

SARA

(amysconquest.com)

I suppose that, as long as I've noticed women, I've had this unexplained longing for athletic, muscular women. For the longest time, I just figured that I was some kind of deviant, and I never acted on my secret desires. At least until I met Sara.

I went away to college when I was seventeen, looking for new experiences, anxious to discover what life had to offer. And there she was. Sara lived down the hall from me in my dorm, and from the very beginning we were friends. She was witty and intelligent, thoughtful and interesting. She was also incredibly muscular. In passing one day she had explained to me that she was a swimmer during high school, and her shoulders and back showed it. Even though she never wore a T-shirt or tank top, anyone could tell that her delts were powerful and well rounded, her back broad with high traps.

There was more to her than just a muscular back, however. On move-in day, the entire hallway watched in awe as she carried a steamer trunk of clothes on one shoulder, with a full suitcase in her other hand. The other guys on the hall were more than a little intimidated, and rarely hung out with Sara. But I couldn't help myself: not only did she have a wonderful personality, her body was the very picture of every erotic fantasy I ever had.

After about a month, I got up the nerve to ask her about this incredibly powerful physique she possessed. Sara replied that, even as a child, she had always been intrigued by muscles, and when she discovered that her body blossomed, she became engrossed in her training. Despite the advice of her coaches and disdain of her team-mates, she lifted weights, first just body weight doing dips, chin-ups and push-ups, but moved on to pumping iron.

"That explains the forearms.", I piped up.

"I've been kind of hiding them, because I really like you a lot. I didn't want to scare you off."



I looked her straight in the eye. "I'm not scared at all. In fact, I think your muscles, your body, are fantastic." I couldn't believe that I had revealed my deepest, darkest secret to someone I barely knew.

Sara leaned over and kissed me on the cheek, a soft, lingering kiss. I knew, I had always known. Our lips met in a deep, long, wet kiss. She moaned slightly. I was thrilled. We kissed for the next half an hour so, until I began to peel her shirt off. She stopped me and looked straight into my face.

"Not tonight," she purred. "Come back tomorrow night at nine, and I'll have a surprise for you. Tomorrow night."

The next day I had three classes: Music, Calculus, and English History. To this day I couldn't tell you what happened in any of them. All I could think of was that woman, those muscles. I barely touched lunch, and was so nervous that dinner only lasted a couple of bites. I had dated in high school, but never anyone that I fantasized about. Even that hour between eight and nine, seemed to take forever. Trying to be cool, I didn't make my way to her room until 9:02, trying to be suave.

Who was I kidding?

I reached her door and knocked softly.

A muffled voice: "Who is it?"

Answering quietly, "It's me, Sara."

Again muffled, but inviting: "Come on in."

On entering, I saw no one. Turning, I called out, "Sara, where..."

I froze in my tracks. Hanging from a rod in her closet, Sara was doing behind the neck chin-ups, dressed only in a bra and panties. I watched and counted the reps: One, two, three, four, five...It looked as though she had been at it for a while, as her back was glistening with sweat. And what a back!

At the bottom of each movement, Sara flared her lats out for maximum stretch. They seemed to taper from her waist, building upward to perfectly formed delts, with all three heads separated and defined. As she pulled her body upwards, her spinal erectors contracted, forming two thick columns of muscle around her backbone. At the top of the movement, her traps bulged like cannonballs as she flexed them purposely. She grunted softly at the top as she held the position. Veins stood out like garden hoses, over rippling forearms that seems to be constructed of steel cable. I continued to count: seventeen, eighteen, nineteen...

Then I suddenly noticed. God, was I hard! Feeling sure of myself, I had only worn sweatpants, and I seriously worried about busting out of them. I ached, feeling as though I could come any second. I quickly grabbed for my cock and tried to hold it down, to think of anything else. It was impossible. Finally, after the twenty-three reps that I counted, Sara dropped free of the bar. She breathed heavily, clearly tired from what was an amazing effort. Then the show began.

Sara rolled her head back ever so slightly until she caught me out of the corner of her eye, and showed a sly smile. Facing forward again, she took a deep breath and moved her elbows as far back as they would go. Her traps exploded with power, rear delts leapt to life, and she showed a lower "V" that looked as though it had been carved from granite. She held the pose for longer than I could believe, and then moved into a lat spread that any male heavyweight would envy. Her lats seemed to touch the tips of her elbows. Again, Sara held that pose for longer than I could stand. Finally, she relaxed and turned to face me.



