

DAZZLED BY DAWN

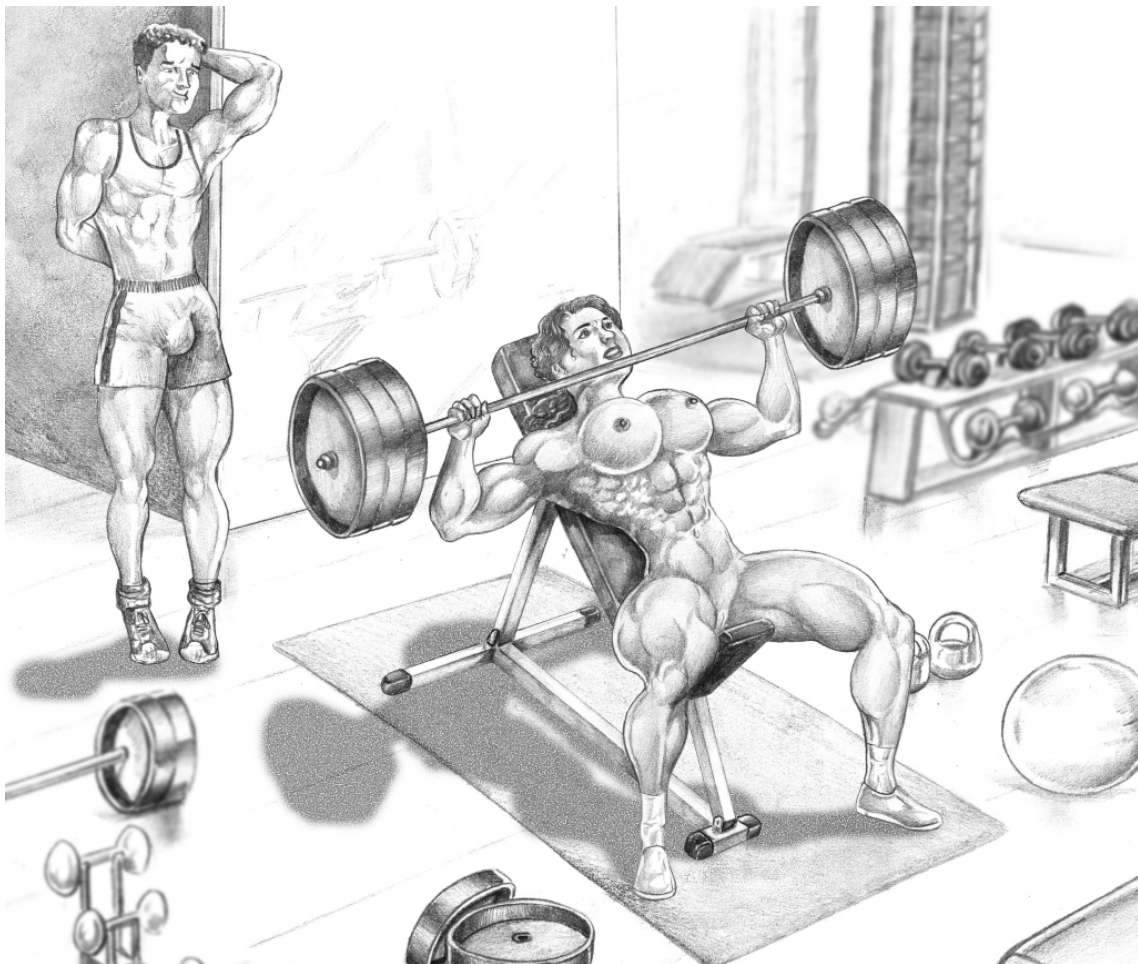
- an AmazonFan story -

(amysconquest.com)

I'm one of those Internet millionaires you hate to hear about. The company I started went public about a year ago and now I'm pretty much set for life financially. I'm 28 years old. Name's Dennis Fuller.

I found that once people found out how much I was worth, I had a whole new bunch of friends. Hey, I can't blame them. It's human nature. Women who really didn't pay that much attention to me before suddenly started to smile and say hello.

