

CYNDI (Part 1)

(a Sean Porter Story)

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I watched my girlfriend as she prepared to fulfill yet another one of my impossible fantasies. She reached for the enormous weight in front of her, a long barbell which was fully loaded on both ends with huge, thick weights. She picked it up with one hand, giggling as she waved it around a little. It appeared as though the barbell was so weightless she could barely hold it steady, which was in fact the case.

She did a few one-armed curls with it, pouting sexily at me and watching my cock get harder and thicker with each rep she effortlessly completed. With her other hand, she began to stroke and massage her breasts through the translucent lace bra she was wearing.

The matching thong was already completely see-through thanks to the copious juices which were leaking steadily from her shaved pussy. Her long legs and firm, flat tummy were perfectly tanned, her shoulder length auburn hair gleaming softly in the sunlight streaming through the open windows.

She switched hands and curled the weight even faster, now not bothering to make it look as though it was even the slightest bit heavy for her. She was clearly getting hornier by the second as she watched my cock throbbing with each burst of blood that pounded through it. She began to rub her pussy through the sopping wet thong. "Ooooh baby," she moaned softly. "I can't wait to feel that cock inside me...pounding me so deep..." She lost control and began to crumple the oversized barbell against her firm body. The massive weights collapsed against her as though they were hollow, and she began to grind them against her sensitive, quivering clit. Screaming with ecstasy, she finally tossed the weights aside, ripped off her bra and thong, and pulled me on top of her as she fell back on the couch. Throwing her leg up over the back, she grabbed my ass as I shoved my hard cock roughly into her tight cunt and began to ram her as hard and fast as I could, grabbing her firm tits and squeezing. By now I was so turned on and slamming against her body so hard that I was ready to explode within two minutes, but fortunately she was in the same predicament. We screamed in unison, bodies quaking as we climaxed suddenly.



All was quiet for a few moments. We panted, slowly recovering our breath, as she cuddled against me. Finally she raised her head, smiling at me through the disheveled hair which fell over her green eyes. "How was that, baby?"

I grinned. "Awesome. One of the best."

She sighed happily. "Yeahhhh, it was. I was so into it." She stretched, sitting up slowly. "Guess these weights are done," she chuckled, kicking at the crumpled pieces of black-painted cardboard that lay strewn around us.

"I'll make some more. Bigger next time," I winked.

"Uh huh, I'm sure you will," she teased. "Mmm, and I love these tear-away underwear. The Velcro sounds so sexy, like it's really ripping. It feels so good to just tear it off like that!"

"That was so hot, baby."

"I could tell you liked it," she grinned. "And it got me so horny too...I just had to have you right that second!"

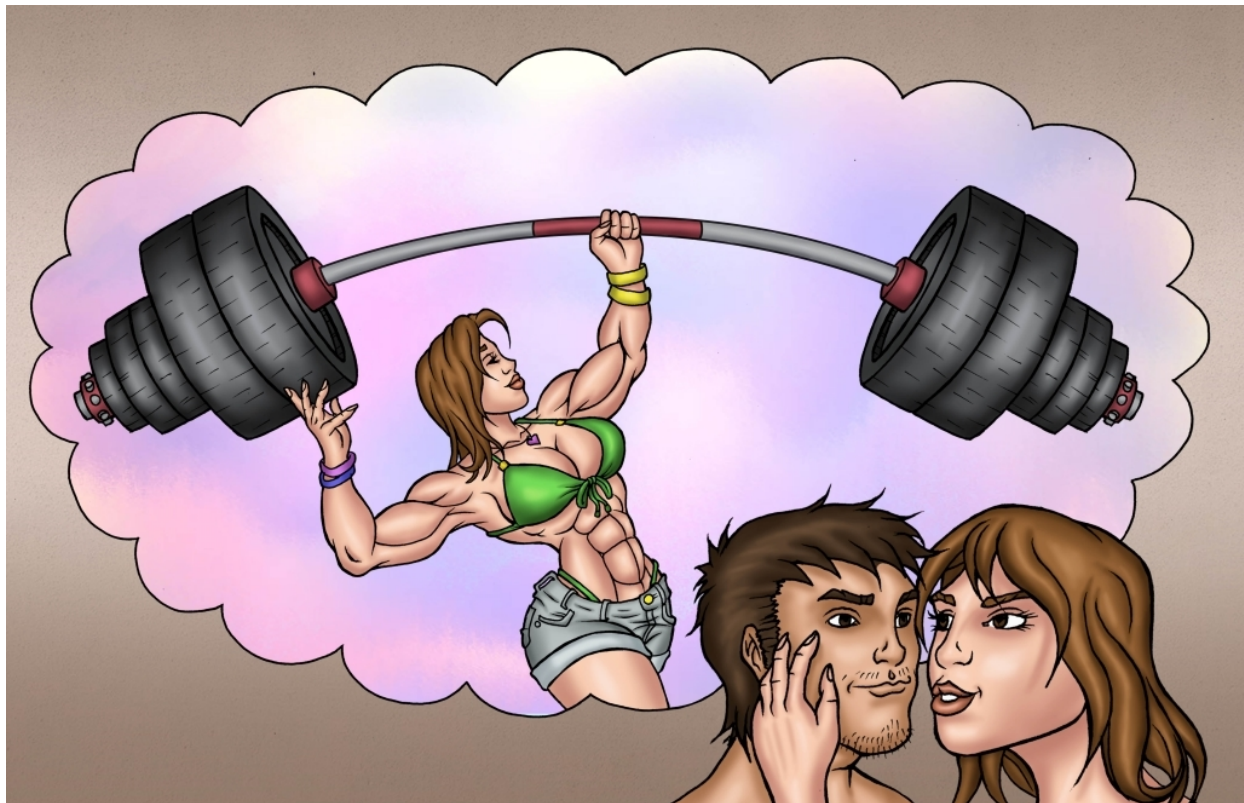
We kissed again. "I love you, baby," I whispered.

"I love you too." She kissed me one more time before starting to pull on her clothes again. "I'm so glad you told me."

"What?" I asked distractedly as I hunted for my boxer shorts.

"About your fetish. Your fantasies. About your thing for strong girls and wanting me to role play."

"Oh yeah," I grinned broadly again. "And I'm so glad you didn't think it was weird or freak out. You're incredible for wanting to play the part. And you're getting better and better at it too."



She smiled, blushing slightly and looking down at her feet in a very cute way. "I - I love it. I never would have expected it, but I just love the feeling of acting strong for you and seeing how you react. When I lifted those fake weights and...started to crush them against my body..." She was turning even redder, and I realized that it was probably almost as nerve-wracking for her to admit this to me as it had been for me to tell her my secret in the first place. "...it felt, just indescribably sexy. I felt like I really was that strong, and it turned me on so much, I could hardly stand it. And then to see you...the way you go crazy for me, the way I make you lose control..." She sighed, then took a step toward me and gently held my face in both of her soft, delicate hands.

