

RIPPED



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I got her text at about nine o'clock at night and saw that it included a video. I knew it was before I even looked at it, but the question was if I could resist. I knew that I couldn't. I was able to hold out for just a few seconds before I clicked on it. Then there was no question about how weak I was.

Natalie was taking a video of herself in the bathroom, posing in front of the mirror, so she could see herself. She wore a black tank top, her perfect perky breasts looking amazing with the tight top accenting their sublime shape. Her brown, wavy hair fell down a little past her shoulders on either side. She had done her make up, subtle, in order to accentuate her natural beauty.

"Hey Ryan," she said into the camera. "I wanted to show you something. Something that I know you've been dreaming about."

Natalie then held up her arms, that until that moment had been down at her sides and flexed them. This took my breath away. Here was this beautiful young girl, one that nobody would suspect of such power, flexing biceps that I knew easily put my own to shame.

Each of her biceps looked to be the size of a lemon, and were cut, looking as hard as diamonds. There was nothing but powerful, sinewy muscle on that body. She continued to flex them for the camera and smile.

"You like strong girls, don't you?" she asked.

It was so sexy the way she was teasing me. I wanted to answer her, to get down on my knees and tell her that I worshipped her strength. She probably knew all

that. She wanted to tease me, wanted to break me, and it was that which I craved.

“I’m already stronger than you,” Natalie said to the camera, and she struck another double bicep pose, looking at her own arms adoringly. “Just think how much stronger I’m going to get.”

I quivered at hearing that, and Natalie smirked into the camera as the video turned off. I was painfully hard and sitting alone in my bedroom. I knew that all I was going to be able to do all night is think of Natalie.

Here I was, a forty-two-year-old man, gripped by an obsession with a nineteen-year-old girl. I felt pathetic, and out of control. Yet, I couldn’t fight these urges. How did I end up in this state?

It was hard to believe that just two weeks before, I did not know who Natalie was.

We had been introduced through fate. I liked to write in public, working as a television writer in New York City. I had a few favorite spots, and I especially preferred a certain coffee shop near my apartment.

I mostly would write in the afternoons on weekdays, but I was behind on a script, something that happens more frequently than I care to admit, and so I was writing at the coffee shop on a Friday evening. The place was busier than it normally was.

A young woman came in, wearing a bulky sweater, and a pair of jeans, ordered a coffee and sat at a table near me. I usually chose to sit in the back away from people, so I looked up at her when she sat down. She was very pretty, but despite being divorced for two years and being actively single, I wasn't interested in somebody so much younger. I did appreciate her beauty for a few moments, before returning to my work.

About ten minutes passed, and then it became obvious to me that the young woman was waiting for someone. She looked around frantically trying to find somebody and then checking the time on her phone. I felt bad. It looked like she had been stood up.

Then, finally, a man appeared and walked over to her table. "Sorry I'm late," he said.

I looked up at him, a good-looking guy in his mid to late thirties, with dark hair, and an expensive watch on his wrist. If this was a date, he was much older than her, obviously, and had already kept her waiting. Not such a good start.

I went back to my writing, and it was about twenty minutes later when I noticed the man was gone. The girl was obviously waiting for him to come back, but about another five minutes passed and he was still a no show.

I looked up and spoke to her. "Where is your date?" I asked.

She looked at me, first surprised, then amused. "He said he was going to the bathroom, but I think he ditched me."

“What an asshole,” I said.

The girl laughed. “He is an asshole,” she said. I thought she was taking it remarkably well. “Do you mind if I come join you?” she asked.

I was taken aback, but I felt bad about her being abandoned by her date. “Sure, you can join me,” I told her. I saved what I was working on. I had wanted to be done before the weekend, but I resigned myself to work spilling over.

The girl came and sat at my table. “I’m Natalie,” she said.

“Ryan.”

“What were you working on, Ryan?”

“I’m a television writer,” I said. I told her the name of the show, a police procedural in which the age of our average audience member was somewhere around fifty. She nodded, but I wasn’t sure she had even heard of the show. “So, what did your bad date and you talk about?” I asked.

