

# Absence Makes the Body Grow Stronger

By AmazonFan

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She saw him glance at the clock, the confused, worried look on his face. He was breathing hard, perspiring heavily. She suspected he wouldn't admit it, but he sure looked exhausted. She was glistening with sweat too, but she wasn't winded in the slightest. She had felt reasonably confident before the match even commenced, but now she was absolutely sure of the outcome.

What a difference ten months had made. Tom and Marcia first started wrestling about eighteen months ago. It really happened by accident. They were horsing around and the contest turned into a quick tussle. Tom "won", but not without Marcia being quite a credible opponent. They both found it ridiculously arousing foreplay.

So it became a part of their regular routine. Tom continued to prevail, which frustrated the hell out of Marcia. She could feel herself getting stronger and more adept at wrestling holds, but she couldn't find the right combination to secure victory. For Tom, he just expected to win because he was the man. He indulged Marcia in wrestling because of the great sex that followed. He was so engrossed in getting to fucking that he really didn't notice Marcia's growing determination.

Then, ten months ago, Tom was shipped over to Amsterdam to help with a major software installation for a retail conglomerate. What was supposed to be a three month assignment stretched on and on, driven by unrealistic expectations and demands by the client. As his company stood to lose money the longer the project dragged on, Tom was working around the clock, with little time for anything but work.

Marcia, on the other hand, had lots of time on her hands with Tom not around – time that she spent at the gym. She threw herself into a vigorous weight lifting routine, adding bulk to her frame in the form of real muscle, while at the same time, noticeably increasing her strength levels, improving her already strong legs and dramatically increasing the power in her upper body. She also got into a cardio routine to build up her endurance. Their matches had rarely gone past ten or fifteen minutes, because by that point they'd both been pretty worn out.

Marcia figured that increased strength and increased stamina were her tickets to victory over Tom -- those factors, plus her gaining weight -- even though her friends thought she'd actually lost weight. Everything was tauter and tighter - her waist had shrunk to 23" - even though she'd put on fifteen pounds. She knew it was all muscle. She'd been pretty close to Tom's size before he left -- she felt that was the reason she'd been so competitive in their matches. She had been 5'10" and 140 pounds; Tom was 5'11" and 150 before he left. So she'd reckoned she might actually outweigh him upon his return.

In point of fact, Tom tended to skip meals when he was working long stints. Marcia casually asked him on the phone if he'd weighed himself. He said he'd be returning to the States weighing 143. Marcia was secretly thrilled that instead of wrestling with a 10 pound deficit she'd now have a 12 pound advantage. A 22 pound swing had to result in something!

Of course Marcia knew that all her physical effort didn't mean squat if it made no difference in the outcome of their wrestling matches. Being a bit of a devious competitor, she never mentioned her workout routines to Tom while he was in Europe. Her belief was the less he knew, the better. If she was progressing physically while he was ignoring exercising, it would probably give her the added edge she would need to win.

Once Tom confirmed that the project was officially completed and he'd finally be coming back to the States, Marcia began plotting her moves. She thought that once he saw her newly sculpted physique he'd realize that she'd changed, but she wanted the element of surprise working in her favor the first time they'd wrestle. So as much as they both wanted to tumble into bed together upon his return, she had to make sure that they wrestled first.

So she was blunt about it. She wrote him an email that said, "I'm really looking forward to your return because I'm so horny! I want our first time to be really special so what I'd like to propose is, since we used to find it such a great turn on, that the first thing we do is have our wrestling 'foreplay'." Tom, being every bit as horny as Marcia, and remembering how good the sex was after wrestling, enthusiastically agreed. Marcia breathed a sigh of relief that he'd fallen into her trap so easily. She decided that she wouldn't even drop a hint that he'd be in for a big surprise.

Tom was carrying back his own secrets. As tempting as it was to date during his ten month stint in Amsterdam, he'd decided not to, so his commitment to Marcia was clear. Nevertheless, he still had urges and found relief in masturbation. He found himself fantasizing about his wrestling with Marcia and, in time, found that there were outlets for his fantasy in mixed wrestling videos that he could download from the internet. He was flying back to the States with a choice collection of videos stored on his hard drive.

