



MUSCLE LUST

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Becky loved muscles, but not the way most of the girls did. She loved muscles on herself and wanted them to be as big as possible. Being only five-foot-two, and small framed, that was difficult. Still, she worked out constantly, and she started dating Chad, a short guy at only five-foot-six, and not particularly athletic.

Chad liked that his girlfriend had muscles, even her relatively small ones, and he liked her strength and athleticism. He also didn't mind that Becky liked to dominate him, but since Becky was still just a girl the domination was mostly for show. Skinny Chad was still a guy, and he could match Becky in upper body strength, even though she certainly had more power in her legs.

They attended a state university in Texas, where there were a lot of jocks and sometimes Chad would have some trouble. "Out of the way wimp," one football player said to him, pushing him aside in the school gym area.

Chad had only been there to see Becky to begin with, and she got off her shoulder press to come over and talk to the guy. "You should show some manners," she said.

The football player, who was six feet tall, looked down at her and laughed. "What's it to you girly. Is that your boyfriend of something?"

"As a matter-of-fact, he is," Becky answered.

The football player laughed even louder, and looked Becky up and down in her sports bra and tight Lycra pants. "A hot number like you could do much better

than that little guy,” the football player said. “How about you give me your number?”

“How about you go fuck yourself?” Becky said. She turned and grabbed Chad’s arm and led him away.

“Don’t let guys like that bother you, Becky,” Chad said as they started to walk back to the dorms. “I’ve been dealing with guys like that my whole life.”

“That’s the point,” Becky said. “I want to be able to protect you.” She flexed her hard, well-defined bicep. “I sometimes wish girls could be bigger than guys. It’s something I think about all the time. I workout way harder than any of those idiots, and if I was a guy, I’d be the most muscular person on campus.”

“You look amazing,” Chad said. He was staring at Becky’s bicep, and she could tell that he was aroused.

“Thanks, babe,” Becky said, and she gave him a kiss on the cheek.

When they got back to Chad’s dorm room Becky took the lead and pushed Chad onto the bed. She kissed him on the neck and started to undo his pants. “Are you ready to be my muscle slave?” she asked. It was their favorite game to play.

Chad ran his hand over Becky’s toned muscular arm. “You’re so strong,” he said. “I feel weak in your arms.”

Becky giggled, and then she grabbed a handful of hair on the back of Chad's head, before forcing him to lie down flat. She pulled his pants down the rest of the way, revealing his boxer shorts and large erection, before she lifted her sports bra off and revealed her breasts. They were a C cup and looked big on her toned muscular body. Chad reached up to touch them, but she grabbed his wrists.

"Did I give you permission?" she asked. He said nothing at first and so she squeezed him. "I asked you a question!"

"No, ma'am."

"You need permission before you can touch me." She took his arms and pulled them back so that they were up over his head. "I can touch you as much as I want however." She moved her hand down to grip his erection. "Looks like you're nice and ready for me."

She undressed him the rest of the way, and then took off her shorts and panties. Chad complied with her every order as usual. He always was a good slave, and when she came, she was satisfied, though there was a niggling disappointment in the back of her mind. She always knew that it was just a game and could never be real.

If Chad wanted, he could resist her, and while she was as strong as he was, it would be difficult for her to force him to do anything or submit him to any punishment he didn't willingly allow. A part of her wanted these things to be real. She wanted Chad to be helpless against her strength, and for him not to be able to resist as she toyed with him, made him do all the things she wanted.

Yet, she was just a girl. She couldn't have that power over a man, even a little one like Chad, and this made the time after the game had ended take on a hint of melancholy. There was no use dwelling on it, she decided. You can't obsess over something that you can't have too much, or it would drive you crazy. Yet, it was her greatest desire, and to abandon it completely seemed like an impossibility.

"I have something for you," Chad said, as they lay on the bed in postcoital bliss. "It's just a little thing but I hope you like it."

Chad reached in his nightstand and took out a small gift box. "Oh babe, it's not my birthday or anything special," Becky said.

