

# The Iron Maidens Wrestling Club - Episode I

By Amazonfan

Four women, four outclassed men.

The four of us stood nervously, close to the wall at the edge of the mats. We awaited the women who would soon be entering the room. The women who would be taking us on in a series of wrestling matches. The phenomenal, undefeated women of the Iron Maidens Wrestling Club. Originally started as a women's group dedicated to weight lifting and body building, somewhere along the way one of the members got the idea of testing her physical strength and development against a male. When she discovered how superior she was and just how exhilarating a feeling it was to exert that power and domination, well the rest, as they say, was history.

The four of us represent the current pool of "opponents". Different men have come and gone as the Iron Maidens have tired of one guy and decided to replace him with somebody new. We know each other only by our first names. The Iron Maidens don't want us fraternizing outside the club.

There's Bob, who's 27, stands 5'6" and weighs 132 pounds. Michael is 34, 5'9" and 145. Peter is 37, 5'11" and 168. And I'm Jim, 42, 6' and 155.

So what compels us to show up each time and get soundly beaten? First, there's the fear of what would happen if we didn't show up. The Iron Maidens know where we live and work. They've threatened to go after anyone who doesn't show, and believe me, they'd do it. Second, there's the thrill of physical contact with such sensational physiques, such astonishing strength. Like junkies lured to drugs, they may not be good for our health, but we can't resist them.

Each session with the Iron Maidens is a unique experience. Since the odds are so stacked in their favor there's real potential they'll get bored, so they go out of their way to think of ways to interject variety. Sessions can comprise of series of singles matches, tag matches, and handicap matches. The Iron Maidens enjoy dressing up in a variety of outfits, from bikinis to lingerie to costumes. (Our dress for these matches is far more pedestrian. Jock straps and gym shorts, only.) And then there are the times when they wear nothing at all. And the times they use our bodies for their own sexual pleasures.

The door opened and we sprang to attention. Four Iron Maidens strolled in. No extras coming as spectators. It looked like they were all planning to wrestle. (There was memorable night when one Maiden took on three of us, just by herself, an honor granted because of her birthday. She beat us so soundly one on one that she then handily won a free for all finale.)

This quartet was comprised of Carrie, Mary, Sharon and Diane. "Okay, boys," Carrie barked, "Off with the shorts, let's see those cute little jock straps." We quickly complied. "There is nothing homelier looking than jock straps," she chortled, "Especially when they're on inferior bodies. Turn around and face the wall while we complete your inspection."

We all turned pretty quickly, but Michael turned last. He's a relative newcomer to the group, so he probably didn't realize that the Iron Maidens would be looking for things like that to discipline.

"What's the matter, Michael, got lead in your ass?" yelled Mary. "Everyone turn around again so you can watch this." Without warning she grabbed Michael by the throat, snapping his head against the wall. Her big strong hand closed around his neck, cutting off his air. He grabbed at her one arm with both hands, trying to pull it off, but she just stared into his eyes, ignoring his desperate efforts. She watched him weaken. Then she let go, picked him up between the legs and body slammed him onto the mats. Carrie took over, taking three long strides and diving on top of him, driving her shoulder and elbow into his chest. Michael rolled up into a ball, groaning and asking for forgiveness. They let him to recover a bit and then ordered him back into line and ordered us all to turn around again.

"I hope you little boys are ready to wrestle," intoned Diane, "And that you put up a better show than your usual pathetic efforts. Let me remind you all, as we always do, that anyone who we suspect is not trying their hardest will be punished more severely than any one of you dares imagine. Tonight we're going to have a four on four tag team match. The winner of each fall gets to decide who the next two contestants will be. It could be two new wrestlers or either the winner or loser could continue against each other or against a new opponent. We'll draw names to decide on the first two wrestlers. Does everyone understand?" We all answered yes. "Good. That wasn't hard was it? Well my little twerps the games are about to begin. You may turn around now."

The four of us turned and were greeted by the sight of the four Iron Maidens with their robes removed. The four of them were wearing tiny thong bikinis. It was a breathtaking sight. Each one in turn flexed and posed before us, showing off their incredible muscular development and voluptuous bodies.

Carrie was first. Carrie is a natural blonde bombshell standing 5'7" and weighing a solid 158 pounds. Her arms measure 16+ inches and her vital stats are 44C-23-36.

Mary posed next. Mary is a brunette who's about five pounds heavier than Carrie and the same height. She's an astounding 44DD-21-38.

Sharon came next. Sharon is also a brunette who is 5'11" and a hard 180. Her arms are over 17 inches and she measures 48B-25-39.

Last, and certainly not least, was Diane. Diane is a stunning blonde who stands 5'10" and weighs 190 pounds. Her arms are a mind boggling 18 inches. Her thighs measure 26 inches. And she stretches the tape with a fantastic 50C-24-40 figure.

I suppose I should point out that each girl's chest measurement is increased by the fact that their backs are so broad. Nevertheless, they are all well endowed with tits that simply defy gravity.

Warm ups completed, Sharon produced two piles of paper, one with the Maidens names on them, the other with ours. Carrie chose for the Maidens. It was Diane. She clapped her hands and moved to the center of the mats. I was to choose her opponent. I pulled out Bob's name. The biggest Iron Maiden against the smallest guy. She'd humiliate him.

He was in trouble in seconds. Diane spun behind him and lifted him off the mats with a reverse bearhug. Her mammoth upper arms constricted his breathing so much all he could manage was a wheezing sound. Then she just dove forward, unwrapping her arms as she fell, belly flopping to the mats with Bob right underneath her, crushed by the full impact of her 190 pounds. He looked as flattened as a cartoon character.

Diane sat on his back and wrapped her hands around his chin. She just pulled him up and back in a devastating camel clutch. Bob wiggled and waved his arms like a man who feared his back would break. An easy, annihilating submission. The first of many falls for the Iron Maidens.

She motioned for Peter to be her next opponent, now we'd have the largest male and female contestants on the mats. Peter sports a beer belly, which has become a verbal and physical target for the girls. Diane locked up collar and elbow with Peter and manhandled him around the mats. She maneuvered her right arm free and when she did it took only a flash for her to plant her weight and deliver a short potent jab to his belly. Peter winced and went "oof". He tried to protect his stomach, but she swatted his hand away and followed with a pulverizing hook to his belly, her fist sinking deep into his soft flab.

Peter doubled over and Diane grabbed him by the ears and wedged his head between her immense thighs. One squeeze had Peter grunting in pain, his hands pawing futilely at the twin pillars of steel. He could no sooner have pried her legs apart to escape than he could lift a truck. Diane rolled sideways to the mats, forcing Peter down along with her.

She was on her back. Peter was on his stomach. She let his head pop out from between her thighs, but before he could do anything else, she scissored his rib cage, right under his armpits. She locked her ankles on top of him, at the base of his spine, holding him down firmly against the mats. You could see the fear in his eyes as he realized he couldn't move and his chest was encased with a pair of 26 inch killers. He clasped his hands together and pounded on Diane's stomach, her stone abs impervious to any damage.

"Good boy. Fighting back." she laughed. "That feels nice. How does this feel Peter?" She jolted him with a forceful squeeze. He yelped like a dog. Then she held the pressure, forcing the air from his lungs. He wheezed and moaned just like Bob had. He grabbed at her thighs for leverage, trying to push his body out from between her legs, but he couldn't budge himself an inch.

"I've got a new hold to show you," Diane announced to the Iron Maidens. "You start with this scissors hold. Then you place your hands down beside your hips. Now here's the fun part." With that, Diane pushed her torso up off the mats, bridging her body. As she did that she was pulling Peter up with her and bending him back because her legs were still holding his lower half against the mat. The result was that Peter's back was arched backwards - to the extreme. He screamed with pain and begged her to stop. She then made it worse by flexing her thighs again. I thought Peter was on the verge of passing out from the pain.

"I call it the bridge breaker." she announced, as the Maidens applauded her new technique. She finally released the hold and stood over Peter. Smiling devilishly she stood with her full weight on the small of his back. He cried his submission again and again.

"You want to finish him off?" she asked Carrie who sprang onto the mats. Even though Carrie was the smallest of the Maidens and was giving up ten pounds to Peter, you'd hardly have known it by the way she handled him. Carrie pulled Peter to his feet and immediately lifted him off the floor with a bear hug, cinching her arms tightly around Peter's hurting back. Since he had had no time to catch his breath from Diane's crushing thighs, Carrie's bear hug was instant trouble. Peter went from grabbing his aching back to trying to pry her arms loose to pleading with her to stop to going limp in her arms - in hardly any time.

Carrie draped him over her shoulder, walked over to our side of the mats and dumped him at our feet. "Shit, he's getting too easy to beat," she complained, "I think we need to get somebody new. Let's find someone bigger or in better shape." She looked at me and pointed. "Okay, Jim, you're on next with Sharon."

Sharon and I were the two tallest wrestlers of the evening, which might explain why Carrie chose to pair us. Sharon's 25 pound weight advantage might as well have been 100 pounds. She is far stronger than I am and may very well have the best endurance of any of the Iron Maidens. She never stops. She never slows down. She likes to wrestle by relentlessly wearing an opponent down until he is completely exhausted. With some of the other girls, once you get over the pain of their submission holds you're ready to wrestle some more. With Sharon you can end up so wiped out you can hardly stand up the rest of the night, never mind wrestle.

