

Zoë

By Benj - benjwri@yahoo.ca

This story contains coarse language and scenarios of sexual and erotic situations. Reader discretion is advised.

I had just come out of the bank when I saw her on the other side of the street and jay-walked to fall in behind her. I followed her for half a block watching the flick of her blond pony-tail and admiring the tight jeans and smooth swing of her hips. She had to stop for a red light, I stopped two paces behind her. The light turned green and I just had to follow her across the street to the next corner, keeping my eyes on her tight ass and trim thighs all the while. She stopped to wait for the light the other way and I stopped two paces behind her again.

This is when she turned to face me and gave me a quirky grin, like she knew I was following her!

“Hi.” She said.

I hadn't recognized her but I should have. She was from my village and I was shocked both by the surprise of meeting up with her and her turning to greet me. Up 'till now she had been cool towards me, I guess you would call it a nodding acquaintanceship. I was lost for words and stammered: “Uh---oh---uh---hi---Zoë.” I told myself to think quickly. I had tried to find a way to have a chat with her for ages. I continued: “Uh---do you have time for a coffee or---uh---I'd like to---uh---talk to you.”

“Mmm.” Her brown eyes squinted for a sec while she thought about my offer. “I have an appointment right now---take about an hour---but after that.”

“Okay that will be great! I have a couple of errands I can run too.” I checked my watch. “How about Tim's, ten-fifteen?”

I had just over an hour to hit a couple of shops and dream up an approach.

She was an inch or two shorter than me and forty to fifty pounds lighter. Actually she was really trim but sturdy looking (if that makes sense). I had seen her in shorts and t-shirt and skirt and blouse and thought she looked really terrific! A little like a fitness model with nice long smooth muscles. She was fairly lean so the muscles were evident. Not huge but hard looking---chunky---trained like!

“Do you work out?” I asked.

“Well kind’a. I do a little bit every day. I have this home gym with some dumbbells and a stair-climber.”

I thought so---she had the nice round shoulders and some thickness to her arms.

“What about you?”

“Yeah, I have a membership to the ‘Y’ and I get there three or four times a week.”

“My ex doesn’t hand over enough for that.” So the rumour that she was separated is true. Makes it a little easier.

“I have a proposition for you.” She was seated across the table from me and she rolled her brown eyes as if to say ‘Oh yeah, he’s gonna hit on me’. I jumped in to correct her assumption. “It’s not sex.”

“Oh yeah?” She laughed. “Okay then, tell me about this ‘proposition’.”

“It’s not sex, but it is sexy. At least I find it exciting.” She didn’t jump up, grab her purse and take off, so I continued. “Every three or four months I get together with this girl in Toronto and I pay her two hundred dollars for an hour of her time.” Toronto was a two hour drive and the two hundred bucks appeared to fascinate her. “And we wrestle---.” There it was---out in the open---ball’s in her court!

She quickly looked away then stared into her coffee cup, the long pony tail fell over her shoulder. She contemplated for the longest time, I was sure I had lost her.

“Wrestle---? Like on TV?” I guess she could picture herself being hit over the head with a chair.

“Oh no.” I laughed, “Nothing like that---more like kids in the playground.”

She went quiet once again but slid forward in her seat so our knees bumped. I pulled aside. “Sorry.”

“’s okay.” She replied. She shuffled and placed one foot on either side of my right foot. She brought her knees together trapping my leg between hers! I didn’t expect this kind of a response! I felt my temperature rising and I know I coloured!

“I used to be a real terror in the playground.” She bragged and chuckled. Was she saying she was interested? “Tell me more, how does this go exactly?”

I did. I told her there was nothing really fancy, pins and scissors and arm locks, that kind of thing. I told her about the mats I had set up at my place. I told her that the girl in Toronto usually wore a two piece but that she could wear whatever she was comfortable with. The clothes don't even come off. I gave her the url's to some web sites she might want to have a look at.

She was nodding in the affirmative. I was simmering! Her legs were rubbing against mine ever so lightly.

"Does this girl in Toronto have a web site? I'd like to have a look at her too." I gave her this as well. She went quiet again--- thinking time.

"So you want me to come over to your place, put on a bikini, and wrestle for an hour."

