

A photograph of a woman with long, dark, wavy hair, looking down and to the side. She is wearing a dark green tank top and has her hands on her hips, showcasing her muscular physique. The background is a blurred gym environment with blue and grey tones. The title text is overlaid in the center of the image.

THE MUSCLE GIRL NEXT DOOR

J. D. TUFTS

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It was my wife who wanted to move upstate, after eleven years of marriage and life in the city. I reluctantly agreed because I wanted to keep Karen happy. She had been restless lately, and I worried about the healthiness of our marriage. I thought moving back to where she grew up would do the trick, but once she was back in the vicinity of her family and childhood friends it seemed like she could always find something else to do but spend time with me.

I had first caught sight of Jenna when we were moving in. She was walking down the driveway of the house across the street. She was wearing an oversized hoodie, it was late February then, and she had the hood up so that I couldn't see her face. We would meet a few days later when her parents, the Webers, came over to introduce themselves, and introduced us to their daughter Jenna, a nineteen-year-old college freshman.

"Linda was a good friend of mine growing up," Jenna said, referring to the daughter of the previous residents. "I used to come over here and swim all the time."

"Well, feel free to come by for a swim any time you like during the summer," I offered. I was just being polite, and I didn't expect the girl to take me up on it.

Jenna and I had a few conversations in passing over the next couple months. I had some conversations with her parents too, but it seemed as if I would run into her more often, whether it was on a trip to the local grocery store or just walking around the neighborhood. Our conversations were usually pretty brief. I didn't think a nineteen-year-old girl and a thirty-nine-year-old man had much to say to each other.

It was early July when it finally happened. Karen was away on a "weaving

retreat” for the entire weekend. This was the second one she had gone on since we had moved back, and I hated it, but I didn’t want to seem controlling by insisting that she not go. So, I was stuck in the house alone for the weekend and had decided to read a book by the pool.

Jenna suddenly appeared by our back fence. “Hey Peter,” she called, leaning over the fence. “It’s a hot day. I thought I might take you up on that offer to come over for a swim.”

“Of course,” I said.

I put my book down and got to my feet as Jenna opened the door and came around to the back yard. She had a beach towel with her, and had it draped over her shoulder. She was wearing blue jeans, and a long-sleeved blouse, not very appropriate clothing for such a hot day.

“Do you need to go inside to change?” I asked her.

“No, I’ve got my swimsuit on underneath,” she said. At that, she threw her towel on the chair next to mine and began to pull her top off over her head. With her face covered by her shirt I was free to look, and what I saw astounded me.

I want to make something clear. I had never been one of those guys to chase after young women. My wife was a year older than I was, and I had never dated a girl more than a couple years my junior. I always thought guys my age who would chase after a girl Jenna’s age were kind of creeps, but at that moment age ceased to be a factor at all. With the body Jenna was hiding all this time, I would have been swept away no matter how old she was.

Jenna was incredibly muscular. Her body looked like it was chiseled out of marble. There didn't seem to be an ounce of fat anywhere on her upper body, except for her perky breasts contained in a skimpy blue bikini top. Her arms were extremely well-defined, with bulging biceps and triceps. I had lifted weights when I was younger, and in one of my many attempts to reignite Karen's interest, I had tried to get back in shape myself, but I had never been anywhere near as muscular as Jenna was.

Despite my lack of sexual interest in her before this moment, I would have had to be blind not to notice that Jenna was very cute. She was a brunette, who stood about five-foot-four, and one could tell had a nice figure even if she never had worn anything in my presence the least bit revealing. I thought this might have been by design. Perhaps she wasn't comfortable showing everybody how ripped she was. I imagined some boys could be intimidated.

Jenna began to peel her jeans off, and to my luck she hadn't noticed me gawking, or at least was pretending not to notice. Her legs were just as astonishing as the rest of her, thick muscular thighs and calves as big as apples.

"Are you going to come in for a swim?" Jenna asked me, now standing in front of me in a tiny blue bikini.

"I think I might," I said.

She smiled, and I felt like a young man with a crush again. She turned to walk toward the pool, and this allowed me to get a look at her from behind. The muscles in her wide back rippled as she walked, and I took the opportunity to stare at her thick and shapely glutes before she dived into the pool with a splash.

I went into the house to get my swim trunks. Despite buying this house partially because it had a swimming pool, I hadn't done much swimming in it myself. Karen had been on the swim team in high school and this was another thing I had done to try and make her happy.

