

MEGAN

- a FinQ story -

(amysconquest.com)

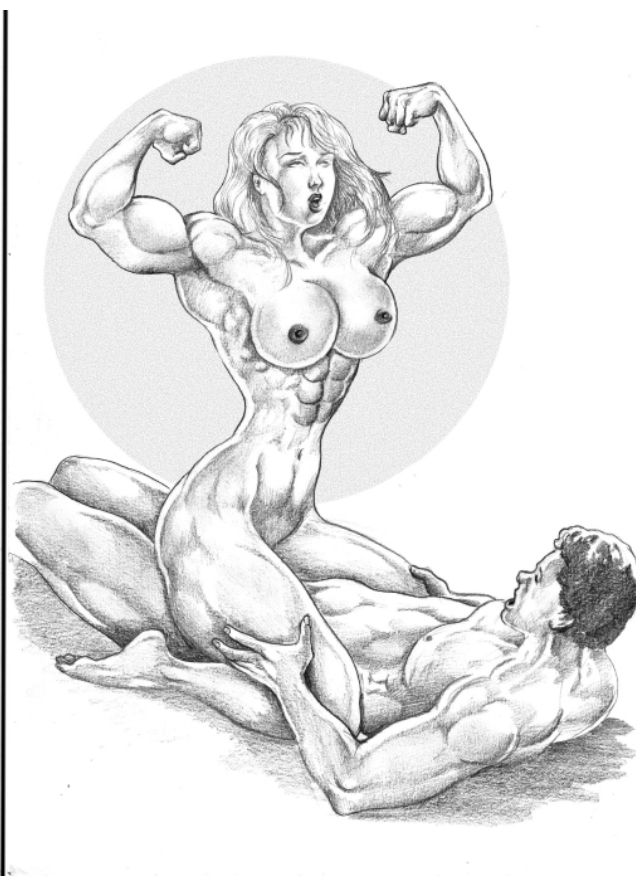
"So... I have something I'd like to talk to you about."

"OK."

My beautiful girlfriend's face became a picture of concern. She was worried it was going to become one of 'those' talks.

