

# DIRK'S DILEMMA

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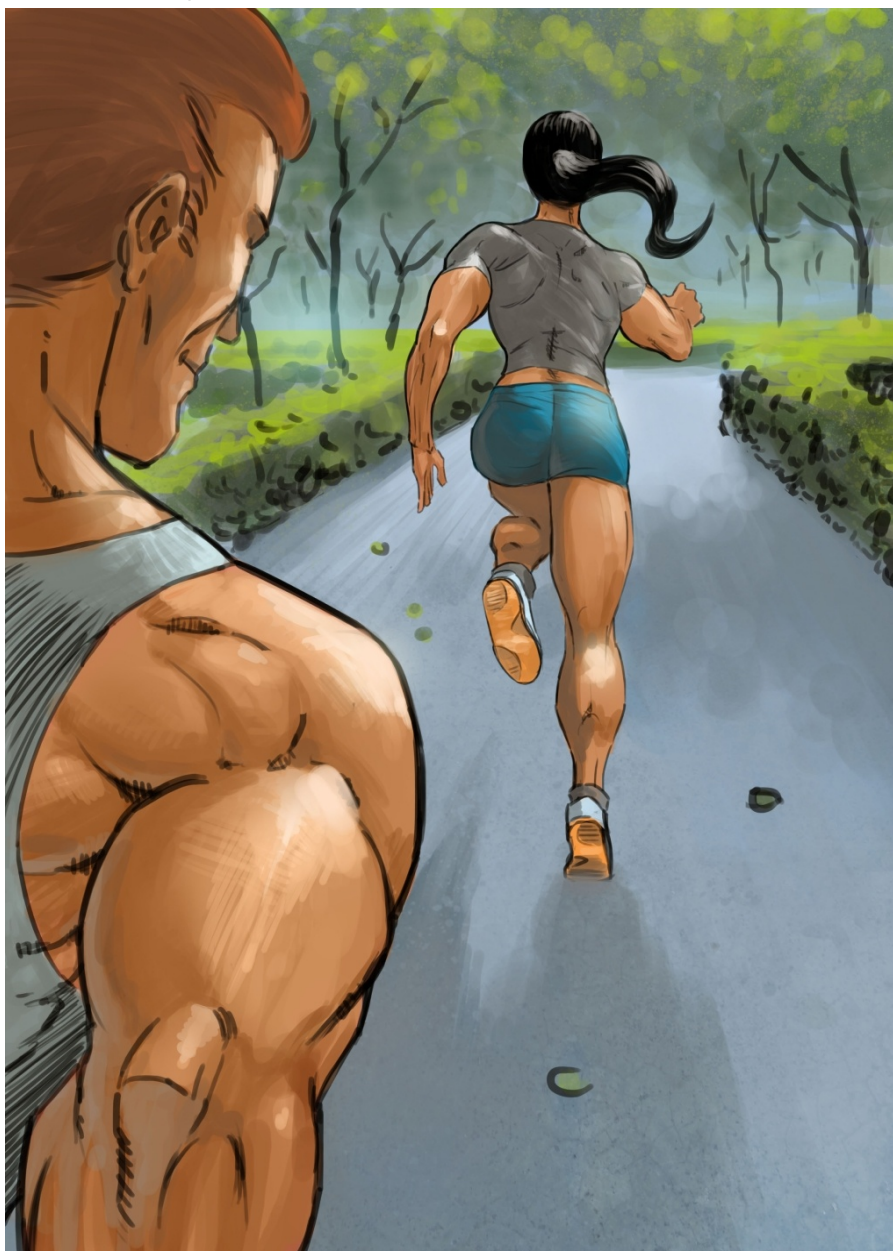
Dirk Masterson awoke this morning at 6am in his usual way, with a spring in his step, a self-admiring smile in the mirror and a flexing of his mighty biceps. A 33 year old personal trainer, he had spent the last 15 years of his life building his body to complete and utter Perfection. His steel hard physique was filled with large, strong, massive muscles, something he never got tired of showing off to its fullest (not even to himself), something he never let anyone else around him forget. Coupling his unreal frame with a truly handsome, model-like face, and it wasn't hard to see why he felt he was the envy of every man, and the object of lust to every woman. Dirk was as egotistical and vain as he was strong and muscular, not one to be against using his size and strength to bully those around him to get what he wanted, which usually didn't require more than a few powerfully hit muscle poses from this arrogant bodybuilding Adonis to intimidate any man into doing his bidding.

The women on the other hand were a bit different, as he wanted to portray himself as an irresistible hunk not an abusive bully, so he had to use different, more indirect, tactics to get his women to do what he wanted (that was, during those rare times when his obvious good looks and perfect body failed to do so). Promises he had no intention to keep, gifts that he would soon after take back, and even going so far as to spike their casual drinks in order to get them back to his place for a night of sexual fun.....for him anyway. Yes, Dirk Loved women, which was one of the many reasons he strived to look as good as humanly possible, and in his mind, then some.



So on this warm, Friday morning, he made his way up off his full and spacious bed, got himself ready for his early morning 5 mile jog, and bolted his way out the door to start yet another perfect day in his seemingly perfect life. As an obvious and avid workout fanatic, he spent a lot of his free time exercising to one degree or another; from weights to running, from sporting activities to casual fun in the sun. Dirk knew full well that to get what he wanted in this life, to maintain his Hercules-like physique and super hot looks, he had to get out and work for it. The rewards of which, the satisfaction of putting a man in his place (usually unfairly and in a very bullying way), or the ability to get any girl, not matter how beautiful, to sleep with him (one way or another), were more than worth the effort it took.

Speaking of beautiful women, there was a specific reason he choose to travel across this particular route for his early AM jog, one that he happened to stumble onto a few days prior, as it seemed this trail more than any other he had come across, was filled with beautiful young women, who like himself were running their way to unreal shape, jogging away all of their unwanted pounds and replacing it with smooth, sleek, firm feminine curves. Nothing pleased Dirk more than showing off in front of beautiful women with his truly gorgeous body, with not only its perfectly sculpted frame and proportions, but also with all of the physical power and strength it contained (especially during any time of exercise). When he wasn't slowing down to match a girl's speed, in an effort to use his "charm" and obvious attractiveness to strike up a conversation (which usually lead to a little bedroom workout later on), he was blowing by them in an effort to flaunt his superior speed and fitness levels. Yes, it was good being him, a thought that went through his mind more times than not.



It wasn't long before Dirk spotted his first target off in the distance, a gorgeous young woman with long black hair pulled back in a ponytail, complete with a super toned (even a bit muscular) physique, which was barely covered in a tight fitting T-shirt and body hugging short shorts. A perfect candidate for his next Hit On & Run, he could only imagine how this female hardbody would be in bed (as he was SO turned on by women with tight and toned, even muscular, bodies). So with a predatory smile across his face and a look of determination in his eyes, he sped his way up a bit (with surprising amounts of effort to do so), and when he finally met her speed for speed, he opened his mouth and began his latest attempt at athletically charged seduction.

Dirk let loose one of his finest come-on lines, one that was sure to get a pleasing smile or pleasurable reaction out of this gorgeous young athlete (who now being closer to him than before, allowed him to notice that she was quite visibly muscle packed, on the level of a buff fitness girl he would have guessed), though surprisingly she ignored him completely and continued to make her way down this dimly lit track as if he wasn't even there. Frustrated at his failed attempt, especially with how amazingly Hot she was, and how much he wanted to get together with her, he swiftly tried again, using another such line, his desperation now showing a bit through with each and every word.



Again this exercising Amazon girl ignored his advances totally, with the exception of her speeding up her own jogging speed as a way of getting away from this bothersome macho jerk. This shocked Dirk on two fronts, one being that she seemed completely dis-interested in his advances towards her, and second that her speed was increasing to a point where he was more than straining himself to just keep up. But keep up he did, and in doing so let off another series of erotic and sexual phrases that he was sure would be enough to entrap this beautiful woman and lure her into his obvious physical charms. Though like his previous attempts before, she didn't speak a word in response, nor did she even bother to take a look in his general direction, she simply rolled her eyes in annoyance and increased her jogging speed even more.

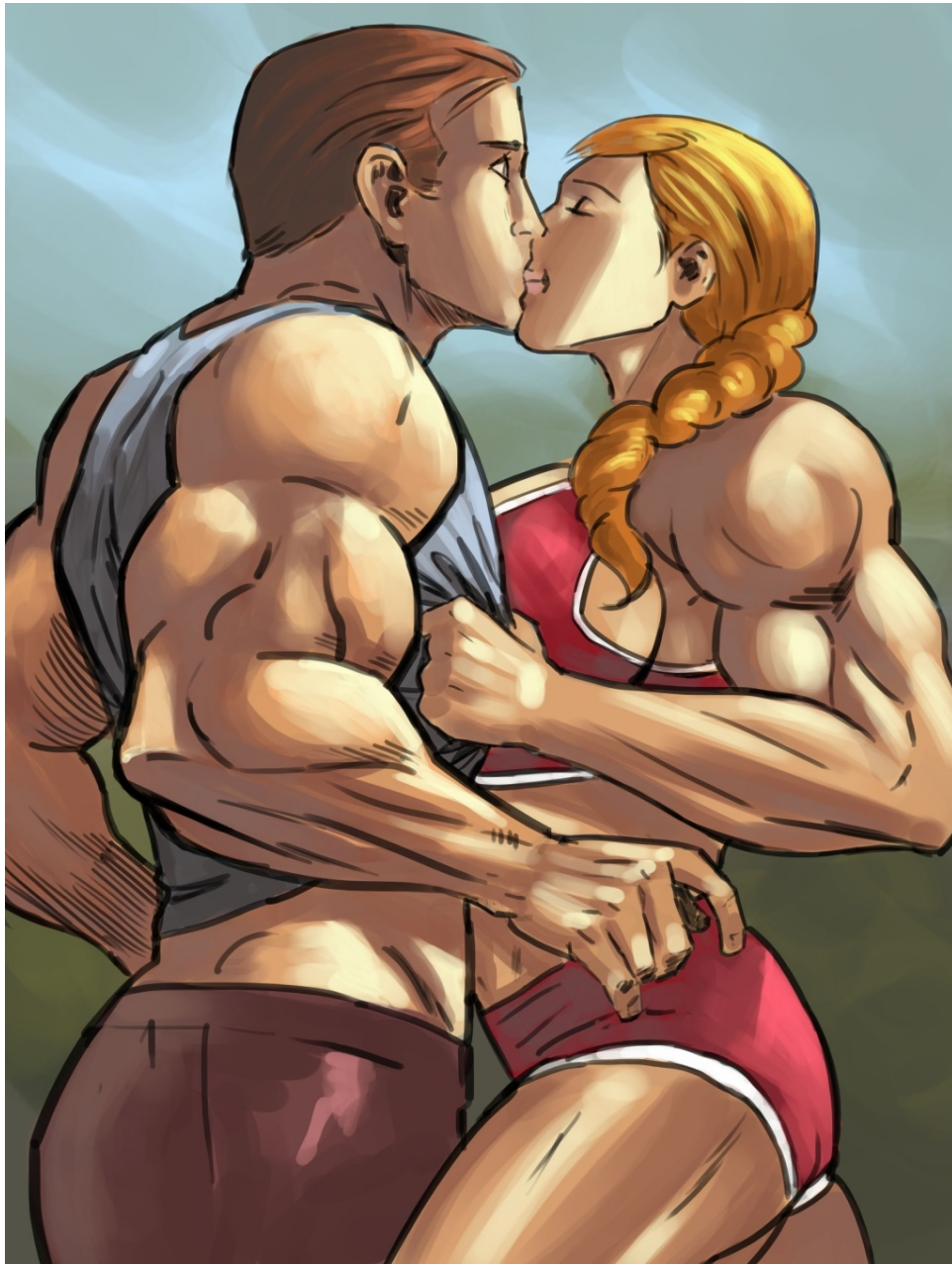
"Unreal!", thought the way-to-into-himself muscleman, as he watched this young woman again pour on the power, moving her perfectly shaped and muscularly curved physique farther away from his now running form once again. Not about to be physically shown up by anyone, let alone by a woman, he pushed his super fit body to its limits in an attempt to reach her now speeding motions, more at this stage about proving himself to be the physically superior over getting her to really notice him. Though with each ounce of strength he put into his fit and muscular physique, she simply surpassed him at every turn, and as always, she didn't look like she was using any more effort into their "race" than if she was taking a casual, easy-going, jog.

