

The Main Stage

The girls were awesome. Andrea had come with me to be my personal assistant for the show and I knew that with her help, I had a good chance of taking the Amateur Physique Class. We were stationed in a corner of the ready room and eventually it was my turn to put on the tan. I was buck naked under my black, silky robe but with Andrea and Audrey's help earlier, my makeup and hair were absolutely perfect. Over-tanned for sure and with a pound of makeup on my face, I couldn't even recognize myself in the mirror. Not that I liked wearing all this paint, but it was fucking amazing how that much product could make the contours in my face and lips look like that of a runway supermodel. My long hair was down and draped down my back but was slightly curled to give it that current, hot girl look.

As I stood on clear plastic and looked at the reflection of my now naked, perfectly muscled physique, Andrea and the girl from the tanning product company began rolling the fake tan on my hard, well defined quads, calves and abs. It was amazing how the dark tan magnified every striation in my leg muscles and even I was turned on by my own, ripped, muscle-bound body. The product was cold and as the girl rolled it over my peck backed tits, my nipples were hard and at full attention. When Andrea finished rolling me, I stood still as cool air was blown from a fan to help dry the tan and allow me to put on my purple and blue stone covered bikini.

I put out one leg and then the other while Andrea very carefully pulled the bikini bottoms up and then situated them perfectly over my rounded glutes and moist pussy. Watching the muscle-bound Ms. Olympia dress me was intoxicating and I loved watching the triceps muscles in her arms flex as hard as diamonds with each small movement. I wanted to lean down and kiss and lick them passionately, but I knew I couldn't as I would surely screw up the makeup the girls had so painstakingly applied on me. Once the bikini bottoms were perfectly placed and glued in the right spot, Andrea moved towards my top. She had me stand very still as she tied the strings of the bikini bra and then pulled the pads over my perfectly developed breasts. Glue was then applied there too as Andrea didn't want them moving during my mandatory posing.

Finally, tan and kind of clothed, Andrea and I walked to one side of the big hall that had a couple racks with dumbbells and tension bands. As I looked around, it seemed like every girl there was absolutely gorgeous and covered in rock-hard, tight, tanned muscle. They had put on just as much make-up as me, and even some of the ones I followed on Instagram were almost unrecognizable.

I walked up to the rack and decided I would start off with a few 20-pound biceps curls to get the arms pumped. As I walked up, this cute blonde, in a pink bikini with an infectious smile greeted me, letting me know her name was Marianne Von Gierke. She was 5'5" tall and heavily muscled. Her hair that was mid length, only dropping down to just above her nicely developed traps. I felt like I had her significantly in the arm size department, but her back was next level and maybe even bigger and more developed than mine. The muscle bodies shot out from each side of her spine and ran all the way up it, disappearing into her previously mentioned towering traps. Her ass was also insanely muscular and ripped and there were seemingly dozens of defined striations running through its mass. Marianne's quads and hamstrings were also ridiculously muscular and defined, but I felt like I was just a bit larger there too. Even so, she looked absolutely delicious and I was happy to meet her and ogle her perfectly muscled body.

The room was a buzz with hot, naked and half naked muscle-bound beauties walking about. If I knew about this before, I would try to sneak back in the pump room at every contest. I was losing a bit of focus peering at all of the muscle and Andrea could tell. She made me follow her to a corner of the room and look at her, just a few feet in front of me, nestled into a tight corner. She flexed her huge, gorgeous muscles for me in showing me every position and exactly how to pose. We went through those mandatory poses again and again and again. Andrea had plenty of tweaks for me and was physically moving my arms, legs, hips and head in just the right way, so I was sure to present my physique in the most optimal angles. I was serious, but at the same time, really enjoying spending all of this quality time with such splendid, muscular specimen.

I think Andrea was also enjoying spending all of this time with me, and although she had a boyfriend, it was nice to know she would go both ways. Teresa and I were about to do everything in our power to have her spend a lot of her future days and weeks with us. Just then, the organizer announced for us to line-up and get ready to go onstage. Andrea gave me a quick pat on the ass and wished me luck. I was fortunate enough to line-up right behind Marianne and got to stare down at her glorious ass as we waited and then eventually strutted out onto the stage.

