**Annie and the Gentle Giants**

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Everything is connected to everything. Everything in our past is dynamically active in every present moment... leading into a future with beautiful networks of people, places, and emotions. Okay... that's enough of my amateur philosophy. This is my way of saying that a relatively small number of events end up being pivotal openings to some amazing relationships. Meet my 'gentle giants.'

I am still a serious bodybuilder... and, yes, I consider this preoccupation as an addiction. See my previous story, Two Addictions, for the deep background. During my 20s... I became an extreme bodybuilder. It was consuming... and very fulfilling. The gym became my second home. My workout buddies became my family. I started a successful career... but my emotional focus was on the gym.

And... then there was Anthony! Holy, crap... what a great guy. We met at the gym... surprise, surprise. When I get in my 'zone'... all senses are alive and aware... I'm wired!

I'd seen Ant on the edges of our extreme workout area... so when I needed someone to spot me for my next set on the bench press, I looked at him, and asked him to help me. Damn... he was so cute! He walked over to the bench and checked the weight I was lifting. He declined.

"Sorry," he said. "If anything went wrong... I couldn't lift this weight. You wouldn't be safe."

In most gyms... this kind of humility and honesty is rare. I was immediately impressed... and he understood the depth of my smile. "Okay," I replied. "But... I'd love it if you'd be willing to watch my next set."

I got another friend to spot me... and completed my next set. But... I was super-pumped that Anthony was watching... I kept him in my peripheral vision and had extra energy in each lift. I was pursuing my passion and enjoying the obvious admiration of this strangely intoxicating man.

Fast forward to 2010... Anthony and I had been married for a couple years... my career was going very well... I was in the best physical shape of my life. My mother was right... women bloom in their 30s and 40s. I celebrated my 30th birthday as a happy and fulfilled woman... ready for more!

Ant and I are co-conspirators in my addictions. The gym was our second home... until we created our own gym in our new home with all the bells and whistles that I requested. We still frequented our traditional gym, but not as often. Fortunately, he had well-paying career also! We were incredibly blessed... we worked hard... we played hard... we fucked often... we lived as one!

One summer evening after my 30th b-day... I told Ant that I was hungry to be seen naked... and it was a strong, growing hunger. He smiled back... and exited the room.

A short time later... Anthony came back into the room, and said, "Let's go, sweetie. I've set out a top and skirt that you purchased a few months ago, but never worn. We're going on a little road trip."

I was hooked! The top and sweetly short skirt were both see-through... but concealed enough to stay legal. This outfit was designed as a beach coverup... woven in an open-work crochet design. With nothing under them... my skin was clearly visible... but anyone looking had to look carefully to see my nipples above or my smooth mound and firm ass below. I added a pair of high-heeled sandals and I was ready to go. But... where?

As we drove... Ant revealed that we were driving to a little rural bar... more like a 'honky-tonk.' It was small... and intimate... and his good friend owned it and was the bartender. "Trust me," he added. "I think this is the place you're looking for... especially tonight."

As we turned into the parking lot... it was... well, underwhelming. A small building with a neon sign that announced, "Road House." It was 10pm and there were only 4 cars in the parking lot. I thought... not exactly my heart's desire!

We went in... and met Dave. He welcomed us... and provided us with drinks. It was a small space... half was a dance floor and small stage... the other half was a small L-shaped bar and a few tables. Again... not very inspiring. There was music piped in... not bad, and not overly loud. When we entered... Springsteen was dominant for a couple songs. Yes... I can move to that!

After a few minutes of small talk with Dave... a deep, approaching rumble started to shake the bar and my body. It grew louder and louder... and seemed to subside slightly outside the bar. Then... as if a light switch turned it off, we were back to Springsteen's song... "Philadelphia."

There were only 6 people in the room... Ant and I... Dave the owner and bartender... an old guy nursing a scotch-and-water... and a 20-something couple with cheap beers. All of our eyes were fixed on the door.

After almost a minute... the door opened slowly... almost carefully. A mountain-of-a-man stood in the door opening... he was almost as tall and as broad as the door itself. He slowly walked into the bar... followed by more giants after him. None appeared to be shorter than 6 foot 5... all were clad in black leather vests, pants and boots. Okay... they literally took my breath away.

Dave greeted them as friends... they were obviously regulars at this little, remote road house. And then... to my utter surprise... Anthony stepped forward to greet each of them by name... and each with a hug. He had to reach way up for these hugs... but they seemed to be natural and heartfelt. I just watched in awe... but with a bit of anxiety.

