

HOCKEY NIGHT IN AMERICA

(a Skip story)

(amysconquest.com)



Nate was having a stellar day on the ice. His team was ahead 4-3 with just a couple of minutes left in their law league semi-final playoff game, and he had scored two goals and had an assist on the night. He'd had a fantastic season for the team sponsored by his law firm, where he was a rising star in his third year out of law school, but tonight was unlike any other. His passing was crisper than ever and he felt like he could cleanly knock a cigarette out of the goal-tender's mouth with his slapshot. His goals tonight had been stunning wrist shots that had made the small crowd go wild.

He took a pass at the blue line and started to skate down the left boards. Ahead of him he saw a weak defender that he'd been dominating all night, and his eyes got wide. Anticipating the hat trick, he made a move to the right when all of a sudden he got hit by something that felt like a fire truck. He was thrown back into the boards - his whole body was flying through the air for a bit - and hit the wall with a painful thud. A bit groggy, he looked up and saw #13 white standing over his body - he had no idea who it was, but he was pissed.



He got to his feet quickly. "Hey you ass, this is a no check league." Nate grabbed #13 by the jersey. "You want me to teach you a lesson, punk?" He dropped his gloves and took a swing, and #13 blocked the punch and, dropping his own gloves, grabbed Nate by the jersey and ripped off Nate's masked helmet. #13 started punching Nate in the face while he futilely tried to protect himself, and then, as if sensing that damage was being done, heaved Nate by the shoulder-pads, sending him to the ground. The ref then stepped in and put his body above Nate's to prevent any further fighting. Nate looked up and #13 just skated away. As convention for the league, the loser of a fight gets a major penalty while the winner walks free, so the ref helped Nate up and led him to the penalty box where Nate had to sit for the last minute and a half of the game.

And during that time, his worst nightmare happened.

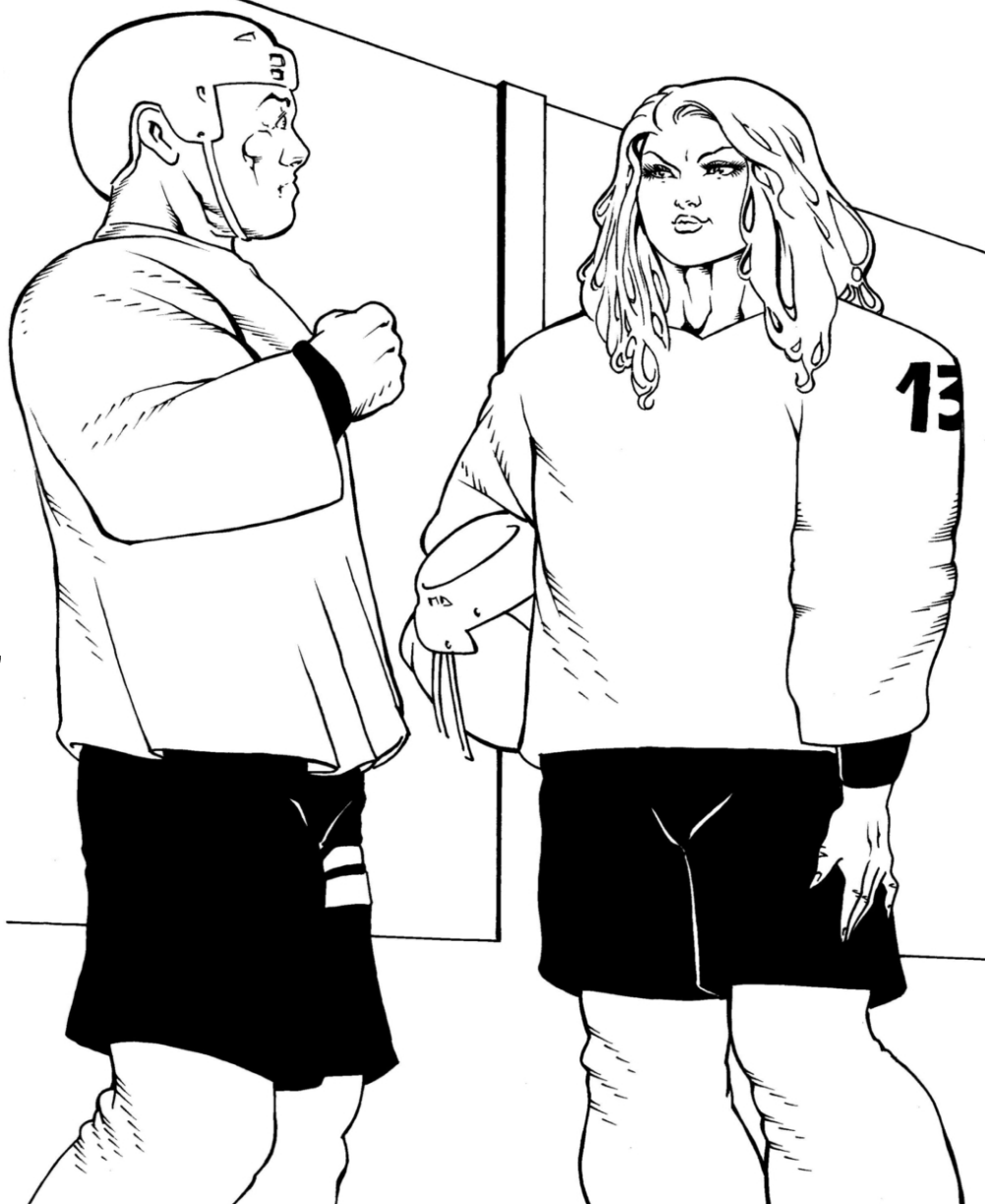
About ten seconds into the penalty, #13 took the puck all the way from his own zone, weaving around Nate's team-mates and took a stellar slap-shot that went right through the goalie's five hole to tie up the score. Then with fifteen seconds left, #13 scored on a wrist shot to win the game, and Nate's season was over. His last memory of the season would be losing a fight badly to someone whose identity he still didn't know and then watching helplessly as his team blew the game.

