

THE INTERVIEW

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THE INTERVIEW

By AmazonFan

The interview was going pretty smoothly, despite the fact I found myself somewhat distracted by the candidate's cleavage. Back in my day women applying for jobs might not have worn a blouse with a neckline that plunged quite as low as hers, but I guess times have changed and she figured she might as well take full advantage of her assets.

I'd covered all the questions relating to her education and work experience. I figured I might as well probe some areas that would shed light on her personality.



“So, Rachel,” I asked, “What are your interests outside of work? What do you do for fun?”
“I’m pretty physical,” she replied. “I run and swim and spend a lot of time at the gym, working out, lifting weights. That sort of thing.”
“We have a coed softball team here,” I said. “Do you consider yourself a jock?”
“I’ve never really played a team sport,” she answered. “But what I do like to do is wrestle.”
“Wrestle?” I said, not being quite sure I’d heard her correctly.
“Yeah. A few of the girls in my gym and I kind of discovered that we liked wrestling, so we have little matches at the gym.”
“How do you do?” I asked.
“I’m undefeated,” she smiled, “Against the other girls and guys.”
“You wrestle guys?” I inquired.
“Sure. Why not? It’s good competition.” She paused for a moment. A wry smile appeared on her face. “Do you find that strange ----- or intriguing?” she asked, raising her eyebrow for emphasis.

I could feel myself blushing (that’s why I never play poker). I remained silent.
Rachel leaned forward across the desk, lowering her voice to speak to me conspiratorially. “I could crush you,” she whispered. “Totally overpower you. I am very, very, very strong.”
“I think this is getting off the focus of the interview,” I said, trying to regain my composure.
“I’ll get you focused,” she said confidently. She glanced over her shoulder to the door of my office.
“Does that lock?” she asked. She stood up and walked over to the door, turning the lock.
“What are you doing?” I muttered defensively.
“Locking down my job offer,” she grinned. Rachel started unbuttoning her blouse. “Let me show you what kind of strengths I can bring to the organization.

She neatly folded the blouse and draped it over the chair she’d been sitting in. I was struck by the muscularity of her torso and the size and firmness of her naked breasts. I had not imagined she was going braless under her blouse.
“I’m sure that I give the appearance of having considerable assets,” she remarked, glancing down at her prodigious chest and well-defined arms. “But showing you exactly what I can deliver is more important, wouldn’t you agree?”
“I’m not quite sure what you have in mind,” I replied.
“Stand up then,” she said.
I got up from my chair. Rachel came around the desk and stood next to me.
“Hmmm, I’m nearly as tall as you,” she remarked.
“Yeah, so?” I asked.
“You look smaller. Maybe that’s because you don’t have any muscles,” she said.
“I’ve got muscles.” I objected.

She ran her hands over my shoulders and down my arms. “Sir, unlike what little you have, these are muscles,” she proclaimed as she raised her arms in a double biceps pose. The muscles in her arms exploded, making me feel like a runt. I knew that she was much bigger than me.

“Yeah, I can see it in your eyes,” she said proudly. “You can see I bring much bigger assets to the company than you can. But it’s more than having assets, it’s how they get deployed.” Rachel suddenly bent forward and wrapped her arms around me, lifting me off my feet. Her crushing squeeze forced all the air from my lungs.

“Holy fuck,” I groaned.

“A good employee delivers on what she promises,” she said, “And I said that I could crush you, totally overpower you, because I am very, very, very strong. Am I delivering on my promises?”

“Fuck yes. Please stop,” I pleaded.

“I didn’t mention that my favorite type of wrestling is submission style,” she smiled. “I love to hear my opponent submit to me as I work them over. Would it trouble you if your subordinate gave you orders - to submit?”

“Please stop, Rachel. That hurts.”

“Oh come now. I’m not even using a third of my strength!”

Rachel squeezed harder, flattening my chest with her twin torpedoes.

“Fuck, just how strong are you?” I exclaimed.



