

Breakfast for Bonnie

By AmazonFan

A mixed muscle encounter on an island paradise

It's Saturday morning. It feels good lying in bed. It's nice being able to sleep in a little later than usual, not having to get up before 6:00 for the weekday commute into work in the city. Feels nice and cozy. I roll from my right side to my left and there's Bonnie, my wife. Looks like she just woke up too.

"Morning lover. Sleep well?" she asks, giving me a good morning kiss.

"Oh yeah. Like the proverbial log."

"Me, too. Suppose it had anything to do with last night? Being nice and relaxed?" she grins.

"I'd like to think it was a contributing factor. That and the bottle of champagne."

She grabs my chin and gives it an affectionate squeeze. "You were fantastic last night."

"Thanks. I tried. So were you."

"I'm still quite impressed how quickly you got your second hard on."

"You get all the credit. I guess I find you quite inspiring." I say.

Now when Bonnie says "hard on" instead of "erection" it's a sign she's feeling a bit horny. That gets the blood pumping between my legs.

"Quite inspiring? Dear boy, trying to butter me up with flattery?" she kids. Her hand slides across the mattress and right between my legs. "Ooohh. You're a man who proves what he says. This feels very inspired."

"How about a little quickie before we shower? Or a little quickie in the shower?" I suggest playfully.

"Aren't you going to need your strength for making us a delicious breakfast?" she reminds me.

"I could run out for some bagels," I suggest.

Bonnie sits up, pouting a bit. "That wasn't what you agreed to."

"I'm not so sure. I think maybe it's open to interpretation."

Bonnie folds the covers down and sits up in bed. "Open to interpretation, my ass," she laughs. "Think I need to refresh your memory as to what you said and the circumstances under which you said it?"

"I said I'd get breakfast. Well, picking up bagels is getting breakfast."

Bonnie holds the tips of her thumb and index finger a quarter inch apart. "You're this far away from it." she warns, still smirking.

"From what?" I reply, feigning innocence. I know what she's talking about, of course, but I can't resist egging her on.

"If I have to give you a little reminder, you're going to have to prepare breakfast -- notice I'm saying prepare, not get -- tomorrow, too." she asserts.

"Well if you're going to distinguish between get and prepare, then I guess that means that there is a difference and that means I'm right. Getting bagels qualifies as getting breakfast." I contend.

"That does it!" she shouts. "You asked for this."

"I guess I did," I snicker.

Bonnie reaches under the covers and grabs the hem of her plaid flannel nightshirt and pulls it up over her head. She tosses it aside and kicks off her covers. Even though I've seen her nude countless times, I never tire of that moment of pure rush when I see her expose her naked body.

And what an incredible body it is. Bonnie, you see, is a perfect physical specimen combining dazzling beauty, abundantly statuesque curves and astounding muscles. She works as a personal trainer, which basically means that she spends hours every day exercising and developing her body. Far more time than I could hope to devote to exercise. Consequently she is phenomenally strong.

And she's not one bit hesitant to demonstrate her remarkable power. As she is about to do here in bed. She yanks the covers off me and rolls on top of me. We grab each others hands and I try to fend her off. She laughs at my outclassed attempts and she quickly pins my arms over my head. It's taken her just seconds to completely incapacitate me. She lifts her butt high off the bed and then she slams her body against me. Bonnie has such a hard body that she literally turns herself into a battering ram, pulverizing me. Again and again, her hips acting like pistons, she thrusts against me. I groan as she continues her onslaught.

"Give up now," she barks "Or I'll wrap my legs around you and squeeze the shit out of you." I know better than to invite one of Bonnie's potent scissors holds.

"Okay. Okay. You're killing me. You win." I plead.

She sits on my chest, her thighs pressed firmly against my sides. She pins my wrists out to the sides.

"There now. That didn't take long, did it?" she grins, exulting in her quick victory. She lets my arms go and runs her palms up over her thighs. She crosses her hands and grips her biceps, tensing them as she massages. "I think these have gotten a little bigger. I've really been working them lately." she comments. "Still like them?"

"You know I do," I reply. "The bigger they are, the sexier you get."

"The bigger they are, the stronger I get. And the stronger I get, the more impossible it becomes for you to beat me." she says, continuing to rub in her victory. "That and the fact that I'm made of steel," she adds, clenching her fists and pounding hard on her tight abdomen for emphasis.

