

From Girlfriend to Goddess - Introduction

By above average white kid

I got a bit carried away one night and wrote this. I'm aware there are too many adjectives and that some may even be repeated. Nevertheless, this is my attempt at writing my perfect FBB fantasy short- less on the dialogue and more action/description. Any comments would be appreciated, just so I know I didn't write this for nothing. Enjoy.

I first met Louise in college, five years ago when I was 16. I can't remember the first time I saw her, but I distinctly remember the way she grew on me as the weeks and months progressed. Not just as I began to notice how very pretty she was; her long auburn hair would often dance across her face in the harsh winds of the Northern winter, flashing glimpses of large sea blue eyes and full lips drawn into a wry smile. When the summer came she would wear skin tight jeans, low cut long-sleeved shirts and small, vibrant jackets to show off her already impressive body. She never shirked when asked questions about her body and would sometimes interrupt half way through, simply stating, "30DD, 24 inch waist," which, on a young woman barely 5 foot 3 tall was and indeed looked extremely impressive.

Yes, she was pretty, but she was always the first to console, the first to wave me over in the cafeteria and the first to comment on my new shirt with the silver thread pinstripe. It grew to be inevitable that in the dusk of a hazy evening in May, just after my 17th birthday we would find ourselves alone on a grassy verge waiting for a bus that our eyes met; then the sweet relief from the almost nauseous anxiety as our lips softly came together. A delirious smile. Another kiss. From that moment we were thrown into a kind of love very few couples ever achieve.

There's our story then. At least up until she called me in the small hours of a Thursday morning three months ago. Although I think I am getting ahead of myself here.

I suppose that I should give you some facts about myself and Louise as we find ourselves in the present before continuing. My name is Ian, I'm 21, 6 foot 2, 12 stones dead and am, among other things a History student and aspiring Folk musician. Louise is also 21, although she is 6 months younger than I. She is now 5 foot 5, 30FF chest, 25 inch waist-slender, but well built; I mean I don't feel I'm going to break her if I hold her too tight like some attractive girls you see knocking about. She studies Medicine at university. She also holds down a job as a pool attendant at the local leisure centre. We moved into a small one bedroom flat in the city centre about two years ago, but I often found myself alone. She would stay in the library or the lab for hours after her lectures finished. Not that I minded, she always came home when she said she would and I appreciated that she worked hard in order to achieve her dream of becoming a consultant doctor. Plus, it

wouldn't exactly be a bad thing - me having a wife who pulls in nearly £200,000 per year - would it?

I switch the TV off. My head is splitting. Draw the curtains, off with the light and in to the covers. Bliss. I think of a song I've been writing. Maybe the chorus needs to lead to a middle eight. I don't know... My head is splitting.

VVVVVVVVVVVVVVVV.....VVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVV..... Who the fuck is calling me at half two in the morning on a weekday? VVVVVVVV.... I roll over and squint at the screen. Louise. Maybe she's worried about her application for the health care job. Best pick it up.

"Hi, darling. What's up?" I croak.

"Are you doing anything at the minute?" She sounded excited. It was unnatural for anyone to be that enthusiastic at this hour without very good reason. Had she inherited a fortune? Had she got the job? No, she would have just told me when she next came round. I sat up, stretched and rubbed my eyes.

"No, I was just in bed. My head's splitting."

"I'm coming home from uni now, okay?" Again, she wouldn't have phoned me just to tell me this. Like I said, she was always home when she said she'd be.

"Alright... you don't normally ring to let me know?"

"I've got a surprise for you." She paused for a second, before adding, in a confident manner, "You're going to absolutely love it."

I was almost asleep when I heard Louise to get back. As usual I guess she goes straight to the bathroom to take out her contacts.

"Hey darling, what's this about a surprise, then?" I called through to her.

"Close your eyes, Ian!" She shouted through. So I did. I heard the bedroom door swing open. A couple of footsteps on the laminate floor.

"Open your eyes."

Fucking hell.

From Girlfriend to Goddess - Chapter 1: The Surprise

By above average white kid

What greeted me was beyond description. The slender and sweet Louise who kissed me goodbye that morning now put any male bodybuilder to shame. She was huge; shredded; ripped to within an inch of her life. I tried to take in the whole image, to comprehend it. But I couldn't. She was standing in front of me, hands on her waist, wearing a black shirt, tied around her monstrous chest, the plunging neckline revealing her beefy pecs. Her cleavage must have been 7 inches deep but it was pure muscle. She had on a black mini skirt that barely covered her arse, huge thighs rippling with deep chords of muscle.

