

# The Knockout

By AmazonFan

She straightens her husband out with her fists

The time my wife Rosemary knocked me out, I thought it was a fluke. I had come home on a Friday night, late, and more than a bit drunk. I had been hanging out with some of the crowd from the office at a bar and Rosemary was pissed. I hadn't called to say I'd be late and dinner got ruined and that wasn't the first time I'd come home a bit toasted.

"Why do you do this to me?" she cried. "Why are you always getting drunk?"

Then we got into an argument and I really went over the line and I called her a fucking bitch. I regretted it immediately and her eyes went cold and she turned away. I thought she was going to cry but suddenly she spun back around at me and clocked me with a roundhouse right flush to my jaw. I hit the floor, kayoed with one punch.

I woke up the next morning fully clothed in the spare bedroom. I guess she dumped me there or I crawled in there. I really don't remember. All I knew was I had a wicked hangover and a sore jaw. I took a shower and hauled my ass down to the kitchen. Rosemary was already there. She'd had breakfast already and had left something for me on the stove.

"I'm sorry," I said.

"You don't get it do you? When is this going to stop?" she replied angrily.

"Look, I don't want to start arguing again. I'm sorry what happened and I'm sorry what I said. But I think you'll have to admit you stepped over the line too."

"You were acting like a child and sometimes children need to be taught a lesson." she answered.

"So you're saying you'd hit a child."

"Oh stop the bullshit. You're always trying to twist my words around to defend your crap. You know what I'm talking about. You acted like a shit last night and lots of times before. Nothing I said or did got through to you. I won't put up with your shit anymore."

"I know you're right to be angry with me." I replied. "That's true but I think there's an even bigger issue here. I'm not saying that anything I did was justified because I know it's wrong but I don't think you were justified in hitting me."

"Too fucking bad!"

"Look. Guys get thrown in jail for hitting their wives. Don't you see how serious it is what you did?"

"Of course I know how serious it is. Why the hell do you think I did it? When are you going to take it seriously? It seems like I might finally have gotten your attention."

"That was no way to do it. What would have happened if I'd hit you back?" I asked.

"As I seem to recall, you hit the floor instead of hitting back," she sneered. "You ever try hitting me, I'll clean your clock."

"What is this? Now you're threatening to beat me up. Are you crazy?"

"No. You're the one who's crazy. I've just gotten fed up and I'm not going to tolerate your bullshit anymore. If what it takes is a little discipline," she said cocking her fist, "Then that's what it takes."

"I'm sorry but I don't have to take these threats." I replied. "If you seriously think that you can rule over me physically. Just look at reality. If, and I repeat if, I ever raised my fists to you I think you know what the outcome would be."

"Mister glass jaw?" she laughed sarcastically. "I'm trembling. I'm in fear."

I don't know what had gotten into her. She clearly wanted to challenge me. She wanted to assert her authority in our marriage. Assert her authority over me. I wasn't ready to

accept that. I knew I'd behaved poorly, but that was no reason for me to put myself on less than an even keel with her.

"Don't challenge me unless you're willing to face the consequences," I said sternly.

"Oh no, don't challenge me," she replied. "You don't want to find out what I'm capable of. Or do you?" Again she clenched her fist. I thought she was mocking me.

"You're pushing me dear," I said icily.

"Right into a corner and I won't let you out," she replied.

"You really want to fight me, don't you?" I asked.

"I think it's the only way I can get you to wake up and change."

"And if you lose, then what happens?" I asked. Rosemary just laughed.

"You realize you're forcing me to do this," I said. She nodded and smiled. "I don't think I could ever bring myself to hitting your face. Nor do I want anyone to think that I've suddenly become a wife beater, so if we're going to box, I think we have to agree up front that there will be no blows to the head."

"Trying to protect your glass jaw?" she chuckled. "Okay I can live with that."

"So we're really going to do this?" I asked, still not believing this was happening. She pounded a fist into her open palm.

