

# Tenth Anniversary

By Benj

She twisted in her seat and laid her left arm behind my neck and ran her right hand up under the leg of my shorts! She spidered around and found her way inside my briefs and into my crotch. Thirty seconds later she had me hard as a rock! She tickled and caressed the length of my cock and ran her hand under my balls. She took a firm grip and at the same time, with her left hand, grabbed a handful of hair.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was only about a three-quarter hour drive and at this point we were about fifteen minutes from the gates. Bethann had won a free week at this fitness farm and had put together enough 'milk' money to turn it into two. 'One week will barely get me warmed up.' was her rationale. Over the last couple of years she had turned into a real fitness nut: aerobics and weight training, and she could now whomp me at tennis so easily that she didn't even bother to challenge me anymore. The scheduling was perfect---her last weekend at the spa coincided with our tenth anniversary and it was decided that I would take a couple of extra days and join her for a long, long weekend. In addition to that I had an important manufacturing show I had to attend and her sister had agreed to help out with our three kids for those two weeks anyway.

"Now you be a good boy." She said playfully and squeezed my balls gently.

"Oh yes. I will. I promise!"

"And no fooling around with the show bunnies."

"I never fool around with the show bunnies." I denied.

"You do so!" She gave my nuts a hard little squeeze making me yelp. "You flirt with them all!"

"You mean I can't even flirt?"

She gave me an evil look, playfully gritted her teeth and gripped harder with both hands. "No! Not even one of your lecherous grins!"

"Okay! Okay! I promise (laughing). I won't even grin."

"And it would be nice if you showed up in two weeks with a hard-on like this!"

She let go of my hair and released my balls and returned to caressing the length of my cock. She ran the end of her finger back and forth across the head really getting my attention.

“Think that can be arranged?”

“Mmmm. Oh yes. I definitely think so!”

We were through the gate and approached the entrance. She pulled her hands away quickly and twisted back in her seat, fluffed her auburn hair and smoothed some imaginary creases out of her shorts.

“Teaser!” I claimed, she ignored me.

She was staying in the ladies dorm for the first two weeks, ‘No men allowed! Not for any reason!’--- so we had to unload her bags and her bike and say our good-byes right there in the lobby. Man, was I ever hot and she intentionally gave me a very warm goodbye kiss, pressing the length of her body into mine. She reminded me about my promises, and I was promptly ushered out!

\*\*\*\*\*

The first week was horrendously busy, the final arrangements for the show took all my time. Her sister took the kids up for a visit on Sunday and came back with some photos; her with her ‘buddies’ on bikes, on the court, in the gym and a letter for me labeled ‘personal and confidential’. I waited till much later when I was alone. There was a terse note: ‘You promised you’d think about me...’ And six more photos. WOW!! She was wearing only a thong --- that was all, and I wished I were the photographer! Basically they were shots of her working out on different machines, but a couple of them really got my attention. One was taken of her back, from the waist down, she was doing toe raises, her calves and thighs and butt was like one big long muscle, everything was flexed! Get a load of those hamstrings! What darling calves!! What a great little ass!!! The other was a shot from the front, looking down at an angle while she was doing preacher curls.

She was looking straight up at the camera with a smirk. She was in mid-curl, her breasts framed by her arm muscles which were flexed right up (her arm muscles that is). Unbelievable! I did not sleep too well for a couple of nights!

The second week was the show and before I knew it, it was Thursday afternoon and I was on my way. Was I a good boy at the show? Yes, very. I didn’t have time to flirt with the bunnies! Was I hard like I had promised? YES! VERY! On my drive up I had the idea she’d

be pretty excited to see me, and I thought about a couple of ways I could tease her. I was getting myself all lathered up just thinking about her.

\*\*\*\*\*

She had moved her stuff across into the co-ed dorm earlier and had left a note saying she was with her 'pals' in the lounge. She had arranged for a suite, a bedroom with a king size bed and a large sitting room with couches on each side of a large coffee table. Of course there were a TV and all the other amenities of an inn. The balcony looked out over a wooded area and was very private. There was a nice wet bar with four stools and I stocked it now. 'Glayva' for her and rum for me, some coke and lemonade and ice. I moved my bags into the bedroom and started unpacking. Her little negligee was set out neatly on her side of the bed, obviously for my benefit. I picked it up by the spaghetti straps. It was a light purple and it weighed nothing and had a short skirt made up of sections or panels so it split open every four inches or so. No back at all and two narrow strips up the front so it was open all the way down to the waistband. And I thought I would get to tease her.

I began wondering how quickly I could hustle her back to the room. I had a shower as cold as I could stand, shaved as close as I could, dressed and found my way to the lounge. About two dozen people were already gathered, all in little groups yakking away. I stopped at the bar, picked up a rum and coke and searched out Bethann. I didn't recognize her at first. My search stopped at the back of this very fit looking woman, low heels, short skirt, legs to die for, sheer cotton blouse with a paisley vest. The hair was the giveaway. Even though she had cropped it off and set in tight curls I would recognize that auburn colour anywhere. I stood for a second and ogled. My god she's gorgeous. And that's my wife! I pulled myself out of dreamland and eased myself into her little clique. She gave me a hug and a kiss and pressed herself against me to confirm that I did, in fact, have the hard-on I had promised.

