

MY WIFE, THE MUSCLE GODDESS



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Men will often ask me how I met my wife, and I always understand the implication. They want to know where they can meet a woman like her. It is fantastical even to believe that other women like my wife even exist. I had certainly never met a woman like her before, or one like her since. Yet, I imagine for other men hope springs eternal. It is perhaps almost impossible to imagine that a guy like me could be so lucky.

I met my wife, predictably, at the gym. I always liked to go to the gym very early on weekends, because I liked to be alone. I was always there at 5 am, Saturday, and usually I was done with my workout before anybody else showed up to disrupt my solitude. I liked it that way, and it seemed as if nobody else wanted to start their workout so early in the day on a weekend, so I couldn't imagine my routine being shaken up. That was why I was shocked when I was doing a bench press and a woman walked into the room.

I finished my reps and put the bar down before I regarded her. She was a pretty brunette, who I guessed to be about thirty. She wore a bulky grey sweatshirt and a pair of sweatpants. She was tall, almost six foot I would later learn, but she was also very broad. She was so broad for a woman that I first assumed that she must be overweight. I simply couldn't imagine a woman filling out that much due to her musculature. It is funny to think how so many of my perceptions about femininity would be questioned on that day and would continue to be questioned in the months and years to come.

"I didn't think anybody else would be here," she said and smiled at me.

"I come here this early every Saturday," I said.

"I'm new to the area. I like to come early too. I find that when I come to work

out with other people around, they are always staring at me.”

I nodded but did not appreciate the reality of that statement at the time. I assumed that she must be self-conscious, and the staring was mostly due to her imagination.

“I’m Brian.”

“Diana,” she said.

Then she reached down to the hem of her sweatshirt and slowly peeled it off. In that moment my entire life, even my perception of reality, completely changed.

Underneath her sweatshirt Diana had on a black sports bra. She had larger than average, and beautifully shaped breasts. On most women this would be the thing men would be initially drawn to, and the feature that dominated her appearance. With Diana this was just not the case. I had never seen muscles like that on a woman.

Of course, on that day Diana was significantly smaller than she is now. She was only twenty-eight then, had been working out for about five years, and had yet to reach her full potential. It is funny how on that day I thought a woman could not possibly be more muscular. I often think back on it and laugh.

Looking at Diana’s arms that day I thought they looked as if they could be bigger than my own, and I lifted quite a lot. She had not flexed them, but the

biceps bulged out like two apples from her arms, and her triceps were equally impressive in size. Her shoulders were broad and powerful looking, while her abs were beautifully defined, and they looked as hard as rocks. It wasn't until Diana spoke that I realized my mouth was hanging open.

"This is what I mean by people staring," she said.

I could feel myself blush. "I'm sorry," I said and turned away for a moment. "You're in amazing shape is all."

I turned back to Diana and met her eyes. "You could say that, I guess," she said. Then she flexed one of her biceps and it sprang upward, more massive than I would have guessed. I suddenly felt a little lightheaded, maybe because the blood was suddenly traveling to my crotch.

"Wow," was all I could say.

Diana smirked at me. She would tell me later it was at that moment that she decided she would make me her toy. It would be a long time before she could think of me as anything but just a temporary plaything, but even that was an indescribable honor.

"You should see my legs," she said. Then she reached down and began to peel off her sweatpants. Underneath she had on a pair of very tight shorts. Her legs were bare for me to see and her thighs looked to be much thicker than my own.

I could do nothing but stare at the awesome display of musculature that was her legs. She flexed her thighs for me, and I thought I would faint. I was fully hard then. Diana would tell me she took notice but pretended not to. Instead, she sashayed over to me so she could have a little fun.

“Is that your max bench?” she asked, gesturing the barbell I had just been lifting.

“Just about,” I said.

Diana took the barbell in her hands and began to easily curl it. She wanted me to know for sure how much stronger she was than me. “It seems kind of light,” she said.