“This isn’t even halfway,” she laughed. “But my interviewing technique seems to be making an impression on you.” Rachel set me back down on the floor and ran her hand over the outside of my pants. Her fingers stopped as they found my obvious erection.

“Quite an impression,” she laughed, pressing my cock from outside my pants. Suddenly I shuddered, ejaculating without warning.

“My, my. Looks like I’ve got even better skills than I thought,” she giggled. Rachel moved quickly to unzip my fly and stick her hand inside my pants, grabbing the head of my cock.

“Stop that! It hurts,” I protested.



“Of course it does,” she replied. “Lots of guys cock are really sensitive right after they cum, so I figured I’d be a little naughty and make you submit to me for being such a bad boy getting a big wet stain on your nice trousers.”

“So you like to find ways to dominate and win?” I asked.

“Of course!” she answered. “I know to draw the line on some things but without being totally unethical, I’ll go as fast and hard as I can to win. And as you cutely said, dominate.”

“Those are definitely good assets for a manager around here,” I offered.

She nodded enthusiastically.

“But there are limits,” I added. “If you’re hired you’d be my subordinate.”

“Why don’t you put me in your department, but have someone else managing me. That way we avoid any of that sloppy sexual harassment stuff.”

“You’re a smart girl.”

“I’m not just boobs and biceps.”

“I’m beginning to see that.”

“What I’m thinking is that we have a very professional relationship here, that you mentor me, make sure I get good raises and bonuses, throw in a few good business trips and conferences.

“And in return for all this corporate largess?” I asked.

“You’re staring at this body of mine, realizing what I just did to you in seconds, and you’re wondering what’s in it for you?” she laughed. “I’d negotiate more, but HR is going to wonder why this interview is going on so long and why your door is locked.”

“You think you’ve got the job?” I challenged.

She lowered her gaze to the wet stain on my pants, my cock half hanging out the zipper.

“Oh, I’d say so,” she winked knowingly. “But I’ve got a knock-out idea to close the interview and seal the deal.”

“What do you mean?” I asked, immediately suspicious.

“Relax! Just sit down here in your big executive chair.”

Warily, I sat down. Rachel climbed on top of me facing me on the chair.

“Now because of my unique assets, I have something I can do that no guy can do and very few women are able to do either,” she grinned. “So when you come to, you’ll find a little post it note telling you what to do next.”

“What?” I asked, confused.

My confusion quickly ended as Rachel wrapped her arms around my head and pulled my face into her cleavage.

“Nighty, night, Mr. Boss,” she laughed pulling tighter and tighter.

I don’t know how long it was before I passed out – probably didn’t take as long as it seems. I was just completely engulfed and defenseless. There was nothing I could do to loosen her strong arms and her boobs were way too large and firm to allow any air.

When I came to, she was gone. My pants had been pulled down around my ankles. Her note was right on the desk in front of me. It read, “If you want your cell phone back, come to 100 Waverly at 7:00 PM and see if you can win it back. Oh, and I took your underwear too. You got such a hard on being smothered out I figured I’d better remove them to allow your cock some breathing room. ‘Breathing’ room, get the pun? XOXOXO, Rachel.”

My desk phone started ringing. From the caller id I could see that it was my cell phone.

“What are you doing, Rachel?” I answered. “Why did you walk off with my cell phone?”

“Well hello to you, too, sleepy head,” she laughed. “I just figured that providing employees with incentives to perform was a good idea. So taking your phone gives you the incentive to want to get it back.”

“Do I have a choice?” I said unhappily.

“You can always buy a new phone and not hire a great new employee,” she said. “But then there is the matter of this picture of you on your cell phone sporting a full erection.”

“This is blackmail!” I hissed.

“Not at all. It’s just giving you an incentive to work out a good employment package for me. You liked the package sitting on your lap,” she replied. “This can really be a win-win situation, which is what good negotiating is all about.”

“You like to couch everything you’re doing in business terms, don’t you?” I observed.

“Boss, it’s all business and I’m all business. So you coming over for your phone tonight?”

