

Diane

By benjwri@yahoo.ca

The local legion held a dance every Saturday night and I was a 'regular'. On this particular night I connected with a girl named Diane. Very nice, round face, wide set blue eyes, short blond hair (naturally curly, I found out later) cute little mouth, made her look angelic. We had several dances, I treated her to a couple of cocktails and we had several more dances. The dj played a set of slow tunes and dance by dance she moved in closer, tighter, so that by the end of the set we were as one. She was wearing flat shoes and we were the same height so I was surprised how neatly we fitted together. Her head fell softly on my shoulder and her warm breath tickled my neck. We danced the last dance and I offered her a ride home.

"I'm only six blocks. Walk me?" Holding hands we walked and talked. She was five-nine the same as me, twenty-one and had just finished college.

"Did you do a masters?" I asked, thinking she was a couple of years too old to just be graduating.

"No. I had to take a couple of years off to work, get enough money---." She must think I'm an asshole doing the math but she passed it over and said: "I've got a dozen résumés out and two interviews next week."

"What kind of work will you do?" She moved closer and hooked her arm under mine.

"Some kind of engineering or computers, I'm honors in math."

"Time for a nightcap?" She introduced me to her parents and her brother John. They all seemed pleasant and made me feel welcome. John and I were the same age, twenty-three, he was a couple of inches taller though not much heavier. I made some small talk with the family while she fixed the drinks. She handed me mine, a bowl of munchies and led me by the elbow down one floor to the family room. She set her drink down with the munchies. She took a dancing posture, I took her in my arms. There was no music but she eased her body into mine. We swayed together and a few minutes later she kissed my neck! Not wasting any time! I responded with a kiss to her neck and moved to kiss her on the mouth. She turned her head aside to tease me, not to discourage me, as she eased her hips into mine. Things were rapidly warming up! A couple more bouts of teasing then we locked lips and our tongues began their own little boogie. The so-called dancing quickly gave way to some serious couch moves.

“As soon as I get a job I’ll get my own place.” I had the feeling she was apologizing for not letting things go further but we necked and fooled around till we were both panting. We each found some tickle spots and some hot spots and my groping revealed that she was one solid lady, a hard-body, with knots of hard muscles and almost no fat. She found and teased me about my love handles.

“Oh, that’s a good one.” She commented though, when she tested my arm muscle.

I woke up Sunday morning to a perfect summery day! I still ached from the previous night’s teasing and immediately had ‘those’ thoughts about Diane! She had made me promise to ‘call her tomorrow’ but I figured a visit would be as good and would undoubtedly suit me better. I drove past her house one street over just to make sure I wasn’t going to drop in on a house full of company. A large weeping willow tree was centered on the front lawn and there she was, trimming it back. Even from half a block away I could see lots of skin and booted it around the block and pulled up in front of her house. She was wearing short shorts, the kind that has a dozen pockets and that eye-catching taper from waist to hips. On top she was wearing a sleeveless basketball shirt, number 11. ‘On a scale of 1 to 10’ ran through my head. She was cutting back the growth that was hanging down, clearing space to walk underneath. The muscles in her shoulders were bulging from holding the heavy shears overhead and her arm muscles pumped with every chop, chop, chop! Every so often she would go up on tip-toe to reach a higher stalk then the muscles in her thighs and calves would be visible. Oh wow! It took me a couple of minutes to get my thoughts organized before I got out of the car, of course I spent the whole time gawking. I finally lurched from the car and found my voice.

“Hi, looks like you could use some help.”

She stopped what she was doing. “Hey, good morning.” She came to me and gave me a big hug. We took up where we left off last night. Two minutes watching from the car, her determined movements, had gotten me excited and now her warm her body all over me!!! “Some help would be great, all this stuff needs to be gathered up.”

I pitched in, bagging the shoots, all the while ogling her. I couldn’t take my eyes off her muscles as they bunched and the fluid way she moved.

I treated her to lunch and afterwards she wanted to lie out and catch some rays. I warned her about the damage the sun can do but she was adamant.

“I’ve been stuck inside for the last six years and I’m going to enjoy some sun on my bones.”

We stopped by my place to pick up some shorts, she wanted to see my ‘space’ anyways.