I guess that's how I met Dawn. Dawn is a breathtakingly beautiful brunette. She stands 5'10" tall and weighs a few pounds more than me (I'm 158). She's all muscle - hard muscle. She hasn't gone for enormous size. She says she has no desire to be a bodybuilder, but she has gotten remarkably strong. I'd guess that her arms measure about 15 3/4 inches. She can bench press 350 pounds for ten reps! I love to watch her bench press because of the sight of her firm breasts sticking straight up as she lies on her back. She's a full 40D but only wears a bra when she has to. I guess I should add that she works out in the nude at the gym that I had built for her in my house. It's got every piece of equipment you can imagine, mirrors of the wall and ceiling, and mats where we wrestle.



I've had a thing for wrestling females for as long as I can remember, back even before puberty. Growing up, my next door neighbor was this tomboy who started wrestling me and beating me when I was eight. They moved away when I was eleven and I didn't have a chance to wrestle a girl again until I was in college. I was dating this girl named Janice who found some stories and pictures I'd collected. She asked me if I liked that kind of stuff and I said yes.

About a week later we were in my dorm room getting stoned on the couch and she just kind of rolled over on top of me and pinned me. I was shocked that this 130-pound girl was strong enough to do that to me. I really couldn't budge her! Janice got off me and stood up and told me to try again. The second I stood up she grabbed my arm and pulled me towards her, lifting me right off my feet. She hoisted me on her shoulder and carried me over to the bed and threw me on it.

As she jumped on top of me she told me that if I could pin her she'd give me a blowjob. (I guess that was to make sure I was really trying.) Well you can bet I was going to try my hardest then, but I'll be damned if Janice didn't pin my arms over my head again.

Pressing against me, I knew she could feel that I'd gotten a hard on. She made me give up and then she slid up, straddling my chest. She pressed her fingers against my arms and said "Kinda soft there, Fuller." Then she rolled up her sleeves and hit a double biceps pose. Her arms were bigger than mine. All of a sudden I came in my pants! She heard me moan and looked around and saw the wet spot in my jeans. Janice just laughed and peeled off her jeans and panties and ordered me to eat her because I had lost. I started to protest but she wrapped her thighs around my head and gave me a hard squeeze. I instantly saw stars and knew I'd better obey her.



She wrestled me a couple more times with the same results - she could pin me, apparently without having to put out much effort. Then came the time I was over at her sorority one afternoon. A few of her sisters were there in the living room. We were studying and I was kind of lost in my reading. When I looked up I noticed that the girls had gotten together in a little circle. One of them was pointing at me and Janice was nodding her head.

She came over to me wearing this shit-eating grin and took the book from my hands and put it aside. She told me to stand up because the girls had made a bet with her that she couldn't pin me in a wrestling match. She said they'd thought she'd been lying. She didn't tell me what she'd get from them if she won, but Janice told me that the four of them agreed to take their tops off in front of me if I won. I looked at the group and they all shook their heads yes. (Of course in hindsight I realized it was all a set up to entice me to wrestle. Why would they have agreed to take off their tops if they were so sure that Janice had been lying and would lose?)

Well, being young and stupid and a real tit man (it was rumored that to be in this sorority you had to be at least a C), I of course agreed, praying my luck would change. Janice pulled off her top and tossed it on the sofa. She had a frilly bra on. She smiled at me and hit a double biceps pose and grinned, winking at me knowingly, as if to remind me of what happened the first time she did that when we wrestled.

I leapt forward, trying to take her by surprise. I got my arms around her and grabbed her in a bear hug. But I didn't trap her arms, so she laughed and got me in a bear hug too. She squeezed hard with a quick burst of pressure and forced me to wince and say "Oof!" The cluster of coeds giggled.



Janice whispered in my ear, "Your arms against my arms? You know whose are bigger. You know who's going to win." She started squeezing even harder, leaning back so my feet came off the floor. I couldn't believe the pressure against my ribs and I was having trouble breathing.