"Pick your jaw up off the floor, will you?" She smirked playfully. She sauntered over to the bed where I sat, paralysed with awe. She stopped about a foot away from me and, looking down lovingly breathed in deeply. She slowly started to flex as she lifted her head, hands on her impossibly tiny and chiselled waist. Her shredded abs began to swell, cuts 2 inches deep quickly formed, each one of her abs had to be at least the size of a tennis ball. I pulled my attention away from her stomach up towards that chest, which inflated upwards and outwards. She never wore a bra nowadays, she simply didn't need to. The knot in her shirt tightened and the cotton stretched as she flexed, her striated pecs bursting out. She slowly raised her right arm and I found myself helplessly letting out muted whimpers and moans as first her massive shoulder exploded upwards. As she raised her arm, fist clenched, her bicep grew at a horrifying rate.

Thick, snaking veins pushed their way to the surface. Finally she reached the top of the flex, smiling as she admired her huge, bulging right arm. Then she slowly turned her head to look at me. My lord, that face. She was an absolute goddess. Large, glistening emerald eyes. A stunning chin line, beyond perfect cheekbones and plump red lips. She flicked her gorgeous deep red hair over her shoulders and I saw in an instant her go from love to sheer animal lust. She smirked as she exhaled and flexed her bicep as hard as she could. It must have grown an extra 2 and a half inches as it rose above her shoulder. She held it there for about ten seconds then turned to face me, she had a maniacal grin and looming over me pulled a crab pose. Again, she exploded. As if on auto pilot, I reached out to stroke her chest. A sharp pain. She grabbed my arm and almost pulling my arm out of its socket lifted me into the air over her head as if I were a child.

"I don't think so." She growled.

"B... b... but"

“We’re going for a night out!” She declared before pretending to stretch, adding with a small fake yawn, “And I swear that by the end of tonight you’re going to want me to fuck you more than you want your next breath.” Then the loving smile returned. I was terrified. She saw this and gently lowered me down. She puckered her lips. I was hesitant. “Come on Ian, Louise wants a kiss.” I leaned in, trembling.

The smell of her perfume, the way her lips fitted mine so nicely. The feel of her smooth skin over her Herculean abs as I brushed my fingertips down her stomach. My head went light and I felt myself losing my balance. A snigger as I fell back onto the bed.

“I’m going to have so much fun tonight.” I managed to catch a glimpse of her admiring her chest with a satisfied smile before I blacked out.

From Girlfriend to Goddess - Chapter 2: A Night Out Prequel

By above average white kid

We got out of the taxi just down the road from Selby's. Not our favourite haunt; too many slappers with orange faces and jack-the-lad gym freaks, with barely a brain cell between them. Whenever we were in there we enjoyed sitting and observing these retards, the insults growing more and more bitchy and extreme the more drunk we got. But the drinks were always cheap and the sound system was shit, so the bass from the appalling dance music didn't turn your insides to mush.

I must have snatched my gaze from Louise a million times in the taxi- god knows how- just to make sure this wasn't some sort of mad trip or cruel dream. But every time I looked back she was still there. Still huge. Still utterly stunning. The taxi driver had said absolutely nothing on the way there. When Louise thanked him as we got out, the poor guy could only offer a childish whimper in response before fiddling with the radio in a desperate attempt not to stare in astonishment.

We stood outside and had a cigarette before we went inside. Usually a fag looked too long for her small hands but now it seemed microscopic. I found myself mesmerised by watching her slowly raise it to her lips and draw gently before inhaling gently, but deep, so that her monumental chest would raise up, the top of her breasts becoming almost horizontal. Her ribs spread and her abs would occasionally flex involuntarily when a particularly cold gust swept by, the cuts between them digging in, easily an inch or so; she may have been a ripped-to-death muscle goddess, but the cold still gave her the occasional shiver.

I tried to be cool, I don't know why; we had been together for nigh on four years and there was nobody I was more comfortable with. "It's your own fault for wearing so little." I joked. She was wearing a skin tight black dress that barely covered her perfectly round arse, which rode high at the top of her ultra-ripped thighs, which she had been desperate to flaunt. She was wearing a pair of black high heels, which forced her calves to explode into solid diamond shapes; the definition was incredible and they almost looked stuck on with glue as they bellowed out from her slim ankles.