"There was a time when we were fairly even," I remind her.

"Oh you may have won a few falls, but you never won a match," she reminds me.

"I came close."

"Close don't count," she laughs.

"I came damn close the first time," I persist.

I'll never forget the first time we wrestled each other. It's the stuff that fantasies are made of. In fact, it's because we agreed to treat each other to our favorite fantasy that we came to wrestle in the first place. Bonnie and I were planning for a special fifth wedding anniversary. I was doing very well at work and had gotten this huge bonus for landing a major account. We decided to spend it all on an exotic first class vacation to French Polynesia.

I asked her if there was any fantasy she had that she'd like to see come true on her second honeymoon vacation. She told me that she wanted to make love outdoors in the blazing sun on an uninhabited island. The resort we were staying at on Bora Bora could easily arrange castaway picnics on any number of tiny, remote, uninhabited islands -- little islands they call motus.

The motu they chose for us was idyllic -- a tiny speck of land completely circumferenced by vast expanses of powder soft sand. The water surrounding the motu was shallow for close to a hundred feet out and absolutely teeming with bright tropical fish. On shore past the palms ringing the beach was a glorious display of tropical flora, filled with an abundance of sweet fragrant flowers. And right in the middle of the motu was a clearing, filled with radiant sunlight. A soft natural carpet of moss and wild grasses covered the ground. In one corner of the clearing was a small rock pond that we'd been told was fresh water. Except for the rustling of the leaves from the soft breezes and the occasional chirping of a tropical bird there wasn't another sound. Not another soul around. The whole setting was erotically intoxicating.

Bonnie shed her cover-up and stripped down to a teeny thong bikini I'd never seen her wear before. She walked over to the pond and stuck her toe in and was surprised how warm it was. She slid in slowly, the water coming up to the tops of her shoulders.

"Why don't you come here and tell me what your fantasy is before we fulfill mine," she said seductively.

"Do you like this? Is it what you wanted?" I asked.

"Absolutely perfect. I'm going to fuck your brains out." she purred.

"And you're not going to look at me funny after I tell you what my fantasy is," I said.

"Well I don't know. If you tell me you want to wear my clothes, I might."

"No, it's nothing like that." I answered.

"Well now you've got me really curious," she said, swishing the water around her. "Come clean with it."

"Okay. Here goes." I stammered. "I've always wanted to have a wrestling match with a woman who was strong enough to beat me. Now I don't think you could pull it off, but I figure I could kind of pretend that you were beating me."

Bonnie paused for a minute, taking in my revelation. I honestly wasn't sure how she'd react because I'd never let on to her before that I had a thing for strong women.

"Are you upset?" I asked.

"Of course not. Do I look like I'm upset?"

"I can't tell what your reaction is."

"I think it could be kind of fun," she replied, arching her eyebrow. "I'm guessing that the reason you want to lose in your fantasy is because you want to be overpowered by the woman and have her take sexual advantage of you. Am I right?"

"You figured that out in a hurry," I admitted sheepishly.

"So in that case we should start with your fantasy because it kind of flows seamlessly into mine. We wrestle here in the great outdoors. I beat you. Then we make hot sweaty love."

"No wonder they call this paradise."

"Let's pretend we don't know each other," she offered. "It might make the fantasy more fun."

"Okay."

"Now I've never wrestled before so it might take me a little bit to get the hang of it," she said. "So let's not have just one fall."

"You're taking this seriously," I remarked.

"Of course. You're not going to have to pretend. I'm going to beat you." she grinned.

"Doubtful," I replied. "But it's good to know you're really going to try. It'll really make my fantasy come alive."

"So are you ready to start?" she asked.

"Wow. This is incredible." I answered affirmatively.

"We'll pretend you just came ashore," she said.

"Anything you say," I replied. "You can take the lead. That way it's even more fun for me."

"Trespasser!" she shouted. "How dare you set foot on my motu!"

"I didn't know anyone was here. They said this was uninhabited." I replied.

"Well whoever they are, they are wrong. You must leave."

"I can't. The boat won't pick me up for hours."

"That is not my problem. It is yours. You can swim, can't you?"

"Are you kidding? Yeah I can swim, but not that far. Besides I've got my stuff with me."

