

## The Counseling Session

By AmazonFan

A couple visits a therapist to discuss her physical dominance.

The Physically Dominant Women's Resource Center (PDWRC) is a support group devoted to the emerging number of women whose physical strength far exceeds society's standards and expectations. The PDWRC serves as a forum for addressing the major issues surrounding physically dominant women. One of the major functions of the PDWRC is to counsel women individually and couples in adapting to relationships where the physical roles are reversed -- where the woman is stronger than the man. It has been noted in several studies that such a relationship often has a liberating effect on the woman's assertiveness -- by knowing she is stronger, the woman feels empowered to be quite dominant in the relationship.

What follows is a transcript of a recent counseling session involving Jaime Pike, 27, and Steve Brothers, 35, single adults who have been dating for seven weeks. Jaime and Steve had a recent encounter in which she showed him her physical dominance. They came to the PDWRC for counseling following this event. The PDWRC counselor is Dr. Joyce Markman, a board certified psychotherapist.

PDWRC: I want to thank both of you for coming in today. I want you to know that the PDWRC is here for both of you. We have a high rate of success in helping couples, married or single, adjust to the different nature of a relationship where the physical roles don't follow society's preconceived notions. It's especially important for you, Steve, to know that we recognize the particular strain that the male can undergo in adapting to this kind of relationship. My function here is to be a facilitator. Just to guide you through a discussion of your feelings now that Jaime has asserted herself. There are no rules for discussion, other than to be perfectly honest. Steve, maybe you'd like to begin. Why don't you start by telling me about your relationships with women.

Steve: And I thought you'd start with something easy! (laughs) Well, I guess the key thing that relates to where Jaime and I am now is that I guess I've always been kind of shy with women.

Jaime: No you're not.

Steve: Yes I am. Maybe not in striking up a conversation with women, something like that.

Jaime: That's what I mean.

Steve: But I've always been afraid to, how do I say it, make the first move. You know, get intimate with a woman. I remember when I was a teenager being terrified to even kiss a girl. Now I'm not a virgin, so I obviously overcame my hesitations, but I'm still slow to move.

Jaime: Well that's true. That's what prompted me to make my move on him.

PDWRC: Jaime, tell me more about that. What was dating Steve like before you showed him what you could do?

Jaime: I really liked him. I still do. He was, is, very sweet and considerate. He's kind of soft spoken, but when you get him to open up a little, he's got a great sense of humor. And he's a great kisser! I mean, he's got this soft mouth and he really knows how to kiss.

Steve: Am I blushing?

Jaime: So it was really driving me crazy when he wouldn't go beyond a nice kiss when we were having our early dates. With other guys, they're trying to stick their hands under my blouse from the get go, but not Steve. I was wondering what I was doing wrong. He was turning me on, but I didn't think I was having the same effect on him.

PDWRC: Steve, what did you think of Jaime, physically?

Steve: Oh Jamie's a knockout.

Jaime: Thank you.

PDWRC: Go on, Steve.

Steve: Well I hope this doesn't come across sounding like something sexist but I guess I'd have to admit that one of the things that really attracted me to Jaime, physically that is, is her breasts.

Jaime: That's okay, honey. I know they get attention.

PDWRC: So you're attracted to women with large breasts. Jaime, for the record, what's your bust measure?

Jaime: I'll tell you but it's going to sound bigger than I actually look because my chest and back are pretty big. My bust measures 48 inches and I'm a D cup.

PDWRC: I understand. That's not unusual for women built like you. Steve, did you notice Jaime's overall physical development?

Steve: I could tell she wasn't a skinny little fashion model, but to be honest, she always wore these loose fitting outfits, so I didn't have a good idea what she looked like. Other than her breasts which she couldn't exactly hide.

Jaime: I guess I dressed that way on purpose. I've had experiences in the past with guys who really couldn't take being with a woman built like I am.

PDWRC: You mean muscular?

Jaime: Yeah. And other times being built like I am just gets me a little more attention than I feel comfortable with. So I generally make it a rule to dress in something that camouflages the way I'm built.

PDWRC: So Steve, you had no inkling that Jaime had such a strong body.

Steve: No, not until the night of her "demonstration".

PDWRC: Jaime, what prompted you?

Jaime: A couple of things, really. First there was this growing frustration that Steve wasn't going to initiate anything intimate. I wanted to have sex with him and it was driving me crazy! The second was the little secret that I discovered.

Steve: This is the first I'm hearing of this.

