

My Story - Chapter 1: "Make a muscle"

By Beth Ann

(and I'm sticking to it)

About six months ago I was feeling kind of down. Fall was upon us and I decided I would look into some kind of fitness program. Swimming lessons are what I had in mind but unfortunately I had left it too late and all that was available were lifesaving courses. I enrolled anyway and for the first three or four weeks all we did was lengths, very stamina building, but I was breathing easier and starting to feel a lot better. Once we starting in on the lifesaving it became quite a bit more challenging. Towing a 'victim' back and forth through the water, and practicing different rescue procedures. One of these rescues was with a so-called panicked victim, the basic idea was to keep your distance and defend yourself. There were six women in the class and we always tried to pair off, being mauled by a male 'victim' in the deep end was not our idea of fun. We got away with this the first couple of weeks but the instructor was on to this ploy and started teaming us up with some male opposition.

This was always brutal, a couple of times I swear I was going to drown. At this point the instructor took the women aside and told us we had to do something about our upper body strength and recommended that we work out with weights. Now if it wasn't for the fact that the instructor was a woman I'm sure we all would have up and quit right then and there. Nevertheless, four of us headed to the gym three nights a week to pump iron. I was not a real stranger to weight training, in my teens my brothers had a set of weights and we would fool around to see how much we could lift, and I would do an occasional workout with them. I couldn't lift half what my brothers lifted but I could flex my arm and make a hard muscle ten years before Madonna made it vogue. This was probably the reason the results came so quickly for me, after only a couple of weeks the muscles in my arms and legs had hardened right up. My fiancé, Dave, was amazed and made a ceremony of testing my arm muscle every chance.

Dave was into computers and was in the process of setting up his own business. We were living together but he was travelling and out of town a lot and my agent's job only took me the morning so I had plenty of freedom. I wanted to set up a little gym and buy some equipment but most of our money was going into his business. We had a little discussion about me taking some money: "We could wrestle for it." He suggested. I knew how to evade these challenges. My brothers used to use this all the time and I always ended up on my back or screaming in pain, while they got their way. And then there were the more recent episodes in the pool. The next day though I got to thinking about his comment and began wondering if maybe Dave was feeling a little threatened? I was definitely getting stronger and he seemed to be intrigued with my muscles. Was I ever surprised at the response when I asked the others if they had ever wrestled their 'man'.

Anita had never tried it, Joy had tried it with her boyfriend, and found it exciting and Tina (a misnomer because she was almost six feet!) and her husband wrestled on a regular basis! When I told them Dave had 'kind'a' challenged me we all headed back to the gym, dragged out some mats and squared off! Tina clued us in on some of the holds she knew and showed us how to get the best leverage. I had a little experience here too, and everyone was surprised at the match I gave Tina! We agreed that we would add wrestling to our workout once a week. For me, it became a little obsession. I would think about some of my brothers' 'greatest' holds and how they were executed and I would even write them down so we could practice them later. Then I would fantasize about wrestling Dave and how I would get him in some exotic hold and make him submit!

Dave's (ours in six months) house was built in an 'L' shape. At the end of the leg of the 'L' there was a two car garage and overtop of that was this loft-like room we had decided would be perfect for our gym. I picked up enough used mats to cover a twelve by twelve and a used bench with a squat rack. I was also able to pick up a used set of weights, almost new, with quick clamp collars. There was no way I was going to fool around with adjustable dumbbells so by the time I added three pairs of those hexagon jobs, the ones that don't roll away on you, I was well over budget. Dave though it was a great set-up and was looking forward to getting onto some kind of regular schedule so we could work out together. On the evenings when Dave was away I had the 'girls' come over for a workout. It gave us a lot more privacy and we could squeal and giggle and yell without having someone glare at us. What we did learn was that we had a tendency to relent too soon.

As soon as our opponent winced we wanted to let go instead of holding on and applying enough pressure to extract a submission. Once we overcame that problem our matches improved and we also did much better at defending ourselves in the pool. I was finding it easier to keep my male 'victim' at bay and on a couple of occasions I was actually able to maintain my advantage long enough to get the 'double tap' which meant surrender. Even Anita, who was very lady-like and well endowed, got a wristlock and a headlock on the guy we nicked 'Groper' and kept dunking him till he agreed to keep his hands away from her tits!

Dave became very gracious and really encouraged me with my program. He always had a gift when he returned from his trips, workout togs or lifting gloves or the next heaviest pair of dumbbells. On one occasion he showed up with a gold chain with a little dumbbell hanging from it. 18k!! I kept a diary of my progress and one of the first things he wanted to do when he got back was take my measurements and record them. He bought me this muscle 'T' with a plastic insert on the back that you could write on with a marker. I immediately filled it in. Since upper body strength was my goal I figured the bench press would be the best indicator.

BENCH PRESS

85

The idea was to write the weight on the plastic insert and change it as it increased. I found that when I wore it he couldn't keep his hands off me. And the day I wrote:

BENCH PRESS

100

He just about went wild!

When I first stated working out I was worried that he might not like a lean muscular look but I soon came to realized he was really hooked on my muscles!

