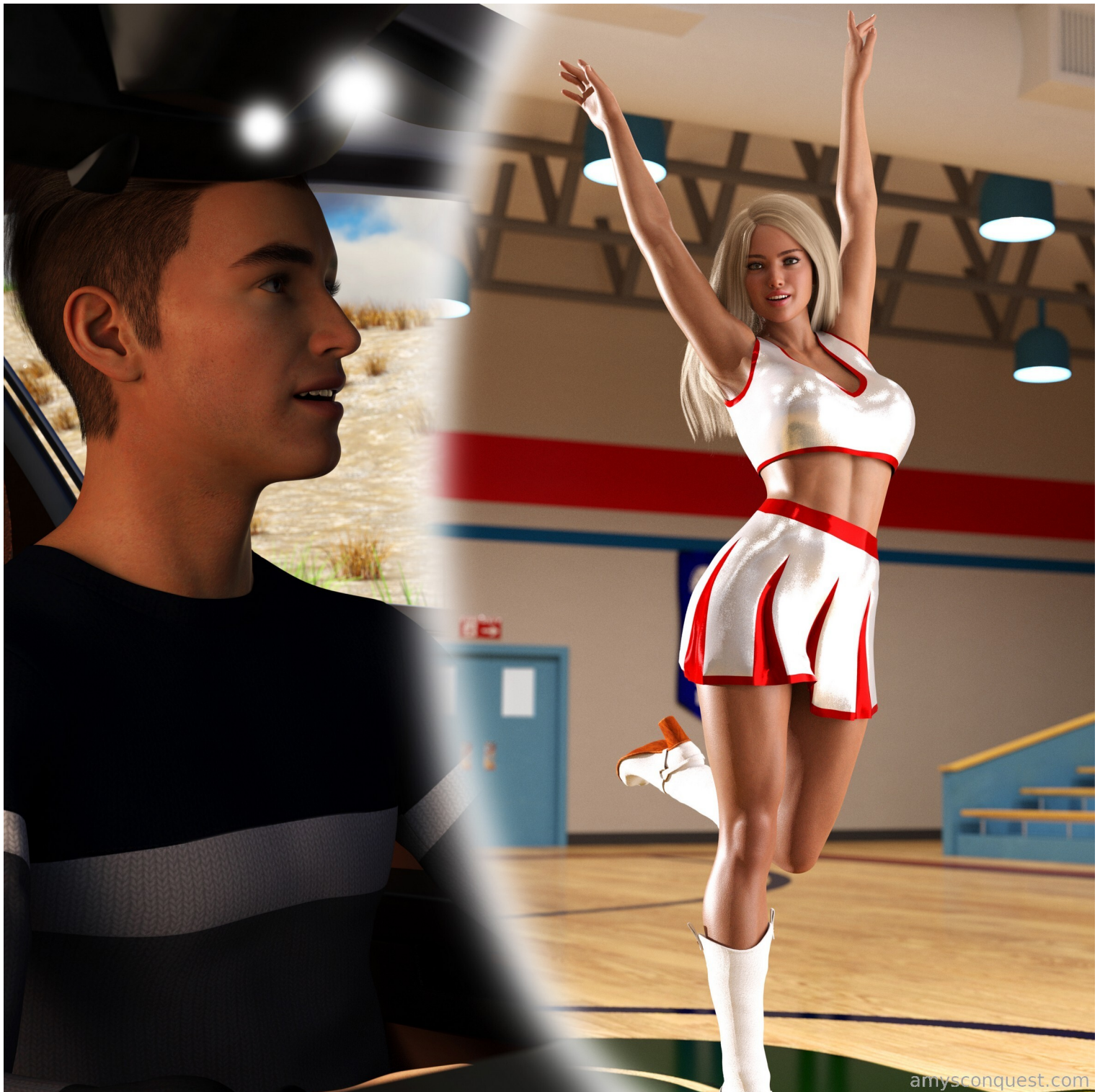


Too big

By Diana the Valkyrie, artwork by Robolord

Elaine woos and wins Jeremy, despite feeling that she's too big



Jeremy used to dream about cheerleaders – which boy doesn't? Long blonde hair, short skirt, high boots and the pinnacle of athletic perfection. How could anyone fail to appreciate their dance routines and the demonstrations of their toned bodies?