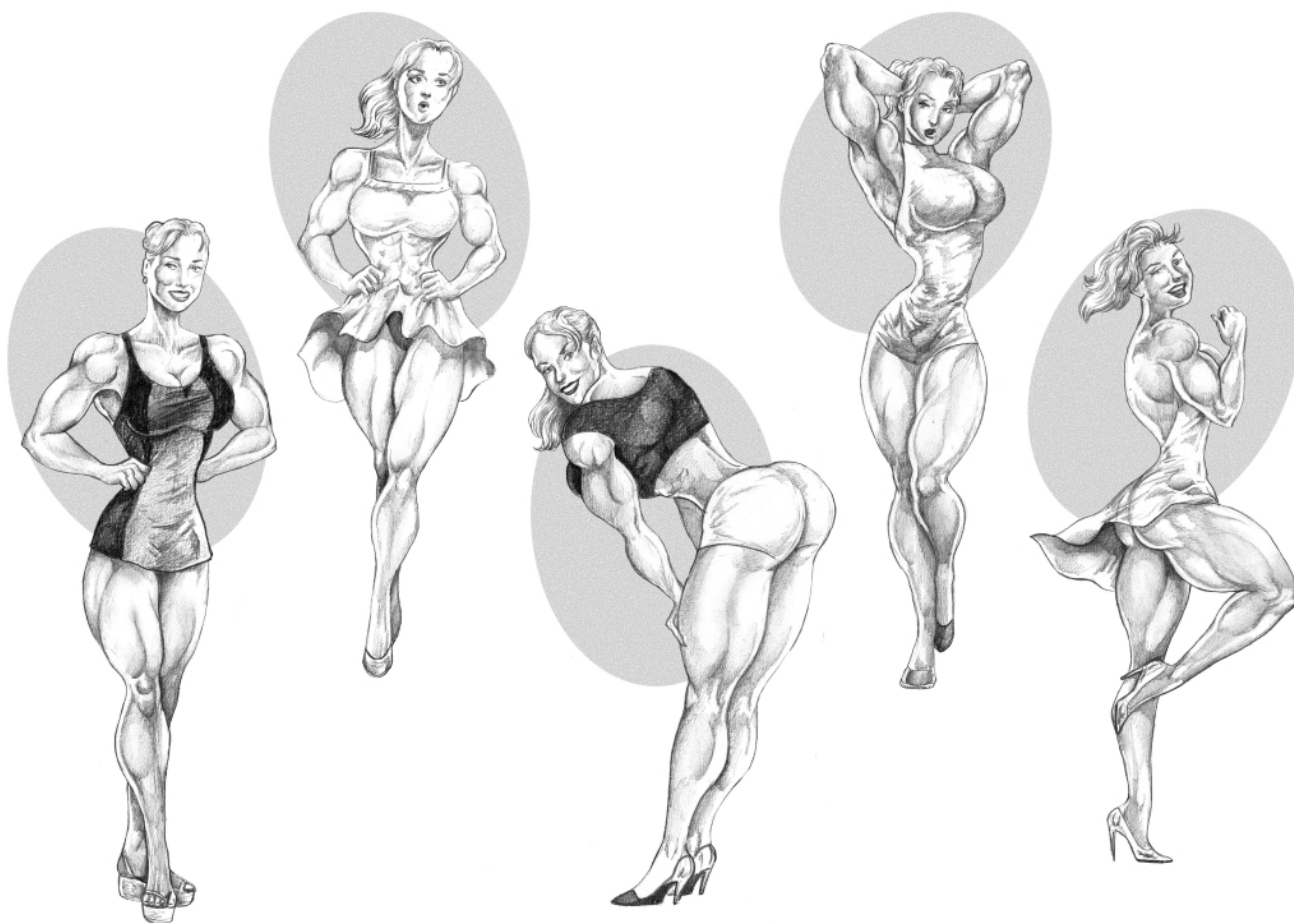
"No. No. No... Nothing bad.", I said with a reassuring smile. "It's just, you know how I think your muscle is super sexy...?"

Megan did have awesome biceps. She was a personal trainer. Both of us were 23 and we had moved into a small house together, having been together since we met at college, we were still madly in love. Over time, I had become more comfortable touching and feeling her toned arms. She had figured out this excited me and without really discussing it, we had actually got to the point that a little body worship had become part of our foreplay. In fact she even flexed for me while on top sometimes. I liked holding her biceps while she rode me hard.



We had just returned to our small flat following a nice meal out together. I was wearing jeans and a shirt and Megan was dressed sexily as usual for our dates nights. She had faux leather stretchy leggings on, underneath knee high leather boots. Above that she was wearing a tight white top, pulled taught against her big tits. The black bra she had on was visible though the fabric. She had her shoulder length blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail and had big silver earrings in. Her bright red lipstick and subtle eye shadow made me the envy of every guy in the restaurant. And here I was... About to push my luck and ask for more.

As for me, I'm around 6 feet tall and around 220lbs. I was in OK shape myself but I worked behind a desk, whereas Megan spend the whole day in the gym. She was unbelievable and over the years I had to get used to the amount of attention she drew wherever we went. She always dressed pretty provocatively too. Lots of tight tops, and skirts and she loved leather and tiny dresses - sometimes combined (to my delight). She liked to show off her large breasts and long, toned legs. She stood 5'6" but often wore very high heels, bringing her up to just shy of my 6 foot. She was a tight 150lbs of toned muscle, with curvy hips and DD cup, perky, full breasts.



"Yeah?", she replied quizzically.

"And we both like it when you... You know... Take the lead in bed?"

"Yeah...?", she asked with a small, involuntary blush.

"Well there's kind of a linked thing to that I'm kind of into and I was wondering if we could give it a go."