Needless to say, Nate was pissed. While his opponents were mobbing #13 with congratulations, Nate was a pariah on his own team, despite his stellar performance before the fight. He had to get back some of his manhood. He jumped out of the penalty box and skated over to where the team was celebrating, intending to pop #13 in the nose. He pushed several opponents out of the way to get to the center of the group and spotted #13 in the middle. #13 looked over at him and removed the masked helmet that shielded recognition.

Nate stopped in his tracks. Before him stood a woman of perfect facial beauty, with perhaps the most beautiful blue eyes he'd ever seen and long wavy brown hair which spilled out of her helmet and fell down her shoulder-pads.

She eyed him up and down, smiled and then spoke to him in a breathy voice. "You look ready to attack me. I wouldn't recommend it, sport." Then she turned away and skated off the rink.

The ice cleared and Nate just stood there and considered what had happened to him. He'd been checked off his skates by this stunning woman, then he'd lost a fight to her without even getting a good shot in, then lost the



game because of her goals, and finally, to cap off the humiliation, she totally verbally punked him in front of all of the other men on the team. He didn't think there were any women in the league - the level of play was just too high for women, or so he thought. He stood for several minutes until the ref came up to him and put his arm on his shoulder-pads.

"She's beaten a lot of men much bigger than you on the ice, buddy. I wouldn't be too worried about it."

"Do you know who she is?"

"She works over at Reed, Wilson and Connelly. Her name's Trisha Stevens. And she's a hell of a hockey player and one tough cookie, which I guess you already know. You'd better get going, the Zamboni's coming on the ice."

"Thanks." Nate went to the locker room, and when he entered the room suddenly went silent. He sat down in front of his bag and started to remove his skates, when one of his team-mates named Jim threw a towel to him and blurted out, "Hey Nate, when you leave maybe you should wear that towel as a skirt - I don't think you'll be needing pants any more!" The comment brought a roar of laughter from the team, and Nate played along with a polite laugh, but inside he was fuming. He showered and changed pretty quickly, gathered up his equipment and left the locker room.

As he was leaving the rink, he heard that breathy voice behind him.

"Hey, sport."



Nate stopped cold; the voice was already having an effect on him. He turned around and laid his eyes upon her. She was bundled up for the cold, so he couldn't get a good look at her body, but her face was even more stunning than it appeared to be on the ice. Her bright blue eyes peered into his soul perhaps one inch below his own 5'11".

"I'm sorry I took you down so hard today. I guess it was kind of a cheap shot, but you were just slicing through us all day and I had to get you out of there. No hard feelings, OK?" She stepped toward him and extended her hand for a conciliatory shake.

Nate paused for a second and extended his hand in return, gripping hers and responding, "It was a great hit, though. And you followed it up with some nice play of your own. Where did you learn to fight like that?"

He released his grip but she still held his hand in hers while she continued. "Oh, you know, around." She squeezed his hand harder for just a second, which brought a wince of pain to Nate's face, and then released him, and he rubbed his hand for a second. "I'm Trisha. What's your name?"

"Nate Peters. It's a pleasure."

"Nate, I really feel awful about how I treated you on the ice. Let me buy you a beer tonight." The statement wasn't so much a question as it was, well, Nate didn't quite know, but she picked up her hockey gear and took Nate by the arm and led him outside.



Nate was attracted to this woman - who wouldn't be - but he had other plans to meet his team that night. He tried to extract himself from her grip, but it was tight and he said "I appreciate it, but I have to meet my friends at McSorley's pub and..."

Trisha dropped her bag and put her finger over Nate's mouth, saying "Shhhhhh. You'll enjoy me much more than your little friends." She squeezed his elbow and Nate winced once again. "Now come with me."

Nate followed mostly because he was intrigued by her forcefulness and the remainder because he thought her face was just so beautiful he had to see what the rest of her looked like. Nate got into his Jeep and a few seconds later a Mustang drove up beside him and Trisha opened the window. "Try to keep up with me, Sport." She sped off

and Nate tore off after her. They drove at ludicrous speed for about 10 minutes and stopped off at an old town pub called Woodpecker's.

