

The Circle - Part 1

By Benj

Introduction

I was on the leg press machine when she sidled over.

“S’awright if I work in?” she asked.

“Sure, no problem.”

“My name’s Arlene.”

“Okay, hi, my name’s Steve.”

“Yes, I know.” Had she been checking me out? She paused while we traded places. She didn’t even reset the weight. I had three plates on each side plus the carriage---three hundred and fifteen pounds! “You were watching me.” What could I say? “Yes.” I admitted, with an apologetic tone, the weight was going up and down

---seven---eight—

I couldn’t believe it! She was very quiet, obviously waiting for a comment from me.

“Okay, I find you attractive, any chance we could get together for coffee or lunch?” Might as well jump in with both feet.

I had joined the fitness class at the Y three weeks ago. All the festivities over Christmas and New Years had put me twelve pounds overweight so with spring approaching I thought it would be a good idea to drop a couple of pounds and harden up my muscles. The class was a combination, aerobics and weights, and the women outnumbered the men four to one. For some reason Arlene caught my attention from the very first. Just one of those things---like you see this woman and immediately---. The mirrored walls front and back offered a good chance to glimpse, à la furtively, some female ass in motion. She spotted me right away and gave me an evil glare. I doubled the reflection but she was ready for me, gave me a more evil glare and shook her head scornfully.

---nine---ten---

“Lunch would be very nice.” she said.

---eleven---twelve.

She swivelled the locks into place---my turn. I slid into position.

---one---two---three---

“Is tomorrow too soon?” I asked. “I like the Club Café.” She was really trim, by that I mean she didn't have any bulky muscles, the truth was, she hardly had any visible muscle at all.

---six---seven---

“Tomorrow at the Club would be great. Twelve?” Her legs were long and straight and nicely tapered from hip to ankle and the fact that they were solid was noticeable.

---ten---eleven---twelve.

I set the locks and moved aside expecting her to move into position so imagine my surprise when she added another forty-five-pound disc to each side. She was about five-seven, no more than one-thirty and she was about to leg press four hundred and five pounds?

—one—two—three---

“Twelve is perfect.”

----six----seven—

Oh boy----did she ever do that smoothly!

---ten---eleven---twelve!

She moved aside, I slid into place wondering if I could even move this weight.

“Okay I'll see you then.” Her brief show of strength over, she turned and took off for the bench press station at the other end of the room leaving me to sweat out twelve reps with a weight I hadn't used in years.

Tuesday at the Café was very quiet and we both arrived a few minutes early and picked the most private booth. She kicked things off by dropping a bombshell:

“Before you get any ideas I should tell you that I'm gay.” She paused to let that sink in. “But I very much enjoy men.”

The barmaid showed up and saved me from having to make a comment. At least I was thankful that she ordered a brandy---something worthwhile---as opposed to a pink champagne or a white wine.

“Now, tell me about Steve.”

“Sure---Steve is single, five-foot-eight, one-seventy-seven, hoping to get back to one-sixtyish. Pushing fifty---.” I paused to let that sink in because I figured her to be still in her thirties. “Self-employed, I work out of my house doing programming.”

“Steve is a very fit 'pushing fifty'”

“Thank you. Arlene is in excellent shape too.” What else could I say---she can leg press four-o-five for twelve reps!

“Is Steve gay?”

I laughed loudly, shook my head no. “Hardly.”

“So there was a relationship that went pffft?”

“That's as good a way to put it----.”

“Is Steve seeing anyone?”

“Oh yeah, actually there are several but nothing really serious.”

She went quiet, I was about to make a comment but she held up her hand to stop me, like she was planning her next thought. I let her continue.

“I belong to this club. We call it a 'Circle'. Right now we have four 'girls' and three 'boys' so we're trying to recruit another 'boy' and if you're interested I'm sure you would be acceptable.” She took a sip from the snifter she had been twirling and continued. “Once a month we pair off, one boy, one girl and get together for an hour.” She had just

admitted to being gay---I was a little confused. “Ever have fantasies about amazons or strong powerful women?”

“Oh sure.” I admitted. “But I think every man does at one time or another.” Qualifying my statement. Was she still on topic?

“But it doesn't play big?”

“No, not really.”

“What about wrestling? Ever wrestle a woman?” Was this heading where I thought—secretly hoped?!

“Not really.” I stammered nervously. “Little tussles here and there.”

“Would you like to give it a try?”

“You mean a match? Like one on one?” She nodded, I continued. “If you're asking me if I would like to spend the next hour wrestling you the answer is yes.”

“Well okay, here's the deal—.” All of a sudden she was completely relaxed---I guess my admission of interest—. All of a sudden my groin was tingling in anticipation. The truth was I had never wrestled a ‘girl’ before, certainly not all out, little tussles sure, or some arm wrestling was about the extent. It wasn't that I wouldn't love to give it a try but no one I was dating seemed particularly keen. And yeah, I had seen the ads on the net---the women who wrestle men---and thought about it—the usual price was three hundred bucks ---a lot of money to throw at a woman for an hour on the mats. Not only that I had read all the negative comments---the women couldn't wrestle— the lousy facilities---it turned into a masturbation session---they spent half the time on the phone cooking up their next session---etc. Enough to make you want to throw.

She continued. “The first Wednesday in every month you get matched up with a ‘playmate’ (in the true sense of the word). Like I said, there are four ‘girls’.”

“Are you one of them?”

“Yes, so you and I would wrestle every fourth month.”

“Sounds wonderful.” I was wondering what the catch was---

“You pay the host forty bucks. That helps pay for new mats and hot water for showers and stuff like that.” Four hundred and eighty bucks for twelve matches!

“That's it?”

“That's it.”

“Okay! I'm in.” Was I being too eager? I reached for my cheque book.

“Well the other 'girls' have to accept you but that should be no problem.”

Application

The following Monday night I was back at the gym. Arlene was there but she seemed to be avoiding me and I didn't want to appear too anxious and approach her. It wasn't until I moved to the leg press machine that she drifted over.

“Can I work in?”

“Sure.” I finished my set at three-fifteen, she added the two more plates straight away and moved under the weight.

“Can we have lunch at the 'Café' again tomorrow?” She asked. I was mesmerized watching the weight go up and down.

“Sure, twelve again?” She had no visible muscle---I don't know where the power came from.

“Twelve is good. The other girls want to meet you. They will probably ‘okay’ you and so your first match-up will be this Wednesday.”

“Against you?”

“No.” She said firmly. Her set finished, she moved aside and I moved into place. She set an envelope on the support of the machine. “Four blank cards for you to fill in. One to give to each of the girls. Read through theirs first. You'll get the idea.” Once more she left me to struggle with four hundred and five pounds.

The cards contained the most basic information. Interesting only because I was about to wrestle these women. Age, height, weight, 36-24-36, (which none of them were) marital status, occupation, phone numbers, e-mails, a little bit of personal and some wrestling

likes and dislikes. I memorized every detail! I filled in my cards, including the girth of my biceps---fourteen inches---just for laughs.

