back to attention. The fitness figure and physique girls all looked amazing, but as the first girl trotted out in her posing suit, you could instantly see the difference in size and level of development. Despite being just one of the smaller girls and from the lightweight category the size difference was evident from the moment her routine started.

As girl after girl came out and posed, I looked over at Lori and Uri who were watching closely knowing full well that there would be girls that Jinni was to be judged against.

Finally, after some fantastic girls came out in the light and middleweight class, it was announced that it would be time for the heavyweights. The biggest girls, and with that announcement my heart began to pound faster. I looked over too at Lori and Uri who were watching now with increased attention. Bob couldn't seem to be bothered and had pulled out a box of red vines and returned to checking his phone.

My mouth nearly hit the floor as one of the first competitors was a personal favorite of mine; Helle Trevino. A woman who I knew had relocated from Denmark to the United States and had been training for years and had a good following on social media where she regularly posted her workouts.

Halle trotted out on stage in her glittering purple bikini and immediately the crowd fell into an awed hush. She was huge. Chief amongst her developments were her giant calves that seemed almost as big as her biceps. She began her routine moving with slow and controlled movements with each pose, and you could see the crowd was looking on in awe.

Uri shook his head. “She looks great. Look great...” He said perhaps growing nervous that Jinni was getting more competition than he expected.

“She really looks good,” Lori added under her breath. Watching someone like Lori regard these women was fascinating. I mean, she and these ladies on stage were conceivably from the same sex, but the girls on stage looked like they came from a different species than an average lady. Maybe that was why I found them so intoxicating they just appeared so superhuman. Anyway, it was interesting to watch someone like Lori, despite being so far from their insane builds, be able to appreciate the hard work they put in. The entire thing was making me wildly turned on.

And that didn't stop with the next contestant; Shanique Watkins. An African American girl who at only 24 was shooting through the ranks and considered the next up and coming BB star. She trotted out on stage in her tiny orange

bikini which I noticed how been cut in a way that was slightly different than the other women to show off both her amazing back development and glute development which was her trademark.

Shanique started off her posing very slow and sultry and spun around the stage showing real heart and finesse. It was like she had thought about every moment and was expressing it with real emotions. Watching her was odd. She was only a few years older than I and the evident passion she showed off was making me have a massive crush on her.

Shanique finished her routine with her crowning movement. A slow. Controlled split. Where she slowly dropped down onto the stage only using the incredible strength in her legs. Finishing with her body prone on the stage, the split causing the amazing, squaring up and bunching of her glutes to which the crowd literally GASPEd in unison then burst out into spontaneous applause. It was a kind of crazy thing, I had been at sporting events or performances where the crowd had burst into applause for a particular thing, but here they were openly applauding Shanique's body. I'm sure any straight man and woman in the place after her performance had to be rock hard.

To add to the limbic torture, just when I had thought the routine was over, Shanique managed to raise herself up off

the floor, using only the strength in her own legs! The crowd again burst into applause, and she bounced off stage. And I noticed as she did so, something I had seen on the other competitors. That each girl would slowly run a finger down along the back side of their suit, in between the fabric of the lower part of it and in between their glutes. It reset the material, but I found it so incredibly erotic and found a charge fire through my body each time one of the women did this.

“Very good... Very good... Very hard to beat...” Uri said again under his breath.

I had been waiting in anticipation for when Jinni would finally go on, but since there was no program, it was hard to tell. That, and I knew Jinni had a small plastic number #17 posted on her bikini, but since the competitors seemed to come out in random order, it was hard to tell precisely when they would get to her.

Finally, I saw Jinni in her purple glittery posing suit bounce out from the backstage area. She waved to the crowd, and I noticed that she was walking different, bouncing slowly on the balls of her feet. It gave her the impression of an energetic pep in her step, but I could also see, that not only did it make her walk a bit sexily, swaying her hips, but it had the added effect of causing her calves to bounce and flex to their full size with each step.

Jinni took the center of the stage, and I may be biased, but I thought she looked terrific. We had only seen her an hour or so before but she looked bigger, fuller, every part of her body looked fully round and pumped as if she had hooked a bicycle pump and pumped her already large muscles up with air. I know that when we left her backstage, she had undergone a process known as carbing-up, where the women gorged themselves on carbs, in Jinni's case she had two large bagels and then chased it with a sweet drink to bring out their full conditioning. I could see Jinni must have timed this perfectly as she looked near 3D in her musculature, and where some of the other competitors looked stringing, Jinni's golden skin covered her like silk. Moving and flowing with each movement.

There were murmurs in the crowd as she took center stage, no doubt brought on by how dialed in she looked.

"She looks good," Lori said.

"Looks really good," Uri added with the critical eye of a keen observer but still having to admit Jinni really seemed like she had pulled it off.

Jinni stood in the center of the stage. Her large pearly white smile plastered on her face and just the perfect amount of makeup to highlight her features underneath the harsh lights of the arena.

“I DON’T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT MY REPUTATION!” Joan Jett sang blaring out of the theater's PA system as Jinni began her posing routine. She started moving along the stage, bopping her head side to side with the music. Her hair had been gathered up on the top of her head in golden blonde ponytail which swung and shook as she nodded her head with the song. Occasionally as she spun around you could see the back end of the ponytail brush up against the wondrous thickness of her traps and feather against the bulging muscles of her scapula and rhomboids.

“A girl can do what she wants to do, and that's What I'm gonna do...” The song went.

As I watched Jinni’s routine, I noticed something else. Whereas Helle’s posing had been all hard flexing and Shanique’s was sensuous, Jinni was doing something different. She bopped along to the upbeat rhythm of the song – adding almost cheesy pin-up type poses whose unintended effect was also to showcase the muscle. Instead of flexing her triceps she bopped lightly on her toes and forced her arms down, and while flexing gave a cheesy Betty Boop ‘Who me?’ Pout with her face. The effect was so completely different and fun that the audience had no choice but to join in with it. And it was completely in line with Mrs. J’s personality, her sex appeal came almost completely from her innocence mixed with an ‘aw-shucks attitude.’ You could almost believe she’s the type of

woman who would be able to change her own tire and then by the time the tow truck guy came she'd have baked him a pie.

Lori was on her feet applauding loudly, and she signaled for me to get up.

“Come on! Go Jinni!” She yelled and nearly pulled me to my feet. I rose somewhat hesitantly. I wanted to show my support, but something inside of my body stopped me from cheering too loudly. I felt like if I did, I might lose control and somehow out myself as more than just a casual friend who showed up for support.

“Oh no... no... no... no... Not me... me... me...” the lyrics to the song went.

The song began to come to a close, and the crowd was cheering, and if I wanted to see the end of it at all, I had to stand. Which I did and began to join in, at first self-consciously.

Lori was going crazy “Come on Jinni!! Bring it home!” And then shot me a look that said, you better clap, which I did. At first slowly and then louder.

Jinni flowed and twisted around the stage entirely getting into it and offering knowing smiles and winks to the crowd.

Occasionally finding some guy going nuts and pointing to them and then doing a cute hair flip of her head. Literally, I wondered as I looked around, how you could not fall in love with this woman!

The song hit its last chorus and Jinni spun around showing her back to the crowd and extended her feet out past shoulder width and knelt down in a pose known as the 'scarab'. This was Jinni's closer, and its design was to, with the girl's knees bent at 90 degrees cause the glutes to fully flex while showcasing the width of the back in a rear bicep pose.

Jinni crunched down, and the entire back portion of her body rippled and locked into place, and you could feel the air go out of the auditorium as they quickly grew quiet then exploded into applause. Finally, to close, Jinni released the pose. Bounced to her feet and turned to the crowd. Her smile looked ready to burst off her face, and she did a small bow, waved and then bounced off the stage in the direction she came.

The crowd went nuts, and I even found myself cheering and clapping with a new kind of energy that felt like it was coming up through my body and exploding off my face.

"She nailed it! Nailed it!" Lori kept saying before turning to Uri who was nodding but offering a more critical

estimation. “She did very well. Very good and very hard to beat.” He finally said nodding his head.

I couldn’t believe how loudly I had cheered and I looked down at my hands which was red from clapping so much.

The next and last competitor was Paloma who took the stage and started her routine. The crowd and I as well gasped, Jinni looked big and impressive, but at over 3 inches taller Paloma was huge, and her muscles were big and thick, and she literally seemed to dominated the stage. Paloma’s routine was thatshe moved around commanding the stage and striking each pose with hard muscular flair.

Lori looked worried, and Uri shook his head too saying “She is tough. She will be tough to beat.”

###

There was a bit of a pause in the show, and we took a moment to walk around and circulate the halls.

“I think I have heartburn,” Bob said clutching his chest.

“Yeah, cause you ate everything that wasn’t nailed down.” Lori shot back before Bob headed off to see if he could find some Alka-Seltzer

Uri walked back over to our group. He had headed off for a bit to go and track down the judges and to talk to some of the other competitors in the show.

“Erh. She could break top 5. But maybe number 7.” He said reporting back.

“What? She looked amazing!” Lori said, and I too felt that Jinni was easily in the top three.

“Yes. But you have to understand there is politics here too at play, but 5 is good for her.” He said and made a point, I knew from Jinni’s past history that she was a good pro but had never finished in the top 5 in a show as big as the nationals.

Soon we were called back into the main hall was as it was time for –

“This is the posedown!” Nicole said holding the mic up to her cute face. The action making her prominent delt bulge significantly more than a normal females.

I had been charged up by the posing routines of the various girls – but had not psychologically prepared myself for what it would be like to have all ten beefy oiled up women on stage fighting, posing and flexing at the same time.

Things started off well enough with the girls posing politely, but within moments I could see Jinni aggressively head to the front of the stage – oh my god was she sexy! She stood stock still at the front point of the stage, grabbed the side of her posing suit and pulled them up while planting her feet out wide hitting a lat pose which showed off her X frame shape. The crowd ate it up!

“She’s going for it!” Lori said and jumped to her feet. “Go Jinni! Go Jinni!” The crowd began to chant, and I joined in.

Jinni was really taking it to Paloma who was the apparent front-runner. Every pose Paloma did. Jinni would mimic it. Doing it right in front of the big Venezuelan’s face. She was fearless. Double bicep? Jinni brought her arms up, meeting Paloma’s. Rear back. Jinni met her head on. Quad shake? Jinni did the same. Roiling her loose quad muscle then suddenly SNAPPING! Into a rock hard flex.

It was so aggressive, it was sexy. And soon the posedown had ended, and the two beefed-up women turned to each other smiling as good friends again, and Paloma leaned over hugging Jinni and engulfing her in her slicked back oiled muscles and pressed her hard against her chest. I let off a sigh and felt the sharp bulge and tingle of my pulsating balls grow heavier and heavier until they felt like they were filled with concrete.

The girls headed back to the back of the stage and held hands as the announcements of the placing were read off.

“She’ll be number six...” Uri said under his breath. Lori held her hands tight like she was praying.

Soon the top 10... then 9... then 8 competitors were read off... and Jinni stood still holding her relaxed pose clutching hands with Paloma. Each breath from her extraordinary physique causing her abs to bunch and flex slightly under the stages harsh lights.

Then competitors... 7... 6... 5 were read off. With Halle finishing in fifth place which the entire audience let off a loud boo, thinking she should have placed higher.

“She’s top 5!” Lori said excitedly as it began to dawn on us that Jinni was far exceeding expectations. Even Bob had looked up from his phone.

“In fourth place – competitor number 8... Shanique Watkins!” Shanique held up her arms high and smiled at the crowd as she took her trophy.

“Okay. Only three more spots.”

My heart was beating faster and faster with so much pride for Mrs. Jones up there as Jinni, Paloma and Margie, the last

three competitors all shuffled closer on the stage and held each other's hands tightly.

“And the third place trophy and a check for fifteen hundred dollars goes to...”

The MC let it hang there for a second as me, Lori and even Uri had joined hands nervously holding hands in anticipation of the announcement.

“Competitor number twelve... Margie M. Martin!” The crowd burst out into applause as we joined in as well so loud that we probably drowned them out –

“Which means...”

Next came Jinni’s name.

“Second place goes to Jennifer Halifax. Which means that first place and a check for ---“

But we didn’t care our section had cheered so loud. Paloma wound up winning, with Mrs. Jones finishing second. Better than anyone had thought she could do.

We stood on our feet yelling.

And I looked out on the stage. Mrs. Jones stood there. The lines shining down on her. Her muscles glowing under her thin layer of sweat and looked up and smiled with pride and held her second place trophy up high.

###

We had soon made our way down to the lobby and as we stepped off every head spun in our direction. I think the sheer extraordinariness of seeing a beautiful muscle woman like Mrs. Jones in such elegant and feminine attire was genuinely shocking for many of the people in the lobby. And you could literally feel the attention on our party as we climbed off the elevator and headed towards the exits.

Heads spun, and people looked at us as we walked past. We had again split off in our default groupings. Lori and Bob up ahead and me and Mrs. Jones picking up the rear. Jinni completely seemed to be unaware and ignored the commotion she was causing and mostly asked me about what I was going to order that night. But I noticed pretty much every guy looked at me in envy as I headed across the lobby arm and arm with my buffed date for the evening.

###

We took an Uber to the restaurant and as we waited outside for the car to arrive a bit of wind picked up.

“Brrr... Cold...” Jinni said shivering, and she backed up into me a bit for warmth. “Could you, Lawrence?” She asked indicating the light silk wrap she had brought to keep her warm for the evening. And I took it from her and draped it over her shoulders. She turned and mouthed “Thank you...” to me. It seemed like just these small acts had the effect of forging our bond even closer.

“You wouldn’t be so cold if you wore more clothes,” Bob said.

“Bob! She looks gorgeous!” Lori said coming to her friend’s defense.

“Thank you, Lori,” Jinni said, and I noticed that the act of backing up into me slightly for warmth had caused a bit of the back of Jinni’s stretch tight dress and her glutes to brush up against my crotch, rubbing in their fabric encased prison momentarily against the fly of my pants before stepping away from me as the car finally arrived.

###

The car ride over was, and of course, the driver had commented on Mrs. Jones’ arms which prompted an

impromptu pose off where the driver compared his rather okay arm to Mrs. Jones. But it was interesting on close inspection although the driver seemed to equal her in size Mrs. Jones arms contained a level of development and rippedness that put a normal person's arms to shame. The arms were similar in size, but just a quick glance could differentiate Mrs. Jones' pro-level development from the cab drivers amateur lifters bulk. As Jinni slowly brought her arms up in a flex you could see the immense, head and peak of the biceps stretch the skin and the small muscle fibers dance under the surface, while on the lower part of the arm, Mrs. Jones' phonebook sized triceps layered the arm with added depth and breadth the driver just couldn't compete with.

On the ride over Bob had climbed in the front seat which meant Mrs. Jones, Lori and I had squeezed in the back.

"All in..." The driver asked before pulling away, and I had accidentally climbed in before Jinni, which meant I was jammed up in the middle seat, pinned between Lori and her soft sweater, and Mrs. Jones' bulging back which was now situated mere inches from me in the compact car.

