

Cyber Amazon

By AmazonFan

A cyber encounter leads to a real wrestling match

I was on AOL late on a Wednesday night. Nothing on the tube but reruns. I had started my own chat room, "M 4 Strong Busty F", which I'm hoping you know translates to "I'm a guy who's looking to chat with a babe with some muscles and great tits." Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

I was on about twenty minutes. Hardly any action. A couple of people zipped in and out with even saying hello. I had Diana the Valkyrie's Web site open in another window, looking through pictures from the various newsgroups catering to female muscle enthusiasts.

The flashing icon caught my eye that someone was sending me an Instant Message. I clicked back to AOL. Sure enough there was the message box -- Instant Message From: SuperCyber. It said:

SuperCyber: hi.

I didn't know how long the message had been sitting there so I quickly just typed back:

Man4Amazon: Hi.

I waited for a reply. I quickly called up the "Get A Member's Profile" dialog box and typed in "SuperCyber". The little circle spun around for what seemed like an eternity while the system searched for a profile.

SuperCyber: How are you?

Finally a profile popped up, but I had to answer the IM first.

Man4Amazon: Great! Thanks for saying hello!

I clicked back to the profile and raced over the words. Then I had to reread them again slowly to make sure I was reading right.

Member Profile for SuperCyber

Member Name: Laurie

Birthdate: Libra 1972

Sex: Female

Marital Status: Dedicated to being single

Hobbies: Working out. Lifting weights. Love to wrestle guys who appreciate strong women

Personal Quote: I love to be in control...you're in big trouble if you start to lose

I couldn't believe my eyes. My first instinct was that this was some guy pretending to be a woman. It happens on AOL all the time.

Another line popped up in the Instant Message box.

SuperCyber: You're welcome. Your room name caught my eye, so I thought I'd say hello.

Man4Amazon: So why not join me in the chat room?

SuperCyber: I get swamped with too many IM's that way!

Man4Amazon: Well I read your profile and it seems like we were made for each other

SuperCyber: LOL. We'll see. I liked your profile, too.

Man4Amazon: You checked it out?

SuperCyber: Yeah, before I IM'd you.

Man4Amazon: So, are you strong?

SuperCyber: I'd like to think so.

Man4Amazon: I'm 6' tall and around 150

SuperCyber: That's kinda skinny!

Man4Amazon: Yeah, I know. I prefer to say "slim".

Man4Amazon: Mind if I ask your ht & wt?

SuperCyber: Not at all. 5'8". 183.

Man4Amazon: Wow!

SuperCyber: Thanks, I guess?

Man4Amazon: No, I'm impressed. If it's true like you say in your profile that you work out and that 183 is well toned, not flabby

SuperCyber: Flab is not permitted on this body.

Man4Amazon: How often do you work out?

SuperCyber: Every day. How about you?

Man4Amazon: I'm afraid my schedule doesn't permit it. I do try to walk three or four miles a day, though.

SuperCyber: You have to make time! Well, at least you walk

Man4Amazon: So do you lift weights?

SuperCyber: I adore weights! Sitting on a stationary bike is a bore!!

Man4Amazon: You must belong to a gym then

SuperCyber: Actually I don't. I spent the money for having what I want at home. This way I can work out whenever I want and I don't have to wait for a machine and I don't have guys hitting on me while I'm trying to get my exercise.

Man4Amazon: Are you a bodybuilder?

SuperCyber: LOL, no! Guys always ask that. I really respect the dedication and all, but it's not what I'm into. I just like to be strong and have nice muscles and have fun. And I'm not into being that "ripped". I like to have curves

Man4Amazon: So are you the "fitness model" type?

SuperCyber: You mean my physique?

Man4Amazon: Yeah.

SuperCyber: Not really. From what I've seen, most of them have toned bodies, but aren't really that strong. They seem to want to show off their cleavage more than too much muscle.

Man4Amazon: So how do you think you'd compare?

There was a pause and she didn't answer me.

Man4Amazon: Hello? You still there?

SuperCyber: Sorry. Another IM.

Man4Amazon: An admirer?

SuperCyber: Friend, actually.

Man4Amazon: Do you have to go chat with the friend?

SuperCyber: No. In fact, I told her I was busy and couldn't chat right now.

Man4Amazon: I'm flattered!

Man4Amazon: So, I think we were talking about your curves

SuperCyber: lol! I see that you're persistent.

Man4Amazon: Hey, sorry but anyone who devotes as much time to her body as you do and anyone who thinks about strong female bodies as much as I do, well, you just happened to be at the wrong place at the right time for questions!

SuperCyber: LOL. I don't think I'm in the wrong place.

Man4Amazon: You're being very nice to me.

SuperCyber: I think you have a cute sense of humor.

Man4Amazon: So, let me be bold then what the hell are your measurements, anyway?!

SuperCyber: If I tell you my measurements, you're going to think I have this huge bust. My boobs are okay, but the measurement sounds big because I'm wide all around. Do you understand?

Man4Amazon: So you've got a great back and wide lats?!

SuperCyber: Sounds like you understand.

Man4Amazon: I think so.

SuperCyber: Okay.

SuperCyber: 46-25-39

Man4Amazon: WOW!!!

Again there was another long pause.

Man4Amazon: Hello?

SuperCyber: I just don't want you to get all obsessed with my chest. I don't have balloons!

Man4Amazon: If you told me you had a FF bra, that would be one thing

SuperCyber: I'm just a D.

