

DREAM DATE

A MUSCLE STORY



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I saw her at a museum, a woman that I at first thought was impossible. She was wearing a grey sweater and some blue jeans and staring at a painting by herself. I was there with a friend who had studied art in college, but we had wandered off in separate directions. When I first saw the woman standing in front of that painting, I thought it had to be some kind of illusion.

I couldn't remember when I'd ever seen anybody so tall. Not just a woman that tall, but anybody so tall. I thought there had to be something about where that painting was hung, like a kind of forced perspective kind of thing, but as I got closer to her, she didn't look any smaller. If anything, she looked bigger.

I couldn't see her face, but I could see her body, and I was impressed with the way her butt looked in those tight blue jeans, her thick thighs and long shapely legs, as well as her broad back. Could this even be a woman, I thought for a second? Her body and shape definitely looked feminine, but she was too big for words.

When I walked up next to her, she turned for a second and smiled at me. She was indeed beautiful, with a heart-shaped face, olive skin, green eyes, and wavy brunette hair that framed her gorgeous features. I felt my mouth go dry as I looked up at her. She was over a foot taller than me for sure, and I was five-foot-seven.

"It's an amazing piece isn't it," she said. She meant the painting, but I hadn't really looked at it. I tore my gaze away from her to look at the painting. It had a very gothic look about it, a woman dressed in black, standing by a lake at night.

"It's hypnotic," I said. "I don't know a lot about art, but when I spotted this painting, I had to come and look at it."

I looked back at the woman, and she was smirking at me. It was as if she knew I was lying. She seemed to know that it was she that had drawn me here. I was convinced this had to be the case, and suddenly I found myself being incredibly forward.

“I’m sorry,” I said. “You’re just so tall, I have to ask. I know that people must ask you all the time.”

“Yes, they do,” she said. “Everywhere I go, people ask me,” she said. “I’m six-foot-ten,” she told me. “I bet you’ve never seen a woman so tall before.”

My heart was beating rapidly in my chest. Was this a dream? The whole thing was so surreal. “No, I haven’t,” I admitted. “It is very interesting.”

“Do you like tall women?” she asked, and then she was bending down a little bit toward me. I couldn’t believe this was happening.

“Oh yes,” I said. “I find tall women very attractive. I’ve gone out with a couple women who are taller than me.”

“How tall?” the woman asked.

“Five-foot-eleven is the tallest,” I said. “I’m only five-foot-seven,” I replied.

“That isn’t very tall,” she said, with a laugh. “I guess that’s pretty tall compared to you though.”

I had never had a woman talk to me like that before, and I could feel my skin flush from the excitement. Was she just teasing me? If she was, I was still grateful for this.

“I’m not just tall,” the woman continued. “I’m also very strong. Even for my size, I’m much stronger than you might think I am. I’m probably at least twice as strong as you, if not three times as strong.”

I could feel my cock hardening in my pants. I still didn’t understand why she was saying this, but I was speechless.

“What’s your name?” she asked.

“Terry,” I managed to say.

“Nice to meet you, Terry,” she said. “I’m Alyssa. Why don’t you have dinner with me some time?” I actually couldn’t answer her, I was too stunned, but she reached into her purse and gave me a business card. “My number is on that,” she said.

She walked away, while I looked at the card. Her full name was on it, Alyssa

Holmes, and under that name it said the words “personal trainer.”

Just then, my friend Niki appeared. “Hey Terry, I’ve been looking all over for you,” she said. I still had the card in my hand. “What’s that?” she asked.

“This lady gave me her card,” I said. “Hey, did you see a very tall lady walk out of here just a few seconds ago.” Alyssa had left so close to when Nikki appeared, I thought she had to have seen her.

“No,” Nikki said. “I don’t think so.”

I smiled. I wanted to see Niki’s reaction to this towering beauty, but somehow, she had missed her. If I wasn’t holding the card in my hand at that moment, I would have thought I had experienced some kind of waking dream.

I held onto the card and didn’t give Alyssa a call until Tuesday. It had been Saturday when I met her in the museum, and though I had wanted to call her immediately, I had been able to hold off that long. I dialed her number at eight on Tuesday evening.

“Hello,” Alyssa’s smokey voice answered.