They sat down in a secluded circular booth, she ordered two beers for them, and they talked for a long while. Nate talked about his college days, how he was an NCAA runner-up in wrestling, and how he still spent a lot of time doing athletic activities, like hockey and basketball in the winter and tennis during the summer. Nate found out that she was indeed an attorney, and that she had attended Georgetown Law School where she graduated at the top of her class. While at Princeton undergrad, she played for the women's hockey, lacrosse and soccer teams and was the captain of hockey and lacrosse. She hadn't really kept up with organized sports since graduating from undergrad, but had filled in the time by working out religiously, spending hours in the gym almost every day. She ran 10 miles four times a week, taught spinning classes on the weekends, and lifted weights every visit to the gym.

"You mean the Nautilus machines, right?" Nate asked.

"Well, I use some of the Nautilus machines, like for leg extensions and the pull-down machines, but that's only because I can't use free weights for those exercises. I use the free weights more often."

"At my gym, not a lot of women use the free weights. I sometimes see them using the five and ten pound weights for bicep curls, but usually no more. There's one woman at the gym who's very strong, and she curls 20 pound dumbbells, but she's an aberration."

"What do you mean, 'aberration'?"

"I just mean that, women don't get strong like men do, unless they're some kind of genetic freak or miracle or something like that."

"Do you really believe that?"

"Don't get me wrong, I think a fit woman is the sexiest thing in the world. But women and weights just don't mix well in general."

"So you've never met a woman who was stronger than you."

"Not that I know of, but I guess you never know how strong people are unless you either have a lifting contest or a wrestling contest, and I don't do that with women."

"And if a woman challenged you?"



"I guess I'd take it, but I'd take it easy on her. But I have no doubt that I'd win."

"How strong do you think I am?"

Nate looked her over for a second and remembered how she'd laid him out with her check and then threw him down during the fight. "Well, I know that you're athletic, so I'd guess that you could curl the 20 pound dumbbells."

"And that's all."

"I'd guess so. Like I said, women just aren't built for strength."

Trisha looked away and sighed "You're probably right. Men are definitely the stronger sex, and men take control sexually, as well, right?" She looked straight into Nate's eyes and captured his eyes in her gaze. She slithered closer to him in the booth.

Nate stammered, unsure of what she was getting at, but still responded to her question. "Well, yeah...I...you know, I guess so. I think..."

Trisha moved closer to him and put her hand on his inner thigh. Nate stopped speaking, he was so nervous. He couldn't remember ever being so nervous around a woman. He attributed it to her odd line of questioning.

Trisha smiled at him. "Oh, please continue."

Nate cleared his throat. "Well, I think that women can't..."

Trisha moved her hand up to his crotch and patted it. He stopped talking again, and Trisha started to swirl her fingers around his cock, and pull at it through the fabric of his sweatpants. "What was it that women can't do?"

Nate was speechless. This woman was being the aggressor, and it was an affront to his manhood. But he liked it and didn't want her to stop. Her control of his cock was making him so so hard, and he could only reply with a deep, throaty sigh that bordered on a moan while he looked down at the movement of her hand.



Trisha put a finger under his chin and pulled his face up so that he faced her. "That's what I thought, sport." Keeping her gaze on his so that he didn't look away, she expertly opened his fly and reached her hand inside, grasping his rock hard unit and poking at his balls with her pinky finger. Nate let out a moan that was just barely audible to the bartender, who looked over with a knowing smile and merely nodded to Trisha. She pulled out his cock and started to stroke it, bringing him to the brink and then clutching it tightly to stem the flow. She brought him to the brink again, and then once again shut him down. He was breathing in short, heavy gasps there at the table, and anyone who would have been looking at them would have known what was going on under the table, but they wouldn't have known the whole story.

Grasping his chin in her other hand, she whispered to him, "I have a secret to tell you." Releasing his chin, she bent her arm in front of him and flexed it. Her sweatshirt expanded noticeably. "Feel my arm." He complied with his one hand, and after feeling the hardness of her muscle, put his other hand around it as well. "I can curl more than 20 pounds. And you're going to find out just how much tonight."

Nate squeezed and rubbed her hard arm while Trisha squeezed and rubbed his hard cock. Trisha put her mouth to his ear and gave him a short but forceful order. "Let's go, now. I'll drive." Nate reached down to gather his turgid cock back into his pants and zip his fly, but Trisha grabbed his hands and kept them from achieving his goal. "No, no, sport. If you want to touch me, then I get to touch you whenever I want."



"But, but not in public like this" he pleaded.

"You know you love it, sport. It's OK, I won't make a scene." They stood up and she grabbed his cock again, and, as she promised, no one noticed. Nate reached for his wallet and pulled out some money, and Trisha said, "Wait, we don't know how much the bill is."

"It's OK, I'll just leave a twenty. We don't need to ask..."

Trisha yelled out to the bartender, "Hey, what's the damage over here?"

The bartender looked over and his jaw dropped. Other customers also looked over and a silence fell over the bar. Nate was horrified. He grabbed her arm to pull her outside, but she flexed her bicep and did not budge. Unable to move this woman who held his cock in her hand in full view of the bar, he lowered his head in utter shame.



The bartender, still slack-jawed at the spectacle, said "Looks like the only damage is to his ego. It's on the house."

Trisha smiled. "Thanks so much." Then she looked at Nate and gave a little tug on his penis and smiled at him. She proclaimed to the bar, "Come on Nate, we're going." Then, still holding on to his cock, she pulled him out of the bar. As the door closed, Nate could hear a roar of laughter from inside.

