

Morning Warm Up - Part 1

By Ardanian

"Honey, you in?" I shouted as I came in through the door, sweat pouring off my forehead from the run I'd just finished. There was no answer as I walked through into the kitchen. "Katy?" Still no answer. I pulled a protein drink from the fridge and started chugging it down, as I closed the fridge door two things struck me. The first was the beaker, protein powder and fruit laid out on the worktop, the second was the rhythmic clanking of weights and grunts of exertion coming from the house. I knew exactly what I had to do. After mixing the drink, and finishing my own I grabbed a towel and headed over to the weight room. As I saw her for the first time that day Katy took my breath away, like she did every day. Her raven black hair was tied back in a tight plait, her face red with effort and her plump lips pulled back in a grimace as she pressed a pair of heavy dumbbells together over her head. My eyes drifted down her body, lingering on her arms as she lowered the weights, her biceps swelling up as they took the strain.

Her 6-pack pumped and glistening with sweat. As I looked further down to her legs I couldn't help but remember all those times those incredible limbs had stunned myself and others.

Katy and I had been friends for as long as either of us could remember and we'd been inseparable for nearly as long. I can remember when we were both 6 and were playing soccer with other kids that some boys annoyed her, complaining that girls weren't good enough or strong enough to play. She'd been laughing and having fun until then, but a look came over her face, cool and determined. She challenged every boy there to a kicking contest and smacked the ball harder and further than any boy. She found her way into gymnastics late and at 11 came running over to my house after her first session,

"Jack, Jack look at this." She said excitedly as she yanked down her sweatpants revealing her legs only covered by the pants around her feet and her leotard. I remember my jaw dropping as her legs looked completely different to mine, even though I'd carried on with soccer and at that age was pretty impressive myself, but I didn't have defined quads and hamstrings like she did. In here excitement she jumped up and down and her calves flared out. She seemed fascinated by her own legs as she flexed and relaxed them repeatedly and watched as they moved. "Ain't they cool? And they're hard too." She grabbed my hand and placed it on her leg and flexed hard, the muscle swelled under my

hand became rock hard. At 16 I was a star soccer player at my high school looking at a full ride scholarship and Katy was the star cheerleader and my girlfriend with a rapidly developing interest in fitness, nutrition and showing off her body to anyone and everyone who would watch her.

Every move she made in that uniform, every flip, every twirl she made sure to flex something at the end of it. Most of the time Katy and the rest of her squad (pretty much the hardest body squad in the state as the rest of the girls followed Katy's example and worked out pretty hard) were the main attraction and not the sports teams. At age 18 we were in the same the college and heading towards the end of our year when she saw an advert for a college body building show. With a little encouragement from me (I'd pretty much been in love with her legs since the incident after her first gymnastics lesson) she signed up. After the question, which she won with ease she came to two realisations. Her body was built to be ripped, pumped and posing on stage and that being watched, admired and worshiped on stage got her really, really, horny. A state which I thoroughly enjoyed and reaped the rewards from.

My mind was dragged back to the present as she pressed the weights up again with a particularly exaggerated and lusty moan. Even at this stage of her cutting for her first fitness contest of the year her breasts were still large and full, she was lucky enough that the fat melted off her everywhere else leaving those heavenly mounds straining her top, pushed out even further by her flexed and pumped pecs. Even from where I was standing I could see the valley between her flexed muscles deepening her impressive cleavage. She lowered the dumbbells with another enticing moan and I could see her nipples swell up and press against the fabric restraining her chest. She dropped the iron and sat up, meeting my gaze with her emerald green eyes.

"Now I know you didn't hear me come in over all the groaning."

"You're right. But I could hear the sound of your cock trying to break out of your shorts." She stuck her tongue out at me as I looked down and for the first time realised that my cock was indeed rock hard and trying to pull the waistband of my shorts away from my own abs.

"Complaining?" I asked sitting next to her on the bench. In response she stood up and turned to face me lifting her breasts and flexing her abs right in my face wiggling her hips

from side to side to emphasise the deep cuts between each brick. AS I moved forward to satisfy my urge to lick the sweat off her abs she darted back out of the way and dropped to her knees. She grabbed my shaft in one hand and leaned in close.

"Oh. Fuck. No" She breathed stroking me through my shorts and laying a lusty kiss on the fabric covered tip of my penis between each word. With one long lick and a smirk she stood up just out of reach. "Now can I have my drink please?"

"What's the magic word?" I said, hiding it behind my back, with a smirk she leaned down and wrapped a fist into the shirt I was wearing. She pulled me up to my feet and with a deep breath lifted me off the ground with one hand. Her body was shaking with the effort of holding me off the ground in one flexed arm, but her face was calm and determined, her voice level as she spoke,

"Your queen asked for her drink. There is no magic word, when you're queen asks you respond." My jaw dropped, I knew Katy was strong but this was something else, I could see her strain but she was holding my 190lbs off the ground with one arm. The smirk on her face was an unbelievable turn on. One hand reached out for her bicep and I caressed the flexed, straining muscle. The contrast of her soft, smooth skin under a glistening sheen and the steel hard muscle underneath was incredible.

