

Tales from Angie's Gym - Part 1

By Al Harder

Main Characters:

Angela (Angie) Korinsky, 46, 5'6" 165 lbs., Dark blonde/light brown hair, Brown eyes, 16 1/2" biceps, 46" chest, 24" waist, 36" hips, 25" thighs, 16" calves

Eric Lawrence, 25, 5'9" 155 lbs., Dark brown hair, Brown eyes, 13" biceps, 34" chest, 28" waist

Employees: June Avery, 32, 5'10" 155 lbs., Blonde hair, Green eyes, 14" biceps, 41" chest, 23" waist, 33" hips, 21" thighs, 15" calves

Paige Fontenot, 24, 6'3" 210 lbs., Brown hair, Brown eyes, 16" biceps, 44" chest, 30" waist, 25" hips, 25" thighs, 18" calves

Lisa Fillmore, 29, 5'11" 180 lbs., Red hair, Blue eyes, 16" biceps, 48" chest, 30" waist, 29" thighs, 17" calves

Jill Villiers, 27, 5'3" 125 lbs., Hair changes, currently platinum blonde and pink with black tips, Blue eyes, Multiple piercings, tattoos, 13" biceps, 33" chest, 19" waist, 33" hips, 19" thighs, 14" calves

Karen Maclean, 34, 5'9" 190 lbs., Red hair, Blue eyes, Tattoo on back, 17" biceps, 49" chest, 31" waist, 34" hips, 28" thighs, 19" calves

Carl Miller, 29, 6'1" 190 lbs., Black hair, Brown eyes, 15" biceps, 41" chest, 30" waist, 23" thighs, 16" calves

Emily (housekeeper), 6'0" 160 lbs., Blonde hair, Green eyes, 14" biceps, 40" chest, 26" waist, 24" thighs, 15" calves

Louis (chef)

Cassie Green (receptionist), 5'5" 130 lbs., Brown hair, Brown eyes, 13" biceps, 37" chest, 24" waist, 20" thighs, 15" calves

Clients:

Bob Hunter, 44, 6'0" 195 lbs

Kara Hunter, 36, 5'10" 175 lbs, blonde hair, blue eyes, 15" biceps, 42" chest, 29" waist, 24" thighs, 16" calves

Clint Anderson

Annabelle Lewis

Barb Yarrow

John Foster

Brett Chambers

Chapter 1: We Meet Angie

Eric Lawrence gathered up an armful of blouses and dresses and headed off to hang them back on their racks. It was just after nine in the morning and he was working on the items that had been left at the women's fitting room the night before.

Eric worked in the women's clothing section of a large department store. It wasn't his first choice for a career, but it was a steady forty hours every week. Besides, it let him do some girl watching in the process. Eric was twenty-five years old, not too tall, fairly skinny, and very shy. Watching the women shopping for clothes and trying them on was quite interesting for him; he sometimes allowed himself to have fantasies about these anonymous women who strolled through the store.

There were very few people in the store this early; most of the workers were scheduled in the evening, when most of the customers would be there. As he hung the items up, Eric was surprised to hear a voice behind him ask, "Excuse me, can you help me?" Eric turned and found himself face-to-face with an older woman who sported a pair of the

most defined, muscular arms Eric could remember seeing in person. "I'm looking for some muscle shirts," she went on in a husky voice, "preferably Lycra."

"Uhh, sure, I can show you where those are," Eric said. "Follow me." He turned and nearly tripped over a clothing rack. He recovered before falling and led the way toward the athletic clothing, blushing furiously. "They're right here," he said as they reached the correct area.

"Thanks," the woman said with a smile. She began looking through the selection while Eric stood and stared at her in awe.

She wasn't that tall, maybe five-six, and she wasn't really pretty. She had strong features and a mane of tawny hair. But she had a presence that radiated from every pore in her body, a presence that said, "Here I come! Better get out of my way!" Her biceps rippled as she sorted through the shirts on the rack. She had large breasts as well; her broad shoulders narrowed to her waist, giving her back a classic v-shape. She wore a grey jersey tank top that clung to her like a second skin, and black Lycra pants that showed off a solid pair of thighs and thick, diamond-shaped calves. "I wonder what she'd look like in high heels," Eric mused, looking at the running shoes on her feet.

The woman turned quickly and caught Eric staring. Amused, she watched as he blushed again. Her brown eyes were warm and friendly as she examined the flustered young man in front of her. "He's kind of cute," she thought, as she looked him up and down. She held up a selection of shirts and said, "Is there someplace I can try these on?"

"Oh, uh, yeah, the fitting room's right over here," Eric stammered. He led the way again, very aware of the woman's scrutiny. "You can go in here," he said, indicating a closed door.

"I need a man's opinion about how these look on me, okay if I model them for you?" she asked.

"O-okay, I guess," Eric replied.

"Good. I want your honest opinion, remember," she said severely, before grinning at his worried expression. "Don't worry, sweetie, I won't get mad," she finished. She disappeared into the room and shut the door.

"Shit," Eric thought, "now what should I do? Damn, she's really built. Just like the women on that Valkyrie web site. I wonder how strong she is..." He let his mind roam, imagining her body, feats of strength, wrestling, those sinewy arms wrapped around his head, squeezing, squeezing ...

"How do I look?" she asked, interrupting a particularly realistic fantasy of muscular arms wrapped around his head, squeezing hard.

"Oh, uh, you look great," he replied.

"You think so?" she asked, examining herself in the mirror. The Lycra muscle shirt clung to her lovingly, revealing her six-pack abs right through the fabric. The pale yellow set off her deep tan. Watching Eric's face in the mirror, the woman executed a side chest pose; her bicep bulged and her large chest stretched the shirt impressively. "Good thing it's so elastic," she quipped with a grin, "or else my tits would bust right through." She smiled to herself in satisfaction as Eric's jaw dropped and his face became several shades deeper red. "I've still got it, not bad for an old broad," she thought.

She turned to face Eric. He was holding some clothing in such a way that it blocked any view of his erection, but the woman knew it was there. She flexed her arm slowly, revealing a large, hard ball of bicep. "You seem to like my muscles," she said, her warm brown eyes dancing with amusement. "Well, my chest too, but I think it's my muscles that have you entranced. Am I right?"

"Um, I mean, oh, damn!"

"I'll take that as a yes," she laughed. Moving closer, so that her breasts were brushing his arm, she said, very seriously, "Look at my eyes." Eric raised his eyes so his green ones were looking into her brown ones. She licked her lips. "I'm very attracted to young men who admire my muscles," she said sexily. "What's your name?"

"E-E-Eric."

"Well. Eric, what time do you get off work?"

"Uh, five-thirty."

"Good," she breathed. "If you'd like to see even more of my muscles, come to this address at six ON THE DOT!" She removed a card from a pocket in her pants and handed it to him. "Don't be late, and don't stand me up, if you know what's good for you."

She backed away and entered the fitting room to change back into her own shirt; Eric stumbled away toward the men's room, dropping the armful of clothes on the way.

Eric locked the door behind him and swallowed hard. Taking a deep breath, he tried to steady his shaking muscles. "Omigod omigod omigod she wants me to come over, I've gotta be dreaming," he thought. He looked at the card she'd given him. It said simply, "A. Korinsky. 1 Smith Rd." Eric was almost as frightened as was excited. "What the hell should I do?" While he wasn't exactly a virgin, Eric's one experience in the back seat of his car hadn't been very well received by his partner. He knew that "A. Korinsky" was much more sophisticated, and he especially didn't want to embarrass himself. However, he was so excited by her muscles that he knew he wouldn't be able to stay away. He tried to think about other things, but his erection throbbed away and would not disappear until he relieved himself manually.

Eric went back to work, but was distracted all day. He kept seeing that hard ball of muscle when the woman had flexed, and made several extra trips to the men's room.

Angela Korinsky parked her classic Cobra (vanity plate MUSCLE1) outside a large building. In a former incarnation it had obviously been a warehouse, but now a sign above the door said simply "Gym". The parking spot she chose was marked with a sign with "Angie" in ornate script. Grabbing her bag of workout clothes from the seat beside her, she exited the car and strode into the building.

"Morning, Boss," called the woman behind the desk as Angie walked through the door. "You're late."

"Morning Cassie," Angie replied. "I know, I needed some new muscle shirts. What's my schedule look like?"

"Mr. Anderson's already here, June's stretching him out."

"Clint's an okay guy, he won't be pissed that I'm late."

Cassie consulted her computer terminal. "Mrs. Lewis is scheduled at eleven..."

"Stuck up bitch," Angie muttered under her breath.

"...and Mr. Hunter at two," Cassie continued with a grin. "After that you're free, but Mr. Foster and Ms. Yarrow both called asking for an hour."

"Tell them no, I want the late afternoon free."

"Got a date?" Cassie asked mischievously.

"Actually, yes, at least I hope he'll show up." Angie laughed. "Poor kid, real shy, and really hung-up about women with muscles."

"Gonna show him the light?"

"Oh yeah, if he shows. And if he doesn't, I might just go to where he works and kidnap the cutie. I'd better get to work."

"Kay, Boss. See you later."

Angie strode past the front desk and into the corridor beyond. She tossed the bag of shirts into her office as she passed and continued to the weight room, where a tall, slightly overweight man was stretching under the supervision of a tall young blonde woman in a black leotard.

"Thanks for standing in for me, June," Angie said as she entered. "How's Clint doing this morning?"

"He's about done with his stretches and ready for you, Boss," June replied. The tall blonde patted the man on the back and said, "That'll do, Mr. Anderson. I'll leave you with the Boss now. Have a good workout."

"Okay Clint, let's get started. Today we work on your arms, right?" For the next hour Angie put Clint Anderson through a gruelling workout, cajoling, prodding, and sometimes yelling at her client to get the most out of him. She did most of the exercises along with him, and at the end of the hour she was coated in a light sheen of sweat, while her client was dripping wet. "Good job," she told him as he finished his last set of dumbbell curls. She tossed him a towel and grinned as he wiped himself off. "Another month or so and you'll be curling twice that, if you do what I say." She picked up a pair of dumbbells that were heavier than anything Clint had used and proceeded to curl them. Her biceps leapt to attention as she worked with the heavy weights.

Clint stared at her in awe. "Damn, you're incredible," he said. "Just look at those arms."

"Sixteen and a half inches," she said proudly, "and growing all the time. Not bad for an old lady, huh?"

"Old lady my ass," Clint laughed. "I'd back you against any three girls half your age." He flexed his arm and added, "But I'm getting pretty big myself."

"That's nice," Angie said, carefully putting the weights down and flexing for him. "Remember, my offer still holds, if you beat me in arm wrestling you get a free year's membership. If I beat you, however, you get to wear an 'Angie kicked my ass' t-shirt to the gym every visit for a year."

"It's tempting," Clint said. "But arm wrestling's about more than strength, leverage and technique are very important. I know that at least." He gestured at the plaques hung on one wall and added, "And all those arm wrestling tournaments you've won tell me that you know all about that. So I think I'll pass, today."

Angie laughed. "Wise decision, I always said you were a smart guy. Let's stretch out and then you can hit the showers." She gently led him through the cool down, making sure he wouldn't tighten up later, helping reach the best stretch by carefully pulling or pushing on his back and legs. "Okay, big guy," Angie finally said, slapping him lightly on the ass, "go shower off. See you tomorrow, right?"

"Yup. Thanks for the workout."

"Cardio tomorrow," Angie said, "your favorite."

"Ah shit, I hate cardio. Take it easy on an out of shape salesman, willya?"

"Get out of here, Clint." He headed for the shower, and Angie walked over to the bench press machine. Putting three hundred pounds on the stack, she lay on the bench and slowly cranked out twelve perfect reps. Sweat beaded her face and soaked her shirt when she was done; the grey muscle shirt clung to her chest even tighter now, the sweat forming a large stain that accented her large breasts. Satisfied with her chest workout, Angie headed for her office and its private shower.

Angie checked the clock when she reached her office. It was just after ten-thirty, so she had almost a half hour before Annabelle Lewis was scheduled to arrive. She quickly ran hot water in the shower and sluiced off the sweat. Drying herself quickly, she donned one of her new shirts, the yellow Lycra one that showed her large breasts off very nicely, and black bike shorts that clung to her muscular ass and legs, showing off the striations through the fabric. She put on a pair of cross-trainers and exited her office. Entering the lobby, she saw Mrs. Lewis coming in the door.

Annabelle Lewis was married to the mayor, and she made sure everyone knew it. Her family was obscenely rich, and she made sure everyone knew that too. She dressed in very expensive workout gear, and hated to get it sweaty. She looked anorexic; Angie didn't know what she was trying to accomplish by exercising, but she was quite willing to take her money. If only the woman weren't so damn snotty and condescending.

