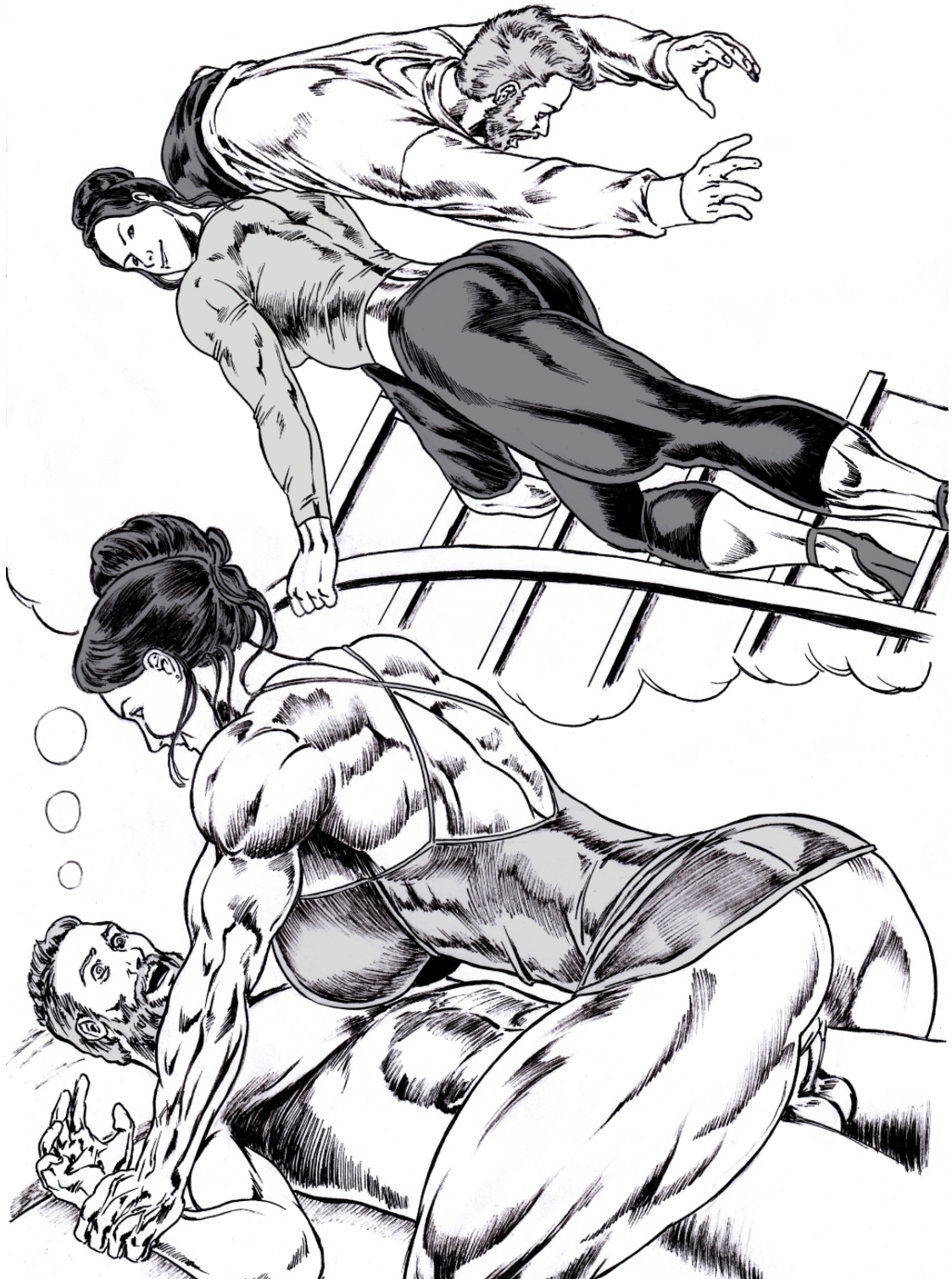


WINDMILLS

- a FinQ story -

(amysconquest.com)



My wife and I had been married for 16 years. During my early career I worked in a role fixing the power generation turbine windmills on and off shore. When I was offshore it tended to be for around 4 to 6 months at a time. I absolutely loved the work.