"Honey, when did you get this strong?"

"How dare you speak to your queen this way? Such impudence from a slave. You shall have to be punished." I could see her trying so hard to stay commanding and regal, but her joy in lifting me like that was clear in both her voice and eyes. "Perhaps I should curl you as punishment and show you the true power of your queen?" She noticed my cock lurch in my shorts at the thought of that, "No, clearly you would enjoy that too much. Now on your knees slave." She let go and I dropped to my knees, partly due to her order, partly in shock.

"This slave begs your forgiveness my queen." As I looked up at her with the drink held in my hands towards her she put her right leg forward and shook her quads from side to side with her hands behind her head. She crunched forward flexing in a classic abs and thighs pose and I was blown away again by the definition in her thighs, the depth of the crevice between each brick of her abs and the force she put into the flex. "My queen

you'll destroy your competition." She smiled down and her nipples perked up again. She relaxed the rest of her body and she flexed her arms hard in a double bicep pose. She leant over and kissed each bicep once before relaxing and flexing harder. Her eyes invited me up and as I finally handed her the drink with one hand I caressed and started to kiss the bicep that a few moments ago had blown me away. She quickly downed the liquid and I felt a hand wrap itself in my hair. She pulled my head away from her arm.

"I didn't give you permission to touch me." She slapped me across the face hard enough to sting. "But you do deserve a reward for providing your queen with the nourishment she needs to grow ever more powerful." She emphasised powerful with another hard bicep flex. "Now you may worship me." After years together I knew exactly what to do. I kissed her bicep savouring the contrast again between the skin and the rock underneath, then licked my way up to her shoulder and across her neck. As my fingers explored the striations of her pecs she bounced them under my hands, she let out a moan as I moved down to her cloth covered breasts and squeezed them, the only soft part of her torso. I moved my mouth down to her abs and a combination of my oral worship of her stomach and my hands caressing and teasing her breasts soon had her breath coming in ragged gasps, between moans of pleasure.

I moved my hands down to the waist band of her workout shorts and started to pull them down, kissing every inch of skin that was exposed until I got to the top of her thong. "Stop slave." She moaned, I reluctantly complied with my queen's order. She reached out and wrapped one hand around my by now aching hard cock. She pulled me to her and planted a deep kiss on my lips. "We have more to do before that." Still clutching my dick and slowly stroking it she led me over to another weight bench.

Part 2

"Now it's time to remove these constricting garments." Katy said and stood before me, arms out to her sides and legs spread. I ran my hands up from her waist to the bottom of her sports bra, feeling the ridges of her obliques as I did so. My fingers wrapped around the bottom of the spandex covering her heavenly chest, as I savoured every inch of skin that was revealed as I slowly lifted the material until her bountiful tits sprang free.

They sat high, round and firm on her chest, held aloft by her mighty pecs they swelled in and out as she breathed, enjoying this as much as I was, her breath coming in deep gasps of arousal. She moaned deeply as I blew a stream of air over her thick, swelling nipples which immediately perked up to full attention, begging me to lick and suck them. It took all my will power to resist, especially as Katy angled her chest and tensed her pecs, pushing her nipple closer to my face.

I glanced up and caught the flicker of frustration cross her face as I resisted the temptation. She lifted her arms above her head as I pulled the top up and off her body. Stealing a quick kiss of her soft, plump lips as I did. A devious smile crept across her face as she linked her arms over her head and brought them down to rest on my shoulders as I dropped her bra on the floor. "Mmmm...my slave still has some spirit left." She began to run her hands down my back. "I love it when my slave still has spirit." I felt her hands link together in the small of my back as she lent forward to whisper in my ear. "It makes it so much more fun to..." she paused to lick my ear lobe, "CRUSH it out of them." At the word crush I felt her suddenly flex, lift and lean back. My feet came up off the ground as she took my body weight in her arms and against her chest. I felt her forearms flexing up and pressing into my lower back as her clasped hands pressed my spine into my stomach.

Her biceps began their transformation from sleek and powerful to boulders of pure female might and by the time they were fully flexed I could feel them contracting my waist one or two belt sizes. At the same time the pressure from her chest grew in force as she powered up her pecs and crushed her massive chest into my abs. Normally when we played like this we knew each other's limits and I was rapidly approaching mine, but her strength was increasing almost daily due to new a workout and she always got more and more horny, sometimes losing herself in lust as she dieted down and for contests. The combination of her increased strength and lust meant that in I couldn't break her iron grip and I had to resort to something we hadn't had to do for a long time.

