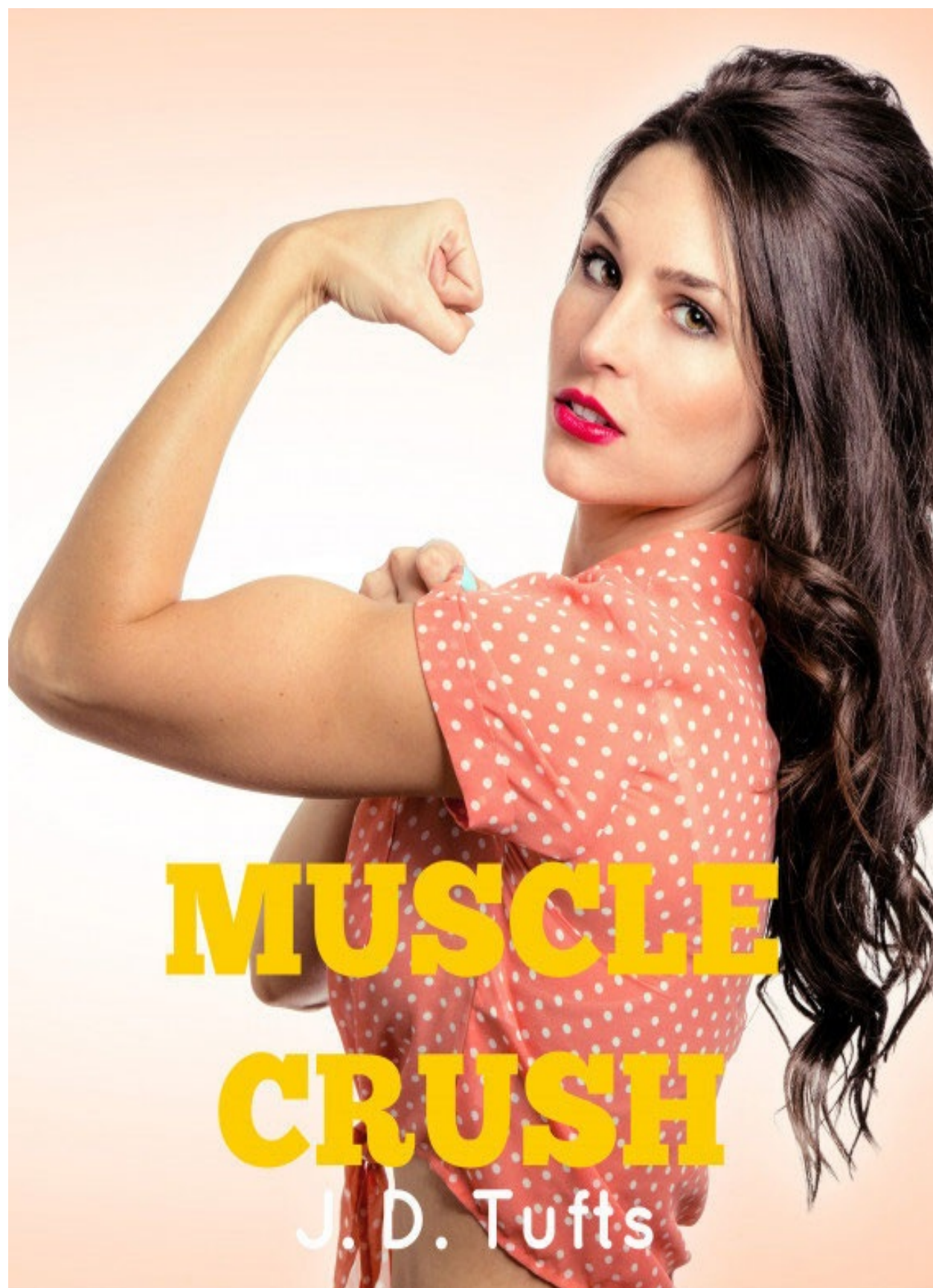
