

My Personal Muscle Doll - Jade - Chapter 1. The Beginning

By Batuffolino

It all began some years ago. A friend of mine invited me to a meeting, it had been a couple of busy years and i haven't seen him or the others from a long time.

In the past two years i tried to turn my life around, i lost 70 pounds, i started to go to the gym and become a quite successful amateur crossfitter. I also inherited some money from a relative and made some successful investments, so i can finish college without any hurry, and enjoy my life a little.

So, as you can imagine, my old friends were quite shocked by the “new” me, they left an overweight loser and now i was easily the most handsome.

The evening was flowing, we were having a little chat, then a girl approached our table. She looked extremely young (my friends were 22's, but she appeared to be not even a teenager, so i tough she was the sister of someone), and she was dressed like if her mother had dressed her. A loose white dress with a floral fantasy on the front, which left the top of her back exposed, and some ugly sandals like the ones old people wear. She didn't wore any kind of make up either, so i was quite surprised by her.

The time passed, and before long it was midnight, and having to wake up early, everyone left.

I was standing by the table, with my hands on the sides of it, speaking with Luke, and with the corner of my eye i noticed the girl approaching, and, without any sign, she pressed her private parts on my left hand.

You see, i was quite shocked by this behavior, (I mean, I would be shocked if any woman would do such a thing, imagine if a little girl made a similar thing to you) so I moved my hand. A split second later the girl moved herself next to me and made contact with my elbow as I was continuing to speak, and some minutes later we left the bar.

The ride back home was filled with thoughts. Who was that girl? She didn't appeared to be the girlfriend of my mates, and she was totally out of context. But she totally was in my mind.

The next day I phoned Luke, we chatted a little, and in a (I hope) totally casual way, asked him about the girl. Turns out her name was Jade, she wasn't engaged with anyone, and (most important thing in my mind), she was seventeen. And her eighteenth birthday was due in a couple of weeks.

As you can imagine, I couldn't wait to hang out with them the next week, the days passed and finally, it was weekend again. We meet at the same bar, and the evening was just like the past one. This time she wore another ugly dress, but I made much more attention to her look. She had very short black hairs, deep hazel eyes, and a cute little nose. She was a little overweight at the time, and her face was round with a hint of a double chin. Her neck was very thin, and her shoulders appeared to be quite wide for an average girl. After an our or so, I had to go outside to smoke, and as I was there, enjoying my cigarette, she appeared behind me.

“So, Andrew, how come you smoke? Aren't you a health nut?”

she broke the ice, we haven't spoken before and it was our first conversation. We chatted a little, and we lost track of the time, soon (too soon), our friends were leaving the bar, and so I had to take her home. In the car, we chatted a little more, and we exchanged numbers.

Three months after that night

During the last three months, we began dating, she wasn't my ideal type of girl, she was a little too young, and a little chubby, but I stayed with her anyways.

As summer approached, she began to be a little condescending about her weight (she wasn't obese, but she carried a little extra weight, had a little tummy, and the double chin I mentioned). And then, it happened. She asked for my help.

And that was the turning point. As most of you, I want to be with a muscular woman. A very brawny woman, let's say as jacked as a woman can naturally achieve without the help of roids. I've kept my fetish hidden, mostly because in Italy the beauty canon wants ladies to be rail thin, and most of the time, even bikini competitors are seen as humongous by the public. All I had to do was to play my cards the right way.

Having lost over 70 pounds in a matter of years, and being a certified trainer, people assume I know how to shed pounds. In addition, I have a little gym in my garage, that I use when I can't go to the usual box. So it all begun. I took care of her nutrition, sticking her to a Paleo diet to make her drop weight fast without losing muscle mass, and I made her a powerlifter kind of training schedule.

On the first week of training, I teached her to do the basic power lifting movements, and on the third day we tested our maxes.

My bench press was 300 pounds, my squat was 450 pounds and my dead lift was a little over 550 pounds. With a body weight of 190 pounds

Her bench press was 55 pounds, her squat was a little under 100 pounds and her dead lift was the same. With a body weight of 130 pounds

having her max lifts in mind, I created a little strength schedule for her. On the first month, she would do a bodybuilding style workout, then we would lower the repetitions and work on pure strength. By the way, I would approach any gym noob with the same training patten.

The first month was tough for her. She was always sore and tired, but something was moving. I began to notice some changes in her. The diet was working well and in a matter of weeks she shed 10 pounds, and since the weight thing was the important thing for her, she kept going.

The second month was another story. Working on lower reps with a substantial amount of weight was more funny, we had more time to chat during the rest time and her doms were reduced. The sex began to be amazing. She had more stamina, I found her more attractive, and so we passed rest days in the bedroom.

By the end of the third week, I introduced to her the argument of supplements. After every workout, I gave her a protein shake with creatine and some vitamins. After almost two months of no sugar, the taste of chocolate was pure heaven for her.