"Babylon." I managed to force out. "Babylon" The effect was instant as I uttered our safe word. She loosened her grip immediately and put me back on the floor. I collapsed to my knees barely able to think for two main reasons. The lack of oxygen after her intense bear hug and the rush of blood to my lower head after her display of raw power. As she looked down at me she had a look of real concern on her face, with a quick nod I let her know I was ok. She smiled slightly in relief and carried on her play as my muscle queen.

"It seems I've crushed my slave's spirit. Now perhaps you will pleasure me as you should and will learn not to take liberties." She stood before me and as I looked up she bent forward, and with a grunt of effort brought her arms together in front of her powering up into a mind blowing most muscular flex.

It wasn't her size that blew me away, her biceps were only (her words not mine) 13" when fully pumped and flexed, although they looked huge right now there were bigger girls out there (although not that many heading into fitness contests). It was everything else, it was the sight of her body shaking with the effort of the flex, a couple of beads of sweat dripping down her face and into her deep cleavage.

It was the definition and striations of her pecs helping to form that deep valley between her protruding tits, topped by suckable rose coloured nipples now fully engorged and erect. It was the map work of veins just visible across her shoulders, biceps and chest, forcing blood into her hungry, straining muscles.

The combination of all this after the display of sheer female power nearly had me shoot a massive load into my shorts. But I didn't want to deny my queen her protein again. As she released her flex and stood before me she radiated power, control and lust. She moved one leg forward and slightly pushed her hips towards me, the action causing her already pumped abs to flex.

I reached forward and slowly pulled down her dark, tight workout shorts and as she stepped out of them I basked in her naked glory, drinking in every inch of her sculpted and shredded physique with my hungry, worshipping eyes. I could smell her sweet, musky scent drawing me in and as my eyes traced the V of her lower torso down to her pussy, shaved and bare to the cool air I could see her lower lips glistening and I knew she was as turned on as I was by her display.

"My queen, may I taste your royal pussy?" I asked and for the first time since we began she hesitated. She gently bit her lower lip as she moved her hips from side to side, almost unconsciously trying to rub her excited sex and I could see the lust warring with teasing in her sparkling eyes.

"Not yet." She breathed out with a frustrated groan, her desire to tease overcoming her desire to get her pussy eaten. "Your queen will continue to increase her power. And she has decided that you will be allowed to assist." She lay down on the bench beside us and reached up to the loaded barbell above her head. With a knowing wink she drew my eyes to the heavily laden bar. Not her max, but enough to challenge her strength. "Your queen desires encouragement." As she stroked the barbell with one hand she pulled my face down to hers with her other and kissed me full on the lips, pushing her tongue into my mouth and passionately french kissing me, making my knees go weak again. "She desires a lot of encouragement." Katy breathily whispered in my ear before guiding my face down to her left breast. "And my slave should know how to encourage his queen." As I touched my lips to the swell of her breast I heard her grunt with effort and lift the barbell.

With every rep I kissed or sucked one nipple whilst tweaking the other. Her groans were getting louder as she completed her first set, and not from the effort she was expending. For the next set she guided my head down to the cleft between her thighs. With her mighty leg on each side of my head I traced the separation between each of her muscles with my fingers, whilst tracing my tongue lightly over the striations and veins feeding the blood to her best asset. As I got closer and closer to her womanhood her breathing came quicker and quicker in anticipation. As I took one long lick up her erect clit she crashed the barbell back onto its rack as her whole body quivered with bliss. As I carried on down her other thigh I heard her give another frustrated moan. The sexiest noise in the world to me is a muscle girl, especially my muscle girl, moaning, whether with the effort of a mighty flex, a powerful lift or, in this case, a deep overwhelming desire to fuck.

As I continued to lay worshipful kisses on her quads she flexed her legs in warning. Instantly the dense pliable fibres over her muscles became rock hard and bulging, refusing to budge under my questing, massaging fingers. When I didn't take the hint and move back to her pussy I felt her right leg lift off the ground, cross behind my neck and rest on her left leg. Slowly, inexorably she tightened the noose forcing my mouth closer to where she wanted it with just one leg. After the first kiss on her engorged lower lips I

tried my best to playfully resist and tease her. Katy was having none of it. With a powerful flex of her legs she held my head in place and increased the pressure. Try as I might I couldn't pull my head back, her quads alone overpowered my upper body in her lust. With my head surrounded by warm rock and her glistening pussy right in front of me I reluctantly (yeah right) gave in and pleased her.

