

Crusher Queen's Big Boyfriend

Despite knowing how awful it felt, Duke couldn't stop himself from staring at the other couples in the restaurant. Each one of them was enamored with their significant other, showering them with love and affection. Looking at their beautiful, slim bodies and comparing it to his own, Duke never felt more out of place.

Glancing back at his own table, Duke let out a depressed sigh as he looked down at his lackluster figure. His set drooping of man boobs worked in tandem with his barrel-like belly to make his blue and white striped dress-shirt show each of his unflattering fat rolls. He considered one of the few perks of his overweight gut was that no one could see the lack of a belt around his black dress pants. The shelf of fat made up of his chunky rear and wide hips did the job of keeping his pants tight around his waist at the cost of having most of his butt hang off the two chairs he was sitting on.

Pulling out his phone, Duke did whatever he could to ensure he looked his best. The cherubic cheeks and four chins jostling along with his pudgy face made the task difficult. Multiple times he had tried to remedy his weight problem only to be met with minimal results. Exercise left him winded in a matter of minutes and he could never seem to find a diet that could sate his ravenous appetite. Settling with just keeping his wavy, short blonde hair together as a semblance of having control over the way he looked, he put away his phone and waited.

Clutching his sausage-like fingers together, he became worried that this meeting had all been part of a cruel joke. It hadn't been the first time his love life had taken a hit, very few if any women taking an interest in his heavysset body. Seeing the time pass ten minutes after when he was supposed to meet his date, he got ready to make an order to go and head home for another night alone.

“Duke?”

Turning his head towards the call of his name, Duke was star struck by the woman walking towards him. A strapless, red cocktail dress adorned her well-sculpted body, cluing him in that none of the photos on her profile had been faked. Occasionally her fabric showed off the outline of the six-pack abs she hid underneath that matched well with her toned arms and legs. The clack of her high heels as she approached bounced about the long, flowing black hair that trailed behind her. Upon seeing her bright red lips and glimmering green eyes, Duke found it hard to believe what he was seeing was real.

“Tina?” he asked, the woman nodding her head in agreement.

“Nice to finally meet you in person, Duke,” she said, taking her seat opposite of him. “Not that I haven’t enjoyed our online conversations. I just find it easier to size a person up when I meet them face to face.”

Duke lowered his head a bit at the mention of size. “You’re, um...okay with this, right?”

“This place is a little fancy for my tastes,” she answered, looking over the wine list, “but it seems cozy enough. Should be fine as long as we split the bill and don’t go too crazy on the desserts.”

“No, I mean...” he said, gesturing towards her washboard stomach and his pudgy belly.

Putting down the wine list, Tina reached across the table to grasp his hand. “I wouldn’t be here if I wasn’t.”

“I...guess you’re right,” he replied, reminded of the kind of woman Tina had presented herself as.

“There you go. Now stop worrying and enjoy yourself. Not often I get a night off from work, so let’s make the most of it.”

“Oh, don’t get me started on work,” Duke said, adopting a friendly smile. “My boss almost had my head on a platter today after I ran late.”

“What was it? Forget to set your alarm?”

“Traffic. The morning rush was held up thanks to that giant alligator attack.”

Tina paused for a moment, her grip tightening around her glass of water. “Y-yeah, that was pretty strange. Guess not so much for this city as the rest of the world though,” she said, adding a weak laugh to the end of it.

“Yeah, thank goodness Crusher Queen was there to save the day again.”

Pulling out his phone, Duke scrolled through to show an image of the said hero in the middle of her fight. The image depicted an alligator the size of a subway train in the dead center of a four way-intersection. Its massive jaws were opened up, no doubt trying to crush the lone woman standing on its tongue. The fear and confusion in its eyes was something that many villains had learned when trying and failing to match up to the muscular heroine, Crusher Queen.

Clad in a golden leotard and a bright red cape, the woman looked like a mix between a Greek goddess and a world class weight lifter. Her shimmering outfit showed off every bulge and bicep of her muscular, nine-foot tall body. Hands that had seen many battles were wrapped around the alligator’s teeth, keeping it at bay. While it was hard to see from so far away, the Crusher Queen’s trademark head gear, a mix between a Spartan helmet and a luchador mask could be seen. The smile on her face foretold the victory that would follow the image a few moments after the picture was taken.

