



MUSCLE LOVE

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It was Saturday morning, and my girlfriend, Evangeline, leaned over and put her arm around me. She took my right hand and held it in her much bigger one, while she pulled me against her huge body. I could feel the warmth of her skin, the hardness of her muscles, as well as the feeling of my smaller more fragile body being enveloped by her bigger more powerful one.

“How’d you sleep, baby?” she asked as she gently kissed my neck. Her left hand was on my side and was slowly making its way down.

“Wonderful,” I said. “How did you sleep?”

Evangeline’s hand was now on my cock, which had been semi-hard since I had woken up and was getting harder from the moment that she had touched me. When her hand gripped me, my cock surged forward, quickly reaching its full length and hardness. Her fingers moved along my shaft gently, as she continued to kiss my neck.

“I slept well,” Evangeline whispered. “I woke up horny though.”

Within seconds, she had moved me onto my back, and was on top of me. She took my arms and pinned them over my head as she loomed over me. I looked up at the incredible physique before me, clad in only a tiny white undershirt that stopped above her midriff, and a red pair of panties. Her abs were hard and defined, a perfect eight pack, while her arms and legs were massive, bulging with muscle.

I thanked God every day that I belonged to this woman, six-foot-six, and three hundred and thirty pounds. I never thought such a goddess could exist, let alone that she would let me worship her. Now she was going to take me again like she had so many times before. I couldn't wait to feel helpless against her power yet again.

She kept my hands pinned with one hand, and then reached her left hand down to the t-shirt I had been sleeping in. She ripped it off as if it was tissue paper, stripping me down to just my boxer shorts. She started kissing my chest, and then my nipples, though she knew that I felt weird about her doing that. She didn't care about what I wanted. Why would she need to when I couldn't stop her anyway?

Her hand was soon down the back of my shorts, and she squeezed my ass hard, almost painfully. "What if I stuck my fingers inside you?" she whispered to me.

I squirmed at the thought of it, as her fingers moved closer to my ass crack. I knew better than to tell her no. It was not something that I was ever allowed to do, and it would surely result in punishment. I didn't know if she was serious, or if she was just testing me. It was not something that she did before. Yet, soon her finger was tickling my anus.

The sensation was not what I expected, a tingle that went through my whole body and up the shaft of my dick. I thought I was going to come right there, but it only lasted a few seconds, and then Evangeline withdrew. She was just testing me, but I knew that she would go further and further, trying to strip my boundaries away from me.

Suddenly, she squeezed me between her thighs. I winced in pain. I loved that feeling, the breath going out of me, but I also knew that she could easily crush

the life out of me with hardly even meaning to. The thought of that drove me as wild as anything else. Part of me wanted her to go too far, no matter what the consequences.

She eased up on the pressure, and I realized that Evangeline had only been squeezing me for a few seconds. “Tell me what you want right now,” she said.

“I want to be touching your thighs. I want to feel their power.”

Evangeline leaned down and kissed me, pushing her tongue into my mouth and moving it as far down my throat as she could. She wanted me to know that I was helpless still before she let me go. When the kiss ended, she let go of my hands, but I knew better than to move them before I had her permission.

“You may touch them,” she said as she sat up.

I moved forward and put both my hands on just one of her thighs. I couldn’t get them both to encircle it, even though she wasn’t flexing. It was easily thicker than my waist. I squeezed it, and it felt as hard as steel. Within seconds I leaned forward and kissed it.

Evangeline grabbed me and pinned me down on the bed again within seconds. “Did I say that you could kiss them?” she asked. I didn’t answer right away. The strength with which she had moved me back had knocked the wind out me, but she twisted my arms slightly. “Answer me!” she demanded.

“Please,” I cried involuntarily. It felt like she was ripping both my arms off. “I’m sorry. I never should have done it.”

She let me go at once, but my arms still ached from the force with which she had held me.

“I’m going to fuck you now,” Evangeline said, “But only because I’m horny.”

She ripped my boxers off. I was of course still hard for her. The pain did nothing to cause my erection to shrink, if anything, it enhanced it.

Evangeline put one of her big hands on my face and pushed me down, making me look to the side so I couldn’t even look at her. This was my punishment for my disobedience.

Then within seconds, she had put my cock inside her hot dripping pussy. She was in control of me, riding on top as she ground my helpless little body into the mattress. I was turned on like crazy, but I knew that I couldn’t come until I had her permission. To fail to obey would lead to more punishment.

