

Touch Football

By AmazonFan

Christina, the strong amazon, excels at touch football and private wrestling

It started innocently enough.

Funny how the things that really change your life sometimes creep up on you unexpectedly.

There I was, 42 years old, divorced, no "significant other" in my life. My friends were taking pity on the paucity of my social life by inviting me out to the Hamptons for a summer weekend. I hadn't done that since I did summer shares back when I was in my 20's.

The beach at Amagansett hadn't changed much, but boy the quality of life did. Instead of being cramped together in a cheap summer rental, I now luxuriated in a beachfront house with a room to myself. There was something to be said for being older -- and richer.

So there I was, basking in the sun on Saturday afternoon. Enjoying the creature comforts. My host, Barry Pike, squatted down on the sand beside me.

"What do you say old man? Think you can pull your butt out of that beach chair? Or is rigor mortis going to set in?" he said.

"Don't pick on an old man," I said. "It's bad form."

"Well I was just thinking that you'd like to join us for a little game of touch football. Coed touch football."

"Hell Barry, I haven't played touch football in fifteen years."

"Hey, I'm not recruiting you because I thought you'd be an all- star. I just figured it would be good for you to get off you butt, chase some young things, and show them what a macho star you are."

"That's what I was afraid of."

"You'll shoot yourself if you don't come and meet Christina," he said.

"And what, pray tell, is so special about Christina?" I asked.

"Get her to take her sweatshirt off and you'll have your answer," he grinned. "She's single. She's available. And she's stacked as hell."

"Well maybe I can be persuaded to give it the old college try," I answered.

"Get your butt over here," he laughed.

I hauled myself out of the chair and ambled down closer to the water. There were seven others waiting there, six guys and one girl. So I knew who Christina was right away. Barry handled the introductions. Christina was a tall blonde with a radiant smile. I'm six feet tall. She was nearly my height. She was wearing a bikini and a sweatshirt. Her legs were very athletic looking, almost like a bodybuilder's but sexier and shapelier. Her rear end was fantastic - hard and round. Barry caught me staring at her ass.

"Aren't you glad you decided to play?" he whispered to me.

"She's got to be almost half my age," I whispered back, "But she's got an incredible body."

"Twenty six," he said.

We chose up sides. Christina was on the other team. My side started first on offense. I decided I'd snap the ball. Christina lined up opposite me. She was going to rush the passer.

"Go easy on him," Barry called to her. Barry was playing quarterback on our side.

I bent over to snap the ball and tossed it back to Barry. He'd called a pass play, so I straightened up to block for him. Christina paused for a moment to read the play, and

then she charged forward at me. I extended my hands to hold her off. I thought it would be an easy assignment, defending against the only girl playing.

Instead, Christina tossed me aside like I was a minor obstacle! I sprawled on the sand as she charged at Barry and forced him to rush his pass.

Nobody said anything at first, but I was shocked at how strong she was. When we were back in the huddle, Barry kidded me, "Hey I need a little pass protection."

"She took me by surprise," I said as an excuse.

Christina grinned at me as we lined up for the next play. She leaned forward and rubbed her thighs. I noticed how well defined the sinewy muscles were as she tensed her legs. I remember thinking that her legs were bigger than mine, and certainly a lot harder.

I snapped the ball and braced myself, determined to hold Christina off. She crouched a bit and charged, barreling straight at me with the shoulder. She slammed into my chest and I was thrown straight back, driven into the sand. She ran right over me and got to Barry again.

There were knowing grins on the other guy's faces and Christina's teammates gave her high fives for decking me. I got up sheepishly, wondering what I was going to do to stop her.

Barry called for running plays for the next two downs, but we failed to make a first down and had to turn the ball over to Christina's team. She lined up as a receiver and Barry told me to cover her.

On first down she faked me to the inside and then took off down the beach. I raced to keep up with her, but with her long strides she quickly and effortlessly outran me. The ball sailed over my head, hitting her perfectly in stride, for an easy touchdown.

