

THE MUSCULAR ROOMMATE (Parts 1 & 2)

(a Smog story)

(amysconquest.com)

I was at the gym with my girlfriend, Tina, working out as usual. Tina is a fitness type girl, having a toned, slightly muscular body.

"Would you like to come over to my place after we finish here?" she asked me.

"Su..sure..!" I said stunned, as we never before had gone to her place as she lived in a shared apartment with another girl. "Is your roommate out this afternoon?"

"I don't know" she said, "but that's OK, she is very nice. You might have seen her here at the gym!"

"You room mate lifts weights too?" I asked.

"Uh huh. She's like a body builder. She's really buff." She stood, stretched her arms overhead, and then bent gracefully forward from the waist until her hands were flat on the floor.

"You're serious? A body builder-girl!" I almost could not hide my excitement.



In my mind I could not believe it; A girl with muscles like those I jacked off over in front of my computer!

He had been attracted to Tina by her obvious athleticism, but her muscles were long and smooth, rarely knotting into sharp mounds during her workouts. They were more than enough to convince him she was worth bagging, but she clearly wasn't into body building.



Tina straightened, then smoothly raised her long leg and placed her foot on an exercise machine at about the level of her chest.

She bent forward and pressed her upper body along the thigh with well defined quads standing out through her tights. I was now staring at her crotch and again forced myself to look away, but not before Tina had correctly interpreted the direction my eye had wandered and rewarded me with a gleaming smile.

Tina switched legs and did a final stretch that nearly had me exploding inside me gym shorts.

When they got to the apartment, Tina's roommate Monica was lying on the couch reading a magazine. As Tina introduced us, she just cast a glance at me, said hi and then returned to reading.

Tina said she needed a bath and I could just hang out here in the living-room while she was showering.



I sat opposite Monica, in a chair, took out a magazine (something about living and houses ... yuk) and pretended to read. My eyes however were ogling Monica. She was a redhead, average looking girl with glasses, kind of nerdy looking, and she lay on the couch wearing a loose, open shirt over a white T-shirt.

Suddenly, Monica had her left hand on her right bicep, absent-mindedly feeling the muscle. I couldn't believe my eyes.

I saw her straighten her arm, make a fist, then bend her elbow slowly until her right hand nearly touched her shoulder. She squeezed her bicep with her left hand, feeling its shape with her fingers. Then she pushed up the sleeve of her loose shirt. She straightened out her arm and bent her elbow, watching her muscle contract. Then she did it again, and then again. She felt her swelling bicep once more, then pushed down her sleeve, and looked at the clock on the wall. She looked over at me and she saw me staring at her, open-mouthed.



"Would you like a cold drink? If you've been working out with Tina you're probably thirsty. Let's go outside on the deck, it's such a nice afternoon." She said, looking me straight in the eyes.

I just nodded and followed in a trance, now staring at the high, tight butt that jutted out from her skin tight black spandex tights.

In the kitchen Monica stopped in front of the refrigerator.

I saw the shirt's sleeve bulge when she bent her arm and pulled the door open, and saw the other sleeve thicken as she lifted out a large glass pitcher.

"Would you get some glasses? I'm afraid all we have that's cold is punch." She said.

I nodded again, took the glasses and we went to the deck.

Monica poured the punch and set down the pitcher.

"Have a seat. It's such a nice surprise to find Tina bringing an

exercise partner home with her." Monica studied my face with a smirking expression. "Do you two work out together often?"

"Well, I'm in the gym a few times each week." I raised my glass to my lips, making sure to flex my right bicep as I did so. My eyes narrowed a bit and I smirked as I noticed Monica noticing it.

"You are in pretty good shape, I see," Monica said, "and Tina is too I guess."

"Pretty good?" I squeaked, thinking of Tina's amazing body.



"Well ...yeah," Monica replied, standing up from the chair, "I mean, she's not quite as big as me, but she's got some definition." She walked over towards me, my eyes following her uncertainly.

Trying to recover my composure, I decided to act cool about it.

"Well, yeah," I said casually. "That's actually one of the reasons I was attracted to her...I've always kind of, uh, been into girls with some muscle."

