

Like everyone else I know, I was all ready for a new and better year. So I have to admit that I was very much looking forward to my friends' New Year's Eve party last night. He was actually not as much my friend, but more of an acquaintance, a good friend of my brother Mark. Anyway, like always I wanted to get dressed up a bit, so I threw on some skinny jeans and a really cool, tight fitting, navy blue long sleeved shirt. It was kind of shiny and thin throughout, and it was my favorite shirt by far! I felt pretty GQ in it and was hoping to meet a cute girl at the party.

I had been dating a girl till just a couple of months ago who was a very accomplished long distance runner. I had been a non-athlete but went to the gym regularly so I was fairly muscular and weighed about 195 pounds before I met Kristen. Kristen, my girlfriend, was about 5'6" and 125, and wanted me to start running with her, part of her very controlling type personality which eventually led to me breaking up with her. Anyway, she bought me the nice shirt which I had now just put on, but at the time she purchased it for me, I couldn't fit in it. I kind of laughed when she gave it to me, but her response was that, if I could lose enough weight to fit in it, A: I would fit her ideal, slim/athletic body type, and B: I would be a much better and faster long distance runner. I laughed and took up the challenge. We began running together and I bought into her vegetarian diet and was able to drop to 5'9" and 169 pounds. To be honest, I liked being slimmer and more light on my feet. It felt much more comfortable than being the heavy, slow, 195 pound guy I was before. I was able to run some pretty good marathon times and I felt like I looked a lot more like the models in magazines like GQ. Kristen was an avid shopper and she had me dressing in the most stylish, form fitting clothing around. Unfortunately, she became more and more controlling, to the point where she only wanted me to hang out with her and basically disconnect from my friends and family. This was always a point of disagreement between us, and after a couple of short breaks, about two months ago, we finally broke up for good. I was a bit depressed about it, hadn't run more than a couple of times over that time and barely ate a thing. So the New Year's Eve party was going to signify a new start for me both mentally and physically.

For whatever reason, two weeks before New Year's, as I got out of the shower I decided to quickly step on the scale. Kristen was always very controlling as I mentioned before and she would make me weigh myself constantly...just another part of her weird personality that annoyed me. Since we had broken up, I hadn't weighed myself. I stepped on the scale and was surprised to see that I had actually lost 5 pounds and was down to 164. Since I hadn't been running, I actually expected to have gained weight, but then again, I wasn't eating anything either so I guess it made sense. I quickly glanced at myself in the mirror and noticed that my ribs were showing slightly through my skin and my face looked really thin. I know this sounds odd, but for some reason, I wondered if I could actually get down to 159 pounds. It would be the lightest I had weighed since my sophomore year in high school. I figured that I could do it, just to say I did it, and then would quickly get back to my normal weight again of 169.

To try to lose the 5 pounds, I started speed walking a few miles in the morning, and again at night. My diet was basically fruit and vegetables and water. Sure enough, the day before the New Year's party, I

got on the scale in the morning and had hit 159 pounds! I was excited about it for some reason and actually got a hard on just thinking about it. Feeling pretty good about myself, I was getting pretty optimistic about 2017.

Party Night

As I now threaded my belt into my skinny jeans, I noticed that the buckle didn't go in the normal hole. I had actually lost a belt size when I dropped the recent weight. As I looked at myself in the mirror, the skinny jeans almost seemed loose and my favorite shirt wasn't as slim and form fitting as I had remembered. Well, that should have been expected by me as I went on my little weight loss plan, but I knew I'd gain back the weight over the following couple of weeks and my clothes would fit perfectly again.

I drove over to the party and got there at 9. It was in full swing and there were at least 30 people at the house. I knew some and introduced myself to others. Eventually I found my brother Mark and said Hi. He immediately said, "Damn Dave, you fricking look like a skeleton, what the hell's wrong, are you sick?" A little embarrassed, I said, "No, I've just been a bit bummed out since Kristen and I broke up so I haven't been eating much." Mark quickly replied, "Well have a fucking sandwich and get over that controlling nag!" I laughed and quickly grabbed a snack off the table and shoved it in my mouth. A couple minutes of small talk went by and he said, "Oh shit, I almost forgot to tell you, Teresa is here and she was looking for you earlier." "Why the hell is she here?" I replied. "I guess she's good friends with Jeff (the host)." my brother answered. "Oh, OK." I replied, "I guess I'll say Hi then."

TERESA

Teresa was my ex-girlfriend. I had dated her before Kristen and she was very upset and heartbroken when I broke up with her. We had dated for four years (from 20-24 years old), I was her first sexual partner and she was mine and Teresa was dead set on marrying me and raising a family together. It started off great, but after two years, I started to desire other girls. Teresa was pretty, fair soft skin with long red hair, she stood 5'7" and 118 pounds. She ate nothing at all except a little salad and had a craving for sweets, mostly candy. Therefore, she was really skinny and had almost no muscle tone. By our third year together, she had started to become skinny-fat. In other words, she was really skinny, but had no muscle tone and even started to develop cellulite on her legs. It grossed me out and I started to desire a really athletic girl I worked with at Macy's. I loved Teresa, and would never cheat on her but I started to become more standoffish with Teresa and we quit having sex.

Teresa knew something was wrong with our relationship when we quit having sex and would do anything to save it. At that point, I basically became an ass hole tyrant and took over full control of the relationship. I paid for it, but made her join my gym and start going with me. They also had a weight-lifting class at the community college she went to, so I had her sign up for it too. Hell, if I was going to stay with her, she couldn't be walking around with cellulite on her legs. Additionally, I made her start

drinking protein shakes with me, which she hated. I had grown up a very skinny and weak kid. Basically I had grown up with skinny arms and thighs so I avoided fighting and sports at all costs. Working out had given me some strength and muscle which I had put on right before I first met Teresa. So I knew she could follow my program and also get more fit and attractive.

Teresa and I went pretty regularly for 6 months and to my surprise, when we were taking a shower one day, as she was washing her hair, I noticed these biceps peeking out of her arms. I started to caress them and got a hard on immediately. Teresa couldn't even make a muscle just six months before, and now she had a noticeable, hard bulge. It was exhilarating and we fucked immediately. As we got out of the shower and dried off I asked her to step on the scale. It read 127. She had put on at least 9 pounds of muscle and probably lost a little fat too. We went to my bedroom to put on clothes. At that time, I noticed that her legs no longer had any cellulite and actually were firm with a slight bulge as well. I got hard again and we made love for another 45 minutes to an hour. All in all, we had sex 4 times that day. Teresa knew it was her more fit body that turned me on and over the next few months, she bought a whole new wardrobe that was tighter fitting and showed off her body a little more.