###

Within what felt like a pretty quick amount of time the car arrived at J & J Steakhouse, which was only a few miles away from the convention.

“Jennifer... Can I get your autograph...” The driver asked rather cutely and handed Jinni a pen and piece of paper for her to sign, which I noticed that she did, adding in her looping curved feminine signature followed about a small little illustration of a flexed bicep which I thought was cute.

And exiting the car Jinni and the driver agreed to follow each other on social media.

Heading into the restaurant the place was packed, and a jazz band was playing some familiar music on the far side of the restaurant.

“You ever been here before?” Jinni asked taking my arm in hers as the hostess led us to the tables.

It had of course gone without saying, but the moment we stepped out of the car nearly every head had spun in Jinni’s direction to do a double take.. and as we walked in past the line of people without reservations waiting in the chilled night I noticed people’s eyes follow Jinni’s spectacularly shaped body whose dressed moved and flowed with each of her bulging movements.

The same effect had followed us into the restaurant as, as we made our way in between tables, I could see men look up and suddenly lose their train of thought as Jinni passed. In the distance I saw two women, about Jinni's age, sitting and drinking martinis, they immediately, as if sensing some sort of threat was in their presence of their ability to attract wealthy men, landed their eyes on Jinni and then went slack-jawed as it was evident that the buffed, bronzed soccer mom in the skin tight strapless mini dress and the glistening smoky blue eyes was going to be the topic of conversation for the night.

Even the hostess, a pretty young blonde girl, I noticed had added an extra pep in her step to seat us and continuously looked back at Jinni and me.

"I'm sorry ma'am I have to ask, are you a bodybuilder?" She said finally getting up the nerve.

"Yes. I competed tonight." Jinni said sweetly, slowing down her pace just a bit to fully engage with the younger woman.

"I don't know what the other women looked like, but I'm sure you must have wiped the stage with them." She said offering Jinni a big smile.

“She came in second place!” Lori said proudly of her friend. And Jinni nodded, and nervously brushed a few of the locks of her hair which had crested into her traps.

“Well, I don’t doubt it.... You look amazing.” The hostess said with a squeal and quickly bounced off to help another table.

We had taken a seat and I cracked a menu and looked at the prices and have to say I was incredibly relieved that Jinni had revealed to me in confidence she was paying for the meal as I was sure that ordering even that cheapest appetizer which was an \$18 salad would have knocked me off my food budget and forced me to eat ramen noodles for the next week and a half!

“Have you ever eaten at a steakhouse?” Jinni asked as Lori and Bob looked over the menu together.

“I think I have but ...”

“Not one like this?” Jinni asked. She had leaned in close, and the bulged side of her capped shoulder was brushing against mine, even though she seemed at least a body length or so away, and I guess just the sheer width of her upper body closed the gapped.

“Okay, so they age the steaks here which means they’ll bring ‘em out on a cart.” She said, and I noticed she was cupping her hand to the side of her mouth like she was telling me a secret. I think she was doing this as not to expose my naiveté to Bob and Lori and I nodded along, once again embracing the conspiratorial bond I felt had been fostered between us.

“So when they bring out the steaks, just pretend and ‘oh’ and ‘awe’ like it’s a big deal... It’s just.... A part... of the show...” She said again in a low whisper and shot me a wink. “Now what kind of steak do you like?”

I told her I wasn’t sure and Mrs. J subtly took her pinky finger and pointed down to the bottom base of the menu pointing out one of the steaks in particular that I should order. I don’t think I fully grasped what she was doing, but today with some distance, I could see she was helping to advise me, to protect me. By advising me on what steak to order without saying it in front of Bob and Lori to save me the embarrassment of seeming like I was just imitating what she had picked for me to order.

Throughout the night a steady group of well-wishers and gawkers would make their way over to the table for a photo opp with Jinni. Since the restaurant was close to the convention center a lot of audience members from the

show were in attendance and they, of course, wanted their photo taken with the new number 2 in the world!

But what was also surprising was the hubbub would bring over the other patrons in the restaurant. A family of four that wanted a shot of Mrs. J in the middle cranking out a double bicep pose. One incident involved a bachelor party, and as Mrs. J posed in the middle of 8 profoundly drunk and charged up 20 year olds I was genuinely concerned she was going to get clubbed on the head as they violently pushed prodded her to get her in the center of the picture, but throughout it all Jinni seemed to take it all in stride. And I was frankly wondering how she dealt with it as we seemed to be interrupted every few minutes with another photo request, which Jinni would gratefully rise and pose for, talk for a few moments and make each person feel as if they had been a particular special occasion in her entire night.

The meal was spectacular, and I knew that since the moment the waiter came over to take our initial orders we were in for an 'interesting evening.' The waiter was an older gentleman, maybe in his late 40s (but I guess that was Jinni's age and she didn't seem older, so it's all just a number.) And he seemed to be thrown as he first laid eyes on Jinni who was sitting in the back of the booth and with her scarf off had exposed the top sheaf of her bulging shoulders and especially traps to the world...

“Hello and welcome to er...” The waiter trailed off as I, and I think the rest of the table, could see him first realize precisely the build of the woman he would be waiting on for the rest of the evening. Lori snickered a bit, and I looked over to Jinni, who seemed to meet the poor befuddled fellow's confusion only with warm kindness.

“I-uh.... Welcome to JJ’s Steakhouse. Have you dined with us before?” He finally managed to say, spitting out the pre-rehearsed schpeal he had no doubt delivered a dozen times that night, just not to a woman whose exposed traps resembled Christmas hams grafted under her skin.

“We all have, but it’s Lawrence first time.” Jinni said back maintaining eye contact with our waiter whose name tag I could now see said ‘Fred.’

“Oh, first timer...” Fred said barely taking his eyes off Mrs. J’s direction, and I couldn’t help but feel the temperature in the room seemed to shoot up multiples as I could see Jinni was lightly fondling the small, gold necklace then usually rested in her layered chest area.

I noticed Fred’s Adam’s apple bobbed uncontrollably as his eyes remained transfixed on the small piece of golden jewelry whose action of being played with was catching the light of the glinting candle at our table while slowly

reflecting its warm glow against the fluttering pec fibers which were readably apparent under Jinni's glistening skin.

"I'll give you a few moments to get aquatinted with the menu and then come back and take your order," Fred said finally managing to pull himself away from Mrs. J's dancing necklace charm and onto what was surely the just as enchanting charms of her eyes. "Can I get you anything while you are deciding?"

"I'll take the biggest margarita you feel comfortable making... and do you still serve bread?" Mrs. J asked.

"Bread and booze for the lady," Fred said before dancing away from the table with a hop in his step.

Once he was gone. Lori shot Jinni a mischievous look.

"What..." Jinni said defensively still playing with her necklace and gave a Lori a sly glance. Both women quickly broke out into laughter.

"What?" Said Bob finally looking up from the menu. "Does this place have hot wings?" He asked quickly returning his gaze to the menu.

###

“I’m literally stuffed...” Jinni said patting her stomach which had bulged out slightly and caused her deep cut abs to press out against the tight fabric of her dress as we climbed out of the car and headed back into the lobby of the hotel.

We had just unloaded from the car ride from the steakhouse and arrived back at the hotel. The food was terrific, and Mrs. Jones and I had put it away, both eating a giant steak. I had no idea where the lady put it, but actually looking at her rock hard muscular body, I could clearly see

—

Throughout the evening Mrs. J had also ordered a bunch of large margaritas, jokingly telling the waiter ‘When you see this one get low, you bring the next.’ Each time the waiter would step away, Jinni was discreetly angle the straw towards me, indicating for me to take a sip, which I would pull off the straw and sucking in the sweet tequila laced beverage.

As we all stumbled into the hotel, I couldn’t help feel a warm, good vibe amongst everyone. Even Bob seemed to have finally loosened up and put away his phone.

We took a seat at the bar, and Mrs. Jones excused herself for a brief moment to use the ladies room.

I was watching her lycra-clad hourglass figure of muscle, which just a few hours before had been posed and flexed on stage in a tiny bikini, disappear across the hotel lobby as Lori leaned in next to me ---

‘What’s your intentions with my friend?’ she asked leaning into my ear.

I was a bit taken aback by the question and noticed Bob had looked away or at least pretended to look elsewhere and return to his phone. His demeanor communicating ‘you’re on your own with this one.’

I began to stammer out ‘I- I don’t really understand...’

‘Oh come on Lawrence.’ Lori said with a dismissive hand. ‘I’ve known Jinni for over fifteen years. Let me put it to you this way... When a woman has reached a certain age. Had kids. Did her part as a wife. She wants to have what she wants. She wants to live for herself. And only a fool couldn’t see you two have some kind of connection.’

It was an odd thing to hear said out loud, especially by someone who knew Jinni so well. But it was also something I couldn’t be in denial of. Ever since I had befriended Mrs. Jones by my acquaintance with Sebastian, I couldn’t help but feel something had continually pulled us together, as if by fate.

Back where I had grown up there was a term; 'Kindred.' It's an old Southern term that had meant a kind of deeper, inexplicable connection. It wasn't so much 'love' as the idea that somewhere in the world there was a person waiting for you who understood you in a way that you didn't even understand yourself. Maybe that was why Mrs. Jones had come back into my life?

"All I'm saying is, you hurt her at all she's been through.... And you'll have me to deal with," Lori said pointing at herself sternly. The idea that Mrs. Jones with her bulging muscles could ever be hurt seemed ridiculous to me, but for the first time I became aware of her emotionally as a person, and hearing her friend stick up for her just made my feelings even more real.

"What are you all talking about?" I heard Jinni said as she made her way back to the table.

"Just you... and how amazing you are." Lori said covering the last part of our conversation as Jinni took her seat next to me.

"Oh little old me..." Jinni said in a joking Southern Belle accent and batted her eyelashes. It was meant to be a joke, but Jinni had an incredible way of making even her own self-deprecation feel incredibly charming.

“We’re also talking about how if we don’t head out we’re going to hit traffic. Isn’t that right Bob?” Lori said and slid off her stool and gathered up her stuff.

“Yup.... Yup.” Bob said and took a handful of nuts from the bowl on the bar.

“You sure? It’s only eight? Have another drink.” Jinni said and rose a bit from her chair and headed towards the bar.

“No. You, two young people, enjoy the night. I’m so proud of you.” Lori said and made her way over to the muscle woman, giving her a hug on Mrs. Jones’ thick build.

“Okay. I never could do this without you, sweetie. You know that?” Jinni said holding Lori’s arms in her hands before giving her another hug.

“And you too Bob,” Jinni said before making her way over to Bob to give him a hug, which I noticed he pulled back a bit, which to me was odd. It seemed any man or woman would savor the opportunity to take in and be close to Mrs. J’s muscles, but it really looks as if Bob was utterly indifferent to Jinni’s bodybuilt-bulk, and actually slightly put off by it.

As the two women continued to say goodbye and make plans to meet up, Bob leaned in to shake my hand –

“Good meeting you.” He then pulled me in closer and whispered something I’m not exactly sure what he meant to this day. “You get a chance to drive a Ferrari.... You don’t go back to driving a Ford.” And then pulled away giving me a pat on the back and then headed out.

With Lori and Bob gone Mrs. Jones and I sat there on the stool for a little bit. It was suddenly so quiet.

“Did you like the show?” She asked.

“It was really cool,” I said and then dumbly realized how bad I was a conversation and that I needed to ask her questions as well. “Are you happy with your placing?” I asked.

Mrs. J made a nose-wrinkling face as if she was thinking long and hard about it. It was both incredibly dorky, but in the candlelight of the table and with her tan and her makeup, it also looked incredibly sexy.

“I think I am. I want to do better you always want to do your best, but Paloma is really something.” Mrs. J said and took another pull of her marg straw which I noticed left the lingering impression of her pink lipstick on the straw.

“She really is..” I said, and then Mrs. J shot me a look, which I couldn’t tell if it was a surprise or her feeling

threatened. “All the girls looked great... You looked great” I said trying my best now to pull it back, but in some ways feeling like I had stepped in it even more.

“Oh wow, Lawrence. You’ll make quite the politician someday.” Jinni said making a joke, and we both started laughing

A moment of silence lingered between us—

“Hey, Lawrence... I’ve got an idea. I want to show you what Lady Bodybuilders really look forward to after their competition.” She said smiling at me. Her dazzling blue eyes flickering in the candlelight.

###

“Now come on Lawrence, I’m going to show you what Lady Bodybuilders look forward to the most of after their competition.” I loved that she called them ‘Lady Bodybuilders’ it sounded so feminine yet powerful and pushed me even closer to the brink than I already was.

With a ding we had found our floor and stepped off the elevator, my pulse was racing and could literally feel my heart beating out of my chest as I followed Mrs. J down the carpet covered halls to her room.

She was a few steps in front of me and I took long, lingering glances, at the way the sway of her hips and how her muscular legs pumped and flexed in her high heels with each step she took, the outer part of the front of her built up thigh muscles even becoming visible from behind as they flexed outward as she walked the carpet.

We had maintained conversation throughout most of the elevator ride, I think talking about the show, although I don't remember. My heart was in my throat, and I felt like I might throw up butterflies at any moment.

“Here we are....” Said Jinni stopping out the door and digging out the key card for the room from her purse.

She popped the door open, and I walked in, relieved to be hit with the cold blast of the rooms running air conditioning which helped cool me from the sweat that was building under my shirt.

“I like this room... It's very cool.” I said, trying not to be flustered and taking in the room which was now filled with the glowing light coming in from outside the large 180-degree windows which looked over the convention center which was still pulsing with people from the shows after party.

“Oh yeah... It’s pretty sweet.” Said Mrs. J taking it in as if she had seen it for the first time. “They said they had a suite open and I said... Cool. I’ll take it.” As if renting a room that grand was no big deal. Which I guess in her world, it wasn’t.

“Listen. You take a seat and take a load off. It’s been a long day.” She said plopping me down on one of the stools surrounding the kitchenette’s counter.

“I’m going to just...”

Just going to what? But I had missed the end of what she said, and before I knew it I looked around, and Mrs. J had headed off to her bedroom.

I sat there. Desperately trying to catch my breath. To figure out what was I was doing there in that room. Part of me told me to run to the door. Some mistake had been made. But another, more authentic, deeper part of me told me to stay. That if I left I’d always regret it.

‘Okay. So... they send me all these dumb suits called micro teenies to wear for photo shoots... it’s literally like stuffing your body into a piece of dental floss but – “

I could hear Mrs. J moving around in the other room of the suite. There was a bit of clunking as she did what I could

surmise, was kick off her heels and then pull open a drawer as she continued to talk through the separation of the doors between the rooms.

“They are honestly the most uncomfortable things to wear but... people seem to love them so...” I could hear her say as I listened to another drawer slide open then shut and then what sounded like the zipping and unzipping of a duffle bag.

“Ah... let us see, they sent me this heavy metal thingee, a construction themed one... oh and my personal fav 50’s housewife but... oh, let's try this...”

