

HOLLANDAZED

- a Michele LeMuscle story -

(amysconquest.com)

Adam cursed as he carried the gas can down the lifeless highway. His vacation in Holland had not gotten off to a good start. Arriving in Holland the day before, he expected a vacation filled with sights of the country and it's famed beautiful women, but things weren't turning out that way. Not only did his rent-a-car break down on his first day, he also seemed to have broken down on probably the only deserted country road in the very populated country. The only bright side was a sole farmhouse in walking distance, about a quarter mile. Adam left the broken down car and headed for the farm.

Adam neared the farm and thought his luck was getting even worse when the farm looked deserted also. Things changed as he made his way up the road to the house when a young girl was making her way from behind the house to the barn.

"Excuse me, hello", Adam shouted. The young girl of 17 turned towards Adam as she continued toward the barn. She was dressed in an old fashioned Dutch style. Very poofy lace shirt, dark baggy skirt, sandals, and a white winged hat. Her freckled red cheeks stood out in the sunlight and the bit of blonde hair the crept out of her hat, shone with brilliance. She carried a pair of buckets tied to a bar across her shoulders. "Hi, do you speak English?", Adam asked her as he reached her just before she entered the barn.



"Little bit.", she replied, stopping to greet him.

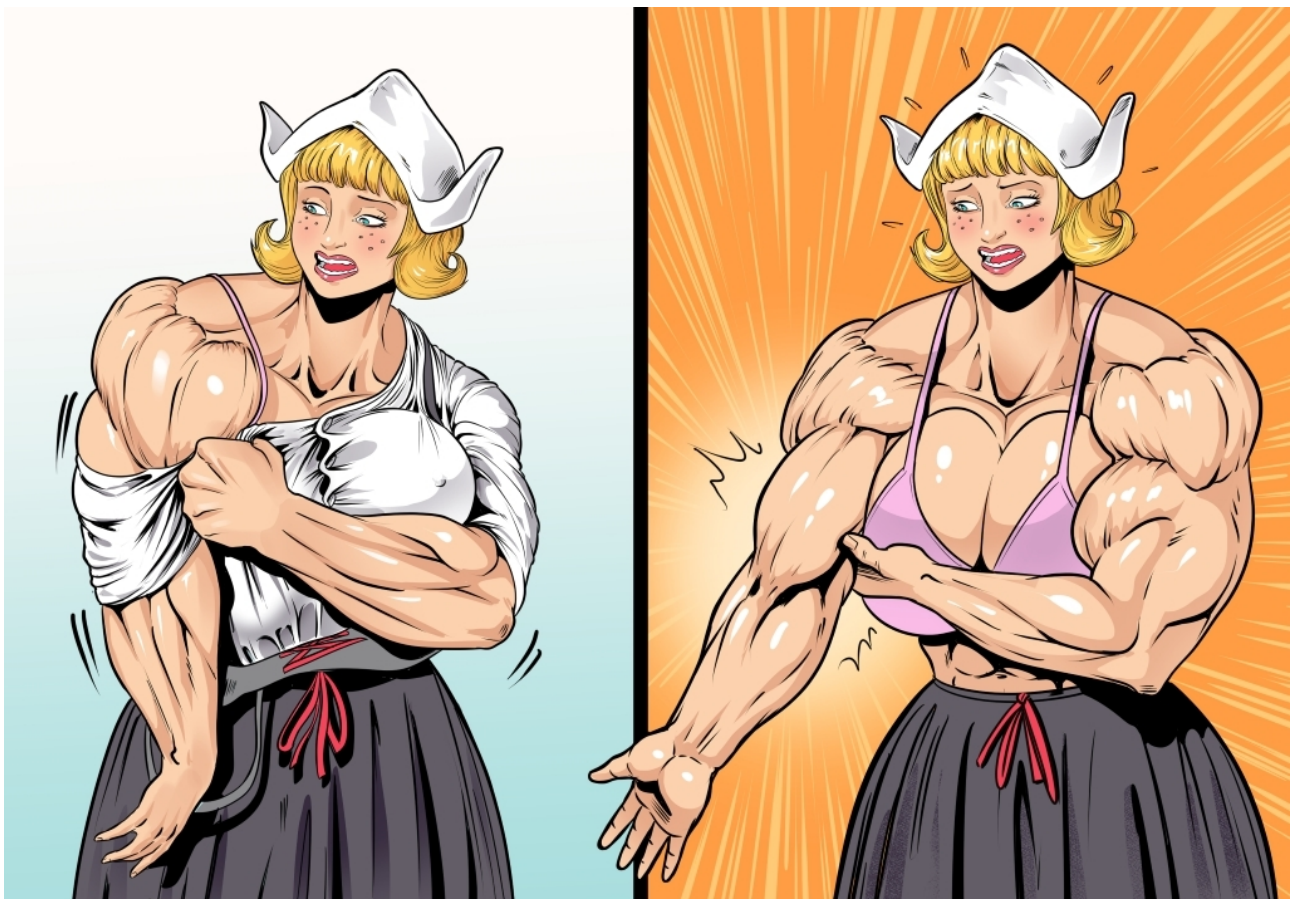
"My name is Adam and my car broke down just up the road. Are your parents home or is there a phone I could use?", he asked her.