The dress had no straps but was in no danger of going anywhere as it was stretched over her mammoth pecs. Collette Guimond would have wept in shame; the rips in Louise's chest were insane, I had tried to rest my head on her chest in the taxi, but it was like trying to rest on a marble slab. In between the two massive ends of her exaggerated hour glass figure, the dress cut away on the right hand side, exposing her midriff, which rippled with power every so often, making me gasp involuntarily. If her lower body was a work of art then her upper body was crafted by the gods themselves. Her hips connected

her legs to her waist seamlessly, epically slender, yet powerful. Her entire stomach was a mountain range of rippling muscle. Her stomach did not bulge out (again, as is the case with some FBBs, making them seem to have a kind of pot-belly) and if it weren't for her tennis ball-sized abs her waist would have been (as before the change) a super sexy 24 inches. This was a perfect 8-pack with no fading of definition towards the top.

I watched her arms in awe as she slowly, deliberately raised and lowered the cigarette to her full, ruby lips, each draw highlighting her glamour model features. She had always been very beautiful, but now she was absolutely breathtaking. As far as I was concerned, my Louise made even the most gorgeous model look like that mousey little girl in class who was always obsessed with horses. Her beautiful thick hair looked like a mane, shimmering with vibrant reds, golden blondes and seductive browns. It swept up back over her head but fell entirely on her back as her beefy traps were in the way. This was fine by me, as it kept on show her slender neck, encased in thick, ripped muscle.

I turned my attention back to her forearm. The inner part ballooned insanely, clearly defined from the outer part, which was equally impressive, its self split into many different parts. Again my mind turned to sex and I for a brief moment imagined what it would be like to get a hand job from her. That image coupled with staring at her bulging forearms only lasted a second or two but I instantly felt my dick throb inside my jeans, forcing me to stop before I blew my load in my pants.

To be honest I haven't the foggiest idea how I didn't. With each puff her bicep flexed. Well, it didn't flex so much as swell, seemingly endlessly. She wasn't even conscious of it and to her, she was completely relaxed. As she raised the cigarette to her mouth, her bicep steadily bulged and it seemed as though life were going in slow motion. Huge thick veins pushed themselves to the surface, culminating in a peak that would put any male bodybuilder to shame. From behind, it towered about an inch above her shoulder, deep cuts separating shoulder from bicep, bicep from tricep and when viewed from the front, the split in her peak was outstanding. The only two peaks I knew of that split like that were Klaudia Larson's and Debbie Bramwell's, but if they spent every waking hour for the rest of their lives monsterring the weights and shooting as many roids as they could without their body rejecting them, they could never hope to manage to achieve anything like Louise's. Her shoulders were monumental, again, deep striations ran from where they met her traps down to those biceps. They were perhaps more defined than her biceps, clearly outlined with a deep cut.

She gave me a stern look and said, "Look at me, Ian. Do I care about being a bit cold when I look this incredible?" The accusing face melted into a playful grin. "You look absolutely incredible", I replied. No, that was a huge understatement. Liz Hurley in *Bedazzled* looked amazing, Louise was something completely different and I felt a little ashamed at my inability to articulate what I really thought before forgiving myself due to

the facts that I found myself forgetting to breath when looking at her and that there were simply no set of words in the English language that could adequately describe the sheer radiant beauty she was. A sharp gust of wind passed by, throwing her hair across one side of her face. Instantly, I was taken back to those college days, sitting in the freezing December wind, our hands interlocked as I would squeeze her gently- partly because she always made a funny squeak when I did it, but mostly because it pushed up her boobs, which was a magnificent sight in such bleak and grey days.

“Just amazing? I’m a little disappointed in you, you’re meant to be an English student!” She playfully replied, looking herself up and down. She turned to the black glass beside us and tilted her head thoughtfully to the side. After a few seconds of self-admiration, a wry smile crept across her face as she gave her chest a little flex, the cuts at the top of her pecs instantly intensifying as they surged upwards and outwards, hiking up the dress violently and revealing the bottom of her ass. I don’t know what was more sexy, her luscious, bulging upper body or that secret smile, indicating she was absolutely loving her new body. Shit. Now I had to try and find those words, which had so far eluded me.