"Shouldn't take long," she answered. "Why don't we meet in the exercise room around 2:00? I know you don't go in there, but you know where it is, don't you?" We had a spare bedroom converted into a home gym with a stair machine and a NordicTrack and a NordicFlex resistance machine. Rosemary uses it a lot and goes to the gym as well. I have to admit she keeps herself in much better condition than I do.

I moped around the house for the next few hours wondering what kind of fool I was to pick a fight with my lovely wife. There was no way I could win, I figured. I mean I was

quite sure that I would win any fight, but I really didn't want to. On the other hand, she really had forced my hand. Like I said, I couldn't win.

What do you wear to a fight with your wife? I put on a pair of gym shorts around a quarter to two and went into the exercise room. Rosemary was already there. It shocked me at first that she was nude.

"Trying to distract me?" I asked, trying to be amiable, if that's possible under the circumstances.

"I debated wearing clothes and I just felt that this was right. It's a primal battle of the sexes, so why not strip it down to the basics?" Meeting her challenge, I pulled off my shorts and tossed them aside. Rosemary smirked at my naked body.

"Looks awfully soft to me," she said. "You sure you're up to this?"

"I think you're the only one who's in any danger here."

"You've gotten so out of shape. Look, why don't you just amuse me for a moment. Try doing say ten push ups. Just to show me you won't collapse."

I smirked at her and dropped down to the floor. Ten push ups was easy. I decided to keep going to show her up. But by the fifteenth I was really feeling the strain. I had to pause for a moment. Slowly I cranked out three more push ups and could barely finish the eighteenth. I decided to quit rather than fail to finish the next one.

"There. Does that show you?" I said. "I did a lot better than ten."

Rosemary shook her head and dropped to the floor without saying a word. She knocked off thirty five push ups in record time and then followed that with ten one armed push ups. I've never been able to do those. She bounded back up to her feet.

"I'd do more, but I'm sure you want to get on to the main event." she said.

"Go ahead. Take your time. Do whatever you want." I offered.

"Well then in that case," she started saying, walking across the room and picking up two dumbbells. I didn't know we owned weights that big. These things were huge and Rosemary started doing alternating curls. I'm watching her biceps swell and begin to get pumped and Rosemary knows I'm watching. "You haven't seen me work out in a while, have you?" she asked rhetorically. "I've really been working hard the past year at building up my strength." she continued. I kept staring at her arms, amazed at how big and hard they were getting. With some people you don't realize their development until they start exerting themselves. I guessed that was the case with Rosemary.

"The other thing I've been doing," she said, "is that the gym has been teaching women the fundamentals of boxing. They won't let us spar, but we can shadow box and work the speed bag and the heavy bag. And they teach us how to plant your weight the right way and throw combinations."

"So now I get it." I replied. "Now I see why you were so hot to box me. You thought you'd sucker me. You think a few classes is going to make a difference?"

"Were you ever in a real fight in your life?" she interrupted.

"Well not exactly. Pushing and shoving in grammar school isn't exactly fighting." I admitted.

"So you have no more experience than I do. In fact, you may have less. I have had training. Have you?"

"No. But it seems that they didn't teach you that fighters fight in different weight classes. That, you can't compensate for."

"Speed. Stamina. Smarts. And I bet I punch a lot harder than you do. I think I've got it." she boasted. Rosemary put down the weights and began shadow boxing to finish loosening up. I'll admit she looked pretty good, bobbing and weaving and practicing combinations. She was very fluid. She didn't look like a girl boxing, she looked like an athlete. But looking good is one thing, taking a punch is another.

And I had a 49 pound weight advantage for giving and taking punches. I'm 5'9" and weigh 176. Rosemary is 5'6" and weighs 127. I am proud to say that she has one helluva body. I

guess I've let my body slip since we got married, but she's actually gotten even better. She measures 38D-25- 38 and her boobs are exceptionally firm. Short sexy brunette hair and big brown eyes. With assets like her chest and her rock hard buns, she does a mouthwatering job filling out a bikini.

