

IT STARTED AT THE BEACH

- a Muscle Fan story -

(amysconquest.com)

It was the first warm day in mid-spring. 'A perfect day for the beach,' I thought, 'but I need to be careful, I don't want to burn.' I put on my trunks, a couple bottles of water in the cooler along with an apple and a banana, grabbed my towel and paperback book and off I went. I was early enough to get a place in the parking lot. The morning overcast was burning off when I spread my towel on the sand and sat up my beach chair.

'Hmm,' I thought to myself, 'This is great.' I read a few pages of my paperback book, but the salt air made me tired. I tilted the back of my chair back and soon fell asleep. The squawking of the sea gulls woke me. I looked around. Couples and families had arrived, dotting the sand, and then I noticed a figure to my right, walking my way. At first, I thought it was a guy, and then as they got closer, I could see it was a woman, a rather large woman.

She stopped about ten yards from me and sat her beach bag down. I pretended to read but out of the corner of my eye I watched her. She was the most interesting woman I had ever seen. I had always been attracted to women with muscles, buying an occasional fitness magazine in the market just to satisfy my urge to look at a female with muscles, or scanning the internet looking for female muscle sites.



She stood looking out to sea, her hands on her hips. She wore a caftan that covered her to well below the knee, but I could tell she was muscular. 'Please lay down,' I thought, 'don't leave.' She kicked off her sandals and then looked in my direction. Apparently not suspecting that I was watching her, she knelt on the end of her beach towel and grasped the hem of her cover-up and pulled it slowly over her head. I nearly gasped as I took in the most magnificent body. She wore a brown string bikini that was only slightly darker than her skin tone.

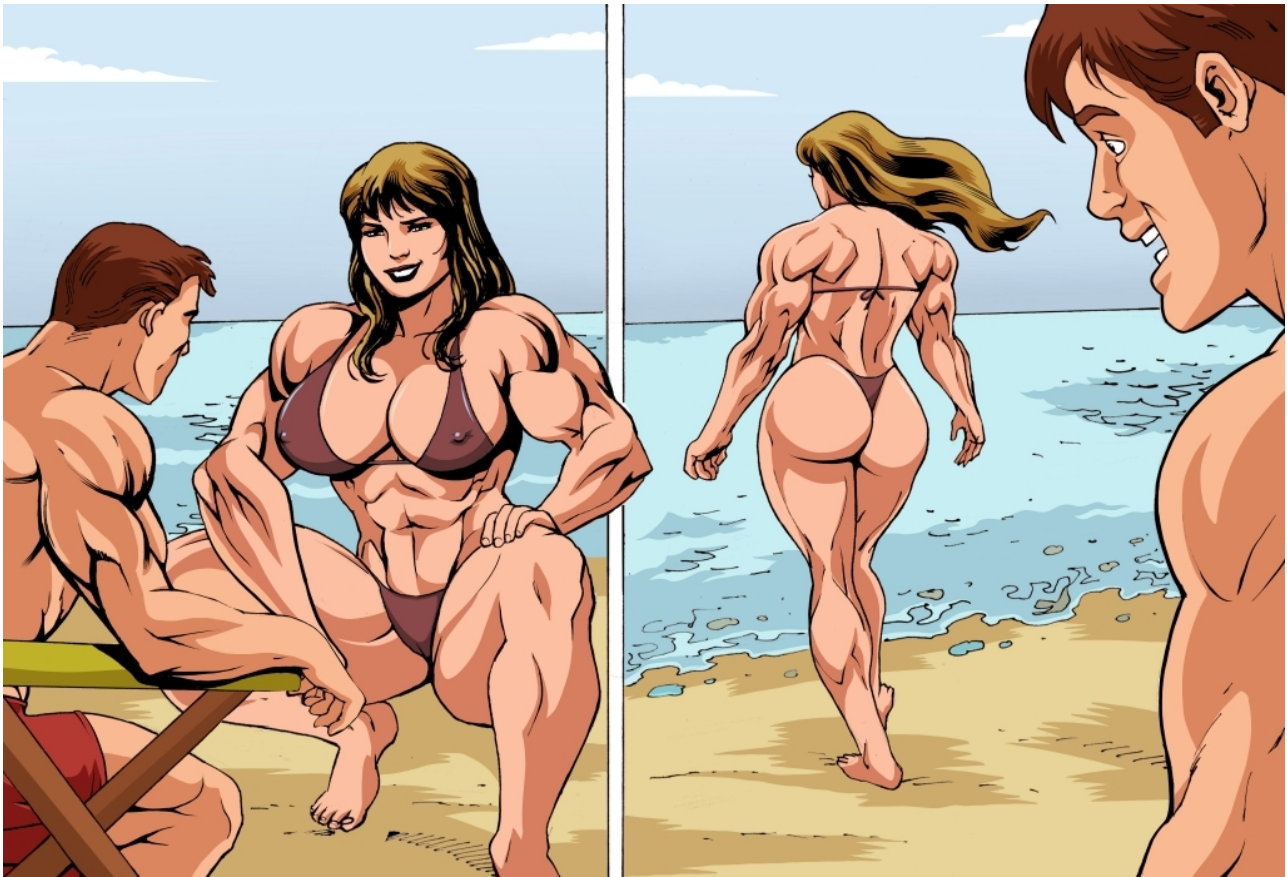
Her thighs were huge and from where I sat, I could see veins criss-crossing the surface. Her waist was narrow, but her chest was large. Not large tits, but a thick, broad chest. 'And her arms,' I thought, 'they're huge.' I could feel the stirring of an erection. She looked in the other direction before lying down on her stomach. She reached behind her and untied her top tossing the string ties to the sides.