Natalie gave me a playful look that I couldn’t quite read. “We talked about our interests,” she said.

“I’m guessing he didn’t share your interests?” I asked.

Natalie flashed me a coy smile and seemed to be deliberating something. Then she pulled up her left arm and peeled back her sweater as she flexed.

I had never seen a woman with biceps like that in my life. They were big and hard, and perfect, and not at all what I was expecting from this small young woman. She looked like she could be a model, but no model ever had arms like this. Just as quickly as she revealed them, she put her sleeve back over her arm.

“Impressed?” she asked with a giggle.

It was only then that I noticed my mouth was hanging open. I recovered myself. “That’s what scared him off, huh?” I asked.

“Not just that,” Natalie said. She leaned over the table as if she was telling me a secret. “I told him that I like being stronger than men, that it really turns me on, and I was looking for a man who was able to handle that.”

I had never heard a woman say such a thing, and I was surprised what a thrill it sent through me. I didn’t know why. Did I want to experience that?

“What are you thinking about?” Natalie asked. Her voice sounded a little deeper, and a lot sexier.

“I was thinking that sounded interesting,” I said. There was no doubt that Natalie was flirting with me. I just didn’t know how genuine it was.

“Give me your phone,” Natalie said. I did what she asked, taking my phone out of my pocket and unlocking it. She took it, and I saw her quickly type something in. “That’s my number,” she said.

Then she was gone. It happened so fast that I didn’t have time to react to it. I told myself that there was no way I was going to text this girl, no matter how intrigued I was. She probably was just messing with me and was getting off on it.

I made it a few hours that night before I texted Natalie. “So, what did you end up doing after your date?” I asked.

“What I usually do when I have free time,” she said. “I work out. I’m kind of obsessed.”

“When did you get into that?” I asked.

“When I realized that I liked being bigger than the boys,” she told me.

I didn’t take the bait and go in that direction. Instead, I asked her other things. I asked her what she was doing for work. She told me she was a waitress and a college student. I asked her about her family, and what she was studying in school. She told me that she had a younger brother, who she liked to push around

because he was so much weaker than her, and that she was majoring in business.

She asked some things about me too, but she always tried to steer the conversation back to her muscles. I never let her go there, and I could tell that she was getting increasingly frustrated.

It was after four days that she sent me that video. I knew that I wasn't going to be able to resist her, but I didn't want to play games.

"Do you want to meet up?" I texted her.

"That depends," she texted back. "Why do you want to see me?"

I stared at this text for a while and tried to think of the best way to say this. "I want to feel your muscles," I said. "I want to see how strong you are."

She didn't answer me for over an hour. I was going insane by then. So, she had just been teasing me. I sat in my bedroom, trying to watch television and then checking my phone every few minutes. I had a desperate feeling.

"What are you doing tonight?" Natalie finally asked me.

"Nothing," I told her.

“Where do you live?”

I wasn't sure what was going to happen. It was eleven o'clock by the time Natalie got there. She must have lived in the neighborhood. I buzzed her up outside the building, and then she was knocking on my door.

I took a deep breath. What was I getting myself into? Then I opened the door. Natalie was standing there in a long black trench coat. She was wearing a pair of tall black stiletto heels. Without the heels, I thought her height was probably about five-foot-eleven. With them, I estimated her to be six-foot-two, four inches taller than me.

“Are you ready?” she asked with a smile, and then without waiting for an answer, she walked into my apartment. “Nice place,” she said.

“Can I fix you a drink?” I asked.

Natalie laughed. “You know that isn't the kind of thing I came here for.”

She threw the trench coat off her shoulders. I was astounded by her body, wearing a tiny lacy white bra and matching panties.

What stood before me was a powerful tower of feminine muscle. She bulged absolutely everywhere, from her protruding calves and oaken thighs, to her tight abs, her mighty biceps and triceps and hulking shoulders. She made a turn for me, allowing me to appreciate her thick and round glutes, as well as the wide

expanse of muscle that was her back. She flexed for me.

I could feel my cock getting hard in my pants at the sight before me, but I also felt a sudden fear as Natalie turned around to look at me.