I met Evangeline on a blind date. A set up from an ex-girlfriend of all people. I had been dating a woman named Nancy, a statuesque athlete who I had proven to be incompatible with, but we really tried.

“Have you always been submissive?” Nancy had asked me early in our

relationship.

“What? Submissive?” I asked, feigning ignorance. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Nancy pressed some more, but I kept denying it. I didn’t try and act submissive toward Nancy, but she would bring it out of me. She was a pretty, dark-haired woman who stood a statuesque five-foot-eleven and had an athletic build. She didn’t mind that I was shorter than her by two inches, and skinnier, but she lacked the inclination to fulfill my fantasies.

Nancy liked me, but she just didn’t have a dominant personality, and I wasn’t going to be able to be the kind of guy she wanted either. So, after six months we called it quits. I was surprised when a year later I would get an email from her.

“Hey, this may seem weird. Are you still single? I think I met somebody who might be perfect for you.”

I was indeed single, and dating was frustrating enough that I was perfectly willing to take a set up from an ex. So, Nancy gave me Evangeline’s number and I gave her a call.

I didn’t know what I was getting into at the time. I know now exactly what Nancy had told Evangeline, but our conversation was a fairly normal one, and Evangeline and I mostly just asked the kinds of questions you ask a person when you’re trying to get to know them. We agreed to meet at a bar halfway between our neighborhoods that Friday.

I had never been to the bar before, but I had driven past it quite a few times. When I got there, it looked like a dive. I texted Evangeline from the parking lot and she told me she was already there, sitting back in the far-left corner.

I zeroed in on her immediately, the hot blond in the white dress sitting looking at her phone. I was surprised at how pretty she was. Like I had said, Nancy was a looker, but I assumed somebody she was hooking me up with would be less stunning. Evangeline had a gorgeous face, and luminous blond hair. It was only as I started to get closer that I noticed her arms.

I thought it had to be some kind of trick of the light or shadow, it was a dark bar. Yet, as I stared at Evangeline's right arm, the one closest to me and holding the phone, there was no denying that I was seeing what I thought I was seeing. Her arm was huge, definitely bigger than any woman I'd seen...or any man.

I was just staring at her for I don't know how long, frozen in place. If she had looked up at me, it would be hard to explain myself. I was instantly hard in my pants just from looking at that gigantic right bicep. I wanted to fall to my knees and worship it right there. My cock was snaking down my pants leg. Luckily, I was wearing a long shirt, and I just untucked it from my pants and covered up my bulge.

I finally realized that I had to get moving, or at least run and terror and text Evangeline that I was suffering from a sudden illness. I knew I could never do the latter. I could not pass up the chance to meet the amazing woman who was standing in front of me.

I walked over to her nervously, and she looked up at me and smiled. God, she

was even more beautiful close up. “Hi, you must be Evangeline,” I said.

Then she stood up.

I was shocked to watch her rise and quickly realize that my eye level was at her chin. I had to look up and take a step back to meet her eyes. She was grinning down at me.

“It’s great to meet you, Tom,” she said. She put her arms out and before I could even react, she had pulled me into her embrace. “I like to hug hello,” she said.

Then she had me pulled against her and my hard cock was pressing against her even harder thigh. I knew she had to feel it, and it was confirmed as she rubbed me against her sensuously.

“I’m sorry,” I said embarrassed.

Evangeline chuckled to herself, and she squeezed my body. It was the first time she literally took my breath away with her strength. I could hear my back and arms pop, and it even hurt a little. I had never felt such exquisite pain in my life.

“It’s okay, little guy,” Evangeline said. “It must be hard to keep control when you see a big body like mine. I haven’t had you properly trained yet.”

My cock pulsed at the sexy words she was saying to me. “Oh my God,” I whispered.

“Your goddess,” Evangeline answered, and then she let me go. “Why don’t you have a seat?” she asked.

I sat down across from her, taking the opportunity to appreciate her huge muscular legs as she sat down. Her dress was short and showed them off well.

We had some drinks and the whole time Evangeline kept touching my relatively tiny hands with her great big ones. I longed for the feel of other parts of her, but we went back to normal date banter, as if that incredible hug had never happened.

When it was over, she walked me outside, and before I could say anything my feet left the ground. Evangeline had picked me up by my armpits and then she was kissing me. Her big tongue pushed its way into my mouth. She never was inclined to be unnecessarily gentle. When the kiss was done, she told me, “You’re a good kisser, Tim. We’ll see each other again.” This was, of course, not in question.

