

I Hit The Jackpot

By AmazonFan

A lottery winner spends his winnings on sexy mixed wrestling

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I'll admit it right off the bat. If I hadn't won the lottery I'd never be able to do what I'm doing. But isn't that the whole point of playing the lottery? So you can live your dream? After I hit the jackpot for a cool sixteen million, I've been living my dream.

Cynthia is my girlfriend. Even before I hit the jackpot I was sure I was the luckiest man alive. Three things off the bat you have to know about her. One, she is ridiculously strong. Two, she has a gorgeous body, with a pair of tits that are so perfect you'd think they were implants (they're not). Three, the woman is hornier than hell. I mean, she wants sex morning, noon and night. So maybe since we both work she doesn't get her needs satisfied during the day on weekdays, but I'll guarantee you she makes up for it on weekends!

And she knows exactly how to get me aroused anytime she's in the mood for fucking. She wrestles me.

Not the kind of wrestling you usually see on those videos. Most of the time they're faked and far too much time is wasted on too little action. No, what we're talking about with Cynthia and me is wrestling as foreplay. Erotically charged wrestling where Cynthia's goal is to overpower me and get me hard and make me come. God, is she good at it!

Oh, I should mention that since I won the lottery I've set up this little incentive scheme for Cynthia. She gets five hundred bucks put in her checking account every time she wrestles me. On top of that, she gets a hundred bucks for making me come once while we wrestle. Two hundred for the second ejaculation. Four hundred for the third. Etc. It doubles every time. Not that I'm really capable of that many et ceteras. Any time she earns two thousand bucks I can barely walk the next day!

Let me describe her to you. Honey blonde, green eyes, drop dead beautiful. Okay, I'm biased. So sue me. Five feet ten inches tall. 182 rock hard pounds. I bet you're drooling already. It gets better. Her shoulders are unusually broad, capped by massive delts. I

think that broadness accentuates her v shape. After you pass her imposing lats she tapers to a twenty-three inch waist. I know what you're thinking. I skipped over her upper body measurements. Not to worry. Her upper arms stretch the tape to sixteen and three quarter inches. When she flexes her muscles are so hard my fingers can't make a dent. And that sixteen point seven five measurement can be taken over quite a broad area. Cynthia has huge upper arms!

Cynthia's bust measures forty-three inches all the way around, accommodating her broad back and pectoral development. She really fills out a C cup. She'd be bigger if she wasn't on such a low fat diet. But she's got a lot of breast tissue, which accounts for her size and her incredible firmness. Net net, her breasts are bigger than average and staggeringly firm. Boyishly small areolae and perky nipples that always seem to be erect.

Washboard six pack abs. Womanly thirty-eight inch hips. Long sexy legs with twenty-four inch thighs and sixteen inch calves.

She is one perfect package of power and sex appeal. I've seen her bench press three hundred pounds for eight reps and leg press over half a ton. When she works out she's totally focused, aiming at one thing -- pure strength. And with the income I provide her, she only works part time. The rest of the day she spends working out.

Now I'm about six feet tall and I'll admit I'm on the slim side. Never was able to put on weight, but what the hell, I can eat anything I want and not worry. But even if I weighed as much as Cynthia I'm sure she'd still be much stronger than me. As it is, I give up about twenty-five pounds. I'm pretty much average when it comes to cock size, though Cynthia seems to think I'm pretty thick considering my overall weight. I do have a talent to getting it up again pretty quickly after I come. Which helps make Cynthia an increasingly wealthy woman.

Take last night for example. I got home before Cynthia and I was sitting in the den watching the tube. She strolled into the room, kicking off her shoes and slithered up to me. She stuck her tongue in my ear and gave my crotch a squeeze.

"Does that nice prick of yours want to come out and play?" she whispered. She stepped back and unbuttoned her blouse and dropped it to the floor.

"Let me watch it get hard," she said. So I unzipped my pants and she pulled them off. She took off her skirt so she was standing there just in her bra and panties, really sexy ones I got her from a catalog. She leaned forward, giving me an enticing view of her spectacular cleavage, and then pulled my boxers off.

"Must have been a tough day at the office," she remarked, commenting on the fact that I didn't have an erection yet. Then she put her arms under my legs and back and effortlessly lifted me out of the chair. Cradling me in her muscular arms she bent forward and started sucking on my cock. It quickly became hard in her mouth.

"There, that's better," she grinned. Suddenly she dropped to one knee and draped me over her thigh. I groaned from the pain in the small of my back as she arched me over her leg.

"Who's the biggest and strongest and sexiest?" she asked.

"You are," I quickly conceded. She put her hands under my rump and neck and pressed me over her head as she got back to her feet.

"I am the champion!" she shouted as she paraded around the room, holding me aloft as if I weighed nothing. I find her ability to lift me extremely arousing and I had a raging hard on.