"Hello Mrs. Lewis," Cassie said cheerfully. "How are you today?"

"I'd be better if you'd remember to keep a close parking place available for me. I had to walk all the way across the fucking parking lot," she replied loudly.

"I'm sorry about that, but our lot is first come first served and ..."

"Don't give me that shit! I'm paying through the nose for these sessions, and I deserve my own parking spot!"

"I'll talk to Ms. Korinsky about that," Cassie said.

"Oh, never mind." She turned to Angie and said, "Well, at least you're on time today. Let me get changed and you can torture me for an hour."

"I'll see you in the exercise room when you're ready, Mrs. Lewis," Angie said, careful not to let her feelings for this unlikable woman show. She headed for the exercise room and stretched, then put on a cassette with upbeat songs suitable for aerobic exercise. Ten minutes later the tall, skinny woman joined her. "Want to use the two pound weights or the one pound ones?" Angie asked her student.

"Weights? Heavens no! If I used weights I might develop unsightly, er, bulges. No, no weights for me."

Angie took a pair of ten pounders and started the music. "Okay, let's get going. Slowly at first, arms above your head, bend and touch your toes..."

After only thirty minutes of the scheduled hour Mrs. Lewis was exhausted. "No more, no more," she panted. "Just look at my togs, they're all covered with perspiration. That's enough for today."

Angie, who wasn't even breathing hard, put the weights carefully on the floor and said, "You're the client, so what you say goes. However, you should know that you're not going to get fitter unless you push yourself."

"Don't tell me what to do! It's your job to get me fit! If I'm not getting fitter, it's your fault!"

Angie lost her temper. "You skinny little witch! I've had it with you. The only way to get fit is to WORK at it, something you're obviously not willing to do. The reason you get tired so quickly is that you DON'T EAT ENOUGH, you stupid idiot! The body, especially the body's muscles, need FUEL."

"But if I eat I'll get FAT! You fucking cow, I don't want to look like you! You look like a man, except for those ridiculous tits!"

Angie exploded. She strode angrily over to Mrs. Lewis and backed the skinny woman up to a wall, then shoved her breasts into the anorexic chest of her physically outmatched

and suddenly frightened client. "That does it, I don't have to take that from anyone, not even you. Your membership is cancelled! Get out NOW!" Angie took a step back to allow Mrs. Lewis room to leave.

"You can't do that to me you fucking bitch! I'm the mayor's wife! I'M RICH!" She drew back her hand to slap Angie.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," Angie said coldly. "If you lay a hand on me I'll break you in half and toss you out in the alley. Get out while you can walk out."

Annabelle Lewis thought for a long moment, then lowered her arm and walked away. Angie followed her out and walked behind her into the locker room. "Take your stuff and leave. Don't even think about showering." Red faced, Annabelle opened her locker and grabbed her purse and clothes. Angie followed her to the lobby. "Cassie, Mrs. Lewis has decided to cancel her membership at the gym. Send her a refund for the time she has remaining on her contract. Good-bye, Mrs. Lewis."

Annabelle walked to the door, then turned around. "I will make you wish you had never met me. I will force this establishment to close and sue all of you for everything you have!" She stalked out.

Angie sighed. "She'll try to make our lives hell for a while, but she'll eventually give up. No stamina."

Cassie said, "Well, that's one pain in the ass gone. You planning on making any more friends today?"

"Not if I can help it," Angie grinned. "I've got until two free, right?" Cassie nodded. "Okay, if anyone needs to talk to me, and NOBODY BETTER, I'll be working out on the heavy bag."

Angie turned on her heel and headed for the room containing punching bags, kicking bags, mats and a regulation ring. She put on some thin gloves and began walloping the hell out of the heavy bag. WHACK! SMACK! THUD! Alternating between punches and kicks, she worked out her frustration by pounding the bag for over twenty minutes. When she'd finished she wiped the sweat from her head with a towel; she was startled

to hear applause from the door. Turning, she saw that there was a small crowd who had been watching her workout. June and Lisa, two of the other personal trainers, led the clapping. "Jeez, Boss, I thought you were going to punch a hole in that thing," Lisa, a tall, strapping redhead said with a grin. "I hope you never get that mad at ME," she added.

"Then get your asses back to work," Angie growled playfully. "I need another shower."

Laughing, the crowd broke up, leaving Angie to her thoughts. "I wonder if that kid Eric is gonna have the nerve to show up tonight. If he doesn't, I'm gonna hunt him down, drag him home, and rape him." Thinking about Eric reminded her that she hadn't made arrangements for dinner. She dialed her house and her housekeeper answered. "Listen, Emily, I'm having someone over tonight. I want canapés at six, dinner at seven. Once you and Louis have cleared the dishes, make yourselves scarce, got it? Oh, and bring a bottle of wine up from the cellar. A nice Chardonnay I think, make sure it's nicely chilled, okay? Great. Thanks Em." She hung up and leaned back in her chair, her finger gently tracing the outline of a nipple that showed through the tight fabric of her top. "He better show. I hope he's having a better day than I am..."

In fact Eric was not having a very good day. He spent much of it fantasizing about the muscular woman who had entered his life that morning. He couldn't think about anything except muscular arms wrapped around his head and muscular legs crushing his abdomen, chest, and skull. Tina, his supervisor, finally said, "That's the third time you've put the wrong merchandise out, Eric. You're useless today. Get out of here and come back tomorrow with a better attitude."

Eric punched out at two and decided that if he were going to meet "A. Korinsky" that night he might as well do it in style. He went to the barber and got a trim, then did some shopping for a new shirt. He got home about three, and spent almost two hours thinking about what might happen during the night to come.

Chapter 2: We Meet Bob

Angie had a light lunch of salad and water, then prepared for her two o'clock appointment. Unlike the previous ones, she dressed herself in a thong bikini, faux leopard print, and a pair of high-heeled faux leopard shoes. She made sure her makeup was up to her standards, then checked the private rooms upstairs.

The upper level of the gym was partitioned off into five four-room "suites". Each suite had a "lobby" with a comfortable sofa, small refrigerator, wet bar, and coffee maker. There was a combination changing room, shower, and toilet off this room, where the client could refresh him or herself. One of the remaining rooms in each suite was fitted out in a bedroom/hotel room motif, except that the floor was covered with mats rather than carpeting. The last room in each suite contained a regulation wrestling ring.

These rooms were for rent by gym members. If they wished, and wanted to pay an extra fee, one of the employees of the gym could be requested for a wrestling or sparring session. For a slightly larger fee, the client could indulge his or her fantasies, up to a point.

Angie's first gym had been a small storefront operation. Besides offering exercise equipment and personal training, she'd let it be known that she was willing and able to wrestle and spar with men or women in a back room of the gym. She'd discovered two things: there was a huge demand for this service and none of the participants was particularly anxious to have anyone else know they were interested in that sort of thing. While there might be some questionable legality about the operation, Angie wasn't particularly worried about getting raided, since one of her original and most regular clients was Police Chief Brian Roberts.

When she'd purchased the warehouse, she'd drawn up plans for a private entrance and elevator to the second floor, where she'd had the suites built. Also, she'd screened her potential employees to see who might be interested in wrestling and sparring. To her surprise all of the prospective personal trainers said that they would have no problem offering that service in addition to more "normal" training duties, as long as there was additional compensation. Over the years her employees had come and gone, some retiring, some opening their own gyms. Angie currently had five female and one male personal trainer. They regularly brought clients up to one of the suites and let them

indulge some of their fantasies. The limits were set up front: no sex, although manual release was allowed, and no serious BDSM, even though some fantasies might include some minor bondage.

All of Angie's present trainers had gone through a basic wrestling and grappling school, one had been a varsity wrestler in college, two had black belts in jiu jitsu, two in tae kwan do, and one had gone through a professional wrestling school. The suites were scheduled in hour blocks, and in such a way that there was a half hour "window" between clients arriving and leaving, in order to help insure privacy.

Angie saw that Suite Four was in use. Checking the schedule, she noted that the client was scheduled until one-thirty. She flipped on the monitor and checked what was going on in Suite Four. She smiled at what she saw. It was Paige, her youngest personal trainer, wrestling in the ring against Brett Chambers, a young guy that Angie had introduced to the joys of muscles on women and wrestling a year or so before.

Paige had been a star in volleyball and basketball in high school. At six-two, she could palm a basketball in each hand and slam-dunk them both from a standing start. Scholarship offers poured in, and she chose to attend Tennessee because of their outstanding women's basketball program. Majoring in exercise physiology, she'd led the Lady Vols to four NCAA titles in her four years there, while maintaining a 4.0 GPA. Much to her parents' disappointment, after college Paige had chosen to attend a pro-wrestling school, as that had been her first love ever since she'd seen Chyna beat a male wrestler for the Intercontinental Championship. Even though she knew outcomes were predetermined, she loved the athleticism of the wrestlers.

The head of the wrestling school gave Angie a call, letting her know about the tall young girl. Upon her graduation from the wrestling school, Angie had offered Paige a job. The youngster decided she had lots of time to start a pro wrestling career, and elected to join Angie's gym as a personal trainer/wrestler. Now twenty-four, she'd been with Angie for just under a year, and was quite popular as a wrestling opponent with quite a few of the male clients.

Paige lifted Brett across her body and slammed him to the mat while Angie watched. The young woman was now six-three and weighed around two hundred pounds, with sixteen-inch biceps, twenty-five inch thighs and eighteen-inch calves. It was child's play

for her to lift the five-seven, hundred and sixty pound male and drive him to the mat. The big brunette pulled him up by the arm and whipped him into a corner, then strode confidently over to him. The loud SMACK as Brett struck the corner padding told Angie how hard Brett had been thrown; Angie winced in sympathy. Paige, dressed in a pale blue bikini that showed off her light tan and revealed her armor-plated abs, towered over Brett as he slumped with his arms draped over the top rope. She asked Brett if he was ready to submit, but he shook his head no. Smiling, Paige yanked him out of the corner and ducked, pulling him across her broad shoulders. With a convulsive heave she lifted his limp body over her head, her arms bulging with power, then tossed him to the mat again. Lying down beside him, she opened her legs and pulled him into a body scissor hold. Angie winced again, besides the enormous girth of the girl's thighs, Paige had a thirty-nine inch inseam, which meant incredible leverage in any scissor hold. Brett's mouth opened and he tried to scream, although the pressure Paige was putting on his torso kept the noise down to a croak. He tapped frantically on Paige's leg, submitting to her leg power.

Paige released him immediately, then knelt astride his chest and flexed her biceps. Brett reached up and felt the hard balls of sinew with an awed expression on his face. Paige asked him if he had suffered enough, and Brett nodded his head frantically. Paige smiled and stood up, standing with one foot on either side of his head. She pointed and said, "Pay homage to my legs," with a stern expression on her face, and Brett immediately kissed her calves. Paige stepped back and offered Brett a hand up. She gave him a hug and kissed him on the cheek. Angie shut down the monitor and began to get ready for her own match.

She did some crunches and push ups to pump her muscles up. A thin coat of baby oil put a nice sheen on her body, highlighting the hills and valleys of her mature, muscular physique. She lightly applied a musky scent that was made specifically for her body chemistry. At five minutes to two she walked into the corridor that held the private entrance and elevator and waited for Bob Hunter. The elevator doors opened and Paige exited. She saw Angie and smiled down at her. "Hi Boss," she said. "Just finished cleaning up." She took a good look at Angie and continued, "Damn! You look really hot!"

"Thanks. I monitored the end of your session," Angie said. "I thought Brett was going to die after that gorilla slam. You sure that was a good idea?"

"Shit, Boss, that little guy's like a rubber ball," Paige said with a laugh. "He used to be a gymnast. You can't hurt him by tossing him around, he just bounces up for more." She chuckled and continued, "The way to beat that boy is to squeeze the hell out of him for a few minutes. That takes the bounce right out of him, and then you can have some fun torturing him."

Angie laughed. "Okay, as long as nobody gets hurt. You know the rules. Why'd you wrestle in the ring, anyway?"

"Oh, that was his idea. He figured he'd like to find out what pro moves were like. She winked. "I guess he did." She turned as the bell rang. "Sounds like your appointment is here, give him hell." She bent and kissed Angie on the forehead.

"I will," Angie replied, slapping Paige on the butt. "Go shower off."

Paige walked off, swaying her hips sexily. Angie shook her head and waited until Paige had entered the locker room before opening the door to admit Bob Hunter.