The run down the beach had me winded. I noticed that Christina wasn't winded at all.

Barry patted me on the shoulder, "Looks like she's a little too quick for you."

"She runs like a gazelle!" I said.

Christina jogged back to her teammates and tossed me the ball. She smiled like she was proud of herself, but it didn't seem like she was gloating in showing me up.

After the kickoff, Barry switched me to receiver. The new guy snapping the ball, Paul, was easily 30 or 40 pounds heavier than I was. Christina stayed as pass rusher. We lined up and I sprinted down for a pass. As I turned to look back at Barry, I saw that Paul had been knocked on his rear end and Christina was chasing down Barry for a big loss. At least that made me feel a little better that Paul couldn't stop her either.

We regrouped in the huddle. "The girl is a monster. You can't believe how strong she is," Paul said.

"Oh, I believe," I commiserated.

"She just needs to be knocked down a peg," said Len, the fourth member of our side. "Let's try running a sweep and maybe I can catch her off guard." Len looked like one of those guys who live at the gym, a chiseled buff physique, probably about 210.

We ran the sweep on the next play and Len came up on Christina from behind. He hit her pretty hard, but it was an obvious clip. Christina tumbled to the sand and then bounced right back again, shooting Len a dirty look.

"Come on Len, let's play by the rules," I admonished him as we huddled again.

"That'll put her in her place," he boasted.

Christina called from her huddle, "Barry, I dare you to give Len the ball."

"Doesn't sound like she's been put in her place yet," I remarked.

"I'll run over the bitch," Len said.

"Let's see," Barry said, winking at me.

So everyone knew what was coming the next play. Len was getting the ball and we assumed that Christina was going to try to get even. But I don't think any of us were quite prepared for what happened next.

Paul snapped the ball to Barry who shovel passed it to Len as he started sweeping to the right. Christina flew across the sand in pursuit of Len. She caught up to him from behind, grabbed him around the waist, stopped him dead in his tracks and then lifted him up over her head, pausing for impact and then slammed him to the ground.

I'm sure my mouth was wide open. She'd lifted him up like he was a toy! I knew I never could have done that. The realization that this girl was far stronger than I was, hell stronger than any of us guys playing football, sank in.

Len lay stunned on the sand. Barry stepped forward and put up a hand to caution Christina and Len. "Maybe we'd better take a break. Let things cool off." he said.

"Yeah, I think I could go for a dip," Christina answered. "Coming in, Frank?" she invited me.

I wasn't about to pass up that invitation. While I started towards the water, Christina jogged back to her blanket. She tied her hair up and then, with her back towards me, she took off her sweatshirt.

Even at a distance, I could see how broad her shoulders were, capped by massive deltoids. Her lats were big too. This girl's upper body was proportionately more developed than her legs.

She turned around and started strolling towards me. If I'd died right then, I would have died a very happy man. Christina was sporting a pair of succulently full breasts, the really round, really full, really firm kind that thrust off the chest and create gorgeous cleavage. I could only think that Barry hadn't exaggerated.

Christina sprinted the last few steps, diving into the waves. I followed her in, shocked at first at how cold the water was.

"It's freezing!" I exclaimed.

"Oh it's not that bad. You'll get used to it," she replied, bobbing up and down in the water. We were standing in about waist deep. I couldn't help but notice that the cold water had made her nipples erect. The nubs pressed against the thin fabric of her top.

"I don't think Len will be trying any more cheap shots," I said.

"No, I think he got the message," Christina agreed.

"I don't know what I'm about to say is considered politically correct these days," I said, "But you are one very strong woman."

"Very strong person," she corrected.

I don't know whether she was doing it to accentuate her point, but as she was saying that, Christina put her hands behind her head to squeeze the water from her hair. Her upper arms ballooned, hard balls of muscle jumping from beneath her skin. She stopped flexing, and the muscles smoothed. I must have done a double take.

Christina smiled broadly and looked at her upper arms, realizing what she'd done. She flexed them again for me, this time really hitting a pose. The huge grapefruits of muscle really swelled up.

