

A MARRIAGE MADE IN MUSCLE

(amysconquest.com)

I couldn't help but share my Big News with the girls seconds into our usual cafe' meet ups - it's not every day a girl gets engaged, you know! We've been BFFs since grade school, sharing all of the biggest and best moments of our lives, not the least of which is our Love of the gym! While each of us went into a different field in that area (my personal expertise being bodybuilding), we've all become beautiful, buff babes, with power and strength to match our erotic sensuality! You could just imagine the four of us during our college years, getting any and every guy we wanted; sometimes we did have to get a bit rough with them, some sexy squeezes, teasing tosses, kinky crushes, but a girl's gotta do what she needs to, to get what she wants. Speaking of which.....



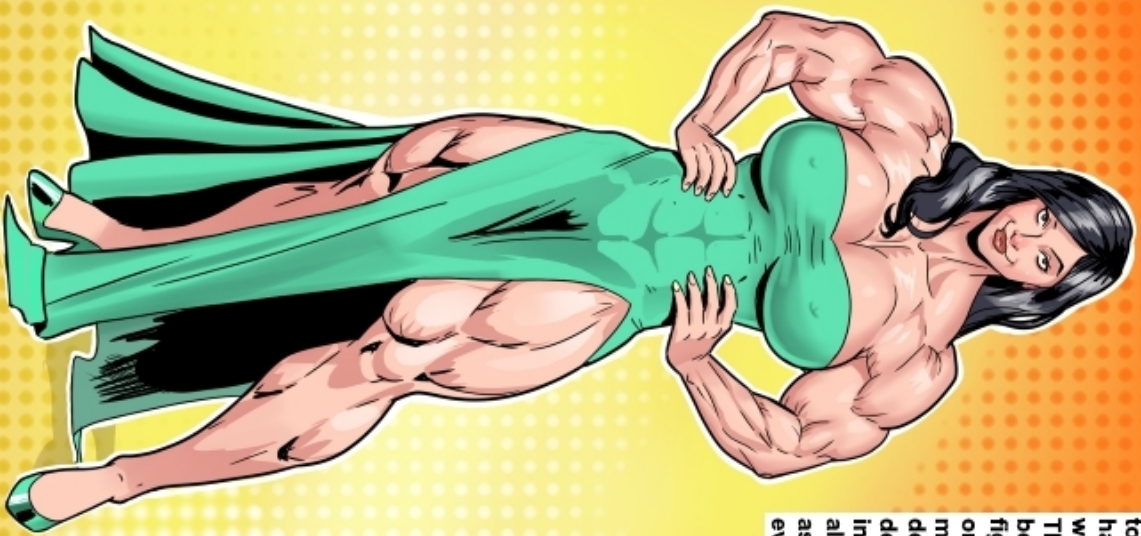
.....that takes me back to my special night my beautiful baby popped the question. Oh, I had to do a little persuading with him, with a little help from my super strong, rock solid, body. One of the many perks of having solid shapely muscle all over your body, is being able to use more than just sexy talk and erotic gyrations to get what I want. Besides, we've been dating for over two years now, and he's not gonna do better than me, let me tell you. Oh, I made it a night he would never forget, fucking him senseless again and again, filling my muscles to their fullest, while giving him the sexiest Muscle Talking of his life. But in the end, he really had no choice, as I told him then, "It's either a honeymoon, or a hospital stay, for you Sweetie" He chose very wisely! :)





Of course I had to give my girls their pick of dresses for the special day, they being my bridesmaids and all. Cindy's choice was all too obvious, as she was always one to show off those lethal legs of hers, made so by many years of martial arts! I've seen her use those legs to shatter concrete, demolish a former boyfriend's car (he foolishly forgot her birthday), and take on a group of drunken fools, all with her hands behind her back. So of course a ultra short mini-dress was an easy decision for her, just in case she needed to use her skills on the big day....and with some of my man's friends, she might just.