Interview

I was running about five minutes late but they were well settled in, halfway through their first brandy. Index cards lay out in front of them---they had obviously been discussing me as a prospect. The first thing that ran through my mind was: My god! Look at these women! Every one of them drop dead gorgeous! If I didn't know better, I would have guessed that they were planning a shower or a garden party. It definitely did not look like they were appraising someone they were about to wrestle just for the fun of it! Arlene made the intros. I recalled the details from the cards:

Joanne: 38, single mom, three kids: 10 years, 8 years and 6 years, 5-5, 130, 34B-27-37, husband lost at sea, nine to five secretary, frustrated dancer/gymnast, dreamed of being a teen Olympian but hormones sent her into womanhood, craves male companionship without commitment, not interested in re-relationship, kids #1 priority. Please arrive close shaven! Joanne was wearing a white blouse and black slacks and appeared to be very laid back and relaxed! (Insurance money?) She had long dark hair that was cut short and streaked with gray, a round face with soft brown eyes.

Fiona: 32, married, new mom, two months! 5-6, 135, 35B-27-36, part time cashier, co-founder of the 'Circle', wrestles to satisfy husband's fantasy, husband also a member and co-founder of the 'Circle'.

Fiona was wearing a deep blue Nike outfit, jacket and pants. She was a blue-eyed-blond and her hair was cut short in one of those kinky curly do's. She had big bones and short thighs and upper arms that give her a very powerful look.

Arlene: 35, single, gay, 5-7, 125, 33A-25-34, size six, fitness nut, designs clothes, models own creations, co-founder of the Circle. Looks at men and contemplates overpowering them! Arlene has a mop of ebony hair in a short pixie cut, dark blue eyes. She was wearing sandals with cut-off jeans, a sleeveless 't', no bra. Very cool.

Hazel: 28, married, 5-8, 135, 36C-26-37, real estate agent, husband doesn't know about Circle, PLEASE BE DISCRETE! Hazel has hazel eyes and long chestnut hair and apparently 'bought' her name before entering college. She was wearing a business type dress, fairly plain, three-quarter sleeves. A wide belt was cinched around her narrow waist and the skirt came to mid-calf. Chic swede boots from there down! She projected very dynamic, competitive, with what appeared to be a grrreat body!

Bed any one of them? You bet!!!

Joanne had the first question and it set the mood for the rest of the interview.

“What's this on you card where it says fourteen inches? Is that the size of your dick?” The table broke up---I turned three shades of red and couldn't help but break up myself. I flexed my arm and spanned my muscle. “Oh shit.” She said. “Big deal. So how big's your dick?” The table broke up again. “We should have that on the card you know.” She was dead serious. I held up my thumb playfully. “Oh god, not another Jason.”

At this point Fiona jumped in, bent her hand forward at the wrist and said playfully:

“Yeth, can we please do something about replathing Jathon.” I got the idea that Jason was one of Arlene's 'friends'. Then she looked straight at me. “Does the idea of wrestling us excite you?”

“Do bears shit in the woods?” I fired back. “You bet! Very much!” I had been aroused since last evening just thinking about talking about wrestling and this 'interview' was making my balls sweat! There were a few more general questions: Hazel wanted to know if I had any medical problems:

“Nothing that being ten years younger wouldn't solve.”

Joanne wanted to know if I was on drugs: “My only vice is the one I'm looking at and no, I don't smoke----anything.”

Fiona asked about broken bones. “Any broken bones we should know about?”

“Well I had a couple of cracked ribs, but that was a long time ago.”

“How did that happen?”

“Playing hockey, I got cross checked.”

“Arlene, did you know he played hockey?” She shook her head.

“Arlene likes hockey guys.” They all chuckled. Arlene just rolled her eyes at the gibe. They had a couple more questions then they wanted to talk 'girl talk' for a few minutes:

“Maybe you need go to the john?”

I had been approved on the first vote. Instructions came from around the table:

“Here's your schedule. Jo (everyone calls her Jo) and Fiona are set-up with the mats.”

“Your circle starts with Hazel but since this is the second month your first match is with Joanne.” Joanne gave me a mischievous grin.

“Just go to the address on her card, but don't show up before ten to.”

“You'll need two towels and two toilet kits. One to leave at Jo's, the other at Fiona's.”

“Get about six outfits like this.” A catalogue picture of a 'Speedo' type outfit was furnished.

“Put your name or initials on everything.”

“Anything we've forgotten?”

“Any questions?”

MONTH	TIME	MATE	PLACE
1, 5, 9	2100 h	Hazel	Joanne's
2, 6, 10	2100 h	Joanne	Joanne's
3, 7, 11	2100 h	Fiona	Fiona's
4, 8, 12	1900 h	Arlene	Fiona's

“Will I need a jock strap?” That got them giggling again.

“No---if we decide to go for your balls a jock won't save you.” More giggles.

“Who do I give the money to?”

“When you arrive you'll know where, and a check is preferred. Don't bring cash.”

I had two more questions but I wasn't going to ask them: 1) how come I had to wait so long to get my hands on Arlene. grrrr 2) how come I needed so many changes of briefs? LOL.

The Circle - Part 2

By Benj

Joanne

From Tuesday noon till Wednesday at nine was one of my longest waits ever! Intolerable! I arrived at Joanne's place at quarter-to and slumped down in the car till eight-fifty-five, not wanting to appear too anxious. Arlene was still there, apparently she had the early slot, but had stayed over to help hustle three kids off to their rooms.

"Hi hockey guy." Arlene quipped.

"Only be a couple of minutes." Joanne shouted from somewhere.

"I'll show him around." Arlene shouted back. She led me to the back of the house to a solarium type room, windows on three sides and the ceiling. "Don't worry." she said. "It's very private." A circle of thick mats was set out in the middle of the floor and gymnastic type equipment was pushed against the walls. This is wonderful! Jeez—the 'ring' had to be twelve feet in diameter! A door led to a washroom and I was shown where to put my stuff. Arlene had to get going. "Go ahead and change, Jo won't be long, the kids are real good." I changed and stowed my stuff. The 'Speedos' they had chosen were extremely revealing and barely contained my 'equipment'. Of course, having a sizable erection in anticipation didn't help matters!

Joanne was waiting by the time I changed and I'm sure I colored when her eyes went straight to my groin, especially after her comments at the interview. She was wearing a little two-piece outfit, tan and white, and for thirty-eight and a mother of three she was in super shape! Fine bones, nice tight ass, traces of the gymnast's body were still visible--the nice round shoulders, the long muscular legs with that exquisite flare to the thighs, and the long full calves. It was obvious though that the breasts and hips are what undid her career. What can I say---as a gymnast she would never make it---as a woman---she was gorgeous!

"So let me see this fourteen inch arm muscle." I flexed for her---she tested. "Mmmm, that's good and solid. You've been working out."

"Okay, now let me see yours." She flexed and a neat muscle popped up. I reached to test but she quickly pirouetted away to the edge of the mat. The little tease sent a tremor to my groin.