Dave had left on Tuesday morning and I met him at the airport the following Friday evening. Almost two weeks on the road. He wouldn't waste too much time trying to get me into the sack but I had other plans! I had worked out every day and he got a real jolt when we hugged. We had to hug again so he could have a good feel! We went straight from the airport to the restaurant. He was really excited about his trip and equally excited about the shape I was in. His conversation kept bouncing back and forth. He tested my arm muscle and he couldn't believe how solid it was and he had to test it again and again! Now don't go racing off screaming "Amazon..... Amazon....!" I'm five-seven, one-thirty-two. Thirty-four (C), twenty-six, thirty six. My calf measures fourteen, my thigh twenty-one and my arm muscles measure twelve. By the time we were into our after dinner brandies his shoptalk was starting to get a little boring. I held the snifter close to my face and peered over it and tried to stare him down. Once I caught his eye:

"Best two out of three?" I asked softly from behind the glass. He stopped talking mid-sentence and gawped. I continued: "Ten minute rounds?" He wants to wrestle for it, we'll wrestle! He sat there shocked, finally gaining some composure and stammered:

"...wrestling...?"

I took a sip of my brandy just to keep him in suspense then sent him a pouty little kiss.

"....you want to wrestle?"

He was astonished. He couldn't get us out of there quick enough! We took a cab home and while I explained the rules he got himself all worked up feeling up my leg and testing my muscles.

I had moved the exercise equipment aside earlier so we had an 'arena' twelve by twelve. He was out of his suit and into his shorts and waiting 'ringside' before I had even kicked off my heels! He would just have to wait. For one thing I had hair that came below my shoulders that had to be braided to keep it out of the way. It took me a good fifteen minutes to get organized. I had thought about wearing a bikini but figured he would tear it off in no time and the wrestling would be forgotten. I decided on a one-piece aerobic outfit, skin-tight, with short short legs, a 'V' neck and no back to speak of. By the time I made my entrance he was visibly excited. He was popping out of his trunks, literally! For some reason going three rounds with me was a real turn-on. I was wondering how he would feel about not lasting through the first round! I moved straight to the center of our ring and gestured for him to come and get me.

He advanced and we circled. We locked up arm to shoulder and pushed at each other. Just by the way he was going about it gave me the impression that he figured he would handle me easily. He tried to rotate me and twist me around and when he realized this wasn't going to work he broke the hold quickly, retreated, and circled. We locked up again, arm to shoulder, but this time when we pushed I put my legs into it. He was losing ground and tried to break away again but I held on tight and kept pushing until he was backed against the wall. As soon as he touched I broke the hold and backed away quickly. He rested there for a sec' getting over his shock

"Jesus Diane!"

I dropped back quickly and gestured again for him to come and get me, this time when he advanced I retreated. Even though I had agreed not to go for his balls if he avoided my breasts I made a couple of feigns at his groin which made him jump back. When he advanced again I held my ground and he moved in too close and I snapped up onto my toes to get some height and got him in a real tight headlock. I used as much of my weight as I could to bend him over and he nearly upset me before I got my feet planted solidly. With brute strength he lifted me up but as my second foot came off the mat I gave a good shove and our combined weight toppled us over. I scrabbled with my legs to make sure I ended on top. He was on his back and I pulled the headlock tighter forcing his face snug against my breasts. A little reminder that he was wrestling his best girl! His right arm was behind me but because I was in a real compact position with my head tucked close to his, there was nothing for him to grab onto.

He could only use his left arm to defend and he tried to tear apart my grip and pull my arm aside. We were both breathing hard, him because he was out of shape and me because he was much heavier than the pool mates I usually wrestled. With a surge he got his right arm free and brought it over top and under my chin. Before he could do any damage though I released my grip and rolled away over his head and got quickly to my feet. He made it to all fours and faced me and I started circling. Nothing in the rules said I

had to let him get to his feet. I waited till he was half way up then attacked! I pretty much threw myself at him. We both ended on our backs but fortunately I was behind him and in the better position. I jumped him again and got him around the neck from behind and tried for a sleeper. He reached back with one arm trying to dislodge me and pushed himself to a sitting position with the other.

I saw another opening and went for it! I let go of his neck then quickly dropped my arms down then up and under his which were in the perfect position. I intertwined my fingers solidly behind his head and waited for the fireworks! The full nelson was one of the holds I had dreamt about getting him in! He twisted and squirmed and wore himself down trying to get free. I held on tight and finally got him face down, right where I wanted him. I placed my knees outside his hips then hooked my feet over his thighs to stop him from being able to bring his knees up and maybe roll me off.

“Give?” I asked and traced my tongue from the back of his neck to behind his ear. “I think you’re licked.”

Wow! That caused a reaction! He was cumming! Just like that! I pushed it: “Give?”

He moaned as a spasm swept him, then another. I held on patiently but firmly till his tension eased then I tightened my grip again.

“Give?” I asked again, a reminder that he’s supposed to be wrestling.

Finally he said, “Yes.”

“Yes what?”

“I give.”

I chuckled.

“Yeaaaah” And gave him a big smooch behind his ear before I released him. He took a long time getting to his feet, he was always lethargic after sexual release. I didn’t comment out loud but took note of the size of the stain on his trunks! He really threw his load!

