

# THE SEPARATION

- an Intenseman story -

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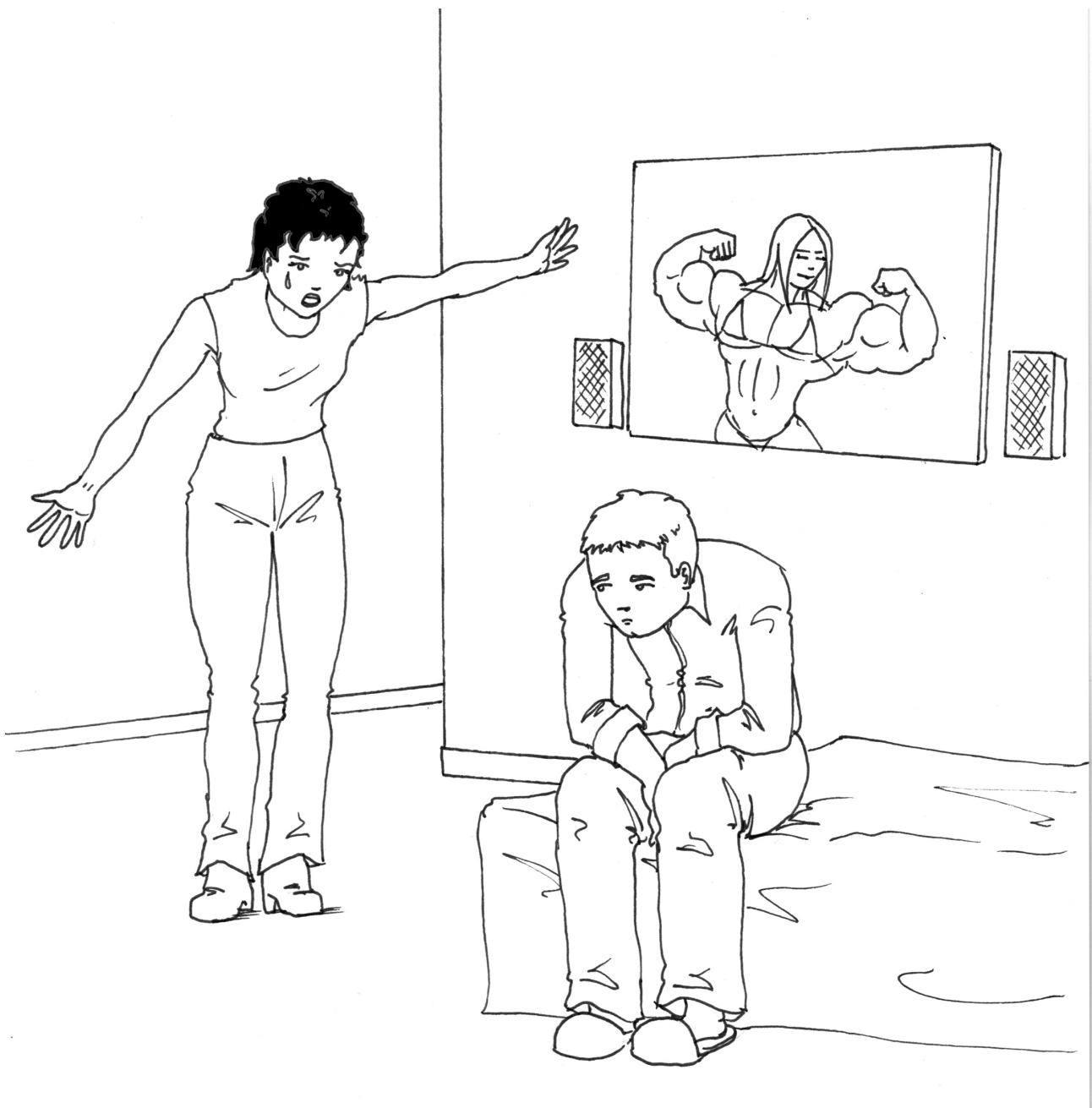
I couldn't believe that she found them. My wife that is. We had been married for 15 years. We met in college. My wife was a wonderful person. She was very athletic in high school and college. I was attracted to her athletic body. But 18 years had passed since we first met. She had had 3 kids since then. Though she worked out, my tastes had changed. Over the years I had acquired a taste for really muscular woman. I had never cheated on my wife. What I did do was buy videos. Specifically, I bought videos of very muscular women.