I'm a bit quicker than the other guys, so I tried to evade Sharon at the beginning of our fall. I circled and spun and didn't let her get a good grip on me. She seemed to enjoy the competition. Since I was on the defensive, I thought a quick change of tactics might take her by surprise. So I bolted forward and ducked low slamming my shoulder into her stomach. I straightened up and had her off her feet, draped halfway down my back.

Sharon was laughing, clearly not feeling afraid of my attack. Her arms encircled my body and she held me tight. The next thing I knew she'd swung one of her legs over my head, and now I had my head scissored between her stupendous thighs. The view of her pubes and pussy lips peeking out from the side of her thong was little consolation for the pain I felt as she simultaneously squeezed with her arms and legs. Suddenly she felt like a ton in my arms. I couldn't hold her up. I dropped to my knees. Sharon rolled me sideways. That was the last moment I enjoyed any advantage in our match.

For the next ten minutes Sharon outmuscled and outwrestled me. She worked me over with both her arms and legs. She knows a lot of different holds and she used a lot of them. It didn't matter whether I submitted or not. She just kept going. Wicked headlocks pinned me between her bulging 17 inch arms and her side. Airplane spins and body slams. Surfboard holds. Head scissors. Neck scissors. Body scissors. Totally lethal grapevine hold - her legs are so damned long she can exert horrendous pressure. Full nelsons. Arm bars and hammer locks. Clubbing, knock down blows from her forearms. Punching. And battering ram kicks with her knees. Thank goodness she left my face alone, or else I'd have been a black eyed, bloodied nosed, pulverized wreck.

I was woozy and out of breath. Sharon was glistening with sweat, but not breathing hard. She looked like she could go on indefinitely. But she also knew the other Iron Maidens would want more wrestling time, and Mary hadn't wrestled at all. She walked over to the Maidens side of the mats as I rested on all fours, trying to summon the strength to stand up. She tagged Mary. The last thing I wanted to do was have to face a fresh Iron Maiden so I crawled over to our side as quickly as I could. I got there just before she caught me and I tagged Billy's outstretched hand.

Apparently Mary wasn't interested in taking on Billy at that point. She just scooped him off his feet, carried him over to our side and body slammed him really hard. Billy groaned, writhing on the mat and Mary told him to tag Michael. Billy wasn't about to disagree.

Mary was the Maiden who brought Michael into the group. As I mentioned before, he's a relative newcomer. Mary had a mischievous look in her eyes as she and Michael circled each other. Michael looked nervous.

"Shall we let everyone know why I recruited you, Michael?" Mary asked.

"No. Please. Not that." he answered. Now everyone on both sides of the mats was curious. Mary and Michael locked up and Michael tried to push her backwards. He couldn't. But one shove from Mary and Michael was flat on his ass. Casually she untied and removed her top. She stood with her hands on her hips flexing her pectorals, causing her bare breasts to dance up and down. Mary had the largest breasts of the girls assembled that evening. Her DD's are very round and full and awesomely firm. She knows she has extraordinary tits and she loves to show them off and tease us with them. Michael was probably unaware that the rest of us guys have on one occasion or more been the victims of Mary's infamous "knockout knockers" smother hold.

Michael was back on his feet, circling again and trying to avoid being hypnotized by Mary's dancing breasts. They locked up and Mary got him in a side headlock, making sure to mash his face into the side of her boob. But judging by the massive expansion of her 16 1/2" upper arms and the bulging veins on Michael's forehead, I knew he was being squeezed quite painfully.

"C'mon Michael, what's the problem?" she teased, forcing him to follow her around the ring as he was unable to get out of her headlock. "Your fellow wimps will tell you from their past experience that what ever the Iron Maidens want, the Iron Maidens get. And I think the ladies want to know why you're here. It's certainly not because you're a good wrestler." With that remark Mary flipped Michael over her hip to the mats.

She let Michael get up again and they grabbed each others hands. "And it's not because you're strong " she continued. The prodigious muscles in Mary's upper body swelled with power as she casually overwhelmed Michael's all out attempt at resistance. She stretched his arms out over his head and then spread them out at his sides. She pressed her massive chest against his. His looked so puny compared to hers. She dragged her jutting breasts down his chest.

Suddenly she forced his arms down in front of his body, bending his wrists back and forcing him down on his knees. He winced in pain. Mary dropped down to her knees as

well and let go of his hands. She got the upper advantage and pushed his head down between her thighs. She leaned over his back, pressing her weight against him. She stuck her hands between his legs, but from my vantage point I couldn't see what she was doing.

"Oh you can do better than that Michael," she scolded. "Much better. Well girls, Michael is a little shy right now, but he's got a big surprise for you to see." Mary's hands slid back around to the rear waistband of Michael's jock strap. She peeled it down over his butt. Michael was struggling to escape her and pull it back up, but Mary hooked both of his arms behind his back. She slowly straightened the two of them up pressing her hard physique tightly against his smaller body. That was the only thing that was keeping the front of his jock from slipping down. She maneuvered her hold into a kneeling bear hug, wrapping her mammoth arms around his inferior torso. The huge balls of muscle swelling beneath her skin, hardening into steel cables of power.

She planted one foot on the mats and summoning the incredible power of her mighty thighs, got to her feet, carrying Michael along with her. In the action, his jock had slid down and was now dangling around his ankles. Mary giggled and shook Michael up and down until it fell off. Still she kept him pressed tight against her magnificent body.

She carried him over to the Iron Maidens side of the mats. "Okay girls, get a load of this," she exclaimed. She put Michael down on his feet and in one swift move spun around behind him, applying a full nelson. The trio of other Iron Maidens' eyes widened as they spied Michael's cock - nearly eight inches long and it wasn't erect yet.

She glanced over at us. "I know you're thinking you don't measure up to Michael in the cock department," she said, "So you'd better be thinking how you're going to do your damndest to please us. Or else we'll be getting new Michaels and replacing you all. And when we have no further use for you, we might get carried away and break a few bones, just for fun." Sometimes when a guy left the Iron Maidens group they just let him go peacefully. But when they decided they really didn't like somebody they were getting rid of, well then, that guy's last session could get very rough.

"Holy shit, he's bigger now than these guys are when they're hard," purred Carrie. She reached out. Michael tried to jump back, but Mary held him in place. She gave his cock a squeeze "So how big is he?" asked Carrie.

"Oh I'll bet you want to see," laughed Mary. "On one side of the room we've got the wannasees and the other side's got the wannabees." She shoved Michael back towards the center of the mats. Foolishly, he tried to cover his privates with his hands.

"You can't wrestle, you can't defend yourself like that, stupid," Mary declared, slapping him hard across the face. He was almost knocked down from the force of the blow. Reluctantly, he raised his hands back up. "I'll give you a little wrestling tip, Michael," Mary continued, "Don't watch an opponent's face when we're like this, looking for an opening. It's too easy to get faked out by a head feint. You've got to concentrate lower. Like here." She cupped her DD's in her hands and squeezed them together. "Or do you think you might get lost in here? You like them big, don't you Michael?"

"Please don't tease me," he asked.

"And he likes big muscles, too." she kept on. She slammed into him, straightening his body up. She forced him to stay pressed against her as she slid her immensely muscled thigh up between his legs and rubbed against his crotch. Then she held him at arms length under his armpits and lifted him up so high his crotch was even with her bust.

"He has been begging - begging - me to let him fuck my tits," Mary said. "What do you say Michael, you want to try it in mid-air?" Michael looked down at her perfect globes before shutting his eyes tight. I could tell he was trying to keep from getting aroused, but his will was no match for Mary's magnificent melons. She knew how to push his buttons. Sure enough, his cock began to lengthen and thicken. Mary brushed her tits against his cock once. Michael quivered.

But she had no intention of granting Michael's wishes. She tossed him to the mats and pinned him down. His arms were stretched out above his head. She entwined her powerful legs with his in a grapevine hold. "Spread eagled and in full view," she declared proudly. "Open wide and say ah, Michael." She began spreading his legs wide with her grapevine, exerting excruciating pain on the insides of his thighs, his knees and his shins.

"AAAhhh! Stop! Please!!" he cried, "I can't take it."

"What's the matter Michael? Am I too big and strong for you?"

"AAAhhh! Yes. Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"AAAAAhhh!! Yes. You're too big and strong for me."

"Good boy! Now, open your eyes and what do you see?" Mary's breasts were poised above his face. Her nipples were large and pink and erect. "Do you want to suck on these hooters? Think you can make me come just doing my boobs? C'mon Michael don't you want to show the girls how talented you are?"

"Shit. He is big." exclaimed Carrie. Michael was now fully erect, sporting a hard on that was around eleven inches long.

"Smother him." Diane added. The three Iron Maidens watching Mary started chanting "Knockout knockers. Knockout knockers." Mary smiled down at Michael and said "Looks like they want me to put you to sleep. Nighty night, Michael." She wrapped her arms around his head and pulled him into her cleavage. His face was completely buried by her firm abundant breasts. In less than a minute he was completely panicked, pawing at the solid muscles in the arms that held him tight. His muffled pleas became faint as his hands fell off her bulging biceps and flopped to the mats.

