

Agro Jen

By AJ

When Jenny gets assaulted she locks herself away and works much to her husbands surprise.

I'd always dreamed of having a muscular wife. There's just something beautiful, graceful and arousing about a muscular, powerful woman. I'm 25, been married for a whole of a month. That's not the point. Jenny and I have been together for almost 4 years. We've got a 19 month old daughter, a house and a family car. Basically it feels like I've been married for longer.

Don't get me wrong, Jenny is the most amazing women I've met, hence the reason I married her. It's just that she isn't into bodybuilding. At all. We were together for over 3 years before I even told her that I liked bodybuilding. For some reason it's an embarrassing topic for me. I'm not a hulk. I stand 5'8 and slightly over weight. Not the typical mould for a bodybuilder if you know what I mean. Over the years instead of getting used to the ridicule and teasing that I've suffered when I've told people I love muscular women I've found that it's easier to keep it a secret. That way I don't have people telling me how ugly they are and how much of a freak I am for liking women that 'look like guys'.

I have a fairly good home gym set up in the garage at home. Figured if I had everything I needed at home I could work out and not get distracted. Didn't work. I'm as lazy as. Nothing in the world can motivate me to work out and lose this gut. I guess that's why I'm not with a bodybuilder, hell, I've never even met one. I got an email once from Deborah Compton regarding a session, she gave me her mobile no to call her if I was interested but I just know that Jen would have died if she saw that our bank account was down \$500. She would have hassled me and well, if she hadda found out what it was for she probably would have left me. She just doesn't understand.

I came home one night from work to find the front door wide open and furniture tossed all around the house. Chairs were upside down, the TV was missing, glasses had been smashed against the walls and there was a puddle of blood on the kitchen floor, with splotches leading down the hallway.

"Jen, Jen? Jen are you home?" I shouted. I followed the small blood trail down the hallway. My heart was beating in my throat. I felt like vomiting. I heard some sobbing coming from inside our walk in robe. When I slowly opened the door Jen lashed out with a scream, wielding a kitchen knife. The blade sliced through my upper arm tearing the skin open and spilling more blood onto the floor.

"Ah shit Jen, it's me it's me." I grabbed hold of her and took the knife away. I held her tight against my chest and she broke down into tears.

"I'm so sorry Alex, I'm so sorry."

"What happened Jen, what the hell happened?"

"I was doing the dishes when two guys broke through the front door. One of them had a gun and the other one had a knife. They took the TV and .?"

"What Jen, what is it ?"

"They raped me. They said that if I didn't do what they wanted me to they'd kill me. I'm so sorry Alex, I tried to fight them off but .". She broke down in tears again. I could feel her body shaking all over. There was blood seeping through her dress from a large knife wound on her leg. I went and grabbed the phone and called the police. They said that they would also send for an ambulance. Jen was starting to go pale. I don't know how long she had been like this for but she looked as though she had lost a lot of blood. She was still in my arms when the ambulance arrived.

Jen did the best she could to relive the events of the past day. Giving a statement from a hospital bed didn't seem appropriate. I don't know if she just couldn't remember or if she was holding back, but she didn't seem to want to cooperate. Her description of the attackers was vague and she was hesitant to tell them what they had done to her.

Jen was allowed home after 2 days. For the rest of the week she just stayed in bed and wouldn't move. I had to bring all of her meals into her, those of which she didn't touch anyways. Her face was starting to become sunken in as she slowly wasted away. Her hair was all ragged and her skin pale as the effects of the shock and the lack of food took its toll. On several attempts I tried to get her to leave the house. Jen refused to even walk

out the front door. She would tremble on the front door step, her eyes would fill with fear and she would scream and run back inside. I booked a psychologist to come around and talk to her but that did no good. They told me Jen had developed agoraphobia, fear of leaving the house, and that only time could heal her. Eventually I had to go back to work. Jen's mum looked after Grace a lot for us which was good. Jen wasn't coping at all.