Not to be outdone in the fighting dept. is my gal, Brenda. Being the ultimate tomboy since she was a kid, she always had to prove herself against the boys, winning pretty much every single time. This lead to her own form of training, becoming one of the fiercest MMA fighters around. Oh, did I mention she only takes on male opponents? Did I mention she's undefeated? Yeah, you definitely have your hands full when dealing with her, a beauty and beast all in one! Her dress was something that allowed as much freedom of movement as possible, while showing off nearly every inch of her power packed body.

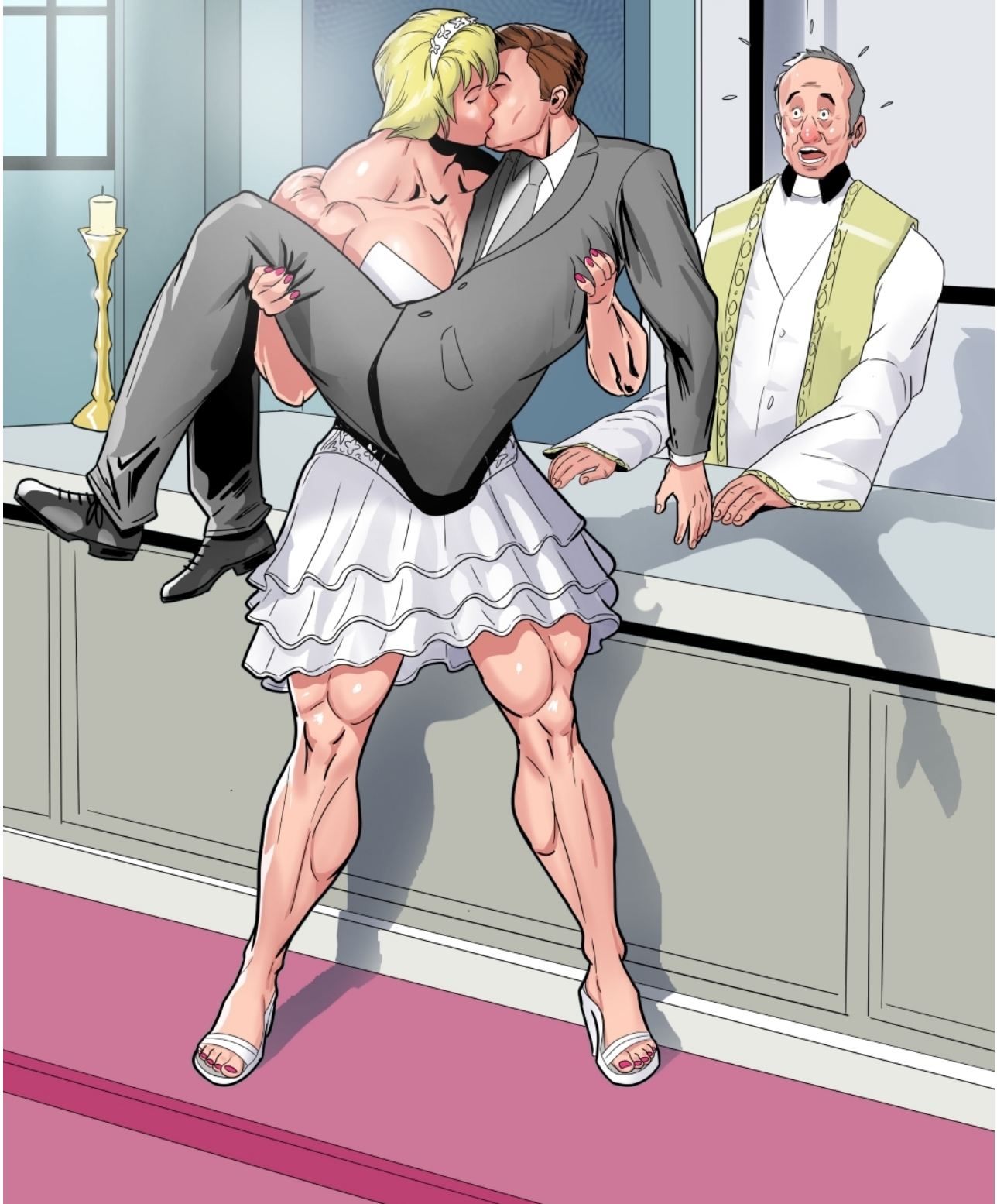




Last, but not least (in any way) is my girl, Amber. Unlike my other Girls In Muscle, she was never one to learn how to fight, of course when you're strong enough to overturn a small truck, you don't really need to. Her thick, shapely muscles are built from powerlifting, lifting as heavy as she can, with every single rep. Of course having massive muscles isn't always a blessing, say when trying on body hugging outfits, something she realized all too quickly during our try-on session. Of course she liked this dress so much she wound up getting it in a few sizes bigger - she just needs to remember not to flex, or breathe, on the day. Something tells me I better have a back up size for that dress for her, just in case.



And just like that, our special day was here! My man looking so hot and sexy, I could barely wait until the ceremony was over for our first kiss as wife and husband. So much so, I don't think the pastor finished his final words, before I grabbed hold of my darling man, hoisting him up with my powerfully pumped arms, and passionately met my lips to his. I don't think he minded at all (in fact, his erect hardness pushing on my cleavage proved that), though I think our pastor was a bit taken back. Like I've said before, when us girls see something we want, we can't help but Take It!



Speaking of taking what we want, looks like another buff bestie of mine, who happens to be 6' 3", and a professional volleyball player, has the same mindset.



Sorry gals, I guess I shouldn't have thrown the bouquet so high, huh. Though something tells me my trio of athletically built bridesmaids won't have too much trouble finding some special guys to have a little fun with at our reception party later tonight. All I have to say is - Men Beware! :)

But first, a trip to a beautiful nearby park for our wedding party for some uniquely posed shots for our photo album. Oh, we got in some traditional pics as well, though when you have this much female muscle in one place, you gotta make the most of it. Shame the jerky jock guys playing football here weren't more appreciative of our poses, or they'd still have a ball to play with, and their ribs intact.





