

Virago

By AmazonFan

Meet two members of the undercover team known as Virago, the strongest, sexiest women in the world

The idea was so simple. If sex is power -- if a woman is capable of turning a man into a blithering idiot who'll do anything she wants just because she has a beautiful face, sexy body, and talent in bed -- then what would sex and power be? What was a woman who was capable of being as strong as she was seductive? Who could punish as well as pleasure?

What you'd have is a woman capable of earning a great deal of money. A woman capable of spying for governments and corporations, committing extortion, exacting revenge, even assassination. A woman capable of fitting into a variety of roles, from secretary to stewardess to reporter to personal trainer to CEO. All roles which would allow her easy introduction to her target. Her flirtation would provoke his infatuation. It rarely was difficult to persuade the target to have a private rendez-vous. In private he'd quickly find out what an enormous mistake and miscalculation he'd made.

In point of fact, such women exist. A small group, numbering about two dozen, operating under the name Virago, Ltd. Now for those of you without a dictionary nearby, "virago" is an old word rarely used today that means "a large, strong, domineering woman". The women of Virago, Ltd. are some of the most extraordinary physical specimens on the planet. Each one possesses physical strength of enormous magnitude, far exceeding what one would expect of women or men of comparable size. Each one is well versed in a variety of fighting, wrestling and martial arts skills. Each one is very beautiful. And each one has a shape that makes men drool.

Whenever possible, the women of Virago work in teams, generally two to three per "quarry". No that one woman couldn't handle the assignment alone, but a group makes for faster work and better security.

The case of George Zuckerman perfectly illustrates a team in action. George is a small player in the computer industry. He swindled a neophyte who engineered a new way to cheaply expand the processing power of his computers. The fact that the "neophyte" was

a woman, one of the few women in this highly specialized role in the electronics industry, evoked the sympathy and interest of Virago.

After a background search into George's habits and lifestyle, a plan quickly took shape. George would be in Los Angeles to attend a seminar on new marketing techniques. The team would deal with him there.

Joy was chosen as the "bait", the member of the team to lure George into their trap. Since Zuckerman was 5'8", Joy was chosen since she was the shortest member of the team, at 5'5". Joy was also very knowledgeable about both computers and advertising. It was decided she'd pose as a freelance copywriter who was attending the seminar to drum up business.

Joy arrived at the seminar conservatively dressed in a pants suit and blazer (the former to camouflage the size of her arms and legs, the latter to hide her chest). She just "happened" to sit next to George. By the second coffee break, she had broken the ice and begun to make her sales pitch.

George sat there bedazzled by Joy's good looks and knowledge of computers. His ego was flattered that she thought his little company should be doing advertising. Sure he could go to some big agency, but did he think he'd have the chance to work with someone as ravishing as Joy? What the hell, he thought, he should take a look at her work. And how convenient that she lived in Los Angeles, so he could go over to her home office during free time at the seminar.

Joy knew she just about had him hooked. Time to cement his interest. Casually she slipped off her blazer, st-r-r-r-r-retching her arms back as she did. George gulped and did his gentlemanly best not to stare at the abundant breasts pressing against her silk blouse. But holy shit was she stacked! Now he had to meet with her. He agreed to can the 4:00 session on public relations and take a meeting with Joy. She said she might invite a partner of hers who also specialized in computer advertising.

Meeting set, Joy got up to leave. "Oh, by the way, bring a bathing suit if you want," she said, "It's nice that time of day by my pool and it's a real nice atmosphere for making presentations."

I'll bet, thought Zuckerman, imagining Joy's body in a skimpy bikini. Driven by his mounting lust, he was so anxious that he got to Joy's place 15 minutes early. But the Virago team was ready and in place. Joy opened the door wearing a full length, long sleeved caftan with a deep v-neck.

"What time is it?" asked Joy, feigning surprise, "Oh, you're early. I'm so sorry, but I lost track of the time. I was out sunning by the pool and I'm so embarrassed that I didn't have time to get changed back into regular clothes. I'm really much more professional than this. Can you forgive me?"

George's eyes had drifted down the v-neck to the exposed tops of her breasts while Joy had been apologizing. "Hey, no problem," he replied, "Matter of fact it's a little warmer than I thought. I brought a swimsuit, so why don't I just get changed and then we'll both be even and comfortable."

"Oh you're so understanding," gushed Joy, continuing to play the flirt. She brought George out to a cabana by the pool so he could change. Inside, George couldn't help but notice Joy's bikinis -- the teeny-tiny thong type you'd only expect to see on the beaches at Rio. Hot shit, he thought, how'd I get so lucky to stumble into this one?

Emerging from the cabana, George looked around the pool area. He was struck by the fact that it was completely private -- no one could see into the yard. He turned when he heard the sliding door from the house open and saw that Joy was not alone. With her was another woman -- must be the promised partner.

If George thought he was lucky before, he thought he'd died and gone to gambler's heaven when he got a closer look at Joy's partner. She was a ravishing beauty too. So what if she was a little taller than he was. She had on a caftan too.

"George, this is my art director partner, Rebecca Sinclair, " said Joy, handling introductions. "I told her we were going casual, so she changed too. Well, why don't we sit down and we'll show you what we have to offer."

After a few minutes of pleasantries and small talk, Joy pulled out a portfolio of ads. They were ripped out of other publications, but they figured George was too dumb to know they hadn't done them. Joy stood over the table and deliberately leaned forward as she

flipped through the pages. Poor George just kept staring down her caftan into the vast expanse of cleavage peeking out at him.

"Becky, why don't you set up the next ad for George," invited Joy and Becky assumed the standing and leaning forward pose. She knew that, since her own breasts were even a bit fuller than Joy's, she'd have George's undivided attention. Joy moved around behind George's chair.

"Before I show you this next ad, I want to warn you that it's quite provocative," Becky explained, "but that's how we break through and capture the reader's attention. If I took off this caftan and had nothing on underneath, I'd surprise you and get your attention."

"You already have my complete attention," interrupted George, doing his obvious best to flirt.

"Thank you," she replied, "But as I was saying, we want this next ad to grab your attention and stop you in your tracks." With that, Becky turned the page to reveal the ad.

George looked down and gasped. There was a photo of a man on all fours, a woman with a riding crop in her hand, astride his back. The picture had been altered so that George's face was in place of the man's and face of the woman he'd stolen the computer ideas from was the woman's face.

George's face went from ashen from shock to red with anger. "What the fuck kind of sick joke is this?" he barked.

"It's no joke, Mr. Zuckerman," Becky replied, "You recognize who's in the picture and you know why it's there. That picture represents her dream of what she'd like to be able to do to you, but since she can't, she hired us."