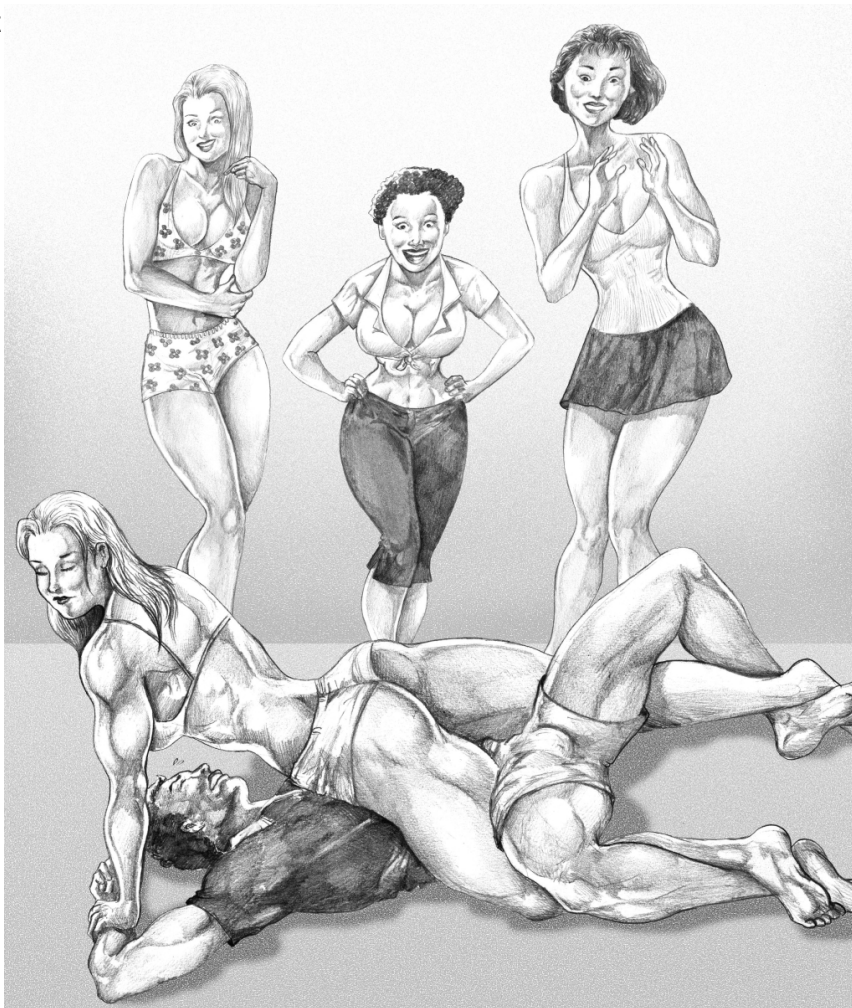
Realizing my bear hug was doing nothing and beginning to weaken, I let go of her and tried instead to pry her arms off me. Feeling her upper arms bulging, the futility of my task began to sink in. I'm sure that all the girls in the room could see that Janice had taken instant and complete control of the match. I could hear them murmuring but couldn't make out what they were saying.

Janice got tired of waiting for me to submit so she let me out of the bear hug. She kissed each of her biceps and said, "C'mon babies, let's finish him off."

She stepped forward and I thrust my hands out in front of me to fend her off. She interlaced her fingers with mine and suddenly swung her arms around in a circle. She began to bend my wrists back, forcing me to my knees. She pushed forward and I toppled backwards with Janice ending up straddling my chest.

"Seems like we've been in this position before, haven't we, Dennis?" she smiled. She let me struggle for a while, but I couldn't buck her off me. I think she just wanted to show off to the other girls how she could control me. When she decided she was ready, she pinned my arms over my head. She stretched herself out on top of me and before I could figure out what she was doing, she grapevined my legs!