"I know. It's a just because gift."

He gave her the box and she opened it. Inside was a necklace, with a small ivory wolf carving. She looked at it closely. "This is Eskimo, isn't it?"

"Yeah, I got it when I was in Alaska last month before school started up again."

Becky took the necklace out and examined it more closely. It was obviously a hand carved piece, and therefore was very expensive. She wasn't going to ask Chad how much he spent though.

"It's supposed to be a mystical symbol that means strength and imbues the

wearer with superior power. I thought that was something that you could appreciate.”

Becky was extremely touched. “It sure is,” she said. She kissed Chad gently on the lips. “I think this may be the most thoughtful gift that anybody has ever gotten me.”

“You’ll make me blush,” Chad said with a smile.

After that night Becky always wore the necklace and was especially aware of it during her daily workouts. It was a symbol that her boyfriend was not threatened by her strength, and that he even craved it. It was why Chad was so precious to her. So many men were threatened by a strong woman, but Chad had the same fantasy that Becky did, that she would be the stronger one in the relationship.

The next few days she started to work out harder than usual. It was just a feeling that overtook her, not a conscious decision on her part. She felt as if she had a surge of energy that she could not describe. She also felt hungrier. It was like she was always eating when she wasn’t working out, and she couldn’t get enough. She had never felt this way in her life.

“You’ve been voracious lately,” Chad noted at dinner. Becky had ordered two full meals and was still hungry and wanted more.

“Yeah, I’m not sure what it is,” Becky agreed. “It’s like something strange has come over my body.”

It would be another week before she started to notice the other changes. “I’m taller than I used to be,” she told Chad.

“What? That’s impossible.”

“Come and look,” she said.

He stood next to her, and he was still obviously taller than she was, but he did notice that they did seem closer in height than they did before. “Did you measure yourself?”

“Yeah, and it says I’m five-foot-four.”

“Nobody grows two inches in that short amount of time.”

Becky shrugged. “Who is to say how long I’ve been growing. This is just the first time we’ve noticed it.”

“What about your muscles?” Chad asked.

Becky used to do a full set of measurements every month, but since she had seemed to hit the wall when it came to her muscle growth, she had stopped doing that. The most recent set of measurements she had for herself was from months ago. When they started to look at the measurements it was obvious, she had

grown.

Her biceps were now thirteen inches, from the previous twelve, and her thighs were almost twenty inches around. Her calves were eleven inches, when they had been smaller a few months ago. They found her chest had gotten larger as well, but some of that was due to the volume of her breasts.

“You’ve gone up a cup size,” Chad said.

“I thought my bra felt tight.”

“It looks like you’ve finally managed to break past that wall you were stuck at. It must be the extra workouts and the new diet.”

Becky could tell that he was trying to contain it, but Chad was aroused by the idea that his girlfriend had gotten bigger, and her muscles might continue to grow.

“Who knows how big I could get,” Becky teased him. “I could become a real beast.” She put her arm down on the counter in Chad’s small dorm kitchen. “Want to arm wrestle?”

Chad put his arm down across from hers immediately. Chad had always won at arm wrestling, and now Becky could tell that he was hoping Becky could top him, but there was no way he was just going to let her win. There was no joy in her beating him if she didn’t beat him fair and square.

“Ready?” Chad asked. Becky nodded. “Go!”

At first, they seemed to be evenly matched. Neither one of them was going to move the other, but it didn't take long before Chad started to tire. She slowly put his arm down on the counter.

“It's official,” Becky said with a smile. “I'm the stronger one now.”

She could see the blazing arousal on Chad's face, and she walked around the counter to her boyfriend. They were closer in height now, so she could easily grab the back of his neck and pull him in for a kiss. He didn't resist her, as she moved him toward the bed. Now they didn't have to pretend that she was in charge this time she really was.

The next day Becky felt amazing as she prepared for her morning workout. The sex with Chad had been the best it had ever been before, because this time they weren't just roleplaying. She started to think about what it would feel like to be even stronger, not just stronger than Chad but so strong that he was like a child to him.