She would tease me this way for several weeks. We would both be at the gym early, and alone, and Diana would demonstrate her superior strength for me. I loved it, but stupidly it never occurred to me that Diana was interested. I had assumed that a woman as strong as her would want a man who was even stronger.

This meant that Diana had to do something drastic in order to get my attention. I was in the showers one day when she walked in naked. “The women’s showers aren’t working,” she said.

I knew it was a lie instantly, but how could I argue. Diana turned on the water and stood near me, me watching the cascade of water as it moved down her and flowed through every astonishing groove of her huge muscles. I didn’t even try to make it look as if I wasn’t staring, and Diana closed her eyes so she could pretend she hadn’t intended for me to stare. Within seconds I had a huge

erection.

“Let’s not pretend anymore,” Diana said, and she came to me. She was taller than me by three inches and her muscles were already bigger, so when she wrapped her arms around me it felt like I was being enveloped. She kissed me and pushed me back against the wall.

“I’ve wanted you since the first moment I saw you,” I said stupidly.

“I know.” She lifted me up and inserted me into her, fucking me savagely against the shower room wall until I came. It was only after that Diana asked me on a date.

We would only be dating for three months before she would ask me to marry her. It had been less than five months since I had first laid eyes on her. Still, I didn’t consider for a second saying no.

You may think it odd that she was the one that proposed, but it wasn’t for us. My wife is always the assertive one in the relationship, though it is more than that. On our dates she would sometimes open doors for me, she would often tell me I was “pretty.” I used to take this with irony, but after a while it became natural, and I couldn’t imagine our relationship any other way. She is the bigger and stronger one after all.

If I needed any reminder of this, it would become more obvious during sex. Diana enjoys lifting and carrying me under most circumstances, but during sex she outright throws me around. She is careful of course. Even in our early days of courtship she was strong enough to hurt me, so she needed to make sure she

was aware of her own strength. Our worse incident was the first time she came to my apartment and broke my bed. She had been on top, riding me, and during her climax she had come down hard enough to break both legs on my bed and had ripped the headboard in half.

“You need to get yourself a sturdier bed if we’re going to keep seeing each other,” she joked.

Now I know that when my wife says something like that she is never joking. Anything she asks me to do should be considered an order, and I need to comply to her in a timely fashion or suffer the consequences. I have become very good at obeying my wife, and the more I obey the happier I have become.

Back to my wife’s proposal. She asked in the traditional way, got down on one knee and all that, but there was no ring. Diana hates diamonds, so that part was left out. There was nothing I could possibly say but yes. I was already obsessed with serving her.

So, we got married in a small ceremony. I gave up my apartment, because Diana already owned a house and we moved in together. We had a honeymoon in Hawaii and then we came home to the house that we now shared. Diana reached down and picked me up in her arms, cradling me effortlessly, and then took me across the threshold.

I kissed her passionately as she held me, the sensation of being helpless in my lover’s arms being one that I found overwhelming. We kissed for a while like that, and I thought that Diana might be strong enough to hold my weight like that forever. I weighed one hundred and eighty pounds, but to her it was like I was as light as a feather.

When she finally put me down there was something that she had to say. “I think we need to have a discussion about our expectations,” Diana said. What this translated to was for her to talk about her expectations, but I never really minded.

“I want you to quit your job,” Diana said. I worked as a copyeditor for a newspaper and didn’t make nearly as much money as Diana made as a corporate lawyer.

“Okay,” I agreed without complaint.

“That means I expect you to do all the housework. Keeping up with the running of this house, my career and my workouts has become a grueling schedule for me and getting married was supposed to relieve me of the upkeep on this house. I always expect everything to be in immaculate condition. If you cannot keep up with your household duties, I will be very upset with you.”

“I’ll do my best, darling,” I said.

Diana took my hand, and then she squeezed it, it was not a hard squeeze for her, but it was enough to make me wince. “I expect your best to be perfection,” Diana said sternly. “I am not going to tolerate a subpar husband.”