"Shall we open wide and go ahhhh?" she teased. "You know I've got you at my mercy now. Spread-eagled and unable to do a thing. I, on the other hand, can do things to you to show the girls here how irresistible you find me." Janice definitely had a naughty smirk on her face. She ground her crotch against mine as she spread my legs wide, forcing me to yell out my submission.



"Stop! That hurts! I give!" I howled while the girls applauded Janice's victory. I wondered if they could see that Janice had given me a hard on.

"Now, now. We can't have all that yelling in here," she playfully admonished. "I'm just going to have to keep you quiet."

She let go of my wrists and wrapped her arms under my head, pulling it up into her 36D cleavage. Could she have known instinctively that this was one of my erotic dreams? I can't say. I can tell you that the second my nose and mouth were enveloped in all those firm young boobs, unable to find a molecule of air, a chain reaction sent a signal from my obsessed brain to my cock, causing me to cum with a huge load in my pants.

When Janice felt me shudder she let go and jumped off me. One of her sorority sisters was pointing at my wet spot and all of the rest of them shrieked with laughter.

Janice just laughed, "Didn't I tell you?" and pulled her top back on.

I got up and ran out of the house. I decided on the spot that I never wanted to see Janice again if she was going to use her superiority to humiliate me.

That was almost nine years ago. In the interim, I sustained my preoccupation with strong women through the Internet and through watching wrestling videos.

A few times I even paid to wrestle girls who did it professionally. There was never any sex involved, but let me tell you the wrestling was usually pretty good. It never ceases to amaze me how many legitimately strong girls there are out there. I never tried to date any of these girls. I guess the memory of Janice was still haunting me.

Then, about nine months ago I was out shopping at a lawn and garden store. That's when I spotted Dawn. As fate would have it, I was parked next to her. She was hoisting 50 pound bags to top soil into the back of her SUV and I could see that for her it was as easy as lifting rolls of paper towels. She was wearing a sleeveless top, so I got a good look at her arms. I could see in an instant that they were well developed and bigger than mine. The plunging neckline in front also revealed very impressive cleavage. In profile, her face looked so much like Janice's that I thought for a second that they might be related.



"I think you're staring," she said suddenly, a slight smile on her lips.

"Oh, I'm sorry, you remind me of someone," I replied.

"You remind me of Dennis Fuller."

"How'd you know my name?" I asked.

"Saw your picture in the business section of the paper the other day," she laughed. She introduced herself and we exchanged pleasantries. But it wasn't long before she asked me who it was that she reminded me of.

Taking a chance, I said that we were taking up spaces in the parking lot and perhaps she'd like to learn more over lunch. She agreed.

"So tell me who this other woman is," she said as we waited for our first course to arrive.

"It was years ago, in college," I replied, my voice trailing off.

"Break your heart?"

"Not exactly."

"So what happened?"

"I don't know how to say this without sounding like a Neanderthal, but the reason you reminded me of her was physical. She had a physique like yours, but proportionately a bit smaller," I said, hoping I hadn't just blown it.

She smiled. She looked down at her arms and down her chest and looked back at me. "I don't mind being noticed for my physical attributes," she said. "In fact, I work out damn hard to keep looking like this!" She tilted her head back and laughed.



That seemed to break my tension. I started to tell her about Janice. I didn't know how far to go, so I tried to casually mention that she was fairly strong.

"How strong? Not stronger than you?" Dawn asked.

"I'm afraid so."

"Did that bother you?"

"No."

Dawn's eyes brightened. "How'd you know she was stronger?" she asked.

"We wrestled a few times and she won," I confessed.

"All of them?"

"Yeah." I was afraid she might look at me funny, but Dawn seemed interested.

"How much did she weigh?" she asked.

"About 130, I'd guess, but her arms were somewhat bigger than mine," I replied.

"This big?" Dawn asked, clenching her fist and cocking her arm, causing her biceps to balloon into a big hard mass.

I almost choked on my salad. "Wow! No, not that big," I blurted out.