Carrie peeled off her bottoms and brazenly rubbed her blond bush. "I've got to feel that thing inside me," she declared as Mary got off the unconscious but still erect Michael. Mary gestured with her hand as if to say he's all yours and Carrie moved to the center of the mats. At this point I had a hard on and, glancing at Bobby and Peter, I saw bulges in their jocks too. I really wanted to grab my cock and pump it, but I knew the Iron Maidens wouldn't allow it.

Carrie straddled Michael and rubbed her pussy with his big cockhead. Bobby trembled and moaned and I realized he had just come in his jock. Mary bolted across the floor and yanked his jock down to his knees, revealing his spent cock, still oozing semen.

"How dare you!" she screamed, "You are here only for our pleasure! You own pleasure is to be denied!" She scooped him up by his neck and crotch and lifted him over her head. Bobby was begging for forgiveness as Mary threw him across the floor. He landed at Sharon's feet. Sharon grabbed his wrists and pulled his body partially off the mats. Then she straddled him and began crushing his torso with a standing body scissors.

Meanwhile, Carrie had fully impaled herself on Michael's monster tool and was riding him to an impending orgasm. Diane and Mary came over to Peter and me. Diane pulled down Peter's jock strap and grabbed his erection. "This is a weenie dick," she scoffed. She cupped his balls in one hand and sneered cruelly and then squeezed. Peter passed out on the spot.

That left Mary and me. "Please. Please don't hurt me." I begged, dropping to my knees.

"Stand up," she ordered, "And strip." I did as she said and my cock sprang out from its confinement. She studied me with amusement. "You pathetic little wimp," she declared, "You're so weak any one of us can break you in two with one hand. You should be ashamed. And yet look at you. You see our bodies and you feel the strength of these muscles and you get hopelessly aroused." I hung my head down.

"Look at me when I talk to you! Look at the size of these biceps. You'll never have arms like these. They're big, aren't they? And look at these legs. They're huge compared to yours. Look at Sharon squeezing the shit out of Bobby. My thighs could crush your ribs. I'm hard as a rock. You're soft and weak." Mary pulled me against her massive solid physique. My erection was pressed against her taut abdomen. I prayed I wouldn't accidentally ejaculate as she squeezed me so tightly I could barely breathe.

My moans of pain were joined by Carrie's moans of pleasure as she climaxed. Michael had come to and he was reaching up to fondle her breasts. Carrie intercepted his hands before they got there and she slapped his face hard several times. "Not without permission my little slave," she told him.

"I'll bet you'd like to feel mine," Mary said to me as she added even more force to her bearhug.

"Please I'll do anything. Stop squeezing me so hard. God you're so strong."

"Of course you'll do anything. Anything to stay alive." She let me go and I slumped to my knees. She grabbed me by the ears and pulled me up straight. "This is how I like to see you. On your knees. A complete slave." She squatted down a bit so that her breasts were even with my face. "Now Michael never got around to sucking these and I want you to. I want to see if you can make me come like he can. And I want you to jerk yourself off while you're doing it. But you damned well better not come before I do!" She rubbed her toes against my cock and I almost lost it right then.

Hungrily I went for her breasts, sucking on her nipples, flicking them with my tongue. I took as much tit as I could in my mouth, amazed that there was so much more. Her breathing got heavy and she pressed her melons against me tighter. I switched from one tit to the other and sent her to a new level of arousal.

"Yes. Yes. Do that. A little harder. Yes. Just like that. Don't stop."

My balls ached for release as I began to pump my shaft. I knew I'd come quickly, such was the state of my arousal sucking on Mary's magnificent breasts. She closed her eyes and flung her head back and groaned and shook. My climax followed instantly.

She smiled and looked down at me and the pool of semen on the mats. "Looks like we have some cleaning up to do. Wouldn't want anyone slipping on that. Sharon, bring Bobby over here. Jim's going to be busy for a little while." Mary pointed to her erect nipples. "Two breasts. Only one orgasm. My breasts demand equal time."

And with that I started working her to another climax. What the other Iron Maidens did with the other guys I don't know, lost as I was in administering to her carnal needs. After I brought her to orgasm the second time, they announced that our session was over for the evening.

I look forward to the next.

The End.

## The Iron Maidens Wrestling Club - Episode II

By AmazonFan and Roger Downs

Another Iron Maidens epic, written with Roger Downs

Mitch Ellis slumped into his chair and exhaled. It had been a long day.

As the end of the second fiscal quarter wound to a close, the hours had grown longer and his responsibilities had become legion. He'd had to track the mature bonds. He'd had to oversee the conversion of the schedule "D" tax forms to the new federal standard--and coordinate the changes with at least three data processors. He'd had to format at least three different reports to exacting details, in accordance with the shareholders' least logical demands. And of course, the second the "requests" had landed on his desk, they'd been due a week ago.

But, after working through lunch and dinner and four weekends, it was done. Finished. Everything perfect to the smallest aspect. All that remained was to print a final copy for his boss.

As he sent the document to his laser printer, his thoughts wandered to consider his boss, Alyssa Jordan, known affectionately by her employees as "the terminator". She was tall, statuesque, with the kind of looks and body that tempted anyone she met to think she'd slept her way to success. It only took a few seconds for her intensity and intelligence to allay that notion. As she stalked between the desks in the office, her green eyes blazing and her abundant red hair rustling, she was afforded the respect she demanded. And, he decided, deserved. Love her or hate her, she was perfect for the job she performed. She had an uncanny knack for balancing fear and reward to breed the loyalty most managers could only hope for.

He took the report from the printer tray and tapped it on his desk to straighten it. Great, he thought as he put it beside his monitor. All I've gotta do is slide this onto her desk and get home without falling asleep behind the wheel. His wall clock told him it was 3:34 AM. The dilemma was clear. He'd have to be at work in a few more hours anyway, and the commute would steal half an hour of sleep both ways. And he wasn't just hungry; he was famished enough to eat a bumper hitch.

The monitor flickered and his screen saver kicked in. A well-muscled, large-breasted woman held some hapless man in a body scissors, her sinews standing out and shining with sweat as she bore down. He wasn't too tired to become aroused; the sight of a strong, ideally- proportioned amazon dominating a man was always a turn- on, and had been since his youth. Sure, he found Playmates and centerfolds arousing, but the

scenario of being overwhelmed, controlled, and taken carnally carried with it a special thrill that never failed to charge him.

He watched as the image faded and new ones paraded by, his eyes growing heavier as he indulged in this secret pleasure. As he closed his eyes completely, his thoughts turned to fantasies of being wrapped up, helpless, totally at the whim of a powerful virago...

"Mitch?"

His eyes fluttered open, and for some reason his body was heavy with fatigue. Where was he? Oh yeah, work. What was he doing? Reports or something. Mitch inhaled and sat straighter in his high-backed chair, the leather crinkling as he shifted. Reports, that's right. The quarterly--

"Hello? Mitch?"

Standing beside him was Alyssa, holding the report he'd printed against her. Oh, hell, he thought. I must've fallen asleep. I've gotta look like shit...

And then he noticed his screen saver, displaying an exquisitely photographed shot of a powerful brunette, astride a man's back, pulling back savagely on his head under his jaw. She was muscular, topless, and buxom. Under any other circumstance, he'd have an erection straining the limits of his slacks.

A mental picture of a burning zeppelin formed in his mind, across the side of which was written, "My career".

"Um," he said, his throat and mouth still dry. "Y'know, I've been reading about this 'mixed wrestling' virus that takes over screen savers and--"

"Save it," she said, watching the image shift on his monitor. "Is this the final report?"

"Yeah, it is," he said. "Exactly like you wanted it."

She said nothing, staring at the next scene of wrestling brutality. "I need to see you in my office," she said finally. "Get your ass in there."

He nodded, and she turned on her heel and stalked out.

Well, he thought as he looked around his office. I wonder if I should pack first. Ah, I'd better not keep her waiting, they might give me a better separation check....

Mitch stood, shut off his screen, and went to face the music.

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"These are impressive," said Alyssa from behind her broad oak desk. She thumbed through a few pages, stopped to read something, then closed the report again. "I didn't think you'd be able to format all that readably, but you did an outstanding job."

"Thank you," he said, his hands clasped in his lap. He paused to admire her workspace: wood-panel walls, brass-and-crystal fixtures, framed prints of Impressionist works...he decided that he was about to be sacked by a woman with an impressive sense of decorum.

"You've been working hard lately," she said. "Don't think I don't appreciate that."

Uh-oh, he thought. Here it comes. "Thank you."

"In fact, I was going to put you in for a pretty hefty bonus."

He swallowed. Hard. He'd let his libido cost him both his job AND some extra cash. "Really."

"Mmm-hm. But I've decided against it."

"Oh." Get on with it! he thought, squirming in his chair. I can be packed and out of here by nine. I can have a gun in my mouth by ten-thirty....

"Yeah. And seeing you in your office this morning clenched it." She smiled, and he could sense her cocking the hammer. "Instead, I'm giving you a raise. Twenty percent."

His body tingled with shock. A RAISE? After seeing his screen saver? After learning about his perversion? He opened his mouth, but couldn't figure out quite what to say.

"What's the matter, Mitch?" She winked. "Amazon got your tongue?"