Somehow she had discovered them. When I came home from work she confronted me. I was very ashamed at first. She turned on one with Karla Nelson and asked, "Are you attracted to a woman like this?"

I nodded. She couldn't believe it.

"What is it you like? She looks like a man with breasts?" she said.

"I don't know really. . . Her muscles are really attractive to me. And the fact that she is strong really excites me," I said.



My wife was an extremely sexual woman. She was always ready for sex. She was also a pleaser. She cried and cried. She kept saying, "Is that what you really want?"

It was one of the worst nights of my life. She told me she wanted me out of our house. I left reluctantly. She told me she needed time to think. Thus began our separation.

I found a inexpensive apartment nearby. I would see the kids several times a week and every other weekend. I always thought it was odd that she was never around when I would come by to pick up or drop off the kids.

Now it's almost been a year since that day. Several things had happened just last week that seemed strange to me. I had several friends ask me if I had seen Marsha lately. I told them I had not seen her since our separation. Each of these friends would only say that she was really looking good. But my wife had always looked good. She was an extremely attractive woman. She was 5'9" tall and had weighed about 135lbs every since I had known her. She had small breasts but incredible nipples. She just wasn't very muscular. Oh how I missed her though. I didn't care anymore that she wasn't muscular. But she wouldn't even talk to me.

I got home from work and turn on the answering machine.

"Hello Joe. This is Marsha. We have to talk. Meet me tonight at The Armory at 7:00PM." she said.

There was something really different about her voice. It was definitely her voice but it was deeper, richer sounding. What was going on. Several friends asking me if I'd seen her and telling me how great she looked. Now this phone call with her voice sounding different. I didn't care. I couldn't wait to see her again. I wanted to apologize for hurting her. I wanted to tell her how much I loved her. So I ran out to the store and bought a dozen roses. I drove to the armory and I got there around 6:45. Just as I was pulling up I noticed this woman enter the front door. On my gosh. She had the most muscular calves I had ever seen on a man or woman. She looked really tall too. It was hard to tell though. I kept thinking to myself. I have to be cool. I am here to win my wife back. What if this woman were to walk by when I was talking to Marsha. I vowed that no matter what I would remain cool.

I waited in my car until 6:55 and entered the building. There was a note on the door to come to the conference room. I entered the room and I could see her at the other end of the room. It was fairly dark in the room. She was sitting and I could only see her face. She looked wonderful! She seem like she had lost weight. Or something was different. Her face was chiseled looking but still very beautiful.

"Marsha. . .I am so sorry for hurting you. Please forgive me. I am sorry I had those videos. I got rid of all of them. I want you. Not those women in the videos," I said.

"So. . .are you telling me you are no longer attracted to women with large muscles? You are telling me that you don't like women who are strong and powerful now? Suppose an incredibly muscular woman were to walk into this room right now, are you telling me that she wouldn't turn you on?" she asked.

"All I know is that I have been so depressed without you," I said.