Trisha continued to tug on his cock and led Nate to her car. "You promised you wouldn't make a scene" he complained.

Trisha squeezed his cock and Nate winced. "If I want to make a scene with you, you'll know it". She unlocked the door to her mustang, and ordered him to get in.

"What about my car?"

"I'll come and get it later while you're tied up."

"What does that mean?"

"You'll find out, now get in." She led Nate around to the passenger side, pushed his head down and stuffed him inside, carefully placing the seatbelt over him so the lap belt was pushing his cock onto his stomach. She poked at its head and giggled "He looks comfy." Then she got in the car and raced off to her house, which took about 5 minutes.

She drove up to her driveway and screeched to a halt, which threw Nate forward a bit and put tremendous pressure on his rock hard penis, causing another wince. "Don't move" she ordered, and she got out of the car, walked around to the passenger's side, opened the door and carefully unbuckled Nate to release him from the car. Then, she pulled him out of the car, grabbed his cock again, and led him to the front door of her two-story house. He was still rock solid hard.

"Do you own this house?"

"Yes, and I expect any man that wants to be with me to move in here. You might call it the 'price of entry.'"

Inside, she threw her bags on the ground and took off her coat, and led him to a door which led to a staircase heading down to what Nate assumed was a cellar.

"Do I get a tour?"

"I'll carry you around later." She tugged on his penis and walked down the stairs, and he followed his penis in her grasp. When she reached the bottom, she released him from her hand.

Downstairs Trisha had a large blue mat that immediately reminded Nate of his old wrestling mats from college. Trisha walked to the other end of the mat while Nate regarded the room, and what his presence there implied. "Is this a regulation mat? What is it doing here."

Trisha ignored his question, leaned over and pulled open a small drawer in the corner, taking out two garments, one red and one blue. She threw the red garment over to Nate.

"Put this on."

Nate opened the garment and held it in front of him - it was a wrestling one-piece uniform, like he used to wear in competitions.

"What is this for?"

"I thought you were a smart boy. Isn't it obvious?"

"You want to WRESTLE?"

"That's right, sport. I'm challenging you to a test of strength, and I don't think you'll be taking it easy on me for very long."

"Well, what's in it for me. The times I've wrestled women before I always had a....prize....in mind, if you know what I mean."



He looked over her in her bulky sweatshirt and sweatpants, and figured she had a fit toned body underneath that could fuck like a racehorse, and he wanted at it.

"OK, sport, if you win, you can have me all night and I'll do whatever your heart desires."

Nate smiled broadly. "And if you win?" He laughed with a scoff.

"When I win you'll be doing what I want anyway. I don't need anything else."

"So this is just one pin, right?"

"No. Pins don't count in my house."

"Then how do we know who wins? Do you have a referee hidden in here who'll tally points?"

"I don't need a referee. You lose when you quit, you surrender. When you admit that no matter how hard you try, how long you try, you'll just never beat me. Then I'll be declared the winner."

"What a great imagination you have."

"Now change into your little outfit." She turned around and walked behind a Japanese screen and turned on a bright light which illuminated the outside and cast her shadow on the thin paper. He stared at her shadow while he stripped down to nothing, as he used to during his competitive days. He watched her wiggle out of her clothes and into the wrestling tights, and he wished the screen weren't in the way, especially because the screen seemed to be distorting her shape. She looked a little big in relief. He put that flaw out of his mind, and pulled on the tights, but when they were on he noticed that there was a tear in the crotch, and his penis was hanging out. He adjusted the tights so that they held in his penis, but it wasn't holding all that well. He reached down to feel the tear, and was surprised and confused to find that the edges of the hole were perfectly sewn, like a shirt sleeve or leg hole. Disregarding this irregularity, he stuffed his penis snugly inside the tights so that it didn't hang out of the hole and before he looked up heard the breathy voice again.



"That's not the right way to wear it." Nate looked up and across the room he saw her for the first time without bulky clothing. He hadn't noticed that her thick neck flared out with large traps to wide, large, round shoulders. He hadn't noticed full, thick pecs with a perfectly straight and deep chasm right down the center. He hadn't noticed huge, well-muscled arms, with both separation in her upper arm that made the muscles appear larger than life and striation in her forearms that put his own to shame. He hadn't noticed the flaring lats that tapered down to a tiny, obviously hard waist. He hadn't noticed the long, muscular thighs, bulging with corded muscle, tapering down in tear drops to her knees, then flaring out again with thick, shapely calves. He hadn't noticed any of these things, but he couldn't help but notice them now because she walked towards him with an obviously solid intent.

He stood perfectly still as she walked towards him. He just couldn't move because he didn't want his eyeballs to deviate for a second from the vision of her muscled body slithering his way. The way her legs bunched and split with each step, the way her broad shoulders swayed, and the way her breasts bounced just slightly, held back by the wrestling tights that looked better on her than on any opponent he'd ever faced. She finally reached him and reached for his crotch. He grabbed her by the wrist to stop her advance, but she grabbed for his cock easily despite his attempt. Pulling the fabric away from his skin, she reached inside and pulled his cock through the hole, allowing it to dangle in the open air.