“She’s amazing.” Duke said, holding up his screen to ensure Tina could see it. “Right after this is when she tossed the thing into the air. I think it landed on the opposite side of town. Incredible, right?”

“Yeah, yeah,” she replied, paying little attention to the picture. “Don’t you ever get tired of hearing about her though?”

“Of course not,” he said, putting away his phone. “She’s so strong and brave, not to mention beautiful. What I wouldn’t give to meet her.” Duke’s smile gradually faded away to be replaced with his usual, self-loathing frown. “Who am I kidding? Like she’d actually want to meet a butterball like me.”

“You have to stop saying stuff like that,” Tina reprimanded. “Everyone is beautiful in their own way. Our different bodies help us attract the right person to us. Kind of like how I got to meet you. Do you understand?”

“I guess...”

“No,” Tina said, standing up and sinking her finger into his chest. “I don’t want to hear ‘I guess’. Say it loud and proud.”

“I’m...beautiful,” he replied, adopting Tina’s smile as a joyful shiver of self-defiance went down his back.

“There we go,” Tina said, sitting back down and picking up the menu. “Now you were saying about your work?”

Duke’s poor self-esteem pushed to the wayside, the two of them spent the rest of their evening enjoying each other’s company. While she wasn’t very talkative about her own career, Tina was more than happy to lend an ear to Duke as he explained the trials and tribulations of his office life. There was a strange twinkle in her eyes as he described the elaborate meals he ate during lunch, the time he got his butt stuck in an office chair, and the new employee who mistook his chest for a woman’s. The sheen of red on Duke’s face as he described the embarrassing stories was offset by the way Tina seemed captivated by his words.

When the waiter came to drop off their food, there was a distinct difference in their meal choices. The leafy green salad placed in front of Tina paled in comparison to the meaty steak and loaded potato that was torn apart by Duke's fork and knife. Completely absorbed in his meal, it took a moment for Duke to realize that his date had yet to touch her food.

"Aren't you hungry?" he asked, dabbing a drop of steak sauce from his mouth.

"Oh I am. I was just a bit mesmerized by the way you eat. I've never seen someone enjoy their meal so contently." Reaching below the table, she let her hand slide across his knee.

"Makes me wonder what else you enjoy."

Duke gulped down his mouthful of food. "Y-you don't say."

Tina shot him a mischievous look, her fingers reaching below his foopah to get dangerously close to the growing bulge in his pants. "Let's say we go somewhere more comfortable after this? Get to know each other a bit more...intimately."

"S-sounds good," Duke said, hurrying through the rest of his food as Tina started to eat hers.

A small discussion was had between the two of them after they finished their meal and the bill was split. The conversation led to an agreement to head to Tina's house due to its close proximity and Duke's reluctance to show off his messy apartment. Despite her insistence, Tina's house was still several miles off from the restaurant. Her lack of a car brought up how she was able to handle getting to their date with just walking. Tina's insistence on dodging the question led to Duke dropping the matter and chauffeuring her to her house.

Tina's home was a quaint, one-story building that blended in well with the rest of the suburbs. Watching Duke struggle to walk up the porch steps, Tina nominated herself as his personal guide. Grasping his hand, his slow shuffling turned into a sprint as he struggled to keep

up with her. Making their way inside, Duke began to tremble as they got closer to her bedroom. Just as they were about to enter, Tina made an abrupt turn and brought him into the kitchen.

“Is something wrong?” Duke asked as she sat him down on two chairs.

“You could say that,” Tina replied as she opened up her refrigerator. “We were in such a hurry to leave the restaurant that we didn’t get a chance to order dessert.” Returning to the table with a bottle of chocolate sauce in hand, she placed it in front of Duke. “What do you say?”