Man4Amazon: "Just"? That sounds like more than a handful to me.

SuperCyber: They're okay

There was another pause. I wondered what to say next. I didn't want her to think that all I wanted to talk about was her boobs.

Man4Amazon: So tell me more about your weight lifting

SuperCyber: That's a pretty wide open question. What'd you have in mind?

Man4Amazon: Does it really help you in wrestling?

SuperCyber: How'd you know I wrestled at all?

Man4Amazon: Your profile.

SuperCyber: Right I forgot you read it.

Man4Amazon: So does it?

SuperCyber: Duh?! Of course, silly! I know some pretty good holds, so I've got the basic skills, but what makes the difference is strength added to the hold. That's what makes me a winner. I put on a hold; you won't be able to do anything about it. And I can do lifts and things like that that most women can't do, or can't do too well.

Man4Amazon: So you've got good upper body strength?

SuperCyber: And killer legs, too! LOL.

Man4Amazon: You sound too good to be true!

SuperCyber: I'm for real, dearie.

Man4Amazon: Well then, give me an idea of how strong your upper body is. How much can you bench?

SuperCyber: How much did you say you weighed?

Man4Amazon: 150ish

SuperCyber: I don't really try to max out anymore. I like to add reps, still at pretty high weights, so I can build endurance. But benching two of you would hardly be a challenge

Man4Amazon: oh my god

SuperCyber: LOL. Something the matter?

Man4Amazon: It's just that that's so strong!

SuperCyber: Told you <hehe>

SuperCyber: Do you ever try to bench press?

Man4Amazon: I told you. Don't exercise much. I don't lift. What do you think I could do?

SuperCyber: Doubt you can do 100 - maybe 80+.

Man4Amazon: Really?

SuperCyber: I really don't know how strong you might be but most guys who don't work out are not very strong.

Man4Amazon: You probably put me to shame

SuperCyber: LOL! Probably??

SuperCyber: I'm sorry. I guess I shouldn't be teasing you.

Man4Amazon: You're not.

Man4Amazon: Well, maybe you are a little, but I guess I deserve it. I don't have big muscles.

SuperCyber: Don't underestimate yourself. Have you ever measured like your biceps?

Man4Amazon: Yeah, I think they were about twelve and a half inches.

SuperCyber: I meant flexed.

Man4Amazon: That was flexed.

There was another pause. What was she thinking? Had another IM distracted her?

SuperCyber: Sorry, brb.

I sat staring at the screen for a minute or two. It seemed much longer. Finally, a new line appeared.

SuperCyber: Back. I guess you must realize yourself that 12 1/2" is kinda puny for a guy's arm.

Man4Amazon: You stretch 150 pounds over 6' and there's not a lot to fill things out

SuperCyber: I left to get a tape measure.

Man4Amazon: To measure yours?

SuperCyber: No, I know how big mine are. I was trying to see what was 12 1/2 around on me.

Man4Amazon: And?

SuperCyber: I found a spot between my wrist and forearm.

Man4Amazon: Jeez, how big are your arms?

SuperCyber: A bit over eighteen and a quarter. If I'm really really pumped I can almost stretch it to 18.5.

Man4Amazon: Holy shit!

SuperCyber: Does that put you off?

Man4Amazon: Hell no!

SuperCyber: I've seen guys get really uncomfortable that their arms were smaller than mine.

My heart was racing, but my mind was telling me this just couldn't be true. I sat there not knowing what to do.

SuperCyber: Hey! You still there?

Man4Amazon: Yup.

SuperCyber: Why'd you go silent?

Man4Amazon: You'll have to pardon my saying this, but sitting here talking to a woman who is very strong, has a fantastic body, and who likes to wrestle guys, who appears out of the blue is almost too much for me to believe

SuperCyber: Too good to be true, eh?

Man4Amazon: Something like that, I'm afraid.

SuperCyber: Would a pic do anything to convince you?

Man4Amazon: You've got a pic?

SuperCyber: Hold on. Mail's on its way.

A minute or two later, the flashing icon told me I had an e-mail. I opened it up and it was from SuperCyber, with a file attached. For a split second I feared it could be some prankster about to download a virus on me, but I couldn't resist opening the file.

This picture started appearing. It was taken outside. I saw her face first. She was great looking! Short blond hair. The image paused just as her shoulders came into frame. Wide. Serious delts. My fingers tapped on the mouse, trying to get the image downloading again. With a burst the rest of her upper body came into view. I blinked and just stared at the screen and muttered "what a fucking body". Her hands were on her hips, so her arms weren't flexed, but I could see they were big. She had a bikini top on and her tits were mouth-wateringly full and firm. Washboard abs. With another burst, the rest of the picture appeared. Teeny bikini bottom. Long shapely legs. Large thighs and calves, but it was all in proportion. Absolute killer body.

Now I spend a lot of time in the newsgroups looking at pictures, so I figured I'd recognize a phony, if somebody was sending me a picture of somebody else. No, I'd never seen this picture before. I realized that the odds were that she was for real.

The picture had covered over the Instant Message box. I clicked to bring it to the front.

SuperCyber: Hey! Are you there?

Man4Amazon: Sorry! I was gazing at your incredible picture.

SuperCyber: <grin> You say the sweetest things.

Man4Amazon: You're quite pretty and, if I can say this without being a chauvinist, you've got an incredible physique!

SuperCyber: Stop! I'm blushing. LOL.