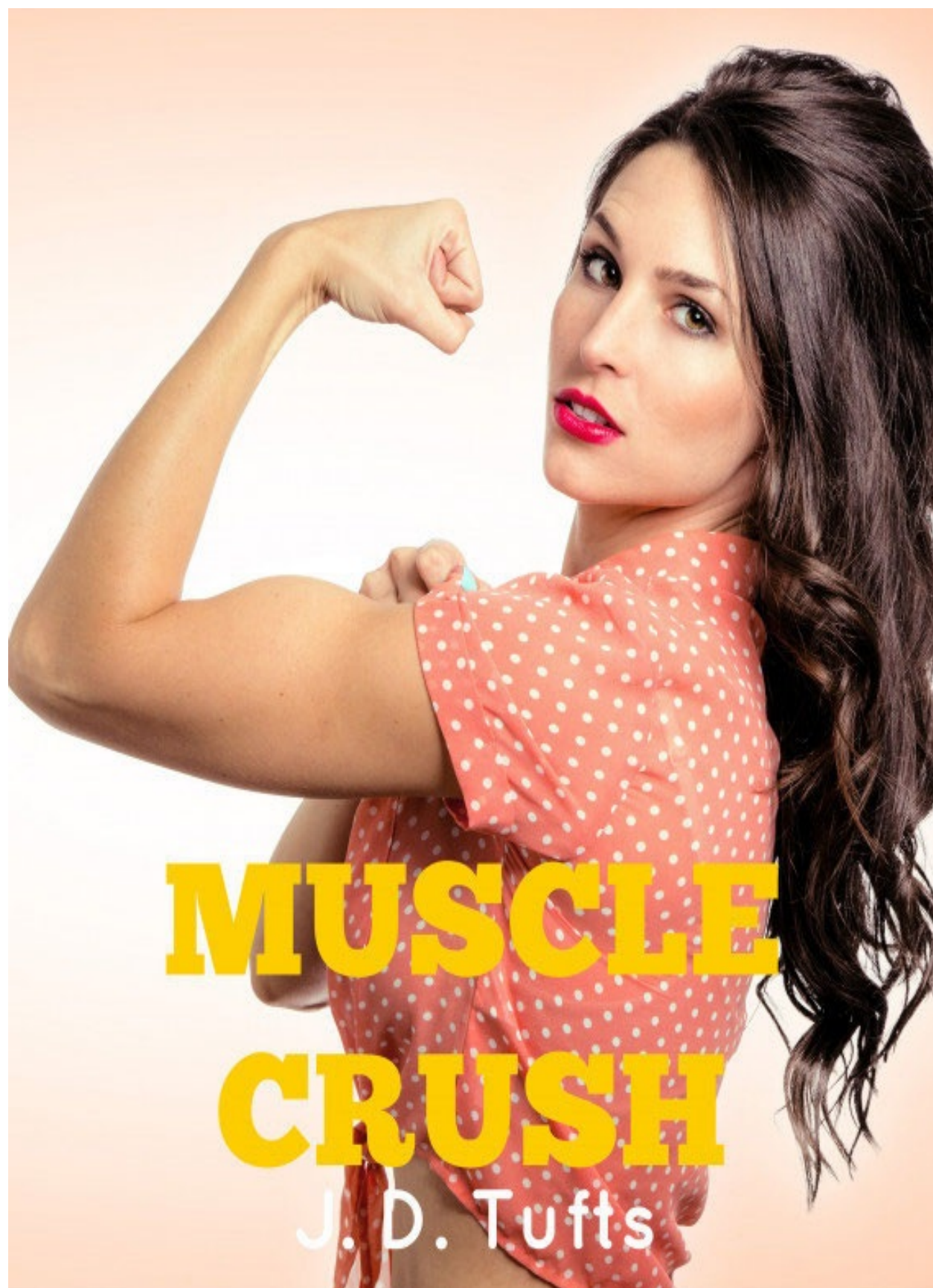




