

BRENDA

(a Hatour story)

(amysconquest.com)



First you should know that Brenda is only three years my senior. She was my sister's best friend when we lived in Albuquerque. For three years, they were on the drill team (sort of like a cheerleader). She was skinny and tried to stay that way. The last time I saw her, she was sixteen and I was thirteen. My sister and Brenda had kept in touch throughout college. They were still good friends. They both had graduated college and were working. My father was transferred to London. I spent my senior year in high school there.

This brings us to this year. I was working in London and living with my father during the summer. I was in my second year of college. My sister decided to come and visit us. She invited Brenda and got excited when Brenda accepted her invitation. My sister and Brenda had visited each other often, but, like I said before, I had not seen her since Albuquerque. The day arrived when I was to meet my sister and Brenda at the airport. It's a long drive to Heathrow Airport from the West End, about an hour. Thoughts raced through my head about Brenda. I have to admit, I had a crush on her when I was in middle school.



At the terminal, I greeted my sister and Brenda. Brenda still had the prettiest face I had ever seen. I couldn't tell what her body looked like because she was wearing a baggy sweatshirt and sweatpants. When I went to hug her hello, she seemed solid, but I thought nothing of it.

"God, Adam," Brenda said. "You have grown. You're as tall as me." We started to walk to the baggage claim.

"Really," I replied. "I don't pay that much attention to my height. You know how short I was. How tall are you?"

"5' 8". You know, Adam, it wouldn't hurt to put on some weight. It would fill you out a bit."

"Please don't get started with that. I get enough harassment from my mother about my weight. Besides, I have a fast metabolism."

"She's right," my sister chimed in. "But, that's funny coming from you, Brenda. You used to be skinnier than he is."

"Not any more," Brenda said proudly.

"You did fill out. I felt it when we hugged," I commented.

"Glad you noticed," Brenda said smiling. She winked at me and pinched my ass.

"Brenda!" my sister yelled in surprise. They laughed while I blushed.



She gave me a pretty powerful pinch. I could still feel it when we arrived at the baggage claim. Brenda spotted her bag as soon as we arrived. I was a huge black duffel bag. When I grabbed the bag and pulled at it, it wouldn't budge. I gave it a mighty heave and barely got it off the carousel. Brenda thanked me. She said she would grab her next bag, it was just as heavy. As her second bag came around, she grabbed it and lifted it off the carousel as if it was as light as a feather! I was amazed. Brenda noticed my look of amazement. "I told you I filled out," Brenda said smiling.

We got my sister's bags and walked out to the car. Brenda was carrying her two bags with no problems. She put her bags in the car with each arm that was carrying it. I thought that I noticed her sweatshirt tighten around her arms when she lifted the bags into the truck. I quickly dismissed the idea that it was her bicep because the sweatshirt was too big, even if she filled out a bit.

We put the rest of the bags in the back seat. My sister said she wasn't feeling too well and that Brenda could have the front seat. As soon as we hit the road, my sister was sleeping.

"So, what have you been doing with yourself?" Brenda inquired.

"Not much. College is boring. I was part of a fraternity, but that didn't work out."



"Speaking of working out. Why don't you? Didn't you used to play sports?"

"Well, I used to play soccer until I blew out my knee my freshman year. I was told to stay off it and I sort of went to pot. I did play some soccer at college. I also hike a bit. I have good endurance, but I don't seem to gain muscle or fat, which is fine with me."

"I think you could build some muscle. All it takes is time and determination."

"Right," I said, rolling my eyes. "What have you been doing?"

"Well, the University of New Mexico was fun. There was no drill team there so I tried out for the cheerleading squad. I got in as second string. They said that I needed more weight and power to be able to maneuver like the regular cheerleaders. I started to workout as part of the cheerleader regiment that prescribed for us. The coach recommended that I do some extra work in the weight room. I caught the eye of a football player. He helped me. Needless to say, I made the regular cheerleading squad the next year. I stayed on the squad until I graduated. I wanted to be a flight attendant, but that didn't work out. I now work at a bank. I'm in charge of security."

"Security?" I was surprised.

"I majored in criminology at UNM. Besides, you don't think that a woman can handle bank robbers?"

"I didn't say that. It just conflicts with the image I have of you. Of course that image is a bit out dated. But as long as you are happy at what your doing, all the power to you. Are you going out with that football player?"

"I did for a while, but he, uh, broke up with me. I'm not seeing anyone now. Why?"

"Just wondering."

"Uh huh," was her response. She smiled and patted me on the leg. "How much longer till we get to your house?"



"About forty-five minutes," I replied.

"I'm going to take a nap."

