

OWNED BY HER CURVES



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I saw her in the building just once during the summer. I had been walking the dog at the time and was coming into the lobby. She was getting out of the elevator and I had to try not to stop and stare. Her figure was overwhelming, an hourglass shape, yet I had never seen a woman her size have anywhere near a shape like that.

She was tall, with broad shoulders and thick arms, but this all tapered down to a relatively small waist before expanding out dramatically again with enormous hips and very long, yet impossibly thick and luscious legs. She wore a white dress with black polka dots that day, her gorgeous face adorned in makeup. She had high cheek bones that would have made her look like a model if she were thin, but she was the opposite of thin.

In fact, as somebody who lusted for plus-sized women, and had dated my fair share of them, she was bigger than any woman I had ever been with, yet her figure was so stunning and shapely that I thought she would have gotten a reaction from most men, despite their preference. She was certainly getting one from me, and I was struggling to contain myself, especially when I saw her large breasts and the gorgeous cleavage that was rising out of the top when she walked by.

I wasn't that far from the elevator, and so I quickened my pace, dragging the dog with me as I went, hoping to get another look at her before she walked out of the front door of the building. I got into the elevator after the other people who had been waiting piled in, and turned around to look at the spectacular woman, just as she was going out the front door. It was more amazing than I ever could have expected.

As big as her hips were, and they were inhumanly wide, it did not hint at the preposterous size of her ass. It extended out from her, in a truly massive bubble

of flesh that looked bigger than some people's whole bodies. Still, it was perfectly round and beautiful, like nothing I ever had seen or imagined. I had never seen a butt like that, or even close. One of her ass cheeks dwarfed what most men would have called a big butt if they were inclined to admire such a thing.

I was instantly hard, and grateful that I had worn my baggy jeans that day. My wife wasn't home. She was working on the weekends, as usual, as was the demands of her high-powered corporate job. I had married Gillian because she was cute, smart and had what I would have thought at the time as a stunning figure, yet her ambitions at work meant we rarely saw each other. I was twenty-eight years old, made a good living myself, yet I couldn't enjoy my marriage because for my wife nothing was ever enough.

When I couldn't stop fixating on this woman, I told myself it was because of how my wife neglected me. Yet, I knew it was more than that. I had to give myself some alone time after I tended to the dog and give myself immediate release. I thought about touching that massive ass and feeling its size and heaviness for myself. As I stroked my cock, I imagined hugging that ridiculous posterior and running my lips over it, kissing every inch of that beautiful woman's body. I came intensely and was shaking after I did so. I couldn't remember the last time I had such an intense orgasm.

I thought that once I had come that I would be able to forget about the woman, but I found myself thinking about her again. Who was she? Did she live in the building? If she was then I thought that surely I would see her again. Was she married? She looked to be in about her late thirties from my quick assessment of her face, but not everybody looked their actual age. I wanted to laugh at my speculation, because though the mystery woman might be single, I certainly was not.

Yet, I couldn't laugh. I knew that if that woman lived in the building, I would

become even more obsessed with her. There was no way I was going to be able to look at that goddess on a regular basis and not do anything about my raging lust for her. Yet, what could I do? I was a married man and she was a stranger. I needed to get ahold of myself and face reality.

I was still thinking about the woman when Gillian came home. I had made dinner for the both of us, tacos, and she was grateful, not aware that this was partially motivated by my guilt over the woman. I looked at my wife, a cute brunette, five-foot-six, one hundred and ninety-five pounds, 36DD breasts and a healthy bubble butt. When I had met her, I had thought she was the perfect woman, now I couldn't help but find her inadequate.

There was incredible guilt at this realization, and I made a half-hearted attempt at love making that night, but I had to think of about the woman from the lobby to get me in the mood, and also to come. I tried to focus on Gillian, but I couldn't help but think about the other woman, and how she would make my wife, curvy by normal standards, seem small and underdeveloped in her presence. The thought of my wife being made to feel like a little girl by this woman and it pushed me over the top, coming with the same intensity I had before, and letting out a yell in Gillian's ear.

"Sorry," I said immediately.

Gillian giggled. "I guess you must have been really worked up," my wife said, obviously taking it as a compliment. All I could do was smile sheepishly.