The bright lights were intense as hell and it felt like it was 150 degrees out there. I was hoping my sweat wouldn't drip down and ruin my tan. As we took our positions, my right leg behind me and my left leg just out in front, flexing it to its maximum size, toes pointed forward as I stood. It was hard to even hear the judge's commands as the fans were screaming so loudly for us. I could hear Teresa and Andrea over everyone and they kept calling out my name and my number as I waited for my turn to present my muscular, tanned, perfected physique.

Marianne was the number in front of me. Number 242. She strutted like she owned the place out to her position and it was obvious that she had the best physique so far. She was getting the loudest cheers and it was truly enjoyable for me to watch from behind as her rounded, muscular ass flexed beautifully with each stride to the middle of the stage. I also loved how wide and thickly muscled her back was, with a nice V-taper down to her small waist. Her hamstrings also bulged out magnificently and their roundness perfectly connected to the lower part of her bulky glutes in their spectacular thin pink bikini bottoms.

Marianne hit pose after pose and she looked like a pro already. She had poise and confidence and she had obviously been in several contests before. I was getting moist just ogling her gorgeous body and perfect lines. It seemed that lately, I was becoming more and more Horney and any girl with ripped abs and a nice muscular frame got me wet. As she finished her posing, she did a quick spin, smiled, and strode confidently back towards me. As she got closer, she gave me a wink and said, "I think it's just between us two Denise. Good Luck!" She then hit her spot next to me, spun back towards the judges quickly and hit a similar leg pose to mine. I was shocked she was nice to me, knowing I was her main competition, and it threw me for a loop and I didn't even hear the judges call my number. I would have completely missed it, but luckily Marianne heard them and said, "That's you number 243. Get your hard ass out there."

I strutted out to the spot on the marked spot on the stage. As I did, a tingling feeling overwhelmed me and the excitement rushed through me. I knew my muscles were perfectly presented, with deep definition, size and shape. Still, I was pretty nervous but I could hear the girls cheering for me at the top of their lungs. I was constantly instructed on and my poses the time went by in a flash. As I finished my poses and walked back towards Marianne and the other perfectly sculpted girls, I was grinning from ear to ear and giddy. Adrenaline was coursing through my veins and I was on cloud nine.

Eventually, all of the rock-hard bodied girls went through their poses and the judges dismissed us from the stage. Andrea quickly raced back to meet me and embrace me in a strong hug. My heart was beating wildly from the rush and I was elated to see her. She kept going on and on about how I completely outclassed the competition and Marianne was the only one even close, but her biceps were a bit smaller so I should get the nod. As I looked around the room, the other girls seemed just as excited and many were on the ground doing pushups or flexing with the elastic bands to keep the pump.

Andrea grabbed a band too and had me pushing and pulling against her tight grip on them. Her biceps were getting a large pump too and couldn't help but to reach out and grab her herculean muscle and feel its baseball sized peak. It was so big and hard and it was clear to me that she was about to win her bodybuilding competition that weekend for sure. But she was more worried about me at that moment and told me to stop playing around and start pulling on the resistance band again and again. Sure enough, the size of my biceps and triceps were growing to and seemingly past their max potential and I was stoked at their hardness and size.

Eventually, we were instructed to prance back to our spots on stage for the call-outs. I happily followed Marianne's perfectly shaped ass back to our places and awaited word from the judges. Sure enough, first round, they called me to the middle, Marianne to my left and another girl, contestant 236. As we stood next to each other, I wanted to peer to my left and right to see if I was outclassing them like Andrea had told me, but I just had to look forward, smile and rotate and flex in the different positions we were asked to take.

The hoots and the hollers were defining and the bright lights and heat were damn near overwhelming. As Marianne and I stayed in front of the judges, they rotated a couple other girls up there to stand next to us and it was clear we were going to be first and second, and they just had to figure out who was going to be in third. After a while, they had me and her go back to our spots and just had a bunch of the lesser perfected girls match up physiques. Marianne grabbed my hand after a while, squeezed it affectionately and said, "I was right Denise, this competition is just between us two. I sure wish your damn biceps weren't so big and perfect." I laughed loudly and said, "Thanks Marianne. You look amazing too and your back and ass are tremendously muscled and beautiful." She squeezed my hand again and then let go as we held our positions and waited.