Angie stood, hands on hips, flexing every muscle. Bob's eyes widened as he took in Angie's imposing physique and he swallowed hard. Angie smiled at Bob and stepped aside, saying, "Come on in, Bob. You're punctual as usual."

"Wow. I never get used to seeing your muscles." He stumbled in the door, and Angie closed and locked it behind him. "You look amazing."

"Thank you, kind sir. Please come this way." She led the way to the elevator and pressed the button for the second floor. Bob breathed in Angie's scent and felt his knees weaken, that was how powerfully Angie's presence affected him. She preceded him to the suite and opened the door, gesturing to the sofa. "Make yourself at home," she said. "You want a drink?"

"Yes, please."

"Let's see, you like a single malt Scotch, no ice, no soda, right?" She took a crystal glass out and poured two generous fingers of the amber liquid in. Angie walked slowly over to the sofa and handed him the drink, then sat next to him and crossed her thick legs. She

rested a hand on his shoulder and leaned close. Every client required different handling. Some were all business, some needed to be reassured that their desires were perfectly normal, and some needed to be seduced a bit. Bob Hunter needed to feel like a sexy, desirable man, and Angie was quite willing to indulge him, to a point, and for a price.

In fact Bob was a reasonably attractive businessman in his mid-forties whose wife Kara always seemed to be too busy to pay attention to what he wanted. Angie felt a little sorry for the guy, but business was business, and she didn't feel any particular attraction for him. Nevertheless, she would do her best to give him what he wanted.

Bob sipped his drink, and Angie whispered into his ear, "So, Bob, what are we doing today? Do you have a preference, or should I just squeeze you into jelly?"

"Um, well, I was thinking about trying something, like, you play an agent who needs to interrogate me, and I'm a suspected member of a gang. You can do anything, within reason, I mean, to get me to admit I'm involved and name the other members of the gang."

"Hmmm, sounds promising, but maybe you should be a suspected terrorist, and your organization is responsible for a bombing?" Bob nodded. "Okay, and what tactics am I allowed to use. Or, more specifically, what can't I do?"

"No punches to the face, no ball busting. If you do punch or kick me, please don't use your full strength, I know I couldn't stand too much of that kind of punishment."

"What about damage to your face, remember what happened after our scissor session?" The first time Bob had engaged Angie's services, her relentless head scissors had caused many of the small blood vessels in Bob's face to burst, resulting in a blotchy red complexion for several hours.

"My wife's out of town until tomorrow, and I plan to drive straight home from here," Bob replied.

"Okay, how about damage to your clothes?"

He indicated the briefcase he'd brought in. "Got a sweatshirt and sweatpants in here." He grinned and added, "This is an old suit Kara thinks I've donated to the Salvation Army. I'll toss it out on the way home."

"Mmmm, sounds like you've thought of everything." Bob took another sip of his Scotch. "So, I suppose the scenario starts in the bar of a hotel. You pick me up and invite me to your room." He nodded. "Okay, let me slip a dress on over this..." she indicated her bikini "... and we can get started."

From a closet containing various costumes Angie selected a flowing dress that zipped up the side, making it easy to get out of. She found a purse too, and added that. Turning, she got into character. "Why Bob, I'd love to go up and have another drink in your room." He stood up and she took his arm. "Let's go." She indicated the door leading to the "bedroom" section of the suite. Bob opened the door and led the way inside.

"So, Bob, what exactly do you do for a living?"

"Oh, um, I'm a salesman. Travel around a lot, selling a men's clothing line to retail stores."

"Mmmm, I bet you get to see a lot of the country, don't you?"

"Yeah, it's one of the perks of the job." He headed uncertainly to the dresser. "You want that drink now?"

Angie grabbed his arm and pulled him toward her. "No," she whispered, "first I want to get to know you better." She flexed an arm and pouted. "Like my muscles, Bob? Some men do."

Bob ran his hand across her bicep, feeling the hard ball of sinew. "Y-yeah, I think your muscles are really sexy."

"Oh, you're so sweet," Angie said.

"What do you do for a living?"

"Oh, I'm an FBI agent, sweetie," she said. Taking his wrists she backed him up against the wall. "My muscles come in handy in my job," she added. "I do special interrogations for the Bureau." She pulled his arms over his head and gripped both wrists in one hand. She put the other on his throat and squeezed gently. "Like the one I'm about to do on you."

"I-interrogation? For what?" he croaked. "I'm just a salesman."

"Cut the bullshit, Bob," Angie said calmly. "You've been under surveillance for over a year now. We know about your involvement with the Taliban and al Qaeda, and about your connection with that church that got bombed last month. We want to know about the other members of your cell, and I'm going to get that information out of you or kill you trying." She squeezed his throat a bit harder. "You do believe I could kill you, don't you Bob?"

"Y-yeah, I believe you could. I just can't believe you think I'd have anything to do with that bunch of nuts. And I could never be responsible for any explosion."

Angie took her hand from his throat and punched him in the belly. Even at less than half strength it knocked the breath out of Bob's lungs and his knees buckled. Angie released his wrists and he dropped to his knees. "Don't lie to me, Bob," she growled. "That's just a sample of what I can do." She unzipped the dress and stepped out of it, revealing her hard body. "These thighs are man-killers," she told him. "If I wrap them around you, either your pathetic body or your empty head, the only way out is if I feel merciful." She flexed her thighs and told him, "Feel them! Feel the muscles in my legs! They are your doom, scumbag," she added as he ran his hands up and down her brawny thighs. "You will either tell me everything or you will perish between them!"

"B-but I don't know anything," Bob protested. Feigning anger, Angie grabbed his ears and pulled his head between her thighs in a standing headscissor. She squeezed hard enough to hurt, but not nearly as hard as she was capable of. Bob screamed in fear as her tree-trunk thighs crushed in on his skull. She held him there for a few seconds before releasing the pressure; Bob stayed on his hands and knees, dizzy from even that brief moment between her muscular legs.

"I told you not to lie to me," Angie hissed. She stepped to the side and kicked him gently in the ribs; the kick was hard enough to send Bob rolling across the floor. He wound up

on his back. Angie pounced on him, pinning him to the mat and quickly grapevining his legs. She held his wrists down easily and dropped her chest onto his face, smothering him between her large breasts. She released his wrists and wrapped her arms around his head, pulling him in hard, preventing him from escaping her fleshy trap. She rubbed her lower body against his, feeling his erection.

Angie released his head and allowed Bob to breathe again. She raised her hips up and slammed them down against Bob's belly, driving the breath he'd just taken out again with great force. Repeating the hip thrust, she quickly had Bob gasping for air again. Angie stretched her legs, causing Bob considerable pain as his knees and hips were stretched to the limit. Again Angie could feel Bob's erect manhood straining against his clothes. She unwound her thick legs from around his and rolled onto her side, pulling Bob's torso between her "man-killers". Crossing her ankles, she flexed lightly, giving him a taste of her power. Her strong fingers ripped Bob's shirt apart, sending buttons flying everywhere. Making good use of this new access, Angie pinched his nipples hard so that Bob squealed. "You sound like a little piggy," she taunted. "Wee wee wee!" Releasing the scissors, she sat atop his chest, facing his legs. Angie quickly unfastened Bob's belt and ripped his trousers open, revealing his manhood straining against his boxers.

Less than a second later and the shorts were in tatters and his penis pointing straight up. Angie grabbed her purse and removed a small bottle of baby oil. Squirting some in her palm, she ran her hand lightly up Bob's erection. He came almost immediately, spurting semen in a gusher that quickly covered his groin and her hand. "Looks like getting beat up by a strong woman turns you on, scumbag," Angie said, staying in character. "You'll have plenty of chances to blow your load tonight." She wiped her hand on his ripped shirt. "Who else is in your cell?" she demanded.

"I-I don't know w-what you're t-talking about," he stammered. "I'm just a damn salesman. I don't know anything about any cell, or any explosion."

"Bullshit!" Angie exclaimed. "You're guilty and you're gonna confess or die. You ready to die, Bob?" She shifted positions so that she had Bob's head in a reverse headscissors. Yanking on his hair, she made sure his skull was high up between her thighs. Angie locked her ankles and constricted her legs; Bob felt like his head was about to implode. Angie executed a push-up and tightened her entire body, careful not to apply anywhere near

her full power. Bob kicked his legs and frantically pawed and slapped at her granite-hard thighs until she relented and relaxed her squeeze.

Angie stood up, towering over Bob. She held him down with a foot on his chest and flexed her arms again. "Had enough, Bob?" she demanded. "Ready to tell the truth now? Confess or I'll break you in half."

"I-I can't c-c-confess to what I didn't do," Bob rasped.

"But you did do it, Bob," Angie said. She pulled him up and backed up to the bed. She sat on the edge, pulling Bob down to a seat on the floor. Wrapping her legs around his head again, she leaned back in a relaxed way and locked her ankles. Slowly she increased the pressure of her squeeze until Bob was whimpering in pain. Angie unlocked her ankles and told him, "That was about a quarter of my leg strength, Bob. If you don't want any more than that, confess now."

"I didn't do anything. I don't know anything," he wheezed. "Please, let me go. You've got the wrong guy."

"Wrong guy? I don't think so." Angie dropped to a seat behind him on the floor and locked his arms into a full nelson. Her arms bulged as she pressed down on his head with her hands. Bob tried to escape, but Angie was far too strong for him. "You really think you can get away from me? You pathetic weakling! Confess, Bob!" Wrapping her legs around his body again she jolted him with another squeeze from her tree-trunk thighs and felt his ribs bend. "I'll bust you up good before I kill you if you don't."

"K-k-kill me?"

"I told you I could. I'm authorized to kill if necessary," she hissed in his ear. "And with a scumbag like you, I'm tempted to do it even without a confession." She pressed down harder on his head, but was careful not to go too far. "You're helpless, you piece of crap. Just like the women and children in the church you bombed. How does it feel, scum? How does it feel to know you're about to die?"

"P-p-please don't do this," Bob whispered.

"You know what I want to hear. Say it!"

"A-all right. I confess."

Angie released the double hold and stood over Bob who was lying on the floor, tears running down his face. "I knew it!" she crowed. Grabbing him by the remains of his shirt she pulled him up, biceps bulging as she lifted his dead weight easily. "Now, if you want to keep breathing you'd better tell me who else is in your cell." She drove another half-power punch into his gut; Hunter gagged and doubled over. She pulled his head between her thighs and worked him over in another standing headscissors. "Come on, wimp! Who are you working with?" Angie released the hold and Bob dropped to the floor. She turned him over with her foot so he was looking up at her; she stepped astride his body so he was gazing up at her muscular thighs. "You don't want these wrapped around you any more, do you?" He shook his head no. "Then tell me who else is in your cell."

"They'll kill me," he croaked. "I can't tell you."

"I'm here. They're not." Angie doubled her arms, flexing her biceps to their full size. "Better choose quickly, and wisely."

"N-n-no, I c-c-c-can't."

Angie shrugged. "It's your funeral," she said. She pulled him to his feet and then ducked so she could hoist him on her shoulder. She easily carried him across the room and set him gently on his feet next to the wall. "You sure you won't reconsider?" she asked him. Bob shook his head no. Without another word Angie kned him in the belly. As Bob doubled over she wrapped one arm around his head and held him in that position. Angie drove another knee into him, this time hitting him in the chest, then repeated the move three more times. When she released his head Bob fell face down on the floor; he was barely able to get his hands up in time to prevent his face from striking the padding fairly hard. Angie straddled his back and locked her hands under his chin. Pulling back, she stretched his neck painfully.

"I hope you realize just how dangerous this position is for you," she whispered menacingly. "With a little twist I can snap your pencil neck. By squeezing my hands I can

crush your jaw. You really are in a tough spot here. Sure you won't reconsider?" She pulled back a little harder, eliciting a moan from the helpless man beneath her.

"Nnnnn, okay, okay," Bob rasped. "You win."

She released him and said, "I always win." Angie stood up and lifted Bob under his arms, walked him over to the bed and sat him down. "The tech weenies will be here in a few minutes. You will tell them anything they ask you. You'll name everyone in your cell, and you will confess to the bombing." Angie wrapped her hand around his throat and squeezed gently. "Otherwise, I'll come back and next time I won't stop. You know I can kill you anytime I want, don't you?" Bob nodded jerkily. "And you don't want to piss me off, do you?" He shook his head. "Good. Then I guess we understand each other." She released her grip and continued, "But I think I'll just remind you that I hold your worthless life in my hands."