When Marcia had suggested wrestling on his return, his heart skipped a beat. It was too bad that he could always beat her, but being able to wrestle live once again instead of just watching others thrilled him.

Tom returned in the middle of one of Marcia's business trips. It worked to everyone's advantage as it gave Tom a couple of days to recover from jet lag and get re-acclimated to life in New York. Marcia got back late on Thursday night and Tom was going to be tied up in meetings all Friday, so they agreed to rendezvous at Marcia's apartment on Friday evening. She only worked a half day so she could make sure that everything was prepped.

Since they usually wrestled in their underwear, she chose a pair of thong panties and a sports bra that really accentuated her cleavage. Then she added a loose fitting long sleeved blouse and a pair of lounge pants. As much as she was tempted to show off her new body, she made her mind up not to call attention to her physique. She'd just take her clothes off nonchalantly as if nothing was different.

Tom arrived at the appointed hour, bottle of champagne in hand. They were both anxious to start wrestling, but neither one would let on. Instead they popped open the bubbly and sat on the sofa chatting. Because they'd both emailed and talked on the phone a lot during Tom's absence there wasn't really that much to catch up on, but they had to adjust to being with each other again.

They polished the bottle off quickly and laughed at the mutual realization that they were both nervous.

"Almost feels like a first date," Tom commented.

"Well, yes and no," Marcia replied. "I don't think that many couples wrestle and fuck on the first date."

"Oh god, I was hoping you'd bring that up. I'm so hot for you right now I could explode."

"I think we're ready to rumble, don't you?" Marcia stood up, took Tom's hand, and led him to her bedroom and the spot where they usually wrestled. She stood him in front of the bed and helped him get undressed. He thought she was being sexy. She was checking out what shape his body was in.

She could definitely see that he'd lost weight. He'd gone from looking slim to looking skinny. She couldn't see any change in the definition or development in his arms or chest. That was a good sign considering the effort she'd put into building up her upper body strength. She unzipped his zipper and started pulling down his trousers. The bulge

in his shorts indicated his readiness. Marcia was pleased that he was already so turned on, but wondered what would happen when he realized what had happened to her.

Tom was ready to burst. The moment she'd opened the apartment door he knew why he'd remained so faithful to her. She was so fucking hot, and damn if she didn't look better than ever. Whatever she'd been doing while he was away, she looked so healthy and vibrant. It was a huge turn on.

Marcia stepped away from Tom and proposed that they have a half hour long unlimited submissions match. Tom was so horny he would have agreed to anything at that point, so he just said yes, even though they'd never set a time limit or wrestled anywhere near that long before.

As she'd planned, Marcia casually stripped down to her sports bra and thong, trying her absolute best not to flex any muscles. Tom was quite taken with her new outfit.

"You look great, babe," he remarked. "Better than ever. You're a sight for sore eyes." He thought she really did look good, but the lust in his eyes seeing her in her underwear was blinding him to the changes in her physique.

Marcia, still banking on the element of surprise, wanted to start right away, not giving Tom the time for a closer examination of her. She crouched down, raising her hands up, inviting him to join in the action. They both glanced over at the clock on the nightstand to see what time they were starting.

They locked up as they often had, each trying to move the other opponent around. At first Tom thought Marcia'd gotten the jump on his as she was moving him a few steps back. He planted his feet so that he could take advantage of his accustomed leverage, but it seemed to make no difference.

Marcia could immediately feel the difference her training had made. She'd never been able to push Tom around, but now, for the first time, she could feel that she had the power and the leverage advantages. She muscled him to the foot of the bed and then shoved him. He tripped and fell backwards. They were both laughing – his nervous, hers excited.

She let him get back up and charged him right away, bullying him back onto the bed again. This time she followed him, pouncing on top of him. He wasn't used to her starting this fast, this strong. It took him by surprise and he was quickly trying to adjust, confused that he was having trouble getting control of her. She moved swiftly, with planned determination. She quickly achieved her objective of pinning his arms under her legs. He

bucked several times, trying to dislodge her, but she held onto the headboard for leverage and he couldn't budge her.