"To do what?" asked George.

"First, to get you to agree to pay her for what her ideas are worth," answered Joy, leaning around so George could see her, "And second, and more important, to teach you a lesson never, ever to try fucking over some woman like that again."

"This is ridiculous," said George, "I'm getting the fuck out of here." He started to rise out of the chair when he felt Joy's hands on his shoulders. He was shoved hard back down on the chair. He tried rising, but couldn't. An incomplete thought came to him that something wasn't right here, that a woman shouldn't be able to hold him down in a chair. The next thing he knew he was falling backwards, as Joy tipped the chair over.

He rolled sideways and squatted on his knees looking to see where Joy was. What he saw stopped him dead in his tracks. Joy was just finishing pulling her caftan off over her head. Before him stood a body unlike any he'd ever seen before. Encased in a tiny bikini was a preposterous combination of sex appeal and muscle. Now he understood how she had held him down in the chair. Joy stood 5'5" and weighed 154 pounds. Her upper arms measured 16 1/2" and her thighs 25". 44D-23-39.

In a flash Joy spun behind him and had him in a full nelson, yanking him to his feet. Becky came over and stood in front of him, watching his futile efforts to break loose. She surveyed his body, poking his flabby gut, prodding his arms and legs.

"Not much muscle to speak of," she remarked, "Unless he's really stupidly stubborn this shouldn't take long. I have a legal document for you to sign, Mr. Zuckerman, which signs over to our client a majority of the income derived from the processor. Please let me know when you'd like to sign the papers."

"Eat shit," answered George, "I'm not signing a goddamn thing."

"Wrong answer," said Becky. Without warning she kneed George in the stomach. He felt like a mule had kicked him. If Joy hadn't been bracing him from behind he would have been knocked back several feet. Becky followed up with a short right hook into his gut that almost hurt as much as the kick. George quickly realized he wasn't going to be able to take too much of this. He needed to change tactics quickly.

"What's the matter," he moaned, "You two muscle freaks have to double team me to get me to sign? I'll take you on one at a time and beat the crap out of you. What do you say? Are you afraid to give me a chance to fight my way out of here fair and square?"

Joy and Becky both laughed. "If you want to take each one of us on one at a time," Joy said, "Then that means we each get to demolish you. Don't forget this was your idea."

Joy let George go and pushed him away from her as Becky sat on a chaise to enjoy the proceedings. Joy stood by the edge of the pool. George thought he could knock her in and make a quick run for it. Of course Joy was thinking two moves ahead. As George charged at her, she waited until the last second and then squatted down. With her low center of gravity and strength, George's collision with her hardly budged her, but she quickly straightened up and George's momentum carried him over her shoulder, splashing into the pool. Joy dove in after him, wrapped an arm around his throat, and pulled him into shallower water, about four feet deep.

She said, "Come on, show me how tough you are." She let George wade right at her. He applied a headlock and was trying to bend Joy over. She grabbed him around the back of the neck and under one thigh and lifted him all the way out of the water. George should have let go, but held on for dear life. Joy smashed the base of his spine down on her knee. The paralyzing shock wave coursed all the way up his backbone. George let go and fell back into the water.

He felt a hand grab his waistband and yank him back out. "Let me show you how to apply a headlock," Joy said. She wrapped her arm around his skull, wedging his head between her biceps and the side of her breast. In other circumstances he might have enjoyed having his face pressed against such an impressive tit, but when Joy flexed her arm and squeezed his head, his head felt like a balloon going up against a vise.

He was no match for Joy's upper body strength. She took a couple of steps into deeper water and then leaned George over so his head was completely submerged. She held him under for ten seconds, then let him up for air. Then twenty seconds. Then thirty. Then longer. George struggled to break free but was helplessly locked in her iron grip. He began to panic. He got so disoriented he forgot to inhale when he was out of the water and he ran out of air completely. He thought he was going to drown.

Suddenly his head was yanked back out. Coughing and sputtering, George sucked the sweet air into his starved lungs. Joy had let go of him, although he could sense she was less than an arm's length away. As his vision cleared, sure enough there was Joy standing, smirking. She stepped back into shallower water and both she and George realized simultaneously that her left breast had wiggled free from the confines of her top. She reached behind, untied the top, and tossed it aside.

Her full breasts seemingly defied gravity -- they just stood straight out -- adding to the physical aura of solid invincibility. George saw her hands drop under the surface, she lifted one leg, and then her thong bottom was tossed aside as well.

"Come here, George," Joy teased as she resumed her attack. Under any other circumstances George would have welcomed a naked woman wading towards him in a pool, but he was scared now. Frozen in his tracks, in fact. He let her encircle him with her arms and draw him close against her body, her breasts barely yielding as their bodies pressed together. His legs were forced to yield, however, as Joy slowly powered a muscular thigh up between his legs until it pressed against his crotch.

She could feel he was getting aroused. He felt her hands slide down his back. Suddenly she grabbed the back of his trunks and yanked up.

"Gotcha!" she laughed, "Does that put the squeeze on your privates?" George would only wince in pain. "Let me show you another version of putting the squeeze on," she said. Joy's thigh was replaced by one of her hands. George's immediately fear was that she would crush his balls. But instead he found himself being lifted right out of the water. With apparent ease, Joy lifted George completely above her head and waded over to the side of the pool. She put him down in the water and held one of his arms, then hoisted herself up so she was sitting on the edge. "Come closer," she said.

George tried pulling away, but in spite of the fact they were both wet and slippery, Joy pulled him towards her and wrapped her legs around his sides. She looked into his eyes and saw the fear as George grabbed at the twin pillars of crushing power holding him captive. He couldn't begin to pry them apart. Joy leaned back and braced herself with her arms stretched out behind her. George glanced at the washboard muscles of her abdomen as she tensed her stomach. His gaze floated down to her pussy, teasing him from her open legs.

Then the jolt hit him, a spasm of pressure that nearly collapsed his lungs. "NO!" he yelled involuntarily. The pressure resumed, the muscles of Joy's thighs exploding in powerful detail. "Please. Please. No!" he cried, as his rib cage felt like it would snap and buckle under the pressure.

"The question is, Mr. Zuckerman," said Joy calmly but firmly, "Do you think you'll drown from the blood when broken ribs puncture your lungs or from the water when you're in so much pain you can't pull yourself from the pool?" Her eyes pierced his with laser intensity. He struggled to breathe and to keep his head clear. The pressure eased for a moment. Then it got even worse.

"No more. No more." he begged, grabbing at her legs in futility. Grabbing at her legs like a man grabbing for a life preserver. "I'll sign it," he said, "I'll admit I fucked up. Please stop before you kill me." Joy popped her legs apart and George sank down in the water. Luckily for him it was the shallowest part of the pool.