"I guess all I'm saying, baby, is...I love being your strong girl." Our eyes were locked, her wide, beautiful ones gazing deeply into mine. "With all my heart, I wish I really could be that strong for you. Even stronger and sexier than the strongest, sexiest woman you have ever fantasized about."

As I gazed back at her, loving her more at that moment than I had ever loved anyone before, I distinctly heard a small, serious voice in my head. It said simply, "That which is wished for out of pure love, with all of both your hearts, it shall be granted."

"Did you hear that?" I gasped.

"Hear what?" she said.

Suddenly there was a sharp, electric shock between her two hands and my face. "Ow!" she shouted, jerking her hands back. She shook her fingers and sucked them, wincing from the jolt. "Huh. Static electricity," She smirked. "Well, that sure ruined the moment."

She turned to walk toward the bathroom.

"You didn't...hear that...?" I asked again.

She glanced back over her shoulder and smiled at me again, but if she heard me she didn't respond.

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The next morning, Cyndi slept in. I cast a longing gaze over her naked body, partially hidden under the sheets, before I quietly pulled on my clothes in the dark and slipped out.

It was about an hour and a half later when she called me at work. Her voice was frantic and shaky.

"Honey? You have to come home!"

"What's wrong?" I asked, frowning.

"Just come home now! Please!"

"Do you have me on speakerphone? Is somebody there? Are you alright?"

"Nobody's here...I just need you! I can't explain...I don't know what's wrong. Just get home as soon as you can, okay?" She sounded desperate, pleading.

"Okay, I..." The line was dead.

I sped home, abandoning the day's workload. My car screeched up the driveway and I bolted for the front door. It was still locked, just as I had left it. I turned the key and pushed open the door.



My beautiful Cyndi was sitting right there in the living room, stark naked on the couch. She looked scared, her hands clenched in her lap. "Baby, what's wrong?" I asked. She looked fine, except for being frightened half to death.

"I keep breaking things," she whispered, and tears started to spill from her eyes as if she had been holding them back all morning, until these words released them.

I glanced around. "You called me home because--"

"It happened. It really happened."

"What happened? Cyndi, I thought you were really hurt, or in danger..."

"I think it really happened. What we wished for."

I watched her lips form these words, her cheeks wet with tears, and I suddenly remembered the voice I had heard in my head the day before. "What...what are you talking about?" I asked, suddenly getting an inkling of what she meant.



She just shook her head, sniffing, and pointed in the direction of the kitchen.

The first thing that met my eyes as I rounded the corner was the fridge door, lying in the center of the kitchen floor. It had apparently been ripped clean off of the fridge, which was whirring madly as it continued trying to refrigerate the entire room. The light from within illuminated the broken bottles of salad dressing and ketchup which had formed a colorful pattern on the floor.

Next, I noticed the phone, which was cracked and looked as if several of the numbers had been pushed all the way through the machine and into the wall. Nothing else appeared to have been badly damaged. I wandered down the hall to our bedroom.

The frame of the bed had been cracked, but there were no other signs of damage. The bathroom, too, appeared to have been spared aside from the shower rod, which was bent in several places and lay in the tub like a swatted butterfly.

Dashing back to the living room, I fought to hide my excitement. Even so, there was an awkward half-grin on my face as I tried to sound concerned. "You did that?" I asked.

Cyndi nodded, wiping her eyes. She seemed to be recovering her composure.

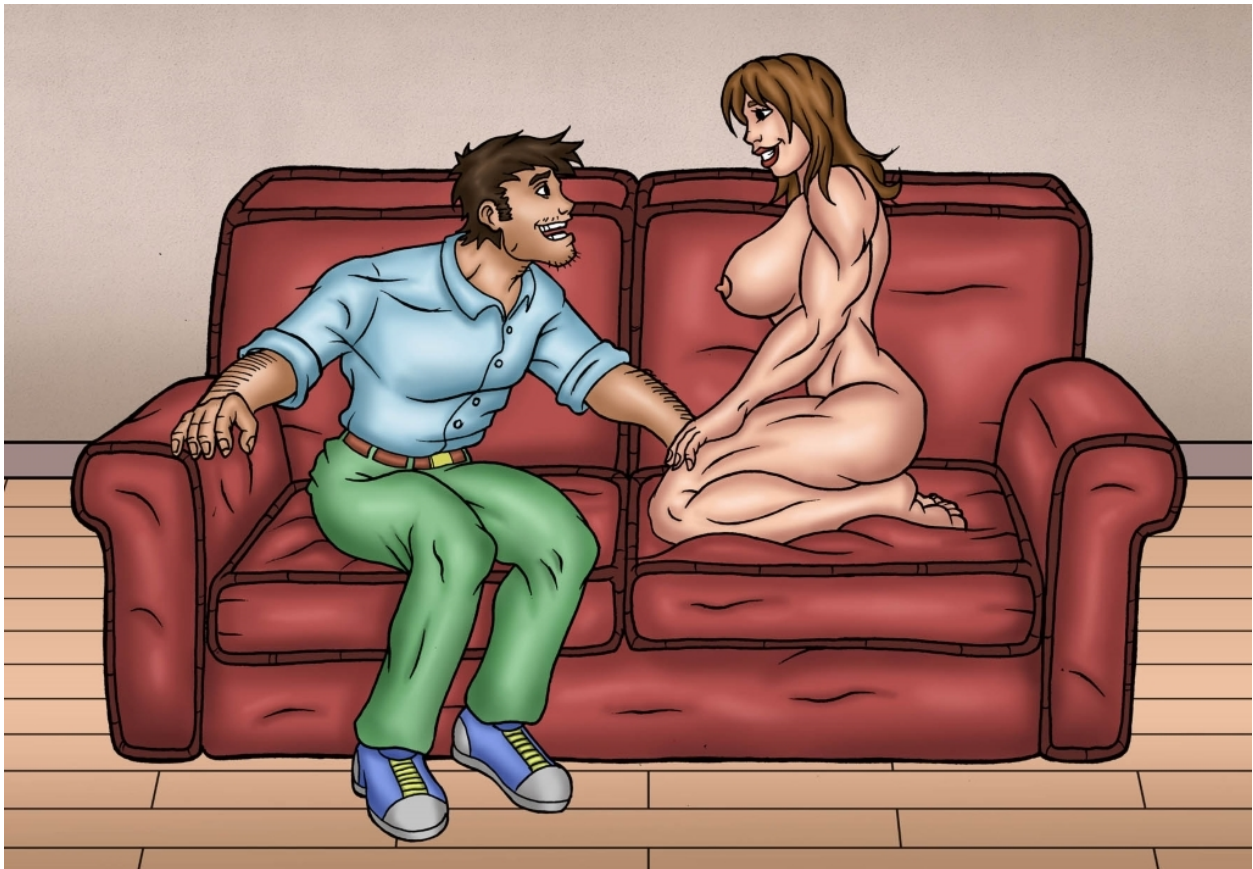
My dilemma was simply how to sound like a sensitive, supportive boyfriend and put off asking what I really wanted to ask as long as possible.

"Are you alright?" I managed.

"I'm okay," she sighed. "In fact, I've never felt better. I'm just...scared."