It wasn't much, certainly unconventional, but quite plain. In the front---a large eat-in kitchen and what I called the saloon. Comfy chairs, the TV, a half wall into the kitchen that I used for a bar. Next came the bathroom with a full size shower, across the hall, an alcove for my office with the phone and computer. In the back: two good size bedrooms. Upstairs was a loft divided into two large rooms. The barn type roof allowed for lots of headroom. One room was still empty. Central in the other was a BowFlex machine. All this was built overtop of a three car garage.

"This is neat." She exclaimed. "Was this your idea?"

It was. I nodded. Sure I was proud of the layout but I never figured it to be a really big deal.

"I love it. It's so complete yet so simple." I could only assume that it appealed to her mathematical mind.

She strolled around the BowFlex---admiring.

"And you do work-out." She observed.

"Try to do a bit every day."

"Thought so." She tested my arm playfully.

I gave her arm a squeeze in return. "And you work-out too."

Her (parents) house was built into the side of a ravine, from the front it looked like a bungalow, in the back it was two floors. The family room we had tangoed in last night opened up onto the patio. The roof over the patio doubled as a deck from the main floor. We dragged two lounges from the patio out into the sun then a table for our beaker of rum and coke. Her plan was to get simultaneously baked and pickled. Sounded good to me. She had insisted that I bring my briefest swim trunks so I was more than a little self-conscious. I was having problems keeping my member under control especially since she was prancing around in a light blue thong bikini! We settled into the lounges and talked and drank and talked and pretended we were lizards. She moved and stretched in ways that set my groin on fire---it was a good thing I had the heat of the sun to blame for the sweat that was dripping off my brow.

She admitted to 'stalking' me through high school and college but as she fell behind she had to cool it. She also confessed that she went into a rage whenever she saw me with another girl. She was far from shy and made mention of my obviously excited condition and divulged the fact that she was excited as well. Sex was alluded to on several occasions!

It came time to give up the lounging. Our cushions were gummy with 'paba' and perspiration so we went to work with the Fantastic and J-Cloths. This left a layer of scum and she just had to get out the hose! Of course you can guess what happened next: two seconds after the cushions were rinsed off the nozzle was being aimed at me! The cold water on my hot body was bracing and I squirmed to escape. She concentrated the spray on my head, my bare back, and my crotch. Her aim was deadly and occasionally the jet would hammer into my nuts and just about take me to my knees! I tried different escape routes without success but I had to do something, she was backing me into a corner. I finally forced myself to make a run for it and off I went. I got in three good strides then lost my footing on the greasy grass. I went down, flat on my back, my right leg twisted painfully around and underneath. She moved in quickly, stood astride my hips with the nozzle aimed at my chest.

"You okay?" she asked.

"Think so."

Staying on my back I eased the weight off my leg and straightened it out as best I could. It wasn't broken, I could move it around but I knew I would be limping for a day or two.

"You fall down go boom." We both chuckled.

"I'll be okay, it's just sprained."

She was still standing astride my waist and the view from down here was marvelous! I quickly forgot the pain in my leg to focus on the ache in my groin! The view up the insides of her legs was magnificent! Beautiful long muscles! Compact tight ass! Flat tummy!

She pointed the nozzle at my crotch. "Stay down---hands up." Under the circumstances I did as she said and put my hands over my head. She threatened playfully with the nozzle.

"Higher---reach for the sky."

I raised my arms about as far as they would go. She dropped to her knees straddling my chest and pulled her legs in tight so my arms were trapped between her solid thighs and my head. I knew that squirming would bring me a gush in the face and my leg was too sore to make any attempt to fight her off. She obviously liked this arrangement, she was grinning ear to ear! I didn't have much hope of unseating her so I just stayed still and waited for what was coming next. The view was still impressive, her breasts were right there, the nipples pushing at the fabric, the dark areolae clearly visible through the damp fabric. The excesses spilling out over the edges of the triangles. She got this mischievous smirk while she unscrewed the nozzle. With the free flow of water she drew figure eights

across my chest, occasionally soaking my face. When she tired of this she twisted half way around so she could play the stream over my belly, thighs and into my crotch.