"Don't worry, I wouldn't have killed you," said Joy, standing up and walking over to the chaises. "I just wanted you to say you'd sign. And now you have. Becky, on the other hand, might kill you. After all, you said you wanted a shot at each of us."

George sensed Becky's movement off to the side and he turned to look at her. She was now pulling off her caftan. He swallowed hard with the realization that not only was Becky bigger than Joy, but she was noticeably bigger than he was. At 5'10", Becky was a solid 186 pounds, 17 1/4" biceps, 26" thighs, 46DD-25-40. A twenty pound weight advantage over George, compounded by muscles that made him feel puny.

"Step out of the pool, George," Becky ordered, "Unless you want me to come in after you. And I won't pull your head out of the water as quickly as Joy did." George reluctantly climbed out, figuring that facing her on land was the lesser of two evils. Becky stood with her hands on her hips, doing a lat spread pose, making the width of her upper body all the more intimidating.

"Tsk. Tsk." clucked Becky, "What will we do with you George? How do I make sure you understand you never try to pull that shit again?" She bridged the distance between them as she spoke, untying the strings of her bikini as she walked, arriving in front of him naked.

Freed of all constraints, her rippling physique flexed huge and hard. George trembled in anticipation of the enormous strength that threatened him. Becky seized his bathing suit and yanked it down, knowing that stripping him was a powerful psychological weapon that would reinforce his feelings of helplessness.

"You call this a dick?" she said mockingly, grabbing his penis. She led him by his schlong over to where Joy was sitting. Joy had the contracts ready for him to sign. Becky let his cock go and stood there flexing her stupendous arms and legs. George was stupefied by the mass and hardness of her bulging muscles. "No direct physical coercion, George," she said, "Your signature is legal and binding. Besides would you ever try to tell a courtroom you were scared by some girl's muscles? Sign the papers."

George signed the contracts, not even bothering to read them, hoping this would end his ordeal and the threat of further pain. He handed the papers back over to Joy. Immediately he felt Becky's hand on his shoulder. She turned him to face her and grabbed him around the waist. She picked him off the ground and then suddenly pulled him towards her, smashing his soft body against her steel physique. George felt like he was being slammed against a wall, a wall built like the proverbial brick shit house.

She squeezed his puny frame, enjoying the feeling of her hard bulging muscles compelling his soft body to yield to the onslaught of crushing force. She relished the sounds of his groans and the agonized expression on his face. She was in complete control. He was helpless. He was at her mercy. She was not feeling merciful.

She pressed his whole body up over her head, fully outstretching her arms. His meager body weight of 166 was nothing for her to lift. She threw him down. George was racked with pain, thinking it was little consolation that Becky had thrown him onto the grass instead of the concrete pool deck. He was dragged to his feet, flung up on her shoulder, and slammed to the turf again. And then again.

"Please no! You're gonna kill me!" George begged. "I think something broke that time."

"If you're still capable of speaking, nothing's broken," Becky sneered, "Because you're too much of a wimp to be able to tolerate that kind of pain." She shoved him flat on his back and sat straddling his chest.

Even in his pain George noticed with amazement that even though Becky's body glistened with sweat from the heat of the day and her exertion, her breathing was completely normal. What she'd just done to him had been no effort for her at all.

"Being slammed a few times kind of takes the fight out of you, doesn't it?" she scoffed. "Yeah these babies can do a lot of damage to a weakling like you." Becky flexed each 17 1/4" cannon in her arms, pressing the muscle with her hand to show George how unyielding the solid bulk of muscle was. She grabbed one of George's arms and pulled it up. "You call this thing an arm? This spongy little blob is supposed to be your muscle?" She dug her fingers into his biceps, squeezing until he flinched.

George felt like a little child lying in a playground, being tormented by a big strong bully. But this bully was a naked woman with extraordinary physical attributes, from her gargantuan muscles to her honeydew melon breasts. She was right. All the fight was gone out of him. He had no more resistance. How much easier it would be to just give himself up to this remarkable combination of beauty and beastly power. Better to be seduced into slavery than be crushed and broken in submission.

"Please," he whispered hoarsely, "Please listen to me. Maybe we can make another deal. You know? Good faith? To show you I won't do anything wrong again? I don't want you to hurt me anymore. I just want to show you I'll do anything you want."

"Well, Joy, it sounds like George has finally come to his senses," beamed Becky. Joy got out of the chaise and came over to kneel beside George and Becky.

"So what kind of deal did you have in mind?" asked Joy.

"I don't know exactly." he answered, "Maybe I could invest some money in your advertising agency. Become your partner."

Joy and Becky roared with laughter. "You dumb shit, we're not in advertising! And no man is ever going to be partners with us. But we will let you pay us a portion of your earnings as a kind of protection fee. Protecting you from a return visit from either of us or our friends."

"No, don't you see? I want to see you again. I said I'll do anything you want."

"We could always use him in the training program," Joy offered.

"I doubt it. I don't think he could take the physical punishment for long." answered Becky. "But right now we can take a piece of his company. That's worth more to us in the long run. If he wants to see us again, maybe that can be arranged. We could collect our fees in person instead of having him wire it to the account. Maybe that would give him an extra incentive to work hard."

"Speaking of hard, look behind you." Joy said. Becky glanced over her shoulder and sure enough George had sprouted a full erection.

"Well you little pervert," Becky chided.

"I couldn't help it," George cried out nervously. "You're both so, so incredible!"

"Well there's finally one thing we can all agree on," laughed Becky. "Now George I want you to listen to this and listen good. From now on you work for us. You had better have meant it when you said you'd do anything we want."

"I will! I will!"

"Good. Then eat my pussy George. Worship me. Make me come." Becky slid up and lowered her musky pussy onto George's face. She ground herself against him, using his nose as a dildo. Then she settled back and let George's tongue go to work, thrusting into her cunt and twirling around her clit.

George felt hands take hold of his cock and guide it into a tight wet pussy. Slowly Joy took him all in in one slow motion. George gasped as she tightened her vaginal muscles, the walls of her wet velvet pussy constricting around his erection, milking him with a mind-boggling sensation.

"Oh fuck! He shot his load. The worthless dick head." Joy said disappointedly.

"He did? That sucks. George, you're a bad boy!" yelled Becky. "But then again, how many guys could take two of us on at once and not lose control? Keep that up George. OOOOOh good!" George was trying to make up for coming so quickly by furiously tonguing Becky.

"Is he good at that?" asked Joy.