"My god, they're big!" I blurted out.

"I'm pretty proud of them, I have to admit," she said.

"No wonder you could lift Len."

"Some guys get really turned off by muscles on a girl," she said. "Which way do you go?"

"I've only seen pictures and seen stuff on tv," I said. "I guess you're the first woman with muscles that I've seen in the flesh, so to speak."

"But you're not saying whether or not you like the look," she asked.

"When you were running over me playing football I wasn't that crazy about it, but standing out here..." my voice trailed off.

"Yes?" she said, taking her hands from behind her head. Slowly, sensuously, she flexed one arm for me. I felt I was being hypnotized. I couldn't stop watching her muscles! "Standing out here?"

"It's pretty amazing," I confessed.

"Go ahead, feel it," she invited.

I glanced towards the shore. No one seemed to be watching us. I have to admit that I was feeling a little bit self-conscious at the prospect of feeling a girl's muscles.

"Don't be afraid," she encouraged.

I stepped closer to her and put my fingers on the mound. The muscle was rock solid. It occurred to me that if I put both hands around her arm, I wouldn't be able to get all the way around it.

"So what do you think?" she asked.

"I don't want to say the wrong thing. I'd be afraid what you'd do to me," I said, only half in jest.

She took a step back and stood for a moment with her hands on her hips. "My last boyfriend liked to do more than just look and touch. He used to really like it when I used my muscles on him," she said.

"Used your muscles, like how?" I asked.

"You know, picking him up, wrestling, fooling around," she replied.

"And how come he's not around now? Did you kill him?" I laughed.

"No, he got a job transfer to Europe."

"And the point of your telling me this is?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know, there's just something about the look in your eyes when you were looking at my body that reminded me of him."

"The slightly dumbfounded look?" I asked.

Christina laughed and splashed some water at me. Without thinking, I splashed back. I guess she took that as an invitation to play. She started to really splash, soaking me with the cold ocean water. I moved in on her, trying to get hold of her arms to contain her. I managed to wrap my arms around her. For a moment I held her tight. What an incredible feeling, having her body close to mine.

She looked me straight in the eyes and smirked, "You're joking right? You think you can hold me?" She inhaled, her breasts pressing against my chest. Suddenly she thrust her arms out, bursting out of my hold. Laughing, she stuck one hand between my legs, put the other on my shoulder and lifted me up out of the water!

"Put me down!" I exclaimed and she threw me into a rolling breaker. I tumbled and rolled in the crashing surf, coming to a stop right in front of her feet. She grabbed me by the back of the neck and pulled me to my feet, turning me around so I was facing her. She lifted me off my feet again and held me around the waist, pressed tight against her powerful body.

"Want to try to get loose from me?" she challenged. I figured that between trying to hold me and fighting to keep her balance in the rolling surf that I'd have no trouble springing loose. But as much as I struggled, I had no luck in prying myself loose from her big arms.

"You're really light, like my boyfriend was," she commented. "What are you? 160?"

"Around there. Come on, let me down," I pleaded. "The others are going to see us." While it was true that I didn't want them to see me like this, I was also worried that Christina was going to feel my growing bulge pressing against her.

"Afraid of the ribbing you'll get if they see you like this?" she teased.

"Yes."

"I'll let you go on two conditions."

"What are they?"

"First you admit that you can't get loose."

"I can't. Your arms are too big and strong."

"Good. The second condition is that you come over and wrestle me at my apartment in New York."

"What do you want to do that for?"

"You'll find out. Hurry up and make up your mind, or I'll yell and get everyone's attention." She started moving towards more shallow water. And she started squeezing me much harder. I had no idea she had so much more power. My sides were aching with the crushing pressure.

"All right! All right! I'll do it." I said.

She released me and I slid into the water. Now the cold water felt good on my tender sides. She brushed past me and started walking out of the water. Then she turned and looked back at me. "Tuesday night, say around 9?" she said. "I'll write down my address for you."