"Uh," he said, figuring it was better to get something unintelligible out than nothing at all. "I, uh, well...wasn't exactly expecting this. I mean...you saw--"

"Never mind what I saw. You're too damned good at what you do for me to worry about stupid shit like that." She stood, and walked around to the other side of the desk. "Now go take the rest of the day off. Get some breakfast and some sleep. It's Friday, so you'll have a three-day weekend."

Mitch stood, his legs unsteady for a second, smiling slightly. "Uh...thank you, Miss Jordan. I mean--"

"Save it," she said. Alyssa turned toward her desk, took a card from a holder and scribbled something on the back. Re-facing him, she said, "I forgot to mention. There's a stipulation attached to the raise. Take this."

He took the card. It read:

The Iron Maidens Gym  
618 Nelson St.  
Gulf Bay, FL 33932  
(555) 855-2991  
"Pumping iron to make steel"

He looked at her with his eyebrows raised. "I don't--"

"You work out, don't you?"

"Yeah," he said. "Mostly running, though. Some weights."

"Great. Wear something comfortable." She patted his cheek, and said, "Tomorrow at 2:00. Don't be late."

As he turned to leave, he saw something predatory in her eyes. I don't know about this, as he angled toward his office. I'm beginning to think she should have just fired me....

-----

Wow, thought Mitch as he stepped from his Jeep. Very nice.

The Iron Maidens Gym was a bit off the beaten path--in a wooded suburb a couple of miles from the Gulf-- and the only building in the immediate area. The parking lot was packed with trendy, expensive sports cars and sedans. One-way glass ran along the front of the building, obscuring the interior. The gym logo ran across the front, in huge, chrome-painted letters.

He had just reached the entrance when he noticed Alyssa's Corvette parked on the front row. Shit, he thought, and checked his watch. I know I'm not late--

"Mitch." Alyssa poked through the entrance. "Get in here."

He walked across the threshold--

--and into paradise.

The gym was a broad, open-air conglomeration of the finest bodybuilding machinery known to man. Weights, resistance machines, and sophisticated aerobic exercisers were strategically interspersed, each grouped by similarity of function and purpose. But then he noticed the real beauty of the club.

The WOMEN.

Every female in sight was like something out of his wildest fantasies: powerful, beautiful, buxom, all clad in the scantiest of gymwear. He watched in awe as the girls pushed, pumped, strained, and sweated their way to bodily glory, defeating the weights they held for rep after rep.

"Hey! Mitch! Remember me?"

He turned--

Why hadn't he noticed THIS before?

Alyssa was, to put it mildly, perfect. He'd always been conscious of her beauty--and her chest size- -but she'd done a remarkable job of dressing down her musculature, wearing loose blouses and long skirts. But now, before him, wearing a black pelvic thong and a matching half-tank--two sizes too small, he noticed, and struggling to contain what must have been a D-cup bosom--he fell hopelessly in love. He'd been so intimidated by her office demeanor that he'd never pictured her as the glorious vision standing before him. The sheen of sweat on her skin highlighted her physique, reflecting the overhead lights.

"Come on, Mitch," she said, and took a step toward him. "You're gonna catch flies like that."

"Uh. Oh." He forced his mouth closed. "Sorry."

Alyssa did a pirouette before him, turning slowly, giving him an ample view of all her assets. Her rear was every bit as well-developed and inviting as her front. "I take it you like what you see."

"Yeah," he said, nodding, still numb. "Yeah. Yeah."

"Great." She put her hands on hips, and said, "I was just finishing up my workout. Come spot me."

She led him through the gym toward the chest stations. The women he passed gave him wry, knowing smiles, acting as if they were in on a secret. He nodded back, trying to remain cool, but knowing he was giving away his apprehension.

Alyssa eased onto a bench press. The bar was loaded with several steel plates. Offhand, it appeared to be well over 400 pounds, but he knew he was underestimating.

"Pay attention," she barked. "If this thing falls on me, I'm taking it out on you."

He stepped closer, positioning himself behind her head as she exhaled and pushed the bar off the rack. It hung over her chest a moment, the bar bowing from the incredible weight, and then she lowered it to her chest. The sinews in her arms and upper body rippled as she controlled the massive poundage.

With a cry, she drove it off her, the bar rising with seemingly no effort. He blinked in disbelief: he would NEVER have imagined her as being so powerful. Transfixed, he stood by as she pressed it again, then again, until eight reps had passed. On the ninth, she struggled to lock it out, and on the tenth, he moved his hands under the bar to assist her. As if insulted by the notion of needing help, she finished the rep unaided, then dropped the bar back on the rack.

"YES!" She hopped off the bench, then turned to face him, smiling broadly. "TEN reps! Guess it's time to move up."

"Miss Jordan--"

"Hey," she said, wiping her face down with a towel. "We aren't in the office now. It's Alyssa. Remember that."

"Okay."

She held up her arms and struck a double-biceps pose. "Take a guess."

"Um...at what?"

"My arm size, you dope. How big?"

Alyssa was his height almost exactly--five ten-- and he'd once gauged his biceps at fourteen inches. Hers looked bigger, much bigger. "Uh, I don't know. Sixteen inches?"

"Try seventeen," she said. "And for the record, I'm 51DD-24-39." Alyssa changed her pose to show off her triceps. "I got the impression you like muscles on a girl. Was I right?"

Mitch resisted the urge to drop to his knees and begin chanting, "I'm not worthy! I'm not worthy!", but managed to contain himself. "Well, it's certainly attractive, yes."

Her smile told him that she was having none of it. "No, Mitchie, I think it's a little more than that," she said, and snaked her arm in his. The sensation of her powerful arm mingling with his, and her hand clasping his, was enough to produce another high. Walking away from the pit, she said, "Your kind is so funny. You aren't the first guy I've brought here, for exactly the same reason. You never want to come right out and admit that the women here are the most fantastic you've ever seen, and that you're awed by us."

He nodded, and said, "Well...okay. Let me be the first. You're all amazing."

"I knew that, stupid, or I'd never have brought you here."

"I'm grateful," he said, as they stopped at a water fountain. "But yesterday, you said something about a stipulation being attached to my raise. Could you--"

"Well, I should clarify that," she said, and gulped down some water. She wiped her forearm across her lips, and said, "There really isn't a 'stipulation', per se. You've got the raise. Effective next paycheck."

"Okay...then--"

"But, I have certain...expectations now. I'd been thinking about doing this before, before after Friday's events, I knew you'd be perfect."

"Perfect? For what?"

She took the front of his tank top, and pulled him toward her. Closer, closer, until her lips were brushing his. "You see that door behind us there?"

He wanted to kiss her. Badly. Her full, red lips were so inviting, and she was so beautiful.... "Mmmm- hm," he murmured.

"Go inside, and wait for me. Take off your tank and shoes. Just leave on your shorts." She backed away, and smiled. "I'll be there in a little bit."

He swallowed another lump, and forced his body to calm down. "Uh...okay."

Once through the door, he peeled off his tank. He found himself in a dim hallway, which led to a wider room about twenty feet ahead. Mitch walked to it--

--and found he wasn't alone. Three other men stood in the room before him, also clad in shorts. They were standing in a group and talking idly.

"Hey!" One of them motioned him over. "C'mere! Make yourself at home."

Mitch joined them in a wide, open room, probably fifty feet per side, with blue mats spread across the floor. The walls to either side were lined with tall mirrors.

"Hi," said the man who'd first spoken to him. "I'm Jim." Jim was early forties, a couple of inches taller and about thirty pounds lighter. "This is Bob." Bob looked to be mid to late twenties, and stood around five-six. His body was slender and fairly toned. "And here's another newbie, Jack." Jack was by far the biggest man present. He stood at least six-two, and must have weighed two-thirty. He had a square jaw, with the dark shadow of a day's growth around his face. His broad shoulders and deep chest shifted in the lights as he moved to shake Mitch's hand.

"I'm Mitch Ellis," said Mitch. Looking to Jim, he asked, "So, you used the word 'newbie'. What did you-- "

"Good afternoon, guys," came a voice from the other end of the room. They turned to see four women filing in, Alyssa among them, all clad in revealing, sweat-soaked thongs and half-tops. Mitch decided that they may as well have been wearing bikinis or underwear. Given all he'd seen, Mitch wondered if he'd been away from the gym for too long. They walked over to the men, Alyssa leading the way. "Okay, gentlemen," she said, putting her hands on her hips, "two of you know perfectly why you're here, and two of you are probably lost. That's about to change. But first, I'd like you to meet your opposition."

Opposition? Mitch thought.

"This is Mary," she said, and a similarly buxom brunette nodded. She focused her gaze on Jim, and said, "Hi, lover. I missed you."

"Beside her is Carrie."

Carrie smiled and blew them a kiss. She weighed a little bit less--and a trifle less chesty--than Mary, but he measured her at at least a "C". All the girls easily fell into the

"beautiful" category, but Carrie had the classic bombshell look, with her flowing blonde hair and big blue eyes.

"And this is Sandra."

Sandra was a petite powerhouse, easily the shortest, thickest girl present. Her close-cut brown hair, high cheeks, and upturned nose gave her a girl- next-door-ish flavor, and her full, firm breasts sat proudly atop a shelf of muscle. She bounced on her toes and smiled, betraying her eagerness.

"And of course, I'm Alyssa," she said to Jack. The others seemed to know her.

"Uh--" I started.

"Shut up," snapped Alyssa. "In here, you don't speak unless spoken to. Understood?"