I nodded and looked directly into her eyes.

"And there's no sex." She restated.

I nodded again, she laughed out loud. I tried to explain:

"Like I said earlier---I find it sexy---and you have a sexy body---and---."

"It's okay, I get the idea, and I am interested---at least---intrigued." She chuckled. "Never thought of wrestling as being sexy before but I can visualize the possibilities."

"So you'll do it?" I nearly kreamed my jeans.

"What about the two hundred dollars?"

"It's yours, absolutely no problem."

"Let me check out these sites and get back to you. When do you want to do this?"

I held up my hands as in a peace offering. "You check out the sites, take some time to think about it, and let me know if you really want to go ahead. Then give me a call and we can set up a time."

"Hello?" I said.

"Hi, it's Zoë."

“Hey, Zoë. Hi, how are you?” A week had gone by and I was thinking that she wasn’t interested.

“I’m calling about your ‘proposition’.” She giggled.

“So, are you interested?” I was stiffening!

“I am---I’ve got some questions though.” She said.

“Fire away.”

“Are there any rules?” Rules---do we need rules---?

“No mean stuff, no punching, kicking, gouging, and we can make up the rules as we go.”

“No mean stuff---I guess that’s okay.”

“Anything else?”

“Can we do this in the morning?”

“Mornings are good for me as long as it’s timed so I can treat you to lunch.”

“Well, that would be very nice. Can I change there or should I come prepared and what about a shower?”

“I have an extra bedroom you can use, I’ll put a lock on for you and you can certainly use the shower. I also have a Jacuzzi your welcome to use.”

“Okay, sounds okay.”

“Okay? That’s super!” I had to sit down! The blood vital to my brain was being directed elsewhere.

“Is tomorrow okay, before I change my mind?” She offered.

“Please don’t change your mind.” I pleaded. “Tomorrow is perfect. And please try to relax. I know you think you’re getting into a vulnerable situation, but I promise---just wrestling.”

"I'll try to do that but believe it or not the idea is thrilling me." I laughed to myself, if she knew the effect it was having on me---! "If I come between ten-thirty and eleven will that work?"

"Yes, perfectly."

I started watching for her at ten, I had everything ready. I was scrubbed and scraped and I had wiped down the mats and put out towels for her in case she forgot. I made sure the shower and Jacuzzi were clean and topped up the Britta. Ten-thirty came and went and I began to worry that she had changed her mind. Of course she showed up the second I was distracted and the doorbell startled me. Ten to eleven.

"Hi. Made it." She looked very nervous and a little anxious.

"Hi. C'mon in."

"One of my kids forgot a book and I had to stop by the school."

I took charge of her knapsack, then gave her a quick tour. My house was a glorified cottage but it was properly finished off---she seemed to relax. I showed her the 'ring' which was really a square of thick mats and the swimsuit I would wear. I led the way to 'her' room, pointed out the newly installed lock and dropped her bag on the bed. An envelope with her tribute was close to where I dropped the bag. She held it up and looked at me, I nodded and she folded it in half and slipped it into the back pocket of her jeans. It took me all of thirty seconds to change---it took her quite a while longer. Finally she made her appearance. Ohhh YES!! She had pulled her long hair back and braided it into a 'rat-tail'. She was wearing a one piece that fitted perfectly, reasonably modest. Beige, almost a skin-tone, halter style. It was full over her bum but cut high on the thighs and deep in the back. Two narrow straps crossed her back and tied in front just under her breasts.

She did a three-sixty. "This okay?" She asked. Her shoulders and arms and legs were bare and that was enough for me! I was very excited and I'm sure she noticed the bulge in my shorts. She had wide hips with breasts on the medium-small side, 34-26-37!

"Perfect. Very nice." For sure she worked out, the nice round shoulders, the thickness in her upper arms, the sweep of her thighs and the long thick calves. I prayed that she could at least tussle!

I took her by the hand and led her to the center of the mats.

"This is nice." She said, stalling.

“Thank you.”

I held up both my wrists, she picked up on the cue and grabbed one in each hand. And here we go! I twisted and turned and pulled and shoved. She held on tight getting the idea. She did some fancy footwork and I let her push me down. I rolled away quickly and got to my feet and let her capture my wrists again. She gave me that quirky grin and I knew she would be fine.