I didn't see Christina the rest of the weekend. But I have to say that she was hardly out of my thoughts. At first I found myself flashing back on what I'd seen, her strong sexy legs, full breasts, big arms. I remembered what it felt like to see her arms flex, to be lifted off my feet so easily. The more I daydreamed, the more I realized I was obsessing about her strength.

Then I started fantasizing about what our next encounter would be like. Just the two of us. Christina's extraordinary body and phenomenal strength. I was terrified and tantalized at the same time. What would she wear? What would she do? Would she roll

over me or would I be able to give her a good match? All I knew was that I couldn't help getting a throbbing erection every time I thought about her. Thought about those big hard swelling glorious muscles.

Tuesday night finally came around and I tossed a few things into a gym bag and hopped in a taxi to Christina's place. The doorman announced me and I got in the elevator to the 20th floor. I took a deep breath and rang the bell for apartment 20D. There was a pause and then I heard feet shuffling across the parquet floor. I waited while she unlocked the deadbolt and then the door swung open.

I took one look at her and swallowed hard. She looked great! Gorgeously sexy. She was barefoot. All she had on was a thong bottom and a gauzy white ribbed sleeveless top. It was cropped so that her stomach showed. It was really tight. I mean it just molded itself to her body. I tried to make small talk, but I'm afraid all I could do was just soak in the sight of her body. She offered me a drink. I had a beer. She had mineral water.

"Is this the kind of outfit you used to wrestle in when you were with your boyfriend?" I asked.

"Yeah, something like this. Bra tops or cropped tops and bottoms. Nothing too constraining," she replied nonchalantly.

Either she was playing a little game with me or she had no idea how sexy she looked.

"I suppose you'd like to get changed," she said. "The bathroom is the second door on the right." She leaned back on the sofa, adding a little more stretch to her top, and pointed in the direction of a hallway.

I locked the bathroom door behind me. The first thing I spotted was the laundry hamper. One of her bras was sitting right on top. I fumbled to find the label. The inks were faded from washing. 44D. Sweet!

I slipped on a pair of bikini underwear and gym shorts. I debated wearing a T-shirt, and decided against it. I looked at myself in the mirror. Thin, maybe wiry, but definitely not muscular. Oh hell, how bad would I be? I took a deep breath and opened the bathroom door.

She gave me the once over. "Cute outfit," she said.

"Nothing too constraining," I echoed. She smiled.

"Let me show you the arena."

Christina led me into another room off the hallway. Must have been a spare bedroom. Nice that she could afford an apartment with a spare bedroom at her age. There were rubber mats covering a fair portion of the room. A futon bed was in one corner. Four halogen torchieres bathed the room in hot white light. The longest wall in the room was all mirrored.

"The way you've got this room all done..." I said. "I think I'm being set up."

Christina laughed. "Here. Why don't we just get down on the mats and start with something easy. A little arm wrestling, Frank?"

I was there. I was committed to it. There was no point making excuses or trying to avoid it. Whatever my fate, my die was cast.

"Kind of warm in here," I commented.

"It's the halogens," she replied. "I like it nice and warm. Work up a good sweat that way."

We both got down in a prone position, face to face. I massaged my right biceps with my other hand.

"Limbering up the big guns?" she teased.

"You're just picking on me because you know yours are bigger."

"Well I weigh more than you."

"How much, you think?"

"I'd guess 25 pounds, maybe more."

"You certainly are a big girl."

Christina just grinned as she put her right arm out in front of her. I looked at the imposing mass of solid muscle swelling before my eyes and knew that my chances were someplace between slim and none. Gamely though, I intertwined my fingers with hers.

"On your mark. Get set. Go." she said. Much to my amazement I got the jump at the start and had her arm bent about halfway down. But I couldn't budge her another millimeter. I looked in her eyes and saw her confident concentration. I pushed as hard as I could, but nothing was happening.

"Gee, you're a little stronger than you look," she said with amusement.

"I think I've almost got you," I boasted.