“Understood,” I said. “What other duties do you require of me?”

“Nothing specific as far as duties,” she said. “I expect you to be available for sex and for social occasions, but I think that goes without saying.”

I nodded. “Yes, that is exactly what I would expect.”

“I want you to stop working out though. There really isn’t any point to it. You can exercise of course, but I want you to end all your strength training.”

This was a request that managed to shock me. “Diana, why?” I asked. “You’re already bigger and stronger than me. If I stop working out it will only be emphasizing the point.”

“Yes,” she smirked. “It is a point that I think is worth emphasizing considering how readily you just questioned me.”

I realized my error and turned my eyes down to my feet. “I’m sorry, Diana. I was so surprised that I forgot myself.”

“Just don’t make a habit of it. I will answer your question though. I have always been attracted to you because you are a relatively small man. That isn’t the only reason, but it is the physical reason. I fell for you despite your insistence on weightlifting, not because of it. I would find you more attractive if you were less muscular.” Here she laughed to herself. “If you could call those muscles to begin with.”

Many men might have been angered by this gentle mocking, but I found it

exciting. “I understand, and I will stop working out immediately,” I said.

Diana smiled with obvious contentment. “There is one more thing that is worth mentioning as far as our marriage goes. I intend to develop my muscles to the full extent of my physical abilities.”

“I would expect no less,” I said with a smile. “I have greatly enjoyed it so far.”

Diana shook her head. “I don’t think you understand. I am saying that before I was holding back. When I started lifting weights, I began to develop at a pace I would have hardly thought possible before I began. I was aware of how society looks at women with muscles and part of me was afraid that being too muscular would affect my ability to get a man. Since I met you, I no longer worry about that.”

“I love how strong and muscular you are,” I agreed.

“Is there a size or strength that you would think was too much?”

“You cannot be too big or too strong.”

“I’m going to test that statement.”

We kissed again, and to be honest, I thought Diana was merely exaggerating, or playing a game involving our muscle worship. I did not think that she could

possibly get much bigger than she was then. She would easily have won any female bodybuilding competition that she entered. Things would get interesting in the months to come.

When we got married my wife stood foot-foot-eleven inches, with nineteen-inch biceps, a fifty-inch chest, and twenty-eight-inch thighs. Her beautiful calves, one of my favorite parts of her, were also eighteen inches, and I loved to watch the way they moved when she walked. My biceps were fourteen inches, by contrast, and that was with constant workouts and a lot of attention to my diet.

I weighted about one hundred and eighty pounds, while my wife weighed two hundred and thirty. Within a few months I started to lose some weight, dropping twenty pounds of muscle without my usual workouts to keep on the mass. My days were spent cooking and cleaning while my wife was at work, and if I was able to get all my tasks done to her specifications, she usually would leave me a list, she would reward me by letting me worship her muscles once she was home.

The early days of our marriage were deliriously happy for me, and I couldn't imagine a more blissful life for me to live. Diana thought that our marriage was great too, because now with me as her personal servant she could spend more time at what she really wanted to do in life. That was build more muscle.

Diana started to put together a more rigorous workout routine, as well as a diet she thought would help her achieve these results. It was my job to prepare her meals for her, as well as her shakes and vitamins she would be taking in order to achieve her full potential. I thought at the time that Diana had already reached her full potential. I didn't know how a woman could possibly get more muscular but doing all these things for her did bring me pleasure.

Often, I would greet her with dinner prepared wearing an apron and nothing else. Diana liked to look at my body as much as I liked to look at her, especially when I started to lose my muscle and the contrast between me and her was more pronounced. She once took me roughly on the dinning room table, before we had even set out the meal, because I had teased her.

There was another day that I remembered. We were watching television after dinner and Diana had said, "My feet are tired. I was on my feet walking around the office all day."

I dropped to my feet immediately. "Do you want me to rub them for you?" I asked.