As Mrs. Jones trotted out of the bedroom in her 5-inch heels my mouth hit the floor for what was probably the 40th time that evening. Standing there, a bit of the golden light of the bedroom illuminating her from behind, Mrs. Jones looked like an honest to god superhero come to life. And not just one of the girl hero’s like Storm, or Phoenix who were usually depicted with long, lean limbs and bulging voluptuous breasts. No, cast in a bit of shadow Mrs. J looked like she could take on Wolverine and give him a fair fight.

She looked huge, and my eyes were first drawn to her massive rounded shoulders and then up to her bulbous traps around which the tiny string of the micro teeny sat

clenched between the muscle meat of what would have been her clavicle and her neck. Her trademark thin, stringed golden necklace dangling loosely and occasionally bunching into the crevice of her thick pecs, swinging a bit, but eventually hitting the muscle meat each bulging breast as it came to sit in the middle of her chest. And man... her chest looked amazing, she was contest dry, and the alcohol and meal we had just eaten hadn't hit her metabolism yet. Everything looked dry with the grainy fibers of the rippled muscle seeming to dance and catch the light every so often and I noticed that the tiny top of the bikini seem to capture the small point of where her breasts would be which had a slight drop to them, the last remains of her female breasts which had been worked away over years of heavy lifting.

Although she was a smaller woman, in heels, and in that moment with her glorious body revealed to me in just the barest minimum of clothes her presence was so overwhelming that I actually felt a bit scared. A growing sense of just how powerful her muscles indeed were creeping through my system.

'What do ya' think...' Mrs. J said holding her arms out to the side a bit to display her torso. The suit was teeny, tiny at the bottom and primarily just consisted of the small threads and a minuscule triangle of fabric barely big enough to contain her sex.

Mrs. J's tight stomach fluttered in and out with each breath, and I noticed the veins and flexes of her cubed stomach muscles ripple and contract under her breathing as she stood, holding her arms out. Her thighs too bunched and flexed as she turned to display the suit to me in the light of the kitchen, and I noticed from my slight raised vantage point on the kitchen area stool how thick the top of the area that connected them to her hips were.

The suit had been designed in the style of a 'cheerleader outfit' and seemed as it had been styled a bit after the Britney Spears 'Hit Me Baby One More Time' video. Only so minimally that I had no doubt you could fit the entire suit into a lipstick case.

"It even comes with these little pom-poms." Mrs. J said pulling out a set of somewhat cheap looking plastic pom-poms. The top portion of the suit being a tiny white fitting which looked somewhat like a tied of shirt top, just barely big enough to contain Jinni's muscle engorge pec cleavage. While the bottom was merely a triangle of grey scarcely big enough to contain her sex, with a small bit of fabric bunting around the dental floss thin strap, which was meant to bring to mind the idea of a cheerleader's short skirt.

"Go! Team!" Jinni said doing a sort of tongue in cheek cheer with the pom poms that had come with the outfit before placing them down.

I smiled and clapped, and Jinni shrugged putting down the pom-poms and then came dangerously close to me. Her tanned, pumped up body near inches from me as I sat on the kitchen stool.

“And now... Let's do it... As promised the thing lady bodybuilders look forward to most.... after months of contest prep. Hard dieting and hours of training...” Jinni said as she trotted away from me and.... Over to the fridge in the suite giving me a view of her sweeping backside and lower body.

“Well, almost the thing we look forward to the most...” She said with a mischievous gleam in her eye and popped open the fridge. As she opened the door I saw a surge fire across the side of her lat, and the light from inside illuminate her bringing into view the deep valleys, ridges, and veins that surged across her built back. And at the same time my eye took in her lower body, clad only in the tiny bikini fabric, her glutes pushing up high and hard away from her body and a bit of the light from the fridge illuminating the dimples on her squared off ripped muscle cheeks as well as the striated fibers that fired under her thin skin.

“Homemade chocolate cake!!” Mrs. J said trotting back to the kitchen island counter and delivering a cake plate containing a brown chocolate layer cake under a cellophane wrapping...

“You ever have a chocolate cake made by the number two ranked female bodybuilder in the world?” Mrs. J asked chiding me.

I shook my head indicating that I had not, and Mrs. J laughed and brought out a knife from the drawer under the kitchen counter island.

“What did you think of the show?” She asked as she began to cut the cake up in slices.

“I loved it. It was so much fun.” I said eagerly.

“And what was your favorite part?” Mrs. J asked raising her arched eyebrow up as she took a large piece of the cake off and put it on the plate.

“Paloma of course,” I said and then laughed knowing full well I was teasing Mrs. J slight.

“I’m not sure I like you anymore Lawrence.” Mrs. J said laughing and then slowly putting the piece of cut chocolate cake in front of me.

“She is pretty amazing though. I am so jealous of her lower body.” She said and then took a large slice of cake for herself and sat next to me.

I slowly took a piece of the cake on my fork and ate it. It was moist and delicious.

“Good, right?” Jinni asked as she took a small piece of cake on her fork and ate it. I saw her eyes roll back in her head as if processing the deliciousness of the cake after so many months of self-deprivation.

For a few moments, we ate the cake in silence. Savoring its rich sweetness.

“Oh my god!!” Mrs. J suddenly cried out “We need milk!” And she hopped off the seat and trotted across the kitchenette area to the fridge giving me another shot of her muscle powered lower body in the minuscule outfit.

“You just can’t have chocolate cake without milk. That should be illegal.”

I laughed and agreed, and she took two of the glass tumblers out of the cabinet and filled them with the thick creamy white milk.

I took a bite and this time chased it with the milk and looked at Mrs. J she was doing the same, and we both simultaneously nodded and smiled.

“So good...” She said in between bites of the cake.

“Yeah... so good...” I said back and then kicked myself for realizing I had basically just said exactly what she had said to me.

We ate our cake in silence again, and I swallowed hard tasting the soft, moist cake, which felt so rewarding after the long day. I could hear Mrs. J’s teeth occasionally touch the spoon and then take a sip of milk. We sat there for a moment and then finally Jinni turned to me –

“I bet Paloma doesn’t make a chocolate cake like this.”

“I bet she doesn’t,” I said smiling back.

“And I bet Paloma doesn’t have arms like these...” Jinni said bringing her arms into a hard flex a few inches from my face.

For a beat, I sat there. Unsure what to do and I caught Jinni’s eyes... Her look was so multilayered it seemed to say ‘Go ahead touch them. I worked hard on them. And you worked hard today to...’ it was like she was presenting them as her gift to me.

And once she nodded, I felt my hands uncontrollably shoot out from my body and reached for the capped peaks of her biceps. Running my hands over their hardness and finally taking her right bicep in both my hands and squeezing it as

I took in the thickness of both its peak and curving stretch of the bulging tricep underneath.

My eyes quickly fluttered to Mrs. J's face as if to say that I was sorry for what I had just done, but looking at her face in the warm glow of the kitchen she only smiled at me as if to say it's okay.

And then, without saying a word, she lowered her arms and did something that would change both our lives forever...

She took her fork and dragged it in a bit of the chocolate frosting and scooped it up pulled the icing, smearing it across the ridged vein peaked of her biceps. Spreading it along the bulged mountainous top.

I looked to her, and her eyes again said, "Go ahead..."

And then like that, I found myself leaning forward, Mrs. J's volcanic bicep peak in my mouth. My tongue exploring it, the thin skin moving underneath it and my tongue able to feel the muscle fibers below. I took in the cake, sucking in its sticky sweetness off the muscle cap –

I began to stammer "I—I'm so sorry I don't know what came over me..." But Mrs. J gave me a smile 'shh..' she indicated placing her finger against her lip and again smiled

in such a way that communicated everything was going to be okay.

She again picked up the fork and again topped it off with frosting and then, this time with the hand that wasn't holding the fork, slightly pulled aside some of the bikini top exposing the center of her pec and the lower area of the bottom of her breast, while still keeping her nipple hidden in the tiny cups of the fabric. She then slowly and with a knowing smirk spread the frosting into the crease of her pec.

I lunged for it again. My tongue now finding the jagged space in-between her two breast muscles and tracing it. Feeling the cragging edges of the muscle tissue. Mrs. J pumped her hands and arms subtly, causing the breast and pec to bulge slightly as my mouth sucked off the last of the frosting.

Mrs. J slowly repositioned her bikini top and then reached over and passed me my glass of milk.

“Here...” She said offering me the milk, her voice now both low and rooted in a way that communicated softness, power, and confidence all in its breathy cadence.

She tilted the milk to my lips, and I slurped it greedily, feeling the crisp taste of the milk felt so refreshing and

cleared my palate. Then, slowly and gently she dabbed a bit of the remaining droplets of liquid off the side of my mouth with a napkin.

I again wanted to protest, but at the point, Mrs. J had stood up and offered the next body part of hers to me. Her crisp bulging abs, which she spread the chocolate frosting across.... Then sucked in her stomach, contracting incredibly tightly and causing the mounds of molded abs to pop, flex and contract under her skin.

I sucked away greedily, feeling the paperskin thin that covered her hard cobbled abs move and pull as I sucked away.

Jinni then pulled back slightly and I wondered if the entire thing was ending but ---

For the piece d-resistance of the entire show, Mrs. J sultrily made her way over to the plate. I couldn't help but notice that she did so she seemed to sway her hips a bit as if getting into it more.

She then scooped the last bit of the chocolate off her plate brought it up and stood there for a moment –

“Now... is this something you could see Paloma letting you do...”

I shook my head, both now a bit scared and enthused at the proceedings.

Jinni then came around in front of me and spun my kitchen stool slightly, so I was facing her. From behind she was hollowed by the light of the kitchen light overhead and her body silhouetted by the light that was coming it from the outside.

She leaned forward. Her face inches from mine a smile crossed her pretty face and her eyebrow arched up on her golden brown forehead.

She then first brought her arm down hard in a tri-flex and, with great care extended her right leg behind her, causing the side of her glute, both to POP, then finally flex up pushing up high and hard against the lower portion of her thonged panties. The extended leg flex caused the glute muscle first to flex into ridges of tissue, and the side dimple muscle of where her lower leg connected to her hip pushing and then finally squaring up into a chiseled, ledge-like bulge that stood off her lower body. Jinni held the flex for a mere moment, and I could see the lines of striations that ran parallel along the length of the brown bulged muscle, and I watched as they appeared and looked a bit like lines of corduroy bristling under the skin.

She then, continued to hold her flex, and brought the fork down grazing it along the side of her glute and using the squared up edge to clean the fork of its remaining frosting.

My eyes found her eyes again and traced their sight line down to her ridged up clenched glute cheek, and she offered up another charming look that said 'Go ahead. Sample.'

And I lunged forward, my mouth finding first the top ridged shelf of the muscle. Sucking hard I felt the rice paper thin skin move around a bit over the fibers of her warm muscle as my tongue hungrily sucked on its surface. The tip of my tongue having to dig in slightly and as I worked to get the remaining frosting, the wedges and crevices caused by the bulging fibrous muscle underneath.

With the last of the cake gone Mrs. J finally popped up from flexed hold and used a bit of the discarded napkin on the table to clean off the rounded surface of her jutting butt muscle of the remaining frosting.

And then once again brought the glass of milk up to my lips and tipped it forward for me to sip.

"Now..." She said, raising herself up on her heels "Have you ever eaten chocolate cake off a woman with 3.7 percent body fat before..." and then brushed the last of the cake

and milk off from my mouth with great care. It sounded less like a brag coming from her and more like a statement of fact.

“I—“ I again tried to protest. To say I was sorry. That I had made a mistake but...

“Shh... “ Mrs. Jones whispered to me placing her finger against her lip.

She then, slowly, and balancing her bulk elegantly on her heels – knelt down, crouching in between my legs.

I looked down at her and she gave me so such a warm, kind smile – the kind of smile that seemed to come more from some deeper place inside of her – that I suddenly felt I was instantly accepted. Instantly seen. That I would never have to hide myself or who I was again and that everything I had ever done that was wrong was being forgiven at this moment and I was being wrapped in an infinite pool of understanding and warmth.

In fact, I now felt as if the entire room had gone warm, and that the cold air conditioning that had been running in the room for most of the night had been replaced with a warm, steady blowing of air that filled the room and made it feel like a cocoon of safety wrapping me in its warming embrace. The sound of the cars and the streets outside as

the convention center still hung in the distance, but in this room now it felt as if Mrs. Jones and I were the only two people alive.

Within moments Jinni working from her crouched position had slid the pair of khaki pants I was wearing that night down halfway in between my thighs. And then with her firm grip slid her hands under me, and hoisted me up and then readjusted me slightly on the stool... and then quickly and adeptly whipped my cock out of my boxer shorts...

Unsheathed from its fabric prison my cock sprung quickly to life, growing into its full rock hardness within mere moments of being exposed to the warm night air.

I looked down at Mrs. Jones imploringly; I think half checking to make sure she was doing okay, and half making sure what was happening to me was actually happening – But each time I gazed down I met her eyes which seemed to be saying “It’s okay Lawrence. Just relax. Just relax.”

Soon I felt Mrs. Jones hand ease over my thigh, moving up slowly and then encompass my cock in its grasp. She squeezed it slightly. Milking it. Putting a small bit of force as her dainty hand covered my manhood.

It was hard to explain, but I could tell the pressure she was putting on with each aching squeeze was minimal... but

still... as if my dick was connected deep into her grasp I perhaps sensed intuitively that she was holding back. Despite the strong grip, I could tell there was so much more power there... she was holding back... and my knowledge of her deep, unexplored reservoirs of strength - - just the mere potential of what she was capable of doing to me - sent ripples of fear, excitement, and adrenalin all down and coursing through my body.

My dick responded in kind, jump-jump-jumping, flexing and quivering under her grasp as I felt it thrust and grow harder than I ever thought possible. The feeling of the blood rushing to it now, quick and fast made it feel as if the skin on it might burst open at any moment –

Mrs. J ran her hand over the tip of my throbbing manhood, briefly cupping it in her small hand as my rock hard cock continued to quiver and shake the head now ozzing the pre-cum which had been stored all day by the show and the presence of girls and the nearness of my ultimate muscle crush; Mrs. Jones, who was crouched in-between my legs slowly maneuvering my manhood up and down, softly in her manicured hands.

Mrs. J worked spreading the smooth milky pre-cum up my shaft, and I could feel her small hands, a bit of the callused and meat of the palms which had been strengthened by hours of hoisting ridiculously heavy weights. Powerful

hands felt rough for a moment on the shaft of my dick, but soon smoothed under the jizz which was oozing from my pulsating shaft in long steady streams –

I gasped – and I'm sure Mrs. J loved the effect she had on me, as she held my unguarded member in her powerful grip, my hips began to buck, and I gasped slightly pushing myself close to my edge, but still holding myself back as I didn't want the eternal torture to end.

I grasped the stool tight and roiled my head back and then... I felt then Mrs. Jones take my shaft into her soft, moist mouth –

I will tell you now – I had, had a few blow jobs from Lizzie and a couple of other girls in high school, but nothing could compare to the experience of what a mature woman could do, fellas. And why not, Jinni had nearly 2 decades of being married to perfect her technique and perfect it. And perfect it she had...

