

A Match Made in Heaven

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She had curves and she had muscles. Just like he'd dreamt

Chapter 1

Big Dan Rawlings was just about ready to stop looking for his dream woman and settle for someone a bit more attainable the day she suddenly walked into his life. Her welcomed but unexpected appearance in the Dojo where he was studying Krav Maga would rock his reality in ways he could not imagine.

You see, once you rub the magic lamp and the Genie pops out it can be awfully tough to get her back inside. Sometimes our wishes have totally unexpected consequences.

Especially when they're granted.

To most of us what Dan had been wishing for might seem quite mundane. He wanted a woman that could be his equal both physically and mentally. Dan was big, strong, good looking and tough. He simply wanted a woman that combined the same assets. He wanted a woman that could physically challenge him. He wanted to find the female who was too much woman for the average man to handle. He was not an average man and an average woman just wouldn't do.

Having arrived at a still robust 37 years of age without so much as a trace of his dream woman he was just about ready to concede defeat. What he wanted simply didn't exist except in fantasy Web Sites. Dan didn't want fantasy he wanted reality.

The beautiful, well endowed women with the sleek musculature and washboard stomachs who wrested the Heavyweight Wrestling championship from hugely muscled and undefeated male champions in hard fought contests were all over the Internet. The trouble was, that was Cyber Space and Dan lived in the real world. In the real world you found huge, overly muscled steroid enhanced freaks who had sacrificed their femininity in order to gain bulk and definition. In the real world you found beautiful women with breath taking figures that were so fragile you were afraid they'd break. What you didn't

find in the real world were powerful, competitive women who hadn't sacrificed their femininity or beauty in order to become powerful and competitive.

Dan's wife hadn't been that dream woman so he'd moved on. Neither had any of the other women he'd met since.. Over the years he studied various forms of self defense, Karate, Judo, Grappling and now the Israeli fighting technique Krav Maga, all in the hopes of meeting that certain female who shared his interest in physical contests. He drove himself at the gym developing his six foot tall, two hundred and twenty five pound body. The more he developed and improved himself the less likely it became that he would ever find the female of his dreams. He was putting ever more distance between himself and his day dreams. Between himself and his dream woman.

Or so it seemed.

He recognized Lilith the moment she stepped through the door of the Dojo. He'd seen her at the Gym. She would have been hard to miss. Distributed over her five foot nine inch body were 185 pounds worth of the lushest curves and perfectly developed female muscles he had ever seen in one package. She was ripped without being freakish and yet her rock hard muscles complimented a beautifully feminine body. She was a full, firm C cup with a flat, muscle ribbed 22 inch waist flaring spectacularly out to seductively curved 36 inch hips. The twin moons of her round feminine behind were perched above two shapely legs, both with perfect diamond thigh muscles and hard, well developed calves.

That she had invested a great deal of her 39 years in creating and maintaining her body was amply evident.

Oh he'd seen her all right. He'd seen her with a sweat band over her neck length blonde hair and a far away look in her dark brown eyes as she labored hour on end with the free weights and pulley machines at the Gym. He'd marveled at the impressive swell of her biceps as she curled 100 pound dumb bells. He'd stared in open mouthed wonderment as she'd done squats with literally hundreds of pounds on her shoulders. He'd seen her and he'd wondered about her. He'd wondered what it would feel like to hold that body in his arms. And what it would feel like to be held by that body. He'd wondered and then dismissed the thoughts from his head as just idle daydreaming and returned to his own workouts.

You see, contrary to popular belief, you don't go to the Gym to pick up women. If they're serious about what they're doing there then you'd be reducing their workout to the level of a singles bar scene. That's an insult. They're working to a purpose and you're supposed to be doing the same. It's just bad etiquette.

But now she was on a different turf. This was a place where people learned to engage in combat. One never fights alone. By its very nature all fighting forms are social functions. It always takes two to tango. And it certainly takes two to tangle.

Dan made a bee line for her as soon as she entered.

Lilith was pleased when she saw Dan approaching her. She'd seen him admiring her at the Gym on several occasions and could sense he was interested in her. She'd always wondered why he'd never tried to engage her in conversation. Seeing him there at the Dojo made her realize that they shared an interest in more than just body building. He was in to combat just as she was. Unbeknownst to Dan, Lilith had a few requirements of her own when it came to men. And he met more than a few of them.

They spoke easily; sharing membership in the same gym gave them a common reference point to begin from. Within five minutes they had discovered their mutual interest in martial arts and within ten minutes Dan was no longer hearing a word she was saying. He was far too busy imagining a hundred different ways of making contact with her incredible body.

