

Thirteen Inch Arms

By BenJ

I wouldn't have been half so self-conscious if it hadn't of been my first time call at this customer I wanted on my list. They were two hours away by plane so I had caught a flight out Friday morning. My game plan was to get there about eleven, do the intros and the tour, go to lunch, then do my spiel. With any luck we'd call it quits about three. That's about as late as anyone really works on Friday afternoon anyways. I'll tell you more about Gayle later, but she had slipped a card into my sample case, so the first thing everyone saw was this envelope tied with pink and yellows bows. I quickly put it aside but not before everyone had a little tee-hee at my expense. Quite embarrassing, but it did cut a bit of the ice. I had to stay overnight and get the return plane in the morning so it wasn't 'till I got settled into my hotel room that I finally got back to Gayle's card. It was addressed to me in her fancy script with hearts and X's and O's.

I pulled apart the bows, opened the envelope and pulled out a card that was blank! No picture, no verse, blank, except for 'G'. I turned it over several times looking for--?? Then I scrutinized the envelope. Nothing. The bows? Come to think of it they did look a little odd, like home made. I figured Gayle had knocked them together at the last minute. When I inspected them closer I found they were made from seamstress' tapes, very inventive. I pulled them all apart and got four pieces cut off at the thirteen-inch mark. Something was beginning to twig. Not so last minute!

About a year ago Gayle had joined this fitness club and started working out with weights. I've got to admit it's made quite a difference, she's firmed up all over and shed some fat around her tum' and bum. Probably most noticeable is the way she stands, with her tummy in and shoulders back. But back to the bows. She had come home one night with this chart and I helped her take her measurements and record them. There was some discussion about her arm muscles and how they were supposed to be no more than one inch smaller than her leg. I remember she was really pissed off because her calf was almost fourteen and her arm was not even twelve! That had to be it! I couldn't think of anything else that revolved around a cloth tape measure and thirteen inches. That was great then, she's done well! What was it she said? "With thirteen inch arms I'll be more muscular than you!" I kidded her about protecting me from the big bad girls, she wanted to know who would protect me from her.

I can't remember exactly, it must be six months ago, we had to measure up again. She was really pleased and excited. She had added almost half an inch to her arms and was somewhere around twelve-an-a-half. I was surprised that she had grown that much. She teased me about closing in on me and how when she got to thirteen she would be bigger than me. Of course I differed. She insisted. "Proportionally I will be more muscular than

you!" I teased her about turning into an amazon, she protested. "Well, maybe a little amazon". I wasn't too concerned except I did pick up a dumbbell once or twice a week and pumped out a dozen or so curls.

I called her later: "I see congratulations are in order!"

"I wasn't sure you'd figure it out."

"So it's true then. Wow!"

"Both!" She bragged.

"That's really great! Just wonderful!"

We made some other small talk. She had arranged for the kids to spend the weekend with the neighbors kids, which meant some 'fun and games' were planned. That is, once I finished her list of chores.

"Well congrats again. Love ya".

"Love you too, and thanks."

"Bye. Call you tomorrow."

"By the way, my proportions are perfect now and I'm more muscular than you! Bye."

Well, the rotten little teaser! I had no success calling her back, she was monitoring the machine. She was still checking in the morning, she could tell it was me by the area code and would let it go through to the message: "I'm at the gym exercising my perfect proportions. Leave a message if you like but I won't call." Well the little rat! Just thinking about her working out, her muscles all buff, was making me stiff!

I got home just before lunch and quickly changed out of my suit. Gayle was still in her tracksuit, pattering around. Every attempt I made to test her arm was rebuffed.

"No! Not now. Later." She was keeping me on a string and I got myself all worked up speculating about the muscles under her jacket. We worked on some of the chores and we went shopping which took up most of the afternoon and we picked up some take-out and a couple of bottles of wine. We opened the wine as soon as we got back and she slipped onto my lap. She still had on her tracksuit but at last I got a feel of this great arm. Wow! It felt like a wood carving, solid and hard! So was I and she moved her ass against me to let me know that she knew too!

"Pour us another while I slip into something---!"

"Are you settled?" She peeked from the next room, saw I was sitting with my wine and pointed the remote to start the tape player. What is going on? Some background applause then an announcers voice: 'Next up Gayle Bruce---' and music started: Bob Seeger's 'Like a Rock'. I'll bet my jaw dropped a foot! Her little outfit was a real stunner. A really racy string thing, three long narrow diamond shaped pieces of material all joined to a ring at her navel. All three pieces appeared to be identical and were about two inches wide at the most. One piece went thong-like under her crotch while the other two went up and (just barely) covered her breasts. The material was pulled taut over her tits, clearly outlining her nipples. The whole thing fastened to a ring centered in her back. Her back was bare except for the strings that looked like a giant spider. She took a position in front of me and started posing.