I'd always liked climbing. People thought I was strange for wanting to work in high and dangerous places but the truth is I never felt more peaceful then up at the top of the windmills. The wind rushing through your hair, the world and all its hum drum problems far beneath you. It was liberating. The only issue was being away from my loving wife. Steph and I had been high school sweethearts. We had gone to different colleges which had put a great strain on our relationship but we made it through and moved in together shortly after college. We'd married a few years later.



I enjoyed my work, hating only that it took me away from her. As the years went by, when the kids came along, I'd stopped doing such an active job and my formerly wiry frame had suffered for it. When she was younger Steph was a pharma girl. She was incredible. One of the highest performing reps in the company. She was always smart and motivated but I knew the fact she was the hottest girl in the company didn't hurt. She was the typical pharma girl. Tall, graceful, beautiful, a body to die for.

It sometimes bothered me to think of her having to spend her life flirting with these old perv doctors constantly but I trusted her implicitly and knew it was good for her career. I couldn't complain about the money either. When we married we had this big, lavish ceremony and her high income allowed for that and for us to move into a beautiful house where we raised our kids.

Steph moved into management and when the kids came along, I stopped working on the windmills and started taking more local high rise jobs, eventually moving up into management myself. I would be lying if I said the change in lifestyle hadn't affected us physically. By 40, I had put on a significant amount of weight. I had gone from my lean 75kg to a slightly squidgy 95kg.



I had gone from being able to bang out 30 pull ups for fun to barely being able to muster 5. Well... I assumed that to be the case but in all honesty I hadn't seen the inside of a gym for years. The same was true of Steph. Back when she was a field rep she was incredibly fit and healthy. She was active during the day, running from meeting to meeting and topped this up by running for an hour in the evening. When the kids came along and she took her promotion, her lifestyle had become much more sedentary. She was 5'8 but had gone from a skinny 60kg to a soft 80kg. She was still absolutely beautiful with wavy dark brown hair, fair skin and green eyes, permanently sporting that come to bed look, which she normally accentuated by using dark eyeliner and dark red on her full, pouty lips. However, her once tight butt now showed noticeable signs of cellulite; but I loved her dearly and was reminded every time I saw her slightly drooping tummy that she'd given me my two beautiful kids and the great lifestyle we had that I wouldn't change that for the world. Her boobs had always been big. Even when we were young she had a large, full, double D cup. This looked great on her skinny, runners frame. Her breasts had swollen recently with the

extra pounds and the kids and now she was a G cup on her more curvy figure. Always a big boob man, I had zero complains about this development!

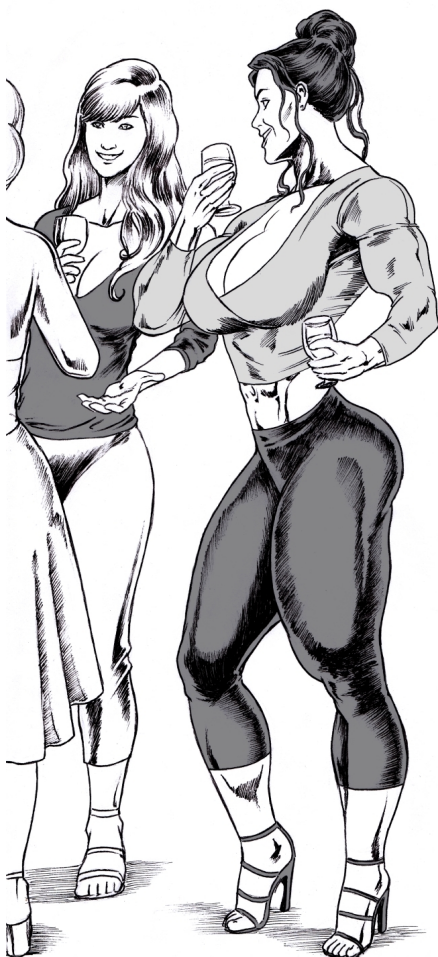
At 40, our kids were 13 and 11 and doing great. Steph was doing great at work too. I had been a little lost the last few years but a buddy of mine had rung one day and told me about an opportunity he had to go and run a project setting up a new wind farm. This was a huge gig for me and the project management experience would definitely open doors in the growing renewable energy space. It was an amazing opportunity but it had a major downside.

