

Rachel's Challenge

By AmazonFan

A trip to the Caribbean turns into a unique wrestling encounter

We flew commercial jet down to the Caribbean because Rachel's daddy's corporate jet got taken at the last minute. Even though we were flying first class, Rachel bitched about how bad it was - she said she wanted to fuck on the corporate jet on the way down. We got VIP treatment at the airport and one of the household staff met us outside customs to drive us to the family island vacation home - Hibiscus House.

If you haven't guessed by now, Rachel is incredibly rich - so rich you'd probably recognize the family name if I mentioned it. So why does she hang out with me (we've been dating for a couple of months)? It's not that I have money too, although I pull in a decent salary. I guess part of it is that I'm "presentable" - you know - I'm about 6' tall, trim - runner's body, not bad looking, good at tennis and golf, chatty at parties, play the piano, not a bad cook, etc. In other words the kind of guy who doesn't get grief from little rich girls' parents. (Rachel is 26, but still close to the parents because of all the money.) I suppose the other thing is that I'm good in bed - the right combination of equipment, technique, stamina and recovery time that leaves women with nights of multiple orgasms. Hey, I'm not trying to brag. It's just the way I lucked out.

I'm not going with Rachel because of her money - although that is pretty nice. Rachel is gorgeous, has an awesome body and is amazing in bed. She knows some incredible tricks and she's about the only woman who's a threat to my vaunted ability to control my ejaculations.

She's also a big girl - about 5'10" and solid as a rock from daily workouts. Prior to this trip I'd been very careful not to let it slip that I wanted to see how strong she was. I didn't want her to think I was weird. But I was hoping maybe I could find a way to wrestle her in the water or something, because I do have this secret fantasy about strong women.

Hibiscus House is set on about 100 acres, with a long stretch of private beach on the Caribbean Sea side of the island. We had lunch on the back stone patio, overlooking the beach. The maid served lobster salad on big hand-painted earthenware plates and poured champagne into Waterford flutes.

Rachel pointed to the water - there was a small inflatable float about six feet in diameter and further out, a larger square platform, maybe about 15 feet on each side. "They're both anchored to the bottom," she remarked. "You haven't fucked until you've done it on the round one," she grinned, running her bare foot up my leg to my crotch. I looked nervously towards the house, knowing there was a household staff of about five.

"Don't worry, they're under strict orders not to appear unless called," she smiled. "Now before you get to try the round float, you have to swim out to the bigger one for Rachel's Challenge."

"Rachel's Challenge?" I asked.

"It's kind of a test," she replied. "Part physical, part psychological."

"Sounds very mysterious."

"It's pretty straight-forward, but the twist is that I've invented a scoring system that takes advantage of the platform being on the water," she continued.

"Keeping score of what?" I asked.

"I'll explain the whole thing when we get out there, but basically it's a wrestling match where the first one to score 15 points wins. That would be me."

I almost spit my champagne. "My god, can you read minds?" I said. "I've been dreaming about wrestling you, kind of wondering if you're strong enough to make it interesting."

"You like girls with some oomph?"

"Sure! Ever since I lost my first wrestling match to a tomboy when I was nine, I think I've been hooked. But ever since puberty I haven't found a girl strong enough to be able to beat me."

"Well that's where the psychological part of the challenge comes in," Rachel said. "A lot of guys can't handle losing to a girl. Sounds like you might be the exception to the rule."

"You don't actually think you could beat me?" I inquired.

She laughed and waved her hand dismissively. "The only question is, can you deal with being trounced by little ole me? Fifteen points get run up really fast when I'm in my zone."

"Well, if nothing else, you've got attitude," I remarked.

"I've got a lot more than that," she said. "Care to find out?"

"You want to wrestle now?"

"The afternoon's young. Why not? Unless you're chicken ... "

"No way I'm backing down," I said. "By the way, what do I get when I win?"

"Very cute, David. Not that you stand a chance, but how would a long slow make you beg blow job on the round raft be for an incentive?"

"When do we start?" I grinned.