After Evangeline had fucked me, I lay on the bed trying to catch my breath. I’m sore, like I always am after she has taken me, and grateful that I’m not feeling worse. Evangeline has gone to shower, and I closed my eyes and thought about the feeling of her body.

When she was on top of me, her incredible weight had pinned me down so that I couldn’t possibly have gotten up. Never mind how strong she is, the size and

hardness is enough to make me into her willing slave. The strength is what scares me, because when I'm in this state she can do whatever she wants to me. I just have to make sure she is pleased.

I hear the shower turn off and my heart starts beating faster as I think about her standing naked, toweling her massive muscles dry. She's let me do it before, and I remember the excitement of running a towel over her bulging muscles. She would hold her arms up over her head as I brought the towel up as high as I could reach. She would tease me by flexing her arms and watch my excitement as I watched those biceps dance.

Then I would bring the towel down to go over her back and shoulders. I found these some of the sexiest parts of her body. Her shoulders looked as if they were twice as wide as mine, and as if she could carry the weight of ten of me. Her back was even sexier, with its incredible width and massive bulges tapering down to a relatively tiny waist. Her back was so wide that I could curl up on it and go to sleep, while still having space left over.

When I would move to the front of her, I would be dazzled by her beautiful breasts, sitting on the gigantic slabs of muscles that were her pecs. Her nipples were usually hard, both from the coldness of the bathroom, and her arousal from watching me serve her. She loved the way she could make me feel so small and helpless so easily.

I would move down to her phenomenal stomach. I had never seen definition like this, yet the abdominal muscles were so enormous. They looked as if they were the size of billiard balls. Her waist was thin compared to the rest of her body, and she had a very feminine hourglass figure, yet even looking here there was no question of the power that she exuded.

From here I would wrap the towel around her hips and reach around to towel off her massive glutes. I loved the feel of her huge round ass, with its amazing hardness. Often, Evangeline would flex her glutes for me so she could watch my excitement. She would do the same during the periods when she would let me massage her, she laying naked and me climbing over her big body while I administered to her muscles.

I would drop to my knees to towel off her legs. Her thighs up close felt as big as a whole other person, yet a person who loomed over me and made me feel small and weak. Her calves were the size cantaloupes, and they danced and bulged under her skin with the slightest movement. Feeling my hands on them made me feel miniscule next to this woman, who it seemed had more power in them than I did in my whole leg.

As I was enraptured with the memories of toweling Evangeline off, she emerged from the bathroom. She was completely naked, because there was no towel that was big enough to cover her whole body. She walked to the dresser and started to pick out her clothing.

This was another thing that I loved to watch. She put on a pair of underwear first, a small pair of white cotton panties. I should say, they were small in comparison with her. If she had dressed me in them, they might have seemed quite voluminous on my skinny body. When she pulled them on, I watched with excitement as they were stretched out as they came to her humongous thighs, and then fit on her muscular ass quite snugly.

Next Evangeline pulled out a t-shirt. I sometimes wore one of her shirts as a nightshirt. She loved the way I looked in one of her shirts, being made to look like a child with it hanging down all the way to my knees and my body practically swimming in it. It always made her hot seeing how small I was compared to her, just like it got me hot seeing how big she was compared to me.

Evangeline pulled the shirt down, and it was immediately stretched out by her massive shoulders. It fit over her muscular torso like a second skin. This shirt that made a nightdress to me was struggling to fit her, and once she got it on it stopped high enough to reveal a bit of her midriff and her belly button, which I could see clearly when she turned around.

Evangeline turned to see me watching her and smiled. “You enjoying the show, little guy?” She didn’t wait for me to answer before she beckoned to me. “I want you to come here,” she said.

I got up off the bed and walked over to her. Once I was in front of her she put her hands on my shoulders and forced me to my knees. “We’re going to do a little workout today,” she told me. “But before we do, I want you to tell me who owns you.”

“You own me,” I said breathlessly.

“Why?” she asked.

“Because you are so big, and strong and powerful. You rule the everything you see.”

“And especially you.”

“And especially me.”

“Very good,” Evangeline said, and she pulled me to my feet before she leaned down to gently kiss me on the lips.

After our first date, it was important to Evangeline that she train me. She invited me to her house, and I came with both fear and anticipation. This was technically our “second date,” so I had no idea what to expect.