The role was in the UAE and it would last 7 months. Steph and I talked it out one night, at length, making lists of pros and cons. Ultimately, we decided I should go for it. We knew it would be hard being apart for so long but we promised we would FaceTime every night and the kids would speak to me for at least half an hour every single day. I packed my bag, we said a teary farewell and I was off.

I settled into life in Dubai pretty quickly. The work kept me incredibly busy but I made some good new friends and we enjoyed the city, the people, the amazing bars and restaurants. Meanwhile back home Steph and the kids were doing well. Steph had decided she was going to fill some of the free time she had from my absence by getting back in shape. I asked her if she'd taken up running again but she said she'd read lifting weights burns more fat, for longer.

She had gotten herself a PT and was working hard with her. She was an ex bikini model called Amy. Steph showed me a picture... I'm a little ashamed to say I thought about her that night in the shower. Jesus, if she could get Steph halfway there I'd be a lucky guy!

The months rolled on and things progressed well on the project. Steph kept me updated on everything that was going on at home and I could see on our FaceTime chats that her body had begun to change. Her face was looking tighter and her clothes started to look a bit baggy on her. It was obviously difficult to tell properly how far she'd come. I was excited to see her though, whatever she looked like. Speaking to your wife and your best friend every day is great but it's not the same as picking her up and taking her to bed, not the same as making sweet love to her and falling asleep in each others arms; not the same as waking up and seeing her beautiful face each morning. Eventually the day came and she had organised a coming home party. She said the kids would be there but then they were both going off to some friends houses that night. I couldn't wait to see them but I must say I was quietly pleased they would be out on the Saturday. It was going to be a long flight back to the US from Dubai and a lie in is a difficult thing to achieve with kids on the border of becoming teenagers in the house.



As predicted it was a long flight home but Steph was waiting at the airport with the kids when I walked through the arrivals gate. We all waved like crazy people and ran towards each other. We wrapped up in a big family hug and it felt so good to be back with them. We headed home and all got washed and ready to have the guests back. Steph wore these tight, shiny leather trousers and a loose, electric blue shirt over the top. It was open quite low and showed off her huge boobs, which seemed to have retained their previous enormous size, even though she had clearly lost a huge amount of weight. Open high heel sandals completed the look and what a look it was. She wore her hair up in a loose bun, as was her way, with dark makeup bringing out her vivid green eyes. I couldn't stop staring at her ass. It was like being a teenager again. I was totally infatuated with her. I couldn't believe how amazing she looked. A few of my buddies commented on it at the party too. One of them said I bet I thought it was like Christmas. I left a soccer mom at home and came back to a supermodel.

It was a great night and I loved catching up with everyone but the jet lag caught up with me and I was struggling toward the end. People picked up on it and started to head out. The kids said their goodbyes and headed off with the respective friends and I collapsed on the sofa. Steph did a bit of tidying up. Pretty soon my eyes closed. I'm not sure how much later it was but Steph gently rocked me awake. "Come on sleepy head", she said gently to me. I was really struggling to stay awake and my eyes closed again. I then felt this strange sensation. Like movement and weightlessness. I felt this warmth and glimpses of the stunning leather clad ass and some high heels. I opened my eyes for a second and swear I was looking right down the staircase but my eyes closed again and I was out. The next thing I knew I felt kisses on my neck and a soft hand gently caressing my hardening cock. I opened my eyes again but managed to keep them open this time. I was in bed and I was naked. I have no idea how either of those things happened. Steph was kissing me and wearing her favourite pink, silk nightie.

"How did I get here?"

"Mmm you fell asleep... Mmm on the sofa... So I carried you up to bed..."

"How?"

"Gym remember... Your lady's strong now baby. Now shut up and kiss me."