Her demeanor was definitely less accommodating suddenly, Mitch decided. He nodded and clamed up.

"Welcome to another session in the Iron Maidens Wrestling Club," she said. "We all got our workouts in early so we could cool down against you pathetic losers. For your information, the doors are now locked, and the only way out is through us. We were going to inspect you before beginning, but our newest member, Sandra--" She nodded at the girl. "--can't WAIT to get her hands on you boys. So just move to your side of the room and let's get started."

The men with Mitch started toward their side. He noticed Jack's smirk of confidence as they turned away, and wondered, despite the fact that he was a man, if he really had the advantage he thought he'd have. The girls looked serious, and on attitude alone they had the edge.

As they moved into place, Mitch gathered his own feelings about the encounter. It was all happening so fast. He loved beautiful, buxom, muscular women, loved watching them wrestle and dominate struggling men. But spectating was one thing, participating something else totally. Would he enjoy this? Would he try to get away? He had no idea. He was helpless to do anything but comply.

Sandra bounced onto the mat, facing them, and pointed at Jack. His smirk grew wider as he squared his shoulders and padded out to her. The size difference was striking: Sandra was giving away at least nine inches and probably sixty pounds to the brute. Most of the encounters he had seen on tape and in pictures involved women of similar size or larger than their opponents, never smaller. The poor girl would be squashed!

Jack put his hands on his hips, and Sandra crouched down slightly, shifting her weight from side to side, her eyes wide as she looked him over. He made a lunge for her--

Sandra sidestepped and kicked the back of his knee. Jack fell to all fours, and that was the opening she needed. She dove onto his back and locked her incredible arms and legs around him, then rolled him over, with him lying against her. A full nelson followed, and she began applying excruciating pressure with her arms and legs. Jack's well-muscled torso began to stretch as she slowly pulled him in different directions.

Desperate, Jack flexed and pulled his arms, trying to break her nelson, but couldn't budge her. He flailed over to his side, then got to his stomach, with her still riding him. Jack pushed himself to crawl, only to have Sandra unlock her legs, slide back, and pull him down atop her again.

Mitch's chest constricted at the sight of this beautiful, spunky girl dominating this huge man. Pound- for-pound, she was clearly stronger, and she was offsetting his mass and height advantage by bringing the match to the mat. Jack was simply not going to break free without her allowing him to.

"C'mon, big boy," she growled in his ear, and jolted him with her thighs. "Give it up. Or I'll make a wish."

Jack was gasping in pain as she applied unrelenting pressure. Finally, red-faced, he nodded quickly. "Yeah, yeah, I give--"

"Not good enough." Sandra bent his neck forward, and his teeth clamped together in pain. "Say 'I submit totally. You win.'"

Jack didn't waste a second. "I--I submit totally, you win! You win, all right?"

Sandra unclasped her hands, and shoved him rolling away. She stood and faced the men, then moved through a range of poses while Jack collected himself. Mitch was amazed. Sandra was incredible, as were all the women. She'd made short work of Jack, the biggest of her opposition. He could only guess how the rest of the men would fare.

But she wasn't finished with Jack. She walked over to him, and pulled him up by the hair.

Jack ducked in and cinched in a bearhug, lifting her off her feet and crushing her tightly to him. He bore down, trying to pressure the rippling muscles of her midsection and back. Sandra appeared more annoyed than worried as she wedged her hands inside his arms and pushed. His arms separated as she forced hers inside, then began to expand them. He struggled to keep his hands clasped as Sandra methodically opened his

embrace, the strain evident on her face as she fought against his leverage. With a cry she broke his grip, dropped to her feet, then drove her forehead into his solar plexus. The air left him with a whoosh!, and she grabbed him around the waist into a hug of her own. Sandra spun on her feet and whipped him around, then slammed him back to the mats, landing atop him. He lay there before her, pounding his feet up and down and clutching his midsection, as she stood over him and flexed.

"That was stupid," she said, and stomped his belly. He doubled up to prevent a second blow. "And now you're going to suffer."

She lowered into a splits position over his stomach, then leaned forward and trapped his wrists behind his head. She brought her legs together, then slowly, menacingly, began raising her hips above him, directly above his abdomen.

"Oh, no," he gasped, and struggled to free himself. "God, no--"

Her first pelvic thrust hit him like an anvil, ramming him into the mat, and he shouted in pain. Smiling cruelly, she raised her hips again, then said, "Get ready for the piston."

Sandra hit him with another shot, then another, until she became a shiny, furious, glute-bashing machine, each blow accompanied by the staccato slap of flesh on flesh as she pounded her hip muscles into his unprotected stomach and abdomen. Jack was having trouble inhaling as she kept up the pressure, applying all of her potent power to the strikes. Mitch counted a hundred in less than thirty seconds before losing count.

She paused to revel in his pained expression, as he coughed and choked in sweet lungfuls of air. "N-no more," he croaked. "I can't take any more...."

"Oh, nonsense," she said, and began raising her hips once more, even higher than before. "You're a big, strong man, you can take it."

The next succession of slams came slower and more powerfully, as she carefully rose to her absolute apex, then came crashing back down. Mitch realized that his erection was probably a dead giveaway now, but a glance to his fellows showed them to be both nervous and aroused as well.

Jack was almost totally out of it, his breathing ragged. She sat astride his badly bruised body, bearing her weight down on his abdomen, then rolled to the side. Her thick legs encircled him, and she flexed casually, making him gasp and thrash some more. She cycled the intensity of the pressure, giving him a mild respite and then crushing back down. Mitch wasn't entirely certain she couldn't pinch him in two if she'd so chosen.

Mitch chanced a glance at Alyssa, who was smiling and talking softly with the other Maidens. They were nodding approvingly at the girl, whom he guessed was debuting her skills for everyone today. In a dazzling display of strength, Sandra positioned him carefully, then pushed him over her head, her thick shoulders, arms, and legs easily holding his weight as she turned a slow circle for everyone.

The slam that followed made everyone wince. Mats or not, Jack came down at mach three and lay before her, groaning and clutching his back. Sandra stood over him, struck a few poses, then slid astride him once more.

"Okay, Jack," she whispered as her legs coiled around his midsection. "Time for beddy-bye." Her arms encircled his head, and at once he was trapped in her cleavage, her arms securing him against her as her breasts closed off his breathing. He spasmed, jerked, groaned, and squealed as she held firm, smiling. Mitch watched in shock as Sandra finished off Jack, his movement slowly fading, his arms and legs waving less and less, until they finally lay still on the mats.

"Take a break, Sandra," said Mary, motioning for her to come over to them. "Let us have some fun. We'll tag you back in, I promise."

The petite powerhouse looked down at Jack a few moments more, then unlocked him. She kissed him tenderly on his lips and pushed herself off his prostrate body. Walking over to her teammates, she said, "Okay, but make sure I get back in. He's mine when we're done."

When Jack came to, he just sat there, shaking his head, trying to clear the cobwebs. He could only manage a crawl back to the guys' side of the mats. He rolled his head in circles, still suffering from the shock of having been so easily disposed of by a woman.

"A very impressive debut," Mary applauded as Sandra strutted over to receive congratulatory high fives from the other Iron Maidens. "I suppose we could just sit here and watch her rip you others apart, but we want Jack and Mitch to get to a feeling for the club as a whole. Our rules are that the winner gets the honors of picking who the next opponents will be. But first let me fill our newcomers in on who they're up against today. You've already seen Sandra. 5'5", 167 pounds. 17" arms. And since you men can't seem to appreciate a woman's body without knowing her statistics, she's 46C-21-35. Carrie is 5'7" and weighs a solid 158 pounds. Her arms measure 16+ inches and her vitals are 44C-23-36. I'm about five pounds heavier than Carrie and the same height. 16 and a half inch arms. 44DD- 21-38. And there's Mitch's boss Alyssa. 5'10", 190. 17" arms and a hard as steel 51DD-24-39. The best bodies. Strength beyond your imagination. Endurance bred from hours and hours in the gym. And more sex appeal than a year's

worth of centerfolds. That's us Iron Maidens, boys. And what we like to do is crush men into complete submission. And then, if we're in the mood, we really have fun."

"OK Sandra, who'll it be? We going to throw Mitch into the fray or are we going to make him watch a little more?" Alyssa asked.

"Carrie and Bob." Sandra replied. "I want to see a couple of the regulars square off myself."

Carrie tied her flowing blond hair up and gracefully moved to the middle of the mats. "Come on, sweetie." she said. "Get out here so I can kick your cute little butt." Bob obliged by walking his 5'6", 132 body out to the middle. Mitch was amazed at the difference in their bodies. Carrie was so much more intimidatingly muscular. Her thick thighs and arms dwarfed his. Bob looked so puny compared to her -- and she was the lightest weight Iron Maiden there!

Bob started backpedaling but Carrie was relentless, moving forward and cutting off his angles. She steered him over to the Iron Maidens side. Mary shoved him forward, right into Carrie's bearhug. She grabbed him around the ribcage and lifted him off the mats.

"AAAGGHHH!" he groaned as Carrie cinched the hold on tight. Her sizable upper arms swelled further as she applied enormous pressure. "No. Not my ribs. Please no, that hurts a lot. I haven't recovered from the last time. Please stop. Please!!"