Her body was drenched in sweat, nipples exploding through what had become a see-through bra. As she breathed her breasts gleamed with the sweat and her pecs tightened slightly, but enough that I would notice. And the rest of her! This was the body I had dreamt of: Broad, muscular shoulders which led to full, powerful arms coursing with thick veins, and ending with rippling forearms which danced as she opened and closed her hands.

I focused again on those dominant breasts, and moved slowly down. Sara possessed a true "six pack", and as she breathed in, it hardened until there seemed to be no fat around her middle at all. The sweat tricked down those solid abs and saturated her panties, also now rendered see through. The curls of her pubic hair were clearly visible, as was the shape and size of her bush. It was perfect.

What sweat was left ran down the insides of her powerful, piston-like thighs.

Sara saw that I was moving down her body and she flexed her thighs hard, showing deep cut striations and thick muscle groups. Even her calves bulged, laced with veins. Where in the hell did a swimmer get legs like those?

"Well", she drawled, "Is this what you were hoping for?" That sly smile was back. Her eyes drifted down to my aching bulge, and they widened. "Oh my."

I couldn't speak, but instead let out a low moan and began to stroke my cock over my sweats. As my head rolled back, a hand caught mine.

"No lover, not just yet. Save something for me." Our tongues locked deeply, and as she put my hand to her breasts, her pecs exploded up and then hardened. Ohhhhhh. I was sure that I was going to come again.

Sara, sensing my readiness, again stopped me.

She cooed, "No lover, save your strength, you'll need it." That smile again.

I couldn't wait for what was coming next. "For what?"

Sara unhooked her bra and dropped it to the floor. She stood bare-chested, facing me for a moment, her every sweaty pore exuding power and sex. Slowly, she made her way to the desk and placed her right arm on its top. "Let's go."

"Sara, I am a little bigger than you and I do work out, in case you've noticed."

She widened her eyes in mock surprise. "Really, then we'll have to arm wrestle for something substantial then." A challenge from me, clearly the response she was hoping for. "What say the loser goes down on the winner for as long as the winner likes, however long it takes. Interested now?"



I could only stand there like some statue with a raging hard-on, mute.

"Whattya say, think I can take you whole. Bet you'd like to see me try." Sara rolled her fingers and her muscles rippled. I took a seat and we locked hands. Immediately she squeezed my open palm and a bolt of pain shot down my arm. My first instinct was to pull back or howl in pain, but I fought it off and squeezed as hard as I could. I felt her hand give slightly. Again, clearly the response she was looking for.

Sara whispered, "Ready, set...go", and the match began, arms deadlocked. I was grateful that I wasn't pinned yet, because it looked as though she was actually trying. For twenty seconds or so, neither of us could budge the other, but using every ounce of strength I had, her arm began to come down slightly. "Good", she whispered, "I bet you're so long and hard, and you've been waiting for me to suck you off ever since we met, haven't you?" I didn't answer, because at about sixty degrees, my arm froze, as Sara's will had kicked in.

She continued to taunt me, "You've noticed my hard body from day one, and have been dying for me to blow you so you could show me how strong you are. Well, show me. Try harder." Try as I might, I couldn't move her an inch. We were both sapped by now, and ropey veins bulged over her swelling biceps and rock-hard forearms. Just when I figured we were dead even and trying to plan my next assault, she locked her gaze into mine.

"Watch this."



As I looked down, her forearm seemed to grow right before my eyes. It swelled and hardened, and I felt my wrist being bent backwards. It was over. Even though I hung on for a while longer, my advantage was turned to disadvantage and finally defeat. Sara held my arm on the table for a little while, breathing heavily. We were both exhausted. Just before she caught her breath totally, Sara released my hand and lifted her arm into the air. Fanning her fingers, she then curled them into a fist and slowly flexed the arm with which she had just destroyed me. I was astounded: the long muscle bellies disappeared, and in its place a lump of muscle the size of a softball. As she hit full contraction, Sara breathed out in a short gasp.



"How about that?"

I couldn't speak as she extended and flexed, extended and flexed, pumping her biceps until, engorged with blood, it looked as though it would break through her skin. She took my hand and placed it on the swelling muscle.

"Here, I know this is what you want." She extended and flexed her arm again, and I could feel every ounce of power. Squeeze as I might, I couldn't dent her enormous muscles. Sara finally stood up and moved into the center of the room.