"Of course we can baby!! God, you had me worried then. I thought it was something bad!"

"Well wait till you hear it first, you might think I'm a freak... "



"I doubt it... I'm more like to agree to do it, you know... ", she replied with a sultry smile.

"Well you know when you give me piggyback occasionally?", the last time she had done this was a summer's day; we were in the woods, walking and I had jokingly said I was tired and she needed to carry me. She had laughed and immediately agreed before squatting down in front of me. The sight of her bent in front of me, hands out to the side as I approached before leaping onto her had been the subject of many pleasurable shower time daydreams.

"Yeah?"

"Well that turns me on."

Her eyebrows raised up and for a second my heart stopped beating. My deepest kink, my love of lift and carry, exposed to another human for the first time.

"That's it?"

I wasn't expecting that...

"Well yeah... "

"Jesus... I thought you were going to tell me you wanted me to put on a gorilla costume and dance around an open fire! You just want me to pick you up?"



“Yeah! That’s it.”

I burst out laughing, I nearly cried with relief. I’d had the conversation with my beautiful girlfriend and she hadn’t rejected me. She didn’t even seem to think it was a big deal! I on the other hand, had been agonising over this for months and, having decided to tell her, had been bucking up the courage for week. And now suddenly... The possibilities that lay ahead of us! I could tell her about all my fantasies. She could be the sexy firewoman, the lifeguard, she could be Wonder Woman! We could do them together! This was incredible.

“Oh baby... You’re so silly... I’d do anything for you”

With that she lifted herself off the couch and swung her leg over me, so she was sitting in my lap and we began to make out. My hands fondled her hot body and pulled her top over her head. She unbuttoned my shirt and I sat forward as she pulled it off me. My hands explored her sexy back and then found their way to her arms. She pulled her fists upwards and flexed her biceps for me while we kissed. I buried my head in her neck, kissing the soft skin and then worked my way down and pushed my face into her huge cleavage.



Whilst I was caressing her and kissing her. She whispered into my ear, “Yeah, feel that muscle. I’m going to pick you up. I’m going to hold you... I’m going to show you how strong I am and you’re going to love it. Mmm... Good boy, kiss those big tits. Worship Megan’s sexy, hard body. I know you love it and I do too.”

Both of our breathing became faster and she lowered her arms and pulled away from me. She got up from my lap and grabbed my hand, pulling me up with her. We continued to kiss and she stripped my clothes off. I was now fully naked, while she had only lost her top. Even the fact of my nakedness to her clothed form was sexy, made even more so by my anticipation of what was to come.

In her high heeled boots and my bare feet, she was still about 3 inches or so shorter than me. She turned around and lowered herself in front of me. I saw just her back, with the black lacy bra and her phenomenal ass, sticking out at me in the wet look leggings. Her black thong poked out above the waistline as she bent down. I grabbed her shoulders and leapt swiftly onto her back. I knew she could take my weight, given the piggybacks she had given me previously (although those had never been in heels). She felt solid as I landed and I gasped.

“Oh my God.”, I gasped, wrapped one arm around her shoulders and feeling her hard, toned arm with the other.

“Mmm. Kiss me.”, she moaned. I leant forward and kissed her inviting, shiny, red lips.

Her dominance spread to our kiss, as was usual, and her tongue forced its way into my mouth, pushing mine around forcefully in the manner we both relished.

As we kissed, my hands explored the contours of her shoulders and firm arms. They roamed across her chest and my fingers lightly stroked her stomach and squeezed her big tits through the lacy bra. She started walking and broke the kiss. I continued planting soft kisses along her neck and enjoyed the feel of her beautiful body.

She walked out of the living room and to the hallway. At one end we had a full length mirror, which she stopped in front of. She obviously wanted to give me a show. She told me to hold on with my legs and when she felt me squeeze them around her, she released the grip on my thighs and raised her fists in a double bicep pose. My hands gripped round the hard little balls and I looked at the image in the mirror.