"Okay. I'll wake you up when we get there," I said. I looked at her. She looked like an angel. Her shoulder-length golden blond hair flowing over her shapely shoulders. Her pert nose and sweet mouth breathed in unison with her still covered chest. I started to feel some pressure in my pants. I quickly stopped thinking about her. I guess I never really got over my crush with her.

We arrived at home and went into the flat. The set up was this. There was one guest room. Brenda was going to sleep there. I had two beds in my room. I was going to sleep in one and my sister in the other. At least that was the plan. However, my sister came down with a fever. She was now going to sleep in the guest room, Brenda in my room, and me on the couch.

Brenda was refreshed by her nap and ready to hit the town. I showed her around a bit and we had a great time.



"You know, Adam, you don't have to sleep on the couch. You can sleep in your room," Brenda said over dinner.

"Come on, you're the guest. I will not have you sleep on the couch," I insisted.

"I'm not going to sleep on the couch. The beds are in opposite sides of the room. We're both adults. I think we can handle it. I promise I won't rape you if you don't rape me." She said the last sentence laughing. At night, Brenda called her mother and some friends. I overheard her say that she thought I was cute. My heart soared, but I had to be careful. After all, she was my sister's friend and both my sister and father were in the house. It wouldn't be right.

As I was thinking this, my father called me into the den. He told me he was called back to the United States on business. He would be gone for the rest of the week. I had to take care of my sister who was still sick and keep Brenda occupied.

This meant that I had to take a week off from work. I didn't mind because this also meant that I could spend the week with Brenda. I prepared to go to sleep and started to read in bed. That's when Brenda entered the room. She started to prepare to go to bed. I spied on her past my book. The first thing she did was take off her sweatshirt with her back to me. I saw her upper body for the first time. And what an upper body! I don't know where to begin. Her shoulders were huge balls of rock hard muscle. Her triceps were thick and huge. Her striations were deep, which made her triceps look even bigger. Her back was animated with every movement. It was deep, dense, and immense. The skin covering her back was paper thin. Her wide back tapered down to an almost minuscule waist. My penis was erect before she got fully undressed. I was starting to breathe heavily. Then she took off her sweatpants. The first thing I noticed was her ass.

The two rock hard moons were breathtaking. The striations were so deep, you could see them through her thin panties. Her thighs were humongous. They were easily three times bigger than her waist. The most amazing part of this Amazonian goddess was her calves. They were the size of melons. They were like beautifully cut diamonds. They bunched as she moved about. My erection was throbbing now.

I quickly got up and ran into the bathroom. As soon as I got there, I blew my wad. The orgasm was so intense that I fell to the floor. When I was done, I was completely spent. That was the most intense orgasm I had ever had, and I didn't even touch my penis.

Brenda heard my fall and knocked on the door.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

"Uh, uh, yeah," I said. "Don't come in. I'll be right out." I hurriedly cleaned myself off and regained my composure.

When I entered she was wearing a full length cotton night-gown. That was when I first noticed her breasts. They looked like a huge D-cup. They were protruding out like they were floating in the air. It provided a tent for the rest of her body. The cotton cloth of the night-gown didn't even touch the rest of her body. It looked like she was a floating angel. When she saw me come in, she asked, "Are you okay? What happened?"

"Oh, uh, I slipped," I said.

"You scared me when you ran past me so fast. What was the emergency?"

"It was a guy thing. Don't worry. Get some sleep. I'll see you in the morning."

"Don't wake me up until noon, okay?"



"No problem. Good night."

"Good night."

I woke up early and wished my father a good flight. I then called work and got the week off. I cooked breakfast and waited for Brenda to wake up.

I heard her get up at around 11:30 am. About thirty minutes later, I heard her get in the shower. It stopped. "Hey, Adam" a voice called from behind me. I turned around. I was completely overwhelmed at what I saw. There was Brenda, dressed in a tiny bikini, soaking wet, standing at the doorway. I instantly felt a stirring in my loins. The woman who stood before me was the muscular Amazon of my dreams.

Her chest was immense. The huge expansion of her pectoral muscles were thick with beefy muscle. Her cleavage was enhanced by the deep crevasse of her pecs. The deep striations cut into her dense and thick pecs. Her shoulders were striated balls of thick muscle. Her full breasts were shading the most amazing grid of abdominal muscles. They stood out like golf balls. Not only were her "six-pack" hard and thick, so were her side abdominals.



Her huge, broad lats expanded with every breath. Her quadriceps were mind boggling. They sprang forth from an almost non-existent waist. The thick, cords of muscle were covered with deep striations. All together, her muscularly thick body was packed on with more dense muscle than I had ever seen on a male bodybuilder.

"Come here" she said. I shakily got up. My underwear did nothing to hide my raging, throbbing hard-on. She smiled. As I walked closer, she slowly raised her arms and began a slow concentrated flex.