Without a word and gazing directly at me, she slowly stripped off her sweat-soaked panties and let them fall to the floor. Completely nude, she looked as though carved from a block of stone, her chest still heaving from the exertion of both the arm wrestling and the flexing.

"Are you ready for me?"

I got up and made my way to her. I had planned on some sort of romantic gesture, but instead, I fell to my knees in adoration.

I was thrilled: the woman of my dreams had utterly dominated me in a test of strength and will, and I intended to fulfil our bet to the fullest. I couldn't imagine what a woman of that much power would do when she finally came.

She gently but firmly took my hair in her hands and led me to her vagina. The thick hair was also drenched in sweat. Without a word, I cupped my hands behind her knees and buried my face in her crotch. The sweat mixed with her aroma was sweet, and I slipped my tongue inside her. I had never been particularly good at oral sex, but I was getting into it. Her breath came in heavier and heavier gasps as she tightened her grip on my hair. As I rolled my eyes upwards, I could see that Sara was flexing her abs, and her intercostals stood out like piano keys.

Then something new. Between breaths, she whispered, "Ass" Not thinking anything of it, I kept on with my business. She bent over, grabbed my hands and placed them on her rock-hard ass, and said, "Put your hands where I tell you to."



I couldn't believe how hard her ass was, and to my amazement, she made them even harder. I could feel every striation, every ripple. After a few minutes, she murmured, "Thighs", and I moved my hands around front. Her thighs had those teardrops just to the side of the knee, and they were big and hard. The room was warm, and she had continued to sweat. Now it ran down the insides of her legs, and I rubbed it into her deep-cut muscles. Every so often, she would call out a different body part: "Arms", "Tits", "Abs", and I would move on to each and every part of her armor-plated body. Sara must have liked it, because she began to moan quietly. I hadn't taken a break since we started, and after thirty minutes, I was tiring out. But Sara was coming.

The moaning that had been quiet now suddenly became vocal, gritty.

She gulped for every breath, co-ordinating her hands and body so that with every push, my face was driven deeper and deeper into her wet, spasming body. It must have gone on for a minute or more - I couldn't believe that a woman could come for this long! Wave after wave came over her and she rode each one, and I suddenly became aware of the fact that she was ready to tear my hair out! As I looked up, she climaxed, "Uuuunnhhhhhh, uuuuuuunnhhhhhh, uuuuuuunnhhhhhh!"

Glancing upwards, she was peering down at me, licking the sweat from her lips, with that sly smile again. "Nice, very nice", she purred, when out of the corner of my eye I saw all of my fellow dorm-mates staring at the two of us through their windows. Sara's room jutted out onto the dorm's courtyard and was visible to anyone looking out their rear windows. Apparently, everyone was: quite purposely, Sara had not pulled her shades down, better to give the boys a peek at what they were missing. I was more than a little startled and tried to pull my head away.

To my surprise, I couldn't move. Sara was gripping my head in her powerful hands, and wasn't letting go or letting me back. "No, no, baby, I'm not nearly done yet. Show me what you've got." I wanted to move and had to pull her off of me, but I couldn't stand up with her sinewy arms holding me down. I grasped her wrists, but even with all of my strength, I couldn't budge her grip. Sliding my hands up to her forearms, I tried again. It was like trying to crush a baseball bat. Her rippling muscles didn't yield an inch. I was breathing harder and harder, straining with all my might, but I couldn't move my face from her crotch. In fact, my face was deeper than before. Sara spoke again, taunting me.

"That's it, keep trying, you get harder when you try. I like it that way. That's it, give it to me, give it, give it, give it." I found suddenly that I was thrilled, as thrilled as I had been when she dominated me in arm wrestling. I let go over her arms and dug my hands into the solid flesh of her ass. It yielded under my fingers and I became even more excited. I buried my tongue into her deep bush and flicked it in and out, over and over. As Sara began to moan again, I looked up to see her looking out her window, enjoying the attention. I slid my hands upward to her large, firm breasts to get her attention back to me. Feeling unbelievable power, I pushed her backwards against the wall and quickly resumed my business. Now it was Sara who was thrilled: she had unlocked a passion that I had never known existed inside me, and she became the willing recipient of it all. She came not soon after that, groaning and gulping for breath. Her body sagged slightly, signalling that she was satisfied. But I wasn't. This went on for another hour, the two of us alternately dominating and yielding, straining and relaxing. Even though I never came myself, it was the most intense sexual experience I could imagine.

