



BIG WOMAN ON CAMPUS

J.D. TUFTS



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I couldn't believe those legs. They were incredibly long, but it was the thickness and muscularity I couldn't get over. I had never had sexual feeling like this before. Looking at the girl's legs, I wanted my hands on them, to lick them up and down, to have them wrapped around me and squeezing me tight. I had been hard ever since I first laid eyes on her, and I was grateful I was sitting down.

The girl, whoever she was, towered over all the other girls on the soccer field, and was built much bigger than any of them all around. I'd be afraid of running into her if I was any of those girls. It would feel like running into a brick wall.

I was fixated on her legs, but it wasn't just her legs that were amazing. The girl's soccer uniform was a short skirt, which of course showed off those endless legs, but it also left little to the imagination when it came to her round muscular ass. Her midriff was bare, something that wasn't true for any of the other girls, and even from way up in the stands I could see the insane definition of her abs. She had powerful arms, and broad shoulders, as well as big but firm breasts that bounced hypnotically as she moved across the field.

She was also very pretty, with lustrous blond hair. Even if she wasn't such an incredible specimen of female athleticism, she would have stood out to me due to her beauty. I couldn't ignore a woman with looks like that, but I had never seen a body like that, and never even knew that such a big athletic girl would turn me on. I was experiencing the awakening of a fetish I never knew I had.

"See, you're into the game," my friend Justin said, poking me in the ribs.

"Uh, yeah," I said, snapping out of my daze.

We had come to see the girl's soccer match at our college because Justin's girlfriend, Marie, was on the team. I had hardly been excited about it, but Justin did not want to go alone. I had reluctantly agreed to accompany him.

Now I wasn't sure if I was elated that I had, or incredibly frustrated. Now that I had lain eyes on this amazing girl, I wasn't sure I'd ever be able to get over it.

"Chris, how did you like the game?" Marie asked me.

"It was more fun than I thought it would be," I said. "Who was that really tall girl?"

"That's Natalie," Marie told me. "She's a freshman."

"Oh," Justin said with a grin. "Now I get why you were so into the game."

I blushed. "She was just really tall is all," I said. "She's a freshman?"

"Yeah," Marie told me. "She is only eighteen."

I was twenty-one, so it wasn't like that was much younger, but a thought struck me that the girl might still be growing. "She would eat you alive," Justin

interrupted my thoughts still laughing.

“Shut up, dude,” I said.

“How tall are you?”

“I’m five-foot-six,” I said. Marie was five-foot-nine and Justin was two inches taller.

“Natalie is six-foot-five,” Marie said absently. “I could introduce the two of you.”

My heart started beating rapidly in my chest. I wanted to play it cool, but I knew that I couldn’t afford to say no. “I’d really like that,” I said. Justin started to snicker again. “Shut up,” I said.

A couple days later Marie told me that she and Natalie were supposed to hang out together. They were going to go and hang out at a huge bookstore and coffee shop close to campus, and Marie suggested I could “run into” them there.

“I asked her if she had a boyfriend,” Marie told me. “The rest is up to you.”

“Thanks,” I said wearily.

I had only had one girlfriend the entire time I had been at school, and she had asked me out. We had dated for a year and a half, and then we had broken things off. In high school, I had gone to dances and things like that, but most of the girls I had gone with had been more like friends. I had lost my virginity at a party my senior year, but it had been with a girl I barely knew, and hardly ever saw afterward. She had just been dumped, and I was her obvious rebound.

Now I was contemplating putting the moves on the hottest girl I had ever seen. I couldn't believe I was thinking about doing this. I thought the most likely scenario was I was going to make a colossal fool of myself.

Yet I reminded myself that I was unlikely to get another chance with a girl like this ever again. They didn't just grow on trees, and Marie was giving me the chance at a layup. So, I had to take the chance.

I went to the bookstore about a half hour after Marie told me they would be there. I found Marie and Natalie sitting together in some large comfy chairs, each with a drink and some books on their laps. Natalie was dressed in blue jeans and a tight grey sweater, which exposed part of her midriff.