Her bicep grew and grew and grew. As I walked closer, it grew larger and larger. When I was standing in front of her, she had finished her flex, but held it. Her bicep was as larger than an American football.

"Touch it" she commanded. I greatly complied. Not only was she thick with dense muscle, she was as hard as a rock. She slowly brought her arms down and felt the hardness of my very clear erection. My rock hard cock was ready to burst. It was sticking out of my briefs. With a small tug, she released my cock from it's cloth prison.

She brought me close to her and kissed me. Her tongue probed every inch of my mouth. She then slowly slide her hands from my head to my naked butt. With a hand on each butt check, she lifted my up off the floor. She pressed my hard cock up against her unyielding abdominals. She slowly started to rub my cock up and down she rock hard abdominal muscles. She was bringing to a state of ecstasy I had only dreamed of. She was going painfully slow and I was longing for her to let me come.

As she was pumping me up and down with her arms, they began to grow larger and they were being pumped with blood. I placed my hands on her biceps and started to squeeze them. I could not make a dent in the stone-like muscle threw the paper thin skin. My hands could only hold on to half of the growing biceps. Started to increase the speed. Up then down ..up .then down up ..then down .up then down..up.then down. Up and down, up and down, up and down.

When the rubbing reached it fevered pace, my whole body shook with the most intense orgasm I had ever experienced. Streams of semen were released and cascaded over Brenda s rock hard abdominal muscles. She held me firm as my body shook and spasmed. When I was done, I passed out. I woke up in my bed. I was naked and I noticed that the sun was setting.



I heard Brenda talking to my sister. Brenda told my sister to go to sleep. I heard her close the door, walk towards my door and opened it.

"Oh I'm so happy you're okay. I got worried when you passed out. How do you feel?" Brenda said.

"I'm okay, but I'm starved," I replied

"Good. I made you and Alison some chicken soup. Stay right there." With that, Brenda disappeared. I heard her rummage in the kitchen and in no time she was beside me, spoon feeding me.



She was wearing a robe. It hid a lot of her muscularity. However, it could not hide her broad shoulders tapering to a tiny waist. It also accentuated her bust, to my pleasure.

"That's right, eat it all up. You're going to need your energy tonight."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"You'll see. Eat up now."

Many thoughts went through my head. Why did I need my energy? Then it dawned on me. "How did you know I was attracted to muscular women?"

"I noticed the bodybuilding magazines in your closet. They were well hidden, but you left one sticking out. I can tell that your parents don't know. It's okay. Your secret's safe with me."

"I had no idea you were so huge."

"I hide it well. Not too many appreciated my muscles like you do, especially since I'm so big. I'm happy though. I won the New Mexico State Bodybuilding Championship last week. Next month I'm going to be competing in the USA Bodybuilding Championship."



"Wow, that's great." I finished up my big bowl of soup. She put the dish away and returned to sit on the side of my bed.

"I hope you don't mind me asking, but how big are you?" I questioned.

"I don't mind." She pulled her robe sleeve up and held her arm straight out. "Put your hands around my arm."

I did so. Her tricep was so big, my fingers were barely able to touch. She slowly flexed. My hands were getting farther and farther apart. The stone hard creature grew and grew under my hands. The mountainous muscle came to a climax above her shoulders. I couldn't even palm the top of her bicep. When she was done flexing, her bicep was not the only muscle hard.

"How big do you think they are?"

"I don't know, but they're huge and feel rock hard."

"They're twenty inches around. I can curl 175 lbs. for reps. My max. is 210 lbs. That's not the only big part of me. My chest is probably the thickest part of my body. I can bench press 450 lbs. for reps and 477 lbs. max. My quads are thirty inches around. I can squat 600 lbs. And leg press about 1,500 lbs. But I'm growing every day. Could you believe that a 5' 8" girl could weigh 200 lbs. and not have an inch of fat?"

"Yes and I hope it continues to grow," I replied.

"Who? My muscles or Mr. Happy?" she asked, looking down at my pop tent.

"I can tell you're ready for my present."

"What present?"

"You'll see." With that, she left the room. My room has two lights, one nearby Brenda's bed, and one next to my bed. It had become dark and I got out of bed to turn on my light. I read for a while, waiting to see what Brenda had in store for me. I was excited to see what she had prepared, but by the time I heard her voice, Mr. Happy wasn't stiff with excitement.

"Are you ready?" called Brenda from outside the room.

"Yea," I replied, as I put down the book.

Brenda's hand peaked around the corner and turned on the closet light while turning off my bedside light. Music began to fill the air. "O! Oh! O, O, O, Oooooooooooooo Oh!" went the Boyz II Men song. Brenda walked sexily in front of the lights. She was nothing short of Awesome!