She lay there and I read or pretended to read. I applied some lotion to my legs, arms and stomach. As I was rubbing the lotion into my abs, I could see the bulge in my swim trunks. 'Don't get a hard on, Jim,' I told myself, 'but how could I not?'

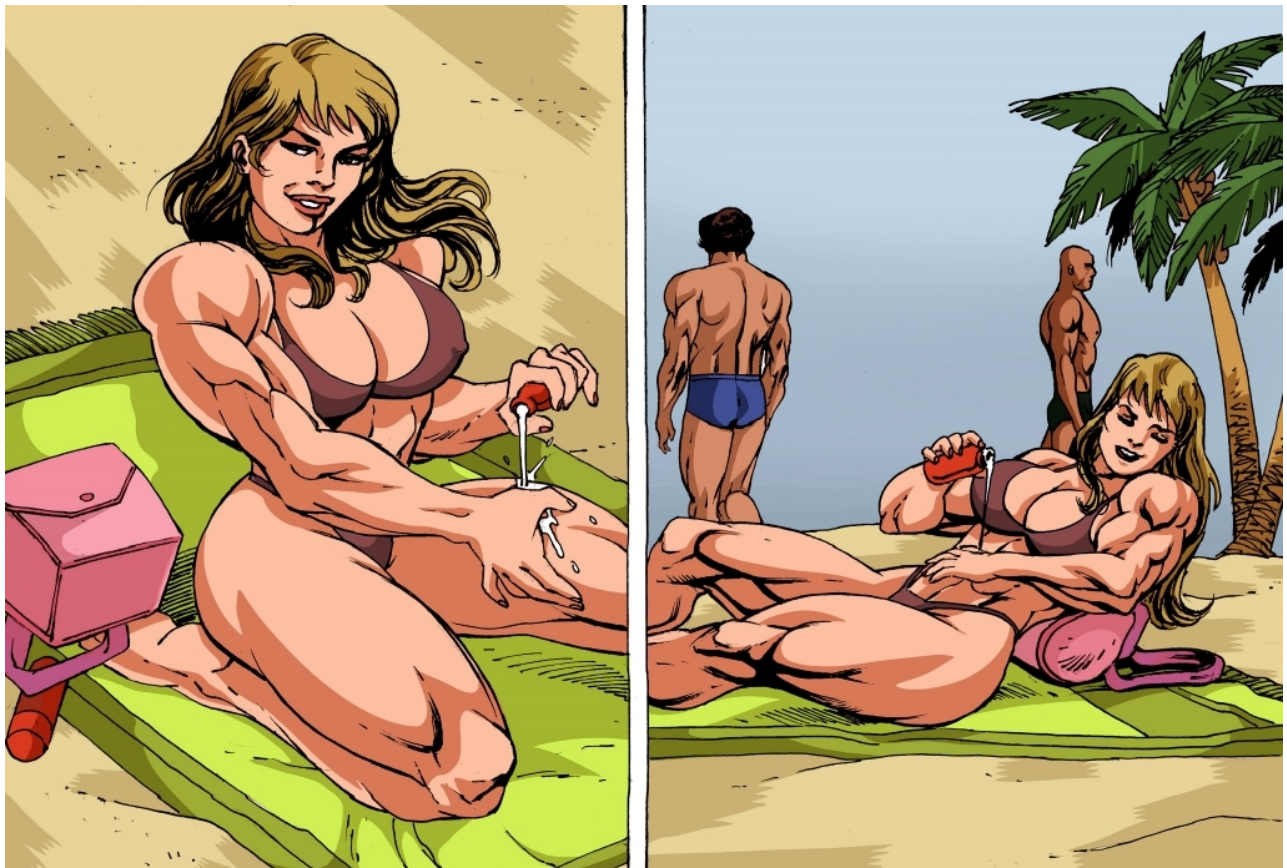


She reached behind her back and expertly tied her top and then stood up on her knees looking at the water. The waves were too small for surfers to be interested in this part of the coast. She stood up and looked in the other direction and then towards me. She turned and began walking toward me. "Excuse me," she said standing at the edge of my towel, and then she squatted. My eyes were drawn immediately to her crotch. 'I hope she didn't see me staring at her,' I thought. "Yes?" I said. "Would you mind watching my belongings while I go for a swim?" I smiled. "No, not at all," I said, "be careful out there though." She smiled and said, "Thanks, I will."

