

CYNDI (Part 3)

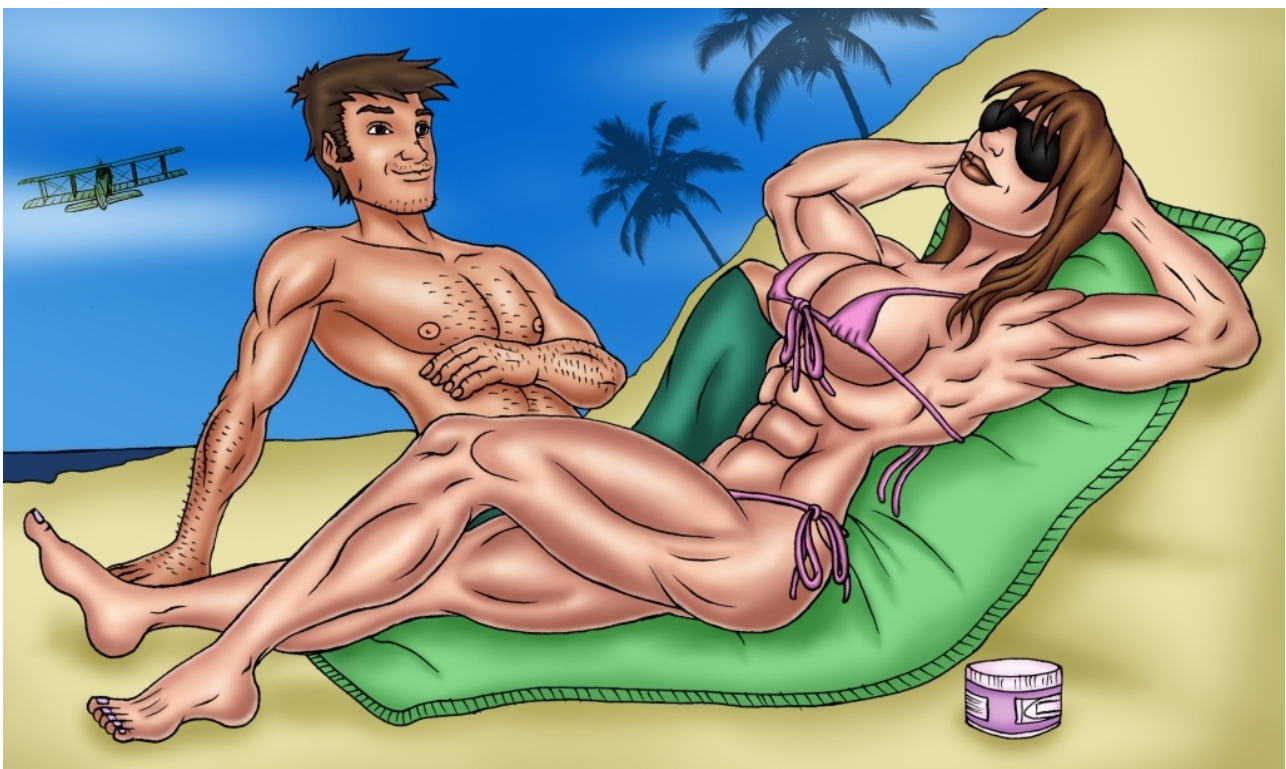
(a Sean Porter Story)

(amysconquest.com)

Cyndi and I were enjoying a perfect day at the beach, letting the sun warm our skin as we relaxed on the soft, golden sand. There was a cool, gentle breeze coming off the water and the sound of happy laughter echoing in our ears from a nearby volleyball game. It was hard to imagine a more ideal setting. I sighed happily.

Cyndi stirred lazily, glancing over at me and smiling from behind her oversized sunglasses. They seemed ridiculous to me, covering half of her gorgeous face, but there was no denying all the girls were wearing them this year. Silly fads.