Once this male bonding ritual was done... Ant introduced me to the group of giants. Chad was the unofficial leader of the group... 6 foot 8, but with a smile that could warm a large house. There was an aeronautical engineer, two lawyers, a CPA, a construction contractor, a vintner, and a physical therapist. Hahaha... I had to look way up to every one of them... most were at least foot taller than me.

They all got their drinks... and chatted briefly with Anthony and Dave. So far... I was just a part of the furniture. I boosted myself up onto a bar stool... crossing my legs to not show too much... yet. Ant asked Chad to tell their story. As he started... I was struck by his voice... like having Matthew McConaughey's sexy baritone cords in person.

The group became friends in high school... they were members of a regional championship football team. No wonder that they were champions, judging from their size. After high school... they went their various ways into their respective careers but made it a point to keep in touch. When they were all established within a circle of about a 30-mile radius... they got together a couple times each year. Then... one of the guys bought a Harley Davidson motorcycle. As Chad put it, "And... the rest is history." Before long... they each had a Harley. They started riding together... and found it fun to dress as big, tough guys on Harleys... even though they were never going to pose a threat to anyone.

Several of the guys shared brief stories. There was a lot of laughter as they told funny stories about each other... and some embarrassing moments about themselves. Good times as the drinks kept flowing.

Then... Zeke... the most solid and muscular of the group... walked through the group and stood next to me at the bar.

"Annie," he said. "You appear to have a very firm physique. Hope you don't mind, but I've been looking at your arms, shoulders and legs. Do you lift?"

I smiled, and replied, "Mind? Never! And... yes, I've been lifting for over 10 years. Truth be told... my physique is a matter of pride for me."

"Ahhhh, that's exactly what Ant and Dave shared with us earlier this evening."

I smiled... in my heart and on my face... and said, "You show me yours... I'll show you mine."

Zeke laughed out loud... as he posed beautifully to display both of his huge biceps. I instinctively reached out to touch his rock-hard muscles. Wow... he was the real deal! Breathe, Annie... breathe!

He looked at me, and said, "Your turn, pretty lady."

In my little cropped top, I had no problem flexing my biceps... lots smaller than his, but still impressive and rock-hard. He reached out and squeezed my arm gently... then said, "That's commitment... sweet!" Everyone in the bar was watching... even the older man and the couple... and I love that. Mostly... I loved that Anthony was watching... proudly.

I said, "Let's see your back, Zeke." He smiled a knowing smile, turned and pulled off his leather vest and then his black t-shirt. Even without flexing... I knew he was totally ripped. Then... he flexed, and I sighed in appreciation. "Ohhhh... beautiful!" I whispered.

He relaxed and turned back, smiling as I faced his marvelously sculpted chest. He watched my eyes... knowing the appreciation of a fellow bodybuilder. With a confident smile and a gentle laugh... he flexed his amazing pecs and washboard abs. After a few moments... he relaxed his pose and picked up his drink for a casual sip. He turned back to the bar again... retrieved his t-shirt and pulled it on.

Zeke turned back to face me straight on... leaning against the bar casually with his arms crossed. He had a satisfied smile on his face as he systematically scanned me... head to foot, and then back again. He locked onto my eyes with a patient stare. I was mesmerized.

I matched Zeke's inquiring gaze with growing self-confidence. We were both perfectly still. I was vaguely aware that several conversations were reemerging... and drinks were being refreshed. When I made my decision... I joined him in a knowing smile as I opened and closed my hands... just like I always do in preparation for a heavy lift.

Deep inside... I felt a familiar and welcome stirring. As a committed athlete... I'd focused a lot of attention on body awareness. It's how you can tell when you can push deeper and farther... or when you'd better dial it back to avoid an injury. But... I'd also developed a keen sensual and sexual awareness. Just like sensing muscle tension and stresses... I'd come to recognize the feel as my nipples start to harden... as my yoni starts to dampen... as my skin begins to flush in arousal. As I opened and closed my hands... my deep sensuality confirmed my next step. I knew... as things progressed, more signals would be moving me.

My eyes were still locked on Zeke's... and he was relentless. As I felt my body respond sensually more and more... I found myself hoping Zeke could see some of my rising arousal. [Note... in a conversation a couple of years later... he confirmed that he saw a dramatic change in me... and hoped it would move me to find the freedom and satisfaction he could see I desired.]

After what was probably almost 2 minutes... I said in a confident voice, "Okay, I'll match that! Not in size... but in quality!" His eyes widened... and his smile broadened. Game on!

