

Andrea's Pleasure...my dream!

She was enjoying her "First-Time" and I was beyond delighted to be providing this muscle-bound goddess with the experience of her lifetime. She certainly wasn't done after her first shots of elation...and I wasn't either.

As Andrea Shaw pressed on, she hovered above me. Her gorgeous, muscular, wide and athletic face just a few inches from mine. Loving pecs occasionally reigned down up on my moist, envious lips. Her neck looked so thick, beaming with muscles upon muscles and two huge veins wiggled up each side and disappeared into her. Her neck seemed twice as thick as mine and wider than her head. It was like a tree trunk mounted to her upper chest and shoulders and below her gorgeous face.

Her hulking, rounded, muscle capped shoulders were also in view. But I needed expansive peripheral vision to see them. They hung out five or six inches wider than my seemingly buff shoulders...but I looked almost feeble in comparison. Her arms were in pushup position on the outside of my head and they were gargantuan. My face just inches away from her meaty, powerful, twenty-something inch, vein covered biceps. Droplets of sweat were forming on her skin and it gave the muscle an erotic glow...I was dying to lick them clean.

As Andrea slowly motioned her hips forward and drove her cock deeper inside me, the feeling of that gorgeous shaft and perfectly formed, rosy tip rubbed my g-spot splendidly. She was doing great for her first time, only occasionally letting small spurts of cum enter me, and I constantly let her know it by letting out an occasional satisfying moan of pleasure. Andrea was sexy and sensual and was definitely taking her time.

As my wet, warm, tight pussy was squeezing her love rod tightly, my view was phenomenal. Occasionally, Andrea would prop up her colossal frame and lift its hot, sweaty mass off of me. As I peered downward, between our close, fit bodies, my view was almost entirely obscured by her massive, hanging, thickly muscled pecs. Their width and depth was unfathomable and it seemed as if layers of methodically developed muscle laid upon more and more layers of thick, hard muscle. Their roundness as they cut deeply towards her torso was impeccable. I loved the feel of those meaty pecs upon my breasts. And I was becoming mesmerized as I watched her muscle-laden hips press firmly into me.

She had decided to take the slow approach to fucking me with her gorgeous cock and I was not going to complain. I loved the way my cunt would tingle for minutes on end while her tip rubbed firmly against my pleasure place. I had developed some vagina control and was able to constantly squeeze and relax it upon her thick shaft. She loved how I was playing with her down there and I loved grabbing onto and feeling her amazing tip, letting it pass thru and back...gripping its robust surface continually.

But as amazing as Andrea's new appendage felt between my legs, there was another glorious body part to behold. Her lats on each side of her torso were so thickly muscled, that it seemed like a completely unhuman growth. I have to flex my back and lats hard to get a little bit of side growth from my torso. Andrea had more muscle there, even in the relaxed position than I could even get my hands around. They started to expand just above her waistline and jetted out eight or nine inches from her heavily muscled torso and she definitely had WINGS!

I squeezed her lats hard loved how the thick, roundness to them filled my palms. I caressed them slowly as she continued to plow into me with her new, glorious cock. Andrea leaned down, put her intoxicating face an inch above mine and whispered, "You're literally making me the happiest woman in the world right now D. I've never felt this amazing in my entire life!"

I used my pussy control and grabbed her cock as tightly as I could. It was held firmly in my grasp and as Andrea tried to stroke me again, she found herself stuck in my powerful embrace. She smiled lovingly and tried to pull back her hips for another thrust but I had her. As she pulled back, it basically pulled my whole body beneath her. I couldn't believe my vagina had such strength, but it did. I could really feel every aspect of her marvelous rod and tip inside me and it was glorious.

She knew I was in control and laid her thick, heavily muscled body down upon mine. As her muscles pushed hard against me, I began massaging her thick cock inside me. I pulsed and squeezed her dick over and over again. I was able to begin at the middle of her shaft and slowly apply pressure up its length over and over again in a hypnotizing, methodical rhythm. Andrea's eyes rolled back, her head rested against mine and drool began leaking from her gorgeous lips as I performed my magic.

Her incredibly buff body was now motionless while my cunt provided a crescendo of magical feelings upon her shaft. The pleasure had completely paralyzed her and I grabbed her massive biceps in my hands as I gripped her cock below. They were so huge. I loved the feel of the veins coursing across their incredible girth and the hardness in them even while unflexed was insane. I couldn't wait for Andrea to grow these babies out to 25 plus inches and desperately wanted her to have arms bigger than my legs.

Andrea was hooked. She was mine physically and emotionally now. And I was never going to let her go. She was going to be a part of me and Teresa's lives and we were going to love every muscle pumping second of it.