'---Gayle's from Perrysberg, she's five six, and weighs one-thirty-two---' She moved with the music posing and flexing her muscles while the announcer continued. '---she has tremendous calf development along with a nice sweep to her thighs---' She went up on her toes flexing all the muscles up the front of her leg. '---you can see Gayle's been doing her lunges---' She turned her back to me and stood astride. '---look at the way her hamstrings connect with her glutes---' She squeezed her bum muscles. '--- like one continuous muscle. Tremendous!' It really was tremendous, what a sweet ass! She made more turns and twists in time with the music as the announcer rambled on. With her back to me she placed her fists on her hips and pulled her elbows forward. 'Now here's something you don't see often on an amateur, look at the nice 'V' where her lats meet her shoulders!'

Then she brought her arms out to her sides, I thought she would flex her biceps, but she kept raising her arms till they were straight overhead and flexed her back muscles. Holeee '---Gayle's married with two kids---' She rotated her wrists making her triceps bunch up and stretched her lats and at the same time swiveled out one toe flexing her calf muscle. I didn't know where to look first! My god, look at all those muscles! '--- and she's very muscular considering she spends only about six hours a week in the gym---' Wow! What a sexy body, my groin was tingling. She caught my eye as I roved up and down and gave me a broad wink that sent a spasm straight to my cock. What a racy show! '---lately Gayle's been working hard on her shoulders...'. She turned sideways and did that straight arm pose. You could see the lines of separation between her delts, tris and bis. Fantastic! '...in preparation for an onslaught on her biceps which she says are out of proportion---'

She flexed her arms in a variety of poses, front, back, side, then front again. '---her goal right now is to pack another half inch onto her upper arm and bring them up to fourteen inches---' She moved into a double biceps pose which she held for a while giving me time

to get a good eyeful then she rotated her fists making the muscle slide and bunch, slide and bunch! Oh man! I was surprised at how much difference one inch of muscle made. '--- and improve the definition in her abs---' She made a couple more overall poses as the music started to fade and as a finale stood facing me with her feet astride, on her toes, Stomach in, chest out, shoulders back, fists turned into her waist, flexing every muscle! '---nicely done Gayle!' She bowed and waved as the canned applause started and made her exit. What a terrific little package! I applauded with them, what a neat performance! A 'strip' had never gotten me this excited. Her little show had me teased me real good and I hooted unsuccessfully for an encore.

She returned with her workout book and handed me the tape. I knew the drill, she flexed and I measured and recorded. First of all I should explain that her thighs now measured twenty-one and her calves measured fourteen. Exactly the seven inch difference prescribed.

"Half an inch won't give you fourteen though." I corrected.

"Yeah." She considered. "Not quite, but half an inch will bring my calves and biceps into line. More than you can say!"

I mouthed 'brat', she blew me a pouty little kiss. She was left handed so she expected her left arm to be the bigger but for some reason this wasn't the case, her right arm measured thirteen and a quarter and her left was about an eighth of an inch smaller!

"C'mon, get it right. Measure the biggest part. Here."

I measured again in the area she had spanned with her thumb and finger but it didn't make any difference. So with thirteen inch plus biceps she was certainly pushing the window! After the measuring-up she didn't stop boasting but she didn't stop me from pawing and groping either. I was getting hornier by the minute thinking about her hot little bod and her neat 'pose down'. She flexed or tensed for me every time I tested and what really surprised me was the density, if that's the right word. Not just in her arm muscle but everywhere! She seemed to be thick with muscle all over! We worked around serving up our dinner and keeping our glasses topped up. I made a detour to the family room to start the fireplace and noticed that the gym mats had been left out.

"What's doin' downstairs?"

"Well, I thought we could negotiate."

"No, I mean with the mats."

"Not with the mats, silly, on the mats."

I wasn't too swift, I was still trying to figure my way through "negotiate", and she's talking about "on the mats"? Finally I got it, I gave her a quizzical look.

"Wouldn't you like to go best two out of three against my thirteen inch 'guns'?" She laughed at her use of the bodybuilding term. "See how well you can do against your little amazon."

"As a matter of fact yeah, I have thought about it---but where does the negotiating fit in?"

"Well I just think about Julia Roberts when she played Pretty Woman. She got three thousand dollars for eighty-eight inches of skinny legs that she was born with, like she didn't have to work out or nothing. I figure I should get the same."