We were already standing at the back of the bar... mostly facing away from the dance floor and the front door. I turned toward the back bar, and quickly pulled my flimsy top off... tossing it onto the bar as I lifted my arms to a rear double bicep pose... then moving slowly down into a rear lat spread pose... finishing with a rear relaxed pose. It felt great... I was strong, confident, and competitive. Such fun!! And my arousal rose as I felt all eyes on my topfree back.

I heard appreciative ooos and ahhhs... a few whistles. Sweet! Then... silence... and what I assumed was anticipation of what might be coming next. I smiled to myself... yes, they've earned it! I relaxed my pose... shook my arms a bit to loosen them... then turned slowly to face my tall and appreciative audience... ending in a stance with my feet apart at shoulder width and arms bent slightly.

I was watching them as they watched me. I was a bit surprised but very happy to see all eyes on me... including the older man with a recently refreshed drink and the couple who'd pulled their chairs across the dance floor to have a better view.

All eyes were on my bare boobs and marble-hard nipples... until I tightened my chest muscles and abs. Yes... this got some significant attention and visible appreciation... because not only were my boobs open for all to see, but also because my shoulders, pecs and abs were very well defined and surprisingly big when I flexed. Part of that was hours of hard work in the gym... and part was my growing arousal. Okay... that alone was worth the trip for me! But down deep... like in the center of my yoni... I felt I wasn't done by any means.

Well... to summarize briefly... revealing my totally bare top had been my absolute minimum exposure for over a decade as an addicted exhibitionist. Easy... peasy! Not even very arousing! It was the promise of more that made my arousal rise. And... as I envisioned that "more" made my arousal rise rapidly.

I closed my eyes briefly... and then opened them. I glanced over to my precious Anthony. Our connection is wonderful. He looked into my eyes... and gave a simple and discrete nod. My heart was filled with joy... my beloved wanted me to go for it! Yes!!

And then I heard his voice... Anthony saying, "Annie, we both know your most amazing musculature is in your quads and excellent glutes." All heads turned to Ant... and then back to me as they ravenously inspected my lower half... even the old man with the scotch-and-water. Enough of those tits and abs... let's go down to her legs and ass... and yearning yoni!

My job was clear... and my body was asking for completion. I turned back toward the bar... slowly tugged my mostly see-through short skirt down along my hips... enough so it eventually fell to the floor. I kicked it away... spread my feet to shoulder-width... and fully flexed my glutes and legs. I knew how much I was exposing... and this was even more arousing. After a little time... I moved into a rear glute spread pose... knowing it would also expose my fully open yoni lips. I was inviting everyone to look deeply into my sexuality... and to enjoy the moment! I could hardly hold myself back from an explosive orgasm. But... control is part of body awareness and bodybuilding!

Okay... the only pose left was full-frontal nudity. For those of us who deeply desire this ultimate prize... it's a moment to savor. I turned slowly... and searched for eye contact. Nada! Nothing! All eyes were on my open legs and glistening yoni. I remember stabilizing myself with my feet apart at shoulder-width... leaning back with my eyes closed... thrusting my yoni forward for anyone to search the crevices of my most intimate lips... flexing my shoulders, pecs, abs all at once. In the moment... I envisioned my open and yearning yoni... and I imagined each person entering me. It was intoxicating!

Yes... I heard later that my yoni was visibly moist... and noticeably very open. This is my desire and my fulfilment! What a thrill to hear about this intimate moment... even now I'm moved to a new arousal.

But... back to the moment... as I opened my eyes again, I saw nothing but warm and appreciative smiles. Although I was very horny... I stood up and shook my arms to relieve some of the tension. Everyone else was breathing easily... I was still very highly aroused and needing some release.

Anthony knew I needed him quickly. He came over to me and enveloped me in a hug. I pleaded to him, "Touch me, please. I'm ready to explode!"

Ant put his hand between my legs... gently explored my lips, and expertly touched my engorged clit. Yes... I exploded in an amazing orgasm... but Anthony held me firmly so only a few people who were very close could tell. He held me close as I came down. Then... I relaxed my grip on him and he knew I was okay.

I took a couple of deep breaths... and walked around as if I wasn't naked. I took refresher drinks to the older man at the edge of the dance floor, and to the couple who seemed even more enthusiastic about their own relationship. I chatted with each member of the motorcycle club... and made sure they each got plenty of skin time... including an ample squeeze on my hard glutes.

I had no intention of putting any clothes on for the rest of the night. When your body is comfortably naked... don't resist!

As we got ready to leave... it was obvious the gentle giants were part of our lives. They accompanied us to our car... and followed us down the hill as we drove home. Since that beautiful evening... they have been my protectors for many naked drives and adventures.