"Go get changed and put your suntan lotion on. I'll have Nico clear the table and tell the staff to disappear."

I went back into the house to my room and found that the maid had already unpacked all my things. There on the bed was a brand new pair of swim trunks in my size, with a note "Welcome to Hibiscus House". I pulled them on.

Rachel was waiting for me on the patio when I returned. Damn did she look hot in a teeny tiny thong bikini.

"Daddy won't let me wear this in the Hamptons," she remarked. "Will you do my back?" she asked, handing me her sunscreen. She unfastened her top and set in on the table beside a stack of towels. I quickly applied the lotion.

She turned around to face me, making no effort to cover her perfect 38 double D breasts. "You'll probably be disappointed to know that I've already put lotion on these," she teased. "Turn around, I'll do your back."

Rachel applied the sunscreen to my back. She patted my butt. "Did you apply it EVERYwhere?" she asked.

"No."

"Drop 'em honey. We can't have you getting candy apple cheeks."

I looked nervously to the house and the windows.

"Trust me. They know better than to peek," she reassured me.

I dropped my suit and Rachel applied the lotion to my ass. "Turn around," she ordered. Rachel smoothed the lotion over my thighs and my balls. She hadn't even gotten to my cock and I was fully erect. As she touched my hard on I moaned involuntarily.

"You'd better grab a towel, this will take long, " she purred as she pumped my shaft expertly. In less than thirty seconds I shot my load into the soft towel. Rachel pumped me dry and then applied a second coating of suntan lotion.

"Wow, that was a nice little treat," I sighed.

"I figured it would weaken you a bit before the match," she smiled.

She walked down the steps to the beach. I pulled my suit back up and joined her at the water's edge. "Here put these on," she said, handing me a pair of water shoes. "You need these to keep from slipping too much on the float. Last one there is a rotten egg," she laughed, plunging into the ocean. I'm not a bad swimmer, but I looked like I was standing still compared to Rachel. She beat me to the float by 20 feet.

She helped me up the ladder and then she removed the top handrails and tied them to the side of the platform. "You don't want to go crashing into that," she explained. I walked around the white platform, surprised that it seemed cushioned like mats. "Daddy

wanted this to be nice and soft to lie on," Rachel remarked. "Little did he know he was building the perfect wrestling ring."

"So are you going to explain Rachel's rules to me?" I asked, trying not to stare at her super firm breasts glistening in the sun.

"Of course. Follow along, it's simple once you get the hang of it," she replied. "Fifteen points wins. You have to win by two, kind of like volleyball. You get one point for pushing your opponent off the float. You get three points for throwing your opponent off."

"The difference being?"

"Both feet have to be lifted clear off the float before you're thrown in. One point for pushing and three for lifting and throwing. Oh and if both people end up in water, no points are scored. That way there are no arguments about who pushed whom."

"Got it."

"You also get three points for a pin or hold when you get the other to concede they can't escape," she continued. "Now for any one or three point score, the person winning has to let the other person go and you start over at the center of the float."

"So you can't just keep pushing someone off the float as they try to get back up."

"Exactly. And finally, you get a big five points for a submission win. And get this, when that happens, the winner doesn't have to let the loser go. But the winner can't use that same hold without completely releasing the loser."

"So if you get a submission, the loser is kind of at your mercy," I commented.

"MY mercy is right! You catch on quickly," she laughed.

"Okay, I think I've got it," I said. "Besides, I'm sure you'll keep score."

"I'll spot you ten points since this is your first time," Rachel said.

"Don't think that'll be necessary," I said, inhaling and puffing my chest.

"Okay. Let's go," Rachel said, crouching down in the middle of the float. The gentle rolling motion of the waves added a bit to the challenge.

Rachel and I locked up and I tried shoving her backwards. Wow, she was stronger than any girl I'd wrestled as a kid, but I pushed as hard as I could and she yielded a few steps. Close to the edge, her right foot lost traction and I shoved her off into the water.

