

Diane

Roy Ellison



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by Roy Ellison

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All characters in this book are at least 18 years old.

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"Tonight? Sure!" Kevin lay on his bed, staring at the ceiling. He had his phone in his hand and gesticulated as he talked. "It's sexy martial arts. Of course I have time. We've been planning this for weeks. I've got a lot of small change, so we can tip. It's going to be awesome!"

He was on the phone with JT, one of the other wrestlers from his association's team. Kevin had started wrestling at school and he was quite good at it. He wasn't too tall, but his broad shoulders made him look more impressive than his height would have suggested. He worked at the local wholesaler's warehouse and had finished his shift two hours ago. He had returned home, showered and was now in his briefs.

"Lev is coming to my place, I'll get the car and then we pick you up. I just have to fix the battery before we go. It's been acting up, so I'll change it. I already got the replacement."

JT hoped the car would work.

"Yeah. See you soon."

He ended the call and smiled. Sexy martial arts. Mud wrestling, topless boxing, all the good things. Busty young women competing in mock events and getting undressed in alluring ways. His cock grew hard as he thought about it. He stayed in bed, masturbating about the joys of the evening.

His daydreams were interrupted by the sound of the door. He sighed. Diane was home. It was odd. Diane wasn't his mother, she was his father's widow. She was a nice person, in her own special way, and she had raised him when his dad had been killed in the course of duty years ago. He still had his portrait on his desk. The short-haired man with the smiling face, the collar of his uniform forcing his head upright was slowly becoming a stranger to him. He could still remember him, of course, but it all became foggy. He cursed under his breath. His dick was flaccid once again. He got up, shoved his member back into his shorts and put on a T-shirt. He looked into his mirror and adjusted his hair. Kevin wasn't bad looking. His hair was fashionably short, his face was pleasing to look at and he

had the perfect five-o'clock-shadow most women loved. He was pretty sure he'd be able to get at least one of the sexy fighters to go out with him.

He went down to the living room to talk to Diane. She liked to do a little socializing, even if he preferred to ignore her. Still, being nice to her now would make things easier in the future. He still needed a bit of money to finance his own flat and he hoped she'd help him.

When he got downstairs, she was in the kitchen, fixing herself a protein shake. She smiled at him and asked:

"How was work?"

She was a middle-aged woman in her early forties, but looking at her body, most people would have thought her younger. Diane was a tall, leggy, blonde woman. She was an amateur bodybuilder, with broad, muscular shoulders and large, powerful arms. Right now, she was wearing yoga pants and a wide T-shirt, whose neckline showed off her massive pectorals and humongous breasts. Diane had aspired to be a professional years ago, back when his father was still alive. They had met at the gym. He had supported her in her training, helping her with the nutrition, the supplements, everything. She had built a championship-level physique back then. She had had it all: The deep, chestnut tan, the steroids, the growth hormone, the breast implants, the posing classes. The championship that would earn her her pro-card took place while his dad was on duty.

She heard of his death moments before the show began.

Back then, Kevin had been with her backstage. He didn't understand what

happened back then. She tried to keep herself together and went out on the stage, she made it to the final round and even managed to survive the posedown. Still, her nerves crashed and she lost. There was a lot of politics too, but she decided she was done with competing. She did stay in shape, though.

"It was okay. We got a new forklift and it took a while to get used to it. Also, Wayne hurt his hand, so I'll be doing double shifts for the next week. How was your day?"

Kevin still didn't know how Diane could finance her lifestyle. After all, bodybuilding was an expensive hobby and she worked as an office clerk.

"It was boring. I did a lot of filing and some orders to take care off, but that was pretty much it. I couldn't wait to go to the gym."

He nodded as she downed her protein shake. She asked:

"So, are you ready for tonight?"

For a second, he thought about the sexy martial arts show, but he managed to suppress the thought and tried to come up with whatever she was talking about.

"I don't remember. What was it again?"

He realised he had just committed a grievous error. Diane's pleasant demeanour

changed. She switched to 'too bad you're not my son'-mode. He hated that.

"You're not serious, are you?"

"No, I am. What was it?"

"Don't you remember the street fair?"