"Uunhh. Uunhh. Aaaaahhhhhhhhaaaahhhah. Yes! Yes! YYYYYESSSSSS!!!" moaned Becky in orgasmic delight.

"Well let me on there!" Joy exclaimed.

George, his face soaked with Becky's copious juices barely had a chance to catch his breath as Becky eased herself off his face and Joy moved to sit on his chest. "Give me your hands," Joy ordered, "I'm going to show you how I like my tits played with." George could not believe how heavy and firm Joy's breasts were as she quickly showed him how she wanted them squeezed and how she wanted him to tweak and roll her erect nipples with his fingertips.

Lesson completed, Joy slid up to George's face and planted her pussy there. She put his hands back on her breasts and they began anew. Joy was supercharged within moments, riding him much harder, more insistently, than Becky had. Whether it was to punish him for his coming too soon or the intensity of her passion and arousal, only Joy could know for sure. But regardless, she pressed herself down on him so tightly that she was smothering him. George, thinking she was on the verge of orgasm, kept going. Thinking it would only be a couple of more seconds before he could breathe again. His brain became clouded. His hands fell off Joy's breasts. All spun into a black vortex.

"Joy! Joy! He's out. Give him air." cautioned Becky, shaking Joy's shoulder.

"God damn cock sucker. I was this close!" Joy exclaimed, pulling off George's mashed face. "I didn't kill him, did I?" She grabbed his wrist and found a weak but steady pulse. A short time later, George woke up. Both Joy and Becky had their caftans on, packing up their things.

"We'll be in touch, George. You'll be told how much and how often we expect to be paid," Becky said. "Don't forget, we know how to find you. You don't know where we are." She rolled up her sleeve and flexed her prodigious arm one last time. "And, like I said, these babies can do a lot of damage."

The End

Virago - Part 2

By AmazonFan

Angela deals with Charles

There exists a small group of women, numbering about two dozen, operating under the name Virago, Ltd. "Virago" is an old word rarely used today that means "a large, strong, domineering woman". The women of Virago, Ltd. are some of the most extraordinary physical specimens on the planet. Each one possesses enormous physical strength, far exceeding what one would expect of women or men of comparable size. Each is well versed in a variety of fighting techniques. And each has a shape that makes men drool. These are women who work for governments, corporations and individuals, spying, conducting investigations, committing extortion, exacting revenge, even assassination. Women capable of fitting into a variety of roles, from secretary to stewardess to reporter to personal trainer to CEO. These are their stories.

Angela Adkins boarded the 757 out of LAX bound for Newark and sat in the third row. She liked American's First Class cabin. 2-1-2 seating, so she could sit in the middle aisle and not be disturbed if she didn't want to be. Midweek flight. Coach was only half full. First was almost empty. She shoved her carry-on into the overhead bin on the side and slipped her Powerbook under the seat in front of her.

Just before they closed the plane a businessman got on and sat in the window seat of Angela's row. She studied him casually. He looked familiar. Damn, she'd have to wait until the 757 was above 10,000 feet to power up her Mac. But Angela knew how to be patient.

Charles Gelles, seat 3A, let out a relaxed sigh. Just made the plane. No one in L.A. could conduct a quick meeting. Glad it was over. Glancing over at the woman in the single middle seat. Looked to be in her late twenties. Very attractive. Nice clothes. Expensive tastes. No wedding ring.

The flight attendants strolled through the cabin as the jet taxied its way to the main runway. They passed out the list of videos available and the First Class menu. They asked each passenger what they'd like to drink after takeoff.

"Welcome aboard, Mr. Gelles. What can I get you to drink after we're airborne?"

Angela had heard the attendant. She was sure she'd downloaded an active file with that name. What a coincidence that she'd happened upon him on this flight.

Seventh in line for takeoff. It would be twenty minutes before they took off. Charles stole another look at the woman seated in the middle aisle. His eyes were drawn to the expanse of tanned skin that emerged below the hem of her skirt. Although quite shapely, her thighs were unmistakably large. Her calves were proportionately big. They looked quite firm. Charles was becoming intrigued.

"The captain has informed me that you are now permitted to use approved personal electronic devices. Please refrain from using cellular telephones for the duration of the flight."

Angela powered up her Mac and used her password to access the security files. Sure enough there was a file on Charles Gelles. Age 38. Single. Chief Financial Officer for Tartan Industries. Someone at Tartan was leaking information to the newspapers and Virago had been hired to find out who. Although Gelles was not a prime suspect, he was in a position to have the information that was being leaked.

Angela used the Airfone to call headquarters and let them know she'd encountered Gelles. They gave her the go ahead for her to interrogate him. She said she'd think about the need for a back up agent after she landed in Newark.

She returned to her seat and finished reading the computer file on Gelles. It always amazed her how good Virago was at getting information on people. She smiled when she came to the "Miscellaneous" section. Turned out that Mr. Gelles' name was on the mailing lists for Premier Productions, Joan Wise and Jaguar Videos. Mr. Gelles liked to watch videos of women wrestling.

"Like shooting fish in a barrel," thought Angela.

She went into the lavatory and dabbed on some Aliage, her favorite perfume. "No point in being subtle," she thought as she removed her brassiere and put it in her purse. She

left an extra button unbuttoned as she put her blouse back on. She practiced a wicked smile and prepared to return to her seat.

Charles wondered how to approach his aisle mate. Damn it why was he so shy with women? Maybe that was why he liked to fantasize about strong, dominant women. If they took control of the situation he wouldn't have to be so worried about making the wrong move...

She was coming back to her seat. Damn she was a big woman. She was standing right above him, looking for something in the overhead compartment. Her arms stretched over her. Wow she's got nice tits. You can just about make out her nipples under her blouse. Oops. She dropped something on the floor. Bending down. Go ahead, take a peek. Go ahead. She's not looking. Holy shit. What cleavage. Holy shit. She doesn't have a bra on.

"Need any help?" he asked. Maybe that sounds lame, he worried. What a lousy come on line.

"It just looks like I'm a spaz. Believe it or not, I've got it under control." she replied brightly.

"Funny, but spaz is not the word that comes to mind when I look at you."

"Ooh, a charmer. Right here in First Class. Mind if I join you? That middle seat's kinda lonely."

Charles swallowed hard as the lovely sat down beside him. He could not believe his luck. God she was gorgeous. And what a body. He wanted so much to look at her abundant curves, but he was so scared she'd catch him staring and be turned off. What exquisite torture.

"So what's sending you to Newark? Business or pleasure?" he inquired.

Angela had her trap set.

"Business. All expenses paid. I'm really getting the royal treatment." she replied.

"Which I'm sure you deserve. Who's picking up the tab?"

