

Vicki's Revenge

By AmazonFan

Bruce re-visits Vicki - she's all grown up now.

"Twelve years," Bruce Matthews thought as his rental car approached the outskirts of town. "I can't believe it's been twelve years." Bruce had lived in Riverville until he was fifteen. Then his father, who was an electrical engineer, got a job with another company and they moved away.

Bruce didn't follow his father's career footsteps. Instead, Bruce became a salesman after college. Everyone said Bruce was a natural because there wasn't anyone who didn't seem to take an immediate liking to him. The amateur psychologists among us might have speculated that the reason he was so outgoing was to compensate for his size. Bruce was barely 5'5" and weighed 127 pounds.

Well, whatever the motivation was, Bruce was a hell of a good salesman. He had, at the age of 27, just become the youngest regional sales manager in his company's history. That promotion brought about his relocation to the regional office that just happened to be in Riverville.

Bruce stopped in at the office to let them know he'd arrived and would be starting after the weekend and then realized he had nothing to do for the rest of the afternoon. He looked at his watch and seeing it was a few hours before he'd have dinner, he decided to drive over to his old neighborhood.

He was surprised at how little had changed. He pulled in front of 5 Meadow Lane and stared with fond memories at the house he grew up in. Next door at 7 Meadow Lane, a woman was tending her garden. "It's gotta be," thought Bruce, and he hopped out of the car. "Mrs. Drake?" he called and the woman turned to face him. Sure enough it was. The Drakes still lived at #7.

Bruce and Doreen Drake quickly got reacquainted. "Do you know where you'll be living?" she inquired.

"No, I just got into town." he answered "What I'd like to do is find someplace to rent as quickly as I can. Salesmen move around a lot, so I'm probably not going to buy a house, at least not right away."

"Well I may just have the solution you're looking for," beamed Mrs. Drake. "Guess who became a real estate agent right here in town? Vicki! I'll bet she'd be thrilled to help you find a place. Let me phone her." Bruce's mind flashed back to a thirteen year old tomboy, his next door neighbor, Vicki. He remembered she'd had a bit of a crush on him back then.

Five minutes later everything was set. Vicki had a listing for a furnished house that was available immediately for rental. The price sounded very reasonable. Bruce would drive over and meet Vicki there for her to show him the house.

When Bruce arrived at the property there was already a car in the driveway, which has assumed was Vicki's. A brand new Saab. Not doing badly for a 25 year old real estate agent, Bruce thought, walking up the drive. The front door was ajar, so he just walked in.

"Hello," he yelled, "Anybody home?"

"First left off the foyer," a voice replied. It was Vicki's voice.

He turned the corner and saw her sitting on the couch, her legs tucked underneath her. She was glancing at a magazine. She smiled in warm recognition. Vicki had been cute as a thirteen year old, but the face of the woman smiling at him now was absolutely beautiful. Short curly blond hair. Piercing blue eyes. Perfect teeth. Radiant complexion.

"I can't believe it's been a dozen years, Bruce," she said, "Why you've hardly changed a bit." Bruce walked towards the couch.

At that point, Vicki began to untuck her legs to stand up and greet Bruce. He stopped dead in his tracks. Dumbfounded. He looked up at her face and her bemused expression. Vicki was 6'4" tall, nearly a foot taller than Bruce!

"I can't say you haven't changed," he said, "Jeez, Vicki. Look how you've changed."

"Well, let's see," she said, "I was thirteen when you saw me last. I was a few inches shorter than you, maybe thirty pounds lighter. Well puberty hit and I just started growing in all directions. It didn't stop until I was a senior in college."

Vicki's reference to "growing in all directions" prompted Bruce to quickly give her body the once over. She was wearing extremely loose fitting slacks and a top under a jacket, but even so, her clothes couldn't hide the fact that she was far from anorexic. Pretty well stacked, too, he guessed.

Vicki stepped towards Bruce and he thought she was going to hug him. He quickly thrust out his hand to shake with hers. Vicki smiled, sensing that Bruce felt awkward, and took his offered hand. Bruce instantly realized that her hand was larger than his. Her firm grip hinted at commanding strength.