"That's cool," Monica said with a smile. "I wish I could find a guy like that. Here, tell me how you like this." With an effortless motion, she flexed her arm into a massive bicep.

I couldn't believe the bulge that started to grow, quickly filling up the sleeve.

"That's -- that's awesome, Monica. I bet there are plenty of guys who would..." I stammered.

"Nah, most guys see this and they never want to see me again. Especially if they feel how hard it actually is. Go ahead, try and squeeze it."

As wrong as it felt, I couldn't resist. I put both hands around her flexed muscle and pushed against it. Just as I had suspected, it was as rigid as marble. I couldn't dent her massive muscle.

"Wow," I said.

"And if I ever show a guy how strong this muscle is..." Monica raised her eyebrows mischievously. "Well, let's just say it comes as a bit of a shock. I know it looks impressive, but trust me...it's even stronger than it looks."

I blinked at her, not sure what to say.

She moved closer to me, breathing deeply. "Let me just get to the point." Her voice was getting softer now, full of promise. "If you like her little muscles..." she jerked her head contemptuously towards the bathroom and Tina, "You'll LOVE mine."

Gulping nervously, I leaned back and stammered, "Uh, well I admit they might look a little more impressive, but.... "

Monica stepped closer to me again, smiling even broader. "Trust me. I can squeeze a lot out of these babies..." Now she flexed both arms for me. They exploded into monstrous peaks, her entire body seeming to swell right in front of me.

"I think you'll be surprised. Watch this..." Looking me straight in the eye, she raised her right arm and flexed her huge bicep again and even though it was hidden under the fabric of her shirt, it looked huge and massive.

Monica saw the look on my face, and laughed, smiled demurely and turned around halfway, then turned back and looked at me, waiting for my reaction.



I was just sitting there, panting like I had been running.

"It seems you like what you see?" she said and looked down to my crotch where my member was clearly visible as it was hard as ever.

She then leaned her body into me and let her arm down and her fingers lightly caressed my growing penis.

"Uhhmm.....you like muscles on a girl, admit it." She then said. I remained silent, just looking up at this muscle girl's smiling face.

Then she brought her lips close and her breath hot on my ear as she whispered, "You know, I figure if I have a boyfriend I can have him all to myself. That way he'll be able to get it up more often." Monica ran her fingers up and down my penis a few times more. "I bet you get that huge dick of yours hard whenever Tina demands it, don't you boy?"

I didn't answer.

Monica cupped my package and began to squeeze it.

"Would you like that, boy; have only to service me? I see how you stare of my biceps. Tina doesn't have muscles like mine does she? Do they turn you on?"

Just then we both heard the door to the bathroom open up. Monica quickly moved back to her chair and sat down, sipping her drink as nothing had happened.

I was in total panic as I just couldn't believe what had just happened.

Tina came out on the deck, wearing a summer dress, still drying her hair with a towel.

"Hey you two, what have you been doing?" she said with a smile.

Monica looked up at Tina.

"Well, I just entertained your little boyfriend here while you showered!" she said with a smile.

I just sat there dumbfounded and said nothing, trying to hide my hard on beneath a magazine, while thinking of nun's, icebergs etc.