I work for an insurance company and lately work has been taking me away from home a fair bit. Seminars and lectures to other companies have seen me away for weeks at a time. Although difficult to leave Jen alone, there was no way that I could put it off. The bills weren't going to pay for themselves. I was no help at home anyways. Jen had crawled into a shell so to speak. She was so withdrawn. She wouldn't talk. I can't remember the last time we were affectionate. It was hard on me too. Being away was kind of the break I needed.

I came home early one afternoon to see Jen and to do some shopping. I hadn't been home regularly in over a month. Jen had written a shopping list. On it was chicken, tuna, fish, beans, oats, eggs by the dozens and steak. Lots of steak. I was so shocked that she was eating, that I didn't even notice the oddity of the list. It wasn't until I went to the supermarket to buy everything that I noticed everything I was buying was high in protein. Similar to that of a bodybuilding diet I remembered. This is what I should be eating I thought. I'm the one who wants to be muscular.

I got the groceries and went home. Jen wasn't in the bedroom like she normally was when I got in. I could hear clanging coming from the garage. My stomach twisted into an uncomfortable knot as I approached the garage door.

I opened the door to see Jen with her back to me doing barbell curls in front of the mirror I had set up. She was wearing a black bra and a pair of tiny bike shorts. Her entire body was dripping with sweat. Her baseball sized biceps growing beneath the already stretched skin. She pumped out what I counted to be her 10th rep. Jen appeared to notice me through the mirror and gave me a wry smile as she continued to pound out rep after rep. 25, 26, 27. Her biceps growing and growing as she went. She showed no sign of getting tired. The 50 kg I had counted to be on the bar made an echoing clang as she dropped the bar onto the concrete. Pretending I wasn't there, Jen picked the bar up placed it on the bench rack. She added another 50 kg and lay down to do some bench presses. The 100 kg rose up and down as smooth as anything as she climbed to 22 reps.

Her chest appear to become more vascular and ripped with every rep. She dropped the bar back down after 25 reps, got off the bench and glided over to me.

"Holy shit Jen. Look at you ? You look fucking amazing !" Her body glistened in the tiny ray of light that shone through the garage window. A bead of sweat made it's way down her cavernous, muscular chest. Her legs appeared to come to life with ripped, taught muscle as she walked towards me.

"You like ?" she whispered. "I'm sick of being afraid Alex. Just to let you know I didn't do this for you. I don't care if you like muscular woman. This is for me. I am going to become so strong and powerful, no body will be able to stop me." She spoke with an eerie confidence that I had never heard before. I reached out to touch her bulging arm only to have my hand slapped away. The sting rose up my arm and made it go numb. There was a bright red blotch where she had struck me.

"All men are evil Alex. Don't you try to touch me without my permission or you'll pay the price."

"Jen, come on. It's me Alex. Your husband, remember? Why are you being like this for? Come and give me a hug, Darlin' you look amazing. I just want to touch you. Don't be stupid."

"Stupid ?" she hissed. "Stupid? Stupid is letting you push me around all these years, and for making me think that I was your one and only love. I've seen those pictures of those muscular women you have on the computer. I've read your diary. I've seen that phone number for that lady and the emails you have sent her about having a sessions? You were only with me because you can't get your fat assed self one of them. Don't you fucking call me stupid. Now get out before I do something I'll regret."

I took a step towards Jen, her muscles were calling out to me. They wanted me to touch them. I needed to touch them. I was getting aroused picturing my hands running down her muscular back and kissing her mountainous abs. Jen's fist shot out with in human like speed and struck my nose. Blood splattered all over the wall as my nose was crushed under her fist. Pain ripped through my head. The last thing I remember before falling unconscious was seeing Jens left fist sink deep into my stomach, and her evil smile through my blood soaked eyes.

I awoke what seemed to be days later but was only 3 hours. The coldness of the concrete floor had made me shiver, and as well as the broken nose and fractured rib I now had a stiff neck. It took my eyes a few minutes to adjust. There was still dried blood caked on my face and my eyelids. I looked up to see Jen still working out. She appeared to have grown even more since I had been knocked out. She was now bench pressing 150 kg with out any trouble. Her arms twice the size they were before her fist met my face.