Eighteen years old and above, obviously.

But wouldn't it be great to have such a gorgeous girl as your girlfriend? Imagine watching as she displayed her gymnast body, and thinking "That's my girl!". Yes. Jeremy, and millions of other boys, dreamed about cheerleaders.

But Jeremy didn't just dream. Jeremy did something about it. Jeremy was a bit undersized, at five feet five and 130 pounds, but he realised that his best chance to meet cheerleaders, was to join the college football team. Obviously he couldn't be one of the heavyweight battering rams, but maybe he could be a quarterback? Or at least some sort of runner? The problem with that, is that he couldn't run fast.

But Jeremy's ambition wasn't to be a great football player; it was to meet cute cheerleaders, and all he needed for that was to join the training squad – so that's what he did.

It was a good plan. Not a great plan, but sound. Except that it was doomed to failure. The cheerleaders all liked the big hunky battering rams, not the small guys like Jeremy. So, once again, his size ruined his ambition.

Until he met me.

He met me because he'd joined the training squad (to get closer to the cheerleaders) but I wasn't a cheerleader. I wasn't a trainee cheerleader. I wasn't even a wannabe cheerleader. I wanted to be on the football team, so I had joined the same training squad that Jeremy was in. Claire was a trainee cheerleader – she was focussed on getting into the cheer squad, and didn't welcome distractions like

Jeremy. But rather than just give him the brush off, she introduced him to me, because she knew that I preferred guys that were small and weak.

They made me feel protective and, yes, motherly. And they tended not to have oversized egos.



At first, Jeremy thought that I was a cheerleader. I'm an averagely pretty blonde (although nowhere near as pretty as any of the cheer leaders), about the same height as Jeremy (maybe a little taller?). A bit wider, and quite a lot deeper. Very deep. Too big, actually. He couldn't take his eyes off my tits, which he guessed had to be more than forty (actually, a whole lot more than that, they were far too big), and they were probably the biggest he'd ever seen. I know that, because a lot of guys are told me that. It didn't occur to him that with tits like that, I couldn't possibly be a cheerleader – much too big. Can you imagine what they'd be doing if I bounced and cavorted and turned somersaults like the cheer leader squad did?

So he tried to get to know me better, under the misapprehension that I was as close to a cheerleader as he was likely to get. Meanwhile, I was willing for that to happen, because I was under the false impression that Jeremy was either on the football squad, or close to getting on it. Plus, he was cute, rather small and he looked so soft and weak that my palms were sweating (and also downstairs was getting more than damp).

At our college, Sweet Valley Institute, there were rules about football players, specifying body armor, helmets, size, weight and such like. But someone had revised those rules using a word processor, and had substituted "man" with "person", because this was "less sexist". So, the rules as they stood now, said nothing about whether a girl could be on the squad. Of course, the coach was always going to choose the best players for each match, but he couldn't discriminate on gender.

As part of his courtship of me, Jeremy offered to carry her bag. That, normally, is a good idea, because it declared his interest in a traditional way, and I could accept or reject the offer, and at that point, no-one was committed to anything.



And I accepted his offer, it was like accepting his declaration of interest. But I wasn't thinking. I wasn't carrying a few books and some make-up. I was carrying some of my workout weights. There was 150 pounds of iron in that bag.

So that offer backfired, spectacularly. Jeremy tried to lift it, and he could hardly move it. I laughed, which was probably a bit rude, but it did look comical, and I lifted it with one arm, which was definitely more than somewhat humiliating for Jeremy.

"What have you got in here?" he asked, "Bricks? Lead piping?" I smiled and explained. "I'm about to go to the gym, but I have to go to the women's section, and they don't have weights that are heavy enough. So I have to bring my own." Jeremy was flabbergasted. "Especially for leg days. I have very big thighs, and I need an extra 300 pounds more than they have, in order to give them the stress that they need."

"300?" said Jeremy.

"But today is mostly arms, so I only need an extra 150 pounds."

"Only?" said Jeremy.