You'd think this would have been enough to save our relationship, but I again began to desire the cute girl I worked with at Macy's and she had recently broken up with her boyfriend; remember, I had only ever been with Teresa, so I really wanted to hook up with another girl... Seeing this as an opportunity, I broke up with Teresa to date this other girl. It was a very hard break for her since she had such immense future plans for us and had basically started to obey my every suggestion almost as an order over that last six months. It was very tearful and I told Teresa that I still loved her, but that I wasn't In-Love with her. She was crushed and did everything she could do over the preceding year to stay close to me by constantly calling or e-mailing my sister and cousin whom she was close with. According to my sister, Teresa was just saying Hi and kind of keeping tabs on me.

I had immediately quit going to the gym when I broke her heart, because I knew Teresa might be there, and I just wanted to avoid seeing her. In fact, I had only run into Teresa once, about a month after our break at a local bar. She was all over me, smiling and definitely did not want to let me go. I sensed this and kind of snuck out of the bar a bit later. To my surprise, my romance with the girl at Macy's only lasted a few dates and she decided to work things out with her boyfriend again. That's when I met Kristen and began that 2 year relationship.

Now you have a nice history of me and Teresa up to last night...

HELLO

So last night, after talking to my brother for a few, I grabbed a beer and walked in another room to get it over with and say a quick hello to Teresa. As I walked in the other room, I spotted her unmistakable long red hair through a crowd of people. I started to wedge my way through the group of people and finally got to a few feet behind her. I quickly realized that I was mistaken as I got just a few feet behind her. Teresa was a thin 125 pounds, and this girl was a bit thick from too many French fries and shakes. She was wearing these sexy tall brown boots that came up to her knees, black leggings, a black dress that stopped at just a few inches above her knees and a brown leather jacket. So she was very covered up, but I put her at way over 125 pounds and was just about to look elsewhere for Teresa when the girl turned her head towards me. I was shocked to see that it was indeed Teresa. She had a huge smile on her face and immediately stepped to hug me. "Oh my God David." She said, "So great to see you." "You to Teresa." I replied as we embraced briefly. As I hugged her, I immediately noticed that she seemed bulky and was much heavier than the girl I broke up with two years prior.

It seemed obvious to me that she had probably quit working out and had been eating pizzas and ice cream like crazy since I broke her heart. Her face looked really healthy though and kind of glowed, so at least the fat hadn't ruined her pretty face I thought to myself. We made some small talk and were standing next to an horderve table. Teresa was gobbling up the meat tray items and broccoli but to my surprise, she wasn't touching any of the sweets. Teresa had been overly addicted to sweets when we dated so I expected her to be downing them in mass quantities, especially when I was looking at a woman who had probably put on 30 plus pounds since we dated. Teresa was also drinking water instead of alcohol. I asked her why, and she just said, "Oh, I quit drinking but I'll have a glass of champagne at midnight." After a few more minutes of small talk Teresa finally asked, "Are you still seeing that girl Kristen?" "No." I replied, "We just broke up a couple of months ago and this is actually my first night out since then." "I'm sorry to hear that." Teresa replied, "I hope you're OK." "I'm fine thanks." I said, "How about you, are you seeing anyone?" "No." she said sheepishly. "I haven't dated since we broke up two years ago." I was shocked and had no idea how to respond. She could sense my state of shock and said, "Don't freak out about it David, I haven't really wanted to." "Oh, OK." I replied and then immediately felt like a heart-breaking ass hole.

Right then, the host saved my ass by walking up with a tray of shots. I immediately grabbed one and downed it. Teresa didn't but thanked John anyway. I then needed a quick exit and said, "I need to hit the bathroom real quick, I'll be right back." She said, "Ok" and off I went to ditch her obviously. I found my brother a few minutes later and said, "Holy shit bro, Teresa hasn't dated anyone since I broke her damn heart and she must be living at McDonalds, because I think she's gained about 30 pounds." "Yea." he replied, "I did notice she had put on some weight." We kind of small talked some more and did another shot. The night moved closer to 12 and I did everything to avoid Teresa. At the same time, I was drinking a bit too much, and at only 159 pounds, I was getting really drunk.

MIDNIGHT

We all gathered tightly in the TV room to watch the ball drop and enter into 2017. I was pretty damn drunk at this point and was really wanting to kiss this pretty brunette girl standing near me. 5....4....3....2....1 HAPPY NEW YEAR!!! Everyone shouted. As I turned left to reach for the brunette, my right shoulder was grabbed forcefully and I was spun around to my right and behind. To my surprise, Teresa had somehow wedged herself behind me for the magic moment. She embraced me tightly and could probably see a bit of shock in my eyes. Teresa smiled widely, said, "Happy New Year." and leaned in for a kiss. I met her lips for a quick peck and as I did, she put her hand behind my head and pushed my face into hers. I kind of opened my mouth to say, "Hey, what the fuck." but I only got out part of "Hey" as Teresa pressed her open mouth and tongue into mine. We made out briefly, as I was unable to break free of her tight ass grasp for some reason. She could tell I was fighting it so she leaned her head back and said, "David, please just give me a little New Year's kiss. I'd really appreciate it." Feeling a bit trapped, drunk, and also knowing I had been the jerk who broke her heart two years ago, I said, "Sure" and leaned back in. This time we started to make out a bit more passionately. During the kiss, I kind of grabbed her jacket in the upper arm area. To my surprise, it was full and seemed rock hard, there was no give or softness to what I was grabbing. I was kind of confused, but enjoyed the rest of the kiss and slowly backed my head away from Teresa's. She had a look of satisfaction in her eyes and a large grin on her face. We kind of stepped back from each other and started hugging and cheering the friends around us.

As we separated and walked around the room, every once in a while, we would make eye contact and I would get a giddy smile from her. It was becoming obvious to me that she still had feelings for me. At about twelve thirty, I had reached my limit and needed to go home and pass out. I was obviously too drunk to drive so was talking to my brother and friends about taking UBER home. Teresa said, "Oh that's nonsense David, I'll give you a quick ride home, I've only had one glass of champagne." I didn't really want to, but my brother insisted that it was the smart thing to do since UBER was so busy, getting a ride would be expensive and take a while. I reluctantly agreed and so Teresa and I hopped in her Honda civic and drove away.