“Well...” My mouth was bone dry with lust and I could feel a bout of verbal nonsense coming on. She cut me off before I could continue. Wearing a pitiful face and pouting her lips, she teased, “Well.... Errrr... But.... Errrrr....” She flicked her cigarette to the floor and took a single powerful, sauntering step towards me. She had grown. I used to be able to rest my chin on the top of her head but now I must have only been a couple of inches taller than her. She still had her old, familiar scent which was a welcome and much appreciated reminder that this was MY girlfriend. I thought this to myself but my mind would not have it. I started to get panicky at the thought she could have any guy in the world if she wanted, but her gleaming emerald eyes flicked up and met mine and immediately; my worry subsided. I snapped myself out of my stupor and slipped behind her, putting my hands on her hips (I had made a pact with myself not to go crazy until we got home.) Still examining herself in the glass, Louise tipped her head back, eyes closed. She lowered her voice to almost a whisper and purred in a sultry tone. She asked, with genuine inquisitiveness, “Am I that attractive to you that you can barely speak?” My stomach was turning inside out and in the fear I may in fact throw up due to the incredible lust and awe I was experiencing, all I could muster in acknowledgement was a sharp, enthusiastic nod, to which she let out a small chuckle, accompanied by another diamond smile.

I may keep describing this smile but it is only because I want to explain the way her gorgeous face lit up. Too many good looking women have faces like a smacked arse. They may have a banging rack, flawless complexion and perfect legs, but for the most of the time they just come across as stoney faced and cold. Even before Louise became the 400lb monster she was I thought she was one of the most beautiful girls I had ever seen and when she smiled, to me, she surpassed all others. It wasn’t a fake T.V smile or a false

one some people wear when around their friends to convince themselves they're having a good time. There was a genuine warmth and playfulness, the dimples in her cheeks highlighted her astounding bone structure, her nose wrinkled cutely and her eyes widened, allowing the light to bathe over them, making them glimmer.

The moment Louise realised that the reason I was being so quiet was that I was totally overcome with awe at her, I could see she had decided something. I was still standing behind her when all of a sudden, in a supremely controlled and precise movement, she flicked her hair round to one side and warned me, "You've got a good view for what's about to happen here, darling." She brought her arms back sharply- her bulging triceps and massively developed shoulders damn near cracking my ribs- and began to bring them back together. I gawped over Louise's shoulder as her shredded chest bulged instantly. By the time she had moved her arms so they were together at about a 45 degree angle her cleavage was immense- a dense canyon perhaps 6 or 7 inches long and god knows how deep. The two slabs of muscle continued to force their way into each other- veins started to trace their way across the top of her pecs, her nipples looking as if they were going to tear through the dress.

When they could come together no more, her chest began to rise noticeably up towards her chin, the light creeping over her chest, becoming lost in the cuts and depthless ripped cleavage before reappearing again a moment later. She had kept her gaze with herself in the glass until those pecs seemed ready to burst and actually brushed her chin, even lifting her head slightly. She sharply looked to them in surprise, then to me, as if she needed confirmation of what just happened. She gave another small, amused chuckle before glancing back down to her boobs, giving them a single cheeky bounce before smashing them back together in one last explosive flex. I still don't know whether she was talking to me or herself, but still staring down into the mass of super ripped and dense muscle that must have dominated her vision she murmured in a deep, almost aggressive tone. "Oh yeah. That's fucking hot."

Pulling herself from her little moment, she tilted her head back and said, "Ian, I've got an idea. But I'm not telling you what it is."

"We not going into Selby's, like?"

She span around and pulled me closer by the waist with one arm. I could have gotten whiplash. "Trust me, babe- what I'm thinking is going to be better than any club, never mind this shit-tip."

"So, where are we going then?"

“Just next to the train station if I remember rightly, we’ll be there in 10. Don’t bother asking where because I’m not telling.” She spun away and started walking with real purpose. My god, she was a goddess from every angle; I didn’t move for a good while, just stood there staring as she walked away. Her walk now oozed confidence and raw sexuality, she had total control over every movement as she swayed her backside, with a subtle flick of the hips as it rocked from side to side.