Up close, she looked even more beautiful than she did on the field. Her hair shimmered in the light coming down from above, and she had creamy pale skin. Even sitting down, her legs looked positively endless, and I could see the bulge of her muscular thighs, looking like with the right flex they could burst free.

"Hi Marie," I said trying to sound casual. "How are you doing?"

“Hey, Chris,” Marie said, sounding genuinely surprised. She was a good actress. “I’m doing good. How are you?”

“Good, good,” I said. Then I turned to Natalie in her chair. “Who is this?” I asked.

“This is my friend Natalie,” Marie said enthusiastically. She turned toward Natalie’s chair. “Natalie, I’d like you to meet my friend Chris.”

Natalie stood up, and I felt my chest tighten as I watched her. I had never been that close to a woman that tall before. She absolutely towered over me. The top of my head barely made it to her breasts. A wave of fear went through me in that moment. This woman was much bigger and stronger than I was. Why would she ever want me? If she did want me, what might she do to me?

“It is nice to meet you, Chris,” Natalie said with a smile. She held out her hand to me.

Of course, I took it. Her bigger hand wrapped around my much smaller one. She had a strong grip. This excited me, but I couldn’t think of anything else to say in that moment.

“Chris, do you want to hang out with us?” Marie asked.

“Yeah sure,” I said. She was making this easy on me. Natalie let go of my hand and I let go of it shyly.

We hung out for another two hours. Marie was the one who dominated the conversation. She would talk about me, and she would talk about Natalie, but neither of us would say much.

“Chris is a political science major,” she would tell Natalie.

“Really?” Natalie would ask.

“Well, I find politics fascinating,” I said weakly.

“Natalie is majoring in psychology.”

I was convinced by the end that this had been a huge mistake. Natalie barely looked at me, and we ever talked to each other except to make polite responses to what Marie was saying. When we were finally ready to part ways, there was no way I was going to feel comfortable asking her out.

“I’ve got to get going,” Marie said. “If you two want to stay and hang out together without me go ahead,” she added cheerfully.

I had to love Marie at that moment. She was doing her hardest to try and make this work. She didn’t even take the time to make a formal goodbye to each of us, instead quickly scurrying off with us still in our chairs. We looked at each other, now realizing that one of us was going to have to say something.

“I don’t have anywhere else to be,” I said with a cock of my eyebrow. Natalie actually laughed at this, but she didn’t say anything. “Why don’t you and I get out of here?” I said. “Do you like ice cream?”

“I love ice cream,” Natalie said.

The two of us stood up again. Despite the fact that the contrast was something I had just experienced a couple hours ago it took my breath away yet again. We walked out together, making our way toward the ice cream place. It was an awkward walk, where neither of us said a thing, and I realized I was going to have to get over my shyness.

When we got there, Natalie ordered a cone of raspberry swirl, while I got a cone of mint chocolate chip. I quickly got out my wallet to pay for it. Natalie fished in her purse, but I waved her away.

“I got this,” I said.

“Okay,” she said sheepishly and smiled. Then we both went to sit down and eat our ice cream.

Once again, there wasn’t much conversation, but we were both eating. “Is that your favorite flavor?” I asked.

Natalie took a look at her cone as if she was regarding it for the first time. “I’m not sure,” she said. “I just know I like it a lot. I love ice cream but I don’t eat a lot of it.”

“Why not?” I asked stupidly.

“I have to stay in shape,” Natalie said.

“You look like you’re in amazing shape to me.”

Natalie actually blushed at that moment. I couldn’t believe it. I had made this incredible specimen of a woman blush. Did that mean she was attracted to me? I could feel my heartbeat quicken.

A splotch of ice cream fell on Natalie’s arm and landed on her sweater. I grabbed a napkin from the table and reached out to get it for her. The table we were at was very small, and when I leaned forward my leg brushed against Natalie’s big, and super long leg. I was dabbing the ice cream for her, and our eyes met.

I pulled away and turned around to throw the soiled napkin in the trash. When I came back and sat down in my chair, Natalie reached out and put her hand over mine in a gentle caress. “Thanks for that,” she said. “I didn’t even notice.”