She walked to the water and as she did, my eyes never left her butt. There was no 'jiggle' to it, just two extremely firm butt cheeks. I sighed and watched her wade into the water. She didn't turn away from the oncoming water as many swimmers do, but walked through the surf. When she was up to her hips, she dove under a wave and started stroking for calmer waters. She looked graceful in the water, stroking perpendicular to the shore. When she was perhaps a hundred yards from shore, she turned left and continued working her way up the coast. Soon I lost sight of her.



I put lotion on my shoulders and went back to my reading. A half hour passed and I was beginning to wonder if 'Miss Perfect Body' as I thought of her, would ever come back. I watched the water and then spotted her swimming parallel with the shore. When she was directly in front of me, she turned right and stroked the beach.



She walked slowly toward me, stopping at the foot of my towel. Again she squatted and I was drawn to her crotch once more. "Thank you for watching my things," she said, and she knelt on my towel extending her hand, water dripping from it. "I'm Alex," she said. I took her hand. "Jim," I said, in reply, "Nice to meet you, do you live nearby?" Her grip was firm. "Yes," she said, "over there," and she motioned with her chin. "And you?" she asked. "No, I live about a mile inland," I said. She nodded.

"It's nice to live here," I said. "It is," she said, "when the weather's nice. The parking sucks but I don't think I could live anywhere else." Now it was my time to nod. "Well," she said, rocking back on the balls of her feet, "I'll see you around." "Yes," I said, "see you around."

Alex jogged the short distance to her towel and sat down. She reached in her tote and withdrew some lotion and began applying it to her legs as she sat there. When she was applying the lotion to her thighs, she glanced in my direction and smiled. Caught watching her, I smiled back. She lay down and holding the sunscreen about a foot from her abs, she let several drops drip on her stomach. It was very sexy to say the least. She slowly worked the lotion into her firm abdominals and then lay back on the towel.

After several minutes, I turned over to read. "You better put some sunscreen on, Jim," Alex said from above me. I turned but could only see her shapely calves. "Would you like me to put some on you?" "Yes, please," I said, trying to control my excitement.

She squatted to my left, her knees apart allowing me an unobstructed view of her crotch. I noticed a slight bulge before she knelt on the edge of my towel and dropped the sunscreen onto my spine. She worked the lotion into my back, not hard, but firm, her fingers darting under the elastic waistband of my trunks. "There you go," she said, replacing the cap on the bottle, "You don't want to burn your first time in the sun." Again she rocked onto the balls of her feet. She wiped her palms on the inside of her thighs. I thought I was going to climax right then. "Thank you," I said, "Let me know if I can return the favor." She smiled and said, "I will," and walked across the sand in the direction of the snack bar.

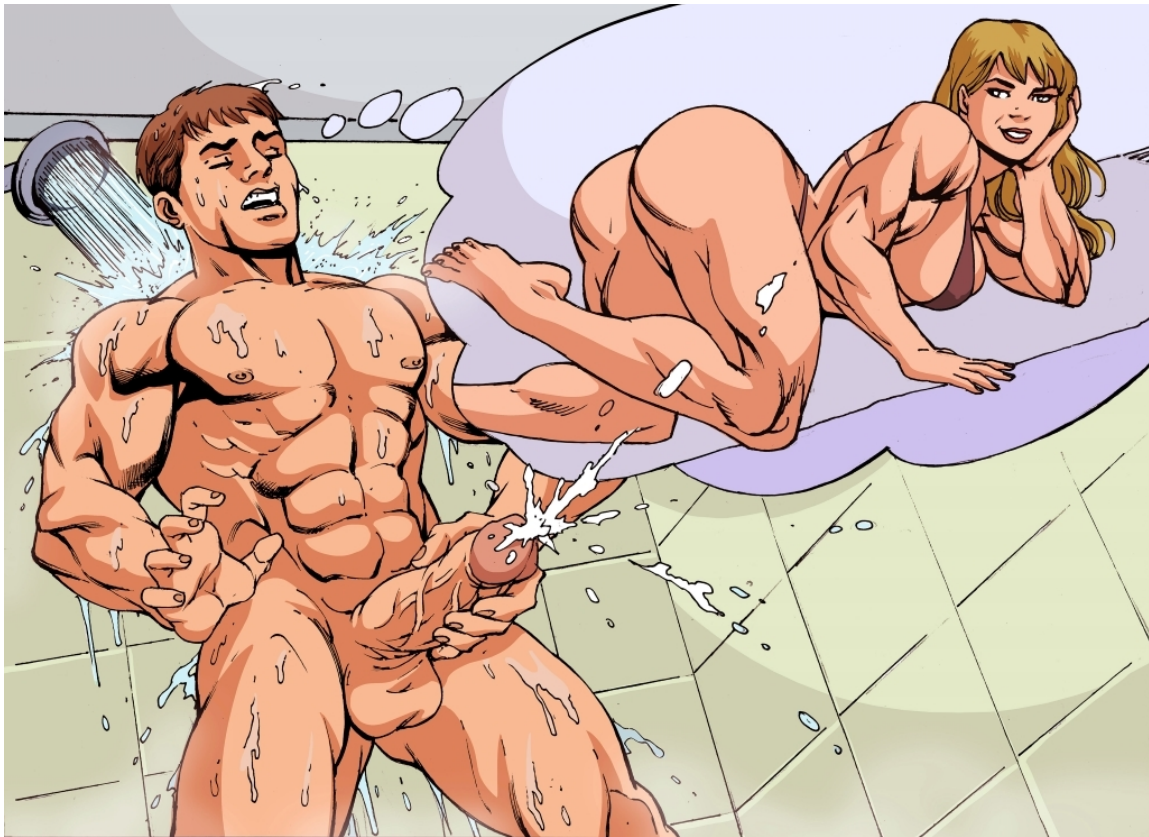
Again, I watched her walk away from me, her hips and butt swaying slightly. She returned a few minutes later with a snow cone. The sun glistened off of the red ice crystals. As she passed by, she slowed and asked, "Would you like a bite?" I smiled, afraid to get up for fear that she'd notice my erection. "No, no thanks," I said. She chuckled and said, "OK," turned and walked back to her towel.