From Girlfriend to Goddess - Chapter 3: The Night Out

By above average white kid

I must mention at this point there is an unwritten scene that precedes this one, in which on their way to the night club, Louise explains that she happened to stumble upon some strange results when collaborating with some genetics students on a research project, leading to them unwittingly stumbling across a miracle drug (convenient yes, but who cares)

To be honest I have no idea why Ian is chased into the bathroom by four meatheads, maybe he spilt their pint, maybe Ian called them nasty names cos he knew Louise was there. Or maybe i just wanted some guys for her to humiliate XD

I ran into the toilet. They must have thought I was an idiot, cornering myself like that. They burst in a second or so behind me. Four of the ugly meat head bastards, all wearing t-shirts one size too small to show off the couple of hours gym time they put in during the week. They began to come towards me but stopped when they heard the door open and slam shut. They were trapped now. "Hello, boys."

The first one launched himself at Louise but her arm shot up and grabbed him. With a simple flick of her arm she threw him sideways through the side of one of the cubicles. The next two she dealt with so quickly and efficiently it was comical. They came for her and now both her mammoth arms shot up, grabbing them by the neck. She span round and threw first one, then the other into the main door, splitting the frame, they weren't knocked unconscious like the first one and quickly scrambled out of the toilet like rats.

The fourth knew he was fucked and was backing into the corner. She was going to take her time with this and slowly advanced, flexing every one of her bulging, freakishly ripped muscles as she walked.

"I..... I'm sorry...." He whimpered.

"Shut the fuck up, you miserable little faggot." He sank further into the corner as her massive frame blocked out the light. She bent down and grabbed a handful of his shirt, twisting it tight. She launched him off the ground and above her head, arching backward to lift him as high as she could. She left out a sigh of unadulterated pleasure as she slowly, deliberately curled him down towards her face.

"Do you know how easy this is?" She smirked. "Look at me, I've got veins in my arms bigger than your dick." She demonstrated her point by lifting him up and then back down to her face with ease. She quickened rapidly, until even though she was fully extending

and contracting her arm, it seemed as though she was shaking him. After about 20 seconds of this she dropped him and turned towards the mirror as he groaned, doubled over. Then he violently threw up.

“Oh god...” Louise was totally absorbed in her reflection, posing, tweaking her muscles as she looked at every angle of herself. “The things I could do to you.”

“Please..... No”

“I’m a fucking Goddess,” she purred. She watched him scarp out of the toilet from the corner of her eye and gave herself a wry smile.

I walked over to her as she stood there basking in her incredible physique and beauty. “Baby, that was incredible...” I stood behind her and gently reached around, my hands spread out over that incredible stomach. She was getting really turned on by herself now and was moist with sweat. She was starting to breathe quicker so I kept my hands still and let her bulging abs slide up and down. I kissed her shoulder and she craned her head to the side, inviting me upwards. I kissed my way savagely up her neck, biting her hard a couple of times; there was no give. I reached her cheek, keeping my eyes firmly on her stunning face, admiring every detail. She had her eyes closed but had a knowing smile. She knew that no matter where I looked or caressed, I was as close to absolute bliss as is possible.

My mouth was dry and I was trembling so much that I was having to hang on to her just to stay upright. “I love you, Louise...” I managed to whisper.

“I love you too, Ian.” She turned her head towards me and in her happiness she let out an odd little noise of contentment. She puckered her lips so started to move closer. She sharply span away to face me. She had that ravenous look about her again and within moments she grabbed a handful of my shirt and yanked me towards her before kissing me violently and immediately throwing me off my feet across the bathroom. I skidded backwards into the wall, although not nearly in the same way as the meat heads. She looked me straight in the eyes as she stood in the middle of the room. 5 foot 8 inches, a 26 inch waist, 23 inch biceps, titanic 30 inch thighs leading from diamond shaped 22 inch calves; the unnatural density of her muscles making her 430lbs of sheer, unbridled feminine power. I had to try and calm myself down or else I was going to explode. Still staring into my eyes, she reached up to the knot in her tied shirt and violently, effortlessly ripped it off, fully revealing her immense upper body. She flexed her chest and after another moment of self-admiration closed her eyes and breathed in slowly and deeply, as if she too was having to calm herself down.

She opened her eyes and once again looked me in the eyes. "I... am... a fucking goddess..." She began to stalk towards me and as she walked I was gob smacked at the way the huge chords of muscle twitched and danced under her skin. It seemed like an hour before she was looming over me; I hadn't even bothered trying to stand up as I was in complete shock.

"Are you scared?" She asked.

"I....a.... w..w.. a little." God I was a wreck, but I didn't mind because I knew that seeing she had such an effect on me was turning Louise on perhaps even more than seeing her own reflection.