"This is the way you're supposed to wear it, so I can see the reaction I'm getting from you." She tickled the underside of his penis and his testicles with her fingers and it started to grow in her hand. "That's what I like to see. Now let's get started. Let me tell you the house rules." She pulled him by his growing member into the center of the mat, inside of the painted ring, and he obediently followed.

Nate was so confused by everything that had transpired. He had always been the dominant partner in his relationships, but this woman was so different. She had taken control from the very beginning, in conversation and in physical force. But he hadn't even fought to wrest control from her, even though he was still convinced, despite her powerful appearance, that he was stronger than she and that he could defeat her handily in wrestling. She was pulling him around by his cock, for goodness sake, and he wasn't even putting up a fight to stop her!



But he was mesmerized by her beauty and her uniqueness among all the women he'd been with and even met, and that prevented him from calling the whole thing off. So he continued to play along.

Once in the center of the ring, she released his cock and explained the house rules to Nate. They would start from a standing position. There would be no scratching, punching or biting. Other than those two, anything goes. All wrestling would take place inside of the ring. Going outside the ring in the course of the match would result in a restart in standard wrestling ground position, with the most recent controller on top. Going outside the ring on purpose would result in 15 seconds of spanking and then a restart from the ground position. A pin would not constitute a victory - a victory would be called the moment a competitor says "I surrender." Those words, and only those words, would call the match.

"Sounds fair to me. I especially like the spanking rule."

"I don't care if it sounds fair to you - those are my rules. And I don't think you'll like the spanking rule much once you start running away from me."

"Anything you say, Trisha."

"So are you ready sport?"

"Yes."

"Then good luck to you. You'll need it." She extended her hand to shake his in a traditional pre-wrestling gesture, and Nate took her hand in a shake. She squeezed firmly and Nate was surprised at the power she could bring to bear, and he squeezed back, but couldn't match her pressure and his hand started to throb from the pain. She continued to increase the pressure on his hand and he began to sweat from the pain. Her forearms were bulging with power, and finally he blurted out "Hey, what are you doing?"

She released his hand. "Just showing you what you're up against. Ready, set, go."

They circled the mat, regarding each other. Nate's expression was thoughtful, serious. Her latest taunt, squeezing his hand, had sent him past the point of "taking it easy." He was determined to show his skills and make her submit quickly and decisively.



Trisha's expression, on the other hand, was calm and capped with a devious smile. Nate reached his hand out to her shoulder several times to start a grapple, but each time Trisha slapped it away with a frightfully fast slap. Nate was tentative. "Why am I being so tentative?" he thought. "I'm definitely stronger than she is and a much better wrestler."

Trisha gave a giggle. "I like watching your cock wiggle when you move. I'm going to have a lot of fun using it later."

This comment really angered Nate, and he reached for her shoulders again with greater strength. As he neared her body, she grabbed one of his arms and pulled hard. He lurched forward, off balance, and she stepped to the side and reached her other hand down to the front of his knees. As he moved past her, she lifted his knee and, using perfect leverage, flipped him over onto his back. He laid there for a second, a bit dazed, and she stood over him but did not continue her attack.

"Are you ready to surrender now?"

"Stupid." he thought to himself. "Too aggressive. Remember your leverage." Nate arose and got back into his attack posture.

"Lucky move. No way you do that again."

"Sounds like a challenge to me." Trisha went on the offensive this time reaching for his arm. He tried to slip his leg between hers to get her off balance, but she grabbed his arm too quickly and gave another yank, once again using her other hand to flip him through the air and onto his back. She put a foot on his chest to hold him down.

"How about now?"



Nate grabbed her foot and gave it a strong twist, and Trisha was turned around and lost her balance, falling to her front. Nate jumped quickly on the attack, relishing the opportunity to mount her and push her into total submission. He got onto her back and slipped his right arm under her armpit and over her neck, placing her in a half nelson, a move which in his college days spelled doom for an opponent. His legs were straddling hers, sprawled out to maintain maximum leverage. He started to put pressure on her neck and attempt to turn her over, but she spread her limbs out wide to prevent it, an excellent counter maneuver. To counter her move, he jumped off her and laid out to her right side, still holding the half nelson, and placed his left arm through her legs and around to her front, put his head into her side and pushed, trying to fold her and make the turn inevitable.

While he struggled to budge her, he felt a pulsation on his left arm. She was flexing her leg muscles on his arm! "Is this girl really trying?" he thought. To make matters worse, the intermittent pressure was very painful. He started to imagine that his cock was between her legs, and she was using her leg muscles to milk his manhood to total ecstasy, and the thought was very arousing. His penis, still hanging outside of his tights, started to harden. He's heard that women's legs could get extraordinarily strong, so he realized he had to get his arm out of there, and was able to do so with some effort.

He got back to his original position on top of her and spread eagled his legs to get his leverage back. He slipped his left arm through her armpit and got her in a full nelson to immobilize her while he figured out his next move.

"I see I'm getting the reaction I expected" Trisha said calmly. "You can poke all you want. I like it." Using perfect muscle control, she opened up her butt cheeks a bit and Nate's throbbing cock fell inside the crack. Then she used her rock hard muscular ass to squeeze his cock, using intermittent bursts to create a pulsating feeling for Nate. Nate started to moan a bit from the erotic feeling. He wanted right then and there to thrust his cock into her and be enveloped by her ass muscles. With his penis trapped, he was at a loss for what his next move would be - he already had her in a full nelson, but what would come next. He continued to pause.