"The only way you can stay on this motu is to declare that I am your queen, because I am the queen of this motu. You will have to do whatever I say."

"Are you nuts? No way lady."

Bonnie stepped out of the pond and walked up to me. She looked so sexy in her new bikini.

"If you will not willingly submit to me, then I shall force you to," she said, staring resolutely into my eyes.

"Hey, maybe I'll declare myself king of this little motu and you'll submit to me." I replied.

"Are you challenging me?" she asked.

"It seems that way."

"Then we shall settle this in the manner prescribed by the ancients." she declared. "We shall wrestle until one of us has defeated the other three times. Whoever loses becomes the slave of the victor. Do you agree?"

"You got it." I answered. "There's going to be a new ruler on this little motu."

"You are presumptuous and foolish," she countered. "You will learn how powerful a queen can be."

Bonnie moved to the middle of the clearing and motioned for me to join her. Judging by the way she was standing I guessed that she'd never really wrestled before. But she quickly mimicked my crouch as we began to circle each other.

She put up such a good fight that I found myself having to go all out in order to beat her. I won the first two falls on pins, but I was really amazed at how strong she was. It was only because I knew some moves and holds and she didn't that I was able to defeat her. She was learning quickly. Instinctively she was figuring out counter moves and she was learning to turn around and apply the holds I was putting on her.

I was torn between letting her win -- which would have played out my fantasy -- and maintaining my masculine honor by winning and fending off her considerable challenge.

"Two zip. You're in danger of losing your crown my queen." I said as we took a brief rest between falls.

"The tide is about to turn," she declared. "I'm getting the hang of this and I think you're the one who's in trouble." We moved back to the center of the clearing. Bonnie surprised me by ducking and lunging straight at me. She hit me low enough and hard enough to knock me flat to the ground. She landed on top of me right between my legs. She raised her butt up off me and then slammed her body hard against mine.

I grunted from the force of the collision, the air being forced out of my lungs. We both realized simultaneously that Bonnie had just discovered a very potent maneuver. She repeated her hip thrusts with a blur of speed and power. Her body was a unrelenting battering ram, weakening me with each concussive blow, her tight hard abs and wide solid pelvis too much for me to endure for long.

She paused for a moment, her hips poised high above me. "Ready to give?" she asked. I didn't answer. I twisted my body trying to get out from underneath her. She slammed into me again and again, this time even harder. I was shocked at how much brute force she could hit me with.

"Okay. Okay. I give. You win this one. I don't want to be pulverized." I said.

"Two to one." she declared. She jumped into the pond to cool off and emerged dripping wet.

"Now that I've discovered I can use my body as a weapon it's time to use everything in my arsenal," she grinned. She reached behind and untied her top, tossing it aside. Her magnificent breasts thrust out, gleaming wet in the sunshine, not requiring any support from the top she'd just shed. She followed by slipping the thong off.

"I told you the tide had turned," she said. "You didn't think I could beat you. But now I've showed you I can and now I know I'll remain queen of my motu. I had little trouble beating you just now. You barely eked out your wins. You're getting tired. I'm still fresh."

"I've still got the lead and I don't intend to let you win again." I remarked.

"Let me win? You didn't let me win. You gave up because I beat you."

"Poor choice of words. You did win. Much to my surprise I'll admit. Well I doubt you can do it again," I said.

Bonnie's stripping was a potent aphrodisiac. I was amazed and delighted that she was really getting into my fantasy and playing it out in ways I wouldn't have expected. She was growing more confident of her athletic abilities with each second.

We started circling each other again. This time I was a lot more cautious, knowing how explosive Bonnie could be. When she charged straight at me I grabbed her in a bear hug right under her armpits. I wanted to feel her nude body tight against mine, her big centerfold tits pressed against my chest. I wanted her to feel my strength. She grimaced, gritting her teeth. At first she tried prying my arms loose. But that wasn't working. Suddenly she swung her legs up, wrapped her thighs around my middle and squeezed. I moaned out loud. My sides felt like they were going to cave in.

Bonnie squeezed harder. My hands went from holding her up to trying to pry her power packed thighs apart. She supported herself by holding onto me. She closed her eyes and rolled her head back and squeezed with all her might. I buckled under the unimaginable pressure and tumbled to the ground. She held tight, keeping me a prisoner in her scissors hold. I tried to twist loose but did a stupid thing. I rolled my body so that her thighs

shifted from pressing my sides to pressuring front and back, straight across my gut and kidneys.