On the drive home, I was practically passing out in the passenger seat when Teresa said, "David, I just really wanted to see you again and say thank you." "Hmmm, Thank You for what?" I asked. "For keeping me on your family gym membership." She replied. Oh damn, I thought, I had meant to cancel her off of my gym membership after we broke up. It only cost me \$9 per month to add her on my membership originally, so I was going to let her stay on for a little bit and then cancel her. That way, I could go back in and not worry about running in to her there. I hadn't even set foot in the gym since we broke up, but always meant to. It looked like she was enjoying cheeseburgers and not really hitting the gym, but I replied, "Oh, you're welcome Teresa, I knew you enjoyed going." With that, she reached over and kind of grabbed and squeezed my thigh. "I'm surprised that we never ran in to each other there." she said. "Well" I replied, "To be honest, I haven't walked back in the gym since we broke up." "Ya." she quipped, "It looks like you've lost a lot of muscle since we dated." At that point she squeezed my left

arm really hard. A sharp pain shot through my arm and I pulled it away and yelled "Owwwww." "Oops, sorry." she said, "I didn't know you had become sooooo fragile." Teresa had just given me a slight insult and I wasn't in the mood so I shot back, "We'll not all of us have been eating pizzas and McDonalds you know." Teresa immediately realized what I was saying and said, "Oh my God David, you think I'm fat." I didn't want to say it in those exact words so I replied, "Well, I don't know about that, but you've obviously put on a bit of weight." "Wow." she replied, she then put her right arm in front of my face and flexed it. She was still wearing the leather jacket so I was looking at the backside of her flexed arm in a bulky leather jacket. "What are you doing?" I asked. "Just feel that." she said forcefully. I reached my hand up and grabbed where her bicep would be in the jacket. Again, it felt bulky like before and was pretty solid. But in a big leather jacket, I just wasn't mentally grasping anything special. She just shook her head left and right as we pulled up to my apartment.

APARTMENT

Now home, I just wanted to go crash out. Teresa asked if she could just use my restroom really quickly so we walked inside and she hit the restroom. From in the bathroom, she said, "David, could you please get me a bottle of water for my drive home." "Sure" I replied as I kicked off my shoes and went into the kitchen to get her a water. I then walked back into the living room near the door to say goodnight and thank her for the ride. Teresa opened the bathroom door and started walking slowly towards me. It was kind of a slow, sexy strut and Teresa had a wry smile on her face. She got all the way up to me, just a few inches away and we looked eye to eye with each other. She was still in her boots with a 2" lift and she just seemed almost massive in front of me. I felt uncomfortable with her standing so close and I just wanted her to leave so I could go to sleep.

At that moment, Teresa said, "Let me show you something really quick." "Oh no Teresa." I replied, "It's getting late." She just got a large grin on her face and kind of half squatted down. I thought she was going to grab my cock or something but she slipped both her hands and arms under my armpits and quickly thrust upwards. Within a millisecond, she raised me two plus feet off the ground with my back against the door. "Holy Shit." I screamed as I stared down at her as she laughed out loud. Still peering up at my shocked face she said, "Dave, I've been working out religiously every day since we broke up. I'm not fat you goof, I'm 150 pounds of solid muscle!!!" I peered down at her chest which was exposed because her arms were extended up and her jacket was un-zipped. Instead of soft breasts, I could see the definition and thickness in her muscular pecs. A million feelings shot through me in an instant and I uttered, "God Damn you're strong."she smiled widely and asked, "Well, what do you think?" I couldn't think clearly and just uttered, "Um...Um....Um....." She laughed again and said, "I know, shocking huh?" At that point, she lowered me down and leaned in for a kiss. In a daze of confusion, I started making out with her passionately. As we kissed, she leaned against me slightly and her mass now felt sooooo powerful. I was being squeezed forcefully into the door and my cock rose rapidly and was trying to burst through my pants.

Teresa lowered her arms and held them straight down and behind her, letting her leather jacket slip off her shoulders and fall to the ground. I was now peering directly at her massive traps and bulging, rounded, muscle-filled shoulders. She slowly raised her right arm and flexed her bicep. A large, rounded muscle formed and looked as large or larger than my arms had ever been in my life. She grinned and said, "Feel it David." I paused and almost froze in place. With that she said, "Don't be scared David....feel it." I slowly raised my left hand and grabbed her biceps. It was rock hard and she slowly relaxed and flexed it 3 times while my hand was holding it, letting me experience the power she now possessed. Teresa looked me in the eyes again and said softly, but confidently, "I'm not going to lose you again to anybody.....ever.....am !!!!!" I didn't speak but just nodded my head left to right....with that, she repeated..."Am !!!!!" I knew the response she wanted and said, "No.....never." In a matter of seconds, I had gone from asking her to leave my apartment and probably my life, to making what seemed like an all-encompassing commitment to her. She leaned in for another quick kiss and grabbed my hand. Teresa then turned and led me back to my bedroom. As I followed her, I looked at the back of her arm and was mesmerized by the huge mass making up her triceps muscles.

Now in my bedroom, Teresa sat me on the edge of my bed, slowly reached her arms out and pulled my shirt off over my head. It exposed my frail torso, thin shoulders and skinny arms. She sat next to me and her massive shoulders and muscular arms dwarfed mine. There was a mirror leaning against the wall a few feet in front of us, and as we peered at ourselves in it, Teresa laughed uncontrollably in shock and put her huge arm around me, squeezing my small frame into her powerful chest. "Don't worry babe." she chuckled, "I'll protect your itty bitty body for you." She then laughed and kind of shook me in fun. You never really realize how big or small you are in comparison to someone until you see a reflection or picture standing next to them. And as I peered at our reflection, I looked like a frail little kid next to Teresa. Confused emotionally, I was obviously massively excited and my cock was still rock hard. Teresa then undid my belt, stood in front of me and slowly slipped off my pants. Her hair fell downward as I looked at the top of her head and just peered at her massively rounded shoulders and bulges of muscle covering her back. The mass was just mind blowing to me and I felt rather insignificant in her presence.

Standing in front of me, Teresa now slowly unzipped her boots and kicked them to the side. Next she pulled down her black tights and stood there in only her dress. Finally, she reached down and pulled the skirt portion of her dress up to her waist, exposing her massive thighs. They each had two large muscle bodies bulging down and surrounding her knee cap in a tear drop shape. I uncontrollably dropped to my knees and grabbed her massive right thigh in my small hands. Teresa began to flex and relax it causing it to jump powerfully and massively. I couldn't believe how Teresa had transformed herself to this muscle-laden herculean woman, but I was in a worship state in her amazing presence. Now naked, Teresa again put her hands under my arms and lifted me up and laid me on the floor next to the bed. Lying flat, Teresa now climbed like a tiger over the top of and hovered me. She began to do push-ups over the top of me and we kissed each time she lowered herself down. We began counting 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.....30.....40....50.....80....90...100! Sweat was now dripping from her forehead and I started to lick it up and swallow her salty, sweaty, powerful juices. Now hot and moist, Teresa inserted my cock into her vagina and began to ride me. I looked up at her mass and stroked her gorgeous, strong biceps and

insanely large forearms. She leaned her long, beautiful hair down and it covered my face as she bent down and really started grinding me. For a show of strength, she then grabbed both of my hands and pinned them over my head.