SuperCyber: Well now that you have a picture of me, maybe it'll dispel your notion that I'm too good to be true

Man4Amazon: Agreed!

SuperCyber: Do you have a pic?

Man4Amazon: No, sorry.

SuperCyber: That's okay. What do you look like?

Man4Amazon: Brown eyes and full head of brown hair. Moustache. Average looking, I guess.

SuperCyber: You're probably being modest

Man4Amazon: No comment! lol

Man4Amazon: Let me change the subject so we can get away from my "modest" appearance. If you tell me that's it's really true as you say in your profile that you like to wrestle guys, then I'm going to get down on one knee and tell you that you are my dream girl

SuperCyber: LOL!!

SuperCyber: The only time I'd want to see you on one knee is when you were wrestling me!

Man4Amazon: So you like to wrestle?

SuperCyber: Duh, again! Sure!

Man4Amazon: Do you win?

SuperCyber: Of course! What do you think I do all this exercising for?!

Man4Amazon: Do you think less of a guy because he's not strong enough to beat you?

SuperCyber: The only time I think less of him is when he has a bad attitude about losing to me either whining or making excuses or being a bad sport about it.

Man4Amazon: So if a guy can "handle" losing to you, you're cool about it?

SuperCyber: Absolutely! Wouldn't make much sense for me to wrestle otherwise, would it?

Man4Amazon: You're right. I hadn't thought of it that way.

Man4Amazon: So how do you think you'd do against me?

SuperCyber: LOL. No contest.

Man4Amazon: I'd have a height advantage!

SuperCyber: You're funny when you're pretending

SuperCyber: I don't think you'd be able to deal with my strength or my stamina.

Man4Amazon: That might be a formidable combination!

Man4Amazon: Do you like a close match or do you have more fun when it's one sided?

SuperCyber: What I don't like is when the guy doesn't try. My matches are usually kind of one sided. If I like the guy, I like the match. If he turns out to be a twerp, I try to end it as fast as I can.

Man4Amazon: What's your favorite hold?

SuperCyber: Whatever makes you say you give up

Man4Amazon: So you prefer submission style wrestling to pins?

SuperCyber: Definitely. It's better for you because a pin only takes a three count. You can probably hold out longer than that before you give up. And it's more fun for me. The satisfaction I get from hearing you submit.

Man4Amazon: You really sound like you know what you're talking about.

SuperCyber: Maybe. I don't wrestle a whole lot because I'm kind of picky when it comes to opponents.

Man4Amazon: Do you charge money?

SuperCyber: LOL! No!! Have you ever paid?

Man4Amazon: Yes, I have. That's the only way I've been able to find women who would wrestle me.

SuperCyber: What a shame! I'd wrestle you for free.

I paused at the keyboard and just stared at the screen. It was sounding too good to be true again! I thought she probably didn't really mean what she'd just said, or if she did, she was going to end up living somewhere far, far away.

Man4Amazon: You're kidding me, aren't you?

SuperCyber: No. I run into enough weirdoes on here to be able to spot the good guys from the bad. You seem like you have your shit together. I really would wrestle you. Besides, I'm looking for a new opponent.

Man4Amazon: Well, I would really love to take you up on your offer. That's incredibly nice of you. Of course the odds are that we don't live anyplace close to each other. I'm betting you're in California.

SuperCyber: You lose that bet then. Try New Jersey.

Man4Amazon: No way!!!

SuperCyber: Where do you live?

Man4Amazon: NJ

SuperCyber: Whereabouts?

Man4Amazon: Edison

SuperCyber: I'm in East Brunswick

Man4Amazon: We're practically neighbors!

SuperCyber: I know. Isn't that wild?

Man4Amazon: Unbelievable

SuperCyber: So you're not going to chicken out on me, are you? Are you married or have a significant other?

Man4Amazon: No to both questions.

Man4Amazon: But you're too good looking not to have a serious boyfriend.

SuperCyber: Flatterer! Not at the moment

Man4Amazon: I've never asked anyone I met on AOL for a date before

SuperCyber: You're not interested?!

Man4Amazon: I am. I am!!

SuperCyber: What am I going to have to do? Tell you that I have this really naughty imagination and I'll do lots of lewd and lascivious things to you?

Man4Amazon: :::groan:::

SuperCyber: LOL! Maybe I should have warned you that when I can't wrestle for real, I love to cyber wrestle

Man4Amazon: I'd ask for a little taste of your cyber skills, but I don't think my poor heart would be able to take it!

SuperCyber: Then you don't want to find out how I'd throw you down and straddle your chest and start flexing these arms?

Man4Amazon: Stop! You're torturing me!

SuperCyber: standing, raising you on my shoulders

SuperCyber: spinning around

Man4Amazon: oh my god!

SuperCyber: throwing you down on the floor

SuperCyber: kneeling, lifting you up again, pulling you down over my back, feeling you stretch

SuperCyber: pulling more - more pressure on you

Man4Amazon: Stop! You're torturing me!

SuperCyber: The only way to make the torture stop is to come wrestle me

Man4Amazon: Why me? How'd I get so lucky?

SuperCyber: I go with my instincts. Always do. I'm usually right and I'm just feeling good about you. Something about the way you conduct yourself online.

Man4Amazon: What about it?

SuperCyber: You're respectful and you don't come on like those "hey, babe, let's fuck" idiots

SuperCyber: Something tells me you're a little shy with women and I think that's cute.