After only a few minutes of kissing, sucking and licking I felt her whole body flex again, her hips raised up off the bench, taking me with her, she gave a deep satisfied growl from the pit of her stomach and flooded my mouth with a powerful orgasm. I greedily lapped up every drop of her nectar, as her legs uncrossed and she collapsed in the warm afterglow of pleasure she looked at me with an animal look of satisfaction, like a tiger who's spotted her prey but is having too much fun toying with it to move in for the kill. "Well done slave, you do remember how to encourage your queen, but why are you still clothed?" With that she sat up and with one swift move wrapped her hands in my shirt and tore it clean in two. An electric thrill ran through my body as she pulled down my shorts with one hand, wrapped the fingers of her other hand around one nipple and sucked the other into her luscious mouth.

She spent the next 30 seconds playing with them nibbling and tweaking slightly to spice my overwhelming pleasure with a delicious edge of pain. She rode her hips forward on the bench until her pussy lips rubbed up against my by now raging erection. She moaned again in satisfaction and pulled away from my chest long enough to question "Why is my slave's mighty beast not in his queen's pussy?" With a mirroring smiles on both our faces I guided the swollen head of my cock to her inviting entrance, as my head slowly started to part her lips we kissed deeply revelling in finally getting to this point. Suddenly my cock hit a wall and no matter how hard I pressured I couldn't slide any further into heaven. She broke our kiss and whispered in my ear one word. "Beg." She lent back and at my questioning look she gave me a wicked grin "You heard your queen. Beg to enter her pussy."

"My queen may this unworthy slave penetrate your pussy to strive to make you cum so fucking hard?" She groaned at words and nodded her head, biting the corner of her lip in anticipation. I felt the blocking pressure cease and with one long thrust buried my entire length in her velvet clad, steel strong pussy. As I thrust in and out of her, both of using losing ourselves in the pleasure I felt her alternately flex and relax her inner muscles adding delicious friction and variety to my long, deep strokes.

As I felt myself nearing ejaculation she noticed and took matters into my own hands, or should I say legs.

She lifted both legs off the ground and crossed her ankles behind my butt, then flexed her lower body all at once. Her pussy gripped my cock in a steel vice as her powerful legs stopped me from moving my hips. She squeezed her legs slightly and her eyes closed in pleasure as she felt my futile attempts to move my hips against the immovable object of her legs.

I couldn't tell what was giving her more pleasure, the intense love making or her complete control of my body with only her power packed legs. "Mmmm as good as it feels to have you fuck me slave, we will do this your queen's way." With that she manoeuvred us until I was on my back on the bench, my aching cock pointing to the ceiling, watching as she crawled up my body, rubbing her hard body against mine, she gave my cock a long lick from the base to the tip and let it fall into her cleavage.

She paused for a moment with my cock there as she flexed her pecs and rubbed up and down, titty fucking me for a few seconds. "Oooohh, time for that later." She whispered continuing her sensuous grind up my body, the head of my cock bouncing off each brick of her abs until she moaned deeply as her clit rubbed up the length of my shaft before it sprang free and rested between her currently relaxed glutes. She rubbed her ass up and down my shaft, massaging my cock with her glutes. "A queen is not ridden." She said raising her hips up letting my cock stand free.

She reached down with one hand and guided it to the dripping entrance of her pussy. "She rides." And Katy dropped onto my dick, burying me up to my balls in one movement, her eyes rolling back in her head as I hit every sensitive spot inside her. She got into her own rhythm riding me like a wild animal, her hips slamming into my thighs with every down thrust. At this rate I wouldn't last long, either I was going to cum or she was going to bruise my legs, hell probably both. She grabbed my hands and entwined them in hers, I raised my hands up above my chest as if I was bench pressing and she pushed down using the extra leverage to increase her rapid pace. I could see she was approaching orgasm as I was.

"How does my queen like the ride?" I asked totally out of breath.

"She fucking loves it." Her eyes shot open and her body tensed as her orgasm started to wash over her, at the same time my toes curled as I started pumping a thick load into her eager pussy. As she came her muscles flexed and her body shivered out of her control. We both collapsed back on the bench, her on my chest, basking in the post orgasmic glow. "I love you Jack."

"I love you too Katy." We kissed and just lay there enjoying the feel of each other's sweat soaked, pumped bodies pressing against each other.

"Mmmm, not bad for a morning warm up." She grinned. I had no breath to respond. Especially when she flexed her bicep right in front of my face and kissed me. The feel of her lips against mine, the look of deep satisfaction on her flushed face and her pumped straining bicep right in front of my face all worked together to ensure that my recently spent cock quickly started to grow erect again. With a swift move I dragged myself up to my feet Katy still in my arms, the sudden unexpected movement of her body caused her to squeal in delight breaking our kiss. A look of shock crossed her face as she wrapped her legs around my waist and felt my now fully erect cock pressing against her still hot pussy. "Oooo baby." She murmured rubbing her slick lips against my shaft.

"Ready for a real workout my queen?"