"You can come to the gym and watch if you like," I offered.

"Like!" said Jeremy.

So Jeremy watched as I ran five miles on the treadmill, then did pull-downs with a weight that Jeremy couldn't even guess at, followed by squats. Jeremy checked the weights I was using. On each side of the weight bar, I had four 100 pound weights, a 50 and a 25, for a total of 950 pounds. Jeremy thought about the force that my thighs were exerting, and realised that it would be a very bad idea to get between them without a very explicit invitation.

I finished my exercises with one-armed press-ups. "What do you weigh?" asked Jeremy, "I'm 130 pounds." I wrinkled my nose. "Two seventy, but quite a lot of that is my boobs, of course. They're much too big, and I don't know what I can do about that." "I don't think they're too big," Jeremy declared. I smiled. "Really?" I asked. This was starting to sound really promising. "No, they're just fine the way they are," said Jeremy. And then he took the plunge. "Would you like to come out to dinner with me at the Golden Mangal?"

"Wow," I said, "that's really posh. I haven't got anything that I could wear to a place like that. It's the same problem, it's really difficult to find clothes that fit – I'm just too big. How about burgers at the Double Triangle? I could wear my grey top."

"I still don't think you're too big," said Jeremy gallantly, "and I think you look just fine in your grey top."

The date went well. I talked about my hopes and dreams to become part of the football squad, and Jeremy said “From what I’ve seen of you, I think you’d make the team, and you’d batter down any player on the other side that was foolish enough to try to stop you.” “But I’m just too big,” I said. “I don’t think so,” Jeremy replied. “I though you liked slender flexible girls like Claire,” I said. “I did,” admitted Jeremy, “but that was before I met you!” I grinned. “You mean, too big?” “I mean, built like a bulldozer. I can tell you, if we were on the football field and I saw you running towards me, my instinct would not be to tackle you, it would be to get out of your way and hope that you didn’t decide to take me down.”

“Two hundred and seventy pounds of tits and muscle would just flatten a little guy like you. Oh, and did I mention that I’m also thinking of trying out for the wrestling team?” “Girls wrestling I like that idea,” laughed Jeremy. “No,” I said, “Not the girls team. The team. The team that used to be the men’s team, until they changed the rules and replaced “men” with “people”. I’ve watched the boys side of the gym, and most of them are lifting half the weight that I’m hoisting. Five hundred pound squats? I’m nearly up to a thousand. And if I get one of those boys between my thighs, link my feet and straighten my legs, it’s game over. Either he submits immediately, or his ribs bend, then bend some more, then start to break.” “The referee would stop the bout long before you broke any ribs.” “True,” I said, “but that’s a win for me.”

“I have a confession to make,” said Jeremy. “I’m not going to be picked for the football team, not now, not ever. I’m too small, too light and I’m not a fast runner.” He looked down at his feet sadly. I

took his hand in mine. “Jeremy, that’s not important. I’m not joining the squad so that I can get close to the massive hunks that are on it. I’m joining because I want to play football, and I think I’ll be good at it. Better than most of the guys. There’s a lot of things that I’m too big for, but that’s an advantage on the gridiron.” “You want to prove that girls are just as good as guys?” asked Jeremy. “No, no,” I replied. “Look, if that happens, then that’s just a side effect. What I want, is to play football, at the highest level, and



if I'm good enough, I want to be a professional player. And I don't actually care if I'm the only girl on the team, just like I don't care if I'm the only blonde on the team."

"Also," I added, "I think you're cute." That was my cue bid. Jeremy's had been to offer to carry my books, mine was a declaration of cuteness. We play these games, don't we? People don't just say straight out "I want to fuck you". We have to flirt, use suggestion and innuendo, and dance all around the subject. I don't know why we do this, but it is what we do.

The date went off very well, and Jeremy was smitten. Cupid, son of Venus, had aimed his bow and hit Jeremy in all the places that mattered; his heart and his groin. Me too – Cupid's arrows didn't discriminate between a small and sweet guy, and a heavily muscled female hunk. When the arrow struck, I was in love. And Jeremy didn't seem to mind that I am "too big".