She boasted how she had him pinned. He countered that a pin wasn't a submission and reminded her that she'd proposed a submission match. He was wondering what had happened so suddenly – the match had just started!

"What's gotten into you?" he joked.

"This has gotten into me," she replied, deciding it was time to show off. She slowly, deliberately raised her arms up and struck a double biceps pose as she leaned forward over him.

He looked up at her and her arms as she began to pose, expecting to see a girlish pair of muscles. But as her arms bent and the upper arms began to swell he found himself catching his breath as he witnessed the dramatic growth in her arms, how they congealed into solid twin balls. She was much bigger than she used to be. He dared not say anything. He was afraid to admit to his reaction.

"Spent a little time at the gym over the past ten months," she chuckled.

Her mission was accomplished. She'd taken him by surprise. Dare she hope he was even a little intimidated? And she was feeling good about avenging all her previous defeats.

Tom wasn't going to submit just having his shoulders pinned. Marcia decided to roll off Tom so she could take full advantage of the situation. She hopped back to the floor and waited for him. She noticed that the bulge in his shorts was even more pronounced. She was glad that he was turned on by the new Marcia. Now what she wanted to do was get a submission from him as quickly as she could. She'd never been able to get him to say "I give" before. She'd spend ten months working on her body so that she could hear those words. After ten long months, she couldn't wait another minute.

Tom thought to himself that she'd just gotten the jump on him. Sure, she was stronger than before and wow, her muscles looked great – she'd put some of the girls he'd watch in mixed wrestling videos to shame! But he'd always prevailed in the past and, as a matter of male pride, he'd better continue. He knew she was a fierce competitor, but lines had to be drawn.

He moved towards her, reassuming his usual role as the aggressor in their wrestling matches. But, unlike the past, Marcia did not retreat or try to elude him. As they grabbed hands, Marcia suddenly leapt up, wrapping her legs around Tom's waist. She applied massive pressure with her scissors immediately and Tom groaned. The pressure was

unlike anything he'd felt from her legs before and between that and the strain of having to stand with all her weight on him, he crumpled to the floor in seconds. Marcia rode him down, maintaining the full force of the scissors. She stretched out, leaning back, propping herself up with her arms, lifting her body off the floor for full visual effect. She added more power. Tom pawed at her thighs, feeling that they were solid and unyielding. He groaned again in pain, realizing the futility of his position.

He patted her thighs, "I give. I give."

Marcia delighted in the realization that not only had she scored her first submission, she'd done it in less than thirty seconds! Marcia rolled off him and got back to her feet, ready for more.

Tom stayed on the floor for a moment, trying to compose himself and recover from the scissors. He'd watched enough videos to know that girls often used scissor holds on guys in matches, but he knew he'd seen very few instances, if any, in which a girl had gotten a submission so quickly! Did that mean the girls in the matches had been going easy on their opponents, or that Marcia had stronger legs, or worst of all, did it mean that he was weaker than the average guy being subjected to a scissors hold?

"Jeez, feels like you worked on your legs, too," he said, rising back up.

"Yeah, I added the extra pounds where it would do me the most good."

"You put on weight?"

"Yeah. Isn't it obvious?"

"Well, I can see you've got bigger muscles when you flex them and I guess you felt heavier on top of me when you were pinning me, but just looking at you standing there like this, I wouldn't have guessed you'd put on weight."

"Well some of the weight kind of got redistributed. Waist is smaller. Arms and legs are bigger. The net difference is that I put on 15 pounds."

"What? What does that make you?"

"155."

"You weigh more than me?"

"No more pushing me around when we're wrestling," she chuckled. "In fact, if I'm doing my math right I actually outweigh you by more now than you used to outweigh me."

"That just makes it more competitive than it used to be," Tom said, arising from the floor. "The match is far from over – you're the one who came up with the idea of no limits on submissions, so your having taken that one doesn't mean squat."

"My dear boy, the reason that I proposed unlimited submissions was so that I could run the score up on you," she smiled. "It's a new me and now you're going to know what it feels like to be on the losing end for a change."