As I continued to provide Andrea with the most intense pleasure of her entire life, she tried to say something to me. It was a whisper of uncomprehensible gibber. She was making no sense and the immortal gratification and indulgence I was providing her didn't even allow her the ability to speak. I took tremendous satisfaction that I could provide this muscle-bound behemoth so much sexual exhilaration that even words were not possible.

I continued to grab and caress and stroke her magnificently sculpted, enormous muscles. I was obsessed with her huge and powerful muscle-laden body and wanted her to be bigger and stronger than the strongest male bodybuilders in the world. She wanted it to and I knew she would work as hard to become that large as she had to get as big as she became to win multiple Ms. Olympia titles.

As my hands felt her pleasure, I continued to stroke Andrea's beautiful cock. The shaft was almost exploding with blood and the hardness was intoxicating. I continued to massage it impeccably with my vagina and I was essentially fucking her as she laid almost motionless on top of me. She began letting out long, loud moans of intense satisfaction as I squeezed her. It was the first time I had experienced this level of pussy control and I couldn't wait to try it out on Teresa's foot long love rod.

As the erotic lightning bolts shot through her, I grabbed the back of Andrea's head, pulled it in and locked lips with her. She began making out with me in the most forceful and intense way imaginable. Our tongues danced firmly and I finally released my tight grip around her cock. Now free, Andrea didn't wait an instant. She immediately began pounding me violently. Her hips drove forward powerfully and her cock plunged ever deeper inside. It rubbed my g-spot as she did and her slow fuck earlier turned into an absolute F1 race now.

Her rabbit like thrusts were almost light-speed and my entire body was vibrating beneath her. She was providing me so much pleasure that now my eyes rolled in the back of my head. I saw black and white stars and the feelings were so intense, my eyes were probably looking all the way back into my skull. I began screaming loudly as the insanely extreme pleasure radiated throughout my entire being. Every muscle I had was now shaking and tingling with maximum satisfaction and I knew I was about to explode.

I placed my palms on her incredible pecs and felt them bounce and flex and relax with each successive lunge. Her incredibly muscled body drove against me savagely. Sweat poured off of her gorgeously muscled body and dripped upon me. But the extreme gratification was worth the beating and I didn't want it to stop. I loved the feeling of her invincible power and her muscles were perfected and goddess like. A DNA enhanced Ms. Olympia was going to be the ultimate ALPHA human being and she was currently fucking me like the ragdoll I was to her.

She was reaching climax as well and in between her quick thrusts, Andrea finally began to shudder and shake. I was a participant now, and allowing her to ram her gorgeous cock into me at will. But I wanted this to be the most extraordinary fuck of her life and I again began to grasp her rod inside of me. Not tightly, but enough to give her a bit more resistance and pleasure upon the underside of her gorgeous shaft.

It worked and she let out a huge scream and moan! With that, the hip movement slowed slightly and as we both began to shake and vibrate with the sensations it happened. A waterfall of my liquid shot into my pussy and the warm liquid caused her to explode. A massive shot of cum pumped up into me and I filled with her hot, white goo. I wrapped my hands around the

tall, rounded, protruding muscles in her back. They were so big, just one of the many mounds that covered it filled my hands. But I pulled her in as tightly as possible as her cock methodically pushed in and out of me, still providing me intense gratification as she continued to empty her tank.

Having this muscle-bound behemoth on top of me, completely sexually satisfied was an unimaginable goal and accomplishment of a lifetime. As she eventually stopped her pulses and became quiet in sound and motion, I used my vagina control upon her shaft. I slowly squeezed and released her and also provided the pressure in a wave like motion up its length and to her tip. The motion hypnotized her into sleep and within minutes she was breathing softly upon my lips, contented and unconscious, like a new born baby, happily on top of me and in my arms.

I knew Teresa had to be foaming at the mouth to join the fun. But I too needed rest and closed my eyes, falling asleep under the warm, heavily muscled Andrea.

...Beep, beep...

I heard a car out front. I was now, somehow fully clothed in a pair of tight, light blue yoga pants, with white Air Jordan's and a tight fitting long sleeved t-shirt that had a Wild River High School logo on it. I didn't remember having either of these garments...especially not the Air Jordan's. I walked out to the Black Range Rover and opened the passenger door. My old boss Cynthia was driving and asked, "Ready for the big game?"

Confused, but obviously dressed for the part I guessed, I hopped in and said, "Sure...Let's go!"

Cynthia looked even younger now, prettier and had long flowing blonde hair. She reached her arm up to push her sunglasses on and the sleeve of the loose fitting, flowing top slipped down. A massive, muscular, vein covered forearm was exposed and it was obvious she had added a ton of muscle from what I remembered. As I looked closer, a large vein also ran up above the neckline of her top and into her noticeably thick and muscle-bound neck.

"Wow Cynthia." I mentioned, "You're looking absolutely stunning. Looks like you've definitely added a few pounds of muscle."