And even here thinking back on it, now I could still feel it. How she'd work the underside of my shaft with her soft tongue - in... and out... gliding it up and down, occasionally dragging it just slightly with a bit of friction over her small lower teeth... and then in ever so slowly... the aching pulsating shaft meeting the inner warmth of her mouth –

In...

And out...

Over and over... until I was right on the edge and then... as if with a sixth sense she would pull back... right as I was the on edge... With a light slurp, gently removing her lips from the shaft and occasionally brushing the underside of my engorged balls with the outside of her hand and then starting up the slow, prolonged torture all over again as....

I would occasionally look down at her, crouched in-between my legs, the brown granite muscle mass of her bowling ball delts, and traps... the pumped tanned fibers of her vein encrusted forearms and biceps on her short, but pumped arms, working, flexing away all working now to pump my shaft... to pleasure me...

It was the most mind-blowing feeling ever to watch those arms... those biceps which I'd seen on Inst@gram and Youtube, cranking out hammer curls with 50lb dumbbells with the ease of lifting feathers.... Those shoulders which were capable of repping away at the military press rack with 45 lb plates on both sides of the bench press bar... cranking out set after set with ease... all now holding my cock, the most delicate part of my body with such softness and tenderness. All while knowing that any moment, if the

tide had turned, or if she had been so willing, what she could have quickly done to me or my manhood.

But it wasn't her strength she was expressing now... it was something else...

Each time my gaze lingered down there for a more than a moment, Mrs. Jones would look up as if sensing my eyes on her... and with my cock still in her mouth give me that look of infinite warmth and kindness. That look that said everything was going to be okay –

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity – My body convulsed... Shooting what was no doubt the most powerful load I had ever blown out of my rock hard dick –

Mrs. J's jaw muscles tightened taking in the load and then swallowed –

I sat there taking everything in... Mrs. J sat, my dick, still hard in her mouth. She finally gave it one last suck, clearing the remaining cum off and then pushed herself up, standing between my still prostrated legs.

She clicked off her heels and stood there now, just in her bare feet - right at my eye line... and stared at me, with the biggest grin on her face. Less mockery and more 'What a good girl am I...'

I sat stock still, and she looked at me deep in my eyes, my still rock hard dick quivering and brushing slightly against her exposed brick abs which were flexing and contracting as she caught her breath. She leaned in and bent her arms resting her elbows on my exposed thighs, and turning her arms, doubled her muscle thickness as her peaked biceps pressed into her engorged forearms which were still snaking with veins from the effort they had just put forth and leaned in close. She then then leaned forward and, looking at me, dug her elbows deep into the top part of my thighs. I could tell she was putting a good amount of her dense, contest ready muscles and resting her weight on them. The point was somewhat intense and excruciating her elbows, but also exhilarating and suddenly brought me back to life after the intense oral sex and I could tell a bit from the expression on her face that this too was a test, to see if I could take her, take her weight, handle what she could dish out with her body and not complain.

I awaited a moment – unsure what to do? Did we kiss – Normally I wouldn't after a blow job like that, but the moment felt so inmate something was lacking –

And still, Mrs. Jones continued to look at me, smiling with her beatific smile.

I went to open my mouth again to say I was sorry...

But there, before I could say anything, she opened her arms up to me and took me into an embrace. And held me tight.

# Mrs. Jones The College Years - Chapter 6

By 009ELI

Her name was Roxie Tanner, and frankly, she was disgusted.

The muscular woman had been on the elliptical machine for nearly an hour. The small exercise room at the hotel wasn't packed at this early hour of the morning, but still... Roxie tried to keep herself in shape, but after two kids, a bit of the bulge on her hips and the front of her stomach had appeared and no amount of cardio, diets or change in her eating patterns had seemed to be able to burn it off.

And now, here at this early hour, was a woman who looked like this!

It wasn't entirely fair. Roxie had entered the small gym at the hotel and was moderately shocked to see the muscle-bound woman, tanned and built beyond belief, cranking away at the elliptical machine. She had heard that there was a bodybuilding contest happening at the convention center adjacent to the hotel, but besides a few buffed up dudes and a couple of obviously silicone enhanced women in tight dresses she hadn't thought much of it.

And now here was this 'thing' working out next to her.

Roxie turned and offered the woman a smile and was instantly shocked to catch sight of her buffed bulging shoulders which spilled out of her tank top, one of those tank tops that had been cut off to reveal the woman's large muscular arms.

The woman smiled back at her. A kind, warm smile. Roxy hated her even more. She seemed.... Nice...

Roxy gulped as she took in the flashes of muscle fibers which danced under the woman's tanned skin as she gripped the handles of the elliptical.

It set her off, but what had been genuinely disarming... was the site that had greeted Roxy as she first walked in the exercise room. The woman's well-muscled lower body and backside – Which she could now clearly view in the exercise room's mirrored walls.

Roxie had heard all about the benefits of squats, but this woman's butt, lower body, and legs seemed something beyond that. Each step caused the woman's impossibly developed hamstrings to press out in thick telephone cables of muscle, while the spandex shorts which Roxie noticed with some annoyance had been cut ridiculously high, showcased a set of chiseled, squared off hunks of muscle which looked closer to polished stone, then flesh. It was downright disgusting but still.... Roxie could not wholly

turn away and found each time she tried to return to her iPad her eyes would glance back to the mirror. The shifting bulging squared off muscle until...

She turned and found. Once again the woman offering her a warm smile.

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I woke up on the couch with the morning sun shining in through the windows of the hotel room. Brief bits of the night before flitting through my head. I, of course, remembered the scandalous muscle show Mrs. Jones had put on for me in the kitchen. Her in the tiny outfit. Her posing. The taste of chocolate cake off her warmed muscles. And of course, the blowjob which still left ripples and tingles swimming around in my manhood.

Maybe it was a bit too much of the margarita, but I only had fleeting images of how I had made it over to the couch which had been my bed for the night.

After the powerful climax, I had collapsed into Mrs. Jones muscular arms where she gave me a soothing pat on the back while I rested my head against her armor-plated chest.

“Alright... let's get you to bed...” She had said as she took my hand in hers and sauntered her way to the couch where she helped me lay down and placed a blanket over me. I sat there on the couch, and she sat there with me. As I lay my head in her lap and eventually dozed off.

Somewhere in the middle of the night I vaguely remember her getting up and heading to the bedroom. Gently placing my head down on the pillow as my eyes drifted off once again to sleep. Occasionally I'd awake like a dream thinking back to what happened in the kitchen and momentarily thinking I was back in my dorm room, but seeing I was in fact still in the high-end suite. The discarded workout wear, posing suits and Pro-Ex supplements told me that I was not at all dreaming and that the incident in the kitchen had very much really happened. My loins would fire and tingle, and my cock remained rock hard thinking back on Mrs. J's soft mouth and tongue and how her rock hard muscles had felt under my hands.

My eyes would occasionally flit to the door of the bedroom, which I noticed had been left cracked open, I wondered briefly was that an invitation? A sign that we had crossed over into a new level of our relationship? Should I enter? But still the idea of Jinni sleeping mere feet away from me, her tanned goddess like body wrapped in bed sheets as she slumbered away.

Having awoken, I looked around the room and could see that now in the daylight it was a bit of a mess. The dishes from the cake sat in the sink, and Mrs. J seemed to be nowhere around.

I wrapped myself in the blanket and felt myself pulled toward the half-opened door of her bedroom.

I half expected her to be still lying in bed, but when I pushed the door open, I could see just the bed with its crumpled sheets where she had slept before. My eyes traveled down to the foot of the bed where I saw her luggage, a high-end type gym bag which was partially open, its contents spilling out on the floor. My hand trembled. I was unable to control myself, and I knew I shouldn't, but still, I reached down.

Touching the top part of the bag I felt the rich, expensive leather, but it wasn't the material I was seeking. Spilling out of the top of the bag was Jinni's posing suit from the night before. The violet/purple material crusted in rhinestones and sequins that she had posed and primped on the contest's stage. I picked it up.

While wrapped on her muscular body in the previous night's show it had seemed so much more substantial, but here in my hands, I was amazed at how tiny it was. I could ball and squeeze it up in only the palm of my hand. I traced

the lycra fabric feeling how it stretched and pulled, pieces, where it had rubbed against Jinni's perfect physique, felt softer than other parts, and I lingered for a brief moment on the straps that had been tied along her broad back and under her armpits lining and falling under her muscular lats. The fabric felt soft to the touch.

I looked around for a moment. Do I dare? And brought the small, fabric lined paneling of the lower part of the bikini bottoms, the area that had contained Mrs. J's bulging sex amidst its tiny U of stitching, up to my nose and to my face. I inhaled deep and was surprised to find that amongst a hint of perfume, the scent of moisturizer and coconut the faint musty aroma of sweat and that undeniable, identifiable tang of womanhood. It was softer and more hidden than most but still lingered in there –

But within moments of my brief reverie of the scent of the posing suit I heard the sound of the hotel room door click open and the tone of Mrs. J's voice calling out –

“Larry...”

I quickly jammed the suit back as I had found it and backtracked to the door of the room just as –

“There you are.”

“Sorry, looking for the bathroom.” I smiled at her. My heart still beating hard.

“I was just down in the gym. This hotel has excellent equipment. I was surprised...” Mrs. J said from behind me as I heard her fumble around in the kitchenette area and pour herself a glass of water.

“What—what did you? A full work out?” I managed to stammer from the couch, still trying to regain my composure after the foray into the bedroom, and still unsure exactly how much of my covert expedition Jinni had seen.

“Oh no...” Jinni said laughing. “Just cardio. About an hour.” She said as she came back and plopped herself down on the couch.

About an hour? She had just competed the night before. And then the dinner? And then after dinner, which I still wasn't exactly sure how long that went on... and here she was up first thing in the morning and back at it! Mrs. Jones was indeed a machine. And her iron hued body clearly showed that discipline.

Mrs. J sat down next to me on the couch. She was still damp and wet from the cardio session, and my eyes had a moment to take in her full body which was clad only in a tight Pro-Ex cut off promotional shirt and a skin-tight pair

of squat shorts, whose neon pink coloring somehow managed to make her appear even tanner than she was.

“Did you sleep okay?” Jinni asked and took out a small baggie which contained her vitamins, a collection of all kinds of different pills and tablets. My parents took vitamins, but Jinni had a baggie that looked like it held nearly 20 pills. Some that looked like they could choke a horse!

I nodded that I did and watched as Jinni took the first of her pills, gently placing it along her tongue and then gingerly chasing it with a light \*gulp of a small sip of water.

“Well, we better get you on your way... Unless of course, you’d like to join me for breakfast. My treat of course.”

###

The elevator door dinged open on the ground floor as we exited.

Mrs. Jones had showered, and I was glad she had changed out of her tiny exercise get up. Of course in her quest to ‘Get more comfortable.’ She had slipped into a casual outfit of a pair of small turquoise shorts which clung and squeezed so tight on her glutes that as I followed her into the elevator, I worried that the seams may burst. On top

she had removed the more casual workout shirt and replaced it with a tight t-shirt whose design I noticed stopped short of engulfing her shoulders, capping them half way and letting the rounded muscles press out. The hem of the shirt as well ended well above the small waist of her low cut shorts and left the bottom four squares of her still contest ready abs exposed like a brick wall of brown muscle, bunching and flexing with each of her steps.

I now had some regularity of being with Mrs. J when she was dressed like this in public and could, of course, begin to see the eyes of those in the lobby look in our direction the moment we stepped off the elevators. Still, there was something electric about it. There was also something a bit dangerous about it too as you could observe that the sheer animalistic sultry power of Jinni's barred body seemed to bring out looks of envy and anger in some people.

“There's a cute little café right up here...” Jinni said smiling and taking my arm in hers. Squeezing her bulged bicep against my arm as she shot me a cheery smile, oblivious of course as always to the looks that were traipsing after her as we continued across the lobby.

###

Bruce Conwin could not quite believe what he was seeing. He had booked the hotel for a quick weekend get away

with his wife and his two daughters (aged 7 and 9) upon checking in it had been a surprise to find that this was the same hotel and resort area where a top bodybuilding competition was taking place. Bruce had been something of a closeted muscle fan ever since his teenage years. He had disclosed this to his wife but had found her not receptive to the idea and in fact judgmental – she had called these women ‘gross.’ And since then Bruce had hidden his love of muscular women from everyone but himself.

But now, here, at the table in the restaurant dining with his family there was a real-life FBB – and not just any FBB... Jennifer Halifax! One of Bruce’s all-time favorites.

Although he was trying his best to focus on what his wife was saying as she shoved the next bite of red velvet French toast into her mouth and washed it down with a creamy cup of coffee... he found his gaze drifting over her shoulder to the buffet line where the muscular woman was going through loading up her plate.

Bruce didn’t even need to see her face to know who it was. With just her back to him, Bruce could tell the telltale development of the competitor’s famous upper body. Her thick traps and her broad shoulders, back and lat development which was currently stretching the tight tank top she was wearing to its near breaking point.

Bruce watched in wonder as she conversed with the staff. Seeming to ask them questions and smiling brightly and wonderfully at each one of their replies. Was she asking them about the nutritional contents of the food? She must be. Bruce stared at her bulging quads exposed in the tiny shorts she wore. And the little bit of chiseled abs which were popping out under where her shirt stopped above her lower body. She appeared to have almost no fat on her. And the topper.... She seemed as lovely in person as she did in the interviews and video footage he covertly watched while in private. A real honest to god, sweet heart muscle MILF!

He looked over at again at his wife who had been talking to him – glowering and grim-faced. When was the last time she smiled he wondered to himself? And now here was one of his favorite muscle crushes just inches away from him. Lighting up the faces of everyone she interacted with. And who was the young man she was with? He knew she had a son. She had started training a couple of years after giving birth. That was one of the things he had always found so attractive about her. Jinni Jones Halifax had broken out of the usual downward trajectory of most mothers having kids who seem to have given up their physical appearances as soon as they completed giving birth, and in fact dived in, becoming hotter then she had ever been. This young man with her must be her son he

thought, but still... their interactions seemed casual, almost too relaxed.

“Bruce... Did you hear what I said...” His wife asked again.

As Bruce tried his best to refocus but couldn't help but stare in awe as the muscular woman in his sight line leaned down to grab something off the buffet table stretching her shorts up high and exposing another perfectly muscled glute cheek with... No. Bruce could see them now! A few crisscrossed blue veins were visible underneath the tanned slab like surface. And then as she righted herself with her plate of food he gazed again at her upper body, how the thickness of her ballooning lats seemed to stretch the shirt even more, actually appearing to have worked away to make some of the fabric near translucent in its rubbing where the muscle met the fabric.

He felt as if he was going to burst.

“Bruce are you alright...” His wife asked again and seemed to pick up something in his eyes.