Brenda was wearing a tight one-piece mini-dress that clung to her muscular body like a second skin. The black sleeveless dress started at her neck and stopped at the top of her thighs. She started to pose to the music while slowly striping off her dress. Her biceps were now pumped full of blood and threatened to burst through her paper thin skin. The striations on her thick and dense chest defied nature. She rippled them with ease like a male bodybuilder, making her full breasts jiggle up and down. Her golf like abs were standing out in contrast to her tiny waist. Her ass was 100% pure unadulterated Grade A beef. They were huge and hard. They only moved when she flexed the striated half moons. Her quads are almost beyond description. They were easily bigger than her waist. One quadricep muscle was bigger and thicker than my arm. The striations were deep as I wiggled them and tensed them countless times. Her calves were the size of grapefruits, but as hard as a diamond. She ended her routine with a most muscular pose. Her skin could hardly contain the massive muscularity it was called upon to hold.



She slow sexily sundered over to me. The flexing of her quads as walked towards me was driving me crazy. Her gaze of sexual lust was almost frightening. Her erect nipples where almost as hard as the rest on her body. Her chest was heaving up and down after her exertion, but I knew she could continue for hours.

When she reached my bed, she leaned over and pulled the blanket away. "I can see you're ready for me." She climbed on top of me. Her weigh almost crushing me. She leaned over to my ear and whispered, "Do you want me?"

"More than anything in the world," I whispered back. My hands had begun to explore her body. There wasn't an inch of her that wasn't harder than steel. The only exception were her full, heaving bosom.

"Why do you want me?"

"Because you're so big and powerful and strong and muscular and hard," I replied. With that, she slipped my throbbing cock into her wet pussy. As before, she was working me slowly. We were panting in unison as she gyrated her hips unison to mine. I was beginning to climax before her.



When she realized this, she grunted, "No you don't. Not yet." At that moment, her vaginal muscle clamped me in a vice-like grip. I was stunned. I couldn't help but grown, "Oh you're so strong and muscular, even in the tunnel of love."

"You want to see how strong it is?" she huffed.

"Oh yes," was my reply. She began to get on her knees. As she did so, she took my butt with her! My large manhood was trapped in her! Then she began to gyrate her hips again. With my ass still in the air, her powerful vaginal muscles were working me back into a frenzy. She worked faster and faster and faster. She finally put me back down as she was pushing harder and faster and harder and faster. And finally, we came together in a wonderful harmony for spasms. When they subsided, I stroked Brenda's hair and she cuddled close to me.

She began to rub my stomach and chest. I broke to silence first. "Why me?" I asked

"What?" was her reply.

"Don't get me wrong, I love what you're doing. But I can't help wonder why me. After all, I'm a skinny computer nerd. Not at all the type that could possibly be your equal."

"I don't know. I guess it's because you make feel so good and excepted. Beside I want to get bigger and I know you won't mind."

"By all means, get bigger. Then maybe the second time I have this experience it will be even better. I'm just glad I waited."



"Waited? You mean this was your first time??"

"Yea."

Brenda smiled. "Then you don't know how far you can go."

"What do you mean?"

With the same devilish smile, Brenda slide one arm under my chest and the other over me. She lifted me (WOW!) and slid under me. She positioned me across her chest, put one arm on my stomach, and start to bench press my 135 lbs. over her head. Every time I came down she gave me a passionate kiss while still holding me in the air. She did this at least twenty times with no signs of getting tired. This feat of strength got me instantly excited.

"That's what I mean," she said, eyeing my reaction. "You like being lifted, huh?"

"Oh, yes," I groaned. "But I'm beginning to feel dizzy."

"Don't worry, you relax. I'll do all the work for my baby." Brenda then slid me vertically on top of her. She grabbed hold of my erect penis and gave a little squeeze.

"My, it's almost as hard as me." She put her legs around my waist and lifted me. She than inserted me into her. She certainly was doing all the work. Her huge quads were gently lifting me up and down as she gyrated her hips. Her humongous thighs were beautiful to behold. I ran my hands all over the deep grooves and massiveness of them. I knew she could instantly crush the life out of me. This ride of pure and raw strength had me climaxing along with the wonderful Amazon. We fell asleep in each others arms.

The next day, my sister was feeling better. Since my sister was better and with my father returning in another day, I could not have another encounter with my beautiful Amazon. She would occasionally taunt me by flexing her arm or flexing her rock hard ass. Before she got on the plane, she gave me a long passionate kiss while my sister was saying good by to my father. She grabbed my ass again and lifted me off the ground. Oh what a feeling! When I got home, I noticed something in my back pocket. It was Brenda's number.

THE END

Copyright 2022 Amy's Conquest (amysconquest.com)