Dawn paused and smiled coyly. "Let me take a wild guess and say that I think you didn't mind losing to her. In fact you kind of liked it," she said, staring into my eyes.

I could feel myself blushing. "You might have been right," I confessed, "but it kind of led to my breaking up with her."

"How come?"

"It's kind of embarrassing," I started. "The last time we wrestled she tricked me into doing it in front of her sorority sisters."

"And that's why you dumped her?" Dawn asked, raising her eyebrow.

"No, I might have forgiven her for that. No, what happened was - how do I say this politely - when she had me beaten she decided to show off a little. She, how shall we say, got me over-stimulated."

Dawn's eyes bugged out. "She made you cum?" I nodded my head. "The bitch. No wonder you dumped her."

I breathed a sigh of relief. Dawn shook her head back and forth. "How bush league," she continued. "That's really insensitive. She didn't unzip you and do you in front of everyone?"

"No, I'm afraid that she smothered me with her chest."

A grin appeared on Dawn's face. "Oh come on, don't tell me that wasn't a LITTLE fun for you!" she teased.

"If it had been in private, I might have proposed to her on the spot," I joked.

"Look Dennis," Dawn said gazing intently with her brown eyes, "I know this is going to sound crazy, but I can be as impulsive as anyone. Do you still like things like wrestling or did she scare you off it?"

I told her that I'd paid to wrestle a few women over the years.

"Well, the story's this," she continued. "I wasn't picking up all that dirt for my place. It's for my sister's. I won't labor you with a long story, but right now I don't have a place of my own to stay. On the other hand, I'm not too thrilled about living with my sister for long. Talk about dysfunctional families! Now I'm not proposing that you invite me to move in with you, because we'd both be nuts if we said yes over lunch. But maybe, just maybe, you and I might see if we got along. And then maybe you might be able to help me get out of my sister's house. Do you think I'm nuts?" She pushed her chair back from the table.

"And what is my incentive in all this?" I asked.





"I'm no hooker," Dawn said quickly. "I'm not selling myself in exchange for anything from you. Let's make that clear. But, even though you might not believe me right now, I understand you, Dennis. I bet some little girl pinned you to the ground years and years ago. I'm very good at role-playing. And I know you have secret desires, Dennis. I'm not bad to look at. And I'd be willing to bet that I'm twice as strong as Janice."

She paused for a moment to look at me.

"Oh, and I forgot to tell you. I love to wrestle." She crossed the arms over her chest and waited for me to speak.

"So you think you understand me?" I replied. My mouth was dry and my hand was practically trembling. I didn't know what to do next. But I was impressed that she guessed about that little tomboy years ago.

She smiled and took a sip of her iced tea. "Most guys who are into wrestling are into legs. You know? Scissors and all that. Not you, Dennis. Not that you don't get thrilled by a good squeeze. No, you're into upper body power. Big strong arms. And nice big breasts. Gotta be firm, don't they, Dennis? Of course I understand you! I know JUST what will appeal to you."

"Is this one of those tricks? How could you know that?" I asked.

"Jeez, did Janice screw you up! Why be so suspicious and defensive?"

"I'm sorry."

"You couldn't take your eyes off me in the parking lot and now you're scared," she said. "Take a deep breath and relax."

"Okay."

"Now I want you to look at my arm." Once again she clenched her fist and crooked her arm, showing off the imposingly hard biceps, then extending her arm and twisting it to show off her bulging triceps. They were big and beautiful.

She put both elbows on the table. "Now I'm going to lean forward and I want you to look down my top," she said softly. And sure enough she did and I was treated to a bird's eye view of her abundant cleavage. "And I'm not wearing a bra."

She leaned back in the chair and smiled at me. "Now Dennis, is there anything you've seen about me that you don't like?"

"No, Dawn."

"Why don't I dump off the top soil at my sister's place, then I'll come over to your place and we'll have one wrestling match. If you don't like it, I leave and go back my sister's and you'll never hear from me again. What've you got to lose?"

"Not much, I guess," I answered.