Kevin remembered. He sighed. Now he knew why he had tried to forget. The street fair was a local tradition. Once a year, the people of the neighbourhood had a sort of festival. When he was a kid, he had liked it, but now that he was an adult, it was just awkward. There would be the usual: grilled sausages, home-made fries, an eating contest, a baking contest, the old people would pick up their instruments and play ancient music. It was so disgraceful to be forced to watch this. However, the last years had told him that Diane enjoyed the fair tremendously. She'd participate in most contests, bake a cake, try to eat more hotdogs than "Harvester" Collin and beat the boys at the strength contests. She'd hold her own against three grown men at the tug-of-war, beat them at arm-wrestling and finish the show with one insane trick. Three years ago, she bent and twisted a pan. The year after, she had torn up all the remaining phonebooks in the neighbourhood. Last year, she had crushed a watermelon with her thighs. Diane had been working on her newest trick over the last weeks, but she had hidden it from the public.

Still, Kevin didn't care. He said:

"Say, Diane, what if I didn't come with you this year?"

She was a little surprised.

"Why not?"

"I'm busy."

"But you knew about this for months. Why do you do this to me?"

"Hey, Diane, calm down. It's nothing personal. I'm just busy."

She looked at him angrily and said:

"I'm deeply disappointed in you. Apparently, you're not a man of your word."

That stuck. Kevin shot her an insulted look and stammered:

"I'm... I don't... Well... Now listen. I just had something else planned and I..."

"I see. Well, that's bad."

Her disdain was palpable.

"Well, I can't stop you, but I would have preferred you to be there. It would have made me happy."

He tried to save his face:

"What if I return earlier and I'll try to be there for your show?"

She snorted. Then she added:

"How about I give you a chance to fix this. Let's see..." She thought for a second, then said: "Okay, listen. I'm going to wrestle you. If I manage to pin you, you stay here and spend the night at the fair, just as you promised. If you beat me fair and square, you can go wherever you want."

Kevin almost burst out laughing. Was she for real? He knew she was strong, yes, but she had no concept of wrestling. No technique. All she ever did were these minimal exercises that were super-slow to build muscle. If she had said arm-wrestling, she might have won, but real wrestling? She had no chance! He smiled: This was clearly some way for her to let him go out for the evening. Diane was a nice person after all. He nodded:

"Fine. Let's do this. Where do we fight?"

"Right here. I'll just get the mat."

The mat? Kevin was a little surprised. There never had been any wrestling mat in this house.

Moments later, she returned from outside, having picked up a large roll from her car. They moved the furniture aside, then she rolled out the mat. He set his foot down on it. This was good quality. Not championship material, but professional enough for a good fight. She said:

"Get changed. I'll be ready in a minute."

She walked off to her room. Kevin shrugged and went upstairs to put on his wrestling gear.

Meanwhile, Lev reached Kevin's house. He walked slowly since he was a little early, but he couldn't stand the excitement anymore. Sexy martial arts. He grinned to himself. What a great way to spend the evening. It was quite worthwhile to skip Diane's show tonight, even though he regretted it. He preferred not to talk about this in public, but he did like her muscular body and the confidence with which she performed her feats of strength. He had even recorded her previous demonstrations with his phone and occasionally watched them while jerking off. Lev stepped on the patio and was about to knock when he heard Kevin say:

"Okay, I'm ready. Let's fight."

He hesitated. What was going on?

The young man ducked to one of the windows and peaked inside. He saw Kevin stand there, wearing his shorts and nothing else. He wondered what he was talking about. Lev knew that he was a little early, but he was surprised Kevin would do this right before leaving.

Then, to his utmost surprise and unending joy, Diane walked into view. He gasped. She wore a black singlet with a green pattern that looked quite professional. Lev could see that Kevin was surprised. The outfit showed off Diane's powerful physique. She was quite tall, her broad shoulders emphasising her strength. She tied her long blond hair into a bun and stretched. She said:

"Bring it."

