

The Return

By AmazonFan

Miranda returns to show Gary a few surprises.

"Hey there! Whassup?"

"Oh hi Tony," I replied to the voice on the phone. "It's been a crazy day. Running errands all over the place. And the phone hasn't stopped ringing when I've been here."

"Yeah? So you got plans for tonight?"

"As a matter of fact I do," I replied. "Do you remember Miranda?"

"That hot bitch who dumped you?"

I chuckled. "I guess you do remember. Well, she called up and said she wanted to get together again. Turns out we're both free tonight."

"Way to go, man! That girl had one sweet body."

"Tell me about it!"

"The tits on her! Perfect! You are one lucky son of a bitch."

"I hope so, Tony. I hope so."

Miranda and I were quite an item a couple of years ago. We dated for three months. We really hit it off. We shared a lot of the same interests. Music. Food. Movies. And we were absolutely phenomenal in bed together. Best sex of my life and she had said it was the same for her. She had a magnificent body. She was 5'8", 115 pounds, 38D-22-33. Breasts to die for.

And all of a sudden it was over. She sent me a note saying she didn't feel that it was right for us to continue seeing each other. She wouldn't return any of my calls trying to get an

explanation. That was two years ago, like I said. And today, out of the blue, she called and said she wants to get together again. I thanked my lucky stars and said yes.

Miranda said she wanted to stop by around 8:00 and get reacquainted. She said she had some surprises for me, but she was staying very mysterious about it. Needless to say, I was very anxious and curious. I got a bottle of our favorite champagne (Veuve Cliquot) and programmed the CD with our favorite music. The minutes passed like hours.

8:00. 8:15. No Miranda. Had she changed her mind? At 8:30 the doorbell rang. I heaved a sigh of relief and went to the door. There was Miranda with a bottle of Veuve Cliquot in her hand.

"I had to search all over the place for a store with a cold bottle!" she explained, apologizing for the tardiness. We laughed and hugged gently. I pointed to my bottle sitting in the ice bucket.

Miranda looked radiant. Even better looking that I remembered her. She seemed aglow with good health. She was wearing a very loose outfit of pants and long-sleeved top with an alluring scoop neck. We sat down and I unopened the first bottle of bubbly.

"Here's to the return of the best thing that's ever happened to me," I said, toasting Miranda. She turned her head modestly.

"Gary, I guess I owe you an explanation," she said, taking another long sip of champagne, nearly draining the flute. I reached forward and replenished her glass. She took another sip and nearly drained half the glass.

"Hey, we've got plenty!" I laughed. "You don't have to drink it all now."

"I've been practicing what to say to you and now that it's time, I'm really nervous," she confessed.

"Take your time."

"Well, when I broke up with you it wasn't anything that you'd done wrong," she started.

"Thank goodness!"

"I have a little confession to make," she continued. "One day I was on your computer and I discovered one of the Web sites that you had bookmarked - Diana the Valkyrie?"

I could feel myself blushing.

"And then I saw that you had written a couple of stories there about women who were stronger than their male friends. You did write them, didn't you?" she asked.

"Yes, a couple," I admitted, feeling more embarrassed.

"I can tell this is making you a little uncomfortable," she said. "But I'm the one who snooped around. You didn't do anything wrong. But when I found that I looked around a little more and I found a couple of your videos. The ones where the girls out-wrestle the guys?"

"Oh, shit."

"Don't worry," she said, touching my knee. "I didn't leave you because of any of that stuff."

"Then why?"

"Well, when I read those stories and I saw those videos I saw a part of you that I didn't know existed," she continued.

"I guess I keep quiet about it. I don't know if people would understand."

"But that's just it. I saw nothing wrong with it. In fact I thought it was really kind of sexy. But I knew that if that was your real fantasy, that I couldn't live up to that fantasy. I was barely 115 pounds. I could never lift you up and toss you around and make you submit. I knew that if I couldn't be your dream girl that someday you'd go looking for her." Miranda's eyes welled up with tears.

"Oh honey, that wouldn't have happened," I said, trying to comfort her, holding her face in my hands. "We had so much good stuff together. I never wanted to lose that."

"I thought of you every day," she said.

"So did I," I replied. "So what made you come back to me?"

"Well right after I broke up with you, I joined a gym," she explained. "I guess I must have been born with the right genes or something because the trainers there said that I was a natural. That they'd never seen a woman develop the way I did."

I took a closer look at her but those clothes were hiding everything but her famous tits.