It was early July when I had seen her, and though I was on the lookout constantly, I didn't see her for the rest of the summer. I became convinced that she must not live in our building. The first few weeks, I longed to see her again, but eventually I began to feel like it was a blessing. I told myself that I hadn't

seen this woman again was saving my marriage.

Then about mid-September I saw her. It was a Sunday, coming back into the building at two in the afternoon. She was wearing tight blue jeans and a black top that had the first two buttons unbuttoned and was displaying her ample cleavage. I had come down the elevator and was taking the dog out again, so I couldn't see where she had gone, but I had the most important part confirmed, she did live in the building and I could see her again.

Over the next few weeks I began to find out more about her. It turned out that she had a regular appointment on Sundays, in which she left roughly around noon and always returned roughly at two. From this, I learned she lived on the fourth floor, and though we lived on the sixth, I was able to eventually learn which apartment she lived in as well. By Christmas, I knew her name was Heidi, and I was seeing her around the building almost every day, yet I never got up the nerve to say something to her.

Of course, I was completely aware of how creepy my behavior was, yet I couldn't stop myself. I couldn't even change my behavior after it became obvious that Heidi noticed me.

At first, I wasn't so sure. We made contact one day as she was coming back from her Sunday appointment and she smiled at me. The smile made my heart feel as if it would leap out of my chest and my skin feel hot and tingly. Yet, I thought that she was just being friendly. Then it kept happening, her seeming to signal me that she knew I was following her through flirtatious glances, wearing provocative outfits, bending over to show off her ass when I was around.

It happened just before Christmas. I had just come up from the parking lot because I had been visiting a friend when the elevator stopped on the first floor.

There were already four people inside with me, but the elevator stopped for Heidi, wearing an orange and purple striped sweater and a pair of jeans that looked painted on.

Everybody had to step aside when Heidi entered. It made me appreciate just how big she was, when all these normal-sized people had to shuffle around her in order to give her room. I stepped further to the back, and it seemed as if Heidi had arranged herself, so she was as close to me as possible. She turned around, everybody else facing front as well, and I gazed at her wonderful ass, now right in front of me. I got hard instantly and wanted to reach out and touch that massive bubble. I thought, not for the first time, how Heidi's curves made my wife seem shapeless by comparison.

When I glanced to the front of the elevator, I remembered how you could see our reflections in the mirrored panel just to the left of the doors, and right above the floor buttons. Heidi was looking at me, and she smiled mischievously. There was no doubt in my mind that she had seen me looking at her ass at that moment. I could feel myself blush.

All this had happened in mere seconds. The elevator stopped at the third floor, long enough for the person waiting to see it was too full, and the doors closed again. Then Heidi backed up toward me. Nobody else in the elevator seemed to notice, but soon she was pressing into me, and I found myself with a full erection, pressing into the biggest and sexiest ass I had ever seen.

Heidi grinded against me slowly. She didn't want it to be obvious to our fellow passengers, but it had to be obvious to her how turned on I was. It only took a few more seconds for the elevator to reach her floor, but as it stopped, Heidi pushed her ass back into me, and I came in my pants, feeling the warm gush of cum drench my underwear before Heidi pulled away from me and walked out the door onto her floor.

Despite the evidence in my pants, I could not believe what just had happened. I was stunned, and embarrassed that everybody else in the elevator must know what had just occurred. One other person had gotten off on the fourth floor with Heidi, the rest getting off on the fifth, and then I was alone with my shame when I stepped off the elevator by myself.

It took only moments for my embarrassment to give way to elation. Heidi had not only noticed me looking at her but had shown she enjoyed teasing me. This meant that my fantasy could finally come true. I didn't think too much about the little problem that I had a wife. What did that matter? I had already started to think of my marriage as being dead anyway. I lusted for Heidi like I never had for any other woman.

As I got to my apartment, I was relieved to find that Gillian had gone to bed early. This left me alone with my thoughts. I had to approach Heidi now, but there was the question of how I was going to do it. When I thought of the incident in the elevator my cock got hard again. This was an incredible woman. She was curvy in a way I had never dreamed of before, and now I was convinced I would have her. The incident in the elevator had obviously been meant to stir me to action.

I wouldn't see Heidi again until after the New Year, though I looked for her every chance I got. I was practically hard all the time from my constantly reliving the elevator incident in my mind as much as possible. Yet, Heidi was nowhere to be found. Gillian got the benefit of this arousal, and our sex life was more exciting to her because of it.

