

Road Trip - Part 1

By Absfan01

My name is Peter and I was spending my six-month vacation in the states. My plan was to travel through the states with a camper to see all the things you can see in the movies. It was April and I decided to start my travels. I had a good flight and could find a good reseller for campers.

After some weeks, I was in Nashville, Tennessee. I went to the supermarket and bought some stuff. After some more miles I noticed I lost my purse. I was lucky I had saved some emergency money. I drove directly to the next police station.

There I was told that every credit card I had was now locked. It would take some days to get new cards. Now there I was... In Nashville with only 60 bucks for a week. I needed to get a job. But what should I do? I didn't need much, just some cash. After all, I had a place to live, my camper. I thought about doing some garden work for money. Tell them my story and hope that that could convince them.

I drove around looking for area of Nashville is wealthy. That's where I would start. At the first house, I rang the bell and an old man opened the door. It was 9 o'clock so I had the whole day for his garden, but after three hours, I was done.

He gave me some money and I walked to the next houses. Meanwhile it was 4pm and I had enough money, but why shouldn't I try one more?

A big SUV drove to the last house with a woman at the wheel. I walked to the house and the woman parked in her garage.

I rang the bell and she opened the door wearing her jacket. She seemed to be in a hurry. That's not good when asking for a little job.

"Hi, I'm Peter. I am travelling through the states and lost my purse, that's why I would like to ask if I could do some work for you to earn some money."

"Aw... er... yeah... that's very cute but as you can see I'm a hurry. Could you come back in half an hour?"

"Sure..."

"Okay. See you later, I've got to eat something ... bye." She looked very cute. A bit older than me. I guess around 37 to 38.

Thirty minutes later, I was standing at her door again. She must have seen me coming, because in the moment I rang the bell, the door opened.

"Hi, Peter... I have thought about your situation and I guess I could need some help in the garden. Just come in and see for yourself."

I followed her and noticed that she had really thick calves through her jeans. She walked briskly and showed me her garden.

"Here it is Peter. I really can't find the time to clean all of this up since my husband passed some years ago. My daughter has moved out too, so here I am." She laughed.

"That's a really big garden Miss...?"

"Toreal... But you can call me Isabelle."

"Okay, Isabelle, I'm on it, but it's half past four already. I don't think I can do everything today."

"No problem. You said you to know how long it takes till you get your credit cards back and you need the money more than me."

"Yeah, you're right I guess."

"You can find everything you need in the garden box and if you wanna drink something, feel free to come in."

I first started doing her grass. After forty-five minutes, I took a break and went to the kitchen to get some water. Her fridge had a lot of water and a lot of eggs and only healthy stuff. Miss Toreal had to watch her body a lot. She also had a water fountain with two types of water. Warm water and bcaa water. I didn't want warm water but also didn't know what the other one was. I got out of the kitchen and saw her standing in the garden next to her pool. She appeared to be looking for me.

I quickly ran out in the garden and yelled: "Here I am, I was just getting something to drink."

She had changed her clothes meanwhile. She was wearing white yoga pants and a workout jacket now. Her legs were looking amazing in those pants. She really took her training serious.

"I was looking for you because it's past five now and I need to leave."

"To work out I guess, so you will be back in two hours?"

"Maybe... but could you lock the house and everything when you leave? Just in case if it takes longer."

"Of course...I will put the key under the doormat."

"Why don't you take the key and come back tomorrow for the pool? I have already thrown some cleaning tabs in the pool. They need a night to clean. So you just need to take out the leaves and make it nice again." She grinned.

She left and I was mesmerized by her shape. With every step I could see how her calves flexed and relaxed. It seems that she flexed her glutes while she was walking away. I immediately got back to work. I must have forgotten the time. Suddenly, I could hear the click clack of high heels in the house.

"Mom?" I heard a voice calling... No response...

Some minutes later, I heard her ask for her mom again. She noticed me in the garden and called me. I turned around and saw a young girl, maybe 19 or 20. She had long blond hair and was deeply tanned; maybe it looked this dark because it was 9pm already. She was standing there in her heels and yoga pants... Her upper body was only covered by a sports bra. She was in amazing shape but I didn't have much time to check out her body.

"Who are you and where is my mom?"

"I'm sorry. I guess your mom is working out but I will also leave soon. I'm just doing her garden."

"That really sounds like my mom. She said she would be back at 9pm and now I have driven all the way here and she isn't here."