"Yeah, but you're here to wrestle, remember?" she said. "Ready?"

I expected we would start by circling but she surprised me by doing a forward flip, finishing up right in front of me. Without missing a beat she stooped slightly and wrapped her arms around me entrapping my arms at the elbows, a little like a bear hug. While I tried to free my arms, she crossed a leg behind me and hooked her foot around my shin. She pushed with her free leg till we were finally off balance and fell to the mats. I struggled to get my arms free and to get on top but there was no way I could break her grip and her legs powered relentlessly till she got me on my back. She held my arms circled, her face in my chest, her warm breath on my throat, her warm body pulled tight against mine----. She worked her legs underneath and hooked her ankles over mine and in one quick motion jerked my legs into a 'grapevine'! I found that the way to take the pressure off was to spread my knees.

"You're looking pretty vulnerable." she chided. "Wish I had another hand." Oh-oh---she's a real teaser! I gave up on trying to free my arms so basically I was her prisoner! I couldn't spread my knees any further but she was still able to apply plenty of pressure bending my legs outwards from the knees. Then there was the thought of another hand-- --I stiffened and tried to stifle a moan. She worked her pelvis hard into my groin and I'm sure she could feel me throbbing against her.

"Give?" At first it was a question. Then she applied pressure (read pain). "Give." Then an appeal. I can't remember feeling so helpless. I tried again to work my arms free and fight back with my legs but the pain in my knees was impossible to ignore. "Give!" Then a playful command. I fell back in defeat. "Oh yes, you give don't you."

Another minute locked in this hold while she worked her pelvis against my member would have me cumming in my shorts!

I moaned in despair. She released me and we broke for water and a breather.

"Jesus you're strong." (Over the next four months this would be my favorite statement!)

"Well my kids are into gymnastics so I keep at it to set an example. Gymnasts train for upper body strength so we do fifty pushup and twenty chins two to three times a day." Ha! On a good day I can do ten push-ups and maybe (just maybe) chin myself twice!

We were sitting face to face cross-legged on the mats and I was becoming very self-conscious about the bulge in my briefs and the fact that she kept glancing in that direction.

"Can we talk?" she asked, aping Joan Rivers. I shrugged. "You know I let you go. That won't happen ever again. From now on if you want to be released you will have to submit." My groin took a lurch---just the idea of having to submit---to a woman---but I

couldn't back down now. "Of course I expect the same in return and I speak for all the 'girls'." She reached out and placed her hands on my knees. "What do you think so far?"

"I think I'm in love!"

She laughed. "So, you are enjoying?"

"Unbelievably!" She ran her hands along the inside of my thighs right into my groin. The close contact made me flinch.

"And relax, if you weren't aroused I'd be really upset." She sprung to her feet and started circling. "C'mon, let's wrestle."

This time we circled, and closed on each other slowly, more like I had imagined. As we closed, she made several quick feigns, every one so fast it would have eluded me. I made my move and lunged for her but she sidestepped so quickly and smoothly---. When I lurched past her, she grabbed my hand, shoved then pulled, forcing me off balance and onto my knees. My wrist was bent forward at ninety degrees and my arm was being twisted at the same time.

"Now—." she said, applying pressure. "Face down---." Rivers of pain ran up and down my arm----I had no choice but to comply. "Yes—that's good—face into the mat." She squatted, keeping control of my wrist and set one knee into the back of my shoulder. Oh shit! My wrist was then pulled overtop of her other knee. With very little effort she was breaking my arm! This was unbelievable!

"Give?" The question—then after a few second. "Give." The appeal—and a few more second still. "Aww c'mon give." The pain growing more intense after each request."Aaaahh---yeah---yeah---okay---I give!" She relaxed the hold slowly then stood and placed her foot on the back of my head and pressed firmly---a little victory stance---my cock went wild!

That made two clear-cut wins for her and I hadn't even laid a hand on her. She told me not to worry, that my chances of winning the first time out were slim. She had been in the Circle for two years so had a fair bit of experience and once I caught onto the moves I'd do better.

We squared off again and again she feigned quickly, left, then right till she got me off guard and tripped me up. This time she got me wrapped up using her legs to encircle me! And yes, my arms included. I used my legs to try to avoid being put on my back but after ten minutes of struggling she still had me completely encircled. I was in worse physical shape than I thought—being out-wrestled by the mother of three was not a morale

builder---and then the fact that she was comely!! I was breathing hard and running out of gas—she was in control the whole time! She forced me onto my back, straddled my chest, and imprisoned my arms alongside my body with her legs. She sat with her arms akimbo looking down at me. Locks of hair fell forward from both sides half covering her face, giving her an elfin look and again my cock went crazy----tremor after tremor!

She had me in a very vulnerable situation and she knew it! Her nipples had doubled in size since the start of the match so she was aroused as well. She set her hands to work caressing herself, her thighs and abdomen and up to her breasts getting me more aroused still! One pass started at her knees and crossed just in front of her crotch ---she let out a small cry of satisfaction. She gave me that mischievous elfin grin once more and in one smooth motion brought her long solid legs alongside my head, reached behind my head and pulled my face hard into her crotch. I squealed in pain as she applied pressure and ten seconds later, thoroughly humiliated, I submitted to her head scissors!

Time flies when you're having fun! We had gone into overtime! I struggled to my feet and headed for the shower she offered. Afterwards I accepted a beer and we made small talk. She cornered me on the topic of strong dominant females and flustered, I admitted that it was one of my fantasies. Of course I got (nicely?) teased over being beaten up. She admitted to being the weakest--- Fiona was slightly stronger, then Hazel, then Arlene. Time to leave and she accompanied me to the door. I expected a kind of formal hug but she stood on tippy-toes and leaned into me and tilted her head. I was no fool, I knew the signs, she wanted a kiss and I was more than willing to oblige. Very nice! Long enough and hot enough to take my breath away!!

“Can I make a suggestion?” she asked and tested my biceps once again.

“Sure.” This time I got to test hers---at last---not huge, but definitely a muscle, and hard as a rock!

“Next time you should bring fifteen inch arms!” she giggled playfully.

I left dazed and confused—I hadn't even laid a hand on her---if she was the weakest!?!?--my cock rigid in my briefs!

Back to the gym.

Between the monthly wrestling there were four 'gym' sessions. When Arlene wanted to chat she would corner me on some machine and proceeded to show me up at the same time. At the leg press station the following Monday we went through the ritual with the

plates. She made pumping four hundred and five pounds for twelve reps look like a warm-up!

“Jo tells me you had a good time.”

“I had a wonderful time.” I waited for her to comment and continued when she didn’t. “She beat me hands down.”

She laughed. “Yes, I know.” and gave me a crooked smile. “I hope you were just being a gentleman and holding back a little.”

“Not really.” I admitted.

“Well you’re going to have to do better than that. Must be kind of embarrassing, even admitting to yourself, that a forty year old mother of three can defeat you at wrestling.”

“Thirty-eight.” I corrected.