"Another date?" I suggested. I wasn't going to rush things along, but neither did I want this to terminate. I'm not the sort of girl who would have sex on the first date (because that's all part of the great sex game), but neither was I going to let this fine catch get away.

For our second date, I thought carefully. My old grey sweatshirt wouldn't cut the mustard, and I had nothing else suitable. You can't get a dress for someone as big as me, in an ordinary dress shop. So that meant made-to-measure. And that meant big bucks.



I spoke to the girls on the cheer team, but none of them had any difficulty getting clothes that fit them well. So I went to the only likely shop in Sweet Valley, a place called "Kingsize", but all they could offer was big shirts, big pants and big jackets. Menswear. That was no use at all, but I talked with one of the shop assistants, and she told me about a local dress maker that might help. "It isn't cheap," she warned. "I know, I know" I said sadly, "I'm too big."

I visited the dressmaker, Wanda. Wanda looked at me and said, “Hmm. You need to undress, so I can measure you.”

And then Wanda said, “Huh. What sort of dress do you want?” “Something suitable for a really important date. Sexy, but not too blatant. Something that’s a bit slimming, so I don’t look quite so big?”

Wanda looked me up and down. “A long dress, I think, so that those big thighs and calves aren’t so obvious and intimidating. Something that mostly, but not entirely, covers your breasts, so they don’t look quite so huge. We can’t do much about your arms, but if you mostly keep them down by your sides, the biceps won’t be quite so prominent.” “I like the way you’re thinking,” I said, “make me look more feminine, so I don’t scare him off.”

Wanda got busy with her tape measure, writing everything down in a little book. “Your waist is only a bit more than I’d expect,” she said, “but everything else?” “Too big,” I said, “tell me about it.”



“First, the good news. Your waist is only thirty inches.” “And the bad news?” “I wouldn’t call it bad news, but you certainly are bigger than any of my other customers. Bust, fifty four. That’s partly because your back is so broad, but you also have a very prominent bust line, even if you leave off your bra. Hips, forty six, because your gluteal muscles are, shall we say, very well developed. You’ve also got very big thighs and calves, but that won’t matter at all because they’ll be completely covered by the long skirt. And some lace to semi-conceal your cleavage, which otherwise would be very deep, maybe about twelve inches or so? Most women are less than half that.”

“And now the big question,” I said. “What’s this going to cost?”

Wanda rubbed her chin. “The amount of cutting and sewing is going to be about the same as for anyone else. But the amount of fabric? I’m going to need about twice as much as usual, and that’s the main cost. So. \$200 for the labour, including this session for measuring, another fitting session and a final finishing session. Material, including the lace for the cleavage and the bottom of the skirt, \$400.”

I thought that was a lot. “What if we left out the lace, that’s very expensive, right?” “If we left out the lace, it wouldn’t be so feminine, and feminine is very much what you need in this dress. Plus, you’d only save about \$100.”

I sighed. To a student at Sweet Valley Institute, that was a lot of money. A LOT. I had a waitressing job, but that only brought in \$7 per hour, and I couldn’t work a lot of hours because of needing to study, needing to train and going to practice for the football team. But I had an idea that might work.

I told Wanda, “Hold on for now. I’ll need to raise that \$600. I think I can, but if I can’t, I don’t want you to be left out of pocket.”

Here’s the plan. Some of the boys in the football team, also went in for wrestling. I didn’t, but I knew that the power of my thighs would be able to force a submission provided I could get them wrapped around my opponent.



So I marched up to Kevin, the guy with the biggest ego, although not the biggest muscles. Ego was the key, though. I stood tall, shoulders back, chest thrust out, and he stared at my nipples, he seemed to be unable to look anywhere else. “I challenge you to a match,” I said, “One on one, you and me, ten rounds, three submissions or a knockout wins.”