“No problem,” I said, but I said it in a whisper so light that I could barely hear it. Her hand was still on mine. I took my fingers and wrapped them around hers, and she did the same to me. Just like that, we were holding hands.

We held hands across the table the whole time we were eating our ice cream and we said nothing. The way Natalie was looking at me, nobody had ever looked at me that way before. There was something there I couldn't quite believe. It was a lust bordering on a hunger. This huge powerful woman was looking at me like she wanted me, and I could not bring myself to believe it.

When we were finished, we both cleaned ourselves off and walked out of the shop. I wanted to ask Natalie if there was something else that she would like to do, or take her hand again, but I couldn't do it. I felt like I was walking in a dream.

There was a little alley to the side of the ice cream place, and as we walked past it, Natalie reached out and grabbed my arm. "Hey," she said, looking down at me and smiling. She spun me around and pulled me away from the sight of prying eyes.

My feet began to lose their place on the ground, and then she was lifting me. I couldn't believe what was going on. She was lifting me like I was a child, without much effort at all. Then she brought my face to her face and she started kissing me. My whole body started to tingle as her lips met mine, and she forced my mouth open with her tongue, probing inside me with a hunger I had never experienced.

Her arms were wrapped around me now, and I could feel her power. There was no way that I could break away from her grip, even if I wanted to, but I definitely didn't want to. My hard cock was evidence of that, and she could definitely feel it. I wasn't sure if I had ever been that hard in my life.

Natalie broke the kiss and then she whispered in my ear. “I couldn’t wait any longer to get my hands on you, little guy,” she said. “You’re so damn cute.”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. “Really?” I asked, and I could feel myself blush.

“Do you want to go back to my place?” Natalie asked.

Of course, there was only one answer to that. Natalie put me back down on my feet, and then we walked back out on the sidewalk. She reached out and took my hand. I was astounded at the feeling I got with this towering woman leading me by the hand. She was almost a foot taller than me, and I felt small and helpless next to her. The feeling was intoxicating. It was like nothing I had ever felt before.

Natalie lived in a dorm, but she and her roommate were separated from each other, and only really shared a bathroom. It gave her a lot of privacy, but it was still a ridiculously tiny space, especially for such a big girl. When we got to her room, Natalie let me go inside the room first. I had a few minutes to look around, and then she was back on me.

I could feel Natalie’s strong hands grab my shoulders and spin me around. She was lifting me in the air again, and then she moved me effortlessly against the wall. She had me pushed against the wall, her bigger and stronger body easily pinning me. Her hand reached for my crotch and felt how hard I was.

“You like it that I can throw you around, don’t you, little guy,” she said.

“Oh God, yes,” I told her. She smiled, and then she threw me on the bed. I bounced but did not fall off. Within seconds, Natalie was on top of me again, and she was heavy enough, and strong enough, that there was no way for me to move.

Natalie started to remove my clothes. First, she pulled my shirt up over my head, and then she ran her hands along my bare chest. I was suddenly self-conscious how thin I was, but Natalie did not seem to care. As she ran her large hands over me, she seemed to delight in the slowness of my build. She had her huge thighs holding me in a vice as she sat on top of me, heavy enough that I couldn't move even if I wanted to.

“You're such a little darling,” Natalie said as she leaned down and began to kiss my neck. “I can do anything with that pretty little body of yours.”

Natalie had her way with me. There was no other way to describe what sex with her was like. She took control of me in a way that I never imagined a woman could before. She was so much bigger and me, and so incredibly strong, that my body felt like it was of negligible to her. She had me naked within seconds, and was throwing my body around the bed, taking me in whatever position that she felt like.

I grabbed onto her powerful body and just went along for the ride. “Don't come until I say you can,” Natalie ordered me, the first time she slipped me inside of her. The feeling of her big body pressed against me, including her huge breasts in my face, almost did me in, but somehow, I held off until she told me.

It was repeated again and again throughout the long night. By the end of it, I was

sore and exhausted, having had my body tossed around and handled by this huge amazon. It was early in the morning when we fell asleep, and Natalie pulled me close to her body, letting me wrap against her and place my head on one of her huge breasts. Feeling her warmth and strength, I fell asleep almost at once, never feeling safer than I did at that moment.

