

## My Life with Sheila

By AmazonFan

What's it like to live with an amazon?

If any of you guys are wondering what it would be like to live with a woman who's bigger and stronger than you, let me tell you it's great! For the past two years, I've lived with a real-life Amazon. She loves to wrestle me and she always wins. And she can force me to do whatever she wants.

Sheila stands 5'10" and weighs a rock hard 180 pounds. In contrast I'm 5'8" and weigh 140. Her weight more than offsets any natural advantage I'd have in upper body strength. On top of this, Sheila lifts weights. Her upper arms measure a bulging 16 1/2", a full four inches bigger than mine. Her upper body is so strong she can pick me up and toss me around like I weigh nothing.

Her legs are killers. When she gets me between her 25" thighs, it's guaranteed submission time. No one could withstand the full pressure of her legs. She just loves to lie back and squeeze me until I'm groaning in submission.

We usually wrestle for about a half hour, with Sheila trying to rack up as many victories as possible in that time period. We count victories by either being put in a hold and not being able to get out of it or by submission. Sheila is quite spontaneous, so I never know when she'll want to wrestle.

Take the other evening for example. I came home from work and went up to the bedroom to get changed. I was down to my underwear when Sheila sneaked up behind me. She grabbed me and lifted me up, draping me over her shoulder.

"It's championship wrestling time," she shouted, "With the undefeated champion, Sheila the amazing Amazon. Watch as she overwhelms her hapless opponent." She spun me around a few times and then threw me onto the bed. "Were you getting changed?" she teased, "Here let me help." Sheila grabbed my shorts and yanked them off. She jumped on top of me and straddled my chest. She had me pinned with her legs on top of my arms in seconds. She ran one hand up her other arm, pausing to caress her biceps. She flexed it and the huge ball of muscle grew and hardened.

She glanced over her shoulder to see if I was getting an erection. The sight of her biceps always turns me on. Obliging, she struck a double biceps pose. "There are times when I think you like my biceps better than my boobs," she said. Sheila peeled off her sweatshirt and unhooked her bra. Her melon-sized breasts spilled out. Despite their size, her breasts do not sag.

Sheila pinned my arms out to the sides and leaned over so her breasts were inches above my face. Distracted by her mountainous mammaries, I didn't notice her entwining her legs around mine. By the time I did, it was too late. She had the grapevine hold set and she began to spread my legs apart. Sheila always gets me to submit with her grapevine. She smacked my face with her boobs and mashed them against me.

"I bet I could smother you out with my tits," she asked, "Sometime I'm going to have to try it. But right now it's time for you to cry uncle." Sheila spread me wider and wider until the pain was unbearable.

"All right. Uncle. Uncle." I yelled. Sheila hopped off the bed to the floor and grabbed my arm to yank me to my feet. We grabbed at each other and Sheila got the upper advantage and bent me over and started pushing my head down. She forced my head between her thighs and put me in a standing head scissors. After crushing me between her legs for awhile, she bent over and, wrapping her arms around my waist, effortlessly picked me up so I was hanging upside down in her arms. She walked to the side of the bed and dove forward, pulverizing me under her solid body. She bounced her ass up and down on my back with such force that she got a submission win.

"Did you have a rough day at the office?" she inquired, "You seem especially wimpy tonight. You know what I do if I don't think you're trying!"

That wouldn't be good news. Sheila might put me in a lingering submission hold - usually crushed between her thighs - and really make me suffer for awhile. Or Sheila might not let me have sex with her that night. So I begged her to believe that I was trying.

"Well maybe you're right," she continued, "I feel really strong tonight." We were both standing at the foot of the bed. Sheila stuck one hand between my legs and started picking me up, supporting me with her other hand on my chest just below my neck. She had me up shoulder-high.

"Really strong," she repeated. She pressed me all the way up over her head! "Now you're about 7 feet off the floor." Sheila explained. "You can submit and be dropped four feet to the soft bed. Or not submit and crash 7 feet onto a hardwood floor. After which time I will pick you up and do it again and again until you do. What's your call?"

"I give. I give." I yelled, knowing full well that she'd do exactly what she said.

"Another win!" she exclaimed as she threw me down onto the mattress. Sheila peeled off her bikini panties and turned around to give me a good view of her gorgeous buns of steel. "I'm going to make you kiss my ass," she laughed. She dove on the bed and we struggled for several minutes. Actually it would be more honest to say that Sheila manhandled me while waiting for me to wear myself out -- which didn't take long considering her strength and size. Finally, when I was all but exhausted, Sheila positioned herself behind me. She slapped on a full nelson and wrapped her thighs around my waist. When she applies this combination hold she says she's in the driver's seat hold, because she's in complete control. There's nothing I can do to break free.