A twinge of guilt suddenly overtook me. I wasn't going to do anything, was I? Jenna was a college kid and I was twice her age. Sure, I was fascinated by the novelty of a cute girl with all those muscles, but I would never act on it.

Once I got my swim trunks on and looked at myself, I began to feel a little foolish. Sure, I was in good shape for a man my age, but there was nothing about me that was going to attract a girl like Jenna. I almost felt like putting my clothes back on and telling Jenna I'd changed my mind, but I didn't want her to think I was behaving oddly. There was nothing wrong with a little fun in the sun.

When I came out to the pool, I saw that Jenna was waiting for me. "Come on in," she said.

There was something about the way she was looking at me that made me even more uncomfortable than I had been before I had come outside. "How cold is the water?"

Jenna made a sweeping motion with her arm and splashed me. "Come in, you big baby" she said.

I jumped into the water, and when I came up for Jenna was swimming toward

me. She came right up next to me. I realized that we had never been this close to each other until now. She smiled at me, and there was an awkward moment where neither of us said anything, and we just stayed there, treading water.

“Where’s Karen?” Jenna finally said.

I was taken aback by the question. “She has a retreat this weekend.”

“She leaves you alone a lot.”

At first, I thought about denying it, but there was something about the way Jenna was looking at me. “When you’ve been married as long as we have, sometimes it’s good to spend some time away from each other.”

“That isn’t the kind of marriage I would want,” Jenna said. She looked away from me, off in the distance, with a serious expression of her face. Then she turned back to me. “Don’t you get lonely?”

“Sometimes,” I said. I thought about making a joke of it, but with the way Jenna was talking to me, so frank and direct, I didn’t want to be anything but completely honest with her.

She suddenly smiled again. “Do you want to race?” she asked.

We spent some time racing each other around the pool, but due to her youth, and

if I am being honest, fantastic physique, Jenna always beat me. After that got boring, Jenna showed me how long she could sit at the bottom of the pool and hold her breath. Then she came up and splashed me playfully.

“Thanks for inviting me to come over,” she said. Then she waded over to the ladder and started to climb out.

I watched her as she pulled herself out of the pool. Submerged in water, I hadn’t gotten the chance to look at her spectacular body all this time. With her back to me, I got the chance to outright gawk. I could see the dancing of her back muscles as she pulled the rest of her body up, her arms bulging. Her beautiful, round and full ass came into view, and I loved the way her wet hair clung to her skin. As she got to the surface, she stood at the edge for a moment, me seeing her beautiful breasts as she turned slightly to ring the water from the hair.

It took me far too long to realize that she was looking at me. Somehow, I must have gotten so enraptured in my gazing at her powerful young body that I had neglected to look away. I looked to her face, and our eyes met. There was no mistaking what I had been doing, and any attempt to play it off as something it wasn’t would have been an insult to both of us. Jenna didn’t say anything. She held the look between us for a few moments, then she went to get her towel and dry herself off.

I began to wade over to the edge of the pool and get out myself. What should I do? Should I talk to her about the moment? I thought maybe I could just ignore it. I could always just go into the house as if nothing had ever happened. Yet, I knew that I couldn’t do that. I walked over to Jenna where she was drying off.

“Look Jenna,” I started, but she interrupted me.

“I never would have thought I was your type,” she said.

“Excuse me.”

“Karen is more voluptuous. I would describe her as curvy.”

I opened my mouth to say something but found that I couldn't. I started to think of something to say, but by the time it came to fully forming a sentence, it began to seem stupid to me and I stopped myself. I couldn't believe this was happening.

“I'm sorry I did that,” I said. “I don't want you to feel uncomfortable around me. I want you to feel safe. I hope you'll accept my apology.”

“Safe?” Jenna asked with a smirk. “I'll feel safe. You won't have to worry. I'm pretty sure you have more to worry about from me.”

She turned to me, dropping her towel to the ground and putting her hands on her hips. I suddenly felt aroused. There was no mistaking what Jenna was saying to me, and the thought was turning me on despite myself. When Jenna saw how uncomfortable she had made me she grinned widely.

“Or do you think you could take me, old man?”

With that, Jenna held her arm up and formed a bicep for me. There was no mistaking the definition and hardness in that bicep. I had never seen a woman with muscles like that in person, only on television while seeing female bodybuilders, or very buff female athletes. It was driving me crazy in a way that I would never have imagined. Jenna could tell and was obviously enjoying it as well.

“I think I better go inside,” I said. I didn’t wait for Jenna to respond. I only thought to remove myself from the situation, and I swiftly walked toward the sliding glass door. I didn’t realize Jenna was following me until I was already inside.