“Ready?” I quizzed. I got the impression he didn’t want to start round two but I badgered and threatened to win by default, finally nagging him into squaring off. Creaming his jeans really slowed him down and his concentration was shot. The second round went all my way! I got him pinned in no time, straight armed his wrists onto the mat and pressed my knees into his arm muscles.

“This is called a schoolgirl pin.” This taunt made him frantic! I couldn’t resist toying with him and this is when he twisted me off and made his escape. He didn’t get far though. I rolled with the momentum and was on my feet before he made it to all fours. I swung my leg over his back and wrapped my thighs around his head and hooked my feet together. He couldn’t break out of my ‘nelson’, let’s see how he makes out with my scissors! My weight on the back of his head forced him to fall forward and I leaned to the side as he went down so we ended up on our sides. From here I eased myself around into a sitting position. He was on his back and the back of his head was cradled in my crotch. I tightened my grip and gave him a preview.

“Aaaarrggghhhh...” He flopped around and tried to tug my knees apart. I eased off slightly and his hands moved up my thighs trying to find an opening. He gave this up as a bad idea and decided to feel up my thighs up instead. I obliged by flexing my muscles for him.

“Mmmm holy shit Diane!”

“You like that muscle tone?”

“Muscle tone my ass!”

I flexed and tightened at the same time and thought about the effect my solid thigh muscles were having on his jawbone.

“Oooohhh... enough... enough...!”

I eased off again. This time when he ran his hands over my thighs I reached down and grabbed his wrists and pulled his arms up and pinned them to the mat on either side of my bum. The move was unexpected.

“No more feelies.”

He fought for a minute longer until I started tightening my grip around his head then he realized he was finished. I could force his submission at my leisure. He mumbled something that sounded like ‘bitch’ and I gave a short really hard squeeze!

“Whooo...ooowww.”

“You’re at my mercy you know.”

“Yeah, I know.”

It was wonderful to hear him admit it.

“Yeaah.” I drawled. “Do you surrender?”

“Yes. I surrender. You win.”

Wednesday the gifts arrived. A dozen roses and airline tickets and reservations for five days at Club Med!

My Story - Chapter 2
By Beth Ann
(and I'm sticking to it)

The three weeks till our holidays were busy but uneventful. We both concentrated on our work and Dave was out of town off and on for a total of two weeks. I got to workout just about every day, and swam twice a week. We 'girls' still got together and wrestled after our class and either set up a round robin or came back to my place and practiced holds. I had established a solid second place behind Tina who was the biggest and strongest, Joy and Anita traded third place almost on a weekly basis.

The weather held and we had five glorious days of sun. We biked and hiked and swam, tried some tennis and caught some rays on the beach. We signed up for the volleyball and played two matches a day. We were terrible, we didn't win once, but for the most part it was a riot. In one match-up though we played this guy Arnie and his wife Gail. Now Arnie was not an athlete but he was pretty good at volleyball and this really inflated his ego. I thought he was a jerk, I was not alone. He was the kind of guy that had to win and queried every point they lost, even obvious spikes! And you shouldn't consider questioning him. But, this is weird, it was Gail's serve and Dave made the return. Gail defended and played the ball forward and Arnie jumped to knock it over. I could see it coming and jumped to defend. (By the way I was successful and we won the point) Arnie's round house swing sent him into the net and he crashed into me and we both ended on the ground. Regrettably he ended up between my legs and for some reason I just couldn't resist, I guess the devil made me do it, and I locked my feet together and squeezed!

"Say uncle" I commanded.

Now Dave would have waved his arms around for ten seconds, screamed in mock pain and cried Uncle. Everyone would have a good laugh and the game would resume. But not this guy. Oh no. No way he was about to yield to a woman. He twisted and tried to fight it and, like I said, I wasn't crazy about this guy so of course this pissed me off even more and I squeezed all the harder. Over the past months I had learned how to really apply the pressure with this hold: you have to get your opponent as close in as you can and you stretch out with your legs as well as squeeze. By now a circle had formed and everyone was chanting for him to surrender, even his wife! He was really suffering and gasping for air. Five more seconds!

"Give?"

He gushed something unintelligible that sounded like "bitch"

“Pardon?”

“Okay... nuf... nuf”

“Say uncle!”

“Aaaagggghhhh... shhh... it... Uncle... Uncle”

I released him and quickly slid away once he got to his hands and knees. Thank god.

Dave was on the ball and was waiting with our towels and stuff so we could make a hasty exit. I got several pats on the back as we moved through the crowd and we headed straight for our room. I needed a drink! Dave was so excited I couldn't believe it and had to have me immediately. Watching me demolish Arnie had really turned his crank!

For that evening we decided we had better find a restaurant away from the main village and ended up in one of the local bazaars. All kinds of shops and boutiques. We both saw it at the same time and squeezed hands in unison. It was the neatest bikini outfit! Two bottoms and two tops, a mix and match kind of thing with a matching cover-up. Dave haggled the price down to a hundred bucks. My mind was racing at the possibilities but he would get his moneys worth watching me strut my stuff wearing that outfit! Over dinner I teased him about his reaction to the earlier episode. He admitted that watching me make

Arnie submit really got to him, and that he would day dream about the incident for a long time!