"Three thousand bucks?"

"No, silly, It works out to thirty-four dollars an inch."

"So--?"

"Well, I figure if you lose, you owe me twenty-six $\frac{3}{8}$ times thirty-four."

"Mmmm, which is--?"

"Eight-ninety-six seventy-five."

She obviously had this all prepared but nine hundred bucks!?

"What if I win?"

"Never considered that." She quipped, giggled, then countered. "Okay we'll both put up a paycheque. Winner take all."

That sounds better, her check would buy me a new suit and maybe a decent dress watch and losing one pay would hurt but not make me bleed.

"Deal?" She offered her hand.

Why not?

"Okay, deal."

We shook and I got to thinking that she was awfully anxious to make this deal.

"You're getting off easy though, that's not even twenty bucks an inch!"

I changed into the low rise 'Speedo' she had gotten me "for the occasion", topped up our glasses and went down and waited 'ringside'. She came down shortly wearing a short robe. She had washed off all her makeup and moussed her hair and parted it at the side and combed it back over her ears. She slipped off her slides and dropped the robe at the same time and strode to the corner of the mats opposite me. I guess she saw my eyes pop 'cause the coyest grin flicked across her face. I couldn't get over how great she looked and the effect her muscles were having on my groin. She had changed into a snug muscle shirt and it looked like she had on a tight bandeau underneath which flattened her breasts. Her 'Speedo' briefs matched mine and she had slipped an athletic cup down into her crotch! The symbolism sent me reeling. She turned to show off.

"Well? Do you like my jock look?"

The only thing I could think of is that she looked really handsome, like one of those Greek statues, Adonis or Apollo with all the chiseled muscles!

"Ready?"

She didn't wait for my response but took a stance and started advancing on me! I was not ready! I'm thinking that this is absolutely ridiculous. This is my wife I'm going to wrestle and I was fast realizing that I was going to lose a paycheque! I didn't have a chance against all those hard little muscles (even though they're little) and the way she's been working out she's in much better shape than me! My groin was going nuts. I didn't have the luxury of a 'cup' either and the tight little 'Speedo' didn't hide a thing, the effect she was having on me was very evident! I matched her stance and retreated while she circled and the match was on! Well, not only was she incredibly strong, she was quick and agile and she was all over me! She knew more holds and levers and releases and had obviously been practicing and she seemed to anticipate my every move. I don't know exactly how long the first two rounds lasted but it wasn't that long. She quickly had me screaming 'surrender' and begging for release!

In the first round she got my head scissored from behind then she bent my left arm back and intertwined her arms under and over and secured the hold by bending my wrist forward. Then she applied pressure. While her thighs tightened around my head her arms tightened the wristlock 'till the pain rocketed through my arm. I squirmed to get free (I was going to say struggled) and I was surprised that I couldn't get her to relent.

"Quit?"

Not even a little! I thought she was going to snap my wrist.

"Surrender?" She asked patiently (she had all the time in the world).

"Uncle!" I cried. "Uncle!"

"I'm not your uncle." She just wanted an excuse to torture me. "Surrender?"

I didn't know or care about the difference.

"Jeez! Yes! I surrender!"

She released me and we separated and got to our feet, I nursed my wrist.

"Owww--"

My groin was in turmoil, this was no time to be hard as a rock and pulsing.

"Oh. Poor baby." She paced back and forth impatiently letting me work out the ache.

"C'mon. Let's go." She hastened.

I took a stance that said I was ready even though I would have really liked to back out, and round two was on. We had only circled half a turn when she attacked, catching me completely off guard! She led with a straight arm that she got behind my head, then she went up on her toes so she could bring her weight down, forcing me to bend over. This was ridiculous. She didn't waste a second. Simultaneously she wrapped one leg behind mine and with her other arm tucked under mine she pushed off. We tumbled together onto the mats, she still had her leg intertwined with mine and her arm wrapped around my neck. I could feel the hard knot of her calf muscle against mine and her solid thigh crushed into my groin and a hard lump of arm muscle was pressing into the back of my neck. I worked to get untangled but her thigh in my groin was pushing one of my hot buttons! I didn't know if she was doing this on purpose or not, but if she kept it up I would cream my trunks!