Jaime: You're going to shoot me. It happened by accident, really. Steve and I were in a bar having a drink and he'd gone to the men's room. I needed a slip of paper to write something down on and I grabbed his briefcase to find a pad.

Steve: You mean that night just before you invited me over for dinner?

Jaime: That was the one.

Steve: So now I know what happened.

PDWRC: Care to fill me in?

Jaime: When I opened the briefcase I rummaged through looking for paper and came upon something quite unexpected. It was a flyer from a video company selling tapes of mixed wrestling. You know, where a woman wrestles a guy?

PDWRC: (Laughs) Yes, I'm familiar with that.

Jaime: Well from the pictures it was obvious that the women were beating the men and that they were pretty well built. Their physiques were definitely superior to the guys'. Well at that moment I figured I knew how to get Steve in bed. He may not have had any idea how strong I am, but I knew I could show him a thing or two!

PDWRC: Do you collect those videos, Steve?

Steve: Cat's out of the bag I guess. Yeah, I've bought a few over the years.

PDWRC: So you enjoyed watching women outwrestle men?

Steve: Yes, but I'd only watched. I'd never tried to find anyone myself.

PDWRC: Why not?

Steve: I thought I'd be too weird.

PDWRC: That's one of the misconceptions we try to deal with here. There's nothing wrong with finding a stronger woman attractive. Jaime, what happened next?

Jaime: Well I'd been wanting to invite Steve over for dinner at my place, figuring that if anything was going to happen that would be the place. But seeing the flyer for the videos kind of turned my plans around. Before I saw that, I think I would have hoped that Steve would make the right moves and we'd end up in bed. But then after, I knew that I should take things into my own hands.

PDWRC: Steve, you must have thought that something intimate could happen when she invited you for dinner at her place.

Steve: You're right, but I still had the same old fear of making the wrong move and being rejected.

PDWRC: And what happened?

Steve: I arrived at her door with flowers and a bottle of wine and I ring the bell and the door opens and WOW! The place is all candle lit and there's Jaime looking absolutely stunning.

Jaime: Thank you!

Steve: She's got this flowing red outfit on, loose fitting like all her clothes, but the neckline plunges way down. I'd never seen her cleavage before and god there was a lot of it!

Jaime: I don't think he even realized that I was braless.

Steve: No I didn't and if you had told me that breasts that big could defy gravity like that I wouldn't have believed it.

Jaime: So he walks in and I give him a kiss. Not a friendly little hello kiss. A smoldering, passionate, come fuck me kiss.

PDWRC: And?

Jaime: And nothing! I couldn't believe he wouldn't even try to feel my boobs or something while we were kissing. I'd practically pinned a welcome sign on them. I figured I'd given him his last chance to be the initiator. I was taking over at that point.

PDWRC: Steve, why didn't you do anything?

Steve: Pure unadulterated fear.

PDWRC: But you felt attracted to Jaime?

Steve: Hell yes!

PDWRC: So what happened next?

Jaime: I opened the wine and sat him down on the couch. I made a big to do about bending forward as I put the wine glasses down so he'd get a good look down my top. We went through about two-thirds of a bottle while chatting. He'd put his glass down on the table and I put mine down too and then I reached over and took hold of his wrists.

PDWRC: And what was your reaction at the moment, Steve?

Steve: I guess I had none, to be honest. I really didn't see what was coming. She just took hold of my hands.

Jaime: He was kind of sitting sideways on the couch so he could face me. So I just started pushing him backwards. I did it so quickly and he wasn't expecting it, so I had his back pinned against the sofa in a flash. His head was against the arm.

Steve: She started to chuckle and I said something like, "Hey what are you doing?" and then came the shocker.

PDWRC: What was that?

Steve: The shock came the moment I tried to push back. I started with just a little pressure and gradually I added more and more force. And I'm scared that she's going to realize that I'm trying with all my might. But damn it, I can't budge her! She's got me pinned on the sofa and I'm not strong enough to get unpinned. Of course I had no idea she was intentionally showing me she was stronger than I am. I just figured that she'd pinned me and expected me to be able to fight her off.

PDWRC: And Jaime, what were you thinking?

Jaime: I was in heaven! I mean I was 99% sure I was a lot stronger than Steve, but proving it at that moment was pure exhilaration. I knew he was trying with all his might and the look of fear and surprise on his face was priceless! I looked him in the eyes and said, "Sometimes a girl's got to take things into her own hands." And he said "What do you mean?"