“Is that like a cold shower?” She was laughing. “Cooling you off.”

She tucked the end of the hose under the waistband of my trunks which ballooned out with the volume of water. The cold water coursed over my lower abs, around my cock and balls, down the inside of my thighs then out and onto the grass. I’m not sure if there is any symbolism or if she realized what was happening but it was like I was a kid again, peeing my pants! The sensation was weird. By now though I could imagine that my pecker was the size of a peanut and my balls would be shriveled up like prunes.

With the hose tucked into my trunks her hands were free and she placed them beside my head so she could take her weight while she leaned forward. Her lips came fleeting close to mine but that was as close as they came while her breasts skimmed lightly against my chest. The teasing was making my groin throb and contract but my hard-on was long gone, washed away in the flow of cold water.

“Had enough?” she said. “Do you surrender?”

“Hnnn---hnnn---hnn---.”

“Do you surrender?”

“Ooohhh----yes---okay---I surrender.” Anything, just stop the slaughter.

She stretched out on top of me and gave me the kiss she had been teasing me with. The hose finally fell away when she drew back and got to her feet. I was left in a pool of cool water till she reached down and helped me to my feet. I was raked by a massive tremor and stood shivering, my teeth chattering.

“C’mon, let’s get you warmed up.” She handed me a towel that I used to dry my hair and face then draped it over my shoulders. With another towel she dropped to her knees to dry and rub some warmth into my legs. Mmmm---now that’s okay!

Later I wined and dined her and she thought we would be more comfortable if we went back to my place. We were, much more comfortable, and she ended up sleeping over!!

The following week went very quickly, she went to four interviews and got one offer that she was considering. We saw each other every night and had a couple more sleep-overs! She quizzed me about using the BowFlex, I showed her the basics and watched her muscles flex and harden against the resistance. I would have loved to work-out with her but even though I was self-employed I still had to put in my six hours a day. It would have to wait till the weekend. Damn!

Saturday morning saw me rolling up to her door again. I rang the bell, knocked loudly, and shouted 'hallooo'. It was like no one was home but the inside door was open. After knocking and yelling a couple more times, then waiting five minutes, I figured I was welcome enough and no one would mind if I just went in. Once inside I could hear voices from the back of the house and made my way back to the upper deck. As I got nearer I realized that the voices were coming from the patio below.

Female voice: Squeal of delight! Unrecognizable.

Male voice: "Aaaagggg---you bitch---aaaagggg." Sounds like John.

I didn't want to intrude if John was 'entertaining' a girlfriend. I took the last two steps softly and found a spot where I could peek through the space between the deck boards. I was amazed that they didn't hear my gasp of disbelief when I saw what was going on. It was John---with Diane---and they appeared to be wrestling! He was wearing a pair of ratty cut off jeans, bare chest, and lanky, hairy legs. She was wearing a bright red thong bikini. I stiffened immediately! A little sibling rivalry? For sure Diane was winning this round! She was kind of twisted onto her left side with John's right arm trapped underneath her body. Her left leg was under this arm and her foot was hooked behind his neck, her right leg was over top her left and hooked behind the other side of his neck. Maybe clearer if I say her legs were X'ed, his neck trapped in the top part of the X and his right arm coming through the bottom part, over her leg and trapped underneath her waist. She only had to raise her leg a smidgen or twist the lower part of her body to apply pressure. A lot of pressure!

"Do you surrender?" The muscles running up the fronts of her thighs hardened visibly as she pressurized. Oh---my---god!

"Aaaagggg---yes---yes---I surrender---aaaagggg---." She unwrapped, rolled away and got to her feet. "Oh---you bitch---."

"Was that a good one?" she chuckled then urged him on. "C'mon John-boy---let's go."

I couldn't believe it---he was no sooner on his feet and she began circling down on him. John was not particularly agile and it didn't take her more than two minutes to get him down, his chest encircled by her legs.

"You promised---no scissor holds." He whined.

"Yeah, I know, but I just wanted to refresh your memory---a little reminder---what it feels like between my legs." Again her thigh muscles flared up!