"I want to hear you beg for mercy," she declared. "I want you to beg to kiss my ass. I want you to ask permission to massage my legs and back." The huge coiled muscles of her thighs tensed and began to crush my soft defenseless sides. In moments the pressure became unbearable and yet Sheila was applying far less than full force. I held out as long as I could but inevitably the words came pouring out in anguish.

"Please Sheila, I beg you. You're crushing me. You're too strong. Please stop," I'd beg. But Sheila would ignore me and add more pressure. "No! No! No more! I'll do anything you want. Please let me worship your ass. Please let me give you a massage." Sheila laughed with delight at my submission and my helplessness. She squeezed a bit longer and then finally let me go by rolling sideways and pushing off the bed onto the floor. I lay there waiting for the pain to ease.

"You better get off that floor in a hurry," she said sternly, "Because if you don't and I have to come after you..."

I pulled myself up. Sheila was stretched out on the bed, stomach down. She patted herself on the butt and said, "Start here." I knelt down, straddling her thighs and began to plant kisses on her round firm glutes. "Squeeze them. Knead them like bread dough,"

she ordered. I obeyed. She sighed with contentment. "Now give me a massage," she commanded.

I began with the thick knots of muscle of her shoulders, down to the broad expanse of her lats, out briefly to her triceps, and continuing down her solid physique to the narrow taper of her waist at her lower back. Just to feel her muscles was to sense the incredible power she possessed. Next I proceeded to her mighty thighs, the same weapons that had just pulverized me. The soft sensuality of her skin. The mind-boggling mass of solid muscle. Sheila spread her legs to allow me to massage the insides of her thighs. I wondered if I should stroke her pussy, now invitingly in view. I hesitated because Sheila hadn't given me permission and so she might choose to punish me. My hands began to tremble.

Sheila sensed this and rolled over onto her back. Her eyes instantly locked onto my full-fledged erection. She cupped her breasts with both hands and then slid them down across her washboard stomach as she spread her legs wide. One hand slipped down to her pussy as she asked, "So do you think you can survive sex with an amazon?" She sat up part way and struck another double biceps pose. "You think you can handle this?" she asked again.

I nodded yes, almost afraid to speak. Sheila leaned forward and reached for my hard on. "You look so aroused I bet you'd come before you even got this in me," she said. "That's the power my body has over you. You're helpless physically and sexually. Admit it." Sheila kept holding my cock with one hand while she flexed her other arm. It took every ounce of control to keep from shooting my wad.

"Yes you're right. You're in control." I blurted out.

"Then I have a challenge for you," she said, "A chance to prove you're man enough to put your penis inside me." She let go of me and lay back flat on the bed. "I want you to sit astride my chest, just below my boobs." she explained, "Then I want you to try to pin my shoulders to the bed for a count of three. I'm giving you a tremendous advantage, you'll admit. If you can't pin me, you can't fuck me."

Well there was no way of backing down from this challenge, even though I suspected that Sheila never would have offered to put herself in this position unless she thought

she still had a definite chance of winning. She smiled confidently as I positioned myself on top of her. Of course my erect cock ended up right in her cleavage. Sheila chuckled and pushed her boobs together around my cock.

"If you're not careful you know what's going to happen," she teased. She lifted one shoulder up off the bed. "All right, see if you can pin me," she said.

I grabbed her wrists and started pulling her hands off her breasts. But Sheila instead crossed her hands over her breasts and held them there tightly, trapping my cock again. She was so strong that I could barely move her hands. She'd roll one shoulder, then the other, off the mattress. "What's the matter?" she asked, "Can't get my arms to go where you want? Too weak to pin me?"

I gazed at the huge, hard muscles of her upper arms and realized I was fighting a losing battle. She was too strong for me. But I wasn't going to give up yet. I decided to try a different position. I moved sideways so I was lying across her, our bodies forming a T shape. I hoped I could pin her shoulders by lying across them.

But Sheila had other plans for me. She positioned one hand under me on my chest and the other hand on my crotch. "Do you know how much I can bench press?" she asked, "Do you realize that I start out my sets lifting more than you weigh? And I max out at 250 for eight reps? I can bench more than 100 pounds more than you weigh. And you think you're going to pin me in this position? Think again."

And with that Sheila bench pressed me right off her! And laughed as she did a half dozen reps with me.

"You're so strong!" I said admiringly.