“Hi Alyssa, this is Terry, the guy you met at the museum.”

There was a bit of a pause, and I felt a tiny twinge of panic that she might have already forgotten me. Then she seemed to realize who I was.

“Yes, Terry,” she said. “I remember you. The cute little guy.” Hearing her call me that sent shivers through my body. “How are you doing?”

“I’m good,” I said. “How are you?”

“I was really pushing my weight training today,” she said. “I benched nine hundred pounds today. Do you know that would give me the world record if I did it in competition? Not the female world record, but the overall.”

The thought of a human being so strong was incredible, but a beautiful woman having such strength was beyond my wildest fantasies. I thought about what she might be able to do to me.

“How much can you bench press?” she asked me.

“I don’t know,” I answered honestly. “I’ve never been much into weightlifting.”

Alyssa laughed. “Well, that’s obvious, honey,” she said. “That scrawny little body of yours hasn’t seen much in the way of a gym. I’m sorry for asking the question.”

“It’s okay,” I said. My heart was beating rapidly. I didn’t know what else to say.

“How much do you weigh?” Alyssa asked.

“I’m one hundred and twenty pounds,” I answered. Normally I would have been embarrassed to answer that question, but I felt as if I wouldn’t dare disobey anything that Alyssa said. If she asked a question, I should answer it honestly.

“Wow,” Alyssa said, and I thought I could actually hear excitement in her voice. “You’re even smaller than I thought.”

Again, I didn’t know what to say. I wanted to ask her how much she weighed, but my traditional cultural assumption, that this was not an appropriate question to ask a woman, won out.

“Are you still there?” Alyssa asked, because of my silence.

“Yes,” I said.

“Would you like to get together for dinner?” she asked. “I’m free Friday. We can go to Fresh Leaf. That’s my favorite place,”

“Yes,” I said.

“Perfect, how about we meet at seven?”

The rest of the week was difficult because I could do little but think about how much I wanted to see Alyssa. Again, I was thinking that, somehow, I had exaggerated how big she was in my mind. No woman could ever be that big, I told myself.

Then, Friday actually came around and I was beyond nervous. I showed up for the date a half hour early because I couldn't stop myself from pacing around otherwise. I was ready to see Alyssa again, that's for sure.

She came into the restaurant at about five after seven, and I was stunned at how amazing she looked. She had to bend down to get through the door, and that alone was more exciting to me than any woman I had ever seen in my life. I loved watching her stand back up at her full towering height.

She was wearing a black sleeveless top, and a white skirt. It was a warmer day than it had been a week ago, and these allowed me to see more of her body than I had been able to when I first met her. Her endless legs looked even longer bare, but what really amazed me was the incredible power and definition on display. Her thighs looked like they were each thicker than me, and her bulging calves were the size of softballs.

Her arms were just as impressive. I didn't think I had ever seen arms so powerful looking, not on a man or woman. I couldn't help but think about all the strength that was contained in those bulging muscles, and what she might be able to do to me. I thought about what it would be like to see her flex them, and just how high those bicep peaks would go. I wondered if I would have enough courage to ask.

She smiled when she saw me and walked toward the table. I got up to greet her, and noticed that she was wearing high heels, which made her tower over me even more than she had previously. I felt like a child standing next to her.

“It’s good to see you, Terry,” she said, and then she moved in to hug me.

I hadn’t expected this. I had gone out with some women who liked to exchange hugs on the first date, but it wasn’t a very common practice. I hadn’t expected Alyssa to do it because of how awkward it was due to the size difference, but I quickly realized this was exactly why she did it in the first place.

I was helpless to resist as she embraced me and pulled me against her body. My face was buried in her breasts. I could feel myself flush with embarrassment, but all I could do was just enjoy the softness of her huge, firm, breasts.

“It’s so good to see you again,” Alyssa said, and I could hear the arousal in her voice as she held the hug longer than was necessary.

I was fully hard at once, just because of the hug. This woman had control over me that no woman ever had, and she enjoyed it. That was the thing that was really stunning. I had known that I had an attraction and fantasy for bigger and stronger women since I was a teenager, but I rarely got the chance to indulge in it, nor did I ever think I would find a woman who got her own enjoyment from it.

Alyssa finally let me go, and I realized I was trembling. Alyssa took notice of it

too.

