

# A RUNNER'S STORY

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*Colors: FemXman*



I've been a freelance sports photographer for about ten years now, and I've always admired athletically trained women and their muscularly toned bodies. I especially love female track athletes as they have development in their legs that always astounds me.

The woman you see sitting here is named Chris who first noticed at a local track meet. I immediately was drawn to her by her extremely large calves. Even though she looked to be in her mid to late 20's she'd obviously been a competitor at one time, and she had obviously been keeping herself in tip-top shape. For not only were her legs taut and bulbous with muscles, her arms - even in a relaxed condition bulged with amazing muscles. She must do more than run, I thought. She seemed to glow with a deep tan and a healthy vigor that acted like a beacon for a man like me.

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I struck up a conversation with Chris, and she confirmed my first impressions. She had been an Olympic caliber track star in her late teens and early twenties. She looked even bigger up close, and when I mentioned how amazed I was at the size of her arm and leg muscles, she did a sitting double bicep flex. I almost fell down! Chris' arms were absolutely huge! She extended one leg and flexed it. Bumpy muscles bulged beneath its smooth, tanned surface.

Finally I regained enough composure to ask if I could take some photos of her, and she readily complied. I had a hard time keeping focused as Chris' physique was probably the best I'd ever seen.





Eventually I asked Chris to stand, and received an additional shock. She was very tall. Taller than me. I was doubly amazed, because the mass and size of all her muscles was like that of a very well-built shorter woman, but Chris was nearly six feet tall! I asked her to flex up her calves, and she slipped off her shoes and hiked up her dress. I gasped in astonishment. Massive muscles rippled and burst forth all up and down her full long legs. And those calves literally blew-up like twin balloons! Unreal definition and cuts. Chris' legs had to be the most massively muscled legs I'd ever seen on any female, and I'd seen quite a few muscularly legged women. UNREAL!

Chris' hamstrings were also incredibly developed as most runners are, only more-so in her case. Her highly trained legs really made me hot. I tried to keep cool, but I think Chris could see the effect her fantastic physique was having on me. I made a date with her to show her the photos I was taking at one of her track workouts at a local high school. Chris told me I could help her work out training and to come ready to run. Now I'm a runner myself, but I knew I wasn't near Chris' league in the sport. But a chance to watch her train, and perhaps get closer to her was too good to resist. Little did I imagine what was in store for me that late afternoon.....



WELL, HE IS A BIT ON THE SMALL SIDE, BUT I CAN TELL HE'LL BE FUN TO INTRODUCE TO ONE OF MY SPECIAL MIXED-EXERCISE SESSIONS!



WELL, I SEE YOU'VE COME READY TO RUN, BUT BEFORE YOU CAN RUN WITH ME YOU MUST PROVE YOURSELF CAPABLE OF GIVING ME A BIT OF COMPETITION HERE IN A **FRIENDLY TUSSLE** ON THE GRASS. GET READY!