“Okay.”

Rachel hung up.

As I was driving over to her address, I couldn’t help but think about her challenge to make me “win” my phone back in her sticky note. It didn’t take a genius to fathom that Rachel thought she could press her physical advantage, but to what end? She and I both knew I had to give her the job.

There wasn’t much more she could “negotiate”. And what would happen if she didn’t have the physical advantage she thought she had. After all, she’d taken me by surprise with that bear hug and I really didn’t try to fight her off for fear of making too much noise and getting discovered by others in the office.

On the other hand, was I just kidding myself to try to salvage my damaged male ego? After all, her muscles were quite real – quite large and very hard. What if she really had been using less than half her strength? All I knew was I was going there because I had to get my phone back.

The address was for a duplex townhouse, pretty nice place for such a young kid. I arrived around 7:15, deliberately late, to show my independence. She swung the front door open just as I got to it.

“You’re late,” she barked.

“I’m the boss. You operate on my time,” I shot back.

“You’re the boss in the office,” she countered. “Here it’s different.”

“You going to yell at me or invite me in?” I smiled, trying to diffuse her irritation.

She turned without saying a word and headed in. I followed. Rachel was wearing just a sports bra and booty shorts. Trailing her I got a good look at her ass for the first time. It was damn impressive, as were her long, well-conditioned looking legs. There was no question that she was quite the physical specimen.



She picked up my underwear from a table and tossed them at me. They'd been ripped to shreds.

"What the?" I started.

"No time to waste in your office. I wanted to get them off fast so I just tore them off," Rachel interrupted.

"I assume my cell phone is in better condition?" I asked.

"Oh yeah," she chuckled. "Of course how soon you get it back depends on what condition you're in."

"What? You mean you want to wrestle me like your friends at the gym?"

"Absolutely. After your pathetic display of wimpyness in your office, I figured you'd want a chance to redeem yourself."

"You just like showing off."

"Nobody here but the two of us," Rachel grinned. "That's not showing off."

“I didn’t bring anything to wrestle in,” I said. “I thought I was just coming over to pick up my phone.”

“Strip down to your shorts. That’s fine,” she said.

“Why do I have to do this?” I protested.

“Because it’s fun!” she giggled. “Don’t you want me to earn my position in the company?”

“You should do that because of your hard work.”

“Why don’t I just work to get you hard?” she winked. She pulled off her booty shorts to reveal a teeny thong bottom. Then she pulled off her sports bra, liberating those magnificently large round solid breasts.

“Shit. Have you grown in the past few hours? You look bigger than you did before in the office,” I commented.

“I had more clothes on there,” Rachel smiled. “The less I have on, the bigger I think I look. So no, I really haven’t grown. But the bulge in your pants has. All I’ve seen up to this point is your cock.

Why don’t you strip down to your shorts so I can see that manly chest and arms and legs.” I hesitated.

“Strip,” she ordered authoritatively.

I almost resisted her command but looking at her physique and hearing the tone of her voice I opted to go along with her wishes. I stripped off everything but my boxers. Rachel surveyed me carefully.

“Seeing you with most of your clothes off I realize my estimate of you was off,” she smiled.

“Oh really, how so?” I smiled, anticipating some kind of compliment.

“Feeling you in the office I guessed I was nearly twice as strong as you,” she answered.

“But now

seeing you like this I realize I was off the mark. I’m at least three times stronger, maybe closer to four.”

“What!” I objected.

“You’re one of those all work and no work out types, aren’t you?” she grinned. “If we were at the gym lifting weights I’d show you how much more I could lift than you. Now THAT would be showing off.”

“If you’re going to be trying to undermine me, this may not be the best employment situation for us,” I cautioned.

“Well then, why don’t you show me who’s boss?” she snickered. “I’m sure that your experience and superior management skills will enable you to clearly establish that you are in charge. You must know how to negotiate from a position of strength. But then again you may not have had to deal with something like this before.” Rachel struck a double biceps pose.