Fortunately, skimpy string bikinis never go out of style. There was plenty of evidence of this all around us; fit and tanned bodies prancing, playing, essentials barely covered. With this visual feast before me, I allowed my eyes to wander occasionally, but there was no question who the prize specimen was, and my gaze inevitably came back to the perfect body sprawled next to me. I knew she could feel my appreciative stare sliding slowly over each flawless feature, starting with her small, sexy feet, toenails painted a pale, playful pink. Then came her long, chiseled legs gleaming in the sun, deeply tanned and flawlessly shaped. Each muscle was sleek, hard and curvaceous, without a trace of fat anywhere. Even her midsection was stunning, I reflected, studying her flat, clearly etched abs, and the way her narrow waist flared out into sexy, rounded hips and a firm, bubble-shaped ass.



Then, of course, there were her magnificent breasts. So firm and round, they almost looked fake, but the sexy way they bounced and jiggled with each movement was undeniable proof of their authenticity. Even now, just resting high on her chest as she lay on the sand, they were almost unbelievable in their gravity-defying perfection. Even at their "normal," double-D size, they were stretching her tiny top to its limit, and I wonder how long those thin strings would last if she were to get excited.

As apt as I was to simply stare at those perfect orbs for the rest of eternity, I forced my eyes to continue their journey across my supergirl's body. Cyndi's arms were quite sexy too, I mused to myself. Studying the lithe forearm and bicep lying next to me on the towel, I savored their remarkable combination of sharp muscular definition and supple femininity. The power contained in her muscles was obvious; they appeared hard and taut even now, when totally relaxed, but their smooth, soft skin and sleek shape disguised their true potency while making them even more appealing. Even when she flexed her biceps to their full 15 inches, their impressive size and definition was no indicator of the vast strength at her disposal. And it was that incredible, impossible strength, even more than her awe-inspiring body that made her my ideal woman, the ultimate fulfillment of my every fantasy.

As if she was reading my mind, Cyndi yawned and stirred restlessly. "Mmmmm," she purred, stretching her arms above her head and arching her back in an entirely irresponsible manner, "This is so relaxing, but I think I'm ready for a little action." She stood up, brushing a few specks of sand from her salacious backside. Holding a hand out to pull me up, she suggested that we stroll down the beach and see what kind of fun we could find.

Her slender fingers interlocked gently with mine as we walked side by side on the warm, soft sand. My heart soared just to be next to this angelic creature, her grip on my hand clearly declaring to the world that she was mine. Each awestruck stare she received from another guy, each jealous glance my way, made me feel ten feet tall. Her delicate feet led us along the edge of the water, the waves lapping at our ankles before sliding back out to sea. I could have just walked with her like that, the two of us contentedly holding hands and surrounded by such beauty, for hours, but it wasn't long before Cyndi giggled, squeezed my hand, and said, "Look over there."



Just up the beach in a partially roped-off area, two huge guys in tiny Speedos were lifting weights. They had a ghetto blaster blaring Rage Against The Machine, a vast array of dumbbells and free weights, and a small collection of bikini-clad admirers cheering them on. As the two hulking brutes took turns pumping iron their overinflated muscles swelled and glistened in the sun, eliciting oohs and ahhs from the crowd of beach bunnies encircling their makeshift pavilion. With a mischievous gleam in her eye, Cyndi strolled over to join the onlookers, pulling me along behind her.

She attracted attention as soon as she squeezed her slender frame into the front row of bimbos directly in view of the weightlifters. Her round, perky breasts bounced as she smiled coyly at the mountainously muscled man closest to her just as he was preparing to lift a thick bar loaded with four 100-pound plates. Despite having been surrounded by bathing beauties all day, he found himself completely smitten at the sight of this heavenly creature, her alluring eyes and vivacious smile nearly as captivating as her amazingly fit body. He was unable to prevent his cock from swelling suddenly, reaching a fully erect state in mere seconds.