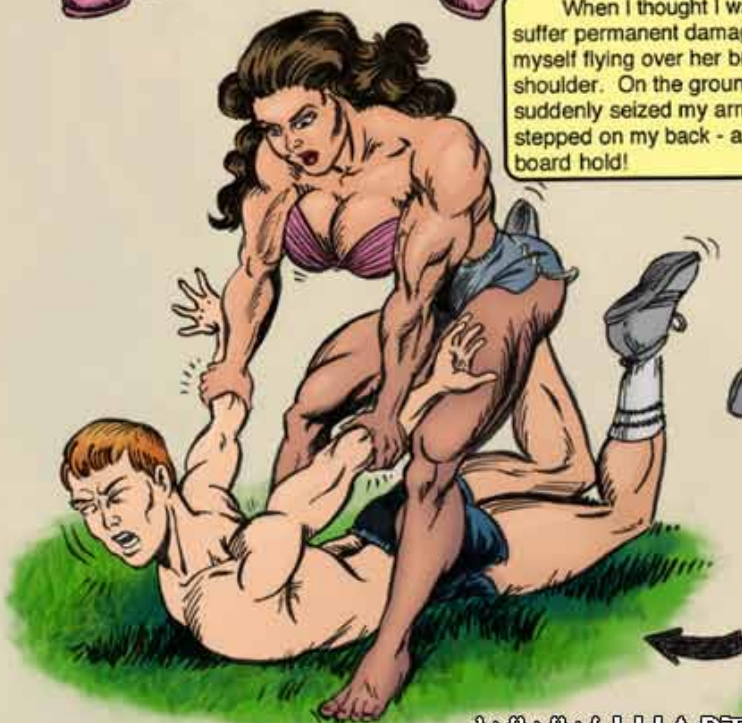


I again nearly kneeled over when I saw Chris in her work-out clothes – GOD! What an awesome female body. Then when she challenged me to a wrestling match I was doubly flabbergasted. I must admit the thought of going up against all her erotically stimulating muscles excited me, but I hardly knew Chris. It seemed like an innocent request, but maybe Chris was kinky and got off on beating up guys.

As these and other thoughts raced through my head, Chris removed her heels and came over to me smiling and took me in a bear-hug that lifted me clean off my feet and crushed the air from my lungs.



When I thought I was going to suffer permanent damage, I found myself flying over her broad shoulder. On the ground she suddenly seized my arms and stepped on my back - a vicious surf board hold!





Chris' arms were so immensely powerful I feared any second my shoulders would pop. She really knew just how to totally control an opponent. I began to fear that my brief thought about Chris being some kind of sadist was true.

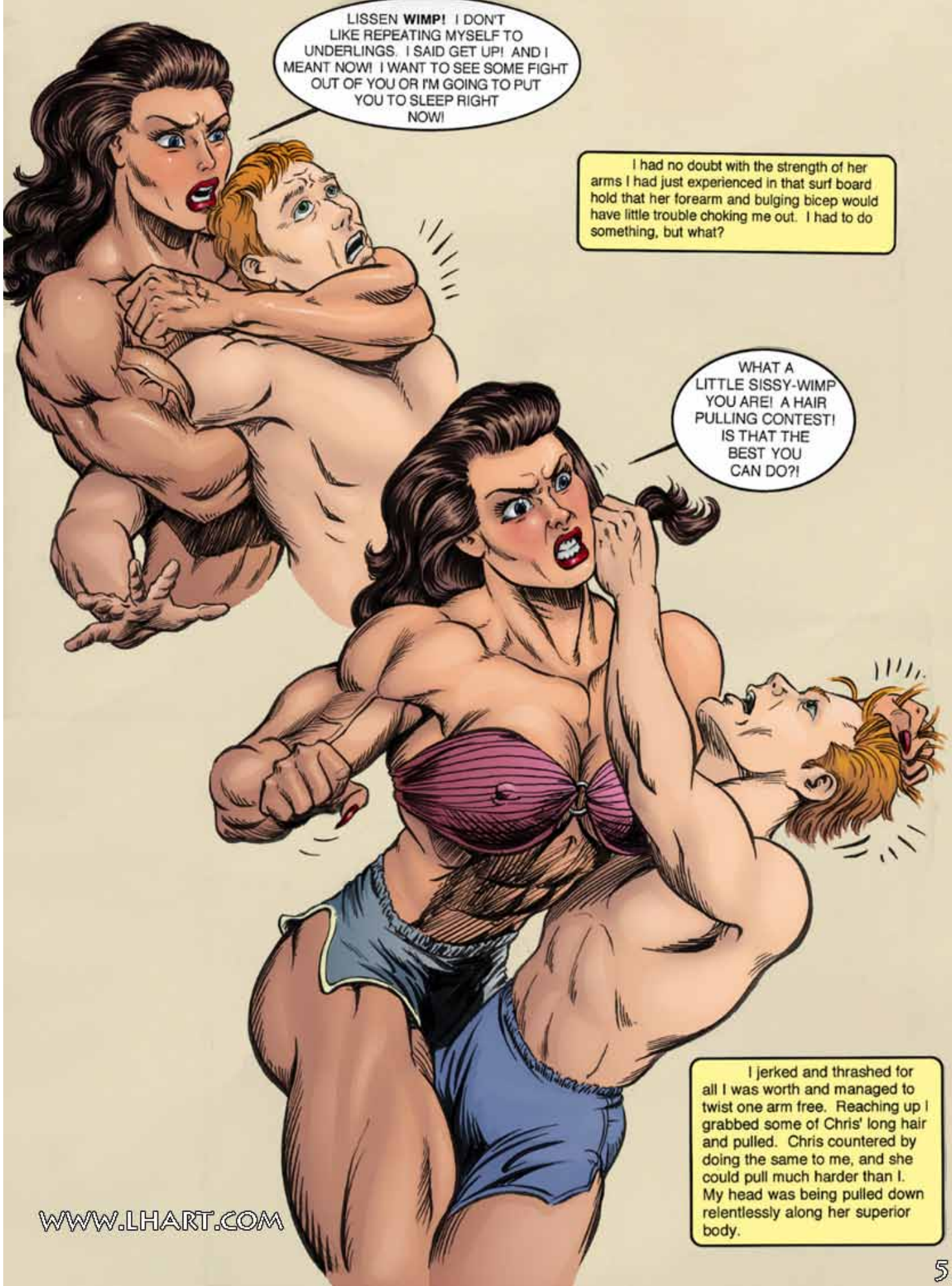
WELL GUY, I GUESS YOU'RE A LOT WEAKER THAN I FIRST THOUGHT. BETTER LIGHTEN UP A BIT. OKAY BY YOU?