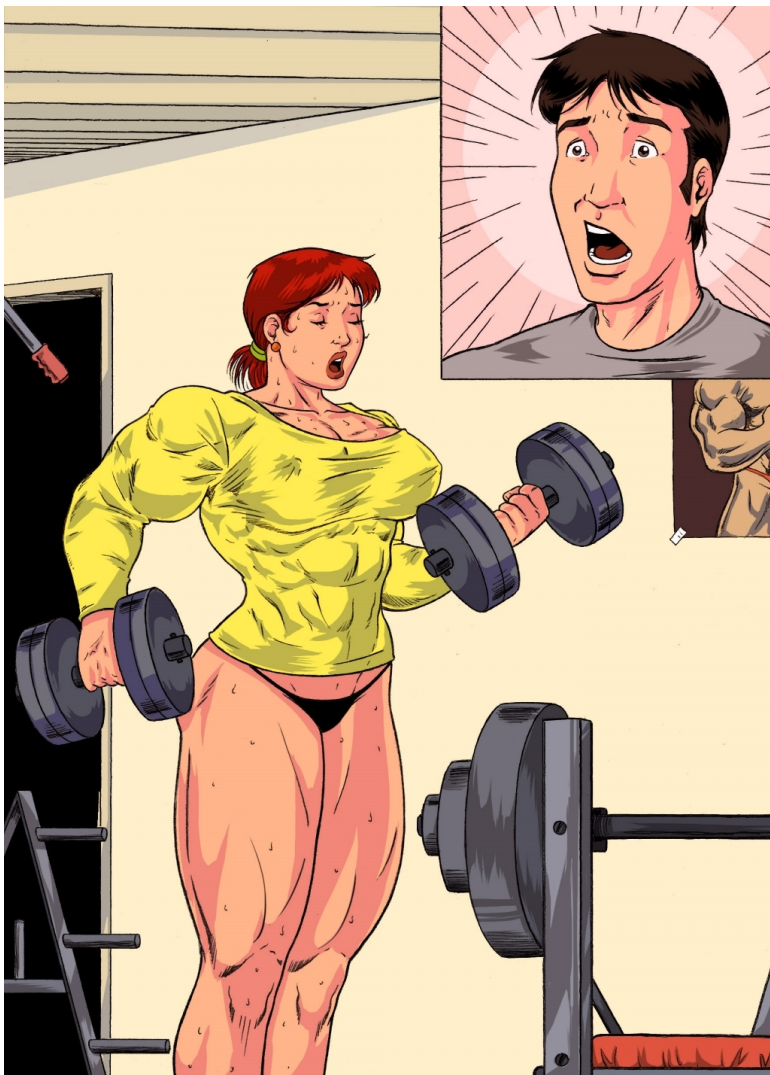
"That's good...well...baby, let's go into my room!" she said to me and took my hand.

As Tina dragged off with me, I glanced quickly back at Monica. She was flexing her huge bicep again, and as Tina dragged me into her room, Monica gave me a little wink.



All the time Tina and I was cuddling and kissing, I couldn't get Monica out of my head...well...not so much Monica, as her huge muscles.

How would it feel to be with a girl that was so muscular?



The next time Tina had me over, Monica was in her room. Tina and I were in the living room watching a movie and cuddling a bit, when I had to go to the bathroom. The bathroom was down a hallway and I had to go past Monica's room.

When I passed the door to Monica's room it was closed, but when I went back from the bathroom the door was only half closed. As quietly I could I snuck up to take a peek inside.

I almost gasped out loudly and I breathed sharply as I saw Monica, doing dumbbell curls with 45lbs on each arm. She smiled as she raised and lowered the seemingly feather light weights in rhythm. Her wickedly pumped bicep exploded with raw, unadulterated power as she hefted the weights.

The huge muscles screamed to escape their lycra prison of the long sleeved top she was wearing stretched to the limit with her firm looking tits resting atop thick beefy slabs of pectoral muscle. Her stomach was ridged with plates of muscular armour, flexing and bulging with a life of their own as she

continued to effortlessly heave the weights.

In contrast to her top, her black thong exposed the thickest, mightiest quads I had ever seen. The cliffs of rock solid thigh meat formed a sickeningly huge teardrop shape over her kneecaps. The diamond shaped calves stretched the top of her socks to the breaking point, seemingly ready to burst open at the slightest flex. I took this all in and was starting to sport the largest erection I had ever felt.

"19....20!" Monica breathed and let the weights thump to the floor. She shook her outrageously pumped and now huge arms and walked over to a full-length mirror.

"Ahhhh....I just love a sexy workout!" She cooed to the mirror.

She curled her inhuman arms into a glorious double-bicep flex, the pumped muscles expanding downward and upward as I stood wondering just when exactly they were going to stop. She flexed and milked as much muscle as she could licking her lips in ecstasy as she watched the mountains of rock hard bicep compress against her unyielding forearms.

"Hmmm...." I heard her murmur to herself as she placed her big hands on her hips and began to expand her humongous lats. I stood in amazement as I watched her back expand and expand, a tear in the tight top forming at the small of her back as she powered her back into a lat pose.