"Uuh---uuuhh---uuuuhhh---." He was gagging for breath waving his arms in distress. I was breathing hard, my member rigid in my jeans! Holy jeez! She released him and with her

foot shoved him aside. She straddled his back and expertly applied a full nelson. Then using her legs she lifted his upper body right off the ground! Now that takes a bit of strength! Once up, she jerked him a couple of times ensuring that his arms were pulled back as far as they would go. Given that I was looking down on them I got a terrific view of the muscles running up and down and across her back. She didn't have big bulky muscles and she wasn't thin enough to be called 'cut' but all the different muscles were clearly defined. The good sized triangles of traps, the gooder sized triangles of lats, the nicely rounded delts, and the rows of rhomboids running along her spine. Wow! Was she ever nicely muscled! From this angle the thong was invisible and her bare ass was tensed tightly. My boner was contracting---now out of my control!

She let him go---but one arm at a time and at the last minute gave him a fierce twist so he ended flat on his back. I figured since his arms must be numb by now she would go for a pin or some kind of arm lock. He wasn't moving too quickly and she had time to circle him a couple of times as he lay sprawled on his back. As she came by his feet again she reached down and grabbed his ankles, one in each hand and in a series of maneuvers and a one-eighty twist which forced him onto his stomach she had him locked up in the neatest of leg locks! One of his feet was tucked under her arm and all she had to do was squat down slightly to apply pressure. This she did with a certain amount of vengeance and he was soon begging for release!

"Do you surrender?" That sounds familiar.

"Wwwhhoooo---yes---wwhhoo---."

"Do you surrender?"

"Aaaagggg---damn you---yes---I surrender!"

"You understand what that means?"

"It means you're a bitch----aaaaggg----."

"It means I'm the boss, right?"

"Aaaaggg----."

"The one with control---right?"

"Aaaggg---aaggg---okay---aaaggg---okay---."

"ready to kiss my ass?"

"Ooowww---bitch---!"

"ready to kiss my ass?"

"Yes---okay---ooowww---okay---."

She released the hold and his legs dropped to the cushions like dead meat. My god---she had him trashed---dominated! She stood astride with a certain impatience till he stirred then she reached down and grabbed a handful of his hair.

“C’mon---.” On his hands and knees she led him to the edge of a lounge. She lifted her left foot onto the end thus presenting a nice taut glute.

“C’mon John-boy---a nice welcome home kiss---!”

She drew his head closer then let go.

“Oh you rotten bitch---.”

But he complied---once---twice---his lips followed the curve of her haunch---three---four---. She planted both feet on the ground.

“I’m home again John-boy, and nothin’s changed! I can and will whip your ass!”

I eased back slowly with my cock pulsing away like it wanted to kum and strode quickly to the nearest washroom. I could say I was caught short---I did not want to admit to being witness to ‘John-boy’s’ trouncing.

What I did want was to wrestle her!! And how could I arrange that?

I slipped quickly into the bathroom and closed the door loudly then made lots of noise, flushing, running the water and I dropped the soap on purpose.

They were both stretched out on the lounges, both reading a novel as if nothing---.

“Thought that was you.” Diane said.

“Everything okay?” John said.

“Almost an emergency.” I fibbed.

“Yeah, shit happens.” John quipped. Ugg, gross in the literal sense.

“I knocked and hollered.” I didn’t mention that I did this half-an-hour ago.

“I guess we were otherwise engrossed.” John replied with a smirk. Diane took my hand and pulled me close for a kiss.

“See you kiddies later.” John said, made a polite fare-thee-well, then disappeared.

I took her to lunch, we ran some business errands for me, some personal errands for us and arranged to get together for dinner and hit the dance at the legion. She slept over once again!

I whistled up some breakfast, my specialty, scrambled eggs, slabs of ham, brown toast, buttered!! We took our coffees out onto the balcony, ate our breakfast and planed our day. One thing I insisted on fitting in was quality time with the BowFlex. She was willing

so after we downed all the coffee we could handle and cleaned up we headed for the loft.

I had complained that the noise of the machine was distracting when I was trying to work so she had gotten a square of interlocking mats. We worked together and slid these into place under the machine. Much better.