I lay there for another thirty minutes and then packed up. I glanced at Alex who may have been asleep. She didn't see me go.

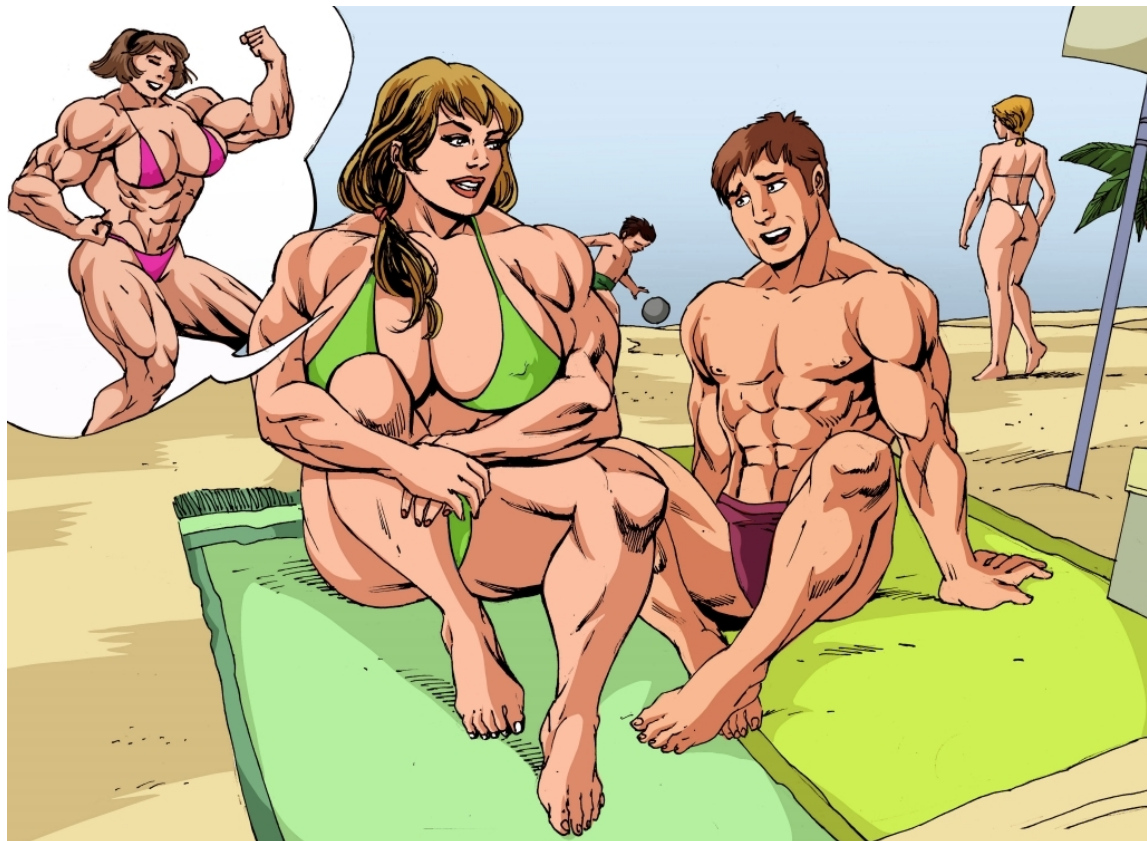
Home, I stood under the shower for longer than normal, my eyes shut; thinking about Alex. I became erect at the thought of her and for the next twenty minutes masturbated until I climaxed. As I towelled off I wondered if she would be at the beach tomorrow.

The following day, I had an errand to run, but I drove to the beach mid-morning. I couldn't find a place in the parking lot, so I had to park on the street and put coins into the parking meter. 'I only have four hours,' I thought, looking at the time on the meter.