Even as he gripped the bar tightly and hoisted it off the ground, his muscles quaking with effort, his dick would not subside, instead straining against his skin-tight briefs as he likewise strained to bring the bar up to chest level. Gasps of astonishment and delight came from all around him as the ladies admired his titanicly flexing arms and chest as well as his equally engorged manhood. But as he locked eyes again with the gorgeous newcomer, the mere sight of her caused him to lose all control. He grunted loudly, shoved the bar all the way up above his head and spasmed uncontrollably as his cock spurted cum in his Speedo. A second later he had to let go, the weight crashing back down into the sand, as he struggled merely to remain standing. Cyndi stifled her laughter and clapped politely for him.



"Four hundred pounds!" the other man yelled, trying to cover for his friend's lapse. "Have you ever seen such strength, anyone? Ladies, I doubt any of your boyfriends could lift half that much!" The girls all cooed and nodded flirtatiously, reaching out to try to stroke the embarrassed man's pulsating shoulders and arms and pretending not to notice the obvious stain on his tiny swimsuit. But suddenly there came a response.

"I bet my boyfriend can lift twice that much!"

I stared dumbly at Cyndi, trying to hide behind her as she grinned back at the two men.

"Twice?" the speaker shot back. "Eight hundred pounds, that's impossible. No human being could ever lift that much!"

"Here he is," Cyndi replied, jerking me back to her side. "Just let him try!"

The two men clearly didn't know what to say. What was the point in even responding to such a stupid claim? But the first man looked at his friend and said, "what the heck, let him make a fool of himself."

I stared at Cyndi like she had gone crazy, but she just giggled and gave me a kiss. "Come on baby, make me proud," she whispered in my ear. The two bodybuilders were loading four more plates onto the bar. When they had finished, they stepped back and gestured for me to step into their area. I did so, and Cyndi stepped through the rope right behind me. To the men's questioning stares, she simply replied, "I always like to see my man's strength right up close."

They didn't like it. "We're just concerned for your safety, miss," one of them growled.

"Oh come on," she purred. Stepping right up to where the overloaded barbell lay in the sand, she bent down and rested her delicate hands on the stack of weights adorning one end. Her hard, shapely ass was thrust erotically out behind her; her long, statuesque legs locked straight up and down; her breasts on the verge of tumbling out of her bikini as she looked up at the bodybuilders and batted her eyes. "Tell you what. If he can't do it," she breathed, "I'll let you both fuck me, right here right now."



It was all they could do, both of them, to keep from climaxing in their Speedos at that moment, even if it would've been the second time for one of them.

As I stepped to the bar, acting as though I was actually going to try to lift it, Cyndi didn't move from her provocative pose. Her slender fingers were casually grasping the hundred-pound discs at her end of the bar, and in a flash I suddenly comprehended her plan. My attitude changed considerably, and I spit into my palms, hamming it up as though I was an Olympic competitor.

"Good luck," one of the brutes snorted contemptuously.

A hush fell over the small crowd as I crouched down and gripped the warm iron bar tightly with both my hands. Gritting my teeth, I began pulling at the bar as though I was really trying to lift it. What I was actually doing, of course, was just waiting for it to start rising on its own.

Sure enough, it did exactly that, just budging at first, shifting slightly in the sand, then slowly but steadily rising into the air. My hands were clenched tightly around the bar, holding it steady, but my muscles weren't responsible for anything else as it passed my knees, then my waist. I glanced at Cyndi, exhaling sharply as though I were pausing for breath.

She was beaming proudly back at me, her fingers still casually resting on the massive iron disc at her end of the bar. It was clear she was gripping it quite firmly, but she was betraying no sign of any effort whatsoever. Her eyes were gazing dreamily at me, as though SHE was so entranced by MY strength that she wasn't even aware of her surroundings. Now there's a switch, I mused to myself.

After a short silence, the onlookers burst into cheers. They were all clearly stunned, and ecstatic that a normal, scrawny guy like me had shown up these boastful brutes. The ladies were all batting their eyes at me, their faces flushed with excitement.