"Mmmm." She said and gave me another quick peck. Intros' all around, I wouldn't remember one name. All I could think of was how I could cut her from this crowd and get her into the sack!

The seating for dinner was eight to a table and I did my best to be sociable. Being a salesperson I was used to starting conversations and knew the tricks to keeping them going and threw myself into the part. I heard all about the past weeks adventures and especially about Bethann's conquests on the court. Apparently some guys had problems losing and put up a lot of fuss at their loss to a woman. I laughed it off. Been there, done that! Once through dinner and all the pleasantries we edged our way to a private table in the corner of the bar. She held her elbow out for me to lead the way and what a shock I got when I wrapped my hand around her arm.

“What the hell’s this?”

She bunched her fist and the muscle thickened in my hand!

“That’s my biceps. Isn’t that neat?”

“Neat? My god Bethann that’s more muscle than I’ve got!”

She chuckled, “Ya really think so?”

She confided to me that all the guys were a ‘Bunch of fucking pansies!’. She wasn’t one to really swear so I figured she was really pissed off. ‘Every one of them. Every freakin’ one of them cried like a baby if they got beaten at anything! And they positively bawled if they got beaten by one of the women.’

I chuckled and said. “I take it you’ve been your usual aggressive self. Trying to win it all.”

She chuckled too. “Well I just wish they’d got off their freakin’ macho horses. I don’t carry on and cry foul when I lose, even though there’s times I should.”

The subjects changed back and forth as we caught up on the last two weeks. She heard all about the kids, her sister, the house, the job and the show. I heard all about the tennis, the biking, the hiking, the aerobics and the bodybuilding. She was the one that refused to call it ‘weight training’. ‘I’m building up the muscles in my body not training the weights’.

“The bar in our room is open.” I hinted.

“Oh good. Let’s go then.”

At last! We said some ‘goodnights’ as we passed through.

\*\*\*\*\*

She closed the door tight and set the night lock and we were alone at last. I pulled her into my arms and kissed her like I’ve been dying to kiss her for two weeks. She responded likewise and we were soon breathing hard.

“I’ll have that drink you promised.”

I turned to the bar. She headed for the bedroom.

“I like your hair.”

“Do you really?”

“Uh huh, it suits the sporty you.”

I dropped a couple of cubes in a snifter and just covered them with ‘Glayva’ and mixed a tall, cool, rum and coke for myself then settled into one of the couches.

“Oh wow! That’s new.” I observed.

“Like it?”

She did a three-sixty modeling the little teddy. The colour was very pretty on her. She didn’t have a lot in the way of breasts, too much aerobics, and most of these things weren’t made to fit an athletic figure. But this one was perfect! Did I like it? Her pert breasts were barely contained and it was taut enough so her nipples pushed at the fabric. The little skirt hung on her hips and I could see that she wasn’t wearing the briefs part. The panels separated with every step revealing lots of hip and thigh---I loved it! She curled up beside me on the couch and I handed her her drink.

“I thought you weren’t going to lose any weight.”

“I didn’t. I’ve gained two pounds.”

“Well you look thinner.”

She sat straight up.

“Oh! Thanks for reminding me. You have to do this calculation for me.”

The last thing I wanted to do at this moment was get out my calculator but I could tell this was vital.

“Okay...” she prepared her thoughts. “They have this great scale here that tells you your weight and your percentage of body fat.” Another pause. “So, I weighed one-thirty-three when I arrived here and my body fat was 19 percent. This morning I weighed one-thirty-five and my percentage was down to 17.”

“Hey, that’s wonderful!”

“Yes, but what I want to know is how much fat I’ve lost.”

“Well you don’t need a calculator for that.” I scoffed. “Two percent.”

“Yeah, smartie, but I mean in pounds.”

She snuggled close as I went through the calculation for her and I learned a new meaning to the word vibrant. I had been as hard as a rock since noon and now her pert breasts against my arm.....!

“Okay, 19 percent of one-thirty three is just over twenty-five pounds. Seventeen percent of one-thirty-five is twenty-three pounds. So you’ve lost two pounds of fat.”

I stalled for a second and she blurted out what I was afraid to say.

“And I’ve gained two pounds so I’ve gained four pounds of muscle!” She was grinning from ear to ear. “That’s good, isn’t it?”

“Yes. That’s very good.” I relented.

Unbelievable! Four pounds of muscle in two weeks! Incredible!

She pulled me close and slowly unbuttoned my shirt and pushed it back. While I finished removing the shirt, she tackled my belt buckle and my fly and I was soon down to my jockeys. We necked on the sofa till I couldn’t stand any more and led her to the bed. Up till now she had avoided making contact with my groin knowing the state I was in but as soon as we were between the sheets she wanted me ‘in’ her. I was more than happy to oblige and she tilted her pelvis up and hung her legs over my hips. I entered her slowly, but her juices had already been working and I slid ‘home’ easily. Immediately I could sense something different.

I had heard about this, and read about this, and it isn’t that I disbelieved, I just never expected it to ever happen to me! Talk about muscle control, the sensation was out of this world! She was taking me with her vaginal muscles! Slowly, tormentingly, squeeze, hold, relax. When she sensed I was getting close to cumming she would relax and open up, and being on the top at this time, I felt I was falling into a void. She held on really tight with her arms wrapped around my neck and her legs wrapped around my waist. Every time I tried to pull away to take a stroke she would move with me and apply pressure with her Kegels and I was suspended in a constant state of ‘on the edge’.