Mitch himself could practically feel Bob's pain and was astonished that Bob was in so much trouble so quickly. Carrie had him completely out muscled and outclassed. And yet Mitch sensed she wasn't coming close to applying her full potential. He glanced nervously at Alyssa and saw that she was watching his reactions to the match.

Bob was growing weaker in Carrie's arms, softly moaning "No. No."

"We shouldn't have bothered having you here this time," Carrie chided. "You're wimpy enough when you're healthy, Bob. When you're like this, still recovering, you're no fun at all."

"I'm sorry. I thought you'd be mad if I didn't come and try." he responded.

"You're probably right. I might have gone over to your apartment and done a lot more damage to this rag doll body of yours."

"Please don't hurt my ribs anymore," Bob implored.

Carrie tossed Bob aside and he went sprawling to the mats, holding his aching sides. She stood over him straddling his head. She stooped down and cupped her hands under his head, lifting him up as she stood back up. She pressed his face hard against her crotch and clamped her thighs around his head. The muscular contours of her legs exploded into colossal definition as she worked over Bob. His shrieks were all but muffled, however, by Carrie's smothering crotch. His head twitched and twisted, involuntarily providing Carrie with some welcome stimulation.

"Oooh yeah," she purred, closing her eyes and reveling in the sensations.

"Just be careful you don't get carried away and snap his neck," Mary cautioned.

Carrie suddenly parted her thighs wide and Bob's head fell to the mats like a stone.

Carrie placed one foot squarely on his chest and struck a double biceps victory pose. "Do you give, little wimp?" she asked.

"Yes. Yes. I give!" he pleaded.

"Well you can thank Mary for saving your neck," she said. "But don't think you're off the hook just yet. If you're no good for my wrestling workout then you'll just have to make it up to me other ways. Won't you, Bob?"

Carrie had turned her back to the other men so only Bob could see her pulling the front of her thong down, making her intentions perfectly clear. She repeated her question for emphasis, "Won't you, Bob!"

"Yes, Carrie." he whispered hoarsely.

"Yes, Mistress Carrie!" she yelled.

"Yes, Mistress Carrie." he echoed meekly.

"Get up you wimp," she ordered. "I want them all to see what a nothing you are."

No sooner had Bob pulled himself to his feet when Carrie grabbed his shorts and literally tore them right off his body, throwing the scraps of cloth to the side. Bob cowered in fear, clad only in his jock strap.

"It's okay to like, strip them?" Sandra asked.

"You can do anything you want," Carrie answered.

"I wasn't sure." Sandra continued. "If I'd known I could have had even more fun with Jack."

"The reality is, they aren't physically able to stop you." Alyssa commented. "You felt how much stronger you are. He couldn't have prevented you from doing anything you felt like. Neither can any of the others."

"Wow. Talk about women's liberation!" Sandra exclaimed.

Meanwhile Carrie was moving in on Bob again.

"Wait!" he yelled. "I gave up. The fall's over. Isn't it somebody else's turn?"

"Bob, you know the rules. I can make you continue if I want." Carrie said. "Of course, I could always tag Alyssa..."

"Please no. She's too big for me."

"We're all too big for you, Bob." Carrie corrected.

Carrie slapped on a side headlock, mashing Bob's face between her breast and her ballooning arm muscles. She ground his head in circles as she paraded him around the perimeter of the mats. She stopped in front of the Maidens and flipped him over her hip flat onto the mats. Before he could react she stepped between his legs and put one foot right on his crotch.

"I wouldn't move too quickly if I were you, " she warned. "Cause if you do and I lose my balance and I shift my weight to this foot...well your balls might get crunched." Bob didn't move a muscle. Carrie began rubbing the front of Bob's jock with her toes. Carrie looked over at Sandra. "Just to show you we can do anything and they can't stop us, watch."

Carrie sensuously ran her left hand up her right arm, beginning at the wrist, squeezing and caressing the dense, well toned muscle. Her hand circled under to her triceps as she crooked her elbow and flexed her meaty biceps. The abundant ball of muscle grew hard at her command.

"Look how big it is Bob. How hard. This is how I could crush your puny little frame into complete submission in just seconds." she pronounced. "And this is just one of my many weapons Bob. That's why you're afraid of me. That's why you're in awe of my body. That's why you get very aroused whenever you daydream about me. Don't you Bob?"

"Yes. Yes Mistress Carrie."

"And you like to masturbate at home, fantasizing about my incredible body."

"Yes. Mistress Carrie."

Carrie abruptly bent down and stuck her hand inside Bob's bulging jock. Bob jerked as if he'd been touched by a live wire.

"And I've got you aroused again. Haven't I, Bob? Pull your jock off and give it to Sandra," Carrie ordered. "Maybe she'll want it as a memento of her first time with the Iron Maidens."

Bob hesitated. Carrie glared down at him and inhaled deeply. She pointed to her biceps and flexed again. "If I have to tell you again, I'll show no mercy to your ribs or any other part of you." she said darkly. Bob lifted his hips off the mats and slid his jock off, offering it up to Sandra. She took it and snickered.

Unrestrained, Bob's penis sprang to a full erection. Carrie knelt down between his legs. She kneaded the soft flesh of the insides of his thighs. Her fingers meandered closer and closer to his scrotum. Teasing and tantalizing his tumescence. Mitch was surprised at how brazen the Iron Maidens were -- that they would strip a man naked and play with him to arouse him. He wondered if he too would be put on display when his time to wrestle came.

"Bob's notorious for having a real short fuse," Carrie commented to Sandra. "It takes next to nothing to make him come. Fortunately, he gets hard again pretty quickly."

"Are you going to do him now?" Sandra asked excitedly. "I mean, I've never watched another woman get a guy's rocks off before. This is pretty wild."

"Well I guess I'll just have to then, won't I?" Carrie answered.

Mitch could not believe his eyes. Sure, he had had fantasies about muscular, dominant, sexually aggressive women. But right here? In front of him! An amazon jerking off a helpless guy? He was torn between wanting to watch and being too ashamed to look.

"Oh shit," he muttered as Carrie's fingers encircled Bob's thick cock. She gave Bob just one squeeze and he ejaculated copiously.

Carrie stood up over her spent foe and looked back over at Sandra. "If you know any guys who you think would be good candidates, let us know. We're always looking for fresh

recruits." She prodded Bob's side with her feet, ordering him back to the men's side of the mats. "Okay Mitch, enough spectating. You're up next. Alyssa, I assume you want the honors."

"Oh yes," Alyssa replied, striding confidently to the middle of the mats. "Come on Mitch. It's time for your initiation. Your screen savers are going to pale in comparison to this. Mary, grab Jim. We're going to make this two on two."

Mitch cautiously moved to the center of the mats, taking in the sight of Alyssa's stupendous muscularity once again. The reality that he was about to face off against this incredible physical specimen hit him like a sledge hammer.

She could see his apprehension. She could practically smell his fear. She would overwhelm all his senses. She would rule him totally.

"Try dealing with this," she hissed. She grabbed the underside of her black half tank and pulled it over her head. She slid the thong down over her hips and kicked it aside. She stood before him stark naked. Her enormous breasts thrust straight out, defying gravity, defiantly proclaiming her power.

Mary positioned herself beside Alyssa and ripped her top off, exposing her ripe, firm 44 double D's. "You guys don't stand a chance," she declared.

"You got any strategy for this?" Mitch asked Jim.

"Yeah, trying not to get killed." he replied. "If they double team one of us and then the other, this will be over in a flash."

Mary and Alyssa exchanged high fives and began stalking their opponents. Mitch quickly surmised that Jim's instincts were right. It looked like they planned to double team Jim first. Mary clobbered him with her forearm, the force of the blow knocking him into Alyssa's arms. She powerslammed him to the mats and Mary followed with a flying elbow to his sternum. Both women dropped to the mats and wrapped their legs around Jim's crushed body.

"No. Not this. Not a double scissors. My god, you'll kill me!" he squealed. Mary and Alyssa smiled at each other and then leaned back and began to squeeze. Jim's face contorted in agony. Before Mitch could even think of a way to help him, Jim passed out.

"Keep him company while I break in the new guy," Alyssa said to Mary. Mary sat on Jim's chest while Alyssa hopped to her feet.

"So what do you think now, Mitch?" Alyssa asked.

"You almost killed Jim. I've never seen anyone pass out like that before."

"Oh we didn't almost kill him. He just couldn't breathe and he was in a lot of pain. His body just quit on us, that's all. You guys can't stand up to the force all this muscle can generate."

Mitch surveyed Alyssa's spectacular physique and realized how impossible it would be for him to deal with her challenge. Somehow she seemed even bigger now that she was naked. He bounced from side to side, trying to seem athletic, hoping he could put up a better exhibition than Jack or Bob or poor Jim had been able to do.

Alyssa wasn't fooled. In fact, she yawned, stretching her arms over her head and out to the sides. That caused her prodigious breasts to thrust out even further, riveting Mitch's attention. He didn't sense Mary sneaking up behind him.

Jim groggily called out, "Look out!" but it was too late. Mary grabbed hold of Mitch around the chest while Alyssa moved in.

"Let's make a little Mitch sandwich," she said, pressing her hard body against him. Mary pressed tighter too and then the two Maidens grabbed each other's arms and pulled tight. Mitch was squashed between them, his 175 pound frame no match for the unyielding hardness of Amazon muscle. He could feel their astounding breasts pressing against his chest and back. They held him so tightly he was having trouble breathing.