“Strip,” she ordered, and all I knew to do was comply. I was wearing a grey polo shirt and a pair of jeans. Getting these off and down to my boxers was an easy task. Natalie could see my bulge as my pants came down, and then she was on me.

Her right hand grabbed my ass, and her left hand was behind my head. She pulled me into a passionate kiss, pressed me against the wall, and then was lifting me.

“You weak little man,” she whispered. “I want you to feel my power.”

My hands went to her bulging biceps. They were rock hard and danced under her skin as she flexed. I wrapped my legs around her midsection.

“Where’s the bedroom?” she asked.

After I told her, she carried me into my bedroom and dumped me on the bed and took off her heels. My boxer shorts were ripped off me, and she started to climb on top of the bed, standing on her knees as she unhooked her bra.

“Brace yourself,” she said, and then she started to slide her panties down her legs.

What followed was the most vigorous and athletic sex of my life. The sight of those incredible muscles, on this beautiful girl with perfect breasts drove me wild and made me hard. She got on top of me and started to ride me, pressing me down on the bed and demanding that I run my hands over her rock-hard body.

She made me hold off until she came, using her powerful thighs to squeeze me almost painfully any time I was close. “Don’t you even think about it,” she said.

When she did explode with a shrieking climax, she finally let me come, and then flopped onto the bed, pulling my body close to her. I had never had this feeling before, feeling helpless in the arms of a woman. She was taller than me, if only slightly, and knowing this was exciting as well. I moved my hands over the sinewy muscle of her back and shoulders and was instantly excited.

“Do you think you could get hard for me again?” Natalie asked. Then she reached her hand down and gently touched my cock.

She began to stroke me and could already feel my dick springing back to life. “I think so,” I said.

“Do it for me,” she ordered. “I’m the strongest and most powerful woman that you’ll ever meet. It is an honor for you to serve me.”

These words excited me like nothing else I had ever heard, and in seconds I was rock hard. Natalie was pleased, with me, and she lifted me up and inserted me inside her.

Even though I was on top of her, Natalie was completely in control. She pumped me up and down to her pleasure, and she wrapped her powerful arms, and hulking legs around me, squeezing me tight. She enjoyed doing it until I actually felt pain and would cry out.

“Too hard?” she asked. “Maybe I’m too much woman for you.” Soon she was coming again, and then she cried out. “Feel how strong I am. I can break you in half.”

Then she squeezed me hard enough to make me realize that the way she had been squeezing before had been taking it easy on me. I came, a powerful ejaculation somehow even more extreme than the one I had previously experienced. She didn’t let up though, and I found myself seeing stars, as my ribs seemed to bend in on me. I passed out, not regaining consciousness until morning.

When I woke up, Natalie was gone. I reached over and smelled the sheets, getting a whiff of her scent. When I tried to get up, I felt the pain.

My entire body ached. I was barely able to walk to the bathroom, and once there I saw the bruises. Yet, I wasn’t alarmed by the marks all over the body. There was something about them that made me feel loved. I ran my hands over all of them, relishing the pain.

When I retrieved my phone from my pants, I saw that there was a text from Natalie. It said only one thing. “You are mine now.”

I wanted to text Natalie back, but I didn’t know what to say. How could I respond to something like that? Obviously, she had made it clear that she was the one who was taking the lead.

I didn’t hear from Natalie until Friday night. She sent me a text, this time with another video. In the video, which was edited into a montage sequence, she was working out. The video gave me a look at her working her arms, chest, back, and legs. I loved watching her doing pull ups. The video had no words on it.

Later she sent me another text. “I’m pushing myself, for the next time I see you,” she said.

Reading this both excited and scared me. I thought about what it might be like to see Natalie when she was even bigger.

It would be another month before I would find out. Natalie started texting me every day asking me questions about myself and giving me instructions.

One of her most important questions was about how much money I made. Since I had become a producer on my show, I had made a comfortable six figure income, but I still lived in my modest rent controlled apartment. Natalie wanted me to change that.

“You’re going to need a bigger place to accommodate me,” she said. “It is important that we figure out how to best use your resources to serve me.”