She was still having those fantasies as she started her dumbbell curls. Today was arm day, and she would have her one day of rest tomorrow before starting her six-day workout cycle all over again. It was, the early morning, and nobody but her was at the gym. As she started to lift, and began to think about being bigger, stronger, and taller, a strange feeling started to come over her, and the necklace began to feel hot against her chest.

She put the dumbbells down and put her hand to the necklace. It didn't feel hot against her hand, but the spot it had been pressed against still felt hot. The strange tingling feeling throughout her body hadn't stopped, and it started to intensify. Suddenly, she felt light-headed.

"What is going on?" she said out loud.

The sensation that followed was like nothing she had ever felt before. Her body was growing, rapidly, and in all directions at once. Her biceps still felt exhausted from her curls, but that feeling began to slowly subside as she felt them getting bigger, thicker and stronger. The rest of her arm was as well, her triceps and forearms expanded even though she hadn't even worked them yet.

She could feel her back muscles expanding, making her back wider and more powerful, as well as her shoulders getting thicker. Her chest was not just getting bigger, but her breasts as well, and her sports bra was starting to stretch to its limits. She could feel the cups rising, up and no longer being able to contain her tits anymore, and the expansion of her pecs made the growth of her breasts seem even more pronounced.

Her legs were getting longer, and there was no doubt that she was getting taller as well as getting more muscular. She could feel everything most prominently in her legs, because they were lengthening more than any other part of her body, as well as her thighs and calves expanding with power. The feeling of muscle growth in her calves was so amazing, that it felt as if they might pop out of her skin.

Becky had never liked how flat her butt was, and she relished the feeling of her

glutes expanding, pushing taut her Lycra shorts. It felt as if that part of her was growing more than any other part, and she hoped she would have a prominent behind now. Guys had always stared at her tits, but she wanted them to have just as much to stare at while she was going as when she arrived.

Becky put her hands to her waist and could feel her abs growing and hardening. She had always had a six-pack, but now it was more like an eight pack, and the abdominal muscles were getting larger, and more pronounced. She rubbed them as they grew, enjoying the experience, and wondering if she was going to get as big as her fantasies.

Her sports bra finally snapped, but her growth did not continue much past that. It stopped just as suddenly as it started, and Becky thought that the whole experience had probably not gone on past two minutes. Still, it had been the most amazing two minutes of her life. Her shorts were still on, but they were so tight that she thought she would have to cut them off in order to remove them.

With her growth having halted, Becky walked over to the mirror to see what had happened. The first thing that struck her was how much longer her body looked. She had grown only a few more inches, she thought, but it had altered the way her whole body appeared, her frame seeming lankier than the compact build she was used to seeing when she looked at herself in the mirror.

Once getting over that, she was able to appreciate her muscles. The growth was spectacular. She was as ripped as any of the biggest female bodybuilders that she admired, and she started to flex for herself in the mirror. She thought her biceps must have expanded to at least sixteen inches, and her thighs looked like they could break a grown man in two if she wrapped them around him and squeezed.

When she started to flex her legs to admire her thighs rips began to appear in her

shorts. She decided she better get back to her dorm room before anybody else came in and she had to explain why she was working out half naked. Luckily, she had brought her bulky jacket with her to wear over her clothing, because nothing she had brought with her fit any longer, least of all her ripped workout attire.

On her way back to the dorm she called Chad on her cell phone. “Hey, what time is your first class?”

“Nine,” he answered. “Geez, its seven in the morning, Becky. You woke me up.”

“It will be worth it,” Becky said. “Come over to my dorm room as soon as you can.”

“Can’t it wait?”

“You better do as I say,” Becky teased. “You know that I’m stronger than you are now.”

“Okay, I’ll come over, but it better be good,” Chad grumbled.

Becky hung up feeling elated. Just wait until he saw how big she was now. He was going to freak out. Their fantasy was not only coming true but starting to become more than they had even hoped for.