Jim started getting up and Mary dove at him, knocking him back down. Within seconds she had him subdued with a figure four head scissors. She tensed her thighs as she pulled tight with her bulging calf and Jim was knocked out again.

In the meantime, Alyssa had scooped Mitch up and was holding him across her body. She dropped to one knee and slammed him across her leg. The pain and shock reverberated along Mitch's spine. Effortlessly she stood up again with Mitch still in her arms. He struggled to free himself from her grasp.

"Here. You want to get down? You want to get away?" she called as she threw Mitch several feet through the air. He smashed to the floor and dazedly tried to get back to his feet. Alyssa just smiled and let him get up. She knew that with her strength and conditioning, the longer the fall lasted the more one sided it would become. Until either Mitch was in too much pain to continue, or too exhausted to continue, or she simply got bored and put an end to it.

She leaned far forward, balancing herself by putting her hands on her power-packed thighs.

"Come on, Mitch." she urged. "See if you can get a takedown. See if you can get me off my feet."

"You wouldn't challenge me to try if you thought I could do it, right?" Mitch asked.

Alyssa chuckled. "You're catching on real fast, Mitch."

Mitch dropped to a three point stance. "It's worth a shot," he declared, launching himself full force at Alyssa. He came in low, his shoulder slamming against her washboard abs. Having played football in high school, he'd been taught how to hit, how to bring a bigger player down. He forced Alyssa back one step, but that was it. She easily absorbed the full force of his attempted tackle, her steel frame repelling his hit. She used his momentum to flip him up onto her shoulder, the small of his back draped over her bulging deltoids. For a brief moment he caught his reflection in the mirrors and saw, to his astonishment, that Alyssa was holding him with just one arm! What could he possibly do against such enormous strength? The female colossus pressed Mitch high over her head, parading about the mats in a demonstration of extravagant power.

Alyssa dropped Mitch nearly eight feet to the floor and then body splashed him, 190 pounds of solid steel pulverizing his inferior body. She laughed at his feeble attempts to keep her from pinning his arms over his head. Mitch could not fathom how easy it was for her to control him.

"Having fun?" she grinned.

"You're so strong!" he said hoarsely, taking in the sight of her pumped 17" arms. "I can't do anything."

"Oh, you're wrong about that," she replied devilishly. She lowered her gaze to her fantastically proportioned breasts. "You'll do exactly as I say."

Pressed tightly against him, Alyssa could feel Mitch's cock growing. She smiled at him, satisfied, knowing as a matter of pride that the other women would see that she had made him aroused. She wondered how good his self control was, because as far as she was concerned he was going to need it. She had her own reputation to maintain as an ultra- curvaceous sex bomb.

Mitch knew he wasn't going to be able to hide his rapidly growing erection from Alyssa. He could feel it pressing insistently against her rock hard thigh. She raised herself slightly,

easing her weight off him. She resisted the temptation to hip thrust him into battered submissiveness. No opponent could long endure the piledriver power of her lower torso ramming and ramming with blurring speed.

"Ready for another souvenir, Sandra?" she called out. Alyssa rolled over onto her back, pulling Mitch over on top of her and wrapping her arms around his chest to hold him captive. Mitch tried prying her arms loose, but he couldn't even make an impression in her hard-as-rocks muscles.

"Come on Sandra. Pull his shorts off. Let's make this boy wrestle bare assed." Alyssa said.

Sandra sprang across the mats and went to the guys' side first. Jack flinched as she charged at him, stopping at the last second and yanking his shorts down. Jack was wearing jock strap too and Sandra paused for just a moment, savoring the fear in his eyes and her newfound sense of power. With a loud rip and a snap, she tore the waistband, reducing the jock to scraps. She raised an eyebrow at the sight of Jack's thick semi-hard cock.

"Now it's your turn Mitch," Sandra exclaimed, making her way over to where Alyssa continued to restrain him. He squirmed helplessly as he felt her grab the back of his shorts. "He's not wearing a jock, just underpants," she announced securing both waistbands in her fingers.

Mitch felt his clothes being pulled down over his butt and down his legs and realized a room full of amazonically proportioned superwomen were about to see his erection. He felt Alyssa rolling back over, smothering him under her muscled physique.

Suddenly the room was pierced by the thrashing, moaning cries of Mary, rapidly approaching a stupendous orgasm, compliments of Jim's furious tonguing. "OHHH YYESSSSSSSSSSSSSS!" she groaned, tugging at her stiffened nipples. This erotic display had a pronounced effect on both Jack and Bob's members, a reaction not missed by Sandra or Carrie. They whispered words to each other, but then refocused their attention on Alyssa and Mitch.

Alyssa was rolling off Mitch, giving the Maidens their first full fledged unobstructed view.

"One short and thick," Carrie called out, pointing to Jack. "One long and thin," she added, referring to Mitch's erection. "At least we got some variety with the new guys."

Alyssa dove back on top of him giggling. With practiced ease she subdued him again, laying one of her huge thighs across his stomach to pin him. Her fingers fondled his balls and he twitched, knowing he could take very little of this intensely erotic stimulation.

"You got your raise, but you got more than you bargained for, didn't you Mitch?" she purred.

"Oh, yes," he replied raspingly.

"A real live muscle girl. With arms and legs that dwarf yours. A sexy muscle girl too."

"You're unbelievable."

"You're going to get rid of all those staged pictures on your screen savers now that you've felt the real thing, aren't you, Mitch?"

"Whatever you want."

"Three of my favorite words," she snickered.

Carrie and Sandra, becoming impatient to rejoin the action, stripped their scanty wrestling attire off. Despite the similarity in their breast size, Carrie's resplendently large pink areolae stood in stark contrast to Sandra's silver dollar nipples.

Alyssa gripped Mitch's jaw and twisted his head to view Carrie and Sandra. They responded by simultaneously striking double biceps poses and tightening their pecs, causing their jutting breasts to thrust out further.

"Not bad, eh?" she asked.

"I don't think I can take much more of this," Mitch confessed.

"What do you mean, Mitch?" she teased. "Too much woman for you to handle?"

"You know what you're doing to me," he replied, straining to keep from ejaculating.

"And to think I've been going easy on you because this is your first time," she admonished. "I probably could have made you come in your shorts."

"If you're going to do it, please put me out of my misery," Mitch implored.

"You're so anxious now, you wouldn't last inside me for a second," she whispered in his ear. "Maybe I'll give you a chance later. You want me to take you. You want me to rape you. Don't you?"

"Oh, yes. Please."

Alyssa shifted her position, trapping Mitch's hard on between her colossal thighs. She pushed up with her arms, lifting her upper body off his, her fantastic breasts hovering over his face.

"I can squeeze you hard enough with my thighs that you can't come until I decide you can," she declared. "While I smack you senseless with my boobs."

Mitch's balls kicked into overdrive, urgently seeking relief, but Alyssa's vise grip on his penis prevented anything from happening. He realized that at this very moment his ultimate fantasy was being fulfilled -- to be completely dominated physically and sexually by a powerful, muscular, busty beauty.

"Don't do this to me. Please let me come." he begged as the aching in his balls intensified.

"A unique and exquisite torture, wouldn't you say?" Alyssa answered. She knew that bringing Mitch into the group had been a good choice. He was cute. He was subservient. He was nicely hung. He was all but broken in.

She jerked her left shoulder forward, thrusting her firm left breast against Mitch's face. Then her right shoulder and breast. Left. Right. Left. Right. The heavy globes mashing against him. He was stunned by the force with which she could hit him. These were just her breasts! What would ever happen if she donned boxing gloves and hit him with her fists?

"Stop. Please stop." Mitch pleaded. The other men were all fully erect, mesmerized by her erotic beating.

"She makes it look so easy," Sandra commented admiringly. "And she's gotten them all hard in the process. I've never seen four hard ons before."

"Get used to it," Carrie chuckled. "It happens all the time here. You got it back up again in a real hurry Bob. You ready to put that thing to good use?" She started moving across the floor.

"Don't be shy Sandra," Mary called. "If you want Jack then knock him down and take him. Or as you've seen, Jim's tongue comes highly recommended."

"Maybe I'll try them both," Sandra giggled, following Carrie across the room.

"Too bad you're going to miss the action," Alyssa told Mitch.

"What do you mean?" he moaned, his testicles desperate for relief.

"I'm going to part my thighs while I smother you with my breasts. You're going to come and then you're going to pass out."

"No. Don't do that."

"I'm going to do it because you can't stop me."

"You're so big I can't stop you," Mitch confessed. He could hear Carrie and Sandra going after Bob and Jack, but his field of view was completely taken up by her 51 inch double D's. She put her hands around the back of his head as she pressed her arms against the sides of her breasts, squeezing the full globes together, making the deep chasm of her cleavage even tighter. The incredibly firm, yet pliant pillows entrapped his face snugly, cutting off far more air than he needed. Then she squeezed even tighter, to show him he was beyond helpless and to seal his fate.

Alyssa knew that Mitch would begin struggling in seconds, writhing below her, clutching her arms, trying desperately for a breath. She was waiting for when she sensed his exertion was at its height. At that moment she spread her thighs apart, releasing the penis she had kept prisoner. Within a millisecond came his muffled groan, a shuddering of his entire body, and a rocket of cum that shot high into the air.