"Okay, one point for Dave," Rachel declared as she pulled herself up the ladder. We both stepped to the middle to resume. We hooked up again and Rachel got me in a side headlock, but because she was still so wet I was able to pop my head free. I swept her legs out and she came down hard on the small of her back. I was in perfect position to roll her up, grabbing the back of her thong and pinning her with my body across her shoulders. She quickly tapped me and said, "Okay, three point pin."

I got back up, a little disappointed that I was able to pin Rachel that easily. Maybe she wasn't going to be as strong as I hoped. Rachel stood back up and peeled off her thong. "You won't cheat and give me a wedgie again," she laughed.

We moved to the center of the float and started wrestling again. If I thought she'd been a little easy the last fall, she was a lot tougher this one. She was like a wildcat, refusing my best efforts to control her and get another pin. She knew lots of counter moves and she kept slipping out of my grip. But she was on the defensive and I was putting out all the effort on offense.

I don't know how long we went - it was ten, fifteen minutes - and I was really getting winded. I was making another effort to pin her under me when I felt her grabbing my bathing suit. We rolled over a couple of times and she worked them completely off and tossed them into the water. But somehow, in concentrating on my shorts instead of defending herself, she left herself in a position where I was able to pin her arms with my knees.

"Damn, another three pointer. That's seven to zip," she said.

I rose naked, but happier that she'd put up such a good fight. Still it seemed like she was giving up a little too quickly. I was tempted to suggest a break to catch my breath, but Rachel motioned for me to continue. In the next fall, Rachel stepped it up another few notches. I couldn't take her down no matter what move I tried. We went at it for several more minutes and it seemed to me I was becoming more and more ineffective in mounting an offense.

I was behind her and she was at a corner facing the water, with nowhere to go. In a flash I wrapped my arms around her waist and was stunned that I could just barely lift her off her feet. I managed to take a half step and let go, dropping her in the water. I dove in to cool off.

"I don't know how to say this without it coming out sounding wrong, but lifting you just then, you seemed heavier than you look," I said.

"Oh you know what they say about muscle being heavy," she grinned.

"Mind if I ask how much I just lifted?" I asked.

"I didn't weigh myself today. Probably about 180."

"Holy shit. That's ..." I stopped myself from finishing what I was going to say.

"More than you weigh?" she completed. "Oh hon, that should have been obvious. I won't put you on the spot by saying how much more I weigh. Even though we both know it's plenty."

Rachel hauled herself up the steps. I followed. She shook out her hair and moved to the middle of the float.

"Okay, I've spotted you your ten points," she said.

"Oh, yeah. Right," I said dismissively, thinking my all out effort had triumphed so far. I thought she was bullshitting to save face.

"Listen here skinny boy. I'm going to show you what I can really do," she smiled. "Look at these legs, Dave. No matter how sexy they look, they're thicker than yours. And I'm bigger here." She inhaled deeply and flared her lats. "And I'm a lot bigger here." With that Rachel hit a double biceps pose. I know my jaw must have dropped open. There'd never been a reason for me to see her flex before. Her arms burst into twin orbs of huge muscle!

Rachel smirked at my reaction. "My trainer, a woman by the way, developed this training technique so the muscles don't look really big until you flex them. She calls it 'stealth muscles.' I think it's pretty cool."

"For cryin' out loud, how big are they?" I asked, still a bit dumbfounded.

"Like this, I don't know, maybe around sixteen and a half," Rachel replied as she began to bend and unbend her arms at her sides as if she were doing curls. "When I really get them pumped up, I think they're over seventeen inches."

Rachel hit another double biceps pose, proud and confident in her exceptional development. "But now it's time for you to feel them in action." Rachel pointed to the middle of the float, indicating she wanted to resume.

I tried not to let her psyche me out. "Hey, all those muscles are damned impressive, but I'm the one who's up ten to nothing," I said.

"Short memory, David?" she laughed. "I told you I spotted you ten."

"We'll see," I responded, edging over to the middle. I couldn't take my eyes off her arms. I'd never realized how much bigger they were than mine. I wasn't about to admit it to her, but suddenly I was feeling unnerved.