"Oh shit, that's worse." I groaned. Bonnie poured on full force again. I felt like I was being flattened between two huge steel plates. The pain was unflagging and excruciating. "All right. All right. I give again. OK? No more. That's it." I moaned.

"Two to two. All even." she exclaimed, quickly unlocking her ankles and hopping to her feet. "Thought I wasn't supposed to win again. That was a snap. See how quick you lost?"

I rose slowly to my feet, massaging my aching middle. I never imagined Bonnie had such strength in her legs. Nor had I imagined that she'd be such an impressive opponent. Her two decisive wins forced me to admit to myself that she was proving to be a lot more challenging than I had assumed beforehand. How was I supposed to have known she was so strong and athletic?

I'll tell you one thing. I was so happy that I'd had the courage to tell her what my fantasy was. If I hadn't told her I might never have known how dynamite she was. Instead, I was beginning to realize that she might just be able to pull off my fantasy without my having to play along, faking that she could take me. That was getting me more and more excited. My erection strained uncomfortably in my swim trunks.

"Come on, I don't need to rest," she chided me. "I'm ready now. Get over here and wrestle. And to make sure that there are no disagreements, the winner must make the loser give up. Just a pin is not enough."

"That's fine by me. I'm a man. My superior strength shall prevail." I boasted, trying to sound like a Shakespearean actor.

"Then I will sap you of your remaining strength and I will defeat you easily." she proclaimed, equally haughty.

"And just how do you think you'll do that?" I challenged.

"I'll make you get your rocks off," she shot back, changing her demeanor back to normal. "If athletes can't have sex the night before a contest because it's supposed to make them

weak, then imagine what the effect will be right during the match." She grinned devilishly, proud of her own cleverness.

"Shrewd strategy," I replied. "If you can pull it off. But now that I've been warned, now that you've told me what you plan to do..."

"You can't stop me," she interrupted. "I am unstoppable and unbeatable now. I am the queen. You are about to become my slave."

"Not if I can do anything about it." I said, beginning to stalk her.

"You can't." she huffed. "I'm in control here. You can't handle me for long. This is all too much for you." She thrust her D cup breasts out, exuding erotic power.

We collided in the middle of the clearing. I used my weight advantage to lean on her and push her back a few steps. She was having trouble getting good traction on the soft damp ground. She hunched down and tried to drive forward to grab me around the waist. Her foot slipped as I bent over her and wrapped my arms around her waist. I started picking her up and she fell face first to the ground, my full weight crashing down on top of her.

Bonnie grunted in pain. I knew the move had stunned her. I spun around so that as she rolled over onto her back and started to sit up I was perfectly positioned to trap her from behind with a body scissors.

"Aaaghhh!" she cried as I squeezed my thighs around her sides.

"Now we'll see how you like it. Give up," I commanded. "I've got you. You can't get loose."

"No way!" she hissed. "You'll have to be a lot tougher than this. You can't get me to give with this."

I squeezed her really hard, but she just gritted her teeth and withstood the pressure. Our bodies were slick and she was trying to move herself so my legs would be around her hips where she'd have more natural resistance.

"I can do whatever I want," I teased as I sat forward, reached around from behind and cupped her breasts in my hands, gently kneading the magnificently firm globes. She grabbed my hands and pulled them off. Then she trapped one of my arms between her arm and her side and grabbed the wrist with both hands. She put all her strength into bending my wrist backwards.

I thought the damn thing would snap. I howled with pain and was forced to part my thighs. She let go of me and shot to her feet in a flash.

"Nice try, but you got greedy grabbing my breasts. Gave me an opening." she asserted. "And I'll get you for that."

"You'd better be careful. I almost had you." I warned.

She seemed to shrug off the pain I inflicted with my aborted scissors hold. We went at it again, each of us dead serious about winning. Our contest had become so competitive I wasn't thinking about my fantasy anymore. I was concentrating on defeating her.

She astonished me by grabbing me around the waist and lifting me off my feet, draping me over her shoulder. She followed by dumping me on the ground behind her. She pointed to her hard swelling biceps.

"I'm stronger than you imagined." she smirked.

"Being able to pick me up is pretty impressive," I conceded.