"It's taken me two years of hard work, but now I've gotten to the point where I can be your fantasy girl," she finished.

I couldn't control the amused expression on my face.

"You don't believe me?" she asked.

"Miranda, I'm sure you've worked very hard and come a long way in two years. You look really healthy, you do. But I still weigh 165 pounds and I'm in good shape. There's no way a girl can overcome that difference."

The look on her face was part pained, part determined.

"Gary, I weigh as much as you do. Actually, a few pounds more."

"You what?! That's impossible. You don't look"

"It's muscle, Gary" she interrupted.

"You gained fifty pounds in two years?" I said, as the shock set in.

"Yes Gary, but let me repeat, it's all muscle." A smile came over her, knowing that she had taken me by surprise. "My arms went from ten and a half inches to sixteen and a

quarter." She looked at my arms (I had a short sleeve shirt on). "My arms are definitely a lot bigger than yours now. My waist is 24 inches. My hips grew to 37. And I'm proud to say that my bust is still a D cup, although my chest measurement overall has increased several inches. A D cup when I actually wear a bra, that is." She grinned again with smug satisfaction.

I sat there not knowing what to say or do. If indeed Miranda has transformed herself the way she claimed, well could she be strong too? Might she be able to challenge me physically?

"I know what you're thinking," she said. "Is Miranda for real?"

"That's kind of it," I admitted sheepishly.

"Well, you can be sure that I was anticipating something like this," she said. "And you know that there's only way to prove this."

"You mean?"

"I'm going to wrestle you into complete, one-sided, total submission," she boasted. "Just like your fantasies."

"And what if you can't?" I asked. "Are you going to leave me again?"

"Gary, I will not lose. Not even one fall. You will submit to me over and over."

"That's all very sweet, Miranda, but you don't have to try to do this. I love you just the way you are." I said.

"Why Gary! I think you're afraid of me!" she laughed.

"Sweetheart, I'm not afraid of you." I countered. "I believe you when you say you've gotten bigger, but I don't believe you could possibly have gotten stronger than me. My stories are fantasies. This is reality. I don't want you to wrestle me and lose and then become disappointed. I'd hate to think of your feelings being hurt or your leaving me again because you don't live up to my fantasy."

"Well you are in for an education then, Gary" she said sternly. "Let me put it to you this way. If you DON'T wrestle me, then I'll leave here right now and I guarantee you that you won't see me again."

"Do you promise me that if you lose, you won't run away from me again?" I asked.

"I told you, Gary. I'm not going to lose," she said. "But I will promise you that if you wrestle me, I won't go running away."

"Well then," I said, taking a big swallow of champagne, "It looks like you've got your match, Miranda. But I'm warning you, I won't go easy on you!"

"Try as hard as you can, Gary. But it won't do you a bit of good."

Miranda kicked off her heels and stood up off the couch. "If we push a couple of things out of the way so there aren't any tables or hard furniture to crash into, I think this space will work right here," she said, sizing up my living room. It only took a couple of minutes to rearrange things.

"I suppose you came with something to wrestle in?" I asked, pointing to her expensive outfit.

"I was planning on wrestling in my undies," she smiled. "Of course I did bring an extra pair of panties in case I actually work up a sweat."

I headed for my bedroom, stripped down to my jockey shorts, and slid on a pair of gym shorts. When I returned to the living room, Miranda was seated on the couch, still fully clothed. I could see that she was sizing my body up right away.

"You haven't changed a bit," she said, "which is what I was hoping. I kept a mental image of you as I was training, getting bigger, thinking, I've got to beat that to beat him."

"You're as nutty as I am," I laughed.

"One half hour, submissions only?" she asked, standing back up.

"We'll see how long you last," I said sarcastically. "Well, it's moment of truth time, Miranda. Since I haven't changed at all, let's see what happened to you."

She smiled and grabbed the waistband of her pants and slid them down, gracefully stepping out of them. Wow, her legs were definitely bigger. Not too huge, in fact, very shapely. Unquestionably strong looking. She neatly folded her pants and then turned around to lay them on the couch, giving me a good look at her thong-encased glutes! Wow, again! Round and rock hard.

She turned back to me and ran her hands over her thighs. "I didn't want the quads too big," she commented. "They're around 23 or 24 inches. Too much bigger and I'd have trouble fitting into tight jeans."

"Jeez, your legs look great!" I offered.