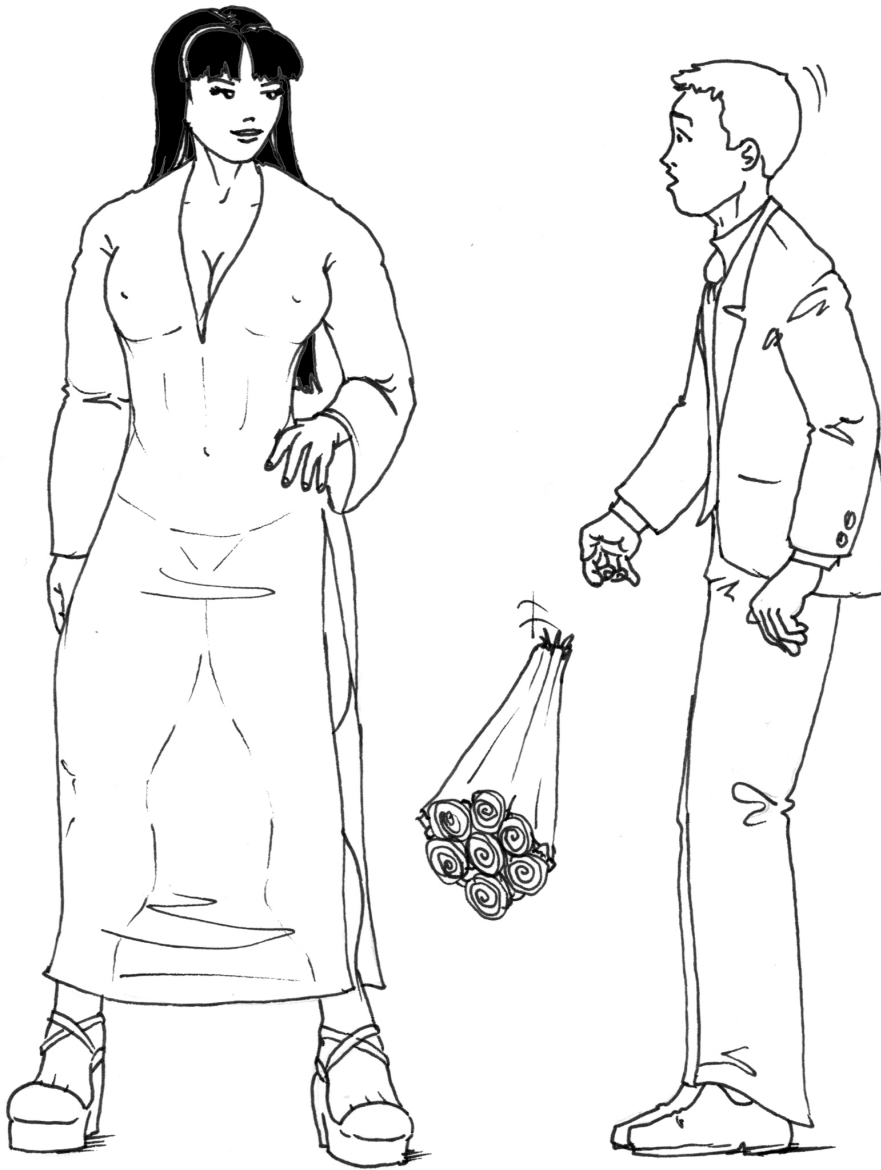
"Well I have a big surprise for you sweetheart," she said.

She slowly stood up. She must have had on 6" heels because she towered over me by 3 inches. She had on a very baggy robe that went all the way to her ankles. What was she doing?

"You know I have always wanted to please you. I have worked this entire time for you to do just that," she said.

"Honey, what are you talking about?" I asked.

"I am talking about turning myself into the woman you wanted. . .a woman more muscular than any in those videos you have. . ." she said.



"Marsha? What are you saying?" I asked.

"I am saying I have spent 6 days a week, 8 hours a day working on my body for you. I have run, lifted, started taking ju-jitsu lessons. . .all to please you," she said.

"You didn't have to do that" I said.

"I know I didn't. . .but I did Honey. What is the most you have ever benched?" she asked.