I drove to her house and rang the doorbell. I could hear her move toward the door, and I saw the silhouette of a huge body. Then she opened the front door, and it was as if my heart stopped beating in my chest.

Evangeline was standing in front of me, wearing only a tight pair of lycra shorts and a sports bra. While her dress had shown off her body on our date, I realized that I hadn’t gotten a real sense of how huge she was. With less clothing, I could get a greater sense of her real size and I started to tremble.

“Oh little darling,” Evangeline said, “I hope my big muscles don’t scare you.”

She took that moment to make a double bicep pose, causing her already unbelievable arms to rise up like mountains. I couldn’t believe what I was seeing. I had looked at female bodybuilders online, but none of them I had seen had ever had close to arms like Evangeline’s. Her arms dwarfed all the male bodybuilders I had seen as well.

“I’m not afraid,” I told her. “I’m just so excited.”

She smiled at me and nodded toward her left arm. “Why don’t you feel it?” she asked.

I reached up touched her bicep. The hardness was beyond belief. I had remembered what it had felt like to be held against her on my date, but this was still beyond unreal. How could anybody’s body feel like this? I was hard in my pants within seconds, and then my cock was very visibly pressed against my pants.

“Well, that’s very nice,” Evangeline said, as she looked down and took notice.

I blushed. “Sorry,” I said.

“You don’t need to be sorry, as long as you don’t come,” Evangeline said. “That is the most important rule of your training. No coming until I say so.”

I put my other hand on her bicep, just because I wanted to see how inadequate both hands were at trying to encircle it. I couldn’t believe how tiny my hands looked on her giant arm.

“Do you understand?” she asked, snapping me out of my trance.

“Yes, my goddess,” I said looking at her. She smiled, looking pleased.

“Okay, let’s go into the house and let the training begin.”

Once I was in the living room, she made a new command to me. “Strip,” she said.

There was a slight hesitation on my part. I wasn’t sure what this towering goddess would make of my slim body. I thought that she certainly would think it was inadequate, because I had been trained that women wanted men who were bigger and stronger than they were. Yet, I had already seen this wasn’t the case with Evangeline. She liked me specifically because I was tiny and weak, even though any man would be in comparison to her.

So, I took my clothing off quickly and obediently, and within a few seconds I was standing naked in front of Evangeline in her living room. She watched as I peeled off my clothing, and I couldn’t help but notice her seeming approval. When I was completely nude, she walked over to me, and my cock got harder from the presence of her huge body so close. I thought I was going to explode.

“Very nice,” Evangeline said, and then she ran her huge hands over me, first touching my shoulders, and then moving down my chest. I gasped and shivered in that moment. “Do you think you’re about to burst?” she asked.

I nodded my head. “It feels so good to have you touching me, and to stand next to you, seeing how big you are.”

She took her hands off me, and I sighed in relief, though she was still so close to me, and my rock-hard cock was pointing straight at her.

“I bet if I reached down and touched that cock of yours you would explode all over me,” she said. “Isn’t that right?”

“Yes, goddess,” I told her.

“Well, we don’t want that to happen,” she told me. “That would ruin all the fun way too early.” She took one long look at me and then she said, “You’re going to spend the whole day learning exactly what it is that pleases me,” she said.

“Yes goddess,” I answered, and so we began.

For the rest of the day, Evangeline showed me around her house, and she taught me how I was to be her perfect house slave. She showed me where everything went, how it was to be cleaned. “When you are here, at our home,” she said. “I expect you to be naked just as you are now or wearing only clothing that I have said that you can wear. When you are doing certain chores, it will be better for you to wear clothing, and sometimes it might be too cold, but I want you naked as much as possible.”

“You like my body?” I asked. It was a desperate moment, when I wanted to hear her approval, and I new I had made a mistake the moment it escaped my mouth, but Evangeline took pity on me. There was a moment when I could see in her eyes that she was considering punishing my minor transgression, but ultimately, she decided against it.

“I love your little body,” she said, and then she pulled me close to her. I had been hard constantly since I had walked into her house and having her hold me against her again was the closest I had come to exploding. She was running her huge hands down my back in that moment. “I love the way we fit together,” Evangeline said.

It took everything I had to stop from exploding, but somehow I held on until she let me go.