“You’re hot aren’t cha?” She had noticed!

“Yeah.” I admitted. “I’m hot.” There was that quirky grin again. “For me, wrestling is a real turn-on.”

This time we both twisted and shoved, I rotated my wrists trying to get free of her grip. She held on longer and tighter than I expected but I finally broke one wrist free. Without missing a beat she twisted and got me into a headlock! She was going to be just fine! She pulled me around by the head finally getting a leg across in front of me, tripping us onto the mats! She wrestled me around till I was on my back then threw a leg over my waist. I was trying to pull the headlock apart when she let go on her own and grabbed my wrists again. She was working towards straddling me and a pin! I was able to keep one arm or the other up off the mat, she kept pushing them back down. After one good struggle she got them both down for the second it took her to bring her weight forward so I couldn’t move. Then she amazed me by bringing her knees up into my biceps! Holy jeez! She had me pinned! Just like that! I couldn’t believe it! She must have been a terror in the playground!

“You gonna get free?” She wanted to know, I struggled in vain. “You’re not so strong are you?” She kept her weight high so all I could do was thrash about with my legs which got me nowhere.

“You’ve done this before, haven’t ya?”

“Uh huh.” She nodded. “But not with a boy---mmm---since about grade six.”

“But you’ve wrestled recently.”

“Uh huh.”

She wasn’t going to tell me the rest.

“You gonna get free or how does this work? Do you give up or say uncle or----?” I was going to have to submit!

“Your call, whatever you want.” I said.

“You really can’t get free?” She was grinning that grin.

“No.” I hated to admit.

“Say ‘uncle’ then.”

“Uncle.”

Once I got to my feet we went round and round, stalking each other.

“I went to those websites.” She said, backing away, pushing my advances aside.

“I thought so.”

“Lots of cool stuff---all those girls beatin’ on guys.” She chuckled. “Some of them looked really strong, lots of muscles.”

“Did you check out the one from Toronto?”

“Yeah, she’s a mistress though.” There was that grin again! “Nice breasts---but no muscles.”

“She’s stronger than she looks.” I claimed.

“Oh sure, she beats you though, doesn’t she?”

“Ohhh yeah.”

“Thought so.” She gave me a good shove. “I think I could beat her.”

“I’m sure you could.” I agreed---maybe not today---but with a little more experience----!

Enough chitchat, I moved in on her quickly, got her in a bear hug, lifted her up and dragged her down onto her back. This time I straddled her and did the pushing to control her arms. She put up a super fight! As much as I wanted my revenge I was reluctant to plop my knees into her arm muscles. I didn’t want or need to really hurt her. I held her wrists down firmly and kneeled my way forward till her arms were trapped alongside her head, between my legs and my crotch was against her chin.

“How’s that feel?” She tensed up and bit her lower lip. “Rule number one---no biting.” I said.

“Ahhh----shit!” She bared her teeth and snapped her teeth together---click---click---! Very close to a couple of hypersensitive items---I was preparing to recoil in an instant!

“Okay, my turn, now you say ‘uncle’.”

She strained with a substantial effort. “Gggrrrrr----.” But this was an excellent pin and having her wriggling beneath me was inspiring! “C’mon.” I urged. “Say ‘uncle’.”

“Gggrrrrr----.” Another laboured effort! Oh yes! Wriggle some more! “---okay you bastard,” Was she a sore loser? “Uncle.”

I got to my feet and she reached up for me to help her to her feet.

“I’ll get you for that.” She threatened playfully. Not a sore loser! A player---great!

“Yeah---sure.” I countered. “C’mon then.”

We progressed through the pushing and wrist grabbing and headlocks and were soon down on the mats. I shoved her away since neither of us seemed to have an advantage. She was faster---up on her feet---while I was still sitting. She moved behind me and climbed onto my shoulders like I was going to give her a ride. I saw her feet come around and hook together and I knew I was in trouble! If I had been standing I could have easily carried her weight but on my bum I couldn’t stay upright. She was giggling as I lost my balance and we went onto our sides.