Now I was supposed to go and punch that incredible body. You know that I was more than a bit reluctant. I figured I'd go easy on her. Even let her flail away a bit to get some of her anger and frustration out. Then when she tired herself out maybe I could talk her into quitting. Worse case scenario I'd have to punch her hard enough in the stomach a couple of times to take the fight out of her.

Rosemary was fully warmed up, a slight hint of perspiration on her forehead. I realized I was starting the fight cold, having done nothing more than a dozen and a half push ups and watching her. But hey, it wasn't like this was some professional fight.

What I didn't realize, having not taken this very seriously up to this point, was that as far as Rosemary was concerned this was a championship fight. The championship of our marriage. She wanted to rule the roost and do so with her fists.

"I suppose we should agree to some rules," I proposed. "Beyond no punching the head."

"I thought we'd fight three minute rounds. One minute for rest. We'll just keep going until we both agree to stop or you give up." Rosemary suggested.

"Cute," I replied. "Any other rules?"

"There's no one here to enforce them. I assume you want a clean fight."

"Goes without saying." I answered.

"Okay then. I'll set the clock for the first round. And whatever happens, I want you to know that I'm doing this for your own good. I've tried everything else and I can't get through to you. You won't change. You won't stop the drinking. Maybe this will knock some sense into you, literally and figuratively."

I think Rosemary was delivering that speech as much for herself as for me. I think she wanted to psyche herself up for what she felt she had to do.

"I love you." I said.

"You ready?" she asked, picking up an electronic kitchen timer with a big digital display. I shrugged my body to say yes and she set the timer and started closing the distance between us.

"Maybe we should have had gloves," I said, feeling so unnatural making a fist in front of her.

"Too late for that idea," she scowled, dropping into a crouch.

I know I felt nervous. Rosemary seemed strangely calm. It's not that she didn't seem alert and ready to box, it's just that she seemed to know what she wanted to do and what was going to happen. I thought I could diffuse things a little by being a bit playful. Using my longer reach I kind of swatted at her, open palmed.

She brushed my hand aside and followed with a stinging jab to my upper arm. I immediately felt this small ball of pain where she hit me. "I'm not playing," she announced.

I went to jab her back in the arm, but she was countering before I got the punch off. She hit me with a straight right to the upper chest that made a loud smacking sound as she hit me. She immediately stepped forward and delivered a quick left right combination to my stomach. I went "oof" when the second punch hit. She danced back.

Less than a minute had gone by and Rosemary had shown me that she could stick and move and that she could throw a decent punch. Maybe it was going to take a bit more effort on my part to make her stop.

For the next minute or so, she kept up the stick and move tactics, landing a fair number of punches to my upper arms. I was having far less luck connecting with her. She was just that half a beat faster than me.

She glanced quickly at the digital timer and said, "Less than a minute in round one." With that she changed tactics. She stepped inside and started flailing away at my arms and torso, punching faster and harder than she had before. At first I just tried to block her, but the punches were coming too fast and were too well aimed. Then I tried clinching, but she just shoved me back a step and waded in again. We stood toe to toe trading punches, well actually I was landing one for about every five she was connecting with, and though I wasn't punching my hardest, she didn't seem to notice when I did hit her. Her body was really solid. I could sure as hell feel her punches.

Just before the round ended Rosemary started to throw a looping left at my head. I threw my hands up to protect myself when she slammed my stomach with a ferocious right hook that pulverized my unprotected belly. It hurt so much I covered my gut with both hands and dropped to one knee just as the timer buzzed.

"Hey, no punching the head, remember?" I winced.

Rosemary just grinned. "I didn't PUNCH your head. I didn't touch your head. I FAKED to your head to set up the hook. Looks like it had the desired effect."

"I held back that round," I said, still trying to recover. "So if you're going to cheat, you're going to force me to get rougher."

"If I had hit you in the head I would have been cheating," she rebutted. "But I didn't. We had nothing in the rules against what I did. But since you're threatening to get tough, just know for the record that I held back that round too."