"Parents out, just 20 year old brother at house.", she said in her broken English. Adam momentarily drifted into a daydream over her vibrant youthful beauty. Her blue eyes, short blonde hair, and freckles gave her an air of beautiful innocence. "There is phone in barn. Come, I show you.", the young girl said, pulling him out of his daydream.

"Huh ... uh .. oh, ya", he replied.

"I am Ingrid.", she said as they walked in the barn. Adam noticed the buckets were filled with water and thought they had to be very heavy, but Ingrid showed no signs of struggling with the weight as she walked. The 2 inch thick bar bent from the weight of the buckets, which thought had to be at least 100 pounds each. Suddenly Ingrid tripped and Adam grabbed her arm, preventing her from falling. The bar and buckets tumbled to the ground. Adam, with his hands around her sleeve, discovered that the shirt wasn't puffed up at all, but rather filled by her arms. Adam held her by her trunk of an arm.

"Are you okay?", Adam asked.



"I don't know ... I think I hurt my arm when the buckets fell.", she said. She grabbed her shirt by the neckline and pulled down over her shoulder. Adam's mouth dropped open as she unveiled bulging neck muscles and a huge muscular shoulder. He hadn't noticed the scratch on her arm, being too involved in viewing her muscles. Adam got even more excited when she pulled the bottom of her shirt out of her skirt and began unbuttoning it. The first few buttons exposed a chiselled abdomen and as the shirt came off her body, Adam was treated to her volleyball sized breasts and huge arms. Her mammoth breasts put a strain on her tiny bra. Her thick arms dangled at her side, beaming in muscularity.

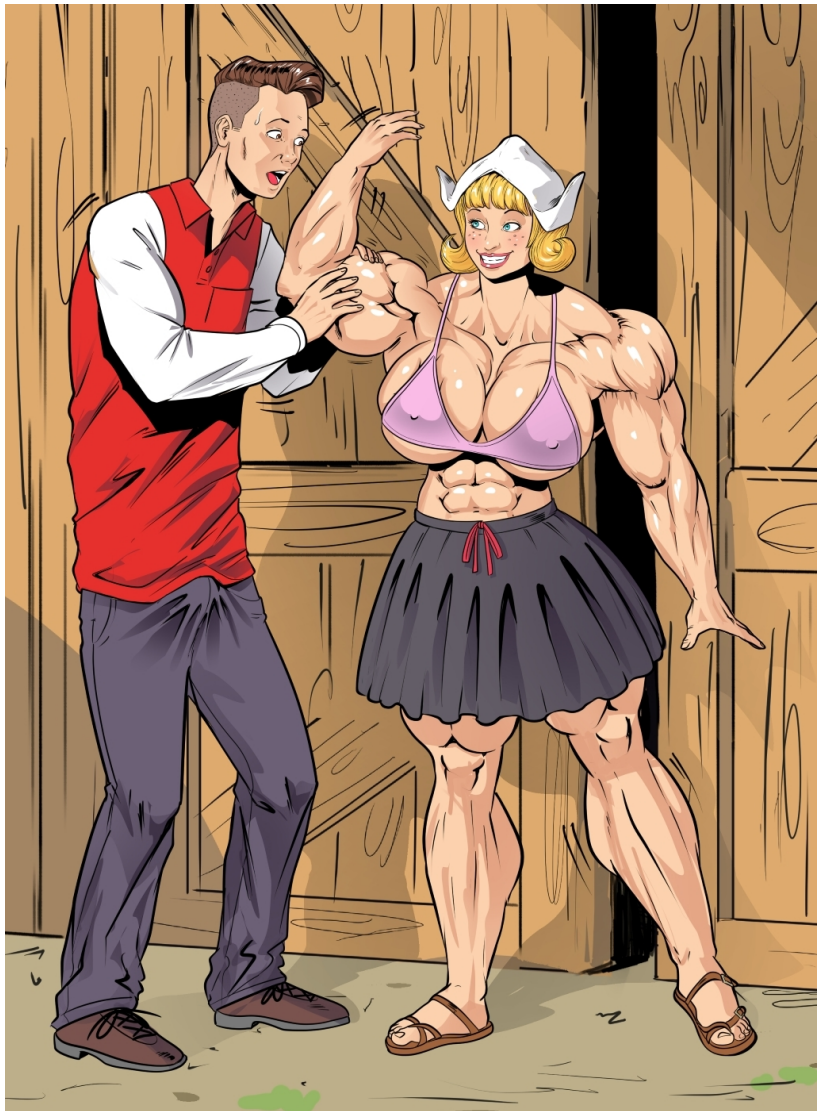
"I don't think I need Doctor for this.", she said, rubbing the scratch on her arm.