"Come on, let me show you around," Vicki offered. She was warm, but professional, as she began showing the house. Bruce realized it was an ideal choice - it was in showcase condition and had all the furnishings he could possibly need. The rooms were all extremely spacious. After touring the kitchen, living room and video room, Vicki turned down a long hallway.

"The bedrooms are in this wing," she explained, "They all have access to the pool outside. The house was built with three bedrooms including the master suite, each with its own bath. But as you'll see, one of them has been converted." She swung open the door and they walked into a fully equipped home gymnasium, filled with a variety of weight machines and other exercise equipment. One large area was just covered with mats.

"I'd kill for a room like this at my place," she said. "Instead I have to go to the gym. I hate it. The people are so rude. They just stare."

"You work out a lot?" Bruce asked.

"Oh, whenever I get the chance," Vicki responded nonchalantly. She grasped his upper arm and gave it a little squeeze. "Maybe you should think about taking this house just so you can spend some time in here," she laughed. Mentally she made note how small and soft his upper arm was.

"I manage to keep in decent shape and I don't have a weight problem," Bruce responded defensively, "But with or without the gym, this place is terrific. I think I'll take it."

"That's super," replied Vicki. "I know you'll love it. And I've got an idea to make the deal even sweeter. If you'll let me come over and use the gym here, then I can quit my health club and I'll use the savings to contribute to your rent."

Bruce knew that his rent was being paid for by the company, so her contribution would make no difference to him. One of his rules as a salesman was to always try to put the other person in his debt. You never could tell how it would pay off. And Vicki was a beautiful girl, in spite of the fact she towered above him. So he knew how to respond to her offer.

"Vicki, we're old friends," he smiled, "You did me a big favor by finding me this place so quickly. I couldn't take any money from you. You're welcome to come over and use the gym any time you like."

"Oh, Bruce, you're so sweet," she gushed. "Look, if you haven't checked into the hotel, you can move in here right now. Better than spending the weekend in a hotel. I'll call the office and have them take care of all the paperwork. I'll just need to see you tomorrow to sign a few things."

"Great, let's do it." Bruce replied.

"Well, one thing is, you don't have any food in the house," Vicki continued, "So what do you say we have dinner?" She ran her fingers down the lapel of Bruce's jacket as she stared invitingly into his eyes.

"My expense account is ready and waiting," Bruce replied.

"Great. Since I know my way around and I love to show off my Saab, why don't I pick you up about 7:30," Vicki proposed. She walked up close to Bruce and gently grasped his chin with her thumb and two fingers. She tilted his head up and bent over to kiss him gently on the lips. "It's been a long time, but I've never forgotten the way I felt about you," she whispered, "I'm looking forward to tonight." She kissed him again, this time holding it a bit longer.

"Shit," thought Bruce as the door closed and Vicki left, "These females never get over their first love. And for Vicki, I think I'm it." He was flattered that a woman as attractive as Vicki had any interest in him at all. After all, a man his size didn't have a huge dating pool to choose from. But she was so much taller than he was. They'd look silly together if they ever dated. Maybe he should just back out of dinner that evening.

But an hour later when the doorbell rang, Bruce needed to only open the door to change his mind. Vicki looked even more radiant, if that was possible. She had on a billowy ankle length skirt and a peasant style blouse with puffy sleeves. The neckline scooped down to the tops of two prominent, full breasts. Bruce had guessed right, she was stacked.

"Let me grab one thing and we can take off," Vicki said. She ambled back to the car and took a big duffel bag out of the trunk and carried it one-handed towards the house. Bruce asked what it was and Vicki said she hoped he wouldn't mind if she dropped off some extra stuff for her workouts in the gym.

"No, not at all," he replied, "Here let me carry that for you. Is it heavy?"

"No, it's just some dumbbells," answered Vicki as she handed him the bag. CRASH! The bag fell to the floor. It was very heavy for Bruce. He grabbed the straps with his stronger right arm, but he knew right away he wouldn't lift it. He bent over to pick it up with both hands.

"No, don't do that," Vicki cried, pulling his arm away. "Lift with your knees, not your back. You'll get hurt that way. Here, you'd better let me take it." Vicki hoisted the duffel effortlessly with one hand and sauntered down the hall to the gym, leaving Bruce standing in the foyer trying to understand what he had just witnessed.