"Thanks D." She replied, "I'm still trying to keep a little covered up though. The other parents still kind of freak out at the sight of a 200 pound, muscle-head of a mom."

We laughed out loud and shook our heads. The general public still can't seem to handle muscular women and feel threatened that females can be so buff and strong.

"So what's the big game?" I asked, still a bit confused as to what was going on.

"Oh my gosh...you're so funny D." she answered and left it at that, assuming I knew everything about where we were going.

I decided to just play along and act like I knew what was going on. We arrived at the high school and there was an obvious buzz of excitement in the air. We got out of the car and started making our way to the gymnasium. Cynthia really did look stunning in her flowing dress and her age looked more like mid to late twenties now...certainly too old to have a student at this high school game. But walking beside her, I kind of peered down and noticed her calves occasionally were exposed as the dress flipped up. They were massive and hard as rocks. Easily several inches bigger than mine, it was clear she had been hitting the gym hard and trying to become as big and muscular as possible. Her ass also stuck out far behind her and I knew it was absolutely stuffed with rock hard, powerful muscle too. I was still confused though, I had just seen her a month or so earlier and she wasn't nearly this big or young looking.

We walked inside and I quickly learned that it was the State high school volleyball championship. The boys were all really tall and athletic and as they ran out of the locker room and onto the court, I wondered why we were here. Cynthia didn't even have a son. But as the Wild River team took the court I realized why we were here. Unlike the Jefferson squad...there was a tall, brown haired girl on the team. "Go Millie...Go Millie!" Cynthia screamed.

I immediately realized it was her daughter Millie...but how could that be. Millie was just 13. I looked down at a program and realized we were now in 2024. Millie was now a tall, athletic 15 year-old. The enhanced DNA worked insanely upon her. She now stood 6'4" tall. Her legs were heavily muscled. Her quads were completely developed, separated into three gorgeous muscle bodies and her calves were bursting out of her tall volleyball socks. She wore a pair of tight black volleyball shorts and the rounded, massive glutes were exploding out of them. The team wore long sleeved red tops, and Millie's arm were practically bursting the seams and were noticeably massive, even under the material.

Millie also wore the captain's arm band. So here she was, a 15-year-old girl, playing on the boys varsity, state championship team. The DNA enhancement her mother infused into her was working beyond expectations. In a year and a half, it had turned a 13-year-old girl into a 15-year-old athletic, tall, muscle-bound stud.

The match started and Millie walked back behind the line to serve. She stood fifteen feet back. She then slowly jogged up, tossed the ball high into the air and like a gazelle, leapt easily four feet off the ground. She swung her arm quickly and a huge thud resonated throughout the gym as she crushed her palm into the ball. At what seemed like 100 miles per hour, the ball shot across the net and blasted into the kid on Jefferson awaiting its arrival. Another loud thud was heard as it pounded his chest brutally and went ricocheting off into the sidelines.

"Oh Fuck!" I exclaimed. Realizing the absolute strength and power Millie had just displayed in front of a gym full of students and parents.

A group of eight students in the front row of the stands leapt to their feet and cheered Millie's serve. They all were shirtless and had red painted letters on their chests. Standing in proper order, it spelled M-I-L-L-I-E-#-1. She was actually jersey number 1, so that made sense, and

judging from her insanely powerful and accurate serve, she probably was the best player on the court.

Millie finished celebrating with her teammates at the center of their side and then walked back to the line for another blast. Her strut was forceful, strong and confident looking. She flew like a floating gazelle again and repeated her first shot. Like a rocket, it again blasted into the same boy on the other side. He was a bit more prepared this time and actually got his forearms in position to accept the ball. But it still nailed into him with a thud and ricochet into the back of one of his front row teammates, falling to the ground, another point for Millie.

The crowd again erupted in cheers. Cynthia and I stood and high-fived. I had been very upset when Cynthia gave Millie the procedure, but it had certainly worked and Millie was a perfect looking and coordinated specimen to behold.

She continued to serve and score points. By the fifth powerful blast, the boy on the other side who had been receiving the ball had to be substituted out. As he sat on the sideline and lifted his shirt sleeves, his arms were beet red from the ball striking him and the trainer had to apply bags of ice. But the new kid suffered the same fate. He was soon sitting next to his teammate with bags of ice on his arms as well. Millie continued her onslaught and I secretly wondered if she could single handedly beat a state championship finalist boys team all by herself.

At 10 to zero, the other team finally got a break. The ball blasted off of the kid on the other side, but it came forward, hit the top of the net and then fell down to the ground on the Wild River High school side. Millie seemed disappointed that she hadn't run the table, but a 10-1 lead is pretty fucking good I figured.