"I'm really sorry, but when you see her, you can tell her that I have already finished the pool."

"That doesn't help..."

In that moment, I could hear the sound of a car coming up the driveway. "That must be my mom..."

With these words, she ran into the house. I put the tools in the garden box, and prepared everything for tomorrow. It was a warm afternoon and getting dark. Then I could hear

that the daughter was discussing something with her mom. They were inside the house so I couldn't hear everything.

"Do you really think I'm ready, mom?"

"Yes, of course. You won't compete where it's getting hard."

"I got 8% you said. That is hard!!"

"Yeah, well..."

I didn't know if I should just leave or ask about tomorrow. I decided to leave... I came closer to the house and could see them both in the kitchen.

Then Isabelle noticed that I was going to leave. She called: "Come here, Peter!"

I did as she told me and entered the kitchen, Wow. What a view. Isabella was standing in the kitchen still wearing her white yoga pants. But the white got a bit transparent now... she had to be sweating a lot or ... I don't know. On the opposite of the room was her daughter.

"Peter, we have problem, or rather, Fiona has problem."

"Err... Okay... What kind of problem?"

"Look at her"

Fiona was standing in the kitchen with her pants down to her knees, fully displaying her quads.

"Wow... Your legs are perfect, Fiona."

"Peter... They don't have to be perfect for you, they have to be perfect for the judges."

"Okay, but they really look rock hard."

Isabelle interrupted: "I also think that they are hard enough. It's normal that you have a little layer of fat with 8%"

"Mom, that's the problem. I don't want that..."

I still didn't know which layer of fat they meant, but okay. It seemed that they knew what they were talking about...

"So Peter, do you think she is ready for the judges?"

"I really think so... The fat you both are talking about is not visible."

Then Fiona began to shake her quads and slapped them as they quivered. They instantly transformed into hard muscle. "Peter try it ... You can feel it."

With that she began to shake her thigh again. "Now slap my quad..."

I did as she told ... and the soft moving muscle instantly got hard.

Now my whole hand was resting on her huge quads. "And now you see what I mean... Do you see how your fingers are pushing into my skin?"

I really couldn't feel anything else than a hard muscular quad.

"I don't think I can really help, but you have the most amazing legs I have ever seen or felt."

Isabelle interrupted again, amused by the situation. She said: "Fiona, go on stage, bring some trophies for the Toreal family again. Peter is mesmerized by your shape, so the judges will be."

"You must know, Mom. And now, let's eat!"

"Do you want to have dinner with us after all that hard work? Fiona will make chicken with eggs."

"Sounds delicious."

Isabelle and Fiona laughed knowing that Peter would not say the truth.

"It's not, but that's what I have to eat"

"You are right, Fiona, and you're not here too often, so prepare your chicken in the steam cooker."

That was the moment I decided to leave.

“Okay ladies. I will leave for today. Wish you a good evening.”

Isabelle brought me to the door and I went to my camper.

My mind was running the whole time about the fat they both meant. They had to be crazy and were probably joking. Then I heard someone running at me.

“Peter ... Wait! Stop!”

It was Isabelle running towards me.

She was not running like woman who just runs sometimes. By her movements you could see that she must have been an athlete like her daughter was now.

Also her quads were shaking like Fiona’s had in the kitchen, but not so much. “I forgot to pay you, Peter.”

“Ah, it’s okay. We will see each other again tomorrow. You didn’t have to run your lungs of your body...” She laughed.

“You’re a funny guy, but to be true, running after doing legs is really not the best decision!”

“yeah... I didn’t know if Fiona already told you. The pool is already done.”

“Aw, Peter, you’re so great... Thanks. Here, you get 80 bucks for today.”

“That’s a lot. Thanks.”

“Oh and Peter...”

Road Trip - Part 2

By Absfan01

“Oh, and Peter... Thanks for not telling Fiona that she should better wait to compete.”

“I really didn’t know how to help. Your daughter has an outstanding body.”

“Its’ maybe cause you don’t know much about her lifestyle.”

“Is that also the reason why she isn’t living at home anymore?”

“Exactly... Sometimes she comes over to let me check on her, but not very often ... That’s not my way of life.”

“Then I am happy that I have done everything right.”

“You did, although your reaction when you felt her legs was quite funny.”

I turned a bit red and didn’t know what to say. “It’s okay, Pete... See you tomorrow. I wish you a goodnight and sweet dreams.”

