

Workplace Safety

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A handsome and successful man has a body-to-body collision with his female co-worker, and gets the worst of it.

My name is John, and I am the head of human resources department in the company I work in. It's a rather large company with hundreds of employees and many facilities all over the state. I started working there five years ago.

Because of the complexity of company's operations, it's my task to recruit the best possible people and create a business environment that works like a clock. And I must say, I'm very good at it. We are the most successful company in the state in our field of work, which means I'm doing a good job in recruiting people with great amount of knowledge and skills.

I'm also a very handsome man. I am 32 years old, 6 feet tall, and I weigh 190 pounds. I go to the gym regularly, I eat right, and it shows. The weights I lift are pretty heavy. I am not huge like a bodybuilder, but I have reasonably large muscles and I am big compared to the average guy.

Because of my success and my good looks, I'm very popular among women. Almost all female employees in the company are attracted to me. They are all trying to get me – help staff, personal assistants, executives... With my status and looks, I never had a problem getting a girlfriend, so I tend to avoid relationships with co-workers. I don't want business to suffer if things on the emotional level go the wrong way.

I must say that a lot of our female staff look great. They dress attractively, usually in tight business suits or skirts, with high-heeled shoes or boots. Because of their fitted clothes, I can see their curves pretty well. We have a lot of women in their 20s and 30s, and many of them are into some type of physical training. Working out made their bodies look very fit and athletic.

Their muscles aren't just for show, either. I found that out a short while ago in my encounter with one of the hot, sturdy employees. Here's how it happened.

It was Monday morning. The company management had scheduled a special meeting with employees on Thursday, so I had a lot of work to do to. I was sitting in my office preparing my material and I felt a bit sleepy, so I went to the break room to get coffee. It is a very large room, with a coffee vending machine in the middle, and tables and chairs

placed at the corners. Everyone in the company was busy getting ready for the meeting, so the room was empty.

I approached the coffee machine and, with my back turned to the door, I pressed the button. After a minute, my espresso was ready so I squatted down to pick it up. From the squatting position I abruptly jerked backwards, not expecting anyone behind me. I didn't even manage to turn around completely when I hit my shoulder against something firm and solid. The blow sent me flying through the air right beside the coffee machine, and I landed on the floor eight or nine feet away.

"Oh my God, John! Are you okay?" said a female voice with a slightly panicking tone.

It took me a few seconds to regain my senses. I was lying on my back with my elbows pressed to the floor, and then I saw Brooke, a 29 year old health and safety adviser. She kneeled down beside me and she had a worrisome look on her face. She was dressed in a closely fitted grey dress pants and white shirt, and she had black shoes on with four inch heels.

"John, are you okay?" she repeated. "Can you talk?"

"Yes... I think so," I answered slowly. I was a little dizzy and I felt pain in my shoulder, but I didn't want to complain.

"Are you able to stand up?" she asked.

"I am," I said, but I really wanted to stay down for a few more minutes.

"Let me help you," she said. She placed her hands under my armpits and stood up, lifting me easily off the floor. She carefully placed me on my feet. I was unstable, so she was still holding me firmly with both hands.

"You are shaking, you should sit down for a while," she said. "Are you sure you're okay? Do you want me to get a doctor?"

"No, I'm fine," I said. "I'm probably dizzy because you pulled me up so rapidly." She was standing very close to me, so I looked at her face. With her heels on, she was only slightly shorter than me. She was very beautiful. Her hair fell on her shoulders, and her big eyes gazed at mine, wondering whether I'm okay or not.

"I really think you should sit down," she said. She moved to my left, wrapped her right arm around my back, and she placed my left arm across her shoulders. "Let's get you to a chair and I'll bring you a glass of water." With that, she lifted me and brought me to

where the tables are. She then placed me on a chair. I drank some water, and after a few minutes I felt better.

"What happened?" I asked, still feeling confused.

"It was my fault," said Brooke. "You probably didn't hear me come in because the coffee machine was too loud. I approached you and I was just about to say hello, but you suddenly turned around and bumped into me. I should have let you know I was standing there."

"I bumped into you?" I said quizzically. "I feel like I got hit by a train. Did I hit you too roughly?"

"No, I barely felt it," she answered. "You hit me in the stomach with your shoulder. Sort of like when you're trying to break down a door."

"That's strange," I said. "You were standing still when I bumped into you and yet you didn't move one inch while I ended up on the other side of the room. How's that possible?"

"Well, that's because of my training." she smiled.

"What training?"

"I play football in the LFL. My main duty in the game is to block opponents and obstruct their path with my body."

She was standing in front of me so I took a good look at her. She was voluptuous and muscle-bound. Her thighs were as big as mine. Her upper body was also large, and despite having a somewhat smaller frame than me, she gave off the impression of being the stronger one. Still, she looked very sexy and feminine.

I remember Brooke from the time we hired her three years ago, and I don't think she had this much muscle at the time. Her job in health and safety department required her to travel a lot, so we didn't see each other that frequently. She was at the office that week because of the important meeting we were about to have. Being on the road frequently, she must've used hotel gyms during her field work. You don't get a body like hers unless you work out all the time and follow a strict diet. "What a sexy bitch," I thought. She noticed I was checking her out and she smiled.

"Wow, your opponents must be bouncing off of you just like I did," I said.