Quickly she slipped behind him on the bed and wrapped her thighs loosely around his waist. Locking one arm under his chin, she put him into a classic rear naked choke, better known in wrestling circles as a sleeper hold. "Don't struggle, I promise this won't hurt." Applying pressure to the carotid arteries in the sides of his neck, she almost gently squeezed him unconscious.

Angie was careful not to keep the hold locked in too long. After less than ten seconds she released the pressure. About fifteen seconds later he jerked spasmodically as the blood returned to his brain. Angie knew that Bob would be quite disoriented for a couple of minutes, so she kept him prisoner gently, not squeezing her legs or arms, and spoke reassuringly. "Hey, Bob, you okay yet? Take it easy, you'll be fine in a few minutes.

"W-w-w-wow. That was different," he rasped as he eventually became aware of where he was. Angie let him go and rolled over to the other side of the bed. She walked around to face him, a smile on her face.

"How was that, Bob?" she asked. "Did that fulfill your fantasy?"

"And more. Thanks Angie."

"Doesn't Kara like to do this kind of stuff?" Angie asked gently. "I know from her visits here that she's a pretty strong woman. I bet the two of you could have lots of fun at home with this kind of thing." He hesitated, and she grinned. "Come on, Bob, don't make me beat it out of you. You can tell your wrestling therapist anything."

"Kara's pretty busy with her own interests," Bob said, hanging his head a little. "Takes a lot of business trips, selling her cosmetics. She hasn't had time for me in quite a while."

"That's a real shame. I'd hate to see you two break up or anything."

"Well, I'm hoping she'll come around eventually. Anyway, thanks for your, well, thanks. This was great."

Angie gave Bob a kiss on the cheek. "Glad you enjoyed it. I had fun, it wasn't a usual session for me." Bob stood up and swayed a little on his feet. Angie took his arm to steady him. "You going to be all right?"

Bob laughed. "Yeah, just a little woozy. I'll be fine. See you in a few weeks, probably." He walked unsteadily out the door to get into the clothes he'd brought along.

Angie scratched her head and murmured, "Maybe I should have a little talk with Kara."

A few minutes later Bob emerged from the dressing room in a sweatsuit and Angie gave him a gentle hug and kiss. "Have a nice evening, Bob," she said as she escorted him to the door. Then she re-entered the room and cleaned it up, something she insisted all her trainers do themselves. "You helped make the mess, you clean it up," was what she told everyone she hired.

She finished, put the cleaning supplies away and headed back down to her office where she called Cassie at the front desk. "Ask Carl to come to my office please," she said. Two minutes later there was a knock on the door. "In!" she called.

Carl Miller, her only male trainer, entered the room. "You wanted to see me, Boss?"

"Have a seat, Carl. You're not in trouble. I just wanted to ask you about one of your clients."

"Okay," he said, sitting down. Angie hadn't showered yet, and the scent of sweat and musk filled the small office. Combined with the visual display of Angie's assets, Carl began to feel a bit awkward. "What do you want to know?"

"Kara Hunter. When is her next appointment?"

"Workout or wrestling?"

"Either."

"She's got an appointment for wrestling day after tomorrow, ten AM."

"How good is she?"

Carl grinned ruefully. "She's damn good. She submits me or pins me almost half the time now. And she's gotten stronger too, she can bench almost two hundred pounds, and her leg press is up to six hundred."

Angie raised her eyebrows, impressed. "I had no idea she was using that much weight." She rubbed her chin, thinking. "You got any idea why?"

Carl squirmed uncomfortably. "I think she might be hot for me, Boss. I didn't do anything to encourage her, honest! Especially since I, well, you know." He added quickly.

"It's okay, Carl. I know you prefer guys. Does she seem to like it when she pins you or makes you submit?"

"Yeah, she does."

"Hmm. Okay. When she shows up, I may come in and talk to her for a little while, and ask you to take a hike. You okay with that?" Angie said.

"Sure. You're the boss, after all."

"Good. Have Cassie put a note on my calendar, will you? Now get back to work."

Carl grinned. "Sure, Boss. Can I ask what this is about?"

"Hopefully getting two people back together. Get out of here!"

After Carl had left Angie showered quickly and dressed in shorts and a tank top, then headed out. "I'm leaving for the day," she told Cassie. "See you tomorrow."

"Kay, boss. Have a good date," Cassie said with a grin.

Tales from Angie's Gym - Part 2

By Al Harder

Chapter 3: Eric's First Time, and Second, and Third...

Angie drove her black Cobra home. She lived in a massive fifteen-room house with a four-car garage that included a small apartment for her housekeeper and cook. After pulling the MUSCLE1 Cobra into the garage between her Harley-Davidson and her Hummer Angie entered the house and called, "Emily, where are you?"

Her housekeeper came out downstairs and smiled. "Hi Boss. You're home early."

"Yeah, I want to take some extra care getting ready for my guest tonight."

"Well, Louis has dinner well in hand and the canapés are almost ready. The wine is chilling and the house is ready."

"Great. I want everything to be perfect."

Emily grinned and asked, "Another muscle virgin? You just can't resist, can you?"

"Well, someone's got to recognize a muscular woman lover in denial. And someone's got to get them over the hump, so to speak, so they can function in society." Angie grinned back. "It might as well be me. I'll be upstairs getting ready."

Angie took special care in her preparations for tonight. She wanted Eric to face his fascination for muscular women, and make him realize that there was nothing wrong with it. She treated her underarms and legs, removing any unwanted hair, and trimmed her bikini line. After yet another shower, she blew her hair dry and styled it so that it hung to her shoulders, curling slightly at the ends. Angie studied herself in the full-length mirror; she hit a double biceps pose, then a side chest, noticing that nothing was sagging. Caressing her firm breasts, she thought, "Not bad for forty-six."

Angie sat down at her vanity and took her time applying makeup, just a touch of color on her cheeks, blue eyeliner and blue-green eye shadow, deep red lipstick that matched the

nail polish on her fingers and toes. A bit of her personal scent, but not too much. She didn't want him too overwhelmed, after all.

She carefully selected her clothing for the evening's muscle seduction. Lace bra and thong panties were a deep red trimmed in black, and hid absolutely nothing. She added a black garter belt and black fishnet hose, dark red "fuck me" shoes with four-inch heels, and a pair of gold hoop earrings, then topped the look off with a black sleeveless lace coat that was almost totally transparent, but covered her from shoulders to ankles. It had three ties, she fastened only the one at the waist. Angie knew men liked their packages gift-wrapped, and as she looked at herself once more in the full-length mirror she thought that Eric would approve, if he didn't drop dead of a heart attack, she thought with a grin.

The taxi dropped Eric off at the curb. He walked up the long driveway, admiring the well-landscaped grounds. When he saw the house he almost lost his nerve. "Jeez, it's a fucking mansion," he thought. He started to turn back around, but something stopped him. "Now that I'm here I might as well see what Ms. Korinsky has in mind," he decided.

Checking his watch, he saw that it was exactly six o'clock. He stumbled up to the front door and rang the bell.

A moment later the door opened, revealing a tall, lithe blonde in a maid's outfit. She was at least three inches taller than his height of five-nine, and her arms sported some well-defined muscles. "May I help you?" she asked in a musical soprano voice.

Eric swallowed hard and stammered, "I-I'm Eric Lawrence. I believe Ms. Korinsky is expecting me."

Giving Eric an amused smile, the maid said, "Of course, Mr. Lawrence. Madame is waiting in the den. Please come in and follow me." She closed the front door and led the way down a hall to a small room. "Madame," she said, "Mr. Eric Lawrence is here."

"Show him in, please," came the husky voice Eric remembered. The maid stepped aside and gestured for Eric to enter. She gently closed the door behind him.

Eric's jaw dropped as he entered the room and saw his hostess lounging on a chaise. He knew he was behaving like a teenage boy in the presence of a porn star, but he couldn't help it. She was magnificent! Those arms, the bulging legs, the armor-plated abs, the high, firm, large breasts, he was overwhelmed. She was dressed beautifully, all in lace, and the wrapping didn't hide any of her assets.

Angie smirked and rose. The four-inch stiletto heels made her a bit taller than he was. She walked sexily over to where he stood just inside the door and touched his arm. "I'm so pleased you decided to come," she said. "Please, make yourself at home." She led him by the arm over to a sofa and told him to, "Sit, please. Would you enjoy a cocktail before dinner?"

"Yes, thank you, er, Ms. Korinsky."

"Oh that's right, we were never formally introduced, were we? I'm Angela Korinsky, but please call me Angie. And you are Eric..."

"Lawrence."

"Of course, Emily announced you. Pleased to meet you, Eric Lawrence," Angie said, extending her hand. He took it and she squeezed gently, giving him a smile to let him know that she knew how strong she was and didn't have to prove it. "Now, about that cocktail. I'm having a martini, what would you like?"

"Um, a martini is fine with me," he said, trying to sound older than his twenty-five years.

"Excellent." She sauntered to a wall panel and said, "Emily, martinis for two, please, and bring us something to tide us over until dinner is ready." Angie walked over and sat next to Eric on the sofa, crossing her thick, sinewy legs. "I suppose you're wondering just what all this is about," she said with a smile.

Eric tried to relax. "Well, the thought had crossed my mind," he said.

Angie laughed. "That's better, I was afraid you were going to be so uptight I wouldn't get a word out of you."

Emily entered the room easily balancing two trays. She carefully set one down on the table in front of the sofa, then took two glasses from the other and handed one to Eric and the other to Angie. "Emily, please let us know when dinner is ready," Angie said.

"Yes Madame," Emily murmured, a teasing smile on her face.

"I'm going to be hearing about this for the next month," Angie thought.

She extended her glass for a toast. "Here's to new friends and new experiences," she said. Eric clinked his glass with hers and took a sip. The drink was excellent, icy cold, and quite strong. Eric felt himself start to relax as the alcohol took effect.

"Anyway, to continue," Angie said after sipping her own drink. "I noticed you this morning and thought that you might be 'interested' in women who were more muscular than the norm. Your reactions to me when I modeled the tank tops were quite revealing." She took a shrimp roll from the tray and carefully ate it, dabbing her lips with a napkin. Nervously Eric took another drink of the potent martini. "Were you aware of these feelings, Eric?"

He nodded. "I've tried to hide how I feel about 'athletic' women, since that's not normal, but..."

"Who says it's not normal?" Angie interrupted. "It may not be mainstream, but there's nothing wrong in admiring muscular women, nor in fantasizing about them, I presume you fantasize about them, don't you?" He nodded. "Thought so. Just because muscles on women isn't something the majority of people think is sexy doesn't mean it's not normal." She handed him a shrimp roll. "Nibble on this, Eric, I think your blood sugar may be low, and I don't want you passing out on me, well, not yet, at least," she added with a knowing smile.

He chewed and swallowed, not noticing the taste, and sipped again from his glass.

Angie leaned closer, laying her hand on his shoulder, and looked into his eyes. "Eric, my dear young man, I'll have you know that there are more people with the same feelings you have than you think. It's a matter of personal preference. And I want to help you deal with your feelings."

Eric snorted. "You want to help me 'deal with my feelings'? What are you, a shrink?"

"Actually, I do have a doctorate in psychology. Or did you think I was just a 'dumb jock'?"

"Okay, sorry. I'm not exactly comfortable at the moment, you know?"

"Yes, I do know. I'm going to try to make you more comfortable with yourself and with me, and in the process I hope I can help get you out of your shell."

"You sound like my mom now, she'd always say, 'Just go up and talk to her, son. She won't bite. Get out of your shell, don't be so shy'."

Angie sipped her martini and said, "Eric, I may sound like your mom, but I hope you don't see me that way. I certainly don't see you as my child."

"Why'd you invite me over here, anyway? Huh? To laugh at the kid who's got a fetish for athletic women?"

"First of all, let's get the nomenclature straight. Why can't you just say 'muscular women' or 'strong women'? You keep using the term 'athletic', but I don't think it's what you really mean. Annika Sorenstam is an 'athletic woman', and I admire what she's done for the game of golf, but she doesn't have these!" Angie flexed her bicep right in front of Eric's face. She took his hand and put it on the hard ball of sinew. A quick glance at Eric's crotch showed her that she'd hit the mark. "These are what turn you on Eric, MUSCLES! Big damn muscles! Right?"

"Oh God, YES! Muscles on women turn me on! The bigger the better! You happy now?" Eric was crying as he admitted his addiction to female muscle.

Angie smiled and pulled his head to her shoulder. She patted him gently and he wrapped his arms around her and clung to her as if he were clinging to a life preserver. "It's okay, sweetie, it's okay. It's hard to admit it to yourself sometimes. Don't worry, pet, you'll be fine. I want to help you."