After several more minutes of this one-sided Battle Of The Sexes, their incredibly sculpted and amazingly fit bodies flying down the track, Dirk simply couldn't keep up with this unreal Amazon's speed and power, and collapsed on the floor with a Thud! His breath inhaling and exhaling in huge, exhausted puffs, as he felt like he had just broken the 1 Mile speed record - something he was more than sure this now disappearing female figure could do without even trying. Defeated mentally as he was physically, he just sat where he was on the floor, dusting off his few scrapes from his sudden fall, his head down as he gathered up his pride and made his way back to his feet.....



.....which was surprisingly easy for him for some reason, though that became all too clear seconds later as he turned himself around to see yet another gorgeous young woman just behind him, her arms guiding his body (if he was paying attention, he would have noticed Lifting his body) back up to a standing position. Taking a good series of looks up and down this Hot and Sexy woman's lusciously curvaceous frame, he could see that as unreal as his first preys body was, this girls was even moreso. Curves upon curves, shape over shape, the perfect blending of a sexy feminine form mixed with muscle packed hardness. From bulging calves to thick hard thighs to a visibly 6-Pack stomach, up further to a wide set of shoulders and back, clearly defined and sizable arms, and a chest that was as thick and round as it was firm and tight.

“Hey, don’t mind her, Sugar, some women wouldn’t know a good thing if it came up and bit them” she softly spoke out with a huge smile, as she took her own time eye-ing up his own incredibly tight and muscle packed form, just as he had done to her. Clearly pleased with what she was seeing, a sensual look in her eyes and an arousing little bite on her lower lip made that make clear as day, she spoke out in a sexy, feminine voice “You’re lucky I have an early morning meeting at work today Tiger, otherwise I would take you home right now and show you what a real woman could do to a man like you” she cooed, as she sensuously tucked one of her business cards into the top of his tight fitting shorts. “Hey, I’m a lawyer, I always carry some on me” she giggled out, explaining her reason for she went out for such workouts complete with business cards on hand.



“Call me tonight, anytime after 6pm, and we'll set something up. Mmmmmm, Mmmmm, you look so damn good, I'm tempted to take off work today and just Take You right here and now, but I can't.....so Ill so make it up to you later! See you then Stud.....oh, and that wasn't a request” she sexily growled out, grabbing Dirk by his shirt, as she savagely pulling him into her super hard body, giving him a series of lustily charged kisses before letting him go, and with a wink and a smile, continued on with her morning run (which like the woman he had seen previously, was done at a truly amazing pace)

“What the Hell just happened here!” Dirk spoke out to himself, this morning easily being one of the most unusual and bizarre of his entire life. First his “perfectly executed” advances had no affect on the opposite sex (a rare event, indeed), then he was blown away by a woman's fit (though surely inferior) body, then he was sexually manhandled by yet another woman, who had an even more muscular body than the first one (on the level of a mid-sized bodybuilder, he would have guessed). Yes, it certainly was one incredibly strange way for this man in particular to start his day, though at this point not unwanted in the least. So with a quick look at this newly acquired business card, seeing the name Sally Olympia Saunders clear as day, he turned back around and began to jog his way towards home. Cutting short his usual 5 mile run, thinking about the events that had just transpired here this day, and about this amazingly sexy hardbodied woman that he was now clearing his night's schedule for, and what fun they would be having later on.

Looking down at his watch, Dirk realized that ending his morning jog a bit earlier this day gave him a bit more time than normal, just enough to stop for a little treat at one of his favorite breakfast hang-outs. Favorite not so much for its food or atmosphere, but due to the bevy of beautiful waitresses that worked there, complete in their body hugging and amply revealing uniforms. While being one to eat on the healthy side nearly all of the time, he did allow him his little treats here and there, and this local eatery was one of the places he frequented most when he did. So with a ringing of the little bell that adorned this cafe's entrance, Dirk made his way inside, and quickly took his favorite seat, tucked away in the front corner - which allowed him visual access to all of what was going on inside (or more specifically, who), as well as being close to the large clear windows, allowing him to watch anything that was on the outside as well. Of course, a man like Dirk found very few things beautiful enough to stare at, one of them being himself, the other being hot, sexy, toned and tanned women, and as this being Southern California, during the one of the warmer times of the year no less, he knew he wouldn't have to look very hard to find some.

Though hunger called, and looking forward to a nice treat meal this morning he quickly picked up the menu that was on his table, looked through it for several minutes, before closing it back down and waving over one of this establishments several beautiful waitresses.

“What can I get ya, Sweetie?” spoke out his young female server, as she sexily strode on over to his table, seductively staring down at him with a pair of perfectly shaped emerald eyes. Dirk couldn't utter a word in return, as all he could do was stare at this woman before him, his mouth clearly open, his eyes held wide with shock. He had been here several times before, and though it had been a while since his last visit (doing a bit extra where he could to stay in shape during the Summer months, and that meant little to no treat foods), he was in awe at this unreal shaped female standing over him.

This truly adorable red-headed woman had her hair back in a sexy little bun, with just a hint of a few soft strawberry colored tendrils hanging down to perfectly frame her face, which currently held a smile looked as if it could light up a room. Though as incredibly beautiful as this girl's facial features were, it wasn't that that was stopping this uber-macho guy in his tracks. It was her body, which was covered in a skin tight, short skirted, black outfit, which seemed to literally pulse with rock hard power and firm, sexy muscles. The position she was holding her pad and pencil made her arms bend, which showed off biceps that were not only tight, toned and perfectly sculpted, but clearly muscle packed as well. Dirk had to guess she was packing 16” arms on her, and she wasn't even flexing at this point. Her shoulders and back were broad and wide, stretching out the material of her work uniform to its limits, while her amazingly ample chest (which seemed to be so muscularly tight that little ripples were forming around the top of her lusciously shaped cleavage) was nearly pouring out of her partially unbuttoned black blouse. Not to mention if he could see any lower than her waist, which was currently being blocked by his own table, he would notice thick, shapely legs that showed off unreal size and muscle definition, in addition to a pair of glutes that looked like God had cut a bowling ball in half and sexily placed it on her incredibly curvaceous form.



“Sorry Sweetie, but I’m not on the menu.....” sexily breathed out this Amazon woman, as she smiled even wider, leaning down slightly onto the table, giving Dirk an even better shot of her voluptuously hard chest. “.....so I'm afraid you'll have to order something else.....for now anyway” she sexily concluded with a wink.

“I....I...yeah, I would like.....uh.....”

“Oh, I know what you’d like Stud, but let’s just stick with pancakes and eggs, shall we?” the clearly muscular waitress giggled out, enjoying her teasing manner over this visibly tongue tied male. Dirk had no idea what was going on, as he was surely well versed in talking to even the most beautiful of women with near ease, though as before, there was something about today that just felt.....different. He wasn’t on his “A Game”, he didn’t feel as strong or as confident as he usually did, which wasn’t helped by the fact that every woman he saw this day was a cross between a fitness girl and a female bodybuilder in physique, in addition to each of them having supermodel good looks and supremely confident attitudes to boot. As such, it wasn’t hard to imagine even a man of his unreal physique and in-control personality (not to mention vanity and ego) being a bit shaken in this unusual situation. Though he quickly pulled himself together, feeling he was above such inferior emotions, and would not let the sight of a few super fit women shake him from his tough macho demeanor and very arrogant self.

“Don’t flatter yourself Babe, I’m no stranger to the world of female hardbodies, not by a long shot. Now why don’t you just shake that muscle butt along and get me a stack of pancakes, two eggs (scrambled), and a large OJ, freshly squeezed” he spoke out with much swagger to his tone and a cocky smile on his face.

“Ooooooh I just love a customer with some Spunk” she spoke out with girlish excitement, “Your order will be coming up right away, sir. Hee hee hee” the raven haired buff beauty spoke out with a smile of her own, as she did as she was “instructed” and made off to arrange his breakfast order, her perfectly shaped and amazingly rounded muscle butt sexily swaying and bouncing side to side with each and every step she took. A sight so arousing that Dirk couldn’t take his eyes off for a second, something that wasn’t a surprise at all to this physically power packed young waitress.

As the minutes went on, Dirk rather impatiently waited for his food to arrive, though as hungry as he was, the assorted womanly sights before him more than kept him occupied until his meal was ready. Sights that not only offered much interest in his clearly aroused form, but had also piqued more than his share of curiosity and confusion. Living where he did, it was hardly rare for the females around him to take the utmost pride in their physical appearance, in any and all respects, but what he didn’t get was how many downright buff and muscular females that he had spotted this day. From tight and toned, to lush fitness chicks, to thick, muscle packed bodybuilders, it seemed like there wasn’t a single woman (or girl for that matter) that he laid his eyes on that wasn’t in one of the three physical classes above. Normally not something that caused him concern in the least, though he still felt as if something was off and not right nonetheless.



The more he thought about it the more he actively stared and looked around at every single person he could see within this cozy cafe's walls, and each and every time he saw one she was an obviously, and in most cases very, muscular woman. Whether it be a pair of fitness girl physiques roller-blading their way across the barely sunlit street outside; to a loving young couple out for an early morning feed, her youthful form nearly bursting through her top due to the large amount of muscle underneath; to the assortment of waitresses in this establishment, none of them familiar to Dirk in any way, though all of them clearly Amazonian in not only height and stature, but rock solid shape and bulging curves as well.

So mesmerized was he by these truly odd and very arousing sights before him, that he didn't notice two older men hurriedly making their way inside this quiet little eatery, strangely dressed in long, tan trench coats.....that was until.....

"FREEZE!!" one of the men screamed out, as he and his partner both flung open their long coats to reveal shotguns from underneath their previously concealing outerwear.

"Anyone moves, and They're Dead!" yelled out his partner, with a furious gleam in his eye and an intimidatingly loud CLICK of his weapon. This of course caused most everyone around them to duck down for cover, oddly enough the males being protectively covered up by their female partners, who it seemed were throwing their muscle packed frames around and across them for protection. Another odd thing was the reaction of the trio of waitresses nearest to the action, who while giving off looks of concern, they also seemed unusually calm, with almost in control attitudes.