The third month began, but after a couple of workouts, she was unsatisfied. The weight loss stopped, and the weights weren't challenging enough to stimulate her muscles. This was quite odd, as the schedule was a beginner schedule and was calibrated to keep up with the strenght gains. So I did something risky, and cut the program, to restart it, with the bodybuilding style, using the weight percentage of the last month. To give you some datas, she started squatting with 8 reps for 65pound, now she was going to do the last monday of the month with 12 repetitions with 95 pounds. (by the rule of thumbs, her max lifts increased by 50 pounds). And also quit the Paleo diet to fuel her body more calories.

And this is the moment when she started to grow some real muscles. Her body wasn't fat at all, by the start of the month she could pass for an olympic swimmer. Her shoulders were quite broad, her legs were the same size as before, but there was no fat on them, only muscles. Her butt had always been quite good, but now it was perky and always high as if she was wearing high heels. On her stomach you could see the faint outline of her abs, and her arms were firm looking.

In a matter of a month, with the changed work schedule and the change in the diet, she balooned. She gained 5 pounds of lean, hard, and powerful muscles, and shed some more fat.

The funny part, is that I didn't noticed it since it struck me during the measurement. Before me stand a completely different girl. Since we started dating, she hasn't cut her hair, so by now, it was shoulder length. The roundness of her face disappeared, her neck wasn't as thin as I remembered, and next to it you could see the previously non existent traps coming to life when she breathed. Her shoulders, always broad, were now quite bigger and more defined. Her torso was the most improved part, now it was thick and quite defined. Her delts had grown so much that you can see them even by the front, and where she previously had no tits to talk about, now she had firm pecs. The legs, who were quite thick before, were still tick now, but in a completely different way. Her butt has always been quite good, but now it was perky and looked like she was wearing high heels even relaxed. The quads were starting to look like a teardrop and her calves were much bigger than before, and casted in a diamond shape.

To be brief, she was starting to look like a crossfit girl. And I loved it. During the measurements I couldn't keep my little fellow in my pants, and right after, we fucked there on the bench for two hours. After one of the best sex sessions of my life, she looked me in the eyes and said: "i would like to try crossfit"

"Why?"

"I want to be your perfect girl, I love you" that struck me, sure, I liked her, but I wasn't as involved in our relationship as she was. At that moment I realized that I could make her my perfect girlfriend. My personal doll.

In the next few weeks, I teached her the essentials movements of crossfit. She learned everything like her life was depending on it. She managed to loose a few more pounds just before our vacation. I also bought her a new wardrobe, much more appealing to my taste.

Setting up the location for the vacation was difficult. She just turned 18 and her parents weren't too cool about the idea of the two of us going alone. So we agreed that the best option was to go spend the vacation with my parents, so "the two of us wouldn't have time to be alone". The vacation was cool, but I have never been so proud of a girlfriend of mine when I was on the beach. She had some mass, but not yet "too much" so she was one of the most beautiful girls on the beach.

My mother complained that she was too skinny and forced her to eat, my dad was proud of his son.

One day, during one of our morning jogs, we found out about a competition, due in a couple of months, in a local beach. "i would win that" she said while clenching her fists.

My Personal Muscle Doll - Jade - Chapter 2. The Competition

By Batuffolino

The two months before the competition were a blur. Of course I trained for the event, but jade just blew me away. Being so young, she was in her prime and could train apparently all day, and being still in high school, she didn't had anything to do all day. In a matter of weeks she mastered all the movements, muscle ups, handstand walk, pistol squats, double unders. You name it, she had it. Her strenght level was also going trough the roof, as she was able to snatch what some months ago was her deadlift one rep max. I was simply amazed by her determination and mental strength, and even if originally I didn't believed that she would actually win the competition, day after day I believed in her more and more.

I don't know why, but she also become much more horny. She would always be ready for me, morning, day and night, you name it. She also started to swallow my semen everyday. It all started as a joke, "oh, you could blow me to have some more proteins", and then it became a morning routine, everyday at 6 o'clock she would suck the soul out of my dick, just before our morning jog.

When september came, she was a living dream to me. She was still not big, but all her body was 100% sculpted muscle, her 6 pack was evident and her traps were becoming a sight to see. 130 pounds of pure, unaltered power. I actually thought she would win the competition.

But I was wrong. She finished 3rd in her class (same as me by the way), and while I was really happy for her, she was devastated. During the prize giving she was crying, and after it, she disappeared. During my prize giving I tried to seek her in the crowd but I couldn't find her. After the Competition I tried to find her in the changing rooms but nothing. She wouldn't answer her phone. I panicked and spent the next three hours trying to find her. I finally found her, on a cliff, still sobbing.

"Doll, what's up? Why did you run away?"

"I am nothing but a big disappointment for you, if you would leave me I will understand"

"What?"

"I sucked, I did too many mistakes, I could win, I could..."

"Stop. You were perfect. Have you ever thought about how much you improved in the past 6 months?"

“No, I didn't improve enough. You are so perfect, and caring, and sweet, and still you waste your time with me”

“Are you kidding jade? I love you, and to me you are the most perfect human being on earth”

“... you love me?”