"What's gotten into you lately," she asked, after we had sex for the third time in a single weekend, and it was only Saturday.

“You’ve just been looking really hot lately,” I said.

“I did lose a little weight,” Gillian said. “It was only ten pounds. I wasn’t sure you even noticed.”

Her answer was a huge turnoff, but I tried not to let it show. I had always been attracted to full-figured woman, but Heidi had pushed my desire into absolute overdrive. I wasn’t sure how much she weighed, but she had made me realize that the size of women I had been pursuing before were nothing by comparison. It was that impossible shape of hers. Before I had seen Heidi, women in her size range had seemed shapeless, but once I had looked at her and seen what an hourglass figure REALLY looked like, I was hopelessly addicted.

It would be Sunday, January 6th, when I would finally get to see Heidi again. I was going crazy by that point and decided to wait in the lobby for when she came back from her regular appointment. She came through the door at the usual time. She wore a black slip dress that showed off her body to thrilling effect. The sight of her excited me so much I almost froze up and didn’t rise from my chair in the lobby. I was able to quickly collect myself and get to my feet.

She noticed me then and smiled at me. I had rehearsed what I was going to say, but at that second, I forgot all of it. How could I speak to this impossible goddess in front of me? She would have just walked past me if she wanted to, but in that moment, she stopped and stood right in front of me. We were almost the same height, so it was natural for her to gaze into my eyes.

“How are you doing today, Jack?” she asked me. I realized this was the first time I had heard her voice. It was thrilling music to my ears. I couldn’t believe she

knew my name, even after the incident in the elevator.

“Um...I’m...okay,” I stammered.

“Good to hear it,” Heidi continued as if I wasn’t having a complete breakdown in front of her. “Would you like to walk me to my apartment today? There has been a creepy guy hanging around the third floor and I’d just feel more comfortable with a man with me.”

There was something about the way she was smiling at me. Was she making fun of me? She had to know that I had been following her all those days, and that had prompted the incident in the elevator. I followed her back to the elevator so we could go up to her floor and I felt so nervous that I was trembling. Heidi said nothing as we rode up to her floor, making the tension unbearable. Only when we walked over to her apartment did she say something.

“I’ve seen your wife around, Jack,” she said.

I was stunned and didn’t know how to answer her. She had a smug grin on her face and was looking at me with anticipation. God she was sexy. “Gillian?” I asked meekly, as if I had another wife somewhere.

“Is that her name?” Heidi asked. “She’s a cute little thing but I guess she doesn’t do it for you. At least she must not if you have to follow me around all the time.”

There was a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. I didn’t know how I could

have thought that this woman would be interested in me. What she had done in the elevator was just meant to tease and humiliate me. “I’m sorry,” I said. “I really should be going.”

“After all this and you’re going to run away from me,” Heidi said. She ran her hands over her body, touching her big breasts and running her fingers down her stomach, hips and then around to her big ass. “I thought you’d at least want to come inside my apartment.”

“I do,” I said breathlessly. I began to inch toward her, and she put her hand out, placing it flat against my chest.

“So, tell me why your wife isn’t good enough for you,” Heidi said.

There was fire in her eyes I hadn’t seen before. She wanted me to tell her something and I thought I knew what it was. “She’s nothing compared to you,” I said. “You’re the sexiest woman I’ve ever seen.”

“Why is that?” she asked. Heidi was leaning closer to me, and I could feel my hard cock pressing against my pants. Her big breasts were almost touching my chest but were just centimeters away from me. “What do I have that your wife doesn’t have?”

“You’re curvier,” I said. I could see in her eyes that she wanted me to continue. “You’re bigger,” I said, and as the words escaped my lips, Heidi wrapped her arms around my body.

“Have you ever been with a woman my size?” she asked.

“Never,” I said.

“How big was the biggest?”

I stopped and thought about it. “I’d say about two hundred and thirty pounds.”

Heidi laughed, and pulled my body into her. She was so big and so soft. I thought I was going to come right there, and then she said, “Three hundred and fifty pounds.”

I came again, just like I had in the elevator. I couldn’t help it. She was so sexy, and the feeling of her soft full body pressed against me drove me wild. Heidi laughed again as she felt me coming. “You’re such a naughty boy,” she said. “You can’t even keep from making a mess of yourself.”