“I suppose a little treat before we start couldn’t hurt. What kind of ice cream do you-“

Duke was left silent as Tina began taking off her clothes. Her dress laid to the wayside, she strode up to him in her birthday suit in order to show off every inch of her toned body. Entertained by the awestruck look on his face, she picked up the bottle and slathered the syrup across her tight chest and six-pack abs. Walking up to him, she leaned forward with her chocolate covered breasts mere inches from his face.

“Go ahead,” she said, tapping her fingers against his shoulder. “A growing boy should eat his fill.”

Hesitating for a moment, Duke opened his mouth and leaned forward. Giving an experimental flick of his tongue against her breast filled him with a taste of sweetness and an unparalleled feeling of excitement. Wrapping his chubby arms around her torso, he opened his mouth wide to engulf her teat. Sucking and licking away the sweet sauce clinging to her skin, he followed the trail down her chest to reach her mid-section. Sliding across her abs in an effort not to leave a single drop behind, he unknowingly drew closer and closer to her womanhood. Just as he was about to dive between her legs, Tina gently grasped the back of his neck and pulled him away.

“Not so fast,” she said, using a single finger to close his mouth. “I want a taste first. Why don’t you make yourself comfortable?”

As Tina pulled away from him to allow him to stand up, he internally argued with his desires and feeling of shame. Sheepishly moving his hand towards his zipper he slowly began undressing himself. Leaving his clothes folded up on the table, he pressed his pudgy fingers against his bare, blubbery body. Just as he contemplated picking up his clothes to hide his obese form, Tina took him by the hand and sat him back down in his chairs.

“Oooo, you look so delicious,” she said, taking the bottle in hand. “You just need a little extra seasoning.”

Putting the bottle between her palms, she squeezed hard to pour out a waterfall of chocolate. The downpour of sweet sauce cascaded down Duke’s man boobs and sunk between the folds of his belly fat. As the last few drops were poured out from the bottle, Tina took special notice of the way his body shivered in anticipation. Tossing away the empty bottle, she got down on her knees with her hungry mouth ready to feast.

Starting at the peak of his stomach, she dove into his belly button to drag out the chocolate puddle within. Encouraged by his cute squeaks and moans, she continued to lick up the stray drops as she gradually made her way up his body. Stopping at his drooping man breasts, she paused to let her lips clasp his nipples. The noises he made as she suckled from his moobs egged her on to become more adventurous. As her mouth finished cleaning the chocolate sauce from his chest, her hands grazed against his flesh to grope and squeeze every inch of his flab. Reaching as far as she could around his waist, she sunk her fingers into his doughy rear as she pressed their faces together. As she went in for a kiss, they both knew they were ready for the next step.

“Let’s move this over to my room,” she said, brushing her hand through his hair.

“S-sure, but...I don’t think I have the strength,” he replied, his body shaking from arousal.

Tina thought for a moment before a sly smile spread across her face. “Alright, I’ll take you there myself.”

Pushing out Duke’s chair, Tina got behind him and put her arms under his. Though her physique was impressive, the sheer weight of her date was revealed as she strained herself to lift him up. Just as Duke’s rising lust was dampened by the return of his self-esteem problems, he felt himself jolt out of his chair. Left with his feet dangling several feet off the floor, his entire body was overtaken with heavy jiggling as Tina carried him through the house towards her bedroom.

Entering the room, Tina brought him up to a full-sized dressing mirror attached to her closet. Only able to see his own reflection, he was given view of her hands as they continued to grasp and feel up his fatty body. Keeping him aloft, she slid her fingers along his body to appreciate every pound of his flesh. Pinching and kneading her way through her blubber, she paused as she reached his chest. Pressing his moobs together, she jostled them about to fully appreciate the plush fat against her palms.

“Do you want to know what comes next?” Tina whispered into his ear, snickering as she watched him shake his multiple chins in agreement. “Very well, then let’s get you to bed, big boy.”

Pulling away from the mirror, Tina didn’t notice Duke’s toe get caught on the closet nor hear it creak open as she carried him away. Gently dropping Duke onto the bed, she waited for the bed to stop shaking before moving forward. As she got ready to dive into his plethora of fat,

Duke's glanced a familiar sheen of red and gold behind her. Leaning over to the side, his mouth hung open in shock as he recognized Crusher Queen's mask hanging up in the closet alongside the rest of the super heroine's outfit.