When Evangeline worked out, sometimes she used me as a prop. It was a sexy experience for both of us. I would sit on the barbell while she would bench press the six hundred pounds of weight there, plus my addition one hundred and fifty pounds. When she would do her arm curls, I would sit on the bar and she would lift me to her, sometimes kissing me as she easily lifted my body with her powerful arms.

My favorite was when she would do pullups with my legs wrapped around her, and me clinging to her massive body. Today, she thought of a new way to play the game. “Why don’t we try it naked?” she said.

I knew what she meant, and even though we had just had sex and I had come like a faucet, I felt my cock getting hard again at just the thought of it. Evangeline stripped off her sweaty clothing. I was already naked. Then she went to the bar and lifted me up so that I could latch onto her.

She inserted my cock inside her before she reached up and started to lift us both up and down. This wasn’t the most incredible feat of strength I had seen her

perform, not by a long shot, but there was something uniquely sexy and intimate about it, her huge body pumping us both up and down, while I gripped her powerful arms, feeling them bulge with each movement.

The reason that she had really wanted to do this, I knew, was that she thought it would be a good test of me. I had gotten very good at keeping from coming without permission, and she had gotten very good at devising new and more creative ways to test me.

This seemed like a rather simple one, but as she pumped us up more and more, counting off, I could feel the excitement building within me. “Fifty,” she said, and then she leaned down to kiss me before she started pumping up.

I thought about asking her to stop. If I had just asked her to stop then, begged her because I couldn’t take it, there might have been some kind of punishment, but it would be less severe than if I were to come. The truth was though, I wanted to be punished. It had been so long, and Evangeline wouldn’t punish me if she thought I was misbehaving on purpose. Yet, I knew she craved the chance to punish me too.

“Seventy,” I heard Evangeline say, and I thought I was going to explode. Was she going to stop at one hundred? Most days she did, but I had a feeling that today she wouldn’t. “Eighty,” she reached soon enough.

My cock felt as if it was going to shoot off from the rest of my body. With each pull up she did it got worse and worse. When she reached ninety, I thought it was going to be the next, but somehow I carried on. I told myself that I could make it to one hundred, and I tried with all my might. Each new pullup felt like the end and somehow it wasn’t.

Then it happened. “One hundred,” Evangeline said, and I knew it was happening as she continued on without stopping. There was no point, because she was obviously going to keep going on until I came regardless.

I tried to muffle my cry, but the intensity of the orgasm overcame my whole body. Soon, I was clutching her tightly, as I felt what seemed like all the fluid of my body pump over and over into her hot pussy. Evangeline didn’t even stop pumping, but continued, and she kept counting off, making my climax more intense and to go on even longer.

When I had finally come all I could, and clung to her body shivering, Evangeline finally stopped, dropping down with me still inside her. She ran her big hand through my hair. “I feel bad for you, darling,” she said. “I knew you wouldn’t be able to take it. I’ll make your punishment something nice and quick.”

Within seconds, she had thrown me to the ground and pinned me to the floor. She lorded over me, pressing me down with just one hand. “Try and get up,” she ordered.

That would have been my natural reaction. She was holding me down in a way that I found to be painful, pressing my back against the floor, and taking the breath out of my lungs. I thought, not for the first time, that she might kill me without meaning to.

I struggled against her, but it was obvious that even with one hand she was more than a match for me. How long did this last, maybe a couple minutes, but I had never been so terrified. When she let me go, I was shaking and I started to quietly sob, as my goddess took me into her arms.

“I’m sorry, baby,” she said. “You know if I don’t punish you then you are never going to learn.”

She babied me for most of the rest of the day, which to her meant that she let me serve her without putting any challenges or obstacles in my way. That night, she drew a warm bath for the both of us, and I sat with her, feeling like the luckiest man in the world.

The tub was meant to contain too people, but with Evangeline in it, she filled the whole thing. I had to sit between her legs, her huge muscles surrounding me in order to fit us both. She put her arms around my body, and I lay back on her massive muscles, while her chin rested on top of my head.

“I’ll always take care of you, baby,” she told me. “You know I love you.”

Those words sent chills down my spine. “I love you too,” I told her.

With her body around me, I felt safer than I ever had been before, while another thought filled me with excitement, how easily Evangeline could crush me. My strength was nothing compared to hers. I had seen evidence of it just today. Yet, I craved to see another demonstration of her power. I thought about asking her to squeeze, me just a tiny bit, despite the fact I knew the danger. Maybe she would crush me, but as I thought it, what a way to go.