AH - GASPI JEEZE! YES!

Then she released me, holding one of my now nearly useless arms as I lay exhausted beneath her powerful form. We had only been at this for a couple of minutes, but I was already completely spent. My arms throbbed in pain, and I was breathing hard. While Chris wasn't even flushed. She was yelling at me to get up and start giving her some sort of competition, or else.

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LISSEN **WIMP!** I DON'T  
LIKE REPEATING MYSELF TO  
UNDERLINGS. I SAID GET UP! AND I  
MEANT NOW! I WANT TO SEE SOME FIGHT  
OUT OF YOU OR I'M GOING TO PUT  
YOU TO SLEEP RIGHT  
NOW!

I had no doubt with the strength of her arms I had just experienced in that surf board hold that her forearm and bulging bicep would have little trouble choking me out. I had to do something, but what?

WHAT A  
LITTLE SISSY-WIMP  
YOU ARE! A HAIR  
PULLING CONTEST!  
IS THAT THE  
BEST YOU  
CAN DO?!


I jerked and thrashed for all I was worth and managed to twist one arm free. Reaching up I grabbed some of Chris' long hair and pulled. Chris countered by doing the same to me, and she could pull much harder than I. My head was being pulled down relentlessly along her superior body.





DIDN'T DO SO GOOD, SISSY-BOY! BUT PERHAPS YOUR ARMS LACK THEIR FULL MANLY STRENGTH, CONSIDERING WHAT I PUT THEM THROUGH. I SEEM TO BE HOLDING BACK WITH YOU, SO LET'S GET DOWN ON THE GRASS WHERE I CAN HAVE SOME FUN USING MY LEGS ON YOU!