Angie pushed Eric away a little, then took his head gently in her hands and kissed him firmly. Eric ran his hands over Angie's hard, round deltoids and down her powerful arms

as she gently forced her tongue into his mouth. Before Eric could embarrass himself by ejaculating in his pants, she drew her head back. "So tell me, Eric," she breathed, "do you want to be dominated or shall we explore a more equal relationship?"

"I-I-I, oh jeez, I'm so confused!"

Angie gave him a peck on the cheek. "Not too surprising. You've been denying your feelings all your life."

"It's just that boys are supposed to like soft, cute girly-girls, and I never did. I always wanted to date the captain of the softball team, or the girl who could kick ass in soccer, you know?" Eric laughed derisively. "Not that I ever had the guts to ask any of them out, of course. And the other guys made it seem that being attracted to girls with muscles was weird, and my parents were no better. They kept pushing me to ask out the girls who were popular, which of course meant 'girls who did girl things'. They didn't get why I stayed after the varsity basketball game was done to watch the girls play."

"You're lucky. When I was growing up, I was called an, let me see now, what was it, oh yes, an androgynous freak. There was no such thing as a girl's basketball team, nor could I go into the gym and lift weights like the guys did. It was 'unladylike'." Angie shook her head. "At least now I'm not treated like a sideshow attraction."

Angie disengaged herself and reclaimed her martini. Taking a long sip, she continued, "So I don't see you as a candidate for domination. I'd say you just want a muscular woman to love, and that's great. But first, you've got to learn some things."

Eric drained his drink and asked, "What kind of things?"

Angie smiled warmly. "We'll discuss that after dinner. It must be time to eat, I'm famished!"

Almost as if she'd been listening, Emily opened the door and announced, "Dinner is ready, Madame."

Angie stood and offered Eric a hand up. "Come on, Eric, let's continue this conversation over dinner."

Dinner consisted of roast chicken, baked potato, and steamed broccoli. It was accompanied by a very nice Chardonnay, and followed by chocolate cake and coffee. During the meal Angie quizzed Eric on his feelings, preferences, and experiences with the objects of his fantasy. She learned he wrote stories about what he'd like to do, and made him promise to send her some of them. After dinner Angie led Eric on a tour of her house, showing off the enormous yard area that contained a large pool, sand volleyball court, and a regulation wrestling ring. She also showed him her well-equipped gym, and her "playroom", a well-padded area Angie said she used for "rolling around with some friends, just for fun".

They ended up in the den, where Angie poured two brandies. After the alcohol he'd already consumed, Eric was feeling quite a bit more relaxed than when he'd arrived. "So, my young friend," Angie said, "now we can get down to business. I'm planning on giving you a lesson in how to treat strong women, and how to attract them." She smiled seductively and added, "Later on we'll deal with what you do after you've attracted them."

Angie set her drink down and gently pulled Eric to her. Standing face to face, her breasts almost touching his chest, she said softly, "The first thing to learn is that you should treat a strong woman like a person. Not an object, not an idol, not something to be worshipped. Just like a person. You can stare, if you can't help yourself, but you should also go up to her and tell her how much you admire her will and her commitment to building her muscles. We all like to get compliments."

"Okay," Eric said, "but what if I'm too shy to say stuff like that?"

"We'll work on that, I promise," Angie said. "Try it."

Eric swallowed hard, then looked Angie straight in the eyes. "Ms. Korinsky, I really respect the hard work and dedication it must have taken to build this fantastic body."

Angie smiled. "Very nice," she said. "Now, if she's not interested in you she'll just say 'thanks' and be on her way. That's okay, you still made her day." Angie untied the single closure of her robe. "But, if she'd like to get to know you better, she might do something like this." Angie flexed her bicep and said, "Thank you so much. Would you like to feel my biceps?"

"Yes, please," Eric replied hoarsely, and at her nod he gently placed his hand on her swelling mound while she pumped the arm up.

"Then, you should introduce yourself, and you might ask her how long she's been doing this, you know, conversation. Treat her like a person."

"So how long have you been doing this, Angie?"

"Longer than you've been around, young man," she replied with a grin. She reclaimed her brandy and took another sip. "After you've had a chance to get to know her a bit, you should tell her something about yourself, maybe ask her if she'd like to get some coffee or lunch. Again, if she's interested, she'll jump at the chance, and maybe go from coffee to drinks, or lunch to dinner. Upgrade, if you like."

"And what if things get, intimate?" Eric asked, sipping his own brandy.

"I was hoping you'd ask." Angie took the glass from Eric's hand and set both drinks down. "Some girls are kind of awkward and shy. You'll be able to tell, they'll act the same way you do, or hopefully did, when you first got here." She took a step closer to Eric; he could smell the scent she used, and he felt her breasts against his chest. "But some of us, especially us older broads, are fairly aggressive." Eric licked his lips. "So you won't have any problems decoding our signals." She took his face gently in her hands and kissed him, strongly. He ran his hands over the hard cannonballs of her deltoids, slipping the robe off her shoulders as he did. She grabbed him behind the head and thrust her tongue into his mouth again. Moaning in desire, he moved his hands lower, feeling the steely muscles of her back.

With mutual movement they found the sofa and half-fell onto it. Angie was on top, and she quickly moved to pin him gently to the soft cushions. She busied herself unbuttoning Eric's shirt, while he worked on the front closure of her bra and, after some fumbling, was able to unhook it, releasing her breasts. Angie decided that the buttons were much too difficult and ripped his shirt open. They embraced again, flesh meeting flesh. Eric tried to turn them over so he was on top, but Angie resisted. "I get to be on top ? it's one of my rules," she whispered into his ear; she followed that by thrusting her tongue into the ear, then biting lightly at the lobe.

Eric felt chills running throughout his body. He caressed her breasts; as he ran his thumbs over the nipples he felt them stiffen in desire. Angie maneuvered herself so she had some room and worked on unfastening Eric's pants. Despite their resistance, her powerful fingers tore them open with little difficulty. That accomplished, she stripped both pants and boxers down his legs expertly. He gently caressed her nipples again and she felt herself grow wet. One glance at Eric's tool showed that he was ready.

Between them they got her garters unfastened and her garter belt removed. The Velcro fastening Angie's thong panties was no barrier either. Angie she slid down onto his erection, taking him deep inside herself. With perfect muscular control she held him, feeling him ready to come, but not allowing him to release yet, because she wasn't quite ready. Eric's tongue was in her mouth now, and she let him have the small victory, knowing who was really in control here. Pulling away for a moment, she thrust her breast into range of his mouth, and he quickly had her breathing hard as he gently circled her nipple with his talented tongue. She felt herself beginning to come and released the hold she had on his prick. She rode him, sliding up and down his well-lubricated tool once, twice, and ...

They came back down a few minutes later. Angie's full weight was resting on Eric, but he didn't seem to mind. She brushed the hair back from his sweaty forehead and smiled down at him. "I think you've got most of the skills you'll need in your quest," she said with a grin.

"Oh man, that was unbelievable. YOU'RE unbelievable. Thank you."

"My pleasure, and I mean that," she replied. She disengaged and sat up. "You have very good instincts, Eric. Really." She looked down at his body and smiled slyly. "I didn't think those clothes would survive the night. No worries, I've got some spare sweats that should fit you. They'll be a little big, at least on your chest, but they should suffice."

"That's okay with me," Eric said cheerfully. "At least my pants and shirt gave up their lives for a good cause."

Angie studied his lean physique. "You're in pretty good shape. Distance runner?" she guessed.

"Swimmer," he replied.

"You feel any better now than when you first showed up?" Angie asked with a grin.

"Uh-huh. You are an incredible lady."

"Don't get hung up on me and ignore strong women closer to your own age," Angie warned. "I did this because I saw a nice, confused kid who didn't realize how bad he needed to be fucked by a muscular female. Don't think I'm the only woman out there."

"Deal," Eric said, smiling.

"Good. Now, if you're feeling 'up' to it, I think we should adjourn to the bedroom." She eyed him sternly. "You can't get better without practice."

"Lead the way, milady," Eric said.

"Oh no, it's time you found out another thing about dating strong women. We like to show off our strength." Angie stood up, pulled Eric up by the arm and ducked, hoisting him across her shoulders in a fireman's carry. "You're a real lightweight, compared to some. Ready to be ravished again?"

"Let's stop talking about it and do it, okay?"

Angie carried him easily up to her bedroom suite and dumped him on the king-sized bed. "Get ready for action, little boy," she taunted. "I'm going to show you a little bit of what some of us strong broads like to do to our partners."

She crawled into bed and pulled him between her thighs, then locked her ankles behind his back. Squeezing gently, she said, "This is the Korinsky Love Lock. You're not nearly strong enough to escape this hold, even if I don't squeeze hard. Just relax and enjoy it."

And strangely enough, Eric did. The feeling of helplessness, of being at Angie's mercy, was stimulating. She commanded his obedience, directing him how and where to fondle her, and he was an apt student. And his morning fantasy of having his head crushed

gently in her very muscular arms was realized; it was every bit as arousing as he'd dreamed it would be. He and Angie made muscle love all night.

Eric slowly woke, his eyes opening drowsily. "Morning, stud," Angie drawled.

She held him against her gently; his head rested on her chest, and he could hear her heart beating slow, strong, and regular. He smiled and glanced at the clock ...

"Oh shit! I'm late for school!"

Angie laughed. "School? What about work?"

"I work part time, go to college part time. Today's a class day. Dammit!"

"Relax, Eric, one day of missed classes shouldn't hurt you, unless there's something due today, or a test?"

"No, I just hate to miss class. I'm really enjoying the stuff I learn." He shrugged. "Well, I can still make my eleven o'clock."

"Tell you what, Eric. Let's both play hooky today. I'll call work and have them reschedule all my clients for another day, or have someone else cover for me, and we can spend the day together."

Eric looked at Angie's naked body and smiled. "You know what? That sounds pretty good."

"Okay, I'll make a call." Still nude, Angie padded over to the phone on her desk and called the gym. "Hi Cassie. Who do I have scheduled for today?" After listening a few minutes, she said, "Have Jill take Clint's appointment, it's cardio today. And split up the others, okay? No, I'm fine, I just want to take the day off. Okay, see you tomorrow."

"What do you do, by the way? We never got around to that last night," Eric asked.

Angie returned to the bed where Eric waited. His hand moved automatically to caress her thigh, and she shivered. "I own a gym," she said. "It's a really nice one, and I enjoy the work I do. Profitable too," she said with a grin.

"And you have to call in to find out your schedule? Why don't you put it on your web site?"

Angie's eyebrows rose. "Well, first of all we don't have a web site. Second, what do you know about it?"

Eric replied, "I'm going for a degree in software engineering, with a speciality in networking and web design."

Angie sat down and ran her fingers over Eric's chest. "So what are you doing in a department store selling women's clothes?"

He laughed. "Only part-time job I could get at the time. Besides, it's not so bad. I just hope I can get a better job when I graduate in a couple of months, though."

"I've got an idea. What's your class schedule like? Even better, what's your work schedule like?"

"I work Monday, Friday, and Saturday. Classes on Tuesday and Thursday, homework on Wednesday and Sunday. Why?"

"I think my gym needs a web site. I think you should quit your job and come to work for me two days a week, I'll give you Saturdays off. And I'll bet I can offer more money than you're making now."

"I don't want charity," Eric said stiffly.

"What charity? You think I need a presence on the web and I agree. I want you to build it for me. You're going to work hard for your pay, believe me."

"Okay, sorry. I just..."

Angie laughed. "Hey, stud, you're cute and you're nice, but business is business. How much notice do you need to give at the store?"

"Two weeks is probably good enough."

"Great. And we can go shopping for whatever hardware you think we need. We've got PCs at work, of course, but if you think we need to upgrade, we can."

"Sounds good to me. I'll need to look at your current setup." He laughed.

"What?"

"This is a strange conversation to be having with a beautiful, muscular, naked lady."

"You're right, let's stop talking." She lazily pulled him between her thighs and squeezed gently. Eric moaned in mingled pain and desire. "Get to work, stud. I'm in the mood for sex before breakfast." She grinned voraciously. "And after breakfast. And after lunch..."

They played all day, alternating between the bedroom and the pool in the back yard. Emily and Louis remained invisible, except for the times when Angie requested refreshments. During the day Angie worked on Eric's self-confidence, and how to act around muscular women. By the end of the day he was much more relaxed around her, and she felt he would be able to continue his explorations of muscular females, hopefully with women who were closer to his age, on his own.