In fact, Dan was just trying to think if there was any possible way you could ask a beautiful woman that you had just met if she would like to come to your house and wrestle. A way that is that wouldn't have you sounding like a pervert or a psychopath, when he became aware that she was asking him a question. "Well yes or no, would you like to? I'm not going to ask again" she was saying.

"Would I like to what"? Dan stuttered, hoping he wasn't sounding as if he hadn't been listening.

"Would you like to come up to my place and work out when your class is over"? she said. "We could throw some mats down and wrestle a couple of falls".

At first Dan thought that he was hearing things. Was he on candid camera? Had he been selected in some secret National Lottery to have his fondest secret wish answered? He must be the luckiest man alive he thought.

"Sure I'd love to" he replied, hoping that he didn't sound too anxious.

"Fine, it's a date" she said. "Here's my address and phone number" she continued as she handed him a slip of paper. "Dress comfortably. Wear a bathing suit or something" she added with a coy smile. "I'll see you a little later, I need to go home and get ready. Don't tire yourself out too much here; you'll need all the energy you can muster when you get to my place". With that she gave Dan a firm handshake and left.

Dan watched her leave with his mouth watering. Her broad, muscular back and seductive behind seemed to be saying "follow me" as she walked out the door. His mind was no longer on Israeli Karate. All he could think about for the next hour was a running inventory of Lilt's body parts. He hardly knew where to begin.

When class ended he was out the door and on his way to her house within seconds. He changed from his Gi to a pair of black Speedo trunks in his car as he raced to her address. He barely avoided running off the road twice.

Chapter 2

Lilith was on fire as she drove away from the Dojo. After months off fruitless hunting she had finally found someone who might finally fulfill her needs. She had thought that the Gym was her last hope. When no one there had challenged her she had begun to make plans to move on to another city. She felt lucky that she had decided to cruise the Martial Arts academies before she left town.

She should have thought of that sooner, she excitedly mused as she drove home.

She was so damned tired of the wimps and half pint men that paid her for the privilege of worshipping her body after she'd rained physical abuse down on them. What good was worship, or submission for that matter, if the worshipper wasn't worthy? Pinning some flabby fool or hearing a scrawny weakling cry out his submission proved nothing. Where was the challenge? She needed a man who wanted to win. She needed a man who had every right to think that he would win.

The thought of making that man submit made her body ache for contact.

She knew what Dan was thinking about as they each made their plans for the evening. She knew what he expected. To him the wrestling would be nothing more than foreplay. Sex was his ultimate goal. It is for all men. He would expect her to resist him, to challenge and battle him furiously. Then he expected to overcome her and then when she had finally submitted to his strength she would be aching for her conqueror to take her. What he wanted was a worthy opponent. What he expected was eventual victory.

Well so did she!

At last she had a challenge. Someone larger than her. Someone with an edge in training. Someone who would have no excuses when he was finally broken and forced to submit. Oh yes, there would be sex. But it would be on her terms, when she was ready. She would not be offering him her body though. When she had broken through his confidence and forced him to have doubt. When she had him trapped and at her mercy. When he had offered up his manhood as tribute to her. Then, and only then.....

..... She would take him.

At home, she prepared for his arrival. She was a woman and her womanly attributes were to be an asset used to distract and weaken her male opponent. She chose a simple, silver colored one piece outfit that would display her body in the most complimentary way. It would cover very little of it. Two straps which crisscrossed her chest. Crossing her nipples and barely covering her breasts. The straps converged on a patch which covered her groin and then crossed again as they went up her back to her neck. Her firm supple breasts and hard muscle ringed abdomen were fully displayed. When suitably attired she began loosening up, stretching and warming her muscles. They would be sorely tested this evening. She wanted them prepared.

As Lilith worked up a slight sweat at home Dan was hurriedly trying to negotiate the rush hour traffic. he could not get there fast enough. Images of Lilith pressed against him in combat flooded his thoughts. Visions of the womanly curves of her breasts superimposed on the hard swell of her biceps danced across his mind. The seductive hips and luscious ass atop her powerful yet shapely legs tugged at the corners of his consciousness. He had been battling an erection since he'd watched her ass sway out the Dojo door over an hour earlier.

I'd better be careful he thought, it would never do to show up at her door with a hard on. He tried thinking about something other than her body. Work, the bills, anything that would distract him from his arousal. He tried, but her body kept stealing back in to his thoughts. His battle against erection would continue until he reached her door. The idea that he might have to back into her apartment to save himself from embarrassment made him chuckle.