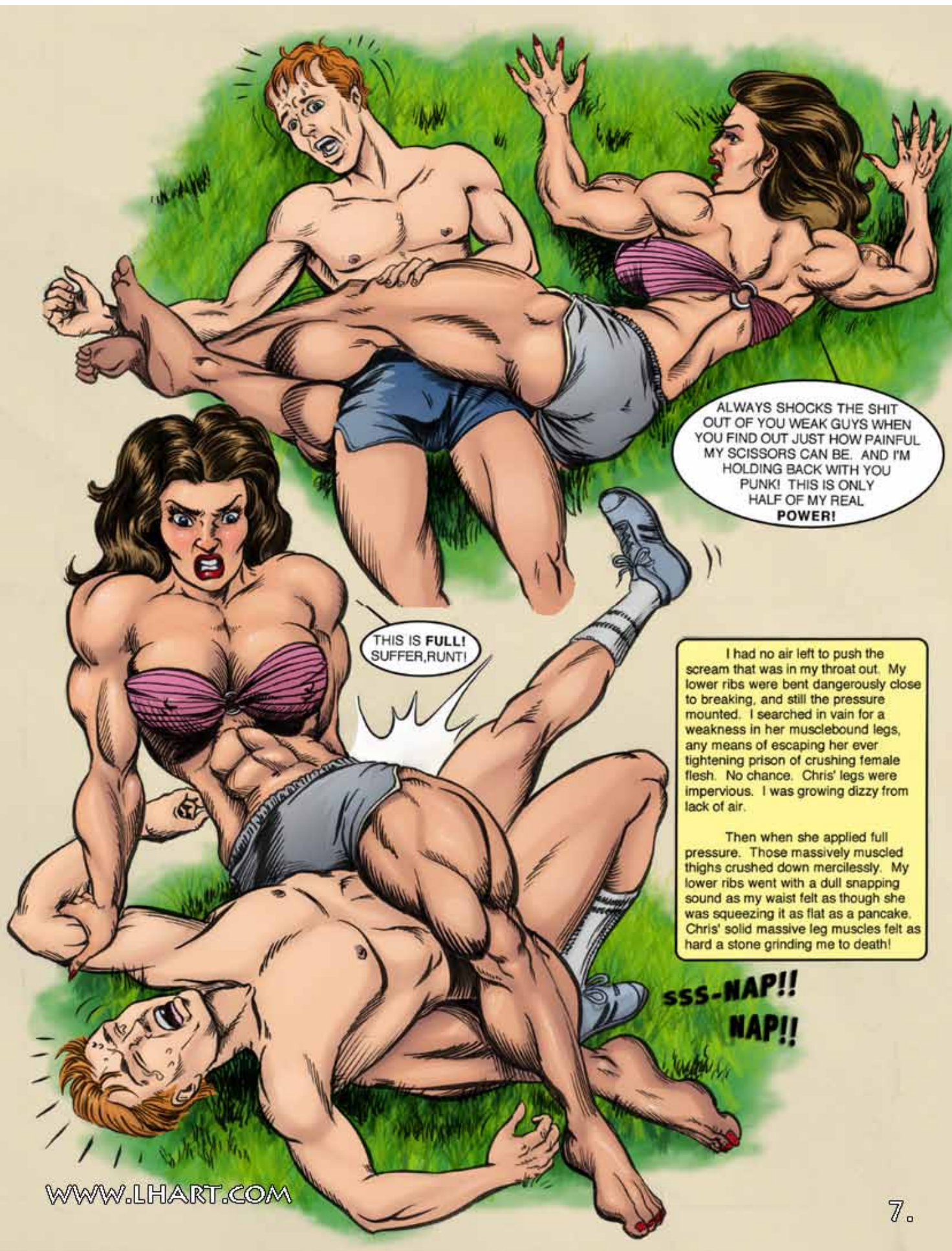
I was really in for it now. Chris' legs gripped my middle, their incredible girth simply dwarfing my waist. Her thighs must easily measure 28 inches I thought just before the first squeeze came. I flexed my stomach muscles as hard as I could. They were like paper houses in a hurricane beneath Chris' leg muscles relentless onslaught.



NOW ISN'T THIS BETTER? ALL COMFY? I SHOULD WARN YOU NOW, WIMP, IF YOU THOUGHT MY ARMS WERE STRONG. YOU HAVEN'T FELT NOTHING UNTIL THESE BIG LEGS OF MINE PUT THE **SQUEEZE** ON YOU!

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ALWAYS SHOCKS THE SHIT  
OUT OF YOU WEAK GUYS WHEN  
YOU FIND OUT JUST HOW PAINFUL  
MY SCISSORS CAN BE. AND I'M  
HOLDING BACK WITH YOU  
PUNK! THIS IS ONLY  
HALF OF MY REAL  
**POWER!**

THIS IS FULL!  
SUFFER, RUNT!

I had no air left to push the  
scream that was in my throat out. My  
lower ribs were bent dangerously close  
to breaking, and still the pressure  
mounted. I searched in vain for a  
weakness in her musclebound legs,  
any means of escaping her ever  
tightening prison of crushing female  
flesh. No chance. Chris' legs were  
impervious. I was growing dizzy from  
lack of air.

Then when she applied full  
pressure. Those massively muscled  
thighs crushed down mercilessly. My  
lower ribs went with a dull snapping  
sound as my waist felt as though she  
was squeezing it as flat as a pancake.  
Chris' solid massive leg muscles felt as  
hard a stone grinding me to death!

**sss-NAP!!**  
**NAP!!**



I was all too much, and I quickly passed out. When she felt me go limp, Chris let up her terrible pressure and slowly uncoiled her deadly legs from around my wasted form. She climbed astride my upper chest, avoiding my crushed lower ribs - thankfully.

When I finally awoke, Chris inched up further on me until my face was framed by her immense thighs. I felt completely defeated and at her mercy.