As we sat on the bleachers I felt Cynthia's leg rub into mine. As I peered down, I realized her thick quads towered several inches in height above mine. I placed my palm on her leg and felt the absolute granite-like muscle underneath the silky dress. My jaw dropped in enthusiastic surprise as Cynthia looked me in the eye and gave me a cute wink. I continued to feel the gargantuan heap of mass. It was incredible. I had to see it and couldn't help myself. I slowly pulled her dress up and as it started to expose her knee, the rounded, protruding teardrop muscle was glorious. There was an equally huge amount of growth on the other side of the knee and as I looked even further, her quad was enormous. It rivaled the size of Andrea's leg and I immediately knew why she covered up. It was bigger than most male bodybuilder's quads and by my guess even more powerful!

Cynthia gently grabbed my hand and began moving the silky dress back down, covering her glorious muscles. "Back to the game D...there'll be time for that later."

As I peered back at the game it was time for Jefferson to serve. The kid served the ball and it shot over the net pretty rapidly. But it wasn't hit with the speed and strength of Millie's blast and thus was returnable. A Wild River player dug the ball and sent it to a teammate. He then passed it up in the air towards the far side of the court. With another insane leap, Millie

seemed to fly through the air with superhero like ability. She swung her arm forcefully and crushed the ball downward. It careened off a Jefferson player's side and bounced way over into the stands for a Wild River point.

As the Jefferson player rolled on the floor in agony, Millie stood just feet in front of the boys with her name painted on their chests. They hit a most-muscular pose at her. Millie got the message, growled and returned the favor...hitting her own most-muscular pose. Her traps, shoulders and biceps practically ripped her jersey to shreds and the boys went absolutely nuts.

"That's awesome that she's got her own fan club!" I said to Cynthia.

"Ya." She answered, "I was a little surprised at first, but the boys at Wild River are definitely into her muscles. They beg her to pose for them at every game and she gets asked by dozens of boys to every dance."

I didn't want to mention to Cynthia that it was Millie's enhanced pheromones at work, but I knew she would have that whole school at her beck and call before long.

They eventually dragged that kid off the court and at this point, Millie had personally knocked three boys from the other team out of the game. It was still just the first set and I wondered how many kids from Jefferson would actually survive.

The packed house was all there to watch Millie and as she walked into position and slightly bent over, holding her hands on her knees, I was also entranced. Her muscular ass and perfectly muscled quads and hamstrings hung beautifully on her physique. The school photographer and videographer had their lenses positioned at Millie and I knew they were seeing absolute perfection in this 6'4" 15-year-old phenom.

Millie's game play and talent shined above every 18-year-old senior boy on the court and it was obvious they couldn't even compete. I was amazed that the enhancement had made Millie that much more superior to all other kids in such a short time. But it was obvious that she was better than them all.

Point after point was scored by Millie. The painted boys were beside themselves with joy and Millie was helping fuel the flames by constantly looking their way and flexing her gorgeous muscles for them. She had struck three more players with the ball during the match and by the time she scored the final, winning point, six Jefferson players were nursing injuries on the sidelines. Cynthia and I celebrated the victory and Millie's fan club hoisted her tall, muscular frame on their shoulders and paraded her around the court.

We made our way down to the floor level and I couldn't help but hold and grasp Cynthia's spectacular glutes as she walked. I couldn't wait to get back to her house and see her in the flesh. As we approached her daughter, Millie ran up and gave me a hug and lifted me easily into the air in her strong, muscular grasp. "Thanks again for coming D" she exclaimed...like I

was somehow a regular at her matches. I returned the embrace and we hugged briefly before she put me down.

...shake, shake, shake.

“Who’s Millie?” someone whispered. “Who’s Millie?”

I opened my eyes and was amazed to find myself still warmly, comfortably under the sweat covered, muscle-bound weight of Andrea. “Holy shit.” I thought...was that a dream?”

I looked over at my wife, who was not real happy to hear me uttering some random girl’s name in my sleep.

“Oh shit honey.” I said to Teresa. Cynthia gave her daughter the DNA enhancement. I just had a dream that she and I were at Millie’s high school volley ball game a year and a half from now. She was like 6’4” and ripped with bulging muscles. She was dominating the boys on the other team and the entire crowd was chanting her name.

With a smile and a laugh, she replied, “Oh, well that’s a relief babe...can’t say I was stoked to hear you chanting her name. But, I do want to dominate you right now with my bulging muscles...and I’ll have you chanting my name.”

I smiled as Teresa stood up. Her foot long, gorgeous, thick, perfectly formed cock just inches from my face. I opened my mouth as I still laid crushed by the muscle-laden, sleeping beast on top of me. Teresa took advantage of my trapped state and slowly rammed her rounded, firm tip down my throat. It was delicious and I happily began rubbing my tongue on its firm underside and couldn’t wait to taste her white nectar....