"You're so helpless," Sheila replied as she held me above her. I realized that both of her shoulders were touching the bed. So I counted to three as fast as I could.

"You call that a pin?" yelled Sheila as she dumped me on the bed. "I was in complete control. Wasn't I?"

I knew I had cheated, but it was fun teasing Sheila and besides I still wanted to fuck her. "I counted to three while your shoulders were both touching the bed," I said, "That sounds like a pin to me."

"No, this is a pin," Sheila exclaimed as she jumped on top of me and instantly subdued me. She put her knees on top of my shoulders and struck a double biceps pose in victory. "Can you feel the difference?" she asked. She was too heavy to budge an inch.

"Yes," I answered meekly, rejected by the ease and speed with which she'd pinned me. But I was also still quite aroused from the sight of her immense muscles flexed before me. She spun around so she was facing my feet and planted her rock hard ass right on my face.

"Maybe I should grind your nose off," she threatened, "For claiming that you pinned me. You've never beaten me because I'm too big and strong for you. Am I right?"

"I know I can't beat you," I answered, "You're too powerful."

"Well I'm not going to let you fuck me tonight as punishment for claiming that pin," she said, "But you are going to have to satisfy me with your tongue."

"Please. Please let me come," I begged.

"You want to come. I'll make you come," she replied "But you'll come the way I want you to." I felt Sheila's hands encircle my erection. Then she started massaging my balls. "I bet there's a big load in here just waiting for me to push you over the edge," she purred.

"Please," I whispered, bucking my hips, looking for release.

"You'll have to lick my pussy for half an hour," she demanded, "And do all the housework this weekend, and be my personal slave boy."

"Yes. Whatever you demand," I replied.

"Then start licking," she said, shifting her body slightly so her dripping wet snatch met my lips. I plunged my tongue into her, desperately trying to pleasure her so she'd take care of me.

As her excitement began to grow, her hands slid down my chest and swirled around my stomach and the insides of my thighs. She ran her fingers through my pubic hair, but she didn't touch my cock or balls.

"Concentrate on my muscles.. Just think how strong I am. Think of how many ways I can dominate you. Dominate you so easily. Because my power is supreme." she said, "Remember how I just pressed you above my head? Or I could snap your ribs with my legs. Or I could squeeze you senseless with my arms. Or I could smother you unconscious with my breasts. You are weak. You are completely under my control."

Her muscle talk had aroused me even further more and she still hadn't touched my cock. I was furiously working her pussy and clit with my tongue and lips. Suddenly she arched her back and threw her head back.

"Mmmnnnnnuh! Nuh! Nuh! AAH! AAH! AAAAAAAAAGH!" she moaned as she orgasmed, grinding her pussy against me, soaking me with her juices and tensing her massive thighs around my skull.

"Oh you did good, my little slave," she purred in a post-orgasmic afterglow, "I suppose that deserves some kind of reward. Even though your half hour of pussy pleasing isn't up yet." She lifted off my face and knelt beside me. She surveyed my rigid erection for a moment and then slid one arm under my butt and lifted my legs off the mattress. She extended one of her legs out under me and lowered me so I was arched over her thigh.

"I'm big and hard everywhere, aren't I, wimp?" she asked. She held me in place with one arm while she flexed the other 16 1/2 inches of steel. I nodded yes. "But you, you're scrawny and soft," she chided, squeezing my arms and legs, poking my stomach, "Except for here." She wrapped one hand around my turgid tool. Then she leaned forward and put my cock in the crook of her elbow, wedged between the muscles of her forearm and her biceps. She closed the arm around my cock.

"Look, ma, no hands," she chuckled. Then she flexed her muscles, squeezing my cock in a muscle vise. The pressure and the sensation were incredible! Flexing and unflexing. Her hard muscles pumping up and pumping my cock. "You like this?" she teased, "You won't last long."

From the core of my balls I felt the surging pressure in my groin as an unstoppable, uncontrollable force readied itself to let loose. Sheila sensed I was about to come and flexed harder, preventing the explosion.

"Now," she commanded, releasing the pressure. I could not stop the immediate mind-blowing rockets of cum I shot off. She wiped my semen off her arm with my shorts and changed positions, pinning me under her again as she sat astride my chest.

"Now that you've had your reward, it's time to get back to work," she smiled. She slid her fingers down over her washboard abs right to her pussy. She spread her lips apart, showing me her pink wetness. I knew I had a job to do, to satisfy this incredible creature, to try to drive her to the heights of ecstasy she drives me. All I have is my tongue and my cock and my hands. She has the power in every muscle in her body.

But I love a good challenge. And I love my amazon.