Trisha moved her arms a bit. "You're taking too long, sport." She lowered her arms to push-up position and narrowed her legs a bit. Still in the full nelson, and with

Nate's weight fully on her back, she performed a classic pushup, and then got on her knees for better leverage. "I don't want any complaints about what I'm about to do" she declared, and released his cock from her ass prison.



Despite his attempts to hold her down, she stood up with him still on her back, but he held on to the full nelson using the little leverage he maintained from his inch height advantage. "I'm tired of your puny hold" she stated and lowered her arms, in the process her large, muscular biceps forced his arms down as well, and he lost his full nelson trap. She held his arms at her sides, grabbed his right hand in her left and with a torque of her torso, flipped him over her right side and onto the mat. She jumped onto him, locking him in a crushing cradle hold and pinning him wrestling-style.

Nate was desperate to get loose. He was trying to kick his legs out, but the strength of his two legs was insufficient to move her one arm. He tried to lengthen his neck but had even less luck with that maneuver. Trisha, sensing his panic, calmly started to count the pin: "One...two...three..." Nate was struggling for all he was worth. Trisha continued for good measure, increasing the pressure to compact his body further. "Four...five...six..." Nate began to think "I have to get out of this. This is humiliating. Come on, you're better than her." "Seven...Eight...Nine..." Nate's knees were at his face, and he tried to give one last kick with as much power as he could muster, but he was trapped in the iron grip of her steely arms.



"Ten. I think that's a pin, don't you? I could hold you here all day. Would you like that?" She lifted him up off the mat for a second and dropped him again, releasing him from the cradle hold, standing up and stepping back from him to let him recover for a second.

"Look, lady. This has been fun and all, but I think I should leave. I'll take a cab back to my car. He walked away from her, towards his clothes, and passed out of the circle, and instantly felt her arm around his waist. He was unable to move forward. "You're not going anywhere until someone surrenders. And you seem to have broken one of the house rules by leaving the ring. You know what that means!" She lifted him off the ground and carried him back to the center of the ring draped over her powerful arm to the side like a towel.

"Oh, no" Nate thought. "I don't remember the penalty. What is it?" He was in shock that this woman, any woman, could lift him so easily using just one arm.



Trisha knelt on one knee and laid Nate over her up-knee, face down. She rubbed his ass for a moment, and suddenly Nate remembered.

"NO!"

"Let the penalty begin." SMACK! The first blow felt like a bullet and he teared up immediately. She rained down 10 spanks in 15 seconds, and then lifted Nate up into her arms and cradled him to her. He was still sobbing. "Do you surrender now, sport?"

Angry, Nate struggled his way out of her arms and fell to the ground, and then got up and stood toe to toe with her. "I'm not through yet, you bitch."

"I just won't stand for such language. And neither will you." With a swift kick, she took his legs out and used her arms to throw him

to the ground. He jumped back up and stood toe to toe with her again. She was impressed by his staying power. "Very well, let's continue. The rule is that you're on bottom."

Nate got on all fours in the center of the ring. She knelt behind him and got in the top position, her right hand around his waist and the other about to touch his left elbow. "When I touch your elbow we start."

"Fine." He calculated his next move - he had a spin out move that worked very well in college and planned to use that on her.

When she touched his elbow he realized he had no chance. She instantly lifted him off the ground. It was as if he had booster rockets attached to him he was up in the air so quickly. She had him over her head for a couple of seconds as he struggled in her grasp, and then dropped him to the ground with a crashing thud. Not wasting any time, she lifted him again over her head with both hands and dropped him again. She repeated the exercise 8 more times, and with each succeeding lift his struggles ebbed more and more. On the last lift, she held him up for a long while. Face up, he could only stare at the ceiling and hope his body was numb to the pain from the fall. She released one of her hands and held him up by the strength of one arm and then dropped him to the floor another time.

She jumped on top of him and he wasn't even struggling any more. He just laid there and let her twist and turn his body at will, but he couldn't bring himself to utter the unutterable words. So the torture continued. Throw holds, cradles, arm bars, monkey flips, every move that he had mastered as a collegiate wrestler she could perform on him with her superior strength and speed. And he was powerless to stop her. After one monkey flip, as he was sprawled out on his back, she sat on his chest and toyed with his nose.

"You don't seem to be winning. What's the matter sport? Still think men are stronger? Still think I can lift only 20 pounds?"

"Please let me up. I want to go home."

"Not before you surrender. Go ahead and say it. We both know who's stronger. Who's faster. Who's superior." A slight squeeze of her legs, straddled around his waist, brought a gasp of pain from Nate's tortured body. "Still nothing? Well, I know how to push you over the edge. This is my favorite pin."

Rising to her knees, she shifted forward so that her crotch was directly above his head. Nate looked up at her womanhood and to the sides, where her supremely muscular thighs bulged with feminine power. Looking up further, he saw her breasts jutting out from her thick chest, the nipples erect like bullets, and then her face came into view, looking down at him, smiling deviously. The view made his cock get even harder, which he didn't think was possible. He then knew what was coming next, and he just couldn't let it happen to him. He didn't know if he could ever look at himself in the mirror again if she showered on him the indignity of being facially covered by her pussy, and he'd rather surrender to her than be muffled by her muff.