I did and the feeling of her soft skin and the silk nightie and her hand on my cock soon had me going, roused from my slumber. The feel of her soft, full lips was such sweet welcome to my lonely mouth. I had missed the feel of her. But even as I enjoyed the taste of her mouth, I noticed the feel of her had changed. I stroked my hands up her thighs as she slid herself down onto my rock hard cock and then ran them round to her ass. Where once my fingers had dented the soft, round mound of her buttocks, now they slid along the hard surface. Her silken skin was suddenly pulled tight over firm muscle. The feeling was one that took me back to the days when we were first together. She rode me as my hands explored her gym hardened physique. At one point I put my hands underneath her arms and tried to roll her over, so I could go on top. She quickly brought her hands up, grabbed my wrists and slammed them down on the bed, over my head. My eyes opened wide in surprise and I caught her eyes. Seeing the wild, predatory lust that filled them was an incredibly erotic experience as my newly hard bodied wife held me down on the bed and slammed her hips down onto my crotch.

Soon the speed grew, as did her grip around my wrists, to the point that it started to hurt. Her breathing became laboured and then she came, her eyes rolled back and her back arched upwards, she quickly leant down and shoved her tongue into my mouth, kissing me passionately as we both completed our orgasms together. She kissed me a few more times before she released me and rolled off me and onto her side. It had been making love, it wasn't wild, teenage fucking but there was no denying she had taken full control. This was unusual for us. It had always been me that had taken the lead before. The role reversal hadn't involved latex and whips and chains but something unspoken had passed between us. She had just carried me to bed, dressed in an insanely hot outfit that I'd been salivating over, before stripping me naked and owning me.



As she lay on her back after this, it felt natural to cuddle up to her side. I shuffled over and put my head on her shoulder. She guided me to lift myself up and she put her arm underneath, before I settled in against her chest, her arm now encircling me. Being held by her felt wonderful, I'd missed the physical intimacy with my wife so much; she felt great and smelled great and now all of a sudden had this fitness model body which I was cuddling up against. The silk felt so good and I was soon asleep once more.



In the morning I actually woke up first. As tired as I'd been I was also still on a different time zone and I'd always been an early riser anyway. Steph was asleep on her side. I looked over and admired the lines of toned muscle running through her shoulders. I actually shuffled over on the bed and began to kiss her back, causing gentle stirring in her, which turned into moaning. She reached behind her and grabbed my rock hard cock and began to slowly pull me off, while I reached around her side and fondled one of her huge breasts through the silk of her nightie. I worked my way down until I was fingerings her and when her breathing became a bit faster, she guided my dick into her from behind. We started moving together in the old familiar way, but as my hand roamed over her stomach, her arms, her shoulders and her thighs, I was taken aback once more about how firm and toned she was now. Every inch of her seemed to be tighter.

It didn't take us long to finish together and she rolled around kissed me, before we both got up and jumped in the shower together. We kissed and cuddled and I stroked her firm arse as the water cascaded down our bodies. After we got out of the shower and dried, I walked back into the bedroom with a towel wrapped around my waist and lay back on the bed. Steph pulled on this Victoria Secrets bra and panty set that was seriously hot. It was black with little gold bits woven into the fabric. She sat at her dressing table and blow dried her hair. As she did this, I admired the muscles dancing around in her arms while she maneuvered the hairdryer in one hand and her hair in the other. As she finished, she pulled a hair tie open and gathered her beautiful hair into a long pony tail. I finally broke my silence and exclaimed,

"Steph, your arms look amazing."

She spun on her chair with a huge smile on her face. Then lifted herself off the stool,

"Yeah, you think so?"

She said as she pulled a sexy bicep pose. My dick became hard again and formed a tent in the towel and I started lazily stroking it while staring at her.



"I didn't know you liked strong girls so much!", she said with a little flirtatious giggle.

"Neither did I but seems I like them a lot!", I joked back.

Steph flexed a few more of her muscles, showing me her thick legs and her abs, before adding:

"So, there's something I haven't told you. Amy and I have been adding something to our sessions which I've been really enjoying and I think I'm getting pretty good at it!"

"And...?"

"We've been wrestling..."

She looked at me quizzically, trying to gauge the look on my face. It was a head tilted smirk, I was curious and she knew it.