“Aw’right---thirty-eight.” She threw up her hands in a ‘so what’ motion and with a smirk she continued. “Five-five, a hundred and thirty.”

I had to admit it was a little disconcerting.

Three weeks later on the overhead press machine---of course the first thing she did was move the pin two notches adding twenty pounds!

“So this week you go against Fiona. Are you anxious?”

“Oh yes---definitely anxious.”

“Well you may have better luck, she’s not in the best shape yet, she is still recovering from birthing so don’t be too rough on her.” Judging by the playful smirk, obviously a tongue in cheek remark. She completed twelve reps at one-ten and moved to the rowing station where she could watch me struggle.

Fiona

This time I arrived at five to, not that I wasn't as anxious as I was with Joanne, I got my directions fouled and went round and round in an area of cul-de-sacs, a note on the door:

Steve
busy with baby.
please come in
straight ahead to the back

I pinned my forty dollar 'contribution' to the bulletin board I found in the entrance hall. The family room was straight ahead, three steps down, and as before, there was the twelve-foot circle of thick mats. The sunken floor gave the room that extra height that would make it comfortable for wrestling. The newborn was in her combo-chair, propped on the ledge of the upper level and Fiona was playing with her. She (Fiona) was wearing a one piece Bodyglove, midnight blue, and god she looked good! Three months after giving birth I did not expect the firm looking breasts and taut ass and the way the Bodyglove clung to her. Very nice! She had broad shoulder and solid looking arms and thighs and a nice swell to her calves. I told myself to avoid those legs at all cost! She was in excellent shape considering but patted her hips and confessed to still being eight pounds overweight. The reason she gave for this sounded good to me: "I'm still nursing and don't want to diet too strictly. Another month though and I'll be back in my bikini."

The Bodyglove was a halter style cut deep in the back. A little zipper up the front starting just above the waist was left open that seductive two inches! She took both my hands in hers and placed them against her breasts! Mmmmm---nice---firm----full----mm-mmmm!

"Not off limits." She said: "And we are wrestling so I expect to be handled, but try to be a little gentle. At least this one time, I'm still nursing."

Tongue-tied, standing there, I nodded my understanding. Very, very nice!! She showed me where to stash my stuff and I suited up.

"Do you mind if baby watches? I think she likes to watch her mom wrestle."

We squared off and she wrapped a hand around both my biceps---I did the same in return.

"Fourteen inches?" she quizzed.

"Uh huh." I tensed as hard as I could to give her a good feel----then she tensed and her muscles swelled to fill my hand! "Oh—my—god!!"

"Well, I'm not quite fourteen." she confessed. "Actually, not quite thirteen, but they are nice and hard, don't you think?" They might not be thirteen but they were hard and solid and I swear they were thicker than mine!

She twisted quickly and turned her hip into me and rolled me over her back and followed me down onto the mats! I was not a little unprepared—the last thing I expected was to be flipped by a new mother! I was able to break her grip on my arm and capture both her wrists but I ended up exactly where I did not want to be—between her legs! We were face to face, her thighs tight around my ribcage. She had the nicest smile and a twinkle in her eyes. She squeezed hard making me gasp but I continued to control her wrists and got her onto her back. She struggled with surprising strength to free her wrists all the while keeping the pressure on with her legs. Ten minutes later I was still struggling to get free of her legs—still trying to pin her arms—.

“So—how big are your leg muscles?”

She wants to make small talk? Now? The constant pressure she was applying with her legs---I could hardly breath!

“My thighs---gasp---twenty-two---gasp---calves---gasp---fifteen.”

We were both doing some heavy breathing at this point. Me, much more than her.

“Good proportions. Men are supposed to have a seven inch difference.” She was certainly more physical than Joanne. “I have a six inch difference, my calves are fourteen but thighs are only twenty---but feel how solid they are.” She was only five-six! Idiot that I am I released her wrists to check out her muscles and I can tell you that her thighs were like iron! I only got a token feel before she tightened her grip considerably causing me to wheeze and collapse and I suddenly realized what was happening. She had been toying with me—wearing me down—I couldn’t breathe and had to surrender. She released me and I rolled onto my back wondering if I had the strength to get to my feet. I was almost trashed—she had succeeded in leveling the playing field!

We took a break for water and while she tended to baby I got a little history lesson. The 'Circle' basically started when Jeff (her husband) had brought home this book of 'Creative Loveplay'*. The chapter on 'Love Games' explored wrestling and Jeff became obsessed. He kept challenging her to wrestle but she couldn't see the point since he was a man and was sure to win (or so she thought at that time). After months of insinuations he lightheartedly challenged her in Arlene’s presence. As usual Fiona declined but Arlene took up the challenge straight away. Fiona knew Arlene was gay so figured Jeff was safe enough, sexually anyway. Arlene whipped his ass! Frustrated him till he was aching, right there for her to see! Fiona was immediately converted. If little Arlene could do that so could she. Arlene showed her some moves and holds and arranged for her to wrestle with a couple of her 'men-friends' (Arlene didn't have 'boyfriends') to get some experience. She was surprised how quickly she could exhaust her male opponents using her leg power and was equally surprised at the arousal level. For four months while

Arlene wrestled Jeff, Fiona wrestled the men-friends, and the next time Jeff raised a challenge Fiona accepted. She had never seen him so excited and ten minutes into the contest she got him neatly wrapped up so he couldn't get free and he came in his shorts. For a while it was just four of them getting together once a month, but the 'Circle' was born.

“Aaarrggghhh—!”

“Is that a good one?” She asked. Oh god—was it ever! She had gotten me in a head lock when we squared off once more and pushed us over, I struggled to gain control but she had the moves down pat.

“Aah—aah—aah—” My head and my left arm were now trapped between her thighs and she was bending my right arm in a direction it wasn't engineered to bend! “Owwwww----” My shoulder was going to dislocate any second!

“Give?”

“Aahh—aahh—yes—oohhh!

I give!

I give—

—give---!”

The baby kicked up a little fuss so we took another break. “I think she knows when I'm winning.” I'm sure the baby didn't know or understand what was going on but just the same I wondered how this would subliminate later in life knowing her mom got her kicks wrestling men.

I made my 'Jesus you're strong.' admission.

“Not really, maybe well rehearsed or experienced but not strong. I haven't worked out in six months. But next time I'll show you strong.” She vowed.

Overall I did do slightly better, I got her pinned (once) and held her face down in a full nelson till she gave in (once). She repaid me by doing a number on my legs using her legs to bend mine past the point of no return till I squealed for release. I always thought I had reasonably strong legs so having them wrapped up by this 'out of shape' new mother was particularly distressing. Then to finish things off she got me face down while she straddled my back with both my arms neatly hammer locked and trapped under her

hanches. My cock thickened into the mats and I nearly came as I pictured her perched there with a smug look and her hands on her hips!

I showered and was told that her husband Jeff would want to meet me. I wasn't sure that this was a good idea.