She pushed me away, and I felt as if I would die if I could not touch her. I fell to my knees right there in the hallway, not even afraid that somebody might walk by. “Please,” I begged. She laughed at me.

“Go back to your wife,” she said to me. “There is nothing you can offer me.”

I threw myself at her feet. “Please,” I repeated. I looked up at her, that body looming over me made her look even sexier. I wanted to climb up those thick

legs and grab hold of her hips.

Heidi placed her foot on my shoulder and pushed me over. “I told you to get out of here. If you want to prove yourself to me, then I want you here tomorrow night at seven.”

“Yes,” I said, groveling on the carpet. “I’ll be here. What do you want me to do for you?”

“Just go,” she spoke harshly. She didn’t wait for me to leave, she just opened her door and walked in, shutting it behind her.

I got back to my feet, embarrassed, but also elated that she had given me the chance to see her again tomorrow, though a part of me thought it might just be a cruel joke. When I got back to our apartment, Gillian was working on her laptop.

“Where have you been?” she asked me.

“Out for a walk,” I said quietly, then I darted to the bathroom. I took a hot shower to try and wash away all my shame and to get my head together. When I got out, dressed only in a towel, Gillian seemed to be waiting for me.

“There seems to be something going on with you lately,” my wife said. “Is something wrong?”

I shook my head and sighed. “I guess maybe I’m feeling a little depressed,” I said.

Gillian looked at me sympathetically. I had thought she might be suspicious but seeing how concerned she was made me feel guilty. “I know I’ve been working a lot these past few months but I’m going to try and slow things down. I feel like we’re practically roommates and not a married couple.”

We made love that night, but I couldn’t get Heidi out of my mind. Ironically, this went a long way toward making Gillian feel more secure because I was so amorous. Thinking of Heidi made me insatiable, so Gillian reaped the benefit.

I told Gillian that I would be working late Monday night, and if she needed to do the same that was okay. This was a risk, despite the fact I needed an excuse to not be home, because I had no idea where Gillian would be. If she saw me in the building it would be hard to explain why I was going to the wrong floor. To my advantage, it seemed as if Gillian suspected absolutely nothing. I showed up at Heidi’s apartment at exactly seven. I knocked on the door, not knowing what to expect.

Heidi opened the door wearing a black bra and sexy black panties. It was amazing, she looked even bigger without her clothes on. The width of her hips continued to astound me. The average woman had a hip measurement about twenty percent bigger than her waist. It looked like Heidi had at least twice that, and I thought it was likely closer to fifty percent bigger.

“You’re prompt,” Heidi said. She looked down at my crotch, where I had already sprung a boner. “I also see you’re very excited.”

“Yes,” I said. There was nothing else for me to say.

“Come in,” she said, and beckoned to me. I followed her and shut the door. Her apartment was very much like the one my wife and I shared, and we were standing in her living room.

“Why have you been following me?” she asked.

“Because you’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.”

She giggled. “Well, thank you, but that tells me very little. What do you see? What do you think about when you look at me?”

“I can’t believe your figure,” I said. “I’ve always liked bigger women, but I’ve never seen a figure like yours. I’ve never seen anybody shaped like you.”

Heidi ran her hands over her hips, up her waist and then squeezed her huge breasts. “That little wife of yours doesn’t have tits like these,” Heidi said. She reached behind her back and took her bra off. “Wait until you see them.”

She revealed her breasts to me. Despite their size, they had a perfect teardrop shape, and perfect pink nipples. They were erect and begging to be sucked, but I wouldn’t dare do anything until Heidi told me I could. Right now, she was running her hands over them and fondling her own nipples.

“You’ve probably been dreaming about touching these ever since you first laid eyes on me,” she said. “You poor baby.”

“They’re beautiful,” I said to her. “They might be the most beautiful breasts I’ve ever seen.”

She laughed again. “You flatterer.” Then she took her hands from her breasts and moved them back down to her hips. “I bet you’ve been dreaming about my breasts but that has been nothing of what you’ve been thinking about my hips and ass.”

“Your ass is spectacular,” I said. “Nothing else can compare to it. Every time I see it, it takes my breath away.”

Heidi was giggling in delight again. She was enjoying teasing me, and I was feeling things I had never felt before. It felt as if my whole body was tingling with excitement as I watched this amazing woman display her body for me. I knew she might just decide to torture me as she had the previous day, but somehow, I didn’t care.