“You’re going to run from me?” she asked in the doorway.

I stood there, thinking of trying to close the door while she was standing there, but somehow, I couldn’t. She moved forward, and I yielded to her, stepping back as she stepped into my house. She was now looking at me in my living room. Despite the fact I was a good five inches taller than her, I still felt physically dominated.

“I like older men,” Jenna said, and she smiled, reaching out her hand toward me. She put her right hand on my waist, gently, her fingers barely touching my skin. I flinched but did not completely move away. “Lucky you,” she said, and then she brought her other hand around, pulling me toward her.

By the time I thought I wanted to fight back, she had me in an embrace. There was no chance for me to resist her then. Her left arm was looped around my back and it felt as hard as steel. Her right arm went up to my head and she pulled me down to kiss her. She wasn’t rough enough to hurt me, but it was obvious that she could if she wanted to.

We kissed and my cock became fully erect in my flimsy swim trunks. Jenna controlled my body and grinded my cock against her with a soft purr escaping her lips. She gently bit my lower lip as she kissed me, relishing the fact that she could so easily overpower me, and that I obviously liked it. I made another weak protest.

“Jenna, I’m a married man,” I said.

She shook her head. “I can tell that you aren’t happy. I can make you happy. At least for a day. At least for right now.”

Her right hand moved to my neck to my swim trunks. She had them on the floor in seconds and pulled me so that I knew she wanted me to step out of them. She was still in her bikini, but I knew it wouldn’t be too long before she would take it off.

“Are we going to go to the bedroom, or are we going to do it right here?” she asked.

“Let’s go to the bedroom,” I relented.

The look of triumph on Jenna’s face was one of the sexiest things I had ever seen. I didn’t take her to the bed I shared with Karen, but instead to the guest bedroom. She didn’t seem to mind. Once we were there, she had her bikini top off in an instant.

“You’ve probably never felt a body like mine before,” she said, and she started flexing for me. I kept watching her, my erection still at full mast. “You’ve never been with a woman who was stronger than you.”

“No,” I admitted.

Jenna laughed. “Most guys that I’ve been with argue when I say that I’m stronger. It is like they want to deny the obvious.”

“I know that you’re stronger,” I said. My breath quickened as I said the words.

“And you like it?”

There was some hesitation this time. It was something that I was not yet comfortable to admit. “Yes,” I finally said. Like with the declaration of Jenna’s obviously superior strength, there was no sense in denying the obvious.

Jenna took off her bikini bottoms and came toward me. I wasn’t sure what she was going to do, but she made it clear within seconds, throwing me roughly down on the bed and then getting on top of me. She took a few seconds inserting me inside her, and then placed her hands on the headboard as she fucked me. The bed slammed dangerously against the wall, and Jenna’s strong thrusts actually hurt a little, so much that I was sure my pelvis would be sore the next day.

“Most men are weaker, but I have waited a long time to find a man who accepts his weakness,” Jenna said. She flexed for me as I writhed on top of her, and I cupped her beautiful perky breasts, sometimes sitting up to suck on her nipples.

It didn’t take that long for her to come, and I came soon afterward. We rested for a short time, then Jenna reached for my penis. “Get hard for me!” she said in a demanding voice, and my cock complied.

She lifted me up as she lay back, and this time she put me on top of her as she inserted me inside her. Even from this position it was obvious who was in charge. She wrapped both arms around me and squeezed me gently. Even though it was a gentle squeeze for her, it was just hard enough for me to feel the pressure on my back and ribs. She could have broken me in half if she wanted to.

Jenna thrust with me, and it felt as if she was lifting me up every time we moved in unison. Having sex with her was like nothing I had ever experienced before, and though sex with Karen was now a rarity, I didn’t know how I could possibly go back to that after experiencing what Jenna had to offer.

Jenna came again, her skin becoming flushed when she reached her climax and she letting out a little scream of ecstasy. She hugged her arms around me tightly, and then did the same with her legs. It was a feeling of complete helplessness, and I came immediately. This was her intention, and her reward. She pushed me off her afterward, me exhausted, but she not seeming to have experienced more than a light warm up.

“It was fun, old man,” she said as she retrieved her bikini from the floor. She came to the bed where I was still breathing heavy and kissed me on the forehead. “I’ll see you around.”

I wouldn't see her though. Karen would come back Sunday night, and I tried to be extra nice to her due to my guilt, but she seemed annoyed with me. I wondered, not for the first time, if she had even gone to a retreat at all, but I thought this might be the guilt of my own infidelity projecting onto her. Jenna wouldn't come over for the rest of the summer, and once she went back to school, I didn't see her at all. As for Karen and I, we just became more and more distant.