Flexing my biceps as hard as I could, I curled the bar up to my chest. It came easily, yielding to my wishes so easily that it really did feel as though I was curling about ten pounds. I performed several reps, making it clear that this was actually not that difficult. The entire time Cyndi just let her hands remain on the weights as though she had forgotten they were there. At one point she took one hand away, using it to play provocatively with her hair and then just resting it on her curvy hip as I finished my set.



After 25 reps I carefully lowered the weight back to the ground, acting as though I was being careful not to set it down on Cyndi's sexy foot. She followed my motion, bending back down towards the ground again so that, as I set the weights gently down to thunderous applause, she wound up back in her original, deliciously fuckable pose. "Well, what do you know?" she grinned at the dumbfounded muscleheads. "I guess I'm only getting fucked by one guy today after all!" With that, she grabbed me by the hand and ducked back under the rope, pulling me after her as though she couldn't wait another minute to get my cock in her. A fresh burst of cheers followed us all the way down the beach.

* * * * *



It took us all of 60 seconds to dash back to our car, pack up our stuff, and pull out of the parking lot. Cyndi had thrown on a ripped T-shirt and some old jean shorts over her bikini, but she still looked so sexy it was almost painful. And I knew she was as turned on and raring to go as I was.

In fact, I could see the juices from her cunt soaking right through the tattered denim of her shorts and dripping onto the vinyl car seat as she steered us towards home. However, she was trying to play it cool as she glanced at me and grinned. "So did you enjoy that, my sexy muscle man?" she giggled.

I could only laugh, nodding eagerly. "It was quite a change to be the one showing off and have you be the one watching."

"Uh huh...and I saw the way all those girls were looking at you. I bet they all wish they were me right now." To emphasize her point, she slid her hand across my thigh and sensuously stroked my throbbing manhood through my shorts. I moaned appreciatively. "About to be fucked by that big, strong cock..."

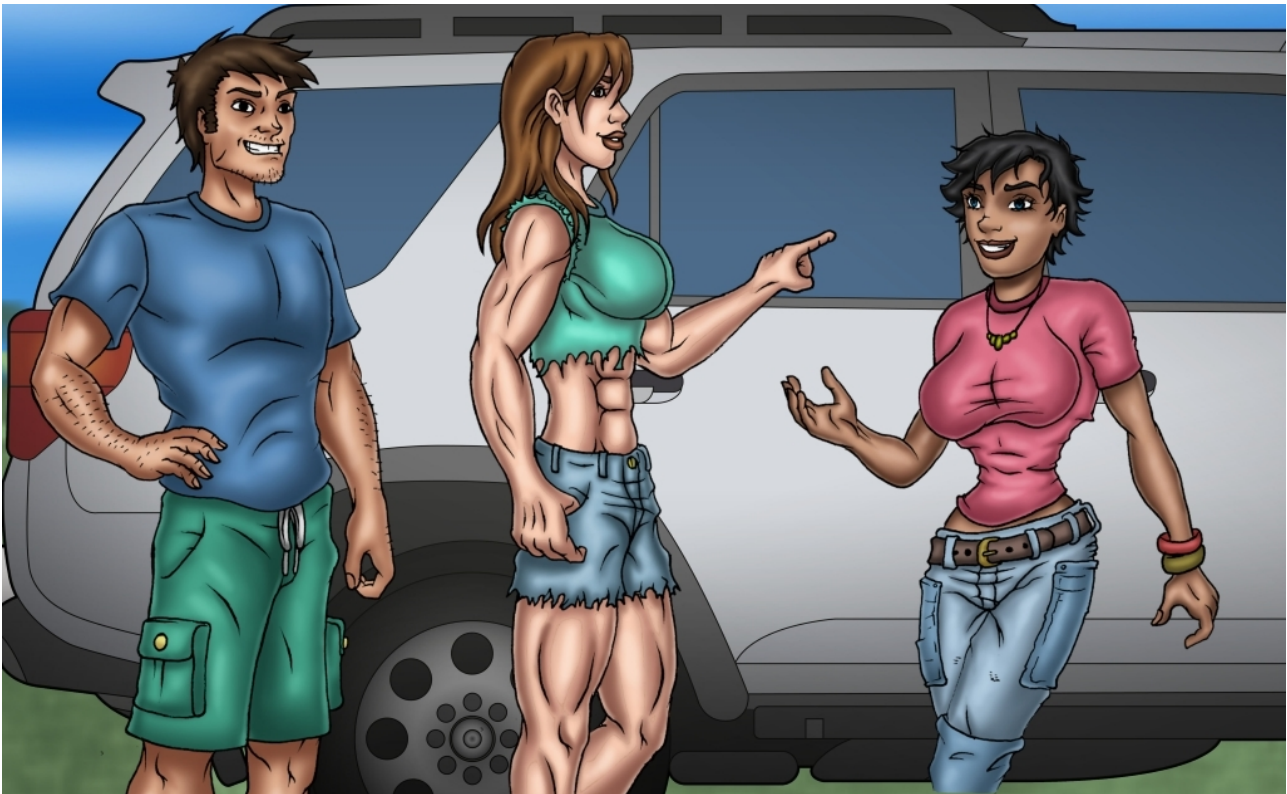
"Only because they don't realize which of us was really the strong one," I winked.