"Huh ... oh no, I don't think so.", Adam replied as he grabbed her arm. He rubbed the scratch area feeling the hard bulged muscles of her tricep. The occasional subtle movement by her, striated her arm. "My, my, you sure have pretty big muscles for an 18 year old!", he exclaimed.

"Oh, I am only 17 years old and what are ... moosles?", the young girl asked.

"Muscles, muscles!!", he replied barely wrapping his hands around her relaxed 18 bicep.

"Ah!", she said and then mumbling something in Dutch as she flexed her biceps. Adam joyfully watched the 17 year old's arms swell up to 24 inches of solid muscled peaks. "And you think my ... how did you say ... muscles are big?", Ingrid asked a very erect Adam. Adam stood and watched in amazement as her subtle movements squared her breasts up into blocks of muscle. "Don't American girls have muscles like Ingrid?", she asked, flexing again. The peaks of the young girls biceps shined as the skin tightened.



"Gee, I don't even think there's a lot of American men with muscles like that!!", he boasted of her as he wrapped each hand around a bicep. Seeming not to mind, Ingrid stood there in a bicep flex while Adam adoringly rubbed the mountainous muscle.

"Mmmm ... I see. You like the girls with the big muscles.", she said with an enticing smile. She let out a soft giggle when Adam tried to squeeze her biceps and found them to be immovable, no matter how hard he squeezed. "Silly man ... Ingrid's muscles like rock", she giggled.

His hands slid off her biceps as she stepped back. Smiling, she put her arms behind her head and arched her back. A sea of rippling muscles emerged from her abdomen. "It's too bad there not lot of American girls with the big muscles. In Holland there are many girls that have muscles like Ingrid.", she said, twisting her torso from side to side.

"Oh I'm going to love this country!!", he blurted as he watched the muscles dance across her belly.

"Mmmmm", she moaned as she closed her eyes, in content of her own muscularity. Adam too, was content and very erect. Ingrid flexed her biceps again. She turned to look at one of her peaked biceps in satisfaction of it's 24 inch circumference. "Ohhh ... I make American hard.", she said, taking notice of his erection.



The rosy cheeked young girl repeated flexing her biceps a few more times, milking her arms for more muscle. Her arms bloated out to 25 and 1/2 inches. "Mmmmm ... very big, yes?", she asked a near orgasmic Adam. He was totally mesmerized by her huge peaked biceps.

Then the dim barn was filled with light as the door swung open. "Ingrid!!!", came an angry shout from the door. A tall blonde man of about 20 stood in the doorway with a scorned look on his face. Ingrid turned to face the door as the man came in. She seemingly asked him something in Dutch, in a soft tone. The man was her older brother and he barked something back in Dutch as he stepped face to face with his younger sister.