“Yes, I do” more tears, different tears. We spent the evening on the cliff, looking for the sun to set, hugging each other

My Personal Muscle Doll - Jade - Chapter 3. Lucca Comics and Games

By Batuffolino

After the competition, things were going really well. Life was really great, our days were made of sleeping, screwing, training, eating (and some work, just for me, while she spent every minute she can hanging out with her friends).

By the end of the summer, she was radiant. She regained some bodyfat to be healthy, and her skin was perfectly tanned, having spent most of her alone time at the pool with her friends. Her confidence was over the roof, as she became to act as a jock girl with her much more out of shape friends.

I haven't mentioned this before, but we are nerds. Huuge nerds. I go for miniatures and anime, while she loves manga and anime. And our mutual friends are the same. That said, in Italy there is this big event wich summons every nerd on the state, the Lucca comics, a nerd convention situated in an ancient city in tuscan, like any american Comicon (I guess).

No need to say, she was a cosplayer. The fact was, by then, she had outgrown her previous costume, and she was looking to a new one. Long story short, on the end of October I was walking in Lucca in company of the most realistic wonderwoman I've ever seen. God, I loved it. But there was a downside. Alone, Jade was a puppy in the body of a lioness. With her friends, she was a lioness in the body of a lioness. She occupied her time by teasing me (with wonder woman heels on, her glorious butt was on the same height of my dick) and by posing to anyone who asked. I was pretty angry by the end of the day, so when we got back to the hotel, I had a little exchange of views with her. She still had her costume on. She smiled while I was quite upset, but she let me finish. And once I had finished, she looked me in the eyes and said

“Have you ever been blown by wonderwoman?” without waiting my response, she pushed me on the bed, she crawled on top of me and become unzipping my jeans.

“You know, I've never been this horny in my entire life” she whispered. I was still unable to think coherently, as she lowered herself on my shaft while maintaining eye contact

“I mean (...) I know I acted a little like a (...) bitch (...)” she said, interrupting herself just to lick my dick. Her voice was calm, sexy, dominant, I loved it

“But I gotta stay in my character” she winked, then tied her hairs in a ponytail, just before going down on me like a pro. That was too much, she was driving me crazy. After a few minutes I lifted her against the wall, got off her pants, and proceeded to penetrate

her. She has never been this wet, I pumped her with a mix of anger and lust, seeing her face distorted by the pleasure. After a while, she started to wrestle with me, so we went back on the bed, fighting for supremacy, until I broke her, and started to “pound” her with all my strength. In a matter of minutes, she would cum, but unlike every other time, she squirted on me. A lot.

“Wow, that was something new”

“Shut up and make me finish my job” said her before taking me in her waiting mouth, in which I ejaculated shortly after

“Do you forgive me?” said the wonder woman on the bed, her hair a mess, the lipstick gone, all sweaty and without panties

“Of course I do”

My Personal Muscle Doll - Jade - Chapter 4. Birthday Wish

By Batuffolino

My birthday was approaching and Jane didn't know what to give me. You see, her being eighteen and on high school, without any fix income, I didn't expected anything from her. But I soon found out she wasn't thinking the same thing.

A week before the birthday, Chantal, her bff, sent me a message.

“Hey B, what do you want for your b-day from Jade? She hasn't any idea and she is going nuts”

“I'll let you know, give me some time to answer”

As I said, my dream is to be with a brawny woman. Jade was quite huge for the normal standars, but I wasn't satisfied, and she didn't seem to mind her muscles at all, on the contrary, she was just starting to become more and more confident with her new built. And she loved me.

So my wish was very simple. I would ask her to become a bodybuilder. Not to do competition, but just to get as huge as she can be, without being extra cut. The difficult thing was to ask her in the right way. In the past I asked for the same thing to a couple of exes and it didn't go so well.

So first of all I chatted with some of her friends, to gather some information on how much she liked being fit. And the responses were exceptionally great. It seems like she liked to show off her new body and strength at school, and that her friends were almost annoyed by her constantly talking about gym, and muscles, and new pr's and so on.

Having the information I needed, I texted Chantal. I told her to buy me a gift card from amazon, with some shitty excuse that I honestly didn't remember at the moment. In the meantime, I asked her to go buy something I know she wanted, a very sexy kind of lingerie that I was (and still am) too shy to go buy myself.

The day of my birthday, I organized a private dinner for me and my loved one. I even get to convince her parents to let her sleep with me (during summer she was on school break and practically lived under my roof, but since the start of the semester she was back with her parents). Dinner went well, I had to beg her to eat her slice of cake, and then after half a bottle of Moscato, it was time for my gift. You could tell she was quite anxious about the gift.

“Here it is my gift, I know isn't much but I had no idea on what to give you” I opened the little box and there was my gift card. I smiled.

“Ok honey, I played a little game on you. First of all. Here is my gift for myself” I said as I gave her the box containing the underwear. She opened the box but wasn't so sure on why I was so happy.

“Wear it now” I commanded.

She instantly obliged, and in a matter of minutes we were in my bed room. As she entered the room my heart skipped a beat.