Regardless of whether or not Marcia was more imposing than she used to be, Tom felt that he'd start doing better – that the element of surprise had worked in her favor, but he was a man and therefore stronger and therefore would be victorious. But he couldn't help but think of some of the videos he'd seen. Sure, some were faked and the guy was letting the girl win, but others had looked pretty real. He'd witnessed some pretty impressive girls who certainly seemed like they were legitimately winning. And looking at the development that had taken place in Marcia's physique, he realized that, relative to his size and conditioning, she looked as formidable as the winners he'd seen.

"Snap out of your daydream. Time's a wasting," she called.

She instinctively knew to press her advantage. She pounced on him the minute he was up on his feet. He seemed a bit sluggish – slow to respond. She wondered if her conditioning had somehow made her quicker. Regardless, she found herself able to be a step quicker which translated to being one move ahead of him. That allowed her to control the pace and direction of the match.

As she wrestled him, it became apparent to her that he couldn't withstand the power in her legs. They were so much more powerful now that her legs had gone from the old days of being something that slowed him down to now being able to overwhelm him. She repeatedly moved him into positions between her legs and then viciously clamped down with her scissors, forcing quick submissions. It was almost too easy.

Tom recognized that he'd better stay away from Marcia's legs. She was humiliating him with the ease with which she could get him to say "I give" when she clamped down on him. He rued having lost weight and not doing much exercise when he was in Europe. Marcia had grown much stronger, that was abundantly clear. On the one hand, it was embarrassing that where once he ruled their matches he now was in the early stages of being routed. But on the other hand, he was amazed and thrilled that Marcia had built herself into the kind of athletic woman he fantasized about wrestling. But he had to do something to save face – the score was 6-0 in her favor.

She motioned for him to get up off the mats and continue. He glanced over at the clock. Barely eight minutes had gone by since they started. She'd challenged him to a 30 minute match. He wasn't sure how he was going to manage to last the full 30. He had been getting nowhere against her so far.

She saw him glance at the clock, the confused, worried look on his face. He was breathing hard, perspiring heavily. She suspected he wouldn't admit it, but he sure looked exhausted. She was glistening with sweat too, but she wasn't winded in the slightest. She had felt reasonably confident before the match even commenced, but now she was absolutely sure of the outcome.

"Tell you what, I won't use the body scissors for a while," she offered.

"No need for special treatment," he said defensively, even though he was glad to hear he might get a temporary respite from her killer submission scissors.

"It's not that," she replied. "I just figure I should mix it up. Don't want to use just my legs on you. Besides, what I really put the effort into in the gym was building my upper body. Am I imagining things or did you shit a brick when I flexed my arms?"

"You've got more definition, I guess."

"I've got more than more definition. These babies grew."

She knew it should be obvious that her arms were larger. She wondered why he'd be reluctant to admit it, but then it dawned on her that his reticence was likely caused by his fear that her arms could now be bigger than his.

"Stand here for a sec," she said, motioning for him to join her in front of the mirror over her dresser.

"Let's see your arms. Flex," she challenged.

He understood that she'd be proud of her development and want to show off her arms, but he was loath to have the demonstration done at his expense. Her arms had undeniably added some inches. He was afraid of the comparison.

"Come on," she teased. She could sense his uneasiness, but she wasn't about to let him off the hook.

She waited for him to go first. His arms were only about as big you could expect from a 5'11" 143 pounder.

"Keep them flexed," she instructed. She raised her arms straight out, shoulder high. Then she bent them at the elbows, raising her hands up, but intentionally not flexing. He watched apprehensively, comparing her arms and his in the mirror. Hers seemed at least as big as his, to his chagrin.

She watched his eyes dart back and forth. No need to prolong the drama. "Oh, yeah. I'm supposed to flex too," she chuckled. She lowered her forearms back to a 45 degree angle and then raised them perpendicular again as she flexed her arms. Her months of training had produced a beautiful pair of arms, swelling into hard balls of muscle that defiantly proclaimed mass and power.

The differences in definition and size between Tom's and Marcia's arms were abundantly obvious. She had muscles. He had mounds. Demonstration over, they both put their arms down.

"I'd guess I've got between two and a half to three inches on you," she said proudly. "Want to measure?"