MUSCLE CRUSH

J. D. Tufts



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“I’ll arm wrestle you for it,” Michelle said.”

“What?” I asked in surprise.

“You heard me.”

“Look, you can just have it,” I told her. We were at my little sister’s twenty-first birthday party, for which she had rented a cabin out in the woods, and we had both tried to get the last beer out of the fridge the afternoon before we were all going to leave.

“I wouldn’t be satisfied with that,” Michelle said. “I want to earn the beer. We both wanted it, now we need to compete for it fair and square.”

I looked at Michelle trying to size her up. Was she flirting with me? That seemed to be the case. When I had come here, me being twenty-two, just a little over a year older than my sister Laurie, I had been hoping to get the chance to hook up with my sister’s friend Rorie. That had been a no go, but I hadn’t given any serious thought to Michelle.

To be fair, Rorie stood out among my sister’s friends because, well, she literally stood out. She had very large breasts, and those breasts had been the subject of my attention ever since my sister had first introduced us. Rorie had shot me down in no uncertain terms that weekend, and now I was licking my wounds. I suddenly realized how cute Michelle was.

She was a tall girl, about the same height as me at five-foot-ten, with a very pretty face, dark hair and brown eyes. Really, I should have taken the beer. Michelle wasn't even old enough to drink. In fact, she was the youngest of the girls that my sister had invited to this party. She was only eighteen.

"C'mon, are you chicken?" Michelle asked me with a smile. She was holding the bottle of beer in her hand and twirling it between her fingers.

"Okay, you're on," I said. I decided that I would go easy on her.

Michelle seemed delighted by my acceptance, and I decided that I must be right. She had to be flirting with me. I hadn't noticed her showing me any attention this whole weekend. Maybe I was too fixated on Rorie.

I started to take a closer look at Michelle. There was no question she was pretty, as I said before, but I hadn't really looked at her body. She was dressed in blue jeans and a baggy button up blouse. I was a breast man, or so I thought then, so I wanted to get a real look at her figure. If she liked me, I needed to think about if she was up to my standards. It was hard to get a look at her breasts in the shirt she was wearing.

When we both sat down at the kitchen table, I was still so fixated on her breasts that I hadn't even noticed it when she put her elbow down, and then peeled her shirt away from her arm. When I did glance at her arm, I was amazed to see a huge bicep flexing in front of me. I worked out a little to stay in shape, but I was no bodybuilder. Michelle had very impressive arms, and I thought that bicep had to be bigger than mine.

“Damn,” I said reflexively, and then felt a little embarrassed.

Michelle giggled. “I guess I need to make a confession. I work out a little.”

I was surprised how sexy I found that muscular female arm to be. I looked into Michelle’s eyes and they sparkled with amusement at my reaction to her arm. She seemed to love it.

“That looks like you work out a lot,” I said with a smile. “That’s really impressive.” I wanted to sound confident and flirtatious. I was pretty sure I could still beat her, even if she was a really strong girl, but I thought showing her that I wasn’t threatened by the fact that she had muscles was the best way to handle things.

“You can back out now if you want,” Michelle teased again.

“That’s okay,” I said, and I put my arm on the table and we clasped hands.

Michelle looked very pleased and my whole body tingled at the fact that I was now touching this beautiful girl. Her grip was strong, but I was still pretty confident that I was going to beat her. How could I possibly lose to a girl, no matter how buff she was?

“Okay, are you ready?” I asked. Michelle nodded. “On three, one...two...three.”

When we started, I had been focused on just keeping my ground, certain that I was stronger than Michelle, but because of that she got the advantage right away. She was so much stronger than I expected that she had my arm halfway down to the table before I could even stop her.

“Man, you’re much stronger than I thought,” I said as I struggled to keep Michelle from pinning me.