"Not exactly," she said jovially. "They don't fall down that easily."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, don't get me wrong, but they wouldn't be very good at football if they can get thrown off their feet with such ease. I mean, you fell down on the floor and I didn't even try to hit you. In football, I really have to strike hard if I want to knock-down my opponents. And I don't always succeed, sometimes it's me who ends up falling down."

"Are you saying that I'm weak?"

"No, no, not at all. You're not weak, you are obviously stronger than the average person, but football players are very strong. You can't compare your strength to someone who plays such a rough sport."

"Yeah, but it's a women's football. How serious can it be?"

"Oh, it's very serious. You should come and see us if you don't believe me. It wouldn't take more than five minutes for you to see what girls are capable of. It's best seen when we practice, the force and agility we demonstrate on our training sessions is absolutely breathtaking. Even our rookie players are much stronger than anyone who isn't a professional athlete, man or woman."

"Wow, really?"

"Yes, and not only that. Some of us are even stronger than many men who ARE athletes. Some guys who play sprint football tried to play against us, and trust me, they didn't feel very good afterwards. We tackled them so hard that we left them all bruised and battered. They were recovering for days."

"That's amazing. How strong you girls are, exactly?"

"Well, it's hard to say. To give you an example, let's say you run into me with full speed and hit me with all of your strength. You still wouldn't be able to move me, and that would be only the half of the strength we use in football when we smash into each other." Brooke was saying these things with such ease, like physical superiority of women over men is the most common thing in the world. She then noticed that my ego was getting blown to pieces.

"But you shouldn't feel bad about it," she said, trying to console me. "I'm in a different league. The toughness and stamina of a football player is far greater than of a person

who works out only for health and good looks, like you do." She didn't do a good job in comforting me.

"You really wouldn't want to experience the blows I receive on the field," she continued. "Judging by what just happened, you would be out of the game after only one contact. Come to think of it, it's pure luck nothing happened to you when you crashed into me. I could have gotten you seriously hurt." I could tell by the way she spoke that she was genuinely concerned for my well-being. "Maybe she likes me?" I thought.

"But it's good that you work out," Brooke added. "Your muscles saved you from getting injured."

"How did you become so strong?" I asked her. "You go to the gym, do you?"

"I go to the gym, but mostly when I travel. Otherwise I tend to avoid crowded public gyms," she said. "I like to keep my training versatile, I do all sorts of stuff. I do CrossFit whenever I can, especially during off-season. The reason I train is to gain strength, I don't really like regular gym exercises because they are primarily designed for building muscle. CrossFit has proven to be far more effective strength-wise. Although muscles inevitably come as the result."

"How much can you lift?" I asked.

"I can lift more than two hundred pounds over my head," Brooke said. "And with one hundred fifty, I do it for reps. I can squat with about four hundred pounds."

"Well, I guess that settles it," I admitted reluctantly. "You sure are stronger than the boys. Certainly stronger than this boy." She smiled at my remark.

It all made perfect sense, actually. She and her teammates train very hard, and the intensity of their training goes far beyond my abilities. Besides, the girls who opt for football need to be naturally strong in the first place.

"I also go to a boxing gym frequently," she added. "I spar with men only, and now I'm one of the best fighters there. Very few guys can stand against me. Boxing increases strength and endurance significantly." I imagined her boxing and I was scared at the thought of how badly her fists would have messed me up in a one on one fight.

"Once again, I'm so glad you're okay," she said, cleverly changing the subject which caused my embarrassment. "And I sincerely apologize. Will you let me make it up to you?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I have a game on Saturday, so I was thinking you could come and watch me," she said. "And afterwards, we could have dinner somewhere. My treat!" She smiled seductively. I was mesmerized by her beauty. This stunning woman, who has just proven to be twice as strong as me, asked me out on a date. I was very aroused, but luckily I was sitting down so the bulge in my pants was not that obvious.

I didn't know what to do, honestly. I wanted to say yes so badly, but at the same time my male pride, or what's left of it, couldn't accept a date with a woman so much stronger than me. At least not right away.

"What do you say?" she asked, breaking the silence that was becoming uncomfortable.

"I... I have a very busy weekend," I stuttered. "I don't know if I can fit that in my schedule."

"Oh, come on, surely you can fit me in there," she said and winked. She reached for her pocket. "Here's my card. The game starts at eight, so if you manage to find time, just let me know, okay?"

"Fine," I said, trying to look confident. I don't think I did, though. Despite acting kind and polite towards me, Brooke was the dominant one. She was the epitome of an Alpha female, and I felt so small in her presence.

"And what an irony this is!" she said. "I am the person assigned to make this a safe environment, but I just did the opposite. Can you imagine the headline: Man injured at work by health and safety adviser!" We both laughed at that joke. She was funny, I like it when a woman has a sense of humor.

"Bye for now, handsome, I'll be seeing you," she said. She smiled playfully, turned around and walked away. She moved slowly and graciously, letting me see her perfectly formed butt and V shaped back.

I went to see her game on Saturday, and she played great. Her opponents didn't exactly bounce off of her like I did, but she managed to fight them off. She looked amazing in that skimpy outfit LFL players wear.

Other girls on the field looked impressive, too. Never before have I seen so many sexy women built like tanks. I was able to witness how strong and tough they are. I really wouldn't dare to play football with them, or any other sport that involves physical contact. One hit from any of these ladies and I would probably end up in hospital.