My absurdly hot girlfriend, standing there flexing, wearing a black bra, tight wet-look leggings and leather boots, flexing her hot muscles with me – naked at the day I was born - straddling her waist and feeling her arms. I gasped at the sight and she broke into a broad smile.





She relaxed her arms and brought them back under my legs. We resumed kissing and I slid one of my hands through the gap between her arm and her torso. It slid down her taut stomach and beneath the band of her pants, the material stretching out and allowed my hand to enter. I quickly slid my fingers into her thong, finding her snatch, which I was delighted to discover was really wet – unbelievably, she was loving this too!!

As I fingered her I kissed her neck more and more vigorously and slid my other hand underneath her bra, lifting it and exposing one of her big, beautiful tits in the mirror. He breathing became more and more laboured as I found her clit and played with her hard nipple until eventually she screamed with orgasm. She bent forward and I thought she was going to drop me but she recovered and stood upright.

“Mmm... Good boy. I like this little fetish of yours. I get a workout... I get to have you worship my muscles and apparently I have pretty fucking mind bending orgasm too”. She smiled as I nuzzled her lips.

“But what about you, poor baby, that boner of yours feels like it’s ready to pop. Would you like me to help with that?”

I nodded in a cartoonist fashion and to my disappointment, she squatted down and released my legs, clearly intending me to slide down. I did so and she took my hand and led me to the table we had in the hallway.

“Climb up on there.”, she told me and I obeyed.

When I was there she grabbed one of my legs and led it over her shoulder. I immediately understood what she meant and I couldn’t believe this was actually happening. She angled my cock into her mouth, whilst at the same time bracing against the wall, so I could lift my other leg over her other shoulder.

Now I sat on her shoulders, facing her, with my dick in her mouth. I didn’t think anything could be better but then she stepped away from the wall and walked back to the Murrow, before slowly turning around. Now I was treated to a full length view of the action. Me sitting, getting the best head of my life, her standing firm beneath me, the shape of her ass in the legging and the high heels of the boots she was wearing – it was all too much. I felt myself begin to cum and then nothing.

I woke up.

I don't know how long I'd been unconscious but I slowly opened my eyes to Megan's beautiful smiling face. I realised I was sat on her lap and we were on the sofa in the living room.

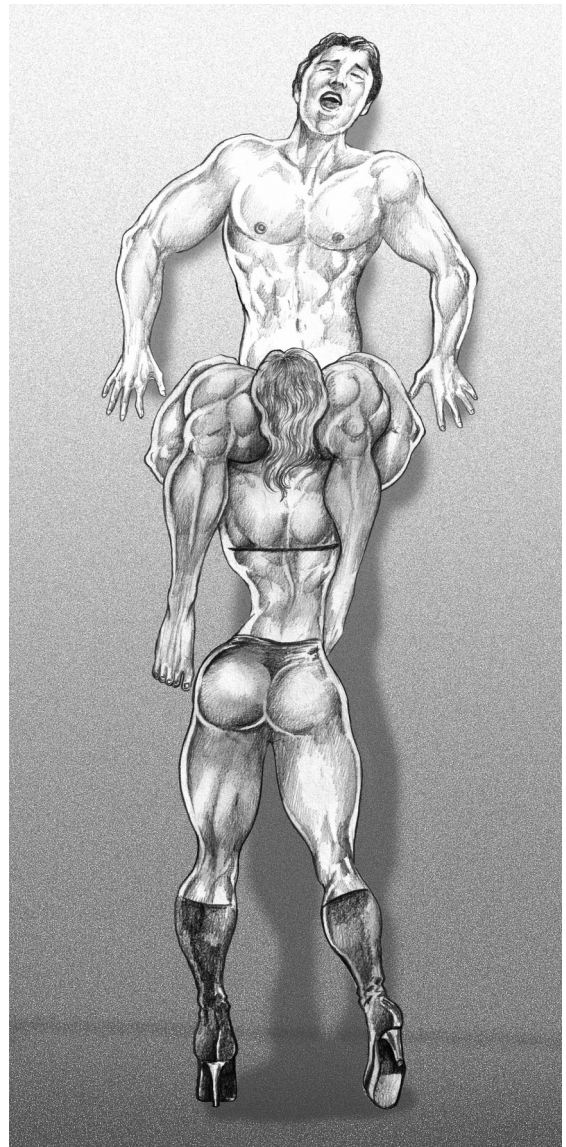
"What happened?"