“Are you even trying,” Michelle said. She sounded annoyed. I was definitely trying, but Michelle was slowly inching me toward the table due to my overconfidence in the beginning. Michele pinned my arm in a few seconds.

“Ouch,” I said flexing my fingers.

“I want you to actually try,” Michelle said annoyed.

“You were stronger than I thought,” I said defensively.

Michelle put her arm back on the table. “I want a do-over,” she said.

“I guess we could do best two out of three,” I said.

This time I knew what I was up against, but it didn’t make much a difference. I

kept my arm about even with Michelle for a few seconds when we started out, and then she began to slowly push my arm down. There was never a point where I made any progress at all. It was only a matter of how much resistance I could muster against her.

Michelle took the beer triumphantly. “Looks like I won this fair and square,” she said, as she popped off the top and took a swig. She was standing up, but I was still sitting at the table nursing my sore arm.

“You’re really strong,” I said.

“Were you going to say for a girl?” Michelle asked.

“No, I would never say that,” I said. I thought of adding that she had easily just beaten me, but we had both just experienced it. It seemed at that moment that I had been wrong about Michelle flirting with me. It didn’t seem as if she was flirting, but merely enjoying her domination of me.

There was a long moment of silence when the two of us just regarded each other. Things had definitely shifted between us. She was still enjoying the beer, and I was still sitting there trying to get the feeling back in my fingers. Watching her, a strange feeling came over me. I suddenly found Michelle sexy on a level I had never had another woman. I had never felt anything like this before.

“When did you start working out?” I asked her.

“Since my freshman year of high school,” Michelle said. “I was into sports then, but I kind of got into weightlifting for its own sake in the years since then.”

There was a moment when the cockiness melted away from Michelle and she seemed to be receptive to me in a way similar to when I had thought she was flirting with me before. Then Darnell, another party guest, came into the room.

“Is there any more beer?” he asked.

“She’s drinking the last one,” I replied.

Michelle shrugged at him, as if in apology, and he skulked out of the room. The connection between Michelle and I was broken. “We’re all going home in the morning,” she said. “I hope nobody goes crazy now that we’re out of beer,” and then she walked away.

I spent the next few hours debating something in my head. Was her attraction to me there or was it something that I had made up because of my own attraction to Michelle? I couldn’t know for sure, but I was still a bit wounded from going after Rorie and being shot down. I also knew I wasn’t likely to find another girl like Michelle anytime soon. Her strength intoxicated me.

It wasn’t until about ten at night, five hours after the arm wrestling incident, that I spotted Michelle by herself in the hallway and decided to go up to her. “Hey Michelle,” I said, and when she turned to me, my stomach tied up in knots. I still somehow mumbled on. “I was thinking, maybe we could keep in touch after tomorrow.”

I smiled a lame smile as I said this, and Michelle put her hands on her hips and gave me a much more confident smile back. "I guess that arm wrestling match made more of an impression on you than I thought," she said.

I blushed, and I knew that I couldn't hide it. "Well..." I said, and then I said something that resembled a sentence in some ways but was really just a collection of unintelligible mumbles. I can't even remember what it was, I just know the whole time I was speaking I just was thinking about how I needed to stop talking.

Michelle was grinning at me, a look of triumph on her face. "You like it that I'm stronger than you don't you?" she asked.

I didn't know what to say, and as it turned out, I didn't have to say anything. Michelle looped her arm around my waist and pulled me toward her roughly. Despite the fact that I had just lost to her in arm wrestling, I was amazed with the force she was able to pull me. I felt my back crack slightly.

Soon she was kissing me, and her tongue was invading my mouth, darting around as she kissed me passionately. In that moment it was obvious that her domination of me had excited her just as much as it had excited me, and she wanted more. Her arms were around me, holding me, and I felt helpless in her grip.

Just as quickly she let go of her grip on me. "I think you better come in here before somebody sees us," she said, and then she reached down and felt my excited groin for a second before letting go. "Liz was sharing this room with me, but she is hooking up with Darnell tonight. We can have it all to ourselves."