When I woke up in the morning, at first I wasn't sure where I was. Natalie wasn't there and I was alone in the bed. I thought that the events of the previous night had to be some kind of dream, yet I was in a strange dorm. I stood up and put my boxers on, looking around the room at Natalie's things and pictures surrounding me. It had really happened, but now what?

Within a few minutes Natalie walked through the door. She was in a tight blue t-shirt and grey shorts. Her incredibly long, and impossibly muscular legs were on display. I almost gasped as I saw them, even though I had them against my body the night before. They were one of the sexiest sights that I had ever seen, and I had to stop myself from staring at them, instead looking up at her face. Natalie was beaming at me.

"Hey there, little guy. I was out for my morning run," she said, and then she walked over to me quickly. Even though we had just had sex the night before, I was almost overwhelmed by how tall this girl was, and I almost stepped back. Natalie didn't seem to notice, when she reached out and pulled me into an embrace for a kiss.

Again, I felt my feet leave the ground as she easily lifted me and pulled me to her. I felt tingles through my whole body at the display of strength, even though I had just gotten an idea how strong she was the night before. I thought I would never get tired of this. I wrapped my arms around her neck and my legs around her waist, as Natalie gave me a passionate kiss.

When we came up for air, she said, “I love the way we fit together. Do you want to be my boyfriend?”

“Really?” I asked in astonishment.

Natalie smiled at me, a gorgeous smile on her beautiful face, and she reached out and ran her hand through my hair. “You’re so cute,” she said.

“I can’t believe you think so,” I said.

Natalie was still holding me in the air effortlessly. I was amazed how my weight seemed to mean nothing to her, and she could hold me up so easily. “I like small, cute boys,” Natalie said. “Most of the time they don’t like me.”

“Are you kidding? You’re the most beautiful girl I’ve ever seen.” I felt self-conscious once I had blurted it out, but Natalie blushed.

“You wouldn’t mind having a big strong girlfriend?” Natalie asked. She squeezed me a bit, as if to emphasize her superior strength.

“I’d love it,” I said. I reached out to touch Natalie’s left arm. She flexed it for me, a lemon size bicep spring up as she did so. I grabbed her hard muscle and began to run my fingers over it.

“What if I got bigger?” Natalie asked.

“Bigger muscles?”

“Yes,” she said. “I had already thought that I was too big and that I would scare boys away, but if you like it...”

“Yes,” I interrupted. “If you got bigger that would be so hot.”

Natalie giggled, and then she kissed me, pulling her left arm around to squeeze me again, this time a little harder. It almost hurt, but it was obviously not as hard as she could have squeezed.

When she pulled away from the kiss she said, “What about taller?”

I was amazed. “You’re still growing?” I asked astounded.

“I was,” she said. “I don’t know if I’m done yet. My mother is six-foot-two and my father is six-foot-seven. Neither of them was done growing until they were about twenty.”

So, you could get taller,” I mused. “You’re already so much taller than me.”

“Mmmm hmmm,” Natalie nodded and giggled.

“That would be amazing.”

Natalie laughed a full laugh this time. “You’re the best,” she said. “Do you want to go back to bed?”

We did just that, but I was sore this time, so Natalie needed to go easier on me. I was thinking about this big strong girl getting even bigger. The idea excited me more than anything ever had, and when I came, it was more intense than any orgasm in my life.

Natalie and I started spending a lot of time together. We would often walk around the campus holding hands, and this would get us strange looks from people due to our size difference. I loved the looks. I felt like the king of the world with my statuesque girlfriend towering over me, and me looking up at her adoringly.

We would have double dates with Justin and Marie, and it seemed like Justin found it awkward at first, though Marie was very enthusiastic. She was proud of herself for getting us together as a couple, and she didn’t seem to find us the least bit mismatched.

Justin, on the other hand, seemed to be uncomfortable with Natalie around. She was six inches taller than him, and more muscular and obviously stronger. It seemed to hurt his ego to go out in public with a girl who was so much bigger than him. He kept doing it though, probably because he didn’t want to bring up this insecurity to Marie.