“Over you go.” She said. “I want on top.”

We rolled together, there was no sense resisting any longer. She pushed herself up by placing her hands into my shoulders, this allowed her to push her pelvis hard against me.

Then with a coy little smile she bit her lip and gripped me harder than I could believe. I moaned in ecstasy.

“Got’cha good eh? I’ve been exercising all my muscles.”

It felt like she squeezed and pulled and pushed all at the same time. A spasm swept through me.

“Oh yes I’ve got you real good!”

I was cumming, moaning and groaning, trying to buck into her. She continued to hold my cock tight. It was like she had a third hand, the fingers working, milking me. The spasms went on and on till finally I laid back exhausted.

“You owe me one. Right?”

“Oh god!! Oh yes!”

She dropped back against me and we snuggled for the two minutes it took me to drop off.

\*\*\*\*\*

I slept the sleep of a person satiate and awoke with a hard-on in the afterglow of the previous evening. This was the last day of her fitness regimen and she had a schedule to keep so she had been up for hours already.

“You owe me one and I think since you fell asleep on me last night you now owe me two.”

Precocious brat! She grinned and approached the bed and pulled off her shorts and briefs, climbed over the baseboard and straddled me.

“You have ten minutes.”

She pushed my arms down overhead and I squiggled down into position to make a pay-off. She pressed her pussy into my face and I began licking and kissing. She must have been thinking about what she would do to me when I awoke cause her juices were already flowing and it only took a minute before she was squirming on my tongue and another minute more to bring her off.

“Some kind of record.” I commented.

“Yeah, well you left me pretty frustrated last night.” She retorted.

“Sorry---.”

She didn't linger long but pulled away and pulled her briefs and shorts back on and headed for the door

“Hey! What about me?” I had a good hard-on but I wasn't all that anxious and I had to have a leak really bad.

“After you're paid up... maybe....”

“Teaser!”

She crinkled her nose and stuck out her tongues as she shut the door behind her. I headed for the john and a cold shower.

\*\*\*\*\*

Her day was already organized so we were only able to get together for breakfast and lunch. I was left to find my own way. I biked, had a mini workout, used the pool, watched her destroy an opponent at tennis, and read. It was late in the afternoon, I guess I had dozed (that's what two rum and cokes and a boring book will do to you) when I was startled awake with an icy glass on my chest. She was standing at the top of my chaise grinning, sipping on the drink she had just used to snap me awake. She put the drink aside and pulled down her briefs, thank god our balcony was private, spread her legs wide so she could stand astride my head. I was looking straight up at her pussy about a foot away. She bent her knees and sank slowly onto my mouth. The mini-skirt of her tennis outfit enveloped me. My hard-on took immediate action. She was all sweaty from the exertion and hyped from the competition and it took a long time just to bring her 'down'.

By the time I finally brought her off I was all sweaty too. This time when she came though she orgasmed out, squealing and moaning and squeezing my head between her thighs. I thought she would take my head off! She slid off and petitioned me to freshen up the drinks, we had time for one more before we had to think about getting ready for dinner. She pulled her chaise around to face me. I complained about the ache in my groin.

“I said 'maybe', and after the way you left me aching last night.”

She was playing games, sitting right where I could feel up her neat calf and test her thigh muscles. She would change the position of her legs every once in a while, making the

skirt fall away to tease me with glimpses into her crotch. Through all this I did learn that the vaginal muscles are not really the Kegels but the pubococcygeus. Pee-cees for short. Kegel was the doctor who developed the strengthening exercises. She was teasing the ass of me!

\*\*\*\*\*

This was to be our anniversary dinner so we weren't eating in the lounge with the 'jocks', she had reserved a private table in the 'Mahogany Room'. Yes, it's as elegant as it sounds and we both got all snazzed up. I wore the suit I had brought for the occasion, Bethann wore a long cocktail skirt with short slits that swished when she walked, and a sleeveless jersey with a deep 'V' at the front and back. The 'Vs' opened to the waist and she was bra-less and even though the material was layered her breasts still played peek-a-boo. It wasn't her breasts that kept me fascinated though, it was her nicely rounded shoulder muscles and what she called her 'neat' biceps!

The time came to exchange presents and I led off. From the size and shape of the box I'm sure she could guess it was jewelry but her eyes misted over for a sec.

"Oh that's beautiful!"

It was a choker, amber and silver. Long narrow pieces of amber were set upright between two silver chains and hand-worked filigree in silver filled the spaces between the amber. I got up and fastened it around her neck. She immediately excused herself--- off to the ladies room to have a look.

"Oh, it really is beautiful. Thank you very much."

She took me by the hand and led me to another table further back where there was a large box, about a foot deep, a foot wide and four feet long.

"It's kind of a present for us." She explained her eyes were just a-sparkle.

The first thing out of the box was a pair of heels

"They're for me." She grinned, as if I couldn't guess.

Very sleek: deep purple with about a three-inch heel and a very sexy t-strap. Next was this loop of wire with fabric hung between it. It looked like one of those native indian dream catchers. Once free of the box though the loops sprung open.

"Whoo!" Well that was a surprise!

The loops took the shape of a figure eight that was dressed in a very sexy little string bikini. The bra part was strung across the upper loop and the thong fitted to the lower. Also in deep purple.

“Also for me.” She chuckled. “But yours is next.”