Much later, Angie rode Eric to his apartment on the back of her Harley. He changed clothes there, choosing jeans and a t-shirt, then they rode to her gym. It was after ten, and all of the trainers had left for the day. "Wow," Eric said, "this is quite a setup."

Angie looked around proudly. "Yup, I like it. Come on, I'll give you the quarter tour." They went through all the exercise rooms, the steam room and sauna (both co-ed), and the pool in the basement. "Now here's the real money maker," Angie said, leading him to the private elevator and riding up to the second floor. She opened the door to the first suite and showed him around.

"You bring men up here and wrestle them?" Eric asked.

"Mostly men, and not just wrestling. They can use the hour for whatever they want, within reason. Some use it for private martial arts training and sparring, some use it for muscle worship, but most use it for wrestling with a strong woman." Angie watched Eric closely, ready for a negative reaction.

"That's terrific," Eric said, pleasing Angie. "I'd never be able to afford anything like it, of course, but it's something I'd take advantage of if I could." He frowned thoughtfully and asked, "Is it completely legal?"

"Probably not," Angie replied. "Fortunately my list of clients includes the chief of police, the mayor, and a local judge, not to mention several prominent businessmen. I don't think any of them are going to complain." She thought about Annabelle Lewis and snickered at the thought that her husband was one of her most fervent admirers.

"What's so funny?"

"Nothing. Just thinking about some of my clientele." She picked Eric up in her arms, thrilling him, and carried him into the "hotel room" setting. She placed him carefully on the bed and said, "Now I think we'll have a little 'session' of our own, and for once the prohibition on sex is going to be waived."

Eric stripped quickly. Angie pulled her muscle shirt off and removed her boots and jeans. She stood in front of Eric, topless, in black thong panties. Her eyes gleamed as Eric reached for her; she grabbed his wrists and pulled him across her broad shoulders easily. Angie carried Eric around the room, then tossed him back on the bed. She leaped on him and quickly maneuvered him into a headscissors. "Now you're in a place where you can get badly hurt. You're helpless, locked in between a pair of legs that are able to burst reinforced medicine balls. If I wanted I could crush your skull flat. Fortunately for you I like you." She constricted her thighs slightly, giving Eric a taste of her leg power. He moaned and put his hands on her thick thighs, feeling the muscle power that could easily destroy him. Angie smiled and relaxed the pressure a bit, watching as his erection grew while he explored her sinewy legs with his hands.

Angie changed their positions so that she was sitting on his chest; Eric's arms were pinned between her calves and thighs, and his mouth was in close proximity to her crotch. Ripping her thong off with her powerful hands, she exposed herself completely

and eased closer to Eric's face. "Oral sex definitely has its uses," she said. "I recommend that you get used to this position if your fixation with strong women continues." She moved further forward, covering Eric's mouth, and continued, "Better get to work, you don't want your muscle mistress to get annoyed."

Eric complied quickly, bringing Angie to orgasm in moments. She covered his face with her juices, and he swallowed at her command. Smiling, Angie turned and replied in kind, taking him into her mouth and tickling his rod with her tongue. He exploded almost instantly, filling her mouth. Angie swallowed and smiled. "Mmm, you taste good," she said. She turned atop him and rubbed her crotch over his naked stomach, gently sliding down to where she could engulf his tool in her waiting pussy. One or two pulses of her internal muscles had him hard again. She pinned his wrists to the bed over his head and moved her breasts over his face, taunting him with their proximity. Eric strained to reach her nipples with his tongue; Angie laughed and said, "You really want my boobs, don't you?" Eventually Angie dropped her large tits onto his face. Feeling herself close to orgasm, Angie raised and lowered her hips, stimulating Eric until they both exploded in ecstasy.

Chapter 4: We Learn More About Angie

Angie rolled off Eric and wrapped her arms around him gently. She kissed him tenderly. "I'd say you were about ready to take your place in society, young man," she told him. "You know how to treat strong women now, and I think you're confident enough to hold your own."

"Thanks," he said. "The last two days have been like a dream." He frowned. "But I'm curious about you. How did you get to be like, this?" he asked, running his hand over her muscular arm. "All I know is you own a gym and you like to initiate guys like me to the wonders of being with a muscular woman. How about some personal history?"

"You sure you want to know? I don't mind talking about myself, but you might be bored."

"Nothing about you bores me," he said, batting his eyes.

Angie laughed. "Okay, you asked for it." She leaned back, and Eric rested his head on her shoulder. "I'm what you might call a genetic freak. My dad was a physicist who was involved in trying to perfect 'cold fusion'. He was a genius, by anyone's definition. My mom came from a long line of circus acrobats, and she was extremely athletic. She was a champion pentathlete, this was before the heptathlon for women. Apparently I got the best of both sets of genes." She chuckled. "I was home-schooled, but was able to get a certification of graduation from high school at thirteen. By sixteen I'd graduated college with a BS in psychology. I got my masters at eighteen, and my PhD at twenty."

Eric was astounded. "My God, I didn't know I was in the presence of a genius."

"It wasn't easy," Angie said. "I wasn't able to have many personal relationships. I was too intellectual for the kids my age and too young for my classmates. And it didn't help that I was also a physical oddity." She flexed her deltoid, raising Eric's head. "I was much stronger than anyone I came in contact with, regardless of their size. Since I didn't attend a regular high school, I didn't have the opportunity to engage in organized high school sports. So I learned about individual sports, with a particular emphasis on martial arts." She relaxed her deltoid again. "I also enjoyed being strong. I liked the feeling I had after I pumped iron. I just didn't realize what effect my physique would have on other people, both female and male."

"Really?" Eric said. "I'm not surprised you had an 'effect' on others with your physique."

"Yeah, well, you've just been enlightened," Angie said, nibbling at his ear. "And I was just as naïve as you were when I was younger."

"I'm guessing something happened while you were in college that 'enlightened' you, right?"

"Good guess, grasshopper," Angie chuckled. "I was in grad school, going for my masters, so I'd just turned 18. To celebrate, since 18 was the legal drinking age in that particular state, a few of my dorm mates took me out to this bar..."

"This is a really 'bitchin' place," Connie said as she led the way across the crowded floor to the bar. "Take a look at that!" she continued, pointing to the back of the room.

Angie could see, barely through the smoky gloom, what looked like a boxing ring. "What gives, they have boxing here?"

"Nope, lots more fun than that," said Hope, as she ordered a pitcher of beer and four glasses.

The bartender asked them all for ID, and Angie produced hers with a flourish. He grinned and said, "Congratulations, first pitcher's on the house for the birthday party."

Fran grabbed the pitcher and they each picked up a glass. Hope spotted an open table and they quickly fought their way to it and sat, just before a bunch of guys from the Delta frat got there. "Sorry boys," Hope said. "Better luck next time."

"So what's with the ring?" Angie asked after they'd all filled their glasses and drank.

"They get some drunk guy to agree to wrestle one of the bouncers," Connie said.

"What's so hilarious about that? Why would a guy, even drunk, agree to do that?"

"Check out the bouncers," Hope laughed. "They're all women."

Angie looked around and saw that Hope was right. The bouncers were all tall, leggy women in cut-off jeans and crop tops.

"The great thing is that the women are all pro wrestlers, at least they've all gone through the training. Whoever the guy chooses to wrestle beats the shit out of him. I mean," she hastened to add, "no really brutal stuff. She tosses him around for a while and squeezes the breath out of him, makes him beg for mercy, then strip him to his underwear and lets him go."

Just then a woman in a mini-skirt, halter top and high-heeled boots came over to their table. "Excuse me," she said to Angie, "could I have a word with you?"

Thinking the woman was a cop, Angie said, "I'm legal," while fumbling with her purse to get her ID.

"No, it's not that." She fished a card out of her boot and handed it to Angie. "My name's Lainie Wilson. I'm the owner of this place, as well as a talent scout for the pro-wrestling school I get all my bouncers from." She ran a well-manicured finger along Angie's well-developed bicep. "Have you ever thought about becoming a pro wrestler?"

"You think she'd be able to be a pro?" Connie asked.

"Honey, with those muscles and the tits she's got, she could write her own ticket." Lainie looked at Angie, and Angie could see the dollar signs in her eyes. "How about it, honey? You'd be a smash."

Angie handed the card back. "Thanks for the offer, Ms. Wilson, but I'm here to get a degree, not participate in pro wrestling."

Lainie shrugged. "It's your decision, I just want you to know that with a body like that, guys would have wet dreams about you squeezing 'em out. A couple of my girls wanted to know if you were gay, they're interested too. Like I said, you could make a bundle wrestling, if you wanted."

"You turned her down?" Eric asked.

"Yeah, that wasn't in my plans, at least not then," Angie said. "But it opened my eyes to what other people might want, their desires, their fantasies."

"So what happened then?"

"I got an apartment off campus, in fact it was one town over, after I got my Masters. I advertised in one of the local papers that I was willing and able to wrestle men or women for a fee. Didn't use my own name, of course, and specified no sex. To my surprise, I got more clients than I'd dreamed of, men and women. I used the experiences to write my thesis for my doctorate."

"I bet that thesis was, controversial."

Angie grinned. "You'd win," she said. "The board wasn't at all sure that they wanted to grant me a PhD based on my study of 'The Psychology of Wrestling, Fetishes, and Domination'. But they did."

"So what happened after you became a doctor?"

"Some of my former wrestling clients became my patients," Angie said with a grin. "I made sure they knew that their fetishes didn't make them bad people, and I even gave them a 'fix' every now and then. My fees for that particular therapy were quite a bit higher than those for regular sessions." She chuckled. "I didn't exactly have the traditional office. I opened a storefront gym, and one of the back rooms was my office. Another was the wrestling room."

"And then?"

"I decided I liked the wrestling therapy better than regular therapy. I wanted a bigger gym, I'd been investing my fees, and being more intelligent than most people I did very well in the market, so I had plenty of capital to buy this old warehouse and have it converted to my specifications. And I hired personal trainers who weren't averse to some extra income if they participated in wrestling with their clients. My fame grew, but more in the underground, if you know what I mean. Lots of my former trainers went on to their own gyms, or to pro wrestling or boxing, and I'm happy for them. I'm happy to keep

honing my body and my skills to their utmost. And occasionally I find a lost soul who needs to be educated about his or her fascination with the muscular female form."

"Like me."

"Like you," Angie agreed. "And now I think it's time to stop talking." She rolled them over and straddled him. After giving his waist a firm squeeze with her legs, Angie pinned his shoulders to the mattress and slid down until she felt his penis between her thighs. A gentle squeeze of her legs, coupled with a firm pinch of his nipples, and he was almost instantly erect. She took him inside her and moments later they both came. Angie squeezed him until she'd milked all the juice from him, then lowered herself so her breasts were compressed against his chest. She kissed him gently. "That's for being such a good student," she said. "It's time you made your own way in the world of strong women now."

"But I don't know where to start looking."

"The gym's closed for July Fourth, and I'm having a cookout in the back yard. All the girls from the gym will be here, and I think you might find someone who's interested in a young gentleman."

"I'll be here," he promised. "That's over two weeks away, so I'll have quit my job at the store by then. What about the meantime?"

Angie grinned. "Stop by here after class tomorrow and I'll introduce you around. You can glance over the setup and start your shopping list. I'll pay for your time. After that," she said, flexing her biceps, "we'll just do what comes naturally."

"Sounds good to me."

"Good, now, let's take one more shower together, then I'll give you a ride home. And I expect you at the gym to start work right after the Fourth, got it?"

"Yeah, no problem there." Eric chuckled and said, "This is gonna be different."

"You've got that right."

Tales from Angie's Gym - Part 3

By Al Harder

More adventures with the denizens of Angie's Gym.

Chapter 5: We Meet Kara

The next day Angie was watching Kara Hunter's session with Carl. Before Kara arrived Angie had pulled her records. When Kara had joined the gym ten months before she'd been in pretty good shape, weighing one hundred and fifty-five pounds with thirteen-inch biceps at a height of five-ten. A cursory examination of the tall, muscular woman who was working out with Carl revealed that Kara was much larger and more defined than she'd been when she'd joined. "At least fifteen inch biceps," she mused. "She's probably gained ten pounds of muscle, too. She could give Bob a real good time, if she knew he likes that kind of thing."

Kara had Carl in what looked to be an extremely painful side headlock. She was in a red one-piece suit that was cut out in the front, exposing her six-pack for public view. As Angie watched, Kara flipped Carl over her hip, stunning him. The tall, muscular blonde quickly dropped to the mat and locked her sinewy legs around his head. Carl tapped frantically after just ten seconds of the headscissors and the Kara released him with a triumphant laugh. "You must be getting weaker, stud," she teased. "It's getting easier and easier for me to get you to give up."