“Goodnight, Isabelle.”

The next day, I started very early. Not early enough, because no one opened when I rang the bell. I was glad I had the key to the garden. No one seemed to be at home. I looked through the window and saw some boxes of chicken in the kitchen, so Fiona must have been there. I found a piece of paper with a notice for Isabelle.

“Hey Mom,

Thanks for helping me out. You were already at the gym when I woke up, so I prepared some food for you. I’ll be on my way now.

Kisses Fiona”

I could remember that Isabelle suggested she didn't have the same lifestyle as Fiona and that they disagreed. And then she’d prepare food for her? Never mind. I decided I should get to work. I went to the pool and saw a pink bikini on the edge. Fiona must have forgotten it. The bikini was still wet. Suddenly I heard Isabelle calling through the bathroom window.

“Hi Pete, Fiona is already at home and I couldn’t wait to test the pool. It was great.”

“I’m happy to hear that.”

“Do you want some coffee? I’ll be ready in ten minutes.”

“Sure!”

Meanwhile I started to set up the garden furniture. Minutes later, I heard the click clack of heels coming downstairs. I turned around and saw her wearing a white bathrobe which completely covered her body.

“Good morning, Isabelle - you are looking great.”

“Thanks Peter, but morning? I’ve been awake for four hours now. I’ve already been to the gym and had a swim in the pool.”

“Then it’s your bikini laying by the pool?” She turned red...

“Aw... Oh yes, I’m sorry... I didn’t know that you would really come again after the weird situation in the kitchen yesterday. And some hours had passed, so I decided to take a swim. Oh boy... good that you didn’t come earlier.”

I laughed: “You’re funny and I’m sorry. I thought I was early, but here everything seems to be a bit different.”

“It’s routine for me. I’ve been doing that for thirty years now. I don’t sleep very long.”

“You’re doing what?”

“Wake up that early to do my workout.”

“You said you don’t like Fionas lifestyle”

“Yes, I really don’t like it. Like yesterday. You saw her legs and she gets so many compliments for her shape. And that is all true. But that has nothing to do with bodybuilding or anything.”

“But she prepares food and has also prepared food for you.”

“Yes, she did, but I won’t eat that. Too much water.”

“Err... okay...”

“I guess you can’t understand what I mean.”

“Not really because you also seem to love workout...”

“But that’s just half the work. The other thing is nutrition and you can’t go on stage with fat legs like Fiona’s.” Isabelle had already inhaled her coffee. I hadn’t even nipped on mine.

“Oh, the caffeine feels soo good... I love the coffee after working out.”

“I love coffee in the morning.” She laughed.

“That’s also a thing. I would never drink coffee with milk or sugar. I don’t even know how sweet things taste.”

I couldn’t believe what I heard: “You’re very crazy, Isabelle...”

“That’s what Fiona also said and that’s why she will never be a competitor.”

“What do you mean?”

“It’s like her legs. It’s hard to show you because my body has drained a lot of water after swimming.”

“You mean the feeling?”

“Aw, Peter you’re right, you can read my mind. And don’t you wanna work?”

“Sure, I’m sorry...”

“There isn’t much left to do in the garden, but you could help me with shopping.”

“Sure. It’s up to you.”

“Just let me change or better put on some clothes and let’s go!”

She stood up and my eyes followed her... With every step the bathrobe swung around her, but all I could see were her hair and ass. Even through the bathrobe, her ass had a perfect shape.

She turned her head and saw how I was staring at her ass. “Not bad for a 47, huh?”- She grinned again and went upstairs.

Meanwhile I cleaned the kitchen a bit until she was ready for shopping. "Let's go, Pete!"

She looked phenomenal. She was wearing a white long-sleeved shirt and blue jeans.

Now I first could see her body. Although everything was covered, I could see enough through the clothes.

"Wow... I didn't know that you are so athletic, or rather muscular."

"I already said: I'm not into Fiona's lifestyle. Working out and showing off."

"But even now you're in a better shape."

"That's what it is. I am living that. I don't write on my head 'look at me, I work out!'. I don't need to say that. The people notice. And it's really normal for me. I've been eating clean for thirty years now. It's almost the same every day. Sometimes a bit, more sometimes a bit less."

"Wow... that is discipline. That also explains why you have no time for the garden. You probably always had someone who did it."

"Nah, I just don't like to do that."