Mine was a heavy section, like a two-by-four about three feet long. It was covered with some kind of cushioned matting. Three foot lengths of chain were fed through eyes at each end and in the middle.

“Handmade.” She offered, nodding.

I was having trouble figuring out what it was.

“The chains were my idea, you know I’m terrible with knots.”

Ahhh, something was beginning to twig. I looked at her a little confused. She picked up the shoes in one hand and the figure eight in the other and held them up.

“I’ll model these if you model that.”

“Why you teaser.”

But my heart was pounding with excitement. Just the idea of her prancing around in that little outfit sent a twinge to my crotch!

“Yes? No?”

Did I want to see her model that outfit!

“Handmade.” I echoed still stunned. Did I ever! She nodded.

“They have a great craft shop here. Well? Yes? No?”

“Oh. Definitely yes!”

“Took you long enough.”

“Well this is quite a surprise and you caught me off guard.”

She gave me a crooked grin to show her disgust with my weak responses and chuckled. I repacked our gifts, she signed for the dinner. She babbled nervously about how she had gotten the idea from this book that had all kinds of sexy games and sexy toys

“What do you call this thing?”

“I’m not sure. The book calls it a rack but I think an altar is more fitting.”

“Like where you go to pray?”

She paused mid-stride, struck a sexy pose and replied: “Well in your case, more like where you go to worship.”

\*\*\*\*\*

We were back in our room. She backed against the door and set the bolt for the night.

“All we need is the bar light on.” She prompted.

This would make it quite dim but it would be fine once our eyes adjusted.

“Strip.” She ordered. Just like that. “Everything off.”

While I stripped down she placed the altar on the floor and adjusted the position. My hard-on was full bore, after all she had been teasing me off and on all day, but she ignored it completely.

“One knee here.”

She pointed to a spot close to one end. She wrapped the chain over my leg behind my knee and pulled it taut. “Other knee here.”

She pointed to the same spot on the other side.

“C’mon spread.”

Next she fastened my wrists outboard of my knees by wrapping the chain twice around each wrist and passed the ends behind my legs. The rattle of the chains through the eyes and the feel of cold steel had a very erotic quality and I became even more aroused just being secured into place. The chain was very efficient and she gathered up the loose ends and padlocked them to the middle eye. The snapping of the lock sent a charge straight to my groin!

“There, now you can test that while I change.”

The chain was quite unyielding and dug painfully into my wrists when I strained against it. I was basically spread eagled at the knees and I eased back thinking how vulnerable I was. Suddenly the bedroom light went on and I turned toward it. There she was, standing in the doorway, feet astride, hands at ear level on each side of the frame. My cock took a lurch. Oh my god, look at that shape! The heels were higher than she normally wore enhancing her leanness and there were more curves than the Smokey Mountain trail. She stood there unmoving for a good two minutes burning her silhouette into my brain. I didn't believe it was possible for my cock to spasm this way. The light went out and she disappeared into the gloom. She came silently from behind and when her hand came up between my legs and grabbed my balls I whooshed in surprise. She squeezed very gently and fondled making me gasp.

“Mouth dry?” She asked.

How did she know?

“Oh jeez Bethann.”

She was kneading my balls.

“Yes?”

I had no question for her answer.

“Drink?”

She angled across in front of me to the bar. Now I know why she wanted the lights dimmed. The shadows played across her muscles as she moved outlining ever contour.

“Bethann...”

“See something you like?” She taunted.

I strained at my bonds but that was a ten-second effort. I watched patiently as she mixed the drinks, ‘Glayva’ on the rocks for her and a rum and coke with a straw. She held my drink so I could take a sip. I took two big ones! She set the drinks aside and knelt down in front of me. I finally got a good look at the outfit she was modeling for me. The thong was nothing more than a little triangle that didn't nearly cover her. Her ass was bare and she had run the thong deep into the crevice so it was out of sight. I think the halter was padded cause she was showing off a lot more breast than I know she had. But, oh god,

she was gorgeous! She moved in close and put her hands behind her back and moved her mouth towards mine. I moved to kiss her and the games began! She brushed my lips with hers and moved deftly away. Left, right, up, down, I followed the moving lips till I was gasping. She put her hands behind her head and pulled herself up and presented her breasts.

I bent to the invitation and at last, got to put my lips on some skin. She moved her breasts under my lips and every once in a while she would move back and back and back till she was out of reach. I had no idea she could be this big of a teaser. I was going wild! My cock was banging out hard pulses, one after the other, and seemed to have a course of it's own! She pulled away and stood. I got a couple more sips of my drink. She moved to one of the bar stools, all those muscles flexing in the shadows.

“Bethann...”

“Yes?”

“I want you. Oh god I want you.” I blurted.

“Is that all? I thought you were going to say something profound.”

I babbled on about how great she looked and how much I loved her and how badly I wanted her. She just sat there soaking it all in. When she was finished her drink she slipped out of her heels, pulled a cushion off the sofa and sat in front of me. She leaned back on her elbows and hooked her left foot behind my neck. As if I were going anywhere. With her right foot she caressed my chest and used her big toe to draw circles on my chest and tummy. I didn't have a thing for feet but I do have a thing for shapely calves.... I was getting a great view of the muscles in her leg. Her foot kept dropping lower and lower and of course ended up in my groin. She raised her foot when it was right under my balls.