Kevin hesitated. He was quite built, having trained as a wrestler for years now, but he was nowhere close to her level of muscularity. Finally, he crouched down a little and attacked her. Lev recognised the manoeuvre. He wanted to finish this quick by just moving below her and lifting her up into a fireman's carry and then make her give up. Lev gasped as he saw her move with surprising speed. She cowered down, lowering her centre of gravity. He tried to get his shoulder below her crotch and failed spectacularly. With a quick side-step, she moved behind him and tried to grab his mid-section. Kevin twisted and managed to evade her powerful arms. Instead, he lunged at her, putting his leg behind hers and trying to drop her on her back. She stepped away, grabbed him and lifted him, twisting him off-balance. Lev had to switch windows to continue watching. As he saw them again, Kevin struggled to get back up. With a roll, he freed his arm and attacked again. He charged her, attempting to take her down by surprise. She just stood her ground, held out her arms and they locked hands. Lev's excitement increased as he saw the pair struggle. Both were sweating profusely. Diane's sweaty chest was heaving. She forced him away, her arm muscles swelling with effort. Suddenly, Kevin dropped down, making her stumble over him. Before the

young man could even hope to pin her, she had already rolled and she stood back up, instantly readying herself for the next round. Lev rushed over to the next window to get a clear view. By this time, he had a stiff hard-on. He grinned at the display of power he was seeing. Kevin was just attacking again and the pair were now trying to find the weak spot in their opponent's defence.

Still, Kevin was confused. He asked:

"Where did you learn this?"

Diane gave him an amused look, lifted her eyebrow and answered:

"I've been doing this for years, kid."

While she was speaking, Lev noticed she was shifting her weight. He wanted to warn his friend, but he didn't dare shout. She suddenly threw herself at him, he tried to dodge, but she forced him down. He tried to get back up, but she locked her arms around his waist, forcing his head against her abdominals. He tried to turn on his back, but she advanced, squatted and lifted him up, throwing him over her shoulder. Kevin screamed as he flew through the air. With an explosive movement, Diane turned around and dropped down on him, trying to pin him. Kevin rolled away, getting on all fours and jumping away. However, she had gained the initiative now and moved behind him, putting his arm into a half-nelson. She forced him down and watched him try to escape. She gritted her teeth and hissed:

"Give up, I've got you."

Instead of an answer, he pushed himself up with one hand, making her lose her grip. She instantly recovered and followed him. Once again, Lev had to switch sides, returning to the front door. He had unzipped his trousers and was working his cock. Diane grabbed at Kevin, who slipped out of her grasp, trying to recover. However, she suddenly dropped back, inviting his attack. Not realising the trap and wishing to end the fight as he was now quite exhausted, he haplessly attacked. She let him come, then countered his attack and forced him to the ground, locking his arm. Realising the danger, he tried to evade her, but she just closed her legs around his shoulder and held him. He managed to break out, but she relentlessly held him and finally just took him into leg scissors. He grunted as she forced her massive thighs together. Diane smiled, sweating like a pig:

"You fight quite well. Do you give up?"

"No."

She increased the pressure. He snorted and struggled, but she held him.

"Give up."

"No."

He tried to free himself, she just forced the air out of him.

"I don't want to hurt you."

"No."

Lev was now masturbating furiously, happy that there was no one out in the street to see him. He imagined himself being in Kevin's position. This was the absolute best. Screw sexy martial arts, this was the only sexy he'd need.

In this very moment, Diane noticed Kevin's erection. She looked at him and lifted an eyebrow.

"Does this happen to you every time you wrestle?"

"What?"

"Your dick. It's hard."

"Oh God yes. I mean ... no, what? Hey. I can explain."

She grinned and said:

"You really are your father's son." She released him from her grip. He was confused and wanted to get up, but before he even managed to get on his feet, she grabbed him, locked him into a double nelson and fixed his legs. He heard say:

"I like what I'm seeing."

"Diane, I don't ..."

"Relax. I got this."

"Let me go."

"I know you don't want to."

Lev was ready to blow his load and so was Kevin. He stared at his friend's tented shorts and stepped over to get a better look. However, he knocked down one of the vases standing on the window sill. He went pale.

Diane stopped, keeping Kevin in her grip.

"Expecting someone?"

"I don't know. Lev maybe?"

"Lev? The young man with the big arms?"

"You know Lev."

"Exactly. Tell him to come in. I think I remember his stares."

"Can you at least release me?"

"No. Call him."

Lev stared in horror at what was happening inside. He wanted to run, but his erection was far from concealable. He heard Kevin call him:

"Lev?"

Sheepishly, he answered:

"Yes?"

"Diane wants you to come in."

"Okay ..."

The older woman called him:

"Do it, stupid."

He walked over to the door and opened it.

"I'm sorry to intrude."

She gave him an amused look and asked:

"How long have you been watching?"

"All the time."

"Did you like it?"

He nodded and whispered:

"Absolutely."