Man4Amazon: I don't know how you do it, but you're a pretty quick read.

SuperCyber: Do you trust your instincts?

Man4Amazon: Sometimes.

SuperCyber: And what are your instincts telling you?

Man4Amazon: There's still a part of my brain that's saying this can't be happening to me. That this isn't for real. But the other side of me has my heart pounding and a voice inside screaming "You idiot! Do it! How can you not wrestle her?"

SuperCyber: Maybe I don't blame you for having a little trepidation, but you've got to shit or get off the pot.

I paused for a long moment and thought. I even scrolled back and reread our exchanges, looking for some telltale sign that whoever this was was putting me on. As unbelievable as it all seemed, something told me she was on the level. I pulled up the picture again. That did it.

Man4Amazon: Okay, my dear, I accept your invitation.

SuperCyber: I knew you would!

Man4Amazon: How'd you know?

SuperCyber: Instincts!

Man4Amazon: LOL!

We agreed to meet at her house late Saturday afternoon. We'd wrestle and the loser would take the winner out to dinner. She playfully told me to make sure I brought my American Express card to pick up the dinner tab. We picked out a nice restaurant in New Brunswick that knows me, so I was sure I could get a reservation. As we signed off, I thanked her again for IM'ing me. I told her that this had been one of the most exciting chats I'd ever had on AOL.

She replied:

SuperCyber: This is just cyber, guy. Wait to you experience the real thing!

We signed off and I looked at my watch and started counting the hours until Saturday's rendezvous.

I spent the time a nervous wreck, trying to make my mind up about a bunch of things. Should I bring something? I decided to bring a small bouquet. What should I wear over there? I decided on the sport jacket and tie and slacks I'd be wearing to the restaurant. Should I bring a towel? I didn't think I'd need one, but I stashed one in my duffel. And last and most agonizing what should I wear to wrestle her in? I had no idea. I debated between a bathing suit and shorts, shorts with briefs underneath and shorts with a jock strap, T- shirt, no T-shirt, and on and on. Finally I decided to bring them all with me and see what she was wearing and then decide. My duffel had so much crap in it, you'd think I was going on vacation!

I pretty much stayed offline until Saturday, fearing that if I went back on AOL she'd IM me with a cancellation. Around 3:00 on Saturday, I went online to check my e-mails. There among the 20 or so e-mails from the porno sites was an e- mail from SuperCyber. Subject: Something you need to know. My heart sank in fear. I opened it up. It said, "Hi. Really looking forward to meeting you! I figured you'd need some directions" I heaved a sigh of relief and hit the print button.

Our date was set for 5:00 PM. I drove up about a block from her house about a quarter to five. I parked and waited until five after the hour and then pulled into her driveway. Laurie lived in a small, fairly new, white house on a typical suburban street in a very nice neighborhood. I grabbed the flowers and my duffel and headed up the front walk. The door swung open before I could hit the doorbell.

Laurie gave me a slow once over. I realized that while I'd seen her picture, she didn't know what I looked like. She spotted the flowers in my hand and smiled.

"For me? How nice," she beamed, gesturing for me to enter the foyer. I walked in and she took the bouquet. I glanced around. The rooms had really high ceilings. She'd decorated in a Southwestern motif. It looked clean, casual and comfortable.

"Sit down in the den," she said, gesturing to the first room off the foyer to the right. "I'll just stick these in some water and be right back." She spun on her heels and skipped off to the kitchen.

I sat down on the sofa and looked around the room. She was back with me in less than a minute, finishing arranging the flowers in a tall glass vase.

"These colors go perfect with the room, " she said. "I love flowers."

"Lucky guess," I grinned.

"I got lucky too," she said.

"How so?"

"Well, I was really nervous before you got here. Like, what am I going to do if this guy really looks like a nerd or a loser? And, lucky for me, you look as nice as you sounded online."

"Thanks," I replied. "I guess I had the advantage, because I had your picture. But I feel enormously lucky too."

She leaned forward and grinned, touching my forearm, "We'd better be careful not to pay each other so many compliments and be so nice to each other that we can't wrestle."

I squirmed on the sofa a bit. "You're sure you want to do this?" I asked.

"Of course! Don't you?"

"I do, but I have to admit I'm nervous. Not so much about you, as I'm scared that somehow I'll end up or you'll end up, disappointed. You know I've wrestled women before, but that was different. That I paid for. And none of them could compare to your size and build. So I guess I've just been imagining this unbelievable match. But if it doesn't turn out that way" I didn't know how to complete the sentence.

"Jeff, you've got a problem." Laurie said, taking my hand. "You think too much and you worry too much." Her face lit up with a big smile.

I let out a big sigh, shook my head to admit my guilt, and we both started laughing.

"So what are the rules?" I asked.

"Here's what I like. See if this works for you," she started, tucking her legs up under her on the sofa. "We'll wrestle for a while, maybe a half hour, doesn't matter much to me there, so long as we're having a good time. Like we said online, submission style falls. We can take breathers between falls. No low blows, or scratching, or hair pulling or biting or punching the face. Oh, and no tickling!!"

"That's your weakness?" I grinned.

"Yes! I'm very ticklish."

"So basically then, a clean match," I summarized.

She arched her eyebrow. "I didn't exactly say a clean match. I just said no dirty stuff."

"Uh oh," I said.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"That's one of those remarks that, how do I say this, is open to interpretation?" I replied. "I don't want to get my head handed to me doing the wrong thing."