Her hair was perfect, by now was long and I loved it. Her make up was very minimal (as I like) but highlighted no less her facial beauty. She was still surprisingly tanned, her body was more full than some weeks ago, as she didn't need to be as ripped as possible to have a lower bodyweight on the gymnastic exercises in the competition. Her muscles were still very noticeable, and the outlines of her brawniness were absolutely lovely for me. The soft bra top was made of sheer black mesh with black lace cups, with a wide black satin band. Black elastic halter straps tie at neck, and were accented with cute little black bows. The matching panty was sheer black mesh with a lovely black lace inset at front. Sexy keyhole back with adjustable hook and eye closures, and a cute cheeky cut.

Her dainty feet were clad by a pair of high heeled décolleté (not so sure about how to spell this).

“So, are you gonna say something or you will stand there wordless all night?” You may imagine what was up next.

After sex, she was radiant. She snuggled on my bare chest, but I wasn't ready to let her sleep. It was time to ask for my gift.

“You know Jade, I wasn't honest with you. You know the gift card? It isn't for me, it is for you”

“But.. If I use it, you wouldn't receive any gift from me...”

“Look honey. I have a wish. A wish only you can fulfill. You know I love you, and you know I like your physique, but I was wondering...” she frowned

“Do you want me to lose weight? I can do it, I know you wouldn't love me with all this muscles”

“Quite the opposite, you see, I really, really like muscles... and I would like you to pack some more”

“How many more?”

“Do you like being strong?”

“Yes”

“Being eyed by everyone when you pass by”

“Yes”

“I would like you to pack as many muscles as you can, and feel comfortable with”

“Wow.. it isn't much of a wish... you know... I really like to be like this, i'm more confident, have much more energy, and I feel like I can do everything! I probably would have tried to gain some more mass even without you asking” She said, flexing her bicep.

“But, what are you going to buy me?”

“Well, you know I love how strong you are getting, but I want to plan ahead. Working out in a powerlifting style is really great for your core strength, but I would like you to keep a slim waist. So I am gonna buy you a powerlifting belt, so you wouldn't stress your core so much and it won't grow, keeping your nice waist cute and little”

“Oh. ok.” She said and turned her back to me, before falling asleep

Frankly, I thought she would appreciate her gift a little more, but anyways, I was gonna get my dream girl, I couldn't be happier, and soon I fell asleep too.

The next morning, A small, strong hand prevented me to leave the bed. “You remember our summer morning routine? I kinda miss it, and you know... if I have to pack on muscles... I have to eat my proteins...”

My Personal Muscle Doll - Jade - Chapter 5. Changing Habits

By Batuffolino

Due to my request of changing her training pattern, I had to arrange a special schedule for Jade. It was again time for her to do a strength phase, so we got back to the basement gym, and back to the powerlifting movements. Again we had to test our maxes.

My bench press was 310 pounds, my squat was 470 pounds and my dead lift was 600 pounds. With a body weight of 192 pounds

Her bench press was 155 pounds, her squat was a little under 225 pounds and her dead lift was 300. With a body weight of 140 pounds

I was really impressed by her progression, in a matter of 8 months she could lift three times what was her previous max, and without a dedicated program.

Also, being bodybuilding a matter of body mass, there were measurements to take.

Height: 5'5

Body weight: 140 pounds

Biceps: 14 inches

tights: 23 inches

Calves: 15 inches

Chest: 35 inches

her body fat index was at 17%

That being said, the first month would be a strength training program, followed by an old school bodybuilding program. You could see in her eyes that she was determined to crush it. And she did. In a month of dedicated training she improved her maxes by a 10%.

Then the bodybuilding phase started. 3 sessions a week, yoga in the rest days, and light cardio on saturday. The hardest part was nutrition, as she wasn't used to eat so much, she would always be full, and she wasn't so happy with her "bloated" look (her abs disappeared), but before long some results were kicking in.

At the end of the first 3 months, it was again time to measure.

Height: 5'5

Body weight: 145 pounds

Biceps: 15 inches

tights: 26 inches

Calves: 16 inches

Chest: 37 inches

her body fat index was at 16%

Measurements were a Changing point for her, as she didn't thought she would progress so fast (who would?), and right after the first metric survey, a big smile appeared on her face, and as the procedure progressed, you could see her shiver, and you could tell that her heart rate was increasing. During the tights measurement, my eye dropped on her crotch, and I noticed that her panties were becoming wet. As soon as I standed up, she embraced me, rubbing her knee on my ballsack

“You know, I am not in the sexiest outfit, but, you know, I am dying to be penetrated”

She was totally without makeup, with her hairs arranged in a ponytail, thick glasses and a pair of comfy underwear. To me she was still beautiful, but I was going to make her wait some more

“Let's first finish this thing” I said. As I approached her calves, I made as much contact as possible with her, and took as much time as possible to make the measurement.

In the end, she was damp. And I wanted to drive her crazy.