"Actually," she smiled, arching that eyebrow again, "you're going to lose every single fall. I'm even stronger than you think, Dennis."

About two hours later my doorbell rang. I answered it and there was Dawn, grinning. "Good, you didn't chicken out," she chuckled.

She walked in and surveyed my place. "Nice," she complimented, "Where are we going to do this?" I was checking out her outfit - a sports bra underneath a leotard. She looked awesome.

"Well, the den is carpeted but we'd need to move a little furniture," I said. "Or we could go out back on the lawn. It's pretty private back there."

"Outdoors would be fun!" she exclaimed.

"All I have to do is get changed," I said.

She handed me a paper bag. "Brought you a present," she grinned. "Hope they fit. I guessed you were a 32 waist." I opened the bag and inside was a teeny pair of men's satin briefs. Dawn grinned at my questioning reaction.

Five minutes later, having barely squeezed myself into the briefs, I walked out into the backyard. Dawn was already there, stretching and limbering up.

"Oh, those are so cute!" she laughed.

"Yeah, yeah," I said dismissively.



"So are you about ready?" she asked. "If you can't get out of a hold, you'll be a good sport and tap out for the submission rather than be boring and struggle uselessly, right?" she asked.

"Submissions, not pins?" I asked.

"Of course. I know you'd want to wrestle submission-style," she said confidently.

And of course she was right again. Seemed like Dawn could read my mind.

She kicked off her sneakers and squatted a few times. Then she grabbed the shoulder straps of her leotard and peeled them down, sliding it down over her hips and kicking it off. She had a black thong on underneath! Now I could fully appreciate her flat abs and round solid glutes.

She clenched both fists and began punching herself in the stomach really hard. "See?" she said. "Don't hold back just because I'm a girl. I can take anything you can dish out and the harder you try the more exciting it will be for you. Right, Dennis?"

I walked over in front of her and offered my hand. We shook and then we both stepped back, crouched, and began to circle. Dawn motioned for me with her fingers to come to her. When I got within reach she suddenly shoved me backwards several steps. I almost lost my balance but I managed to stay on my feet. She clenched her fists in front of her chest, flexing her solid biceps.

"Are you going to let me push you around?" she taunted.

I bounced forward, looking to get a hold on her. I tried to grab her head but she ducked underneath and slid behind me. She clamped on a full nelson and I was stunned by her strength. I couldn't move my trapped arms an inch! She bent me far forward, squeezing my arms together and putting painful pressure on the back of my neck. Then she reversed, leaning her body back and leaving my feet dangling off the grass.



"Feeling a bit like a puppet, Dennis?" she quipped.

As she started to put me back on my feet she stepped her left leg around my left leg, hooking it. Then she shifted to a half nelson. I realized the combination was a move I'd seen them use on those pro matches on TV - the abdominal stretch. She started to pull and a burning pain shot across my middle. My stomach wall, even my intestines felt like they were being torn.

"AARHHH! AAGHHHH! Stop. Please let me go!" I begged.

"You give?"

"YES!"

Dawn unhooked the hold and pushed me away from her. "Your problem is you have a low threshold for pain," she remarked. "That and the fact that you aren't very strong. No wonder girls have always beaten you."

"Hey, I'm not that bad," I protested.

"Please, Dennis," she chortled, "Just look at your arms. They're sticks. And your chest? The only apt adjective to describe it is puny. Look at me compared to you."

"But you've been working out for years," I protested.

"Exactly," she smiled. "It's as if you'd done nothing to yourself for the past nine years and Janice had gone to the gym everyday, working out, adding inches and pounds of pure muscle and strength - not to mention stamina."

Dawn crouched down and began shifting from side to side as she stepped towards me. She faked a charge from the left and I went for it, almost throwing myself off balance. She bounced back on her toes and laughed. She crouched down again and started shifting side to side again. "I think you're a bit out of practice," she grinned.

"When did you start wrestling?" I asked, keeping back from her.