Steve: Well when she said that it dawned on me that she was trying to prove that she was stronger than me. I think at that moment what flashed before me was a vision of one of those apartment house wrestling scenes. And I got an erection.

Jaime: I felt his bulge and thought to myself "Bingo!" At last I knew I could turn him on.

Jaime: I pinned his arms under my knees and he wasn't strong enough to buck me off.

PDWRC: Steve, how big are you?

Steve: Six feet tall. My weight goes up and down a bit but it's usually in the low 150's.

PDWRC: And you Jaime?

Jaime: Five ten. 186.

PDWRC: You had no idea she weighed that much more than you?

Steve: No and I still can't believe it. She doesn't look that heavy to me.

Jaime: Muscle, my dear.

Steve: Yeah, I know. You keep telling me.

Jaime: So I figured it was time to cut to the chase, so I reached back and started unbuckling his belt and unzipping his fly. That's when he really seemed to panic and doubled his efforts to get me off him.

Steve: It wasn't like I had a problem with having a gorgeous woman want to pull my pants off, but somehow her doing it because she was stronger than me made me want to fight back and resist her.

PDWRC: That's not an uncommon reaction, Steve.

Steve: All I could think of was that she was doing this to me because I was weaker than she was.

Jaime: And all I wanted to do was show him how much he turned me on. The interesting thing was the more physical I got, the more I used my strength, the more sexually aroused I became.

PDWRC: There's more than one interpretation to the phrase, "Power is an aphrodisiac."

Jaime: I'll say. So once I got his pants loosened I unbutton a couple of buttons on his shirt and then I jumped off the sofa.

Steve: She scooped me up in her arms like I weighed nothing and carried me into her bedroom. She threw me on the bed and despite my attempts to stop her, she stripped me down to just my boxers. It was really embarrassing because I had the erection.

Jaime: It was quite a tent pole!

Steve: She was standing beside the bed, not even holding me down, and yet I felt paralyzed there. Her attack had been so sudden and so overpowering that I couldn't move. I'm still not sure how to deal with the feelings of fear and resistance on the one hand and intense arousal and desire for her and her power on the other.

PDWRC: That ambivalence is natural and will fade with time. What's in conflict is your perception of how the world traditionally sees men as sexual aggressors and your new world in which Jaime is physically and sexually dominant.

Jaime: I remember feeling a little ambivalent at that moment, too.

PDWRC: What from?

Jaime: Well there was part of me that wanted to jump on top of Steve right then and screw his brains out. And the other part wanted to continue demonstrating my strength and physical dominance.

PDWRC: Which won out?

Jaime: (Laughs) I can't resist showing off!

Steve: I think I was babbling something about it's not being the right thing to do and Jaime just put her fingers to her lips to tell me to keep quiet.

Jaime: I was wearing a pair of slacks with an elasticized waistband. I slipped those off first. I had a tiny thong underneath.

Steve: The second I laid eyes on her legs I knew her strength hadn't been my imagination. Her legs were really sexy and shapely, but just plain big. Her thighs were plainly bigger than mine. And so solid looking. Then she turned her back to me and I saw she was wearing a thong. Her glutes were an incredible sight! Big and hard and dimpled as she flexed them. I muttered something about what an awesome body she had.

Jaime: I think the poor boy was just in shock. I don't know what he expected me to look like under my clothes, but apparently not this. I turned back to face him and just said, "You've only seen half."

Steve: Jaime pulled her red top off over her head and I thought I'd go into cardiac arrest!

Jaime: Flattery. Flattery.

Steve: The first thing was that she wasn't wearing a bra. Like I said before I never thought breasts that size could defy gravity like that. And then I got a good look at her arms. No wonder she pinned me so easily! I didn't even want to look at mine to compare them.

Jaime: Steve said something like, "I had no idea you were hiding that under your clothes." which I took as a compliment. There was an awkward moment with me just standing there and Steve just lying on the bed. But then I remembered that he was too shy to make a move and was probably completely paralyzed seeing my body nearly naked for the first time.

Steve: I think I was. I mean there I was with this woman who just stripped off her clothes to reveal a body that makes mine look like a stick in comparison. She's looming over me, me knowing that she's strong enough to make me do anything that pleases her. I had no idea what to do. How to react.

Jaime: Other than to maintain your erection.

Steve: That wasn't hard to do.

PDWRC: Ouch! Bad pun, Steve.