"Maybe, maybe not," she laughed. "Trust me, not all of them were as dumb as those two steroid-poppers." I stared at her, mystified. With a laugh, she flippantly added, "Sometimes women can just tell what's really going on," and left it at that.

We were almost at the exit for our apartment, but suddenly Cyndi braked hard and pulled the car over. "Oh goodie," she exclaimed, pulling up behind an SUV which was stopped on the shoulder of the highway. "This happens in so many of the stories; I've always wanted to try it."

"What happens?" I stammered, slowly catching up to what was happening. She was already opening her door.

"A flat tire, silly," she shot back, hopping out of the car.



I flung my door open and climbed out. Cyndi was already at the other car, talking to the driver. The door opened and out stepped a woman of about 35, quite short and very attractive. She glanced from Cyndi to me and back again. "I've got a tow truck coming," she explained, embarrassedly adding, "I don't know how to change a tire."

"No problem, we can take care of it for you," Cyndi offered. "Save you paying for the tow truck. Honey, get out the spare," she said to me.

"Oh thank you, you're so nice," the cute woman replied with a smile. Cyndi returned it warmly, her eyes sparkling.

I ducked my head in the trunk, detaching the spare tire from its fixings. Securely fastened next to it was a sturdy-looking, perfectly serviceable jack. Of course, I knew better than to reach for it.

"There's no jack," I called despondently as I hauled the spare out of the trunk and quickly slammed it shut.

"Oh shoot," the driver of the car said. "It figures. I have the worst luck...."

"It's no problem," Cyndi said, putting a calming hand on her shoulder. "As long as you can keep a secret," she added with a wink. "Ready, hun?"

I was already in position next to the flat. "Whenever you are, dear."

Cyndi reached down and loosened each of the lug nuts on the flat with just her slender, feminine fingers. Once she had gotten each one started, I casually spun them off and caught them in the hubcap. The poor woman stared at the two of us, her jaw hanging half open. But once I had the nuts off, her jaw dropped the rest of the way as Cyndi reached down to get a grip on the frame of her vehicle.

"Wait--" came her stunned, half-articulated reaction, but the tire was already rising from the ground, my supergirl casually straightening up with most of the 4Runner's weight resting in her delicate palm. She ran a hand carelessly through her auburn hair and gave the woman a friendly smile.



"Don't worry; this will only take him a second," she reassured. The woman gaped, not even able to breathe. Cyndi looked around, watching the traffic pass, then glanced down at me. "How's it coming, darling?"