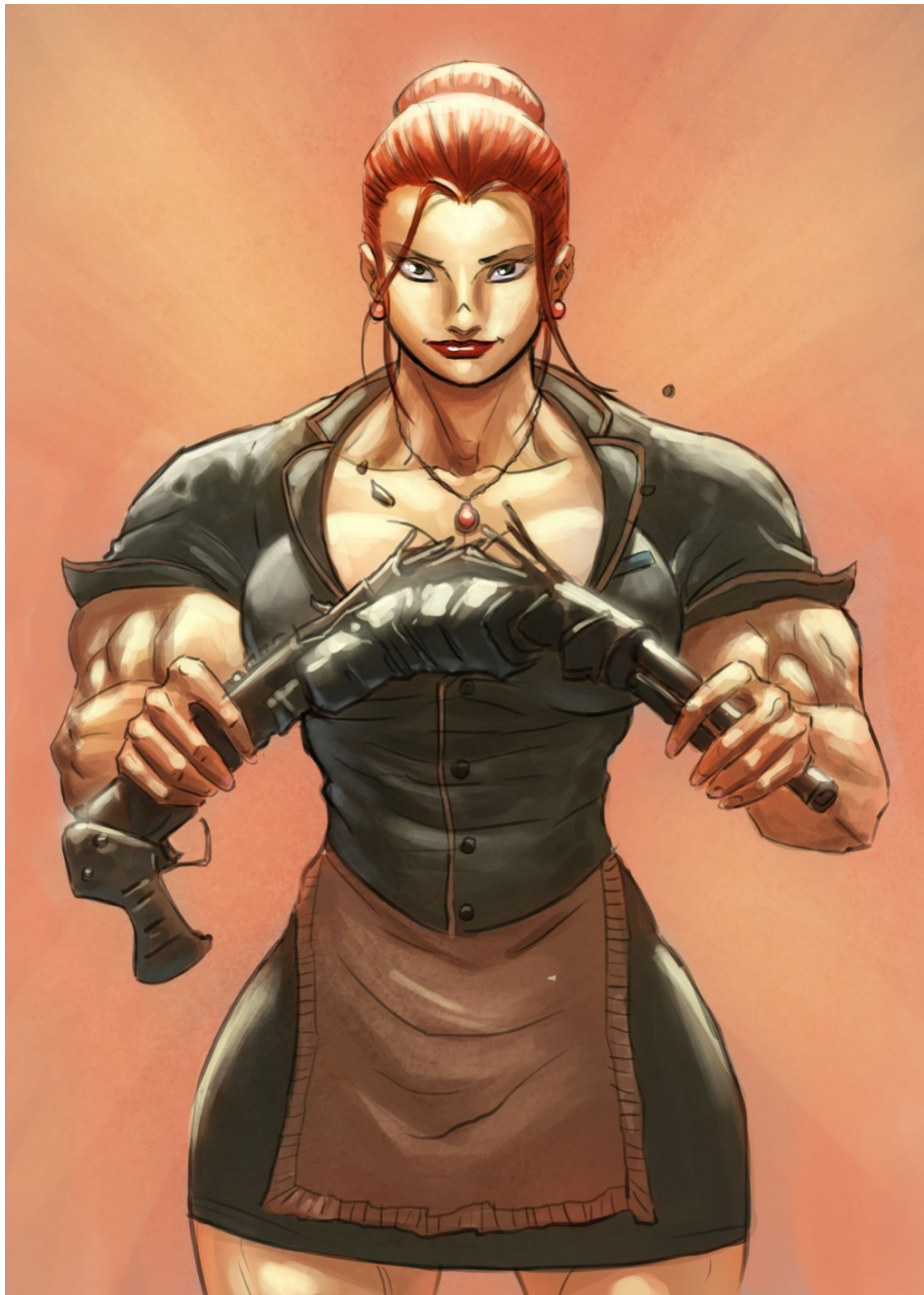


“Look, we don’t want any trouble here, so why don’t you guys just.....”

“Well we don’t give a Fuck what you want, ya fucking big titted bimbo waitress! So why don’t you just shake that ass of yours on over to the register and empty whatever you got in this here bag” one of the crazed burglars rudely barked out, as he threw a black duffel bag towards this voluptuously striking young woman.

“What is it with my ass today?” the red-headed waitress almost jokingly made out, as she looked around at her nearby, and clearly muscular, co-workers. “OK boys, we aim to please here, so just stay calm and I’ll do just what you told me” she soft and calmly spoke, slowly turning her lusciously shaped body around, making her way towards the cash register across the counter - giving her already naturally thick and rounded butt a few extra shakes and wiggles, even going so far as to use her much practiced muscle control to give a few extra bounces and flexings to her bowling ball hard glutes.

She did this for a reason, one that was done in coordination with her fellow waitresses, as she knew full well these vicious and dangerous males eyes would be fixed on the sensual movements of her perfectly shaped globes, both sets of them in fact, and that by doing so they would be lowering their guards, just a bit, just long enough for her female hardbodied co-workers to do THIS!



With a quick flash and the swiftest movements Dirk had ever seen, the two stealthily approaching young females lashed out at these gun-totting men, one giving off a high pitched martial arts yell as she sent a single perfectly shaped leg straight up, then straight back down onto one of their weapons. Visibly denting its hard metal frame with her awesomely powerful Axe Kick. The other waitress took a more direct approach, as grabbed onto the other man's shotgun, harshly pulling it out of his much weaker grip, before tossing it across the counter to her raven haired ring-leading Amazon.

"You men, when will you ever learn" the lead waitress softly spoke out with a smile, as she made her way back to these two dumbfounded males, each of them now held fast and completely immobile by their arms from behind with two expertly placed Hammer Locks. "Let me guess, you're not from around here, are you?" the lusciously muscular beauty sexily asked, as she made her way closer to them, sexily sauntering over to their forms until taking a final stance just a few feet away, holding a single shotgun in her hands. "Oh, don't worry about this, I'm not gonna use it on you boys. You see, the women in these parts don't need some crude noisemaker to do bodily harm to others. Heh heh" she chuckled out, as her grip around both ends of the long weapon tightened, sending waves of muscle coursing through her upper body. "We don't need weapons of any kind to bring down a world of pain to those who deserve it.....those like You" Then, with a wicked smile, she began to bend and twist the shotgun over onto itself, the sounds of screaming metal and crackling wood now being joined by the sounds of soft, black fabric around her arms and chest ripping and popping at the seams.

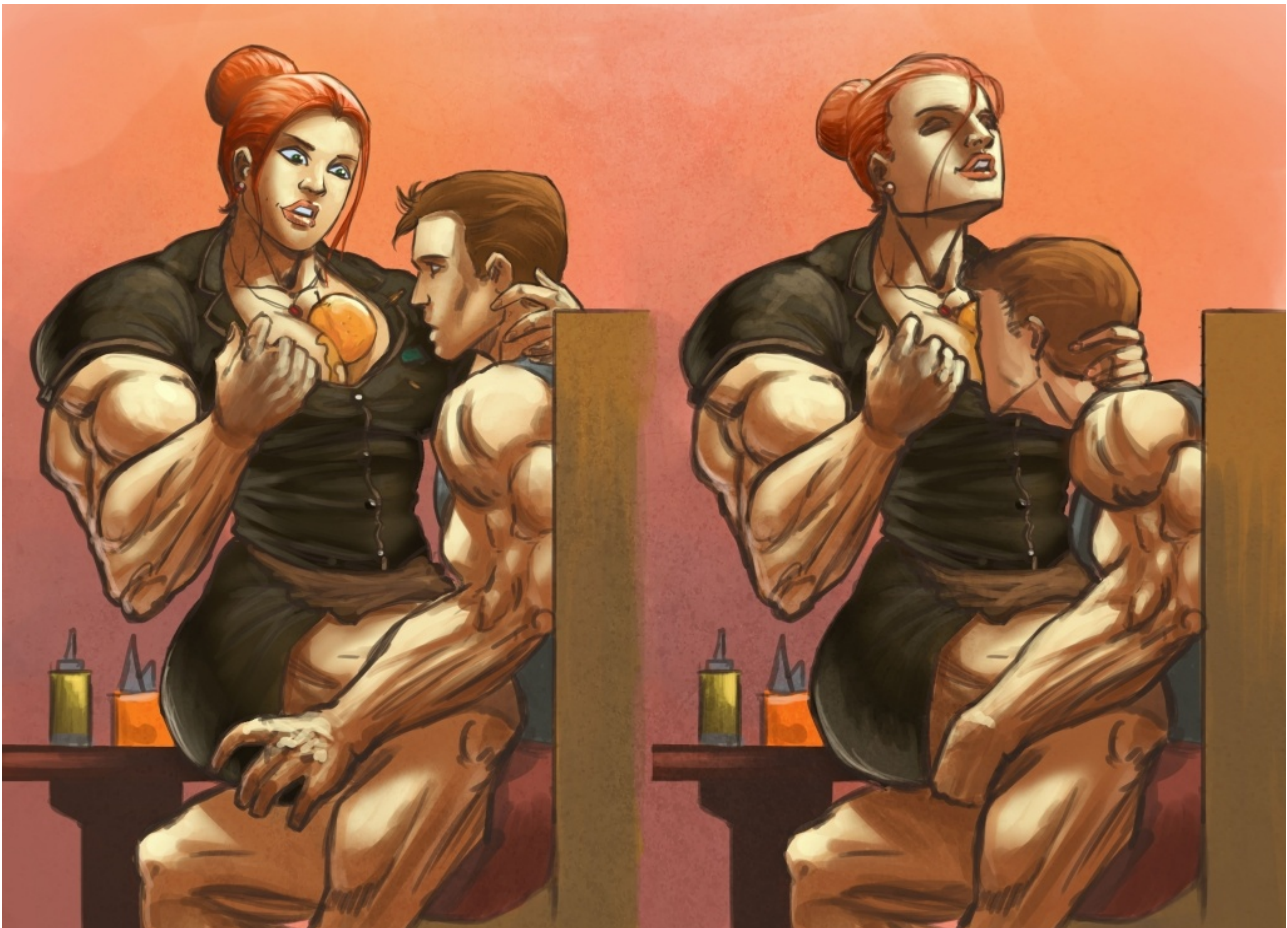
"Isn't it time for your break, girls?" the powerful Amazon woman spoke out as she completed her mangling of this one mighty weapon, dropping its beaten form to the floor, giving her fellow supergirls a devious little smile and a sexy wink. With that, the two crime stopping waitresses giggled with glee, as they hoisted their men high above their heads, their own rock solid physiques pulsing and pumping with female muscle, as they carried them into the back and out of view (though not out of ear-shot, as all of their customers were now being treated to more than their share of men screaming in fear and pain, and of girlish giggles of delight and pleasure).

Within seconds the cafe returned back to normalcy, with the exception of every couple there now feeling one another's bodies with savage, unbridled passion. The females flexing their clearly evident musculature, relishing to no end the series of licks, kisses and sensuously charged touches that their males partners were giving them. Dirk even surprised himself at his clearly aroused behavior, lead by his thick and throbbing cock nearly bursting from his tight pair of spandex running shorts. Try as he did to calm it growing expanse, and his own lustful feelings, he simply couldn't stop its expanding movements, or the sexually dominating emotions flowing through him.

"Mmmmmm, looks like we've got ourselves another Amazon Lover in the midst, eh Stud?" Dirks red-headed waitresses, and borderline superhero, spoke out as she returned with his previously ordered meal in hand. Her now partially destroyed top giving him even more of a taste of her incredibly firm and amazingly muscular physique that lie within. "I hope the "cute little boy" wasn't scared of the mean old baddies. Don't worry Baby, Waitress Wendy will protect you" she sexily cooed out in a clearly teasing manner.

"I.....I wasn't scared.....and I don't need a woman to protect me!" he roared back, defying her obviously superior physical power with all the strength his male pride and huge ego could muster. Clearly annoyed, though not willing to make too big of a fuss over it here, Wendy simply played the role of his waitress, with a fun little unexpected twist.

"Of course Hun, you know the customer is always right. Oh dear me, I forgot your freshly squeeze OJ. I'm sorry sir, I'll be right back with.....Ahhhhhh, look what we have here" Wendy breathed out, as she pulled an orange off of a nearby table, and then proceeded to straddle him in his seat, wrapping her thick, shapely, steel hard thighs around his waist, as she shoved her massively voluptuous breasts even closer to his clearly shocked face. "Shhhhhh, don't try to resist me Baby, I think you're gonna love this.....plus, it'll teach you a little lesson as well" she sensuously spoke, as she placed the orange deep within her super tight cleavage, using a single muscle packed arm to guide his head within kissing distance of it.



“You don’t think you need a woman to protect you, eh Big Boy? Don’t think a big, hard, muscular hunk like you could ever be weaker than a “soft, little girl”? Well, I’m only 22, with big, thick, sexy female muscles, and I think I’m handling you just fine, isn’t that right Sexy?” Wendy cooed as she licked her full, pouting lips, just inches from his own straining to break free face. “Now, its time for me to do my job and get you that Orange Juice you ordered, sir. Open wide baby.....” she softly spoke, as her tits clamped shut on the juicy fruit wrapped between them, expanding in size with solid pec muscle, as it crushed the oranges soft frame within her steely hard embrace, shooting its juices all over Dirks overpowered face.

“Ooooooh, better drink it all in Sweetie, it’s good to have your share of Vitamin C in the morning” the sexy red-headed Amazon sexily cooed, relishing in her clearly superior power over this hulking, macho brute. “Better suck on it Honey, suck it all in and drink it all down” she continued, as she used her strong grip on the back of his neck to push him deeper into her thick, hard pecs. His lips tasting all of the juices this fruit had to offer, in addition to all of its sweet wet stickiness covering her slowly enveloping breasts. A few little Ooooohs and Ahhhhs from this powerful young woman, coupled with the beginnings of her sensual hip thrustings into his totally helpless form, made Dirk believe she was going to rape him right here and now.....not that anyone would notice with the state they were all in.....not that anyone could have stopped her.....Until....