Teresa slowed her up and down motion considerably and said, "Break free if you can Davey." Her weight and strength were far too great and I struggled with all my might but she was just too strong. She then put one of my wrists over the other and pushed them down hard with just one hand, completely freeing the other. Again she said, "Break free honey." Again, I tried and tried, but I was unable to break free. As she slowly grinded on my cock, with her moist, warm, tight pussy, Teresa flexed her free arm massively while she held my two hands down with the other. I looked up in her eyes and I had never in the 4 years we dated seen such a satisfied, happy look in her eyes. She had always conveyed a bit of timidity or lack of self-confidence and it's one of the things I never liked about her personality. Gaining 30 plus pounds of muscle and a massive amount of strength had changed her greatly, and she now oozed self-confidence with each breath she took and movement she made. That said, just a few minutes later, she began to get tears in her eyes and before I knew it she began to cry uncontrollably as we made love. I got a confused look on my face and said, "I love you Teresa....I don't want to see you sad...why are you crying?" "I'm not sad." She replied shakenly, "I'm just so happy....I mean, I've worked so hard for this day and to try to get you back and now that it's finally happening, you know, it's just kind of all overwhelming me.....and.....I just love you sooo much....and I just never want to lose you or be without you again...." I reached up and wiped the tears from her face and said, "You never ever ever ever will Teresa....I promise you that!!!!!" She kind of smiled, laughed, choked and cried and then leaned in and we kissed passionately again for several minutes, all the while she slowly, methodically massaged my penis with her amazingly tight, warm pussy.

Teresa rose back up, released her pinning grip from my hands and raised her muscle bound arms in the air as she began to get close to orgasm. She started going up and down more and more rapidly and as I placed my hands on her muscular chest, she gyrated quickly and reached total satisfaction. Teresa then slowly laid her powerful body on top of mine, pulled the blanket off the bed that was next to us and we fell fast asleep in each other's arms.

Morning

So, the next morning I awoke and Teresa's naked, beautifully muscled body was right next to mine. She was on her side and facing towards me, our legs slightly intertwined. I was now sober with a bit of a head ache but just couldn't believe how muscular she had become. I reached out and softly grabbed and began to caress her muscular forearm and bicep. I then slowly reached down to feel how hard and massive her thighs were. As I looked down at our legs, mine looked like toothpicks next to hers. I then reached up again to feel her biceps and as I did, she gave it a nice, quick, hard flex. It startled me and I kind of jumped back slightly. Teresa let out a little laugh and we looked into each other's eyes. "Pretty amazing huh?" she asked in a funny tone. "Unbelievable T-bone." I replied, as if we had never spent a

day apart over the last two years. T-bone was a cute nickname I had given her when we were dating before.

After a quick laugh, Teresa slowly pushed me over and laid her massive, muscle-bound body on top of mine. We peered into each other's eyes and made out passionately for a few minutes. I began to caress her muscular arms and shoulders as we kissed and I got an immediate erection. I thought we were going to have sex right there but Teresa had a plan and she was about to let me in on it. "So Davey," she started, "Did you mean what you said last night....that you wanted to spend the rest of our lives together?" "Yes, T-Bone." I did. "Well," she went on, "Seems to me that I don't have a ring on my finger....and I've wanted one of those from you since we first started dating many years ago." "Oh, ok Teresa....yes.....I definitely want to marry you....If that's what you're saying." "I am saying that," Teresa went on, "And don't you think I need one of those on this majestic body of mine today." "Yeah, of course you do honey." I replied, "We can do that today, for sure." "No silly," she answered, "I'm going to the gym, it's leg day. I'll send you a text with my ring size and a description of the ring I want. You can pick it up and meet me at my apartment later." "Sounds amazing!" I said, "I'll see you later then." Teresa gave me one more quick kiss and lifted her amazing physique off of mine. I watched every move of her powerful body as she slipped her clothes back on and quickly left my apartment.

Sure enough, I got a text about an hour later from Teresa. She actually texted me the exact jewelry store and ring. So all I had to do was pick it up. Unfortunately, it was really expensive. It was a beautiful diamond with smaller diamonds surrounding it and circling the band. I almost fell over when I saw the price though. It was \$20,000. I didn't have that kind of money, I had known Teresa again for less than 24 hours, and she had me committing to marry her and spend money I didn't have. I hated to do it, but I had to tell Teresa I couldn't do it yet. I called her and she answered quickly. I said "Teresa, I'm at the jewelry store and you must have over-estimated my value, because I can't spend that type of money on a ring." She had us both go on Face-time. Teresa had worked up quite a sweat and looked moist and amazing. She pointed the phone down towards her bulking, muscular quads, which she had just pumped to a level of explosion. she then said, "Davey, don't you have some rare comic books collecting dust, you need to judge what's more important, me....or a damn comic....make the right choice!" she then hung up.

I thought about it for a moment and realized that she was dead on. I had a The Amazing Spider Man #1 that my uncle had given me as a kid with a bunch of other old, valuable comics. About six months earlier, I had taken them to a really nice, comic book shop in my town and had them appraised. The owner had gotten back to me a few days later and told me that he had a standing offer for \$20,000 from a wealthy customer he had. I immediately called the comic shop and talked to the owner. I reminded him of my previous visit there, and he reached out to the wealthy customer who had made the offer. Luckily, it was still good, and so I met him later that afternoon with the comic. He gave me the cash, and I shot off immediately to the jewelry store. I now had the ring, and took a picture of it and shot it off to Teresa. She was very happy and told me to put on nice clothes because we were going to Ruth's Cris Steakhouse that night to celebrate.

I put on some nice slacks and a button down polo shirt and headed out to pick up Teresa. I had the ring in my pocket and couldn't wait to give it to her. I pulled up to her apartment, which was actually only a mile from my place. Crazy coincidence I thought, since it was nowhere near where Teresa used to live, or the gym, or her work. Anyway, I arrived and walked up to the door. She answered and I almost fell over in awe. She had done her hair and make-up and looked as beautiful as a supermodel. Her long hair flowed and reached down past her shoulder blades while her face could not have looked finer! She wore a black dress that reached all the way to the ground, but had a huge slit in it, exposing her massive right quad and calf muscle. Teresa was wearing really high heels and stood about 6' tall in them. As I peered way up at her beautiful face, her massive shoulders were exposed as the dress had clear straps and the material only came up to half shoulder level. Teresa didn't have large breasts, but had developed muscular pecs, and they were well defined in the v-type opening at the front of the dress. I stuck out my arm and escorted this massive, beautiful woman to my car. As we drove, Teresa quickly changed my station from rock-n-roll to hip hop...which she loves.