As we drove to the supermarket we talked about everything. Not only workouts. Although the most we talked about was her nutrition.

"So, why don't you want to eat the chicken Fiona cooked?"

"She made it in the steam cooker. That lets the chicken get wet. I can't have too much water. Just enough to get the protein where it's needed. That's also the reason why I said that I couldn't show you what I mean earlier. My body is so dry that every bit of water makes me look like Fiona. Not that fat as her but the skin gets thicker."

"What... Isabelle? You want to tell me that your body reacts to water?"

"No, not the body... The skin and also the muscles want more water, but I don't want to make them much bigger. I want them to be denser. More quality muscle. Let me show you something and later you will understand. Can you remember your hand on Fiona's leg?"

"Sure... How could I forget that?"

“Put your hand on my quad.” I did as she told me.

“Can you feel the heat through the jeans?” She grinned.

I really could feel that her quads must be burning. But we were just sitting in her car. “That’s not the muscle, that’s my blood.”

She sounded like an expert on her body. She could describe everything that happening in her physique. I was still just fascinated by that woman. First, she helped me in my situation and now I got an anatomy lesson for free. My hand was still resting on her massive quad. It felt wonderful. Isabella placed her hand on my mine and started to press my hand a bit into her quads.

“You have to really feel it. Like you did yesterday on Fiona’s. Can you feel that? Let me flex those a bit...”

It was as if there was bedrock moving under my hand. The warm quad transformed into a hard and rough muscle.

“And now try to squeeze and feel... mmhh... You can feel the little layer of water, can’t you?”

I couldn’t feel anything except a hard muscle packed in tight blue jeans. It was an absolutely new experience. I never talked that much about a female’s body without really seeing it.

Isabelle was so excited when she was talking about her muscles. I didn’t know that there was so much to know about working out and nutrition. She was talking about her body in a way as if it were normal. We were still in the car and we were going to shop in the supermarket.

“Peter, could you go and buy some chicken while I jump over to the supplement store?”

“Sure... but how much? And only chicken?”

“I guess 25 pounds should be enough. It would also be great if you could buy some raw meat and eggs.”

“That is a lot...”

“Oh, shall I help you carry? Or do you wanna go in the supplement store?”

“No, no... It’s alright.”

She went to the supplement store and I left to buy her meat. Twenty minutes later, we met at the car again. She was waiting with two bags full of pills and protein.

“Wow... All that is for you?”

“Yes and I told you that I don’t eat sweet things... That also meant in the protein. Normally I buy it without any flavor. But what do you think of strawberry?”

“Sounds delicious...”

“Great... We need to hurry... I have a client at one in the afternoon.”

Road Trip - Part 3

By Absfan01

when we were back at her house she asked if I could help her cooking. I carried everything in her house while she started to cook.

“Where shall I put the protein?”, I asked.

“Put it right inside my body.” There was a pause. “Just kidding. Put it in the cellar. Second door to the left!”

I went downstairs and found the room. Wow. It looked more like a mini supplement store, but with a sunbed. When I was back in the kitchen I saw how Isabelle was cooking.

“Don’t you want to add oil or water to the chicken?”

“Oh, Peter... I’m sorry. I forgot that you also wanted to eat that.”

“No, no... It’s just that it get really dry without fat or oil.”

“That’s what it takes. I don’t add anything else. I just want the pure protein. If I used water, I’d have to do more cardio or to lay down for twenty minutes on the sunbed to lose the water.”

“That’s what it’s for?”

“So you saw it. Feel free to use it. I love the feeling on the sunbed. Most times I use it after swimming or after a client.”

“Oh, yes. Your client... You need to prepare, it’s almost 1pm.”

“Oh God... You’re right. Could you cook for me? Just cook it until you think its dry enough.”

“No problem. I’m good at cooking things too long!” She laughed and went upstairs. She came back wearing an oversized shirt with black yoga pants.

A car parked in front of the house and seconds later the doorbell rang. It was her client. Isabelle ran to the door and went out.

“Peter... Could you just take care of everything? I have to leave... Make yourself at home. See you later.”

I did what she said and after that, I cleaned the kitchen. I went outside to the pool and decided to take a sun bath... I thought about Isabelle and what she might do for a living and how happy she was when she was talking about her body. It must be her treasure. While thinking of her, I fell asleep. Suddenly, I woke up because I heard the splish-splash of water. I turned to my right and there I saw her swimming in the pool.