"Well this may sound a little strange to you. But, well, I guess you can see I'm not exactly the skinny type. Well I'm going to do some videos. Not porn stuff. These are videos that I do some wrestling in."

Charles' pulse skyrocketed. And he started to get an erection.

"Do you wrestle guys or girls?"

"With my size, guys. What makes me think you know something about this?"

Charles turned beet red.

"You're blushing! Confess!"

"Well a friend of mine showed me some videos he bought in New York. Some of the stuff looks faked. But there are some more muscular women who make it look pretty convincing."

"You mean you're not sure if a woman could really defeat a man?"

"I guess not."

"So you've never tried it yourself."

"What? Me? Wrestle a woman. No, can't say as I have."

"But you'd like to." Angela smiled her most devilish smile. Charles blushed again.

"Wellllllll..." he chuckled, afraid to make eye contact.

She reached out and took hold of his upper arm. Small and soft as she suspected. She gave him a playful squeeze.

"I don't mean to sound critical, but judging by this arm, I'd dare to say that I could mop the floor with you." she winked.

Charles squirmed a bit. Self conscious of his arm. His eyes drifted down again to her thigh. Lord it looked big.

"Twenty seven inches. Bigger than my waist. I get these wrapped around you and it's over," she whispered, knowing what he was thinking.

His mouth was dry. He could not speak. The flight attendant brought them a fresh round of drinks. She noticed his hand trembling as he took a stiff pull on the Tanqueray and tonic.

"Do you, have you, um, ever ah, wrestled in private?" He held his breath.

"You're asking me if I would wrestle you."

"I guess so."

"You're not sure?"

"Well I've never really done this before and I didn't want to give you the wrong impression."

"What, that you want to get into my pants? By wrestling?" She laughed. "You'd have to win first. And that I'm willing to wager, wouldn't happen."

"You really think you could beat me?"

"No question about it. Here, feel this." She took his hand and placed it on top of her left biceps. She made a fist and slowly bent her arm up. Charles was shocked as a tremendous ball of rock hard muscle exploded beneath his fingers, swelling and straining against her silk sleeve.

"Wow. That feels really big." he murmured.

"Bigger than yours."

"How much."

"Seventeen inches."

"Holy shit. That's a lot bigger." Charles was practically feeling faint. Right beside him sat the flesh and blood embodiment of his erotic dreams. Could this really be the ripe, muscular buxom dominant who could overpower him with astonishing strength? Oh god he must not blow this once-in-a-lifetime chance.

The flight attendant stopped with the linens for their tray tables. Charles welcomed the opportunity to cover his lap and hide the bulge in his pants. But not before Angela saw the effect she was having on him.

He was so tentative. He seemed so afraid of her. She'd have to push him into it.

"Look. I go straight back to L.A. after I finish taping, so if you'd like to get together, we only have a few days."

"And could we wrestle? I mean I've never done anything like this before and it just seems a a crazy chance and I'll kick myself if I don't do it."

She covered his lips with her fingers.

"Ssshhh. Don't worry about it. Just be prepared to lose."

"I can't believe this is happening to me."

"Pays to fly First Class." They laughed as the flight attendants brought the first course.

Charles never wanted a flight to land so badly in his life. As the 757 floated down gently to the runway Angela gave his hand a playful squeeze. "Make sure you rest up," she kidded. They'd agreed to meet at her hotel the next evening and go out to dinner. Charles assumed they'd end up wrestling in her room.

At 7:00 the next evening Charles wheeled up to the hotel. Angela came right out the door, draped in a black outfit he recognized as a Donna Karan. He noticed she liked loose clothes. He liked the amount of cleavage the deep v of her blouse was revealing.

Angela, in turn, took in his navy double-breasted suit. Looked like Armani. Shined shoes. Immaculately clean car. He opened her door. The man had some taste.

He headed for Westfield, about half an hour away, where he had reservations at Chez Catherine, a small intimate French restaurant that served some of the best classic and nouvelle French cuisine outside of Manhattan. Not many tables and not many customers this evening. Charles let Angela soak in the atmosphere, the crisp linens, the fresh flowers, the Laura Ashley print wallpaper. Mozart played softly in the background.

He chose the sole meuniere. She selected the mousse-topped baked salmon. He handed her the wine list. She perused it and made her selection quickly.

"The puligny Montrachet, please," she told the waitress. Charles liked her selection. Hardly inexpensive, but a wonderful wine even at \$55 a bottle. Perfect for the fish. The woman had some taste.

Dinner conversation was light and engaging. To their mutual surprise and satisfaction, they discovered they were both fans of classic jazz from the '30's and '40's. Names most people wouldn't recognize were well known to them both. Bunny Berrigan. Bix Biederbecke. Ben Webster. Sidney Bichet. They both had some taste.

When the creme brulets and double espressos were finally finished and the bill settled, they just sat there smiling and chatting softly. Charles had reached across the table and put his hand on hers. It didn't feel like a date. It felt comfortable. He had almost forgotten his wrestling rendez-vous. She'd almost forgotten she had an interrogation to do.

She excused herself to go to the ladies room. She reached for the beeper in her pants pocket, the kind that just vibrates instead of chirping. The message read "Immediate file update. Mail box access." That meant that something important had changed regarding one of Virago's active cases and that she could access the information either through her computer or her voice mail box. If she opted for voice mail, she'd get her message in

code, which she'd probably have to translate. The computer would be faster. She could wait until she got back to the hotel, but she'd better get back there now.

She strolled back to their table. She leaned forward and let him pick up the scent of the Aliage she had just re-applied between her breasts. She whispered in his ear, "If you want your chance to wrestle me, little boy, I suggest you take me back to the hotel -- now." Charles turned his head to speak and found himself looking straight into the magnificent chasm of her cleavage. Angela took his chin in her fingers and tilted his head back until his eyes met hers.

"Did anyone ever tell you just how extraordinary every inch of you is?" he whispered.

"And just what qualifies you to say? You haven't seen every inch of me -- yet."

Charles exceeded the speed limit the entire ride back to the hotel.

"Check the mini-bar to see if there's something nice for an after dinner drink and grab plenty of ice from the machine down the hall," Angela instructed, wanting something to occupy Charles while she plugged her Powerbook into the phone dataport and logged into the Virago e-mail system.

It would be safer if she accessed it through the Internet, so there'd be no record of the Virago computer phone number on the hotel records. She dialed the local Sprintnet access number for 9600 baud and got through quickly. A few keystrokes later and she was on-line with Virago.

"Tartan Industries security leak terminated. Remove Charles Gelles from active file. You may dump all related files."