I padded across the sand with just my towel and my chair. "Hi, Alex," I said stopping by her towel. "Hi, Jim, I didn't think you were coming today." She propped herself up on her elbows which only seemed to tighten her abdominals and then backed into her sand chair. Today she wore a high-waisted emerald green bikini that allowed me to see her tan line around her pubis from yesterday. The two small triangles of green fabric barely covered her areola. If she knew I was staring, she didn't let on.



"Just running late," I said, "have you been here long?" "An hour," she said, "Pull up some sand," and motioned to the area next to her. "Thanks," I said and spread my towel near hers, careful not to get sand on her or her towel, and then unfolded my chair. I sat facing her. We looked at each other for a minute and then she said, "Do you mind if I ask you a few questions?" 'This hot babe wants to ask me a few questions?' I thought, 'I can't believe that.' I've been told I'm good looking, but I'm not what you would call a 'lady's man'. "Sure, go ahead," I said, not knowing what to expect.

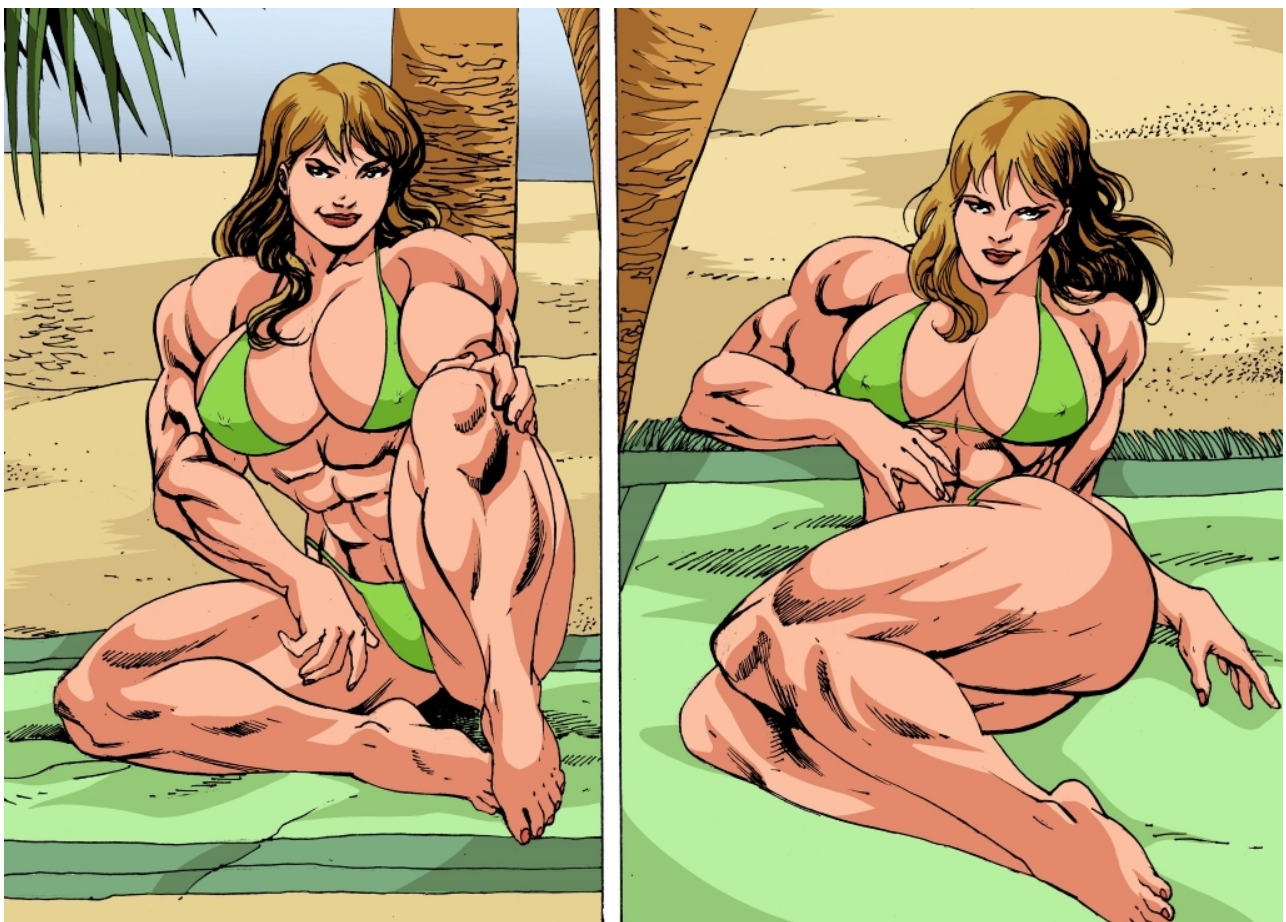


"Do you have a wife or girlfriend?" Alex asked. "No, neither," I said, and laughed, "Do you?" She smiled. "Let me ask my questions first, Jim," she said. Caught off guard, I said, "Sure, sorry." "How long have you been attracted to women with muscles?" she inquired. "Wh, well, ah," I stammered clearly not expecting to be asked that, "I, ah, guess since I was a teenager." She smiled and said, "I could tell, so don't be embarrassed, people, and men in particular, are either turned on by my muscles or put off by them. Have you ever been with a muscle woman before, Jim?" "N-no," I said. She nodded.