I asked her how long she had lived at the apartment. She said that she had moved in about a year and a half before. I didn't mention it, but that was about the same time that Carey and I had moved into the apartment I now lived. We arrived at the restaurant and were seated to a nice round candle lit table. Heads were spinning as Teresa had walked through, her physique was amazing and in her heels, her calves were hard as rocks and shaped like diamonds. All the women were jealous and the guys were drooling. As we sat, Teresa had her elbows on the table and her biceps and forearms were thick with muscle. I had been drunk the night before and hung over in the morning, so even though we spent the night together it was like I was experiencing her massive biceps all over again. Teresa had a sparkle in her eye and knew what I wanted desperately. After some total bullshit small talk about how my sister was, and how hers was, she finally just said, "Ok David, I know what you want to do, so go ahead and grab one." "Huh?" I answered. With that, Teresa extended her buff left arm towards me and said, "Just feel it David, feel how hard and strong it is now." I really was longing to do that but tried to play it cool and said, "Oh, Ok...." With that, I reached out and caressed her rock hard, muscular left forearm. It felt amazing and there were many sexy, rounded veins coursing across it. I began to play with them, mesmerized by their beauty and power. I then moved up to her bicep, which she flexed for me. It sent a shockwave of desire through me and I had a huge hard on immediately.

After pawing at Teresa a bit, I asked, "T-bone, how the hell did you transform into such an unbelievable muscular woman?" "I did it for you David." she answered, "You know, right before you broke up with me, I found your magazine collection." Oh SHIT !!! I thought and sat there in stunned silence.... She went on, "Don't be embarrassed David, you are who you are...she continued...I was heartbroken at first, but then I realized that that's what you wanted, a muscular woman, and judging by some of the girls, I knew you wanted a VERY muscle bound woman. That's why I was going to the gym twice a day for the six months before you broke up with me." I was stunned, but sat there, staring into Teresa's eyes as she shared her story. Teresa went on, "I wanted you back so badly David. I knew I had to become this muscular girl you desired, so I kept going to the gym, twice a day, eating more and more and really getting smart about nutrition. It was a full two and a half year commitment David, for this night, the

night we get engaged, and live happily ever after." With that, she leaned across the table, and kissed me warmly on the lips. "You're everything I've ever wanted and more." I answered slowly. "No David, I'm not." she said back quickly, "But I'm not stopping now, so I'll be as big as some of the girls in your magazines, don't you worry." I didn't know how to answer, so I sat with a smile on my face as our steaks came out to the table.

The steaks looked amazing and were sizzling hot with a light scent of butter that made my mouth water. Just as I grabbed my fork and knife, Teresa reached across the table and stabbed my steak with her fork. She quickly lifted it over to her plate and plopped it down. I looked at her immediately and said, "Hey honey, what are you doing." my mouth still watering from anticipation. "Oh, I was thinking about it on the way over." She answered, "I just can't risk losing you again to the next cute, fit girl that walks along, so I'm putting you on a bit of a diet. I've got to Skinny-You-Up..." "You're kidding. Right?" I asked strongly. "No David, I'm not." Teresa answered firmly. "I love you, and I'm obviously still a little insecure and worried, and have a reason to think you might leave me again....so this is a bit of an ultimatum. I need to know right now, are you on board with this or not....." I did pause for a few seconds, but as I looked at the beautiful, muscular girl, who was dead set on marrying me, I caved...."Sure Teresa" I sheepishly answered. "Whatever makes you happy." She got a huge grin on her face this time and grabbed my hand softly. Teresa looked into my eye as her muscular jaw chewed on a piece of steak and said, "mmmm, you're gonna love what I have in store for us."

I let that moment go and ate the vegetables and salad that were on my plate. Teresa devoured almost all of both steaks, but then gave me two medium sized pieces, right at the moment I thought I would get none. We did have another glass of wine each, and now that I was just under 160 pounds, I was starting to feel a little buzzed. Right then, the waiter came up to see how we were doing. Teresa asked him to grab her phone and video us. He was probably hoping for a nice tip, so he grabbed it and said, "Sure." Teresa stood up from the table, dwarfing the 5'8" waiter, grabbed my hand powerfully and led me to a beautiful fountain just outside the dining area overlooking the city lights. It was beautiful and Teresa looked at me and said, "Well???" as she kind of stuck out her finger. "Oh yea." I said and I quickly took a knee. I reached in my pocket, pulled out the ring box and opened it. "Teresa my love." I said, "Will you make me the happiest man on earth and marry me." Teresa acted stunned, then put her hands to her face and said, "I will David, I will!" I stood and she gripped me tightly and kind of hoisted me off the ground several inches as we shared a passionate kiss for a few moments.

Teresa again grabbed my hand and led me back to the table. As we walked, several people had noticed us outside and clapped and applauded us. I was simply staring down at my fiancé's gorgeous legs and protruding rock hard ass the entire walk back to the table. Once seated, the waiter brought us each a glass of champagne and Teresa ogled her new diamond ring. "You know David" Teresa said warmly, "I have dreamt of this moment every day since you first asked me out, so many years ago." "I love you too." was all I could come up with. Teresa looked at me and said, "You know David, I have only thought of you for those many years, I devoted every minute of my life to becoming the woman you see now and I just hope you will show me the same dedication." "I will my love." I answered, "I will!"

We walked out of the restaurant about to embark on our new lives together. On the drive back home, I said, "Are we staying at your place or mine?" "Mine tonight." she said, "We won't be staying at your old brothel ever again." I kind of thought she was kidding, but laughed it off. Once at her apartment, Teresa opened the door and walked in. I quickly followed, about to enter my new home for the first time. As I walked in, I was shocked to see an old picture of me and Teresa at Disneyland, hanging on the wall. "Wow" I said, "that's an old pic." Teresa didn't say anything but simply walked over to a little bar, she had on the side of the living room. As I peered around, I noticed that there were several pictures of me and of us, both on the walls and in picture frames around her living room. A chill went down my spine as I was beginning to realize, the obsession Teresa truly had with me, and us. Teresa stood at the bar, turned to me and said, "Whiskey?" "Yes" I replied as I looked at more pics. As I looked at the pictures, I realized that there was one of me, from just a few months earlier when I was training for my most recent marathon. At that point, I immediately realized that Teresa must have been stocking me. Right then, Teresa nudged me playfully and handed me my drink. I kind of looked at her in shock and stared back at the picture. "Yes." she said, knowing I was questioning all these pictures of us, and especially this recent one in front of us, "I have been just a wee bit obsessed with you....but now, it's your turn to be a bit obsessed with me." She had a huge grin on her face, and raised her glass as we said Cheers!