"Well... Let's see.", she said with an impish grin, "We had a nice dinner out. We came home and you told me about your little fetish where you like being carried around. I gave you a piggyback and you fingered me until I came and then I lifted you on my shoulders and gave you a blowjob. You were so turned on and came so hard you actually passed out, which I is a new record for me.", she smiled.

Her loving gaze and the description of events was wonderful.

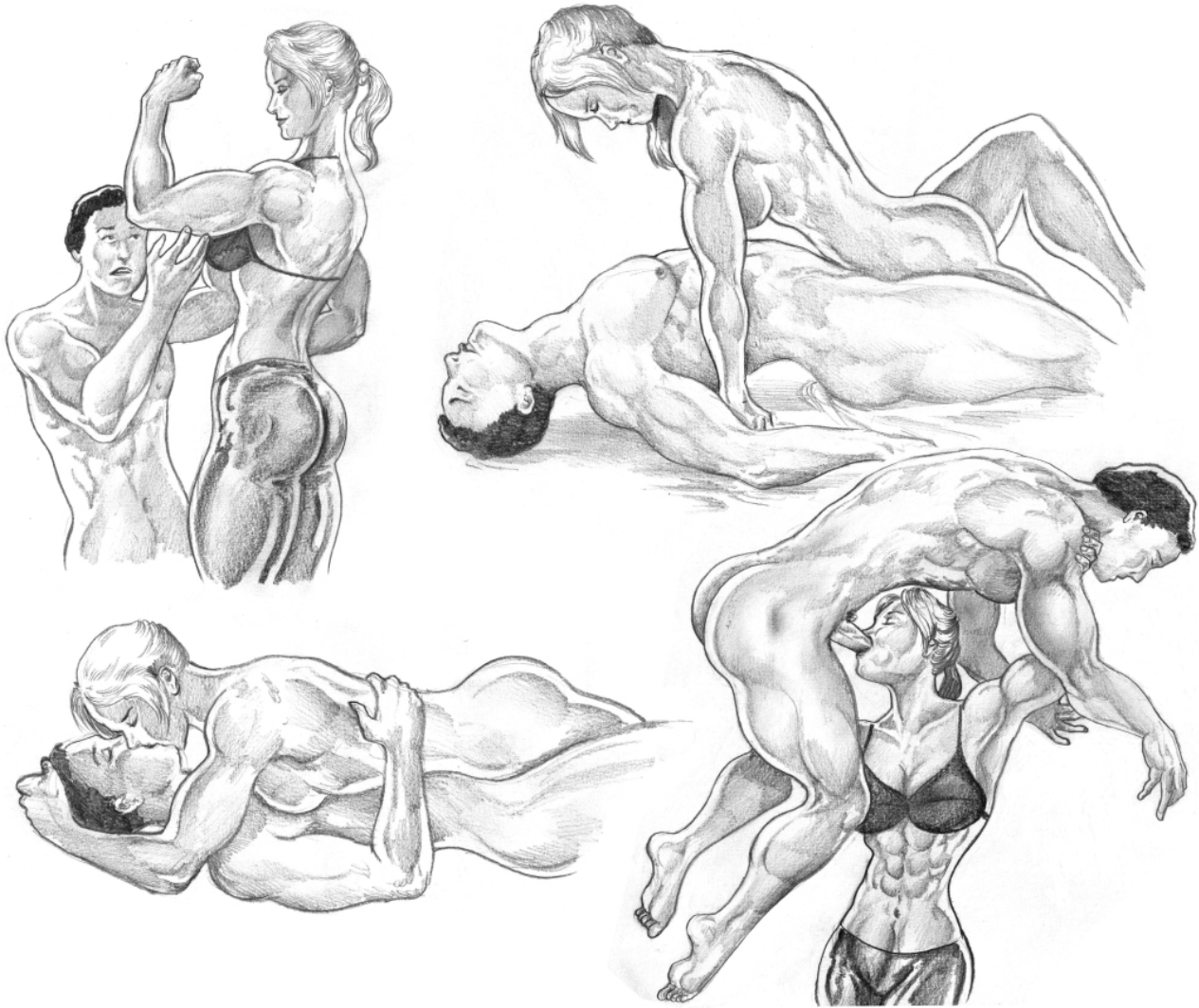
"Did I fall? "