She raised her arms over her head. “Go ahead, see if you can squeeze some concessions out of me,” she taunted.

“What, you want me to like bear hug you?” I asked.

“Yeah,” she replied. “I had you moaning and begging me to stop when I grabbed you in your office.

Let’s see what you can do, or not do, to me.” She left her arms raised up, inviting me to approach her.

Her confidence was disarming, if not intimidating. If I didn’t try something I’d be conceding before anything even happened. I leaned in and lifted her up around the waist. She felt heavier than I’d supposed she’d be. Once in my arms I recognized that I’d made a potential tactical mistake in positioning her such that her jutting breasts were nearly opposite my face.

“You can actually pick me up! I’m almost impressed,” she laughed. “But this bear hug is pretty pathetic. Squeeze boy! Show me what you’ve got.”

I tried hugging harder but I must admit her torso felt amazingly solid. Her body was simply unyielding. She ran her hands over my arms, pressing her fingers into my anemic muscles. I was expecting her to tear my arms open to free herself, but instead she, too, realized my face was in a disadvantageous position.



“Tap out or pass out,” she said. She pulled my head into her cleavage, leaving no room for air. I knew from my experience with her in my office what the outcome would be if I didn’t submit. I quickly tapped her arms.

“Good! You’re learning,” she chuckled, pulling her massive mammaries off my head. She slid her hand inside my shorts. “Feel how hard you are,” she giggled. “You really get off on being smothered, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I mumbled, intoxicated by her erotic power.

“I’m going to make you cum now,” she said authoritatively. “Oh fuck,” I groaned as she pumped a load out of me in mere seconds. Seconds.

“Mmmm. That was a big nasty load, wasn’t it?” she giggled. “Now feel how I keep you hard,” she purred. “All the boys say I have the magic touch.” Rachel continued to fondle my cock and balls somehow miraculously stimulating me to stay hard despite my ejaculation.

She gripped the waistband of my underwear and ripped my shorts off. “You don’t need these,” she laughed. “You’re going to cum again.”

“That’s not possible.”

“You don’t know how talented an employee you’ve hired,” she grinned. She reached for a bottle of lotion that was sitting on a table and squirted some into her palms. Rachel began stroking my cock and lord knows she was keeping it rigid.

“How’s that feeling?” she whispered. “The lubrication from the lotion makes it feel just like a pussy.”

“Remarkable,” I confessed.

“Now take a good look at these nice firm breasts and these huge bulging biceps. They’re much bigger than yours, aren’t they?”

“Yes.”

“And that really turns you on, knowing I’m so big and strong.”

“Yes.”

Rachel directed her gaze towards my penis. “Now,” she said and suddenly I was ejaculating again.

I could barely keep standing. She laughed and pushed me to the floor, straddling my chest. “If I really made you wrestle for it you’d never get your phone back,” she said. “You’re just too puny compared to me. It wouldn’t be close to a fair fight.” Rachel took hold of my wrists and pinned them

together over my head. “Look at this, I can pin you with just one arm.”

She was absolutely right. I couldn’t break out of her hold and she was pinning me with one hand!

She let go of me, but continued sitting on my chest, rubbing the excess lotion from her hands onto her breasts. The mountainous orbs glistened. She started flexing her pecs, causing her breasts to bob up and down.

“I should sit at the opposite end of the table from you in meetings,” she grinned. “Then while you have everyone else’s attention and they’re all staring at you, I can sit in my chair and flex my pecs like this to see if you can keep your concentration.”

“Don’t try any shit at the office,” I warned.

“Yes, sir, Mr. Big Boss man,” she said, feigning a salute. “You’re certainly showing me who’s in charge here tonight.”



Rachel slid off my body to my left side, leaning forward and down to give me a deep, tongue- thrusting kiss. She cupped her right hand under my head and helped pull me up to sitting as she continued her passionate smooching. As she ended the kiss she shifted her body slightly so that my face was once again in front of her breasts. She pulled me against her, but it didn't seem like she was trying to smother me. For a moment I thought she was just letting me enjoy the stunningfullness and firmness of her tits.