"Good. You should be." She grabbed me and hauled me to my feet. "Now, this is the way things are going to work. I tell you to do something and you fucking do it or I'm going to punish you. "

"Okay..." She let me go and I slumped back to my knees. She reached under the row of sinks and yanked out a baseball bat sized piece of pipe from the wall. She brought it over to me. "Take this."

I took the lead pipe, which was a good 2 inches wide and very weighty. I looked up to see Louise flexing her abs in the mirror. "I want you to hit me in the stomach with that, hard as you can."

"What? Louise, that's stupid!" She couldn't expect me to do this, surely?

She shot a displeased look at me. "Ian, just fucking do it." She turned to face me. "Right, hard as you can." She didn't even flex to brace herself as I tamely swung the pipe, which tamely bounced off her formidable stomach. "Harder." Again, nothing. She smiled at me and winked. "Hard as you can, Ian, this is your last chance." Fuck it. I even took a little run up. Far from causing her any damage, the vibrations travelled up the pipe from her unflinching, still unflexed abs and rattled every bone in my body. I let out a yelp of pain. She laughed mockingly, "Aw, did that hurt, darling? You know what I felt?.... Absolutely..." she paused. An almighty double biceps pose, she flexed as many muscles as hard as she could. She sneered at me, as if disgusted with my efforts, "... nothing."

I rose to my feet and found myself instinctively drifting towards her. I didn't even realise, she was just too much to resist. I stopped inches from where she stood and went to stroke her ripped, powerful muscular tits. A sharp pain. Before I could even register what had happened I was forced to my knees, my face level with her lower abdomen. Her thighs were all I could see, an intricate network of bulging, shredded muscles desperately

trying to burst through. My god, the things she could do with those. The pain she could inflict. "I thought I told you to do nothing unless I say so..." She teased.

"I'm sorry..." I was close to tears with the pain, but she released me before breaking my wrist. She turned to the mirror.

"Now.... Worship me like the goddess I am... Starting with my legs." She whipped off her leather skirt as nonchalantly as her shirt and I dived in, hugging her incredibly powerful thighs, grabbing at her calves and kissing the inside of her thighs. She began standing on her toes, her thighs exploding in my face. "Oh fuck yeah," she moaned. "Abs"

I licked my way up the front of her left thigh and began licking and kissing her impossibly rock hard abs. "Mmmmmmm.... You like that, don't you?" I didn't answer. I pawed at her stomach as hard as I could while I licked her stunning midriff. She didn't crunch her abs. Partly because my tongue may have gotten caught in their deep grooves, but mainly because she was too busy playing with her erect nipples. "Ooooooh, chest. NOW!" Again, I kissed my way up, stopping to suck on one of her nipples, "Oh, babe look at me, I'm fucking perfect." I don't think she'd taken her eyes off of her reflection the entire time. "What's your favourite part of my body?"

"I don't know..." I slid my hand up her canyon-like cleavage, which engulfed it. A sharp pain. Her pecs forced together like a vice before rising up so they were flush against her chin, extending out a good 10 inches in front of her. My hand was being crushed. "Come on, Ian, you must have a favourite part..." She released my hand.

"Is it my rock hard abs?" She crunched her abs, still staring at her reflection in awe. "I don't even have to flex them and they're ripped to shreds. You smacked them with a fucking lead pipe and I didn't feel a thing..." My hand was feeling better as I rose to my feet behind her.

"How about my massive biceps?" A knockout double biceps pose, with the sexiest smile as she saw me behind her. Now she was having fun. "Or my pecs?"

I reached around, stroking her chest as she flexed. I nibbled her ear and whispered, "Everything."

She span round and kissed me passionately, gently groping my bulge. She pushed me over to the wall, still kissing me with those beautiful soft lips while my hands frantically raced over her superhuman torso. She stopped kissing me and with a lust that ignited the air, growled, "You have no idea of the things I'm going to do to you." I went to kiss her but I was slammed back hard against the wall. She pinned me there and whispered menacingly in my ear, "I'm going to make you squeal like a child." She tore my pants and

boxers apart in the same fashion she had her own clothes. I was harder than I had ever been in my life as she smoothly stroked my 8 inch shaft. I moaned like a whore as she kissed me softly, gauging every tiny reaction.

“Surely you can give me a little more than that Ian...” she teased, flexing slightly as she squeezed it a little. I moaned, louder this time. “There we go.” I looked down to see my 10 inch dick in her slender hands. She stepped away.