She led me over to the sofa and had me sit down. She then dimmed the lights, slipped down her dress and stood four feet in front of me in some very small white panties and no bra. She then said, "Davey, I've been working on this body 7 days a week, 4 hours a day, for two and a half yrs. All of this, just to win you back my love." "What do you think?" she finished. As she hit a front double biceps pose and flexed her quads greatly, I fell to my knees in awe and reached out with my hands to grab her amazing thighs. She immediately stepped back quickly and said, "Not yet honey, just watch." She then began to shake her quad muscle in front of me, then flex it to a huge hard mass, she then would relax it and shake it again. All the beautiful, massive muscle swaying from side to side, then BOOM, she'd flex it again...over and over. I was drooling at this point, but she told me to be patient. She then turned around, and I saw her huge muscle-bound ass, flexed hard as granite, just a few tantalizing feet in front of my face. As I began to peer down, her ass flowed into her beautifully sculpted sweeping thighs, and then down to her diamond shaped calves. I then looked up, at her wide, muscular back. Teresa's lats were insane and thick as huge slabs of meat. Again, I wanted to reach out and grab them, but she said, "Wait". Finally, my fiancé turned back around and hit a front abs and thigh pose. Her arms were now behind her head and the biceps bulged, making her beautiful face look small in between them. My cock was almost exploding out of my slacks and I was in disbelief of the amazing transformation my former girlfriend had accomplished.

Teresa then relaxed her beautiful body, kind of turned slightly and flexed her left triceps muscle, it bulged out and looked full of warm, powerful muscle. "You know David." she said, this isn't just for show....I'm really strong too....stronger than you even." she finished. My ego kind of kicked in and I uttered, "Really?" she smirked I doubted her, "I mean, I'm a guy and I was so much stronger than you when we dated, I don't know about that." I answered. Teresa got kind of a dumbfounded look on her

face and said, "Are you fucking kidding me right now." I sensed I had blown the mood so I stood up to kiss her. Just as I did she kind of short jabbed me right in the stomach. The innocent jab was catastrophic, literally as hard as I had ever been hit in my life and it blew the wind out of me immediately. I fell to my knees and then rolled over on my side as I struggled for air. "Oh my God." Teresa exclaimed as I was trying to breathe, "I just kind of barely hit you." "Are you OK honey....I'm so sorry." she said several times over. I then got on all fours, looking down at the floor in kind of a dog pose as I finally started to regain my air. Teresa got on all fours next to me and I looked in her eyes. Mine were full of tears, as that tends to happen when you get the wind knocked out of you. To quickly lighten the mood, I decided to forcefully bump into her as we were side by side. I bounced off of her like a puppy against a great Dane and it felt like I had hit a fucking rock. I fell back over and was now on my back. Teresa quickly mounted on top of me and said, "See, I'm a brick-shit-house now!" She then hit a double biceps pose and her arms looked massive and powerful. It also felt like I had a tremendous amount of weight on top of me, and I was being crushed beneath her.

"Holy Shit!" I exclaimed, "You are fucking strong honey!" Teresa grinned widely and said, "I know honey, do you want to arm wrestle." "More than anything." I replied, desperately wanting to feel how strong she really was. Teresa walked me over to her kitchen counter. It had kind of an extended top, past the edge of the cabinets and was rounded, almost like a little breakfast nook. We sat across from each other and I was already giddy with excitement as I peered at her very muscular arms and rounded, muscle-bound shoulders. She extended out her arm and I couldn't wait to compare our strengths. I had already decided to give it everything I had and was secretly hoping that she would be stronger. Before we started, she looked at me with a very wide grin, almost embarrassed at how much more muscular her arm looked compared to mine. We locked grips and I immediately pushed against her. Her arm moved back several inches, but she quickly reacted and froze my momentum. She then pressed hard against my hand and moved us back to the middle. Realizing that she was much stronger than me, a huge, uncontrollable smile dominated her face. Teresa looked me in the eye and slowly began to force my hand down to the table. I grunted loudly as I tried with all my might to stop her advance, but her muscle-bound arm was way too strong. Within two more seconds, she forced my hand to the table.

"Damn!" I exclaimed loudly.

Teresa jumped up from her seat, flexed her bicep and embraced me in a huge hug. As I was being passionately crushed by my beautiful woman, she lifted me up off my seat and spun me around. Our eyes were locked and she kissed me wildly as she continued to lean back slightly, spinning me around. She put me down, and I looked at my ex-skinny girlfriend who was now easily much stronger and more muscular than me. She knew that I was now realizing this as well and I knew that she had never been happier. As we kind of analyzed each others physiques I said, "This is crazy....right?" "Yea.." she said, "But it's what you've always wanted....right." I shook my head yes...then asked, "How did you know that?" "I found your WPW magazine collection when we were dating." She answered. I obviously turned beat red, but she went on, "That's why I started working out so hard when we were still dating, but it wasn't enough back then. But now...two and a half years later, I know I've got the muscle to rev you up!" With that Teresa stuck out her right leg and flexed it greatly. As the huge muscles bulged out, I dropped to my knees and grabbed her beautiful leg. "Amazing." Teresa said powerfully, "You went from

breaking up with me, to practically worshipping me.....how the tables have turned." she finished. I stood up sheepishly, looked Teresa in the eye and said, "I don't ever want to lose you again. I'll be the best husband you could ever imagine." She simply answered softly, "I know you will David....I know you will."

Teresa gently grabbed my hand and walked me into her spare bedroom. It had a big blue padded wrestling mat in the middle. Hanging in the corner was a big red punching bag hanging from the ceiling, and over on the other side was a desk with her apple computer on it. She walked me over and sat me in the chair next to hers at the desk. She then said, "Open that drawer." I slowly opened the drawer and immediately saw a stack of Women's Physique World magazines. I looked back at her and said, "Were these mine?" "Of course." Teresa answered. "When you made me move out, I purposely grabbed the box you had them "Hidden In". I for some reason didn't want you to have them, I felt like I would be depriving you sexually somehow. I quickly changed my attitude towards them, and did everything I could to become just like the girls on their pages that you longed for so desperately." Still stunned, I didn't know how to respond and just stared at Teresa blankly.

"Open the lower drawer." Teresa said next. I slowly pulled that drawer open. In it were many, many pages of printed on printer paper. There were big binder clips holding three bounds of paper together. "What are these?" I asked. "Read the titles dear." she responded, "They're yours." I looked at the first title BRIARTON...my name David Nelson written directly under it. I then looked at the next one...SUMMER, again, with my name just below the title. Finally, I looked at the last title...JILL and ME. "Holy Shit." I exclaimed. Teresa grabbed my thigh in her strong powerful grip and said, "You see honey. I know everything about you and everything you've done in the last two and a half years." Teresa then grabbed me under the armpits, lifted me off my chair and placed me on the ground. She then laid her herculean, powerful, muscular body right on top of mine. It felt like a million pounds as I stared up at Teresa's beautiful, electric eyes.