She shouted: “Wake up, Peter, it’s almost 7pm!”

“Oh. What? Really? I’m so sorry...”

“It’s okay... Could you bring me some towels? Oh, and something to wear.”

I went inside to her bathroom to get some towels. Now I just needed to find something to dress. I entered her bedroom and was shocked. Wow... She really had a lot of clothes. I picked a dress and went outside. She was still completely submerged in the water. Only her head stood out. But I could see that she was naked again and perfectly tanned... I could only see dark skin under water...

“Oh, Pete... Great taste. It’s been a long time since I last wore that. You should also have picked some shoes!”

“No problem. Let me get them.”

I went back and searched for her shoes in the bedroom. Then I found them. Oh my gosh, how many shoes are there? She must have had a thing for high heels. She had them in every shape and shade. I knelt down to check them out. Suddenly she stood behind me. She was very close behind me. So close - I could even smell her fragrance. I turned my head and saw her standing so close that I could not see her completely. Her bare feet were full of veins popping through her dark tanned skin. My eyes followed her to her ankles to the most ripped calves I had ever seen. I could see every sinew and vein and every detail of the muscles...

“Looks like you couldn’t decide, heh?”, she said with a little grin.

“Err...”, I gulped.

“Just give me the black ones, please.” She said, in a normal nice voice.

“Err... Okay...”

It looked as if she didn't even notice that I was shocked and overwhelmed by seeing her so close. She reacted so normal as if every woman had a body like hers. I gave her the black ones and she left the room. I was still very confused kneeling on the floor and noticed a huge tent in my pants. Oh no, how could I hide that now? I guess she had not seen it yet... It was more than just her body that blew my mind. It was also how she smelled. She touched every sense in me. I was so nervous when I went downstairs... and then I saw her in the kitchen again. She was standing with her back to me wearing the high heels which made her calves even more impressive.

"Pete... The chicken is not dry enough..."

With these words, she bent over and opened the oven. This way her full legs were visible. I was standing there and was just watching her physique... She had every muscle clearly separated and covered with tons of veins.

"Oh, I'm sorry but... I didn't know that you ate it that dry."

"It's your second day and how could you know? But now you have seen why I eat it that dry."

"Oh yes. I didn't know that a body could look so ripped."

"Aw, thanks. I'm glad you like it."

She showed off her legs now, stepping on the tips of her toes to flex her calves and quads.

"Oh, yes. I really like it...", I mumbled.

"I can see it, and I like what I see." She grinned.

"Oh. Oops..."

"I already noticed that you liked it when you felt Fiona's legs, maybe not that hard, but that's maybe because her legs were not that ripped."

"I knew that you were also working out and watched what you ate, but now I slowly understand what you meant by 'different lifestyle'!"

"Finally... I didn't want to show them when Fiona was here. Usually, she gets jealous and feels weak. And then she would never step on stage. You have to remember that I went

swimming half an hour ago. So... I'm still not really hard, not as hard as I can be instead of you."

My cock was really rock-hard just from seeing her legs... There was so much to see. There must have been thousands of veins and muscle fibers on her legs and I could count them all.

"Don't be so shy... I have no problem when you touch what you feed!"

I stepped closer to her and with every step my cock got harder. With every step I could also smell her better than we stood in front of each other... I was still staring at her phenomenal legs. They were so deeply tanned as a roast chicken. As if she would go on stage in some days like Fiona.

I looked down to her legs. We both looked down, but she was more focused on my growing tent. She lifted the dress a bit more to display her quads completely. Oh my goodness... These extremely shaped legs just four inches away from me. Her fragrance was wonderful and when she flexed it was like a rush of pheromones flying through the room. She looked and smelled like a different species. Now I would find out if she also felt the same about me. She started to shake her quad while flexed. Nothing moved. Then she relaxed and shook it again. It was outstanding. I could see how that hard muscle got squeezable in seconds.

She grabbed my hand, still looking at my cock and slapped my hand quickly against her still shaking quad. In the moment she flexed, my cock instantly rose up. She pressed my hand into her muscles and veins.

"Peter, you're making me the biggest compliment with that reaction. Now you see why Fiona's lifestyle is something completely different from mine."

"Oh my God. Yes, it is. It's... so... you're controlling my cock with your muscles!"

"Is it only the muscles covered in my dark tanned veiny skin?"