"Put me down!" I exclaimed. If we had been in our workout room with the pads on the floor she probably would have dropped me hard, but here in the den she eased me down. Straight into a bear hug. She chuckled at my pathetic attempts to loosen her hold. I marveled at the size and hardness of her arms, knowing that I was her prisoner.

She managed to tie up both of my arms behind my back using only one of hers. Her free hand went for my cock. She gave me a gentle squeeze and then started massaging my balls.

"Are you going to come for me soon?" she teased.

"You know damn well what's going to happen if you keep that up," I grunted.

"I don't mind. Just as long as you can keep it up," she laughed.

"You'll mind if I get it all over your new undies," I pointed out. Instantly she tripped me over and I tumbled to the floor. And before you can say "great pair of knockers" she was out of her underwear and looming over me, beautifully naked. She grabbed me by the arm and yanked me to my feet. She crouched down slightly and wrapped her arms around my butt, then lifted me off the floor again. My erection was pressed right against her breasts.

"How does that feel?" she purred. "Do you like it when your cock is mashed up against my boobs and I rub them against you?"

"You know I do," I said, my balls signaling that they were getting ready to let loose with a load.

"How many guys do you think can claim that they've been tit fucked while being airborne?" she asked.

"Only a luck few," I barely managed to say as my extreme arousal stifled my words. She twisted her body from side to side, her incredible melons massaging my rigid shaft.

"Come on baby. Give me a hundred buck's worth. Come all over these tits." she encouraged. She arched her back and shook me up and down, adding to the astounding stimulation.

"I'm going to come!" I warned her. My balls tightened and then suddenly I let loose with a blast of hot semen blasting against her solid orbs.

"Ooohh, that's a big load," she exclaimed. "You been saving that up all day for me?" She dumped me onto the sofa and rubbed my cream into her breasts. Lasciviously she licked her fingers clean. "I saw a really nice dress that I want today," she winked. "So I think I'll have to earn a little extra spending money to afford it. Think your cock will be cooperative?"

"Try me," I grinned.

"See this nice big muscle?" she asked, pointing to one of her massive biceps. "Want to see it get really big and hard?"

"Of course I do." I replied.

Sensuously she closed the fingers in her hand as she made a fist. She straightened her arm out and stared down at her biceps. She looked at me and smiled and then looked back at her arm. Slowly she began to raise her fist towards her shoulder as she tensed her muscles. The extraordinarily well developed mass enlarged with the exertion, bulging powerfully in every direction. As her fist drew closer to her shoulder the ball of muscle stiffened into a hard, peaked mound.

"You like it when I make it big, don't you?" she grinned, glancing down at my cock.

"You talking about your arm or my cock?" I asked.

"Both." she laughed.

I couldn't resist the desire to play with myself. I gently squeezed my shaft and felt it begin to harden again.

"Look what you're doing to me," I remarked.

"Here, let me do that," she offered, taking hold of my penis. She lightly ran her fingernails up the shaft and around the head. Then she delicately scratched my balls. I continued to grow in her hand. "Feels like I'll be getting that dress." she chuckled.

"Let's see you earn it," I said, taking her hand off my erection and escorting her down the hall to our wrestling room.

"This won't take long," she remarked, pointing at my hard on. "I can practically taste it." My heart skipped a beat hearing her cue that she was going to give me a blowjob.

Cynthia surprised me with a cartwheel across the floor ending right in front of me. She jumped up, wrapping her legs around my middle. One jolt from her killer thighs and I crumpled to the mats. In a flash she had me subdued with a cross body pin.

"Time to make you cry uncle," she announced. Cynthia raised her butt high and paused. "How about my pelvic piledriver?" She thrust her hips down, slamming against my chest. The crushing impact of her solid one hundred eighty two pounds forced the air out of my lungs. She raised up again. "That was just the first one," she sneered. Suddenly she rammed me about twenty times in about ten seconds.

"I give! I give!" I shouted, pulverized by her muscles.

"That was almost too easy," she chuckled. "I think you're giving up too quickly." She raised her hips up again and slammed me over and over again.

"Stop! Please stop!" I pleaded.

"I'm just getting started," she declared, twisting her body around so that she was facing my feet. She wrapped her legs around my head, burying my face in her pussy. Simultaneously she took my rigid cock in her mouth. She shoved her hands under my body and wrapped her arms around me tight. I could feel her getting up on her knees and she started lifting me off the floor. Then she amazed me by standing up off the mats, still carrying me and still sucking my cock! I was going crazy as my muscle girl held me in mid air, deep throating me. My balls kicked into overdrive and in seconds I was erupting again, sending another hot load down her throat.

She swallowed every drop and then let my body slide down to the mats. She stood astride my body and smiled down at me. "That pays for the dress, tax included," she laughed.

"I'll write you the check when I'm able to walk again," I grinned.

The End