"I know your every fantasy Davey." Teresa lectured, "I know you want a massive, muscular, powerful wife to protect your feeble, frail, weak, skinny little girly self. And I'm going to make that a reality. What do you think about that?" she asked rhetorically. I was stunned, Teresa knew everything about me now and I felt confused, but relieved at the same time. I would never have to hide my true desires from her since she already knew them. Her being obsessed with, and spying on me actually seemed to allow me a freedom I had never experienced. Teresa and I began to make out passionately. I would never have a skeleton in the closet with her and she loved that I knew, that she knew everything about me. Teresa slowly got off me and walked to the other side of the room. She grabbed a pair of her grey and gold trimmed booty shorts and threw them over to me. "Throw those on." She told me. I quickly put them on, and knew I was in for something special. Teresa threw on the exact same color pair of booty shorts on and turned to look at me. She then slowly began to walk around the room on the blue padded mat. I could only stare in awe of her perfectly muscled physique. I was even more impressed with it when she was turned away from me. Her calves and thighs bulged with each step, and the muscular ass, torso and shoulders seemed heroically powerful. I knew that I was in the presence of greatness!!!

Teresa finally stopped over on the far side of the room. She looked sexily at me, extended her muscular arm and curled her finger at me to come over. I sheepishly walked my skinny physique over to her. There was a scale on the floor and she instructed me to step on it. Sure enough, it came to 159 pounds. She then easily nudged me off of it and stepped on it herself. It read 151 pounds. Teresa looked at me, her physique clearly more muscular than mine, but I was still a bit heavier somehow. She grabbed my thin arm and squeezed tightly, clearly showing her superior strength to me and whispered, "Don't worry honey, Will be changing that very soon."

The Plunge...

Well guys, I guess it's been about 8 weeks that Teresa and I have been dating again. Teresa wanted to finally fulfill my ultimate fantasy and lock my desire and devotion into her forever. She had constantly been exploring the methods of enhanced muscle development and that next day, decided to take the dreaded steroid plunge. One of the meatheads at the gym had been taking them for years, and he had come over to show us how to properly administer them. He brought Teresa a pack with Dianabol, Deca Durabolin and testosterone. Needles, syringes, alcohol and wipes. How to load the syringe, flick out the air bubbles, etc. Teresa could not do it to herself, so it was obvious that I would be doing all of the injecting. Paul showed me all of the steps and guided me through injecting Teresa in the upper buttocks area. As we went through the various procedures, I felt a strange sense of power as I penetrated Teresa with the needle and slowly injected the oil. Teresa stayed motionless during the process and took it like a champ.

As Paul gathered up his stuff and left us with our gear, I walked him out to his car and said, "Paul, how much weight and strength can Teresa gain on this stuff?" "Oh, a shit ton Dave." he answered. "I gained 14 pounds in 2 months on this shit the first time I took it." "Holy shit" I exclaimed. "Ya." he replied. "Unfortunately, the gains really drop off after the first cycle, but the first 8 weeks are a wild ride. I was PR'ing every lift and gaining muscle every day. It was awesome." "Well, thanks Paul." I said, "I'll call you if I have any questions." We then shook hands and Paul left.

I walked back inside and Teresa practically killed me. She jumped in my arms and I obviously fell to the ground beneath her massive weight. She then leaned in and we started making out passionately. Teresa stripped off my shorts, and within seconds, my cock was rock hard. She placed it in her warm, moist pussy and began riding me vigorously. I grabbed her muscular torso and felt its power as she pulsed on top of me. As I looked up at her, she had a look of passion and satisfaction I had never seen in her before. She was so excited about her new journey and giddy with happiness at the same time. As I ogled her muscular frame, I was trying to imagine what it could become. Teresa's beautiful long red hair hung low and brushed my face as she leaned forward and slowly rocked forward and back on my cock. I began thrusting my hips quickly and Teresa become one with my motion. My cock

Began to feel the climax and I slowed to wait for my fiancé as well. Teresa stuck her tongue in my mouth and within a minute she began to shudder in ecstasy as she reached climax. I reached up and grabbed her muscular shoulders. I loved feeling them because they were solid rounded muscle and I knew the power they contained. Her warm moist body on top of me, we slowly stopped and rested briefly in pure satisfaction.

Teresa quickly showered and threw in her workout clothes. She was so excited to see some new gains and to be honest, so was I. It's been no secret to her that I wanted her to be much stronger than me, so of course I got in some work out clothes and joined her at the gym to do my cardio. We got to the gym and went our separate ways. After an hour of cardio, I was a sweaty mess and walked in the weights area to gather up Teresa. She was working legs and had a bunch of weight on the leg press machine. There was 6 plates on each side and Teresa was slowly doing reps, with a 4 second decline and a two second press. She got up to take a quick restroom break so I jumped on the seat to do the press. I pushed the weight up slightly, twisted the safety bar out of the way and lowered the weight. As it reached only half way down, I immediately realized that it was too much weight for me to handle. Unfortunately, I was too weak to raise it back up and I became stuck. My thighs got weaker by the second and the weight slowly dropped until the rack hit the lower safety bar. My legs were now fully compressed against my chest and I was trapped under the sled. I took a brief rest and then decided to give the press a go. It barely budged, so I placed my hands on each knee to help push up the sled. Again, I failed to move the weight up and was trapped below the machine.

After waiting for another 30 seconds, I decided to ask the guy next to me for a bit of help lifting the weight. I was very embarrassed, but he was really nice and pushed up on one of the weight bars on the rig and together we got it up. I popped out of the seat, just in time as Teresa walked up just seconds later. She looked great, and the pump she was getting after an hour of working out looked great. She gave me a quick peck and said, "Ok, hun, lets add a bit more weight." She grabbed a 45 pound plate and placed it on one side. I reached over and grabbed a 45 pound plate as well. I was kind of bent over when I attempted to lift it, and its weight threw me off balance. I almost pulled a muscle trying to save myself from falling over but managed to stand up and lift the 45 pound plate to the bar. It was extremely heavy and I now knew why I struggled so badly pushing the press machine a few seconds earlier.