“Did you know I can’t even reach around my ass?” she asked me. “If I put my hands behind my back there are parts of my ass that I can’t even touch.”

My cock was throbbing, and I thought I might come in my pants yet again without her even touching me. The way she was looking at me, I could tell she was aware the effect her words were having.

“Why don’t you get the tape measure from the shelf over there?” she asked me. She nodded her head in the direction of the shelf she meant, a bookshelf that was against the far wall by the television.

“Alright,” I said, and moved to get it. She kept on talking.

“When I was a teenager, I saw a statue of a fertility goddess. I had never seen another woman built quite like me, though I wasn’t fully developed at the time.” She giggled a little at the remembrance. I clutched the tape measure and turned back to her mesmerized.

“It amazed me how much the statue looked like me. I thought that all this time I hadn’t appreciated myself for being different. There was a time when people literally worshipped women like me. I knew that I would never settle for anything less than that again.”

I held the tape measure out to Heidi, but she shook her head. “Measure my waist,” she said.

As I started to measure, she kept talking. “Back then I looked like a fertility goddess, but the truth is I’m actually much curvier than them now. If any of those people that worshipped those goddesses in the past saw me, their jaws would drop open. I am beyond their wildest imaginations. What’s my waist measurement.”

“Forty-two inches,” I said. I was down on my knees in front of her, and I couldn’t even see her lovely face because her breasts were blocking me.

“Now my hips,” she said.

I pulled the tape measure around her hips and couldn’t get my arms around her. I had to mark the beginning, and then pass the other end before pulling it around. When I finally got a measurement, I was astounded by what it read.

“What does it say?” she asked.

“Sixty-five inches,” I said.

She laughed. “Did you know that the average woman’s hips are twenty percent bigger than her waist? Mine are well over fifty percent bigger. In fact, close to fifty-five percent. Its almost three times the waist to hip ratio of the average woman.”

I was almost shaking at these words, and I was still on my knees. “I bet you’d love to measure these thighs,” she said. They were right in front of me and huge. I thought they might be bigger than me.

I started to wrap the tape measure around one of her colossal legs, but she stopped me by pushing it forward and almost knocking me on my ass. “Get on your feet,” she said.

I did what I was told, and she gestured toward the sofa. “I want you to lay down there,” she said. “With your head so you’re facing the front door.”

I laid down on her sofa, and I was no longer looking at her. She remedied this in seconds by walking toward the door. Now I was looking at her from behind. My heart was beating rapidly as I stared at that gargantuan, sexy ass, and she started to peel her panties down.

“I bet you like what you see,” Heidi said, and then she turned around and faced me. “You’ve been dreaming of this moment ever since you saw me. I’m about to sit on your face and use you as my little toy. I bet you’d like that.”

The excitement was overwhelming, but it was accompanied by fear. Heidi was enormous, and her huge thighs would be wrapped around my head, while her big ass would be pressing down on me. She could easily kill me without meaning too. The idea was truly frightening, while at the same time it made me more turned on than anything I had ever experienced before.

Within seconds, she was climbing on top of me, and her thighs encircled my head. I reached up, finally able to touch that exquisite ass, as she lowered her pussy to my face. Soon, my tongue was inside her, and I could hear her moans above me, as her weight pushed heavily down on top of me. I was in heaven, but I could barely breathe. Heidi pushed me down hard and I thought it was all going to be over.

“You better make me come if you want to breathe,” she told me. “I expect you to do a good job.”

She pulled back a bit, allowing me some air, but this only lasted seconds before she put her weight back on me again. She tasted sweet, with a little bit of tang. I continued to touch her ass as I licked with everything I had. She moved back and

forth, using me like I didn't even matter. I wondered if she even cared if I could breath.

When she came, I could hear her scream and feel her squirt on my face. She leaned heavily on me, her whole bodyweight coming down on my smaller body for a few seconds, and it felt like everything would cave in. It was like heaven and hell all at once. Then she got up off me.

"You can leave now," she said. She got to her feet and put her panties back on. I was stunned by what she had just said.

"That's all you want," I said dumbly.

"Go home to your wife," Heidi said. She was already picking her bra up off the floor and putting it back on.

I fell to my knees again. "Please, I need to touch you," I begged.

Heidi sneered at me. "You have a wife. Go back home to her."

"I'll leave her," I said.

Heidi smiled at me. "Wouldn't that be something?" she said.