"How big are you, Jim?" she asked. I'm sure my jaw dropped, because she said, "Don't be embarrassed, how big is your cock?" "I, ah, don't really know, but, ah, I think I'm about eight-inches," I told her. It had been years since I measured myself, and that was only on a dare from a girl I was seeing at the time. We were both pretty well stoned at the time. She nodded and said, "Good, that's good." I felt a little relief but I still felt like I was being interviewed for a porn movie.

"How old are you and what do you do for a living, Jim?" she asked. "I'm twenty-eight and I work for an import/export business," I told her. "What do you import and export?" she said. "Some pharmaceuticals, but mostly vitamins and supplements, a little of everything," I said, "The company has offices in Asia as well as on the east coast." She nodded.

She extended her leg nearest me and pointed her toes, tensing her muscles. Her calves were nearly as big as my thigh and the definition was amazing. She ran a hand over her quad, tracing a vein. She rotated her leg so that I could see the inside of her thigh and her large femoral artery. "You like what you see, don't you, Jim?" I licked my lips and said, "Yes," mesmerized by the sight of her quad. "OK, your turn to ask me a question," she said.



I had to tear my eyes away from this awesome display of muscle. "What do you do, Alex?" I asked. She chuckled and said, "I guess you could say I'm in the entertainment industry; I entertain clients who have a particular appreciation for muscular women." I nodded.

"Do you work hard at maintaining your muscles?" She tilted her head and said, "That's a good question, Jim; actually I do. I work out about three or four hours a day lifting heavy weights. As you know I swim in the ocean for cardio." She relaxed her leg and tightened her abdominals running her fingers over the surface.

"How old are you?" I asked, thinking she was my age or a little older. "I'm fifty-two," she said with a smile. Now my jaw really dropped and she added, "Really." "No," I said, "you don't look a day over thirty." The smile never left her face. "Thank you, but yes, I'm fifty-two, certainly old enough to be your mother," she said and laughed.

"Why did you ask how big I was?" I asked. She put a well-manicured finger into her navel to retrieve a grain of sand. "Because I wanted to know whether we'd have sex or not," she said. "Will we?" I asked, perhaps a little too quickly. "Yes," she said, "Eight-inches will do. Come by my house tonight at eight o'clock. Be on time," and she handed me a business card from her tote bag before she stood up. She slipped her cover-up over her head and gathered up her chair, towel and tote and strode off without another word.

I watched her go and then looked at the card she had given me. It was silver with black block lettering with her name, 'Alex' and a phone number. I turned the card over and there in a neat cursive handwriting was her address. 'I can't believe that I'm actually going to have sex with a muscle woman,' I thought, and found myself getting an erection just thinking about it.

The houses along this section of Beach Road are built right on the side-walk. They are very private and very expensive. The quaint seaside bungalows of the 60's and 70's have been replaced with multi-story modern designs. I found Alex's address and rang the call bell. "Jim," she asked through the speaker. I held the button, "Yes," I said. There was a click and I opened the door.

The door opened onto an atrium with a koi pond and a water feature waterfall, the fish swimming lazily. The atrium was lit with hidden lighting. I walked the path to the actual front door and rang the buzzer.

Alex opened the door and walked into the living room leaving me to enter on my own. She wore a black latex cat suit that fit her body like a glove. A shiny silver zipper ran from the back of her neck and disappeared beneath her butt. She had stiletto heels on. She turned and I noticed smears and smudges on the front of the suit.

"Sorry," Alex said, "I just got home, so excuse my appearance. I had a client that needed a little discipline. Unzip me." She turned around once more and I pulled the zipper down her back to her butt. She turned to face me and said, "Sit down, Jim."

I sat on the couch and she peeled the cat suit from first one shoulder and then the other. Her trapezius muscles flared as she rotated her shoulder. "I don't like this suit, but some of my clients find it sexy," she said, "but tonight it came in handy. Hardly anything sticks to it."



She peeled the suit down below her chest to her waist. I was being treated to the most muscular striptease that I could have hoped for. Her upper chest was striated with muscles.

She wiggled her hips as she continued to peel the latex suit from her body. She stepped out of her stilettos and peeled the suit from her legs.

"Erin!" she called out. "Yes, ma'am," an attractive brunette said with an Irish accent. Erin wore a short plaid skirt that hugged her hips and a dark cotton blouse. Alex handed the latex suit to the girl, "Here, clean this, there's some blood and other stuff on it," and laughed, and then turning to me, asked, "Jim, would you like anything to drink?" "No, no, I think I'm good," I said. Erin nodded and then left.