Vicki, returning to the foyer, could tell by the perplexed look on Bruce's face that her little demonstration had gotten his attention. "What's the matter, Bruce," she asked, "Never seen a girl with muscles before?"

"Well, um, well, I was just a bit surprised," stammered Bruce.

"At the fact that I could lift something you couldn't, or the fact that I turned out to be pretty strong?" she continued her inquiry. "I mean, after all, you know I was always a tomboy when we were kids."

"Look, um, I ,uh, don't think your carrying that bag down the hall means you've gotten that strong." he replied defensively, "So you're bigger than I am. I'm still a male and we have natural advantages."

Vicki chuckled, "Oh Bruce, here we are after all these years and we're still competing. I was always faster than you. And I could play most sports better than you. The one thing I couldn't beat you at was wrestling. I'll admit you were stronger than me as kids. But I have you to thank for the way I am now. I was never satisfied being weaker than you, so I started lifting weights after you moved away. Never stopped. Here, feel."

Vicki pointed to her right upper arm, still covered by the puffy sleeves of her blouse. Bruce placed his hand on top of her biceps. He was surprised at the hefty bulk he felt. But he was shocked an instant later when she flexed and the muscle exploded under his hand. The muscle turned rock hard and seemingly doubled in size. His hand couldn't make it halfway around her arm!

"Okay. Show's over." Vicki announced, "I'm hungry. What do you say we go eat."

Bruce was fairly quiet on the drive over to the restaurant, letting Vicki do the talking, pointing out the things that had changed in Riverville over the years. His mind was swimming with the sensations of that incredible biceps muscle coming to steely life in his hand. He wished he could see her flex again, without the hindrance of her sleeve blocking his view. He wondered what else her bulky clothes were hiding.

Bruce noticed the stares and whispers as they entered the restaurant and felt a bit uncomfortable. Their table wasn't ready and they retreated to the dimly lit bar to wait. Two guys who'd obviously been having an extended happy hour were sitting there. They were poking each other and pointing at Bruce and Vicki, laughing. Bruce was embarrassed. Vicki was getting pissed off.

She called the maitre d' over to the table and politely explained that the two drunks at the bar were getting rowdy and making it unpleasant. The maitre d' smiled, trying to be

nonchalant about staring down Vicki's cleavage, started making excuses. Vicki stood up and glared at the shorter maitre d', "You'd better do something fast, or there'll be a scene here you'll sorely regret." Within a minute, the two drunks were being escorted to the door.

"You always get your way?" Bruce asked, complimenting Vicki.

"Power has its privileges," she said. Their table was ready and they strolled into the dining room. More stares and whispers, but Bruce just focused his attention on Vicki. The meal was great and the time passed pleasantly.

As they exited the restaurant and made their way through the parking lot, Bruce spotted the two drunks who'd been thrown out earlier. "Oh shit," he thought, "This is trouble." as he surveyed the two guys. One stood a little over 6' and looked like he weighed 250. His buddy was almost as tall, but not as heavy, maybe 160. They were leaning against a van parked next to Vicki's Saab.

"A broad shouldn't cause trouble," sneered the heavier guy, "Especially if she's gonna have some runt as her protection."

"You can back away, or this can be over very quickly," responded Vicki coolly.

"Fuck you," he replied, "Nobody gets me thrown out of the bar. You can watch me kick the crap out of this midget and then maybe you'll want to go home with a real man." He grabbed his crotch for emphasis.

"I'll bet your dick is even smaller than your pea brain," she said to her antagonist. Angered, he lumbered forward at Vicki. Suddenly she spun and kicked, landing her heel flush against the side of his jaw with a sickening thud. He dropped to the asphalt like a stone, out cold. Vicki advanced to his partner, who was retreating in shock. But he ran out of room when he backed up against the van.

Vicki grabbed him under the armpits and picked him up a good foot off the ground. Then she rammed his whole body against the van. He groaned loudly. She rammed him again and he began sobbing, begging her to stop. She rammed him one more time and let him go, his limp body sliding down to the pavement.

Bruce stood there stammering. Vicki had beaten up two guys in less than thirty seconds. "I, I, I think we'd b-b-better get out of here."

"Yeah, the fun's over," she winked. "Unless you'd like to have a little fun back at your place."