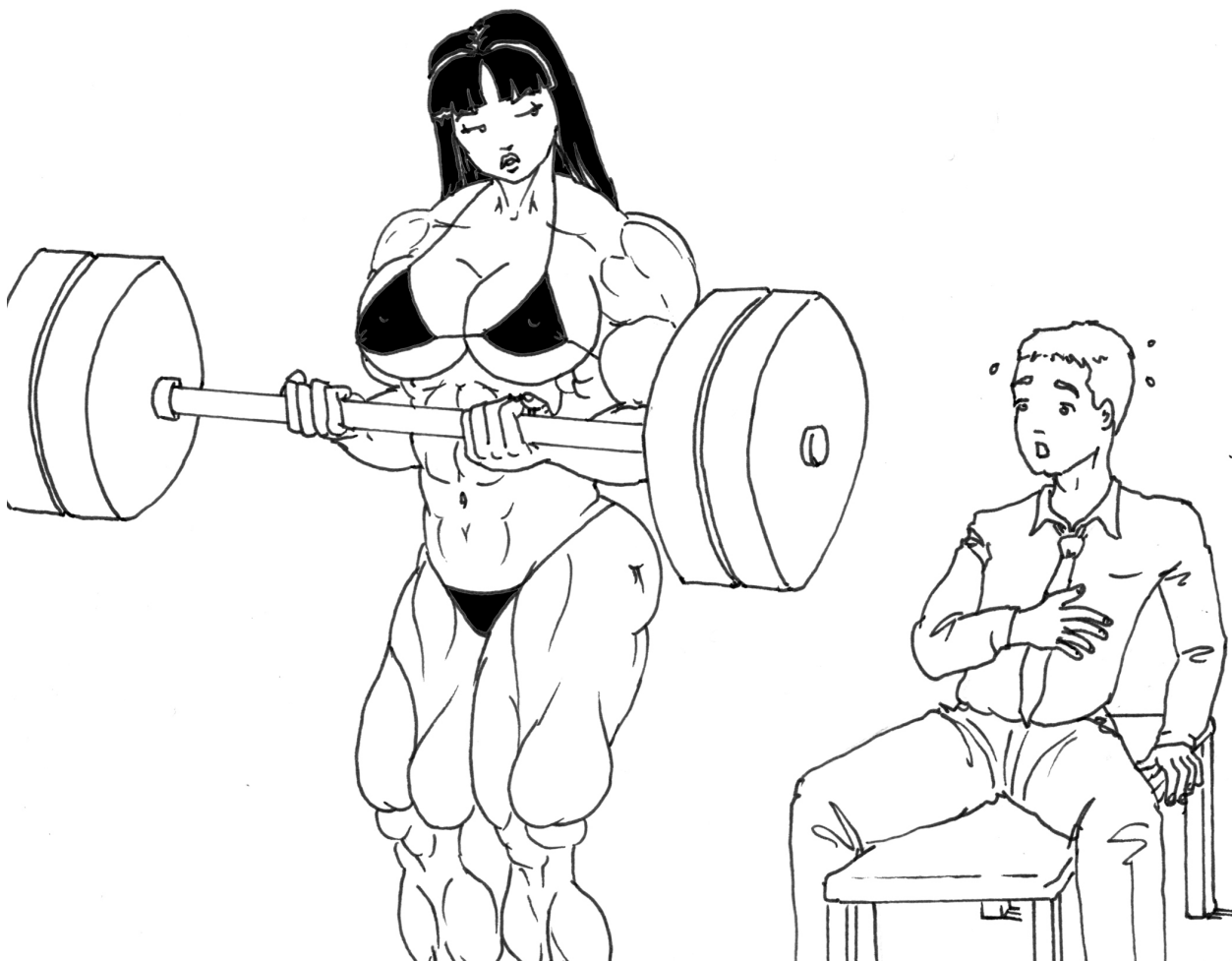
I laughed, "The most I have ever benched is 365lbs. But that has been years ago," I said.

She smiled a sexy smile. She walked over to a bench and she began adding weight. She put 365lbs on the bar and asked, "Give it a try Honey. . .then I want to show you something."

"Honey. There is no way I could lift that much weight. Not anymore," I said.

"Oh just try it. For me?" she asked sexily.