Laurie just sat there and smiled confidently. "What's the matter, Jeff? Do I have you scared?" she chuckled. "I think you'll figure things out as we go along. We'll see if you still

have any questions after you see what I'm wearing to the match" She paused and then just smiled mischievously again. She was wearing a pair of tights and a sweatshirt. I had been assuming she might be wrestling in those. The prospect of seeing her in something more revealing definitely appealed to me!

"So are you ready for me?" she smiled, standing up from the couch.

"I guess so," I said gamely, following her out of the den and down a hallway. We went past a powder room. The next room's door was open. She walked in in front of me and flicked on the lights. The room was bedroom sized, but had been converted to her wrestling room. The middle of the room was covered with rubberized mats. One on side was a small sofa. Two of the corners had electric fans. Another corner had a small table with two glasses and a large pitcher of ice water. As I turned to face the hallway wall, I saw that it was done in mirrors.

"Where's your gym?" I asked, pretending to be nonchalant.

"Oh, that's down the cellar," she replied. "My little dungeon."

"The spare bedroom's the next door down. You can change there. It's got its own bathroom. I'll meet you back here." she announced, striding down the hall ahead of me. I closed the door behind me and threw the duffel on the bed. I found a couple of hangers in the closet, stripped down, and hung my dinner attire up. Unzipping the duffel, I finally had to confront the question that had been bugging me the most what to wear. I figured that since she was so athletic, I'd go for that look. I pulled on the jock strap and a pair of gym shorts and an old t-shirt. I studied my appearance in the mirror for a moment, then decided there wasn't anything else I could do except go wrestle.

I padded barefoot down the hall, back to the wrestling room. I walked in and stepped on the mats. They felt good. Enough padding to protect you, but not so soft that you couldn't get some traction. I began doing some stretching exercises to limber up.

Laurie walked in wearing a long white silk robe. She smiled at me and went around to turn on the fans. She had them on low, and the gentle oscillation fanning across the room. She turned back to face me. I could see that she was giving my body a critical examination, sizing me up as her opponent. She grinned.

"I'm going to have to get you down the cellar and pumping iron," she said. "You're lean, so it's not a matter of having to lose weight. In fact, you should probably put on a few pounds. But you really have to tone things up. Get that body harder."

"I'm tougher than I look," I asserted. "The others I've wrestled say I'm quite competitive."

"Of course they're going to say that," she shook her head. "You were paying them and they wanted to see you back again."

Laurie put one foot up on the arm of the couch. The robe opened a bit, revealing a generous portion of her sculpted thigh. Seeing it in person, I was struck by just how hard and massive it looked! I could only imagine the power she'd be able to exert with those legs, to push me around or to squeeze me in her vise.

I'm sure she knew I was staring at her imposing leg. She drew her robe over the exposed thigh and put her foot back down on the floor. She put her fingers on the knot of her robe's belt.

"I warmed up in the bedroom, so I'm ready to go whenever you are," she said.

I finished with a few trunk twists and squats. I felt foolish doing anything more with her watching me, so I walked to the middle of the mats and signaled that I was ready to wrestle.

Laurie untied the belt and quickly removed the robe, tossing it back on the couch. She started coming right towards me, but for the moment, I was transfixed by the sight of her body, barely covered by a teensy electric blue thong and a tiny blue gauzy sleeveless top cropped so that the undersides of her awesome tits were peeking out. Not only tiny, but apparently a size or two too small. Net net, just about the sexiest wrestling outfit you could imagine.

Laurie slapped her thick delts and arms and whacked her fists against her hard abs as she quickly closed the gap between us. Her body looked hard and power-packed, yet amazingly sexy too.

I danced away from her attempts at getting me in a headlock. But she was very quick and I knew it was just a matter of time before she caught me. She grabbed hold of my left wrist and yanked me to the right, turning me sideways as she slipped around behind me. She wrapped her arms around my midsection. I planted my feet, bracing myself. I grabbed her solid forearms, thinking I could pry myself loose.

Suddenly I was being lifted up, thrown up on her shoulder. I felt us falling backwards and I slammed into the mats. Momentarily stunned, there was nothing I could do to prevent her rolling on top of me, hooking my neck and under my legs. She squeezed me together like an accordion. Shit was she strong!

I felt her getting up to her feet, lifting me with her with little apparent effort. Once she got to her feet she swung my body up over her shoulder and put me in a spin. Round and round we went and I was getting dizzy. Abruptly she body slammed me onto my back. I felt her sitting on my chest and when my vision cleared I was pinned underneath her hard muscles. I tried to buck her off me but she squeezed her legs against my sides. I groaned from the pressure as she smiled and grabbed my wrists. Any hopes for a test of strength evaporated as she casually slammed my wrists to the mats over my head. I was helplessly pinned and the match had hardly begun.

"You want to concede the first one? Or do you want to keep squirming underneath me and just wear yourself out?" she smiled.

"I think I'd better give," I replied. "I don't see much hope for my getting out of this one."

She gave me one more squeeze with her thighs and then she hopped to her feet. I got back up slowly, shaking my head.

"You're pretty good at this," I said sheepishly. "You made that seem pretty easy."

"When I got the jump on you, you didn't seem to know what to do," she commented. "I think you were stunned and gave up a bit too easily. Don't be afraid to fight back harder. I can take it."

She walked over to the side table and took a sip of ice water. I watched her sexy hard butt sway in her thong. I just kept thinking what a majestically sexy body she had.