We were soon escorted back stage and lined up for our posing routines. They did those in order and we eventually all got through them and then six of us were invited back up to the stage for final placings. As we all held hands, sixth, fifth, fourth and third were called out and sure enough, Marianne and I were the only two left standing. We held hands tightly and there was a nervous quietness in the air as the MC announced, "In second place, and earning her pro card....is...contestant number...242!" I jumped ten feet in the air and loud screams bellowed from my girls as we realized we had won. Marianne turned and we embraced lovingly, her gorgeous, perfectly formed breast, pushing firmly against mine! Her rock solid physique was top notch and I almost felt a little guilty taking the title.

Next, the MC felt like he needed to earn his pay and began the first place announcement. He shouted slowly, “In First Place, Earning her Pro-Card, A weeks’ vacation to Maui, Hawaii, and a Year’s Supply of Hercules supplements is...Contestant Number 243!” I raised my arms straight up, high above my head in victory. A wide smile covering my face and my pearly whites lighting up the stage, they began to drape me in flowers and the first place medallion. We then took picture after picture as a large number of different sponsors walked up and wanted a phot with me and my insanely perfected and beautiful physique. Several of them told me I could compete in and place top 3 in the Pro show this weekend, but my dream of winning the amateur women's physique division was a reality and I really didn't care. I just knew I wanted a bite of the biggest, juiciest steak I could find!

Eventually, we made our way off the stage. To my welcoming eyes, Teresa was waiting in the back and grabbed me in her massive, muscle-bound arms. She held me high and we embraced in the deepest, most passionate, loving kiss to date. She was so proud of me and my dedication over the past several months and my clean diet and hard work ethic, combined with my perfected DNA had allowed me to create the most perfected, muscular physique the amateur women's physique class had ever seen.

Covered in my damn tanning product, it ended up all over my wife, but she didn't care. She was so proud of me, I could have dumped a cooler of orange Gatorade on her and she'd still be giddy and doting over me. She grabbed my rock-hard, perky but cheek and whispered, “Oh baby, I can't wait to slip my raging boner inside you and make love to you till you physically just can't take another long, penetrating thrust from me. I smiled back and said, “I want to fuck your massive, muscle bound-body too babe and drink every last drop of your white, milky love sauce. And I laid an exotic, wet, slow kiss on her tremendous, rounded, protruding left pec.

My wife loved when I complimented her muscular physique and especially when I talked dirty to her. With all the muscle-laden hotties prancing around back-stage, it was hard not to think about long, hot, passionate sex and just as I was enjoying my wife and her sexual innuendos, Marianne rushed up to us. She embraced me in a big hug and congratulated me and the amazing package I brought to the stage. I laughed at first when she said “package”, because I used to have one...and now my wife does. But she just meant my physique.

After laughing loudly, I introduced Marianne to the group and she was so sweet and cute, I just wanted to eat her up. Andrea and Teresa took an immediate liking to her beautifully muscled physique and complimented her on her beautiful back and glutes. She was so happy to make the pro ranks and I was happy for her too. Andrea asked her who she was here with, and she

admitted that just her mom had come to help her with the competition since she and her boyfriend had recently broken up. He had been unfaithful to her and she admitted he was a bit rough with her as well since he was taking steroids and couldn't hold back minor fits of rage from time to time. She wasn't trying to be a drama queen and kind of mentioned it in a low key way.

Unfortunately, there's nothing that pissed Teresa off more than seeing guys being disrespectful or abusive to women and I could tell she took note of Marianne's comments. Andrea was smitten with our new friend and quickly got her contact info to let her know we'd be in Vegas for several more days and that she should come join us for some fun. Marianne was overjoyed that the current Ms. Olympia had invited her to hang out with us and threw her rock-hard, tanned, beautifully muscled physique into Andrea's massive muscular torso. "Relax, relax you little cutie." Andrea said, "We're going for a nice dinner but look forward to meeting up with you soon." Marianne and the rest of us laughed as she squeezed Andrea tightly and I eyeballed my wife, grabbed under her lengthy blouse and wrapped my hand around her meaty cock and whispered, "I know what I want for dinner tonight!" Teresa smiled widely and whispered back, "Oh...you're gonna get it D...and then some."

We then made our way out from back stage, victorious, and looking forward to the fun filled days ahead...