“Don't Bethann. Please.”

She pushed up harder and I had no choice but to rise up so I was standing on my knees. Her left foot slid from behind my neck to the center of my chest and I was trapped in this position by her feet! What a sensation! She was driving me crazy! She pulled her right foot from my balls along the length of my cock, then back, once, twice- - -.

“OOOhhh- - - .” I was cumming. She ran her foot under my crotch again and pressed really hard against my balls. “Aaaaggghhhh...” My cock was bouncing up and down and the cum shot out onto her shin.

“That will cost you.” She hissed.

She continued to keep me standing on my knees till I was completely spent and my cock finished going through its spasms. Her snifter was right beside her and she used it to scoop up the cum from her shin and where it had run down her leg. Then she grabbed my cock and milked me for the little bit that was left. I sat back onto my haunches and sagged forward, exhausted.

“Ohhh...Ohhh my god!”

“How’s that feel?”

“Oh jeeez Bethann... ohhh”

She slipped back into her heels, picked up her cushion and returned it to the sofa. The snifter of cum went into the fridge but I was too drained to notice at the time. She got a fresh glass and I heard the ice tinkle as she mixed herself another drink. She pulled her bar stool closer and sat, drink in hand, legs crossed. I tried to pull myself together but I was so weak I could hardly regain my kneeling position.

“Bethann, let me go now.”

“We’re not quite finished.”

And there were those legs, those gorgeous legs, taunting me. A chill went through me and I shivered.

“Was that fun?” she asked.

“Oh man, it was wonderful! What a sensation!”

“Well you came and I didn’t so you owe me one right off. Right?”

“Right.” I agreed too quickly.

“And what do you think a tease like that is worth? Two? Three? Four?”

“I don’t know.”

“Well I’d say at least three.”

“Three.” I nodded in agreement.

“Yes. Three.”

I was going to be very busy. She sat quietly, finally I spoke up. “Bethann, untie me, please.”

“We have one more order of business.”

I shook my head and pulled against the chains. She uncrossed her legs and hooked her heels over the rung of the stool. Her calf muscles flared up.

“You made a mess on my leg and I had to clean it up.”

She raised her toes and the muscles lengthened then down and the muscles bunched up. I was staring to rekindle and she knew it! And she was using her legs to draw my attention.

“One more?” I offered.

“One more is not enough unless it’s special.”

Up and down went the toes, bunch and flex went the muscles. Oh man what gorgeous legs!

“How special?” I quizzed, but I was in no position to negotiate. Right now I would give her anything she asked for.

“On demand.” She replied. “Any place, any time.”

Another chill swept across my shoulders and my cock took another spasm.

“Bethann....”

Up and down went the toes.

“Ohhh jeez....”

I was pretty much at her mercy

“On demand?” she quizzed.

“Oh jeez yes.... okay, on demand!”

The chains came away as quickly as they went together. I was free but I could barely move and I staggered on all fours away from the altar

“Awww, poor baby needs some help.” She chuckled.

I let her help me to my feet and lead me to our bed where I collapsed on my back. She was not finished with me yet! A pen was stuck into my hand and I had to initial the chit she had made out.

I.O.U. 1

On demand.

That ceremony over with she crawled onto the bed overtop of me and peeled away the thong and brought her thighs alongside my head. After I brought her off we snuggled, tickling and fondling but I was soon to drop off.

\*\*\*\*\*

I awoke Saturday morning to the smell of coffee and cinnamon buns. She had ordered room service. She was up and on the go, prancing around in her teddy. I was stiff all over, and especially my thighs and across my shoulders. Bethann in that little teddy though was making me stiff elsewhere as well! After our ‘petit déjeuner’ she pushed me back on the bed and straddled me once more. I resisted a little till she pulled my arms up over my head and trapped my head under her thighs. In reality I was happy to oblige.

Afterwards she announced. “You still owe me two.”

“Well you rat.”

“And I mean to collect.”

Nine o’clock in the morning and the teasing’s starting already. I went after her and got her in a bear hug and we dropped back onto the bed.

“You want to rape me?” She quizzed and laughed. “Put that thing in me before you’re paid up and I’ll use my pee-cees and tear it to ribbons!”

We both laughed at this idea but Jesus she was strong! My little show of aggression was turning into a bit of a contest. We tumbled and rolled across the bed and I have to tell you I was having a really hard time getting any advantage. I had made the mistake of falling between her thighs so it was no surprise when she hooked her heels together and scissored me. What was a surprise was all of a sudden I couldn’t breathe! She lay back

and sent me a pouty air kiss. I clutched at her thighs and she eased off a bit. Enough so I could catch my breath then she applied the pressure again! Ohhh shit! I was just funning with her so when she grabbed my wrists and rolled on top I laid back and stopped struggling and let her pin me.

“Oh, are you ever worked up. Look at that hard-on.”

I was hoping she wouldn't notice. Wrestling was a real turn on for me but since I always won it wasn't much fun for her so we had more or less given it up. She brought her knees up and pressed them into my biceps pinning me securely.

“Do we still have our mats?” She asked.

My cock took a lurch cause I knew what was coming.

“Yeah, they're tucked away behind a wall beside your exercise room.”

“Wan'na wrestle? Maybe now that I have four more pounds of muscle.....”

She turned her head and looked down at my boner.

“Well someone sure likes the idea.” She teased, laughing.