Teresa popped down on the seat and started to do reps with the immense weight. With each rep, I began to realize just how much stronger she was than me. Her muscular thighs flexed beautifully with each press and her hamstrings looked full and powerful as well. Although she began to struggle a bit with her reps, after 15 slow, methodical reps, Teresa rested and asked me to put another plate on each side. I wasn't even able to do one rep with the earlier weight, now Teresa was about to do reps with 180 pounds more than more than my max. I struggled, but got the two new plates on the sled. Again, Teresa slowly pushed out several reps before finally asking me to push slightly up on the rig while she finished up 12. I realized how strong Teresa was and got an erection. I tried to push it to the side to hide it, but Teresa got up and patted my cock and said, "I see you're digging my strength baby....just

wait...cause' were just starting this journey." I smiled as she gave me a nice wet kiss and walked powerfully to the squat rig. I followed her powerful stride over to the rig and asked how much longer she planned on staying. "I've got another hour at least babe." she said. I couldn't believe it, but patiently helped Teresa out as she did squats and weighted step ups to finish her workout, which went another hour and a half!!! By the time we walked out, Teresa's legs were pumped up massively and she looked absolutely stunning!

Teresa was giving 110% with her unreal calorie intake and double day workout sessions. I was basically becoming her life assistant as I prepared her many meals, administered her steroid injections, did her laundry, house work etc. Teresa barely had time for us and other than the occasional kiss, we weren't sharing any intimacy over those several weeks. Teresa was just too worn out from her workouts to do anything but eat and sleep. She had become almost zombie like and if I tried to converse with her, her tiredness and testiness came through with a rude comment to me. I attributed her bad mood to the steroids she was taking, so I learned to just keep my mouth shut over those 8 weeks of her cycle as I continued to watch her grow.

My girl's quads were becoming massive and she was damn near bulging through her workout tights. Her shoulders had become large, massive, powerful boulders and I was dying to have sex with this amazing woman. It seemed like Teresa was having a great day so when she came home from the gym, I gave her a great meal and administered her injection. I had barely spoken to her the last few days because of her bitchy mood, so I felt like now might be a great time. "Honey." I said, "You're looking amazing tonight...what do you think about doing the nasty?" "Oh my God." she quipped, "You're so full of shit, I look like a fat pig and you know it!" "Time for you to cool off!" she ended and grabbed me by the belt. With a quick spin, she yanked me backwards and shoved my upper back. I was now suspended in mid air, facing downward as she hoisted me up by my belt. Teresa then walked me to the back slider of her upstairs apartment. Her apartment overlooked the pool which was close but still easily 10 feet away. Teresa then took three huge steps and launched me into the air. "Noooooooooooo" I screamed in fear as I traveled through the air. Seconds later, I splashed side first into the pool.

For some unknown reason, I surfaced and screamed. "You Bitch." as loud as I could. I immediately regretted it and hoped she hadn't heard me. She had slammed the slider door closed so I thought I might have gotten away with it. I slowly made my way to the gate and then walked around to the door to Teresa's apartment. I half expected it to be locked, but to my surprise it was open. I disrobed out of my wet clothes and walked inside with just my underwear on. I didn't see her lurking so I walked upstairs to our room. When I walked in, Teresa was standing there in her small black panties and no bra. I immediately was turned on, but her face was not accommodating. "So I'm a Bitch huh?" She said. I replied, "No, honey, I'm so sorry...I was just." In that instant she put her finger up to her mouth telling me to be quiet. I slowly stopped talking and looked into her deep, beautiful eyes. "Tonight." she said, "You're going to be my bitch." I wasn't sure what that meant, she pretty much controlled my life already...what the fuck was she talking about.

Teresa told me to get on my knees in front of her. I thought she was going to have me eat her out, which I enjoyed anyway, so I was feeling pretty good. Instead, Teresa walked over to one of her drawers and reached in. She dug around for a minute and turned around with a beige dildo in her hand. "You know," she said, "When you broke my heart several years ago, I had to get myself this little thing." Teresa took a couple more steps towards me and got on her knees in front of me. As she spoke, she slowly patted me on the nose and cheek with the tip of the dildo penis. "I bought this exact dildo Davey because it reminded me of yours. At first I loved it, I pleased myself with it, I thought of us passionately as I used it on myself. But as I watched you, and that other bitch live so happily, I began to hate it. I only kept it, because in a moment of weakness, I would pull it out and use it on myself again, even though I wasn't with you...." Teresa finished and then held it in front of my mouth. She motioned me to open my mouth, so I did. "Now honey," she went on, "when you desire me, when you feel like I'm the only thing that can fulfill your desires, you're going to have to experience what I experienced. Then, and only then, can I love you equally, and feel like we can finally live together in perfect harmony." As Teresa slowly moved the dildo in and out of my mouth, with a methodical in and out thrusting motion, I began to cry, realizing what pain she had suffered when I had broken her heart those years ago.

After making me take the penis in and out of my mouth for several minutes. She took it out and said, "Do you want me to have the satisfaction of evening our score Davey? Can you endure what I endured to prove your love and devotion to us moving forward?" I nodded yes, tears still in my eyes. "Good," she said. She then motioned me to turn around and I took the doggy position in front of her. After squirting a substantial amount of lube on the dildo, she sort of grabbed me under the belly from behind and hovered her massive torso over my back as she slowly inserted the toy into my anus. I winced with each thrust as I was not used to this and there was a small amount of uncomfortable pain. "You're earning it back honey." Teresa whispered as she slowly moved the dildo in and out. Again, I was crying a bit as I was being loved and abused at the same time. Finally, Teresa said softly after many minutes of this mental and physical torture, "Now who's the bitch Davey." "I am" I responded quietly. "That's right my bitch," she responded, "That's right". At that moment, I realized how much I must have hurt her over those years and also how much she must still love me, to put me through this pain, so that we could eventually live a happy, mutually respected life with each other.

The next morning, Teresa woke and walked powerfully into the bathroom. Looking at her massive muscular frame, I knew she was the ultimate ALPHA in the relationship. As she stepped off the scale I had grabbed the dildo and held it in my hand next to her. She looked at me and I instinctively said, "Take me." Teresa smiled and looked down at the reading. 162 pounds. She had put on 11 pounds in 8 weeks and looked massive to me. She then stepped off and moved me onto it. It read 153. I had lost 6 pounds in that same time. Teresa put her hands under my armpits and easily lifted me skyward. I looked down in awe at her huge traps and shoulders. She was an Amazon to me now...and so very strong. She carried me back to the bed and tossed me onto it. Instead of taking me with the dildo. She walked over to her drawer and pulled out a strap on. As crazy as it sounds, she looked amazing in it and I got an immediate hard on. Teresa walked to the edge of the bed, bent my legs apart and to the sides

as I laid on my back and she entered me. She began to fuck me with the zeal of a sex addict and the pounding was starting to hurt. Even so, I could see the satisfaction in her eyes and I could tell she was enjoying this sex as much as she had ever enjoyed it. The satisfaction of deflowering me held a new mark in our mental relationship and she was content. I was truly hoping this would put us on equal footing, and we would again share an equal and mutual respect for eachother forever!