"Since I was a kid I guess," she replied. "I was quite the tomboy. For years I never lost. And then when boys started growing there was a while there when I started losing. I had taken things for granted. So I started lifting my father's weights at home when I was fourteen. In a couple of years he was buying me more weights because what he had wasn't heavy enough. I tested myself at 16 wrestling again and I absolutely creamed the guy. I had no idea I'd gotten that strong for that age."

Dawn lunged at me and trapped me in a side headlock. The whole side of my face ached where it came into contact with the unyielding mass of her ballooning biceps. She wrenched my head around in a circle a couple of times, really cinching down on her grip.

"Where the head goes, the body follows," she laughed. "If you can't even get out of my headlock, I'm going to totally dominate you." Dawn held me for another moment and then flipped me over her hip, flat on my back. She reached down and grabbed my wrist and yanked me to my feet, simultaneously knee-lifting me in the stomach.

I collapsed, doubling over into Dawn's arms. She scooped me off the ground with one hand between my legs and the other around my neck. "Jeez, you're light," she observed. She pressed me over her head, fully extending her arms. "Betcha Janice wasn't this strong!" she boasted. Then she dropped me to the grass on my back. She pinned me down with her foot on my chest.

"What's the matter, Dennis?" she smirked. "You look whipped already! I warned you I was a strong girl." Majestically she swung her arms up and hit a double biceps pose. I grabbed her ankle to try to dislodge it, but she just put more weight on that leg.

"You should've spent a little time at the gym instead of spending all your days writing code," she smiled. "Have all the girls been able to handle you this easily?"

"No. I've usually wrestled better," I replied.

"Well then, get up and I'll give you a chance to redeem yourself." Dawn stepped off me and casually adjusted her bra and thong as I got to my feet. I faked a lunge to the right and managed to hook her head in a side headlock. She scooped me up in her arms and then dropped me over her thigh. The pain in my back forced me to let go of the headlock.

She rolled me off her leg onto my stomach on the grass. She quickly clasped her hands around my chin and started pulling back on my neck as she planted her weight on my back. I was forced to concede quickly!

Dawn bounced to her feet, waiting for me to get up. "Not doing much better there Dennis," she teased. "Do you want me to let you put me in a hold?"



"I'm not looking for a handicap match," I replied, pulling myself up.

Dawn charged at me and less than a minute later I was flat on my back, pinned underneath her. She had my wrists pinned over my head and her legs were gripped around my sides with her shins and feet under me.

"This is a combination I've been using since I was a kid," she said. "Not only do I get to pin your arms, showing you that I'm stronger than you are, but I also get to make you submit as I squeeze your sides." Dawn suddenly tensed her legs, clamping me in her power-packed vise.

I groaned, helpless to free myself. She pulsed her legs, adding to the pressure. I knew I couldn't hold out.

"I give. I GIVE!!" I moaned.



Dawn slid her legs down, hooking mine in a grapevine. "Having fun yet?" she laughed. "I love this combination too. Of course once I went through puberty I discovered variations on what I could do with this."

Dawn lowered herself, bringing her breasts to within an inch of my face. Then she raised back up again and smiled down at me. "Is this the position Janice had you in?" she asked.

"Yes, just like this," I replied.

Dawn suddenly spread my legs wide, causing a searing pain in my thighs. I closed my eyes with the pain, not really noticing that Dawn had let go of my wrists for a moment.

As she eased up on the pressure she pinned my wrists again. I opened my eyes. Dawn had taken her sports bra off!

"I normally don't wear a bra, especially when I'm wrestling," she said. "But I thought that might be a little brazen of me to start off the match with you that way." Her breasts were remarkable - full, round and incredibly firm. "Was Janice wearing a bra when she smothered you?"

I nodded in the affirmative.

"Well I think it's more effective if there's no bra in the way," she smiled. "Just tap me when you've had enough, because you're not going to be able to speak." Dawn let go of my wrists and wrapped her arms around my head, pulling my face into her cleavage.

I wondered how long I could go without breathing because I could feel that her full breasts had cut off all my air. It wasn't a matter of whether or not I'd submit, it was only a question of when.