She opened the door and then grabbed my collar and yanked me into the room. I couldn't believe this was happening. I was with this girl, who was like nothing I could have imagined, and she was taking control. When I had first thought about coming to this cabin I had been fantasizing about Rorie, but this was beyond my wildest dreams.

With the door closed, I began to move my hands over Michelle's body as we made out. I was astounded by the hardness and the strength I could feel under her clothing. Every part of her was rock hard, except for her breasts, which I could feel pressed against me, and soon had my hands on. They were very soft and warm, not to mention surprisingly big. I guessed them to be at least a D cup.

Suddenly, Michelle grabbed my ass with both hands. After giving me a tight squeeze, she lifted me up into the air with seemingly no effort. Almost instinctively, I wrapped my legs around her waist, and then she was holding me off the ground. My head was slightly higher than hers now, but there was no doubt who was in charge, as we kept kissing with her holding me in the air.

I reached my hands out and gripped her biceps. With her holding me, they were bulging and huge. As I ran my hands along them, they felt as hard as steel.

"You like my arms?" Michelle asked.

"They're amazing," I said.

"Seventeen inches last time I measured," she replied.

All I could say was, “wow.”

“Wait until you see the rest of me,” Michelle teased.

She walked me over to the bed and dumped me on it. I tried to get up but she pushed me down, just rough enough to make her superiority in strength obvious. She held a finger up to let me know that I needed to stay, and then she started to strip, revealing more of her spectacular body.

First, she took her shirt off, and I could finally see those arms uncovered again. She was wearing a grey bra that she soon removed. Her breasts were indeed impressive as I had thought, but it was her muscles that drove me wild. Her shoulders were wide and powerful looking, her abs like a cobblestone street. She flexed her arms into a double bicep pose.

“Don’t be afraid,” she teased me. “I won’t hurt you with all this muscle.”

Then Michelle turned around to show me her back. The muscles danced under her skin while she flexed them for me. She began to slowly peel her pants down and reveal her amazing ass. As I watched her bend over to get her pants off I could feel how rock hard I was looking at those huge round glutes in front of me. I wanted desperately to get my hands on them.

I could also see her massive thighs and calves flexing in front of me. If her upper body strength was intimidating, her lower body looked powerful enough to rip me in half.

She turned back to me with a smile and my arousal was suddenly mixed with a slight twinge of fear. As much as her strength had turned me on, I realized for the first time that she could literally do whatever she wanted to me. I could not resist her or fight back, and Michelle obviously enjoyed the power she had over me. What would she want to do?

I got my answer almost at once as Michelle began to move toward me. “We’re going to have some fun,” she said with a laugh. “I’m going to give you a night that you will remember for as long as you live.”

Then she was on top of me, and I was between those two huge thighs that I had just been admiring as she straddled me. Michelle squeezed me lightly with her legs, and it still took my breath away. I looked up at her, knowing that I was completely at her mercy.

“I’m going to have my way with you,” she said, leaning down to kiss me, and then she was ripping off my clothes.

I couldn’t move without Michelle letting me, her arms holding me down and her legs pinning me against the bed. This was exactly what was turning her on. She had me naked, and then she inserted my penis inside her, but she never left the top. She was the one in control, and she was the one who decided how this was going to go. It excited me more than I could have imagined.

“Don’t come until I tell you to,” Michelle whispered, and I was afraid of what might happen if I disobeyed.

My hands wandered over her incredible body while she fucked me. I could feel each flex and bulge of her muscles as she moved, and her big breasts were against my chest, or in my face most of the time. She ordered me what to do most of the experience, and I complied instantly. Sometimes she would squeeze me, or push me down hard, just to see how much I could take. She wasn't gentle, and it seemed she wanted to test how much she could hurt me without doing any real harm.