I got back to my feet and we came at each other again. I ducked and spun behind her and grabbed her around the waist. I lifted her a little off the ground and tried to get her down by wrenching her from side to side. But she prevented me from doing it by being able to plant her foot down. I pushed her away from me an instant before she tried to ram me with her rock solid butt.

She pirouetted around and charged right back at me. I stuck my hands out in front of me trying to slow her down, but she averted my block by dipping low and going for my waist. She grabbed the back of my bathing suit and yanked, getting them more than halfway down my rear end. She held onto me as she took half a step back and then rammed her

shoulder into my belly. I let out a short cry and clutched at her shoulders, trying to push her away. But all I ended up doing was creating a small space between us so that it was that much easier for her to pull my suit down further.

We banged together again. One of her hands was between us and between my legs. She took hold of my cock.

"My god you're hung," she exclaimed. "No man has ever been on my motu endowed like you."

"Does that excite you?" I asked.

"Oh yes! Now I'm more determined than ever to take you. You and this great big cock shall be mine."

"I'd venture a guess that you'll be getting this cock regardless of who wins, so why put up a fight?" I suggested.

Bonnie pushed away from me and lay down on her back. She raised her hips as she spread her legs wide.

"Need an invitation?" she laughed.

As I crawled between her legs she took my erection in her hands and guided it into her dripping pussy. She was so deliciously tight that I had to ease my tool into her slowly. She gasped and licked her lips as inch by inch I penetrated her.

"Oh yes!!" she shrieked. "Let me feel it all. Bury that baby in me!"

I pulled back so that just the tip of the cockhead was inside her and then I rammed her, filling her with every last millimeter of rigid meat. Just as I did that she swung her legs out and up over mine. She locked her ankles together. For a second I couldn't figure out what she was doing.

But then I tried to move and I understood. I was being held tight by her legs, barely able to withdraw my cock more than an inch. While I can't imagine being imprisoned in a

more delightful place than inside her tight snatch, I realized that she had me in a trap. She was still intent on winning the wrestling match and making good on her vow to make me weak by making me come. She'd use her strong body to control mine until she could completely overwhelm me.

"Got you right where I want you, stud," she growled. She squeezed her vaginal muscles tight, her cunt becoming an erotic vise. "Does that feel good? Of course it does." She ground her hips in slow lustful circles, interspersing jerking thrusts with her pelvis. Her vaginal muscles rippled, skyrocketing me to new levels of sexual frenzy. I tried even harder to pull away, but she wrapped her arms around me and pulled my face into her voluptuous cleavage.

"I told you I'd use everything in my arsenal," she crowed. "I'm going to milk you dry and with it goes every drop of strength in your body. Come on big man. Give me your load. And become my slave."

Our breathing was ragged and heavy. I was trying desperately to hold back, but I was locked onto a fucking machine, a primal carnal force. Bonnie was drawing even more power from her heightening state of sexual delight.

I'm not normally one to make a lot of noise when I'm fucking, but something else was taking over me. I began to grunt and moan as she worked me over. And Bonnie was writhing under me, not only to get my rocks, but because she was really in heat too.

"Uunff. Uunff. Yesyesyes. Aah. Aah. Aaarrrrrrrrgggaaaahhhh. Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh wow." I moaned as I came deep inside, hot rockets of jism spurting again and again. It was an all-star, all time, body shaking climax. My exploding cannon triggered Bonnie into phenomenal multiple orgasms, her body bucking and twisting and writhing beneath mine, but her legs and pussy holding me tight all the time.

When her third orgasm subsided she suddenly unclamped her legs and her pussy vise. She swung her thighs up around my waist and squeezed. I went from orgasmic ecstasy to crushing agony in an instant. I clutched at her powerful limbs, trying to pry them loose. The only thing that saved me was the fact that our bodies were drenched with sweat and I was slippery enough to squeeze free.

I rolled to the side and Bonnie bounded to her feet. I felt completely wasted. I could barely stand up and Bonnie laughed at my condition.

"You're all mine now," she bragged. "That did you in even better than I imagined. You didn't think I could beat you, but now you're going to find out how tough and strong I really am."

I felt like I was moving in slow motion as Bonnie came charging at me. She turned the tables by getting me in a bear hug. It was clear that she was showing no signs of fatigue. Her arms pressed me tight against her body, making it difficult to catch my breath.