Then one day, when we were hanging out together alone, playing video games at his place, Justin asked me about it. “Don’t you ever feel awkward being out with Natalie?” he asked.

I looked at him and thought about how I wanted to answer. Natalie and I had been dating for about five weeks at the time. “I don’t know what you mean?” I said, trying to keep my expression as neutral as possible.

“Yes, you do,” Justin said sounding annoyed. “You know exactly what I mean. She’s huge, and she’s a lot bigger than you are. Doesn’t that bother you?”

I tried not to smile. Just getting asked this question sent a little rush through me. “No, it doesn’t bother me at all,” I said. “I like it, and she likes it too.”

There was an awkward silence between us, and I honestly had no idea what Justin was thinking for a few seconds. Then he surprised me. “What’s it like with her?” he asked, and then he clarified. “What’s the sex like?”

I couldn’t help but grin this time. “It’s amazing,” I said. “She likes to be in control. She takes me and throws me around. Her body is so big and strong and she seems to never run out of energy.”

The look on Justin’s face was priceless, and only then did I realize that he had fantasized about Natalie. As much as he acted awkwardly around her, he was attracted to her, and as much as he had teased me about liking her in the beginning, he was jealous of me.

“I just don’t think I could do it,” Justin finally said shaking his head.

I wanted to tease him about his insecurities but didn’t. Just knowing that He lusted after Natalie, but she wanted a little guy like me, was enough for me.

Natalie started to work out more from the moment we became a couple, and it wasn’t long before she started to see results. “I’m a natural mesomorph,” Natalie said. “I put on muscle without really trying. Now I’m motivated to start trying.”

With a sudden increase in the amount of weights she lifted, Natalie had a huge surge right away. It seemed like she gained ten pounds of muscle in a single week. It might not have been obvious to other people, but to me, who saw Natalie naked and got to feel the power of her Amazonian body on a regular basis, it was something that I couldn’t miss.

She was turned on by her increase in muscle mass almost immediately, and she wanted sex all the time. With our size difference, I was in no position to resist her, but the feel of her big muscles and power would get me hard immediately, especially when she would grab me and throw me down on the bed, or take me against the wall.

I loved the feeling of her muscles under her skin. One day she grabbed me in my dorm room and sat me against my work desk as she stripped me naked and had her way with me. The desk was not a comfortable place to lay, and the strength of her arms as she pulled me back and forth, ramming my little body against the desk and the wall, held back nothing. I reached up to feel her bulging biceps and ran my hands over the rippling muscles of her back.

“You’re my queen,” I gasped as I felt my cock twitch inside her.

“I’m more than a queen. I’m a goddess,” Natalie replied. “I own you and everything around me. I’m the most powerful person in the world, and I keep getting stronger.”

I came right there at those words. I couldn’t help myself. I hadn’t expected her to say that and everything was already so hot. “I’m sorry,” I said at once. I knew Natalie didn’t like me to come without her permission.

“It’s okay,” Natalie said, and she kissed me on top of my head. “I know you just couldn’t help yourself now could you?” I didn’t answer, just trembled in her arms. “You’ll just have to get hard again for me very quickly, won’t you?” she said.

It never took me that long to get hard for her. I was obsessed with her body, size and strength and she was obsessed with dominating my much smaller frame as much as possible. It seemed like we were the perfect couple, and then something more incredible happened.

Natalie called me and asked me to come over to her dorm room one day. She didn’t tell me why, but I didn’t need to be told. My role was only to obey her. When I got there, she was sitting on her bed, wearing tight blue jeans and a white tank top that showed off both the incredible muscles of her arms and shoulders, but her big breasts as well. She was barefoot, I noticed.

“Hey, tiny,” she said. She liked to call me by nicknames that emphasized the size difference between us. “I have something that I want to show you.”

“I can’t wait,” I said, knowing how Natalie loved to tease me.

“Remember how I told you I was still growing taller?” she started. I nodded. “Whenever I grow, I always grow in spurts. That is usually how it works. However, when a growth spurt starts it usually starts with my feet.”

She stretched her leg out and extended her bare foot toward me. I reached out my hands and lovingly caressed her large foot. I noticed for the first time that Natalie’s feet did indeed look like they had grown. It was not a small amount either.