Terminated. Whoever had leaked the information on Tartan had paid for it with his life. She hadn't realized Tartan was willing to go to those extremes to put an end to its problems. She was glad it hadn't turned out to be Gelles, considering how the evening had been going. But she knew as a consummate professional that if she had had to take Charles out, the job would have been done.

But he was innocent. She did not have to interrogate him. Interrogation was Virago shorthand for subjecting someone to so much pain that they tell what they know. Something she was more than capable of. Something she'd done many times in the past.

No, no interrogation. Just a guy scurrying around the hotel trying to fill an ice bucket. A cute guy who seemed really shy with women, who seemed afraid to take the lead. But a nice guy. A guy with interests, with a career. Someone who she could spend some time with. A guy with a fantasy of wrestling a strong woman. And there she was, one of the few women who could more than fulfill his fantasy. On the other hand she didn't have to do anything. She could just throw him out and send him home, go to sleep and head on to her next assignment.

"The things we do for love," she sang to herself as she went into the bathroom.

She heard the entry door slamming. Charles had returned.

"I still say Harry Connick, Jr. is pseudo big band," he yelled from the outer room. He wanted to make sure she knew he was back. He was so nervous. What would wrestling her be like? Would she be as strong as her arms and legs seemed? What would she think of him if he lost? Did she want to fool around? How would he know? What should he do? Being afraid of women was tying him up in knots inside.

"Then if you lose, you owe me two front row seats to his next concert," Angela said, emerging from the bathroom, wearing a full length red silk robe. Charles swallowed hard. He hadn't expected her to have changed out of her Donna Karan outfit.

She started clearing the furniture away from the large area rug in the living room of her suite. Charles jumped in to help.

"I thought what we'd do is roll up the rug and then take the rubber pad underneath and roll it up if it's not too dirty. Then we'll put the rug back down and lay the pad on top," she explained. "That way you get cushioning on the floor without getting rug burns." Everything was rearranged in a couple of minutes.

"You can get changed in the bedroom," she indicated. "Want to go over the rules before you do?" Charles nodded yes.

"OK. No blows to the head. No low blows. No biting, scratching, hair pulling or tickling," she began. Charles raised his eyebrow mischievously. "I mean it. No tickling. And I hate arguing over pins. Were both shoulders down? Was the count too fast? So pins don't count. You either submit or you are honest enough to agree that you can't escape the hold that you're in. Sound fair?"

"That's fine," he replied. "Is one submission the victory or do we wrestle for a time limit or what?"

"Usually it's a time limit match. But there is one other variation, if you're feeling very brave or very sure of yourself."

"Oh sure, set it up so that I sound like a sissy if I say no," he chuckled. "So what's this other variation?"

"It's one I bet you never saw on your friend's videos," she continued. "The idea's very simple. We wear just two pieces of clothing. The person who loses the fall has to remove one piece of clothes. So once you've lost two falls you're naked and the other person's the winner. Get it?"

"That means the match lasts no less than two, but no more than three falls."

"You got it."

Charles took a deep breath. He noticed his hands were ice cold. He was afraid to answer. Angela stood patiently, smiling, staring at him with her big green eyes.

"Oh, one other thing," she added. "The two pieces of clothing have to cover different parts of the body." Charles looked like he didn't quite understand. "Probably a guy thought this rule up. So the girl doesn't end up wearing two one piece bathing suits. If she loses one fall, she wrestles the next one without her top. Or bottom."

"Well I guess I wouldn't want you to think I was a sissy," he said tentatively, still unsure of whether or not to agree to try strip wrestling.

"Go get changed and then get your butt back out here," she laughed.

Charles' hands were trembling as he unknotted his silk Valentino tie and unbuttoned his shirt. Then it struck him that he couldn't have underwear on under his gym shorts. That would be two pieces of clothing covering the same area. He either had to wrestle in his boxer shorts, which he thought would be too embarrassing, having her see him in just his underwear. Or he could wear the gym shorts. But without underwear underneath she was more than likely going to be able to see his cock because the shorts had loose legs. If he got excited it was really going to be awkwardly obvious. He sat on the edge of the bed debating his choices.

"How's it coming in there?" she called from the other room. "You trying to sneak out the window? You're a chicken!"

"All right. I'm coming," he called back, finally deciding to wear a t shirt and his gym shorts. He opened the door and moved into the other room.

Angela sat on the couch surveying Charles' body. She smiled to herself, seeing that he would be no trouble. He was a bit thinner than she'd imagined. Average muscle tone. He most likely didn't spend much time at the gym.

"What's your height and weight, big boy?"

"Six feet. 185."

"Good we're just about even."

"You can't possibly weigh that much." he said, genuinely surprised.

"I'm 5'11" and 182. Muscle weighs more than you think."

"Honest to god, I never would have guessed it. Maybe your clothes camouflaged it too."

Angela stood up off the couch. "Maybe you'll believe it now," she said reaching for the sash of her robe. She never took her eyes off his as she dropped her robe to the floor.

"Holy shit," he whispered. Before him stood the body of his dreams, wearing the kind of lacy, semi-transparent bra and panties you see in a Victoria's Secret catalog. Her broad

shoulders were capped by huge rounded delts that curved around until they were met by the swelling mass of her biceps and steel chords of her triceps. He had felt how massive and hard her 17" arms were on the plane. Seeing them now without a blouse he was struck by just how large they were, so much bigger than his. Her chest was extraordinary, wide and commanding. The cut between her pecs flowing into the generous cleavage of her ample rounded breasts. And below this abundant superstructure, the deep cuts of her hard abs, tapering dramatically to a waist that could not have been more than 23 inches around. Flaring out again to solid womanly hips, perhaps 38" around. The legs that first captured his attention the day before were phenomenal, lengthy sculptured gams that broadcast an aura of prodigious muscular power.

"Wow," he said. It was just about all he could manage. She was even better built than he had imagined, and he had dreamt about her almost all the time since yesterday. She turned around once, allowing him a view of the broad expanse of her back, the incredible flare of her bulging lats, the cast iron balls of her glutes.

"Why, if we weigh the same, do I suddenly feel like you're twice my size?" he asked apprehensively.

"Well I'm not. I'm just put together differently. Why don't we see if I feel twice as strong to you?"

"Oh boy, the moment of truth." He was so nervous now.

"Come on, it'll be fun. Don't worry. I won't hurt you. Too much." She winked and waved him over to the pads.

Charles' mind flashed to images from the wrestling videos he'd bought over the years. He tried to think of what he should do, how he should approach her, what holds to try to use. They each crouched a bit and moved slowly in a circle.