“So, now we have to make this other test” I said as I approached a pair of dumbells (the plastic kind, practically weightless) “you have to do as many biceps curl as possible, for your strength level, you should stop approximately by the 100th repetition. Oh, one more thing. You have to do it naked”.

She looked at me with puppy eyes, then started to remove her garments and started her test. You could see she was crazy horny, her little nipples were fully erect. Shortly after, she started sweating profusely, and her biceps started to hurt. By the 80th rep, pain kicked in. I knew it would happen.

“You know, you can stop when you want if you couldn't get to the 100th rep” I said nonchalantly.

Her response was a look of pure evil. She knew I was messing with her, but she would never let me win.

In the meantime, I was also crazy horny, my member fully erect and easily visible trough my sweatpants. By now, her curls were slow and painful. I decided to step up the game a little, and I positioned myself right behind her, with my cock lean against her lower back, and my face right next to her.

“How many reps do you have still to do? Are you sure you can do it?”

“Oh, I AM gonna do it. And then I will wreck you”

More seconds passed, she was still going. Her eyes were fierce, her grin quite frightening, and her biceps looked like they would explode, a thick vein appeared on top of them, pumping blood to the straining muscle.

Every repetition was now accompanied by a groan, who gradually increased in volume, until the last reps, in which she was practically screaming. Before long, the 100th repetition arrived. But she wasn't done. Now it was her turn.

“Now, you lay on that bench. I want to milk this little biceps some more” She said showing me the bench. As soon as I sit there, she sit on my lap, naked, only a layer of fabric preventing my dick to touch her private parts. She was damp with sweat, her chest was huffing up and down for the effort, but her eyes were sharp and mischievous.

Then she started again on her repetitions, only this time she would grind her pussy on my erect member.

“Now we see how long YOU can resist”

After what seemed like an eternity, but realistically was only a couple of minutes, I lifted her off me, lowered my pants and started fucking her. During sex you could see in her eyes that she was pleased by the turn in the events. Without warning, she rolled over, and, in top position, she struck a double bicep pose, while watching her right biceps with a mix of satisfaction and proud. That was too much for me, and I exploded in her like a fountain.

“You know honey, as they say, when a man provoke, the woman resists, but when a woman provoke, the man goes nuts. And now you have to finish what you started.”

My Personal Muscle Doll - Jade - Chapter 6. Friendship

By Batuffolino

In the last week Jade was kinda distant, like she was carrying a burden, I thought that she would solve it by herself, but seeing that the sadness was continuing, I approached her.

“Babe, there is something you want to talk about? You seem so sad lately... have I done something wrong?”

“What, no, of course, it's just the school, lately my grades are kinda low for my average and I can't stop thinking about it”

“Ok, listen, there is this new club in city, and my sister is a bartender, would you like to call your friends and give it a try this weekend?”

Her eyes widened, then she turned them low and answered. “Yeah, I will try to talk to them...” and then she left the room.

That was a strange answer. I tried to talk with her bff about it but she seemed to have blocked me. And this was even more strange as I didn't have done anything to her. So I asked her second closest friend, Ilaria.

Turns out, since Jade started her self improvement, she started also to gain more confidence and to be more dominant in her friend group. So, before, Chantal was the “leader” of the group, but slowly, the new Jade imposed herself as the new leader, until they had a fight last week.

Obviously, this was the thing that was worrying Jade. At dinner, I confronted her about the issue, and reminded her that true friendship was really valuable, asking her to speak to Chantal.

The next day, during my lunch break, I called her to ask how did it go. She said she fixed things and that now all things were set, but she would tell me more at the gym this evening. Her tone was calm, but you could tell that she was exhilarated.

Later, that day, we meet for our usual workout. I've never seen her so energized, she was smashing her workout like i've never seen her do, and after it, she asked me if she could test her maxes on the three lifts. Again, she ruled it, and set 3 new personal record. Wow.

After the deadlift pr, she happily jumped around for 10 seconds, then she strode toward me and lifted my 190 pounds off the ground in a celebrating hug.

As you can imagine, I was quite thrilled by this, but also quite curious about what was the reason for all this. As soon as I opened my mouth, she pulled my face and started kissing me hungrily. After a quite long make up session, she pulled down my pants and started touching my dick, all this while watching me in the eyes with a mischievous grin.

“I really have to thank you, today I confronted Chantal, the old me would have never done a similar thing, she was really mad at me, we started insulting each other, and then she attacked me...”

While saying this, she lowered her glance to her pecs. “She didn't stand a chance, in a second I was over her, I haven't even touched her, all I did was keeping her down by sitting on her chest. That bitch is so hopeless...”

Another stare, even more mischievous than the previous, her hand was still pumping me, but the other was approaching her left nipple. “I was so thrilled... I was in control. Total control, for the first time in my life...”

She moaned, I was transfixed but absolutely horny at this point, the thought of my girlfriend dominating another girl, in such a easy way, was too much.

“Then I started flexing, the shirt I was wearing was a old one, I felt like I could rip through it”.

“Oh my god”. She also started moaning, and with her eyes closed, she kept on telling the story.

