

Trooper Lady

By bbmikeNJ

Because I work the 3 to 11 shift at the hospital, I usually get to the gym around midnight. It's a good time to train, because there's usually not many people at all, although it can get a little boring seeing the same few regulars over and over again. Then, about 2 weeks ago, a new member started training at night, and the most unusual thing about it was that it was a chick. My gym is pretty hardcore, and even during the daytime hours there are very few female members working out on the weight room floor. The other unusual thing about it was that she was jacked. I'd never seen a chick in person who was as thick and solid as she looked. Even with her baggy sweats on, I could tell she has some serious size, and the weights she was moving indicated some serious strength to go with it. She focused real hard on her workouts too, and I'd never seen her talk to anyone else in the gym. Until one night when we were working out in the same area. She came in after I'd been there awhile. She loaded up the bench press with 225lbs. Then she asked me if I could spot her.

I was more than happy to help out. I'd never seen a chick bench 225lbs before. I could only do about 6 reps without some help, so I assumed she was going for a max lift. Instead, she said to me, "I wanna see how many reps I can do with this light of a weight, so don't touch the bar until I hit failure." Then she laid back on the bench, and started to press out reps. When she hit 20 reps, she just seemed to be hitting her stride. I couldn't believe it. I stood speechless above her, ready to grab the bar, but she kept going. 30 reps...then 40. At 45 she started to slow. At 47 she slowed so much that I went to grab the bar. "Not yet," she grunted out. She forced out 48, then 49, and at 50, she said "Now". I grabbed the bar and pulled it back as she racked it up. Then she sat up.

"That's what I'm talking about," she said as she stood. Then she stripped off her sweatshirt. She had a string tank on underneath, and she looked at herself in the mirror. She looked like a contest-ready light- heavyweight bodybuilder. A male light-heavyweight bodybuilder. I couldn't believe my eyes.

"Got these boobs rock hard," she said, flexing them in the mirror. I watched as striations rolled up and down her heaving pecs. Then she turned to me and said, "My name's Mary," and she extended her hand. She was about my height, 5'9", or maybe a bit taller. I guessed she outweighed my 190lbs by about 30lbs of thick hard muscle.

"Jeff," I stammered out as we shook and I tried not to stare at her rippling forearm muscles.

"Good spot, Jeff," she said as she loaded more weight on the bench. She added two more 45s to each side of the bar.

"That's 405lbs," I said, stammering again.

"Yep," she said. "I'm trying to add some size."

"You need a spot?" I asked.

"If you want. I'm only going for 10 on this one, so I should be good." I watched as she pumped out 10 smooth slow reps, and then for good measure, did 2 more before racking the bar. "Oh yeah," she said, sitting up. "Feels good." Her delts were huge and hard, and veins were starting to swell up on them, snaking down into her arms, which she was flexing out, one at a time.

"You look....amazing," I said, before realizing that I was talking out loud.

"Yeah? You like that? A lot of men get freaked out by it. Most of the other troopers at work think I'm too big already."

"You're a state trooper?" I asked.

"Yep," she answered, still flexing and looking at her own arms. Her biceps had to be 18"s. "I work the 3 to 11 shift, so this is the best time for me to lift. You?"

"Same thing. I work over at the hospital."

"You a doctor?" she asked.

"No, I'm an surgical nurse."

She looked at me as she stood up from the bench. "Well, I'll be. Good for you."

"How big do you want to get?" I asked, to change the subject from the male nurse topic.

"Right now I'm aiming for 240, but I want to keep the abs." She looked in the mirror as she lifted her shirt and flexed her abs. A thick wall of 8 brick shaped muscles popped out. "How'm I doing?"

"Jesus," I said.

She laughed and said, "Yep, so far so good," as she stroked the thick wall of muscle abs with her fingertips.

Just then, another gym member walked by. I looked over at him when I heard him mutter something about a "she-male". I didn't know him, but I recognized him as a guy named Justin who had competed in some amateur bodybuilding contests as a middleweight. There was a picture of him with a trophy hanging next to the sign in area. He'd always seemed like kind of a prick, and now he'd proved it.

"You have something to say to me, little man?" said Mary, dropping her shirt and turning toward him aggressively. She walked over to him fast, and backed him up against the mirrored wall. She put one hand on the mirror, right next to his head. Her lats were so wide that she blocked my view of him completely, so I moved to one side. The look on his face was priceless. Wide-eyed and ashen. But he tried to act cocky.

"I wasn't talking to you," he said. I looked around the gym and realized that we were the only 3 in the place. The kid that worked there at night was way up behind the front desk, out of sight and probably on his phone.

"Well, I'm talking to you," said Mary. In the corner right next to Justin was a broom that members were supposed to use when they got chalk on the mats. Mary reached over and grabbed it, then held it out with two hands, right in Justin's face. She snapped it in two like a toothpick. She tossed the two pieces of broom aside, then hit a most-muscular pose, only inches from Justin. Her muscular torso rippled and mounded up tremendously. "I will break you like a porcelain doll, little man," she said. "And anytime you want to do a posedown, I will crush you pose for pose, then use your face to wipe my sweat up off the floor."

I could almost hear Justin's ball shrinking up into his gut. He seemed to shrink right before our eyes. Mary stepped back from him, and he slunk away. She turned to me with a grin on her face. "I love doing that," she said. Then she looked down at my shorts and said, "Looks like you liked it too, huh Jeff?" She walked over to me. She was so jacked up. I could feel the heat coming off of her chest. "You like this big girl muscle, babe?" she said. She leaned over and picked up the two pieces of broken broom handle and stacked them together. "Or do you like my strength even more?" she said, and then she snapped the handle in two again. I almost came right then. She made fists with her hands and rolled them around her wrists, making her thick forearms bulge. She leaned into me. "After my workouts, I go home and work forearms for another hour or two," she said. "Wrist curls and grip work. Gets theses fores burning deep. See the veins?" she said. Then she raised her wrist to my nose, and ran her forearm along my face, her veins bumping along my lips until they hit her elbow.

"Ohmygod," I stammered, as I smelled her thick gnarly forearm muscle sweat.

"Oh yeah, you got it bad, don't you babe?" she said. "I am so horny right now, Jeff. You got some place we could go rastle around for a few hours?"

I nodded weakly. "My place is right around the corner," I said.

"Sweet." She picked me up in a bearhug. I could feel her stupendous strength. "Winner gets to have her way with the loser," she said.