"No," she said, shaking her head, and I immediately became disappointed. "What I think I need to do is put my feet up."

I looked to her to see if she was joking, and when it was clear that she wasn't I felt my whole body flush hot. My cock was instantly hard as I slid down to comply with her request, bending down in front of her. She placed her feet gently on top of her, and she watched television for the next hour in that manner. I was turned on constantly in this state, but when it was over, she took me to bed and merely allowed me to massage her muscles, teasing me knowingly but not offering me any release.

I was awoken in the middle of the night by Diana kissing me. She ripped my pajama pants open and inserted me into her before climbing on me and pushing me on the bed. "I woke up horny," she told me. "Don't you dare finish until after I've come." Then she had her way with me, after she was done and reached her climax she rolled over and put her hand around my dick.

“You can come now,” she said, and I exploded, coating her beautiful hard abs with my semen and letting out gasps of pleasure. “Yes, that’s a good boy,” Diana said. “Now you can rub it into my skin.”

I did what I was told. This was the first time, even though Diana had always been dominant, that she had showed this level of dominance over me. I don’t know if she had been slowly working her way up to this, or if she had found herself going this way without having planned or thought about it. Either way, we didn’t discuss it, and I began to contemplate where our relationship would go from here.

Then things seemed to start going downhill. Diana became increasingly irritable and I had no idea why. When I finally asked her, she said, “My muscle growth isn’t going like I thought it would. I finally have all the time to devote to getting bigger and I can’t seem to get anywhere.”

“Diana, you’re already bigger than just about any other woman I’ve ever seen,” I said. “I think you need to consider the possibility that you have reached your limit.”

Diana glowered at me, but she did not lash out. I knew there was a part of her that knew I could be right. Still, she wasn’t going to give up.

A few weeks went by, and then Diana announced that there was a new vitamin shake that I would be making for her. She presented me with the list of ingredients one morning before work and I looked them over.

“Where did this come from?” I asked. “It doesn’t look like any kind of vitamin shake I’ve ever seen before.”

“I got it from a mystic who claimed it is a potion that medical science hadn’t caught up with yet.”

“How much did you pay for this?” I asked, fearing the worst.

“Six thousand dollars,” Diana announced.

I thought Diana had gone off the deep end, but I didn’t dare say anything. “I guess it is worth a try,” I said, and that day I started making the vitamin shake. I didn’t know then that it would change my life completely.

One of the things that changed almost immediately was that Diana became incredibly horny. The first day of the vitamin shake after she came home from work, Diana didn’t even say hello. She lifted me up into the air by my armpits, something she knew made me instantly aroused, and then gave me a blowjob right there in the kitchen. I came at once from both her expertise and the surprise.

When she put me down, she said, “You better get hard again quick. I want you to be able to handle a long ride.”

It ended up being three different occasions. First, she got on top of me and rode me to climax. After giving me some time to rest she pulled me up and fucked me

while she held me in the air, sliding me back and forth like I was a toy. Finally, she let me worship her gorgeous muscular body while she lay on the bed. Afterwards I was exhausted, and my cock was sore.

This became the normal routine for the next three weeks. I wasn't sure if that vitamin shake Diana had paid for was going to help with her muscle growth, but it obviously sent her sex drive through the roof. She was already stronger than me, and had more stamina, but now it was difficult to keep up with her. She would coax me to hardness by flexing her huge muscles for me, and it usually worked no matter how much she had put me through already, but sometimes I just couldn't perform, and Diana was starting to get frustrated.

It was three weeks after Diana started to new drink when I came into the bedroom and found Diana completely naked while flexing in front of our full-length mirror. I watched her for a few moments, not certain if she knew I was there, and then she spoke.

"Can you see that I've gotten bigger?" she said. She had a demented sound to her voice as she said it.