“Then the bitch started crying, begging me to leave her alone, but it wasn't enough, I wanted to hear her apologies”.

I reached for her, grabbed her ass and pulled her close, now both of her hands were hugging my back as I started to grind my manhood on her.

“And she did! She said she was just jealous of me, of my body, of my boyfriend, Angry that she no longer is the leader of our group...”

I ripped her sport bra off her, and started licking her breast. “Because now I am”.

I put her down on the ground, slid down my underwear, while she was doing the same, I was about to explode right there, and she was lost in her own fantasies. In a matter of minutes, we were done.

“So... what was this new club you were telling me about?”

My Personal Muscle Doll - Jade - Chapter 7. Finding out my Fetish

By Batuffolino

After a little while, I discovered that Chantal was by now accustomed to her new situation. It was already summer, and life was still great. Jade was a little worried for her final tests but being a good student, she succeeded without trouble. The same day of the final test, she “moved in” in my home, to spend the rest of the summer like an adult couple. Of course I had to work, so, during the day, while she wasn't out with her friends, she was at my place. One day, it was raining, so she stayed home, I was at work, planning on seeing her at dinner, when I received a message.

“You really don't know how windows 10 work, do you?” What the fuck she was referring to? I just upgraded my pc, how could I know how it worked?

“Nope, why?”

“It shows all the files that you download even if you hide them... we need to talk”. Fuck. I finished my class, then begged my colleague to cover me for the rest of the day.

Half an hour after, I was at home, I entered and saw Jade sat on the couch, her legs crossed, her eyes pointed at my laptop.

“Honey, i'm sorry, I was gonna tell you, but I always failed to find the right time...”

“Shut up”, she interrupted me. “Why?”

“I don't know why, i've always been fascinated by brawny woman, ever since I remember...”

“Am I not enough for you?” she interrupted me again, a killer look on her face

“No, my love, you are all I ever wanted, it's just that I happen to have some fantasies sometimes... and it it may help, most of the files were there before I knew you”

“Yeah, but this video? Denise Hoshor filmed in hawaii? It's from last week”. Silence, my stare was planted on my feet, not knowing what to say

“I need some time to make up my mind”, she said, before leaving my apartment.

The night was restless, the day after I wasn't sure on what to do. I tried to contact some of her friends, but no one knew anything. The day after I tried to call her, no response. Text. Same thing.

After three days, right after gym time, I received a text. "We need to fix this, your home, 9 pm sharp." I had 10 minutes to go back home. Fuck the shower. 9 minutes after I was parking my car.

There she was. Even if it was summer, she was wearing a full tracksuit, with the hoodie up. She seemed calm. I wasn't. Awkward silence.

"So, do you want to go in?" she said.

"Yeah"

"Look Jade, i'm so sorry, i've been a real asshole"

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"It's complicated..."

"Look. I was mad. Very mad. I don't understand. Do you love me?"

"Yeah! I do! I'm gonna delete all my files, I want you and only you"

"The thing is, I love you too. But the things are gonna change around here. First of all. I am still mad at you, so you have to make it up, you have to figure out how"

"Totally, honey"

"Then, when the anger subsided, i've chosen to read some of the stories, seen the photos and the video... You want me to be like that?"

"Like what?"

"Huge, dominant, stronger than you, able to make you submit to me... Or me subdued to your will" wow, she read them all. "honey, I love you, no matter what"

"Cut the bullshit. Do you want me or not?"

"Of course I do"

“Good. I'm still very mad at you. But I have to be honest, when I read those stories, I couldn't impersonate myself in the female... and it wasn't that bad.” I stood there dumbfounded

“So. I thought we can try some of your fantasies...” she said as she was taking off her trousers. I was too preoccupied to look at her before, but now I realized she was wearing high heels and under the trousers there was a schoolgirl-like skirt “but for now, and until you make it up, you are not allowed to enjoy it”. She unzipped her hoodie, under it there was a two size too small mini shirt, which left her abs exposed as well as her arms.

“Now I am going to train.” she said as she grabbed my arm, pulling me toward the gym

In the gym, she took up the light pair of dumbbells, and doing so she bent herself, showing me that she wasn't wearing any underwear. Then she started lifting, while watching me. I was growing incredibly horny. I tried to touch her

“You are not allowed to touch me. Stand there.” Oh god, the fear was gradually fading, replaced by pure lust.

She kept going for some minutes, always looking me in the eyes. Then she proceeded to the hanging bar, and started doing pull ups. “you know... this shirt is so tight... I feel like it's gonna explode if I pump up myself some more...” She said as she kept going. When she was finished, she looked at me “come here, I don't want you to miss this”. I Practically run to her. Then she started flexing her back, expanding her now remarkable lats until a ripping sound could be heard. Unfortunately, the sound was only caused by some stitches. So she kept going, this time helping herself with her hands, to be sure. And she did it.

I couldn't resist my primal urges, and I proceeded to shamelessly wank myself. Her look was now mischievous. She tore off the rest of the shirt, leaving her bare chested, and then she started flexing.