"I think we'd better call it a night," Bruce replied, "I was driving all day and I'm kinda bushed." In reality Bruce was quite awake, jarred by the show of brute strength he'd just seen. But his instincts told him to get away from Vicki and figure out what was developing here. Vicki seemed a bit disappointed and was quiet driving him back from the restaurant. When they got back to Bruce's place she got out of the car.

"Since I drove you, instead of you driving me, I get cheated out of the traditional escort your date to the front door for a good night kiss," she smiled, "Do I still get my kiss?" Vicki stepped close to Bruce. He could see he'd have to crane his neck way up to kiss her. Even so she'd still have to bend down. Their lips met tentatively at first, then Vicki responded with more pressure. The kiss lingered and their passion grew. Bruce felt Vicki's arms embrace him and draw him closer. For the first time he could feel her body against his and feel how rock solid it was. Bruce could feel himself becoming aroused, both by the passion of the kiss and the awesome body pressing against his. He was afraid she'd feel his hard-on so he tried easing his body away from hers a bit. But Vicki was becoming the sexual aggressor.

Her hands slid down his back and boldly cupped his buttocks. Suddenly she broke the kiss and whispered, "Here, try it this way." With that she grabbed his ass and lifted him off the ground, scooping him up in her arms so his face was even with hers. She pulled him even tighter and kissed him again, her tongue thrusting into his mouth. She could feel his erection pressed against her abs and felt herself becoming wet. She was thrilled that she could arouse her old flame so quickly and easily.

Bruce shoved both hands against her shoulders and pulled his head back crying, "Please Vicki. No!"

"What's the matter, Bruce?" she asked, her feelings hurt.

"Too much. Too fast." he muttered, "Oh please Vicki don't ask me to explain myself. I'm really tired. Please let's call it a night." Dejectedly, Vicki put Bruce down. Maybe she was pushing it a little fast. But there was no mistaking his erection. She had turned him on. She would make him hers.

"Sorry, sometimes I just get carried away when I'm with the right guy," she said sweetly, "No harm done?"

Bruce said no and watched Vicki get back in the Saab and drive away. Once inside the house, he closed and bolted the door. He was glad he had brought some liquor with him. He went to the bar and poured himself a double scotch and sat down. His mind replayed the evening. He kept returning to the images of Vicki showing off her immense strength and each time he did his cock got hard. She was a one in a million woman, he thought, and she has a thing for me. He admitted to himself that she was enormously attractive to him too. He went to bed wondering what the future would bring.

CLANK! CLANK! KERCLANK! Bruce awakened to an unaccustomed noise and checked his watch. 7:45. What was that noise? He padded down the hallway in his pajama bottoms and realized the sound was coming from the gym.

He opened the door. It was Vicki, working out. She was at one of the machines and her back was to him. She hadn't realized he'd come in. Bruce slowly took in the sight. Even though he knew from last night that she was big and strong, he had never imagined she'd look like this. Gone were the baggy clothes, replaced by a thong bikini. From the back, Vicki looked like a linebacker, with broad, broad shoulders and a densely muscled back, including some of the widest lats he'd ever seen. Her glutes were as round and hard as bowling balls. And her arms, he thought, good grief! Her arms were enormous, with biceps somewhere between a softball and a grapefruit and triceps that were steel bands. And that was just the view from the back. He started moving around to view her from the side, when he caught her attention.

"Oh good morning, I hope I didn't wake you up," she said brightly, "I love to have my first work out early. I thought I'd be quiet if I kept the door closed." Bruce acknowledged it was okay since he usually got up at that hour. "Good. I brought you some stuff for breakfast. Is that okay?" Bruce said sure. "Well, do you mind if I exercise some more before we eat?"

"No. Not if you don't mind my watching," he replied, "If I'm going to use this stuff I want to see how it's done." He said that as an excuse. He was really dying for her to resume on the pec dec machine because before him was his vision of the perfect pair of full firm breasts, a healthy bit larger than average - but not silicone-stripper size. She placed her elbows against the pads and swung them around, squeezing her breasts together at the end to accentuate her cleavage.

"I hope you don't think I'm just trying to show off," she said, "I don't normally work out in a bikini. I only wore this because I thought I might do some laps in the pool if you still hadn't gotten up by the time I finished my work out," Vicki explained.