“10 seconds.” she said. Before I could ask what she meant, Louise had lifted me, single handed over her head and immediately shoved my entire length in her mouth. I looked down. It was incredible. Those freakishly ripped pecs and arms surrounding the most beautiful face in the world. She winked.

Keeping her head still, she moved me in and out slowly and steadily. She massaged my dick with her tongue as she pulled me in, her perfect lips engulfing it before taking it all. She moaned with pleasure at what she was doing and seemed desperate for it. Huge waves of pleasure surged down my spine. I clawed at her bulking shoulders as my legs shook uncontrollably. I looked over to see she had raised her left hand and was holding up five fingers. She started to curl me quicker, pumping my cock down her throat, gently sucking and licking while she moaned gently with pleasure. I couldn't comprehend what was happening. “F...f...fuckkkkk, Louiseeeeeee.” It was like dropping 5 E's in the line for a crazy rollercoaster and coming up just as the car gets over the first big climb. I whined. 4 fingers. Even faster. I started to let out uncontrollable yelps of delirium 3. 2. 1. She held me in tight while I exploded down her throat with a high pitched wail. She lowered me down but held on as my legs would have gone. I hung there, limp in her arms, my spinning head resting on her chest.

“Told you I'd make you squeal within 10 seconds.” She kissed me softly on the head. “I love you.”

I replied with a contented sigh.

From Girlfriend to Goddess - Chapter 4: Louise Hits the Weights

By above average white kid

Without saying a word, she walked purposefully over to the cross cables. Leaning over to one side, she moved the pin down on the weights, then the other. I didn't see where she had put the pins as she grabbed both handles, standing perfectly straight with her legs together facing the mirrors, she looked at me through the mirror with a knowing smile. "Are you ready?" She asked patronisingly before giving a sexy wink. Hands by her side, perfectly straight she stood absolutely still as she took a deep breath.

I stood aghast as she raised her arms to her side... The pin was at the bottom of each stack, taking up the maximum weight. I walked round the machine to make sure what I was seeing. It was true. Looking at this beautiful, beautiful girl in a mixture of shock, disbelief and amazement I said in a very shakey voice, "Louise.... You're pumping, like, 300 and something pounds..." She just raised her eyebrows in a matter-of-fact way, smoothly banging out the reps without a hint of strain.

"You're right, go and grab those extra weight plates over there." I couldn't believe what I was hearing but I walked over to the bench and asked which ones she wanted, to which she replied, "Just bring them all." It took 3 trips and each time I placed the weights on the stupid stack she was already lifting. After I finished putting the last of the weight on, she gave a contented sigh and moaned, "Thaaaaat's it."

She was pumping over 400lbs with her chest. What amazed me more was her posture- there was no hint of a bend in her back, knees or elbows and she was still banging out at least 1 rep per second. The control she had was incredible and I could no longer resist. I slowly walked behind her as she stared determinedly at herself in the mirror. She was starting to sweat now; still not anywhere near tired though. I moved in close and started to kiss her neck and traps. "Hi, there." she said, briefly averting her gaze from herself to give me a smile and blow a kiss. I had been trying not to get an erection but when she blew that kiss it was the hottest thing I had ever seen. My semi instantly thickened and I could feel the tightness in my jeans growing. She had done about 40 reps so far and now her whole body was shiny with sweat, the t-shirt was starting to become soaked through, all the time shrinking and contracting around her hulking chest. I slid my hands around her waist and held them flat on her abs, running them up and down, occasionally sliding sideways to feel the muscles around her waist and ribs. "My God, Louise your abs are fucking sensational."

"I'm not even flexing my stomach, you know."

“What, really? It’s totally ripped.” I began to grab at her abs, trying to dig my fingers in to see if there was any give but it was like groping concrete. I ran my fingers down into the grooves between her abs, which must have been an inch and a half deep.

“Mhmm, do you like them?” She whispered in a sexy tone, still pumping out the reps at an ungodly rate. She was panting a little now.

“They’re fucking amazing. Are you really not flexing at all?”

“Just my chest. Watch.”