I nodded supportively.

"Don't worry, we can fix...everything. It's no big deal."



"No big deal? What if I keep breaking things? This is a very big deal!" The tears were about to start again.

"I mean the fridge...and the shower rod. The stuff...it's all repairable. Of course it's a big deal, I didn't mean--"

"I know, I know," she sighed. "I'm trying to stay calm. I'm sorry."

"No hun, it's alright. I totally understand..." I started to say, sitting down next to her.

"Don't touch me!" she shrieked. I nearly jumped three feet in the air. "I don't want to hurt you!" she quickly explained.

My heart was pounding. "Okay, okay." I looked at her, my eyes wandering over her unclothed body as I tried to figure out what to do next. Unfortunately, this completely derailed my train of thought. "Wow," I mumbled. "You, uh...you really look incredible."

She looked down at herself. Her body didn't look wildly different, but in small ways, she had definitely changed. Her muscles, still sleek and feminine, were slightly more defined, cut. They rippled with each movement, catching the light and almost glowing. Her breasts, too, had always been round and firm, but now they seemed even more perfect. They were large, high on her chest, seemingly unaffected by gravity. "Hmmm, I see what you mean," she said. "Whatever this is, it seems to have made some improvements. I even feel better...healthier and more awake. I just wish I could pick things up without being afraid of shattering them."

"Maybe it just takes some getting used to," I said hopefully. "You just need some practice."

"Really...you have some ideas, I assume?" she said, a hint of a smile finally returning to her face.

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I propped the fridge door up as best I could for the time being, and we went carefully down the stairs to find some of my old weights. I didn't work out with them much anymore, but I was glad now that I hadn't gotten rid of them.

"Here we go," I grunted, hauling a pair of dumbbells out of the storage room. "You can practice gripping these, they should hold up. And don't worry, I won't mind if you break them," I joked...secretly hoping that she actually could.

I guessed that there were about 35 pounds on each one...in my younger days I must have been able to curl that much, but I wouldn't have wanted to try it now. Cyndi bent over to try picking one up. At this moment I was quite glad that she had disagreed with my suggestion that she try to get dressed. She was afraid of damaging her clothes, or me if I tried to help her, and she didn't seem to care much about being naked now. I certainly didn't mind it either.

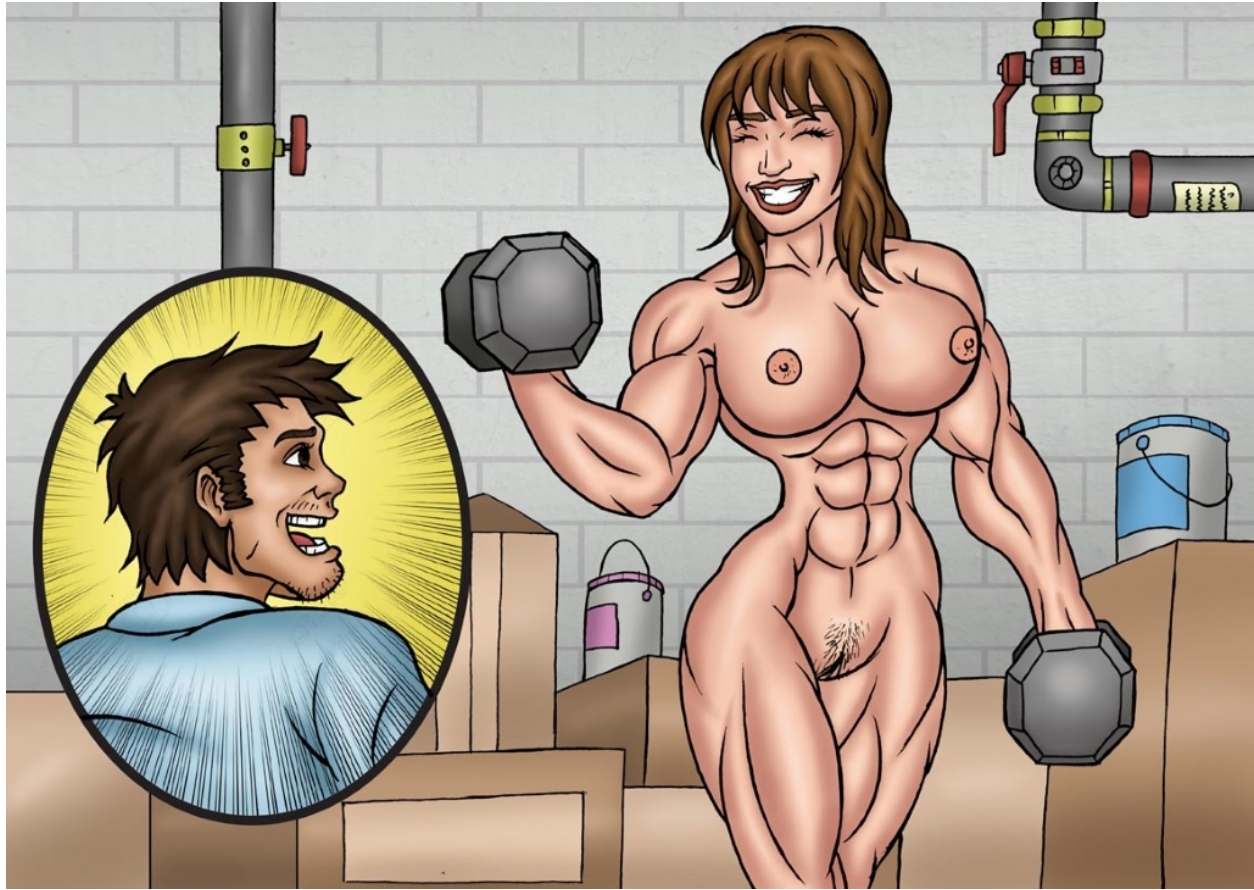
"Woah!" she gasped, suddenly jerking the dumbbell high into the air. "You goof," she teased, smiling. "You acted like they were heavy."

I smiled back. "They are." This was incredible. She really was superstrong! I could tell by the way she was easily moving the dumbbell around with one hand, the same one which I would barely have been able to curl more than a couple times.

"Oh." She looked at the weight, and I watched it dawn on her as well. "It...it feels like nothing. Like air." She bounced it up and down with her wrist a few times.

"Curl it," I instructed.

"Like this?" She moved her forearm smoothly up and down through its full range of motion, her smooth, feminine bicep bunching and extending effortlessly. "It's so easy...I could do this all day." She grinned. "You like it?"



"I love it, honey." I simply watched her for a moment, admiring her flawless figure, her firm breasts jiggling as her arm moved even faster. She was grinning, enjoying the realization just as much as I was.

"How does it feel in your hand?" I asked after she had done another few reps. "Is it hard to hold it...without..." I couldn't even say what I was thinking; it sounded too silly. Or maybe too much to wish for.

"Oh, I wasn't even thinking about that," she mused. "Maybe that's a good sign? It feels solid in my hand, like metal should, I guess. But I wonder..." She stopped curling the weight and held it steady, watching her hand closely. I could tell she was starting to squeeze the handle harder, but it still didn't look like she was exerting very much effort.