"It's ... I can't explain... your look, your fragrance, how it feels..."

"My fragrance? I don't even use any perfume. I am all natural. That's all me. This has been growing over years. Maybe it's my nutrition. I said I don't even add any salt or sweets or taste. I eat just the ingredients my body needs. Not more, not less. And that's it over the past thirty years. I started when I was 17 years old. Already at that age I was very lean and had a good six-pack but I needed to eat more. And I didn't like to eat that

much. That was the reason for eating only what my body needed to grow or to get ripped or to do this or that ...”

“And what does your body want in this year?”

She laughed: “This year? This and the last six years, I didn't want to get bigger. I want more details in my muscles... more striations... more depth... clearer separations...”

Then she started rubbing my hand over her quads... My cock jumped up immediately. “Your hand feels good on my legs...” She moaned. “But, but, but...”

“But what?”

She got nervous and I could smell the pheromones intensify. “But... I’m here to show you something. I was swimming and because of the water we can’t feel the striations anymore.”

“Why do you say that? I think I can feel them.”

“I’m not doing that for others, I do that for me. I love to feel my muscles. And the veins and striations. And when they get touched, I can feel them even better... It’s not only you who gets turned on.”

She grinned and started to rub my hand over her quads. It was as if she was rubbing my cock over her muscles. “Uhh... Peter, can you see that? Your hand is moving my skin over the muscles. You can even see how my veins are pumping blood in my starved muscles. They are begging for protein. They always do that when I get aroused or close to next meal.”

I could really see it. With every flex, the veins got thicker and her muscle got hotter. It got sweaty under my hands. “I’m sorry... That’s what I hate when I’m full of water. I get sweaty and dripping wet.”

“Wow... Your body is sensational. It really looks like your body is pressing the water out of your muscles!”

“Yes, it does. That’s the reason I also don’t add any sweets or flavor to what I eat. My muscles wouldn’t use it.”

“What? How can that be true?”

“Lick your fingers!”

I took my sweaty hand and licked my fingers. Wow. That really tasted good. Not very salty. Hard to describe.

“That’s all that’s leaving my body. All that you taste has passed my muscles and at the moment its almost only clear water. You could even drink it!”

“Ha! Miss Toreal’s muscle juice!” We laughed.

“We should eat now... I wanted to use the sunbed before working out and it’s getting late!”

“I thought you’d use it after working out?”

“Yes, most of the time, I do. But we bought the strawberry protein and I have to drink that.”

“Ah, I know. More water means thicker skin means lesser ripped and that makes a sad Isabelle.”

“Exactly. And at the moment I am also happy even in this shape...”. She paused. “Look... it gets hard!” She looked at my still ragingly tented pants and my eyes went to her glistening legs.

“Oh, yes. Harder than my cock!”

“Are you sure?” Without an answer, she slapped my cock with her hands. It was standing like a thick tree.

“It matches my tree trunk legs.” She slapped my cock again.

“Looks like your little man likes that.” She slapped it again and my cock got harder and harder.

“Stop that...”

Then she opened my fly and pulled down my pants, releasing my cock. “Wow! Pete, your cock looks beautiful. Look, you also have veins like me!”

She lifted her dress even more and displayed her shaved pussy. There were so many veins around it. She lifted it not very high but even now I could see that she must have crazy ripped abs.

“Not even close to as many as you have. You’re an anatomy chart.”

“And you think my muscles are harder?” She grabbed my cock and slapped it on her quads...

“Damn! That hurts...”

“Oh really? They can also be gentle.”

She placed my cock on her relaxed quads and rubbed my cock over her huge quads... It felt like her muscle were massaging my cock. I could see that her pussy got wetter and wetter. I started to come closer and massaged her wet clit. She moaned. My cock got harder and harder. She started to give me a hand job while rubbing the tip of my cock over her veiny separated quads...

“Come on Pete... Give me your protein!”

She increased her speed and her muscles and my cock filled more and more with blood. My cock was pulsating and she noticed I would soon come. She grabbed my cock very tight. Got on her knees and released my cock with all the good protein into her mouth.

“That was tasty, Pete... My muscles were begging for that and sorry for my shape. It will be better after my workout.”

“Wow... That was...”

“I needed that... I’ll pay you for your time!”

“Well... But... Isabelle, you’re amazing...”

“Thanks. You’re very kind, I admit that, but now I have to eat some real protein!”

“You’re right. I’m hungry too.”