I looked closely at her body, something that I usually did every day. With how much I looked at Diana, growth was hard to discern under normal circumstances, but looking at her flexing there in the mirror I could see that it was true. Her muscles looked as if they had grown over the last three weeks.

"That's amazing," I said.

She turned toward me and came at me, picking me up off the floor and shoving

me against the wall. With her superior strength I was helpless now, and she kissed me, pushing her tongue into my mouth and enjoying the triumph. When she pulled away, she gloated at me.

“You’re already so tiny and weak compared to me. Just imagine what it is going to be like when I am even stronger.”

She took me again then, throwing me to the floor and pounces on top of me like a jungle cat. Her words were exciting to me, of course they were, but the thought of how strong she was going to get began to enter my mind. She was already one of the strongest women on the planet. How much stronger did she need to be?

Once we were done, I measured her, and we both saw that her bicep had exceeded twenty inches, her thighs now nearly thirty. My waist was only thirty-two inches, and I wondered how much longer it would take for her beautiful thighs to exceed my measurements there.

Over the next few weeks Diana’s muscle growth began to develop rapidly. I was astonished how it seemed almost as if she was bigger every time, I saw her. Her clothing began to become noticeably tight around her building muscles, and finally one day her bicep tore through the arm of her favorite sweater. Diana did not seem to mind. She enjoyed buying new clothing to cover her ever increasing musculature.

Within weeks Diana went from having a physique that dwarfed most female bodybuilders to one that dwarfed most male bodybuilders. “Getting bigger and stronger feels so good, little one,” she told me one day while we bathed together in the hot tub. We were both naked, and I was sitting on Diana’s lap, feeling her powerful muscles while she flexed them for me. Her bicep was almost thirty inches at that point. It was astonishing.

“I feel like a child next to you,” I told her. “I can never be anything close to your equal.”

“That was always the plan,” she smirked. “I was looking for a full-time servant and you seemed to fit the bill.”

After a while I stopped feeling like a child and feeling more like a puppy. Diana would sometimes have me sit on her barbell while she lifted. It was fun for both of us, bringing me up for a quick kiss as she lifted the bar, and then putting it back down again. As her strength increased however, Diana became so strong that she could lift me easily one handed.

“Try and get up,” she said to me one day, when she pushed me to the floor and held me with one hand.

I did as I was told, but try as I might, I could not get up, even though Diana was barely trying. She yawned and began to taunt me. “Come on stud, put some effort into it,” but it was obvious that I was helpless against her.

Despite this, Diana continued to grow. It did eventually begin to slow, but her massiveness was so extreme by that point that to keep growing would only seem arrogant. Her biceps measured forty-five inches, her thighs almost sixty. Her back was so wide that I could lay on top of her in the fetal position and have none of my body hanging over the end. Sometimes Diana would grab me and completely encase me in her huge body. It was meant to be affectionate and comforting, but sometimes it would be terrifying.

When I would go out with Diana people would stare wherever we went. She pretended not to notice but she loved the attention, and I loved it too. I wondered what people thought of this massively muscled woman and her tiny husband. I didn't care if they approved, but I wondered if they imagined what a relationship between us could possibly be like.

The best sex of our marriage happened on a night where things could have been a disaster. I had been waiting for Diana on a Friday night. We were supposed to go to a movie and had agreed to meet at a popular bar not far from where the theater was. As a successful lawyer, Diana would sometimes get held up at work, and I was waiting for her as usual when I accidentally bumped into a big guy standing at the bar when I was checking my watch.

"Hey buddy, you made me spill my beer," the guy said to me. Relatively, he was huge, standing well over six feet tall and built like a professional wrestler.

"I'm sorry," I said quickly. I grabbed a napkin and started dabbing at where I thought the beer had gotten on him.

"Sorry isn't going to cut it pal," he pushed me. It wasn't a hard shove, but it still sent me reeling back against the bar.

I knew I didn't stand a chance against this guy. "I'm sorry," I repeated. "That is all I can tell you."