Thankfully she worked herself to the side. At last I saw an opening and grabbed onto her wrist. This was short lived 'cause she had made it to her knees and simply placed one knee into my forearm, forced it to the mat and twisted loose. Then like a cat she threw her other leg over my chest straddling me and proceeded to put my arms down into a pin. She was nearly successful! Too nearly! Unsettling as all hell and demonstrating some

tremendous upper body strength! I twisted away under her. As I twisted one way she leaned the other then quickly bounced back and we rolled together. The momentum kept us going till I was face down and at this point she was straddling my back! She forced her arms up under mine and clasped her hands together behind my neck, locking me in a full nelson. This is stupid. I out-weigh her by almost forty pounds! I pulled one knee up under me, then the other in a display of brute strength. I made it onto my knees.

She just held her grip and rode up on my back. This is as far as I got 'cause she slid back so she was kneeling on the mat behind me. We were both on our knees, more or less upright. She put her right leg out to the side and tipped us over onto our left side and when we recovered we were both sitting. She still had me in the full nelson and I was wondering why she hadn't asked me to 'surrender'. Then like in one of those slow motion dreams that you just can't stop and can't figure out why, she brought her knees up beside me and extended her legs. I watched helplessly, knowing what was coming, as she hooked her ankles together right there in front of me, then squeezed. Ooohhh shit!! My breath was not coming and I was wrapped up good. She tightened both grips 'till my breath was coming in little bursts. Between the bursts I managed to gasp:

"Lem---ego---nuff--"

She held on relentlessly! I didn't need any prompting, I knew what she wanted:

"Sss---ren---end--der--" I finally gasped.

"Did you just surrender?" She was being a bitch.

I blurted out a "Y--e--s--!" Just gagging for breath.

She eased off slightly allowing me to breath.

"Say it again." I hesitated for a second and she applied pressure full bore again making me cry out. This time when she eased off I didn't waste any time with my submission.

"Surrender...I surrender." She released me and pushed herself away by placing her feet in the middle of my back, leaving me gasping for breath.

"Wimp!" I was sweating and breathing like a horse, she had barely worked up sheen.

"That's game over baby, you didn't do so good. I should'a held you to the nine hundred bucks!"

By the time I struggled to my feet she was standing on the edge of the mats sipping her wine.

"Kiss me." She ordered. I moved towards her and she held me back when I tried to take her in my arms and kiss her mouth.

"Uh uh. Not there. Here..." She flexed up her arm muscle and pointed her finger to the top of the muscle. Oh the rotten bitch! I kissed where she pointed, my groin went nuts.

"---thirteen kisses---" she moved her finger around an inch.

"---and here---" My cock spasmed.

"---and here---" And that was it. I couldn't take any more. I was cumming the hard way! My knees gave out and I planted kisses down the length of her as I sank to my knees then onto all fours. The cum shot through my cock, soaking the front of the 'Speedo'. The spasm was so intense it felt like a rod coursing the length of my dick! She stood and watched patiently 'till I was in my last throes then she raised a foot and placed it on the back of my head in a victory stance.

"Worth a paycheck, isn't that right baby?" She knew she had pushed one of my hot buttons! Losing it while kissing her arm muscle was a dead give-away! "Worth ever penny, right?"

I moaned in ecstasy and my cock took a couple more spasms. She pushed harder with her foot and I dropped my head in submission. Then while she held my head against the mat she taunted me some more.

"Well----what do you say to your little amazon now?" I moaned in despair.

"Am I more muscular?"

"Yes." I conceded.

"Am I stronger?"

"Yes. Much."

"Do you find my muscles sexy?" She chuckled at this one.

"Yes" I had to admit.

"What did you enjoy most? Wrestling or losing?"

Good question. I was stumped for an answer. Gayle was good to her word and showed up at my office on Thursday afternoon, grinning from ear to ear, to collect her winnings. Thank god the bank will cover for me. She checked to make sure I had signed it over.

"I'll come back later and treat you to dinner. We can talk about a re-match."

I guess I looked as down as I felt then she brightened playfully.

"And, win or lose, I'll let you kiss my muscles."

Her parting shot was to pull up her sleeve, flex and point. My cock took an uncontrollable lurch.

"The mats are still out. We could negotiate some more. See if you can take your little amazon? Saturday night?" She challenged.

"I'm broke."

"You're chicken! And anyways you don't need money. I'm sure we could negotiate for some little forfeit."

I knew exactly what she had in mind so I mouthed a 'bitch'. Last Saturdays humiliating defeat left me on my knees the rest of the evening endorsing her victory, affirming her superior strength and lauding her 'bigger' muscles. She didn't relent. I had to give her the ten kisses I owed her around her arm muscle, kiss muscles I couldn't name, fawn over her jock, which was really demeaning, and satisfy her orally.

She had commented then: "I wouldn't mind a week of this!"