He laughed. “You’re a girl,” he said. “Girls don’t wrestle.” “This one does,” I told him, “and this one bets that she can kick your ass.” He laughed again. “You’re just a girl,” he repeated. I wagged my breasts slightly, from side to side. “You noticed,” I said. “Are you scared that a girl’s going to whup your ass?” I asked. That got his attention. “Fuck off, cunt,” was the best he could do. My

reply was simple. “Tomorrow. Seven pm. In the gym. And to give it some significance, the loser pays the winner six hundred dollars. I’ll be there. If you aren’t, then you’re a coward, a chicken and a jellyfish. And I’ll make sure that everyone, EVERYONE at Sweet Valley knows that you’re a big-talking gutless wonder. All mouth and no trousers.”

And I turned my back on him and walked away. Which meant that no-one had the chance to ask me to put down that \$600 – which I didn’t actually have.

He couldn’t ignore this. Everyone knew that I was trying out for the football team, so I wasn’t just a little girl talking big. I had him by the balls, and his only option was to turn up and beat me at wrestling, and I didn’t think he’d be able to do that. Sure, I had no experience, and didn’t know all the clever holds and throws, but one thing I did know. If I could get him between my thighs, he was finished.



One more thing. I didn't want Jeremy to see this. We'd only had the one date so far, and I didn't want him to be so scared of me that he'd call off the second date. The whole point of this match was to raise the cash for the dress I was going to wear. So I spoke to my friend Claire.

"Claire, can you distract Jeremy so that tomorrow evening, he's nowhere near the gym?" Naturally, she wanted to know why, so I told her. "I'd pay ten dollars to watch that," she said, and I made a mental note, maybe I'm wasting my time waitressing? "So will you do it?" I asked. "No problem," said Claire, "but one condition. Someone has to take a video of this so I can enjoy it later." "And if I don't win?" I asked, thinking about the long-term humiliation of a video circulating of me being thrashed. "Don't be silly," said Claire, "you can lift twice as much as any of the guys, Kevin isn't even the strongest, and the moment you get your legs round his pathetic weak body, it'll be game over."

So that was my confidence boosted and Jeremy sorted out.

The next day, I went to see Coach. I told him about the evening match, and he laughed. Not at me, but at Kevin for getting himself into a deep hole. "Will you referee the match," I asked, "I want this to be a fair fight." Coach agreed to referee, but then "It's isn't going to be a fair fight. He's had practice, and knows some good moves, but I've seen you lifting in the gym and he doesn't stand a chance. All I want from you, Elaine, is a promise that when I say "Enough", you back off. I don't mind if he loses, but I don't want him seriously injured." I smiled. Coach was a good guy; it was Coach that stood up for me when I said I wanted to join the football squad, and said that he'd treat me equally

with the guys, and if anyone had any objection to that, they should slink off now.



At the appointed hour, I dressed. I wore boots, a wrestling singlet and an excessively tight sports bra, because I find that all sports bras are excessively tight, but the rules are the rules. Over all that, I wore a rather glamorous silk dressing gown, because that's what you wear, and "TOO BIG" was picked out on the back in glued-on sparkles which would wash out later.

Kevin swaggered in, brimming with confidence and presumption. We faced each other in the ring, and I let my dressing gown slide to the canvas. Kevin looked a bit less confident. I just stood there, letting him drink it all in; my heavily muscled arms that could lift more than twice as much as him, my huge thighs, each of them bigger than his waist. He stared at my breasts, each of them bigger than his head, and finally he looked me in the eyes, seeing in them the imperious gaze of a woman staring at a man who would soon be in her thrall. I saw him swallow nervously, and I took a step towards him. He took a step back.



Coach said “Shake hands!” I held out my right hand to Kevin, he put his hand in mine, and I squeezed. I have a good grip – I’ve been practising with a very stiff gripper, because once I get hold of the football, I won’t give it up. I stared at Kevin’s face; he was wincing. I had already established which of us was stronger. “Start!” said Coach.

I stepped forward again. Kevin dodged sidewise, grabbed my arm and tried to twist it behind my back. He thought that a hammer lock would gain him a submission. No chance. I grabbed his arm with my free hand, and whirled around, taking Kevin with me. I let go so that he could bounce off the ropes, and I just braced and stood there like an brick wall, so that when he collided with me, he rebounded, stumbled and went down, sitting on his arse. I followed him down and sat behind him..