It was late October when Karen told me that she wanted a divorce. She told me that she would move out, but that she wanted to sell the house and for us to split the money for it. I told her that I wanted to keep the house, which I seemed to surprise her. I guess she thought that I would want to go to the city.

"How are you going to pay me for it?" she asked.

"I'll sell the stocks," I said. "I'll give you the full value of the house. You don't know anything about our investments anyway, and it would be just as if I had given you half the value of the stocks and half of the house."

"Why would you want to stay here?" Karen asked suspiciously.

"I'm used to living here now," I said. "I took a job here. Sure, I wanted to stay in the city, but you wanted things this way. I'm not just going to pack up my life again and turn everything back the way it was. That would be ludicrous."

Karen looked as if she wanted to say something else. It was a small town. I guess

she thought that if I was still living here there was a chance that we might run into each other. Maybe she thought that my staying was an attempt to win her back, and I was going to try to slowly worm my way back into her affections. The truth was, I had no plans to do any such thing. I had been trying to save my marriage for months, and I knew it was irrevocably broken.

Karen went to live with her parents and took as many of her things as she could. I adjusted to living alone as best I could. At first, I was sad and there was a period when I would be close to tears almost every day, but after a while it not only got better, but having Karen gone was a huge relief. I realized how much I had felt the oppressive weight of her presence on my shoulders.

Then it was Christmas break and I noticed that Jenna was back. I saw her one day coming back from a shopping trip with her mother. She was the one who was carrying most of the items, so I couldn't get a good look at her, but she looked bigger. It had been so long since I had seen her, and she was wearing a bulky coat, so I couldn't be sure, but she looked a lot bigger.

I had been thinking about what had happened last summer a lot. I was now separated and there was no longer any conflict in my getting with Jenna. Still, there were some things that made me hesitate. There was the age difference. I couldn't just stroll up to her parents' house and ask to speak to their daughter without feeling like a dirty old man. There was also the fact that I found it hard to believe that Jenna really would want me on a more regular basis. I thought that the fact I was married might have been some of the appeal for Jenna in the first place.

Then there was the worry. The sex before had been the best sex of my life. Yet, Jenna had been able to dominate me with ease. If anything, over the past few months I was even more out of shape. I had lost some weight, but I thought as much of that had been muscle as fat. What had been happening with Karen had made me depressed, and when I'm depressed, I usually forget to eat and

otherwise take care of myself.

I was thinking about what I had just seen. Jenna had been carrying packages in for her mother, and she even with a bulky coat she had looked as if she had put on some more muscle. I started to think of Jenna being even more muscular than she had been before. The thought of it excited me, that was true, but in a practical sense it scared me. If she was even stronger, she could do whatever it was to me she liked. A combination of arousal and fear overtook me.

I found myself spending a lot of time looking out my window for signs of Jenna. I would look to her bedroom when I saw that the light was on and hope to get a glimpse of her silhouette. As the days went on, I realized that I was becoming obsessed. Two weeks passed and I barely had caught sight of her. Then there was a big snow one Friday night. I was sleeping in but was awakened to a knock at my door. I put on my robe and came down to find Jenna standing outside with a shovel.

“Hey neighbor,” she said cheerfully. “I just got done shoveling our driveway.” She threw a finger over her shoulder to where she had obviously cleared everything off. “I thought I’d offer to do the same for you while I was at it.”

“I can’t let you do that,” I said.

“Well, you could always pay me,” she grinned. “Why don’t I get started, and then you and I can discuss a fair price.”

I took a moment to look her up and down with what I hoped was subtlety. She was wearing a long bulky coat again, and layers over her lower body. It was

impossible to get a sense of her body in that outfit, but still I had that feeling again. She looked absolutely huge with all those layers on, and I was convinced that underneath them she was bigger than she had been before.

“I’m going to get a shower,” I told her. “We can discuss the price once I get dressed.”

“Alrighty!” she said and gave me a thumbs up with her gloved hand.

I shut the door and walked up to my shower. While I was showering, I began to think about Jenna’s reference to a price. Was that an innuendo? How badly I wanted it to be. I knew that if I stood in the shower too long, I would be hard and couldn’t resist jerking off, so I got done fast and then put my clothes on. I walked down the stairs to see how Jenna was doing. To my shock, she was already sitting in my living room.

“I thought you were shoveling the driveway?” I said in surprise.