Jaime: Since I'd seen those wrestling flyers, I was pretty sure that Steve would get turned on by having me wrestle him. I honestly can say that I'd never tried that before, but knowing Steve's shyness I guessed I couldn't ask him what he'd like. I'd just have to try my best to figure out what to do and how to wrestle him. Fortunately the brief look I got at the pictures in the flyer had given me a few ideas of what I should do.

Steve: I was wondering how you knew those holds.

Jaime: The first thing I did was flex my arms.

Steve: It's called a double biceps pose.

Jaime: I'm really proud of the size and definition in my arms when I flex them and I wanted to show Steve how big and strong they were.

Steve: When she hit that pose I felt really unsure of myself. I mean, her arms were incredible! The muscles exploded in size and definition. Big and rounded underneath and hard peaks on top. That part was really exciting. I never dreamed I'd see arms like that in the flesh.

PDWRC: Jaime, just how big are your arms?

Jaime: I really haven't measured them in a while. You see, I'm more into strength than size. After I measured over 17 inches, I stopped measuring because I thought they were big enough. But they've probably gotten a little bigger since then.

PDWRC: So you're more than 17 inches?

Jaime: Oh, sure.

PDWRC: Steve, have you measured your arms since seeing Jaime's?

Steve: How'd you know I'd do that?

PDWRC: It's the point we try to make here, Steve. Your situation is not unique. Other guys have gone through what you're going through and adapted to their new lifestyle quite comfortably.

Steve: Well, I did. Do I have to tell you what I measured?

PDWRC: No, you don't. But keeping it a secret is a manifestation of your being embarrassed or uncomfortable with the difference in size between you and Jaime. That's not good. You are what you are. She is what she is. You learn to live with and appreciate the differences.

Steve: Well I'll have to go through a period of adjustment. I'm sure your other male patients didn't "get comfortable" overnight.

PDWRC: True.

Steve: Let's just say that, depending on how big Jaime's gotten since the last time she measured herself, it's safe to say that she's got between four and five inches on me.

Jaime: Jeez, Steve, we can all do the math. Why not just say it?

PDWRC: Jaime, if Steve is feeling uncomfortable, he shouldn't be pressured by you, understand?

Jaime: Because I've already dominated him?

PDWRC: Exactly.

Jaime. Okay. Sorry.

PDWRC: It's my job as facilitator to try to push Steve, based upon my experience handling these cases. He's doing fine in volunteering the answer he did. Now Steve, let's get back to where we were. You had said something about being unsure of yourself. You found the sight of her arms exciting, on the one hand, but what else was going on that made you feel so unsure?

Steve: Well I think you've got to appreciate the fact that before I walked in the door I'd no idea that Jaime -- one, had such a strong body, and two, was quite aggressive and forward. I really didn't know what she was expecting of me. Was she testing me, thinking that I should be able to prove I was stronger than she was? Would she think less of me if I couldn't? Was I "manly" enough for her? If she was stronger than I was, would she think I was some kind of wimp? And I guess there was also another couple of thoughts going through the back of mind. She'd stripped me down to my boxers. She was just in a thong. It was obvious what direction we were headed in, assuming I didn't screw it up somehow by disappointing her. I wondered how I'd, you know, measure up to other guys she'd been with.

PDWRC: Do you mean penile size or performance?

Steve: Er, both. I think I thought that because she was so big herself that size might be important to her. And this was such a different kind of erotic experience for me. She was

in control of things. I guess I was a little afraid that I might not be able to, well you know, I think the clinical term is premature....

PDWRC: Ejaculation. Don't worry Steve, you're doing fine. I know these things are hard to express sometimes. It might interest you to know, Steve, that some women take a view of premature ejaculation that may be different from your preconceived notions. Certainly when a man and woman are engaged in intercourse and the woman is anticipating having the man enter her as part of their lovemaking, then premature ejaculation can be disappointing, frustrating. But, with physically dominant women, there can be a different dynamic. When she is in the act of proving her dominance, or in loving relationships, just showing her love, she will often want to exert such a powerful stimulus that the man simply can't control himself. It is, in a sense, symbolic that the man "surrenders" his semen, acquiescing to the physical and erotic power and control of the woman.

Jaime: She can feel flattered that she's so appealing that she over stimulates him. It's her will overpowering him.

Steve: Well, maybe if I'd had this counseling before she threw me on the bed, I wouldn't have been so anxious! (Laughs)

PDWRC: We'll have to look into pre-encounter counseling. (Laughs)

PDWRC: So, Jaime, you've got him a bundle of nerves on the bed, hitting this pose. What happened next?