“Told ya---.” She taunted. “So how’s that feel?” Her thighs were solid and hard and I knew I was in big trouble!

“Oooohhhh----.”

“Oooohhhh----.” She aped. “Is that good?” She tightened her grip.

“Mmmmm---.”

“Mmmmm---.” She aped again. “Is that better?” And tightened a little more. Oh wow---she’s teasing me---toying with me!

“Ohh you----.” And tighter still. “Ohhhh---you---.” I couldn’t bring myself to say the word.

“Bitch----?” She proclaimed for me and tightened a little more still!

“Aaaagggg---!” My cock was full bore making a tent of my shorts and rippling with spasms! My head and neck were hurting and I was finished---ready to submit!

She had other ideas! She twisted, rolling us a quarter turn and rearranged her legs into a figure four! Unbelievable! My head was now trapped with one thigh across my throat, one thigh across the back of my neck her shin holding me against her crotch. One foot was hooked in the crook of her other leg. This leg went over my shoulder and levered against my back so I was locked up perfectly!

“Oooohhhh---.” I ran my hands over her thighs and along her calf---not really looking for a hand hold. Oh god she was solid! She laughed at my grand offensive.

“Caressing my leg won’t break this hold.” She mocked, then enquired. “Did you kum?”

“No.”

“You have a wet spot.”

“I didn’t kum.” I insisted.

“Then you’re drooling----r’you drooling for me?”

She arranged herself into a sitting position where we could look at each other. Her whole face was lit up with a big smile, and she sent me a very long hot air kiss!

Oh jeez!

“Now---I’m gonna make you suffer.” She declared. I certainly didn’t expect this---she catches on too fast! She twisted from side to side taking my head with her. Of course the rest of my body had to follow. Every so often we would make eye contact and she would send me another air kiss. Every kiss made my member spasm. I could sense that she was purring and she was breathing faster, expelling air through pursed lips. At one point she pulled my hands away from their roaming. “No more cheap feels.”

She rolled us so I was face down, my arms up and pinned underneath her. The figure four was still in place! Then she did like a push-up, stretching my neck. Like she was going to pull my head off! This is a new wrinkle---where did she learn this?

“Whoa---whoa---whoa---!” I screamed.

“Enough?”

“Aaaarrggg----.”

“Enough? Uncle?”

“Uncle---enough---uncle!”

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We didn't get to our lunch till one. She had a long soak in the Jacuzzi. I could hear the occasional “Mmmm---”. I worked on the cricks with a long hot shower, then on the tension with a longer cold shower. It didn't help much. She was across the table asking me something but I didn't hear a word she said, I was still belabouring the direction of our match. My shoulders ached, my loins ached, and my balls ached!

“Pardon?” I blurted.

She giggled. “Were you still wrestling?”

“Yeah---guess I was.” My erection had returned as I recalled the sensation of being trapped in her figure four.

“That was fun. I enjoyed that. Good workout!”

“Yeah, that was a good workout, you did good for the first time.” Too damned good!

“Told you I was a terror.” She chuckled. She was sitting across from me smiling nicely. My leg was trapped between hers again. “And I do love to tease.” She smirked.

I laughed. “Yeah, you didn't tell me about that.”

“I was asking if we were gonna do this again.”

“Yes! If you're agreeable, I'd love to---.”

“Of course I'm agreeable!”

“What I do is put twenty dollars aside each week---so I was going to Toronto every ten weeks or so.”

“Every ten weeks?” She sounded disappointed---ten weeks didn’t suit me either. With her living nearby I wouldn’t have the four hour drive, the twenty bucks for gas, the twenty bucks for parking, and the road stress---. And the worse part: trying to schedule with a self-important Mistress who didn’t respond too quickly to her e-mails.

“That’s no good is it?” With her legs pressing against mine I was trying to figure out a way to do this every day!

“No---not really. Can’t you quit smoking or something?” She knew I didn’t smoke---we both laughed.

“What would be good for you? What can you manage?” I asked

“Well, I was thinking something like every four weeks?”

“Four weeks?” I was delighted. “Ever four weeks would be terrific!” I was self employed so could always fudge my expenses---I couldn’t pass up this opportunity!