"Thanks," she beamed. "But here's where you'll REALLY see a difference." With that, she pulled her top off over her head. I was astounded by the change in her physique. Her shoulders seemed twice as broad, capped by large solid deltoid muscles. Her incredible v-shape was further accentuated by the wide swelling of her lats. Her torso tapered down to an impossibly small waist, but not before showing off a rippling set of abs. Her breasts were barely contained by her demi-bra, still as full as a D cup can be. And for the piece de resistance, she raised her arms in a double biceps pose, the twin peaks exploding into rock-hard balls. They were unbelievable!

"Wow!" was all I could mumble. Miranda continued grinning and holding her pose, sensing that she'd shocked me with her development, even though she'd warned me she'd gotten much bigger.

"I guess I'll take that as a compliment, though not a very descriptive one," she chuckled. "But now that you've seen the package, now why don't you find out how strong I am? Come on, little Gary. Come get your ass kicked."

She came right at me, looking for an opening. "How come if we're about the same weight I look bigger than you?" she teased.

I dropped my shoulder and grabbed her around the waist, trying to bull her backwards. She leaned over me, wrapping her arms around my middle, leaning her weight on my back. She dug in with her legs and grunting, pushed back. She forced me back a step or two. She kept using her weight on top of me to leverage me down. Finally she was able to drive me to the floor. She quickly slammed her body against my back while pulling my arm out so that I was forced face down, flat on the rug.

Before I could do a thing she clasped her hands around my chin and started pulling my head back, while dropping her ass on the small of my back. She pulled back fast and hard on the chinlock. Instantaneously tremendous pain shot through the back of my neck and the small of my back. I let out a yelp and flailed my arms.

"Give! Give before you hurt your back!" she barked.

"I give! I give!!" I yelled.

She immediately let go of my chin and jumped to her feet. "Come on! Get up!" she ordered. She didn't even stop to boast how she'd taken the first fall in less than a minute. She wanted to go again right away!

I wasn't quite to my feet and she was on me. I threw up my hands defensively and she grabbed them. Once again she had the leverage advantage. She pushed down and back on my wrists and I couldn't match her power. She forced me to my knees. From there it was easy for her to step forward and slam her body against me, knocking me back to the floor.

She held on as I fell, landing straddling high on my chest. My arms were pinned over my head on the floor. She pressed her thighs against the sides of my chest. I tried bucking up, but each time I did, she countered it by lifting and ramming her ass against my chest. I struggled to free my arms but she had them too well pinned from the start.

"Give up. You're pinned," she declared.

I struggled for a bit longer, but I could see it was futile. "Okay, I give," I said. Miranda let go of my arms, patted me gently on the cheek and then sprang to her feet again, pulling me up with one arm.

"How am I doing so far?" she grinned, going into a crouch and beginning to circle me again.

"You took me by surprise there the first couple of times," I said, warily avoiding her grasp.

"Excuses!" she laughed. "But here, no surprises." She stopped moving, stood up straight, and opened her arms, welcoming me to come get her.

"This is some kind of trick," I said, stopping but not advancing.

"No trick," she replied. "I just don't want you making excuses. I'm going to keep making you submit. I want to hear you admit that I'm stronger than you. Strong enough to be your fantasy girl. Come on. Quit stalling."

I walked up to her and got her in a side headlock. She grabbed my upper arm with both hands and, despite my best efforts, pried it away from her head. As her head popped out, she continued holding my arm and twisted behind me, putting it in a painful hammerlock. She raised it up so high, I thought my shoulder was going to pop. I tried to twist away, but couldn't. Then I reached behind me with my other arm to try to grab her. But she got me in a full nelson instead.

"Jeez, that was a stupid move," she whispered in my ear. "Don't you know anything about wrestling?"

She turned on the pressure with the full nelson, forcing me to bend forward. She leaned over me, making me bear her weight again. Then she suddenly drove forward with her legs. I lost my balance and fell face first on the floor, with Miranda right on top of me.

"Did that break anything?" she asked.

I tried raising up and getting her off my back, but with the full nelson still tightly cinched, I really couldn't dislodge her. When I tried to get up on my knees, she rammed my with her hips, knocking me flat again. I tried getting up from flat on the floor a couple of more times, but she wasn't budging.

So I decided to try rolling sideways, hoping to dislodge her that way. Miranda must have anticipated my move and rolled with me, actually pulling me all the way over so I was lying on top of her. She immediately swung her legs around my waist. I realized I'd made another huge tactical mistake.