Whether he passed out from being suffocated or the sheer orgasmic force of his ejaculation, no one will ever know. But Mitch went completely limp in Alyssa's smothering embrace.

The first thing Mitch saw as consciousness returned was Alyssa standing beside him, fitting her breasts into a bikini top. She already had her bottoms on. She looked down and saw he'd woke up.

"I thought you were trying to get a nap in," she chuckled. She bent down and tossed him a towel and a tiny pair of satin shorts that looked like the kind of posing briefs that male bodybuilders compete in. "Wipe yourself off and put those on. We're going to the beach." she announced. "You all gave us such little competition today we decided to play some v-ball." Mitch looked around to see that all the other Maidens had bikinis on, and that Bob, Jim and Jack already were wearing their suits.

After a fifteen minute drive and a twenty minute walk along the dunes, the group, with the women strolling in front, and the men struggling to carry the coolers and all the other gear, arrived at a wide secluded stretch of beach where a volleyball net was securely anchored in the powder- soft white sand. The Maidens stood by and shouted

out orders for the men to lay out the blankets, start the barbecue, make drinks from the coolers, and mark off the boundaries in the sand for the volleyball court.

"In honor of its recognition in the '96 Olympic Games, we'll play doubles volleyball," Mary announced. "We'll rotate the players on each side. Who wants up first?"

Sandra and Carrie volunteered from the Maidens side. Bob and Jim came out for the men. It immediately became apparent that the Maidens would dominate on the volleyball court as easily as they had on the wrestling mats. Sandra's first five overhand leaping serves were aces. Taking pity on the men, she switched to underhand serves. Carrie and Sandra ran Bob and Jim ragged, hitting the ball in high arcs that had them running all over the court trying to get to the ball. After a few feeble returns from the men, the Maidens would expertly set each other up for a devastating spike to end the point. The only times Bob or Jim got to serve was when the Maidens hit the ball out of bounds. The guys failed to score a single point.

Jack and Mitch teamed up against Mary and Alyssa in the second round.

"Jeez, I don't know whether they're sexier in the nude or in bikinis," Jack whispered to Mitch. "What incredible fucking bodies. And these two, the tits!"

"Like the other two are flat-chested," Mitch joked.

Alyssa looked across the net at the two newbies, satisfied that these were two of the best looking, best built guys the Maidens had recruited in months. Mitch was cuter, but Jack had over 50 more pounds of beef on him and that broad chest. She wished she'd had some time on the mats with him. But they'd both be a lot of fun and there'd be plenty more times like today.

She blew a kiss to Mitch and sent the ball in a high arc over the net. He scrambled to get the ball set to Jack who used his height to get a decent return over. Mary dove to save the ball, setting it for Alyssa who creamed the ball for a bullet spike that whistled between Mitch and Jack before they could react.

Mitch and Jack may have had more talent than Bob and Jim, but they were still no match for the Maidens. To their credit, they managed to get seven points before Alyssa and Mary won. Three on out of bounds returns, two by Jack and two by Mitch.

Alyssa patted Mitch on the butt as they left the court. "Come here, lie down beside me." she invited. Mitch flopped onto his back. Alyssa lay down on her stomach, propping herself up on her elbows. Mitch was trying to get his wind back, since the Maidens had

deliberately stretched out the last two points to really make the guys run. Run into the ground was exactly how Mitch felt.

"You two did great," Alyssa complimented.

"Not according to the score. We got trounced." Mitch admitted.

"But nobody's scored that many points against us in a long time." Alyssa explained.

"Well it's all relative I guess. Kind of like saying that we're the tallest midgets."

"Well don't start sounding like a loser. You had a lot of fun today didn't you?" Alyssa asked.

"Yeah, I had fun. I mean it was fantastic. But it all happened so suddenly I guess it was a bit overwhelming." Mitch answered.

"Still sinking in? Still trying to digest it all?"

"Yeah that's what I mean. I just wasn't expecting all this. I wouldn't have conceived this kind of thing went on."

"What about your screen savers?"

"Oh that was a fantasy world for me. I never guessed there was anything like you or this - not on this scale."

"Surely you put two and two together between my seeing your screen savers and inviting you to a gym called the Iron Maidens?"

"I think I was in a bit of a daze between the long hours, getting such a great raise, and then getting invited to see you outside the office. Maybe I imagined there'd be a little horsing around, but I had no idea you'd be so...so..." He struggled to find the right words.

"Charming?" she laughed, completing his sentence. Mitch laughed too. "Surely you were aware of my charms." Alyssa directed her gaze to her breasts.

"Well it's kind of hard to miss those," Mitch allowed. "But the way you dress at work, I don't think anyone would come close to guessing you're so muscular."

"That's good to know. I like to keep my work life and my private life separate."

"Including me?"

"Well obviously, you're the exception."

"If you don't mind my asking, what does happen between us and between the other guys and the Maidens?"

"As for me and you," Alyssa began to explain, "I think you'll find your work environment will take on some exciting new twists and challenges." She grinned and winked. "I'll warn you of one thing. If I call you into my office, close the door and make sure it's locked. As far as this is concerned," she waved her hand in the direction of the group, "we have a pretty wide open policy. We girls may have our particular favorites, especially outside the gym, but during sessions, the policy is we take whatever we want."

"So if one of the other girls wanted to take me right now you wouldn't mind?" Mitch asked, hoping Alyssa would become defensive.

"Outside the gym I can let the girls know you're off limits. But the only way any guy can become exclusive for one girl is for him to not come to the gym anymore. Inside, the only policy that works, that keeps from any disagreements among the Maidens, is a reciprocal, wide open, do whatever you want policy."

"So your answer is yes, you wouldn't mind."

"Look Mitch, if I were you I'd look at this as quite an opportunity. Where have you ever seen a bunch of bodies like these? I know they think you're cute and you've got enough between your legs to get a lot of them interested. Of course it's obvious why Jack is going to get a lot of attention too." Alyssa sighed and paused, looking over towards Jack.

Mitch wanted to change the subject. "You said you want to avoid disagreements," he repeated. "So that means you're pretty competitive."

"Of course! What do you think? We train hard. We're very aggressive. We're proud of our bodies and we're proud of our sex appeal. Naturally there's an element of competition. But the more important thing is because we encourage each other and because we share everything inside the gym, there's a bigger element of cooperation that outweighs the competition."

"Ever wrestle each other?" Mitch inquired.

"Sure we do. And some of us more experienced Maidens will train the newcomers, teach them some moves. I'll probably have to take Sandra on, teach her a thing or two. She's a little too cocky after pummeling Jack, but she did look good."

"Think you can beat her?"

"Mitch!" Alyssa exclaimed, raising one eyebrow for angry emphasis. "That is a stupid question. She's strong, but compared to me, she's inexperienced. She'd make one mistake and it would be over. I'm far too powerful for her to recover."

"Boy, I'd love to see that!" he cheered.

"Sorry, Mitch, but no men are ever allowed. You will never see an Iron Maiden lose, even to another Iron Maiden. But it is quite a sight. Rules are that we wrestle nude."

"Oh don't tell me anymore. I'm beginning to drool." he broke in.

"You want to drool?" she prodded. "You want to really drool? Sometime I'll have Carrie wrestle you and have her do her little show. What she does is wear you down wrestling until you can't move. Then she ties your wrists to a piece of equipment so you really can't move. Gets you naked if you aren't already. Then she starts this dance that's half muscle flexing routine and half of the sexiest dancing you've ever seen. Much as I hate to admit it that girl has the most intense sex appeal. Ain't too long before her victim, if you want to call him that, shoots his load. She never touches him. He obviously can't touch himself. Sexual sensory overload."

Alyssa cocked her head sideways to check Mitch's crotch. He was so hard it looked like he might rip through the tiny briefs. She grinned. "I thought that might get the pump primed again," she purred.

"As if lying beside the most incredible body in the world wouldn't be more than sufficient inspiration," Mitch replied.

"Flattery, dear boy, may get you in a lot of trouble," she kidded.

"Hey, you can't blame me for trying, and I'm really not lying."

"So if I've got such an incredible bod then how come you haven't been peeking down my chest?" she challenged.

"You notice that kind of thing?"

"All women notice when men are staring down their chests."

"Well, if you want to know the truth, I've been dying to because I think they are so beautiful, but I was afraid to. I figured you'd catch me looking and be mad and think that all I was interested in was your bust."

"That's kind of sweet. I always thought you were kind of shy at work. You didn't gawk and talk to my chest whenever we were together. But considering what these babies did to you a while ago, I think it's safe to say that you can take a good gander whenever we're together like this."

Free to look, Mitch watched as Alyssa took her index finger and seductively drew it down from the top of her jutting breast to the top of her bikini top.

"Oh god," he muttered. "A woman with a body like yours who can kick the shit out of me with one hand. What did I do right to deserve this?"

Alyssa couldn't resist slipping her hand into his briefs and fondling his erection.

"I think I've got the answer right here in the palm of my hand," she chuckled. "Now take these things off before I rip them off and you have to walk back to the car bare- assed."

Alyssa raised up on her knees and untied her top, then pulled her bottom down.

"Aren't you glad you don't have to go to work tomorrow?" she laughed, sliding on top of his body.

THE END

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