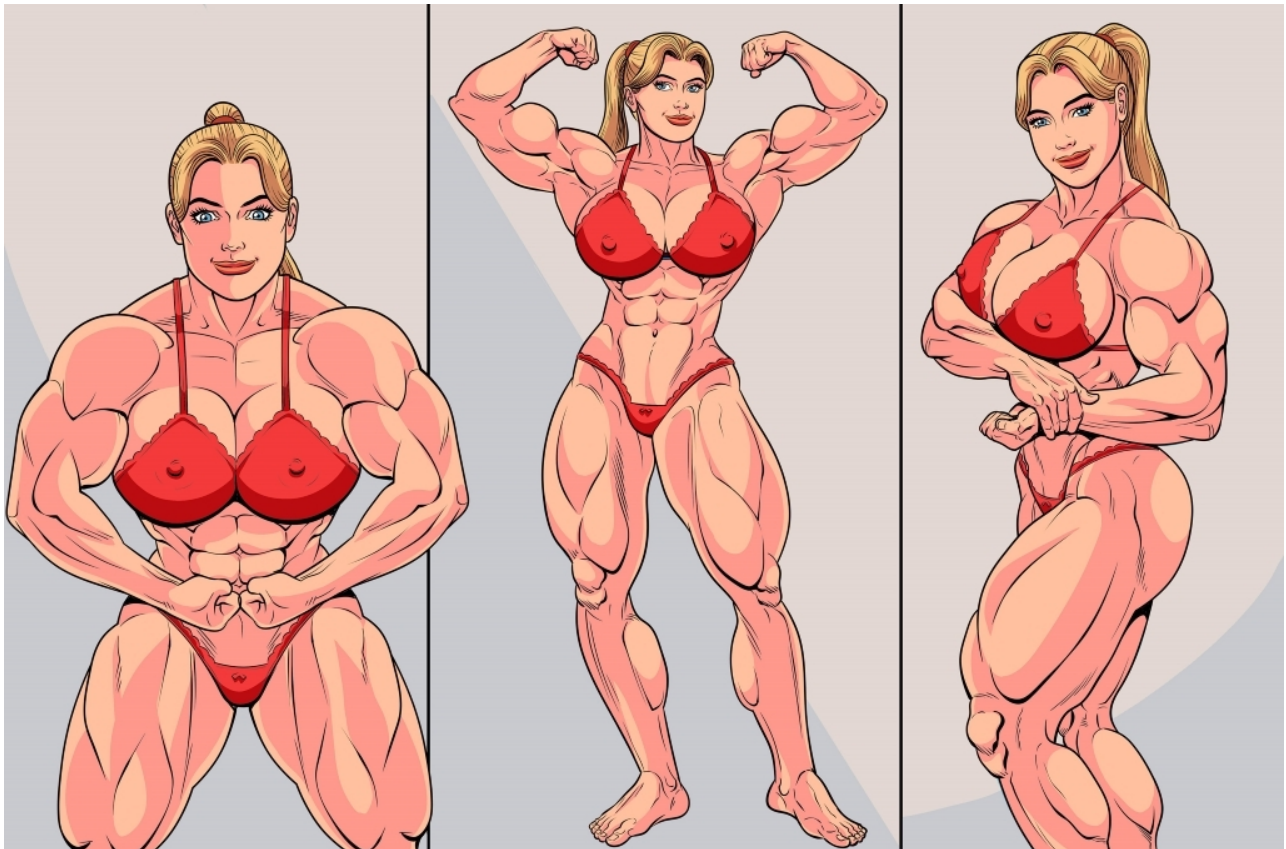


We fell asleep, arm in arm.

I awoke three hours later to the sound of heavy breathing. In the middle of the room, Sara was putting the finishing layer of oil on her pumped-up body. She took a deep breath, jutting her breasts out, and struck an amazing double-biceps pose. She told me, "For as long as I can remember, I've wished for someone who would love me for who I really am. Someone with whom I could show all my muscle, all my strength, all my sex. You're the man I wished for, and this is for you."

For the next fifteen minutes, I was treated to the most incredible posing display I have ever seen. Front double-biceps, rear double-biceps, lat spreads, shaking and flexing her thighs, holding each pose for longer than I thought possible. Her abs tightened mightily as she let out each breath, and her chest expanded with each inward breath. And what breasts! My God, her nipples looked like pencil erasers, and the sweat dripped from them. Needless to say, I was hard as a rock, stroking my long member just at the sight of her.