"No, that won't be necessary," Tom said softly, meekly.

"In terms of my upper body," she continued, "I've gone from being competitive to you in the past, admittedly not up to matching you, to now being in a position to, well, dominate."

"I don't know about that," Tom said defensively. "Now I have to admit that while I was in Amsterdam, I used to download a few wrestling videos, to kind of remind me of what fun we used to have. So I've seen other girls with strong legs. But upper bodies? Men are inherently stronger. That's a lot bigger divide to overcome."

"Oh, really? I'm damn sure I can overcome you. You can see how much bigger my arms are. Your pecs are anemic. Your delts and lats aren't developed. The evidence is pretty apparent." She flexed her guns again for emphasis. "If you had arms like these, you'd be winning. But I've got muscles you don't and you may be too scared to admit it yet, but you know it."

"Scared? I'm not scared."

"I'm throwing a 6-0 shutout and we still have 20 minutes left," Marcia declared. "What do you think the score will be after another ten minutes? I doubt you can last that long, never mind do the full 30."

"We'll see about that," Tom replied, stung by her taunts. He moved towards her, determined to get her in one of his "go-to" submission holds from the old days – a bear hug. Not only did he like using it because it always secured him a submission from Marcia, but it had the added benefit of having her tits mashed against him.

Marcia, familiar with Tom's wrestling style, could see the bear hug coming. Without making it apparent that she was letting him apply the hold, she nevertheless let him wrap his arms around her, careful not to let her arms get trapped inside his.

Tom could see the grimace on her face and felt good that he was finally asserting himself in the match. In the past he'd always lifted her off her feet while applying the bear hug, but seeing as she was heavier now, he didn't keep her off the floor.

"Now who's dominating with upper body strength?" Tom teased, feeling in control.

Marcia let Tom keep squeezing. The moment he'd applied the hold, she realized that while it might cause her some discomfort, he was no longer going to be able to get a submission out of it. It was yet another indicator that her conditioning had built her into someone who could handle whatever Tom could dish out. She savored the small amount of pain she was enduring, knowing that Tom was just wearing himself out and discovering that what used to work for him against her wasn't going to anymore.

Tom noticed that Marcia wasn't giving up like she used to. Okay, so she was stronger, but she should still be giving in eventually. He just grunted and added more pressure, squeezing her harder than he ever had before.

Marcia sensed that Tom was giving it a final push and had to be realizing that his bear hug wasn't working. She reached for his arms, gripping him hard, digging her fingers into his muscles. With a grunt she began to pry his arms loose. He tried valiantly to resist, but he'd expended too much energy trying to apply the bear hug. She laughed as she broke free and, with lightening speed, grabbed him in a bear hug!

For added emphasis, she picked him up, his feet dangling a foot off the floor. She had let him have his arms free. It wouldn't matter.

Tom was stunned that she'd not only broken free, but reversed him. He realized that she wanted to demonstrate to both of them that her bear hug was more powerful than his. He couldn't let that happen!

Marcia knew that in a battle of wills, she had the advantage. She'd broken him with six submissions so far. He would capitulate again. She shook him up and down and swung

him hard from side to side to demonstrate that she had complete control of him. Then she bore down with full pressure, squeezing as hard as she could.

Tom gasped and groaned. His will to withstand the bear hug evaporated. His torso was constricted so he could barely suck in a breath. It felt like every ounce of resistance was bleeding out of his body. He grabbed at her arms, feeling the unyielding muscles, realizing the futility of trying to break loose.

She could feel him yielding to the pressure. Whereas in the past her breasts would feel flattened by his chest when he controlled the bear hug, now she felt like she was pressing into him, squashing his puny pecs

“Oh fuck,” he moaned.

“Just submit,” she said. “I’m crushing you.”

“No,” he moaned.

“The only thing you get out of being stubborn is more pain.”

Tom felt she wasn’t letting up. He couldn’t hold out any longer. Her strength was overwhelming him.

“Okay. Okay. I give,” he surrendered.

“Admit it. I’ve crushed you,” she ordered, relishing her victory.

“Fuck, I can’t take it. Please let me go!” he shouted, his voice filled with pain, exasperation, humiliation, frustration.