"Oh thank you," she giggled in my ear. She tightened her thighs around me so I couldn't escape. "Here we go," she said. She started pulling me in one direction with her legs and the other with her full nelson, stretching me. My chest and breastbone felt like they were going to be split apart.

"That hurts! Oh please! I give! I GIVE!!" I groaned.

"Are you sure?" she taunted, stretching me even further.

"YES! YES! I GIVE!!"

Miranda finally released me and rolled me off her. She was back on her feet again in an instant. I lay on the floor panting and sore.

"Come on, Gary. Get up!" she yelled. "You're not wimping out on me already, are you?"

"Can't we take a little rest break?" I asked.

"No Gary. No breaks. I know I've got both the strength and the endurance and I intend to just keep pouring it on." she said.

She leaned down and grabbed an arm and, despite the fact I wasn't exactly cooperating, had no trouble yanking me to my feet. "I'm too strong for you, Gary," she boasted. "Just look how much bigger my arms are now. Anyone can see they're a lot bigger than yours!"

She wrapped her arms around me and lifted me off my feet with a bear hug. She had my arms trapped inside hers and she leaned back and squeezed me tight. I have to admit that feeling how much pressure she could exert I finally realized how strong she'd become. She was truly stronger than I am! And having the incredible body pressed so tightly against mine, well I very quickly started getting an erection. I knew Miranda would feel it pressing against her.

"Mmmm. Is one of your muscles getting pumped up, Gary?" she grinned. "I was wondering how long it would take you to react to my new muscles."

She carried me over to the couch and tossed me down on it, draping me over one of the arms. I tried to fight her off but she yanked my clothes off and tossed them across the room. "There. You won't be needing these for now," she laughed. She pushed down on my chest while she held one of my legs in check. My back arched painfully over the arm of the couch.

"You look deliciously helpless, all naked," she teased. "Why don't you submit again before I really bend you?" She pushed harder and the sharp pain in my spine became even more severe.

"All right. I give! I give!" Miranda's hand slid off my thigh and gave my cock a quick squeeze, pumping the shaft a couple of times. "Does this still work the way it used to?" she purred.

"You better be careful. That's a new sofa," I said.

Miranda stepped back and unclasped her bra, letting it fall to the floor. If it were possible, her breasts looked even firmer than two years ago, thrusting straight out off her chest. If I didn't know better, you'd think they had to be fakes. Then she peeled off her thong and tossed it at me.

"Come on, Gary. We're not finished. Now it'll get really interesting," she said.

"More?" I pleaded.

"Oh yes! This is going even better than I expected. I'm really getting turned on making you submit," she replied. "I didn't realize how much stronger I am than you are."

"I'll wear you down," I warned.

"Fat chance!" she laughed. "You're just going to get weaker and weaker and weaker, Gary." To emphasize her point, she hit a double biceps pose, staring at each swelling arm and then looking at me and snickering. As I stood up from the sofa, Miranda was

swarming over me, throwing me sideways across the floor. I was on all fours and she grabbed me and put me in a standing head scissors.

I could only manage a groan as she trapped me with her lower thighs. The pressure made me feel like my skull would cave in. My hands clasped her rock hard thighs, but I knew in seconds that I stood no chance of pulling them apart.

"You know what to do," she taunted. Then she added several quick jolts of extra pressure. I feared I might pass out!

I patted the outsides of her thighs. "I give!" I said hoarsely. Miranda eased up on the pressure a little, but not enough so that I could free my head. I could feel her leaning over me. SMACK! Suddenly my ass was stinging! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! The brazen amazon was spanking me!

"Cut that out!" I yelled, redoubling my efforts to free myself.

Miranda started laughing and had trouble keeping her balance in that position and she finally had to let me go.

"Sorry, Gary, but I just couldn't resist a few whacks on that cute little ass of yours," she said. "Want me to kiss it and make it better?"

"I wish I could find a way to make you kiss my ass," I growled. "You're beginning to have too much fun showing off."

"Oh, but there's soooo much to show off. Fifty more pounds," she cooed, running her hands up her solid torso, around her breasts, down her big arms and over her hard thighs. "More body than you can handle, Gary. Admit it, compared to me, you're a wimp."

"We'll see about that," I said, rising to my feet. As astounded as I was with Miranda's performance, my ego wasn't going to let her just take over. As she approached me I decided to try surprising her with a short right hook to her midsection. I'll admit it might not have been my hardest punch ð I was just trying to slow her down. But my fist bounced off her abs without apparent effect.