When Chad knocked on her door, Becky had put on an oversized bathrobe her old roommate had left when she moved out. It didn't quite fit her right, but that didn't matter. Becky just wanted to obscure enough of herself for it to be a little bit of a surprise for Chad. When she opened the door, he immediately noticed his girlfriend was now taller than him. His eyes went down to her feet at once.

"Not even wearing shoes," Becky said to him.

"This is impossible," he said.

"Why don't you come in?"

He walked into the dorm room and Becky walked over to her own bed, so there would be enough room for him to appreciate the show. Chad closed the door quietly. "How tall are you now?" he asked.

"I just measured myself and I'm five-foot-eight now," Becky said, "That isn't the important part."

She took off the robe and let it hit the floor.

"Holy shit!" Chad exclaimed.

Becky was now standing in front of him naked. Her gigantic muscles must have

been more than Chad could have ever dreamed when he had been lucky enough to date a muscle obsessed girlfriend. He looked s if he was about to have a heart attack, and she knew he had to be more turned on than he had ever been in his life. She did a slow turn for him so he could appreciate her incredible body, and then did a double bicep pose.

“How did this happen?”

“I was working out in the gym and I started to feel strange, and then I just started to grow.”

Chad began to walk around her slowly, examining her body and seeming to be deep in thought. “I need you to think hard about everything that happened in detail. I want to know how this could have possibly happened to you.”

“You don’t like it?” Becky asked with a mock pout.

“Of course, I do,” Chad exclaimed. “I love it. The point is it should be impossible, and I’m worried about your safety.”

Becky was quiet for a moment as she thought, and then she said. “It was the necklace that you gave me that did it. It started to feel hot and then I started to grow. It was after you gave me this necklace, I started to get bigger the first time, and when I was working out today, I was thinking how cool it would be if I kept growing.”

Chad looked at her dumbfounded. “That is the dumbest explanation I’ve ever heard.”

Becky put her hands on her hips and loomed over her now much smaller boyfriend. “You want to say that again?”

“Um...”

“That’s what I thought.”

She reached over and grabbed her now much smaller boyfriend under his armpits and lifted him in the air. Chad looked amazed, and Becky suspected that he had forgotten all about any worries over the dangers of what was happening to her.

“You haven’t said anything about these,” Becky said, nodding downward toward her tits. “They are pretty big now, aren’t they?”

“They sure are,” Chad said, practically drooling.

“I have to be bigger than a double D now.”

Chad stared down at Becky’s now huge rack, and she pulled him toward her, pushing his smaller body against her bigger and more powerful one. Their lips

found each other's and Becky kissed her boyfriend while holding him off the ground, his feet dangling in the air.

She couldn't contain herself any longer. She walked over to her desk in her study area and threw Chad on it. "I'm going to have my way with you little man," she said, and she ripped his shirt in half as if it were tissue paper.

"Oh my God!" Chad cried. "I'm helpless against your muscles."

Becky could see Chad's erection through his pants. Even though he was a little guy, he was bigger than average in one respect. She smiled as she removed his belt and slide his pants down, then his boxer shorts. Her bigger body loomed over him, and she pressed him against the wall, inserting him into her, and then began to fuck his small helpless form, the desk thumping hard against the wall as she thrust him inside her repeatedly.

"Am I big enough for you?" Becky asked.

"You look like a bodybuilder. You would definitely compete in the Ms. Olympia contest."

"That is not what I asked," Becky said, squeezing her little boyfriend hard enough for him to understand she expected compliance. "I wanted to know if you wanted me bigger."

Chad reached his left hand around Becky and grabbed one of her rock-hard

glutes. “You know I’ve always loved your muscles. I want you to be as big as your wildest fantasies.”

Becky could feel it again, that hot sensation coming from the necklace. She didn’t stop fucking Chad, but the light-headed feeling was back too. This time she knew what it was and wasn’t worried. It was exactly what she had hoped for.

There was a surge of power that suddenly rocked through her body. Her growth was much faster this time, and she thought maybe it had to do with the sex, or Chad and her thinking about her being bigger both at once. All she knew was that she had a sensation of suddenly becoming huge, powerful, and sexy. Chad’s dick felt hard and throbbing inside her as he realized what was happening.