She gently set him back down on his feet and let go with her arms. She took a step back, surveying her vanquished foe.

“For all the times you beat me with a bear hug,” she said smiling, “I often wondered what it would take to turn the tables on you. And now we both know. A few months of exercise and conditioning. Several pounds of muscle. Sheer grit and determination. What do you think now?”

“I concede the match,” he admitted. “You win. You’re beating the shit out of me. There’s no way I’m going to last much longer – might as well cut my losses and admit defeat.”

"I told you you wouldn't last, but I'm not letting you quit. Not until I say so," she replied. She could see the look of surprise on his face. She had worked too hard and come too far to stop right now. She peeled off the sports bra and tossed it aside. She knew how good her tits looked. They'd always been big and pretty firm. Now they had added uplift from all the work she'd done strengthening her pectoral muscles. Then she peeled off her thong and stood with her hands on her hips.

Tom understood that her stripping her clothes off wasn't a sexual invitation – it was a statement of her physical dominance. He knew she wanted him to see every square inch of the body that had been transformed to overpower him. He knew he couldn't measure up to her physique – that she dwarfed him.

"No, please. Really, you win," he reiterated.

She felt deliciously smug. She could feel her pussy getting wetter. But she had no desire for his cock inside her, not at that moment. She wanted to prolong this feeling of dominance and control.

"Maybe I'll let you off the hook. After all this has been pretty one sided. Even when you used to win I put up a better battle than this."

"What, what do I have to do," he stammered.

"Strip," she ordered. For her, being nude was an expression of superiority. For him, being naked would be an expression of being exposed and helpless.

He pulled off his underwear. He was half tumescent, at best.

"I want you to take a good look at these." She raised her arms up in a triumphant double biceps pose. "Look how fucking big and hard they are." She watched as his erection started to grow.

"My big fucking muscles are getting you hard, aren't they?" she boasted.

"Yes," he said meekly, afraid that his answer was a tacit admission that he was turned on by her being physically superior.

"There's nothing wrong with my being big and strong, is there?"

"No. No, I guess not."

"Admit that these babies are much bigger than yours," she said as she continued to show off her arms.

"Yeah."

"What?"

"Yes."

"I didn't hear the right words. You do want this wrestling exhibition to stop, don't you?"

"Okay. Okay. Your arms are bigger than mine."

"And I'm much stronger than you."

"Yes, you're stronger."

"How much stronger?"

"Shit, Marcia, yeah, you're much stronger."

"Now there. No need to pout," she teased. "It's pretty obvious how much you get turned on by my muscles." She glanced down at his throbbing cock as she placed her hands on her hips, inhaled deeply and tightened her pecs.

"So what I want you to do, to show your appreciation for all the muscles on this big strong rock hard body of mine, is to jerk off right here in front of me, right now."

"What? No!" he recoiled.

"There is no negotiation here," she replied, suddenly spinning around him as she set him in an abdominal stretch.

"Oh fuck no!" he groaned, shocked at the speed with which she once again had him in a powerful submission hold. His arms flailed helplessly since because she was positioned behind him, there was no avenue for his escape.

"Do you like the feel of my hard body against yours" she purred. "Feel these nice firm tits pressing against your back? You know what I like about this hold? I've got you completely at my mercy and I'm so strong I can control you and make you submit yet again and I've still got a free hand."

He could feel that he was fully erect and highly aroused. He knew that he was on the edge of exploding.

"Stop, please," he pleaded.

"Why should I?" she teased. "I would have let you do this yourself, but since you refused, it's time for me to take matters into my own hand, so to speak. There's nothing to be embarrassed about. I've come to that point where I can control you and if I want you to shoot your load for me, then I'm damn well going to do it when I want it. You know you can't hold it back. You know I can just pump you now and it's going to happen."

"Oh fuck," he groaned as just three pumps from Marcia's hand caused him to shoot his load with a huge explosion of cum.

"Oh yeah, look at the mess you've made," she exclaimed. "No wait, look at the mess that I made. Your body and your cock are mine, Tommy boy. And from now on you shall be completely under my power."