Yeah, well he was lucky, I didn't even go all out, (which was true by the way).

Dave just had to test my biceps and my muscles and my training soon became the main topic. Later, I modeled the bikini and did some muscle poses much to Dave's delight. Then we did a hand job on each other, taking about three hours, stopping and starting, teasing each other to a frenzy!

Five days is too short! Here it is our last day already. Our plane didn't leave till five so we spent the morning trying to fit in as much as we could. After lunch I talked Dave into a walk along the beach and I donned the scantiest items from the bikini set. The thong left my ass completely bare and the two triangles that made up the top had to be positioned perfectly if they were to even cover my nipples. I suspect this beach in Mexico was the only (public) place I could wear this outfit without getting arrested! I only had to say I was going to wear it and Dave became aroused and this made me feel super sexy. We walked for half an hour away from the resorts till the beach became deserted then we

raced into the ocean for a quick dip. Dave had gotten himself all worked up again testing my arms and ogling my legs. We bobbed together in the waves, necking and kissing and when we finally made it back to shore Dave remarked that his hard-on had turned into a harder-on. I found a reasonably flat spot and started collecting the twigs and smoothing the sand with my foot.

"What are you doing?"

"C'mon, help me make a nice flat place, so big..."

I pointed out an area about twelve feet round.

"...so we can wrestle."

This stopped him dead for a minute.

"Diane..."

"Yeah, I know, you don't stand a chance." I teased.

A few minutes later we had a good-sized circle that was pretty much clear of debris.

"Ready?"

"Three rounds?"

I pranced around the perimeter making him come after me and when he finally caught me I let him have control of my arms and concentrated on working my hips and legs into his groin and in two minutes I had him breathing hard! Then I began resisting with my arms and I think he gave way a little just so he could watch my biceps flex as I pushed against his weight. He broke away and we circled till he charged me. I stooped down and rolled him over my shoulder and dropped him neatly onto his back. He lost a little wind and lay there stunned for a sec, long enough for me to move in and place a foot on his chest.

"Is that it? Are you finished already? Bring back Arnie."

Of course, this was all the provocation he needed and he grabbed my ankle and twisted and tripped me onto the sand. In his haste to overpower me he made a shambles of it and we ended in a tangle of arms and legs, no one with any real advantage.

"Want to make a wager?" I asked.

"What did you have in mind?"

All the while we were twisting wrists back and forth and trying to work our legs into position.

"Winner gets two wishes."

"Why not three?"

"Haven't you heard? The third wish is always for three more wishes."

I had control of both his wrists and was finally getting some advantage.

"Yes? No? Or are you chicken?"

I gave a big pull separating his grip and pinned his wrists to his sides.

"Okay, you are on"

I released his wrists and twisted away from him and gained my feet and waited for him to gain his. Then we squared off and circled. True to form he wrestled like an oaf, all power and brawn with no technique. He was spending a lot of time trying to pull at the ties of my bikini. I gave up several good holds just to make the match last and wear him down and I probably could have won six straight rounds! The first round ended when I wrapped his arm up with my legs and bent it past the point of no return forcing a submission. In the second, I started by terrorizing him with my arm strength and I surprised him when I was actually able to overpower him a couple of times. But it was mostly leverage and I've had lots of practice lately. All this was just a ruse though because I really wanted to get him between my legs and give him some of what I gave Arnie.

I'm sure this is what he wanted too, but I was in no hurry, so I took my time controlling him as much as possible letting him test my strength and besting him when I could. I sent him sprawling by coming in low and lifting him off his feet. He ended on his back and I quickly covered him and got him into a nice compact pin with my knees in his arm muscles. He struggled for a few minutes and got an arm free a couple of times but I managed to stay on top and infuriate him by bringing him back under control. When he gave up struggling I started taunting him and even trickled a hand full of sand into his face. He twisted his head back and forth which only made it worse but he didn't make any real effort to escape. I grabbed his wrists again and sat up high and put all my weight onto his wrist and arms.

"Count to three." I ordered. "Get free or count yourself out."

This made him really struggle but he got nowhere and soon gave up.

"Count!" I repeated, his response was a very slow:

"One....two....three...."

"Two-nuthin" I announced.

We squared off for the third round and it was obvious he was getting worn down. His harder-on was still pushing at his briefs and his reaction time was off. Perfect! I didn't waste any time and moved in quickly and tripped him up sending him to all fours. He was slow getting up and I had time to circle and plan my next move. I put my foot against his hip and gave a good push rolling him onto his back. I positioned myself where I could look down the length of him and dropped down placing a knee to either side of his head. I reached back and pulled his head up as high as I could into my crotch. From here I stretched out and down. I wanted to use the head scissors to keep him occupied till I got his legs wrapped up. Tightening and flexing I kept him busy feeling up my ass and thighs. Every once in a while I would really apply the pressure to keep the focus on his head.

Meanwhile I worked with his legs locking one behind the other then I reached through to grab his ankle. I think this hold is called an Indian Death Lock but it's usually locked up with a leg. I figured since his legs were bent past the point of no return I should be able to hang on and if necessary I could use both hands. I dug my elbow into the soft part of his inner thigh, which caused him to cry out and buck to the right. Neatly into my trap! His right arm was now trapped underneath my leg, I bent at the waist to put my legs out behind his head to prevent him from rolling back. Now his head and legs were immobilized.