"Fine. You see, Kevin, you're not alone."

She released Kevin and got up. She was sweaty, but didn't seem too strained from the effort. Instead, she walked over to the kitchen, made herself a cup of coffee and returned by the time Kevin could stand straight again. She said:

"Better?"

He groaned and answered:

"It's okay."

She noticed his cock was still hard and so was Lev's.

"You boys sure like your women muscular. But that's nothing to be ashamed of."

The young men stared at her as she sat down in front of them. She crossed her legs and added:

"Kevin, I seem to have won, so you'll be as nice as to assist me tonight. Got that?"

Lev turned to his friend:

"But what about sexy martial arts?"

She laughed:

"You need more sexy martial arts? I've got plenty. But before we come to this, there's something I need you to understand."

They craned their necks.

"I want you to keep quiet about this. I don't want anybody to know about my skills and I don't want you to blab about it. Got it?"

Kevin tried to put up a fight:

"How do you plan to keep us from talking?"

"Well, my dear Kevin, I have my ways." She got up and before he could react, she grabbed him, threw him over her shoulder and slammed him on the mat. He was so surprised he stared at her in utter astonishment. She dragged him through the room, lifted him up and pushed him against the wall, holding him up with her outstretched arm. Her huge biceps and triceps worked to keep him up there, but she smiled:

"I would make you suffer. I would also tell your friends about your desires. So I think we understand each other, don't we?"

She noticed that he was getting stiff again.

Lev interrupted sheepishly:

"Say, Mrs. Diane, do you need more help for your show?"

"Ah. You learn quickly. Absolutely. How lovely of you to offer to help."

She dropped Kevin and returned to her coffee.

"Just to make everything clear: There are perks to your situation too. If you behave, I can give you pleasure. If you misbehave, well, you'll see."

Kevin and Lev exchanged glances and said:

"Okay."

"Perfect. Now, to see you get motivated, get on your knees."

They did.

"I am a little sore from our fight and I could stand a massage. You can start with my legs while I finish my coffee."

Reluctantly, they complied. Soon, they were caressing Diane's thighs and calves, gently working the soles of her feet and generally making themselves useful. Once she was done, she put down the cup and stood up.

"Not bad. I think we're all going to be very happy. By the way, when we're on our own, you're going to address me as 'Mistress'. It's only fitting, don't you think?"

Lev was a fast learner:

"Yes, Mistress."

Kevin, on the other hand, was a bit slow and only managed "Yes" and after some hesitation added "Mistress". Diane shook her head. She sighed.

"Kevin, Kevin, Kevin. What am I going to do with you? You've lived in this house for years and still you can't behave. Well, I guess there's only so much I can do."

She walked to him, smiled at him. He looked at her dumbfoundedly. Suddenly, she snapped a kick into his face. He fell over, she sat on his face and squeezed his head between her thighs. He grunted, but she held him and added:

"Now, let's try this again."

There came a muffled response.

"I can't hear you."

"I'm sorry, Mistress."

"Excellent." She relaxed her legs and let him get out. His face was bruised from her blow. She said:

"Get some ice for your cheek and draw me a bath. You, Lev, clean up the room. I want it to be spick and span in twenty minutes. Get to it!"

She left. Lev looked at her supremely perky backside as she walked out and sighed with desire. He longed to be in Kevin's place.

Half an hour later, she was relaxed and dry. The boys had helped her with the towels, even brushing her long blonde hair for her. She marvelled at their willingness to serve. Diane sat on her bed and had the pair stand in front of her.

"Okay, boys. You did well. A small reward might be in order."

She looked at them. Both were quite tall and well-trained. She could see they spent a lot of time at the gym and correctly groomed their bodies. She licked her lips and opened her robe, exposing her powerful, fist-sized abs and her spherical, looming breasts.

"Now listen. All this fighting made me aching for more, so I think it's only fair that you would help me out. Lev."

She made a sign with her hand. He nodded and went down on his knees in front of her.

"Show me what you can do."

Gasping, he went down on her, licking her clitoris and working her cunt. She sighed and breathed a little faster. Between moans, she said:

"This is nice. Now, Kevin, I want you to work my tits. If you manage to keep your cock down, I might help you both out."