Carl rubbed his neck and laughed ruefully. "Nope, I'm not getting weaker, you're getting stronger, a lot stronger." He looked at the clock and said, "Time's up, Mrs. Hunter. Could you hang around a few minutes? Ms. Korinsky wanted to talk to you."

Kara rose lithely to her feet and offered Carl a hand up. "Sure, I can stick around. See you next week?"

"If you want. Same time, same channel?"

"Sure." Carl left and Kara toweled off.

Angie knocked before going in. Kara Hunter was sipping iced coffee and relaxing in an overstuffed chair.

"Hi Mrs. Hunter," Angie greeted her. "I'm Angie Korinsky. Call me Angie."

"Hi Angie," Kara replied, standing up to shake hands. "Call me Kara."

"Thanks. Please sit." Kara resumed her seat in the comfortable chair and Angie sat on the sofa. Angie revised her estimate of Kara's weight. "At least one seventy-five now," Angie mused.

Angie said, "Kara, you've been making incredible progress here during the ten months you've been a member of the gym."

"I've had a good trainer. Carl's fantastic."

"You've also worked your ass off," Angie laughed.

"That too," Kara chuckled.

"I don't know if you're aware of this, but your husband is also a member here at the gym."

"Yeah, I know. He doesn't seem to be progressing as fast as I am though."

"Well, Bob tries hard, but he doesn't have as much motivation as I'd like him to have. You are much better motivated than most of the members here." Angie looked hard at Kara and said, "Kara, what exactly is motivating you?"

Kara looked uncomfortable and sipped at her coffee. "What do you mean? I want to get in shape and..."

"Bullshit," Angie said flatly. "You've got some agenda you're working on here."

"That's none of your business," Kara snapped.

"Maybe not," Angie said, "but I'm worried about Bob. He really loves you, you know. He's talked about how he hates it when you're on 'business trips' to sell your cosmetics." Angie stood up and walked so she was directly in front of Kara. "You aren't selling cosmetics, are you?" Kara bit her lip and shook her head. "Then what are you doing?"

Kara ran a hand through her short, blonde hair, considering. "Shit. Well, I've got to tell somebody, and I guess a near stranger is as good as anyone." Kara took a deep breath and looked up. "I'm a dominatrix at a dungeon up in Frisco. I work there every other week."

Angie raised an eyebrow and stepped back. "Wow. I wasn't expecting that." She resumed her seat and added, "I suppose that's why you're so anxious to get stronger and learn wrestling holds."

Kara grinned crookedly and said, "Yup. I'm the 'big, bad domme' at the dungeon. Guys who like to be ordered around by women with muscles are my clients. Sometimes they just want a woman who looks like she can kick a man's ass, but some of them want a woman who not only CAN kick a guy's ass but is willing to do it, and enjoys it."

Angie smiled. "And I take it you enjoy it?"

"Damn right I do," Kara said with a grin. "It's great to be able to throw a guy around like a rag doll and make him cry. Sometimes I think I should be paying them."

Angie chuckled. "I know exactly what you mean." Biting her lip, Angie made a decision. "Kara, I'm breaking my own confidentiality agreement by telling you this. Bob doesn't just come here to work out."

"What?"

"Come down to my office; I want to show you something."

Angie quickly found the security tape of the session with Bob she'd recently had. Normally these tapes were recorded over; they only existed in case one of the clients got too rambunctious, but Angie had pulled this one on the hunch that she'd want Kara to see it. The fact that they existed, and that the police chief and mayor, as well as other

respected citizens, were on some of them was the chief reason no one had ever questioned Angie's sideline. She placed the tape in the VCR and hit "Play".

Kara's eyes widened as she recognized her husband in one of the suites she knew so well from her own sessions with Carl. Her jaw dropped as she heard him ask Angie to work him over. When Angie masturbated Bob, Kara chuckled and said, "He always was fast on the draw." At the end of the session, when Bob mentioned that Kara "didn't have time" for him, she sniffled and Angie turned off the tape.

"You okay?" the older woman asked Kara.

"Yeah, got a tissue?" Angie handed Kara a box and she took several, wiping her eyes and blowing her nose. She looked up at Angie with something like wonder in her eyes and said, "I never knew."

"Kara, I'd recommend that you and Bob sit down and have a long talk. I think you should wear your best dominatrix outfit, including boots with six-inch heels if you've got 'em. Lay all your cards on the table, and start over from there." She sat beside Kara and put a strong arm around her broad shoulders. Giving Kara a quick squeeze, Angie said, "You and Bob are good people. I really think you can work this out, especially since you have so much in common, you need to be the dominating partner in the relationship, and he needs to be the submissive one. You get to kick his ass whenever you want, and he gets squeezed and pleased, when YOU want. And it'll be extra special because you love each other."

"Wh-what about my job?"

"Talk it over with him," Angie said. "He may tell you he'd like you to quit, but remember who's going to be the dominant partner. If you really enjoy what you're doing, keep doing it. And here's another option," Angie added, thinking quickly. "If you're biggest turn-on is kicking men's butt, how about working for me? No sex with clients, that's one of the rules here, and jerking them off doesn't count as sex, but tossing men around and crushing them into submission is one of the things we do here. You'll need to do some personal training when you're not in one of the suites, but from what I've seen you know your way around the weight room."

Kara smiled slowly. "Can I bring some of my clients along with me? I promise, all I'll do is kick their ass, well, sometimes I'll tie them up first."

"Bondage is okay, as long as it doesn't get out of hand," Angie told her. "Carl's been teaching you some pro moves, and I'd like you to learn more, I can teach you some advanced moves and holds, or Paige can. You're progressing beyond what Carl can teach you. You'll get a generous salary for the personal training job, and half of the fees you get from your clients." Both women rose and Angie held out her hand. "Deal?"

Kara shook hands firmly. "Deal," she said. "When can I start?"

"Right after the Fourth of July," Angie said. "And on that weekend I'm having a party at my place. You and Bob are invited."

"We'll be there, unless we're too busy," Kara said with a smile.

"Great see you then," Angie said. Pulling Kara close, the muscular blonde kissed her taller, hardbodied new employee. Releasing her, Angie said, "Good luck with Bob."

"Don't worry about me," Kara said, with a mischievous glint in her eye. "Worry about him. When I finally let him loose he'll be lucky if he can walk."

Chapter 6: Bob's Surprise

Kara drove home, pushing her Infiniti well over the speed limit, but no cops were around to notice. She expertly spun the wheel and turned into the driveway. Once in the garage she sat for a few minutes, thinking. She took a deep breath, pulled out her cell phone, and dialed the number of the dungeon where she worked.

"Lainie? It's Kara. Okay. Yeah, I'm fine. Listen, you remember you said last week that you thought I was ready to solo? Right. Well, I decided to take your advice." She listened to her dungeon mistress complain that she wasn't giving enough notice, then interrupted. "Look, Lainie, if I don't do it right now I don't know if I'll have the guts to try again. I'm sorry, I really don't want to leave you, but it's time. Yeah, it's been fun for me too. Right. Look, if any of my clients want to continue with me, give them the cell number, okay?" Another pause and then, "Thanks, Lainie. You've helped me a lot. Keep in touch? 'Kay. 'Bye." Clicking the phone closed, she said to herself, "Well, girl, let's see if Angie was right."

She opened the trunk and removed the suitcase containing her costumes. Thinking for a moment, she decided on the black patent leather boots, as Angie had guessed, the stiletto heels were six inches long. Kara closed the trunk and carried the suitcase and boots into the house. Figuring Bob's first stop would be the bar, she didn't like him drinking so much, but had to admit that some of it was her fault, she left a note taped to the liquor cabinet: "Come up to the bedroom right now. We need to talk. K." She selected a bottle of Scotch and two glasses from the cabinet.

Carrying the booze and suitcase, Kara went up to the master bedroom and stripped out of her t-shirt and jeans. Stripping off her panties and bra, she dumped everything into the hamper. She stood in front of the full-length mirror and studied her body. Flexing her arms, she admired their size and shape. She tightened her belly muscles, smiling at the well-defined six-pack that resulted. She stood on tiptoe, approving of the large balls of her calves. She extended one leg, then the other, flexing her thighs hard, watching the veins engorge as they pumped blood to her sinews. She ran a hand over the tattoo just above the patch of hair between her legs, "Heaven" was what it said. Running her hands through her short hair, she decided that one of her "domme wigs" would be called for tonight.

Nodding her approval of her body, Kara went into the bathroom to shower. She took her time, reveling in the sensuous heat, rubbing the soapy sponge all over herself, paying particular attention to her breasts. Finally Kara emerged and toweled herself dry with a thick, fluffy terry towel. She dried her short hair carefully, then opened a special compartment of her suitcase and pulled out a platinum blonde wig, styled in an elaborate design that was brushed to the top of her head, giving her an apparent extra four inches of height.

Carefully Kara selected her makeup. Green eye shadow with gold flecks, black eye liner. Dark red, almost black, lipstick with nail polish to match. She took special pains with her nails, filing them smooth and sharpening them so that they almost drew blood. A touch of blush highlighted her cheekbones. Just a dab of perfume on her wrists, nipples, and, after thinking for a moment, between her thighs.

She deliberated for a while about her costume for the night. First, a gold choker to enhance her throat. She kept needing to have the damn thing extended, as her neck was thickening as a result of the iron she was lifting. The black leather bra, studded, of course, with a matching thong. Large gold buckles added extra S & M appeal. A gold chain that fit snugly around her right bicep when she was relaxed. It had a special link that would eventually "snap" if she flexed her bicep hard enough. A black leather dog collar around her left arm, accenting the indentation between her deltoid and bicep. She smiled wickedly, it would be useful later. Sheer black fishnet stockings with black garters, matching fingerless gloves that hooked on her middle fingers and extended to her elbows. Then those ever-loving boots. Large gold hoops in her ears, and a diamond for the navel.

Finished at last, Kara studied the effect in the mirror. She looked tough, sexy, and dangerous. Looking through the suitcase for a prop, she selected a six-foot braided leather whip. Draping it around her neck, she smiled at the result and murmured, "Bob, you're in for one hell of a surprise. Glancing at the clock, she realized that Bob would be home any moment. Tossing her suitcase into the closet, she pulled the shades. Red light bulbs were inserted in all the lamps; she left the ones on the bedside table on. She removed the bulbs from the overhead fixture and changed the direction of the small spotlight they normally used to accent a particularly nice painting on the wall so it pointed to a particular spot on the floor. Her preparations done, she sat on the bed and tried to relax.

Bob pulled his Audi into the garage, surprised to see Kara's Infiniti parked there. She'd told him she'd be gone for at least three days this time. "Wonder why she's here tonight," he mused.

He entered the house. "Kara? Honey, what happened to your trip?" He headed for the bar. He saw the note and his heart sank. "We've got to talk, huh? Damn, I bet she's going to ask for a divorce." He poured a stiff drink and tossed it down; in his agitated state he didn't notice the missing bottle and glasses. With a heavy heart he trudged up the stairs.

Kara heard him come in. She went into the bathroom and closed the door, waiting for Bob to enter the room. She heard the door open. "Kara?" he said. "What's with the lights?"

"Shut the door," Kara ordered. She waited until she heard the door close. She waited a couple of beats for Bob's eyes to become accustomed to the dim light.

"Kara, what's going on? I found this note..."

"Be quiet," she barked. Opening the door, she stepped out of the bathroom.

Even in the dim light she could see Bob's eyes widen and his jaw drop. "So it's not just an expression," she thought.

"Kara, what..." She slapped him sharply.

"For now you may speak only when I ask you a question," she said coldly. "Later, when I tell you, you may ask permission to speak."

Bob was flabbergasted. His wife had metamorphosed into a muscular dominatrix-type woman, and he was both shocked and excited. Kara towered over his six-foot frame by several inches. She seldom wore heels when they went out, not wanting to overtop him, but here she was in high-heeled boots that made him look up if he wanted to see her face.

Kara walked slowly over to her husband. She used the handle of the whip under his chin, gently forcing him to look her in the eyes. She flexed her left arm hard, making the bicep

bulge, and noted jubilantly the immediate reaction from Bob; his pants tented noticeably. Kara didn't allow any of her emotions to appear on her face. She remained cool and aloof, to all appearances. She regarded Bob disdainfully and folded her sinewy arms over her thick chest. "Things are going to be quite different around here," she informed him coldly. "I am in charge now. You will obey me. Do you understand?"

"Um, I think so..."

She slapped him again, a bit harder this time. "The correct form of response to a yes or no question is 'Yes Goddess' or 'No Goddess'. Do you understand?"