“Oh dear,” she said, bending way down so she was at my eye level. “You’re shaking.”

“I’m sorry,” I said. I felt completely overwhelmed.

“Are you afraid of me?” Alyssa asked in a sultry whisper. She knew I was, she just wanted to hear me say it.

“I am,” I said. “You’re so big, and powerful. I can’t imagine ever being your equal.”

“Maybe I don’t want you to be my equal,” Alyssa said. Her smokey voice was overwhelmingly sexy. “I don’t think you want that either.”

“No, I don’t,” I admitted.

She put her huge hand on my shoulder and then leaned over to kiss me on my cheek. “Let’s just sit down and have a nice dinner,” Alyssa said. “Everything will work itself out.”

I nodded, and I could feel my trembling start to calm a bit. I sat down in my seat and Alyssa sat down in hers. I still felt like this had to be some kind of dream I

was having.

For a while, it went like a normal date. The waitress who came knew Alyssa, because as she had said, she was a regular. We started talking about normal date things, like our jobs, and our families, and our hobbies. It turned out that Alyssa was a big sci-fi nerd, which was not something that I would have thought about her. At one point, I made her laugh, and Alyssa reached over and gently put her hand on mine. I blushed a little.

“Are you still afraid of me?” she asked.

“I am, a little,” I admitted. “I really can’t help it.”

“I guess you can’t,” Alyssa said. Then I could tell everything had switched from normal date banter to something else. We were back to the dynamic we had before. “You’re so little,” Alyssa continued. “I could break you in half if I wanted to.”

“But you don’t,” I answered.

“Not as long as you obey me,” Alyssa said.

My heart was racing again. We were almost done with dinner. “Do you want to get out of here?” I asked.

Alyssa agreed, and I paid for the meal. Then we were standing up again. I was still amazed with how excited I got, just watching as Alyssa stood up. It was like watching her realize her full power right in front of me.

We walked out of the restaurant together, and I relished the feeling of being so tiny in comparison to her. I was probably a small child the last time I felt this small compared to a person, but the feeling was even more intense. It wasn't just that Alyssa was so big, but she was so strong as well. Looking at her bulging muscles made me fully aware of her incredible power.

Once we were outside, Alyssa turned to me. "Why don't you walk me to my car?" she asked. Then she reached down and took my hand. She did so gently, but I also knew that I could not refuse her.

I walked with her to the parking lot, which at that point was empty except for a couple of cars. The restaurant was going to close in an hour, so anybody who intended to eat there was already inside for the most part. Alyssa pointed to her car, a large SUV. I guess that made sense. There was no way she could fit in a traditional car.

"This one is me," she said, and then she turned back to me. I was looking up at her, with anticipation but I didn't dare make the first move. I knew that Alyssa would do what anything she wanted in that moment.

She certainly did. Alyssa bent down very slowly in order to kiss me. The slowness with which she bent her body emphasized just how enormous she was compared to me. It probably only took her a few seconds, but it seemed like forever to me.

Then she was finally there, and she was kissing me. Her kiss started gently at first, slowly, and almost chaste, as she took her big hand and ran it through my hair. Then she began to intensify, forcing her big tongue into my mouth. Her tongue was as large as any part of her, and when she had it in my mouth, it was like it was filling me up. I had never experienced the feeling of being overpowered with a kiss.

Then, while her right hand was still running through my hair, her left hand found its way to my ass. She looped it around and squeezed my butt with excitement. She squeezed it hard enough that it actually hurt. Then she was lifting me off the ground, with seemingly little effort.

I was aware of how light I must have felt to her as she lifted me. I was really nothing but a toy to this powerful woman, I realized, and then I was being held against her big hard body again, feeling the incredible size and power of her muscles.

My dick was so hard that I thought I was going to come in my pants right at that moment. How could anything be sexier than this? How could any woman be sexier than Alyssa? I wanted nothing more than to be possessed by this woman, to be at her feet and serve her every day. I knew I could be nothing but her willing slave.

We continued to kiss for I don't know how long, as my hands began to explore her body. I was overcome by the thrill of feeling my little fingers explore her muscles. They moved over her bulging arms, and the broadness of her back, and power of her shoulders, I dared not explore further than that yet. I knew instinctively that I needed my goddess's permission.