"Y-you're Crusher Queen!" he accused, a finger pointed directly at Tina's chest.

Quickly glancing over her shoulder, Tina finally noticed the outfit hanging out in the open. "N-no," she replied, the first time all night she had spoken without confidence. "That's just a...um...costume I use for...roleplay sessions."

"No, you're really her," Duke said, sitting up in bed. "That would explain how you were able to lift me so easily."

"I-is it really hard to believe that I'm just an abnormally strong woman?" she asked, a nervous laugh parting her lips.

"You can stop, it's okay," Duke said, starting to sit up in bed. "I know how much you've done for this city. Your secret is safe with me, I promise."

Tina bit her lip and crossed her arms as she tapped her foot against the floor. After a few moments of thought, a mischievous smile appeared on her face. Approaching the bed, she sent Duke toppling backwards with just her pinky finger. Feeling the impact of his fall ripple through the bed and his flab, Duke was caught completely off guard as Tina crawled up his belly to reach his face.

"Not that I doubt you," she began, "but I'd like to have more than just words keep my little secret. How about we work out a deal?"

"W-what kind of deal?" he asked, watching as her fingers circled around his nipples.

Crawling further up his body, she let her toned stomach slide against his belly button and chest. Reaching his head, she gave a gentle nibble to his ear lobe before speaking in a whisper,

“I’ll show you the best evening of your life. In exchange, you promise to not tell the world that you’re dating Crusher Queen. Do we have a deal?”

“W-we’re dating?” Duke asked, his fingers remaining still as he felt her warm breath in her ear.

“Only if you’ll have me of course,” she replied, moving over to have her face mere inches from his.

Pondering the decision ahead of him was made near impossible for Duke as he was filled with his own desire for both pleasure and her affectionate touch. Clenching his fingers, he dared to scrunch his chins up in an attempt to tilt his head forward. Plump lips pressed against Tina’s, he felt her embrace what she could of his form as he leaned into the kiss. The intertwining of their tongues sealed their contract.

Pulling away from Duke’s face, Tina climbed off of the bed. “Since you know my secret, guess there’s no point in holding back anymore.”

Clasping her hands above her head, Tina let out a primal grunt. Her already impressive musculature began to expand threefold before Duke’s eyes to match the imposing stature of the Amazonian heroine. Her arms grew to massive pillars of muscle that looked capable of snapping apart metal beams with minimal effort. Stopping mere inches of her head brushing up against the ceiling, she gave Duke one last look at her toned, rock hard butt cheeks before turning towards him. Each step of her sturdy, column-like legs sent a quake through the room. Squatting down with her broad, muscle-bound chest level with Duke’s head, she reached out to brush her hands through her hair.

“Your hero is here,” Tina announced, a playful smile on her face. “Since you seem so appreciative, how about you give me a little relief first?”

A nod from Duke was all Tina needed to pick up his hefty form. Easily maneuvering his flabby body, she turned him upside down and lowered him down to her groin. Reveling in the feeling of muscles and blubber rubbing against one another, the two of them prepared themselves as Duke's face was pressed into her groin.

Opening up his mouth, Duke began to eat out her womanhood with a fervor usually reserved for his meals. Perhaps in awe of the person he was servicing, he put all of his effort into ensuring each drag of his tongue and suck of her labia with the intent to poke and prod to find her sensitive areas. Hearing soft moans echo from above, Duke wrapped his arms around her legs to keep himself steady as he continued to pleasure her.

Duke came to a halting stop as he felt a pair of lips wrap around the tip of his cock. While he couldn't see Tina, he couldn't definitely feel her as she pushed his member down her throat to reach his groin with little effort. As Tina began to move her head back and forth, Duke tried to power through the euphoria coursing through his body to focus on the task at hand. Alas, even Duke's best efforts couldn't stop him from being defeated like so many others.