I sat down at the bench wondering what had gotten into Marsha. I looked into her beautiful eyes and told her that it might get stuck on my chest. She said that she would help me get it off. So I lifted the weight out of the rack. I lowered it to my chest and it stayed right there. Immediately, she lifted it off my chest and racked the weight. I just stared at her. Something incredible had happened to my wife. Then she removed her robe and there stood the most muscular woman I had ever seen.



She then picked up the bar and curled it to her chest. She threw it up and reversed her hands and slowly began pressing 365lbs over her head slowly. She wasn't even straining. She did 10 reps like it was nothing. I stared at her body. Her shoulders were enormous. Her biceps looked unreal. She had an incredible rock hard six pack abs. Her butt was round and hard. Her calves and thighs were incredible, unbelievably hard and vascular. They were also larger than I had ever seen on a woman. She made Karla look like a lightweight. She brought the bar down and I noticed her chest. They had to be DDD breasts, the only thing that wasn't muscle on her.

"What's wrong Honey? Cat got you tongue?" she purred.

"Marsha. . .my gosh. I can't believe what I am seeing? You are so muscular," I said.

"I take it you are pleased?" she asked.

"Wow! You are unbelievable," I said.

"I am glad you like. . .I did it all for you. Remember when you ran in that 10K? I couldn't keep up with you. What was your time?" she asked.

"My best 10K time was 44:53," I said.

"Is that all. I ran one last weekend in 28:02. Oh yeah. I can press easily what you can't even bench press," she said.

"I know. . .that is amazing. How strong are you?" I asked.

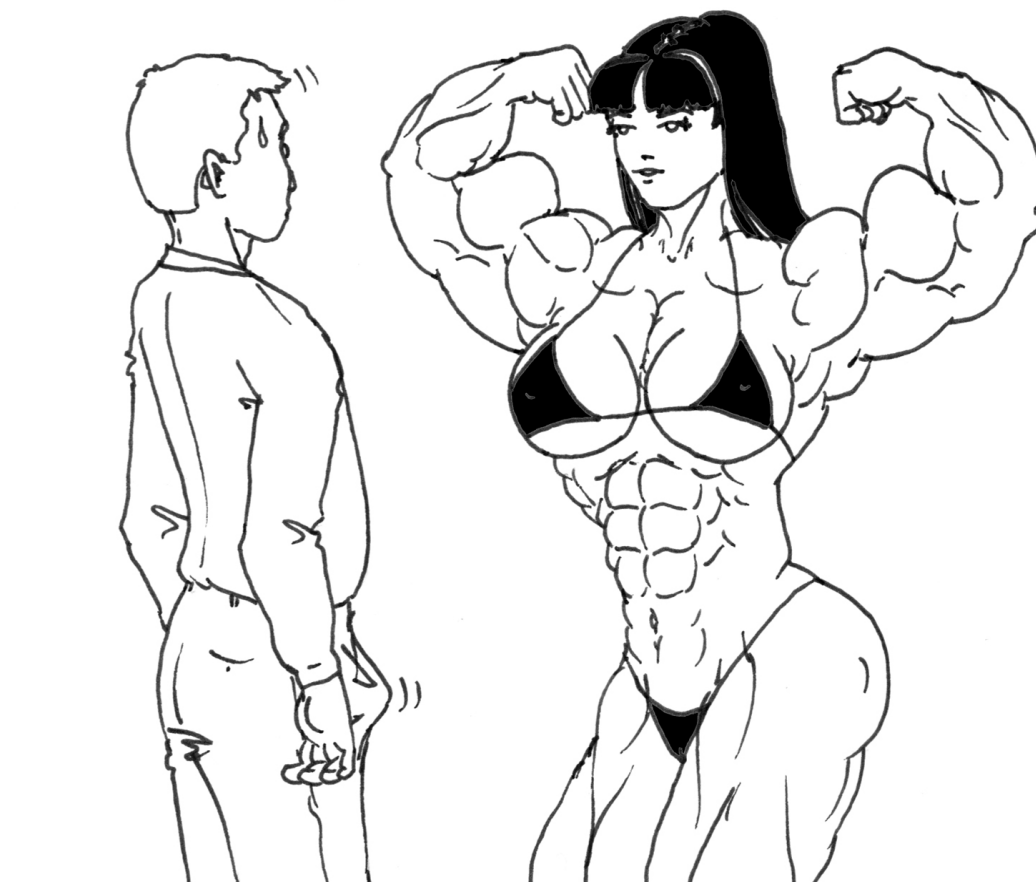
"I am stronger than any guys at the gym. I keep getting stronger every day. I like being really strong too." she said.