Finally, the make out session broke, and Alyssa still held me in her arms, a big

grin on her face. “You’re a really good kisser,” she said.

“So are you?” I answered.

She ran her hand through my hair again. “Do you want me to take you home with me?” she asked.

“More than anything,” I said.

Alyssa grinned again, and then gently and slowly lowered me to the ground. She kept my body pressed against her as she did so, I imagined feeling my rock hard dick against her muscles all the way. Then once I was on the ground, I walked to the passenger side.

The ride to Alyssa’s place was a strange one, because all I wanted to do was to have my hands back on her again. To not be touching her, while I gazed upon her incredible beauty, and unbelievable muscles, was almost unbearable. Even though the drive was less than ten minutes, I thought I was going to go insane.

When we got to her house, it was much larger than I would have thought it was. How much did a personal trainer make? This place was bigger than my parents’ house, and both my parents were doctors. I guess she needed a big house though. She was a very big girl.

We parked in the garage, and then got out. The garage opened into the kitchen, which was a very big kitchen indeed. I followed Alyssa in, and then she

suddenly turned on me, and grabbed me again. I was shocked. She picked me up and pressed me against the wall, then pressing her huge body against me and kissing me even harder before.

If I felt overwhelmed by the previous kiss, I felt almost attacked by this one. I felt like Alyssa wanted to devour me, and if she were to do so, there was no way that I could stop her. There was no way that I could stop her from doing anything.

She finally stopped herself and then she let me fall back to the ground. “I’m sorry, little one,” she said. “I couldn’t help myself. I’m going to get more comfortable, why don’t you come into the living room.”

I followed her into the living room, and she gestured toward a large sofa. Then she walked up the stairs, and I wondered what she could possibly slip into that would make her more comfortable. Whatever it was though, I was looking forward to it.

There was another room to my right, and I wondered what that room could possibly be. I wouldn’t have long to find out, because when Alyssa returned, she was wearing a tight blue pair of lycra shorts and a blue sports bra.

I had noticed that her breasts were big before. They were big enough that any man with even the slightest interests in breasts, which was most of them, could not have failed to notice them. Yet now, with them in that tight sports bra, I could finally see how enormous they really were. I started to think about what they look like naked, and I was sure they were very firm, sitting on top of those big muscular pecs.

Under those big breasts, there was her incredibly defined abs. She had more than a six pack, a full eight pack, and each abdominal muscle looked as big as a billiard ball. I had been pressed up against her body with clothes on, but I wanted to have my hands on that stomach, to rub it up and down and feel all that power right there in her core.

She was watching me looking at her and seemed amused. "I thought you might want to get a better look at my muscles, little guy," she said.

Then she did a powerful double bicep pose for me. I was immediately overwhelmed by all the bulges before me. She was too much woman. I was about to experience all the power that she had to offer.

"You're amazing," I said, still looking up at her from the couch.

"Why don't you come to my gym and see what I can really do?" she asked.

I was on my feet again, and then I was following her as she led me into the other room. I was amazed by how many heavy weights were on display. Alyssa picked up a dumbbell from the rack. I wasn't sure how much it weighed, but I knew I probably could not lift it with both my hands, even though she was just warming up.

Alyssa lifted two huge dumbbells and curled them in front of me. Her arms exploded with power with each pump, and I stared in awe. "You can see how these big muscles get working," she said. "You're really going to enjoy watching just how pumped I can get."

She did a lot of other warm up exercises, lifting her dumbbells up to do shoulder presses, then sitting down to do chest flies. Once she was properly warmed up, she went to the leg press. "I want to show you just how strong my legs are," she said. "I'll have then wrapped around you soon."

Her legs and thighs were quickly pumping two thousand pounds. The amount of power in just one of her legs was unfathomable, and they were so thick and muscular. I thought about what it would feel like with her legs around me. She could probably crush me to death without even thinking about it. The idea filled me with both fear and excitement.

After she was done with her leg presses, she took me to the barbell. "Let's see how much I can curl," she said.

I watched as she put plate after plate on both sides of the bar. It seemed like it was never going to end, as she added more and more weight. I couldn't believe anybody could lift a barbell that loaded with heavy plates. Could the bar even stand it. Then when she was done, she said something else. "Get on," she told me.