I had him locked up so good he couldn't even squirm. The only thing he could do now was flail his left arm. I squeezed with my scissors till he moaned and I felt his legs tense up and try to straighten but he had no leverage.

"Okay.. okay.. I quit."

I ran my free hand teasingly down the inside of one thigh, over his balls and up the inside of the other.

This is where I should command that your balls be brought to me on a silver platter. I chuckled, he groaned.

"Do you surrender?"

"Yes."

"Do I get my wishes?"

I rested my hand at the top of his thigh next to his defenseless nuts. Poor guy, but I did have him good! His hard cock was visible through his tight trunks and his balls were right there. A little squeeze and a little caress...!

"Wish number one" I paused here and tightened my scissors grip.

"The Jag is mine for a week."

Forfeiting his Jaguar had to be his worst nightmare, but after all, losing has its price. I sniggered at his hesitation.

"You have no choice." I reminded him.

His next moan was a moan of anguish.

"And your second wish?"

"A day on your knees."

"Ohhhh you bitch."

I tightened up all my grips.

"So do you surrender?"

"Oh jeez yes! I give! I surrender"

"And you agree to fulfill my wishes"

"Yes... yes... okay..."

He was still hard as a rock as we snuggled on the plane and he would have to stay that way for at least another day. I was in a reflective mood pondering the match and my winnings. I was wondering if, and if so, how much he had held back.

I must say I looked great getting in and out of his Jag, heads turned every time, especially when I wore a short skirt. Too bad it wasn't the season for shorts. I held onto the keys tightly and made it a point of driving every time especially when we went out together. The day he spent on his knees was absolutely superb! Now don't get the wrong idea, he didn't literally spend the day on his knees, he got to do pretty much what he wanted but he was on call to go down on me whenever! I made the most of it, his first call was at seven a.m. and his last was at twenty to midnight. In between-----I lost count!

My Story - Chapter 3
By Beth Ann
(and I'm sticking to it)

It seemed we no sooner got back from our vacation and it was Christmas. I was able to take a week off and Dave only had to work half an hour a day to keep up with his messages. There was lots of stuff under our tree but I'll only mention the interesting stuff: a WWF championship belt, it was just a toy but it fitted me perfectly and I wore it proudly and kept it on display. And when I wore it with my 'bench press 'T'' Dave just about went nuts. Secondly, a credit card---my name---his company--! I accused him of trying to buy me off.

With time on his hands Dave went all out and decided to finish off the exercise room. Full length mirrors on one wall and one on the ceiling above the bench press station. He got the mats modified so we now had a twelve foot circle---no corners to retreat to. He added an E-Z curl bar and some more weights, a couple more pairs of dumbbells and a rack. Our exercise room was starting to look like 'Golds'!

A third thing under the tree was the promise of a Very Special Dinner. Dave had arranged the whole thing beforehand and insisted that we get dressed up. Understandably! The restaurant was French and very elegant. It was sectioned into small separate rooms, very private, very intimate! The servers were très discrète, but I suspect they had seen it all before. The bread and wine were served and afterwards the salad, all without an order being given. Dave had started his teasing and groping earlier in the day and I was starting to get into the mood and our trashy talk was hardly disturbed. The table was cleared for the main course. "Couilles d'un Mâle for mademoiselle" It wasn't his phony accent that I choked on. "Minette Flambé for monsieur." I just about burst out laughing. (Literal translation: male balls---flaming pussy)

"This is as close as I could get to my balls on a silver platter."

Obviously in response to my wish at Club Med. Two meatballs were wrapped in a dumpling pastry; presented to look like testicles in a sac. Red pepper sauce garnish along the top edge. The meat was a little on the strong side but sweet. I savored every bite, arousing him subliminally. I must say they were delicious and there was a silver salver under the china plate. We sipped at the end of the wine and provoked each other with comments about each other's meal:

"How were the couilles?" Dave asked.

I licked my lips seductively. "Absolutely delicious, nice and firm. How was the minette?"

“Mmmm, I’ve had better.” He grinned lecherously.

At Dave’s signal the dishes were quickly cleared away. The server left the bill and immediately returned and set this apparatus square in the center of the table.

“Bon chance Monsieur.”

Vertical pegs at each end and a nest for your elbow. It was an arm wrestling gizmo. Neat! Obviously we were going to arm wrestle to see who pays. I really wanted to test my new card.

“Let’s play winner pays.” I challenged.

I grasped the peg in my left hand and set my right elbow into the recess and held my hand at the ready. Dave moved into position and we hooked thumbs. Dave had had quite a bit to drink by now and I was hoping that his reflexes would be dulled.

“You count.” I offered. This way if he was slow off the mark he wouldn’t be able to complain. We built pressure in the neutral position.

“Ready----go!”

I anticipated by the microsecond it took to get the advantage and had him three-quarters of the way down before he reacted. He stopped me here but it was too little too late and I really poured it on forcing his knuckles down to the platform. I held him down and looked him straight in the eyes.

“You lose.”

“You cheated.”

“How can you say that? You counted.”

“Ahh. Congratulations Monsieur.”