"What is your best bench press, Honey?" I asked.

"1200lbs. . .for reps. . .haven't tried to do more. In fact, the guys at the gym say I should do powerlifting. They say that I could break all of the women's and men's world records," she said.

My heart was pounding. My wife had transformed herself into an Amazon. She was at least 5 times stronger than me. But that was not all.

"I also am the first woman to get a black belt in ju-jitsu in less than a year. I just competed in a tough woman contest in Canada. I came in first," she said.



"Honey. . .you amaze me. I know I would have hated to be the women who faced you," I said.

She laughed, "Women? I competed against the men. I am the toughest "Man" in Canada. I am going to compete in the US this month," she said.

"You mean you beat men?" I asked.

"Yes silly. 15 of them to be exact. All of them by submission or knockout. I really am quite powerful and deadly now you know," she said.

I don't know why but I asked, "So you think you can beat me up?"

"I don't think Honey, I know!" she said.

Then quicker than my eyes could see you put me down on the ground and got me in a hold. I couldn't move. I tried everything. She was just way too strong.



"Now I can have you anytime I want you. . .You know how sexual I used to be. . .I am ten times more horny now. . .and you are going to be my sex toy. . .got it Baby?"

"Then you forgive me?" I asked.

"Of course I forgive you. I owe this incredible body to you. And I can't wait to get you home. . .let's get going boy-toy," she said.

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"Marsha. . .you have changed so much so quickly," I said.

"Yes I have Darling. So am I now the kind of woman that interests you?" she asked.

"Yes!! You are incredible. Are you really as strong as you say?" I asked.

"You dare to doubt me? Look at me. I am 5'9". When we separated I weighed 135lbs. Now I weigh 195lbs and all but 3% of it is muscle. I am stronger than anyone I know and there is not a man I couldn't destroy with my body," she said.

She continued, "My chest has gone from a 34B to a 54DDD, although I did have a little help with that. My biceps are 20" and my waist is a rock hard 22". My quads are 30" and my calves are 20". I dwarf you my dear. Not only are my muscles a lot bigger than yours but they a lot harder and a whole lot stronger. You look a little intimidated my dear?"

I was in awe. She really had transformed herself into the woman of my fantasies. But she was acting so different. She used to be so meek. Now she was acting like she looked. . . .STRONG!



"Actually Marsha, you look better than any fantasy. You are real!" I said.

"I have had a long time to think about this night Joe. At first I was so angry with you. I would fantasize about using my strength to beat you to a pulp," she said.

My heart starting racing. What was she saying? Beat me to a pulp? Yikes. "So you want to beat me up?" I asked.

"I said I thought about it. . .that would be too easy. I watched a lot of those tapes of yours and it seemed that all of them had this theme of domination in them. So I began thinking about how I would dominate you my dear. The funny thing about those videos is that those woman are not nearly as strong as I am. I am also now very skilled in fighting. It was all pretend in those videos but if I choose to dominate you it will be for real," she said.

"Choose to dominate me? What are you saying?" I asked.

"I am saying that I am superior to you in every way. Let me give you another demonstration," she said.

She walked over to the pull-up bar. There was a belt beside it with what look like three 45lbs plates attached. She put the belt around her waist and jump up to the bar. She did 10 pull-ups in seconds.



"What do you think about that? Want to try?" she asked.

"I could probably do 10 pull-ups, but I know I couldn't do them with 135lbs strapped to my waist," I said.