I grabbed a drink myself and then we resumed the match. The second fall started out more traditionally. We locked up collar and elbow. She twisted me and got me in a side headlock. My jaw ached as she cinched down on the hold. She marched me around the mat as I struggled to pry myself loose. I could feel the huge ball of muscle of her biceps, but my hand couldn't go even halfway around her arm.

She rolled me over her hip for a takedown, never letting go of the headlock. She ground my head into the mat, applying so much pressure that I was on the verge of conceding. Luckily she let my head go and began to work me over.

For the next few minutes we fought back and forth. I was trying my hardest to mount an offensive, but nothing I tried seemed to work. She was way too strong and heavy for me to move her. She was riding me, keeping me down. I was beginning to sweat heavily and my breathing was labored. I realized that I was exhausting myself, but I knew I had to try to show Laurie what I could do.

Finally she whispered in my ear, "I think it's time I put you out of your misery." She was on my back. She put me in a full nelson and then rolled us both over, pulling me on top of her. She clamped her thighs around my midsection.

"Oh shit!" was all I could blurt out before she began to stretch me. Her legs pulled down on me as her arms yanked me in the opposite direction. My middle felt like it was being torn in two.

"I give! I give!! That's enough!" I couldn't withstand more than five seconds of her submission hold. Then she rolled her hips up off the mats, lifting my whole body off the floor! Finally she released my arms and patted me on the stomach. Then she pushed me off her as she rose to her feet once more.

I rubbed my sore middle and looked at myself in the mirror. I looked drained, soaked, beaten. Then again, I was. Laurie was taking another drink. She glistened with sweat too, but she looked absolutely fresh. Her endurance was remarkable.

"You work up a good sweat wrestling, even with the fans," she remarked. "You look kind of hot. Why don't you take your t-shirt off?" I peeled the wet rag off my body and tossed it on the floor, walking over to the table for a drink of water.

Out of the corner of my eye I caught Laurie's reflection in the mirror. I could see her reaching over her hair. I turned to face her just in time to see her toss her top onto the couch. My jaw dropped. What a beautiful pair of tits! Every great adjective you can think of applied to her chest. Full. Firm. Gravity defying. You name it. She had them. And perfect pink nipples sitting high atop her peaks.

"I'm getting hot, too," she winked. "I trust this clears up any confusion you had regarding how we'd wrestle."

I stood there with a dumbfounded look on my face. Laurie chuckled and shook her head at me.

"Looks like I'll have to be absolutely clear," she grinned. She hooked her thumbs around the sides of her thong and peeled it off! She kicked it aside and smiled at me, letting me take her naked splendor in. I was flabbergasted, not only because she was suddenly naked, but more so because her pussy was clean-shaven!

"Oh wow," I mumbled. "I guess I'll never know if you're a natural blonde." The only time I'd seen a clean-shaven pussy was in a magazine. In person, on her, the effect was devastating. It just made her look like a supreme sexual animal.

I swallowed hard and wondered exactly what I should say and do.

"Have you recovered enough for another fall?" she asked.

"Yeah, I guess so," I said, half lying.

"Good, because I want to get a good pump going," she purred. She sensuously hit a double biceps pose and I almost went into cardiac arrest! Seeing her arms explode to full size was incredible. At rest her arms were pretty big, but flexing, they became awesomely huge! The peaked biceps, the hard thick triceps.

"Jeez, you've got guns!" I remarked. "When you told me eighteen and a quarter online, I wasn't sure if I believed you. But when you flex they get so big!"

"They're around fourteen inches when at rest," she explained, dropping her pose. "But when I do this" She slowly raised her arms to flex again. "They really grow!" She held the double biceps pose for me, looking at each huge arm and then looking at me.

"Stand beside me and we'll compare in the mirror," she said.

"What's there to compare?" I shook my head. "For crying out loud, your arms are almost fifty percent bigger than mine. There's no comparison. I've got sticks and you've got guns."

"But you like them, don't you?" she smiled.

"They're pretty awe inspiring," I replied.

"Well I think you've had enough rest," she smiled. "And I still need my workout."

I took one last sip of water and walked back out to the middle of the mats. Squaring off against a nude Laurie was even more intimidating. To see every inch of her magnificent body was to appreciate the exquisite power of her big hard sculptured muscles and the seductive allure of her sex appeal. Concentrating on wrestling was all but impossible.

She faked me out and spun behind me again, pulling me tight against her. I could feel her warm wet breasts pressing against my back. I feared another lift and dump move, but instead Laurie managed to hammerlock me and somehow trap both arms behind my back using only one of hers.

Her free hand began massaging and feeling my pecs. "I like the hair," she murmured. I was struggling to break loose, but she had me under control. Her hand slid down my stomach and brushed against my crotch.

"Anything going on down here?" she teased. Then she slipped her hand inside my shorts. "A jock strap? How cute," she chuckled. Then she gently squeezed me. "My my," she whispered. "Doesn't he want to come outside and play?"

She turned me so I was facing the wall of mirrors. It certainly wasn't like I didn't want her to strip me, but the fact that she was going to do it and I couldn't stop her added to the electricity of the moment.

"Ready for the grand unveiling?" she teased. "Now the wrestling gets really interesting." Without wasting another moment she stripped me, starting with her hand and using her foot to pull my stuff down around my ankles.

My cock responded to its liberation by rising up like a cobra on amphetamines.