I was purposefully taking my time, of course, but I smiled and replied, "Just fine, almost done!" It was easy work, changing the tire with the vehicle supported so well - rock solid and much higher than a jack would have been able to hold it - but I was making sure to fully admire Cyndi's flawless body as she stood there holding up more than half a ton for me.

"Take your time," she smirked.

I eventually got the tire on and gave her the signal to lower the vehicle again. A few cars had slowed down as they passed, but I figured it was more likely that the drivers were staring at Cyndi's barely clothed body standing next to the truck than actually noticing that she was holding it up with one hand. Her pose was so nonchalant it would have been much easier to assume that a jack was doing the work. But of course, our new friend knew the whole story. She finally recovered her voice as Cyndi bent over to tighten the lug nuts again. "Thank you so much. I'm Karen," she managed gratefully.

"Cyndi," Cyndi replied, turning to shake Karen's hand. "And don't mention it...it's our pleasure."

Karen's eyes met mine for an instant, and then swept over Cyndi's entire body. "That was incredible," she said flatly. "You're so strong..." She was obviously at a loss for words, but her way of simply stating the obvious was somehow appropriate.

"Thanks," my girlfriend said with a demure smile. She gestured casually at me as I came to stand next to her. "He really likes me this way," she answered, as if that was enough of an explanation for the impossible thing she had just done.



"I bet he does," Karen replied breathlessly. Her well-formed breasts seemed to be rising and falling with excitement. "I must admit, it has quite an effect on me as well." This woman clearly had a gift for being direct. Cyndi grinned broadly.

"In that case, perhaps we should get to know each other better," she responded just as directly. "Any ideas?"

Without another word, Karen led us around the back of the SUV to the other side, out of sight of the traffic, and immediately began stripping off her clothes. Cyndi and I followed, already doing the same.

Karen's body was beautiful, in great shape and evenly tanned. Her full breasts sagged slightly but remained round, her large nipples hard with excitement. Clear fluid was already trickling down her thighs as she watched Cyndi tear off her bikini.

She immediately put her hands on Cyndi's body and began to stroke its hard, muscular curves as Cyndi moaned appreciatively. I contented myself with watching for the moment as they began to kiss, their smooth bodies rubbing against each other. Karen's tongue pushed deep into Cyndi's mouth as they began to stroke each other's glistening vaginal lips. Karen's pussy was completely shaved, while Cyndi's was adorned with only a soft, thin covering of fur. Then Cyndi gripped Karen around the waist and pulled her tightly against herself, bringing Karen's soft, heavy breasts to her mouth and beginning to lick and suck her swollen nipples as Karen arched her back in sheer ecstasy. Shudders of pleasure were coursing through her entire body.

Effortlessly lifting Karen off of the ground, Cyndi turned to lean back against the side of the large vehicle. Her slender arms raised Karen higher into the air, finally bringing her cunt level with Cyndi's eager mouth. Karen was now high enough to see over the top of the SUV; her hands pressed flat against the roof for balance as she spread her long legs as wide as possible.

Cyndi's tongue lapped at Karen's engorged clit, her chin rapidly becoming coated with thick juices. At the same time, Cyndi's right leg raised into the air, extending towards where she knew I was standing. With a movement of her ankle, she beckoned me towards her.

No longer a spectator, I plunged in. Cyndi raised Karen slightly higher into the air, allowing me access to Cyndi's entire glorious body from the neck down. Her raised leg wrapped around my back as I plunged my hard cock into her throbbing, glistening sex and began lavishing her heaving breasts with kisses. Karen's pert ass rested in Cyndi's capable hands just six inches above my head, an interesting view if I chose to glance up from Cyndi's heavenly chest.



Karen was thrashing in ecstasy, her breasts rubbing against the metal roof of her vehicle as she gripped the roof rack tightly. I started pounding Cyndi's tight, slippery cunt with all the force I could muster, feeling her hard, flexed calf muscle sliding passionately up and down the length of my back, spurring me on. My hands gripped and squeezed her impossibly hard breasts, feeling them growing as she moaned with delight into Karen's dripping pussy. Karen was clearly enjoying her attentions to the fullest, but after a few minutes of this arrangement, she reached down to touch Cyndi's face, panting, "Wait...wait..."