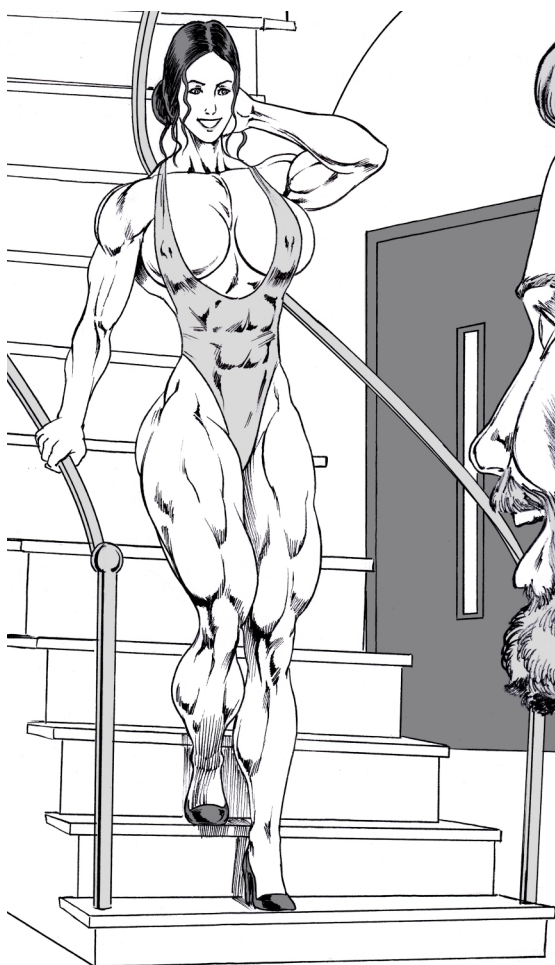
"Do you think you'd want to.... You know, give it a go with me?"

"What? Here?"

"Yeah, actually there isn't really a space big enough at the gym. So I bought some mats and we've been practicing here, pushing the furniture to the side in the living room. So... What about it?"

"Hmm... Do I think having a little grapple with my sexy wife in the living room of our house while we have the place to ourselves.... Fuck yeah.."

I said with a huge grin.



Steph literally bounced up and down she was so excited to show me her moves. I pulled on some underwear and together we arranged the furniture in the living room, before grabbing the mats from the garage and putting them down. Steph told me to stay where she was, she had a little surprise that she thought I might get a kick out of. She ran upstairs and came down again a minute later wearing this absolutely tiny, metallic looking, lime green one piece swimsuit. The front plunged, exposing the sides of her huge tits and the top of her stomach, the suit linking up just above her belly button. My jaw dropped.

"I actually bought this for the summer to show off my gym work but I thought you might enjoy getting your ass kicked by me.. Wearing this."

"I think you have a point."

We agreed some rules, first to three pins wins, loser is a loser, winner is Champion of the Universe. Usual stupid stuff, then squared up. I went straight for her shoulders with a clumsy grab and she showed me what the training she'd been doing with Amy was all about,

swiftly pushing my arms to the side, spinning behind me and gripping me round the middle.

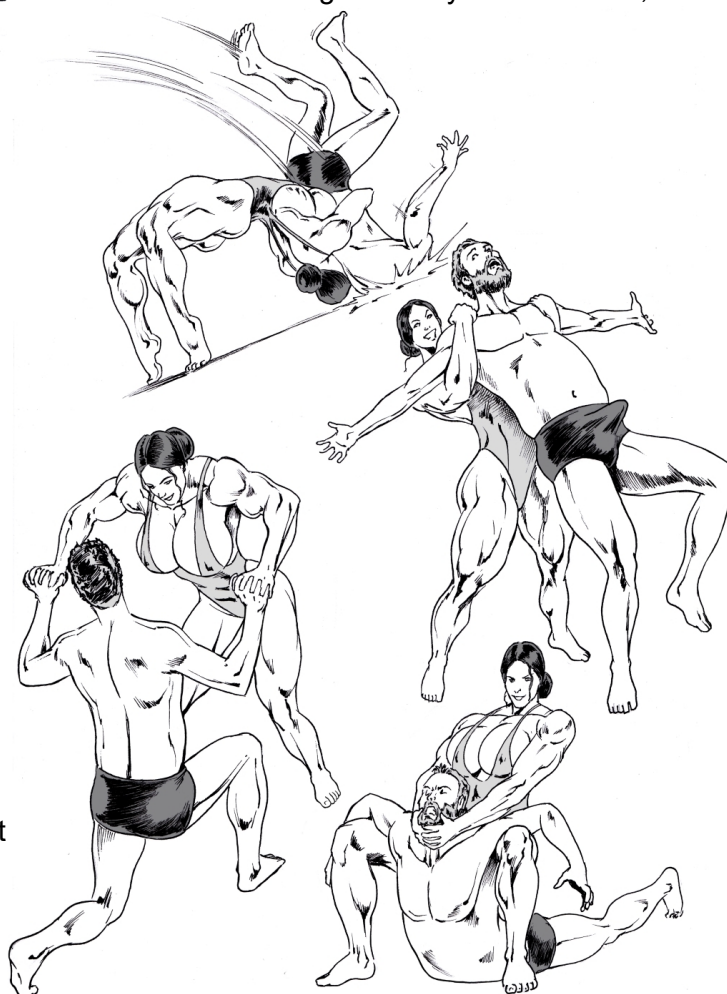
Suddenly I was airborne as she suplexed me onto my back. As I rolled back up the right way and made my way up onto my hands and knees I started laughing,