I quietly crawled out of the garage without her noticing and made my way to the bedroom. My magazines and diary were sprawled out over the bed. One of my magazines was open to a page of a before and after shot of a half decent looking lady. In one picture she was fat and dressed in an inappropriate bikini and in the other she was as muscular and ripped and Lenda Murray. It was an add for anabolic steroids. I went into the bathroom and washed the blood off my face. Now that the blood had been wiped of my eyes I could see now. Sitting there on the bathroom cabinet was a white container reading Growfast. The same steroids advertised in the magazine. Jen must have mail ordered them and had been taking them for God knows how long. That is why she was growing so quick. It also explained her mood swing. I was in the middle of pouring the drug down the sink when I caught Jen's reflection in the mirror.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"Jen, how long have you been taking these for huh? They're turning you into a monster" she just laughed.

"You fat, little bastard. There's no pleasing you is there. First I'm second best because I'm not muscular, and now that I am you're still not happy. Get the fuck out of my bathroom." Veins had begun to rise to the surface of Jen's skin as she pumped her fists. Her eyes had a fierce glow to them and appear to flame in anger as she looked at me. Her body was expanding as she pumped her fists in and out. Her biceps grew from 15 inches to 18, and then to 25 in a matter of seconds. Her boulder like shoulders grew and grew. She almost took up the entire doorway with her width. Her heaving rippled chest and cobra like span her lats produced were causing her bra strap to strain. With a sharp snap it came lose exposing the most rock hard breasts I had ever seen. I could feel another erection building in my pants.

Jen noticed the quickly growing bulge in my pants and brought me back to life and to my knees with a sickening kick to the balls. I felt as though they had been kicked up into my throat and vomited on the floor. Jen picked me up by my hair and carried me to the front door. My arm broke as I hit the concrete. Jen slammed the door as she walked inside. I slowly got to my feet and crawled into the car. My wife had been taken over by a monster. I never thought my muscular woman fantasy would come true, let alone end like this. I got in the car and drove to a friend's house. I tried to explain what had happened but all I got was stupid looks of disbelief and laughter despite my injuries. I spent the night in my car, parked in the driveway of my house. Apparently Jen didn't care I was out there, just as long as I didn't come in. I woke up the next morning to the sounds of breaking glass.

The front door wide open, like it had been the day of the break in. I rushed inside to see Jen holding a guy by the throat, two feet off the ground. He was grabbing and clawing and her arm trying to get her to let go. His face had gone purple. "Jen what the hell are you doing?"

"Get the fuck out Alex. This is between me and him. You weren't here the day he and his mate raped me, so you don't need to be here now?"

The guy had obviously tried to break in again to steal what he didn't get last time. However Jen was ready for him this time. She threw him across the room, sending him head first through the glass sliding door. Blood flowed from cuts and abrasions on his face and head as he stumbled to his feet. Jen grabbed him by the arm and proceeded to twist it behind his back. She broke all of his ribs on his right side with 3 swift jabs to his upper body. A sickening cracking noise could be heard as Jen ripped his arm further and further up his back, shattering his shoulder blade and pulling the arm out of its socket. The guy was staggering around the room clutching at his chest obviously dazed and distraught. Jen was posing in front of the window watching her muscles continue to grow with each movement. Her biceps exploded into a double biceps pose, her legs swelled as she flexed her gigantic quads. Jen grabbed the hapless victim and wrapped her mammoth thighs around his already collapsing torso. She proceeded to scissor him between her legs. Rubbing her rippling thighs with pleasure as she squeezed and squeezed. As Jen appeared to become more aroused she squeezed harder and harder, clenching her fists and moaning. One final squeeze brought her to orgasm, it also

produced a loud pop, from her attacker. A broken shard of bone piecing his lungs. Air escaped with a rush as his body went limp.

After watching Jen squeeze the life out of her attacker turned victim I fled the house. I felt sick in the stomach. What had happened to my wife. How could everything have gone so wrong. I wandered the streets for what seemed like hours. In the end I checked into a hotel and collapsed on the bed. I hadn't slept in days. I turned on the TV but nothing was on. Eventually I passed out on the bed after consuming one to many bottles of alcohol from the mini bar.