Her whole stomach lifted and bulged out. I let out a groan of pleasure as she tensed her stomach, each abdominal muscle pretty much filling my hand. She shifted her midriff slightly and said, excitedly, “Let me see.” As soon as I moved my hands and revealed her monster abs her jaw dropped. She stopped pumping the weights and just stared at herself in the mirror. I started kissing her neck again as she resumed pumping her chest with renewed vigour. She was lifting even faster than she was before. I swung around her statuesque midriff like a kid on a fireman’s pole to face her. I dove to my knees and began to worship her stomach. My hands darted from her hips to her ass and down her thighs as I maniacally licked and kissed her stomach. After a while I decided it was time to pay some attention to her uber-pumped tits, which had been pumping over 400lbs for more than 80 reps non-stop.

After two minutes of this intense lifting she was soaked through and was now releasing small groans of pain. The t-shirt was clinging to her chest like a wet rag. I put my hands up her top again, catching a sneaky grope of her abs again as I made my way up to her pecs. She must have heard me gasp in shock as I did, in between reps she panted, “Oh I can do better than this.” and began to slow down. Now she was bringing her arms together painfully slowly, groaning with each rep. I made my hands as large as possible, groping, stroking and grabbing as much of her tits as I could. With each rep they morphed crazily and at the peak of her rep, Louise’s chest could have withstood a nuclear attack. Still groaning and pumping, I brushed my fingers over and around her nipples, which were erect as hell.

She gave out a sexual cry and started to pump faster. I gently pinched them and began to massage them. Now Louise was almost screaming in pain; her eyes closed, with the veins in her neck pulsating under her skin. I couldn’t help myself, I wanted to see her push herself to her very limit. I got right in her ear, whispering things like, “Fuck, Louise I’ve never seen anything like this. Just a few more reps, babe, you’re unstoppable.” She picked up the pace a little bit once more, but three reps later and the t-shirt finally began to give way. Louise smiled as she saw what was happening. I crooned in her ear, “You know it would be so hot to see that shirt ripped from your awesome body.”

“Well.... I’ll see what.... I can do.” And as she continued to pump, the rip in the collar tore right down the centre, showing a mountain of rippling, shredded muscle. As soon as the t-shirt ripped, Louise dropped the weights. I caught her looking at herself with pure self-lust as she stood square on to the mirror, legs astride, panting heavily, her eyes scanning every detail of herself. Suddenly, and without warning she span round, effortlessly pushing me to the floor, where I looked up at my girlfriend, an absolute goddess. She was burning a hole through me with her eyes as she stood over me, absolutely dwarfing my vision.

“How’s this for hot?” she snarled. She closed her eyes and tilted her head back so I could see every inch of her. She wore a satisfied smirk which stank of confidence as again, she took a deep breath, further opening the rip, which had now reached the top of her abs. She burst into a crab flex which blew me away; the t-shirt was instantly shredded, ripping along the shoulders as her traps swelled. The thing tore all the way down the side as her lats burst through the seams. Her mountainous biceps tore apart the sleeves as she peaked them, huge veins snaking over the top. Her pecs bulged massively, causing the rip in the middle to part, revealing her entire midsection. I let out another gasp. Louise grinned and straightened up, grabbing what remained of her shirt with two fingers, she picked it from her body and tossed it aside. What a sight she was; topless in those skin tight lycra pants.

Looking at herself in the mirror again she said, “you were right. I am fucking HOT!” She crunched her abs, twisting her midriff to check it out. “Oh, God look at these abs, Ian! In fact, I wanna try something.” She walked over to her coat and removed her purse. She opened it and shoved it in my face, telling me to pick a coin. I chose a two pence piece and handed it to her, slightly puzzled. Placing it in between her abs she gave me an excited look. I shook my head in disbelief. “What are you going to do for me if I can do this?” She teased, leaning her head to one side, giving a cheeky one sided smile.

“Absolutely anything you want.” And with that she put her hands behind her head and flexed her abs. The 2p was gone. “Did it not fall out or something?” I asked, to which she simply unflexed her bulging abs, raising one eyebrow. There was a faint clatter and I looked closely at Louise’s feet. She had bent the coin in two with nothing but her abs. She rubbed her hands up and down her stomach before catching a glimpse of her chest. Checking herself out in the mirror, she moaned, “And look at my fucking tits!” She started bouncing them alternately. Briefly, she must have forgotten I was there. She started pouting at herself, striking poses and trying to see just how sexy she could be. She caught my flabbergasted face in the mirror and turned round, looming over me. My head was on level with her monster legs, at which I stared intensely. Their size and shape were out of this world, but it was the fact they were so defined and shredded that you could see the individual muscle groups working through her pants as she walked. She looked down at me lovingly and offered her pretty, slender hand.