Bob swallowed and said, "Yes Goddess."

"Better. Now, as I said, you will obey me. Do. You. Understand."

"Yes Goddess."

Kara smiled coldly. "Good. Strip." Bob stared at her, and she scowled. "What did you not comprehend? Remove. Your. Clothing. NOW!"

Bob fumbled with the buttons on his coat, worked them free and slipped out of his jacket. He looked for a place to hang it up, but Kara simply pointed her whip at the floor at his feet and he dropped it there. "Faster," she ordered. He ripped his necktie off and dropped it, then started to unbutton his shirt. Feigning impatience, Kara grabbed his shirt in her strong hands and ripped it apart. Buttons flew across the room, and she dropped the shredded garment to the floor. Bob got a flashback to his session with Angie. Quickly, before he annoyed his muscular wife further, kicked off his loafers, then unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned, unzipped, and dropped his trousers to the floor. He stood there uncomfortably, standing as straight as he could, in just his boxers and socks.

Kara walked around Bob, inspecting him as a butcher might inspect a side of beef. She made note of the bruises on Bob's torso that were the evidence of the session he'd had with Angie. She prodded at him here and there with the handle of her whip. Once behind him, she let her guard down a bit, smiling in satisfaction that her plan, and Angie's suggestions, were working out so well. By the time she'd moved in front of him again, however, her "domme mask" was in place again. "You're a fairly pathetic specimen," she

informed her husband. "Flabby," she poked at his midsection, "weak," she poked at his arm, "worthless." She glanced down at his raging erection and allowed her self a slight smile. "Well, almost worthless. And you seem to be damaged goods," she added, prodding at a particularly colorful bruise on his ribcage. Bob winced when the whip touched it.

Kara hung the whip around her neck and put her hands on her hips. "On the other hand, I have developed my body so that I am a powerful, sexy, tough, dominating, muscular woman who can kick your worthless ass any time I want." She raised her arms parallel to the floor and slowly bent them, flexing her biceps hard. The chain around her right arm snapped as her bicep grew and hardened, Bob's eyes widened again. "Feel my muscles," Kara ordered. Bob hesitantly placed his hands on her big, hard biceps. "I'm stronger than you are, strong enough to toss you around like a sack of laundry. And you're about to find out that not only am I strong, I can be a real bitch when I want to be. On. Your. Knees."

Fearing what Kara might do if he didn't obey immediately, Bob dropped to his knees. She looped the whip around his throat and tightened it slightly, not enough to stop his breathing, but enough so he was uncomfortable. He found himself staring at the top of her black leather thong bottoms, surprised by the tattoo on her lower belly. Kara noticed the direction of his gaze and said, "Yes, it can be heaven there, but it can also be hell, like the Eagles said." She twined her fingers in his hair and pulled his head between her thighs. Kara squeezed gently at first, enjoying the feel of his head between her muscular legs. Bob enjoyed it too, at first. Then Kara slowly increased the pressure, and Bob had to work hard to keep himself from trying to escape, certain it would only lead to more punishment. He also had to concentrate to keep himself from ejaculating all over the floor, absolutely positive that he'd be penalized for that as well.

With her thighs compressing Bob's head, Kara knew he wouldn't be able to hear her if she spoke. She carefully refrained from using anywhere near her full strength in the standing scissors, not really wanting to hurt her husband. She found herself getting excited; her nipples were fully erect and her pussy was quite wet. Kara gently rubbed her nipples through the thin leather of her top and moaned in ecstasy from the sensation, almost forgetting that her husband's head was trapped between her powerful thighs.

As the pressure on his skull increased, Bob began to hear a roaring in his ears, almost like being next to a waterfall. His vision began to grey and blur, and he realized he was close to passing out. He could only hope that Kara wouldn't hurt him seriously.

Kara recalled where she was and she remembered Bob's head trapped in her scissors. She released the pressure suddenly, and Bob fell facedown to the carpet. Resuming her dominatrix persona, Kara prodded his shoulder with the stiletto heel of her boot. "Get back up on your knees, you pathetic weakling," she growled. It took Bob several seconds to regain enough consciousness to obey. "That was only a small sample of my supremacy over you," Kara informed him. "As this evening goes on there will be more examples. Stand up!" Bob struggled to rise and eventually got to his feet. She used the whip handle again to raise his chin so he was looking her in the eyes. "Now that I've established just who is in charge from now on, I want to ensure that you know your true place." She removed the collar from around her left arm and placed it around his neck, buckling it so it was tight but not enough to interfere with his breathing. "This is your slave collar," Kara informed him. "I am your goddess, and you are my slave. When you are wearing this collar, you will do everything and anything I order you to do. Do you understand?"

"Y-yes, Goddess," Bob croaked.

She smiled and said, "Slave, that erection seems to be causing you some distress. Would you like to have it relieved?"

"Yes, Goddess. Please."

"Very well. You may masturbate onto your clothing." Bob hesitated and Kara frowned. "NOW!" she roared.

With alacrity Bob freed his erect tool from his boxers and masturbated. It only took a second before he spurted all over the suit that was still lying on the floor at his feet. "It's only a suit," he thought as the last drops fell.

Kara frowned and tapped her foot. "Well, slave? I just allowed you to relieve what must have been some painful pressure. I expect to be thanked."

"I'm sorry Goddess. Thank you Goddess," Bob blurted.

"Better. Now you may wipe your hands."

"Thank you Goddess," Bob replied, quickly wiping his sticky hands on the remains of his pants.

"Kneel," Kara ordered, and Bob dropped immediately to his knees again. Kara lightly slapped him with the whip, then stalked around him, allowing the whip to encircle his body. The touch aroused Bob again, a fact Kara noted. "Well, slave, it seems that you enjoy being dominated. Just the simple touch of my lash has you erect again." She unwrapped the whip from around him and stood in front of him again.

Kara told Bob, "Now that you've had a sample of my leg power, I'm certain you realize how much injury they could cause to your pathetic body if I really wanted to hurt you." She flexed her thighs hard and continued, "Feel those muscles. Go on, feel them!" Bob tentatively put his hands on her thighs, feeling their steely solidity. "I didn't use even half my strength when I was crushing your empty head," Kara boasted. "Just imagine these long, crushing limbs wrapped around your flabby body or pencil neck! If I wanted," Kara hissed, "I could fracture your ribs without exerting myself unduly. I could make your chest implode. I could crush you into dust!"

She took a step back. "Stand," she commanded, and Bob scrambled to his feet. "I'm sure you're wondering just how strong these babies are too," she said, flexing her biceps hard. "Aren't you?"

"Yes, Goddess," Bob quickly replied.

"Well, you're about to get a taste of my arm power now," Kara told him. She stepped close to him, so her breasts were brushing his chest. Bending her knees slightly, she wrapped her arms around Bob's lower ribs. Standing up straight, she easily lifted her nearly two hundred pound hubby off his feet. Kara slowly increased the pressure of her embrace until Bob was struggling to draw breath.

"Put your hands on my arms, slave," Kara commanded. "Feel my muscles bulge as I crush the breath out of you." Obediently, Bob put his hands on Kara's biceps, marveling at their size and inflexibility. He tried to squeeze her arms, but was totally unable to make an impression on her big biceps. Kara increased the pressure on Bob's torso and said, "What

do you think, slave? Think I could crush your puny body with my arms alone? Don't bother to try and answer, I know you can't breathe right now." In fact, Bob's hands had slipped off her biceps; his arms were now dangling limply and his head lolled on his neck as Kara crushed him in her powerful arms.

Kara suddenly released her grip and Bob collapsed to the floor. Sweat now glistened on Kara's chest and arms, emphasizing the peaks and valleys formed by her muscles. Her engorged veins stood out proudly on her arms and legs. Kara looked down at Bob and smiled. As he slowly recovered, she eased the pointed toe of her boot under his belly and flipped him to his back. Amused, Kara saw that Bob still had an erection. Placing one foot on Bob's chest, Kara scowled down at him. "That's where you belong, slave. On the ground at my feet, worshipping me."

She removed her boot from his chest. When Bob tried to sit up, Kara put her foot back on his chest and forced him back to the floor. "I didn't tell you to move," Kara said softly. "You still need to learn total obedience to your goddess."

She removed her foot again and backed up to the bed, where she sat. "Now, slave, crawl over here," she instructed. Bob rolled over and got to his hands and knees. He crawled to where his wife, his goddess, sat awaiting him. "Unlace my boots, slave," Kara demanded. Bob reached out with a trembling hand, but Kara kicked it away. "Use your teeth, slave," she ordered.

Bob used his teeth on the lace of Kara's boots, untying the bow and then pulling the lace out of each pair of eyelets. After finishing with the right boot he started in on the left. When both boots had been unlaced Kara kicked them off. She pointed her toes, making her calf muscles bulge so they were rock hard. She rested her long legs on Bob's back, using him as her footrest. Gently she rubbed her fishnet-clad legs against Bob's back and shoulders. Bob's erection grew larger and more painful.

Finally Kara moved her feet so they rested on the floor. "Kiss my feet, slave," she commanded imperiously. Bob went to work, covering her feet with kisses from the toes to the heels and back again.

"You may stop and sit up now," Kara told him. He sat and gazed up at his beautiful, sexy, muscular wife, his "Goddess". Kara looked down at her submissive husband and realized

how much she actually loved him. She regarded his erection and said, "We really ought to do something about that. Lie down."

Bob quickly complied, and Kara flexed her lats until the catch on the front of her leather bra popped, exposing her breasts. She undid the fastening on her thong, revealing her wet bush. Slowly she knelt down until she had fully impaled herself on Bob's erect tool. "You may caress my breasts," she said, and Bob quickly complied. She slid up and down on his pole, moaning in pleasure as Bob proved his hands were as talented as they'd ever been. He matched her thrust for thrust, and they came explosively at the same instant. Kara's beautiful muscles went rigid, and her thighs squeezed Bob's waist firmly enough to give him more breathing difficulties. After several minutes they came down. Kara disengaged and stood up, then offered Bob a hand up. She cradled him in her arms like a baby and carried him to the bed. Setting him down, she lay down beside him.

"What do you think, slave?" Kara whispered. "Do you think we've found a lifestyle we can live with?"

"Um, yes, Goddess. Permission to speak, Goddess?"

"Permission granted."

"I'm amazed by your strength, Goddess, but even more so by the new dominance you exhibit. If I may be so bold, what gives?"

Kara laughed. "That's somewhat impertinent for a slave, slave," she said with mock severity. "Since I do love you, however, I'll explain. First of all, my job selling cosmetics, well..."

"It doesn't exist, right? I've figured that out in the last hour or so."

"Right. About a year ago I was doing some surfing on the net and found a 'dominance and submission' web site. I contacted the woman in charge and we spoke. I'd been feeling like there was something missing in our relationship, and I wanted to explore my dominant side. You seemed too old-fashioned to want to do anything like that, so I figured it was my only chance. Anyway, I found I liked having men and women being subservient to me. Lainie, the woman who runs the dungeon and website, suggested

that my height made me a candidate for a kind of 'physical domme', someone who could really intimidate men and women by size alone. She suggested I work on getting more muscles, and also learn how to fight so I could physically dominate if it was called for." Kara grinned. "And here I am ten months later. I found I really like knowing I could kick a guy's ass if I wanted, and I really REALLY like being strong. I never fucked any of them, but they all got 'relief', if you know what I mean. Okay, that's my story, what's yours?"

"Well, when we stopped, I mean, when you didn't seem to want to have sex with me anymore, I didn't know what to do. One of the reasons I was so attracted to you was your height and your physicality, you really liked to get out and do things, biking, hiking, stuff like that. I took a good look at myself and realized that I like the look of muscles on women, and even more I like having a woman dominate me physically. So I found a place that let me pay for that privilege. No sex, but I got jerked off when it seemed appropriate. But God, honey, I missed you."

"If we only knew. I guess we were really destined for each other." Kara got a mock-severe expression on her face. "Now, slave, we need to discuss our relationship from here on out. When I feel like it, I will kick your ass and keep you in your place. You may ask for it, but if I'm not in the mood, forget it. You will wear that collar at home to remind you of your subservience to me. When we are in public you need not call me goddess, but here I expect you to address me by that term."

"Yes Goddess," Bob replied quickly.

"Good. I've left the dungeon, but your friend Angie has offered me a job as a personal trainer and session wrestler. I'll handle the submissives who want to worship me. She and her staff are going to make sure I'm well trained, and I will probably get stronger and become a better wrestler. I will, of course, be testing my newfound strength and new techniques on you regularly."

"I can't wait, Goddess," Bob said.