It wasn't long before something started to happen. The metal gave a loud creaking sound as her fingers began to reshape it slightly. It flattened a little bit in her grip, then started to bend. Her eyes almost popped out of her head, and she gasped with delight, looking at me excitedly. "Look at that!" she squealed, as if I wasn't already staring open-mouthed.

"My god," I breathed. "How hard was that for you?" My mind was racing.

"No problem," she giggled. "I wasn't even really squeezing yet. Geez, no wonder I was breaking everything I touched. I must be..."

"...really fucking strong," I finished for her.

"I can't believe it," she breathed. She squeezed the weight again, feeling it yield in her feminine hand as though she were holding clay rather than iron. The metal bent further, twisting and warping around her fingers. She finally dropped the misshapen metal to the floor, and turned her attention to the remaining dumbbell in her other hand. "Baby, watch this."

She grabbed it with both hands and pulled. Once again, the metal bent easily, and began to stretch between her clenched fists. Within a few seconds, she had snapped it apart into two pieces. She grinned broadly.

"Am I strong enough for you now, hun?"



Words failed me. My wildest fantasy had come true. My girlfriend was super strong, super sexy, and she loved it too! My mind was already full of things I wanted to see her try, but behind her excited smile I could still see the nervous fear that had been there since I'd walked in the door. "Baby...you're incredible. It's my dream come true...but...are you okay?"

She looked back at me, seeing the concern in my eyes, and smiled more softly. "Yes, I really am. I panicked at first, but now...I know everything's going to be okay. Better than okay." She gently, carefully touched my arm. "I'm still a little nervous about whether I'm going to keep breaking things, but...I think you were right. I'm going to get used to it.

I can tell just from handling the weights...once I got used to them being so light, they still felt like regular weights in every other way. I think I just need to get the hang of things feeling really light. Once I get some practice..." she curled her lip in a sly smirk. "Watch out."

"I can't wait," I breathed.

"Me neither. Let's go practice."

She trotted lightly back upstairs. I followed her up the steps as quickly as I could, admiring the firm contours of her ass and legs so much I nearly tripped.

She was headed for the bedroom. "I just need to get the feel for more fragile things," she explained as I came in behind her. "The weights were tough; they could take the extra pressure. Well...up to a point," she smiled. "But things like..." she looked around then noticed a pen on her desk. "Like a pen...I have to be more careful with." She cautiously reached out, and picked up the pen between her finger and thumb. "I did it!" she beamed. Holding it delicately, she turned it over in her hands a few times, gripping it in different ways.

"That's real good, hun," I said encouragingly.

"Thanks. But now that I think about it, a pen doesn't feel much different from before. It was already pretty weightless. I think maybe the hardest things will be the things I had to put some muscle into before, and now I'll have to remember...not to." She shrugged.

"Uh, how about your clothes then? Just for the next step. Do you want to try getting dressed?"

Cyndi looked down at her naked body, with its large, buoyant breasts and sculpted curves. "Why bother?" she asked, raising her eyebrow at me. I whispered a prayer of thanks.

She was looking around the room again. "Maybe...my bowling ball." She bent over to try picking up the leather satchel which held her 12-pound bowling ball. "Oh my god," she giggled as she lifted it carefully out of the closet. "This is so weird!" She tossed it from one hand to the other. "I think I better not go bowling again for a while...I'd probably throw this right through the back wall of the building!"

I laughed.

"Hmmm," she said, setting it down carefully and looking around again. I surveyed the room as well.

"How about trying to lift something you couldn't before?" I suggested hopefully. "Like the dresser?"

She studied the piece of furniture carefully. It was a wide cabinet with six drawers for holding clothes, made of oak. It probably weighed a good hundred, maybe a hundred and fifty pounds, not to mention all the clothes that we kept in the drawers and piled on top of it. Glancing at me with a smile, Cyndi quipped, "You really are excited about this, aren't you?"

Not waiting for an answer, she squatted down, balancing on the balls of her feet and looking for a grip. She slid one hand underneath the dresser and decided to grab the front of it with the other. As she gripped it, there was a cracking noise.



"Oops," she gasped, jerking her hand away. "Forgot already. Okay, here we go." She tried again, being gentler this time. Lifting with one hand and using the other just to hold it steady, she smoothly raised the dresser off the floor. Standing up, she grinned at me. "Easy," she giggled. "Really, really easy."

I walked across the room to her in awe. Slowly putting my hands on her arms, I slid them back and forth over her muscles. They were smooth, steady, and very firm. She seemed not even to be flexing them very hard, not exerting any effort at all, but they were clearly rock solid.

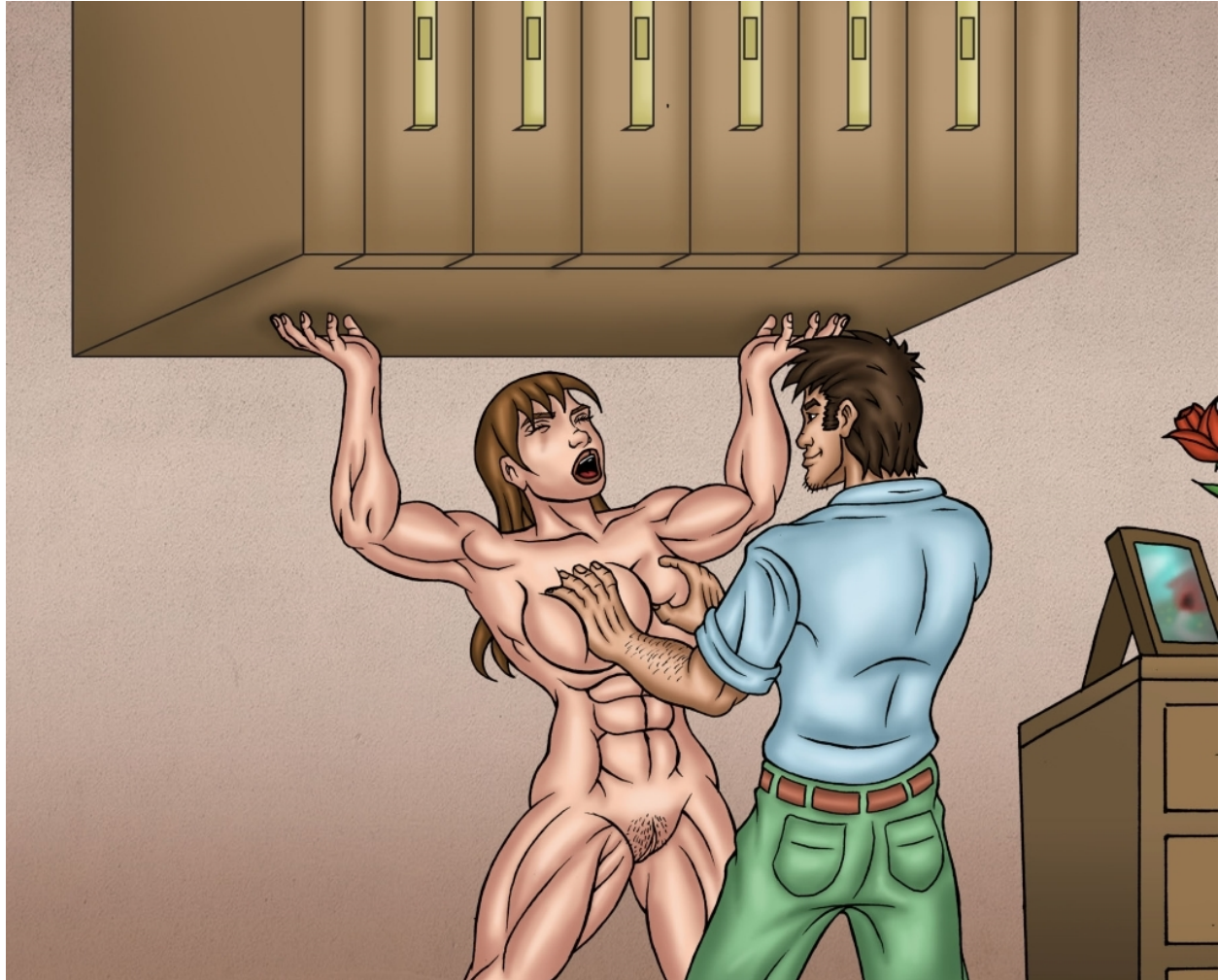
"Mmmm," she purred, enjoying my touch. "Do you want to explore your supergirl's body, baby?"