"Yeah, sure," I said cynically.

"You won't last past the third round," she declared.

"Now what are you, the female Muhammad Ali, predicting the round?" I snickered.

"Float like a butterfly. Sting like a bee. Yeah, I guess that sounds like me."

Rosemary prepared to reset the timer for the next round. I tried to breathe deeply and decide on a strategy for round two. She was a lot better than I expected, but I still figured

my size was going to prove to be my insurmountable advantage. If she was predicting a quick end to the fight then she must be planning to pick up the pace like the end of round one. I figured my original strategy of letting her fight herself out of steam was still a good one.

My guess was right. Rosemary came out and swarmed me right at the start of round two, maintaining her high energy, high pressure attack. She concentrated on my shoulders and arms, moving up and down, whacking away steadily. I was taking a lot of shots, trying to conserve my energy, thinking she'd get winded and slow down, giving me my opportunity to score. But then I noticed she wasn't slowing down a bit. My arms were getting sore. My strategy wasn't working.

"How long are you going to try to keep this up? You'll punch yourself out," I warned her, thinking I could fool her into slowing down.

"When I work the heavy bag at the gym I often go five minute rounds," she said through clenched teeth. "So if you're thinking I'll punch myself out, think again."

I realized that she was leaving her midsection open by concentrating her firepower on my arms. I hoped a quick left, right to her stomach, really hitting with both blows, would take her by surprise and that would be the end of it.

I waited until I thought I had the timing just right and hit her hard with a left hook and a hard straight right. I repeat, hit her hard. She made a little grunting sound but I swear my fists just bounced off her rock solid abs! She danced back a few steps -- maybe she felt the punches a little -- and grinned at me, tapping her tummy.

"Like hitting a wall, right?" she complimented herself. "If you did as many crunches a day as I do, you'd have a stomach this hard too. But as we saw at the end of the last round, hitting you is like hitting a pillow."

"Sneaky punch," I objected.

"Like my knockout?"

"Exactly."

"I wonder what your next stupid excuse will be," she scoffed.

Rosemary came at me with potent uppercuts slamming into my chest, driving me backwards and making it hard for me to breathe. Then she went back to my sore arms and kept hitting them harder and harder until they felt heavy and leaden to me. She punched right through my increasingly feeble attempts at defense and seemed impervious to my counterpunches.

I tried to clinch her to contain her fury but her right arm got loose. She blasted my gut with two huge shots that left me groaning and doubling over. She stepped back and I almost pitched forward but Rosemary connected with a left uppercut to my chest that straightened me up. She followed with her hardest punch, a straight right, right in the middle of my chest that knocked me to the floor.

She stood over me waving her fist yelling, "Get up! Get up! Anything sneaky about those punches?" At that point the buzzer sounded, ending the round. I'd been saved by the proverbial bell.

I just lay there on the mat, dazed, trying to figure out what had happened in the last round. She'd just demolished me! My so-called size advantage didn't mean shit. Rosemary packed amazing power in her punches and she knew how to use it. In just two rounds, especially the last one, she'd completely overwhelmed me.

Rosemary paced around the room, obviously waiting for the next round to begin so she could pick up where she left off. Her imposing body glistened with sweat, but there wasn't the slightest sign of fatigue. If anything, it looked like she'd just really gotten going.

"I never imagined what an incredible rush this would be," she gushed, half talking to me, half talking to herself. Rosemary's nipples got erect.

Oh, good, I thought. My wife's whipping the crap out of me and getting off on it. I didn't think my prospects looked great for the next round, but prospects be damned. There was too much at stake for me to quit. I hauled myself to my feet just as the minute rest period ended.

Rosemary cocked her right fist and knocked me down with her second punch, a heavy looping right that hammered my chest like an anvil.

"I would have knocked you out if your head wasn't off limits," she taunted me as I struggled back to my feet. "Give up before you get hurt."