The combination of Tina hands poking and prodding his body alongside her experienced techniques had him shivering with pleasure as he finally climaxed. His moan echoing against Tina's womanhood, he forced himself through his post-orgasm bliss to try to get her to find her own release. After several hard drags and sucks along her clit, he finally found success through a series of tremors going through her hulking thighs and a deep moan sounding from above.

Carrying Duke back over to the bed, Tina gently lowered her down onto the mattress. "Not bad, tiny," she said, wiping a line of drool and semen off of her mouth. "Guess that means you've earned my full attention. Think you're up for the big finish?"

“I don’t think I can keep up with you,” Duke answered, breathing heavily as he wiped a bead of sweat from his forehead.

“No need to worry about that,” she replied, leaning down to give a gentle squeeze to his tummy. “Just lay back and let your hero do all the work.”

Crawling onto the bed, Tina lifted up his belly. Letting her fingers caress his pudgy form gradually brought his member back to full erection. Just as his cock reached its former rigidity, she placed his tip at the entrance of her womanhood and slid forward. Taking in the entirety of his girth, she grabbed hold of his legs and shot him mischievous smile.

Rocking her hips back and forth sent tremors through her pudgy partner. Each thrust of Duke’s member inside of Tina filled the room with the sound of his flesh slapping together. Though her movements conveyed the power lurking within, Tina was able to deduce just how much his body could take. Daring to move a little faster, Tina’s smile widened at the sound of Duke’s soft moans. Biting her lip, she tightened her grip around Duke’s legs.

“I want to go harder,” she said, slowing her movements.

“I-I don’t know if I can handle it,” Duke replied, grateful for the moment of rest.

“Have no fear,” she said, tapping her fingers against his legs. “I’ll make sure my cushy little teddy bear is safe. Just trust me.”

Letting go of Duke’s legs, Tina slipped her hands below his mass to grab hold of his back fat. Falling backwards, she heaved Duke’s body into an upright position. Wobbling about as he balanced atop Tina, Duke looked down to see his member still deep within her womanhood.

“Sorry, but I don’t have nearly enough energy to keep up with you,” Duke said.

“You don’t need to,” she replied, tightening her hold on his body as she started shifting him forward.

With an incredible show of strength and speed, Crusher Queen handled Duke's obese form as if he were a handheld sex toy. Pressing her hands deep within his fat folds allowed the two of them to experience her raw power as she jostled his hips back and forth. The combination of his fat pounding his member deep inside her and her powerful thrusts brought the two of them to an unrivaled level of pleasure. Amidst the sounds of Duke's flesh slapping against her muscles and their ever increasing moans the pair failed to hear the ominous creaks from the mattress below.

Throwing caution to the wind, Tina increased the speed of Duke's penetrations. Body going numb from ecstasy and exertion, Duke let himself be used as little more than a sack of meat as she brought the two of them ever closer to their release. A final, deep thrust of Duke's cock was the final hit needed to send them over the edge. As the pair cried out in simultaneous orgasm, they came crashing down to the ground when the bed collapsed beneath them.

It took several moments for the couple to catch their breath before they realized their situation. Ripples still going through his flesh a solid minute after his release, what little energy Duke had left failed him as he slumped forward. Catching the exhausted giant, Tina let his fat engulf her like a thick blanket as she carefully maneuvered him to have their faces a few inches from one another. Holding Duke close in a hug, Tina pressed her lips against his chubby face to finish off their session with a deep kiss.

"I've never gone that hard in bed before," Tina said, her fingers caressing Duke's cheeks. "You're incredible."

"T-thank you," Duke said, a soft laugh emanating from his mouth. "What you said earlier...we are dating right?"

“Hmmm, maybe” Tina replied, shooting him a sly grin before nestling within his fat folds. “I’m pretty sure I’ve made up my mind, but I’ll give you my answer in the morning.”

Moments later, Duke was treated to a series of soft breaths as Tina fell into a peaceful slumber. Cuddling up to his heroic girlfriend, Duke let himself drift off to sleep. In the morning they would deal with Tina’s destroyed bed. All things considered, it was a small price to pay for the two of them finally meeting the one person that could appreciate who they truly were.