Once again, Ingrid said something back softly. His tone kept it's rage as he pointed to the spilled buckets, screaming in Dutch. Ingrid's voice took a sharper tone also and the pair screamed back and forth at each other in Dutch.

Adam just pushed himself against the wall as the two argued. Ingrid's brother at 6' 1" looked down at his 5' 4" younger sister. He was very well built and muscular, but not even in the same league as 17 year old Ingrid's muscularity.

The two screamed loudly, but then Stan, (which Adam deduced was her brothers name by the number of times Ingrid said it), pushed his index finger into Ingrid's shoulder and shoved her a bit. Adam couldn't understand how a guy could even think of angering a girl with muscles like that, even if she is only a teenager.

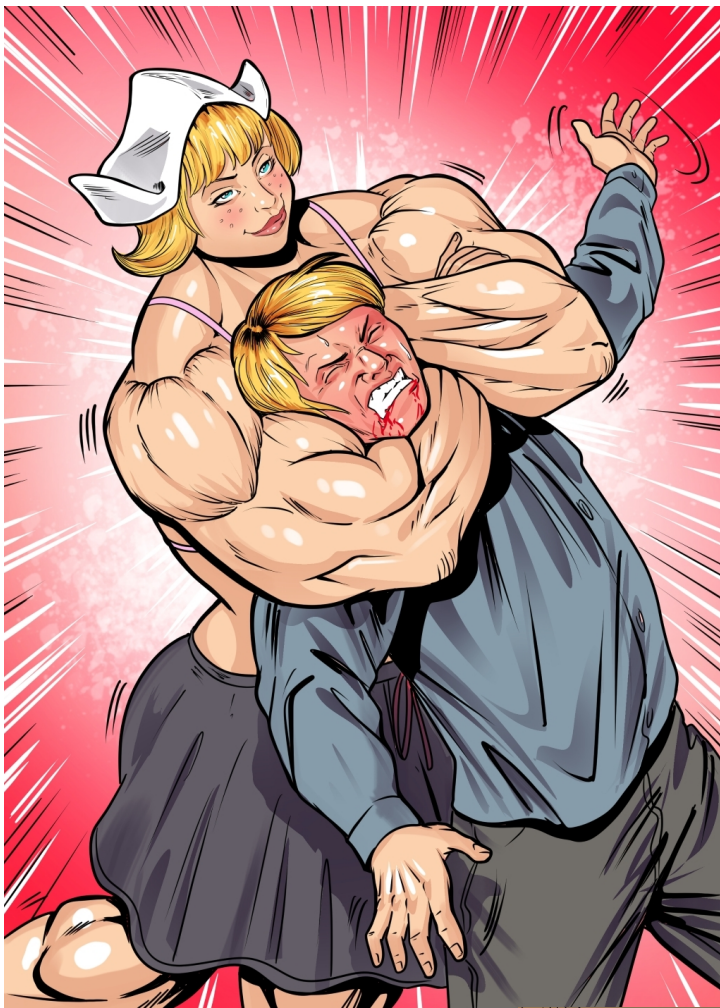
Ingrid took on a whole new presence after that. Clenching her fists, ripples of muscle slowly made their way up her arm as her brother continued to scream at her. Adam watched as Ingrid pushed her chest out and transformed her breasts into massive blocks of pure muscle. Her upper body lightly vibrated as muscles sprung into prominence. Her face turned to anger just as her older brother's voice had gone to a sombre state, after taking notice of his little sister's pumped muscles.



Adam couldn't understand Dutch, but knew her brother was pleading something to his little sister. Ingrid said nothing as she slowly cocked her arm back while her brother continued to beg. Her coiled 25 inch bicep was a vision of pure power. Her gleaming arm bulged with countless ripples of muscle. Her fist shot up like lightning, striking him in the chin and lifting him a foot of the ground. Before his feet even returned to the ground his face was met by her other fist, which swept across striking him in the cheek. Stan fell down into the hay like sack of potatoes. Adam couldn't believe he was witnessing this display of raw teen-aged muscle and strength.