Jaime: I could tell immediately by his eyes that my arms were making quite the impression on him, which, quite frankly, is exactly what I wanted. I knew I'd caught him completely off guard. That every moment was more surprising for him than the last. The more I pressed the advantage of surprise and uncertainty, the more I could control him. I said, "Well, Steve, I'm not hiding anything now, am I?" And he kind of whispered "no". So I said, "If I couldn't see that bulge in your boxers I'd never have known if you liked me."

Steve: I knew what she was getting at. It's not the first time that women have criticized me for not taking the lead sexually. And I said, "Of course I like you. I'm just shy about expressing it. But I think you said you'd decided to take matters into your own hands."

Jaime: I laughed and said, "That's pretty obvious."

Steve: I asked her what she was going to do. After all, she'd been pretty unpredictable up to that point. How was I to know how crazy she might be?

Jaime: And I thought that was the perfect cue for me to try wrestling him. So I just yelled out, "Let's get ready to rumble!" Just like that fight announcer and I grabbed his wrist and pulled him off the bed to his feet.

Steve: She got me in a side headlock, standing beside the bed. And I was so surprised that I just kind of stood there, not resisting. And she said, "Come on, Steve, fight back. You won't hurt me. Let's see who can get who to say uncle."

PDWRC: So at this point, Jaime, you're pretty confident of the outcome, even though you'd never wrestled before.

Jaime: Sure. I knew I had a size and strength advantage. And even though I know there's technique involved in wrestling as well, there was nothing that I knew about Steve's background that would have made me think he knew much about wrestling himself. So the odds were stacked in my favor.

Steve: What Jaime may have lacked in technical knowledge she more than made up for with her natural athleticism and instincts.

Jaime: Steve started to try to pry his head loose, but I had a pretty tight grip on him.

Steve: I'll say. My jawbone was aching from the pressure. If she'd squeezed any harder I might have had to give up. Imagine saying uncle just from a headlock!

Jaime: I wanted this little wrestling match to really turn Steve on, because I knew he must like it, having seen the flyers. I started by twisting his head around so his face was mashed against my breast.

Steve: This counseling is illuminating because I'm hearing Jaime's side of the story. When she mashed my face against her breast, I didn't think she was trying to turn me on, I

thought she was kind of wanting to humiliate me. You know, literally rubbing it in my face that a woman was controlling me.

Jaime: It's amazing how things get misunderstood.

PDWRC: That's why good counseling and good communications are so important.

Jaime: When he couldn't pry himself loose, I had two choices: go easy on him and let him get loose, or not pretend that he was any stronger than he was. I guess I didn't see any point in going easy on him. I assumed it would be what he'd want.

Steve: Her instincts are correct there. As disconcerting as it is to be up against a woman who's stronger than you, I'd much prefer to know that I'm going all out and she's still able to overpower me, rather than have her hold back and fake it, trying to boost my ego. If you're going to do battle with a strong woman, let her show her stuff.

Jaime: So I just kind of rolled him off my hip and threw him on the bed. I bent down and tucked my chin and picked him up across my shoulders.

Steve: I looked across at the mirror over her dresser and saw my reflection. What a sight! At that moment I wished I had a picture of what she was doing. This topless amazon carrying me across her shoulders with no sign of strain or effort on her face.

Jaime: I carried him there for a bit. To make sure it sunk in that I could lift and carry him pretty easily. Then I turned so my back was facing the bed and figuring I really wouldn't hurt Steve, I deliberately fell backwards, holding him.

Steve: Jaime landed on top of me, but thankfully it was mostly her head and shoulders, not her full weight.

Jaime: Even if it had been, the bed would have cushioned you.

Steve: Maybe so. But at that point I was just being overwhelmed. Thrown around. Picked up. Dropped. Jaime was just manhandling me, make that amazon- handling me, and I was getting very self-conscious that I didn't seem to be able to stop her. To mount any kind of defense. Never mind turn the tide.

Jaime: I could feel that Steve was trying to resist me, but I was a step or two ahead of him, so he didn't know what to expect. I think I might have been a bit surprised at myself and how well I was handling him, and that sort of pushed me on.

Steve: That's one way of putting it. Jaime flipped over and we rolled around on the bed for a bit. I was trying to get free of her and she was riding me, using her weight and strength to keep me pinned down on the bed.

Jaime: I wanted to try one of the things I'd seen in the flyer. Wrapping my legs around Steve's midsection.

Steve: That's called a scissors hold, dear.