"We'll see," she replied coolly. Suddenly I felt this awesome pressure and my arm started to tremble. I looked at her biceps swelling with increasing power. When she got her arm back to vertical she feigned a yawn. Then with explosive force she slammed my wrist to the floor.

"Amazing," I said. "You were just toying with me, weren't you?"

"Wanted to see how strong you are," she replied.

"And?"

"Not strong," she chuckled. "Want to try the other arm?" Christina extended her equally imposing left arm.

"After that? I'm not sure what the point would be," I said. "Mind my asking if you know how big your arms are?"

"After a good workout, when I get them nice and pumped, they stretch the tape to seventeen and a quarter inches."

"Wow! That's huge."

"I'd guess I've got four or five inches on you," she said, pressing her fingers against my arm. "And yours aren't very firm, either." She ran her fingers down to my wrist. Her hand completely encircled it. "Thin wrists," she remarked. "See how I can put my hand all the way around? That's a big advantage for me in regular wrestling, too."

"And I suppose regular wrestling's next?" I asked.

"Well I think you've given up on arm wrestling," she said, flexing her big left arm.

We both got to our feet and I asked Christina if there were any rules. She explained that she didn't go in for choking or hair pulling or anything dirty; that the idea was to have fun and get a good workout.

"Having fun's going to be a lot easier for you than me," I admitted.

"Oh I think you'll enjoy yourself," she replied. She took a long drink of water from a squeeze bottle and then offered me some. A few drops of water spilled down her chin onto her chest, adding to the transparency of the fabric. I could sort of make out her nipples -- big and pink.

"I think I need to have my head examined," I muttered to myself as we squared off. Christina immediately put me on the defensive, moving straight at me. I backpedaled to the edge of the mats and then tried to slip past her sideways. But she caught me and spun behind me. She got hold of one of my wrists and then the other.

"See what I mean about thin wrists?" she whispered in my ear. She pulled my body against hers as she held my arms out to the sides. I studied our reflection in the mirror as I struggled to get loose. Christina seemed amused as I found that my arms were useless against her powerful limbs. "Can't you get loose?" she teased.

"You're even stronger than I thought you'd be," I admitted.

Christina let go of my wrists and grabbed me around the waist, lifting me off the floor and then tossing me to the mats. As I started getting to my feet she picked me up off the floor again in a fireman's carry. She spun me around in an airplane spin. Then she

stopped spinning and just held me there on her shoulder and I realized she was using just one arm!

"You're a feather!" she exclaimed. She grabbed me with both arms and lifted me over her head. "See?" She raised and lowered me a couple of times to show how easily she could handle my weight. Her delts and arms flexed with each lift.

When she finally let me back down on my feet, I slipped one of my legs behind hers and then drove forward, managing to trip her. She fell backwards and I landed on top of her.

"A takedown for Frank. I'm impressed!" she cried.

I quickly swung my body around, hoping to cross pin her shoulders using my full body weight. She fought off my attempts to get hold of her arms and slid her hands under me. Then she just thrust her arms upwards, throwing my body off hers!

"How the hell didja do that?" I asked, scrambling on all fours.

Christina bounded up to her feet. "I can bench press more than two and a half times your weight," she boasted. "That was like nothing."

I stood up too. She grabbed for my head and got me in a painful side headlock, walking me around the mats. Then she flipped me over her hip onto the floor. She dove on top of me and started really working me over. I tried as hard as I could but she was just relentless, using her weight and strength to out muscle me. With the room so warm we both started to get pretty sweaty.

Christina got me on my stomach and was pinning me under her when she rolled us over so I was on top of her. That's when she swung her legs up, sandwiching them around my sides.

"Oh no," I said, panicking at the prospect of being pulverized between her tremendously muscular thighs.

"My dear boy, I've got you in one of the most devastating wrestling holds in my arsenal. You don't expect me not to use it, do you?"

I let out a groan as she suddenly started squeezing me. Her thighs became solid vises crushing my middle. I tried to pry her legs apart but they were completely unyielding.

"No. Not so hard. You're going to break my ribs," I begged.

"Do you give?"