“WENDY!” yelled out a female voice from behind in a very scolding manner, which was followed by the visibly sexed-up musclegirl bouncing off Dirk’s lap, trying to cover and clean herself up as well as she possibly could. “Wendy Margaret Parker, do you have any idea how much trouble you’re in young lady!” further scolded out an older woman, dressed in a soft flowing robe, she herself standing a few inches taller than the 5’10” raven haired Amazon.



"I'm sorry Mom, I was just....."

"Enough! I agreed to give you and your High School friends a place to work and earn a few extra bucks before school started, and this is what I get" Wendy's Mother continued to berate her in front of the entire cafe, causing the rest of the patrons within to cease their own sexually charged actions, returning to back to a normal, breakfast eating state. "Now you collect your friends and get your butts ready for school, you hear me!" she concluded, giving Wendy's tight, hard butt a Smack as she ran herself away.

"Sorry about that, you know girls, sometimes you feel they're old enough to be mature young women.....but I guess shes only just turned 17, so I can't be too hard on her" the older woman spoke out, as she removed her long concealing robe to show off a body that was nearly identical to Wendy's own, only bigger and even more muscular. Dressed in her own soft, black uniform, which surely must have been modified to fit her massively muscle packed frame, she looked like a true Amazon Woman in every conceivable way.

"Shes Only 17???" Dirk shockingly blurted out, amazed beyond believe that she, and her heroic friends from before apparently, were only in their mid teens, and she was handling his muscularly powerful form as if he was a child. "She.....she said she was 22??"

"Yes, she does like to pad her age a bit. I had her young I'm afraid, as I'm only 35 myself, so I have to be hard on her when I see her "playing around" as she does so often, like she was with you before.....say, you are a cute, little guy, how old are you now?" she seductively spoke, as she sexily bounced her giant melon sized breasts up and down, her nipples clearly hardening with much arousal. This caused Dirk to bolt out of his seat, while he still had the chance, and run like Hell out of his one time favorite cafe, his amazement and fear only being superseded by the incredible feelings of lust and sex coursing throughout his body. "You all come back now, ya hear!" Wendy's Mother yelled after him, which was followed by a series of laughter from her and the remaining waitresses around her.

At his current panic fueled speed it took him only another few minutes to reach his apartment, which he hurriedly opened with a stumbling of his keys, and made his way inside. A cold shower would do him a world of good he thought, not only serving to chill his still throbbing loins (which had been on overdrive this morning), but to knock some sense back into his now shaken-up mind. It was a freak occurrence that he should happen to run into so many fit to downright musclebound women all in the same morning. Surely a female bodybuilding convention or show must be in town, which only added to the loads of super fit females that normally lived in this area of the world. That's it, that's the obvious explanation, or so he kept telling himself After a cold shower and a slow, relaxing toweling off of his gloriously muscle packed frame, he would feel much better about himself, and would be back to normal and able to continue on with his day.

And so Dirk's morning went, a shower, a feed (as he realized ordering his breakfast aside, he hadn't a single thing to eat as yet), and a quick changing into his work clothes (which him being a personal trainer, consisted of yet another pair of spandex tight fitting bike-shorts and a tank top), and he was on his way. Trying his best to forget about the events that transpired this morning, as he drove to work in his prized sports car, subconsciously eyeing up all of the beautiful females in view, though traveling at such a speed that he failed to notice that each and every one of them was packing more than a bit of muscle on their sexy, feminine frames.

Life was indeed good again for Dirk, with his confidence back, his body cleaned and pumped, ready for yet another day at the gym, where he was King, and all others followed his lead. Yes, things were certainly looking up for him again, hitting his stride with a smile on his face and his cocky attitude back in his mind.....that was until he started hearing an unmissable rattling noise in his car, which began to slow down with each and every second. Luckily for him he happened to be close enough to one of the nearby auto garages in the area, and was barely able to coast on in to its car filled parking lot. Unfortunately for him.....well, let's just get to it, shall we.

Dirk looked up at the large sign adorning this auto body shop, Jac's Garage, "Huh, the K must have fallen off" he quickly thought to himself, before making his way inside to look for someone to help him. Upon entering, his eyes spotting a rather large looking man in the background, his back turned to him, his body covered in a full-bodied grey jumpsuit and matching grey hat. Dirk could see he was in the middle of handling another car, so he just yelled over to the clearly busy mechanic, "Hey, it's an emergency, it OK if I park my car in here, you could handle it next?", pointing to an open area within this heavily stocked garage.

Without even turning around the auto mechanic gave Dirk a thumbs up, still working on whatever it was he was going to this other car. This was good enough for our super macho muscleman, who then turned around to head back to his car, his cell phone in hand as he called his place of employment and told them he was going to be late due to car trouble. He then drove his car into the open spot they had previously agreed upon, popped himself out and making his way back over to the garages sole worker.

"Hey! Hey, I'm Looking For Jack!!" Dirk screamed out, which was barely even heard, as the mechanic was in the middle of using a rather loud piece of equipment. Frustrated at his inability to get what he wanted, as the busy worker seemed to not have heard him (or was just plain ignoring him), Dirk angrily made his way over and grabbed him by his large shoulders (as big as this completely covered man was, he was still smaller than the musclebound personal trainer himself) and spun him around to face him. Once face to face for the first time, Dirk took a few steps back as he realized this huskily built mechanic was actually not a man at all, but a woman, and an extremely attractive one at that (grease spotted face and all).



"Whoa, you're a chick??" he immediately blurted out in utter surprise.

"And you're an Asshole, now that we've got that out of the way, what do you want?" she authoritatively spoke back to him, a bit annoyed that he had so rudely interrupted her current job.

"Watch the mouth, "Babe". I've got a car that needs fixing, so why don't you run along and find me Jack, so I can talk to the boss and see about getting it worked on"

"First off, I'm Jac, no K. It's short for Jacqueline, my friends call me Jacky, but you can call me Ms. Head Mechanic, Jerk-Off" she spoke back to this larger and intimidating man without a single ounce of feeling threatened in the least. Her arms crossed over her now visibly large chest (which was evident even through her rather big and bulky jumpsuit), taking a stance of power and authority, which yet again surprised Dirk, as he wasn't yet used to dealing with such defiance with those he dealt with, especially from the "Weaker Sex".

"What? Look girlie, I don't care what kind of frigging male oriented job or title you hold, no one speaks to me like that!" he scolded back, puffing his own thickly muscled chest out with power and strength, hardening his mighty muscles fuller and firmer.

"Ooooooh, is that how you wanna play it, Tough Guy? Well, two can definitely play That Game" the huskily built garage worker spoke out, puffing her own chest out, which itself was enough to forcibly push down the zipper to her now slightly less concealing mechanics outfit. Her breasts puffed out so much, its forward movements continued to open her uniforms zipper even more, showing off more than her share of thick, tight, voluptuously hard cleavage. "Bet you wouldn't think I was a man if you saw me from the front, eh Big Man?" the now extremely feminine looking mechanic sexily spoke out, removing her work-issued cap from her head, causing her long mane of ebony black hair to flow down and across her very wide back and shoulders.

Dirk's once proud and confident demeanor quickly went south, as he slowly began to compare this thick and shapely woman before him to the several Amazons of various shapes and sizes he had run into this morning, which incredibly enough scared him completely Stiff (in more ways than one).



“Yeah, I bet if you saw these babies first and foremost, you wouldn’t be all “I’m Mr. Macho, do what I say or I’ll kick your ass”, now would you?. Oh, not because you wouldn’t threaten to kick a woman’s butt, I’m sure, but because in my case, that just ain’t gonna happen” the sexy garage worker intimidatingly spoke, as she continued to remove her grease covered, very unflattering and body covering clothing further and further from her growingly evident solid and muscle packed frame. Her shoulders looked to be capped with softball sized muscles, which more than added to her broad back’s overall size and shape. Her chest looked truly massive during its slow and sexy reveal, which soon after included her firm, tight stomach and thickly muscled arms.

“I bet you though my voluptuous curves was due to fat, maybe I was just some overweight grease monkey who ate too many Twinkies while under the hood, eh Little Boy? Well, it doesn’t take junk food to build a body like mine, let me tell you that. You don’t get babies like These with ice cream and cup-cakes all day” Jacky growled out, hitting a Front Double Bicep Shot that made her entire upper body truly expand with thick and meaty muscles.

“This just can’t be happening.....” Dirk defeatedly spoke out in a low voice, as he watched this woman before him flex and harden her body to the level of a world class powerlifter/bodybuilder. While not being as cut or defined as the assorted musclegirls he had seen up until now, her physique was bigger and thicker than any of them - showing off without a shadow of a doubt a level of muscular size and clearly impressive hardness that was greater than any woman he had ever seen, and in his business, he felt he had seen them all.



“Oh, it's happening Big Boy, it's real. 100% real, Grade A, prime cut, sexy as all Hell female Beef!” she laughed out, enjoying to no end the reaction she was getting out of this larger, though physically weaker man before her. Continuing to hit her series of bicep, back and chest poses, she began flailing her legs around, shaking her hips sexily from side to side, causing her bulky outfit to fall completely off her lush muscular body and down to the floor, revealing a set of very exposed legs that made her 18” biceps seem like toothpicks by comparison. “Ever seen a set of legs like this on a woman, a strong, sexy, powerful woman? No, I didn't think so. Even where we are, in this area full of fit and firm little gym bunnies, I'm more than sure by your reaction that you've never seen a set of thighs, quads, hamstrings and calves like mine, eh Baby?”

She spoke with complete and utter confidence and control, moreso than that, she spoke the truth. Dirk's job had him surrounded with women of all levels of fitness, and even the strongest he had ever seen (even many of the male clients he handled and saw working out at his gym) didn't have the leg size, shape and obvious physical power that this woman before him displayed. Even without feeling them at all, he could see with his highly trained eyes that her thighs were about 30” across, and if she was anything like the women (and teenage girls) that he had encountered earlier this day, her legs would be strong enough to crack a bowling ball in half between them.

“Hahahaha, my legs are even bigger than your little bean-poles, my little Muscle Butt. Too much upper body, and not enough overall symmetry workouts for you, eh Hun?” Jacky teasingly spoke, as she expertly gyrated and flexed her thickly muscled physique in a variety of sexily hit bodybuilding poses. “Mmmmm, I can see you're a fan, eh? I can't say I'm surprised, the attraction to physically strong and powerful women is growing and growing and growing.....just like my muscles.....just like your cock” she cooed, making her way closer to him, pushing her thighs against his own, proving her just spoken point to a T.

“Look....look, I just want to get out of here, OK? Just, just forget about my car, and I'll find another garage to.....”

“Noooooo, stay here a while. You're cute, and I do get so few visitors around here” she sensuously whispered, cuddling up closer to his now trembling form, wrapping her arms and legs around his, encasing him in a massively solid and powerfully built wall of female muscle. “I can feel your cock get harder against my abs. I can tell you like how a strong, sexy woman can dominate you, control you, scare the living Fuck out of you” she erotically growled into his ears, giving his body a few little squeezes, which was more than enough to force out the breath from his lungs, and send waves of pain throughout his entire quivering form.

His estimation of her strength levels from before were very correct (if not even a bit under-stating), as even though he was taller, bigger and thicker muscled than she was, with the exception of her lower body that was, her overall physical strength was vastly superior to his own – something the gleefully proved as she held on to his body with the utmost of ease, even though he was trying with all of his might to escape.

“What's the matter Cutie, you don't wanna be cuddled up with a big, hard, sexy Amazon girl? Hee hee hee. My man just loves it when I wrap this body of mine around him. When I give him a little Muscle Cuddle from his favorite girl, knowing that at any moment I could do anything I wanted to him, including putting him out in a sexy little Nighty Nights Chest Smother. Mmmmmm, I bet you'd like one right now, wouldn't you Loverboy?” Jacky tauntingly cooed, giving his body a few more pulsating squeezes, her attractive face glowing with a proud, confident smile.

“No.....uhhh.....I have.....uhhhhh.....to go.....work.....” Dirk barely managed to breath out, his powerfully built torso being slowly crushed to pulp into this Amazon's massively muscled chest.