I let her take the lead. I only had to guide her with a couple of the set-ups and the weight she was using was impressive! On some of the moves I had to give it my all to keep up! We did ten different exercises, three sets of eight to ten reps. I was wiped---and she had been doing this every day for the past week! I watch her muscles flex against the resistance and complimented her several times on the shape and size of some particular muscle group. My cock was stiff in my briefs the whole time! As we worked-out I got her to talk about where the muscles came from.

“I was always active in high school, I did track and field and the ‘girly’ games that they offered, basketball, volleyball. You’ve heard of the ‘freshman fifteen’? Well I put on five pounds in the first six weeks of college. That was when I changed my minor from psychology to phys-ed. I participated in whatever was being discussed in class. At least I gave most things a try.”

“Some things you didn’t like?”

“A lot of the aerobics I found boring. Running outside was okay and the games, flag football and ultimate. But the treadmill and spinning----yuck!”

“Did you have some favorites?”

“Yeah, I really liked working with my muscles---the weights and machines. There was a certain stigma at first, ‘girls working out with dumbbells’ etc., but that went away. I could really get into fighting the resistance.” She laughed. “If I got a nice fantasy working I could make myself climax! I really liked the weights and tried to work out every day.”

She wanted to spend the day just hanging around, so after a quick shower we adjourned to the balcony with a carafe of coffee. She pranced around in her skimpy blue thong keeping me teased---I kept her satisfied---one way or another! I tried several times to steer the conversation towards wrestling but she didn’t catch on. Or I should say she didn’t react at the time.

She spent the next week zeroing in on which job offer she would accept, I spent a lot of time thinking about how I could approach the subject of wrestling without seeming too anxious. She showed up every day to use the BowFlex, I joined in when I could. I was beginning to think she was more interested in my machine than me.

Friday evening she wanted to celebrate. She thought she had hit upon the ideal situation. She treated me to dinner and we ended back at my place.

"I have a surprise for you. Kind of a reward for being so patient and supportive" She took me by the hand and led me up to the loft. Somehow she had prearranged this without my knowledge. The once empty room now had its own square of interlocking mats. Six squares by six, twelve feet by twelve. A fake bear skin was positioned in the center. The bright red thong bikini was laying just on the edge and a pair of stretchy black shorts obviously for me, very much like bike shorts. Once we were changed she tossed the rug aside revealing two bottles of oil. She handed me one and opened the other.

"Turn around." She said. She emptied the bottle over my shoulders. The oil ran down my back and chest. "Spread some on your arms." The anticipation was making my cock pulse! I returned the favor and emptied my bottle on her. She turned to face me: "You know some wrestling moves don't you?" She took a challenging stance!

Oooohhhh----was I ever excited!

Just trying to grab her was a challenge never mind putting her in a hold. Fortunately she was having the same problem. We slipped easily out of each others headlock, she slipped easily out of my hammerlock. Thankfully she couldn't get her scissor holds to grab---her ankles wouldn't stay locked together. After much slipping and sliding I finally got on top of her and with my thirty pound advantage I was able to pin her and hold her down till she conceded.

Our clothing was soggy and slipping off so we stripped down. The second round quickly turned into some physical sexual gymnastics. With more than a little co-operation from her I got her pinned and made my entry. Fulfilled we snuggled and I dozed off. Actually I slept like a log for forty minutes and awoke slowly to her bussing my neck and breathing warm into my ear. She had covered us with the 'bear skin'. Her hand was in my groin, her fingers tickling my scrotum and fondling my nuts!

"Been awake long?" I asked.

"Just long enough to stiffen you up."

"Ten seconds?"

She chuckled. "Nooo---a little longer than that."

"Mmmm---that feels good." I pulled her close for a kiss but she turned her head and stiffened.

"I thought we were wrestling." She chuckled. "Wan'na go round three?"

"Not fair---you have the advantage." With one hand still in my groin she placed the other central in my chest to hold me on my back.

“That’s right---my turn.” She declared. I was sufficiently aroused and she climbed on top and slid smoothly onto me.

Afterwards she wanted to know how we could determine the winner. “I think the last two rounds were at best a tie---and one pin isn’t really that decisive.” She said.

“The oil didn’t help.” I noted.

“Well---not with the wrestling---.” She laughed.

It was very late so we just pulled the bear skin over us again and snuggled and snoozed.