I wasn't really interested in putting on a show – I just wanted the \$600 for my new dress. So I simply put a leg on either side of him, linked my ankles and straightened my legs. I looked up a Coach, our referee and waited for any instructions, but there were none. So I crushed my thighs closer together, using the leverage of my linked ankles, and Kevin was in a lot of pain, but his planet-sized ego wouldn't let him submit to a girl. The ref still wasn't saying anything, so I arched my back and really piled it on.

The audience was going wild, so I think only the three of us heard the first “crack!” as one of Kevin's ribs gave way. He was still holding out, this guy was crazy. Didn't he realise that it was only a question of how many ribs I had to break before he gave in?

And then Coach said “Elaine, enough,” so I released Kevin from my leg vice, and stood up. Kevin tried to stand up, but the pain from the broken rib was too much for him, and he sank back to the canvas. Coach counted him out, so I won on a knockout.

Coach and I together helped Kevin to his feet, and coach held his arm to stop him from falling over again. And then coach raised my arm and said “The winner, by a knockout, ‘Too Big Elaine!’”



The cheering from the audience was very high-pitched, and when I looked, I could see why. The girls were cheering, the guys were looking rather glum and silent.

And then the chanting started, call and response. “Elaine, Elaine”, “Too big, too big” and it went on for several minutes. I did a victory parade round the ring, and then I stopped, and held up my hands for silence. “This is just the start,” I said. “We’re going to hold mixed-gender wrestling each week. I’ll book a hall, and visit my web site for details, TooBigElaine.com. The ten bucks you’ll pay for entrance will go towards a purse for the loser, and an equal sized purse for the winner.” That sounded generous, but I’d thought this through. If the loser didn’t get a substantial payout, why would he take the risk of broken ribs, or worse? And equality of payment sounded really good.

I collected my \$600 from Kevin. He didn’t argue much after I showed him my clenched fist and the massive bicep that would power it into a delicate part of his anatomy. And then I visited Wanda to tell her the good news and hand over the \$600 for my new dress.

Wanda did her stuff. She did it very well indeed, and when I tried it on, I could hardly believe it was me. The boobs still stuck out a mile, but I’m pretty sure that guys like that, because if they didn’t, why would they spend so much time staring at them? But my chiselled abs and humongous thighs were completely hidden from view. And if I kept my arms straight down, even my biceps looked almost normal.

I was worried until I saw Jeremy’s reaction. It was priceless. And he said, “My word! Who are you, and what have you done with Elaine?” So then I knew it was OK.



The date went really well. Really really well. He hadn't heard about my wrestling match with Kevin, which meant that I didn't have to explain that Jeremy wasn't going to have to worry about his ribs being broken! Although at the back of my mind, there was a small, niggling worry that in the throes of passion I might kind of lose control, and ... well, I didn't like to think about it, so I didn't.

We went, of course, to the Golden Mangal, and I was able to put half towards the cost, knowing that I'd soon earn it back on my new wrestling enterprise.

And then back to Jeremy's room. He'd arranged for his room-mate to be absent, so we had total privacy, which suited me fine because this was the second date, and I had Big Ideas. And I wasn't thinking of just a few kisses.

We got inside and while Jeremy locked the door, I carefully stripped off my new dress, hung it over the back of a chair, and stood. Shoulders back, double biceps, chest out, and I do mean out. If I stood against a wall and you measured the distance from the wall to the tips of my nipples, you'd read twenty inches off the tape. I'm a big girl. Some would say too big. No, pretty much everyone was calling me "Too-big" now.



Jeremy just stood and stared. There was a lot to stare at. "Take off your clothes," I commanded, so he did. "You are the hottest girl I've ever seen," he gasped. "And you're the cutest little guy," I told him. "Come here." He did. I tore off his skimpy underpants. "You won't be needing those," I explained.

I grabbed his ass, and lifted him up. He was light, at 130 pounds he was less than half my weight. I rubbed him against my too big body and it wasn't long before he groaned and I felt the wetness that told me he'd had an orgasm. That was too easy, I thought.