Then WHAM, WHAM, WHAM! Rachel started punching me in the stomach with her left arm.

"I wanted to see if you could stomach a challenge," she laughed. "You're lucky I'm using my left arm and not throwing that hard." She continued to pummel away.

The punches felt damn hard to me. That first shot had taken me completely by surprise – now I know that she was pulling me into her tits - so I wouldn't see the punch coming – and my stomach was completely unflexed.

I absorbed the full force of the blow. That softened me up sufficiently that I wasn't really able to ward off the subsequent blows. I tried to protect myself with my right hand, but I couldn't see where the punches were being aimed at, so she could continue to pick me apart.

"Okay. Okay. I've had enough," I implored.

"Not up to that challenge I see," she laughed, letting go of my head and ending her barrage of punches.

She pivoted around behind me, grabbing my head in an inverted facelock and wrapping her legs around me.

"Are you the kind of executive who performs well under pressure?" she laughed. "Let's find out."

Rachel clamped down with her astoundingly hard thighs, immediately crushing all resistance out of me.

"Did you know that each one of my thighs is about as big all around as my waist?" she said. "You should see how miniscule your body looks sandwiched between these legs, but, of course all you can see right now is my armpit."

"Please. Please," I begged. "You're killing me."

Rachel released my head, freeing her hands to support her hips as she rolled onto her back and lifted her legs, buttocks, and me, up.

"Now you can get a better view," she teased. "How do you like dangling in the air, crushed between these legs? Can you imagine how strong I have to be to lift your body up and hold you like this?"

"Please. No more," I replied.

"Everyone at the gym knows to stay away from my legs," Rachel boasted. "They're so long and strong and lethal that no one can survive them. No one. So I don't blame you that you can't be a big businessman standing up to my kind of job pressure. But I do enjoy feeling you squirm as I squeeze the shit out of you!"

"Please. No more," I repeated. I felt Rachel wrapping her arms around my head and neck. I quickly surmised that she was going for a sleeper hold. Inside of ten seconds I had passed out.

When I came to, Rachel was on top of me having put my head and neck in a triangle scissors. Her thong bottom was gone leaving her shaved snatch right in front of my face.

"Well, you said no more, so I thought I should put you out of your misery," she chuckled.

"Not only am I very strong, but I've been trained in a bunch of martial arts, too."



“Isn’t it dangerous making someone pass out?” I asked.

“Like I said, I’ve been trained,” she replied. “Speaking of training,” she continued, “I know that every good business leader is adept at written and oral communications. I think I’ve got you in the perfect position to see how well you perform orally, or whether you’re going to need additional training.” She slid one hand down over her abdomen and used her fingers to spread her labia. She was glisteningly pink.

Rachel tightened her legs every so slightly, drawing me closer to her waiting pussy.

Knowing the power in her legs I certainly didn’t want to have her add any more pressure as coercion. And even though I was, in a sense, being forced to service her, I was more than happy to go down on such an incredibly hot young creature.

My tongue explored the folds of her labia, tasting her wet nectar. She was already quite wet and aroused. With my head and arms trapped as they were, I was going to have to do the whole job with my tongue and mouth. She tensed as I stiffened my tongue and thrust it into her vagina – a good sign, she seemed quite stimulated. As my tongue flicked the tip of her clit she let out a moan of pleasure. This wouldn’t take long.

“Oh yesssss,” she purred, running her fingers through my hair.

I pulled out all the stops, using every pussy eating trick and technique I could remember. About 5 minutes later she had her first orgasm, maybe a 3 on a scale of 1 to 10. I kept working on her.

She was wetter and hotter. Her moans filled the room. Another two minutes later the second wave of pleasure hit. Her whole shook. This was easily a 7 or 8.

Pulling out all the stops sucking on her clit as I flicked it hyper-rapidly with my tongue, I pushed her over the edge again inside 30 seconds.