"Oh you Cute Little Wimp. Those were not 45lb plates. They were 100lb plates. I did 10 pull-ups in 10 seconds with 300lbs strapped around my waist. Come over her right now," she said.

"What are you going to do to me?" I asked fearfully.

"I am not going to hurt you. . .not yet anyway. This is just a demonstration of what your wife has become. A woman who could physically destroy you with her body. Now jump on my back like you were going to go for a piggy-back ride and hold on tight," she said.

I did what she told me to do. She proceeded to jump up and grab the bar and do another 10 pull-ups with me draped over her back. Still holding the bar she let go with one hand.

"Watch carefully my wimpy husband. Watch how strong your wife has become," she said.



With just one arm holding on the bar and me holding on to her back, she did 10 one armed pull-ups and the switched arms and did another 10 with the other arm. My maleness was so excited. She was stronger than any woman in my fantasies. I was throbbing. She must have noticed. She hopped off the bar and walked a little bit with me still holding on to her.

"Get down now Lover. I want to see something," she said.

I got down and walked in front of her. She gently stroked my penis with her hand. She then said, "You are about to be raped by your wife."

She walked over to the door to the gym and bolt locked it. She moved toward me with an incredible sexy swagger. Each step she took her muscles in her legs and abs would ripple. She stopped about 10 feet from me.

"Watch this!" she said.



She began flexing her incredible body. First her biceps. They exploded. I thought they had looked big before. They were huge now. Then she walked over to the corner of the room. In the corner were some cement blocks. She picked one up and set it on this funny contraption. I guess this contraption was to hold the block in place. Then she looked at me and wink and then punched the cement block. Her fist moved too fast and the block exploded as soon as she hit it. One of the pieces landed near me and I picked it up. It was about 6" thick and this was just a piece of the block she had shattered with just one easy punch.

"Are you beginning to get a glimpse of the power I now possess in this body of mine? This is only the beginning my dear. You will begin to experience this body first hand. . .but on my terms. . .do you understand?" she asked.

I just stood there in awe. What was she saying? I was a little afraid but not really. This after all was the meek woman that I married. Or was it?

"DO YOU UNDERSTAND!!!!!!!???" she screamed.

"Gulp. . .yes. . .I . . .under. . .stand," I said.

"GOOD! Get over here. NOW!" she said.



I don't know what got into me, but I didn't obey her. It was like my male ego finally had kicked in. I didn't budge.

She smiled and said, "So you want a more personal demonstration I see."

"Marsha. This is ridiculous. You look wonderful, beyond wonderful. But what is all this domination stuff?" I asked.

"Domination stuff? HaHaHa. It is your life from now on," she said.

"Yeah right. Let's go have some dinner and begin a new life together. But cut the domination crap," I said.

She walked over to me and slapped me across the face.

"Ouch. That hurt," I said.

She raised her hand and slapped me again in the face. But this time I dropped to the ground. She hadn't even closed her fist but it was like she hit me with a brick. She stood there with her hands on her hips looking down at me. She did look so sexy and so strong and powerful. She grabbed the collar of my shirt with just one hand and lifted me up until I was eye to eye with her. Incredible I thought. She is holding me up with just one hand.



"We can do this the easy way or the hard way. You have seen me curl and military press 365lbs. You have seen me do one-armed pull-ups with you on my back. You have watched me disintegrate a cement block with just one punch. Do you really want me to kick your ass?" she asked.

"Marsha. This is crazy. You excite me so much. Let's just go home and make love," I said.

She slapped me again. Like the first time. Now I was getting mad.