Ingrid stood up her delirious and bruised brother. Holding up by the scruff, she threw a hard punch to his stomach. Her fist disappeared into his belly. The nearly unconscious Stan cringed in severe pain. Ingrid said something in a taunting, sarcastic manner, just before she punched him another 8 times in the stomach. each punch lifted the 180 pound Stan off the ground. Bending over in incredible pain, Stan spewed spit and some blood from his mouth.

At this point, Ingrid stepped forward and wrapped her arms around his neck in a choke hold. Muscles bulged as she squeezed her arms tight. "Mmmmmphh", she lightly exerted as her brother began to gyrate from the pain. She arched her back a bit and let out an erotic sigh as she crushed her older brother into unconsciousness. Letting go of him, he fell face first into the hay. Adam had a feeling he never had before. He was turned on as well as scared by the 17 year old.



Ingrid took a deep breath as she stepped away from her beaten brother. Adam saw that the sweet young girl had a different atmosphere about her, seemingly basking in her massive muscularity. Her muscles bulged incredibly from the quick handling of her older brother. Ingrid looked up and slowly walked towards Adam. Adam was somewhat fearful of the young girl after witnessing the manhandling of Stan. He backed off, only to fall on his butt on some hay. Ingrid stopped a foot or two away from him. She took off her white winged hat and tossed it aside. Her short blonde hair complimented her young, rosey, freckled face.

"Sorry for my big brother. He has a ... big mouth, Yes? He never learn lessons.", Ingrid said in a calm voice. This made Adam relax a bit, even though the young girl's upper body was radiating with huge muscles. "Maybe you like see more Ingrid's muscles.", she said as she began unbuttoning her skirt. The skirt slid down on it's own, but only half way down her thighs. The enormity of her thighs prevented it from going any further.

Adam watched as the young girl peeled the skirt down over her massive 30 inch thighs. Huge cords of muscle, 3 to 4 inches thick, criss-crossed her thighs. Once the skirt reached her knees it fell to the ground on its own. Her flat sandals showed she had no need of high heels to enhance her protruding 21 inch calves. "You like?", Ingrid asked as she rubbed her thighs in admiration. Adam gawked at the young girl, who stood before him in only panties and bra.

"You've got the most incredible muscles I've ever seen.", Adam replied in near drool.

"I give you closer look?", she said in a childlike manner as she stepped over him. She came down on her knees, straddling her mammoth thighs on each side of him. "Mmmmm", she sighed as she flexed her biceps. Adam watched as the 25 inch peaks pushed her skin tight.



He reached up and caressed her mountain peaked biceps once more. "Ooooh!!", she squeaked, noticing his erection pushing up against her crotch. "Mmmm ... Ingrid's muscles make American horny.", she said as she slowly swayed her pelvis back and forth.

Adam was near orgasm under the muscular prowess of the 17 year old Dutch girl. Ingrid reached down and ripped his shirt open like tissue. She rubbed his abdomen and chest. "Ingrid make you feel good.", she said erotically. Just as Adam thought he was about to embark on ride muscular pleasures, things changed.