“No... no... don't turn around.” Bruce thought as his wife, now fully aware craned her head back and caught sight of the muscular woman in the tiny outfit her husband had been gawking at so openly.

###

“Hmm...” Jinni said as she continued to dab the grease off the top of her omelet. She had gotten an egg white omelet with 8 egg whites.

“8?” The baffled fellow at the omelet station had said.

“I’m a girl with a little bit of an appetite.” Mrs. Jones had said rather cutely as I’m sure the guy then got a chance to see precisely where Mrs. J put those 8 egg whites as he looked over her rippling body.

“Just a bit of grease on here.” She said as she continued to dab the eggs.

“If you just competed why do you still follow the diet?” I asked taking the first of the many sausage links I had taken on my plate.

“Well... I think because it's not just about the diet for me. It’s about the lifestyle. It’s strict and regimented.”

“And you like that?”

“I really think I do?” Mrs. J said smiling and took the first bite off the egg whites which I noticed she even ate plain without any condiments, her obvious dedication

completely apparent in her low body fat which became evident as she chewed her food and the small striations and flexations of her jaw muscled became visible with each chew.

Mrs. J looked up for a second and caught the eyes of a young girl about 8 staring at her at the other table. She turned and smiled at her and raised her arm in a quick bicep flex to which the young girl gave a wondrous smile and a quick applause.

Jinni turned back to me and once again focused her full attention on me. “Do you like that? Does it turn you on? The idea of dedication?” She asked me. Her tone wasn’t braggy, it was more searching.

I took a moment. Things had happened so fast since last night I still was uncertain about how to take things forward and talking about my feelings, my attractions to Mrs. Jones in public like this still left me feeling a bit nervous.

I looked around before answering, but Jinni’s bright, inquisitive gaze soon made me feel comfortable.

“I think I do....” I finally said.

“I think its sexy too. When someone is disciplined. I thought you might feel that way.” She said back and returned to her food –

I noticed as I glanced that due to her muscular thighs and veiny legs Mrs. J had forgone the leg crossing that most of the woman gathered at the restaurant had done under the table. Instead, she had pulled one leg up under herself on the seat and was sitting on it. Causing the overhang of the beefily muscled quad, thigh and calve to bulge as they pressed against the chair.

We ate for another couple of moments in silence.

“Hey, Larry...” She said and softly touched the outside of my arm with her hand.

“One more thing before we go... and I promise it won’t take long. Want to take me on on a shopping spree?”

She patted my arm slightly.

I could see heads careening to take in what was going on at our table around the restaurant.

“My treat!” Mrs. J chirped again. “And... you get to dress me up!!”

I smiled. How could I turn that down?

###

“And this is a large?” Mrs. J’s voice came out of the dressing room.

“Medium Jinni.” Came the voice of one of the (three sales girls) Jinni had seemed to rope up within minutes of entering the upscale boutique.

The sales girls, most of whom only looked about a year or two older than I, giggled and looked in my direction.

“How cool is your mom?” One with thick raven black hair said to me before offering me a come hither tilt of her head and a smile.

Of course within moments of entering the shop every head had spun in Jinni’s direction and a group of the sales girls who had been hired to use their good looks to entice customers had all turned around to see precisely the spectacle of the buffed up housewife in the tiny shorts, and muscles bulging out of her tight shirt enter with a young man.

It goes without saying that in what seemed like a breeze they had all begun fawning over Jinni and were on a first name basis with her within moments.

“Okay... we have to see...” Said another who looked like she could spend her off hours modeling swimsuits as her tiny mini dress exposed mile-long legs.

“Come on show us...” Exclaimed the last sales girl who looked as if she wanted to she could give up a life of retail and easily be an actress.

“You did this on purpose...” Jinni called out from inside the changing room as the girls giggled.

I continued to sit there, here in the women’s changing area on a bench feeling like I had been let into some kind of secret sorority society. Occasionally another customer using the changing rooms would shoot me an odd glance as if to say ‘What is he doing here?’ to which the sales girls would return with an equally withering look which said ‘leave him alone.’

Finally, the door to the changing room popped open.

“Fuck...” One of the sales girls said.

“That bad...” Mrs. J asked, but the other girls only answered in slack-jawed amazement.

Mrs. J stepped forward, and I gulped hard...

Upon entering the boutique, Jinni had gravitated to a rack of vintage looking rock band shirts, and now here she was... modeling a classic black ACDC one in...

“Fuck...” The brunette gasped.

The issue was that the store didn't have the shirt in large and Mrs. J had insisted on trying on the medium which now sat clinging to her massive upper body like a second skin. The shoulder seams creaking as they tried to cover her domed capped shoulders and the back area stretched tight across her massive lats looking like with the next breath it might burst.

“Take it off... Take it off...” The girls began to giggle now I think worried that their little experiment was about to cost them a torn shirt.

Mrs. J quickly hustled back into the changing room leaving the giggling sales girl and a woman who had entered the changing room to try on an X-Large blouse looking shell shocked.

“Larry.... Larry...”

I heard Jinni’s voice whisper as the sales girls had headed back to help out some other customers and I looked over to see Jinni’s changing stall had cracked open and Jinni sticking her head out slightly to beacon me over.

“I can’t get it off...” Jinni exclaimed with a partial mix of pout and exasperation. “Come here...” She again beckoned with her curled pink nail.

I sat there unsure what to do. Then looked both ways and then – felt, before I could even make up a decision, Mrs. J’s strong hand yank me into –

“It’s stuck...” Jinni said, with me now in the changing stall.

“Help me...” She said her voice tittering on cracking up, but still talking in a hush, maybe to keep the rest of the store from knowing she had yanked a boy into the changing stall, or perhaps from the fear that any errant laughter or flex could cause the seems of the vintage shirt to go flying.

“Here... help me get it off.” Jinni said, still laughing and turned her massive back to me. Her quick breaths from fighting the giggles were beginning to get to me, and I felt the sharp rising of a torrent of laughter building from somewhere deep inside of me.

“You're too muscular...” I said rather dumbly and fought off a convulsion of laughter.

“Okay. I'll remember that.” Jinni chirped back. Equally parts playful cutting and fighting growing guffaws.

“Here...” She finally said taking my hands in hers and lowering them down. And dragging them along the thin skin she wrapped tight around her marble bulges of the corded tops of her obliques which were left bare by the low rise of her shorts.

“Raise your arms...” I said in a take-charge manner that surprised even me. And Jinni spun, facing me and then raised her arms over head. I could see the muscle bunch up around her shoulders and the upper development of her chest muscles jut up nearly obscuring her small dainty chin.

“Would it help if I breathed in...” She asked. In a breathy manner and then without me prompting, quickly second in a long full of air in a stomach vacuum pose. The effect caused her abs to suck in rabidly and tightly and I could feel grain of the muscles quickly move under my fingers as her stomach contracted. Her rib cage filled with air and her already developed chest seemed to take on a whole new bulk. The effect was quite frankly startling and I lost my train of thought as the disparity by the thickness of her

upper body and the smallness of her waist quickly hit me head on.

“There...” I said finally managing to unmoor the shirt from her inflated upper body and presented it to her.

“Thanks,” she said and let out an exhale. I had noticed that in the heat of celebrating my victory of getting the tight shirt off, Jinni was now standing in front of me in just the sports bra she had been wearing under the shirt.

She crossed her arms over her pecs for a moment suddenly looking shy and vulnerable, and I looked down at her, in just her sneakers now she was a head smaller than me and looked at me with, her big eyes batting for a second and I leaned in and put my lips to hers and...

Kissing her deeply. I half expected her to pull away. But she didn't. She seemed to lean in and close her eyes. Leaning into the kiss long and hard and I felt the tip of her small button nose rub against my chin and the brief butterfly flickering's of her eye lashes along my cheek as I pulled back –

I smiled, and she smiled back, and I went to lean in for another kiss and I suddenly heard –

“Everything alright in there Jinni?” The sales girls were back.

“Yes. Thank you. My stepson was able to help me out.”

“That’s what family is for.” Said one of the salesgirls followed by a mischievous twittering giggle.

###

“Now you really do need to go. I will not be blamed for your truancy.” Jinni joked as we made our way back to the main lobby of the hotel from the shops. She clutched at her side a handful of bags from her shopping spree. Occasionally one of the errant bags of clothes would bounce against her muscular thigh as we continued to walk.

“Okay...” I said, and she leaned in putting her head against mine.

“Here, sit for just a moment,” She said beckoning to a small bench which was in front of the elevator banks.

“How you doing?” She asked as we got away from the noise and moved a small strand of hair away from my eyes. “You.. okay with everything,” She asked again, genuine concern in her expression.

“Yes...” I finally stammered out.

“Because... if not. It’s fine. I’d understand. Larry, I don’t want you to do anything you don’t ever feel confident in. Do you understand?”

I said I did and added with a slight stammer “I-I’m not.”

“I had a lot of fun this weekend.”

“I did too,” I said and took Mrs. Jones hand in mine. Our fingers quickly intertwined.

“I really enjoy you.”

“I enjoy you too,” I said and squeezed her hand tightly.

“You know... you can call me Jinni. We’re friends now...”

“Okay,” I said nodding.

“Come. Let's get you back to your car.” Jinni said again beginning to rise.

“Okay...” I said again but sat stock still.

“What’s wrong?” Jinni said and looked at me. I began to try and answer but, the truth of the matter was that the

proximity of Jinni, the day, the kiss in the changing room and even surprisingly the emotional vulnerability had all gotten to me. Right at that moment, and there sitting stock still in front of the elevators, I was hard as a rock.

“Is it...” Jinni asked, seeming to intuitively understand what had happened.

I nodded. Embarrassed.

“Here lets...” And with that Jinni sat down next to me. “Here let me...” She gently put her shopping bags down in front of me in a way that blocked my crotch from the view of passerby’s. And then slowly grasped by stiffening manhood through my trousers.

The sound of the elevators opening up and closing and the sound of people exiting filled the lobby as Jinni’s hand continued to stroke me through my pants. Tenderly, at times applying light pressure then seeming to ease off.

“What was it?” She asked. “Was it the changing room?”

I nodded.

“Was it seeing me?”

I nodded again. Feeling the pressure build. But added “Not just then... the entire day.”

She turned and smiled continuing to stroke me.

“Hmmm...” Jinni said smiling. “You’re really turned on? Do I turn you on?” She asked.

I nodded again.

“I like that. It makes me feel... wanted...” She said smiling. “Do you think I’m sexy?”

She asked her voice low and breathy her hand moving slow and steady, perfectly in time with the building pressure of my manhood.

I nodded.

“Do my muscles turn you on?” She asked again. Her voice low and controlled now the building tension of my pre cum gaining.

“Do you want me to pump them for you? Big and hard.” She continued her voice incredibly breathy and deepening and using the full register of her slight southern drawl.

“Yes...” I whispered.

“Pump up my big arms so big and hard you won’t even be able to get your hands around them. I’ll do that for you Lawrence. I’ll—“

And she didn’t even need to say anymore as – with one powerful squeeze of her hand my hand shot down and grabbed her forearm. The upturned horseshoe shape of the muscle and fibers moving beneath contracted with each stroke under her tanned skin and...

I suddenly felt the explosion of wetness along my leg and I came powerfully hard for her. Shuddering and –

“There.... there...” It’s okay she said. “Now lets get you cleaned up and on back to school.” And smiled at me radiantly.

# Mrs. Jones The College Years - Chapter 7

By 009ELI

Jinni slowly pulled the sports bra down in place and with a quick snap felt the durable lycra fabric stretching over her thick lat overhang, and then pulling tight up and around the beefy swells of her developed traps and shoulders.

She was big now. A few weeks off her dieted down contest weight. She knew what this looked like. To be a woman who looked like her. She had heard the comments but –

And how did it feel? She would demure when asked, but to be honest... it felt great! To know that whatever room you walked into you were strong. Probably the strongest person there.

Her thighs had taken on the offseason weight and were big, round, swollen. A bit of her tan had faded off, and she took a moment to jiggle her right thigh and then forcefully bring it down back into a hard flex.

She walked out of the women's changing room of the gym she could feel the mass of development, the way her inner thighs rubbed together. At first, when she started to grow after starting her pursuit to build her body, she had found it off-putting, and when she really began her journey in

earnest to add mass she had found that area seemed to respond. She could remember outings with her son and husband, something as simple as an afternoon walking around her neighborhood's outdoor mall in shorts would cause the newly sprouting muscle thickness to chafe from the friction of its rubbing.

She learned to manage it. Training herself to walk with a slight waddle to avoid that inner thickness. An accommodation to her growing size. She knew how it made her look. She had seen the men and women at the BBing shows she had admired, how they walked, carrying themselves as if their frames were too big for their bodies. Like pumped up gorillas. And then when her trainer and her began to slowly start to supplement in a cocktail of growth hormones to assist in her training – she began to grow like a balloon.

The feeling of the muscles of her thigh rubbing together, forcing her legs outwards became an increasing reminder of her ever sprouting growth. And she loved it. To feel the hardness in that area replace the softness that was there before... it was a reminder that she was growing and changing.

She grabbed her towel and headed out onto the gym floor...

As Jinni made her way out to the gym floor, the mirrors lining the large workout area reflected images of herself back at her. Still... even a decade after she had started this journey she would catch a glimpse of herself at times and find it hard to believe this was her. Her head on top of that super hero's body. She could remember that first year of training. Her small limbs struggling to lift the small dinky dumbbells. Her forearms sore. When she had got a trainer and gotten serious, that's when things changed.

She could still remember... it was about six months into her first serious cycle, waking up and looking at her newly pumped-up muscles in the bathroom mirror. Turning and flexing and posing... she spent what seemed like hours looking at herself. Her shoulders, she remembered, those were big and round like bowling balls. It wasn't ego or narcissism that kept her eyes locked on her image, but fascination. Beauty... she thought, and she knew then that she wanted to share this with the world. That looking like this, being this big, this buff, this strong looking on a woman who was still pretty and feminine would be her art.

She stopped midway along the gym floor. Walt, the cameraman who had been hired by Pro-Ex to do the shoot had set up a bunch of lights where the photo shoot would take place. And an assistant make up lady to do her make up stood waiting near the gym area that had been roped off for a shoot for Pro-Ex's new extreme fat burners

(XTreme-Shredz) which she is the official spokeswoman for.

“Just a second Jinni let me get this set up here,” Walt said adjusting the lights as the makeup lady made her way over to do her final touch ups.

“Hi...” the makeup lady said as she approached taking in the large muscle lady in front of her in her massive shape. Jinni extended her hand for a shake. Softly as she did whenever greeting another woman, cautious and always aware of her power. Lightly placing her fingers into the smaller woman’s hand and giving her just the most subtle squeeze. Almost just a light brush. Always aware of her perception. She knew how her body looked, how large and intimidating the ‘muscles’ made her appear and was always conscious of offsetting this as a spokeswoman for the sport. She wanted the smaller woman to walk away impressed by her dainty femininity. The duality the hard muscles mixed with an uber softness. The ultimate goal to bridge both the power of the muscles with the underlying beauty and softness that came with being a woman.