I began to make changes to my life and was able to find myself a better apartment after finding somebody else to take over my lease. This was all done to Natalie’s specific instructions, but I didn’t see her again until I moved into her new place, and she came over.

She appeared at the door in a tight black dress, her long muscular legs on display, as well as her muscular arms bare. She was wearing heels again, only this time high platforms that made her stand somewhere around six-foot-five. I was staring up at her.

“Hello, my little darling,” she said, and she walked into our new apartment to inspect it. “Did you miss me?”

“More than you could have ever imagined,” I said. She smiled and bent way down to kiss me on my lips.

I then gave her a tour, showing her how every bit of the apartment was designed to fit her needs and whims. There was even an extensive home gym where she could do her workouts. Natalie seemed very pleased as we went into the bedroom.

It had been designed the way she wanted, black sheets and curtains, abstract art on the walls, elegant and simple. “You’ve done a good job,” Natalie told me. She sat on the bed. “Now it is time for you to do another one.”

She gestured for me to come toward her and stand between her legs. I knew what she wanted even before her hands found their way to my shoulders and forced me down on my knees. My hands touched her big hard thighs first, feeling their power, before I slid up her dress and started to remove her panties.

I loved to see those lacy feminine panties struggle to get over those big thighs. “They’ve gotten bigger since the last time you saw me, haven’t they?” Natalie asked.

“It seems that way,” I said.

“If you don’t do a good job, I’ll crush your head.”

I licked her as if my life depended on it, which there was a good chance that it did. I listened to her sexy moans as my tongue worked on her, and I moved my hands under her incredible ass. She flexed her powerful glutes for me, and before I knew it, she was having an orgasm.

“Oh God, yes!” Natalie cried, as she wrapped her legs around my head and held me helpless.

I was afraid again, but just for a few seconds. She held me between her legs but did not crush or hurt me. She went relatively easy on me compared to how she had before. Once she had fully experienced her climax, and her body had shuttered to a stop, she let me go, and I fell back onto the floor.

After taking a moment to collect herself, Natalie sat up. “You’re such a good boy,” she said. “You’ve earned the right to have some fun yourself.”

She stood up, and then she grabbed me, reaching down to open my pants and let my hard dick free. Eating her out had aroused me, and I was ready to be inside her. She hoisted me up easily, moving elegantly even on her high heels, and walked me over to the wall.

Propping me up against the wall, she took me, most of our clothes still on, and me being pumped by her powerful arms, my dick sliding into her wet pussy under her dress. I grabbed onto her huge biceps, feeling them pump bigger and harder as she kept moving me.

“I’m yours,” I told her.

“You are,” she said. She pressed me against the wall harder. “I’m going to break you down every day. You’re going to learn what it’s like to be truly mine. You’re going to not remember anything else.”

Hearing her say these words made me explode inside her. I had never come like that in my life, and I gave a heavy grunt as I climaxed. I clung to her powerful body, wrapping my arms around her and gripping onto her back. The hardness of what I felt was so comforting. Then I heard something that sent a chill through me.

“You didn’t have my permission,” Natalie told me.

She removed me from inside her, and then she dropped me to the floor. I didn't land hard, but it shocked me, my body between her and the wall still, me laying on the floor and her powerful body looming over me.

"I'm going to have to train you to be better," Natalie said. "It is going to be brutal, I'm afraid."

It turned out I got lucky because the training would begin tomorrow. That night we did some regular couple's things, including ordering in some take out and watching a movie. It was a joy to just be able to sit next to Natalie and snuggle up next to her powerful body and feel safe.

That night when we slept together, Natalie came up behind me and pulled me close to her. "I like to be the big spoon," she said, jokingly, and she held me that way all night long. I never slept more soundly.

The next day, the training began full force. Natalie expected me to make her breakfast, while she worked out. Her workouts were intense, and she told me that she was dedicated to getting her body as big as possible.

"I'm already so much bigger and stronger than you," she said. "Yet, I don't want to scare you."

"I like that it scares me," I told her. I couldn't believe the words were coming out of my mouth.