"Oh god yes."

"Then why don't you say so?"

"I give! I give!!"

"Score one for Christina!" she exclaimed.

She unlocked her python legs and slid out from behind me. She hopped to her feet and then offered a hand to pull me to mine. She yanked me up and pulled me against her. She planted a lingering kiss on my lips. I slipped my hands around her and grabbed hold of her ass. I've never felt such firm glutes in my life.

"Save that for later," she whispered, removing my hands. "We've got more wrestling to do."

She worked me over again and a few minutes later I was flat on my back and Christina was sitting on top of me, facing the opposite direction. My face was pinned under her ass. She was holding my legs up off the mats. And her outstretched legs were sandwiching my middle. It was a worse hold than the last one. I was absolutely, positively helpless. Powerless to do anything. No way I could budge an inch.

"What do you think?" she teased.

"I think you got me again, worse than the first time," I confessed.

"I don't think there's any way for you to get out of this hold," she remarked.

"If there is, I don't think I could pull it off."

"Then you know what I want to hear."

"All right. I give."

She let me go and got to her feet again. As I slowly got up I caught a look at myself in the mirror. I looked like shit. Sweaty and exhausted. Christina was perspiring heavily too, but she looked like she had endless reserves of energy. Her top was soaked between and underneath her globes, adding to her sexiness.

"Two, zip," she grinned. "You look pooped."

"You're wearing me out. It takes a lot of energy trying to fight you off." I answered.

"What? Little old me?" Christina shifted her gaze to her right arm. "I'm just a poor helpless defenseless little girl." She clenched her fist and slowly crooked her arm, causing her massive biceps to swell into hardened relief. "Do you think I could possibly fight off a grown man with just these?"

"Probably with one arm tied behind your back," I smirked.

"Don't think the thought hadn't occurred to me." she smiled.

Christina moved in on me and lifted me on her shoulder and then dropped me to the floor. As we wrestled on the mats I was trying to keep her from pinning me on my back. She was laughing at my pathetic attempts to fend her off. I marveled at the incredible strength and sexiness of her physique.

After she had me completely subdued her fingers slid up the inside of my thigh and slipped under my shorts.

"And what do you think you're doing?" I asked.

"Checking for concealed weapons," she chuckled.

I reached up and stuck my hands under her top to feel her breasts. They were so firm!

"And what do you think you're doing?" she smiled.

"Checking for concealed weapons," I laughed.

Suddenly, Christina grabbed my wrists and slammed them to the mats, pinning me.

"You can't handle my weapons unless I let you," she grinned. She released my wrists and pulled off her top. Her breasts were every bit as perfect as I imagined they'd be. She pinned me down again and leaned over me so that her breasts were dangling right over my face, just inches away.

"This used to drive Donny crazy," she said. "I let 'em look, but don't let 'em touch."

"I think you enjoy being a tease," I remarked.

"It wouldn't be half as much fun if I wasn't able to just about completely control you. That way I can do this..." She thrust her right shoulder forward, mashing my face with her breast. "Or this..." She swung her breasts from side to side, letting them slap against my face. "Or even this..." She completely enveloped me with her chest, smothering me. "And you can't do a thing."

"Mmmppffhhh! I can hardly breathe," were my muffled words.

"Oh you poor thing," she chuckled.

Christina smothered me a while longer, rubbing her breasts from side to side. "What's the matter, Frank?" she teased. "Got you in another hold you can't fight your way out of?"

"What do you think?" I asked.

"I think I'm more than you can handle," she smiled, sitting up.

"Mind telling me one thing?" I asked.

"Shoot."

"It's not every day that a beautiful, sexy, young woman invites me to her apartment and starts pulling off her clothes. I'd pinch myself to make sure I'm not dreaming, but I know I'm not. I've just got to ask you. Why me?" I asked.

"Well I guess you have to understand that I'm a pretty direct person." Christina explained. "Basically I say what I feel. And I go after what I want. Must be the competitor in me. Why you? A few reasons I guess. First, I have a thing for guys who are kind of skinny. Second, when I saw you I thought you were kind of cute. Barry had told me you were a nice guy. And the fact that you're older doesn't bother me. I like older guys. That answer your question?"