"What's the matter, stud? Finding it tougher to put up a fight?" she said in my ear. "You're almost finished. You're getting weaker by the second. You're going to lose and you know it."

She shook me like I was a rag doll. Nearly every muscle in her upper body bulged as she poured on the pressure. She began to snarl at me, reveling in her domination.

"Down on the ground, slave!" she roared. She twisted me and shoved me to the ground. My body thudded hard. She pounced on top of me, a gleam in her eyes. Her weight was on my chest. We grabbed each others hands. She growled with animal ferocity and pushed down with all her might. I could only hold her off for fifteen or twenty seconds when my arms began to feel like jelly.

She let out a yell and a final push and my wrists were pinned to the ground. I managed to get them back up a couple of inches, but she just slammed me down again. After a while I couldn't budge them anymore.

She was breathing hard, but she was overflowing with energy. Bonnie pinned my arms under her knees and raised her arms in triumph.

"What do you say now, slave?" she gloated. "Look at you. You're taller than me. You weigh a lot more. But you're pinned underneath me, unable to get out. I've cut you down to size.... And then some."

"I haven't given up yet," I wheezed.

"Think I'll get bored and call it a draw?" she challenged. "You must think holding out's your only hope. Because you sure as hell can't beat me now."

Bonnie got back to her feet and surveyed my body. Not wanting me to get any rest so I could recover, she leaned over and grabbed my forearms, pulling me to my feet. She got me in a bear hug again, holding me lower, around my waist. I was finding it pretty tough to summon much resistance.

Bonnie was practically giddy, thrilled with the way she'd taken control of our match, excited by the prospect of really beating me. She had so much adrenaline pumping that holding me up seemed effortless for her.

"Feel how strong I am?" she declared. "That is why I am the queen of this motu. You are very lucky that I like how well endowed you are. Otherwise I would just crush you and be done with you. Like I've done to those foolish enough to challenge me in the past."

I clutched at her arms, awed at how solid the tensed muscles were. With one last outpouring of energy, I pried myself loose from her hold. I butted her chest with my head, knocking her back a step. Bonnie clutched her left breast, smarting with pain and tried to massage the discomfort away. I moved a step towards her and she retreated.

"I didn't think you'd resort to cheap stuff," she hissed.

"That was an accident, really." I tried to persuade her.

Without warning she clobbered me with a forearm to the side of my head. I was knocked sideways.

"That wasn't," she sneered.

Tempers flared. I charged forward and, without thinking, threw a short right hook hard into her tummy. I was stopped in my tracks when she didn't react. She didn't seem to feel it. She bounded a few steps back from me.

She made a fist and pounded her abs. "Steel, my slave." she said. "That's why your punch just bounced off me. But now I'm growing angry with your behavior, your bad manners, your rebelliousness. It is time you were forced to submit to your queen."

Bonnie drew herself up to her full height, placed her hands commandingly on her hips, and sucked in a deep breath. I tensed, wondering if I had anything left in me to withstand her onslaught. I knew about Bonnie's competitiveness. Enough to know that even though she'd really been going at it up to this point, she was about to push beyond even that.

"Now let's not go overboard," I found myself saying, my state of intimidation showing. I even put my hands out in front of me, gesturing at her to stop.

"You started this," she replied, grinning. She could smell my fear and she loved it. She had overcome the pain from the blow to her breast and now she was ready to finish me off. "Don't forget that you challenged me. I took everything you could dish out. But you don't have enough." She dropped her eyes to my crotch. "Except for there."

I swear what happened next is true. Up to that point in our marriage I'd been okay in bed when it came to getting it up and lasting long enough to satisfy my woman, but I'm no sexual superman. I mean, I needed a decent break between rounds to get it up again. Well that day was different. I started getting another erection. Ever start getting a hard on and it's so intense you know you're going to come real fast? That was this kind.

Bonnie took her hands off her hips and started pounding her fists against her stomach. Bam! Bam! Bam! Solid shots bouncing off a brick wall. Her breasts jiggled slightly from the force of the impacts. My cock rose as fast as a high speed elevator. She began advancing towards me as soon as she saw that I was fully erect.

She grabbed the back of my neck and twisted me into a side headlock. She wrenched me around and stuck her hip out, tossing me over and down on the ground. I only managed to get to my knees when she grabbed hold of my head and wedged it between her potent thighs.