After about thirty seconds, Dawn loosened her grip and lifted her breasts off me, allowing me a precious breath of air. "I know this is a bit unfair of me to do this to you after you told me about what happened with Janice," she grinned, "But I just couldn't resist. After all, I've got the right equipment for it." She pulled me tight again, rubbing her globes hard all over my face. I heard her moan gently and I started to get an erection.



Dawn freed one arm from around my head and reached for my crotch. She massaged me from the outside as I quickly stiffened. "I don't want you shooting your load in these nice shorts I bought you. But we know what might happen if you get smothered."

Dawn pulled me even tighter and slipped her hand inside my shorts. "Christ you're a big boy," she purred, expertly squeezing my hard on. I could hardly stop her from pulling the shorts down because I was preoccupied struggling to get air.

She wasn't letting me get any air this time and I feared that I was either going to pass out or cum from her pumping my rod. I had to tap out to concede my submission. Dawn rolled her breasts around in circles on my face and then finally let up.

"Looks like I got you again," she smiled. "Since you haven't come close to winning a fall, is it safe to say that you're ready to concede the match?"

"I think you've been pretty convincing," I admitted.

"That's one hell of an understatement," she laughed, standing up over me, hands on hips. "I didn't even have to break a sweat and I've polished you off."

"If you wanted to impress me with your talents, you've certainly done that," I said.

"Well thanks," she replied, "but this was just a little taste of what I'm capable of. See if you can stand up."

Having recovered my breath, I was more than able to pull myself to my feet. Dawn stepped up to me and ran her hands over my torso. "Time for the grand finale," she said. Dawn bent down slightly, stuck one hand between my legs and then smoothly and effortlessly lifted me up across her shoulders.



"I think you know this one, Dennis," she said. "The back breaker? Oh, don't worry, I won't hurt you. You've submitted enough times for me today." Dawn performed several deep squats to show off how easily she could handle my weight."

Dawn's left hand encircled my erection and started pumping up and down. "Remember I told you that when I resumed wrestling when I was sixteen years old I really creamed the guy?" she asked. "Well I meant that both ways. I jerked the boy off just because I knew I could and we both knew he couldn't stop me. Just like I could do to you now."

I groaned not from pain but from mounting pleasure and excitement. "I think I may be spoiling you for all the other girls," Dawn laughed. "I bet you've only dreamed about having this done to you - up, helpless across my big strong shoulders, unable to stop me from jerking you off. And not wanting me to stop either."

My arousal was so intense I could only gasp my words. "No one's ever come close to this!"

"Did you say cum?" she snickered, rubbing her thumb across the head of my throbbing cock. "I'd say that you

were putty in my hands but this is way too hard to get away with saying that. But maybe I better put you down before you lose it. I don't want your 'hair gel' like 'There's Something About Mary'."

Dawn bent over and I rolled off her shoulders onto the ground. I sprawled on my back, my erection twitching at the verge of ejaculation. She rolled her hands over her breasts. "Oh Dennis, you have got me really turned on," she purred. "I get a bit crazy when I see a nice big cock. But you look like you are ready to explode. Why don't I get you off and then get you hard again and then you can slide that in this tight little pussy." Dawn peeled off her thong. She was shaved clean. As she parted her labia I shot my load. "That didn't take long," she laughed.

"I didn't even touch myself," I said.

"Oh, I'm very talented," Dawn grinned.

"I'm beginning to see that," I replied.

Dawn straddled my thighs and flexed her arms. "Now watch how fast I get you hard again," she said.

"Hey, I'm not a teenager," I warned.

"You're powerless to resist me," she cooed, cupping my cock and balls in her hands.

"Come play with my tits," she invited. "You do like tits, don't you?"

I reached up and cupped her firm globes and found myself quite amazed that I was starting to get hard again.



"When are you going to tell your sister that you've found a new place to stay?" I asked.

Dawn looked down grinning as she stroked my growing erection.

THE END

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