As she finished her routine, she struck a "crab" pose. Every striation in her chest tensed as though it would snap from the strain. As she relaxed, her arms hung at her sides, with veins like garden hoses. Sara cocked her head slightly and looked me straight in the eye. "Are you ready for me?"



Without a further word, Sara stripped off her underwear and, before I could move to meet her, mounted me. Holding my arms behind my head, she began to pump me for all she was worth. "Just leave everything to me", she said, kissing me hard on the mouth, and began to work harder still. I couldn't believe it; she was actually screwing me! The first time, I lasted a good fifteen minutes, and when we came together, the bed shook with the force. We weren't finished yet. Sara took my hands and placed them on her bulging arms. "Stay hard, baby, just hold on to these." She turned her fists inward, and powerful peaks sprang up under my thumbs. I didn't get soft even for a minute, and we had two more go-arounds before quitting. I slept through my 9:00 class, and could barely walk that day.



We were supposed to meet for lunch the next day, as we did most days. Usually I just grabbed my lunch and found her in the hall, more often than not sitting alone. When I got my lunch, I noticed a commotion coming from the eating area, moments of silence punctuated by loud cheering coming from the direction of my normal seat. I stopped a friend of mine and asked him what was going on. "Didn't you hear? Some chick is arm-wrestling guys and beating the hell out of all of them? I heard that she promised to blow any guy that can beat her!" I just rolled my eyes and made my way over to my seat.

There must have been a crowd of thirty or more, mostly men, watching Sara. She was dressed in a cut-off tank top that barely covered the bottom of her breasts and exposed her rippling abs. She wore tight biker shorts that drew more than a few stares. Her right arm, engorged with blood, seemed to be twice the size of her left, although I was informed that she had been using her left when necessary, with the same results: Sara had decimated every man who cared to try her. As I came to the table, guys I never met were slapping me on the back, no doubt having been witness to my sexual display the night before and now treating me like a man who had discovered gold. Sara greeted me with a deep, wet kiss.

"Hey baby, not bad, huh?" With her left hand, she showed me a handful of five-dollar bills. Apparently, the fee for each match was five bucks, and she had accumulated more than two fistfuls. She asked me to wait because there was one last victim. My eyeballs enlarged more than a little when he sat down: a member of the rowing team, he weighed 220 if he weighed an ounce.

As he sat down, Sara viewed him with mock surprise: "Ooooh, you're a big one, aren't you." He merely replied, "You're going to find out the hard way after I whip you." Looking at me, he nodded: "Sorry, buddy." As his eyes turned back, he saw a sinewy, vein criss-crossed arm facing him. Locking hands, someone in the crowd shouted "Go".



No movement on either side after ten seconds. The crowd shouted encouragement to my new girlfriend, "Go, Sara!" and "Come on, baby!", but I was more than a little worried. This guy was giving Sara all she could handle, or so I thought. She must have sensed this and looked at me squarely and just winked. What happened next told me more about Sara than could a thousand words.

She took a breath and simply bent her opponent's wrist back on itself, immediately assuming the initiative. With a great deal of grunting and groaning, he managed to right himself and shot Sara a smile. To this, she responded by simply muscling his wrist back down again. No technique, no finesse, just raw muscle. Once again, her opponent managed to even the odds again, but with this time much greater difficulty. It now became clear to me what was going on.

This series continued for a couple more times, each time Sara's bending becoming easier, and the bending back more difficult. Her opponent began to wail and moan. He knew that he was beaten and in the process of being humiliated, yet to his credit he continued on. Finally, with his arm quivering and dripping with sweat, he couldn't stop Sara from slowly and deliberately finishing him off. The match over, she merely patted her vanquished foe on the head, grabbed my shirt and began to make our way from the table. "Sorry, boys, show's over. This stuff makes my horny and that's why I've got my stud here. See you later."

The sex was fantastic, lasting a good ninety minutes, in a multitude of positions, with Sara demonstrating her tremendous strength at every opportunity. Afterwards, we lay in bed talking. I told Sara I didn't understand the sudden change. A day earlier, she had tried to hide her magnificent, powerful physique, and yet now she flaunted it, and her aggressive sexuality with it. What happened? "You happened", she told me. "Last night I realized that this is who I am", she said, flexing a mighty biceps. "I am strong, I am sexy, and I am dominating, and it's time for everyone to know it. I owe it all to you. I know that you're a little nervous about my arm-wrestling, but I'm asking you to trust me. If I don't want to be beaten, I won't be beaten."