Fortunately for Dave the waiter took the fact that I was paying the wrong way. In addition to the fantastic dinner Dave presented me with the arm wrestling gadget.

I was feeling wonderfully lecherous so when Dave suggested ‘strip arm wrestling’-----. We pared down to five items of clothing each (we didn’t want this to take all night). He won---not easily, I had him sweating a couple of times, but he won, but his idea of a forfeit was to check out my muscles. I was more than willing to oblige. It wouldn’t take

long. A couple of minutes testing my biceps and he would be doing my bidding. He got all worked up just using the tape measure. I had gained three pounds and I convinced him it was all muscle. I had gained two inches around my chest. No, unfortunately my breasts hadn't grown, so it had to be back muscle and an inch gone from both waist and hips! My calves remained at fourteen, but I had added half inch to my thighs and a quarter inch to my arms! I was as ecstatic as Dave was! I stood astride facing him and took a coy pose with my hands behind my back. Stomach in, chest out shoulders back.

His hands were on me in a sec', caressing my breasts. I raised my arms slowly till they reach three and nine o'clock then I bent at the elbow and just as slowly brought my fists to my ears in a double biceps pose. Poor guy he was breathing hard already! His hands wandered up and over my shoulders and encircled both muscles. I rotated my wrists making the muscles swell in his hand. His left hand continued to test my right biceps while his right alternated between cupping my triceps and stroking my biceps. I dropped my arms to my sides and while he still had his hands wrapped around my muscles, did a couple of curls.

"Oh Jesus!" Was his response.

I turned my back to him and started over; back, double biceps, curls. When I was finished the curls I held my arms straight down at my sides flexing my triceps. He sank to his knees and wrapped his arms around me. I turned a quarter turn back, took a handful of his hair and pulled his head back forcing him to look up. Then with my free arm I did a very slow single biceps pose.

"Want more?" I quizzed.

His one hand was stroking the front of my thigh, his other was feeling up my ass. I squeezed and tightened my butt.

"Mmmmm---"

I had to laugh, just like butter on a hot bun. I swung out my hip.

"Kiss it." I ordered and guided his mouth to the crest of my glute. Some forfeit when it turns out that the loser gets their way! I released his hair and let him continue groping my thighs, and quads. He went right down onto his haunches to do my calves. He had both hands wrapped around my right calf so I pointed my left toe out so he could gawp at the mirror image of what he was feeling-up. Then I did the same with my right, flexing as hard as I could with his hands wrapped around the muscle. He groaned and collapsed against me. He was cumming! Great! I could bring him off just by flexing! I took two steps

back and faced him. He was on all fours, his back arching with the spasms. I stood astride and waited for him to look up and when he did I flexed my right arm and left leg.

“More still?” I teased.

He was speechless, shaking his head no, as his eyes wandered over me one more time. I turned my back on him and strode regally away, leaving him frustrated and horny.

New Years was spent visiting relatives on both sides and then it was back to our regular schedule. I enrolled for the spring session, another thirteen weeks of lifesaving instruction. Now that Dave’s business was somewhat established he was able to spend more time close to home and we even got to work out together a couple of times a week. Dave took every opportunity to challenge me to “wrestle for it” so over the next couple of months we used the arm wrestling gizmo to decide things like who got the remote, what movie to see and which restaurant to try. He won most, but not all, and I sure made him sweat!

All this was preparatory to him wanting a rematch to vindicate himself and it wasn’t that I wasn’t willing to oblige, the timing was wrong. It was still three weeks till the end of March when the Lifesaving wrapped up and the girls had planned a little get together. We were going to make some presentations. I had planned on another match just the week before hoping for two presentations! Between one thing and another I was able to stall him. I told him:

“I think we should go three rounds, winner gets one wish per round.” As anxious as he was to wrestle he wasn’t too anxious about this idea. “Well you think about it, let me know next week.” By then he would be only too willing to give me six wishes! On Monday he agreed to my terms and we scheduled the match for Saturday afternoon. Just perfect, the following Friday would be the presentations. I worked out every day so I was a real hardbody and I really pumped up my thighs. I wanted to wear him down till he was mush and I needed legs to do that.

I presented myself in my ‘bench press ‘T’, and strode around our ring with my championship belt overhead.

BENCH PRESS

115

He shook his head in disbelief. If I told him that I could leg press 315 pounds he would be shattered! The ‘T’ had its usual effect, he stiffened visibly in his briefs! I set the belt aside

and pulled off the 'T'. I wore the same micro-kini as the last time. Letting him try to pull at the ties was a good way to keep him distracted.

It started off simply enough but I could sense he was coming on stronger, maybe he really did want to vindicate himself. We got matching headlocks on each other and tripped each other to the mats. He really poured it on trying for a quick pin. I eeled away underneath him but he grabbed me by the arm and twisted before I could make a clean get-away. The 'girls' and I had discovered that men seemed to gravitate to twisting arms so we had spent a lot of time over the last six months developing counters. I clasped my hands together and held my arms tight to my body and tried to work my legs into position. He realized what I was up to and finally gave way and quickly pulled back. His chest was heaving, five minutes into the first round! I could see that he was really pissed at not being able to control my arms. I should have taunted him but I didn't. The round progressed and as planned, I used my legs as much as possible, wearing him down.