Jaime: Okay. I'll learn the names as we go along. Well I had him under me, face down and I just rolled us over so he'd be on top of me, his back against my front. I did it fast enough that I could swing my legs around his sides at the same time. I squeezed my thighs and thought "Oh shit! Big mistake!"

Steve: I actually screamed with the pain. It was instantaneous and completely overwhelming. I couldn't tell if she was just going to crush me or break me in two!

Jaime: I had no idea my legs were that strong. I really didn't mean to cause that much pain, but I eased up immediately.

Steve: Jaime, you must have studied your legs considering how beautiful they are. You never thought legs that size wouldn't have enormous power? Just look at her thighs, what do you think?

PDWRC: Because I've counseled several strong women, I can look and tell what Jaime's capable of. But believe it or not, Steve, until a woman actually exerts her strength on a man, she sometimes has no idea the damage she can do. Have you ever read a story about mixed wrestling?

Steve: Well, yeah.

PDWRC: Then I'm sure you've run across the male making the statement "I never knew a woman's legs could be that strong."

Steve: Not only have I read it, I've experienced it myself with Jaime!

PDWRC: Well, on the flip side, a woman sometimes doesn't know her legs can be that strong either.

Steve: So Jaime's clamping down that hard on me was unintentional?

Jaime: I told you that!

PDWRC: Did she do it to you again?

Steve: She's used her legs on me, but never that hard again. She almost cracked me in half!

PDWRC: Well, Steve, then I think you owe Jaime an apology for not believing her and having to hear it from me. It was unintentional.

Steve: Okay, I'm sorry.

Jaime: I told him right on the spot that I was sorry for squeezing too hard. I certainly didn't want to hurt him! I unclasped my legs and he sat up and felt his sides and said he was okay. I laughed in relief and grabbed his arm and pulled him on top of me. Now we were face to face. I wrapped my arms around his chest and held him tight against me while I kissed him. We started to French kiss and "Boing!" his erection came fully back to life.

Steve: There was no stopping that. I mean she's got her naked breasts pressing against my chest and her tongue is swirling around in my mouth and what else was I going to do. I knew she could feel my hard on. I'm sorry, do you want me to say "erection"?

PDWRC: Anything you're comfortable with, Steve.

Steve: Well having my thing pressing so insistently against her was making me self-conscious and uncomfortable. I mean, what if she wasn't, you know, getting aroused herself? She might think I was going too fast.

PDWRC: Steve, you might be better off not agonizing over these things. With a little more objectivity, you might have seen that you were in bed with a woman who had almost no clothes on, who was kissing you quite passionately. You shouldn't have been worrying.

Steve: Old habits. Old thought processes. Old conditioning. It's hard to break.

PDWRC: That's what counseling is for.

Jaime: So I can feel Steve trying to pull off of me. But I've got my arms around him? So he's not getting away. In fact, I just told him tighter with my arms. That's a bear hug, right, Steve?

Steve: Yes.

Jaime: See, I am learning the terms. So we've stopped kissing because he was trying to break free and I'm holding him on top with this bear hug and judging by his face he's having a tough time.

Steve: Jaime mentioned before she's proud of her arms? Let me tell you she's amazingly strong. I thought bear hugs were fake. But I was having trouble breathing. And getting loose? Forget it! I felt her arms as she held me cause my arms were free, outside hers. Man that was awesome. Those muscles were so big and hard. I was so totally envious.

Jaime: I said, "And where do you think you're trying to go? I've almost got you right where I want you."

Steve: And I decided to be honest. I said, "I can't believe how strong you are. I think you've got me a little scared."

Jaime: Well it's not affecting his erection so I tease him a little and I answer, "From what I can feel, fear isn't the only thing coursing through your veins. Feels like a lot of blood has rushed to one spot."

Steve: Jaime's talking about my erection really made me self-conscious again.

PDWRC: Steve, I'm beginning to wonder how you ever made love to any woman.

Jaime: Isn't he something?

PDWRC: Let's try to be more understanding and less judgmental, Jaime. I'm a bit guilty myself. I'm sorry I said that, Steve.

Steve: No harm. It's not like I didn't realize I have this problem. You weren't out of line.

PDWRC: Nevertheless. it was poor judgment on my part.

Jaime: At that point, it felt like Steve's erection was going to rip right through his boxers. Which is what gave me my next bit of inspiration. I pulled Steve's body up higher on me and slid my arms from his chest to his waist. I quickly slid my hands inside his shorts, grabbed his buns and squeezed! He had such a cute butt! His body jerked, but I continued to hold him tight. Then I slid my fingers around the waistband of his boxers, got a real tight grip, and RIP! I tore them right down the seat.