This was the huge one – off the scale. Her body quaked with orgasmic rapture. If she hadn't loosened her legs around my head I fear she'd have snapped my neck.

“Uunngh. Uunngh. Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Shit. Shit. YESSSSSS!!!” she screamed. “Jeez, what the fuck was that? You're better than most of the girls at the gym!”

“Thanks,” I said smugly. Hey, I'm okay at cunnilingus, but not that outstanding. She must have really been in the mood for it.

“Damn, I get such an adrenaline rush when I orgasm, I've got to work off some energy and you just got me triple dosed,” she grinned, rising to her feet.

“What does that mean?” I asked warily.

“That means you are about to be my workout toy,” she laughed, yanking me effortlessly to my feet.

“Oh yeah, I'm all sweaty and pumped up now,” she purred.

I tried to back away from her, but she grabbed hold of one of my arms, snickering.

“You're fucking afraid of me,” she laughed. “Come on, don't just stand there. Try to fight back. Any girl can beat any guy if he's not going to try to defend himself. I want you to really try so you can appreciate how really good and strong I am.”

I tried to take the offensive by throwing a right hook into her stomach. I wasn't trying to punch that hard because I was a bit hesitant about hitting her or hurting her.

“Good,” she said, “But you punch like a girl. Try harder.” She stood there with her arms outstretched, inviting me to punch again.

I hooked her again, this time a lot harder. Maybe not full force, but I definitely put some weight behind it.

Her stomach was steel-plated. I could tell it didn't faze her in the least.



“Isn’t it kind of fun to be able to test yourself against a girl who’s really in shape not having to worry if you’re going to hurt her?” she asked.

“I have to admit I’ve never been in this kind of situation before,” I replied.

“But you’ve been going too gaga over my muscles not to have fantasized about it,” she countered.

“Not to mention mesmerized by my boobs.”

“Maybe,” I said sheepishly.

“You want me to work you over, not too rough, not to hurt you, just enough so that you can feel overpowered by a muscle girl with great tits. Don’t you?”

“Maybe,” I repeated sheepishly.

“You don’t sound like a very decisive executive,” she laughed. “Looks like you relinquish your control when you’re in my office.”

“I guess I do,” I admitted.

“So good bosses reward their employees for their efforts,” she smiled, “And I think you deserve something for your most recent efforts. So, what do you want me to do to you?”

“Flex your arms again,” I blurted out, not really even thinking.

“Like this?” she said, slowly and majestically raising her arms in a double biceps pose.

“Holy fuck, they’re huge,” I gushed.

“Well, compared to yours they certainly are,” she smiled. “But not only are they big, they’re solid steel.”

“Would you, would you bearhug me again?” I asked.

“Like in your office?”

“Yes!”

“Only this time hold you up longer and squeeze harder and make you suffer longer so you can submit to my overpoweringly superior strength?”

“Yes, please.”

“I’d love to do that to you. Thank you for asking.”

Without warning Rachel kneed me in the stomach. I doubled over in pain. She leaned over me, wrapping her arms around me and hoisting me up in an upside down reverse bearhug.

“Slight variation, since you don’t always get exactly what you want in business,” she chuckled.

“Oh fuck, don’t squeeze so hard!” I pleaded.

“Why that would be missing the whole point of the hold,” she laughed. “Tough it out, wimp. Resist the urge to submit so easily. Fight it.”

Rachel carried me over to a mirror so that I could see our reflection. I looked so pathetically helpless, dwarfed by the sheer size of her bulging muscles.

“I make this look easy, don’t I?” she boasted. “Look at the way I’ve got you looking so feeble, so weak.”

“Please stop. I give!”

“No, I’m not stopping boy. Fight it. Take it. There’s a whole other level of submission wrestling where the girl just ignores the guy’s pleas to stop. Where I just keep using all my muscles to completely vanquish you. What do you weigh? 155? 160? I can lift and squeeze you all day if I like.

This is nothing for me. Nothing. I could lift two of you.”

“Fuck. You’re a monster,” I groaned.