“Oh that’s right, your car needs a little fixing, now doesn’t it. How I can be so forgetful?” she taunted him further, as she removed her tightly wrapped body from around his, laughing as all he could do at this point was fall to his knees and regain his much needed breath. “Now where is she? Ah, here she is. Whooooo, what a beauty, I bet you make some pretty big bucks being a personal trainer in this part of the world, eh Stud?” she continued to play with her man as she strode on over to his nearby car, clearly guessing his occupation from the gym oriented clothing he was wearing.

“Let’s see, what can we find out here” she spoke out, giving the tires a few playful kicks as she made her way around his vehicle, giggling as its “light”, sporty frame shook and bounced from either side as she did so. “The tires seem to be alright, let’s just see what you’ve got underneath, shall we?” she cooed with a teasing tone and a little smile, as she bent her clearly exposed form down, purposely showing off her amazingly curvaceous, perfectly shaped, thickly muscled physique to her clearly captivated (aka terrified) male patron.

With a sexy little grunt, the super muscled auto mechanic powered down with her legs, grabbed hold of the bottom rim of the back end of his car, and forcefully lifted it clear off the ground, as high as her arms could reach. “Ahhh, there you go, it’s a broken axle. See, right there, in the middle of the bottom end of your car” Jacky authoritatively spoke out, angling the back end of the car towards Dirk’s still laying down form.



He was now sure this couldn't be happening, as no woman on Earth, not even one this big and thickly muscled, could have such tremendous physical strength and unreal power. Though before today he had no idea a buff fitness chick could outrun him like he was barely moving, or a High School female bodybuilder could nearly rape him in public either, but they too happened nonetheless.

"My God.....I....I can't believe it.....I....." he uttered out in shock and amazement, watching as this voluptuously muscle packed woman held the back end of his car off the ground with incredible ease, completely helpless to do anything to stop her.

"What? You think I'm lying to you? Some people, just don't trust anyone anymore" she teasingly spoke out, mockingly believing that he was speaking about her cars assessment over her lush hardbodied physique's physical display. "Well, here, take look for yourself then" she sexily breathed out, followed by several more grunts of effort, as she maneuvered herself exactly in the middle of Dirk's prized automobile, and powering down with her entire body, lifted it completely off the floor with her superhumanly strong physique holding it high above her head. "See, right there, that loose bit at the end" Jacky taunted out, continuing to display her unreal physical power by not only holding his car above her, but shaking it to and fro to point out the obviously loose part underneath.

Dirk was simply beside himself, his once powerful and confident form was reduced now to a frightened, little child by this supremely powerful woman. Watching her handle not only him, but his entire steel hard car, not only scared the ever loving Crap out of him, put oddly enough turned him on to no end at the same time. He couldn't help but feel as he had so often this day, that he longed to dive right into this thick and shapely musclegirl with all of his sexual might, ravishing her with all of his erotically charged strength and power - though knowing full well that doing so would mean her unreal hardness wrapped around him in turn, and that would surely mean the end of him, once and for all.

So he did the only thing he could do when faced with an incredibly attractive, amazingly sexual, super-powered Amazon woman holding his car high above her head.....he ran, with all the strength his still shaking legs could carry him, and not for the first time this day at that. Caring nothing about the well-being or return of his vehicle, only for the safety and sanity of himself, Dirk ran at his top speed out of this incredibly strange and bizarre environment, hoping to get as far away from such a woman as possible.....though try as he might, he soon learned that such hopes were simply not going to happen for him this day.



His only thoughts at this point were to get his life back on track, and that meant getting him to the place where he was supposed to be, a place he was in charge, where he was the boss. So Dirk made off with all of his remaining energy to his gym, and while it was still nearly 10 miles away from his current location, he felt such traveling such a distance (and in record time, if possible) was certainly something that was within the limits of what his extremely fit, and thickly muscled body could handle. Though on his way he couldn't help but notice the growing number of people moving all around him, making their way about to start their own day as the early morning light called forth the start of a new day. Nothing unusual at all really, and normally no cause for alarm at all, with the exception of one thing that caught Dirks eye with obvious ease – every single female he saw, every girl, every woman, every one of them, appeared to have a body that was amazingly shaped, strong as steel, and hard as stone.

Just like his own previous experiences this morning, they ranged from the super athletic looking to the buff fitness level, to bodybuilder type physiques and beyond. Every single woman he laid his gaze upon, which at this point was utterly impossible to avoid, looked like a strong, fit, hardbodied Amazon. All of which with a facial beauty to match their obvious physical perfection, and none of them shy about using all that they had to their fullest, and then some.

Even a blind man could have spotted these assortment of women all around the place, using their amazingly firm, incredibly fit hardbodies in all sorts of different ways. During his first few miles travel Dirk noticed a grouping of men and women still out on the town from the night before. The women, all dressed in sexy, hot party-girl outfits, were holding their male partners in tight, almost crushing, bearhugs, while pressing their lips into their clearly frightened faces. Their larger male forms being held totally off the ground, the girls super strength using their bodies in any way they desired. Continuing a few more minutes down this same road, Dirk noticed another group of young party girls still out from their late nights fun, laughing and taunting an equal sized group of men in a car - which was being bounced from one side to the other due to these super strong females playful pushes and sexy shoves.





Within the next several miles of his quickening jog/run to work, he noticed a group of High School girls and boys making their way to school. Nothing unusual at all for this time of day, with the exception of the girls carrying the guys (who while being bigger, were still much weaker than their female friends) on their backs, shoulders and arms; these powerfully built, perfectly sculpted, muscle hardened teenage girls skipping, dancing and laughing along as if they had a light schoolbag on their backs, and nothing more. The boys on the other hand seemed to like it (or at least have learned to accept it at this point), and were all having fun displaying these young Amazons strength and obvious physical superiority over them on their way to school.

A bit further along he passed an Elementary School and spotted a similar grouping of boys and girls, though them being several years younger than the ones he had watched a few minutes earlier. Another difference between these two teenage, school-going groups was their demeanor and attitudes, as while the older, more mature, kids seems to all be getting along and having a great time, these younger children were having anything but.....the boys that was. This gathering of barely teenage girls were laughing and giggling aloud with glee, as they used their vastly stronger forms to bully, taunt and tease (aka lift, throw, squeeze and crush) the grouping of equally aged boys around them. Even outnumbered two to one, even though each of these young boys seemed to be bigger than the girls themselves, these young Amazons had bodies built of solid rock, with clearly bulging curves and more than evident (albeit smaller) amounts of muscle as well.

Dirk was on the verge of helping these younger boys against their super fit female tormentors, though before he could make a move towards them a young girl in that group caught his eye, and as if she was reading his mind, turned to face his still jogging form, picked up a steel-hard metal trash can nearby, and mangled it to pulp within her super strong grip. Without any words at all, just a massively powerful display and a look of control and dominance in her eyes, this 13 year old supergirl intimidated the Hell out of Dirk to the point where he just kept on running, pretending with all of his will that he wasn't hearing the screaming of young teenage boys and an equally loud giggling of barely teen girls.

Such sights and sounds, were just too much for this one time super confident, arrogant and macho musclemans, so with all of his strength and power he bolted on down the last leg of his journey, and before too long made it to his intended destination. He hurriedly opened the main door to his gym, swiftly slamming it closed as he then spent the next several minutes regaining his breath, as even his own amazing level of fitness had been pushed to the test, and its limits, due to the unimaginable events that had encompassed his day so far.

Not wanting to appear nervous or worried in front his gym co-workers or its clientele, Dirk stayed in the relative safety of the hidden-away opening hallway, which lead into the welcoming reception area, until his calm and cool attitude again took control over him, and he felt ready to continue on with his day and face the world again. He had no plans to talk to anyone about what was happening to him, for fear that they may think him completely mad, and that it would dent his tough guy, in-charge reputation he'd worked so hard to maintain. So when the time was right, Dirk took a deep breath and strutted his way inside his gym, his world, ready to pretend this entire morning had never happened.

Ahhhh, the sounds of home, he closed his eyes and breathed in, as the clangs of metal against metal, the grunts and groans of exertion from those working out within, the smell of hard fought sweat from the assortment of gym-goers, all brought him back down to reality and made him feel whole again. Dirk was now in his domain, and no one was going to take that away from him, no one was going to make him feel emasculated, embarrassed, or physically inferior here or ever again.....that was, until he opened his eyes, and saw something that made his heart freeze solid, and his blood run cold.

As expected from the sounds and scents of his much loved gym, the place with filled with avid weightlifters and exercise buffs of all shapes and sizes, and while he wasn't surprised in the least to find women pumping the iron and working out in this locales various stations and areas, it was the ratio of men to women that was throwing him for a loop.....that, and the array of actual exercises these women were in fact doing. His gym had always welcomed the avid female fitness buff, the hotter the hardbody the better was Dirk's motto in fact and gawking at such females was one of the best parts of his working day - though today it seemed that for every male musclehead that was pushing their bodies to the extreme, there was at least four women doing the exact same thing, only to a much higher degree.

Such a 4 to 1 ratio of members was hardly cause for alarm, even as recent as yesterday Dirk could recall, though it was usually the males that very much outnumbered the females, not the other way around as it was here and now. Not only this, but the women here was all thickly muscled, rock solid, steel hard Amazons (surprise, surprise), hoisting and lifting and pushing around weights that even he could barely move, and they were doing so for several reps at a time. To make matters worse, no one but he seemed to notice anything odd or peculiar about it in the least. Walking through the gym, with the sounds of metal echoing all about him, he could see everyone behaving as normal, hitting out their usual morning workouts as if nothing was out of place at all (all of which made Dirk feel even more that he was going crazy and on the verge of losing it)

Fit, shapely women (a good deal smaller than he was) were seen bench pressing twice his maximum weight for reps. Female bodybuilder type physiques pumping out bicep curls using 200 pound dumbbells with near ease, fitness girls running on the treadmills at a speed that he had no idea the treadmills could even reach. Thick female thighs and quads leg pressing not only entire weight racks, but several willing buff males as well. Womanly lats and backs that exploded with power with each and every pull up, which was only made the more difficult with several hundred pounds of weights chained to their waists for extra resistance. Donkey calf raises, done so by gorgeous girls that looked no older than 20, doing so with boyfriends on their perfectly rounded glutes for resistance - each male being easily twice the size of their gorgeous young girlfriends, though Dirk knew beyond the shadow of a doubt they were in fact many times weaker nonetheless.



How could this be? When did this happen? Why is no one else noticing?? All of these feelings and then some kept flowing through his brain, causing panic to fill his body and a paleness to flow over his face. Feeling his legs starting to lose their support of his hulkingly powerful frame, Dirk made his way to the nearest exercise station and instinctively shoved off its much smaller male occupant (something he was all too used to doing to those men who were weaker and inferior to him), providing him a much needed seat and a place to rest for the moment. So he sat on the leg extension machine, doing his best to calm himself down, his eyes closed, his thoughts on his life before today, his mind trying to distance itself from the here and now to the best of its abilities.....though just wasn't in the cards for him, as it was only a matter of seconds before Dirk was in fact brought back down to reality, by an incredibly soft, though quite angry, female voice.

“What In The Hell do you think you're doing?” came out from just a few feet away, which upon opening his eyes he spotted a massively muscular blond kneeling on the ground, cuddling up the weedy looking man he had just thrown off this machine within her totally engulfing physique. “Awwwww, you OK Sweet-ums? Shhhhhh, it's OK, Karla's here, she's gonna take care of you now.....and that mean ole man over there” she comfortingly cooed into his ears, nursing the tears from his eyes as she nearly smothered his head inside her thickly muscled pecs.

“Hey, look, I help run this place, so I can pretty much do what I want.....besides, I'm not having the best of days here. So why don't you take your little.....whatever.....and beat it, OK!” Dirk scolded out, automatically reverting to his old self, doing a little too good a job in forgetting what was going on with him this day, and not only him, but every single woman he ran into as well.