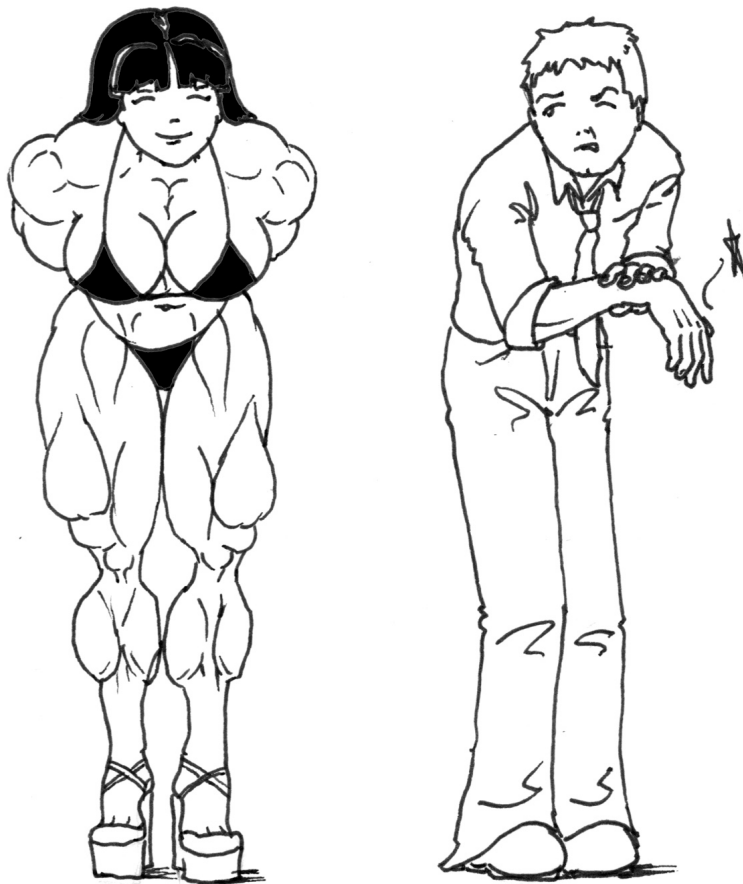
"Don't do that again or I'll. . ." I said.

"Or you'll what wimp? You'll what?" She asked

"I'll defend myself." I said.

She slapped me again. I was furious. I took a swing at her stomach. When my hand hit, I felt unbelievable pain. It was like I had hit a wall. She laughed. I took a swing at her face but I missed. I took another, but I missed again. I took several more but she was just too fast for me. I went to go tackle her but she just picked me up by my belt and threw me half way across the room. I ran at her and took several more swings at her face. I was totally out of breath.

"What's wrong Sweetie Pie? Can't seem to hit me? Am I too fast for you? Here you go Baby. . .I will give you a chance. Take you best shot because then it will be my turn," she said.



She held her jaw out. I summoned all my strength and threw the hardest punch I had ever thrown in my life. Again I felt incredible pain in my hand. I had closed my eyes when I punched her and I half expected to see her decked out when I opened my eyes. But she wasn't. She just stood there with her hands on her hips looking incredibly strong. Every muscle was apparent in her awesome body. Yikes. I had just tried to fight my wife and had no success. Then I realized that she had hardly fought back. My knees began to shake. What was she going to do?

"I see you are a little frighten little one. As well you should be. I could kill you with one punch. I could disable you with just my fist alone. But it wouldn't be any fun to destroy you. Then I wouldn't have you to service my sexual needs. Remember how you used to only stay down and lick my pussy for only a few seconds? I want you to lick my pussy right now. . . and want you to lick it until I reach climax. . .if you refuse, we will continue our little fight. But this time you will not be able to walk out of here on your own. So what will it be lover-boy? Lick my pussy or get your ass kicked by your wife?" she asked.

She picked me up in her arms. I was shaking like a leaf. The realization was setting in. My wife had become my fantasy. She laid me down on some mats. She removed her bikini top. Wow! What breasts. Then she removed her bottoms and straddle my face. Her pussy was so wet and hot it was literally dripping wet. I serviced her for what seemed like hours. She had orgasm after orgasm. Finally she laid her incredible body on mine and whispered in my ear and said, "Get used to it Lover-Boy. After all, I am YOUR creation."



THE END

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