

Girl Friend Maria Becomes Muscular

By bigjake737

Maria walked into Mario's dorm room unannounced. On the dresser was a Muscle and Fitness magazine. She knew that Mario enjoyed weight lifting. That was part of her attraction to him.

His sleek basketball player frame highlighted by a muscular chest and "six pack" abs. What she didn't expect was to see all the bookmarks set to the female bodybuilder pages. Claudia Washburn, Elaine Craig, these were names she didn't know. She felt an intense jealousy.

She couldn't compete with those pictures. She was a skinny co-ed. A junior who fought off the freshmen 40 by fasting and walking. It was easy to shed those pounds but to gain this muscle to compete with these women would take an effort or genetic capability she didn't possess.

She came from a Guadalarajan Mexican lineage. Tall thin, European stalk with dark eyes and long hair. She had been slight of built her whole life and had a hard time looking more than gaunt. At 5'10 with long legs her frame never looked sexy. (of course the university restaurant food in her freshman year did take getting used to). This new feeling of jealousy possessed her; engulfed her. She wanted Mario to lust only after her to dream of only her.

Mario was part Italian and part German. At 6'4" and 220 he made a better football fullback then basketball forward. He was a student with departmental honors in three subjects. He took pride in all that he did including working his muscles.

In the gym people wondered how he could be so intense and single minded. Deep down he harbored thoughts that he had little control over. He would count out his repetitions and try to focus on building his muscles "1, 2, 3, 4, 5" but his eye would pick up on women training their bodies. His minds eye would keep those images as he strained against the iron weights. He deeply wanted muscular women...women so muscular that they would repulse his mother and friends. So muscular that they would dwarf even him.

With every rep his dream world would caress their biceps, massage their traps, hot oil their thighs. He deeply fought his urges to be with such beauties. His girlfriend was the physical antithesis of such a woman. Yes, she was mentally an Amazon.. the smartest student in the Junior class, but physically she was emaciated, a taller Audrey Hepburn with classic lines and eyes that were bright and feminine. In every way they were equals...accept physically.

Mario's parents adored Maria. She was of Mexican descent but European ancestry and Catholic, a plus for Mario's mom. Maria was feisty and well-mannered. Mario knew they would be married, but there was always this cloud overhead. He wasn't intensely physically attracted to her.

The day he walked into his dorm room to find Maria engrossed in "Muscle and Fitness" was both cathartic and scary. He would have to tell her about his deepest cravings. If they were to be married one day to her, no secret should be kept. This was as good a time to tell her as any. They would be gone for the summer and Mario planned to live in LA, she would stay in Texas. Mario had a job waiting tables in Venice Beach near Gold's Gym. He figured a way to be close to those muscled goddesses.

"You really like these women don't you"

Mario looked down and slowly up, "I have been attracted to these types of women since I was 14 years old"

"Then why did you say you love me?, I am nothing like these women impostors"

"Please, these women are raw sexuality, I am in lust with them and I am in love with you. I couldn't stand not being with you. You are fun to be around, intellectually and spiritually my equal"

Maria flexed her small skinny arm. "You could never truly be mine.. I am skinny and you want muscular and engorged . I could never compete with your secret desires.. this isn't going to work out".

And with that Maria walked out.

Mario didn't even run after her. He knew the Latina temperament. A small burst of tears, some yelling, but she would come back.

They were entwined in ways that superseded emotionalism. They connected at so many levels.

That summer was torture for Mario. He learned that Maria had transferred schools and would not be graduating with him at Rice. She never called and only wrote two letters to a mutual friend. He wrote to her daily. He wrote of his love, of his desire to work in Wall Street. He relayed all his life's desires: work, live and play. She returned nothing.

September approached and he returned to Texas via Colorado. He would go to Maria's house. He walked up the stairwell of the small bungalow and found Maria's sister, Juana. He gave her a warm embrace and asked about Maria.

"Maria always works. I almost never see her. Mom has asked her to return to school in Texas but she refuses. It seems that she wants time away from you".

"Oh, I see" said Mario dejectedly.

"It's not that she doesn't want you, she just doesn't think that you don't love her. What did you say that gave her such a poor self image.?"