"This kind of thing's never happened to me before," I admitted. "I guess I never thought of myself as being that attractive to someone like you."

"It was that and the fact that you were going ga-ga over my muscles when we were in the water," she replied.

"I didn't think I was that obvious. Does that have anything to do with your inviting me over here tonight?" I asked.

"The eyes don't lie and yours just about popped out of your skull when I flexed."

"So you prefer guys who like your muscles?"

"Of course. Why wouldn't I? Why do you think I work so hard to be so big and strong?"

"If I had to hazard a guess it would be: one, to be sexy; two, to be a tease; and three, to do whatever you think you can get away with." I smiled.

"Now you're catching on," she laughed.

Christina rolled off me and sprang to her feet. "Are you going to take those off, or am I going to have to rip them off you?" she said, pointing to my shorts.

I just stood there, wondering what to do. Something told me she wanted to do it herself. And I was happy to play along if it was going to arouse her. Impatiently, she shook her

head as if to admonish me. She closed the gap between us in two quick strides and, grabbing me under the armpits, lifted me straight up. "Looks like you need to be shown who's the boss," she snarled.

I looked down at my powerful captor, sensing the ease with which she held me airborne. "Let's not let this get out of hand," I said, my voice quavering.

"Maybe you should have done as I said," she replied.

She tossed me about four feet. I landed on the mats on my butt. She stood in front of me and hit a double biceps pose. Her exertion had gotten her muscles pumped and she looked bigger than ever. The veins in her arms were really bulging, adding to the vision of supreme power and strength.

"You're no match for this," she said. "I'm strong enough to pulverize you with these."

She swarmed over me as I tried to get to my feet and lifted me up again, around the waist. I don't know which was louder -- my groans from the pain, or her grunts from squeezing me so hard. All I knew was, she was making good on her claim to be mighty enough to crush me. Prying loose was an absolute impossibility.

"AAAHHH!! I can't take it! You've got to stop. I give! I give!!" I cried. To think she was so strong she could get me to submit in just seconds with a bear hug!

"Look at you! Just look at you!" she exclaimed, shaking me up and down in her arms. "You can't do a thing to stop me. You can feel how big and strong my arms are, can't you?"

"Yes," I groaned.

"Then it's foolish for you not to do what I want you to do." Her strong hands grabbed my butt cheeks and she gave them a hard squeeze. Then I felt her take hold of my clothes. "But then again, I can just do what I want myself." She slid them down over my butt and they started sliding south. With a couple of more shakes to my body, they'd fallen off on the floor. My naked skin was pressed tight against her hot hard body. I could feel my penis throbbing as it became fully engorged.

Christina grinned at me, feeling the insistent pressure of my erection against her abs. "I told you when we started you'd enjoy yourself. And this certainly's 'hard' proof," she chuckled.

Christina loosened her hold as we were talking. My feet were touching the mats, although I was still somewhat confined by her arms. I went to pull away from her, but she grabbed one of my wrists and she spun around behind me. I made the mistake of reaching back with my other arm and she grabbed the other wrist.

"You and those thin wrists. I'd have thought you'd learn," she laughed. She had me in the same position she had me at the start. But this time, as I looked in the mirror, our reflections revealed Christina's topless splendor and my raging hard on.

"Just look at us now," she murmured. She pulled back on my arms, forcing me to arch my back and thrust my pelvis forward. "I love it when a guy gets really turned on by what I can do with my muscles."

"I guess it's pretty obvious how turned on I feel," I admitted. Christina laughed.

She let go of my wrists and grabbed me around the waist. "Pry 'em loose," she dared me. I grasped her wrists and strained against her, but they were unmovable. "See? Once I wrap my arms around you, you're my little prisoner," she grinned. "I got you once from in front and now I'll get you from behind. What's the score? Three - zip? Four - zip? Whatever it is, I'm gonna chalk up another submission. Submission. How I love that word."