She began to lower herself.

"I surrmffff." His submission was cut short by her pin move - a full facesit.

"What was that? I couldn't hear it." She wiggled on his face, but did not let him speak.



"Mffffmfmfm."

"I didn't hear it still, sport. Did you just say 'rip my dick off?'"

"MFMFFMMMF"

The scream tickled her pussy. She reached back and tugged on his hard cock a couple of times, and felt the sobbing beneath her. She released her grip on his cock and massaged his testicles. After a few seconds of massage, Nate stopped struggling and placed his hands on her mighty thighs in a sign of utter submission, complete abdication of manhood as the dominant sex. Reaching back with her other hand, she grabbed the seam around his cock-hole and using her tremendous power tore the wrestling outfit from his body, leaving him fully naked beneath her.



"Tap once on my thigh if you've had enough, sport, but tap hard enough that I can feel it through my massive muscles."

The tap came immediately. She rose from his face and sat back on his chest.

"I surrender. I surrender. God, I surrender to you."

"Very well. You will obey me, then?"

"Yes. Anything."

"Very well. Don't move." She rose and walked over to the dresser and opened up another drawer, and pulled out a long rope, pulled on it to show it's strength, and walked back over to where Nate lay perfectly still. She rubbed his forehead and kissed his nose and told him not to struggle. "Open your legs." Nate complied. She got down on her knees between his legs and took one end of the rope and made it into a loop, then put the loop over his cock and down around his testicles, cinching it tight enough so that it wouldn't slip off but no too tight to cut off his blood flow.

His cock was harder than he'd ever remembered. She pulled on the rope and his ass raised with her tug. Placing her hand under his lower back, she lifted him up a bit, and then wrapped the rope around his waist, and then down, into his ass crack, and around to the front so that it sidled his testicles, around his waist again, down through the front and around to the back once again through his ass crack. It looked like a skimpy little g-string diaper on him.

"Put your legs back together." Once again he complied promptly. She wrapped the rope around his thighs and then around his neck, and pulled tight so that his thighs were crushed into his chest, then tied up his feet so that they were immobile, passed the rope down his back so that it went into his ass crack and then looped around his neck once again. Next, she passed the rope down to his arms, looping around his right arm and then passing it beneath him to his left and looping around that arm, then around his stomach and around his body another time to ensure that his arms were fastened. Finally, she knotted the rope to the end that was still sticking up from the initial loop around his cock, and doubled over the remaining several feet of rope into a loop of its own fastened to the knot she had just made, sticking straight up through his thighs and calves. She tugged on the loop to make sure it was sturdy.



Nate felt like he was trapped in a spider's web. He looked down at his body and it had practically disappeared in an intricate array of ropes and knots. His body had been compacted into a tiny ball and he was completely unable to move any part of his body except for his toes, fingers, eyelids and lips. "What are you going to do with me?" he asked.

"Anything I want, sport. You should know that by now." She reached her hand through his thighs from just above his exposed ass and grasped his cock, and then pulled it back through so that the head just poked out into view. She spanked his exposed ass hard, and then followed that with a kiss to his cock's head. She spanked and then kissed again, bringing a yelp followed by a sigh from Nate. She continued the alternating

pain and pleasure, pain and pleasure, spank and kiss, beginning what she knew would be the long process of blurring his perception of pain and pleasure, a hallmark of effective female domination.

Standing back up, she grasped the loose rope loop with her right hand and with a herculean heave, lifted him off the ground. Nate was surprised that the pressure on his cock wasn't excruciating - she had tied the rope such that the pressure was on his back and legs, with only a slight discomfort on his penis. She carried his 165 pound body over to the corner of the room where there was a boxing speed bag. Depositing him nearby so he had a good view of the apparatus, she gave a tap to the speed bag.

"I love this exercise." She started to pound the bag into submission just like she pounded Nate into submission earlier. The bag was moving as fast as he'd seen in the movie "Rocky", maybe even faster. He couldn't believe that this woman actually existed. In her wrestling tights, she looked like a muscle goddess. Each punch caused Trisha's body to explode with a musculature



that he wished he had, that any man would want. Her shoulders looked so powerful and her arms so massive on each punch, he was glad he wasn't that punching bag, and pitied any man who had ever been on the receiving end of punches of that power and magnitude.

"Your turn, sport." She reached up and removed the bag from its hook and threw it aside, and then reached down and using both arms lifted Nate's body and with tremendous physical power hooked it onto the apparatus. Nate was swinging back and forth through the air, and he was quaking with fear.

"Please don't hit me. You could kill me with your powerful arms" he entreated.

"I won't kill you, slave. I'll hurt you though." With that, she punched him in the ass, and the force of the punch sent his head into the wood ceiling. He swung back down into another strong punch and the onslaught had begun. She used his body for a few minutes, bruising his body both with her own punches and with its crashing into the apparatus. Nate was crying in pain. Once she finished, she removed him from the hook and dropped him to the ground, and knocked the wind out of him. Gasping for breath, he laid on the ground until he regained his composure.