I don't know how I kept from exploding for so long, but somehow I was able to hold out until after Michelle had come. She sat up and let out a scream while she reached her climax, and she flexed her huge arms while it was happening, the rest of her upper body bulging hugely at the same time.

When she was done, she looked at me breathing heavily and said, "Come for me."

I came instantly. Just hearing her husky voice say those words did me in, but I had had also been holding off and was sitting right on the edge. Michelle just watched me coming, and feeling my penis pulse inside her with a look of satisfaction on her face. She seemed fascinated by my reactions to her and when we were done, she got off me and then pulled me close to her to cuddle.

I felt safe in her strong arms, and I put my head on her huge shoulder. She ran her fingers through my hair. "I've never seen a guy get so excited over my muscles before," she said.

I was astounded by this statement, but I said nothing. I thought being taken by a girl who was stronger than me was the hottest thing ever, though I never would have realized I had such a fantasy before that.

I fell asleep in her arms, my fingers running over her big strong muscles. When the morning came, she was gone. I looked around the room, and then at the clock and realized that it was already ten when we were supposed to be out of the cabin by twelve. I got up and quickly started packing everything up.

When I took a shower, I noticed that I had bruises on my body from Michelle's rough love of me the night before. I caressed them lovely, the slight pain I felt like a kiss upon my skin each time. Once I was done, I went looking for her.

Everybody was hustling to get ready to leave, so finding Michelle took a while. She had her bag slung over her shoulder and was ready to walk out the door.

"Hey, Michelle," was all I could get out of my mouth.

"Hi," she said, and then she looked awkward, trying to think of what she wanted to say. "Look, Justin, last night was fun. Let's not make a big thing of it."

"Yeah," I said. "I get it." I tried not to let on how much this crushed me. Michelle leaned over and kissed me on the cheek, and then she was out the door.

I tried to forget about what had happened, but the truth was it was the most amazing sex of my life. Granted, I hadn't had much experience with sex at that point, just a few steady girlfriends and a handful of hookups, but this had blown everything else away.

Over the next two years, I would ask my sister about Michelle, and she would give me some information about how she was doing. I didn't pry too hard. I didn't want her to catch on why I was asking, and it seemed as if Michelle had not told her what had happened between us.

"She's really gotten hardcore into working out," my sister told me at one point, and I wondered what that could mean considering how buff Michelle had already been.

It had been over two years since my sister's twenty-first birthday, and Michelle was twenty when I would hear from her again. My sister texted me first. "Michelle was asking about you and I gave her your number. I hope you don't mind."

Of course I didn't mind. I would hear from Michelle the next day. "Hey, stranger it's Michelle Valente. I heard you got a job with Mead."

"Yeah," I wrote back. "I've been working with them since I graduated."

"Would you like to get a drink sometime?" she wrote back. You can guess what my answer might have been.

We made plans to meet up in a nice bar down the street from my apartment later in the week. I had never been more nervous about a date in my life, but I wasn't even sure if it was really a date. I was just hoping it was. Why else would Michelle text after all this time?

When I arrived, Michelle was already at the bar. It was winter, and she was wearing a bulky coat that obscured her body. Her face was as cute as ever, but even though I couldn't really see anything, she looked huge. I wondered how much of it was padding.

"Hey Justin," Michelle said, and she stood up and hugged me. It wasn't a hard squeeze, but when she swept me into her arms I was amazed by the power in that hug, and though she obviously wasn't trying that hard, it was almost painful.

We sat at the bar and caught up, each ordering a drink, but Michelle never took the coat off the whole time. I wondered if she was hot, but I was also afraid to say anything. We sat there for about an hour, and then Michelle said, "How about we go back to your place."

We walked out to my car, Michelle getting into the passenger seat. "Look Nate, I want to apologize," Michelle said once we had settled in.

"For what?" I asked.

"Laurie has told me you've been asking about me. She told me you would ask all the time. I know I should have communicated better before what happened between us."

"You don't have to worry," I said.