I nodded, letting my hands wander down her back to her ass. It was wonderfully round, and almost as rock hard as her biceps. Cyndi turned around to give me the best view of her rear, then casually raised the dresser up over her head, supporting it with both hands now.

The ceiling was not high enough for her to fully extend her arms, so she just kept them bent, holding the dresser near the ceiling but not pushing it too high. I gawked at her bent arms, thinking about how much easier it would be to hold up such a weight with straight arms than bent.

"Is that hard for you?"

"This? Don't be silly, I could hold it like this for a week. Keep doing what you were doing, baby," she winked.



I moved around her body until we were face to face again. Trembling with excitement, I put my hands on her magnificent breasts. "Ohhh, yesssss...." she moaned, closing her eyes as I began to rub them experimentally. They were pushed out by her flexed pectorals, amazingly round and firm, and seemingly unaffected by gravity. I squeezed them and felt them give a little, but underneath their spongy softness I sensed a firm core. "Oh my Goddd, baby," Cyndi sighed. "That feels incredible...squeeze harder." She began to push the dresser up and down slightly, almost as if doing little reps, but she hardly seemed to realize she was doing it. Her breasts swelled, almost seeming to grow larger in my hands. I obeyed, squeezing her tits harder, the way I'd always wanted to. They resisted, practically swelling back against my hands.

"Nnnnnnnngghh!! Oh fuck! Harder!!!" Cyndi demanded.

I squeezed as hard as I was capable of. Before today, I knew she would have shrieked in pain, but now she just moaned with pleasure. Her entire body was starting to shake. "H-h-holy shit," she stammered. "Watch out baby, I need to put this down before I break it." I stepped back and let her set the dresser down, which she did effortlessly. Still shuddering with arousal, she laid back on the bed. "Squeeze my tits again baby, please..." she gasped. "I can't believe how fucking good that feels..."

I moved back to her and eagerly took her incredible breasts in my hands again. They were definitely larger...larger even than they had been a minute ago? I began massaging and squeezing them again, as hard as I could. It was an unbelievable feeling to know I didn't have to worry about being too rough or too eager...she clearly loved what I was doing, and the harder I did it the better. As I played with her tits she started stroking her pussy, softly at first but rapidly getting harder and faster, until she was furiously rubbing her clit with everything she had. In less than a minute she had erupted in a furious orgasm, her screams of ecstasy filling the room as her gorgeous body tensed and shuddered. Her pussy gushed juices everywhere, all over her hand, her legs and the bed.



For a moment we just lay there next to each other, panting for breath. I was incredibly turned on, but for the moment was content just to recover with her. She turned to me and smiled broadly. "Wow."

I grinned. "That was unbelievable, baby."

"It sure was," she sighed. "I think it's not just my muscles that are stronger, my sex drive is too. I've never cum like that before." She licked her own cum from her fingers, driving me wild with desire. "Mmmmm."

"And you didn't even break anything," I observed.

"I know. I think I have a lot more control now. Just understanding it helps a lot."

"Not that we really understand it," I said. "I mean, do you think this happened just because you wished for it? How can--"

"What's all over your hands?" she interrupted.

I glanced down at my hands. They were dripping with some kind of white liquid. "I don't know." I tasted it. "I think -- I think it's milk."

We both noticed at the same time that the same white liquid was still dripping from her hard nipples.

"Well, that's interesting," Cyndi quipped. She wiped a trickle from her hard stomach and licked her finger. "Mmm, not bad." She was eyeing my bulging crotch. "Kind of makes me hungry for something else."

Sitting next to me on the bed, she reached over and grabbed the waistband of my jeans. Without any difficulty, she simply ripped them off, the seams tearing down the sides of my legs as she peeled my lower half like a banana. My cock sprung straight up, twitching and pulsing.



Licking her lips, Cyndi slid her hand under my ass and smoothly lifted me off the bed. I instinctively reached out to grab her shoulder for balance, and felt her rock hard muscle supporting me steadily. She held me out in front her, her green eyes transfixed on my throbbing erection.

Slowly and theatrically, she brought it to her mouth, holding me in the air with one hand, and wrapped her soft, warm lips around the head. Sucking gently, she moved me back and forth, in and out of her mouth, coating my entire cock with her saliva. I moaned appreciatively, my eyes closing as I enjoyed the feeling of weightlessness in combination with her wonderfully wet mouth. She sucked me harder, taking me all the way in. My tip was pressed against the back of her throat and still she pushed me in deeper, her tongue sliding along my shaft as she half swallowed my head. I groaned louder, unconsciously gripping a handful of her hair.

MMmm hmhhh," she purred, her mouth full of me, encouraging me to respond however I wanted. Her suction was incredible, her mouth clearly as strength-enhanced as every other part of her appeared to be. I clenched her hair tightly and start pushing her head up and down on my cock. "Mmm HMMMMM!!" she responded, loving my forcefulness. I let loose, spurred by her encouragement and the incredible vibrations of her moaning on my cock. I yanked her head back and forth, pushing my cock as far down her throat as I could, practically fucking her mouth harder than I had ever even fucked her pussy before, and all she did was keep sucking and purring for more. I managed to hold out for about two minutes before exploding, pumping hot cum into her mouth as she swallowed every drop.

"Oh my god," I groaned as she gently set me down, once she had sucked the last spurt from my throbbing head. "That was fucking incredible." She smiled down at me as I my head fell back on her pillow. Her breasts were so large and pert, they almost obscured my view of her angelic face, beaming down at me with utter satisfaction. I smiled up at her. "My girlfriend has been a supergirl for one hour and it's already even better than I ever dreamed it would be."