It became a regular event. Every Wednesday at lunch, Sara took on the first ten comers in arm-wrestling, for a price of five bucks a person. Not a single man came close, none had a chance from the start. She became a cult figure around campus, always posing or flexing for strangers who had heard of her reputation for strength. Our relationship was great, filled with fun, conversation, sex, and meaning.



We trained together, and in months I had gotten into greater shape than I thought possible. Sara's strength and stamina were simply phenomenal. It wasn't that she was stronger than me, she wasn't, I could always lift more than she could, even when my greater size was factored in. With the exception of biceps curls (she could curl nearly half her bodyweight), I was stronger in terms of sheer amount of weight. Yet I could never beat her in contests of strength. It seemed to me that Sara possessed an infinite capacity for willpower. Once the contest was engaged, she had the ability to grind out victory, no matter the time or pain necessary. At night, we engaged in contests of strength: push-ups with the other person sitting astride the back, one armed push-ups, chin ups with one or both hands, and punching each other in the stomach. She seemed particularly good at that contest. With each punch, her resolve stiffened, and she seemed to invite more damage. These bouts usually ended after a dozen or so punches, most of which would have dented a tree.

I was now up to 215, solid as a rock. Sara went about 155, and made my "rock" look positively soft by comparison. We lifted at the dorm's gym late at night, usually by ourselves. Sara had noticed a punching bag hanging in the corner and had asked me to show her a few tricks or two. I had boxed a little in high school and taught her the basics, like how to turn your body into a punch and also how to follow through. We worked on combinations, hooks, and uppercuts. I was sure that she could have swapped leather with any man her size or a little larger.

On this night, in the middle of our training sessions, three big guys came strolling in, looking for this legendary woman who could not be beaten in any physical contest. The biggest guy was clearly looking for a fight and wasn't going to take no for an answer. To Sara's credit, she played coy for a while, not really looking to hurt anyone. Finally, I stepped in, telling the big guy that he should take it somewhere else.

Behind me, one of his buddies gave me a shot to the back of my head and he and his pal held me face first against the wall. I strained to watch Sara over my shoulder, as she merely shrugged, indicating that she was ready to go at it. The two squared off, with Sara giving away at least 75 pounds.

The two circled each other, the bigger man showing respect for the power evident in Sara's bowling-ball shoulders and bulging biceps. A left flicked out, smacking her hard across the face. I fought to release myself but to no avail. A left flicked out again, with Sara moving her head to avoid it. A third left came out. Precisely at that moment, Sara ducked under his hand and launched a right hook, leaving her feet as she did so. It crashed into his nose, which began to gush blood. He staggered backwards, barely recovering his balance. As he cupped his flowing blood in his hands, his knees shook and he looked as though as though he would cry.



Sara brought her fists to chest level and declared matter-of-factly, "This is what you wanted, this is what you get." Stepping forward, she launched another right hand that exploded off of his temple, backing him up. He continued to back-pedal as she stalked him: a left uppercut, a right hook, another right hook, two straight left hands. His buddies had let go of me, and together, the three of us watched as Sara chopped the big man down.

A final straight right sent him reeling into the back wall. She had driven him twenty feet, and now went to work on his midsection. With each punch, she twisted her hips, and the sound of fist on rib cage resembled a mallet striking a bass drum. He began to spit up blood to match his flowing nose. He sank to his knees as Sara stood over him, her chest heaving.

Attempting to throw a right hand, she caught it in her left and squeezed. He screamed in pain, as Sara commanded him: "Lift your head up. Higher!" She launched a chopping right hand that flattened him, leaving him stiff as a clubbed-out fish on the floor. His buddies carried him away, still dripping with blood.

We went back to her room and had sex (something about combat always turned her on). Afterwards, we talked about the fight. I asked her if she was scared at all. "Guys like that are just bullies. Everyone is a little scared during a fight, but they're counting on you being more scared than they are. You have to take the offensive. Once I hit him, he was terrified, because he knew that I saw right through him. The rest was academic. It's not hard to destroy someone who is in their heart afraid. That's why I love you, because you're not afraid of me." She turned to walk away, took one step, turned her head, and showed her sly smile.

"But you should be."



THE END

Copyright 2022 Amy's Conquest (amysconquest.com)