Maybe I'd overdone it? I wanted this little guy, I wanted to love him and protect him for ever. He seemed to have passed out from an overdose of orgasm, so I laid him down on his bed, and changed into a black lacy nightie. I'd brought that in case Jeremy needed some extra encouragement, but it



seemed redundant. I went into the kitchen and made him a bowl of cereal; carbs to replace the energy he'd just expended, milk to help him hydrate and lots of sugar to give him a bit of a sugar rush. I fed him spoon by spoon, and explained my plans for the future.

"The immediate future," I told him, "is going to be mixed-gender wrestling." Then I told him about my match with Kevin. He was shocked. "You wrestled a man?" "Yes, sweetie, and don't look so shocked. Next time you're in the gym, look around you. They're benching 200 to 250, and squatting 400 or 500 pounds. I can bench 525, and I can squat 950. I'm "too-big" Elaine and I'm more than a match for any of them. And ... look, watch the video."

The video was quite short. Jeremy watched as I threw Kevin against the ropes, crashed him to the ground and then applied my killer scissors. "You can't hear it above the noise of the crowd, but this was the point where I heard his rib break and the ref stopped the fight." "Wow," said Jeremy, his eyes almost bugging out. "And that's how I got the \$600 for my lovely new cream silk dress, trimmed with lace."

"Wow," said Jeremy again. I fed him more cereal. "So let me explain what I have in mind." I told him that someone mentioned that they'd pay \$10 to see that sort of match, and this was the basis of my idea. But I'd had time to think up some of the details.

"First, how to finance this? We sell tickets in advance, \$10 each. Or you can pay at the door, but that's \$15. I'll take cash, Paypal, Google Pay or Apple Pay. Because of the big discount for advance

sales, a lot of people will pony up that \$10." Jeremy nodded, "That's what I'd do."

"Right," I said, "I hire a hall, set up a portable ring, folding chairs," and Jeremy interrupted, "You don't need chairs, they can stand, and you'll get more people into the hall that way."

"Good thinking, sweetie," I said.



I've already registered my domain name, TooBigElaine.com, and people can go there to sign up for a free newsletter, to see the details of forthcoming matches, pictures of me and the other wrestlers ... "Other wrestlers?" asked Jeremy. "Yes, I'm not going to be the only one in this. I've seen other girls in the gym, also focussed on getting big and strong. Muscle is the new sexy."

"How will you persuade guys to fight them?" he asked. "Two ways," I replied. "First of all, money. I'm going to start off with a thousand dollars per match, and both the winner and loser will get that." "And the second way?" "I checked the rules. The rules say that the genitals must be covered. Not a problem ... but tits aren't genitals. Both the men and the women will wrestle bare-chested."



Jeremy was trying to picture this in his imagination, and I could see that it was having a nice effect on him. “So will you help me?” I asked. “I need a partner that I can trust completely.” “Yes, yes,” panted Jeremy. “Someone to set up and maintain the web site, you can do that?” He nodded; his major was computer science, this would be easy for him. “To set up the payment systems, to file for a corporation, to set up a bank account,” I continued, “and to be the doorman on the day of the match, making sure that everyone either has a ticket or pays at the door.”

Jeremy demurred. “I’m really not cut out to be a bouncer. People will just shove past me, and there’ll be nothing I can do.” “No, sweetie, I thought of that. You’re my boyfriend, we’ll make sure that everyone knows that. No-one is going to go up against the boyfriend of “too-big” Elaine. See these?” I asked, showing him my big bicep.



“Wow,” said Jeremy, “that’s got to be at least three times the size of mine?” “It’s twenty four inches,” I told him, and I put my hands around his upper arm. “That’s about eight or nine inches,” I told him. “So you’d be three times as strong as me?” he asked. “No,” I said, it doesn’t work that way. It’s the cross-sectional area that you need to look at, so mine is about ten times the size of yours. I can bench 525 pounds; you’d be struggling with fifty. Anyway, that’s not the point. The point is, it doesn’t matter that you’re small and weak. If anyone tries to treat you as a pushover, you can call on “too-big” Elaine, and I’ll sort out whoever is trying it on. And “sort out” means, if anyone punches my sweetie, then it’ll feel like a sixty pound sledgehammer just swung into his belly. My sweet smile can turn into an angry frown very quickly, and if “too-big” frowns at a guy, he’d better brace himself for what’s to follow.”