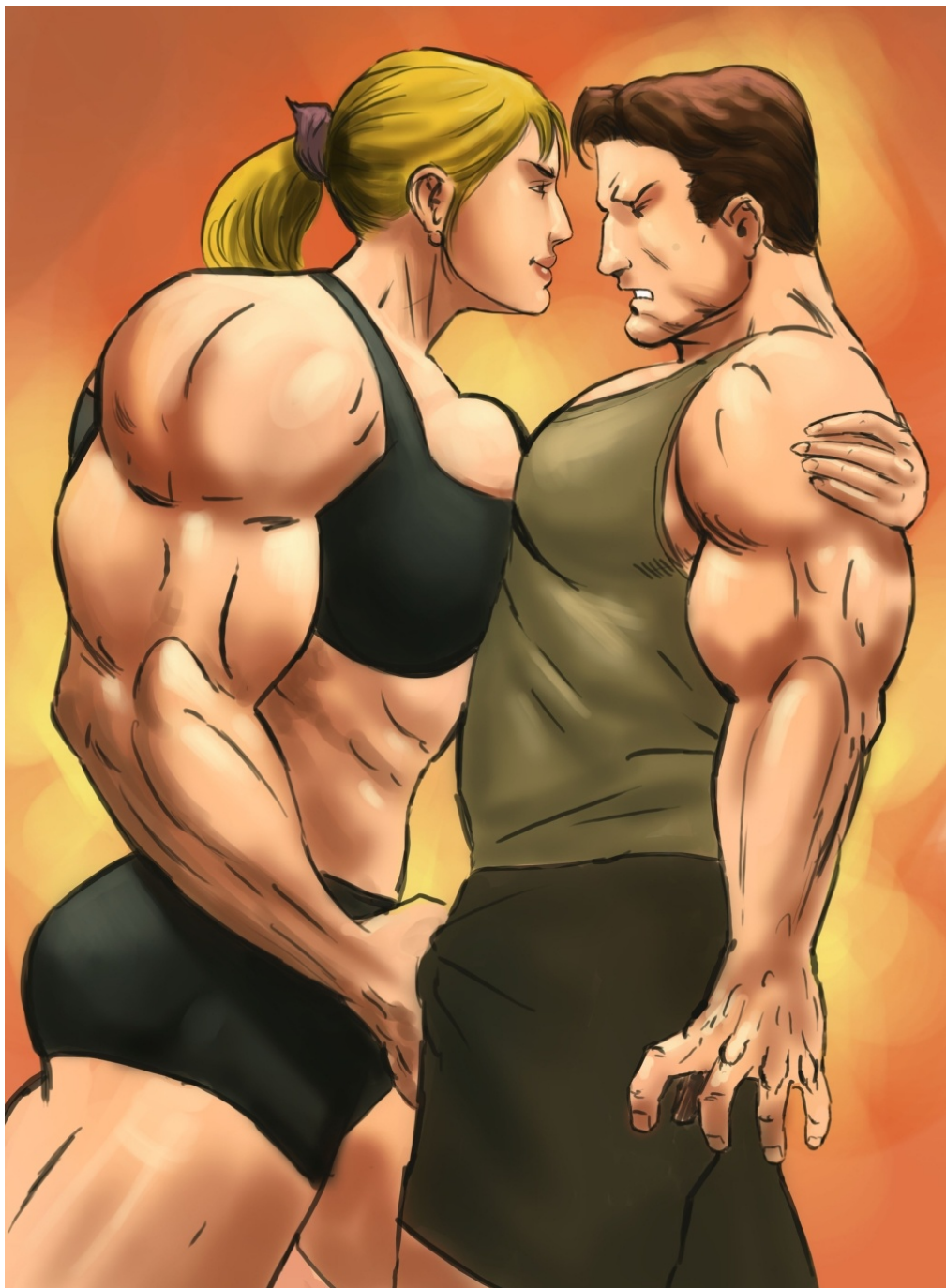
“Oooooo, you’re just a big Brute!” the super buff blond barbell babe yelled back, raising up now to his height, with her much smaller man cradled in her truly enormous arms. Dressed in a barely there, two piece black spandex workout outfit, her thick and muscular body was visible for all to see, something Dirk was now taking more account of, especially as its muscles seemed to be expanding and hardening with each furious breath she took. “You deserve to be spanked for treating my poor little man like you did. You think just because you’re bigger and stronger than someone, that you can do anything you want to them? How dare you just push him off his machine, especially when he was going for a new record, weren’t you Baby?” she cooed to her man, who softly nodded his head in agreement.

Dirk looked at the machine, locked into the minimum 20 pound position, and laughed back “HA, you’re kidding right? This has gotta be some kind of joke here. You expect me to believe a super hot and sexy muscle woman like you is into a geeky, little nerd who can’t even leg extend 20 Frigging Pounds!” he barked out harshly, causing the weak little man in her arms to start crying again, which was soon wiped away by her surrounding walls of muscle.

“So you don’t think big, strong, muscle girls can fall in Love with weak little guys, huh? Well let me tell you Mister, I’ve had my share of big, hunky, musclebound jerks like you before, and None of them did the things to me that my little Melvin here does” she squeaked out in her high pitched voice (a stark contrast from her truly massively hard body), as she cuddled her man into her lusciously firm breasts even more. Karla then slowly released her hold over him, gently lowering him back down to his feet, after which doing so Dirk noticed that she was at nearly a foot taller than him, and at an equal height to his own 6’ 3”.

“Let me tell you what else, men like my little Sweetie know how to appreciate a woman like me. He knows how to treat me right, with respect, like a Woman. Not out of fear, but out of love.....not to mention he's got a cock that would make that limp twig you call a dick look like a match-stick” the beautifully muscular woman breathed out, moving her body right in front of Dirk's, cupping his balls in her right hand, using her left to hold him completely still and unable to back away in the least.

With a devious smile on her face, and a wicked look in her eyes, this sexy Amazon woman continued to squeeze his cock in her all powerful hand, while crushing his body into her steely frame with her other one. All the while teasing his inability to stop her, taunting his “weak, little baby boy” muscles, threatening him that if he ever even looked at poor Melvin again, she would break every bone in his body.....slowly. Dirk on the other hand could do absolutely nothing, as his once powerful physique was vastly inferior to the strength her pumped and pulsating muscles contained. Yet again he was being dominated, intimidated, controlled and downright manhandled by a woman who while was obviously incredibly strong looking, displayed a level of power he didn't think anyone on Earth could attain (yet it seemed to be all too common this day - all in the female sex that was).



Just before his final breath was upon him, just as his eyes were about to forcibly close for the final time, he noticed her thin little man whisper something in her ears, something that got them both smiling huge grins, and managed to make her nipples so erect they felt like they were going to pierce his own massively muscled chest any second.

“Mmmmmmm, it seems me giving you a little Muscle Cuddle has gotten my Baby’s thick cock all hard and throbbing again, so we’re gonna have to end our session a bit early, Stud” the woman softly spoke into Dirk’s ears, gyrating against his body with growing levels of arousal, knowing that having sex with her would practically break him in two, and wondering how in the Hell she could do so with her guy and not crush him to dust. “But just in case you need a little reminder of what I said before.....” the buxom bodybuilding blond softly spoke out, as she gave his torso a tight, sudden squeeze, nearly breaking several of his ribs with her incredibly superior might.

With that, the oozing with sex Amazon picked up her man yet again, and carried him away to find a quiet place for them to have some “sexy alone time” in. Dirk was left there, holding the left side of his chest with his right hand, imagining how this day could possibly get any worse, dreading the thoughts of what could possibly happen next, as he sat back down on the leg extension machine, the newfound pain in his chest a strong reminder of what else could be in store for him today if he didn’t do something about it, and fast.



So after another few seconds Dirk swiftly bolted his way back up to his feet, a harsh shot of agony pulsing through his chest, he turned towards the direction he came in just minutes ago, and proceeded to make his way back out. He would call a cab as soon as he got to the reception area, and wait for it to take him home, there he would stay until this unreal and utterly bizarre day ended, surely tomorrow bringing him back to the normalcy he knew and loved. Unfortunately for him, just as he made it out of the main weight room, passed the several steam-room and sauna areas, and into the full, spacious waiting area, complete with phone for him to use, he heard yet another feminine voice behind him, which as so often happened today, sent shivers of ice racing through his veins.

“Mr. Masterson?” spoke out a soft little voice, which caused Dirk to quickly turn around to face her, again sending a few bolts of pain from his chest outward. A woman in her upper 20s stood just before the visibly nervous personal trainer, dressed in a baggy pair of navy blue sweats, looking a good deal shorter than him, and at about 125 pounds at best. A vast contrast from the wild assortment of supergirls and Amazon women he had been spending the day bumping into, she looked shy, quiet and most importantly, Normal. “Uh.....I’m Stacy.....Stacy Jones. We had an appointment for today, an initial evaluation and then off for my workout?” she softly spoke, trying to revive Dirk’s memory, as his puzzled look to her made her question whether she had the right day at all.

“Uh.....yes, yes Mrs. Jones, yes I remember meeting with you last week. Of course, you wanted to firm and tone up a bit before your sister’s wedding, right?” he returned, smiling that he could now remember something before this strange day, and that he had finally bumped into a woman that was shorter than 5’ 9”, and wasn’t bulging with muscles.

“Yes, that’s right. My sister’s getting married, and you know how that goes, into the Bridal Party I go, so I want to look nice. Think you can help?”

“Oh, I’m sure we can do a little something, if you were willing to put the work into it ” he spoke with an unusual amount of kindness and courtesy (for him anyway), as he lead Stacy away from their reception area and into a more private evaluation room. “Now, I remember you saying you’ve never worked out before, and that you’d like to start out light, not interested in getting too big and bulky, is that it?” he eagerly spoke, relishing in the fact that he was actually around a woman that not only was muscular, but had no interest in becoming one.

“Yes, that’s right” Stacy replied, as she started to remove her over-sized sweat suit, to reveal a good looking and shapely, though hardly muscle packed, frame underneath. Dirks grin got even wider upon seeing Stacy in her normal fitting T-shirt and casual shorts, spotting not even a hint of muscularly cut definition or striations, and just the right amount of soft feminine curves for a woman of her age and build. Perfect!

And so Dirk went through the usual opening series of questions for a first time gym-goer, taking down her measurements, verbally accessing her physical abilities, and within a half hour’s time, she was ready for her first workout, lead by a man who was looking at her as his Saving Grace. He then lead her back into the metal clanging, sweat smelling gym, doing his best to ignore every single Amazonian vision of strength and power along his way, stopping at a nearby (and familiar) station for a starting set of leg presses (at Stacy’s request, as it was the main bodypart she wished to focus on). Seeing that someone was there, another thickly muscled woman and a much lesser built male friend, Dirk learned his lesson from his previous encounter and patiently waited until they were done, before gesturing his new pupil to take her seat, as he set the machine up for an opening set of 30lbs.

“Now this should be a nice starting weight for you, just give it a slight lift up, unclasp the locks on the sides, and then lift and lower the weight. We’ll start you off with 10 reps for now” he authoritatively spoke. With an excited smile of her face, which quickly turned serious and focused on her first of hopefully many workouts to come, the attractive young woman did as she was instructed, and pumped out a swift series of 10 in as many seconds.

“Uh, I know you know what you’re doing here, but I think your machine might be broken. I mean, I didn’t feel any resistance at all on those. It was almost like they weren’t even there, my legs aren’t tired or burning at all.....is that right?” she puzzlingly made out.



“Yes, well I guess your legs are a bit stronger than they look. Not surprisingly, as most women have strong legs, especially in their thighs, due to a lower set of hips for child birth and all that. Lets see how you do with this.....” Dirk continued on, adding double the amount of weight to her rack, knowing that as easily and she blew out her first set, these should certainly be within her range, while giving her a nice little first set pump. Of course he didn’t know how right (and wrong) he was, as with her first set of 10 with the 30 pound weights, she did the exact same thing with her now 60 pounds, just as quickly and just as easily.

“So it is supposed to be this easy, or am I working up to my goal weight here?” she asked yet again, this time with a wide smile, frustrating her trainer in his inability to properly estimate an effective starting weight for his newest client, as well as her growingly teasing manner towards his highly expert training skills.

“Don’t want to burn you out too easily now. You’d be surprised at how many people, women especially, come to the gym only to push themselves too hard and quit after their first workout” he gruffly replied back.