Then I walked away as quickly as I could without running. I was hoping the guy would be so surprised that he wouldn't follow, or maybe he just wanted to scare me. As I got to the door I looked back and saw that he was walking after me. My

heart was beating rapidly in my chest as I made it out to the parking lot.

“Hey buddy, I was talking to you,” the guy said once we were outside. I kept walking but he made up the distance between us and grabbed me by the arm.

“Let go of me,” I called out terrified.

“I’m going to teach you a lesson,” he said with a sneer.

“I think it’s you who needs to learn a lesson,” Diana said.

We both turned to see Diana walking toward us. She had changed from work attire and was wearing a pink tank top that showed off her gargantuan arms, as well as some tight blue jeans. The guy’s mouth fell open when he saw her.

“Get your hands off my husband,” Diana said.

“This is your husband?” the man asked in disbelief. He let me go and turned his smirk to Diana. “I guess he needs you to protect him,” he said.

“He does,” Diana said without hesitation. “He is small and weak, and I am big and strong. I protect him, and I don’t see how that is any business of yours. Now, are we going to have a problem here?”

I thought the guy was going to back off, but instead he reeled back and punched Diana right in the stomach. I was shocked by his actions, but he was more shocked when his hand met Diana's rock-hard abdominals. I saw his face twist in pain. Diana didn't even flinch.

"I see you need a lesson," Diana said. She didn't hit him hard, really it was just a love tap, but he went down on the concrete after she hit him in the stomach.

"Please, don't hurt me," he started crying.

Diana climbed on top of him and held him down with one arm like she had done to me so many times. Even though this guy was much stronger than me I knew that he would have little or no chance of resisting her. With her other arm she flexed her massive bicep for him. It rose up like a sexy mountain of feminine strength and Diana regarded it with a demented glee.

"You see this muscle?" she said to him. He shook her head. "There is probably more power in this arm than in your whole puny body," she said.

She squeezed him with her muscular thighs. Again, it wasn't that hard, but it was much harder than she ever would have squeezed me out of fear of injuring me. He cried out in pain, and Diana held him in her grip for a few more seconds, turning to me as she did so. We made eye contact and there was no doubt that we were both aroused.

"Just remember if you're going to pick on somebody smaller there is always someone bigger than you," Diana said. Then she laughed. "Except in my case. I'm obviously the biggest."

She got up and started walking toward me, leaving the man writhing in the parking lot. “Thank you,” I said dumbly, still turned on beyond description.

“I think we should skip the movie,” Diana said. She took my hand gently and led me down the street.

Diana knew a place that we could be alone, a little alley where nobody could see us. Once she had me there she wrapped her huge arms around me and kissed me, pressing my tiny helpless body against her tower of feminine power.

“Did you like me protecting you, little man?” she asked when we came up for air.”

“Yes,” I breathed.

Diana wrapped her hand around my cock. “I can feel you are,” she said. She unzipped my pants and started to slide it out.

We fucked right there, not even bothering to take off our clothes but just undoing both our pants and fucking standing up. It seemed as if Diana was never more turned on and I wondered what it must be like for her, to walk around knowing how much bigger and stronger than she was than everyone else. All the other people were just her playthings.

It was as if her fantastic muscles had never been bigger that night. I could feel

every bulge as my hands moved over her huge body. She moved me effortlessly against the wall, and I realized just how easily she could accidentally hurt me when she reached her climax and grabbed hold of a metal railing. It bent to her strength as if it was made of tissue paper, and I watched as she pulled the entire railing out of the ground and mangled it beyond recognition as she came.

So, men often ask me where I met my wife. They hope to be the slave of a powerful woman like I am, and to achieve the level of happiness that I never could have imagined before. I can tell them the story. That is all I can do. We are all Diana's slaves when it comes down to it. It just depends how she wants to utilize us. How did I get so lucky to serve at her pleasure? I don't even really know. I just thank my blessing every day and try to serve her as best I can.