"I really didn't say much, I just said that I basically liked women that worked out"

"That explains a lot" continued Juana, "She has been living workouts. You should see her room. She gets home from work and hear these clanging weights, she is obsessed!!" She poses in that mirror in her room every night for hours.

Juana led Mario to Maria's room. "I probably shouldn't take you in here but you need to see this" Inside the room were several pictures of Mario and Maria. On Maria's desk were the letters from Mario stacked neatly on a corner. The room was large and orderly. Two racks of dumbbells faced each other in the center. In front of a large closet mirror was a press bar. Several women bodybuilder pictures were taped to the glass. A before picture was dead center. The skinny waif Maria was in the picture in a ridiculous bodybuilding cut bathing suit.

Mario went to the desk and lifted his letters. Under the stack was a prescription which he read was for a cream called "androgel". His heart started to jump, he had heard of the new drug that would deliver testosterone through the skin. He put the letters down and decided to leave. If she found out that he snooped through her things it might get ugly. He realized that she must have a bigger picture in mind him. He now started to put it together. She wanted to show him the results of her training at some later date.

Studying the next year was difficult. He missed Maria's company. His dreams were invaded by a thickly muscled version of Maria. Her small frame and tall body covered in thick muscles. He would wake up in a cold sweat and have to write to her a love letter. He would now write in the most romantic way possible. In March, after a particularly desires and passionate love letter, he received a call from Maria. "Mario, this is Maria, it is time I see you again".

"Maria, you hardly sound the same, your squeaky voice sounds so much more mature... so much deeper" His pulse raced. He thought of how much more muscle she must have, how sexy her body must now be. "That isn't all that has changed, I'll meet you in the school library the first day of spring break."

The following weeks were hell. The skinny armed before picture was morphing to a large lusty bicepped women in Mario's mind. Maria with muscles. It had a ring to it.

The libraries large wings were covered in quarter sawn oak paneling. This made the lighting subdued and the atmosphere studious. Besides two desk clerks, the building was empty. Mario stood by the reference counter when he heard the footsteps. Maria made her way towards him. She wore a sweat pant and sweat shirt. He figured she would dress modestly. He approached her, grabbed her two shoulders and kissed her passionately.

My god, he thought, her shoulders have widened and her face is the same except for the thinner look in the cheeks and subtly larger bridge of the nose. Her lowered voice was in a whisper. "Mario let's go to the cubicles". The cubicles towards the end of the year are completely emptied. We would be the only ones in the entire wing of the library.

Maria led Mario by the hand until they reached the cubicle area of the library. This was the area that was rented to the most scholarly Seniors so that they may complete their Senior Thesis. It has been off limits to students since the Thesis were finished.

"Mario, I've got something to say"

Mario interrupted, "Maria, I've so missed you, I would even go to counseling to change my deepest desires"

"Oh no", Maria interjected, "if you do that then you won't appreciate me"

Maria slowly took off her sweat top slowly. This was the grand reveal, he had waited for this moment for the last 4 months. She first took off her sweat jacket. She wore a muscle T. Her traps were large and imposing. His pulse was rapid. It was like 30 minutes into a 40 minute game. She gave the most muscular pose. Now his pulse was at 35 minutes into the game. He was excited and she saw the signs of his unbridled exuberance.

Her neck flared to her muscled shoulders. Her biceps bulged with veins. She begged him to touch her muscles. Months of androgel and combos of other anabolic steroids and constant work outs transformed her slight figure to massively muscled. She took off her sweat pants to reveal diamond shaped calves and muscular thighs. She squatted to show the deep striations. She had a g-string which highlighted her well worked glutes. She never had those before.

Mario touched her thighs over and over . His mind, in one 10 minute exhibition, erased all thoughts of every muscled and chiseled physique woman he had ever thought of. No other women, no other picture could compare to this living, breathing goddess. Just Maria. His slow hand massaged every muscular crease of this statue before him. He knew now that he was physically excited by her.

"Oh, here is an after picture so you can remember me until after the school year".

Mario cried with pleasure "you did this for me?"

It was only a deep faith that kept those two from completely rediscovering each other that day, but after graduation an even more muscular Maria met Mario.. they couldn't wait to tie the knot forever.... muscle bliss