“Look at yourself in the mirror.,” she answered. “You seem to be withering in my arms. Getting smaller. Weaker. Is that how you feel?”

“Fuck yes.”

“I’m not a monster. It’s just that you’re weak and puny,” she taunted. “There are 15, 20 girls at my gym who could whip your butt. Girls are getting bigger and stronger all the time. I should bring you to the gym and have the girls take you on one by one, each going for a submission. Shit before they were halfway through they’d be polishing you off in seconds.”



She leaned her head forward between my legs, taking my limp cock into her mouth. Then she clutched me even tighter with the bearhug.

“Time to teach you pleasure and pain,” she said, popping my cock out of her mouth for a moment and then inhaling it again.

“Keep your eyes open,” she ordered. “Watch me in the mirror.”

Now at my age, especially considering the facts that I’d cum twice already and Rachel’s bearhug had me in a world of hurt, there’s no way I should have been able to get hard again, but apparently neither Rachel nor my cock knew that.

She sucked and slurped me into another erection all the while maintaining her crushing hold.

“How the hell did you do that?” I muttered in admiration.

“Talent, honey. Pure unadulterated hot ass knock your socks off cock sucking fucking talent.”

“You’re obscene.”

“Of course I am. And I’m smart. And I’m sexy. And I’m strong. And I can make any guy squirt in seconds.”

Rachel unexpectedly lifted me up further, hoisting me onto one of her shoulders.



“Oh look at this in the mirror, buddy boy,” she crowed. “Your whole body draped over just one of my shoulders. Because I’m big enough to put you there. You may not realize that I weigh more than you do. I’m 168 pounds of muscle. Oh yeah you can moan and groan because your back is getting arched over me, but it’s more than that. It’s your whole fucking body and I’m holding you with just one fucking arm. Can’t you see how easy this is for me? You are a total fucking ass wimp and I own you. Totally fucking own you.” “Please. Really. You’ve made your point. You own me here. I get it. I give.”

“You don’t get it if you keep saying you give,” she said, “Even though I do kind of find it a turn on to hear you submit. I just ignore your weak ass submissions.”

“Why? Why are you doing this to me?”

“Because I want you totally infatuated with me. Totally intoxicated by my presence. I want to walk into your office and have you flashback to tonight and the image you see in the mirror and not be able to control your getting a hard on as you sit at your desk. I want you afraid that I’ll brush my hand across your trousers and make you shoot your load.”

“I am afraid of you.”

“Just as you should be. Did you ever imagine that I was this strong? That I could overpower you in wrestling so easily?”

“You don’t even seem to be trying that hard.”

“You’re right. I’m not. How does that make you feel?”

“You can see my hard on. Doesn’t that answer your question?”

“Oh, I knew the answer to the question,” she giggled.

“Now what I want you to do is just relax. Don’t struggle. Right now this isn’t wrestling. It’s lift and carry. I want to blow your mind with how strong I am.”

Rachel shifted one hand to my groin, just behind my balls, and the other hand behind my neck. Then, with little apparent effort, she lifted me up straight over her head.



“I think they call this a gorilla press, or something like that,” she said. “All I know is I’m lifting your whole weight above me. Do you think you could do this to me? I weigh less than you.”

“No,” I admitted.

“Damn straight you couldn’t,” she laughed. “Now for a little show off time.” Rachel lowered her arms about half way and then raised me up again – five times.

“Holy fuck, you’re strong,” I said admiringly.

“Glad to see you appreciate it,” she replied. “In fact, considering the way your cock is twitching, I’d say I have you right on the edge again.”

“Your muscles are so fucking big!” I confessed.

“Do you want to be my weak little cum slave?”

“Yes.”

“Are you going to get an erection whenever you see these huge hard muscles of mine flexing?”

“Yes. I can’t control it.”

“Of course you can’t.”

Rachel slid her left hand slightly inserting her middle finger into my ass. She probed for a moment and found my prostate.

“I’m going to make you cum again. You won’t be able to hold back now. I’ll press your cum button.”