Rachel sprang at me and started shoving me backwards. I couldn't even get my feet planted. In less than five seconds she forced me over the side into the water. "Ten to one," she declared.

She swarmed over me the second I got back to the center. She shot her right hand between my legs and scooped me off the float onto her shoulder. She ran to the edge and hurled me into the water. "Three point throw. Ten to four," she said.

I swam back to the ladder and hauled myself up onto the float. Rachel stood confidently with her hands on her hips. "It was cute how hard you were trying to pin me before," she smiled. "Little did you know that little ole me was only putting out about a third of what I've got."

"I've still got the lead and I'm not giving it up," I said.

"Come here and let me show you what I've got," she replied. "I haven't even gotten warmed up."

No sooner than I got to the middle that she attacked me, scooping me up and slamming me to the float. Rachel grabbed my arm and yanked me up to my feet, scooping me up for a second body slam.

"This will soften you up," she taunted, glaring down at me. "C'mon pussy boy. I dare you to get up."

As I got to my feet Rachel pounced on me again, grabbing me in a bear hug, trapping my arms inside hers. "You're light as a feather," she remarked as my feet dangled in the air. "You must be even lighter than you look."

"Damn you're strong," I confessed. I realized maybe I shouldn't have admitted that to her. She'd know the psychological tables had turned.

"NOW you realize it?" she laughed, adding even more pressure to her hold. "Do you like feeling helpless, Davey boy? Like the way I can squeeze the shit out of you?"

"I had no idea ... " I mumbled, staring down at her bulging arms and firm breasts. If I had had any idea how powerful she was I might never have accepted this challenge and save myself from this mounting embarrassment. At the same time I sensed how much Rachel enjoyed showing off. My words were feeding her ego.

"Time to put you up on the rack," she said, loosening her debilitating bear hug. But as fast as my feet hit the deck, Rachel slid around behind me. I felt her right arm slip between my wobbly legs as she effortlessly hoisted me up again. Her left arm encircled my collarbone and chest. She had me spread across her broad shoulders in a back breaker just like the pro wrestlers on TV.

"Mmmm, I wish I had a picture of this," Rachel declared. "I'd show it to you any time you needed a reminder of what a big strong girl I am. Now I'm going to make you feel like a wimp. You're at my complete mercy."

"AAARRRGHHH!!" I cried out as Rachel pulled down with her arms, arching my back to the breaking point. "I GIVE! I GIVE!!" I yelled, incapable of withstanding more than a second or two of her strength.

Rachel eased up only slightly, holding me easy captive in her arms. "See? That didn't take long," she chuckled, walking over to the lip of the float. "Oopsy daisy!" she laughed as she bent forward, tossing me into the water. I plunged underwater, barely able to rise back to the surface. As I finally swam to the steps, Rachel was standing there to help me up.

"You okay?" she asked.

"You set me up for that pretty good," I admitted.

"Five for the submission. And three more for the toss. Eight point play and I'm ahead 12 - 10," she grinned. "So much for the lead you weren't giving up." Rachel directed her attention to her right arm as she slowly flexed it big and hard.

"About now you're probably thinking to yourself how you're running out of gas, and then you look at the size of these muscles and you know you're in a shitload of trouble," she said.

"It's still a close match," I said gamely. "I ran the score up and then you had your spurt. Momentum can shift back."

"You're so cute when you're trying to bullshit your way out of losing," she smirked. "But you've felt I'm stronger than you. That rack did you in and you know it. You couldn't get me up in one of those in a million years. Shit, you could hardly lift me off my feet."

Rachel's naked hardbody glistened in the Caribbean sun as a passing swell jostled the float. I almost lost my balance and I pulled several steps back. I kept dancing around the sides of the float, keeping my distance. "If you run chicken and jump off the float, that's a point for me. And all I need is three," she laughed.

She planted herself at the center, gesturing for me to come closer. "You don't want me to think you're afraid of me, do you? Unless you just want to concede now. But I might just work you over anyway. You said you could score more. So show me big boy."