"C'mon, get bigger! Harder!" Monica breathlessly commanded of her muscle, with that she flexed as hard as she could and tore the back of her top in half. Her golden dimpled back displayed valleys of solid muscle pulsing with delight as her top was shredded against the flexing onslaught of her back and chest leaving her topless.

I could not help but letting out a soft moan as I saw this girl's back grow huge and hard, the image of the front of her in the mirror displaying a wall of solid muscle as her traps expanded outwards from her bull neck and her tits, tits that I halfway expected to see sag but Monica's tits stood straight out with nipples erect, riding atop gigantic slabs of beefy chest muscle.

She put her left hand on top of her right biceps, the motion causing her left biceps to flex involuntarily, squeezing her enormous bicep.

"Damn! My biceps are getting soooo big!" she said and she stroked it again and again.

While keeping her hand on the massive biceps, she moved her other hand down to abdominal muscles. "MMMMM! Oh I am so hot! "

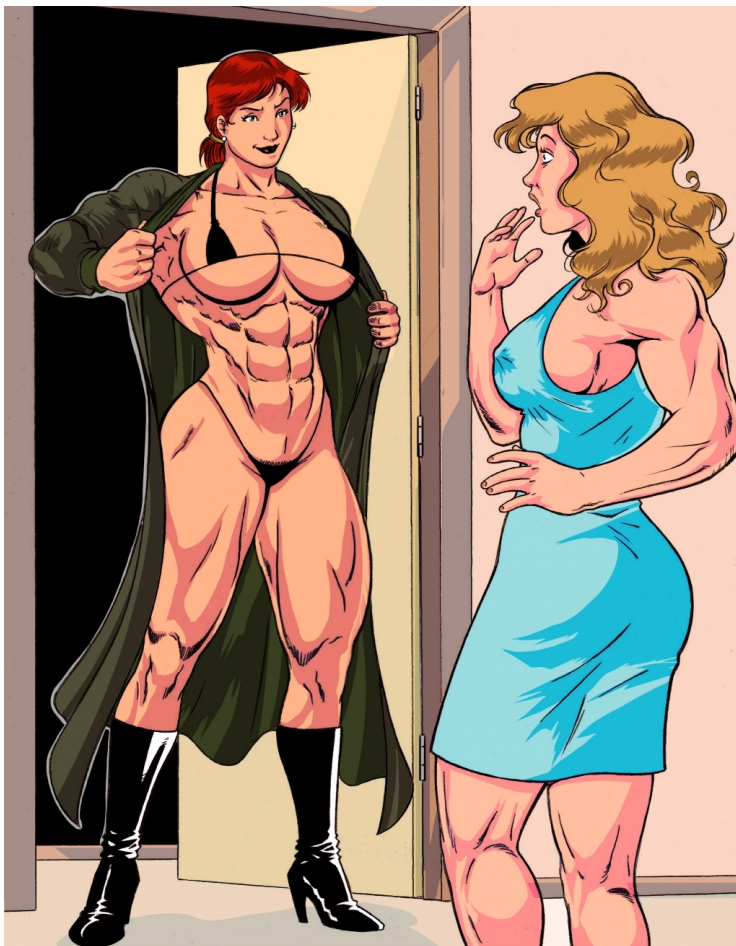
Her hand moved past her abdominal muscles down to her sex. "MMMM that feels so damn good. Just can't help myself!"

"Enjoying the show are we?" she suddenly asked catching my eyes in the mirror. I stood absolutely still, my face redden at the thought that she had known I had been watching the whole time.

Monica then smiled a wicked smile and I bolted for the living room.

Later that evening when Monica walked through the living room, in only a robe, to get to the kitchen, she said nothing, but she sent me a wicked smile and winked at me.

"Tina, I need you to go to the store to get something!" she shouted out from the kitchen.



Tina started to argue, began a couple of protests, then got up and started towards the kitchen, but Monica just then came out, stood directly in front of Tina and opened the robe, her back toward me. She murmured something I couldn't hear. Tina looked Monica up and down, swallowed twice, then turned without a word and stormed out the door slamming it behind her.