"Did you just... Suplex me?"

She burst into laughter and said,

"Yep... Think so."

We collapsed in uncontrollable giggles which lasted a minute or two and then we calmed down....Stopped...Stared at each other...Smiled...And pounced. We grappled again, locking hands in a classic test of strength, both on our knees. We pushed each other arms around a little but it wasn't long before she got the upper hand. It was the first time I'd realised not only had Steph become strong but that she'd actually become stronger than me.



It was a strange, sobering and weirdly arousing realisation. As the strength in my arms faded, she threw both of my arms to the side and span round behind me, where she roughly pushed her hands under my armpits and linked them behind my neck. I found myself in a Full Nelson hold, her strong arms totally incapacitating me. I tried to pull to the left and right, forward and back but each time I felt her weight shift and she held me firm.



Eventually, I lifted one of my arms and tapped on her head. She asked me if I was tapping and I managed to wobble my head slightly to indicate I was. She released the hold and I dropped forward, the pain in my back increased momentarily as she released me. Before I knew it, she had scrambled onto my back, lifted my tired and aching arms over her legs and put my into a camel clutch. She pulled my head backwards and I really started to struggle for air, not to mention the pain in my joints from being so easily and expertly manhandled by my beautiful, busty wife.

She held this hold for another minute or so and began flirtatiously taunting me about how she didn't think it would be this easy to dominate me. She told me Amy and her had great matches and were becoming quite evenly matched, she should have known I wouldn't stand a chance. It was incredibly sexy to be taunted by this lithe, strong goddess and my dick pressed against the floor and the fabric of my pants as it got hard.

I thought we were done with the wrestling and she would give me a break when I tapped again on her thigh but instead she

lifted my arms over her knees and dropped them heavily on the floor. She scooted across the mat, opened her legs and pulled my body up toward her, flipping me onto my back and clamped her thick, silky thighs around my neck. As I rolled over and the pressure of the floor was released, my rock hard cock sprang up and she said,

"Ohh baby. I didn't realise you liked this so much. You like your sexy little wife kicking your ass? Want to know something? This is me at about 20%. If I was really going for it like I do in training, I think I'd have put you in the hospital by now. Can you imagine? I'd put on a coat and some heels and leave you in your pants. I'd pick you up and carry you into the hospital and we'd make up some excuse about how your broke some ribs, the whole time we'd both know it was me and I was still wearing this little number under the coat..."

As she was taunting me and turning me on with her words, she was alternating before releasing the pressure, short little squeezes to emphasise certain words and a prolonged squeeze at the end which totally cut off my circulation and had me seeing stars. I ran my hands up and down her thick, muscled legs, enjoying the sensation of her smooth skin against my fingertips.

When I started turning blue, Steph opened her legs and shifted backwards. I thought my head was going to be allowed to drop to the floor but she grabbed a handful of my hair and stopped it dropping. She rolled around to the side of me, then brought one of her legs out and under her arm, stretching across my chest.



She pulled my hair and I raised my head up long enough for her to clamp her thighs back around it. This time she was lying on top of me, facing down. I couldn't believe the sight of her incredibly tight ass just below my chin. Again she taunted me about how strong she'd become and how much she loved kicking my ass while I struggled to breathe and felt her big hamstrings and her firm ass cheeks. She even began gently stroking my cock and balls, commenting how at least one part of my was hard, compared to the soft and squidgy rest of me. She told me she had some thoughts about how maybe I could be of use to her after all... If I survived her scissors that is.