Christina cinched in tight around my waist, lifting me off the floor again. I knew she was doing it to make me feel helpless, dangling in her arms. My poor stomach felt like it was caving in, powerless against the shattering force of her arms. I groaned, barely able to take a breath.

In spite of the pain I was in, I realized that, in a way, it was for a good cause -- because it seemed that Christina not only liked showing off her strength, but also got very aroused doing it.

"Ooowww! Christina, give me a break. Ease up. You're crushing me." I pleaded.

"You know the words I want to hear."

"Okay! Okay! You win! I give. I give!! Please stop."

"You going to do what I say?"

"Yes!"

"Well then listen carefully. Because if you don't, you're probably going to get hurt. I'm going to lift you up and I don't want you squirming or trying to get away. Do you understand?"

"Yes. I'll stay still. I'll do whatever you want."

"Good boy!" she exclaimed.

Christina hoisted me up, draping my back over one of her shoulders. At first, I thought she was going to torture me further with a back breaker.

"Steady now," she instructed, shifting my body around so I was more across both shoulders. She slid one hand under my neck and the other under the small of my back. And then she pushed her arms up, pressing me over her head.

"You're too much," I remarked.

"This isn't half of it," she replied. "Try not to move so I can keep you balanced." I could feel that she was shifting so that my weight was on the hand under my back. Then, all of a sudden, she took the hand under my neck away.

"Oh wow!" I whispered in amazement. Christina was holding me over her head with just one arm!

"There!" she exclaimed. "See how strong I am? Do you think you could ever do this to me?"

"Never in a million years."

"Then I should think that you'd want to be very careful to stay on my good side. Rather than have me use this power against you."

"Don't worry. You've convinced me," I replied.

Christina eased me down onto her shoulders and then flipped me onto the floor. I was sprawled flat on my back, gazing up at this Amazonian vision of beauty and brawn. Christina's legs were spread wide apart, her tiny thong just barely covering her privates.

She clenched her fists and started pounding her armor-plated abs. "Next time, you could try being a little rougher with me," she purred. "As you can see, it's hard to do any damage. And it gets me more turned on that way."

"I don't think I imagined I could hurt you, not the way you were out muscling me," I confessed. "I might have been afraid of what you could have done to me, if you'd gotten rougher."

"Luckily, I know my own strength and I can control my temper." Christina smiled. "Besides, what good are you to me if I kill you, when I get all worked up wrestling?"

"So you do get turned on doing this?"

"Duh? Why else do you think I'd be standing here practically naked? Think I took all your clothes off just to make you more comfortable?" she laughed.

"I don't know. Maybe I thought you were doing it just to tease me by taking your top off but not letting me touch you. And stripping me was just to show who was boss."

"Well I did want to tease you, but I wasn't thinking of stopping there," she smiled. She hooked her thumbs around the sides of her thong. "Think you can handle it, big boy?" she winked. She peeled her thong down over her hips and let them slide down her legs. She tossed it on my face with her toes. A small flaxen patch of pubes accentuated her puffy labia.

"Are you sure you can handle this?" she repeated. "I'm every bit as strong fucking as I am wrestling."

"It's a risk I'll just have to take," I replied, grinning as hard as my cock felt.

"Good! I thought you might be up to the challenge."

"I don't think my friend here gets any more 'up' than he is now." I said.

"Then let's see if you can score some points with your cock that you couldn't do wrestling," she purred, nodding in the direction of the futon in the corner. "Can you make it there under your own power, or do I have to carry you?"

"The thought of being carried in your arms is enchanting," I said, "but I think I can make it."

Christina offered a hand and pulled me to my feet. Her naked, sexy, strong, muscular, buxom body glistened with sweat, just inches from mine.

"In-totally-fucking-credible," I gushed. "You are in-totally- fucking-credible."

Her hand reached out, palm up and encircled my erection. She squeezed it gently. "Nice cock," she purred, pulling it and me towards the futon...

The End