"Too bad your muscles aren't as big and hard as your dick, you might give me a good match," she grinned.

Somehow our legs got tangled up and I ended up tripping her up. She fell flat on her back and I ended up on my knees straddling her breasts. I thought I was starting the fall in an excellent position!

But what happened next amazed me. Laurie instantly kicked her legs up. For a split second I thought she was going to make it easy for me to pretzel her. But instead, Laurie trapped my hips between her powerful thighs. Then she reached up and grabbed each of my skinny wrists. Her legs locked the lower half of my torso in place. Then she just pulled back on my arms. Instantly, my back arched to the snapping point!

"You're breaking my back. Stop! I give! I give!" I yelled.

Laurie just started laughing as she unclamped her hard thighs and let go of my feeble arms. She playfully shoved me off her with her legs. "That's called a body scissors back breaker. Bet you thought you had me that time," she laughed.

"I did. That was my best starting position and it took you ten seconds to get me to submit! What the hell am I going to do?"

"I'm not going to tell you how to wrestle. You've got to figure me out yourself, boy."

Since the last fall was so quick, we got right up and started another fall without a rest break.

Laurie moved forward quickly, faking a spin behind me and dropping to scoop me up in her arms. She was holding me sideways against her body in a cross body press, one of her arms holding a leg and the other under my side. The way she had me my cock and balls were rubbing against her incredibly firm tits. I was really getting turned on and she knew it.

"I forgot to mention my special house rule," she said. "An orgasm counts as a double submission. In other words, you cum, you lose two falls."

Feeling as helpless as I did at that moment, I decided my only alternative was to cheat a little. I grabbed her sides and started tickling her. Immediately she squealed like a schoolgirl and let go of me. I fell to the mats, but I'd broken out of her hold.

"No tickling! I told you!" she cried.

Laurie was putting her foot on my chest, but I grabbed her ankle and starting tickling the sole of her foot. She squealed again and jumped away. That gave me time to get to my feet. I was laughing, pleased that I was getting to her.

"That's cheating!" she protested.

"I bet I can get you to submit that way," I laughed.

"That won't count," she countered. "I told you that was against the rules."

"We seem to just be wrestling by your rules," I replied.

"They're supposed to be fair for both of us," she argued, moving in on me again. "But I'm warning you, you've got two strikes against you for tickling. You try that again and I'll take care of you."

I was wondering what she meant by that veiled threat, but I was resolved to keep on tickling her. It seemed to be the only thing I could do to stop her. Sure enough, she grabbed hold of me and lifted me off the mats again in a bear hug. She cinched in tight, forcing the air from my lungs. I knew right away I was getting too tired and she was too

strong for me to get out of it. I just didn't want to submit again so soon, and in a bear hug too. So I started tickling her sides again.

This time she squealed, but she didn't let go of me. Gritting her teeth, she shifted her grip on me. Carefully but swiftly she started lifting me up higher, shifting my body around as she did it. Before I could figure out exactly what she was going for, she had me. There I was, draped across her wide shoulders in a cross shoulder back breaker.

"Oh shit," I exclaimed as her arms tightened on my leg and my neck. Since I was on my back, I couldn't quite reach her in any way that I could tickle her. I knew I was trapped, unable to break out of this hold.

"Now we'll see what happens," she declared, carrying me over closer to the mirrors. "See the way I have you now?"

I looked in the mirrors. What a magnificent sight! Her lushly firm muscular physique effortlessly holding me prisoner. Stretched across her powerful body I looked like a feeble victim, her huge muscles dwarfing mine. Her arms were almost as big as my legs!

"You can't tickle your way out of this one, Jeff," she declared. "Can you?"

"No."

"I warned you about the tickling, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"And you went ahead and did it anyway. You've got three strikes, Jeff. So you know I'm going to have to do you so you won't try tickling me again."

Laurie pulled down on my neck and leg. My poor back arched. The pain racked my body.

"I give! I give!!" I shouted, unable to withstand the back breaker for a second.

Laurie eased up slightly.

"I hear you submitting, Jeff, but that's not going to save you this time," she said sternly. I looked at my helpless reflection in the mirrors. I seemed to be getting smaller in her arms. I saw that her eyes had locked onto my erection.

"No, not that!" I pleaded, realizing her intent.

Her arm slid up my leg, her fingers wrapped around my cock and gently squeezed.

"I give! I give again!" I pleaded.

"That's two submissions up in my back breaker, Jeff. You know how I can get two more?" she smiled evilly.

"No!"

"Was that no meaning you don't know how or was that no meaning you want me to let you out of this hold?" she taunted.

"Let me go," I asked.

"Sorry, Jeff, but you wouldn't stop tickling when I told you it was against my rules."

"Stop."

"You can't stop me, Jeff. Look at you, you're mine to do as I like. And right now I'd like to see how fast I can make you cum."

Laurie's hand began pumping my shaft with just the perfect combination of speed and pressure. I looked at her in the mirror. She was looking at me in the mirror too. The expression on her face was pure sinister delight. I was her captive and she was in complete control. Nothing I could do could stop the unstoppable march towards ejaculation.

I'm sure she didn't know that at the moment she had me in, what for me, is the most intensely erotic wrestling hold there is. Dangling helplessly across her shoulders, at her mercy in the back breaker, seeing myself like that in the mirrors drove me to incredibly

intense arousal. An arousal so mind bending I might have erupted without her even touching me.