When she thought I'd had enough, she uncurled her thighs from around my neck and pulled her knees forward, sitting straight on my face, facing my feet with her ankles by my neck and her knees on my chest. The taunting continued about how she didn't understand how I kept letting myself get into these situations. She stayed there, taking my oxygen away for a minute or two. The whole thing was extremely exciting.

Bouncing her beautiful ass up and down a few times, wearing the tiny, shiny swimsuit, she added, "Then again, maybe your plan was for me to be sitting on your face. I suppose it does open up certain options..."

She lifted herself up and reached her hand down, simultaneously shifting her body backwards and pulling her swimsuit to the side. She pushed her bare, wet, pussy onto my mouth and I realised she was as turned on as I was. Struggling for air, trying to pull in breaths and lick her beautiful lips while she slowly lifted off my face and pressed back down was incredible.

She clearly liked it too because after a minute of that she started really grinding down onto me. It was hurting my nose and I could feel my head bouncing off the mat. I started to worry about the pain in my face but it didn't last long. I felt her shudder with an orgasm, she moaned and pressed down hard on my face one last time.

Following that, she stood up and grabbed one of my hands, pulling me to my feet. Before I knew it she'd squatted down and hauled me up across her shoulders in a fireman's carry. She walked in slow circles around the room while my laboured breathing caught up and the redness started to dissipate from my burning cheeks.

There was a big mirror on the living room wall and she carried me over to it. She stood there for a second, then to demonstrate her superiority, she started squatting me, slowly and deeply, she got to a 10 count and then said,

"Look at you. Got yourself in another little situation here haven't ya? I mean, I could slam you backwards, I could slam you forwards, I could flip you the other way round and give you a back breaker... I have so many choices. I think you've been a pretty good boy though. You did lick me out real good... Maybe you deserve a little treat. How would you like it if I knocked you out using only my tits?"

I barely had time to register what she'd said before she did in fact slam me backwards onto the mat. While I was seeing stars, she scrambled on top of me and enveloped my head into her glorious cleavage. I didn't struggle. By this point we both fully understood I didn't have a chance of moving her, breaking the hold, or really doing anything. So I just lay there and enjoyed the feeling of being suffocated by my wife's perfect rack, wondering if this was going to be a regular occurrence from now on... I had a feeling, with a great sense of excitement, that this was pretty much standard foreplay from now on.

Just before I slipped into unconsciousness, Steph lifted herself off me, her huge breasts finally releasing my face and I sucked in a desperate breath, panting once more and struggling to get my heart rate back to normal. Steph was kneeling beside me, looking at me lustily, clearly turned on by her obvious physical superiority and said,

"I think you've had enough for today big boy. There's going to be plenty of time for me to kick your ass again soon. Now I'm fucking horny... So I'm going to take you upstairs the fuck you until you can't move any more."

She reached down and took my head in her hands, gently guiding me to sit myself up. When I was sitting, she leaned down and shoved her tongue in my mouth, pushing my tongue around, dominating our kiss as easily as she had dominated the wrestling. I began gently sucking on her tongue and she moaned.

She brought one leg up, so it was behind my back and slid her arms around me, one behind my back and one under my knees. If I wasn't already hopelessly aware of how much stronger than me she had become, this final demonstration put all elements of doubt out of my mind as she stood, lifting me into a cradle. I remembered carrying her across the threshold on our wedding night and the total role reversal the years had brought was supremely evident in the image I saw in the big mirror.



The fitness model in the green, metallic one piece who looked no more than 30, carrying the chubby, middle aged man who looked 45; not showing any particular signs that my weight bothered her.

My beautiful, insanely sexy dressed wife proceeded to carry me across the mats and up the stairs toward our bedroom. When she reached the top of the stairs her muscles had the definition showing in her biceps that showed she was working hard but she wasn't breathing especially heavily. She carried me down the hallway toward our bedroom. When she reached it, I said,

"Steph?"