After some minutes of this, I was about to cum. She must have seen it, because she stopped me.

“No. you are not allowed to cum. Now, come here and lay on the bench, I am gonna fuck your face”

Who was the girl before me? Where was the girl I have known? I obeyed. Of course. She sit on my face, her legs on the sides of my head. I tried to touch her with my hands, but I remembered the previous diktat.

I stood there, with a raging hard-on, while my girlfriend was riding my face. Of course she wasn't rough at all, but she was in the character, and she kept me down. Not after long, she squirted in my mouth, while screaming a guttural roar. After the climax, she stood up and started grinding her still wet vagina on my pole. "you are not allowed to penetrate me". She said. And some minutes after, she stood up, dressed herself, and left the house. I stood dumbfounded in the gym for half an hour, before receiving a text message. "I will forgive you this time, but don't ever hide anything from me again"

My Personal Muscle Doll - Jade - Chapter 8. Stronger Than You
By Batuffolino

“Honey. I want to be the stronger one” she said.

“What do you mean? I thought you already are the strongest of your friends...”

“No. I want to be the strongest of the couple”

“Are you kidding? I am a man, a pretty strong one if I may, I can enter a powerlifting competition and hold my own against dedicated athletes...”

“I know I know, but I want to be the strongest. Proportionally of course, yesterday i've made some calculations, I weight 140 pounds, 72% of your own weight. So I have to lift at least 72% of your lifts to beat you. Proportionally”

“Proportionally”

“You don't think I can do it?”

“Honey, you have to be realistic. It would mean have a 440 pounds deadlift, 340lbs squat and 225 lbs benchpress. It's a lot of weight, you know, there is a 1000lbs “club”, a kind of “club” that you enter when you can lift at least the combined weight of 1000 lbs and it is estimated that, entering that club, you would be stronger than the 99% of the population of the earth”

“So I would be stronger than 99% of the humanity?” She said, leaning closer to me.

“Yeah but...” I was interrupted by her kiss. A ravenous, hungry, passionate kiss.

“Would you like me to be that strong? Well one part of you sure does”.

I was still dumbfounded and aroused, we were in a public place so I didn't really knew what to do. So I stand still, looking at her.

“Has the cat got your tongue ?”

“We have to go home as soon as possible”

We rushed home, I was having problems opening the door, and as soon as I entered, we were already undressed. I lifter her against the wall, she moaned. I started to kiss her

neck. Then I carried her to the bedroom, and I threw her on the bed. In a matter of seconds we were naked

“Imagine the power I will add to this bicep” she said while flexing an already remarkable bicep “or of this leg” she said flexing her rippling quad. That was too much for me, I practically tackled her and started licking her pussy, after some minutes, the real sex begun, I was on top, thrusting her

“I wonder how much you will be able to be on top during our love making...” that was too much. I ejaculated in her with one of the most powerful orgasms of my life. Her face was simply too satisfied by the situation.

(Some hours later)

“So, first of all, i've arranged you a workout schedule, you would work out a lot, and since you are on a holiday break, you should train two times a day, 5 days a week. And you have to eat a lot, at least 6 times a day”

“Ok boss. When do we start?”

“When do you start, you mean. By now you can help yourself in the gym, and I can't attend every training session. Here are the keys of my gym, it's well equipped for your target. You can start whenever you want”

“How about tonight?”

“Well, in this case, I can attend your training. Remember, the schedule is based on three months, then we will measure your gains”. The three months flew, and she exploded in size, but I really can't tell how much her strength had increased, as I didn't followed her training sessions. For sure, she had packed some real muscle in the process.

The day of the test, I woke up expecting Jade to be by my side, but I was alone in bed. Still numb I wandered in the house until finally, I found her. In the gym of course.

“Good morning sleepy head”

“It's 6 am, how long have you been awake?”

“I really don't know, I'm so excited that I can't sleep. Can we do the test? Can we? Can we?”

“Ok, ok, have you already done some warm up?”

“Of course I have, come on, I want to test my bench first.”

“How much?”

“200 to start”

She attempted 200, and she lifted it. Then it was time for 220, still a good lift. Her eyes were gleaming as she attempted 225. It wasn't the best of the lifts, but she managed to achieve it. It was already unbelievable, but she asked for 5 more pounds on the bar. But this time, there was no chance.

“Well, 225 is still a good lift, aren't you happy?” She said. I was mesmerized, so I simply nodded. Then she wanted to try the deadlift.

As before, she started at 400, then 425, 440, were good lifts, she tried 450, she approached the bar, setting up as I taught her, the pull was slow but relentless, she started trembling as the bar surpassed the knees, she lost a bit her back, and by a federation standards, the lift wouldn't be valid, but still she managed to lock the lift. Her face was deep red for the effort, huge veins pumping on her forehead. She looked at me to have validation for the lift. And as soon as I nodded, she dropped the bar. And then she dropped on the floor unconscious. I've seen some people faint and I quickly helped her, and in a matter of minutes, she was back to senses.