Steve: When I felt that and heard the rip, I knew she'd trashed my shorts. There was no way they were ever going to stay on.

Jaime: I rolled us over again so I was on top again. He was pressed tight enough against me that his shorts, miraculously, stayed covering his front. There was one other move I saw on the flyer and now I wanted to try it.

Steve: Under the category of "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." I wish she hadn't seen some of those pictures. It gave her ideas that get very devastating when applied with her size and power.

Jaime: Anyway, the picture showed the girl on top of the guy with her rear end lifted high up off him, clenching her glutes. The caption said something about hip thrusts, so I figured out the idea was to slam my body against his.

Steve: She figured out exactly how to do it and boy was I surprised. After we rolled over she pinned my arms over my head and slid up my body a little. Her pelvis was about chest high on me. I was thinking she was just going to use her weight to pin me down when she lifted her hips up. There was no way for me to protect myself. She stayed in that position for a moment.

Jaime: I was trying to remember the picture to make sure I was getting it right.

Steve: And then BAM! Her tight hard abs and hips slam against my chest. One blow and the wind was knocked out of me! WHAM! She hoists up and slams me again, maybe a little harder. Then maybe ten or fifteen in a row. Not as hard but real fast. BAMBAMBAM! Her hips and thighs are really thrusting her body now. She pauses and grins down at me and slowly raises her butt up again, really high and holds it there.

Jaime: I could see that I had him on the proverbial ropes. It wasn't like he hadn't been trying, but I was pretty sure he was ready to say uncle. And I'd been having so much fun wrestling that I really wanted to win and declare myself the winner.

Steve: She said, "How much more of this do you think you can take before I get you to say uncle?" How do you answer a question like that? I tried to bridge my body and buck her off me, but she slammed down and flattened me to the bed again. Then she must have hip thrust me about thirty times in a row, just a blur she was so quick.

Jaime: It was such a neat sound when our bodies collided, skin slapping against skin.

Steve: Try being on the bottom with a bigger, heavier, harder body pulverizing you and the sound is not something you're focusing on. I was wondering if my chest was going to be crushed.

Jaime: Poor Steve is gritting his teeth and groaning at this point. rolling his head from side to side. So I just pushed my breasts down on his face.

Steve: She'd already knocked all the air out of me. Her chest is so full and firm that she could really smother me with those puppies. She lifted her hips again and started banging against me real hard, punctuating each thrust by yelling, "Give! Give! Give!" There are nothing I could do to stop her. I mean I was completely defenseless. It seemed useless to continue absorbing all that punishment and risk passing out. She'd proven her point. She'd beaten me.

Jaime: I could hear Steve kind of squealing something, but it was all muffled. I almost started laughing that my breasts were smothering his words. I pulled off his face and he gasped for air and stammered, "All right! I've had enough. You win. Uncle. Whatever you want me to say!" So I teased him and said, "Aw. I was just getting warmed up."

Steve: She sat on my chest and just basked in her victory. You could tell she was really pleased with herself. She asked me, "So you think I'm pretty strong, huh?", while she hit another double biceps pose, her huge arms exploding again. Damn if I wasn't in the exact position I'd often fantasized about being in -- pinned under a muscular, buxom woman. But she was waiting for an answer. "Pretty strong?" I said, "That doesn't begin to describe it. I couldn't seem to find a way to stop you."

Jaime: I was thinking that he'd figured out my plot for the evening, how I was going to get around the problem of his shyness. "Exactly what I had planned," I said.

Steve: I wasn't thinking that clearly. I was still pretty dazed by all the surprises I'd been through. Jaime had this shit-eating smug grin on her face. She ran the fingers of one hand up her side and over her shoulder and down her biceps, pausing while she flexed it again. "I was pretty sure I had the right tools for the job." Then I asked, "Now that I've said uncle, what happens to me? Do I still get dinner?"

Jaime: I said, "That sounds like a reward to me. And I was the winner. I think I deserve a reward." And Steve just said "Uh oh" and I started giggling and rolled sideways off his chest. I knelt beside him and took a deep breath. This was the moment I'd been waiting for. I reached quickly for the front of his shorts. He tried to stop me but I was too fast for him. Since the back was already ripped to shreds it came right off in my hand. I tossed it aside to the floor.

PDWRC: Jaime, Steve said earlier that he had some fears about not measuring up in terms of size and/or performance. I didn't ask you to answer him then, but this might be a good time to comment, if you don't mind.