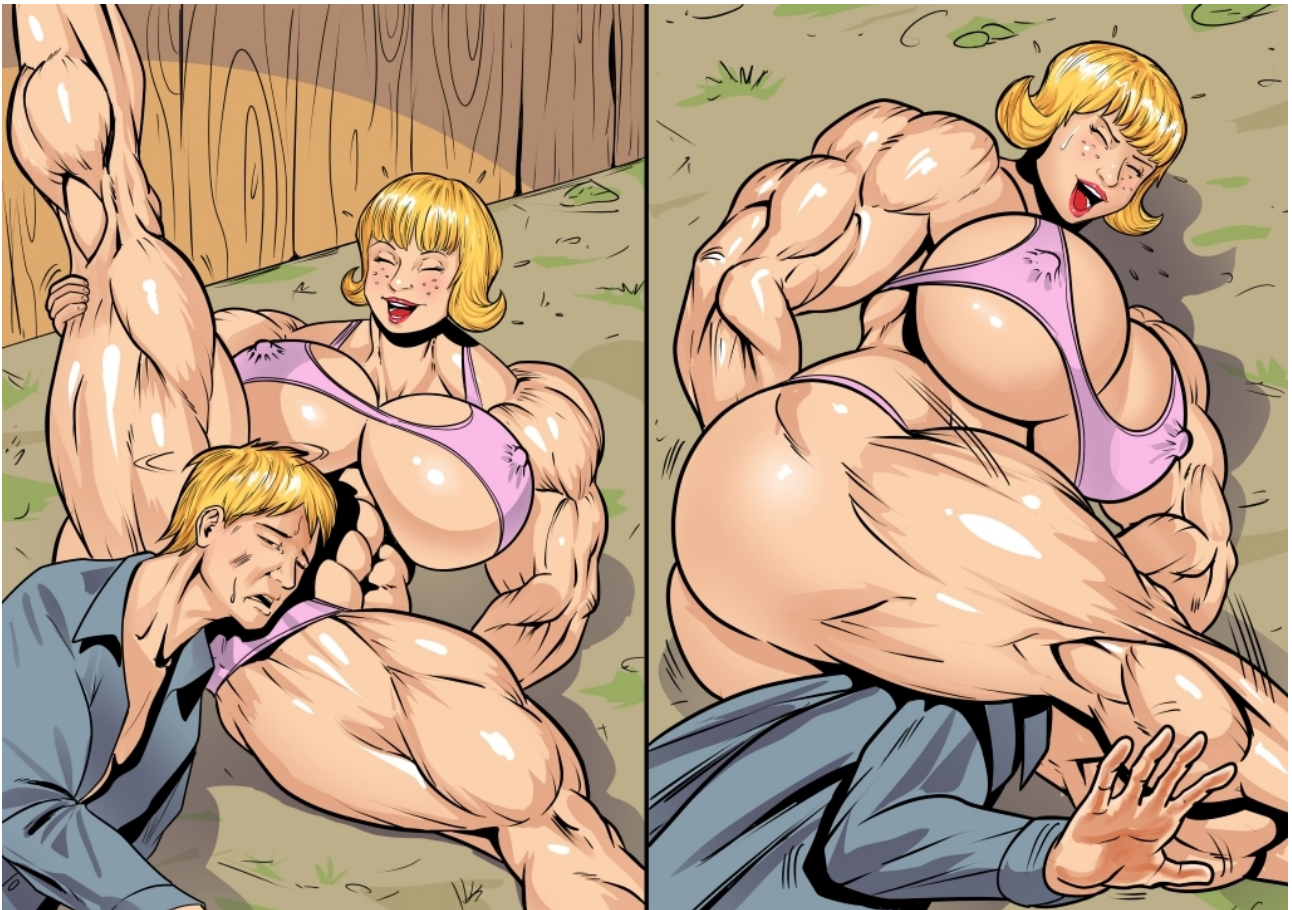
Ingrid crossed her legs under him, trapping his waist between her thighs. "Hey ... what are you ..?", Adam sputtered under the slight strain around his waist. Ingrid straightened herself up on her knees, causing her thighs to come together and crush him hard. His back arched from the pain.



With his stomach elevated, Ingrid cocked her arm back and Adam could do nothing but watch her arm ripple with muscles. He squirmed to no avail between the hydraulic squeeze of her thighs. Her fist came down hard and fast, burying deep into his stomach. Every ounce of air was forced from his body as his eyes nearly flew out of his head. As his face came up spewing air, it was met by her fist. A loud thud rang when her fist caught his cheek, snapping his head back. Another hard punch to the other cheek and Adam was knocked out.

Adam awoke after about 20 minutes, hearing Ingrid's moans of pleasure. She was not on top of him any more and her erotic moans seemed to come from about 20 feet away. Adam propped himself up on his elbows, his face and waist still aching from Ingrid's thighs and fists. His blurry vision slowly cleared, allowing him to see Ingrid sitting, resting on her palms with her thighs wrapped her brother's head. Stan's head was nowhere to be seen though, as it was totally engulfed by thigh muscles. Adam watched the young girl's thighs contract in and out, crushing her brother's head between. All the while she moaned in pleasure and satisfaction.

Adam felt he should make some sort of attempt to leave, but couldn't pull himself away from the display of total physical dominance by the teenage girl. Ingrid turned and looked at Adam, softly biting her lower lip. Her soft sighs were occasionally joined by the crackling of neck and cheek bones that came from between her thighs. Adam couldn't believe his eyes, here was a 17 year old girl with muscles upon muscles, manhandling a grown man, ... and seemingly enjoying it. Her thighs had bloated up with immense muscle, striated cords covered her entire legs.