What excited Dan even more than Lilith's obvious feminine attributes was what she represented. The possibility that he might have at last stumbled on a worthy adversary in the on going battle of the sexes. Dan was a student of combat, a devotee of Martial Arts. A black belt takes no joy in overcoming a green belt, he or she wants to win against an adversary that represents a challenge, another black belt. An equal.. Such a win reaffirms ones training and superiority.

Dan was also a man who liked women. Engaging them at any level was far more stimulating than engaging other males. But where was the satisfaction of conquering a weak woman, her admiration would mean nothing. he would feel like a bully. The women he had met that were strong enough to at least look credible lacked the training

to put up a real struggle. They were generally not appealing sexually either. And the women he had met that had the training had lacked the strength to make the contests truly competitive. He had always had to hold back to keep from hurting them or discouraging them. The aftermaths of his engagements had always left him with a gnawing feeling of disappointment.

Lilith was no kid. At 39 years of age she'd had years to not only develop her body but her skills as well. She would be a woman whose admiration would be worth having. She would not be used to being overcome by a man. When she realized that she faced a man stronger and more skillful than herself her passion and desire to be possessed by that man would be incredible. Having such a woman offer herself as tribute to his inevitable male superiority was a powerful aphrodisiac to Dan. So far he'd been disappointed. This time maybe it would be different.

That last thought played at his mind as he knocked at her front door.

Chapter 3

Lilith greeted Dan at the door wearing a loose fitting Kimono covering her body to her thighs. The garment's light clinging silk emphasized her square shoulders and symmetrical Vee shape. The legs, visible below the garment, showed no signs of belonging to a woman nearing forty. Dan noted with a degree of satisfaction that there was a thin film of light perspiration visible on her forehead. A sure sign that she took the pending competition seriously in spite of her casual demeanor.

After a brief exchange of pleasantries she showed Dan around the apartment. Signs of her devotion to the Combat disciplines were evident throughout her home. Mixed in amongst the normal feminine knick knacks were a heavy duty Judo Gi, a set of Num Chuks and a ceremonial dagger. All signs that Lilith was indeed a woman well versed in the Martial Arts. Signs that she might well be the worthy challenger he had dreamt of. But he had seen such signs before and been disappointed. Never the less, though, he was hopeful. That hopefulness was again becoming uncomfortably evident inside of his black trunks.

The short tour ended at the open door of the spare bedroom. Inside the 12 X 12 room was unfurnished except for the well padded mats that covered the floor. The mats were well worn and frayed, yet another sign that his curvaceous hostess was more than just a talented body builder.

"I thought we should start off with a little collegiate style wrestling until we get to know each other better" she suggested at the open doorway. Without waiting for Dan's reply she entered the room and slipped off her Kimono as she walked to the far wall. Dan was treated to a birds eye view of her well muscled back, powerful shoulders and swaying hips as she walked across the room. If her attire covers as little in the front as it does in the back I'll have to put on an apron to cover myself Dan thought as he watched her. He felt a further involuntary stirring inside his Speedos.

Lilith moved slowly and deliberately, she knew that she could only make one first impression. She allowed him a moment to examine the hard Gluts and round cheeks of her ass then slowly turned to face him. She placed her hands on her hips as his brown eyes drank in the vision of her body.

In spite of his best efforts to remain poker faced Dan's mouth dropped open slightly as she faced him. Lilith's outfit covered everything and yet everything was on display. Her body was such a mixture of hard, sharply defined muscle and soft feminine curves that it almost defied description. Her voluptuous breasts sat perched beneath hard well developed Pecs, the seductive hips traced around to perfect diamond thigh muscles. Her arms were thick with rock hard, veined muscle yet the skin was smooth and soft. Below the supple breasts was a flat, hard plate of six steel like abs. It was as though two bodies were superimposed on one. Dan was hot for both of them.

It was now Lilith's turn to be pleased. His appreciation of her body was evident in his trunks. He, however, could not know what it was she was experiencing. Her desires were a complete mystery to him, his were an open book to her. She need only reach out and grab him by his thrusting male organ and he would be completely under her control. Further evidence in support of her somewhat biased opinion that the female human was a superior physical being to her male counterpart. She had no intention of actually subduing him by such means, she had other plans, but she was gratified none the less. The heat that had begun rising in her as she had invited him over for a "little workout" further intensified as she realized that she had already won a clear advantage, albeit, a psychological one. She felt her nipples stiffen in response to the rising temperature in her womanhood.