Angela reminded herself that this was just for fun so that she would not go on autopilot and methodically break him in two. Nevertheless, he would know shortly that she was his superior. That her muscles could force him to do whatever she wanted. But that's why he was here. He wanted her to dominate him.

She flashed forward, ducking down to grab him around the waist and lift him up in her arms. She cinched her bear hug tighter to make it harder for him to get his arms freed.

"Holy shit," he exclaimed, astonished at the suddenness of her attack, the strength of her embrace, and the obvious ease with which she held him aloft. It took a bit of squirming and straining before he was able to pull his arms out from inside hers. But it didn't do him much good. He simply could not pry himself loose. As Angela began to bend forward, he was arched back, creating a searing pain at the base of his spine. He grabbed at her shoulders and arms, awed by their sheer mass and unbelievable hardness. He was tempted to submit, but he couldn't give up in less than a minute. He grunted and grimaced and struggled to endure.

He felt her sliding a leg behind his as she eased him back to the floor. There was little he could do to prevent tripping and falling backwards with Angela's 182 pounds body-splashing on top of him. He tried pushing her heavy frame off him. Charles rolled onto his stomach and tried to gather his wits for his next moves.

Angela knew it would take little of her energy to ride him from on top. Charles, on the other hand, would likely tire quickly trying to move her weight off him. It would be fun to play with him for a while, wearing him out while demonstrating her power and wrestling mastery. She swung her body around so they were facing in opposite directions, her pelvis and legs centered over his upper back and head. More weight for him to try to budge. It also put her in position to head scissors him if she chose to.

Charles could feel his shorts riding up. He was afraid he might be close to exposing himself. After all her head was right down there. All she had to do was look up his shorts. And even though he didn't have an erection, that bear hug just moments ago had gotten his penis swelling. He thought he'd be safer pressed flat to the floor, rather than raised up on his knees.

At first, Angela thought Gelles' flattening himself out was a peculiar move. After all, it was just making it easier to ride him. Then she got suspicious that he might be getting aroused and embarrassed. Why not roll him over and find out? She swung around again so they were facing the same way, stuck her arms under his chest, and rolled over onto her back pulling Charles on top of her.

He wriggled loose and rolled over quickly and ended up straddling her stomach. He couldn't quite believe he'd managed to get on top of her. And now he might even be able to get in control. They grabbed each other's hands. Charles struggled to pin her wrists to the floor. Angela was perfectly positioned to look right up the leg of his shorts. The circumcised head of his slightly engorged penis was almost peeking out.

"If you ever saw me bench press," she announced, "You'd know you'd never be able to pin me." With a sudden powerful upward thrust of her entire torso she bucked Charles off her body. He rolled sideways onto his knees and Angela got in the same position. They advanced towards each other without getting to their feet and grabbed each others hands again, this time in a test of strength.

Angela smiled an amused smile, cool and confident in the overwhelming power of her upper body. She let him try to move her arms, applying just enough of her strength to contain him. He tried harder and harder, with little results.

"Who's gonna weaken first?" Charles asked, thinking they were at a deadlock.

Angela simply, slowly forced Charles' arms straight above his head and moved her body closer to his. Then she spread his arms out to his sides. Charles gazed in wonderment at her bulging biceps, delts, and pecs and understood he and she had not just been stalemated.

Without warning Angela began thrusting her arms forward like pistons, shoving his arms backwards, each alternating thrust twisting him from side to side. She shoved with both arms at once and Charles toppled backwards. She dove forward and sat on his chest. Now it was Angela's turn to grab the opponent's wrists to try to pin them down to the floor.

Charles' heart was racing. Not just from the exertion of battling this super woman. He now found himself in one of the positions he'd often fantasized about, on his back with a muscular powerful woman on top, battling with all his might to avoid the male humiliation of being pinned by a female. But his strength had been sapped. Her endurance was far greater. Was she just toying with him? Look at how she smiled. The force she exerted was unrelenting. One last valiant attempt to resist... But he was overwhelmed!

Once pinned he stayed pinned, completely unable to raise his wrists off the floor. Angela pulled his arms together, stretching them out over the top of his head. She leaned forward pressing her hard pecs against his face. Her voluptuous breasts hovered just below his chin, so that Charles' view was completely taken up by a sizable chasm of cleavage.

He thought of how easily she had flung him off her when he was on top. So he tried to buck her off as well. Angela just pressed her imposing thighs against his sides. Two walls of steel encasing mere mortal flesh and bone. Like an egg shell in a vise. Charles' efforts were completely futile.

"Unless you have something else in mind to try," she said, "I think this is about the point where you show that you're a good sport and you concede. Remember? The rules were you submit or you admit you can't do anything."

Charles tried to arch and bridge himself one last time. Angela contained him instantly. His muscles went slack.

"All right. Shit. I give. That's it. I don't think I can do a thing." he confessed.

Angela sat up straight, clasping her hands together above her head in a victory salute. Then she hit a double biceps pose, her 17" peaks ballooning into full relief.

"I knew you wouldn't be able to beat me cause of these," she declared, raising off Charles and getting to her feet. It was obvious to her just to look at him that the first fall had really worn him out. The bulge in his gym shorts was also quite obvious.

She offered him a hand to get up and pulled him towards her in a tight embrace. She kissed him, her tongue quickly slithering into his mouth. She cupped his buttocks to pull him against her more tightly, to feel his burgeoning erection. And while Charles responded to her kiss, he made no moves of his own.

Shy and scared to make any moves, she thought. Well she could fix that.

She grabbed his t shirt and started pulling it off over his head. "Price for losing the first fall," she reminded him.

"I don't know if I'm going to have any better luck the next fall," Charles offered. "I can't believe how strong you are. It's like I'm half your size, and I'm not. I never imagined any woman could do what you can. This isn't like those videos. You're in a class by yourself."

"Flattery will get you somewhere," she chuckled. "But it won't get you out of having to wrestle the next fall. You didn't do too bad the last time. You were on top at one point."

"Yeah, but you tossed me off like it was nothing."

"Well, I'll just have to give you some extra incentive. Make the stakes a little more interesting. Tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to concede the next fall right now. You win.. We're all even. So the next fall is the rubber match. You win and you're the champion. You only have to win once instead of twice."

"I guess that makes this some kind of handicap match," Charles responded, "But seeing how strong you are, I'd be a macho fool to turn it down. You want to risk the championship on one fall, that's fine with me."

"Good. You rested? Let's do it." Angela put her hands behind her back and unclasped her brassiere. She tossed it at Charles. He caught it and couldn't resist the temptation to look at the tag. 46D. Never in his life did he imagine he'd be holding a bra that big in his hands. Never in his life did he imagine that he would come face to face with breasts that magnificently round and full that were so firm they really didn't need the bra that had just been removed. He looked down, nearly mortified by the flagpole accentuating his shorts.