Dave was getting more and more pissed that he couldn't get an advantage and a couple of times he had to scramble to his freedom on all fours. We squared off once more and when he reached for me I grabbed his wrist with both hands. I twisted and tucked under his arm and at the same hooked my foot in front of his and pushed. He went down face first onto the mat and I quickly straddled him and forced his arm up between his shoulder blades, turning the tables. He yelped in pain. "---this the hold you were trying for?" I hooked my free arm through the crook of his elbow and locked it against his shoulder. I knew he would try for a quick breakout so I was ready for it. I leaned forward close to his ear and whispered/hissed in his ear:

"Give?" He reared back allowing me to slip my legs around his chest. At last! I released his wrist and tightened my scissors grip. He immediately dropped back onto the mats wheezing and clutching at my legs! I held on real tight.

"Remember Arnie?" He moaned in pain, or despair, I'm not sure which, and actually I didn't care either. All I wanted right now was to hear him submit. He was doing a lot of grunting and huffing and he squeezed his arm between my shins and tried to pry my legs apart. Little did he know he was wasting his time, his arm against my legs was laughable. I tightened my grip till he started clutching at my legs again and held it.

"Give?" He was nodding but he wasn't saying anything, too busy gagging for breath. Just a few more seconds. "Uncle?" I prompted.

"Uncle...jeez...uncle." He wheezed.

I relaxed my hold, rolled over just enough so we could snuggle and I gave him a big conciliatory hug, he responded, nuzzling my neck.

“Jesus you’re strong.”

I pressed my thigh into his groin.

“Jesus you’re hard.”

He was making those motions that told me he wanted release, which was good but it was only the first round.

“Wanna hear my first wish?”

“Mmmm---not really.”

“Well you’re on your knees for a week this time.” This made him groan but she was sure he knew it was coming.

Round two was similar. I kept after him using my legs on his body as much as I could, occasionally going for an arm hold just to keep him off guard. He was still not in that great of shape and I’ve been wrestling two nights a week for the last five months but it still shocked him when I got him neatly pinned. Wrists pegged solidly and knees hard into his arm muscles. He squirmed around underneath but I knew enough to keep my butt high so he couldn’t buck me off. As much as this was humiliating for him it wasn’t going to make him submit so after a few minutes I let him go. He continued to lie there as I circled so I decided not to wait and moved in. With one foot between his legs I reached down and pulled his legs up crossing them over. Then I twisted and sank onto the mat and hooked the back of my knee over his ankle. My brothers used to call this hold a ‘basket-weave’ but nowadays it’s known as a ‘figure four’. Just murder!

I applied the pressure slowly, he was soon moaning and grasping at my legs. When he tried to rise up I pressed out hard sending him right back down howling in agony!

“Give?” I eased off but kept giving him little jolts making him squirm.

“Okay---okay---enough---I give.”

“For my second wish----” I paused for effect. “I want my belt engraved with all my wins. Okay?”

“Okay---okay---no problem.” He agreed. The engraving would cost more than the belt was worth.

Round three was more or less a formality. My plan was working, my legs were too much for him. He could hardly stand---definitely mush and he fell into every trap. At one point I rode on his back around the room, him on his hands and knees. As he staggered to his feet I got him in a full nelson and forced him back down then wrapped my legs around his chest. I applied just enough pressure to keep him under control and dominate him. I didn't want him to surrender just yet. I released him when he was nicely subdued and he fell prone to the floor.

“Is that it baby? Had enough?”

He moaned in despair and struggled to all fours. I was getting a real kick out of having him on his knees! I stood in front of him and grabbed a handful of hair. Once he was upright, squatting on his heels, I swung my leg over his back and leaned into him forcing him aside. Just perfect. I rolled with him and his head was trapped high between my thighs and he was facing my crotch.

“It's over baby, you're looking down the barrel of two 22's.”

It wasn't till I tightened my thighs around his head that he got it, and the realization that I now had twenty-two inch thigh muscles sent him into frenzy. I tightened my hold tighter and tighter, bit by bit. He was moaning, almost humming as the pain increased and claspng hopelessly at my thighs. Mush!

“Wish number three: At the presentation next week I want to be put on a pedestal.”

He agreed to this quickly enough.

“And you will be that pedestal.”

“Ohhh nooo---” He cried in desperation. “Diane please---.”

I squeezed really hard, he began scrabbling with his legs and waving his hands in desperation

“Okay---okay---.”

“You agree?”

“Yes---yes---okay---you win.”

“I know that but do you agree to my third wish?”

"I agree---ohhh---oh shit yes---I agree." He finally relented. I relaxed my grip but didn't let him go, He reverted to pawing my thighs, I responded by flexing for him.

"Oh Jesus Diane---."

"Yes?" I wasn't about to help him

"Oh jeez! Killer legs---!"

"Twenty-two inches of muscle."

"Beautiful!"

"Yeah? So don't even think about welching. There may be a time when you want between these legs." I laughed out loud at his predicament, slowly pulled the ties at my hips and just as slowly pulled the briefs away. He knew what was coming but he was powerless to stop me. I hooked my legs into a figure four around his neck and doggedly eased his face into my crotch!