"No, it was a good job you were kind of slumped over me in the first place, when you passed out you kind of just stayed slumped forward. It was a minute before I even realised you'd gone. When I realised, I carried you in here. It was tricky squatting low enough to get you under the doorway but once we were through I got on my knees and then I could lower you into the couch. Then I picked you up and sat back down with you on my lap and you've been laying there with a big smile on your face ever since."



Staring at my beautiful girlfriend, whose lap I was sitting in, whilst hearing the story of her blowing me into unconsciousness and then carrying my naked body through the house had an obvious effect on me. Megan noticed and started gently stroking my rapidly hardening penis. She looked at me with sultry eyes and said, "Ready to get knocked out again are we?"

She then blew my mind my wrapping her arms around my back and under my knees and, still in her high heeled boots, stood up off the couch and carried me in a cradle through the living room, the hallway, up the stairs and into our bedroom.



What followed was the most amazing night of my life. She carried me in every way I had always fantasised about. After stripping her down to her underwear, I massaged her beautiful body with oils and worshipped her from head to toe. She threw me around and dominated me, lifted me and showed me her strength, we made love several times, sometimes hard and fast, sometimes gentle and loving, one time where she actually held me in the air. It was, quite simply, the best night of my life.

She has indulged my fetish ever since, both publicly, from long piggyback in the countryside to letting me ride her shoulders at festivals, and privately, where she wears sexy lingerie and heels, slings me over her shoulder and carries me off to the bedroom whenever she wants. I'm a lucky guy...

NEVER CHEAT ON A YOUNG AMAZON

(amysconquest.com)



She had her boyfriend wrapped around her soft, yet steely, embrace. He tried to get out, but couldn't hope to move his mighty Amazon's limbs an inch. He was no slouch in the strength department either. Only 27, he was a star athlete in high school, and certainly kept his 6'1" 200 pound body in good shape.

But as good a shape as he did, he was no match for his 23 year old girlfriend. Though smaller than him, at 5'10" and 170 pounds, she was rock hard and stronger than most men he had ever seen.....and he used to play football.

He knew she would never hurt him....well, he hoped anyway. He didn't think this night of erotic wrestling foreplay was anything different than his previous nights with her....but he was sadly mistaken.





He didn't think she knew about his cheating ways, and even though it was only a few times, she didn't care. She warned him about this, about cheating on her and the consequences it would have on him. But he didn't listen, this was back when they first started dating and he was certainly not going to pay any attention to his "little" girlfriend threatening him.

Though when time went on, and he realized how incredibly strong she was, he was in utter shock and awe at his amazing and mighty girlfriend. How could she man handle him so easily? He only cheated a few times really, and most of those were when he was drunk. Surely she'd never find out what had happened.....no body knew but his close male friends.

But wait a second.....didn't his good friend Bob just recently get beat up in a "mugging". And his other friend, Tony, "fell down" some stairs recently as well. Hmmmm.....she couldn't.....she wouldn't.....would she?





Just then, as her embrace got tighter, his breath got weaker, and his bones started to snap, he got his answer.

Never cheat on a young Amazon.

THE END

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