She squeezed tight and jumped up and down a few times, laughing at me. I struggled to my feet, but I was still bent over, head between her legs. Then she leaned over me and

wrapped her arms around me. She squatted slightly and my head popped free. With a grunt and a mighty heave, she picked me up.

"Holy shit. How'd you do that?" I exclaimed. She ignored my question. I was dangling upside down in her arms, afraid that she'd drop me on my head. But that fear mixed with intense excitement caused by knowing she was strong enough not only to carry me in her arms, but to dominate the match too.

I craned my neck to look up just as her fingers lightly brushed my scrotum. Then she kneaded the rigid muscle between my balls and my asshole. I gasped and started breathing so fast you'd think I was hyperventilating. Bonnie cupped my balls in the palm of her hand and gently tugged them, loosening them and massaging them.

"I'm going to come again," I said, just as she wrapped her fingers around my rigid shaft. She slid her fingers down to the base and squeezed firmly, cutting my ejaculation short.

"You'll come when I say you can," she replied. Bonnie dropped to her knees, barely missing pile driving me. She made me slide to the ground onto my back. She spun around facing my feet and squatted over me.

"Now I've got you where I want you," she laughed. She lowered herself onto me, burying my face underneath her magnificent buns. She rubbed herself back and forth on my face while she told me how pleased she was that she'd been able to tame me. It was both humiliating and exciting to have her rub her ass on my face and not be able to do anything about it. She leaned forward, stuck out her tongue, and licked my pulsating cock.

"Now I'm going to do you," she announced. She went at me with both hands, pumping my shaft with one and fondling my balls with the other. I thrust upwards with my hips, desperately straining for release, but Bonnie was skillfully keeping me just shy of orgasm. I was moaning and writhing beneath her, half-delirious from my extreme state of arousal.

She let go of my balls and ran her fingernails up and down my cock. My back arched, my whole body tensed and then I shot my load, a big powerful burst of cum. I could feel it all the way down to my toes.

Bonnie immediately began rubbing my hypersensitive cock head between her thumb and index finger. The sensation was so intense I had to beg her to stop.

"Is that a final submission?" she teased. I groaned and tried unsuccessfully to push her off me, but I didn't answer yes or no.

"Well this should do it," she declared. She leaned forward and reached underneath me, cupping my butt cheeks with her hands. Then she pulled back and sat up, lifting my butt off the ground and pulling my legs back over my head. Her body was between them. I could feel that she had me trapped in a hold I wasn't going to be able to get out of. Then she leaned slightly to each side, unhooking her legs from underneath her and extending them out straight. Then she pressed her thighs around my sides.

"You're in deep shit now," she laughed. I was astounded by how completely overwhelming her finishing hold was. I was trapped under her, my legs immobilized, my neck feeling the pressure as she bent me in half. And the coup de grace was her scissors hold. She was right. I was in deep shit.

The pressure was immediate and intense. She must have wanted to finish me off quickly and decisively. I could only manage a sound that was half gurgle, half cry. Her buns pressed tightly over my face and she leaned back. I could hear her grunting as she poured every bit of power into her scissors. There was no way I could withstand her strength.

"OK!! OK! I give. That's it. You win. I give. Please stop. You're crushing me. You win." I cried, slapping her thighs and the ground in submission.

"Who is the champion?" she demanded, punctuating her question with a jolt from her potent thighs.

"You are," I yelped.

"And the supreme ruler?"

"You. You. Please let me go. You're killing me. I'm completely wasted."

Bonnie shoved my legs back over to the ground and jumped up over me. She placed one foot on my chest and raised her hands in a victory salute.

"I did it! I did it!" she squealed with delight. She bounded over to the picnic basket the resort had prepared for us and pulled out a bottle of champagne. She popped the cork and drank straight from the bottle, the golden liquid spilling down her body.

"I didn't think I could do it at first," she gushed. "But I just kept feeling stronger and stronger and more confident. And when I realized you were trying as hard as you could and I was still winning, then I knew I could do it."

"I wouldn't have believed it when we started," I said.

"But?" she challenged.

"Well I don't know how you pulled it off, but there's no denying you more than fulfilled my fantasy. You were incredible. Strong. Determined. Resourceful. And one helluva wrestler. You ended up mopping the motu with me."

