

## Meet Michelle

By AbsFan

Michelle is my wife. We've been together for twelve years, eleven of which, is marriage. We met in a funny way, actually. My doctor told me that I had high cholesterol, and that I needed to keep off of fatty foods, and exercise more. So after about a week of planning I entered a gym. The first day I went, I felt like a child in a new school, out of place, but for my health I was going to lower my cholesterol. I decided on two muscle groups a day, and today was some muscles in the legs (I didn't care about the name). See, I don't like to exercise, but I had to. So finishing my last muscle group, man was I sore! I must have spend a good minute trying to get myself off the machine, but to no avail. That's when I felt someone quickly plop down on my lap, as if in a hurry to use the machine; it was Michelle. She quickly apologized to me and explained that today she was circuit training but its hard to get machines without waiting forever. But I wasn't paying much attention to what she was saying. Her voice was like an angel, soft and sweet, with a little bit of a seductive tone.

"WOW!" I said. I was amazed by the size of her muscles.

Imagine this, a 5ft 5in goddess with 32" quads, 26" biceps, 23" calves, 51" chest, 26" waist (let me tell you something...I learned all the muscle groups THAT day!). She was big! This kind of person didn't come around every day! That's when I started asking her questions about bodybuilding until I could shake off enough fear to ask her phone number. We became friends, then good friends, then fiancés, then husband and wife. (I've never had I cholesterol problem since.)

Today I am 30, and Michelle is 28. And I share the same love for her the day we met. Let me explain, she is the best. She's a good conversationalist, she loves the lord, she's a pleaser, she's so funny, and just fun to be with. She is a good friend and never gives up without a fight. She is a Christian and stands up for what she believes in. I am so glad that I did not, let her go. But, one of the qualities I rather like about her is that bodybuilding makes her horny! Really, really horny. Which is good, because those measurements of her I gave you are of twelve years ago! Yesterday, was pretty much like any other day. Except that I had a very hard day at work, and I was extremely tired. After I came home though, Michelle came home after me caring grocery bags, her blouse straining to

contain her massive upper body, the sleeves actually torn open a bit. She put away the groceries, changed, then headed to the den to start her late night workout. I was on the couch, and through the sound of the television I could hear the weights clanking and clinging, and her clothes ripping because of it. After two hours and four shows, she walked in. 'SHE...JUST...FINISHED...HER...WORKOUT!!' I thought. Although I had regained some energy, there was no way I was ready! I still had on jeans from work! Not that I had a choice, Michelle benched more weight than me in her morning workouts! So I quickly started formulating excuses in my head, which I forgot, as soon as I saw those legs of solid muscle, pass me and disappear into the bathroom. After the shower she headed into the bedroom. I was safe...Michelle ALWAYS got me before she went into the bedroom. I guess she was tired too. But then two minutes later she reappeared next to the television, wearing a lace bra and extremely small, lace skirt. I watched the skirt and bra struggle to hold on to Michelle, whose muscular body threatened to tear them apart. She started to slowly walk playfully over, and with every step, another thread fiber of the bra and skirt braking. She stopped right in front of me, bending over playfully slow showing off her huge breasts of muscle. She reached out for my left hand and playfully directed my index finger to the off button of the remote.

"Hunny...," she said while looking at my pants as if searching for something.

"Yes?" I asked, looking at her powerful biceps.

"I've finished my workout....can't...you...tell...?" She slowly said, closing her eyes and performing a double bicep pose, transforming those powerful biceps into mounds of solid rock. Then she squeezed her abs tight, increasing their definition at least double! "I know those are your favorites..."

She peeked open her left eye, and seeing my pants, she smiled. She found what she was looking for. Watching her pose is one of my favorite hobbies...

"I now need to start....my cardio"

And with that, she reached over and grabbed either sides of my pants with both her powerful arms, pulling and ripping my pants and brief in half, right down the middle.

"You...won't...need...these" She said, throwing them aside.

Then she used her right arm and dug in, under me and around so now her hand was supporting my back, and my newly aroused penis was touching her bicep. Then she did something for the first time ever! She put her left hand on her hip and with one powerful arm lifted me up, off the chair and into the air, supported only by her right arm! She is so powerful! I squinted, her biceps felt like steel against my erect penis; after her full body workouts all her muscles tighten and harden. Then she started to playfully squeeze her biceps tighter, in-out, in-out. It felt like my pelvis was being crushed, but she did what she wanted to do, I was fully aroused, struggling not to blow; and she knew it. With me still on her arm, she walked into the bedroom and laid me on the bed. At that moment her bra and skirt had it, snapping off and landing on the floor, it was me...and her. Then she laid down on top of me, her breasts in my face. Man was she heavy. So heavy that I had some trouble breathing. That and her well-defined abs contracting against me as she breathed. Then, showing off her flexibility, she performed another double-bicep while spreading her big, powerful legs into a perfect split. My penis (which she was crushing) suddenly sprung into place, perpendicular to Michelle and Me. Then slowly she slipped her powerful legs back into place, her 30" hamstrings and rock-hard butt clamped like a vice. I couldn't resist, I started to put my hands around her ripped waist, but she just giggled and squeezed my penis while positioning my hands above my head with her right hand. I tried my hardest, to the point of exhaustion to move my arms but her one hand just was too strong.

"Is that all you have tonight?" she giggled, once again squeezing my penis hard.

I cried out in pain, but squeezed harder, and harder, then stopped. I tried to move my legs but she caught the outside of them and without any effort secured them back. Never had she been this rough before, and never me so aroused.

"I forgot to give you your birthday present yesterday" she whispered into my ear, while dimming the lights with her free hand.

"I'm too tired today, Michelle." I pleaded

"Don't worry," she giggled while squeezing my penis again, "I have enough energy for the both of us..."