"I know," she nodded. "For me too. Remember, this is my fantasy come true as well, not just yours. And it's only going to get better and better, I promise you."

She leaned forward and kissed me deeply, her hard breasts pressing insistently against my chest.

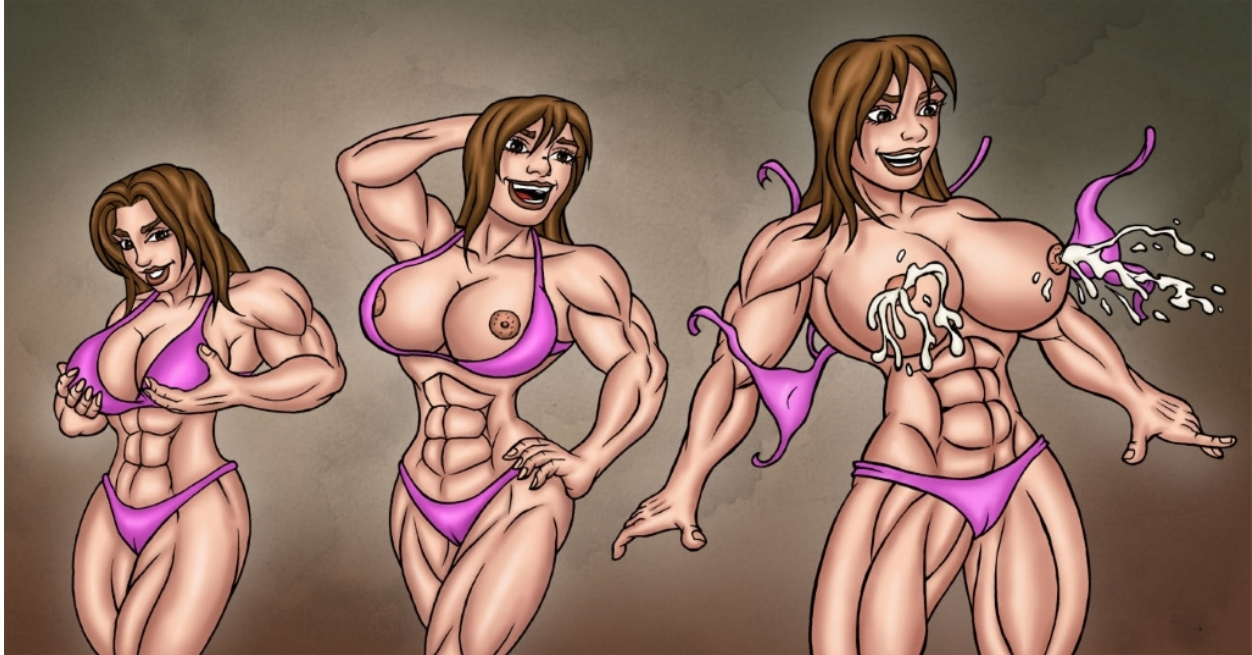
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Over the next few days, we learned more about Cyndi's new body. Along with her sleek, hard, supercharged muscles, she seemed to have zero percent body fat. There was no extra padding or loose skin anywhere on her, just cut, feminine muscle and flawless, hypnotic curves. When she flexed, her muscles could expand more than normal muscle would, becoming impressively large if she pumped them as hard as she could, but they retained their sleekness and did not balloon out of proportion with the rest of her body. When relaxed, she had the appearance of an extremely fit, healthy woman; if she flexed hard she could look like an accomplished bodybuilder, even showing some vascularity on her arms, just enough to be sexy. Knowing the full extent of the strength she possessed, it was a wonder to me that she didn't look absurdly, impossibly huge, like some of the altered pictures I'd seen on the internet. But those fake women were not the epitome of my fantasies, which was, quite simply, what Cyndi had become. She was now my own personal ideal woman...a superstrong, supersexy fitness model type. And there were other things about her that were, for lack of a better word, ideal.



Her breasts were slightly larger now than before, about a D cup. She wasn't sure because she no longer needed to wear a bra...they were so firm that they always stayed high, pert, and perfectly in place no matter what she was doing. When she inhaled deeply or became sexually aroused, they seemed to inflate even more. It appeared that she could make them do this at will, and we weren't sure yet what the limits were on how large they might become if she were to keep it up. When the effect was happening, it was hard to concentrate on continuing it without becoming distracted and engaging in other activities. She guessed that she had increased them to an F on at least one occasion. They always returned to a D when we were through.

Another interesting and quite gratifying phenomenon regarding her breasts was the fact that they could now give milk. We didn't know if this was related to their ability to increase in size or not. Cyndi didn't report any pain or sensations of fullness, which we knew usually accompanied lactation, but when I sucked on her permanently hard nipples, I was always rewarded with a rich, creamy, delicious flow of warm milk. She never leaked any milk at other times, except in the case that she decided she wanted to. Then she could turn the flow on and off just by thinking about it, and increase it from a dribble to a steady gush at will. And it seemed that no matter how much milk she expressed, her breasts stayed the same size (whatever that might be at the time).



Other than the changes to her muscles, body fat, and breasts, her appearance had not changed in any other perceptible way. Yet she seemed so much sexier in every possible way, not just in those specific areas. Her hair gleamed, her eyes sparkled, her smile dazzled, and she constantly gave off an aura of fresh, wholesome beauty which simply made others happy. We noticed it everywhere she went. It was more than simple lust she inspired, it was joy and life. Men wanted her, yes, and perhaps women too, but not necessarily in a greedy and covetous way. They seemed to have more of an admiring, sincere attraction towards her. It was hard to put your finger on it. Perhaps the best way to say it is that she could make someone's day just by smiling at them, without there being anything sexual about it.

That's not to say that she wasn't sexual, because she had become more so than ever. She had always loved sex and been very open and adventurous in bed, but now she was on an entirely new level, completely ready and completely willing to do anything, try anything that I suggested. Nothing was out of bounds if it would please me in any way...she didn't bat an eye. And she could become incredibly aroused in just a couple seconds. It was as if the mere mention of sex or the slightest touch of my hand sent her into a raging frenzy of erotic desire. Anytime I wanted her, she was more than ready to go. But perhaps most amazing was how sensitive her new body was. Things which had felt good to her before, like me kissing her, rubbing her breasts or pussy, and of course having sex, now felt incredibly, indescribably pleasurable, according to her, and even some things which she had previously derived only slight pleasure from before, like sucking on a lollipop or just receiving a back rub or foot rub, now gave her such intense sexual feelings that she could almost reach a climax from those things alone. She had become an absolute sexual dynamo, constantly wanting it, willing to do anything, and experiencing otherworldly levels of pleasure. And she wanted me and me alone.

That would have been more than enough for any man, but the best change by far, for both of us, was her fantastic, incredible, impossible strength. She could lift, bend, break, or crush anything imaginable, using any muscle in her body, all without appearing to strain in the slightest. And she loved doing it.