“I did. I’m done.”

“I couldn’t have been more than fifteen minutes.”

Jenna still had her bulky coat on, and she stood up and shrugged. “I guess I’m just really fast.” At that she took off her coat and threw it on the back of the sofa. Within seconds she was already taking the bulky coverings off her legs, but my mouth had already dropped open. She stood there in a tight red sweater and blue

jeans, and there was no doubt about my previous impressions. Jenna had definitely gotten bigger. She had gotten a lot bigger!

Her sweater looked as if it might burst at any moment from the abundance of muscularity that was underneath. Her shoulders bulged with thick slabs of muscle, and her arms now seemed nearly twice as thick as they were before. Her thighs were like three trunks, her jeans seemingly barely able to contain them, and I thought for a moment what it might feel like to be squeezed between those powerful legs.

“So, let’s talk about my payment,” Jenna said, breaking me from my dumbstruck stupor. She beckoned me toward her, and I could do nothing but obey.

Once I was in front of her, she placed her hands on my shoulders and forced me to my knees. She was already unbuttoning her pants, and I knew what was expected. I helped her remove them, and her panties, while gawking at those amazing legs finally uncovered. There were beautiful and defined ridges of muscles that I could never have even imagined seeing before.

“You can touch them,” she said, and I ran my hand over her right thigh as she flexed it for me. There was no doubt that she had more power in that thigh than I had in my whole body.

She gave me some time to caress her muscles before she took her hand gently to the back of my head and guided me to her pussy. I found her clit quickly, and did my duty, as she whispered instructions on how to please her. I was aroused as I ate her out, feeling my cock get so hard that I thought I would explode in my pants. Serving this huge muscular goddess was the sexiest thing that I could imagine.

Jenna came after about fifteen minutes of stimulation, and the sounds of her climax echoed through the house. She lifted me up with her strong arms and kissed me passionately. With those arms around me it made me feel as if she could break my bones like matchsticks. I finally voiced the question.

“How did you get so big?” I asked.

Jenna laughed. “I had always been holding back,” she said. “I thought that I was already too big for most guys and that if I got even bigger, met my full potential, then they would all be afraid of me. I thought that you might like me even bigger.”

Then she reached down and took off her sweater. My breath was quickly taken away at the sight of her in just a white bra, that she quickly unhooked and tossed aside. Her upper body was as impressive as her lower body, with slabs of powerful muscles bulging out in any direction. They looked like they were ready to explode out of her skin. She flexed a double bicep pose for me.

“Was I right?” she asked. Then she smiled. “It doesn’t matter does it? I’m so much stronger than you I can force you to do whatever I want.” I moaned at this involuntarily and Jenna looked ecstatic. “You like that?” she asked. There was no need for an answer.

Jenna grabbed me around the waist and pulled me back for another passionate kiss. I didn’t miss the opportunity to feel every inch of her fantastic body. I let my fingers move all over the ridges of her back, feeling all those muscles dance with her every flex. Jenna was obviously getting turned on too. She reached her hands to my shirt and ripped it apart as if it was made of tissue paper.

Her strength was as frightening as it was arousing, and I feared she might hurt me accidentally, but there was nothing I could do but submit to her power. She made the rest of my clothing disappear as easily as she had my shirt, making no effort to keep from destroying it. She was a big powerful girl, and she could do whatever she wanted.

She took me roughly on the living room floor, making my small more fragile body serve her every need and desire. It was like I was just an object to be used by her. I was afraid I would explode before she was finished with me and I would be punished, but somehow, I was able to hold off until she was done achieving her own pleasure.

“You’re mine now,” she told me. “That little wife of yours is gone and now you belong to me.”

“I belong to you,” I repeated, and she kissed me.

The rest of winter break was an exhausting series of fucking sessions in which Jenna challenged me to please her in all the ways that she could think of. I was often sore, not just my cock, but every part of my body from the young woman throwing me around. She could hold me in positions that I never would have thought possible before, and she could control me with her strength, that was already at a level beyond my imagining.

“I’m going to get even bigger and stronger once I get back to school,” she told me. I was excited by the prospect, but also fearful. I was nothing but a plaything to her now, what would it be like when she was even stronger?

She left to go back to school yesterday morning, after a night in which we had sex as many times as my body could be made to perform. I feel the bruises on my smaller more fragile body as I write this. My pelvis aches. My cock feels raw. Yet, I know this is only the beginning. She will be back and she will be bigger. I'm trying to imagine it and it fails me. I guess I'll just have to wait.