"It's time that you pleasure me like all little slaves should. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"She sexily removed her wrestling tights, folding the straps slowly over her hard, round, large shoulders and down her pumped arms, peeling the fabric from her ripped, powerful chest, exposing her perfect breasts with hard nipples, and then her rock hard abdominals and then finally rolling them down her legs to expose a perfectly shaved pussy in the middle of the two muscle-laden thighs he had come to fear. She stood behind his head, facing his raised feet, pulled his feet up a bit to give his mouth unfettered access to her, and lowered herself onto his mouth. "Lick me off or I will punish you worse than you've been shown." He obeyed and licked for all he was worth, sucking and tonguing her clit until within a few minutes she orgasmed and showered his face with her sweet-smelling juices.

Finished with him, Trisha got dressed in her sweatpants and put on a sweatshirt with the sleeves cut off that was hanging off the dresser, exposing the powerful arms Nate wished that he'd seen at the rink. If he'd known she was so large, he never would have grabbed that beer. Then again, maybe he would have been even more eager. She put on her shoes, grabbed Nate's clothes, took him by the rope loop that had become her carrying strap, and carried him upstairs.

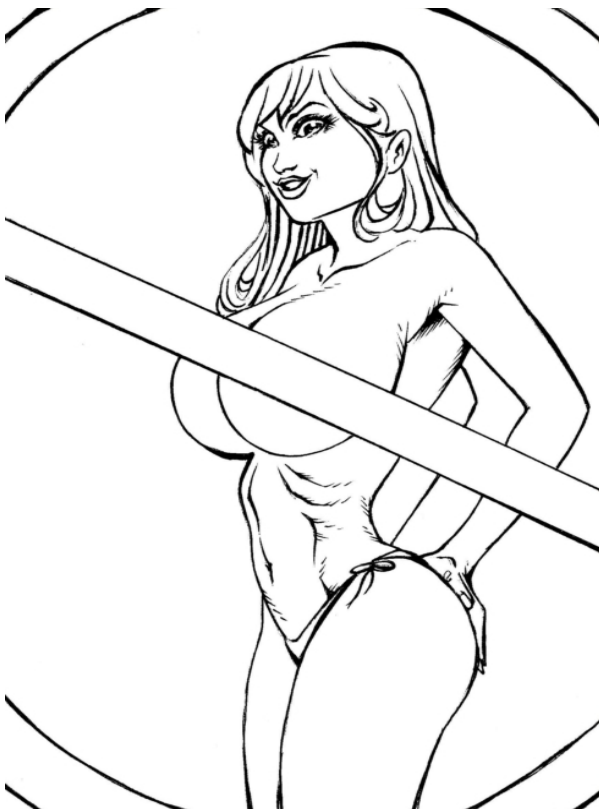
At the front door, she put on her coat and grabbed her keys.

"Where are you taking me?"

"You'll see."

"Take off the ropes. I'll freeze!"

"SILENCE! You are in no position to give orders." She opened the door and carried him to her car. Before opening the door to put him inside, she rotated him such that he was between her legs, and then took the rope loop with both her hands and proceeded to curl his bodyweight ten times while he froze in the open air. Her arms exploded with pumped blood and the bicep bunched and peaked like a cannonball. "I knew I could curl you. I just knew it. You really are my slave."



Nate was tremendously turned on by her display of power. Hours earlier he was convinced that men were superior in athletic skill and now he was outside, naked, tied up and being lifted like a dumbbell by this extraordinary powerful woman, and he knew that his tastes would never be the same. How could he ever be attracted to a woman who couldn't hold her own on the wrestling mat, and even better, dominate him completely? How could he ever be attracted to a woman with a soft body? How could he ever be attracted to a woman who couldn't make him feel protected and safe? He didn't want to leave Trisha's home. He'd sleep tied up if only she'd dominate him while he was awake. He really had become her slave, and he liked the feeling.

She opened the door and threw Nate into the back seat, and drove in what seemed like circles to Nate, since he couldn't see where they were going. She eventually pulled to a stop and got out of the car, pulling Nate out. She took off her jacket and threw it on the seat. Her muscled arms were exposed in all their splendor.

Nate saw a sign on the building she was in front of but couldn't figure out what it said - her thighs were blocking the view. When she started to carry him, he twisted a bit and saw the sign - "McSorley's Pub".

"No, please Trisha, please don't do this to me. I'll do anything you want. Please don't humiliate me like this."

"You'll do what I want anyway, slave."



Trisha opened the door and walked inside and the bar went silent. Everyone looked at the entrance and saw a beautiful woman with well-muscled arms carrying a naked, captive man hanging from a rope. She spotted Nate's team-mates sitting at a large table and walked over to them. Their faces looked priceless. She heaved Nate onto the table and then put his clothes next to him.

"Nate here said he wanted to grab a beer with you, so I brought him by." Noone responded. "Say hello, Nate."

Nate couldn't speak. Trisha gave him a swat on the behind, followed by a rub of his still exposed cock head.

"I said, say hello, slave."

"Hello."

"Very good." She turned to the team. "Boys, would you make sure he gets home. Thank you. Oh, and nice game tonight."

Trisha rubbed Nate's forehead and then stroked his hair. "Be at my place on Sunday night at 8, or else I'll come and get you. Don't be even a second late." She squeezed his cock, and walked out the door of the silent bar.

Lying there, naked, cold, humiliated, Nate knew he'd show up on time.

THE END

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