"I was just horny then and I wanted sex, and I just assumed that you were the

same because you were a guy.”

“Well, I did enjoy it. I enjoyed it immensely.”

“I bet you did,” Michelle said with a cocky look in her eye. “That isn’t the point. We should have been on the same page before anything happened.”

There was an awkward silence between us, and then I said, “What about tonight?”

Michelle smiled at me shyly. “I don’t think anybody really appreciated me, my size and my strength, the way you did that night,” she said. “I think about it a lot. Even a lot of guys who like it are intimidated by a strong girl.”

“I’m not,” I said.

“I know you aren’t,” Michelle said with a nod. “I was wondering how things might go between us now. I’m a lot bigger than I used to be.”

Those words made my heart leap in my chest and got a reaction in a body part much further south. “I’d like to see that,” I said.

“Well, get driving,” Michelle answered.

I drove as fast as I could to my apartment.

I was on the fourth floor, so I let Michelle walk ahead of me on the stairs. Her coat was not only bulky, but long, so I hadn't gotten a good look at any of her, but while she walked up the stairs I got to see her legs. She was wearing stretchy black leggings, and they looked as thick as tree trunks. She had gigantic thighs that looked bigger than my waist, and her calves looked bigger than grapefruits. By the time we got to my apartment I was fully hard.

While I was unlocking the door, Michelle reached around me and grabbed my cock through my pants. "Hmmm, I remembered you had a big one," she said in my ear. "It looks bigger because so much of the rest of you is so small. Are you excited for me?"

She put her left arm around my waist and pulled me to her huge body while at the same time continuing to fondle my cock with her right hand. "Yes," I said, and she slowly started to kiss my neck. "I bet you've been waiting for this for a long time."

She didn't give me time to answer. She pushed me through the door and into my living room. Once she was inside, she let go of me and walked slowly toward the center of the living room. I flipped on the light switch to illuminate her.

"I've dated a few guys over the past two years, and I've found them pretty disappointing," Michelle said. She twirled around to face me. "None of them got as excited by how big and strong as you. One of them was a pretty big guy himself, and he got upset that I was stronger than he was, and we started fighting."

Michelle paused for a moment here and smiled at me as she slowly started to unzip her coat. “Things got worse because I just kept getting bigger.”

Michelle took her coat off and then threw it on the sofa. For the first time I could see her incredible upper body, and I almost passed out. She had gotten absolutely massive. She was not only bigger than any woman I had ever seen, but bigger than any man.

She wore a stretchy grey top that didn't show any skin, but struggled to contain her impressive mass. Her shoulders were incredibly wide, but they tapered down to a still tiny and feminine waist. Her breasts seemed even bigger than they had been previously, despite her increase in mass, but it looked as if her arms had made the biggest gains.

Michelle noticed me looking at her arms. She immediately flexed them for me in a mighty double bicep pose, and they looked as if they were going to burst out of her sleeve. “They're over twenty-five inches now,” she said with a laugh. “Just think what I could do to you with these.”

I was definitely thinking about it, and the reaction was obvious in my pants. Michelle looked down at my bulge there, and licked her lips. “Take off your clothes,” she said.

I stripped for her, as she watched me intently. It didn't take long before I was completely naked, standing before her so she could inspect me. “I like how small you are,” Michelle said. “You're the thinnest guy I've been with. Your boyish and pretty. There is something about that I find exciting.”

Michelle walked toward me, and as she got closer her size was actually frightening. I had been close to her before, but with the coat off I could see her body clearly. I reflexively took a step back from her.

“There is no need to be scared, little guy,” Michelle said. She reached out with her right hand and began to stroke my shaft and then fondle my balls, before she cupped my ass with her left hand and picked me up effortlessly.

Again, she was holding me, but she had gotten so much bigger than last time. My hands moved over those gigantic muscles, and she pulled me in for a kiss. My cock was stiff against her stomach, while my legs were wrapped around her. Her big soft breasts were pressed against me as we kissed, and my hands wandered over the fortress that was her bulging back muscles.