“Wow jade, you really did it, but for today I think you may have to stop”

“Why? You don't want to be emasculated?”

“What? No, but you just fainted, I don't think it would be wise to...”

“Stop, i've rested enough” she interrupted me “it is time to test my squat”

I knew there wasn't anything I could do to stop her, so I loaded the barbell.

300 were ok, 325 too. By 330 she slowed down her squat, and she started to tremble, but she still managed to complete the lift. I advised her to stop, but she looked at me with dead eyes, so I loaded another 10 pounds on the bar. I gave her some minutes to regain some strength, and it was time for the final lift.

The room was silent, I could hear the sound of our breath. She approached the bar again, I stood behind her to spot. The descent was rapid (a little too much) and she tried to take advantage of the bounce to get back up, but it was no avail, and she stood in the down position. She took a breath, and spoke to me.

“Am I the strongest girlfriend you ever had?”

“Yes”

“Do you think I can do this lift?” I hesitated. It was really difficult to get back from that position with a similar weight, she could still do it, but I wasn't so sure

“You really don't believe in me? I will show you. Take a good look”. She started rising. Again. Her legs started to tremble, her head again turned red, but still, she was rising. I could hear her breathing furiously, even if it would be better to hold on your breath during the lift, seconds passed, and she was going up. After what seemed like an eternity, she still rose, her breathing was increasing, and when she finally stood up, she let out an animalistic roar. She did it. I stood frozen in disbelief while she was standing before me, the weight still on her shoulders, sweat pouring from her, shaking. She dropped the weight, and then she collapsed on the floor again, this time she wasn't passed out, just totally spent, every energy used on the amazing lift she had just completed.

“I told you I could do it” she said, as she started sobbing.

“I knew it all along, now when you feel ready to stand, I think I owe you a massage”

After regaining her composure, we headed to the bed, as she stripped down, I noticed she was huge. Her traps were pumped and were almost reaching her ears, the shoulders now resembled shoulder pads. Her boobs were disappeared, and now there were slabs of meat, easily bigger than her previous b cup. Looking down I saw an adonis belt, a quite huge one, her form was still a v shape, but her middle section was really big for a girl her size. Even the legs were by now quite big, with a great raindrop shape, and calves easily visible by the front. How could I have missed this transformation? She was by now build like a middleweight bodybuilder, even if her middle section was broad like a powerlifter. After the initial shock I managed to ask her.

“How?”

“Oh, do you like what you see?” she said while starting to flex her body “you know my bff? After our “incomprehension” she also started to hit the gym, but the fact is, her mother is the head doctor of the growth problem (not so sure about the definition, pardon me), and so she can access to all the growth hormone she needs...”

“Wait, are you injecting yourselves with GH?”

“Initially, she did. You should see her, she is quite huge, and she started training only some months ago. But she doesn't have a perfect boyfriend who knows everything about nutrition and training so...”

“So she was catching up with you and you asked her to give you roids?”

“Not exactly, she asked me for advices. And I didn't asked her for gh, I don't want to have a roid gut. But I know that her mother is working on a myostatin inhibitor, so I offered myself as an houman subject for medical tests.”

“Wow. Are you sure it is safe?”

“Of course honey, I get checked every week. I've started just last week and look at me”. She flexed to emphasize her words “I gained 5 lbs of pure muscles in a matter of days. Now I am proportionally strong as you are, but in a matter of weeks, I could be as strong as you, maybe stronger, how do you feel about that”

I was totally dumbfounded, my mouth agape, unable to speak. After some seconds I managed to speak up. “Wow”

My Personal Muscle Doll - Jade - Chapter 9. University

By Batuffolino

The problem of being with a younger girl, is that at a certain point, she would leave for study matters. My hometown wasn't big, and the local university wasn't providing the faculty that jade was looking on following. So, in the late September, she left the city to go to the university. We were not too far away, and she would come back every weekend, but still the usual routine was broken.

In the first week, she joined a box in her new town, and her bulking season stopped there. While adapting to the new scheme of things, she didn't had the time to stick to her training regime and study, and explore the perks and disadvantages of living by her own.

So, I tough that she will slow down her grow. And yeah, I was wrong. In the first week, she only trained once, but when she got home, she seemed bigger. I wanted to know by how much but she insisted to do it on the end of the month, as we always did.

In the second week, she adjusted herself to the new routine, and managed to train 3 times, and the third week, she was back to the regular schedule.

In the first month, she was hiding from me. It was cold, so she would always cover herself with baggy clothes, and, with the exception of some oral sex, we didn't do anything. I was going mad from curiosity, she knew and she was probably doing it on purpose. So you can imagine how much I was looking for the monthly measurements. And finally, It was time.

I left work early, and prepared everything for the night. She told me that she was going to arrive at 8 pm, and by 7.30 I was already there, all set, waiting for her. Of course, she arrived late (on purpose, I could swear it).

She was wearing a long coat, and she was drenched from the rain that poured outside, as she entered she hugged me and I welcomed her with a long french kiss.