"See? You are a wimp, Gary. Was that your best shot? Come on. Punch me again. See what happens," she ridiculed. She even held her arms behind her as she braced herself.

If she was going to give a chance to turn things around to my favor, I wasn't going to pass it up. I stepped up to her again, wound up and delivered a really hard shot to her stomach. Instantly she countered with a roundhouse right to the side of my ribs. I felt like I'd been hit with a baseball bat and I doubled over, sinking to my knees.

Miranda stood over me, jokingly blowing on her knuckles. "Unless you want to turn this into a boxing match, I suggest you tell me that you give and that you want to just stick to wrestling," she instructed. "I don't want to see that handsome mug of yours get busted up."

"All right, we'll stick to wrestling," I agreed.

"Then get up," she motioned. "And for the record, I'll consider that another submission too."

My side was still sore and she'd even knocked a bit of the wind out of me. It was obvious that my punch had not fazed her. She faked a tackle and spun around behind me, grabbing me around the waist and lifting me off the floor. She just leaned backward and starting squeezing again.

"Aghh! My ribs!" I moaned as her arms pressured me just where she'd delivered that devastating punch.

"You're not going to submit to a little girl's hug are you?" she murmured in my ear. Wrapped in her arms once again I was taken aback by the fact that she could actually make it difficult for me to breathe.

"Please put me down," I said.

"Is that another submission?" she asked.

"No."

"Then you stay my prisoner," she laughed. She had grabbed me low enough around the waist that she could reach down and take my cock in her hand.

"If you don't submit I'll make you cum all over that nice couch," she teased. She carried me a few steps closer to the sofa as she expertly coaxed me into a full erection. "Ooohh, that got all hard again so fast. I bet I'd have no trouble making you shoot your load."

"No, don't do that!" I pleaded.

She leaned back further and summoned even more power from her upper body. I was feeling limp in her arms, except for my raging hard on.

"I give! I give!!"

Miranda didn't even bother to let me go this time. She hoisted me up on her shoulders and put me in a long airplane spin, dumping me on the rug after I'd gotten very dizzy. She body splashed me while my head was still spinning.

She was stretched out on top of me. She quickly grabbed one of my wrists and pinned that arm out to the side. I struggled with her to keep her from grabbing hold of the other wrist. I was also trying to get her weight off me, but she'd been right & she had made me weaker. Miranda was laughing at my pathetic struggles underneath her.

"Finally!" she exclaimed as she wrapped her hand around my other wrist. I tried rolling my shoulders from side to side, but she was winning the battle. I tried planting my feet to bridge her up and off me. She had one leg pressed tight between mine and the other getting leverage out to the side.

"Come on, baby, give it everything you've got," she challenged. I managed to lift her part way a few times, but she just kept grinding me down. Her thigh felt so good pressing against my erection. All this struggling was sapping me of the last of my energy, which I'm sure is exactly what Miranda wanted to accomplish.

She got the other arm pinned out to the side as well and once that happened I seemed to lose all strength in my upper body. I couldn't break the pin hold.

"Look what my big strong arms and this power-packed upper body have done to you, Gary" she beamed. "Just like in your fantasies. Only now it really is reality. Admit it, Gary."

"It's unbelievable, but I can't deny it, Miranda," I confessed. "Those pounds you've put on have done the trick. You definitely have become stronger than me. Bigger muscled and stronger. You did everything you said you were going to do to me tonight. You made me submit over and over and you completely wore me out. I don't know how much time's gone by, but I know I'm too weak to continue. You win. You win completely. I give."

"Thank you, Gary. That was very sweet," she said, gently pressing her lips against mine. "So am I as good as your fantasies?"

"My god, much better! You ARE for real!"

"Do you think you'll want to do this again?"

"Oh yes!" I exclaimed.

"Because there's still a lot of holds for me to try out on you. Like maybe you'd like me to jerk you off while I've got you up across my shoulders? You saw how easy it was for me to airplane spin you."

"Oh wow, could you do that?"

"Piece of cake, Gary. But first things first. I'm not quite finished with you yet," she grinned devilishly. While she'd been talking to me she let go of my arms, slid up and was straddling my stomach. She slowly raised her arms for another double biceps pose. They were so big and beautiful!

"No, not those again!" I pleaded. "You've proven they're not only bigger but a lot stronger than mine. Don't make me submit again!"