“Oh fuck. Oh fuck,” I groaned as she gently pressured my prostate, causing the urge to ejaculate torise.

“You can’t stop me, not that you want to,” she laughed. “All the way up again.” as she pressed me all the way up over her power packed body. “Look at this pretty picture of complete domination.”

I looked at our reflection in the mirror, Rachel easily holding me aloft, the formidable muscles of her arms, shoulders and torso bulging.

“Now I’m really going to show off,” she giggled. As she began to wiggle her finger against my prostate she let go with her other hand, holding me above her head with just one arm.

My reaction was spontaneous. I shot my load a foot in the air.

I started to fall but she was able to quickly grab me. I was upside down in her arms, the front of my body pressed against hers. My face was opposite her pussy.

“What a perfect position to end up in,” Rachel laughed. “Grab hold of my ass and pull me against your face and get licking my pussy.”

I hesitated for a moment. Rachel started applying her devastating bearhug again. There really was no alternative. I lapped up the copious juices from her well lubricated labia and plunged my tongue as far into her as I could probe.



“Oh yeah. Oh yeah,” she grunted, punctuating her remarks with super hard squeezes. “Fuck, yeah. Do it.” She began to writhe and moan, “Come on little man, make your girl cum.”

I went to work on her clit, flicking it like a man possessed.

“Oh god. Oh fuck. Oh holy fuck!” she shrieked as she was pushed over the edge to another tumultuous orgasm. Rachel hoisted me back up across her shoulders again, reapplying the backbreaker. She cupped my balls in her hand, rolling them around in my scrotum.

“This is what domination looks like, doesn’t it, my little slave?” she declared. “Look how easy I make it look. There hasn’t been a hold that I’ve put you in that I’d had to strain to apply in the slightest. This is what strength looks like, isn’t it?”

“You’re much too powerful for me,” I admitted.

“And too fucking sexy,” she laughed.

“That too,” I agreed.

“I think I’ll be due for rapid, straightforward promotions up the ranks, wouldn’t you agree? Kind of like I have you racked up here so quickly and easily?”

“If you earn it then you’ll deserve it,” I replied.

“When I show you that I’m as smart as I am strong, then I’m going to be pretty unstoppable,”

Rachel boasted.

“Well you’ve more than amply demonstrated how strong you are,” I admitted.

“Well, compared to you, but that’s an unfair comparison. You’re such a weakling. I could probably lift two of you up across my shoulders. But I doubt that you could pick me up like this.”

“You make it look so easy!”

“Look how my 168 pounds of muscles bulge. I think we should finish where we began.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“One more bearhug. But this one I’ll make you pass out.”

“No! Please!”

Rachel slid me down from the backbreaker to a reverse bearhug, maximizing the pressure on my stomach and ribcage.

“Watch what happens,” she said, positioning us in front of the mirror.

She began to increase the pressure, collapsing my lungs. I could barely take a breath.

“No! Stop,” I pleaded.

“Bigger. Much more muscular. Far stronger. You’re toast, wimp.”

Rachel held me up with just her left arm as she flexed her right.

“Take a good look at what I can do before I make you pass out.”

Rachel wrapped both arms around me and grunted as she applied more force.

“I have to be careful not to crack your ribs,” she chuckled.

“You’re crushing me,” I groaned.

“Exactly,” she laughed.

I began to feel light-headed as I gazed at our reflections in the mirror. Rachel seemed to dwarf me as I watched her powerful physique.

“You can’t last much longer,” she said.

My body felt completely limp, every ounce of energy drained away by her overwhelming dominance.

“Don’t forget that I can do this to you any time I want.”



I don't know how long I was passed out. I was just grateful that I was still alive. It's more than scary to think that a woman is more than capable of killing you if she wanted to. But Rachel saw me as her ticket to a successful career. And as difficult as it was adjusting to our 'relationship', I know that I have to adjust in order to survive. Her body and her muscles are more than enough to keep me aroused and a slave to her.

THE END.