I awoke 3 days later, dripping in a cold sweat. I was back home again, in the garage secretly watching Jen work out. So far she hadn't noticed me standing there. She was monstrous. Repping out 300kg, pressing it over her head. I took my erect dick out of my pants and started to pull myself off as I watched her press the huge weight up and down. Her shoulders exploded with muscle with every rep. Her lats tapering down to a tiny waist. Sweat was dripping off her all over the bench. How I wanted to go over there and stick my dick between her legs. I was almost ready to climax when she caught sight of me in the mirror. She shot off the bench and in a split second had me in the air, pressing me up and down as easily as she had been pressing the barbell. Every time she would lower me in front of her she would take my cock into her mouth and pause so that she could suck on it. She pressed out 15 reps using me as the bar, on the last one she lowered me and put my cock in her mouth again, this time causing me to cum in her mouth and all over her face. Just as I would start to recover from the best sex every Jen would bring down a 100 kg dumbbell onto my chest, causing it to cave in. That's when I would wake up.

My mobile phone beeped to alert me of an incoming text message. It was from Jen. It read Alex I'm so sorry for everything I've done. Please come home I miss you. I promised everything will be normal from now on. I've stopped the drugs, I saw what they were doing to me. I'm sorry. I loved Jen. I didn't care if she was muscular, fat or skinny. Sure I had a thing for muscular women but I had survived all these years with it just being a fantasy. I checked out of the hotel and headed home.

From the outside the house looked immaculate. All the lawns had been cut, the windows replaced and the door fixed from when Jen had knocked it off it's hinges. Inside the

floors sparkled, the TV was where it should have been, basically everything was back to normal. "Jen, Jen where are ya Darlin'?"

"Alex, hi, I'm in the bedroom Hon". Was it all a bad dream? It certainly felt like it. I looked in the garage. Everything looked normal in there. The barbell wasn't overly loaded, there was no jar of steroids lying around. I laughed nervously to myself. How could I have been so stupid. I walked into the bedroom, Jen was no where to be found. "Jen?"

"Be right out" she called from the bathroom. I sat down on the bed. No sign of my magazines? Still no sign of any steroids. Jen opened the bathroom door. She was dressed in a silk nightie. The material was stretched to it's limits. The shoe strings straps were engulfed by her massive shoulders, A massive rippling chest ready to pop out the top of the nightie. Her washboard like abs causing six muscular ripples in the material. "Hey Alex. What do you think ? 33 inch biceps, 60 inch thighs, 90 inch chest and 33 inch calves. I did all this for you baby."

"Fuck Jen, I thought you said you'd quit the drugs. You lied to me". She was massive. I'd never seen anything like it. I'd seen pictures on the Internet of female bodybuilders that had been morphed to look bigger. Jen was ever bigger than those pictures. And she was real.

"I have stopped the drugs Alex, who knows. I might still have some in my system or we could just put it down to good genetics." She hit a double biceps pose. Her peaked biceps exploded with vascular ripples and proceeded to grow right before my eyes. "I never did give you a chance to fulfil your fantasy Alex".

Despite my fear I was well erect and ready to explode in my pants. Jen walked over to me and ripped my clothes off me and pushed me down onto the bed. She gently massaged my raging cock as she made the rest of her body dance and come to life with muscular pose after muscular pose. Jen sensed that I was about to come and squeezed my cock as hard as she could. Not only did she subside the climax that was building, she almost made me pass out. "Not yet little man. Mumma wants to have a little fun" with that she straddled me and locked me in with her muscular thighs and proceeded to fuck me harder than she had ever done before.

We fell asleep in each others arms. I wasn't scared any more. Jen was right. This was my fantasy. Every fantasy had a price. Jen had her revenge, I had my muscular women. Grace had moved back home, she was growing up fast, we were gonna have our hands full if she did have Jen's genetics. She had stopped the steroids but she still seemed to grow and grow, but I'll say it once and mean it forever. I aren't complaining.