But she was right. I did like the idea. Liked it very much! And she knew it too. What she really wanted was to let me think about it and get myself all hot and bothered! I struggled for a few more minutes and got nowhere. Finally she tore herself away cause I kept 'pawing' at her.

She destroyed me on the tennis court! Her forehand was just so powerful I thought my racquet was going to be torn from my grip! Then she blew me away in the gym. Watching all her 'neat' muscles flex against the resistance had me in a constant state of erection! After lunch we went biking for an hour-an-a half then we hit the pool.

“I usually do my 'Kegels' now.” She announced. “Wanna watch?”

The Kegel-cisor wasn't dildo shaped like I expected. It was more like a small dumbbell, about three inches long with a half-inch ball on each end. It was made out of a fairly stiff but flexible rubber and looked more like a dog's toy.

She took a quick furtive glance around, then pulled the edge of her bikini aside. The 'cisor was slipped home and the bikini quickly pulled into place. The chaise back was set at a lounging angle and she settled back, arms resting at her sides and legs straight out but

slightly parted. The sexiest grin passed over her face. She pulled her shades back down over her eyes and for all the world looked like she was soaking up some rays. Lying like this it was obvious where the five pounds of fat were lost. She still had a little mound of tummy but that was to be expected after three kids, but her hips were trimmer and two long bands of muscle running vertically up her torso marked the debut of 'six-pack-abs'! She was still for about ten minutes then she started purring - little ahhs and mmmms and a moustache of dew broke out on her upper lip. I was getting really excited just watching her, knowing what was going on.

At first it was involuntary but then I found I was purposely flexing my groin muscles too. Next came a long 'mmmmm...' and the muscles in her thighs and tummy tightened and I knew she was getting close. She was fighting to keep control and make it last and she was doing a good job too! Finally one more 'Mmmm...' and her body spasmed as she lost control to the orgasm. By now I was really excited and hard as a rock. She pushed her shades up, dabbed at her moustache and gave me the wickedest little smirk. I realized what she had done, she had successfully brought herself to orgasm and at the same time teased me really good!

"So - how's that for muscle control?"

"Fascinating! Who was in your fantasy?" I wanted to know.

"Nobody. All my concentration goes to flexing the right muscles at the right time to get the sensation I want. I saw you helping me." She laughed smugly.

"As a matter-a-fact...." I admitted. "...and I want you really bad."

"That's good."

By the tone of her response I knew better than to pursue it. Down came the shades again and she eased back into her lounge for another twenty minutes. Occasionally her thighs would tense or her abs would tighten, she was obviously savoring the afterglow. Then it was into the pool. 'A quick swim before dinner.' She cornered me in the deep end and wrapped her arms around my neck so we could bob for a while.

"Take it out for me." She draped her legs over my hips.

"Now?"

She pulled me close.

“Yeah.” She whispered in my ear. I reached down and eased the material aside. For some reason I thought I would have to go deep but the ‘cisor was right there. I slipped my finger in alongside and took hold just above the first ball.

“Slowly.” She whispered. “Gently now.”

Once it was removed, she pressed the length of her body against me.

“C’mon. I can tell it’s time for you to have a cold shower.”

\*\*\*\*\*

I was first. Every once in a while she would reach though the curtain and flip it onto cold making me yelp. She was there with a big towel and my robe when I was finished though so she could kid me about my flaccid condition.

She wanted to read and maybe have a short nap. I wanted to catch some of the game, so I got dressed and wandered down to the lounge. I ran a tab for my rum and coke and had them turn on the game. There were double glass doors at the entrance and I found a nice comfy sofa where I could watch the TV and keep an eye on the entrance hall. It was only four o’clock and our dinner wasn’t till six so I had till about five-thirty when I expected she would show up in time for cocktails.

\*\*\*\*\*

I started to get antsy as five-thirty came and went, but suddenly there she was at the end of the hall. She was wearing a short skirt and low heels and even though the hall was poorly lighted there was no mistaking those legs and shoulders. Two guys were leaving the bar as she approached and they were just in time to hold the doors open, one on each side. She breezed right on through without so much as a thank you. Her rudeness evaded them. They were both too busy giving her the thrice over! Heads twisting and bobbing.

“See those two guys?” She asked. “Falling all over themselves.” She got a sneaky grin. “You wouldn’t act that way, would be you?”

“No.” I lied.

“An hour on my altar would bend them into shape!”

That sent a charge straight to my groin.

“Jesus Bethann!”

I guess she saw my eyes narrow.

“Like that idea? You’d like to watch, wouldn’t you?” She taunted.

“Stop!” I ordered. “You’re driving me nuts!”

“I could put the three of you in a little circle then go from one to the next.”

She grinned and pointed to three different places in a silent count. She wasn’t that used to dirty talk and her cheeks coloured and she pouted at me. I jokingly held my hands over my ears and mouthed:

“Stop it”

She snickered at my discomfort.

She didn’t want to stay in the bar so we went directly to our table. Again I led her by the arm and again she flexed that ‘neat’ muscle for me! She was wearing a long sleeved sweater that was tailored to fit her perfectly. She wasn’t ‘poured’ into it, but it fit snug in all the right places; across her breasts and over her shoulders and arms. You could faintly see the outline of the little half bra and the fullness of her arms. We made a lot of small talk over dinner and nothing would do but we had to hang around and have a couple of dances. Out on the dance floor I noticed that all the guys were giving her a look and I found myself wanting to hold her really close. Sure, we had dirty danced lots of times and she put some of her skills to work now. She didn’t press hard against me, but brushed her pelvis across my erection and pressed her thigh into my groin. The tease had gone on all day so by now I was ready to explode! She picked up on an earlier topic.