Angela began to stalk him. She would really enjoy teasing him now. She quickly tackled him to the floor again and lay on top. As he concentrated his efforts on avoiding another pin she slid a hand inside his shorts and began massaging his balls.

"Try and stop me," she whispered, "I can play with you and there's nothing you can do about it. See? I can fondle your balls and squeeze this cock. Ooooooh. It's really hard, isn't it? I'll bet if all your muscles were this big and hard when they got pumped up you might actually have a chance of winning when we wrestled. But I'm the one with the big hard muscles, aren't I?"

"Yes. Yes. God please stop stroking me."

"Afraid you'll lose control?"

"Yes."

Angela rolled the head of his cock between her thumb and index fingers.

"Good. I want you to realize that I am in complete control. Anything I want you to do, you do. Anything I want to have happen, happens." She let go of his cock and smacked her breasts against his face. Then she rolled off him and bounced to her feet.

Charles had only gotten to his knees when he felt her arms looping under his from behind. She yanked him up and picked him off the floor, holding him with just one arm and supporting his weight against her hip. Immediately she snaked her free hand inside his shorts again.

Charles didn't know whether to try to pry the arm holding his body loose or to try to remove the hand pumping his cock. All he knew was if he didn't stop her very soon he was going to come in his shorts. Was she trying to make him come? Was she testing him to see if he was man enough to control his ejaculation?

The sweat on their bodies gave him just enough lubrication to slip out of her hold. He spun to face her and she just stood there pressing her breasts together with her powerfully bulging biceps.

"Come on big boy. Come and get it. Show me what you've got." She motioned with her fingers for him to come forward. He crouched and charged at her like a football player going for a tackle.

She could have sidestepped him, but she just stood there and let him hit her. His momentum knocked her back on her ass. Charles was between her legs. He was scampering to get astride her chest when she swung her legs up and around his waist.

Charles froze. He remembered seeing women in his wrestling videos use their legs to crush submissions from their hapless male foes. And here he was, trapped between a

pair of 27" behemoths. He grasped the sides of her thighs, rock hard flesh that did not yield to his probing fingers.

"Oh shit," he grimaced, realizing the mistake he'd made in being trapped this way.

"Game. Set. Match." she chuckled., lying back and putting her hands behind her head. She alternately flexed each enormous biceps. "And you thought these arms were strong. I warned you yesterday on the plane what I could do with my legs."

"I remember it well. These incredibly built legs of yours were the first thing I noticed about you. Well I's no fool. I know when I'm beat. I'm going to concede the fall and match to you now, rather than being subjected to the torture of your squeezing the living shit out of me."

"Oh come on," she teased, "Don't you want just a little sample? How can you have a wrestling match with a woman and not want to know what it feels like to be trapped between legs like these?"

Charles ran his hands over her stupendous thighs, in awe of their heft and hardness, in fear of the power they must possess. But she was right, he did want to know what it felt like. It was a part of his fantasies.

"Just a little then. And for god's sake, don't try to kill me."

Angela's practiced technique gradually increased the pressure on Charles' sides. He stared incredulously as the twin pillars encasing him swelled, the muscles and sinews popping into flexed detail. He gritted his teeth and tried tightening his own muscles, but they were incapable of withstanding the relentlessly increasing pressure.

She braced herself with her elbows and bridged her hips off the floor, lifting his torso along with her. Charles threw his head back and groaned, clutching her thighs. She was pleased to see how long he was trying to last in her scissors. She knew that, in spite of the pain, he was relishing this moment of being helpless. Of being overpowered by a woman's superior strength.

"Oh god. Oh god that hurts. Shit. Sheeeiiiitttt. That's it. That's all I can take. I give. I give!" He slapped her thighs in submission. Angela unlocked her ankles and parted her thighs. Charles rolled forward on all fours, practically collapsing on top of her.

"You done good. You held out longer than I thought you would." she said.

"I always wondered if that was for real in the videos or the guys were acting. That was unbelievable. Your legs are so strong. You were just crushing me. That was intense."

"You loved every second of it."

"No way. It was torturous."

"Well there's an obvious way to settle this argument. Since you lost I believe you now have to take off your shorts."

Charles looked down and saw how obvious his arousal was. "You're bad," he laughed.

"No. You're hard. Stand up and peel those suckers off for me."

Charles and Angela both got to their feet. He realized there was nothing he could do to avoid the moment of truth. He pulled his shorts down over his hips, let them fall to the floor, hooked them with his toes and kicked them to Angela. She caught the pair and just tossed it aside, focusing her gaze on Charles' 7 1/2" cock which was quickly rising up to full erection.

She mimicked his motions, peeling off her own panties and kicking them to Charles. He could not resist the temptation to hold them up to his nose and sniff them. The musky perfume of her obvious arousal made him even harder.

She closed the gap between them, embracing him, pressing hard against him. He delighted in the magnificent mass of her hard muscles, her jutting breasts, her erect nipples rubbing against him. She welcomed his thick penis pressing insistently against her stomach.

She kissed him deeply, her tongue swirling deliriously in his mouth. She took his hands and placed them on her breasts, encouraging him to feel how big and heavy and firm they were. He took a nipple in his fingers and rolled the erect nub. She moaned her approval.

He felt her hand descend to his crotch, gently massaging his balls, tugging at his sack, ever so gently scratching him with her nails. Then she placed her hand on his groin just behind his balls and her other hand cupped behind his neck.

With the ease given to those of superhuman strength she picked him up off the floor and cradled him in her arms like a child. She pulled him tight against her breasts and kissed him again. His erection throbbed insistently in his lap.

"Let's continue this in the other room, " she whispered, carrying her defeated foe through the door into the bedroom. She tossed him onto the bed and stood triumphantly over him, letting him take in the towering sight of her naked rippling physique.

"Who's the champion?" she asked, flexing her arms in yet another display of power, size and dominance.

"You are my queen," answered Charles, vanquished yet completely smitten. He ran his hands up her calves, entranced by the softness of her skin and the girth of her muscle.

"And now you are mine," she declared.

"Yes. If you will have me."

"Oh yes, my dear Charles. I will have you. If you thought wrestling me fulfilled your wildest fantasies, you ain't seen nothin' yet. When I finish making love to you, you'll be the tiredest, happiest, most thoroughly fucked man on earth. If I were you I wouldn't plan on having the strength to go to work tomorrow."

Angela laughed sexily and leaned over to turn off the light.

Charles took a deep breath and readied himself for a long night of lovemaking.

As her lips met his he thought, "Sometimes dreams do come true."

The End.