"Don't worry. He might be a little bit cranky. He's always cranky after he wrestles Jo, she loves to tease him. But remember, he's in on this, so it's okay."

Jeff was a jovial type and shook my hand. "Welcome aboard, you're the new kid in town--you guys have fun?"

Fiona responded. "We did, and he took it easy on me, and I'm thankful." Which was a big lie. As far as I was concerned I had given my all. "Next time though I'll be a hundred percent and give him a real fight!" Thanks Fiona, looking forward to that!

He laughed: "Ahh, you let him win." he said playfully." He turned to me. "Have you wrestled Jo yet?"

"Yes, last month, she was my first."

"So you know about her legs then---." He grimaced. I grimaced. "Did you enjoy my wife?" The way it came out made me a little squirmy---the last thing I wanted was to be in the middle of a domestic. He picked up on my nervous tension right away and apologized. "Whoops, sorry, that came out wrong. Let's have a drink." He set out three glasses and poured ample shots of brandy. "You must understand why I'd be jealous and a little protective." I guess I did—not sure I would let my wife roll around on the mats with various guys.

"Yeah." Fiona cut in. "And he's cranky cuz he hasn't had a chance to wrestle me since last September and our next match

Isn't for two more months." She was baiting him, taunting. Her last match had been in October, by then she was seven months and was getting pretty big, but since it was only against Jason—she went for it! After that no one wanted to take the chance of accidentally hurting her. "Jason's a bigger wimp than Jeff." she scoffed. "We need another guy like Steve here, with some muscles." She was really pushing it. Not only that, they all thought that the match would be rather unfair---no one was keen to go two on one.

Jeff admitted that it was his match with Joanne around this time last year—she had really gotten him on the ropes. She pinned him almost immediately and for the whole hour she

tickled and pinched and fondled and teased. She finished him off by working him over from crotch to nose and back again with her ass, really turning his crank! He was pretty horny by the time he got home—fortunately they had discussed having their first.

Fiona saw me to the door “Thank you.” she said. “You’re a good sport.”

She was thanking me??

“Oh no—thank you—I had a fabulous time—and damn you’re good.” Again my attempt at a formal hug turned into a clutch and she kissed me square on the lips. Jeff was just in the next room!

“Fiona---your husband---!”

“Relax, I know he gets a ‘goodnight’ from Jo.” She moved in for another kiss and this time our tongues went to it!

Again I left with a huge erection as well as aching balls and sore ribs. The thought of being kept pinned for an hour was giving me enough ideas to keep me in fantasies---well--at least until my session with Arlene!

Back to the gym.

By now it was a Monday ritual: Arlene would catch up to me at one of the machines.

“Fiona says you’re a good sport and you actually won a couple.” We traded places doing twelve reps each while we chatted.

“She’s in really good shape.” I replied. “You’d never guess she was a new mother. And her legs----jeez”

“Yes, she mountain bikes every day and she has one of those three wheel baby jogger things.”

“Does she jog?”

“No, she roller blades.” Ah-ha, that explains the tight ass and great legs.

“Well she certainly has lots of stamina, she wore me down to a nub.”

“I’m your next opposition you know.”

“Yeah I know, and you’ve got to know I’m getting anxious.”

“Yeah, me too actually. We’ll have fun.”

Back to the gym.

Arlene had made herself scarce over the past two weeks, not ignoring me completely in the gym, just staying at a distance, but now here she was again. I was just finish off my first set of leg presses at four-o-five. I set the locks and as I moved aside she moved straight to the weight rack and added a forty-five pounder to each side. She slid into place and did twelve smooth reps. Four-ninety-five!! My turn and not wanting to be outclassed by a hundred and twenty pound female I moved into place and did nine reps fairly smoothly and forced out a wobbly tenth.

“So, it’s you and me this Wednesday.” She said. Once more I moved aside and once more she moved to the weight rack and once more she added another plate to each side!! Five-eighty-five!

“Yeah, at last.” I replied. As she moved into place she gave me this coy little smile then cranked out ten smooth reps! I stood there awe struck—she made it look easy! My turn, I wasn’t sure about this, if I lose control of this weight---but I eased it off the stops and surprised myself by doing seven reps! I moved aside and she went to the rack once more---six hundred and seventy-five pounds!! I stood mesmerized watching her thighs and on the fourth rep they quivered ever so slightly. I watched more closely and the striations become more pronounced and rippled over her thigh.

“Arlene!” I blurted. “Look at your thighs!” She did eight clean reps then held at half a rep teasing the muscles making the narrow fibre-like bands dance across the top of her legs! Unbelievable! As she cleared the machine she gave me a twisted smile.

“Okay—so—I guess I’ll see you Wednesday.” Her display of strength and musculature over, she retreated to the other end of the room per usual. But I know for sure she watched in the mirrors as I struggled to eke out four lousy reps.

Does this mean her legs are twice as strong as mine?

Arlene

We had the early slot at Fiona’s place and arrived minutes apart. I had mixed feelings about this match, I was eager because I had wanted to get my hands on Arlene since day

one, but now, apprehensive too. She had upped my weight ten to twenty pounds on ever machine! Apprehensive or not, knowing I was finally going to get to wrestle her was arousing and I had a solid woody. By now I had given up on trying to hide my excitement and just pulled my trunks on as best I could without being too obscene. She didn't waste any time changing, she was ahead of me and waiting in the 'ring'. She was wearing a two piece outfit, white and navy made out of a soft terry fabric, a bandeau top and micro shorts with a boy leg. (According to the Sears catalogue that's what they're called.) The bandeau easily covered her small but pert breasts and the shorts were cut off square at the thighs with zero inseam. They hung low on her waist and fitted perfectly over her compact ass and narrow hips. Very sexy little outfit, I found out later she had made it. She dropped to her knees then fell forward prone, and set her elbow into the mats.

"Arm wrestle." It was neither a question nor a demand, it was just something we were going to do. I followed her lead and we hooked thumbs.

During the little breaks that are normally taken between rounds I had arm wrestled with Joanne and Fiona. I didn't mention this before because I know you don't want to hear about my wins (the truth is I forgot). At the same time I don't want things to get out of perspective. The male 'face' will be glad to know that I beat Joanne easily and Fiona almost as easily, both arms, three out of three! But this was a whole different kettle of fish! Her biceps muscle flared up at the first contact.

"Tell me, why did you put the size of your arm on the card?" She asked. We pressurized slowly till my arm was at its maximum. She wasn't budging.

"I can't say, just one of those goofy things you do now and then." She was going to win this! Easily!!

"Well, not so goofy—it's probably what got you into the circle. Most guys mention a fascination with amazons or female domination. You came on kind'a macho-like, like a challenge and we all said: 'Okay, let's see what he's got.'" She (yes she! I had nothing left) was holding us in the neutral position and flexing real hard and damned if the striations didn't start to run across her arm muscle!

"Arlene---my god!!" She just wrinkled her nose and slammed my arm down. BAM!

"Again." She said. Another statement and again she held us neutral and tensed till the striations rippled across her arm then BAM! I was down again.