Growing while fucking Chad made what was happening more exciting and more obvious. It was like he was shrinking in front of her and becoming more helpless. His little hand was still on her butt, and she could feel her glutes expanding against it. She was nearing six feet very quickly, and soon was beyond it. She was an absolute beast now. She made every man on campus look tiny.

Her arms were getting so huge that they didn’t just dwarf Chad’s anymore but were starting to look as big as his waist. She could feel her thighs become as thick as tree trunks. She had her hands against the desk, and could feel her strength increasing, and then she broke the desk in two as if it was a piece of plywood. Chad would have fallen to the floor, but she was able to gently catch him and pull him near.

He came at that moment, but her growth was still going. She held her tiny helpless boyfriend against her as she continued to grow. He put his hand on her expanding breast. Her tits were getting beyond huge at this point, as overgrown

as her massive muscles. Chad put a nipple in his mouth and began to suck as she held him close and gently stroked his hair.

A week after her massive muscle growth, Becky had settled into her new role on campus. Heads turned wherever she went, and she loved it. Men and women couldn't stop staring at her, and they either scurried away from her in fear, or wanted to get down on their knees and worship her as a goddess. She was fine with both reactions.

She in the cafeteria, wearing a tight white sweater that hugged her huge biceps and basketball size tits, and a pair of tight blue jeans that looked as if they might burst if she were to flex in the wrong way. There weren't a lot of people there, and the people on campus had started to get used to her by that point, but there was one young man who apparently hadn't seen her or gotten word of the gigantic muscle goddess walking around campus.

She could see his reflection in the glass as she made her selections. His mouth was hanging open and his eyes looked as if they were about to pop right out of his head. She giggled to herself, and leaned over further, so that her jeans would pull tighter around her ass. He took notice immediately, and she saw that look on his face that she had seen on many young men throughout the week. He was coming in his pants. The idea that she was so sexy that she made men ejaculate without even touching them, was one that excited Becky almost as much as being stronger than every other person on the planet.

Of that, she was certain. She now stood six-foot-four, and had nearly forty-inch biceps, almost seventy-inch thighs, and a back that looked wide enough to land a jet on top of. She would win every male bodybuilding contest if they would let her compete in them, as well as she was sure would win every male strength contest on the planet. She wasn't just stronger than any other man on the planet but was much stronger.

Chad had fallen into his new role without her having to ask him. When he saw her, he fell to his knees immediately. Before he said anything, he would always ask, “permission to speak.”

Chad had stayed at her room last night, and when she had awoken, he had prepared breakfast for her. He had set it out for her, and then went to his knees.

“Permission to speak.”

“You may.”

“May I praise you?”

She nodded.

“You are the most beautiful woman on the planet and the strongest person who has ever lived. It is my honor to serve you.”

She reached out and patted him lightly on the head. “That is very sweet.”

“May I kiss your feet?”

She allowed it, as she ate, he kissed her toes and then he rubbed them for her. He was such a good slave that she was starting to feel guilty about the idea that she should have more. Yet, it seemed appropriate. One slave was not enough for somebody of her power, and she was sure Chad knew this too. Not that he had anything to say about it. She would do what she wanted, and he would be happy to serve her. That was the natural role they had come to, and there was no need to even discuss it.

Despite her massive size, Becky still worked out every day. She did so not only because she wanted to maintain her superior strength, but because she still wondered if it was possible to get even bigger, even stronger. Being the strongest person on the planet still wasn't enough for her. She wanted more. There would never be enough for her. She was always going to want to be bigger, stronger, and make more people feel inferior.

She stopped doing her workouts in the morning and had started doing them in the afternoon. She no longer wanted to hide from the world, but to show off her massively muscled physique for everyone to see. That was when she saw him, that nasty jock who had been so rude to her and Chad. She couldn't resist getting her payback. She knew it would be delicious.