Trying to salvage some vestige of self-respect I moved closer. I'm sure she could smell my wariness. She spread her arms out wide at her sides. "Here I am, wide open," she taunted. "You could try punching me here, " she said, clenching her fist and slamming it hard into her steel abs, "But you might hurt your hand." She giggled, savoring her bullying.

Another swell caused her to wobble backwards slightly and I instantly lowered my shoulder and charged at her. I hit her square in the middle and tackled her to the platform. My forward momentum luckily carried me perfectly so I ended up in position with a leg on each side of her rib cage. If I could force a three-point pin, then I'd regain the lead!

Rachel smirked. I think she was pleased that I was still trying to take the fight to her, but she still seemed pretty confident, even though I was on top of her.

"Think you can pin me? Go ahead and try!" she challenged, letting me grab hold of her wrists. She tensed her arms and the muscles burst out arrogantly, defying me and my inferior limbs. I grunted and pushed down, but her strength was unyielding. I leaned further forward, trying to get more weight and leverage. My cock slid forward, nestling between her boobs.

Since Rachel still had complete control of her arms despite my struggles, she slid her upper arms against the sides of her breasts, pressing them together and enveloping my cock.

"I bet this is one hold you don't want to get out of," she ribbed. I could feel it stiffening fast, despite my fatigue and despite my trying to focus on pinning Rachel. "Better watch it there bucko," she added. "You cum again and you'll end up so weak I'll be able to pin you with my pinky finger!"

I was beginning to feel a bit self-conscious that I was putting out all this effort and getting nowhere against Rachel. I had that sinking feeling that even though I was still on top and still trying to pin her, she was toying with me.

"Damn, why can't I pin you!" I blurted out in frustration.

"Oh, don't let it get to you," she grinned. "After all, I bench press more than twice what you probably weigh, so this is like a light workout for me. Pinning me - unfortunately for you - just isn't in the cards. But I think I've given you enough time to figure that out."

Rachel planted her feet on the float and thrust upwards with her hips, lifting me without difficulty. "Want to go for a little ride?" she laughed as she repeatedly bridged up, bucking me up and down. I imagine I looked a bit like a city boy trying to ride a wild bull.

Her bucking culminated with a huge thrust that tossed me up, forward and over her. I crashed forehead first onto the deck. For a moment or two all I could see were stars. Rachel must have scrambled to her feet because the next thing I felt was her landing full on my back, driving all the air out of my lungs. She snaked her arms under mine and brought her hands together around my chin and yanked up and back on my neck.

"AAAGHHHH!" I moaned, as the searing pain of her modified Camel Clutch sent a hot pain down my neck and spine. "Oh fuck, you'll snap something! Let go!" I pleaded.

"Is that a submission?" she demanded. "Sure sounds like one to me. Problem is, buddy boy, I am not finished with you yet. And the rules say I don't have to."

"You bitch!" I hissed.

"Tsk. Tsk. Wrong thing to say, Davey boy. That will cost you."

Rachel rolled us over so she was underneath me, my back on top of her. She clamped her legs around my midsection as she tightened a full nelson.

"Oh fuck," I moaned as she simultaneously applied the full nelson and the scissors and, on top to that, pulled in opposite directions with her arms and legs. I was being twisted, crushed and pulled apart all at once.

"If it's any consolation, no one's ever gotten out of this and everyone always gives," she murmured in my ear.

I was in such agony and so completely incapacitated I could barely utter my submission.

"I'll just have to ignore that one as well," she laughed diabolically.

Rachel let go of the full nelson and must have bridged her hips up by supporting them with her hands, because I felt myself lifted up higher, literally dangling between her prodigious legs.

"Let me go!" I implored.

"What? You think this hold is too close to the last one that it doesn't count as a submission? Or did you even remember that part of the rules and you're just begging for mercy? Doesn't matter much either way, I'm not finished."

Rachel reared me back and then flung me forward, smashing my ass onto the deck. The shock wave reverberated up my spine. She kept her arms wrapped around me and got up to her feet, lifting me along with her.