Jaime: Gee, the only times I've talked about a guy's equipment was with my girlfriends, in the sauna. You know, women's locker room stuff. I feel kind of funny saying anything right in front of the guy.

PDWRC: We're just trying to improve communications and understanding.

Jaime: Let me try answering it this way. As far as size is concerned, I liked what I saw. Not too large, definitely not too small. Actually Steve was bigger than I imagined he'd be. His hands fooled me.

PDWRC: Satisfied, Steve?

Steve: Yeah, sure.

PDWRC: You're not in the mood to comment?

Steve: Not really.

PDWRC: Jaime, anything to add about performance?

Jaime: Well he's got to know the answer to that! He knows I much I got off. He was very, very good. High marks. And the highest grade for, how do I put it, recovery time?

PDWRC: His speed in getting another erection?

Jaime: Exactly. I only thought teenage boys were supposed to be that fast.

Steve: Jaime has to get some of the credit for that. I've always recuperated fairly quickly, but with her, it's something else. I think it's the result of just being with someone so different and arousing as her. And she happens to have some pretty amazing techniques.

Jaime: He's back to flattery again. But the real fun part of Steve's having this talent is that I can, if I choose, make him, you know, ejaculate, and it's not like I'm wasting a good hard on because he'll be ready again in no time.

PDWRC: Well it doesn't sound to me like either of you need any counseling when it comes to your sexual performance.

Jaime: No, we don't. Steve knows exactly what to do when he finally musters the courage to do it.

Steve: When Jaime pulled my shorts off, she peeled her thong off, too. Well, I didn't need a road map to know where things were going then. I knew we were going to have sex and I was incredibly excited that such a sexy woman with this unbelievable body wanted to do it with me.

Jaime: I don't know why, maybe I wanted to make some kind of symbolic gesture, but the second I stripped my thong off I had this overwhelming desire to make some big move on Steve. Is this making sense? I stood on the floor and scooped him up in my arms. And then I got him up across my shoulders again. And I walked us over in front of the mirror.

Steve: I was convinced she really wanted to show off. I mean, right in front of the mirror? She had one arm around my neck and the other was between my legs. And she took her hand and started pumping me. And then she yelled, "Who's the champion? Who's the best wrestler? Who's the strongest?" And each time I answered. "You are." And then all of a sudden I couldn't control myself anymore.

Jaime: I thought to myself "Whoops!" because I really wasn't trying to make him ejaculate, but he did and of course at that point I didn't know how quickly he recovers. So I dropped him back on the bed and got him in a 69 position. I really enjoy fellatio, so I just started in on him and he reciprocated and much to my amazement he started to get hard again right away.

Steve: I guess we both enjoy oral sex a lot.

PDWRC: So then you proceeded to have intercourse?

Jaime: I'll say!

PDWRC: Well it sounds to me like you two are well on the road to adapting to a very healthy relationship. Do you feel threatened by Jaime, Steve?

Steve: No. She's aggressive, for sure, but I think I like that.

PDWRC: And Jaime, is there anything Steve should be doing that he's not doing?

Jaime: Not that I can think of. I'm really glad that he seems to like me the way that I am.

Steve: It's just that it's so unusual for a guy to be weaker. I thought we should talk to somebody about it. It's kind of new territory for me.

Jaime: Oh, I think he's learning to adapt pretty well. All I have to do is lean over and whisper "Want to wrestle?" and he's all mine.

Steve: She did that to me the other night. We were out having dinner at a restaurant with one of my clients and I was afraid to stand up I had such a hard on.

PDWRC: As long as she's not trying to humiliate you in front of others, I see no problem in her teasing you a little.

Steve: It's not like she's going to pin me down in front of other people.

Jaime: Oh, I've got a couple of friends from the gym that would love to see us in action.

Steve: Jaime! I'm not ready for that!

Jaime: (laughs) Just kidding you, Steve. I might show off wrestling, but I don't think I could have sex in front of an audience.

Steve: Whew! That's a relief.

PDWRC: Well it sounds to me like the lines of communication between you two have opened up. I think we've cleared up a couple of misunderstandings and misperceptions

today and that's good. Tell each other what you're feeling. What's on your minds. Don't make assumptions. Ask a lot of questions and remember that the objective for both of you is to feel comfortable. If you keep focused on that, then it's a win-win situation and your relationship can flourish.

Steve: Thank you, Doctor. This has been helpful.

Jaime: Yes, thanks.

PDWRC: Thank you both for coming in today.

The End