Hesitating, the young man approached her from the side. It felt awkward for him, but her disparaging look made him want to prove himself. He climbed on the bed and laid his hands on her full breasts. He started gently massaging them, surprised by the shape and feeling of the implant and the hardness of her pecs under it. He fumbled a while as she started grinding her hips and squeezing Lev's head with her muscular thighs, when she suddenly interrupted him.

"What are you doing? Come on, give them a good squeeze! They're not made of clay. I need a bit more power, you weakling!"

He bit his lip and fiercely attacked her nipples.

"Yes! Come on, give it to me!"

She grabbed his shoulders, pulled him over her and mashed Lev's face against her cunt. He grabbed at her tits, kneaded them, squeezed them and grunted as she flexed her massive arms, almost breaking his ribs. When she finally came,

the two young men collapsed on the floor and wheezed. She got up, looked down on them and said:

"There's a lot you have to learn, my boys." She bent down, pulled Lev on her shoulders in a fireman's carry and dumped him on the bed. Then, she picked Kevin up and dropped him next to his friend. She got between them and said:

"Time for lesson one."

She grabbed their cocks and started playing with them until they had a certain stiffness, then worked their balls until they were both rock hard. Then, she led Kevin behind her, exposing her dripping sex and said:

"Fuck me deeply, you idiot."

Kevin was utterly confused and complied, ramming his cock into her while grunting like an animal. With a look, she made Lev get up and grabbed him by the balls, leading his cock into her mouth. Seconds later, the trio was blissfully slaving away at their passion, Diane fingering her large clit as the two studs pounded her vigorously.

When they were spent, she lay there amidst her victims and smiled. Those two would serve her well. Initially, she had decided not to do this again, but Kevin was slowly turning into his old man and Lev, well, he was the perfect sub. She rolled over and checked the time. There wasn't much time left. She had to get ready.

She climbed out of the bed and cleaned herself before dressing for the occasion. The two naive fools would have to be quick about it. She went down to the garage to check her stuff for tonight.

When Kevin had recovered, he turned to his friend and asked:

"Is this real?"

"I guess so. Your step-mom is like in a porn movie."

"She's not my step-mom. She's just Diane."

"Mistress Diane."

"Whatever."

"No, really. She's the Mistress. It feels good."

"Are you sure?"

"Aren't you? This is wonderful. Everything is just so clear."

"I don't know. I never would have thought ..."

"Doesn't matter. We're hers now."

"Lev, you're crazy."

"I'm not. I might be crazy about her."

"Whatever."

They heard Diane call them, telling them to get ready. They complied lazily.

Minutes later, the trio was on its way to the fair. As they walked, Kevin asked:

"Tell me, Diane, where did you learn to wrestle like that?"

"Good question. I learned it when I was a kid at school. Later, I did some athletic wrestling at college. But since then, I've earned a little extra as a session fighter. People hire me to wrestle them. It pays quite well."

"Really?"

"Sure, that's how I met your dad. He was one of my clients at first, but it turned out to be love."

"Oh my God. My dad was a pervert?"

She turned around and pointed at him:

"Kid, you are a pervert. Don't mind it, you're in excellent company."

They arrived at the fair and soon found themselves participating in Diane's showing-off. Together with two other men from the neighbourhood, they struggled to beat her at the tug-of-war, only to find themselves face first in the dirt. Diane skipped the eating contest, but instead blew a bunch of bills on a ridiculous throwing contest, playing bocchia with medicine balls. After a while, they were actually enjoying themselves. Lev was really impressed by the size of his mistresses' arms as they stretched her shirt and clearly forgot about everything as she went into a most muscular pose to blow away Fred the bricklayer who promptly challenged her to arm-wrestling. Kevin tried to put a little distance between himself and her. He met a few girls he knew from school and they enjoyed a chat and some beer, but he didn't manage to ignore her. While they were talking, he found himself staring at one girl's well-defined calves, wondering how puny they were next to his mistresses'. He soon lost interest and excused himself. He was torn from his reverie by his phone.

"Hey, Kevin, this is JT. Where are you?"

"I'm sorry, something turned up."

"What?"

"I'm at the stupid fair."

"At the fair? Why? Hey, don't you remember? Sexy martial arts? Rings a bell?"

"I'm really sorry, but I can't come."

"What? What do you mean? Kevin, that's stupid, I've got the tickets, you've got the car. What am I supposed to do? Jamal is here with me."

"I don't know. You could take my car."

"Wow. You must be busy."