This went on for quite a while. Neither one of us was in a hurry it seemed. When Michelle finally broke the kiss, she kept holding me off the ground and then put her face against my cheek. “I want to be honest with you, Justin,” she said. “I’m going to tell you straight and I hope you can be straight with me.”

“Of course, I can,” I answered.

“I’m looking for a husband,” Michelle started. “When you and I first hooked up, I had no idea what kind of man I wanted. Since then, I’ve realized that I like a man who is small and cute, and who goes crazy for my muscles.”

Michelle ran her hands over my back and then stopped to squeeze my butt. “I guess, I fit the bill,” I said.

“You do,” Michelle said. “This is a proposal. Forgive me if I don’t get down on one knee.”

I laughed, but I quickly stopped once I realized her tone was completely serious.

“Our relationship won’t be equal. You have a good job, and I expect to be taken care of. I’m also much stronger than you are.” She squeezed me slightly and it took my breath away. “I expect obedience from my husband. I also plan to get bigger and stronger. You should know every day that it is a privilege to serve this body.”

“My God,” I gasped. My cock was pulsing against her. I thought I might explode all over her right there.

“I take it you accept,” Michelle said with a smile.

“Yes,” I said and kissed her cheek. I continued to pepper her face in kisses. “Yes, yes, yes,” I said.

Michelle put her strong hand on the back of my head and pulled me to her, kissing me passionately. She crushed my body against her, strong enough to emphasize my fragility, but just barely enough not to hurt me. “Take my top off,” she whispered once the kiss was over.

I hurriedly pulled the top over her head. She was braless underneath, not needing

a bra to hold up her firm tits even at their large size. They were as perky as any breasts I had seen, but more than a handful. I wasn't as interested in them though as I was in getting my hands on her bulging biceps. She held me up with her left arm, while flexing her right arm for me.

I caressed and kissed her biceps while she watched me. "You love my muscles, don't you?" Michelle asked.

"I adore them," I said. "I just can't get enough." When I looked back at her I could see the blazing arousal in her eyes.

"Let's go to the bedroom," she said.

When she walked into my bedroom, she easily tossed me onto the bed, and started peeling down her leggings. I had been admiring those huge bulging thighs ever since she had been walking up the stairs, but uncovered they looked even bigger than before. Her calves stood out and bulged out the size of softballs. She flexed her legs for me as I watched.

"You liked it before when I had my way with you," Michelle purred. "Now, I'm so much stronger. I'm never going to let you forget it."

She slid her lacy panties down those huge bulging thighs and to the floor. Once she stood back up, she crawled to the bed and got on. My queen size bed groaned a little from her huge weight, and I wondered just how heavy she was. Soon, that heavy powerful body was in top of me, and I couldn't get up even if I tried.

Michelle took me again, this time in ways that were beyond my wildest imagining. She was so strong that she could lift me up with minimal effort, and this allowed us to explore some positions that would have been impossible for most other couples. The third time we fucked, the bed collapsed, because Michelle was riding me, her hands gripping the headboard, and she moved the whole bed with each of her powerful thrusts.

When she came, every huge muscle on her body bulged, and it was as if she was growing bigger right in front of me. It was hot as hell, but also a little scary. The fear just made everything better.

With my bed temporarily destroyed we decided to sleep on the foldout in the living room. “We can start looking for a new bed tomorrow,” she said.

As I settled in next to her, her powerful arms wrapping around me and making me feel safe, I realized that this wasn’t just a fantasy. My muscle goddess wanted me to spend the rest of my life with her, and in the best way possible, as her willing slave.

Most importantly, she wanted to get bigger. As I lay there with her, I thought about the current imbalance in power. Michelle was several times stronger than me already and relished that strength. How much stronger did she want to be? How much bigger could she get? The thoughts obsessed me, as I drifted off into my wildest dreams.