Cyndi came up for air, shifting Karen slightly to one side. "What?" she asked.

Karen stole a glance at me from her perch above my head. "It's been a long time since..." she hesitated, but once again her direct nature came through. "Since I had a good hard cock in me."



Cyndi grinned and smoothly lowered Karen down beside me. "I understand," she purred. "He does have an especially nice one." She moved back, allowing Karen to slip between us. Almost immediately she dropped to her knees and began sucking my dick as if it was the most delicious thing she'd ever tasted. I moaned and closed my eyes. Karen's mouth was hot, wet and clamped tight around my throbbing shaft; her tongue sliding up and down as she sucked relentlessly. It felt like my cock was being pulled right down her throat.

"Mmmm, I can taste you on him," Karen moaned over her shoulder to Cyndi, then sucked me even harder. I could barely focus my eyes on Cyndi's excited smile. Just when I started to feel like I might not be able to control myself any longer, Karen released my cock, smacked her lips with delight, and stood back up. "Now," she whispered, "fuck me good."

She turned around, opened the side door of her car, and motioned for Cyndi to get in. Cyndi obediently laid down across the rear seats of the SUV, spreading her legs for Karen. In response, Karen began eagerly sucking and licking Cyndi's pussy, bending at the waist to offer me access from behind. I glanced at Cyndi, but she was already completely lost in bliss, moaning loudly.

Not needing any further encouragement, I grabbed Karen by the hips and rammed my cock deep into her pussy. She let out a shriek of delight, and then began moaning even louder than Cyndi as I started pounding her.

She was pushing back on my cock eagerly, her cunt every bit as tight and wet as I had hoped it would be. It was the first time I'd ever fucked another woman since I'd met my Cyndi, but from the enjoyment both of us were getting out of it, I had a feeling it wouldn't be the last.