"No way," I wheezed, barely able to keep my hands up. She stepped inside, brushed my hands aside and went to work on my stomach, a blur of solid punches thudding against my weak gut. It hurt so bad I thought I was going to throw up.

I fell against her but she was able to hold me up. She started throwing hooks to my sides, the searing pain adding to the damage already done to my middle. I was gasping and nearly in tears. She buried a right hook into my belly with such power that she lifted me off my feet. I fell to both knees.

"The round's not half over yet. Give up." she declared. From my neck to my waist all I could feel was pain. My muscles were tender and swollen and I could feel the bruises forming. I was a mess. I couldn't breathe and I wasn't sure I could stand up. Rosemary stepped right in front of me and pulled my head back so I was staring up at her. Looming over me, the hard wall of her stomach, the jutting rack of her ample breasts, the swelling muscles in her arms and shoulders, she seemed far larger than her 127 pounds. But in reality she had reduced me with her strength and stamina.

"Admit it. I beat you and I'm the boss." she ordered. I could see the fierce determination in her eyes and I knew she would keep doling out the punishment until she broke me. I knew I couldn't win. As far as I was concerned, she was invincible, a rock solid fighting machine.

"I give. You win." I said hoarsely.

"Fair and square?"

"Yes."

"And you're going to do as I say so you won't get beaten like this again?"

"Yes." I was sure she could hear the resignation in my voice.

She shoved me flat on my back and sat on top of my chest. "Maybe someday you'll realize I'm doing this for your own good," she said. "But from now on, you do as I say. No hanging out in bars after work. No coming home drunk. Do you understand me?"

"Yes," I said meekly.

"Are you sure?" she yelled, bouncing up and down on my chest for emphasis.

"Yes!" I cried louder. "Just don't hurt me."

"I really whipped your butt, didn't I?" she smirked, with a look of smug self-satisfaction.

"I never would have thought it could happen," I admitted.

"But now you're afraid of me."

"Let's just say I look at you differently now," I answered.

"No, I want to hear you say it," she pressed. "I want to hear you say you're afraid of all this." She struck a double biceps pose while inhaling deeply. Power and incredible sensuality oozed from her every pore. I could tell that she was still very turned on by the whole experience.

I reached up to touch her biceps, still astounded by their size and hardness. "Scary, huh?" she teased.

"Unbelievable," I replied.

She pulled my hands off her arms and suddenly pinned my wrists over my head. "Admit it," she barked.

"All right. I admit it. I'm a little scared of you now, seeing how well you fight." I confessed.

"Just a LITTLE?" she asked. "Am I going to have to beat it out of you?"

"Please, no!" I exclaimed.

She giggled with glee, enjoying my fear. "Looks like I might just have to," she said. She leaned forward and smacked my face with her breasts. "Will this do the trick?" she teased, enjoying her dominance. She hit me again and again with her boobs. I knew she was getting off on it.

But the truth of the matter was I was getting off on it too. In spite of the punching punishment I'd absorbed, as Rosemary started hitting me with her gloriously full and firm tits, I started getting hard. All seven and one half inches. My erection brushed against her. She grinned in acknowledgment. One of her hands slipped down and began to fondle me.

"What's this all about?" she cooed. "Look how big and hard I got you. Just think how easy it would be for me to jerk you off. I can do anything I want to you. Your cock belongs to me." She rubbed her breasts against my face again. It was all I could do to keep from ejaculating.

"Who's the boss?" she asked insistently.

"You are," I replied.

"Who gives the orders?"

"You do."

"And do you do as I say?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Cause otherwise you'll hit me."

"Good. I'm glad you understand."

Rosemary had never masturbated me before, but then again she'd never beaten me up either. Her insistent pumping had my balls churning with feverish intensity. There was nothing I could have done to keep from ejaculating. I cried out and shot off a huge load.

"And now you're going to show your appreciation for my beating you up and beating you off," she smiled, slithering up my body. She spread her pussy lips apart and pulled my face between her legs. "Get to work. It's going to be a long afternoon." she ordered with a lusty sigh.

The End