“Oh, I don't mind, I'd like to see what I can do, so don't be afraid to give it to me, I promise you, I'm no quitter, and I'm tougher than I look” she proudly spoke, with another wide grin across her casual, yet quite beautiful, face.

“Ah, well if you want me to give it to you.....” Dirk made out, putting plate after additional plate on the leg press machine, “.....then that's just what I'll do” he concluded, ending with another doubling of her weight to 120 pounds, which was now a bit heavier than her own bodyweight, something that should provide its share of strain and exertion on her lighter, untrained, average built body.....how wrong could one man be in a single day?

Just as easily as she did her first few sets, Stacy pumped out this latest one, in the end giving Dirk a sharp jab at how she still didn't feel as if any weight was on the other end, joking which made him increasingly angered, causing him to raise her weight yet again, doubling it one more time to the final count of 240 pounds - a weight he would have thought utterly impossible for a physically inexperienced woman with a her physique capable of so much as budging, though about 20 seconds later, as had happened so often this day thus far, the impossible was now becoming reality.

“Did I forget to mention that the women in my family have naturally strong legs?” Stacy chuckled out with a smile, as she lowered her newest set of weights again, this time with a noticeably loud Clang!, watching with pride as Dirk’s face was turning red with frustration and anger.

“It can’t be.....she’s not even big or muscular.....she’s just, an average woman.....how.....how could she.....how could they all be so strong??” thought the once arrogant and powerfully built muscleman to himself, staring down at this woman with barely a noticeable ounce of muscle on her, yet was proving to be pound-for-pound much stronger than he himself was.

“Awwwww, don’t be mad, I’m sure if you put it all on, I’ll really have to push myself then” Stacy tauntingly spoke, daring him to load the leg press machine to its Max., which in the state he was in, he was only too happy to do. When all was said and done, nearly 500 pounds of metal plate was laid on the other end of this machine, giving Dirk more of a workout in loading it all up than his new pupil had shown during her entire time here.

“There.....you have the entire machine loaded up.....let’s see what you can do now, Little Girl!” he growled out, no longer in the mood to hide his attitude any longer, this day getting the better of him once more.

“Hmmmmm, I may be a “little girl” but I’m willing to bet I’m still more than a match for any man you know” she growled out, then turning her head forward, giving a serious look of intensity at the massive amount of weight before her (nearly 5 times her own bodyweight), and with a few starting puffs, began to tighten her entire body, putting all of its strength into her growingly shapely and super strong legs.



Even with all of the amazing physical feats he had seen, and felt, from the assortment of super powerful women this day, each and every new one seemed to send waves of shock and awe throughout his entire body even still. He was now not only watching a woman, who appeared to be barely over 100 pounds at a height of 5' 6" tall, leg press an entire stack of weights, doing so not only easier than he himself could, but doing so beyond the previously agreed upon set of 10 reps, ending her final workout on this machine with a solid 20 lifts, before slowly lowering the massive weights back down and locking it onto its starting position.

"Ahhhhhh, now That, I felt. Maybe we should start at that weight next time, and have you and some of the other guys jump on for the next few sets?" the amazingly powerful, though physically normal looking, woman spoke with a smile, as she bounced off the machine with such energy it was as if her legs weren't strained at all. Dirk was beside himself, his mind barely grasping the concept of how powerful the vast amount of thick and muscled females he met up with today were, now he had to deal with a woman with little to no actual muscle tone at all moving around weight that would tax even his steel hard, muscle packed legs. "Mmmmmm, that'll be great for getting my legs nice and toned, perfect for the Brides Maid dress my sister picked out.....though, it's also a strapless, and I know my shoulders could use a little tightening. What do you say?" Stacy spoke, excitedly bouncing up and down on the balls of her feet before him, as a child would, anxiously awaiting to continue her "fun".



“Well.....uh.....for shoulders we can try some.....”

“Ooooooh, shoulder presses, yes I see a free seat over there. Come on!” she gleefully made out, grabbing her trainer's hand and pulling him across the busy gym to their desired location. Her strength was such that this muscular personal trainer couldn't resist her forward movements if he tried, it was as if he was tied to the back end of a bus, as his much larger (though vastly weaker and inferior) body had no choice but to deal with being dragged along to the best of its abilities.

“Say, you sure you've never worked out before?” he asked her with a puzzled look across his bewildered face.

“Nope, well not officially really. Just me and my sisters doing the standard little rough-housing that young girls do when we were growing up. I'm actually the smallest one in my family, my sister, the one who's getting married, is about 5' 9”, going on 170 pounds (though she'll tell you she's 165), and built pretty much like every other girl in here. Big, strong, and lots of muscles” Stacy continued to speak, her obvious pride in her and her family easily showing through. “Good thing Walter, that's her fiancee, is into sexy Amazon women, eh?.....good thing for him, I think” she giggled out in a high pitched voice.

“Yeah, why don't we just get started here, OK?” Dirk rudely spoke back, his obvious distaste and annoyance at anything remotely linked to strong women with powerful hard bodies (a far cry from his attitude of this topic before today) clearly showing through even more.

“Sure Cutie, you're the boss” Stacy chuckled out yet again, as she took her seat on the flat bench before her, watching Dirk's tight, round, cute as Hell butt as he walked a few feet away to where the dumbbells were stacked, grabbing a set of 15's in each hand, as he turned around and made his way back to her. Sure she obviously had amazingly strong legs, but her arms looked like any other woman's, while not fat at all, they also had no muscle tone or shape to them either. So he returned with a set of weights he felt a woman of her upper body size (minus her chest, which was extremely sizable for someone of her stature), and handed them off to her, holding them still until she had them within her steel hard grasp.

“You're kidding, right? I mean, I know I don't have the muscles of one of these buff gym bunnies or Amazon women here, but I'd like to think I can do a bit more than this” she defiantly spoke back, bouncing and tossing her weights around as if they were little more than feathers to her.

“Mrs. Jones, you've hired me to be in charge of your workouts, if you don't want to take my suggestions, than maybe you should just carry on by yourself” Dirk near growled out.

“Oooooo, so feisty you are, I like that in my men. OK then, if you think I should start out with these, I'll do as you say.....for now” she laughed out, having a ball during her first of surely many more workouts to come. So, following her instructors “orders”, Stacy took the proper starting position, and then continued to raise and lower her barely-there weights, showing about as much effort in doing so as if she was handling no resistance at all.

As with her previous exercise, she hit her scheduled 10 reps with ease, handing her dumbbells back to her trainer, who went back to the nearby rack to get a hold of her next set.....and her next set.....and her next set. Each set of 10 with weights that were heavier than the last, each time he would watch as this incredibly strong woman hit her mark each and every time, handing them back to him when finished to start their routine all over again. So heavy in fact did her weights become, that Dirk himself was huffing and puffing with physical effort just gathering them from her and switching them off with yet another heavier pair.

Upon his final set, a series of 150 pound dumbbells (which he had to carry over to her one at a time, resting one on her super firm lap while he retrieved the other one) he was sure this would be her last one, as he noticed she showed some effort on her last set from the 100 pounders he had given her prior, so this latest set of massively heavy weight would surely be her final attempt and her maximum reached.



Stacy held the wide metal plated dumbbells on either side of her head, and with a few grunts of effort and a serious look on her face, she amazingly began to lift them up as high as her arms could reach and then back down (muscling it down, not letting gravity help her out there) to her shoulders. Again and again she would pump her arms and shoulders, showing off strength that was impressive for even her personal trainer (especially after so many previous sets of 10 thus far), until the seemingly impossible happened.....this superhumanly powerful woman, holding these truly formidable dumbbells still by her shoulders, could lift them no more. Stuck on her 6<sup>th</sup> rep, she seemed to have reached her limits, something that was clearly evident from her tense and reddening face, just as Dirk's joy was as visible from his wide, devious grin.

"Come on, you can do it, just a few more and you're done. You want those shoulders to shine in your special dress, now don't you?" he goaded Stacy on, pushing her beyond her limits, which were absolutely unreal for a woman of her height and build, to say the very least.

"I.....I can't.....it's too heavy.....I need help....." she grunted out, holding the weights by her shoulders, which considering how heavy they were was quite a physical feat in and of itself. "Please.....grab on to my wrists and help me....." she could barely make out, as it seemed it was taking every remaining ounce of her strength to hold these 150 pound dumbbells in their current position.



Satisfied in her crying out for help, needing him to come to her rescue, Dirk took his supportive position behind Stacy's perfectly straight back, leaning over her shoulders with an arrogant smile, as he grabbed tight onto each of her wrists, giving him the much needed extra support and power to hoist her dumbbells up a few more times, after which he would gather from her and gloat at her inability to complete her last set, giving him his first physical (or was that mental) victory over the female sex this day.....unfortunately for Dirk, things didn't go quite as he had planned, as as soon as he had begun to use his incredible strength to assist in these heavy weights lifting, he felt her arms power up so fast and strong that he himself was now being lifted off the ground. His entire body now supported in the air, along with 300 pounds of hard metal, just from her barely toned, not at all muscular, arms.

"Ahhhhhh, looks like I've got my second wind, eh Sweets" Stacy spoke out with a huge smile, looking up at Dirk's fear filled face, as she was supporting his clumsily balanced frame, and much more, high above her head. "Yes, I think I'm feeling much better now, don't you agree? Hee hee" she giggled out, lifting and lowering this unreal amount of weight, supported totally by her superpowered arms and round, firm shoulders. "10.....11.....12....." and so on, this teasing little Amazon woman breathed out, holding her much heavier trainers body tight within her grasp, held completely helpless in her amazing power and incredible strength.

To add further insult to injury, as she could now see more and more of the gym's clientele looking over at them both, knowing how embarrassed and humiliated Dirk himself must be feeling, Stacy then gave off a loud and heavy Grunt, as she pushed up with her legs, standing herself up straight and tall (for her 5' 6" frame anyway). Smiling with glee and glowing with pride as she continued to pump, pump, pump her unreal weight up and down, relishing in the eyes of those who couldn't help but stare (even though most every one of them was either a woman capable of doing such feats herself, or was a man who was with one of them) With another few pumps the crowd's harmless looking turned into harsh, wild laughter, causing Dirk's face to grow fiery red, utterly defeated and extremely humiliated.

Taking well more than his share of laughter, Dirk was then lowered down to the ground, slow and controlled, which was followed by Stacy making her own way to the massive assortment of weights on the nearby rack, placing down her 150 pound dumbbells with amazing control and strength, before returning back to her instructor's visibly angered form. "All in good fun, eh Sexy?" she spoke out, extending a single hand out in friendship. Though in the state Dirk was in he would have none of that, he was no one's fool, not even the absurd amount of freakishly powerful women that happened to be rising up everywhere in his life this day. So with a furious roar, and a swiftness in his step, he stomped his way out of the gym's main weight area, and into one of the nearby series of locker rooms, in any attempt to find some peace and quiet to cool himself down.



Unfortunately that just wasn't going to happen, as within a minute of him entering the large, unoccupied storage area, the source of his current frustration, cute little Amazon Stacy, followed him inside. A wide smile across her glowing face, her hands innocently tucked behind her back, thrusting her ample and perfectly rounded breasts up and out to the point where the lower end of her T-Shirt was being lifted up, showing off just a hint of her tight, flat stomach.

"What the Fuck do you want! Get the Hell out of my face!" Dirk yelled out in anger to this adorable little, super strong pixie before him.

"Temper, temper. You wouldn't want your mouth getting your body into trouble, now would you?" she teasingly giggled out, moving closer to her hulking personal trainer's confused and bewildered form. "As for what I want, well I just want to apologize for humiliating you out there as I did. That wasn't right at all, I was being a bit of a bully, and I just want to say I'm Sorry" she continued in a heartfelt tone, extending her hand out to be shaken in return.

Dirk was so angry at this much smaller, though incredibly stronger, young woman before him, he could barely look her in the eyes (which were staring back at him with a powerful, authoritative glare), and while he would have liked nothing better than to grab her by the shoulders and Slam her into one of the many sets of lockers around them, punishing her for making him look like a fool – though seeing what she had just done, seeing what every single woman he ran into today was physically capable of, his reason overrode his rage, and he did the only thing he could, he extended his hand back to meet Stacy's own.