“What if I win?”

She had kind of gone into a dreamy mode as we danced and the statement was right off the wall.

“What?” I answered.

“What if I win- -the wrestling?”

I was speechless for a minute and not sure where she wanted this to head.

“Well---what if?”

I responded sending the ball back into her court. After all it was her ploy. And an exquisite one too!

“Well what you got this morning was only a sample. I can beat you, you know.”

As she said this she eased her pelvis across my cock. I just about lost it right there on the dance floor! I staggered. She promptly changed the subject.

“You won’t last five seconds in bed, I think the altar is the place for you tonight!”

I moaned in delight.

“Yes?” she quizzed.

“Oh yes.” I agreed, probably too quickly.

“If I win- - -”

Here it comes!

“...you pay for my next visit to the spa.”

Of course I quickly agreed to this too!

\*\*\*\*\*

I peeled off my clothes while she organized the altar. This time I was harnessed in seconds!

“Know where this goes?”

She held up the four-foot length of chain from the center.

“No.” I replied, but if I had made my first guess it would have been correct.

She slid it through the middle eye, clipped the ends together and draped it over my shoulders. She stood astride in front of me and flexed her arms in a bodybuilding pose. Even through the sweater her muscles made a prominent bulge. She went behind me and pressed on my shoulders.

“Down.”

I did as she said , sat back on my haunches and bent forward. She placed one knee into the center of my back to hold me in this position while she shortened the restraint behind my neck. My nose was now about one foot from the altar. My cock and balls were swinging defenselessly and I was feeling very, very vulnerable! I might have been having second thoughts but my cock was happy. After being teased all day it had never been so engorged and was gaily bouncing up and down! She went to the bar for a sec' then returned and knelt directly in front of me. She ran one hand straight into my groin and clutched my balls, her other hand encircled my shaft. The only place I could really look was where she had her hands. She brought her head alongside mine where she could whisper in my ear.

“Got’cha baby, right by the balls.” A little chuckle.

I moaned. Her one hand was kneading and squeezing and tickling my balls while the other did all kinds of interesting things to my cock!

“Bethann....”

“Yes?”

“I’m gonna cum.”

“Yes. I know.”

I couldn’t stop it and gave in to her caresses and a second later let it go.

“Ohhhh- -!!!”

What a sensation! I was barely able to move and being restrained in this position made it all the more intense. Involuntarily I fought against the altar.

“AAAAGggghhhhh.....!!”

She had her hand under my cock to collect my ‘offering’ and milked my cock squeezing out ever drop. It wasn’t till now, when she brought the snifter into view, that I realized she had saved last night’s offering. She scraped the cum off her hand adding to what she had already collected.

“I’ll be right back. Don’t go away.”

She moved away leaving me all hunched over.

“Ohhhh....jeez.....ohhh....”

I watched my cock diminish and shuddered as a chill settled over my back. She seemed to be gone for ages then finally there was some movement toward the bar. I heard the glasses tinkle and a minute later a tray of drinks was slid along the floor into view. What a good kid! Front and center was a rum and coke with a straw and I eased forward that little bit further and took a big sip, then another. The snifter with the cum was also on the tray.

“What do you want it mixed with, rum or ‘Glayva’?”

I knew exactly what she meant.

“Bethann you wouldn’t.”

“Rum or ‘Glayva’?” She persisted.

“Glayva.”

She came back from the bar with a shot glass, dumped it into the snifter and stirred with her finger. She licked her finger.

“Mmmm. Not bad.”

This time she held the straw while I had a couple more pulls of my rum and coke. My cock was re-stirring and the ache in my balls was a constant thrum. The tray was whisked away and the shadows changed as she adjusted the lighting. Then she was standing right in front of me, feet astride. She had changed into her heels and I was correct in presuming she had changed into her little outfit. She loosed the tether from behind my neck and I slowly unbent and rose up on my knees and stretched out as far as I could. With her arms akimbo she slowly took a deep breath at the same time raised her chest. The muscles across the top of her chest hardened then she pulled back slightly, flexing her shoulders and tightened up her arm muscles. I was going to get a little show! She turned one-eighty and did the same thing from the back. Jesus! Look at all those muscles! Then she did a little routine for me showing off all the muscles in her legs and arms!

“Wow Bethann! Gorgeous!”

“You like?”

“Oh yeah. Very much.”

My cock hadn't hardened right up yet but it had started that bouncing again.

With her cushion in place and snifter at hand she knelt in front of me. She dipped into the mix and dabbed her nose.

"Lick."

I did as she said and licked the end of her nose. The next dip she smeared across her lips. I licked her lips and she pulled away when I tried to kiss her.

"No kisses. Just licks."

The path led down her neck and out to her shoulder. Then she drew a line across the top of her arm muscle and held it flexed. Every once in a while she would glance at my groin to make sure she was getting the reaction she wanted. My cock had rehardened and I'm sure she wasn't disappointed. Six little dabs across the top of her breasts, and a line drawn down across her abs and belly right to the edge of the thong.