“Won’t it take you more than four weeks to recover though?” She bantered.

So it was decided---every four weeks---I left it up to her to call me when she wanted to get together---with two kids she had the tighter schedule.

“Hello?” I said.

“Hi.” She said.

“Oh---hi Zoë. What’s up?”

“Can we get together tomorrow?” Only two weeks had passed.

“Sure, what did you have in mind?”

“I’ve been checking out more of those sites and I was hoping you would help me with some of these holds.”

Again I had everything organized by ten---this time she showed up at ten-thirty-five. Once again I took charge of her knapsack and dropped it on the bed close to her tribute. She held the envelope up with a questioning look.

“It’s only a hundred.” I confessed. “Two weeks.”

“I wasn’t expecting to----.”

“That’s okay---thanks---but your time is of value---at least to me---if you know what I mean---.”

“Okay, thanks---but lunch is on me this time.”

Ten minutes later she was changed and ready to roll!

“Show me how to get you into these holds.”

She had downloaded twelve pics---twelve different holds---and and put names to them. Her tuition started with a full nelson. I was unable to break out and she took me to my knees. I demonstrated how to properly twist a wrist, turn it into a hammerlock, an arm bar, and into a chicken-wing. She was agile and flexible and amazingly strong! We tried some leg holds next; Boston crab, keyed leg lock, scorpion, figure four. She was basically on her own here, I could walk her through the mechanics but how she would execute these in a match---I couldn’t help. She wanted to try some variations of pins and scissor holds (of which there were hundreds) to close out the hour. She was a fast study and was clever at using her weight and placing it in the right position and seemed to know instinctively the how and where to apply the exact amount of force!

We had a table in a quiet corner, she was sitting to my left. We both ordered an Ex and decided to share a pizza.

“Thanks for working with me today. I learned a lot”

“My pleasure. You picked some good ones, a good variety.”

“Some of them got you going didn’t they?” Some of them got me going for sure! The cold shower had worked at first, but now, half an hour later, the hard-on had returned! She draped her leg overtop of my thigh. Mmmm---!

“Tell me about these girls with huge muscles---what’s the fascination?”

“Not sure. Some guys are crazy about women with huge muscles, but a girl bigger than me---I don’t find particularly attractive. For me it’s the sensation of being overpowered by someone I think I should be able to handle.”

“Like me.”

“Yes---exactly like you.”

She laughed at my anguish. "So you don't like girls with muscles."

"I didn't say that, I adore female muscles, as long as they're not bigger than mine."

This made her chuckle. "How about my muscles then?"

"Haven't really had a chance to check---."

"Oh c'mon." She interrupted.

"you out."

"You've been pawing me every chance." She was right to a point---I did spend a lot of time groping her legs when I had the chance. She slid her leg away and replaced it with her hand! Then continued: "I'd like to try some posing, does that appeal to you?"

Oh jeez---she was going to drive me bananas! "Like bodybuilding poses?"

"Yeah---flexing---you know." The hand on my leg ran up my thigh! Whew! The other arm she flexed! Whoof!

"Oh yeah---sounds like fun---I'm definitely interested!" Most definitely!!

We made some small talk---I inquired about her kids---and finished off our pizza and beer.

"I can't wait till next time, can we set the date now?" She asked.

"Sure." My schedule was flexible, I could fit her in whenever.

"Four weeks from today is the eleventh, is that okay?" She knew this would keep me tantalized all month---every time I checked my calendar.

"The eleventh is good."

It was the tenth: "Hello?" I answered.

"Hi." She said.

"Hi."

"Tomorrow still good?"

“Tomorrow’s still good.”

“Same time?”

“Great! Are you on for lunch?”

“Sure---sounds good---see you then.”

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The doorbell chimed at ten-thirty-five. I was scrubbed and (very closely) shaved and everything was ready. I met her at the door and took charge of her knapsack.

“I like your hair.” She had braided it back from both sides then tied it into a bow at the back. Cute bangs fell to her eyes. Very neat, Spartan-like.

“Thank you.” I parked her bag on the bed next to her fee. The envelope was casually folded and slipped into her pocket. “Thank you again.”