Miranda laughed and laughed. "Oh Gary," she teased, "you're sounding a bit like a baby. I think you're going to like what I have planned for you next. But first a little bit of explanation. I've haven't just been building up all these muscles." She ran her hands over

herself. "I've also been working on this muscle." Her fingers ran over her pussy. "If a girl tightens here like she was trying to stop herself peeing, then it strengthens the vaginal muscles. A girl can learn to have super control over them and tighten them. So for the past two years, as I've sat at my desk at work, I've been exercising my pussy muscles each and every day. I can squeeze really tight and hold it for a long, long time."

"Oh god," I moaned.

"So once I put your nice thick cock inside me, it won't come out again until I let it," she grinned. "I was thinking of trying to lift your ass off the floor by pulling you up by your cock inside me, but"

"No!" I interrupted.

"Don't worry!" she laughed. "I don't think you're quite ready for that yet. We'll have to ease you into that test. But I bet you're dying for a little demonstration of pussy power." She reached behind her ass and gave my cock a little squeeze. "Mmmm, how I've missed this."

As she raised her hips up I went to put my hands on her tits. She brushed them away. "No, you just lie there and do nothing," she instructed.

Miranda had always had a very tight pussy and it usually took her a little time to slowly take me all. She rubbed the tip of my cock up and down her labia and I could feel she was already very wet. Then she began to ease me inside her, letting out a sharp gasp once the head was inside. Slowly she lowered herself as I filled her and finally her pussy took all of me.

"Shit, Miranda, how much tighter could you be?" I asked.

Suddenly she tensed herself and my cock felt like it had been put in a vise.

"Yow!" I yelped.

"Did that hurt?" she asked, easing back.

"Yeah, a little."

"Sorry, I guess I don't know my own strength down there. I could squeeze even harder. Is this better?" Miranda began to pulse her squeezes, using less force.

"Oh, wow. That's incredible. I've never felt anything like this," I replied.

"You better not have!" she teased.

The squeezing, milking sensation of her pulsating pussy was amazingly arousing. "Now can I touch you?" I asked.

"No, still not yet," she replied. "Now I'm going to race myself."

"What do you mean?"

"Well there's one more hold that I know ranks high on your fantasy list, Gary," she answered. "So I'm going to do that to you while I keep squeezing your schlong. And I'm going to see which I can do first. Make you cum." She started to lean forward, wrapping her arms around the back of my head. "Or make you pass out!"

Suddenly she pulled my face against her fabulous breasts. My nose and mouth were buried deep in firm breast flesh. Her strong arms pulled me even tighter. Of course she was right. Breast smothering was one of my fantasies. And lord knows Miranda has the chest for it, and now the strength too! I thought of trying to pry her arms loose, but I knew the effort would be fruitless.

She quickened the pace of her squeezing, pulsing three times a second as she rolled and ground her hips against me. I could hear her breathing heavily. But I couldn't breathe at all! I opened my eyes and all I could see was breasts. I let that image flood my brain and focused all my attention on the spectacular sensations my cock was feeling. I wondered how long I could last without breathing. A minute? I was almost certain she could make me cum by then.

Miranda started moaning aloud and I knew she was close to orgasm. She changed her pace, squeezing me slow and hard to match the rhythm she needed to bring herself off.

My lungs ached and I began to panic, fearing that I would pass out at any moment. Suddenly she began to scream, her whole body tensing and shaking as her colossal orgasm convulsed her body. In perfect sync, my balls tightened and I felt a huge load of cum rocket deep inside her. That triggered a second orgasm for Miranda. She screamed and shook again and suddenly released my head. As I fell back sucking for air I saw her grabbing her breasts and squeezing her nipples hard, pushing her over the edge to a third climax. She squeezed her pussy so hard I had to scream out again in pain.

Neither of us could speak for several moments. Miranda was breathing heavily and drenched with sweat. I felt like I'd run a triathlon.

"Wow," was all I could manage to say.

"That was even better than I remember it," she added.

My spent cock began to shrink back to its normal size, but I noticed it wasn't slipping out of her pussy. I tried pulling back with my hips.

"Where are you going?" she smirked. "I told you that cock stays where it is until I let it go. I intend to keep it right where it is until it gets hard again and then we're going to make love again."

"You are my fantasy girl, Miranda," I said. "I love you."

"I never stopped loving you, Gary. That's why I did this for you. And I did it for me, too. I love the way I look and feel now. I love being so strong. Hearing you submit over and over is such a turn on. A girl could really learn to love this."

"Pinch me and tell me I'm not dreaming," I said.

"Pinch you? Oh, I can do something better than that," she chuckled, tightening her velvet pussy once more.

The End