"Vicki, I've never seen a body like yours in my life," Bruce confessed. Vicki stopped her exercise and stood up.

"Yeah, but do you like what you see?" she asked, turning 360 degrees slowly. Bruce nodded yes. Vicki beamed. "Want to know my stats?" Bruce nodded yes. "I'm 6'4" tall. I weigh 227 pounds."

"That's 100 pounds more than me!" interrupted Bruce, "I wouldn't have thought you were that much."

"That's cause it's all muscle and in all the right places, silly," she continued, "For example, my quads, I mean my thighs, are bigger than my waist. 26 inches versus 23. My calves are 16. They need more work. 38 inch hips. My upper arms are nice. Between 17 1/2 and 18 inches depending on how pumped they get. And if you measure all the way around my chest here, including my back which is pretty wide, I measure 48, a few inches more if I take a big breath."

"Incredible." was all Bruce could say.

"Well I owe it all to good genes, hard work, and you." Vicki said. "It took years to build up to this. And to think, if once upon a time you hadn't been able to beat me in wrestling, this might never have happened." Vicki extended one leg, pointing her toe and flexing the whole leg while simultaneously striking a double biceps pose. All Bruce could see were huge hard muscles. He could not believe his eyes. He felt a tingle in his balls. If she kept this up, he was going to get a hard on.

Vicki recognized the goofy expression on his face and knew she was reigniting the same flames of arousal she'd provoked the night before. She wanted to push him further this time - much further. She walked closer to Bruce and flexed her left biceps right in front of his eyes.

"Go ahead. Give it a feel." she invited. Bruce realized his fingers were almost trembling as he placed his hand on top of her peaked biceps. It was a rock. And it was so damn big! Vicki nonchalantly glanced down. Bruce had a slight bulge in his pj's that wasn't there a moment ago.

"You know Bruce," she said, about to set her trap, "I'll admit I owe you something for giving me my early inspiration to get strong. But you've got to admit you owe me something from the old days too."

"What do you mean? What do I owe you?" he asked.

"An apology. And a chance to get even."

"What? What are you talking about?"

"Oh, Bruce, you remember." she explained. "You know I had a crush on you back then. I played sports, anything I could, to interest you. But I was little and younger and you didn't want to have anything to do with me. The only reason you wrestled me was because I was the only kid you could beat. But finally you just didn't want me hanging around. So remember what you did? Remember that time you wrestled me in front of all the other kids and you pulled down my panties and gave me a spanking, calling me a little baby? That was so humiliating for me, not only being bare ass, but being treated that way by the boy I liked so much."

The memory came back to Bruce in a lightening flash and he just stood there, embarrassed. "I'm sorry," he said, "Kids can do some pretty stupid things. I shouldn't have acted that way."

"Well, I got my apology," said Vicki, "But you don't get off that easy. Now I want my chance to get even."

"What do you mean?"

"Come on Bruce. We're going to wrestle. For old times sake. Aren't you going to let a girl recapture her dignity?" Vicki laughed. She grabbed one of his wrists and pulled him over to the mats.

"You can't be serious," Bruce said.

"Of course I am," she giggled, "I dreamt for years about getting even with you. So you think I'm going to pass this chance up? C'mon I won't hurt you. It'll be fun. It'll be like old times. Only I'm going to win."

Vicki crouched down and began to pursue Bruce. Even crouching, she still towered over him. He pushed and slapped her hands away, trying to stay out of her grip. But he knew that tactic wouldn't work for long. He ducked under her arms and charged, shoulder first, straight at her stomach, hoping to knock her back and tackle her. But when he hit her, nothing happened. She hardly moved a half step. Vicki bent over and wrapped her arms around Bruce and yelled, "Upsy daisy!" Effortlessly she lifted him clear off the mats and swung him up so he was perched across her shoulder.

"AAH! Look out. Be careful. You'll drop me," he shouted.

"No I won't silly! You're as light as a feather. I'm holding you with one arm. You afraid I can't control your weight? Watch this." Vicki shifted Bruce in her arms and put one hand under his butt and the other behind his neck. Then she pressed him up till her arms were completely extended up over her head. She lowered and raised him with ease several times.