"Did you say blood?" I asked. She smiled and said, "I did, but don't worry, I won't be rough with you unless I have to, Jim. I won't have to, will I?" She stood over me and then took my jaw in the space between her thumb and index finger, tilting my face up to hers. "N-no, Alex," I said. She smiled. "Good, now get undressed, I want to see this eight-inch cock of yours," and she released my jaw. 'She gets right to the point,' I thought.



'What had I gotten myself in for,' I thought. I was wearing Top Siders with no socks, so I slipped them off and then pulled my polo shirt over my head and unsnapped my pants. I unzipped the fly and let them fall to the floor and stepped out of them.

She stood looking at me, naked, except for my briefs. 'Could she tell how nervous I am?' I wondered. As if reading my mind, she said, "Don't be nervous, baby, Alex won't hurt you," and she chuckled. "I had to hurt my client though," she continued, "he refused to pay for my services so I bloodied his nose, split his lip and knocked out a couple of teeth. I'm sure his little wife will get some bullshit story about him getting mugged and beaten by some street thug, but he got what he deserved. Now, let's see that eight-inch cock of yours."

I pulled the waistband of my briefs down my legs and stepped out of the shorts. Alex stepped back and looked at my penis, and smiled. "How long can you last?" she asked. "I, er, don't know, Alex," I said. "I hope longer than fifteen minutes," she said, "but we'll see."

"Will there be anything else, ma'am," Erin said coming back into the living room. I covered my penis and she laughed. Alex turned to see what was so funny and she laughed as well. "You don't need to be shy in front of Erin, Jim," Alex said, "she's seen it all, haven't you, Erin?" "Yes, ma'am," she said, "I believe so." "Take Jim's clothes and wash them, we'll be upstairs, Erin," Alex told her. The girl smiled and said, "Yes, ma'am."



I followed Alex upstairs. At the end of the hall, she opened the double doors. The room was dark and the drapes were drawn back affording a view of the beach and the ocean beyond. She walked to the large windows. "Don't worry, no one can see in, the glass is heavily tinted," Alex told me over her shoulder as she studied the beach. "That's a fantastic view," I said, stepping behind her.

She smiled and said, "A million dollar view. Sometimes I stand here and masturbate while watching the people or have a young man or woman service my pussy," and then she hesitated, but continued, "Get on your knees and make love to my pussy, I need to climax."

I sunk to my knees in front of this muscle amazon. Her clit was the largest I've ever seen, 'The bulge I had noticed in her bathing suit,' I thought. I kissed it and then pulled it in between my lips. "Hmm," she hummed, "yes, make love to my clit." Taking her clit between my lips I pulled gently. "Harder," she said, and I pulled harder. I could feel her clit becoming harder. I teased it with my tongue as she ran her hands across her breasts, squeezing her nipples. "Hmm, yes," she

said, and with a hand slowly traced her abs down to her crotch where she stimulated her pussy. Alex stopped squeezing her nipples and took a handful of my hair holding my face against her clit. As I serviced her pussy, I became erect.

"Finger me, baby," she said, "put your fingers inside me." I did, placing my middle and index finger in her vagina. "Uhh," she said, "More." I did and managed to insert my fist. 'This amazon is amazing,' I thought. "That's it," she said, "that's it. I'm going to climax." She shuddered as she exploded. My face drenched with her cum.

"Hmm," she said as she got her breathing under control. "That was marvellous, you've obviously had some practice," she said, "but now it's my turn to get you off. Lay on the bed." I did and she straddled my hips and taking my shaft between her fingers, guided me into her. Slowly she lowered herself until she was sitting on my pelvis.

She looked down at me and smiled, I smiled back and then I felt it. She had a grip on my cock, not with her hand but with her vaginal muscles. My smile faded and she said, "Don't worry, baby, I promised I wouldn't hurt you, so just lay back and let Alex take care of you." I felt her muscular vagina tighten around my shaft and then, as if her muscles were fingers, she began stroking me.

"I've had a lot of practice, baby," she said, "and I've trained my muscles to milk a cock. Small cocks are difficult to hold onto, but eight-inches is OK." "Just OK," I asked enjoying the sensation but somewhat dejected. "I once had sex with a man who had a thirteen-inch cock, unfortunately, he only lasted fifteen minutes. I'd like for you to last as long as I do." I nodded. "How long can you go without reaching an orgasm?" I asked. "An hour," she said, "maybe longer, but I won't put you through that," and giggled.



As her muscles worked on my manhood, I knew I couldn't hold out much longer. I willed myself to think of other things, but it was to no avail, I climaxed. "Ah, poor baby," Alex said, "Maybe with a little practice you'll be able to last longer." "Will I get more practice?" I asked. Looking down at me, she said, "We'll see, but right now I need you to do one more thing."