AHH! THIS IS THE BEST MOMENT! I FEEL LIKE A FEMALE GLADIATOR ATOP HER VANQUISHED FOE. THE ARENA AUDIENCE SCREAMING FOR ME TO END YOUR WORTHLESS LIFE!

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GOOD! YOU'VE FINALLY WOKE UP. I'VE BEEN PONDERING YOUR FACE - I MEAN FATE. HE. HE. THE ARENA AUDIENCE IS SCREAMING FOR YOUR BLOOD! AND SINCE I AM THE OBVIOUS VICTRESS IN THIS LITTLE STRUGGLE FOR DOMINANCE, THE DECISION IS MINE ALONE. WHAT SHALL IT BE.....



Raising up off my painracked body, Chris stood before me and told me to get on my knees before her. I struggled in my pain to get on all fours, cowering before her magnificence. She went up on her toes and her tanned pumped legs literally glowed with absolute female strength and superiority. I felt myself begin to shiver in fear of those legs vast potential.

THAT'S IT  
LITTLE MAN. COWER BEFORE  
THESE LEGS THAT **RULE YOU!**  
IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO FEEL  
THEIR POWER AGAIN!



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Stepping over to my shaking form, Chris straddled my head with those frighteningly beautiful legs. Taking it between her knees and bulbous upper calves. Going up on her toes again she powered in the pressure on my trapped skull. I couldn't believe how hard and large her calves became as I felt them expand past my hand size. The pain was blinding. By bouncing up and down with her feet, I suffered an up and down series of head squeezing that nearly put me out!





Then she repositioned those bulbous calves around my neck, expanding the full firm bulge of one of them in on my hapless throat nearly crushing my windpipe shut. I was experiencing a level of calf development, control and strength like I'd never known before or since! Standing over me like this with my neck a prisoner of her awesome calves, Chris held my life literally captured between nearly 19 inches of hard, smooth and decidedly deadly calf muscles!

IT'S ALWAYS SO EASY WITH THESE WEAK LITTLE CREEPS WITH THEIR CAMERAS. ALWAYS WONDERING JUST HOW STRONG THESE LEGS ARE. WELL, I'M HAPPY TO OBLIGE THEM. GIVES ME A LITTLE EXTRA PUMP FOR MY WORK OUT, BUT THIS GUY REALLY DIDN'T GIVE ME MUCH COMPETITION TODAY.

How could I have know the afternoon I first spotted these incredible legs that I would be made to suffer such a fate between them? She bolted more pressure and my tongue stuck out. If she bolted anymore she could easily snap my neck! Was this it then? A quick twisting snap of her astonishing legs and I'm history? I again passed out thinking I would never wake up again.