Then we squared off to wrestle. Knowing I wouldn't stand a chance against her formidable legs I expected that she would try for a quick scissors hold. But she didn't scissor me once! Oh sure, she used her legs to move me into positions and to immobilize

me or prevent my movement, but she never once scissored me into submission. It started as an 'arms battle' and Jesus was she ever powerful! In the first ten minutes I had already submitted twice, once to a nasty little wrist lock, once to a painful arm bar! After another half dozens submissions I could barely raise my arms.

We took a break and I finally got the lowdown on the 'hockey guy' thing. Evidently two guys from a hockey team had tried to ambush her in the ladies room of a bar. They deduced incorrectly from her size that she would be 'easy pickin's'. They also made the mistake of moving in one at a time. The first guy moved in and she kicked his legs out from under him. She hung onto him as he went down making sure her legs were clear so she could scissor his chest. In the five seconds it took his buddy to respond to his screams of pain she had cracked four ribs and was rolling away. The second guy came in confused, watching his buddy writhing on the floor, and she got a quick knee to his groin. He reacted by grabbing for his balls and bending forward just in time to get his face pulled down into her other knee! She left one moaning and gasping for breath, the other on his knees---one hand holding his crotch, the other trying to contain his bleeding nose. She made a quick exit but not before she stopped at the bar and reported that two guys were having one-hell-uv-a fight in the ladies room. She got a real kick out of knowing they would never let on to the contrary.

I guess she figured my arms had had enough so she assailed my legs. One hold after another---all very nasty---all very painful! I had no idea there were that many different legs holds. Most of the time I couldn't see what she was doing. One hold she got me in was similar to a 'crab', I was face down with my knees lifted off the mat. She bent my ankles somehow causing my calf muscles to cramp up. Ever had a cramp in your calf? Then you know how painful it is! Well imagine having both calves cramped up at the same time and someone turning it off and on! She finished my legs off with a deadly figure four that left me almost in tears. She did get her legs wrapped tightly around my ribs once, but only to hold me long enough to put the finishing touches to a full nelson. Thankfully she wasn't using all her strength, just enough to keep me under control, any more pressure that what she was using would have knocked me out!

There is no easy way for me to admit to this: Arlene (wo)manhandled me---overpowered me and completely dominated the match. My concern about her legs being twice as strong was eclipsed by the fact that her arms were easily twice as strong as well! Complete and utter annihilation! With ten minutes to go I was whipped, exhausted and lay back on the mats. She moved in and covered me in a pin and she guessed by the lack of resistance that I had no fight left.

"Had enough?"

"Ohhhhh yes. Jesus you're strong!" There I go again.

“Surprised?”

She dropped back and pulled me to a sitting position and straddled my lap. She wriggled her butt into the place where her ass and thigh settled pleasantly against my solid member. I was having trouble staying on topic.

“Jesus yes, you don’t look nearly that strong. You clobbered me!” She flexed for me and I wrapped my hand around a smallish but rock hard muscle.

“Well I surprise most people. By some fluke my body composition is mostly fast twitch muscle. That means it’s impossible for me to get big muscles, but fast twitch muscle tends to be very powerful. Hold on.” No problem! I was in seventh heaven sitting there with my hand wrapped around her bi and her ass nestled against my cock! She rotated her wrist ever so slightly and now I could feel the striations running back and forth. Unbelievable---I stiffened noticeably---she wormed her butt and found a new position that accommodated my thickening member. I was beginning to understand my initial fascination with her, one of nature’s designs. I wondered how many guys picked up on the subliminal message. Her mouth was very close so I figured ‘why not’? I pressed my lips to hers and what a kiss!! Passionate, but not rough, somehow yielding, tender!

“Are you sure you’re gay?” I just had to ask.

“Yeah, but I told you I enjoy men. And I just love to tease.”

We had to clean up and exit the mats because Jason and Fiona were up next but apparently we were allowed to take refuge in the kitchen. She apologized, saying she had to run, but I should take my time, have my shower and there was beer in the fridge if I wanted. She did promise that next time she would hang around for a beer and join me in the shower!

With that promise I hit the shower---as cold as I could stand for about ten minutes---till things subsided.

When I was done and dressed I went after that beer! Fiona was there, suited up in a fawn colored bikini, awaiting Jason. Baby was already propped on the ledge.

“Mmmm, looking good.” I gave her two thumbs up. There was a re-awakening of the thing I had tamed in the shower.

“S’coming, I’m a pound ahead of schedule.” She turned her back to me and thrust out a hip.

“How many more to go?” She turned and faced me and gave me the hip again.

“Down to ‘that’ last five. But look my abs are coming back!” She stood up straight and pulled her tummy in and sure enough---two vertical columns of muscle were clearly visible. “Oops, there’s Jason, but you can relax, finish your beer, I’m sure you can find your way out.” She closed the connecting door tightly---all I could hear were murmurs. Then it went quiet---Jason must be changing.

I put my feet up and contemplated my matches to date getting myself all worked up in the process.

Arlene: she literally clobbered me! I would probably never ever win a round from her.

Joanne: if I could ignore her teasing (yeah sure) I should be able to defeat her---c’mon, after all---like Arlene says: “a forty year old mother of three.”!

The murmuring started once more then there was some commotion. The match had begun. Almost immediately there was a loud wail of pain---a ‘male’ wail---that subsided into a moan then into a constant whimper. She must be killing him---I was dying to take a peek. But how would I feel about spectators when I was whining out my submissions. I settled into my beer to the drone of Jason’s whimpering---what is she doing to him?

Fiona: well I didn’t do too badly---admittedly, she was out of shape---but look at her now---was I intimidated by the two columns of ab muscles? You wanna believe it! My chances next time would be iffy at best!

I finished off my beer and let myself out thinking about Hazel. I still had to have my turn with her and I do remember that she was not too big and very attractive. My joint lurched in my jeans just thinking about the possibility of coming up with one victory.

Back to the gym.

This Monday Arlene caught up to me at the bench press station.

“Jesus you are one strong lady.” I restated, shaking my head. I had a twenty-five pound disc on each end of a forty-four pound olympic bar. She just smiled.

“Yeah and not a bad wrestler either?” She offered.

“An excellent wrestler. Where did you learn all those holds?” I completed the twelve reps required by my program and slid out from under the bar.

“Finished your warm-up?” Somehow I just knew I was going to get shown up. She replaced the twenty-five pounders with forty-fives, slid under the bar, “Spot me.” and did twelve smooth reps. “Are the matches going the way you expected? Are you having fun?”

I took my time settling under the bar. “Well---the matches aren’t going exactly the way I expected but I am having fun. The competition is pretty fierce!” I pushed the bar off the hooks.

“Well we ‘girls’ do like to win some of the time.” She chuckled. It would be nice if I won some of the time, I thought to myself. I lowered the weight slowly and did a half rep. Five of these, half reps, was all I could manage before I had to drop the bar back onto its hooks.

“You like to embarrass me don’t you?”