“That’s so sweet,” Natalie said.

After breakfast and her work out, Natalie and I had to go about our days, but we would come back together after work and school. That evening, Natalie tried to teach me how to stop from coming until she allowed it.

“It is going to take you a while to learn enough self-control,” she told me. “Don’t worry. I’m a patient teacher.”

Natalie lay down in a reclining chair and she had me lie down on top of her, me completely naked, while she wore a sports bra and some tight shorts. My cock started to get stiff the moment I was on top of her, feeling her hard body under me, and the strength that was so obvious. She grasped my penis and began to slowly stroke it.

This was how Natalie would train me for many nights, stroking my dick until I was in a frenzy, looping her other arm around me, and holding me close to her powerful body. She would get me close, me squirming against her, and she relishing having so much control over me.

“Don’t finish,” she would order. “Hold on until I say.”

She worked me up over time, carefully and methodically training me, and increasing the difficulty. In between, we would do other things. She still loved to have sex with me in a variety of positions, but especially while riding on top, and she was always enthusiastic about me eating her out.

Slowly, I was starting to become more and more the perfect slave to my young goddess, and over time she began to push her muscle growth more and more.

I couldn't believe what I was seeing with my own eyes as Natalie kept getting bigger and stronger. I was the one preparing her meals, and her shakes, and helping her with her supplements, but I was shocked by how effective it was at helping her grow.

"I can get bigger because now I have a proper slave to do everything for me," Natalie told me one night, after we had just had an energetic sex session.

This made me feel amazing, knowing that this incredible growing woman was getting bigger and bigger with my help. Within sex months of us living together, she had become absolutely immense.

I couldn't believe that a woman could be as big as Natalie had become. When we had first moved in together, her biceps had been sixteen inches, but within six months, they were now twenty-three inches.

For a while, we kept our relationship low key, and didn't go anywhere in public too often, but after things had started to settle down, and Natalie started to grow, I began to show off my muscle goddess, or more accurately, she began to show me off.

She loved shopping with me and picking out dresses that would show off her muscles. I loved to see how her long, sexy legs looked in high heels and a short

dress. I took her to parties, and watched heads turn to look at those legs, and her sexy glutes. Like her arms, her thighs growing bigger, and eventually they were over forty inches.

Standing next to her, it was like her legs were bigger than my whole body. She would pull me close to her, wearing super tall heels that allowed her to tower above me. She enjoyed the comparison, everybody seeing how small her man was next to her.

Everybody would stare at her legs, but once they were done with that they would be overwhelmed by her arms. They had continued to grow, eventually exceeding thirty inches. Natalie would look for any excuse to flex them for an adoring and amazed audience.

About a year after we had moved in together, my show was nominated for a slew of Emmys, including one for an episode I had written. I, of course, took Natalie as my date, and all the tabloids and entertainment reporters could focus on nothing else. I was amused at the number of hot young actresses who were visibly annoyed as reporters ignored them to talk to the towering muscle woman.

I didn't win, but I felt like a winner with Natalie by my side. We went to a party afterwards, and Natalie enjoyed groping me as much as she could. Her possessiveness was a constant turn on. "Why don't we find somewhere private?" she finally asked me.

Then my goddess took me, slipping into an empty hallway in the giant mansion the party was held in. Anybody could have walked in at any moment and seen us, but she didn't care. "You're the most beautiful woman in the world," I said, as she lifted me up onto a nearby table. "The whole country is probably talking about you."

Natalie smiled, and slipped her dress off. Now her muscularity was beyond belief. She made male bodybuilders seem small and inadequate, while remaining feminine and sexy. Her breasts were huge, and soft, but everything else on her was incredibly hard. When she moved everything bulged, I couldn't wait to be surrounded by her gigantic muscles.

Then I was. If Natalie hadn't trained me so well, then I would have come immediately having all that unbelievable muscle around me. All I could feel was flexes and bulges as she took me. I knew I could hold out for her. The feeling of those big muscles created a mix of pleasure and pain, and then Natalie was coming. I knew her scream was being heard by everybody else at the party, and then I let myself go.