"Did you like my little bear hug before?" she asked. "Maybe you'll like it from behind too." Rachel leaned back a bit and my feet dangled in the air, her powerful arms cinched tight around my middle. I could hear her growling as she threw herself into really squeezing fiercely. This was feeling twice as bad as the first bear hug.

"When you're worn out, it's tougher to take, isn't it?" Rachel asked, apparently sensing how I was faring. "The weaklings can't take this long and you might just be one of the weakest guys ever to be dumb enough to take me on," she continued, expertly waging her psychological battle.

Just when I thought I was at the breaking point, Rachel somehow called up even more power, crushing me with her arms and shaking me viciously like a doll.

"Oh god, I can't take it. Please, Rachel, please ease up. You're demolishing me," I pleaded.

"See, you ARE a weakling when it comes to wrestling me," she chided. She tossed me in a heap in the middle. I held my throbbing sides and slowly rolled over onto my back, praying that Rachel had finished her devastating attack.

Unfortunately my prayers weren't about to be answered. Rachel flopped down over me and applied a reverse head scissors. She turned the pressure on and off and my eyes were quickly tearing. I clasped at her legs, but I knew it was pointless to try to pry them apart. It was startling how hard her thighs became each time she turned on the pressure.

"How's the view of my beautiful butt?" she kidded. "I bet it doesn't take too much of a squeeze from these and you'll be begging me to kiss my ass!"

"AHRGHHHH! AHH NOOOO!" I moaned as she tightened her hold and maintained the force. She lay all the way down on top of me, as if she was resting and this hold wasn't a strain for her at all. I could feel her breasts mashing against my crotch. Normally that would be quite arousing, but my skull was simply in too much agony.

"Please, I'll kiss your ass. I'll do anything. I give. Just let me go," I said meekly, broken both physically and mentally.

"Oh poor little David. Is he submitting AGAIN?" she taunted. "All I needed was three little points and what's this now, four or five submissions? Wouldn't that make the score at least 32 to 10? What a blow out!"

"Please Rachel. You're right. It's no contest. Let me go."

"For someone with so much determination, you sure ran out of willpower in a hurry."

"You set me up. I had no idea what I was in for."

"Tough shit, cookie. You agreed to do this and you agreed to my rules. Sooooo ... "

I groaned with the realization that Rachel was going to keep on wrestling, if that's what you want to call what had become a one-sided slaughter. Rachel shifted around so she was facing me, easily controlling me with her body weight and my exhaustion.

"No! No more!" I protested.

I tried to buck her off, but by now it was a pretty feeble attempt. "That's it. Keep trying," she encouraged. "Just because I'm twice, more like three times as strong as you doesn't mean you don't have a chance to ... " She broke up laughing, unable to finish her remark. She grabbed my wrists and yanked my limp limbs over my head, stretching and straining my shoulders.

"Poor little David seems pretty helpless right now, doesn't he?" she remarked. "Doesn't seem to know how to handle a big strong girl like me. Can't deal with all this muscle, all this power. Feeling a little wimpy, David?"

"Quit rubbing it in, Rachel. I think you've proved your point."

"I'm not going to RUB my point in, Davey. I'm going to POUND it in." Rachel raised her hips up over me and suddenly started slamming her pelvis into my stomach and chest. Over and over. A blur of concussions threatening to hammer me right through the floor of the float. Although I was squinting from the intense pain, I could see the sadistic grin and gleam in her eyes. I just prayed that Rachel wouldn't go completely overboard before it was too late.

Her breathing was suddenly very quick but I knew it wasn't from overexertion. Slamming her body over and over against me, fast and hard, dominating me completely. I was getting her off.

WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM!!! A human piston, a blur. The crisp loud smack of skin slapping against skin.

"Oh god. Oh fuck. OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" she growled and then moaned, her powerful body convulsing in spasms of orgasmic delight.

She flopped forward, savoring her pleasure. I was so beaten there was nothing I could do, had I tried.

"Oh that was a GOOD one," she purred.