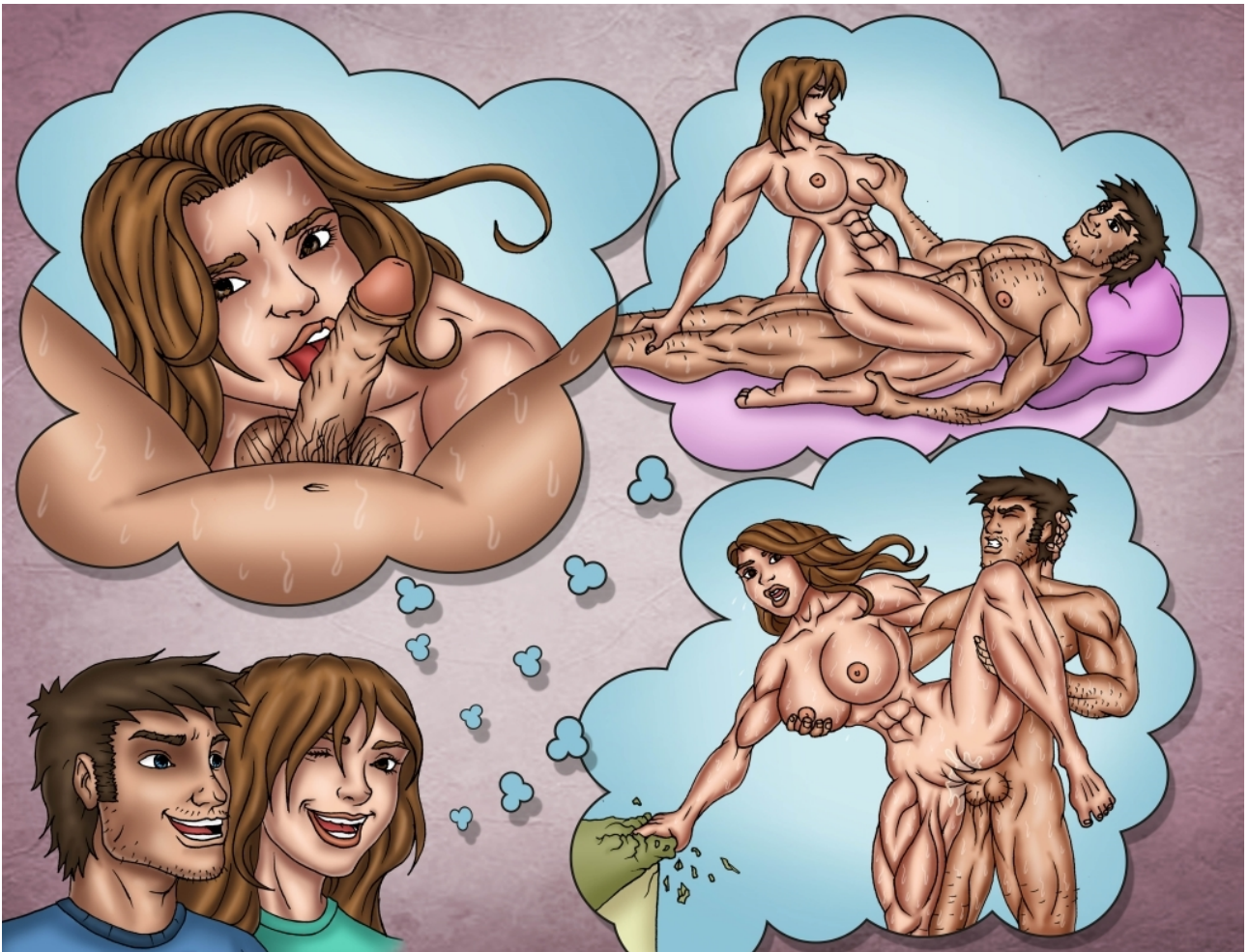
I rammed Karen even harder, wanting to spur both her and Cyndi to even greater pleasures. In response Karen gripped the sides of the open doorframe and kept expertly licking Cyndi's clit, eagerly taking the full force of my pounding.

Both Cyndi's and Karen's moans were reaching a rapidly a crescendo, and I had a feeling neither of them would be much longer in reaching their climax. Karen's mouth was still working feverishly on Cyndi's pulsating pussy as the supergirl writhed sensually on the leather seat, and I was driving my cock into Karen as deep and as hard as I could. I felt her body trembling as she prepared to cum, but suddenly she reached back, grabbed the base of my cock, and redirected my thrusting from her pussy to her ass. She said nothing at all, only moaning urgently for me to continue. With redoubled lust, I rammed my throbbing cock in up to the hilt. Karen let out a scream of satisfaction, and came uncontrollably, her pussy gushing down her legs as her body quaked. Cyndi responded to the onslaught as well, thrashing in orgasmic delight. I was only a few more seconds in joining them, spurting my cum deep inside Karen's tight asshole.

We panted for breath, none of us moving much as we slowly recovered. But within minutes, Karen had managed to retrieve her clothes and was clumsily thanking us and explaining she had to go. Cyndi wiggled out from the back seat and gave her a long kiss goodbye. I found myself examining the frame of door where Karen had been gripping it. It seemed slightly misshapen, and I was almost positive that Cyndi hadn't done that.

As Karen drove off, Cyndi gave me a wide smile. "Wow, that was pretty hot."

I shrugged, not about to contradict her.



"You certainly looked like you were enjoying it," she insisted with a giggle.

"Well, next to fucking you, I guess fucking another woman while she's pleasuring you is alright. Not nearly as good, though," I grinned. Cyndi just smirked, and turned to walk back to the car.

"Good answer," she chuckled, starting up the engine as I slid into the passenger seat. "Why don't we get you home then, so I can give you what you really like best."

Sounded good to me.

THE END

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