“Yep. But don’t get too upset, I can embarrass most men. I can do twice that.”

“You can’t---.” I blurted---unbelieving! She turned to the weight rack.

“Help me.” And I followed her lead as she added another forty-five pound disc and a twenty-five to her end of the bar. She prattled as we loaded the bar: “Hazel’s heard lots of good things about you and she’s looking forward.”

I was glad they were saying good things about me and I was dying to know the details.

“I’ve only met her the once, when we had the interview.”

“She’s a lot of fun, but I should warn you, she’s the master of combinations.”

She offered the bench to me.

“Ahhh, oh no, ladies first.” She slid under the bar and adjusted her grip. I slid into a trance of disbelief, taken by the long slim fingers with the painted nails and a barbell weighing one-seventy-four going down and up and down and up! Jeez!! She did seven smooth reps with just the tiniest hesitation on the eighth!

I took my position under the bar and pressed it off the hooks---but that was it---I knew if I unlocked my elbows the weight would be out of control! She gave me a disgusted look as I instantly set the bar back onto the hooks and she waltzed away with an exaggerated swing to her shapely hips. What a tease!

Hazel

There's one woman in a hundred that can wear leather pants with panache---Hazel was one of them (I find nothing worse than a woman who is poured into skin-tight pants!). Hazel's were just snug in the right places---around her thighs and over her buns! We had the early shift and she was running a little late---real estate can be murder on a schedule. I was already suited up---anxiously waiting---under control---then she comes strolling in in those pants---! Warm blood rushed to my groin. It didn't take her more than five minutes to change (speed record for a woman!) and we were face to face on the mats. She gave me a self-conscious grin. Her shoulder-length hair was pulled back from her face and knotted into a pony-tail---adorable---more warm blood! She was nicely tanned---everywhere---and wearing an itsy-bitsy thong bikini, hazelnut brown to match her hair and eyes. The three triangles were just big enough to make it legal. I did notice though that the straps were more substantial and I had the idea it was custom made for her---for wrestling?---maybe one of Arlene's creations? More hot blood! The only time we had met previously was at the interview and even though she was dressed for business I guessed that she was in pretty good shape---but this was insane!

"Nice outfit." I croaked just about slobbering. She did a three-sixty. She was head to toe muscles! Not big bulky muscles but shapely, defined, cut, peaked muscles! All over! Plus all the womanly attributes, small bones, long neck, wide shoulders, narrow waist, nicely rounded hips and ass and delicious breasts! A torrent of hot blood! She could have stepped right off the pages of one of those fitness mags! By the time we were ready to wrestle I was stiff as a board! Wrestling this exquisiteness was the last thing from my mind---I just wanted to drop to my knees---! With all those muscles she had just shattered my dream about winning this match-up. I was stunned---I'm sure I was standing there with my eyes popping and my mouth hanging open---must look like a goof!

"Well?" she asked.

"Umm---well---ah---yes." I stammered and broke out of my reverie. "Umm---I guess we should wrestle."

She broke into a grin, ear to ear. "Yeah---let's wrestle."

She went into a crouch with her hands at the ready and I copied her stance and we circled. She suddenly pivoted, twisted away from me. She went full circle and as she came back around she rapped me solidly behind the knees with an outstretched leg knocking me to my knees. She was behind me in one step and reached over my shoulder and grabbed my left wrist with her right hand. In one smooth motion she pulled my arm up and back, slid her left arm over my elbow and locked onto her own wrist. At the same

time her legs encircled me at the waist, so I was neatly locked up---just like that! Less than a minute into the match!!

“Now---.” she said. “some pressure?” Question? Threat? Then she proceeded to bend my arm and squeeze my waist and I submitted on her second request.

Arlene had warned me that Hazel was a master of combinations so I shouldn't have been surprised when the next two rounds ended with me in a similar situation. What was surprising was her efficiency!

We squared off and circled. She got both hands behind my neck and using a lot of force pulled me forward and off balance. I ended on my hands and knees right where she could easily drop to her knees as well, wrap her thighs around my head and lock on! Then it was nothing for her to reach over and grab my wrist with both hands and pull it up and behind my back in a hammerlock! Leaving me again, neatly wrapped up, her in charge, with only one free arm to fight her off?

Again we circled---to the right---I reached out for her and she took a quick step left---of course I followed her but in the same time it took me to take my one ponderous step to the left she took three to the right and was behind me---her arms up and under mine---her hands locked behind my neck---and a little jump to wrap her legs around my waist! I could feel her solid delts and bis as she forced my head forward and my arms back! Her legs tightened around my waist and I was breathing hard and the weight of her soon made me drop to my knees.

“Your best bet is to go sideways.” She prompted. I could only go forward or sideways---forward from here would leave me face down---bad plan. I rolled sideways and since this is what she wanted too, it was easy enough. She alternated between applying the full nelson till I yelped and scissoring my waist till I wheezed. She punished me like this for a few minutes then I felt her tongue behind my ear! Ohhhh---more hot blood!

“Get ready.” She warned. “Here comes both.”

“Ooohhh noooo.”

She tightened both holds and continued to nibble and lick at my ear! I was going wild! The sensation of helplessness combined with the teasing----!

“Ooohhhh----enough----uncle.” She eased off and started to draw away---the back of one of her legs was eased into my groin and she pulled up slowly till her heel engaged my nuts---then down---then up again----! Then she rolled away quickly---for sure she had

checked me out and knew I had a monster in my briefs! She sat cross-legged à la Joanne--I knew my face was hot and flushed----she was grinning!

I gained some composure and sat facing her.

I was awestruck and I just had to know: "Where did you get those muscles?"

"I was more or less born with them. I have those genes."

"Lucky you. Do you work out?"

"Not really, I go to the gym once a week just to keep everything hard. I was the penultimate tomboy. I could make a muscle when I was eight." She flexed her arm and a perfectly shaped biceps popped up, about the size of an orange, the two heads distinctly visible! She laughed---that self-conscious laugh again---though I had no idea what she had to be self-conscious about. "All the boys loved to feel and test my arm muscle and they were always hitting-on me to arm wrestle." She continued. "When I was eleven I beat the shit out of the schoolyard bully, he was fourteen, made him cry for everyone to see." She chuckled. "And that quelled lot of the competition."

I could only shake my head in awe. She got neatly to her feet from this position by pushing off with just her legs. I had the perfect view to see all the leg muscles bunch and flex. Wow!

"We'll have time to chat later, let's wrestle."

She reached down and helped me to my feet then proceeded to stalk me---three more deadly combinations later---a head scissor/leg lock, a figure four head scissor/wrist lock then a double hammerlock while I was held face down, my head trapped between her knees---time for another break---thank god!

"Jesus you're strong!"

She flexed her left arm and made a gun with her right hand. She pointed and fired from hip level.

"Fourteen inches."

"You're joking."

"Unh unh. Go ahead, test it if you want."