Using her strength turned her on every bit as much as it turned me on, if that was possible, and her pussy inevitably started to dribble warm love juices as soon as she began performing any feat of strength. And of course, for several days we were both bursting at the seams with ideas of feats of strength for her to try, every single one of which she eagerly did, as I drooled appreciatively.

Even though all of this was what we had both wished for, it was a little much to swallow all at once. Over a couple sessions of candid, heart-to-heart conversation, we worked through our understanding of what had happened. At first it was a little hard for me to believe that she was truly willing to become this for me, and she likewise was hesitant to believe that I actually wanted such a strong woman as my girlfriend. I had told her that it was my fantasy, sure, but it's one thing to daydream and quite another to deal with the real thing, twenty-four-seven, so to speak. And it's one thing to tell your boyfriend that you want to be his fantasy, but to permanently undergo such a life-changing, inexplicable metamorphosis is a lot to ask of a girl.

It was even a little awkward to work through the details of who had wished for what. It had become apparent that all of the changes she had experienced were the result of the two of us wishing for them, but was it possible that both our fantasies were completely aligned? There were obvious questions, like who had wanted the milk? What else had we not mentioned to each other? We had already been fairly open about our secret desires, but now that she was sitting right here, a complete and perfect, living, breathing embodiment of every slightest little thing that either of us had ever dreamed of, there was no point in keeping secrets now. She admitted that she thought giving milk was sexy, and I was happy to agree with her. Her expanding breasts had been my idea, as it turned out, and she confessed that she loved it.

But as for how strong she was, and the shape and size of her body, it seemed we had both wanted almost exactly the same things, and we couldn't have been happier with the results.

* * * * *

About one week after the change, we had managed to get the fridge and shower fixed, and were starting to get accustomed to our new lives. By now Cyndi had lifted, curled, pressed or played with every heavy object in our house, from the cars to the furniture and appliances, to every weight in my collection. She had fucked me every way I had ever dreamed of and many more that I hadn't, often while performing unthinkable feats of strength at the same time. She knew what I liked, and she gave me as much of it as I could handle.

This morning she was wearing a pink bikini that looked like it contained less material than a pair of shoelaces, and luring me downstairs. "I have something to show you," she explained, her voice full of promise.



I followed her hypnotically swaying ass down into the basement, where I saw every weight in the house loaded up onto the two longest bars. We had already determined that my original collection contained two 100-pound plates, four 50-pound plates, four 25-pound plates and six 10-pound plates. That made a grand total of 560 pounds, but Cyndi had been busy collecting more.

From various garage sales and used sporting good stores, she had acquired five more 100-pounders and eight 50-pounders. This additional 900 pounds was loaded onto the two bars along with everything else, but as I looked closer something struck me as odd.

"Hun...you put all the weights on one side?"

Basically, she had distributed the nearly 1500 pounds evenly between the two bars, but on each bar she had not distributed it at all. The weights started at one end and were stacked one against the other all the way past the middle of the bar, leaving about two feet at the other end free.

"That's right...I thought it might be more fun this way." She smirked at me, instantly causing my heart to speed up. "Get comfortable and enjoy the show."

I fell into a beanbag chair and gazed at her intently as she took her position next to the two weights. I couldn't help thinking of all the times she had done this...told me to watch as she performed, playing the part of my Supergirl, but now it was completely real. After a whole week of this, I still could hardly believe it...no cardboard, no Velcro; Cyndi was honestly and truly the fantasy strength babe I had always wanted, and she was loving it as much as I was.

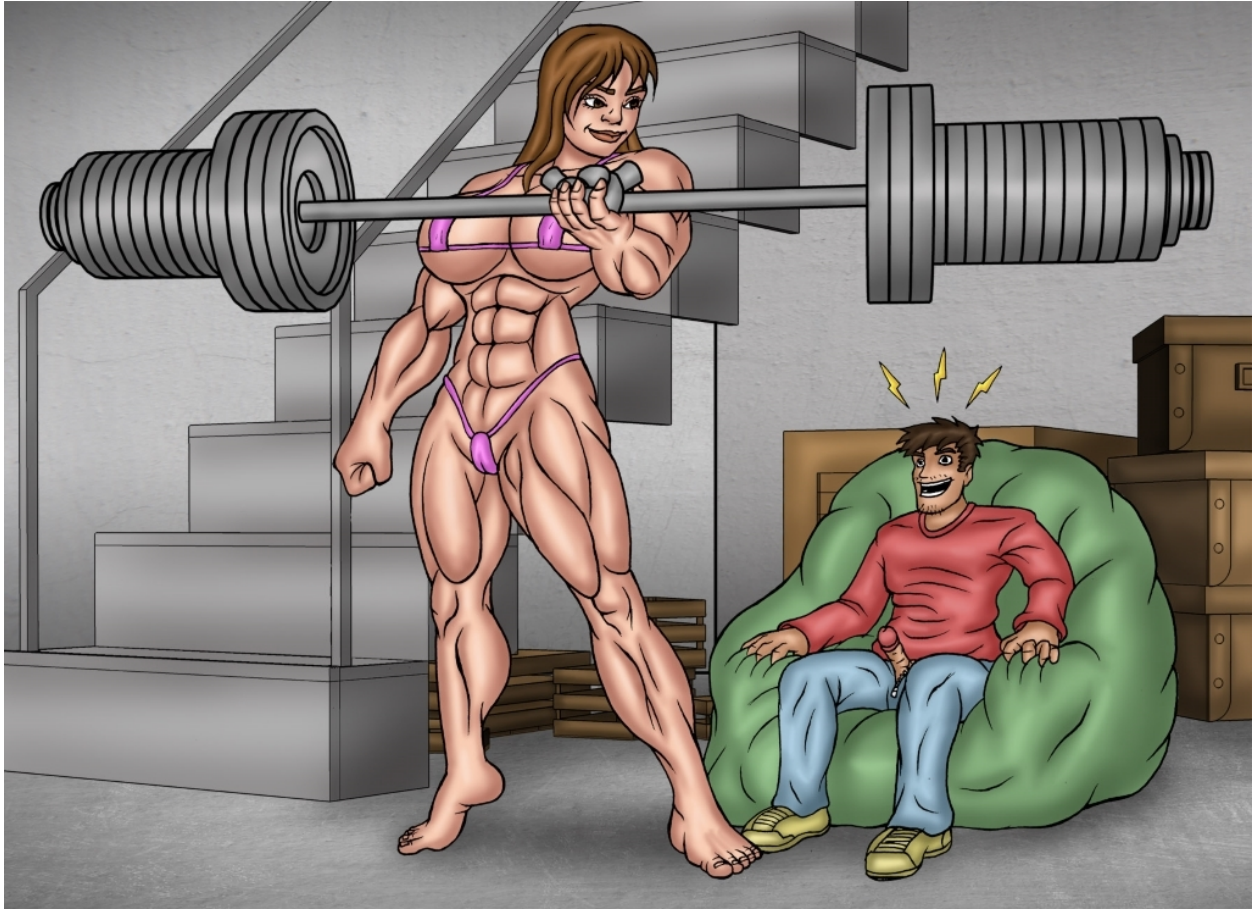
Keeping her legs straight, the way she knew I loved, she bent over at the waist, her massive breasts straining against the tiny string bikini top, and clutched the end of one of the barbells with her left hand. Despite the incredible imbalance of having 750 pounds on one side and nothing at all on the other, she was able to hold the bar perfectly level as she curled it with ease. I watched the absurdly long row of weights pointing out to her left, moving smoothly up and down with each rep she performed.