I checked the wall clock and announced in a comical voice: "There you go folks---another incredible match. Against Dave, Diane remains unbeaten. Once again Dave must fulfill her three wishes---." The second his tongue made its first tentative stroke I continued, in an imperious tone: "It's now Saturday at four-seventeen--- think can you remember that?"

For the following week Dave was noticeably subdued. I maintained a superior attitude that drove him wild. To his credit though he didn't welch and never once really complained. The couple of time he did hint at relief/release I only had to flex a muscle, any muscle, and spread my legs seductively, then he would relent and drop to his knees.

For the presentations they had arranged for the corner of the bar where there was a small stage. It was fairly private, but not totally, and there were sufficient on-lookers to make Dave's humiliation complete. There were only five in our party and a dozen or so in the other section and even though the areas were separated the 'outsiders' could still see most of the goings-on.

Joy emceed and as well as handing out the lifesaving awards she made a comic ceremony handing out the gag gifts we had picked up for each other. Joy then called Dave to the stage. She gave a short speech noting how supportive Dave was towards my fitness efforts, then turned it over to him. At first he stumbled along but then got into the mood

of things. He congratulated everyone on their swimming awards and fitness efforts. Then moved on to talk about my bodybuilding and how great I looked. He then went into some details, before and after kind of thing, then got the audience to applaud my great shape. He continued, explaining that we had been wrestling and talked about the championship belt and the significance of the little plaques. The three medals were solid silver and were engraved with dates and some details which he read out loud, very graciously admitting his defeats. He then called me to the front and formally presented me with the belt.

I had arrived in a little halter style sundress and after I said a couple of words of acceptance I unhooked the straps and let it drop to the floor. I was wearing the most modest of the bikini outfits but this still brought everyone to attention. I did a couple of body building poses, front and back. Tina and Anita had brought their cameras and snapped some shots.

I turned to Dave; "Dave has agreed to place me on a pedestal."

"Diane---please---."

I glared at him and whispered: "You still have nineteen hours to go---welch now and you'll spend every second of it on your knees."

He slowly dropped to his knees then onto all fours. Joy steadied me as I climbed onto his back, one foot over his hips the other at his shoulders. I stood astride over him and held my belt overhead. The cameras flashed again. I took a minute to fasten the belt in place then did a couple more poses for the cameras. I very carefully adjusted my position, placing a foot on the back of his head and eased with enough weight to force his head down into a very submissive attitude. Then with hands on hips I smiled as the cameras flashed away and the onlookers cheered.

His penance over, Dave spent the rest of the weekend making up for lost time. We made love several times and just plain fucked several more. He couldn't get enough of me! I razed him about suffering from humiliation withdrawal.

Monday it was back to the grind---Dave had to catch an early flight. Before he left he brought me a nice cup of tea and a hot buttered scone. In bed yet!

I met him at the arrivals deck when he returned on Wednesday. Lately he had been planning his trips so he arrived back late in the afternoon, this way we could go out for dinner on his expense account. It was his company, so it was his money just the same but this way he avoided the tax man.

Once we were settled at our table and our orders placed I produced the fat packet of photos I had in my purse.

“Do I really want to look at these?” He asked. I had them all arranged in the order I wanted him to see them and I slid the first four face down across the table. Someone with a camera had been witness to the destruction of Arnie!

“How did you get these?” He asked.

“They arrived in the mail by way of the travel agent.” He faltered visibly and spent a long time studying each shot. He stopped dead at the one where it looked like I was laughing. I don’t remember being anything but serious at the time but it was apparent that Arnie was really suffering and it sure looked like I was mocking him.

The second lot were taken at the gym. Group shots of the four of us and individuals but we were all flexing and showing off. His eyes lingered on the one with Anita in a bikini. Like I mentioned before Anita was very well endowed, and was flexing a pretty neat arm muscle with her leg turned out to show off an equally neat calf. I chuckled to myself, just checking out some female muscle was getting him aroused.

The next batch were from the presentation. Pics of me flexing, he studied every one.

“You look really good.” He declared. “This one is really good.” I was standing astride doing a double biceps pose looking slightly off to the right. Two flashes must have gone off simultaneously really highlighting the ‘edges’ of my muscles. “Very very nice!” He stated. “I want that one for my wallet.”

And then finally, I had picked out a dozen of the best ones. After every three or so he would look up to see how I was reacting to his reaction. I tried to remain aloof---cool. Halfway through he broke out in a cold sweat and had to use his napkin to mop his brow. He continued slowly---one by one---and he was looking up after each one. He reached the end and leaned back in his chair as if exhausted.

“Unbelievable.” He was shaking his head. “You look so good, so---”

“Superior?” I offered.

“---majestic.”

“Which one of these do you want for your wallet?” I couldn’t resist, I just had to tease, he just gave me a pained look.

“I don’t look too good though, do I?”

“You look a little gloomy, but----nicely tamed.” He reached across the table and took my hands in his.

“I love you so much---I want you so bad---!” He admitted to being horny when he got off the plane and was now overcome with desire. I scooped up the photos and returned them purposely to my bag and changed the subject But I knew would come back to it and then I would challenge him to wrestle for the negatives.