"Ta da!" she exclaimed as she walked around the mats in a circle. "Imagine if I'd been able to do this back when we were kids. Imagine how you'd have felt if the kids saw me doing this to you."

"Put me down!" Bruce howled.

"You didn't say 'Please'. Besides, Bruce, I don't think you realize it yet, but you're in no position to be giving any orders."

"PUT ME DOWN!"

"Okay!" Vicki replied and let Bruce crash a good eight feet down to the mats. Bruce grunted and groaned and rolled onto his back. The next thing he felt was Vicki's foot being planted down squarely in the middle of his chest. She put her weight behind it and Bruce grunted again, fearing his chest would cave in from the pressure being applied. He grabbed her ankle with both hands and tried twisting left or right to get her foot off his chest, but he couldn't budge it. Vicki giggled at his feebleness. His eyes traced up the long, huge, heavily muscled leg, past the washboard stomach, out over the rack of her large breasts, to the arms that had just held him up so high, so easily.

She knew what he was looking at and she rhythmically flexed her biceps, the balls of muscle surging and hardening. "Look how easy it is for me to pin you," she said. She clasped her hands behind her neck and alternated flexing each arm. "Imagine if I'd been able to do this years ago," she said. Bruce was nearly hypnotized by her muscles. "Or this," she added seductively. Vicki flexed her chest muscles so that her breasts bounced up and down in tandem with her biceps.

"Imagine I had looked like this." Vicki untied the knot behind her neck and peeled off her top. Bruce was astonished. As a connoisseur of ample breasts, he was amazed how firm hers were. They jutted straight out. Vicki started to slide her foot down Bruce's chest towards the tent pole in his pajamas. He managed to push her foot sideways and slithered free. He sprang to his feet.

"Look Vicki, this is getting crazy," he said defensively.

"Like you don't have any control over what's happening?"

"Yeah, I guess that's it."

"Well, you're right." she smiled. "You don't have any control over what's happening. I do. And I'm just getting started." Vicki sprang forward and in two strides caught Bruce. She grabbed his wrist and pulled him towards her, slamming him against her unyielding physique. She picked him off the mats in a bear hug. She could have trapped his arms, but she knew he couldn't free himself. She squeezed his ribcage, forcing the air from his

lungs and making it hard for him to get another breath. She could feel his erection against her solid abs and it reminded her of last night. She started to get wet again.

Bruce, meantime, pawed at her mammoth arms in futility, panicking at the obvious ease with which Vicki could administer such force. "Please Vicki, I can hardly breathe," he pleaded. She tightened her python hold to show him she was not at her limit, although he was at his. "Oh, God you're so strong!" he moaned.

"And you love it," she remarked.

"No, I don't. It hurts!"

"You sound like a little boy, Bruce. And you're so light in my arms, you feel like a little boy. Do you want me treat you like a little boy? Little boys don't get hard ons like the one I feel. Why not admit my muscles turn you on?"

"Vicki, you've got to stop this," Bruce pleaded.

"You are a stubborn little guy, aren't you? I thought you'd play along with me, but it looks like you're going to need some more persuading." Vicki scooped Bruce up over her shoulder and body slammed him to the mats like a pro wrestler. Bruce felt the jolting pain all the way up his spinal chord. She reached down, grabbed his ankles, lifted his legs off the mat and spread them wide. She stepped between his legs and changed her grip, hooking her arms under and around his thighs. She pressed her arms against her sides to hold him in place. Stepping forward she pulled his body up further until little more than his head and shoulders were touching the mat. Bruce was hanging upside down, his legs useless. There was little or nothing he could do to free himself.

She took hold of the snap closures of his pajamas and let Bruce squirm in panic at the prospect of what she would do next. "This is for not admitting this body of mine turns you on" She unsnapped the top snap. "And this is to get even. I want you bareass cause that's what you did to me." She unsnapped the second, remaining snap. That made an opening wide enough for Bruce's swelling member to spring into view.

"Cause and effect. Action and reaction. You can't deny this," she remarked as she casually squeezed his penis. She rubbed the head between her thumb and index finger to get him fully erect. "Just think of all the things I can do to this," she cooed.