Her offer was too good to refuse. Once my right hand was nicely wrapped around the hardest biceps muscle I've ever felt she flexed her right arm and I stood there in heaven--both hands engaged, my cock going ka-thump, ka-thump! Now I understood why listing my fourteen inch biceps on my cards didn't garner the interest I expected at my interview---they already knew all about a fourteen inch arm muscle.

"Well?" she asked. Well---I knew from testing my own they were at least fourteen, maybe more but it didn't matter anyways because they were solid and dense and---oh shit---much harder and more defined than mine! Now or ever would be!

"Beautiful---just superb."

"Not every guy appreciates feminine muscle."

"So I've heard, what's their problem?"

"We have time for a couple more?"

"Okay, sure." I must be an idiot! Suddenly I realized how exhausted I was. On every hold she had added pressure slowly giving me time to struggle even though we both knew she could subdue me easily, whenever she was ready. She was so smooth on the attack I was scared to approach her—she was able to get me down in seconds---then wrapped up a few seconds after that. She seemed to have some kind of a game plan.

So once more I was down in a flash! Face down---she was on her knees straddling my back. She grabbed me by the upper arms and with a mighty heave rolled onto her back taking me with her. Of course her legs came around to encircle me. Surprisingly she didn't go for a combo---just the scissors.

"Tap when you want me to ease off."

I was about to get worked over in the giant vice she called 'legs'!

She applied pressure little by little while I did my best to hang in as long as possible before tapping out. Five rounds of this and she knew exactly how hard to squeeze to make me tap out immediately. Then without warning she crushed me twice as hard! I cried out in pain and terror, waving my arms in anguish as the pain coursed all the way through my rib cage and my breathing all but ceased! She held fast for about ten seconds---I could not breath---and I could feel my face turning red and when she let me go I folded into a fetal attitude, moaning.

"Oooooowww---."

“That was about fifty---sixty percent.” She declared.

“Oooooowww---.” Like I needed to know that---cripes---she could kill someone! She stood facing me and flexed her right leg, pointing her toe and proceeded to give me an anatomy lesson. Her muscles were so clearly defined it was like looking at one of those muscle charts. She started by pointing to the outside of her thigh and worked her way inwards---she knew all the Latin names. “Vastus lateralis, rectus femoris, vastus medialis, adductor magnus.” Then she turned her back to me and continued, starting at the outside again: “Vastus lateralis, biceps femorus, adductor magnus.” This was all very educational I’m sure but I couldn’t take my eyes off her calf muscle---the inner and outer heads were separated by a clear-cut line---the outer head had a long portion that ran from the back of her knee down to her ankle, another, shorter portion sat on top of this. The inner portion ran wider, thicker, and halfway down her leg! The most fabulous gastrocnemius I’ve ever seen!

I was on my knees just getting ready to stand when she made her move on me. She pulled my face into her tummy and lifted her right leg over my left shoulder. She rolled back, taking me with her, and brought her left leg up and under my right arm, her shin ended across my back. She hooked her feet together, keeping me under control. She eased onto her left side then fine-tuned the scissors hold into a compact figure four. Using both hands she pinned my right wrist to the mat. My chin was jammed against her pelvis bone and she curled up so our eyes were no more than a foot apart. The hard knot of her calf muscle pressed into the back of my head and her abs were pulled taut. In this position her generous breasts were overflowing the skimpy bra. She pouted and pursed her lips and sent me one sexy air kiss! With my groin in the mats it was all I could do to keep from cumming! I was wrapped up once more in one of her great combinations and I expected that I would get my arm twisted. But she had a more effective method. By keeping my wrist pressed to the mat and simply rotating her body ever so slightly shards of excruciating pain ran through my shoulder and down my arm. I squealed and squirmed all the while waiting for my shoulder to explode. As she eased off she sent me another air kiss. Oh god this was terrible---a killer combination times two! The holds plus the pleasure and pain!

The shower was as cold as I could stand and I was getting ‘things’ under control when she cracked open the door and stuck in a hand. “Brrrr, that’s freezing.” She complained. “Turn on some hot.”

I turned on some hot. “How’s that?”

“Much better.” Then she slipped in with me! Naked!!

She had what I always called a 'puff'---layers of gauzy cloths tied together with a string so there was a six inch tail. (I checked in Meijers and found out that it is actually called a 'bath flower'.)

"I'll scrub your back then you can scrub mine. Turn around." I reluctantly turned my back to her---she was soaping up the 'puff'. "Hands on the wall, feet apart."

"What is this, a strip search?" she ignored my comment and began by scrubbing the back of my neck then worked her way down over my shoulders. Ask me if that didn't feel good!

"Mmmmm----." The 'thing' was once more completely out of control. In order to reach the length of my arms she had to move in close---her firm breasts pressed into my back. Mmm-mm! She scrubbed her way under my arms, gave my back a real good rub then moved onto my butt.

"You're in pretty good shape." She said "Nice tight buns." A compliment from her ---yes! She dropped to one knee so she could do my legs---working from the back and reaching around to do my thighs. A few times she came dangerously close to my 'equipment' creating shivers of excitement.

She stood and I knew she was soaping up the 'puff' once more. I remained, hands still against the wall in anticipation and recoiled when she whacked me over the head with the 'puff' sending soapy water flying.

"Do me."

We both turned and she copied the stance, hands against the wall, feet astride. I paid her back with a whack on the head with the 'puff' then started scrubbing her neck.

"Soft or hard?" I asked. She bent slightly so her ass pressed against my woody.

"C'mon, you've got to know I like it hard!" I followed her lead and scrubbed her neck then worked my way down over her shoulders and back. I tried to reach around to do her breasts but got pushed aside:

"Later---." She said. I continued down her back onto her ass then onto one knee to work on her legs. In these close quarters with the hot steamy water the sexual tension was just thrumming! I also work around her crotch and purposely came dangerously close several times but she didn't flinch! She turned to face me , hands braced on the side walls and I worked my way back up, thighs, crotch, abdomen, breasts. This time she

didn't stop me. I finished off by giving her neck a real hard scrub, front and back, while she rotated her head in what was a very sensual move.

She relieved me of the 'puff', re-soaped and started back on me where I had left off on her---my neck. She worked her way across and down giving my shoulders chest and abs a really good scrub. She re-soaped once more and ran the 'flower' abruptly into my groin! The excess water ran down the inside of my leg and the effervescence from the soap and my balls enveloped in the 'petals' of the 'flower', my knees shook and I just about collapsed---my attempt to hold back ended in a sorrowful moan and then I was cumming---full force: BAM BAM BAM BAM into the puff!

"Mmmmmmm---." With the 'puff' still tickling my balls she reached behind my head and pulled my mouth to hers and our tongues clashed till I was breathless!

I tried to relieve her of the puff but she held on tight.

"It's okay, you don't have to reciprocate."

"But I'd really like to."

"It's okay, really, how about you owe me one, okay?"

"Owe you? Like for next time?" Oh please god, make her say yes---I want there to be a next time---and a next---and a next---!

"Yeah," she said, I nearly had a heart attack, "something like that."