But she was stroking me. Urging my cock on. I shut my eyes tight, trying to hold back, but even with my eyes closed I still had the vision of her body and her breasts and her muscles and her back breaker flooding my mind. Her hand would not be denied.

I let out a groan from the pit of my stomach as my balls tightened and I felt a huge load rocket a foot over me. My whole body seized and jerked in a cataclysmic orgasm. A second and third aftershock left me absolutely drained, my body limp in her arms.

Laurie reapplied pressure to the back breaker, driving me from ecstasy to agony in a nanosecond. I screeched out another submission. She eased up a bit and then bounced up and down, my body landing hard on her shoulders. I moaned in pain and in post orgasmic pleasure.

Our eyes met in the mirror. All I could see was the intense satisfaction in Laurie's eyes. Then she spread her legs apart, slipped her hands under my neck and my butt and pressed me all the way over her head!

"You weigh nothing!" she exclaimed. To punctuate her point, she shifted one hand to the small of my back and then let go of my neck. She was holding me over her head using just one arm!

I twisted sideways and started to fall to the mats. Laurie got me in mid air and cradled me in her strong arms.

"Five submissions from the back breaker," she said proudly. "How many is that so far? Seven?"

"Eight," I corrected.

"Eight zip," she shook her head, putting me down on my feet. "I've got a towel we can clean it up with," she remarked, pointing to the semen on the mats and running down my chest. "You really made quite a lot of mess there," she grinned. "Are you always this copious?"

"I'll have to give you all the credit," I said sheepishly.

"Well I hope you have something left for later," she winked.

I stepped back and took one long look at her magnificent body. "I don't think that'll be a problem," I laughed.

I wiped up the mats and tossed the towel aside.

"You throwing in the towel?" she laughed.

"Well you pretty much wiped the floor with me," I replied.

"That's a terrible pun!" she laughed. "I should punish you for that too!" She started moving towards me and I actually flinched. She laughed at how intimidated I was.

"I'll give you a chance to win two falls back," she grinned. She ran her fingers between her legs and closed her eyes for a moment, savoring her own touch. "But if we start that we'll never get to dinner and I think you're going to need some nourishment for strength."

"You have enough strength for the two of us," I said. "Or at least twice as much as I have. You are amazing. You're so strong and sexy."

"Well, maybe that's enough wrestling for now. You look pretty spent," Laurie said, glancing at my soft cock.

"In more ways than one," I admitted.

"Let's hit the showers then and then we can think about dinner."

I followed Laurie out the door. She turned right towards her bedroom. I turned left to go to the guestroom.

"Hey, where you going?" she called from behind.

I turned around and Laurie was standing there, beckoning me to follow her. We went straight to her bathroom, a huge marble tiled room with a huge shower against one wall so big it had shower heads at both ends. She got two huge towels and then got the water running. The hot water quickly steamed the glass doors.

She walked into the stall and took my hand, inviting me to follow her. The hot water cascaded all over her spectacular body. First she made me wash her hair. Then she handed me the soap and a soft wash cloth.

"I want you to wash everything and everywhere," she purred.

I began with her arms, lathering up her limbs. She made a point of flexing her biceps as I washed them.

"These are so big and hard, so incredible," I praised.

And so it went. I did her back next. Then her bowling ball glutes. Then her legs. She turned around to face me and her front was next. I washed her washboard abs first and then I soaped up my hands to wash her breasts.

Her nipples were super erect. She was moaning softly as I caressed each full firm globe. She held my hands and guided me, showing me exactly how she wanted them touched. Her eyes were closed and her head was tilting back. I stepped closer and suddenly her eyes snapped open and she looked down.

"You're hard again?" she exclaimed, in surprise and delight. Indeed, washing her breasts had gotten me fully erect again. I must admit I was surprised how fast it had happened again too.

"You have an extraordinary effect on me," I grinned.

"Well we're not going to waste this one," she said, melting into my arms. My cock pressed insistently against her body. Her hand slipped down to feel it. "I hope you made dinner reservations for late," she grinned, her tongue slithering in my mouth.

She turned off the water and grabbed me by the ass and lifted me up in her arms. She slid open the door and carried me, dripping wet all the way back down the hallway to the wrestling room.

"We're too wet for the bed," she explained, laying me down on the mats. She stretched out on top of me, rubbing her body against mine. We both got turned on very quickly. My fingers ran over her pussy, delighting in the smooth feel. I probed with my fingers in her vagina. She was very very wet.

She wasted no time in mounting my erection, savoring the slide down as each inch penetrated her warm tight wet pussy. She gasped as she finally took it all in.

"It's so big it almost hurts," she moaned with delight.

She began riding my manhood, up and down, faster and harder and deeper. I reached up and fondled her breasts, caressing them just as she'd taught me in the shower. I could see that she was going to come to a climax very quickly.

"YESYESYESYESYES!! YESSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" she screamed, as the first tidal wave of bliss washed over her. I was then amazed as she continued to have orgasm after orgasm, climaxing a dozen times before finally shot my load deep into her pulsating pussy.

"It's 24 to 10," I laughed as our love making finally subsided. "I'm in the lead."

"Oh, I don't think so," she laughed. "But, of course, if you want me to even the score we can go back to wrestling, now or after dinner."

"I'm sure I could not survive what you'd do to me to get fourteen more submissions," I laughed. "Maybe I'll reconsider the scoring."

"Smart boy," she laughed, patting me on the cheek. "I think you've got a future."

THE END