She stopped, looked at me for a second and then threw me in the air, readjusting her arms higher to where she could hold me more comfortably. My arms encircled her shoulders but I let go with my arm across her front and raised it to her beautiful cheek. I softly ran a finger across her delicate face and then down her neck and over her chest. I ran a line across the



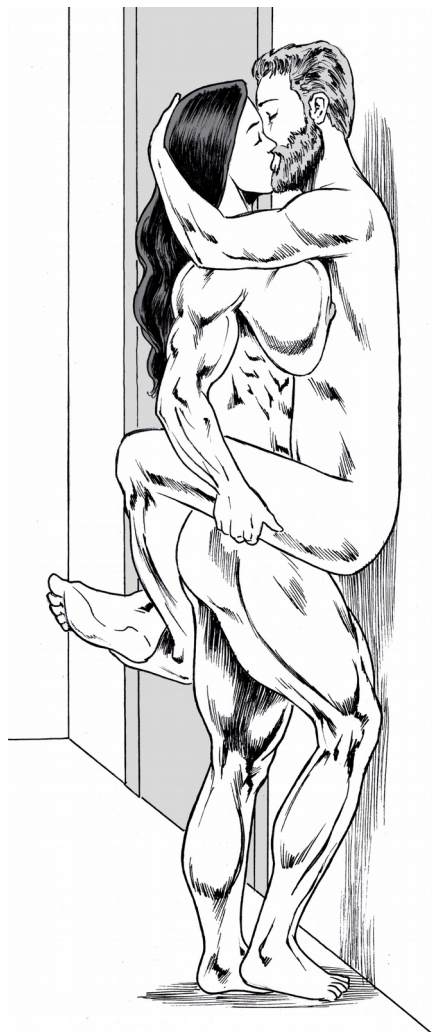
top of her massive tits over to the strap of her sexy swimsuit. My eyes had followed my hand, as had hers, but when I grabbed the strap with my fist, holding onto it like a rope, both our eyes left the hand and met each other, then I finally let myself say the thing I'd been wanting to say all afternoon,

"Don't be gentle."

Her eyes narrowed and a Cheshire cat grin spread across her face. Her eyes left mine and looked straight at the bedroom door. She lifted a foot off the ground and kicked the door open, before carrying me in.

For the next two hours she threw me around the bedroom and fucked me on every surface and in ways I'd never imagined before. I remember when I used to pick her up, carry her across the room and slam her against the wall. It felt so strange to have her do this to me but so sexy too, my large legs wrapped around her narrow waist and her rock hard buns pressed against my calves. At one point she did this and was kissing me and I realised she must have been carrying me around like this for 10 minutes.

She put me in a cradle carry and lifted my soft saggy body up to her face, devouring my pole which was anything but soft and saggy. Where yesterday she took control but it was still making love, this was the kind of wild, crazy fucking we had done as teenagers, only this time with her being the far stronger and fitter partner.



She used my body for her pleasure and I worshipped her like the Goddess she was, kissing and licking her from her toes to her tits, climbing her body sitting on her strong shoulders, riding her firm back and loving it when she hoisted me over her head and held me in front of the mirror, showing how totally and completely she physically outclassed my once strong body. I had the absolute best morning of my life.



In the afternoon we descended the stairs once more. She was now wearing her baby blue silk slip and a little matching silk dressing gown. She had even put on some little heels with a fluffy toe to complete the sexy housewife look. I was wearing my own silk monogrammed PJs and dressing gown along with my slippers. Of course she was carrying me, held secure in her strong arms as her high heeled feet clicked on the wooden stairs. She walked through the house to the kitchen and put me down in the chair. She poured us both some juice and came and sat on my knee.

“So, what are you thinking lover?”

“I’m thinking I need to buy Amy the biggest bouquet of flowers she’s ever seen.

She giggled and hugged me and kissed me so forcefully I was struggling for air. We kissed for a minute and I could hear she was beginning to get turned on and suddenly she jumped up and threw me over her shoulder.... Heading back for the bedroom once more. I decided then and there I was going to start hitting the gym hard. I had no intention of bulking up but I needed to work

on my cardio if I was going to keep up with this Amazonian nymphomaniac who had replaced my wife. I don’t think I’d ever be able to take a long assignment abroad again. I couldn’t possibly drag myself away from this and if she went through another one of these transformations I’d be genuinely worried for my health.

THE END

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