

(**Warning:** This story contains female muscle, female muscle growth, muscle worship and graphic sexual content)

The anticipation was making Charlie's heart speed up. Tonight was a special night, though all nights with her girlfriend were special. And though they had *thoroughly* explored all that could be done with her *magnificent* body, the flame never fizzled out. Charlie was *never* bored with the spectacle, and certainly never got tired of their little games~.

Laying down on the velvety red divan, Charlie wore her loveliest pink nightgown, trying to find the perfect pose to regale Vaggie with. It was only fair as her girlfriend would show her *all* the poses.

Their bedroom lights were low, but not dark enough that she'd miss the details of Vaggie's frame. And the scent of strawberries coming from the scented candles filled her nostrils, making her sigh pleasantly.

The bathroom door opened, and out stepped her girlfriend clad in a pure white bathroom robe. Her wide frame was covered from shoulder to shoulder, the fluffy white material concealed all but her feet, yet the ample bosom created an opening large enough to see half of the ridged striations in the middle of her pectorals.

Vaggie grinned at her, teasingly, hungrily. And Charlie's lips went dry as she began heating up.

She stood just a couple of feet away from the divan, the right distance for Charlie to have the perfect view. To catch it *all*.

The Princess of Hell was lying down in a seductive pose, one arm resting behind her head while the other trailed over the curves covered by her nightgown. Her lips formed a drunken smile while her eyes seemed to smolder at the sight of her girlfriend, as if silently conveying the words; 'I know you love this, now show me what I love'.

She looked so *tasty*, Vaggie wanted nothing more than to eat her out.

Vaggie untied the robe's knots, slowly. And held the edges of the bathroom so they wouldn't reveal anything yet, keeping Charlie from getting her treat for a second longer. Even that was driving her insane given the cute frown she gave her.

The fallen angel chuckled, and with one swift motion discarded her robe.

Charlie's smile widened, and she sighed softly while licking her lips.

Chiseled perfection greeted her, nothing but the finest and deepest lines of tone adorning prominent and *bulging* muscles. Heart-shaped calves lead up to immense quads that almost brushed against each other with how little room there was between the inner thighs. They still displayed a wonderful female curvature in conjunction with her shredded core, jutting blocks of abdominal muscle stood proudly, expanding and contracting with each breath, and obliques too many to count paved the way to massive lats that made her arms stand at an angle. Said arms were gigantic pillars of striated muscles, with the voluminous biceps and triceps splitting into powerful groups of the most deliciously cut meat.

Those shoulders were spheres of pure *power*, with deep lines akin to a ridged pumpkin's giving them a stronger look. Hill-like traps rose at the side of her thick neck, reaching halfway to that face she adored so much. Staggeringly large breasts stood out prominently thanks to the combination of both her white bikini (which already looked strained against her shoulders and back), and the powerful book cover-sized pectorals that supported the large sacks.

Clad in this white bikini type meant for bodybuilders, Vaggie was a vision of mighty and sensuality wrapped in one.

Already a head taller than Charlie, looking at her from the divan made her look all the bigger. Looming imperiously over her...

Charlie bit her lip, letting out a low moan as her hand trailed over the edges of her gown, pulling it back slightly so they could trace the outline of her panties. Her fingertips ran over her sensitive and moist area, already invigorated by the sight of her muscular girlfriend.

Vaggie grinned at her, she didn't need to say anything. She knew what Charlie wanted, what got her going, and how to give it to her.

She started simple, yet no less effective, by raising her arms and flexing her pythons. The powerful biceps split into peaks as throbbing veins coursed over their surface. Charlie licked her lips, panting slightly as the light stroking of her panties intensified. Vaggie's movements were deliberate, precise, *masterful*, she flexed and posed with supreme skill. Every stance she took further stoked Charlie's fire, as well as hers. Her nipples slowly hardened at the sight of her girlfriend touching herself, so aroused by the sight of her muscles.

Vaggie's hand slowly went to the back of her head, and she locked down her stomach, squeezing the abdominals together so tightly it looked like they were fighting for space. She put one hand in front of the other, twitching the bulging quad and regaling her lover with the jumping cord-like muscles popping in and out with rippling beauty.

The fabric of her panties was proving to be an inconvenience as Charlie slipped her fingers underneath and touched herself directly. She sucked in a sharp breath as the sudden surge of pleasure while her other hand pawed at her breast. Vaggie was so big, so beautiful...

The fallen angel turned around, pulling her long hair over one of her shoulders so the curtain wouldn't block the view of that *monumental* back. Oh, the stunning valley of deep ravines, the bulging hills of muscle, the staggering number of lines coursing through every muscle group, big and small. To say nothing of how amazing her hamstrings look, or the butt so hard Charlie wanted to take a bit of like an apple...

With deliberate slowness, Vaggie placed her hands on her hips and spread her back to *glorious* reaches. Pushing the hills further and further, like tectonic plates shifting and splitting, her mountain range expanded. The soft growl escaping her girlfriend's lips was just icing on the cake.

Charlie's hips *jumped* as she buried two fingers inside herself, a sharp cry of pleasure escaping her lips as the sight was just too much...