She then laid on her back, with her brother's head still entrapped her muscle vice. Ingrid pulled her legs, pointing them straight up. She then spread her legs wide open and Stan's head finally became visible to Adam. Stan lay unconscious on her crotch and Adam wondered if he'd ever regained consciousness after he was first knocked out. Ingrid then moaned loudly and pointed her toes. Her legs solidified with muscles upon muscles upon even more muscles. Adam watched in disbelief as her legs had the appearance of granite. The crackles of her rippling muscles was loud as her legs were totally saturated with muscle.

Then with a quick thrust she slapped her legs together. Stan's unconscious body jolted. She slapped her legs together again, harder. She slapped and slapped her legs over and over, each time jolting her poor brother's unconscious body. She let out a little girlish squeak each time she slapped her muscle-swollen 33 inch thighs together. Adam watched Ingrid use her legs like steel cymbals, ringing against her helpless brother's head. Then with one loud yell she slapped her legs together as hard as she could and held them closed.

"Mmmmmmphhh", she sighed as she squeezed hard. Her thighs erupted with more muscle as Stan's head was once again smothered in her powerful thigh muscles. She shook her legs and squeezed hard, causing Stan to go into convulsions. "Oooooooo!!!", she moaned loudly as she slammed her legs to the ground and Stan's head with them. She opened her legs and Adam saw that Stan's face was a real mess of bruises and welts.

Ingrid stood up, her thighs pumped up with enormous muscularity. Adam froze in a combination of fear and lust. Ingrid, was herself in a state of lust. Her nipples were erect and threatening to puncture her bra. She placed her hands underneath her huge pecs and pushed up. Adam watched the two huge cement blocks of muscle rise as she softly hissed.



"Mmmmmm", she moaned as she pressed her massive pecs together, forming a deep, tight, rippled cleavage. Her hands then slowly slid off her pecs and down to her hips. The 17 year old stood over her unconscious brother for a while, flexing some of her muscles. This seemed to turn her on even more. She gave Adam a look of authority as she flexed her massive biceps into a frenzy of bulging muscles. With fear and a touch of admiration, Adam watched her flex, thinking how she would be a hands down winner at the 'Mr. Olympia' contest, leaving any male bodybuilder a very distant second.

"Oh, my!!!", Adam sighed with fear. By the time she began walking towards Adam there wasn't a visible part of her body that wasn't bulging with muscles, except for her tender young face. She stepped over to him and stood him up. "Ingrid, ... please!!!", he begged as she threw him in a headlock. Trapped between her massive arm and equally massive pectoral, he found there was no escaping her grasp.

"Mmmmmpphh", she sighed as she surrounded his head with muscles. His pleading was muffled by her powerful upper body and he quickly fell into darkness. Twisting and turning her arm sent stinging pain into him. "There, ... now you have all the muscle you want, my little American.", she said, grinding her rock hard muscles into his head.



Ingrid heard her brother rustling behind her and turned to investigate. Stan was on his knees, rubbing his neck. Ingrid pulled Adam, still in a headlock, over to where Stan was. Ingrid pulled Stan up by the scruff. "Here, you can join my new American friend.", she said as she threw Stan into a headlock also. Ingrid locked her hands in front of her, with the two men in a double headlock. "Are we all comfy?", she teased.

The two men squirmed as Ingrid took an enormous deep breath, expanding her chest to 60 inches and snapping open her helpless bra. Light crackles filled the barn as she tensed her chest. Her pecs turned to blocks of stone. Then with her massively bulged arms she crushed their heads into her rock-hard pecs. Their squirming quickly ceased under the young girl's crushing power. Ingrid's face had a smile of contentment as their cheek bones crackled within her mammoth muscles. The last thing Adam heard was her moaning loudly with pleasure as he went unconscious.

Adam didn't know how long he was out for when he awoke in his car, miles away from where he had broken down. He thought it might of been a dream, but the aches and bruises told him otherwise. It wasn't a dream, he really was overwhelmed both physically and emotionally by a 17 year old Dutch girl named Ingrid. On the plane ride back to the States, he felt it was not one of his better vacations, but it was one he would never forget.

THE END

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