"Nice muscles eh?"

"Yes." I agreed.

"Yeah, you're all worked up and we still have to do the legs."

With that my cock took a spasm! She reorganized into a sitting position and rested her left foot on my thigh. She raised her right ankle to my shoulder and daubed a line from her ankle to the center of her calf. I was starting to go wild! I was up her leg in no time and she pulled away.

"Slowly. Take it easy. What's your hurry? Enjoy!"

She laughed and made me start over again at the ankle. By the time I reached her calf again I was breathing as if I'd run the mile! She drew another line, shorter, from the bottom corner of her calf muscle to her knee.

"Now slowly. Very slowly."

As I licked, she flexed. The muscle bunched and flexed under my tongue and I was getting delirious. Onward and upward and over her knee. From here the path led straight you know where. Up till now she had been very cooperative moving the target into range, but now she leaned back on her arms.

“C’mon....” she urged.

I worked my way up her thigh, leaning further forward with every lick. One more lick and I would be off balance and fall forward. Her right knee was draped over my shoulder by now and she brought her left leg up into the same position over my other shoulder. She closed her thighs around my head and pulled me forward taking me past my balance point. She held me there with my head trapped between her thighs while she slowly unfastened her thong and pulled it away. The remaining contents of the snifter were slowly drizzled into her crotch. I watched as it soaked in and turned her auburn mat a deep red. A couple of rivulets ran right down across her vulva and into her ass. Her legs suddenly parted and I fell face first into the mess!

“Clean it up!” she commanded

This is where I lost it! I didn’t need to be told twice. I lapped at her like a pup. But something strange was going on between my legs. My balls still ached as bad as ever and my cock was thick. The bouncing had stopped! I couldn’t make those muscles work. She was close to coming so I concentrated on bringing her off. I hadn’t nearly cleaned up the mess but I dug in with my tongue. Soon she was moaning and for a while I had her at my mercy. Licking and kissing and making her squirm. A couple of teasing licks, then one long lick, and, yes, she was on her way! Her thighs pressed against my head and I winced at her newfound strength! I continued frenching her, heightening her orgasm till she was gasping. She laid back and purred for a couple of minutes while I resumed cleaning up the ‘mess’. She brought both feet forward into my shoulders and pushed me upright, her heels dug into my arms.

“Oww.”

I looked down at my cock, it was static! Engorged but unmoving. She saw it too and laughed!

“Baby you are pussy-whipped.”

Where did she learn all this stuff? She dropped to her knees and ran her hand the length of my cock. The sensation sent shivers through my whole body.

“I love it!” she was ecstatic, I was devastated.

She took a handful of balls and squeezed ever so sweetly.

“You’ve got nothing!” She laughed again.

She was right. No amount of concentrated effort would make the muscles work. She tightened her grip on my balls and gave me a couple of hard little squeezes that sent the pain right through to my backbone and made me squeak! She quickly unfastened the chains while she told me the pleasures of being pussy-whipped.

“You’ll only be able to do me with your tongue.”

She unlocked the padlock and stripped the chains away then she helped me to my feet. I stretched out and marched a couple of turns around the room to get the kinks out. She moved to the bar and freshened up our drinks. Standing there with just heels and top she looked so statuesque. I approached her and dropped to my knees at her feet, pressed my head into her belly and wrapped my arms around her.

\*\*\*\*\*

Later in bed I babbled on about how much I loved her and how gorgeous she was and how much I desired her. She taunted me about being pussy whipped and how she had really done a ‘number’ on me and how I now stood at five.

“Five?” I questioned her math.

She pushed me back and explained that I owed her two when we started which I agreed with. Then she reminded me that I had agreed that a trip on her altar was worth ‘at least’ three. I complained that I didn’t realize she meant every time but she ignored my whining.

“Five!” She maintained.

\*\*\*\*\*

We were both naked when we awoke on Sunday morning. She was snuggled against me, her firm legs intertwined with mine. She stretched her arms overhead and pressed into me.

“Want me?” she quizzed.

My whole body ached from two nights on the altar and things were still not happening between my legs.

“Mmm. Yes. I want you so bad!”

My cock longed to be pleased by her pee-cees again. She pressed her thigh into my groin and a grin spread across her face.

“Sure you do but I’ll have to use the ’cisor again instead of you cock.” She taunted

I called her all kinds of names:dirty rat, bitch, brat. She sent her hands to work caressing and stroking, and she took great pleasure in the fact that nothing was happening.

“Oh. You really are whipped”

She twisted around so we were sixty-nine and pulled my head between her thighs.

“Let’s see what I can do.” She offered.

After ten minutes of kissing and licking and teasing the end of my cock there was still nothing. I felt the pressure of her thighs and realized it was now my turn. I made it last. I moved very slowly and gently. The last couple of days had been so wonderful, all orchestrated by this foxy lady. It was payback time!

On the drive home I got to musing over the weekend and trying to recall how many times I had eaten her out. Four times plus two times on the altar

“You got eaten out six times.” I commented.

“And you got well laid, jerked off twice, pussy whipped and the promise of a wrestling match! Sounds fair to me. Anyways, since you’re still ‘whipped’ I thought I’d collect again tonight! You still owe me four.”

She twisted in her seat, put her left arm behind my neck and ran her right hand up under the leg of my shorts! She spidered around and found her way inside my briefs and into my crotch- - -

The End