“I outgrew my shoes,” she said. “The only thing I can fit into is my sandals. I had to go out and buy another pair of sneakers today.”

Natalie pulled her foot away and then stood up. As she did so, I stepped back a little. There was always that sense of awe when she first stood up and towered over me. Her breasts were right at my eye level, enticing in that tight tank top. Natalie smiled, and then bent down to grab her old shoes that were under the bed. She placed them next to her feet and then stood back up.

I was able to tear my gaze away from Natalie’s magnificent tits long enough to look down at her feet. Side by side, it was obvious how much her feet had grown when compared to her shoes. Her toes stretched out from the end of the shoes, and she was much more than a size bigger.

“Wow,” I said.

“I thought you might want to measure and see if I’d grown any taller,” Natalie said with a laugh.

I looked up at her and was elated by the prospect. After grabbing a tape measure, I stood on a chair so that I could reach the top of the chair. She was indeed a little taller, but I had to admit the result was a bit disappointing.

“Well?” Natalie asked me.

“It looks like you’ve grown about half an inch,” I said.

“Is that all?” I could hear the disappointment in Natalie’s voice too. “I guess it’s a start.”

“You said you always grow in spurts,” I said. “How much was the last spurt?”

“It was only three inches,” Natalie said. “My feet had grown a lot less then. I thought my growth was really tapering off, but my feet don’t usually grow this drastically.”

“Your feet look really huge,” I agreed.

Natalie turned to look at me, still standing on the chair. “Just my feet?” she asked coyly. On the chair I was a little taller than she was, but she grabbed me off of it and pulled me into a kiss.

I didn’t let myself hope that Natalie’s growth was going to be what she made it seem. The idea that it would be her biggest growth spurt yet was a fantasy that I didn’t want to entertain. Yet, it seemed like Natalie’s appetite increased almost immediately. It started with the sex we had that day, where she seemed more insatiable than she ever had at the thought of her growing even bigger, but it extended to the food that she ate, and that ended up being a lot.

After our first round of sex, Natalie wanted to order a pizza. She devoured most of it as soon as it came, and after a little time to digest, she wanted sex again. When that was over, she said she was hungry again and we went out to dinner. That led to coming back home for more sex, and then she was hungry again. We went to the grocery and got some more food. After eating she wanted more sex.

Natalie’s appetite continued like that over the next several weeks, and it wasn’t long before I started to see her grow. It was rapid, and impossible not to notice. She wasn’t just getting taller. Natalie was working out like crazy and getting bigger muscles as well. Not only that, but her breasts were expanding also.

Within two months, Natalie went from being six-foot-five to six-foot-eleven and a half. Her shoulders and waist began to broaden, though her waist stayed roughly the same size. I marveled at my already huge girlfriend getting bigger, and she took me whenever she wanted, often without even considering my own feelings.

Serving this giant woman was the center of my being. I couldn't believe I had found her. Justin lusted after her more than ever, watching her grow taller and put on more muscle, and start to grow out of her bras. I loved being with her more than ever, knowing that other men wanted her, and couldn't have her. She seemed only to want me, and all the time, relishing our size difference as much as I did.

Natalie was always on top. She would climb on me and pin me with her superior weight, and then have her way with my much smaller body. As she was slowly growing bigger and bigger, this meant that I would spend more and more time exploring her incredible curves and muscles with my fingers. The hardness and power of her muscles always obsessed me, and it took all my effort to stop myself from exploding before my goddess had given me permission.

Once she had reached nearly seven feet tall, her growth stopped, and both of us were disappointed. She had put on a lot of muscle, and significantly filled out her amazing hourglass figure, as well as increased her bust by four cup sizes.

"Do you think that will be the last one?" I asked, as she held me against her in bed.

"I don't know," Natalie said. "I hope not."

As I drifted off that night, I thought about what it would be like for Natalie to grow even bigger. My imagination had no limits as I thought about there being no end to her size. She was already so big that she dwarfed everyone around her. Yet, I craved more. I would always crave more. I knew I would never stop dreaming.