But of all the photos we took, This is definitely my favorite! Sorry baby, I hope this wasn't too embarrassing for you, but I couldn't help but use these big breasts of mine for the exchange of our wedding cake (nice buff bride on that too, I must say). The girls dared me to do this, but if I'm being honest it didn't take too much convincing. :) Don't worry, I didn't press him in nearly as hard as I could have, or flex my thick meaty pecs as tightly either. Cake anyone?

Of course as the night went on, and with the drinks flowing freely as they were, even my Maids of Muscle were getting a bit tipsy. The last time I saw her, she was following some adorably cute waiter in the back area.



She definitely has a thing for men in uniform. She used to date a tough as nails Marine - that was until he cheated on her and she give him the beating of his life! Let's hope Mr. Waiter here treats her with a little more respect.

Respect is definitely something Amber's guy has for her, not to mention Love. They are the odds on favorite to take the plunge next out of our little group. He just adores her thick muscles and unreal power, and she can't help but show them off for him!



Her carrying him around is an all too common thing, you got the muscles, you might as well use them, right? He is a cutie, I must say, and I know he's going to treat her like a Queen when they wind up tying the knot - of course if he didn't, she could break him into teeny, tiny pieces, then again, so could we all.

Not the least of which is Cindy, who could break hearts as easily as she could wooden boards. She took it upon herself to become our party's bouncer, forcefully "escorting" anyone who was too obnoxious or stupid to know when they've overstayed their welcome - or in some cases, too drunk to know who's ass not to slap on the dance-floor. Not only did that guy hurt his hand on her ultra firm glutes, but he got more than his share of bruises as Cindy flipped and tossed him out and all the way to his taxi.



As for me, well I took my new hubby back to our suite and showed him just what it means to be married to a female bodybuilder.



I couldn't help but tear his tux right off his adorable body, throwing him on our bed, and flexing my body to its fullest! He knew I had muscles, of course, the sexy frilly white bra and panties I wore showed them off perfectly, but what I did with him, for him, to him, that night, blew his mind completely! Let's just say our first time as a married couple was one he will Never forget. Unfortunately, I'm going to have to wait till he returns from the hospital for Muscle Fucking Night #2, but he's mine forever now, so we have all the time in the world!



THE END