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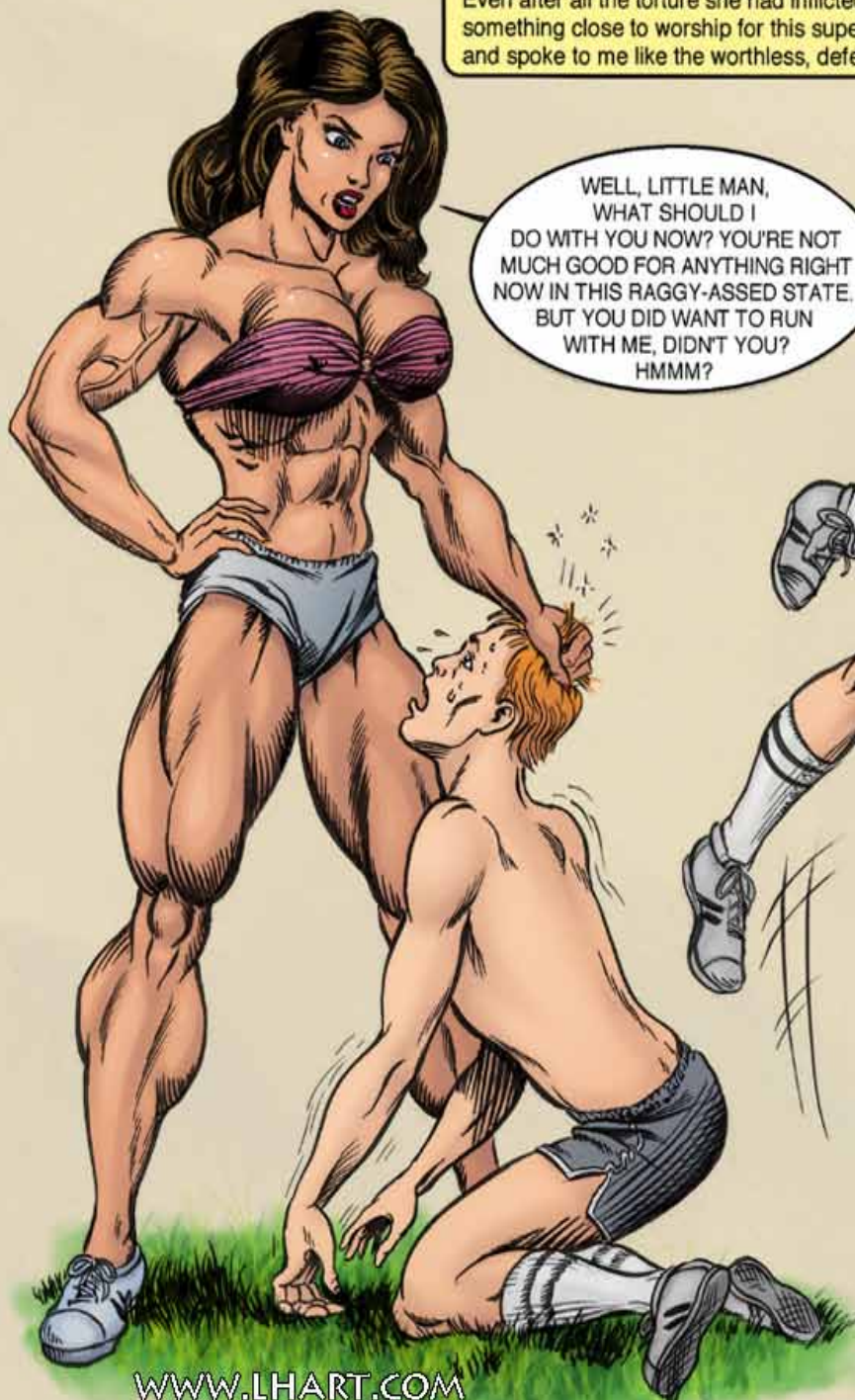




But slowly I did awake. I heard a wheezing noise and realized it was my own breathing. My breath was passing through a badly collapsed throat. And each breath was sheer agony as my broken lower ribs screamed their discomfort with my very act of breathing. I opened my eyes to see Chris again towering over me. Still, though I can't explain it, I loved her tremendous legs. Even after all the torture she had inflicted on me with them. In fact, I was feeling something close to worship for this superior female as she took me by the hair and spoke to me like the worthless, defeated dog I was.

WELL, LITTLE MAN,  
WHAT SHOULD I  
DO WITH YOU NOW? YOU'RE NOT  
MUCH GOOD FOR ANYTHING RIGHT  
NOW IN THIS RAGGY-ASSED STATE.  
BUT YOU DID WANT TO RUN  
WITH ME, DIDN'T YOU?  
HMMM?

OKAY, SINCE  
YOU DON'T SEEM  
UP TO RUNNING YOURSELF,  
AND I STILL NEED TO  
GET MY RUN IN.....




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Chris grabbed me painfully by the neck and crotch, and with a display of dramatic strength lifted my 160 pounds up above her head as if I weighed no more than a sweater! Her biceps bulged huge! I couldn't believe things could get more mind-blowing than what I'd already experienced, but I guess I just didn't know that with this woman's vast strength, anything could happen!





A muscular woman with long, wavy brown hair is running on a dirt track. She is wearing a purple sports bra and grey shorts. She is carrying a man on her back. The man has short, reddish-brown hair and is wearing blue shorts and white sneakers. He has a pained or surprised expression on his face, with sweat drops and radiating lines around his head. The background shows a grassy field, a wooden fence, and a building under a cloudy sky.

...I'LL JUST  
HAVE TO CARRY YOU  
ALONG WITH ME. I FIGURE  
ABOUT FIVE MILES SHOULD  
BE ENOUGH. DON'T YOU  
AGREE? OH! DON'T  
BOTHER ANSWERING.  
SAVE YOUR BREATH  
FOR THE LONG  
HAUL. YOU'RE  
GOING TO NEED  
IT MORE THAN  
ME! HA!  
HA! HA!

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12 - END!