A quick handshake, and this would all be over, allowing him to take the rest of the day off and head on home with much haste, staying (aka hiding) in bed until this nightmare world (which at one point he would have looked at as Paradise) had ended. A good plan to be sure.....though not exactly what Stacy had in mind.

Upon reaching out and grasping onto her single, out-stretched hand, he realized immediately how tight and strong her grip was, something that should hardly be surprising considering what he had just seen her do (though it was to him nonetheless) Within seconds Stacy's beautiful grin widened as she started giggling out in a girlish tone, which was followed with slight crackling noises coming from their enclosed grip, more specifically from Dirk's much larger hand.

"What can I say Big Boy, I guess I've got a bit of a Crush on you" the petite powerhouse laughed out, as she continued to squeeze in on his grip, which was reaching a level so tight, so hard, so powerful, that Dirk had no choice but to fall to his knees in pain before here. "Awwwww, are we getting ready to pop the big question? Well, won't my sister be surprised that she's not the only one getting married in the near future. Hee hee hee"

Dirk was speechless, other than his grunts and groans of pain and effort, as he tried with all of his might to free himself from this woman's seemingly unbreakable grip. He was reminded of the numerous times he himself had done this to a smaller, weaker men in an attempt to humiliate or bully them, and how glorious it felt to use his superior strength and power to make others feel inferior and pathetic – the irony was definitely not lost on him here and now.

"Let go.....you fucking.....bitch!" he growled out through gritted teeth, as the look of agony across his face was equaled only by the sounds of continued crunching coming from his hand.

"Ooooooh, now that wasn't very nice, was it?" Stacy scolded out, in a playful tone. "But yes, you're right, I'll stop and let you up before I go too far. I mean, you wouldn't be a very good escort if I broke your hand to pieces, now would you?" Stacy giggled out, releasing her grip and freeing this much bigger, more muscular man.

"Escort.....what escort....what the Hell...."

"Why my date to my sisters upcoming wedding, of course. You're just so adorable and hunky, it's going to be so much fun showing you off to my family; especially my other sisters, as they just Love you big, thick, musclebound studs.....love to Crush anyway" she continued on with her intimidatingly teases, as Dirk rose back to his feet, towering over this tiny Amazon woman. "But don't worry, I'll stop them if they get too rough with you, one broken bone a piece and that's it, I promise. Bet you're glad I only have 4 sisters, now aren't you?"

"Wha....!.....I'm not going to any wedding with you, what the Fuck are you talking about?"

"Oh, I think I might just be able to change your mind a bit there, Sexy Boy....." Stacy cooed, as she instantly shot her right hand to the side, punching a hole through one of the metal locker doors next to her, and ripping it clean off its hinges and onto the floor in a matter of seconds, ".....as I'm sure you can see, I can be Very Persuasive. Heh heh" she concluded the next lesson of her vast female superiority, making her way closer to Dirk's dumbstruck form.

"Get The Fuck Away From Me!!" he yelled out, his days long accumulation of frustration, anger and confusion all now exploding in a fit of unbridled rage, which was followed by a single punch of his powerfully muscled arm, right into Stacy's amazingly firm, though hardly 6-Pack, stomach.

THUD! Made an echoing sound all over the room, as fist met flesh, Dirk pulling his hand back, painfully flicking his fingers around and staring at Stacy's form, still advancing towards him, still with a cute little smile on her attractive face. THUD! THUD! THUD!, went three more shots, all from his now only good hand (as other one was still smarting from their earlier handshake), all bouncing off her incredibly tight and hard body with virtual ease.



“Hey, easy there Tiger, I don’t want to have to explain to my family why Both of your hands are bandaged up.....besides, I’m going to need at least one of those hands in good working order for what I’ve got planned for us now! Grrrrrrr!” she growled out, as she tossed Dirk’s hopelessly overpowered form over her shoulders, and ran into a special private area of this locker room, made especially for such occasions.

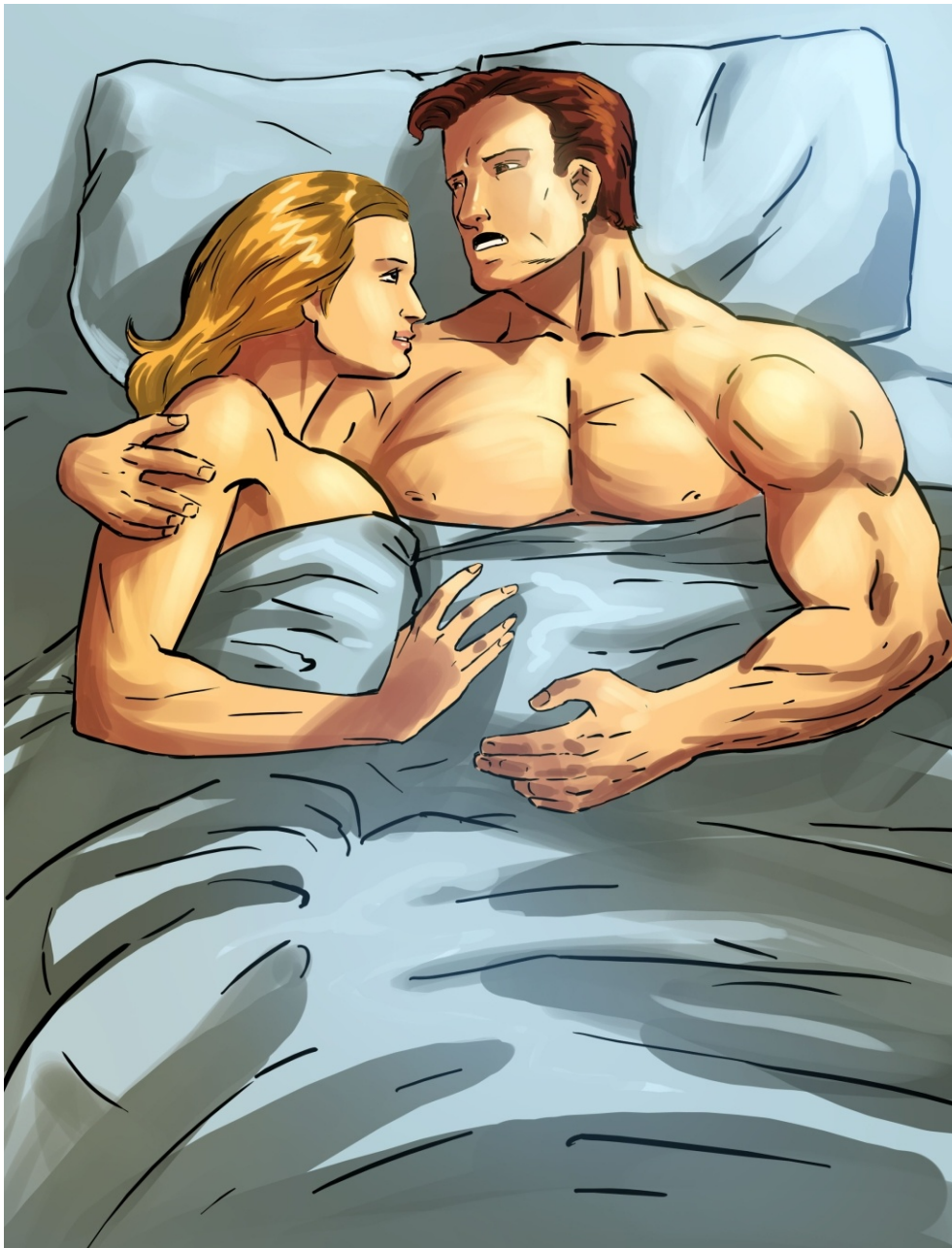
Stacy then ripped off his clothes as if they were tissue paper, animalistically doing the same to hers as well, before jumping all over him for some Amazonian Sex that neither of them would ever forget. She growled and roared over his easily defeated (and easily aroused) form, holding him down, maneuvering him into any position she wanted, using him as her “unwillingly” sex-toy, for as long as she wished.....which wasn’t nearly as long as she would have liked, as after her third sexual climax in their first 15 minutes together, with her body savagely pumping into his, his form being crushed and squeezed mercilessly within her own, Dirk passed out due to incredible pain, lack of breath, and erotic overload (something that was proven by yet another exploding of his erection straight into Stacy’s all consuming mouth)

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“Ahhhhhhh.....Uhhhhh.....” Dirk woke up both frantically and painfully, coupled with a fiercely racing heart and a harshly pounding headache. He was in his bed, the alarm had not as yet gone off, with a beautiful girl sharing the bed right next to him. He then began laughing to himself, as images and memories of his extremely vivid and incredibly realistic dream flowed through his mind, in which this attractive young woman (surely someone he picked up last night) was thrown in at its conclusion. He then crawled back into bed, for the remaining minutes before his alarm sounded anyway, and cuddled into her firm and shapely body, cupping her sizable breasts in his hand (marveling at their perfectly round, hardness).

“What’s so funny, Babe?” his nights partners softly made out in a cool, high pitched tone.

“Oh nothing, just me and a crazy night’s dream is all” Dirk whispered into her ears, dismissing the entire set of bizarre and unreal memories as some wild nights illusions (surely brought on by a full nights partying, judging from the alcohol related throbs that were currently coursing through his had) “You were even in it at the very end”



“Really now....” she spoke out with growing interest, as she turned around to face him, smiling a wide grin as she cuddled into his arms, “.....and just what was I doing?”

“Ah, here’s the thing. All of the women in the world had suddenly become super strong Amazons, with visibly big muscles, fit, athletic super buff bodies, and they could do things like you wouldn’t believe. You were just like them, even though you had no muscles at all, and I was your personal trainer. You out-lifted me in the gym, then actually lifted me high above your head, and then followed me into the locker room where you jumped all over me and raped me until I passed out”

“Can you blame me, you’re just so damn cute!” she giggled back, touching her nose back and forth over his own a few times. “So, a world of super strong hotties, eh? Haha, sounds like an interesting place, I bet you’d be in Heaven there”

“You would have thought that, but actually it was.....” Dirk stopped in mid-sentence, as his alarm rang out, signaling the beginning of another day. “.....Nevermind” he concluded and rose from his bed, waiting to get on with his much longed for day in reality, and wanting to put the events that happened during his nighttime escapades to rest once and for all.

Dirk then spent the next 30 minutes doing his usual morning routine, though skipping this day's morning run in the hopes that he could start his work day a bit earlier, looking forward to his return to normalcy and that meant getting back to where he was King, his gym. He talked to Stacy (to which he felt a strong connection with even though he couldn't quite remember the events of their meeting) as he went through his motions, as the two new lovers made plans for later that night. Trusting her to "lock up" on her way out, something that Dirk had never done before to any of his previous female conquests, he made his way downstairs and out to his car, the beautiful young female offering to follow him out and kiss him goodbye. Though when he saw her car parked behind his own in his driveway, he swiftly turned back around to face her, asking if she could run back upstairs to get her keys and move it for him.....her reply, was anything but expected, unless of course he was still dreaming.

"Oh, no problem Sexy, let me take care of that for you here" the attractive girl excitedly spoke out, as she bounced out before him and straight on to her car, before bending down in a very sexy, straight-legged pose (showing off her tight, round butt and toned, tanned legs), smiling right at him, before she did something that nearly knocked Dirk right on his ass.



With a few soft and sexy feminine grunts of effort, the 5' 6", 120 pound beauty, began lifting the amazingly heavy vehicle high in the air, as far as her tight (though non muscular) arms could reach, before walking it out to the street and gently placing it down in an open area therein. The massively fit and athletic personal trainer could barely utter a word, which caused Stacy to grow a wide grin on her face, before literally bouncing and skipping her way back to him, where she gave him a few soft little kisses on his lips.

"Have fun at work today, Stud.....but don't work yourself out too much, I'm gonna need you in top shape for our plans today" she sexily breathed into his ears as she guided his awestruck form to his car. His eyes still wide with shock, a soft tender kiss greeting his lips as she did so. "See you tonight, Sexy" she spoke to him with an ending, erotic lick, before watching him drive out and make his way off to work (almost as if on mental auto-pilot) as she giggled her way back inside, relishing in what she had planned for them both when he returned.

## THE END

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