She was so confident that she decided to press her psychological advantage. She got down on her hands and knees in the center of the mat assuming the inferior position. "Since it's my challenge, I'll let you start in the superior position" she told him casually as she took her position.

Dan did not need to be asked twice to, at last, make actual contact with her. Trying as best he could to disguise the growing lust between his legs he circled around behind her and then knelt beside her. He placed his left arm across her back in preparation to begin. The feel of the muscles in her back against those in his arm and the proximity of her breast to his hand quickly translated to a towering erection he could no longer hide. His breathing quickened as she moved slightly and pressed a bit closer against his left side.

"Ready"? she asked. "Oh God yes" came his quick reply.

"Then Go" she said. as she rose slightly and brought her legs in under her body, changing to a sitting position. She then sat out from under his arm and threw her right arm across his back attempting to reverse their positions.

She had surprised Dan with her quickness, now it was his turn to surprise her with his. He rolled with her, turning his body under hers and grasping her around the chest. He pulled her tight against his own chest and twisted at the hips sending them both rolling to the side. As they rolled Lilith slipped her own arm over Dan's head.

They were now laying face to face on the mat. Dan's head was pressed tight to her breasts as his own bear hug pulled her securely against his body. The hard swell of her bicep against his head was wildly exciting. The stiff nipple and perspiring breast nestling his cheek sent shock waves of arousal coursing to his groin. The feel of her muscular thigh against his raging erection was filling him with a savage thirst for even closer contact. Less than 30 seconds into the contest Dan already felt if he didn't break away from their mutual embrace he would surely explode. To her own surprise their current position also presented a problem to Lilith. His quick counter and now powerful embrace was stimulating her already heightened sexual sensitivity. His muscular arms were constricting her flow of air and his face against her stiffened nipples was making her breasts ache to be licked. Her clitoris throbbed as her patch was ground against him setting her own feminine juices flowing.

Dan released his grasp around her body and pushed his hands into her shoulders. To his surprise she immediately released her grip on his head. The two fighters rolled away from each other and scrambled to their feet. They stood facing each other, each one's breathing far more labored than the brief exertion could explain. Both of them were beginning to perspire freely though they had been wrestling barely a minute.

As one. they both rushed forward and grasped each other collar and elbow. As Dan attempted to overpower his smaller opponent by pushing forward Lilith swept his forward leg and twisted to the side. Dan toppled to the mat with Lilith on top of him. She quickly snaked her legs around his in a grapevine and grasped his hands in hers. She began forcing his wrists towards the mat as she slowly spread her legs. Her groin was now crushed against his still towering erection.

Dan fought back pushing up against her arms with his own as she spread his legs with hers. The friction of her body against his swollen cock as she pressed down with her groin caused it to grow even harder. He felt the tip of his penis protrude through the waist band of his shorts. In spite of the growing pain in his legs he thrust against her. In horror he realized that at any moment he might explode in climax.

He tried to distract himself as he struggled to keep his wrists from the mat. He concentrated on the pain in his legs, the current dismal standing of the LA Dodgers and his ex wife's demand for more child support. Nothing could distract him from the powerful vision of her bulging biceps as she strained to pin his hands or her thrusting breasts as her chest neared his. He felt as if his body would be suddenly split up the middle from her grapevine yet he could not prevent himself from desperately desiring sexual release.

Dan felt his semen began to gush out on his stomach, as it did his arms weakened and Lilith slammed his wrists to the floor. Lilith had felt his semen spill on her thigh, she sensed his resistance weakening as it spread to her abdomen and his wrists hit the floor. As his seed spurted in wave after spreading wave his resistance to her grapevine complexly collapsed. She spread his legs even further and ground her groin against his pulsing member. He screamed his surrender as he continued to spurt semen in uncontrollable bursts.

Lilith released his hands and sat up on his stomach. She raised her arms and flexed her biceps in the traditional victory pose as she watched his seed continue to spurt in impossible amounts.

To her it was a tribute offered in surrender. She lowered her breasts to his chest and rubbed them in the puddles of cum, then sat back up and spread the semen on her chest and arms. She would wear it proudly as a reminder to him of the superiority of her body.

Dan was red faced with embarrassment as he continued to gush sperm. He began to stutter an apology. Lilith stood and placed her foot on his pulsing and still hard penis. Again she flexed her biceps as she stood above him. "Don't bother apologizing, I accept it as a compliment" she said. "If you're truly sorry get up and try to do a better job in the next fall".