She bent down again and grabbed the other one. She curled it as well for a while, gazing at me with pure lust in her eyes. She was obviously getting turned on. After a few reps with her right hand, she lowered it down to her crotch. Her left arm continued curling one of the weights, but now, as if distracted, she was doing something entirely different with the other. She started to slide the end of the bar between her legs, rubbing it against her crotch through the thin bikini bottom which barely covered her pussy. Both the bikini and the iron bar were soon thoroughly coated with her juices. She was either oblivious to or utterly unconcerned with the 750 pounds on the other end of the bar; her only interest was in the end of the bar which was now pleasuring her sensitive clit. She slipped it underneath the sopping wet bikini now, rubbing it directly against her leaking cunt. "Mmmmmmmmm," she purred, still gazing deep into my eyes. "Have I mentioned how much I LOVE being this strong?" she giggled.

I was so turned on by this display, it felt like my throbbing cock might split open my jeans. I eased the pressure by unzipping my fly and allowing my erection to spring free.

"Ooooh, I like the look of that," Cyndi responded eagerly, licking her lips. Pulling the bar from between her legs, she now brought it up to her mouth and began to lick off the fluid which now completely coated it. Slipping the end right into her mouth, she sucked it luxuriously as she slid it back and forth, taking it all the way to the back of her throat. I groaned, and fought the urge to stroke my cock. Even without touching myself, I was already close to cumming.

"Ahhh," she sighed, popping the bar out of her mouth again. "Let's see what else we can do with this..." Setting the two weights down side by side, my Supergirl squatted down next to them and gripped the two ends in her hands once more.



This time, though, instead of lifting them she actually began to bend them. The metal squealed and groaned, echoing off the walls as it was manipulated in her powerful, feminine hands. She wrapped one end around the other bar, then bent it through itself. Then, bending the other bar back around and through the first, she formed an actual knot of iron. All that remained was to grab the two sides and pull the knot tight, and she had formed a single long barbell out of the two tied together. My jaw hung open.

"You - you just -" I stammered.

"Uh huh," she nodded. "It was the only way I could lift all the weights we have all at once." This she now did, just as easily as before, and still with only one hand. My cock twitched and throbbed, harder than ever and ready to explode at her command.

"Wow," I breathed. "Baby, you are just - so amazing..."

"I know," she purred, strolling casually towards me now while curling the extra long, 1500-pound barbell. The knot was holding pretty well, though the ends were definitely sagging slightly towards the ground.

"I'm the strongest..."

Her eyes sparkled as she eyed my cock.

"...sexiest..."

Her breasts were swelling considerably, stretching out the thin bikini strings.

"...horniest..."

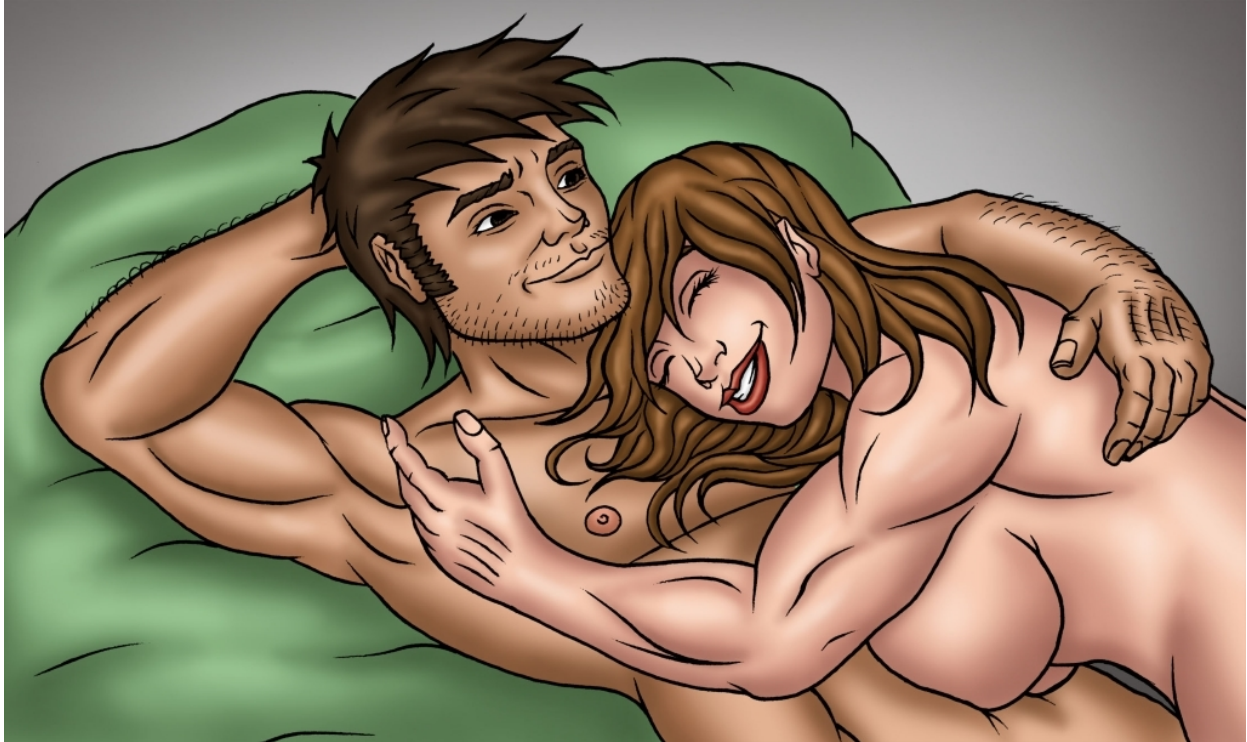
She straddled my waist, slowly lowering herself towards me.

"...Supergirl alive..."

She was still curling the tied-together weights with one hand, without the slightest hint of difficulty.

"...and I need your cock inside me right now!"





She impaled herself on me, plunging my rock hard shaft deep into herself. All I had to do was lay back while she rode me, curling a ten-foot-long, 1500-pound barbell the entire time, and screaming in ecstasy as her climax rapidly overwhelmed her. Her breasts expanded larger and larger, snapping apart her bikini and bouncing free. I grabbed them, squeezing as hard as I could as they grow larger than I could hold. She came twice, then three times in a row, gasping for breath and screaming my name. Finally I couldn't hold out any longer, and exploded deep inside her, cum gushing from my pulsating cock for what felt like five minutes. At last she carefully set down the weights behind her and cuddled up in my arms, her pulsing vagina still warmly enveloping my cock. She was my superwoman, my fantasy, and she was still my sweet, lovely Cyndi too.

THE END.....for now

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