"Yeah. I told you. Just come over, I'm at the ice-cream stand."

"Fine. What about Lev?"

"He's with me. He won't come either."

"Boy, you're so boring. I'm coming."

Minutes later, Jamal and JT turned up. Kevin tossed them the keys and said:

"Take good care of it, will you?"

"Sure. Are you certain you're not coming?"

"I'm sorry. Tell me how it was."

"We're going to take some pictures."

"Thank you."

Just then, his phone rang again.

"Kevin, it's me, Lev. Diane is looking for you. Come quick, she wants to start."

He bade them farewell and briskly walked to the main stage. Diane was standing next to it, warming up her muscles. She scowled as he arrived and said:

"Time to get ready."

On the stage, homemakers' choir finished their last song and the master of ceremonies announced her.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, and now for a lady who needs no big introduction. Let's hope she won't splatter anybody with fruit bits this year. Diane!"

She climbed on the stage and bowed, then went through a few poses to show off her muscular body. When she was done, she unbuttoned her already strained shirt and removed her skirt to expose her leotard and did a basic fitness routine, just some light acrobatics. After a bit of cart-wheeling and handstands, she stood back up and motioned the audience to be quiet. With a gesture, she summoned Kevin and Lev on stage. They carried a steel rod on stage and handed it to her. The excitement was palpable.

She took the rod in both hands and nodded to her 'assistants'. They clung to it and she lifted it up, with both of them dangling from it. The crowd applauded. Next, she shifted her weight and held them up with only her right hand. The young men held on tightly as she switched hands. Her muscular left arm shivered a little as she held them high, then she let them back down. Next, she stuck the rod into a prepared hole in the stage and swiftly climbed on top of it, standing on it on both hands. More applause. Then, she lowered herself down on the rod and held herself aloof just by flexing her powerful pecs. The noise was deafening. She climbed back down, laid the rod down on the ground and had each one of the young men stand at her side. They grasped it, she stood on her hands and she lifted them up in one fluid motion, holding them high above her head. Then, standing on her palms, she lifted one hand. This time, the cheers were ecstatic. She stood back up, bowed and had them be silent. She laid the rod across her shoulders, locked her arms behind it and bent it with supreme effort.

There were gasps of confusion and admiration as she twisted it into a pretzel. She bowed and thanked the audience and left. Kevin and Lev had troubles concealing their arousal.

That night, Diane slept like a baby, cosied between her newly acquired servants. When the pair awoke the next morning, she was gone. Kevin woke up and rolled away from his friend. He was desperate not to touch him to prevent him from getting any ideas. Lev mumbled something unintelligible and sat up. He asked:

"What are you doing in my bed?"

"We're in Diane's bed."

"Mistress Diane."

"In her bed. Fuck this. What happened yesterday?"

"I don't remember what happened after the show, but I remember what happened before. Wow. We're in for life, I think."

"I hope this is all a dream."

Just at that moment, they heard her call.

"Come down here, will you?"

They shrugged and got downstairs only to find the blinds down and Diane standing there in a very small leather outfit that barely covered her nipples and crotch. She smiled wickedly and said:

"On your knees, boys."

They complied reluctantly. She frowned:

"That was slow. Do it again, but quicker."

She produced a crop and hit them until they managed to do it quick enough.

"From now on, you're going to do what I say. You'll continue your normal life, but you'll obey me. Got it?"

"Yes, Diane."

Kevin caught the crop right into his face. He screamed. She hit him again.

"Yes, Mistress."

"Perfect." she nodded. "But while you're here, you'll have to wear these so you don't forget your place."

She put some collars on them. They said 'Kev' and 'Lev'. She grinned and said:

"I have decided to get back in shape and to try my luck again at a bodybuilding competition. Let's see if I can get a pro-card. You guys are going to help me train and make me ripped as fuck. I'll teach you how to wrestle. More than thirty years of experience are going to make you champions on the circuit."

They nodded. She brushed her hair aside and said:

"Also, I know a way to get some money for us." With these words, she showed them a set of recording equipment pointed at the mat. "Put these on." She threw them some gimpish wrestling masks. "Time to give the spectators a show. If one of you manages to pin me, I'll let him eat me out."

###

Roy Ellison writes weirdo erotic fiction. Despite evidence to the contrary, he insists it is about the characters and the plot.

He thanks you deeply for your trust and support.

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