There was that grin---lighting up her face---charmed by my reaction to her outfit! A thong style bikini, dark brown with yellow trim. It was a sturdy material, like a stretchy terry and it didn’t hide a thing. The t-back thong hung on her hips and while the triangle in front was fairly modest her ass was bare except for the half-inch band that ran through the crease. The top was modest as well in a push-up style and smooth orbs of breast swelled overtop.

“Beautiful outfit.” I stammered. My member thickening in my shorts.

She turned her back to me, stretched her lats and flexed her biceps! Oh wow! Then she faced me and with that disarming grin, flexed her bis again! OH WOW!! And dropped her eyes to my groin.

She skipped around me in a circle, raring to go, goading me. I caught up with her from behind, wrapped my arms around her waist and lifted off her feet. She thrashed about like a wild thing trying to get free---I made a grab for her wrists and tried to control her flailing fists by holding her arms crossed against her chest. She hooked a leg behind mine and pushed us off balance. I fell backwards and she ended on top with her back to my chest. She got her arms up high enough so she could twist to face me and with the twist she got her legs outside of mine. I still had a hold of her wrists but the twist had uncrossed them. She was moving into a position where she could go for a pin or a body scissors. The following moves took her about four seconds; her hands went flat onto the mats---her legs went underneath mine---her elbows jammed into my shoulders---her feet

hooked over my shins---she eased her elbows aside till they pressed into my arm muscles---she stretched out--- and just like that she had me wrapped up very neatly in a grapevine!

“Oooofff---!” I wheezed.

“Ahh---that’s a good one----!” She declared. “Isn’t that a good one?”

I strained against her but she held on---her solid thighs pressing into mine---I couldn’t budge! One at a time she worked her wrists free and took control of mine, all the while keeping her elbows pressed hard into my biceps. Ouch!

“Now---.” She said, satisfied that she had me under control, she gently eased her hip bone against my engorged organ!

“Ffffttt---!” I inhaled then: “Ffffooosh---.” I exhaled slowly.

“Will that make you drool?” She taunted, knowing my discomfort, and laughed.

“Ooohhh---uncle!” I cried---I had to get her off me or be dreadfully embarrassed.

“Uncle---already? Shouldn’t I apply some pressure or something---?” She teased and stretched out against me.

“Ooohhh---Zoë ---uncle---uncle---.”

“Oh god---you really are a weakling!” She affirmed. I didn’t care how it looked, I just wanted her off!

She drew back, a grin ear to ear, and looked down at my shorts.

“Oh, you are drooling.” She noted, and laughed. “That didn’t take long.” If she only knew---I was seconds away from kumming---!

She kept me on the ropes for the next thirty minutes. I submitted to several of the holds we had practiced then submitted to several more that we hadn’t! I was just too too excited---it was impossible to focus on wrestling. Of course she continued to prance around and tease me at every opportunity.

With twenty minutes to go she positioned me ‘center-stage’.

“I like muscles too---flex for me.” She directed. I was stunned but when her hands went to my chest and moved out towards my shoulders---I complied and flexed my arms. She had a good feel, testing and caressing, first from the front, then from behind. Her hands moved across and down my back then circled to cross my chest and drop down to my abs.

“You’ve got good muscles.” She remarked then dropped to one knee and wrapped her hands around my thigh. She ran her hands up and down and around and when she came surprisingly close to my jewels I nearly lost it! She asked me to turn around then encircled and squeezed my calf. “Sturdy legs.” She praised. “Most guys have kind’a scrawny legs.”

She stood and took a backwards step, drew a deep breath, squared her wide shoulders and pulled up to her full height. My turn! What a super body! My erection was rock hard and hammering to escape my trunks! I placed a tentative hand on each shoulder. She gave me one of her crooked grins, brought her elbows up and flexed! My hands trembled as they moved to encircle and test her biceps. They were unexpectedly thick and hard! Slightly peaked with the size, shape and texture of a smaller Idaho potato! She pulled away and turned her back to me and flexed again. I tested her upper back, shoulders, and biceps again.