I did what I was told, climbing on the bar, and then being lifted in the air. Alyssa let out a grunt the first time she did it, but after that, she seemed to be lifting the bar with ease. When she lifted it up, I came to her face, and she was able to give me a kiss each time.

"I love this," she said. "My tiny giving me help for my work out."

“Why me?” I asked. “Why would you pick me?”

Alyssa smiled, and she pumped the barbell one last time. “You weren’t afraid of me, darling,” she said. “I love little men, but most of them are so afraid.”

After lifting the barbell for what felt like forever, she finally put it down, and then after I climbed off it, she grabbed me and kissed me again.

“I wanted to finish my workout,” she said, “But you have me so worked up I can hardly stand it.”

She carried me out of the room, and I clung to her powerful body. Finally, I had my hands on her abs, and was moving it up and down, feeling how hard and powerful her core was. Alyssa took notice of it and giggled.

“I bet you can’t wait to worship my body, little one,” she said.

“I want to worship your body every day,” I said. “I want to be at your feet, to serve you.”

Alyssa seemed surprised by how quickly I came to the role, and she blushed. Once we were in the bedroom, she pushed me against the wall again and she was kissing me. Her muscles felt even bigger and were bulging from her new workout. We made out frantically, and I felt like I was going to come in my pants, but fortunately she eased up just in time.

Alyssa broke the kiss and held me against the wall, still panting from her own excitement. I loved the feeling of her hot breath on my face. Then she was stripping me naked.

There was nothing like the feeling of being held against the wall while she ripped off my clothes. “Ripped off” is not just an expression, because she didn’t seem to care about preserving any of my clothing. My shirt and pants were ripped off me like tissue paper, and then she took me and tossed me on the bed, while she looked down at me with her hands on her hips.

“I’m going to have my way with you like the predator I am,” she said. “I can do so many things with that little body.”

She ripped off her sports bra, and revealed her big, firm breasts. Her nipples were hard, and I was thinking about getting them in my mouth. She thrust out her chest, and this both made her tits look even bigger, and her big bulging muscles.

Then she was sliding her shorts down, and she was completely naked. Her body was so beautiful, and so big and powerful. She was about to take me. All I could do was lay on the bed and wait for it to happen. The way Alyssa’s eyes burned, I thought she might eat me right up.

Then she was on top of me, that huge body looming over me, and making me feel tiny. She was so tall, so strong, so muscular. I felt like nothing to her as she moved her hands over my body and covered me in kisses. I moved my own hands over her skin and felt her powerful bulging muscles.

Then I was inside her, she on top of me, and having her way with my tiny little body. She pulled my head up and shoved it into her tits, as she rode me.

“Oh, you’re so tiny,” she said. “I feel so big while I’m on top of you.”

The sizes difference must have really turned her on, because it wasn’t long before she was screaming, her skin flushed, and I could feel her vagina contract around my dick. I came too, and then she pulled me close to her as we cuddled.

“It’s going to be a long weekend,” she told me, letting me know that I was going to experience her power for the next two days.

I certainly did. Alyssa took me every way that she could think of, and in every position. Some of those positions were ones that I never thought I would experience. Since Alyssa was so strong, she could hold me in her arms as she pumped me in and out while standing up.

She loved to remind me of her incredible strength. She had me assist in her daily workouts, this time her being able to get through them without taking me. I loved watching her do a heavy squat, the bar on her shoulders holding a tremendous amount of weight, and the bulge in her calves, thighs and ass, as she worked it up and down.

She taught me all the ways that she wanted me to serve her, and I spent a long time learning how she liked her clit touched, and how she wanted me to serve her with my tongue.

By the end of the weekend, I was sore and bruised, while my cock was utterly exhausted. She had wrung every last bit of sex out of me.

“You’ve served me well,” she said. “There is still a lot of training for me to do.”

She pulled my tiny body against her big body and held me there. “I need time to recover,” I told her. I touched one of my bruises and enjoyed the soreness.

“That you do,” she said. “You’re going to need to recover and build up your tolerance. I was going easy on you. I want you to experience the full range of my power.”

I could hardly believe what I had just heard, and feeling exhausted, I drifted off to sleep.