“I love the idea of having someone like you to protect me,” said Jeremy, and I could see that he was getting excited again, so I abandoned explaining the details of my enterprise and his part in it. I took off my black silk nightdress, gave Jeremy a quick view of a woman with huge biceps, too-big breasts and massive thighs. Jeremy reacted in the predictable way. Perfect. Time for the sort of sex that will ensure that my sweet little darling loves me for ever.



I couldn't wait – by which I mean, I'd waited long enough, and I was hot and wet, very wet. Soaking wet. So wet that I was as slippery as soap, and I guided Jeremy's missile into my silo, and started the slow pumping action that led to quite a lot of screaming, and not all of it was me.

I speeded up slightly, as soon as Jeremy caught the rhythm, but my vagina was already starting to pulse in the old familiar way. I tried to control myself because I didn't want to hurt my darling, and I knew from experience that a man's dick can only stand so much pressure, and when I grip it inside me really hard, it can kind of collapse, blocking the stream that is supposed to emerge. It's a difficult balance, and if I get it wrong, I could cause a lot of pain. But if I get it right, he'll have an orgasm that a whole lot harder than he's ever had before. And that's what I wanted to give my sweetie.

I was getting it right. I could tell partly by the feel inside my vagina, but mostly by the noises that Jeremy was making. But I didn't want this to end too soon, so I paused for a while. Jeremy, of course, made feeble efforts to continue, but the combination of my grip on his cock, and my weight (too big!) on his body, meant that he couldn't really do anything. He just had to cool off and wait until I was ready for us to continue.



I took most of my weight on my arms; my full 270 pounds would be far too much for his delicate body with those slender eight-inch arms and tiny 32 inch body. His body was just a bit smaller than one of my thighs! In a situation like that, I have to be really careful. The full weight of my body on his would make it difficult for him to breathe, his mouth was in constant danger of being smothered by my breasts, and you might be wondering why I didn't choose some big hulking football player for this, but I can tell you, I have and the main difference is that the hulk mistakenly thinks that he

can control me, so he's fighting the whole time, and not realising that what he's trying to do is injure himself.

Eventually, I got both of us to exactly the right place, and I relaxed my pussy just enough so that I wasn't corking up his emission. So he came, and came copiously. There must have been several times the normal amount of semen spurting from his cock.

The downside of that, of course, is that his cock is drawing the blood supply from all over his body. My research into human sexuality had led me to the knowledge that the erection of the human male is caused by the pumping of large amounts of blood into his genitals. There is no "cock bone".

That blood has to come from somewhere, and the most generously supplied organ is normally the brain, so his brain was being starved to feed his cock, and that's why it's called a "knockout orgasm".

Jeremy was stone cold unconscious, as passed out as if I'd dealt him a hay-maker to the temple.



He just lay there, limp as week-old lettuce. I checked his pulse and his breathing, and they were slow but steady, so it wasn't time to call emergency services (and having to do that and explain why, is just SO embarrassing, believe you me).

So I picked him up in a cradle carry, lay down on the bed and laid him on top of me. In that position, I wouldn't have to worry about crushing him with my too-big weight, or smothering him with my too-big breasts.

And eventually, he regained consciousness, found himself in a rather good place, and the second round of sex was even better than the first. Jeremy was on top, but he soon realised that this didn't mean that he was controlling me; rather the reverse. But that was OK because I've always been a dominant sort of person, and Jeremy was in no position to dispute.

And then the third round.

He didn't really want a fourth round, but I sort of raped him. Sort of. I don't think it's really rape if the guy is screaming "YES, YES, YES!!!" Is it?



And then I kind of lost count. Arithmetic isn't my speciality. It's 1, 2, 3, 4, many, followed by "too much". Which is probably what you'd expect from someone who is too big.

Next morning, we woke up together. He as still on top of me, his head buried between my breasts. I had both my arms round him protectively, and he said "Elaine?"

“Yes sweetie?”

“Why only wrestling? You’d also be a fearsome opponent at boxing.”

“Mmmh,” I said, “let’s talk about that later. But right now ...”