“My god Zoë---beautiful.” I reversed my route then went down her back, roved her obliques and wrapped around to test her taut abs. “Terrific!” I exclaimed. She clasped my wrists and eased my hands up onto her breasts! “Mmmm---.” Nice! Firm! The perfect size for my hand! She raised her arms overhead allowing me a really good feel! Through the nubby fabric I found and fondled her plumped nipples!

With arms held high she turned to face me and placed one hand on top of my head. I knew this to be ‘girl talk’ for ‘down boy’. My hands reluctantly slid from her breasts and around and down to end up clasping her ass.

“That’s good enough.” She said when I was on one knee. “Now you can propose.” She playfully suggested. We both laughed but I was surely tempted! With my hands fixed to her glutes she flexed---un-flexed---flexed---un-flexed---. Earlier, when I was trapped in her head scissors, I had checked out her ass but this was different---probably since this was meant to be provoking. Visually I was admiring her abs which were right in front of me. She had birthed two kids so the little belly just above the waistband of the thong was to be expected and was really kind’a cute. Above that though, and running up to her ribcage, were two vertical slabs of ab muscle! I gave her a quick kiss on her little belly.

“I can’t seem to get rid of it---crunches and sit-ups don’t seem to help and I’ve been doing my program twice a day.”

I figured as much---she had to be doing something---the shape she was in!

“I think it’s cute.”

“Really?”

“Yeah---really.”

“Thank you.”

My hands wandered up and down the backs of her thighs.

“Ohhh---you are one solid lady!” I stuttered breathlessly.

“Thank you again.”

I was still in a ‘proposing’ attitude, my right knee on the mats, my left shin vertical. She lifted her right foot and placed the toes on the edge of my left knee and lowered the heel. Her calf muscle thickened and lengthened!

“I nearly bought a skimpier outfit.” She said, trying to set me aflame.

I was absorbed with her legs---and that was enough to think about.

“Mmmm---oh yeah---?”

“But it was a little too small on top for wrestling---you know what I mean.”

Then she lifted her heel and the muscle shortened and moved up her leg into a solid looking knot! Jeez! I just had to have a feel. My hands roamed from her thighs down onto her calves---one for each. The hard knot in my left and the solid mass in my right.

“Yeah---sure---.” What the hell was I talking about?

“I didn’t want to keep popping out and making constant adjustments.”

She placed her hand on the top of my head again, this time just to steady herself. Her left heel came up and her right went down---the hard muscle moved up in one hand and down in the other!

“Ohhh, Zoë ---fantastic!” I was out of control---seconds away from bursting with excitement! “Ooohhh---.”

She wanted to celebrate---something bubbly maybe---hint---hint. The diner we haunted was hardly the place for champagne so I settled on a bottle of Mateus rosé. We had our corner table again, we were across from each other. She had slipped off her shoes and one foot was resting on the edge of my chair the other was resting against my groin! My cock was pulsing away! She had soaked in the tub for half an hour while I had tried to get myself under control with a cold shower.

She took an experimental sip then downed half the glass. "That's nice---nice and light---not too sweet." She drained her glass and was ready for more. "You're not all that weak are you? I think you get so excited you can't think."

I had no comment but that sounds about right.

"Is it my body?" She wanted to know. "Would it help if I left some clothes on?"

A picture of her in across from me, spoiling for a fight, wearing tight jeans and a crop top flashed through my mind.

"That could be worst!"

"So it truly is the wrestling---." She was into her third glass of wine and our pizza was still in the oven so she was getting talkative. She gave me her crooked grin. "Of course losing to a girl could be like female domination?" Her eyebrows went up, probing.

I guess the mortified look on my face told her that she had hit a nerve.

"That's it, isn't it?" She laughed. "Thought so---."

I made some excuses and tried to talk around it knowing all the while that now she held the charm!

Fortunately the pizza arrived and we reverted to small talk and I only had to contend with her foot waxing my balls!

"Four weeks again?" She asked.

"Okay, sure." I replied.

"So that'll be Wednesday the eighth."

"Call me on the seventh but so far that's fine."

“You gonna be recovered by then?” She taunted.

“No problem.” I fibbed.

“No flexing though---an hour of wrestling this time.”

“Sure---okay---if that’s what you want.”

“What I want, is to see if you can last the hour.”