"Vicki, don't do that!" Bruce pleaded. A mix of emotions tore through him. There was an undeniable excitement from being so completely dominated by such a powerful, erotic woman. There was the fear that this arousal and her direct physical stimulation would cause him to lose control and climax. And there was the embarrassment that she was so much bigger that she might think he wasn't big enough to fuck.

Vicki cupped her hands on Bruce's butt cheeks and pulled his crotch against her boobs. She wriggled herself against him and then decided she'd better stop, realizing that she was threatening to make him come, judging by the way he was gasping and writhing. She held the waistband of his pajamas and started lifting up as she relaxed her hold on him with her arms. Bruce slid one way - down to the mats - his pajamas went the other.

"How come you never got a boner like that when we used to wrestle?" Vicki teased as she jumped on top of Bruce and pinned him, straddling his chest. "If I had this body back then, I'll bet you'd have told your dad you'd refuse to move. Hell I could have just told him myself."

"Mr. Matthews, I'm afraid young Bruce here won't be leaving. He seems to have grown attached to this big body of mine. Keeps getting these boners. Keeps losing to me at wrestling. What's that you say? You don't believe I can beat him? Well check this out Mr. Matthews."

Vicki spun around so she was facing Bruce's feet and spread out on top of him. She was too heavy and strong for Bruce to move. She grabbed his hair and pulled his head up between her gigantic thighs. As the twin pillars of muscle tightened around his skull Bruce groaned. His face was just inches from her hard glutes. He watched the balls of muscle jump as she applied bursts of pressure. He patted her thighs in submission.

"See how easy that was Mr. Matthews?" she said, "And I've got your little boy in the perfect position here to kiss my ass. What's that you say? Your son's not an ass kisser? Look again Mr. Matthews." Vicki squeezed Bruce's head again until he submitted again.

Then she raised up on her knees and untied her thong bottom. She slid forward so her buttocks were right above his face.

Bruce knew that he had no choice but to kiss the cheeks he had spanked years ago. He lifted his head up and planted his lips on her ass. Vicki leaned forward and let Bruce's tongue find her wet pussy. Now, finally giving in to her, he was anxious to please her. She, in turn, would add to his pleasure. She easily took the entire length of his cock in her mouth.

Bruce had never had a woman deep throat him before and he shuddered with excitement. Here he was lying beneath a gorgeous amazon, a woman whose strength dwarfed his, whose muscular physique and voluptuous curves intoxicated him. He was powerless to do anything but her bidding, and yet there was nothing he wanted to do more. He gave himself over to her completely at that moment.

Vicki was moaning with the deep urgency of a woman approaching climax. She too knew that Bruce was hers, that in less than 24 hours she had won back the love she thought she'd lost a dozen years ago. He could not withstand her power. She could do with him as she pleased. Whether she took him as her lover or whether she spurned him as he once spurned her, well that decision could wait. For right now the erotic power of her domination and Bruce's tongue were combining to drive her to orgasm.

She sat straight up, allowing the waves of pleasure to surge up and roll over her. When she finished she looked down at Bruce's cock, waving in the air, searching for release. She thought back to that spanking and knew she had not yet gotten even. She would not suck him off. She would do something far more fitting.

She scooped Bruce up in her arms, cradling him effortlessly like a small child. She stood up and carried him over to one of the benches. The look on his face was equal parts fear and confusion. She rolled him over in her arms as she sat down on the bench. By the time the realization of what she was doing hit him, it was too late.

He was draped over her legs, his erection trapped between her oaken thighs, his ass sticking up in the air. WHACK! Her open palm smacked hard against his butt, the full power of those prodigious arms applied with force. His ass burned from the first strike. There were more to come.

"Now I'm getting even," she laughed, as her hand rained down on his defenseless ass time and time again.

"Please. Please stop," he begged as tears of humiliation ran down his face.

But Vicki could feel that his cock was still hard. She would ignore his pleas. She flexed her thighs, squeezing his cock in time with her spanking. Bruce could no longer control himself. His cock erupted between her thighs.

Knowing he was spent, Vicki pushed him off her legs, onto the floor. She stood up and struck a double biceps pose.

"The new wrestling champion of Riverville, ladies and gentlemen, the incredible Vicki Drake!" she exclaimed. "Any time you want a rematch little man, you let me know."

The End