He had just finished his workout for the day. Becky observed him as he did his squats. He was so absorbed in his own workout that he hadn't seen her yet. He really was in good shape, she realized. His little muscles were beautifully sculpted. She never would have been interested in a guy like him before, but now that she was so much bigger, a little muscle man had a certain appeal.

Once he was done with his squats, he left the gym, not bothering to change from his t-shirt and shorts. Becky decided that she would follow. She had barely started her workout, but there was always time for that later. She followed the little jock across campus until they came to a place she was sure they would not be disturbed, a pathway across from the performing arts center.

“Hey, what’s your hurry?” Becky called to him.

The jock turned around to notice her for the first time. She loved the mix of emotions on her face. First there was surprise, then excitement, but finally fear. Becky loved the look of fear most of all.

“Do you remember me?” she asked.

“I...” the football player stammered.

“You were pushing around my little boyfriend in the gym a couple weeks ago.”

“That was you?” he asked incredulously. “Shit, what happened?”

Becky was right in front of him now. They could both see that she was taller than he was, but the difference in their muscles was the thing that stood out the most. Her biceps were more than twice as thick as his were, and her shoulders seemed to be three times as wide. She stood close enough to him that her huge breasts were almost brushing against him.

“I got bigger,” Becky said. She flexed for him, and she watched as his eyes grew wide. “I see that you stayed the same size.”

Becky had wanted to humiliate him originally but now she had a different idea. Her lusts had started to build since she had gotten so powerful, and this little football player looked good. She knew she needed more slaves. He could be a test case.

“What’s your name?”

“Doug,” he answered looking around for anybody who might be able to help him.

“Why do you like to pick on people who are smaller than you are, Doug?”

“Look,” he answered, obviously starting to panic. “I was just messing around. I realize now that it was wrong, and I apologize. Where is your little boyfriend?” I’ll apologize to him too.”

Becky grabbed Doug’s left arm and twisted it. He immediately fell to his knees. “I asked you a question, Doug. I don’t like being made to wait for an answer.”

“Please!”

Becky twisted him gently, but she knew it was enough to hurt a puny wimp like Doug. “Answer me!”

“It’s not okay to pick on people who are smaller than you,” he said.

Becky laughed. “You think so. I think its pretty nice. At least it feels that way now that I’m bigger. I’m going to let you go now, and I want you to stand up, but if you try and run away, I’ll come after you and I won’t be happy. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

Becky released Doug. He bent over sobbing and rubbed his hurt arm until he could slowly stand. Becky watched him amused. He was powerless against her and he knew it.

“What do you think of my muscles?’ she asked.

Doug looked at her, and still looked terrified. He was trying to figure out what it was that she wanted him to say, but she wanted him to answer honestly. She flexed her body, forming a double bicep pose.

“Did you ever think a girl could be this big, Doug?” she asked.

“I don’t want you to hurt me,” he pleaded.

She relaxed and looked at him. “You don’t want me to hurt you, Doug? Not even a little bit?”

She put her finger beneath his chin and made him look up at her. He was breathing heavy now. She tried not to laugh again. She kept looking into his eyes and she saw what she wanted to see there.

“I could do anything I want with you right now, Doug,” Becky said. “I could do anything I want, and I think you want me to.” She reached her left arm down to his crotch and she could feel he was erect. “Why are you hard, Doug?”

“Because you are so big and powerful,” Doug answered, his breathing still heavy.

“Bow,” Becky ordered, and he complied immediately. “You will be my slave now. Do you understand?” He nodded, not even daring to look at her. “There is just one thing I want you to do.”

Becky grabbed her shorts and panties and took them off in one swift motion. She then reached over and grabbed Doug’s head, gently leading him to her pussy. He knew what she wanted, and once she had pulled him in, he started licking furiously.

“That’s a good slave,” she said as she ran her fingers through his head. She had conquered this one so easily. As he licked her clit, she began to think about what it would be like to make all the men on campus submit themselves to her and call her mistress. In a few minutes she came, thinking about all the men she would subjugate to her power.