“Alright think we’re ready to go over here...” Said Walt finishing adjusting the last of the two lights.

Mark and Tony, the two Pro-Ex reps, made their way over to Jinni and she relaxed slightly, or as slightly as her thick

meaty lats and muscle injected mass could. Still keeping her arms swinging somewhat out from her side at forty-five-degree angles. She placed a single hand on her hip giving her a slightly relaxed look, but still with the near 190 pounds of beef she was carrying it was impossible to look completely relaxed, and she could feel the slight contraction of her bra enclosed pecs, just a small layering of body fat over them to help her build size in the coming months, briefly flutter and contract under her pale marble-like skin.

The Pro-Ex reps stood close to her and Jinni couldn't help but notice despite their own pumped-up physiques that her densely packed mature muscle just looked far more striking as she briefly regarded herself in the mirror behind them. Sure they had size, maybe even 30 or pounds on her, but at Jinni's smaller height the dense muscle and the maturity just made her seem that much more impressive. This, of course, was one of her gifts and she sensed it from the start... the drugs helped but when Jinni had found the iron she had known... known that muscle would cling to her small bones and continue to build and compound itself in a way that it wouldn't n 99% of the population. Her trainer has said it himself. She had a gift.

“So we'll just shoot you out... do a bunch of shots.” The rep said, and Jinni nodded. Her bright, beautiful smile again conveying ease. Making people feel comfortable.

“I’ve lifted a few weights before....” Jinni said smiling and offering Walt a slight pat on the back of his arm which conveyed both confidences as well as ease.

Jinni approached the bar which had been loaded heavy with.... She counted them in her head – four thick 45lb plates on each side. That was 180 on each side... so 360 lbs total and the bar was at 45, so that was a deadlift of over 400 lbs. She knew the deal... bend down...snatch the weight up and hold.... The large near refrigerator bulk pulling at her arms, forearms, and traps... despite her new size she was still lean, and the veins would begin to shoot out and contract from her traps while the thick bar would press into, and impact what little it could, of her, still rock hard bubble developed quads. Hold the pose - chest press out... glutes clenched and again look both powerful and feminine. That always bugged her. The guys only needed to look powerful... But still, she loved it. She knew the effect her beauty could have on men and women combined with the power of her physique. How intoxicating the combination could be... not in a conceited way but closer to an artist sharing a gift.

“Whenever you're ready to go Jinni...” Walter said as he took the place by the camera and Mark, Tony and the makeup girl looked up. Perhaps a bit nervous that they had overloaded the bar.

Jinni walked up...

“Muscle girl moving...” She thought to herself as she knew a good portion of the gym had stopped to see what the scantily clad women with the large muscles would do.

“We can add more...” Jinni said looking at the bar.

“Okay... let's add another plate to the side....” Said Tony, the Pro-Ex, rep as the photog assistant struggle to carry the 45lb plate over.

Jinni cocked her head. “Actually two more... to each side...” Jinni said as if it was nothing and she could see for the first time the darts of glances between Walt, the Pro Ex execs... even the makeup woman who for the first time had stopped texting on her cell to look over.

“Okay... two more.... Plates on each side...” Said Tony said again, maybe a bit worried that his spokesmodel might overdo it for the day.

Soon and with a bit of help from Jinni... “You got it?” She asked as knelt over and helped the struggling assistant whose waist looked like it was the size of one of Jinni’s muscle bulging thighs, with help loading up the bar.

There it was... over 500 lbs of steel. “Okay.. ready...” Jinni said approaching the bar and kneeling down in near perfect Olympic deadlifting form and –

“Yeah...” She gritted her teeth pouting slight and... Yank... lifted the thick bar off the ground which bounced slightly under the multiple weight which seemed to threaten to bend the iron bar in half.

Jinni brought it up mid-thigh and held it... muscles bulging and exploding as the flashbulbs popped....

And she smiled for the camera....

## THE MUSCULAR MRS. JONES PART 6: THE MAKING OF A MUSCLE MOMMY

She still remembered the idea – a few months after Sebastian was born, Bill’s career at the computer company was just starting to blossom, and she thought. ‘Might as well get into shape.’ She held a small bit of baby weight she carried on her hips and her thighs from the difficult childbirth. But still, she had never given much thought at that point in her life to the gym or ‘working out.’ She was Jinni, the cool girl. The same girl who in high school spent a summer following her boyfriend and his band as they traveled across the country. Sleeping in the back of a van, surviving on gas station hot dogs and cheap beer. Sure she

had been pretty, but that hadn't been how she got by. People loved to talk to her, guys loved to talk to her, they felt in some ways she was one of their own... the idea of 'working out to look good' seemed comical, self-involved. She thought of those primped up aerobics girls, hair teased, lycra leotard jammed up there but as they stepped their skinny limbs up and down. That wasn't who she was – she lived in jeans and her old bf's bomber jacket.

But still, she started and.... Liked it. Weirdly enough. It became a habit. Sebastian was starting school, and she was looking at a large house all alone. The income from Bill's job indulged her in free time, and that's what she had.

And as she put the time in. She noticed something happened. She got stronger. Getting stronger was cool. She liked the strength. 8 or so months in, she didn't look that much different, but she felt different. Her arms had an excellent shape to them, and still, a bit of the cellulite from the baby remained. She remembers the day when a trainer at the gym commented on her 'dedication.' And she signed up – under the trainer things progressed and her body found a shape. It seemed like the broad Irish shoulders she had inherited from her dad were good for something, carrying muscle.

Still, she knew she had a husband at home – and she knew Bill and the women he liked. Sleek, toned girls, but she

knew her husband was also a comic book and fantasy nerd and that the women in those publications had a beautiful shape to them. She wanted to be attractive to her husband and soon found that the shape she put on fit in nicely with her the aesthetic of a husband whose childhood crush had been on Storm from the X-Men comics.

When her trainer told her it was time for her to enter a local show. She balked. She wasn't going to get on stage in a rhinestone-studded bikini and prance around oiled up like some chicken under the hot stage lights (if only she knew then where her life would take her.) But still, she was competitive and now, out of the job market as a stay at home more for the past 3 years she was looking for something to fire her up.

She agreed and trained for what at that time seemed to be working her butt off. If only she had known then what working her butt off actually was. Bert, the local trainer, didn't really know 'dawg-gone' really anything about training women. Told her to eat almost nothing and she lived on the treadmill for nearly 8 weeks leading up the show. Her hunger was so bad she'd lie awake, and the sweat and dehydration gave her headaches so bad she could barely remember to pick her kid up from school.

But still, she got 'abs.' A little 4-pack which popped out a week from her show. And the weight came off her

shoulders revealing small spiderweb lines of muscles and that small waist she inherited from her mom came in handy as it stood out in sharp contrast to her shoulders. 'Natural shape' she remembers Bert saying as she stood under the lights as he looked her over.

And that weight on her hips? While not wholly gone was slowly going down – she looked good.

And Bill seemed to love it.

One night coming in to go to bed, she stood there in her panties putting away her work out clothes. 'You look like real life X Man.' He said coming up to her. He touched her along her firm abs, feeling them. The ripples. She loved it as his hand crisscrossed the ridges and valleys of her newly discovered mid-section, which just a few months before had been covered with a soft doughy layer of body fat. He kissed her shoulder and upper back which now sported newly unveiled chiseled muscle. Him touching her felt good. It felt beyond good. Something about the way his hands explored her body, her hard-earned muscles made all the hard work seem worth it.

The muscle felt different to be touched.

She felt appreciated.

She had always been Jinni with the good brain, the right personality. But this body. This muscle made her feel a deep physical connection to herself she had never had. A relationship she had never known she had lacked. And the way her husband pawed over her, lapping up her body, the power she seemed to ooze in her pure physical sexuality was a charge she had never felt... for the first time since giving birth to Sebastian she truly felt alive.

Unaware and without much guidance from Bert she had purchased a swimsuit from Nordstrom to pose in, she had no idea that a posing suit was generally custom made. She was such a newb then. And standing backstage she hadn't even known to get a tan, rushing the night before to cover herself with over the counter tanning solution. As she stood there under the hot lights, in her canary yellow off the rack swimsuit, she could feel the audience looking at her. And Bill looking at her. She could now feel that powerful carnal desire she had felt in the bedroom spill out in the rest of her waking life. And as she prowled the stage in her heels, she felt the eyes of the audience on her. The eyes of the men, desiring her and the women as well. Their looks of envy for the way she looked, the status that her body conveyed.

But still, she had been woefully unprepared for the level of competition even here at a local show. She remembered how her jaw hit the floor as she came backstage and saw

that even then the girls in her amateur division looked like they were from another stratosphere. This was just a fitness competition, but even the smallest girls looked big, broad and pumped. Their shoulders seemingly hanging off their bodies, sizeable back door lats and overly developed glutes which were large, pumped up and jutted from their hips with seeming little concern for the effects of gravity. And their condition! She had sweated and cried and starved herself, and she felt she looked good, but these over girls seemed to have achieved a near physically impossible look to their skin. Dry, crisp allowing each step of their gracefully carved bodies to send flutters and ripples with each breath.

Jinni finished at the bottom end of the group. She got good feedback from the judges 'A natural frame...' some said again with that feedback. She even knew from the stage she was nowhere near the winner, who was nearly a decade younger than her but had a body that was so powerful Jinni literally felt the breath leave her body and as she looked its shape on stage and the sharp pangs of jealousy developed in her.

She knew from then on – she needed to do whatever it took to develop that kind of body.

Jinni wasn't dumb. She knew. Knew about the world, and the rumors. Nobody 'just looked like' these girls. Despite

how exquisite their bodies looked there was nothing 'natural' about the ways the girls who topped their classes looked.

As Jinni looked at herself in the mirror that night after the show, she felt good, but the other girls looked wholly from another world. She knew drugs were rampant even amongst the smaller competitors and were the only way to explain the insanely broad pumped up shoulders which seemed to belong to pro footballer players or basketball players, not the aged up cheerleaders most of these girls looked like. Or the stomachs which showed every clear delineation of muscle. Or especially not the textbook anatomy lean lower bodies, whom Jinni had glimpsed as she stood along the back as the winner pranced across stage in her heels, the bright lights shimmering and showcasing every small muscle and movement on the girls' hyper-developed lower body and glutes, whose conditioning was so lean Jinni felt she could tell the girl's pulse merely from the highlighted veins along the girls butt cheeks which seemed to shake and pop with each of her movement.

The girls looked good.

Inhuman...

And that's she wanted to look.

She wanted to look so good. So perfect people's understandings of what was physically possible to do with the human body would be questioned by merely looking at her...

###

She set to work. Bert had been a good beginner coach, but she knew if she wanted to take it the next level she'd need to work with someone better. She talked to Bill, a good coach cost money and luckily Bill was moving up the ranks at his company and money starting to really come in. To give his wife a hobby, and not only a hobby, but one that was reaping results which he himself was enjoying more and more seemed like an obvious decision. Besides... he thought what is in a few months he had this nice buffed up curvy wife on his arm to show off. How the guys at his job would envy him.

With Bill's deep bank account at her disposal Jinni set off finding a coach. She found one who specialized in girls, one who would push her. She also knew she needed to take the next step.

The conversation of first trying 'roids' as she called them.... God, another thing she couldn't see herself doing in the past... but still, some lines had been crossed that she now found herself driven. She had somewhat come right out

and asked her new trainer who said it was the only way to get her to the level she needed to be. A living breathing supergirl.

But there was another line to cross... Bill.

###

How would he react? This was a social taboo. Not only where these drugs illegal, and carried legal penalties with them, there were social norms. These were male hormones. Uncharted territory. Jinni knew from her own research, which she did with her copious amounts of in her free time after dropping Sebastian off at school, that much of the seeming fear of these drugs were somewhat media hype. Still, these were powerful chemicals, she was playing with her own physiology. Tweaking who she actually was from the inside. On a deep, hormonal level. And there were horror stories, for as many girls out there who, besides from their fantastically developed bodies, seemed to show no signs in their face or voice of use, there were other girls, women with receding hairlines, deep voices. Irreversible effects. It was something like playing chemical roulette with her body, but she knew from her trainer's expertise and the fact that Bill's deep financial background she could source the best stuff and use it wisely skirting most of the side effects that seemed to befall other unfortunate victims.

But still – how to convince Bill?

This was blasting off into the great beyond of chemical experimentation. It could go either way as Bill seemed to love the changes in her body, but how would he react to sleeping next to a woman, sharing his life with a woman, whose body was processing a seeming steady supply of male hormones? Building and pushing her body beyond normal, natural development.

Would he balk at a wife whose muscle and strength and now hormone level made her more of a man than him?

Or would he like her new physical developments? Jinni herself had been surprised at how men reacted to heightened muscular development on females. She had at first thought they would be turned off, but judging by the looks of the men in the crowd and the glances she would get at the gym – it seemed the opposite.

“Well, it’s curves...” Bill said one night, rubbing his arm up over his wife’s rounded shoulder and down into her sports bra where, her small breast area, which has been rather large after Sebastian’s birth, was now slowly worked down to a thin layer of muscle. “And men respond to curves...” Bill continued analytical as ever. “And the muscle gives you curves but its like... more than curves...” He said searching for the right words.

That had been it! Jinni had finally thought. The muscle didn't detract from the feminine shape. The broad shoulders, high upturned chest and pec muscles, small rippling waist, curved out glutes hips, quad sweep and down to the pulsing diamond calves, and ever the chiseled arms and popped triceps which hung off the body – weren't masculine! They were, in fact, the exaggeration of the ideal hourglass body, just blown up to such an extreme level!

This all made perfect sense!

It was why she'd often find men drawn to her body as she walked down the aisle at a grocery store in her tight workout attire after a workout. The curves, shape, and motion of muscle on a woman's body made it dynamic, hyper-feminine in a way that demanded attention.

The 'straight male gaze' had no choice but to look on. Same with women, who were naturally trained to perceive threats nearby. Even gay men and women seemed to be drawn in, enticed by the aesthetic crossing over of her physicality. Hell! She also noticed animals and babies reacted to her differently, most likely aware of evolutionary advantage and genetics that carrying such a physique communicated.

##

She planned wisely for bringing the subject up of the PED usage with Bill. Sexuality had never been a thing she welded much. But in the year or so of developing her physique, she found more and more that she could use it to her advantage. Not in anyway brandishing it as a weapon, but she had begun to see it could be used to make the world an easier place for her to navigate. Still, she thought she wasn't 'manipulating' her husband, merely helping him come to his own ends in the decision. One that she thought would no doubt benefit him as well and she hoped he would continue to enjoy the growing development of her body.

She planned for that night, and as they got ready for bed, she had made sure she wore a specific type of panties. A sporty cut, a light violet. The color was pretty and feminine and made her skin, which she was beginning to tan regularly, look darker. The cut rode her hips and brought out her flat stomach, while the back was cut high to allow a full view of her blossoming glute development.

