

My Strong Wife

By Alan

My wife Karen and I had been married for about 9 years. I was 35 years old and she was two years older. I was about 5'7" tall and about 140lbs. She was the same height and about 25lbs heavier. I was a sales director of a large retailer and she did not work.

Our marriage had drifted on as so many do until I think we were beginning to dislike the sight of each other. She was convinced that I was a workaholic who cared about nothing but money, and I thought that she was a lazy and boring person who was wasting her life.

We were both fiery personalities and used to argue a great deal of the time. Although my wife was heavy, almost fat, I had never thought of her as strong. She never exercised and was not keen on work of any kind. On the very rare occasions when we made love she would lie back totally passively.

On one of the rare evenings that I was home early from the office everything changed.

We had a very modern black leather sofa, and she was sat at one end and me at the other. I asked her for the TV controls as neither of us were interested in the programme which was on. She said that she would flick through, but I reached for them anyway. She pulled them away, and I grabbed her wrist. She pushed me back and then using one arm and her legs pushed me off the sofa.

I looked up from the floor at her grinning face and was a little annoyed. When I tried to get back on the sofa she would not move her legs out of the way, and when I sat on them she simply pushed me off. Although the sofa was very slippery, I was still amazed that I could not stop her doing this. She changed the channel and told me that I could sit on the sofa if I made her a coffee. I sat on the floor in a huff. She laughed at me over the next few minutes and eventually I made her a coffee and she allowed me to sit with her.

I pointed out to her that it was only because the sofa was slippery and she was behind me that she had been able to push me off. "All right macho man, put your legs behind me and try your best!" I positioned myself with great care and pushed, but nothing would move her. Then she reached over and after a very brief wrestle used her arms this time to deposit me on the floor. "Now stay there and let me watch the TV" She said. I did as she asked, but was very confused.

That evening I thought over and over again about what had happened, and I was determined to assert myself the next day. As per usual I left for the office before Keren woke, but I returned home at about 6.30pm, much earlier than usual.

We visited a local restaurant and had a lot to drink and then returned home. I felt the time was right to discuss the previous evenings events. "Why do you think that you were able to push me off the sofa?" I enquired. "Because you are a pee wee wimp!" She replied. I was taken aback. I had no idea she would say anything such as this. "The sofa was slippery and you are heavier" I complained. She laughed and grabbed my wrists in her hands. "You are a wimp!!!" She declared and despite my struggles she slowly moved my hands against my will and brought them together. "Are you going to play Patta Cake? Little man" She asked and although I strained as hard as I could she moved my hands together and made me play the child's game. "Don't hit yourself!" She said and then proceeded to force my hands up to my face and lightly smacked me.

I felt emasculated, here was my own wife, who I had nothing but contempt for and was considering separating from, because she was so lazy, and she was totally overpowering me. Almost worse was the fact that she didn't seem to think that it was remarkable.

She laughed and freed my hands. My wrists were sore and I rubbed them and looked up at her. "Go and get me a glass of wine please!" She said, I made no comment and did as she asked.

The rest of the evening we sat and watched TV, she chose the channels and I massaged her feet, something she has always liked. At last we went to bed. I wore nothing and she wore beautiful silk pyjamas that I had bought her in Paris years ago.

"Do you still think that I threw you off the sofa because it was slippery?" She enquired.

"Well" I began. At that she grabbed me and began to wrestle. I struggled for a few seconds but again she was totally overwhelmingly strong. I don't really know how, but quickly I was forced onto my stomach. One of my arms was trapped under me and one was trapped behind my back. Keren lay on top of me, her full weight crushing me. Her legs were much bigger and stronger than mine and I could not move anything at all. She rocked herself backwards and forwards and to my shame I realised that she was rubbing and stimulating herself on my bottom. My wife was almost raping me! "I suppose that this is a little bit kinky, but I want to show you that I can do this to you if I want to!" She said. I could not reply. She had strengthened her grip and I had to time my breathing with her movements. If I breathed when she thrust into me then she literally knocked the breath out of me. I tried to clear my mind of any thoughts, just hoping that it would be over soon. "Thinking of England honey?" She asked. I still could not reply.

At last she finished and non too gently she climbed off me. I curled up and she put her arms around me. She also rested her leg on top of mine. I don't know why but this felt incredibly dominating, her leg was heavy and I had to reposition my knees to stop the weight of her leg hurting me.

"I love you!" She said as she kissed my neck "But things have just changed a little you know" I nodded and tried to turn to kiss her. I could not turn from the position I was in and she was not about to move. "Shhsh, she said lets go to sleep now, I will hold you" she kissed the back of my neck and my ears and then we rested. And eventually sleep came, with my wife holding and cuddling me, I felt weak, submissive, but also found the whole thing erotic.

From here our relationship grew strong again. I continued to work hard, but she was the boss. If we were going out I was never late. If I had to work away I would always ask her first. Not quite asking for permission, but almost. In conversation, if we both began to speak at the same time, then I would stop and she would continue.

Her greater strength began to show itself in other ways. We both enjoyed Champaign, and if I was struggling with the cork, she would take it off me and open the bottle for me. Once when on vacation the hook on my suit carrier had bent straight, and I could not bend it back. Although I had been trying with two hands, she held the hook in one hand in front of my eyes and bent it double.

In restaurants she would order the wine, test the wine and lead the conversation. We would sit together but her hands would always be over mine. Protective and controlling.

I loved my weaker role, I did not seek it out, but I accepted her as the stronger person. Sometimes this resulted in my doing things that I would prefer not to, but her wishes were paramount to me. At times I saw myself as a Victorian wife, who's one purpose was to make her husband happy. Although I continued to work long hours many household chores fell to me. I cooked many evenings. I always stacked the dishwasher or washed up. My wife would see to the washing, but I would do the ironing and if I had not done it to a sufficient standard then she would ask me to do it again. In the morning I would always make her a coffee before leaving for work.

In return she rarely teased me about my role, and would immediately take things off me if they were too heavy or too difficult. I would still do many DIY type chores, but often she would help by loosening tight screws, or holding heavy or awkward objects.

In dress she became much more flamboyant. She often wore high heels making me appear even smaller than I am. She rarely wore short skirts, and preferred trousers and jeans.

I am sure that we made an odd couple as we walked together, her bigger and taller, and me with my arm linked in hers. Sometimes she would put her arms around my shoulders and this made me feel even smaller.

I am sure that if I was not weaker than her we would have parted many years ago. She was never going to accept a submissive role and I did not have enough respect for her until the day that she threw me off the sofa and showed me who was the man of our house!!