"Please Rachel. I'm dead. You just pounded the shit out of me."

"The price you've got to pay to keep me happy, buddy boy," she smirked.

"Haven't I paid enough?"

"You haven't apologized for calling me bitch," she scowled.

"Oh shit. I really didn't mean that. I AM sorry."

"You have to learn to be careful what comes out of that mouth of yours."

"I know. I know."

"I can teach you to watch your mouth."

"Whatever you've got in mind, it's not necessary. I'll be careful."

"Let me show you how I can stop you from saying ANYTHING," she laughed. Rachel wrapped her arms around my head and pulled my face between her boobs. At first I thought it was just playful, but she pulled tighter. The fullness of her breasts more than enveloped my nose and mouth, cutting off all air. I begin to wiggle under her, searching for air. She just pulled tighter. I knew there was no escape, but instincts caused me to grab at her arms. I could feel those huge biceps, hard and swollen, exerting enough pressure to keep me prisoner.

Panic began to set in as my lungs burned, aching and empty, desperate for air. I tried to scream but all my sounds were muffled. I flopped beneath her, uselessly using up the last of oxygen in my lungs ...

I actually don't remember passing out. Thank goodness I can remember coming to, coughing a bit, gasping, strangely blinded by the bright sunlight streaming down over me. Rachel was sitting quietly beside me.

"Hi there sleepy," she grinned.

"Don't you think you took that a little too far?" I protested.

"Don't worry. I just waited until you went out and I know CPR, so you were okay."

"Still, that's kind of pushing it."

"I like to push things David. Life's more interesting that way."

"You might feel differently if you had been on the receiving end."

"Oh come on, David. Lighten up!" she laughed. "Nothing bad happened to you. You're alive and well. It's warm and the sun is shining. Our little holiday has just begun. And you've got a naked girl sitting beside you. What the fuck do you want to bitch about? You gonna rag because I knocked you out with my boobs? There are worse ways to go!"

"Are you going to tell people what you did?" I asked.

"Maybe just Nico."

"Your maid? Why?"

"You probably didn't get a good look at her with her little smock on."

"No. But then again, I only have eyes for you."

"Cut the buttering up bullshit David," she laughed. "If you'd taken a closer look, you'd see that Nico is one well put together package."

"I'm not sure where this is going," I said apprehensively.

"When I'm down here and there's no one else to wrestle, Nico and I go at it."

"Really?"

"Yeah, she's damn good. Knows the moves and is scary strong for her size. I have a slight edge overall, but she always makes it a close match."

"Which, I'm sorry to say, I guess I really didn't do," I offered.

"Well, that's okay. I wasn't expecting you to win. But you'd better be a good boy or I'll ask Nico if she wants to work you over. She loves to beat my white boys."

"No!"

"Hon, you should know better than to say no to me by now. Besides, I like that little squeak of fear in your voice."

"I didn't think I was invited down here to become some kind of plaything," I said.

"Well you might not have gotten on the plane if you knew," Rachel laughed.

"But. But ... "

"But what David?" she interrupted my stammering. "Look you were the one who said you were dying to find out how strong I was. You were the one who dreamed of wrestling me. You can't tell me that you didn't like what just happened."

"No," I admitted.

"Remember how I said the challenge was part physical and part psychological?" she said.

"Well, don't go and fail both parts. I knew I was stronger than you, but don't go and get

pissy because I won. If Nico wants a shot at you, then why wouldn't you want to give it a try? She's more than you can handle, believe me."

"I guess I'm just trying to adjust, get my head screwed on right. No girl ever beat me since I was a kid and you just kicked my butt and now you tell me there's another girl on this island who can do the same thing."

"So why aren't you happier than a pig in poop?" she grinned.

"Like I said, takes some getting used to."

"I bet it doesn't take you long to get used to fucking on the float over there," she said, pointing to the other raft. She stood up and dove into the water. I watched her swimming over to the other float, gliding through the waters.

I was about to dive in and follow her when a reflection on shore caught my eye. It was Nico, staring through a pair of binoculars.

The End