"I was good, wasn't I?" she smirked. She poured some of the champagne over her luscious breasts. "That tickles!" she exclaimed.

"Hey, save a taste for me."

"You can start with a taste from these," she purred, falling back on top of me and shoving her glorious tits in my face.

If you're guessing that my randy little minx was still in the mood for some hot sweaty lovemaking at that moment, you guessed right. Initially, I was so exhausted that I had to rely entirely on my hands and mouth to pleasure her. But the job got done. My multi-orgasmic wife lost count of the number of times she climaxed. Eventually my cock showed signs of life and Bonnie coaxed me into another erection with some mind-blowing cock sucking. It was a long slow luscious luxurious fuck, with Bonnie riding me on top. She was doing most of the work, but judging by the way she was writhing and moaning, she was enjoying putting in the extra effort.

"I want you to come again," she purred.

She bent forward and mashed her bountiful breasts against my face while she ground her pussy against my impaling tool.

"I should've tried this when we were wrestling," she chuckled. "I wonder if I could've just smothered you out. What fun it would be to be able to beat you doing things you couldn't do to me."

The erotic images of being so overpowered that I can't stop her from knocking me out with her full firm melons flooded my brain. It was so potent a stimulus that it catapulted me to another fantastic orgasm. And that, in turn, triggered another climax for Bonnie.

We just lay there for several minutes, basking in the afterglow of our remarkable love making. Bonnie was the first to speak.

"You know, it's always been very good in bed, but I think that playing out these fantasies has zapped us up to some new level. I've never experienced anything like that."

"Neither have I," I concurred. "That was so far beyond belief, it's almost scary. I guess we've hit upon some new tricks."

"And you got off on fact that I was actually able to beat you?" she asked.

"I would hope that my performance answered that."

"If you're going to be able to perform like that in the future..." she grinned, "We just might have to try this wrestling thing again when we're home."

"Did you enjoy it? Really?" I asked.

"Didn't my performance answer that, like yours did?"

"You were beyond all my expectations. Both wrestling and after." I said.

"Think it would have been different if you'd won?" she wondered.

"Probably." I replied. "I think it still would have been a lot of fun, but your being able to do what you did ignited quite a magic spark."

"That set off a few explosions for both of us."

"Exactly."

"Well, I've got an idea how I can make it even better after we get home," Bonnie offered.

"I'm not sure I can imagine how it could get better, or how I'd survive." I said.

"Well follow my thinking on this." she continued. "What really turns you on is my being able to beat you and that in turn cranks up your sexual performance. Ok so far?"

"Yeah, I think that's accurate."

"And I found myself getting pretty aroused being so physical. And that inspired you. And then my performance got better. And we kind of kept pushing each other higher and higher."

"And so where's this all going?" I asked.

"After we get home I'm going to make some changes in my exercise regimen. Up till now I've been lifting weights, but they haven't been heavy. I've just done it for toning. I'm going to change and do some serious lifting instead."

"The idea being...?" I interjected.

"The idea being I get bigger muscles. You'd like that?"

"Yeah!"

"And I'd get a lot stronger. My legs are pretty good, but I'll want my upper body a whole lot bigger and stronger if we're going to be wrestling."

"So you're thinking if you become a much more powerful opponent for me, then I'll be even more turned on and our sex life goes absolutely crazy."

"That's my theory? What do you think of the idea?" she asked.

"I think I'm a very lucky man to have a woman as wild and wonderful and willing and wanton as you."

Bonnie threw herself into her exercise program after we got back and the rest, as they say, is history. In less than six months she'd added 100 pounds to her bench press, and could out-lift me. Her arms went from about 13" to being as big as mine.

And here I am on a Saturday morning, two and a half years after the first time we wrestled. Nowadays Bonnie can bench press lots more weight -- at least 100 pounds more than I weigh. Her massive arms are more than a couple of inches bigger than mine and rock hard. Her strength and endurance are phenomenal.

And what happened with the wrestling, you're probably wondering. Well Bonnie held off wrestling me when we first came back from vacation. She said she wanted to get built up some so I could feel a difference. It was so frustrating because I really wanted to take her on again, but she was adamant. So we wrestled about three months into her new training regime and the change was startling.

I'd love to tell you about it, but it'll have to wait for another time. I've got to go make breakfast for Bonnie.

The End