Dan's head was reeling as he sat on the floor looking up at Lilith. In spite of her assurance that she was flattered by his lack of control he was still embarrassed. He had submitted the fall in less than two minutes and now she was challenging him to do better. He had wanted a strong woman to compete against him. He had expected to prevail though, not be easily overwhelmed. He had expected her to beg him to take her, not find himself sitting on the floor leaking like a sunken barge at her feet. He wanted desperately to give a better accounting of himself in the next fall but incredibly his dick was still hard and seeping, the weakness was still with him. Gamely he stood and faced her. "Let's start the next fall upright" he challenged.

Lilith reached forward between his legs and fondled his testicles threateningly. "If you think that will help, why not" she said. Then she squeezed his balls gently and released them. The look of relief on his face when she let him go made her tingle with sexual anticipation. She turned her back and spread her arms to the sides.

"Go" she said

Dan was infuriated by her display of bravado. He would make her pay for her arrogance he swore as he stepped forward and slid his arms beneath hers and clasped his fingers behind her neck. "Feeling Cocky"? he asked her as he tightened the full Nelson and began forcing her down.

"As a matter of fact, Yes", she grunted between gritted teeth, struggling against his powerful hold. "I feel cocky rubbing on my ass right now".

Dan realized she was right as he felt the firm cheeks of her round ass rub up and down on his stiff member while she struggled. The sight of her swelling biceps as she forced her arms forward coupled with the exquisite pressure of her butt cheeks again made him feel the signs of an approaching climax. He cursed his manhood for betraying him as she burst out of his hold.

She reached down between her legs and grabbed his foot. Lifting it she sent him crashing to his back. A moment later her elbow smashed into his chest as she dropped to the floor next to him. Dan sat straight up as the air whooshed from his lungs. She quickly slid around behind him and wrapped her powerful legs around his waist. She leaned back on her own hands and squeezed.

Dan fought to separate her legs but his hands were no match for the strength of her lower body, she continued to apply pressure and restrict his breathing. After a few minutes she sat up and wrapped her arms around him trapping his arms to his sides. She pressed her sweaty breasts against his back and breathed heavily in his ear, "I've got you"

The nipples rubbing against his back brought his still stiff cock to complete attention again. Her breath in his ear filled him with wild desire. He felt helpless with his arms trapped and the pressure around his middle was beginning to make him light headed.

"You're mine now" she said, again breathing heavily in his ear. her voice was a husky whisper.

With her words echoing in his mind he felt his own semen splatter against his chest. He watched helplessly as his cum rolled down from his chest to his stomach and then to Lilith's thigh. The feel of the thick fluid on her leg drove the searing heat in Lilith's womanhood to a boil. "Shall I take you now"? she whispered in his ear. "Do you have the strength for me"?

Dan was now delirious with the desire to feel her body with his hands. Her breath in his ear sent shivers up and down his spine every time she spoke. He would go insane if she didn't release him and allow him to touch her. "I give . Please let me go, I have to touch you" he whimpered plaintively. The sound of his surrender surprised even Dan as the words spilled out.

The abject surrender of her larger and supposedly more skillful opponent in a second straight fall had now driven Lilith to a fiery level of passion. His sweat and semen spilling on her body was her own feminine warrior's brand of Viagra. His submission was her Spanish Fly.

He felt her release his arms and unwrap her legs from his middle. She moved out from behind and slithered around to his chest, forcing him to his back. She reach behind herself and grasped his leaking erection in her hand as she straddled his chest. "So you're still resisting are you"? she asked as she looked in his eyes. "We'll have to do something about that" she said as she slid back to his pulsing member and then slid down on top of it.

"You can touch me now" she added as she flexed both her biceps and began sliding up and down on his thrusting cock.

Dan sat up and ran his hands over the bulging swell of her baseball hard muscles and licked feverishly at her breasts, pulling at the straps of her suit with his teeth.

"This fall has no rules" she warned as she squeezed the muscles in her vagina and pulled him deeper inside. "Shall we say sixty minutes with no disqualifications"?

Dan moaned his acceptance of her rules as she teased the tip of his penis with her labia lips, rotating her hips in slow circles.

"Do a good job and I might give you a rematch" she added as she slid back down his shaft.

Dan prayed silently that he was up for the challenge as he clung to her body and continued to gush. If there was a next time he'd give a better accounting of himself he swore.

He certainly couldn't do worse.