She tied a somewhat baggy shirt up around her stomach to expose and highlight her abs, while the loose fit of the baggy shirt made her upper body appear broader and thus made her hips appear even smaller –

“Baby... Question...” She said bounding over to the bed and lying above the sheets next to Bill who quickly put down his

computer magazine and began running his hand over her toned quad.

“Uhm... Err...” She said biting her lip in a way that made her seem both coy, indecisive, but one that she had learned was highly effective in communicating with men as created a natural pout and the bite caused her lips to plump.

“So I met with my trainer today and... well, we talked about the future and me competing, and you know how you encouraged me to—“

“Oh, yea... Of course.” Said Bill happily. Working his way up to the hip. “By the way – I showed Roger those photos of you at the show. And he was like ‘wow.’” He said as he hand continued to find its way up her hip.

“Oh, you did baby? That’s awesome. I want you to be proud of me.”

“I am... He was like ‘Damn your wife is hot.’ I think he was a bit jealous.”

“Oh, really baby. We can’t have him be jealous.” Jinni’s hand found its way up to Bill’s thigh and touched the outside of his underwear. She could feel his cock stiffening under the fabric, and she slowly rubbed the outside of her hand over it. Causing him to shudder slightly at the contact.

“No. No, it's okay... It turned me on.” Bill said, breathing as he hardened more from his wife’s light contact against his member.

“Oh, it did?” Jinni said, surprise and put a bit of girlish bop to her voice.

“Yeah... I imagined him you know like... jerking off to you...”

“Oh, you did?” She said continuing her gentle stroke. “And it turned you on?”

Bill silently nodded now feeling the intense building pressure in his crotch.

“Here,” Jinni said and pulled Bill’s thickening member out of his briefs and began stroking it.

“So... about that. I talked to my trainer and... “ She stopped suddenly. “Do you want me to do another show?”

“Yes...” Bill said fighting the increasing pressure as Jinni continued to stroke him under the sheets.

“I do too. I want to see you in that crowd, and I want you and Seb to look up at me and be proud of me... You want that right?”

‘Yes...’ Bill nodded.

“So the trainer said in order to this I need to ‘go to the next level’ this will mean... well, this will involve me taking some... stuff.” Jinni began to stroke harder, and she thought for a moment she felt Bill soften a bit.

“What kind of stuff?” Bill said pulling back a bit from the contact of Jinni’s hand.

“Well, the stuff the girls at the show took. You remember those girls. Those big buffed girls with those perfect bodies...” She began to stroke him again and at the mention of the other girls in the show felt him once again stiffen, and the trickling of a bit of cum begin to run down his shaft. Jinni cupped her hand over the head of his dick and rubbed the milky fluid on the base of her hand and dragged it down his shaft allowing it to lubricate her stroking action.

“Well he said that in order for me to get there, which I can – I need some help, chemical help...” she paused for the word. “Steroids...” she let linger there and could sense that behind the growing pleasure in Bill, there was also trepidation.

She followed up quickly “Girly steroids...” she said, making it sound cuter. ‘Ana-anavar...’ she said her mouth

somewhat catching on the new word she had just learned a few days before when her trainer went over her 'stack.'

"But these are 'girl steroids...'" she said again, rephrasing in a way to make it more admissible to Bill, also hoping that his scientific-computer programmer's analytical mind might lodge onto the 'process' aspect of it. The idea of her suping herself up, becoming Jinni 2.0.

"I don't know," Bill said, still fighting through the haze of Jinni's stroking. She loved that, she loved that even at this moment he was concerned for her health. She increased her stroke and could feel him violently close to climaxing.

"Aren't there—aren't their side effects?" Bill asked, concern punctuating his shallow breaths.

"Not for these kinds..." Jinni added. Somewhat lying, there was always some hazard, but these were the safest, and she knew Bill's finances would allow her the safest of the safe.

"Its the only way I can go forward with this..." Jinni said breathlessly, drawing close to his ear and knowing it was unfair, but letting her soft, warm breath coast along the sensitive part of his lobe, her lips just inches from brushing it.

“Besides... I thought it would be fun... your wife building herself up... turning into a superhero... just think about it...” She felt Bills dick become incredibly hard under her hand suddenly jumping to its full hardness. Fuck! Harder then she had ever felt it.

“Just think about it. Your wife all bulged up with superhero muscle... and you, her husband walking alongside of it...” Bill’s dick jumped in her hands, and she worried it was so hard the skin might tear off it.

“Can you picture that, your wittle, wittle swole wife all bulged up with big shoulders and arms...” she cooed breathily. “And remember that one girl’s glutes, those bowling balls of muscles...”

Bill nodded silently, and Jinni could see his eyes wide awake in the dark looking up at the ceiling.

“And can you imagine your wife with those bowling ball glutes, rock hard... for you to come home and touch and feel... all yours...” She was now even starting to get carried away her self and could feel the wetness dripping around her crotch as continued.

“Maybe after a show... we can go take a trip to the beach, and I’ll wear a tiny-wittle—tiny bikini with the string running up my ass to show off my rock hard glutes... all my

hard work... and you walk behind me.... Looking at me... looking at all the people looking at us as I pass... your superhero of a wife...”

“Yes... yes.... My superhero of a wife...” Bill murmured and Jinni felt his dick clench and suddenly explode under the sheets pumping hard as his massive wad exploded and she too felt the insane exploding pleasure as her pussy, seemingly unstimulated tightened and climaxing then.

She continued to hold Bill’s stiffening and pulsating dick in her hands as she squeezed it slightly milking it of the last of its seamen.

She didn’t need Bill’s answer. She had already received it.

###

She had remembered those first months. After her night with Bill and when the small, bubble envelope from some European lab showed up. Its somewhat dirty exterior, an odd assortment of stamps indicating its journey from a far off land. Her trainer had assured her, this is the best of the best, and the price she and Bill had pay had been exorbitantly high, but still she didn’t want to mess around. It was her health.

But even then, as she stood there in the bathroom of her well-appointed suburban home and looked down at what had spilled out of the packet. A few small vials of clear liquid and a small box of blistered packed pills, she had reservations. Needles she thought. Couldn't this be done without needles? Her trainer shook his head. Orals in most substances were more impure. She could get them, but again was looking at risks.

She looked down at the set of needles she had ordered from a medical supply place. She still couldn't believe she was going to do this. She had spent the weeks since placing the order looking at videos online of how to administer shots. Mostly for diabetes patients – and she had psyched herself up, but she still couldn't believe it. She upturned the vial and ran the liquid into the syringe. 20mgs her coach had told her to start and then up to 30 and then eventually 50 as some girls he had coached had to go up to.

She tapped the end of the syringe and allowed the small air bubble to travel out as she had seen down in the many videos she had watched and set there looking at the glueciac chemical substance.

“Oh... Jennifer... what have you gotten yourself into...” She said. Feeling in some ways like she wanted to cry like she wanted to back out.. to go back to that girl in the back of the van drinking beer but... something inside of her pushed

herself on. She had gotten this far, and she never was one to let give up. Besides she said, she had paid the entry fee to the contest. She'll just do this one show. Then hang it up. As if the entire thing has been a lark and a hobby from the start.

She felt the cold sting of the alcohol as she dragged the swab across the top and side of her butt cheek ("Right in there.... in the meat..." she remembered her trainer saying as she sat there in his office and he flicked the side of her exposed glute to show her where to inject.)

And then she felt the quick sting and piercing pain as the needle pierced the flesh and her finger drive down the stopper and slowly empty the enhancement substance into her body.

She remembered it was a Tuesday because she remembered driving to pick up Sebastian from pre-school. As she sat in the driver's seat of their family SUV, a small bubble of the 'Roid' sitting still yet to be absorbed hovering just between her skin in her muscle in her butt cheek as the car jostled and stopped in the bumper to bumper traffic heading to school's loading zone... She remembers thinking... how normal she felt...

She had thought that within an instant of the drug hitting her muscle, she didn't know what she thought would

happen – huge muscle sprout under her skin? Her turn green and glow with Hulk-like rage as she trashed her own house? But aside from a bit of a brief flush, she had felt very little, maybe some slight tingling and just a feeling of... Relaxation. Well being.

She had to laugh a little bit as she sat her, queuing up at school with the other moms to pick up her kids at school... about her secret... that sitting here on the leather seats of her luxury SUVs she was now a full-on roid pumping bodybuilder. Ain't life funny?

Even then, exiting the car to get Seb she felt as if the entire world could see the sprouting granule bulb hinging off her burgeoning developed, bulging, yoga pant covered butt. Maybe she wanted them to see it? The other normy mommies picking up their kids. Going on about their lives. Maybe she wanted them to know that she was different. Then she was becoming something else. New. Enhanced.

That night before going to bed she looked again at the vial. Ran her hands over it. Reading and rereading the fine print. Just hours before she had sat in here looking at it – in horror of what she was about to do – now she looked at it in awe. The bottle held unbridled potential. She loved it. She wanted to do it again – could she? Probably not smart. The next injection was over 12 hours away the next afternoon, now she longed for it.

She needed to be careful. She knew this was a cycle '8 weeks.' But she had heard horror stories about the girls who get psychologically addicted to the gear and don't want to get off of it. 'Blast and cruise' they called it. Subjecting your body to a continuous stream of drugs, constantly upping the doses as your body became more and more immune. She knew this is where trouble lied. She knew she'd need to utilize the same level of control she'd exhibited to her diet and exercise regime in her last contest prep now. But still, she realized her life had changed, and there was no going back.

###

60 LBS! 60Lb dumbbell presses. She could still remember the day. Hoisting them up high and feeling them, not only pump. But pump away like feathers.

It had been 3 weeks since that first injection in the bathroom on that fateful Tuesday, and she had expected things to change. But not like they had. Not as fast as they had. The previous 2 years of lifting had not even equaled the development she was able to put on in the barely a month since getting on the 'sauce'. Sure she had a good base, but even she couldn't quite fathom the compounding power of the increased strength to increased muscle size to strength to muscle. One added on the other, and it felt like she could rip out of her skin. Not only that, her trainer told

her she was lucky “She had amazing drug receptors.” The ability for her body to utilize the chemicals and quickly convert it to strength which added to size. She felt as if she had hooked a bicycle pump onto her body and was now growing without limit. “We may even need to decrease your stack...” Her trainer said to her one day, worried she was developing way past her weight class and may come in “too big.”

But still, she persisted the regiment building and building solid muscle on top of muscle day after day. As much as she enjoyed this, there were hazards. Two sets of workout pants – torn from her expanding quads. A pair of her favorite shorts – ripped at the seams as her well-muscled rump appeared to fight a fight with the shorts cheap stitching and win. Two torn dress shirts, which she actually had fun with – tearing them in front of Bill in a play acting of Hulking out before some of their lovemaking sessions.

But what had really gotten her oddly enough – were... door frames.

The mass on her shoulders came so fast that she found she'd continuously enter and exit rooms, not just bumping into door frames, but doggone smashing into them – not used to her new size. She'd regularly be going about doing house chores only to find she'd misjudge her exit of a room, her mind making a calculation for the shoulder

width of the old jinni, while not factoring in Jinni 2.0's new burgeoning mass. At the end of the day, she wasn't sure which hurt more. The soreness from the heavyweights she hoisted in her near 3-hour workout sessions or her close calls with the pantry and bedroom doors.

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The show had been a success. In fact, it had been more so. She had a brief panic a few weeks out but trusted the process and the day of the show she looked good. She looked so good she scared herself. In fact, backstage as she pumped for the show, she looked at herself in the mirror. She couldn't look away, not ego, but she couldn't believe what she saw looking back her – her head – but that body – didn't belong to her – didn't seem to belong to anyone, bulging, ripped, muscles shimmering under golden flesh – the muscles – the training the diet – the steroids -- everything had gone into making this 'thing' in front of her something more human than she thought it could ever be.

And it worked. She was now 'that girl' at the show everyone feared – yes, there was a bit of feeling wrong about someone of the other girls as she crushed them, first in the call outs – and then in the posedown – she could see some of the competitors like her from before had been entirely unready – she felt somewhat bad about

embarrassing than on stage – but also thought ‘let them to get this like she did.’

Things had changed. She knew this when Sebastian then in first grade wanted to bring ‘Muscle Mommy’ to school as his show and tell. He had to instead settle for bringing her posing trophy. Jinni new the heady power rush of endorphins that she was chasing her growing strength body, the lingering stares that followed her and Bill and their son everywhere they went. She knew she’d have to work to stay grounded – to keep her connection to herself. She remembered the night they had all gone out to dinner at a chain restraint they used to frequent. This time her standard order of a jalapeno cheeseburger with extra bacon had been changed to two grilled chicken breasts with steamed veggies. And when she went to the bathroom over hearing the two women talking about her while she was in the stall “Did you see steroid girl out there...” She wanted to laugh. Steroids. Like she was some bro buying a package of tren off some guido in the men's locker room of Golds. This was sports science. Chemistry, she almost needed to bite her lip from laughing out loud. But besides. Their disgust and shock told her what she was doing was working.

Within a few months of her next completion, Bill got word that an immense offer had come in for his company. They’d need to relocate. It was more money then he’d ever

thought of making. Later they could every spend – and now they'd be moving to a new town, a place where people didn't know party Jinni from the back of the van. Jinni who had snarfed milk out of her nose laughing at Dave McFadden's impressions in the lunchroom. Jinni who knew the lyrics to every Replacements album and whose crush when they were 15 was on Paul Westerberg the groups lead singer. They'd only know Jinni Jones. The muscle mommy. The newly crowned NPC rookie of the year. They'd only know this new her – there was no more old Jinni. Now only Jinni 2.0.

# Mrs. Jones The College Years - Chapter 8

By 009ELI

## Grilled Fish With Lemon, A Walk In the Mall & Some Big News

Mrs. Jones' calves bunched and flexed as she walked towards me across the parking lot.

The muscles, which resembled upturned fists, bulged powerfully over her small ankles and pulsated, powering her in her platform wedged heels as I saw her emerge from her car.

“There he is –” Jinni said approaching me and then throwing her arms around me in a welcoming hug.

It had been radio silence ever since that morning in the hotel lobby after the contest and after our encounter in the changing room and then the intimate moment in front of the elevators where Mrs. Jones guided me expertly to a release of the built-up frustration from the weekend. Returning home from that fantastic trip I felt like my head was buzzing, we had texted a bit back and forth as I drove home and she drove off back to her place in Hawthorne –

And then. Nothing.

Not at least for a good week. I had checked my phone. Refreshing it. Do I call her? Does she call me? I had played the texting game and calling game many times before, but not with someone like Mrs. Jones. Not with a real 'Woman.' Not with an in-demand athlete who had an army of followers fawning over her every post on Inst@gram:

I began to wonder what would someone like her, be doing with someone like me? And then about a week or so ago:

JINNI: Hey loser

Finally, my phone beeped.

Followed by a bright smiley face emoji with a wink letting me know the text was meant to be taken as a joke.

ME: Paloma?

I decided to shoot back, playing her game, and responding with the name of her foremost competitor, knowing it would most likely get her goat.