Monica turned to me and flashed a gleaming smile.

"He he he ... I don't know if she's afraid of my "little" muscles or she just really loves them! Maybe if she was to take her vitamins and eat her spinach, she could develop something like these," she said and flexed her hugely muscled arms until they tore the sleeves of the petite robe.

She removed her robe and stood before me in a small black posing bikini and knee-high shiny black riding boots, which really exposed the aura of raw power which beamed out of her.

"Well, little boy, now I have you all to myself. How do you like that?" she said.

I thought I was going to faint. Monica stood about five feet seven inches, and her skin was a nice golden tan.

Relaxed she looked smoothly sexy; the tiny scraps of fabric hid virtually nothing but a couple pubic square inches and the color of her clearly defined nipples.

Not a word had come over my lips as I was totally awestruck at the sight of this muscle princess.

"Anyway, I have the power and muscle to take who and what I want, any time I want it!" she growled at me, "And right now I want you! "

Monica began to move into a series of poses, the smoothness evaporated as ropes of muscle bulged, shifted, bunched and exploded.



I estimated her arms at over 17 inches as she flexed them. The peaks were huge with incredible vascularity. Her chest was well over 40 inches around with small breasts, sitting on top of a huge mound of pec-muscle, standing proud and firm. As she did a full front lat spread her body fanned out to incredible dimensions. Her huge chest was offset by a tight waist probably about 26 or 27 inches, with incredible definition. Her legs were immense with quads well over 30 inches and perfectly formed. Her calves bunched to a hard knot as she moved, promising incredible power. She looked at me and smiled.

"I'm beautiful, aren't I?" she asked. She was obviously in love with her own musculature and who could blame her.

When Monica finally stopped her display and stood, gleaming with perspiration and every muscle evident under tight, gold skin, in front of me, I felt like I was waking up after a dream. I was sweating as freely as Monica and had forgotten the cold drink in my hand. Now I gulped half of it down.

"Well, what did you think?" She asked me.

Monica flexed her right arm again and studied it with a critical eye.



"Seventeen inches! Nice peak, good definition. Would you like to feel?" She took my right hand in her left and guided me to my feet. Her golden breast brushed my arm and I couldn't tell if she was about to put my hand on her flexed arm or her firm breast. Either way, I knew where this was headed and couldn't believe my luck.

I wrapped my weak fingers around her massive biceps. The Amazon musclegirl flexed her powerful arm forcing my hand open. I couldn't even get halfway around her mountainous arm.

She shifted position, so that she was now holding me to her with just one hand and brought her other hand up to flex. My God! Her biceps were enormous. I stared at them in amazement and she started working her vaginal muscles against my member.

"You'll never find anyone else like me. I'll hold you like this and let you look at me. I'll spoil you for any other girl, and I'll do it just because I have the power and beauty to do it." She whispered.

"I want you to take out your cock and rub yourself then rub it on my biceps!" Monica said, "I want to feel your warm cum on my sexy hard muscles. Let yourself go, you know you want too! Worship my muscles with your cock."

She reached down, unzipped my shorts and releasing my throbbing member.



I moaned out in pain as well as a little pleasure, "Monica ... please! Let me go! You're... hurting me!" but she didn't let me go.

She took my erection in her grasp and placed it between her bicep and forearm. She bent and unbent her arm over and over again, pumping my dick against her huge bicep.

I silently moaned out, "Oh .. oh .. oh .. god! That .. oh .. shit!" Within seconds, I blew my load all over her arm but she didn't seem to mind. She used it as a lubricant to go even faster.



Just then the front door opened and Tina came home again.

"Good girl. Right on time! Get over here and lick this of my biceps, bitch!" Monica growled. To my amazement, Tina just bowed her head and went to Monica and started to lick my cum off of Monica's still flexed bicep.

I watched in silent embarrassment how Tina licked and worshipped Monica's huge, hard bicep and I felt my dick grow hard again.

"I am glad you are a fast recover!" Monica said, noticing my growing erection, "Because we still have a lot of fun left!"

That's when I realized that the only two choices I had now, was to get out as fast as I could or to be forever obsessed by this red-headed muscle goddess.

THE END

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