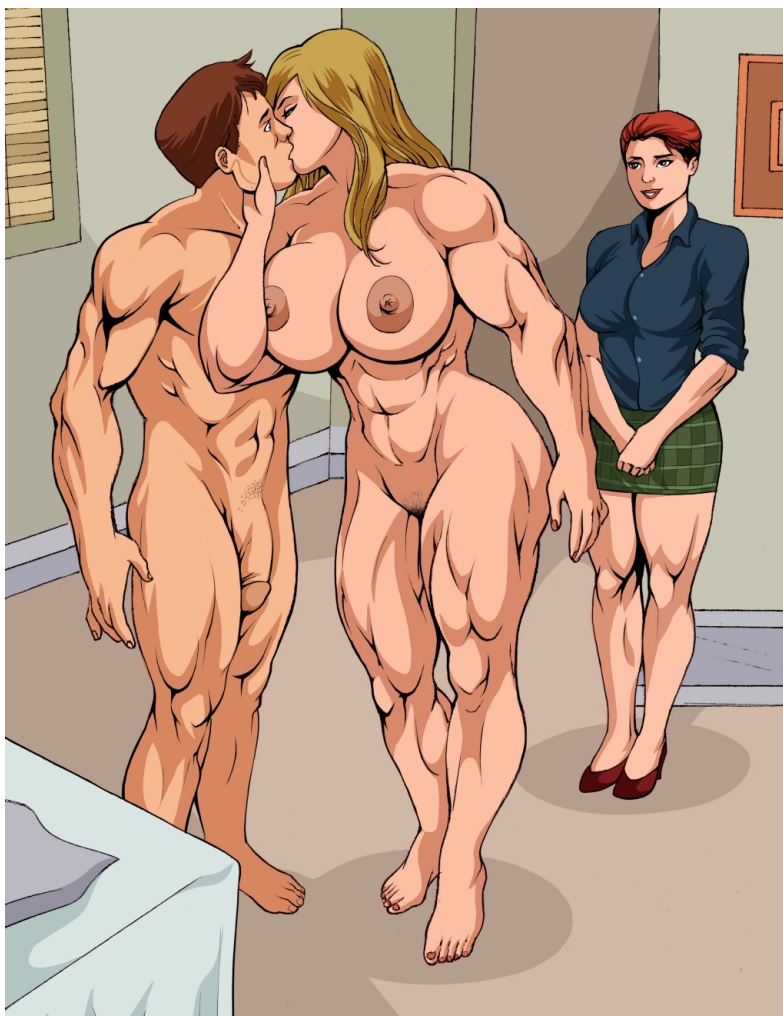
"What's that," I asked wanting to please Alex doing whatever it took. "I want you to suck all of that cum from my pussy," she said and moved forward so that her crotch was directly above my face. Before I could protest, she lowered herself onto my face, my pleas nothing but a muffled cry. For the next ten minutes, I lapped and sucked Alex clean.

Satisfied, she stepped from the bed. I watched her stand once more gazing at the sand and the ocean, her hands on her narrow hips as if she owned all that she surveyed, and perhaps she did, since she looked like a goddess.

"Erin," she called, and the girl opened the door, "Yes, ma'am," she said. "Get Jim his clothes," Alex said. "Yes, ma'am," Erin said and left closing the door behind her. I sat on the side of the bed and was there when Erin came back a couple minutes later. My clothes were clean, folded and neatly pressed. "Get dressed," Alex said. Erin handed me my belongings.

"Would you like me to turn down your bed, ma'am," Erin asked in her Irish accent. "Yes," Alex said, "and run a bath for me." "Yes, ma'am," she said.

Turning away from the window, Alex approached me. "Good bye, Jim, leave your phone number with Erin," she said, taking my chin between her thumb and forefinger. She tilted my face to her and kissed me on the lips, parting my lips with her tongue and allowing it to fill my throat. I nearly gagged, but she broke our kiss. "I'll call or see you on the beach, Jim; Erin will see you out" and she padded toward her bathroom.



"This way," Erin said as she walked from the bedroom. I followed, carrying my clothes and shoes. I dressed in the front room and as I did I asked Erin, "Did I do something wrong?" She smiled and said, "No, you have to know that Mistress Alex isn't one to be tied down to one person. You'll be with her again, I can tell, here, write your phone number down," and handed me a pad and pen. I wrote my name and number on the paper. I stepped outside and Erin shut the door behind me.

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And thus my life changed forever. I find I think of Alex every day. And even though I've tried, I've found dating 'normal' women unfulfilling. My thoughts are of Alex when I was having sex with them.

Alex has called and I've gone to her without hesitation, dropping whatever I was doing at the time, ready to do anything and everything she asked. I believe I please her but our sexual sessions always end the same with her dismissing me. I have learned that Erin is more than just a housekeeper, but also one of Alex' many lovers; in her case, a live-in lover.

I've seen Alex at the beach in the company of other men or women, but dare not interrupt. I keep my distance, but still I feel a bit jealous. Whether they have the same relationship I have with Alex, I don't know. The men are all handsome and the women beautiful, but I hold my jealousy in check.



THE END

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