There was a long pause. Followed by the telltale '...' To let me know she was writing something. Oh no! Did I go too far? And then finally:

JINNI: Okay... I totally hate you now.

Followed by a trail of happy, smiley, winky emoji faces.

JINNI: You need to tell me something fun to make up for that, or you'll be in big trouble next time we see each other.

Trailed by another litany of cute, flirting emojis.

I thought for a moment and then...

ME: Octopuses are one of the few sea creatures that can smell.

Pause on her end. '...' And then...

JINNI: Laughing smiling happy face emojis and a gif of a woman putting her finger on her nose to indicate my factoid had landed with success.

And then...

JINNI: Wait? Can they smell themselves then? Perplexed face emoji.

ME: I hope not.

I countered...

JINNI: You literally just made me snarf laugh my protein shake in the American Airlines waiting area.

ME: Sorry.

JINNI: No. Now I think they may kick me out for having too much fun.

After a brief back and forth catching me up on her latest trip, we made plans to meet up when she got back and now... here she was... walking across the Oakcrest Shopping mall, an upscale shopping malls located in between my school and her place in Hawthorne with her strutting across the parking lot to me --

The entire mass of muscle that was Jennifer Jones Halifax bubbled over to me on those heels. Her legs undulating with each step, quads pushing, flexing and stretching the fabric of her skin-tight black leggings. The bulbous outer heads of her overdeveloped thighs and the small muscle fluctuations clearly visible under the tight black stretching fabric.

Balanced there on her platform shoes, her entire physical being was so improbable. The small feet, fit snugly into the cloth straps of her espadrilles, the white of the shoe design playing off the dark tan of her exposed skin, the bright pink toe polish adding a hit of girlishness to the proceedings.

On top, she wore a loose fitting blouse that was gathered snugly around her waist. The blouse was designed to be open and airy with the neck removed, but I noticed how Jinni's upper body bulk filled out the shirt, stretching it around the shoulders and the open neck allowing her thick, neck and traps to remain visible.

“Lah-rry...” She said, bounding towards me across the parking lot. The velvety hints of her subtle southern accent stretching out the vowels in my name. Even now, the merest sound her soft, soothing honey-dripped voice had a pavlovian response, releasing ripples that traveled up and down my spine.

She made her way over to me, and without hesitation, pulled me in for a hug. As she did so, I could feel the hard ripples of her shoulder press up against my chin, and she held me there, close. My hands took a moment and traveled from the full thickness of her mid back. I could clearly feel under the light fabric of her top, on down to her waist to the iron ridges of her lower back development and ripples of her back and outer hip development played underneath my hands momentarily, despite being covered from view by her tight clinging leggings. My hand rested there, at the small of her back, and briefly fluttered up underneath her top, feeling along the twin pillars of her massive lower back development. Tracing my finger along their dual columns of power, exploring how they shifted

below her smooth skin. From my vantage point I could clearly see how they tied into her lower body development and formed the converse that flowed down her sculpted rear which was clearly visible stretching and pulling underneath the flowing black surface of her stretch skinny jeans and on down to her pressed out hamstrings which pulsed with power as she shifted to her upright position and met me to look into my eyes.

“This is is so great. Thanks for coming out to meet. So excited.” She said and gave me a pec on the cheek.

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Mrs. J took my arm in hers as we walked to the mall. She told me about how she had filled her schedule since the last show.

“Photo shoots. Travel. Seminar. Seminar... Gym opening etc etc.”

I knew Jinni was in demand but I still probably didn't give the benefit of the doubt to how much travel she was doing as a top-flight FBB. I had no doubt about the toll it could take, and I wondered how she even managed to get in some training, which she no doubt had as she now looked, bigger, fuller with every curve of her thickly muscled body popping out in true 3D fashion as her physique had been

sculpted by some crazy game designer who wished to design an unfathomable personage that combined both curves and power into a flesh and blood human being.

I shouldn't have been surprised at how busy she was. Her number 2 finish to Paloma less than a month ago had brought her new attention with new expectations from many online commentators saying she should have won the show.

“You hungry?” She asked me, offering her cute smile, lips curled up, just a small bit of wrinkling around her bright green eyes. The always possible hint of mischief and the unexpected that seemed to trail in her wake everywhere she went.

We soon found a place in the mall and Jinni consulted the menu to see if there was anything she could eat:

“Mm....” Got it. She said, looking at what was being offered by the restaurant. She continued to hold my hand tight, and as she bounced and rocked on her heels I could feel the small, subtle flexes and bunching of her broad sculpted shoulders rubbing against mine, as well as the hard outer sculpting of her thickly muscled legs, which bubbled and shifted pressing out into my own, more modest legs as if they wished to break out of their lycra incased prison.

Soon a host showed us to the table, and although I don't think she quite registered Mrs. Jones' magnitude as she was rather dressed down, I could quickly see a few glances that trailed Mrs. J throughout the restaurant as we were lead to our table, once again raising a level of energy electricity and the brief spark of danger that seemed to trail her everywhere she went.

For lunch, she ordered grilled fish with lemon...

"Two filets..." She said cutely to the waiter as she pinched her hands together in a manner that said 'don't hate me.'

"And how much is the serving size?" She asked, squinting her eyes in the manner that said she was wholly involved in the task at hand.

I could see the tall, gangly waiter try to calculate as I was sure he wasn't used to his lunchtime crowd of stay at home moms and business people from the local offices ask about the specific macronutrient content of their lunch specials.

I could also see him clock and take small, subtle glances from his raised vantage point down to Jinni's exposed cleavage and the pectoral area which had been left pretty visible and well presented by the low plunging cut of the blouse. His eyes no doubt taken with a small blue, pulsating vein trailing up and over the granular meat of the

lower portion of her right pec which had become visible a few minutes into our stroll in the mall and was now clearly pulsating and pumping due to the exertion of Mrs. J navigating her heavyweight FBB bulk on the way to the restaurant.

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Lunch was good, and I had a turkey burger, not wanting to look like a pig in front of Jinni.

Throughout the meal, she talked and regaled me with tales from her travels. It was amazing to hear about some of the famous pro BBers I had only seen online. And her insight into the women and her fellow competitors was genuinely amazing. I was looked at these girls like goddesses, but Mrs. J knew them, as PEOPLE! It was crazy!

Mrs J: Oh my god her?!?!? No not nice at all... She's a sweetie... Uhm you didn't hear it from me but lets say she likes her female trainer more then her husband.

And I tried to do my best to pick up any nuggets I could without revealing myself as secret schmoe I was.

We soon finished lunch and Jinni pushed her plate cutely across the table.

“No more thank you....” She said with a bright smile and patted her stomach, which I noticed had become stretched during the meal, allowing her tortoiseshell of abs to show somewhat through the white cloth of her top.

“Walk with me for a moment...” Jinni said, taking my arm once again as we circled through the mall. Now full of food I felt once again energized, but I was fooling myself if I was thinking that it was my turkey burger that was giving me sustenance. It was the nearness of being next to the marvelous muscular, Mrs. Jones. Being in her stead. Her proximity. Her aura was like food for the soul. Pure. Wholesome. All consuming. And I feared because I knew just the nearness of her could be like a drug. Leaving the user strung out and crazing more at the expense of everything else in there lives. There family, friends, food... all could be sacrificed merely for her closeness or look of her approval. To get one of her sideways glances or a wink from her large green eyes and her upturned pink lips.

As we walked through the mall, I took the opportunity to trail behind her, taking in the full scope of her body. I think Jinni was aware and I noticed she'd sashay her hips slightly in a bit of a muscle girl strut I'd seen certain FBBs do in videos. Maneuvering her vast bulk elegantly in heels. Her broad back flaring up and out and her hips moving from side to side careful to acquiesce to her full inner thigh development. The movements were hypnotizing. Sensual

and powerful. Like a jungle cat stalking its prey. Aware of its power but comfortable enough to let its perception of physical dominance do all the talking for it.

We stopped slowing down at one of the kiosks near the food court.

“I’m getting coffee do you want anything?”

We took a moment and looked at the display.

“Mocha, birthday cake latte I’m getting that!” Jinni said motioning to a poster displaying an enormous crazy coffee concoction that looked closer to a milkshake than a cup of java.

“Just a coffee...” I said matter factly not wanting to put her out.

“Just a coffee... Oh my god. You're so ‘basic.’” She said and give me a laugh and a playful tussle of my hair.

“That’s what my training partner Marcus says when I’m on my contest prep. ‘Jinni, you are so basic.’” She said, putting on a faux tough guy voice.

I laughed but though – Marcus. I felt a pang of uncertainty in me for a moment. I hadn’t really heard Jini mention any

other men in her life besides Sebastian and her trainer. I, of course, knew she was out and around and considered something of a sex symbol as she was definitely one of more the facially attractive female bodybuilders. But I guess I hadn't figured she would of course train with a guy and for a moment felt threatened but briefly felt it pass as I once again found myself looking in Jinni's kind and accepting eyes.

"Why don't you grab us a seat and I'll get the coffees..." She said and offered me a peck on the cheek that soothed any feelings I may have had about hearing about other men in her life.

I went and found a nearby bench as Jinni queued up in the line for the coffee cart.

As Mrs. J ordered coffee, I noticed a few teenagers at a nearby table point and motion in Jinni's direction. Pointing out and motioning to the equine prominence of Jinni's sculpted lower body as she turned back to the cashier to place our order. How the high sheath of both her upper and lower glute development sat jutting inches off from her lower body and how the full rounded outline of the sloped, bulbous kidney-bean shaped muscles was clearly delineated even through the fabric of her pants; quivering and bulging ominously as she shifted subtly from foot to foot.

As my eyes floated back to the table and I saw one of the teenage girls take in the garish display of muscle and mouth 'Holy shit...' to one of her equally in awe friends.

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As Mrs. J made her way back from the cart, we soon found seating alongside a small area that had been converted into a bit of a play area for the kids in the mall.

"Oh my god... This so amazing..." Jinni said, rolling her eyes back in her head in a show of pure ecstasy as she took a sip off her coffee.

"Here, you've got to try this Lawrence..." she said and without even asking turned the straw out towards me to take a pull off of.

I hesitated for a moment and looked down at the plastic straw, which was the trademark purple of the coffee company that ran the kiosk. A small bit of pink lipstick sat clinging to and around the shaft of the straw. A tiny little waxy imprimatur from where Mrs. J's lips had touched the straw mere moments before. I took pause and then leaned forward... Closing my eyes, I took a long, slow, pull off the straw. As my lips closed around it, I could feel the soft moistness of where Jinni's mouth had been just moments before. A warm feeling of pleasure washed over me like a

tidal wave of joy cascading over and up through my core as I got just a hint of her lipstick against my lips. It tasted sweet, and I felt myself hesitate, and I sought to linger over it for longer than I should, imagining my own lips pressed against hers...

I pulled long and hard, and the sugary sweet liquid immediately flooded my mouth, and I floated back to the night in her hotel suite after the contest as she too, then, offered me up to the tantalizing combination of syrupy sweetness of vanilla and chocolate warmth along with the contours improbably sculpted body.

I finished the long pull and swallowed hard and met eyes with Jinni who offered me a mischievous wrinkling of her nose as if to say she was fully aware of the 'secret' temptation that was just experienced between us. A secret moment which only we two could know about and was invisible to all in the mall who merely saw two people; a college student and a buxom, beautiful older woman drinking coffee together on a bench in the mall.

“Good right?” She asked and I nodded.

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Soon the afternoon was drawing to a close.

“We should get you back...” Jinni said a look of concern flickering across her face.

Exiting the mall, we stopped for a moment in front of a large store window display. ‘Missoni’ the sign above it said in golden metallic letters. I remembered the name, my mom always would walk by it and wistfully look at the dresses bemoaning the fact that their prices were way above what she felt comfortable spending.

“Oh... I have that...” Mrs. J said taking a slow slurp off her coffee as I turned to the brightly lit display in the window which showcased a bean pole thin mannequin sporting a tiny brightly colored bikini. The bikini was made of tiny strips of bright colored striped fabric. Vibrant blue, greens, and golds ran across the fronts and the top. The bikini was small, minuscule, but was genuinely eye-catching about it was how the little bottoms were clasped around the hip area with two tiny strings connected over the hips with just the small wisp’s of fabric and two metallic M’s of the company logo. The bottoms were tiny and meant to stop right above the model’s pubis, exposing the wearer's flat stomach. A cut so bold and daring I’m sure mostly designed for the stick thin women of the runway, but my mind quickly drew a picture of not what some boney girl on the catwalk would look like but how the exposed expense of Mrs. J’s bulging voluptuous action figure physique would look in the tiny the outfit. I was momentarily struck dumb.

I was also struck dumb by a slow dawning subtle realization. Which was the motivation for the mention by Mrs. J. I couldn't help but think there was a bit of calculation here? Slow, subtle signaling to me that we had crossed some kind of Rubicon in our relationship after the events of a few weeks back where she posed for me in just the tiniest of outfits letting me eat confectionary treats off her exposed bulging body. Mrs. J was communicating that we were past the point of just friendship and into a new world. She was my bulging buffed up muscle pin-up that I could dress up at will in whatever outfit suited my fancy, and she'd be more than happy to oblige.

I felt a quick shock of lightning shoot through me as if everything from that day on would change.

Perhaps sensing this and not wanting a replay of the what happened at the elevator of the hotel of a few months ago Jinni subtly prompted me by running her fingernail across the back of my arm.

“Come on. We should get you back...” She said and offered me a kind smile that was wholly loving and accepting. No doubt knowing the images that her comments had painted in my mind, but now wanting me to get home safely as I'd we'd have little outlet for our affection for each other. Let alone if I needed a release like I seemed to do so often in her presence.

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We exited out of the mall and made our way across the parking, I remember thinking about how it was the beginning of November and the days were getting shorter. Despite being relatively early the sun was beginning to set, and the sky was turning a greyish shade of burnt orange that was common and well remembered to all those who have spent any portion of time in the Southern East coast of the United States and know that inevitable feeling as Fall begins to creep away from Summer and the leaves fall dotting the street with the expectations that Thanksgiving will be right around the corner and then the obligations of the holidays with family and Christmas and the smell of the holidays as the calendar flips around to a new year and once again you circle the sun another year older but not probably very much wiser.

After a bit of walking arm, and we finally arrived in front of her white SUV.

“Oh, my Lah-rry. I forget to tell you... you’re probably going to get so annoyed with me.” She said pausing as she took my hands in her eyes and bit down on her bubble gum pink lips chewing on it in an expression that made her look less like a 43-year-old mom and more like a 15-year-old waiting for the boy she likes to ask her to the school dance.

“Pro ex is having me do a seminar over in York town. Like twenty minutes away from campus.”

“Okay,” I said, not really aware of what she was getting at. York town was a straight shot from the town where our school was and definitely closer than Hawthorne, which was pretty much a day trip.’

“Well... with the commute and everything, I figured why not get a place in town there so... Guess what... I’M MOVING LAH-RRY! We're going to be neighbors again!”

