

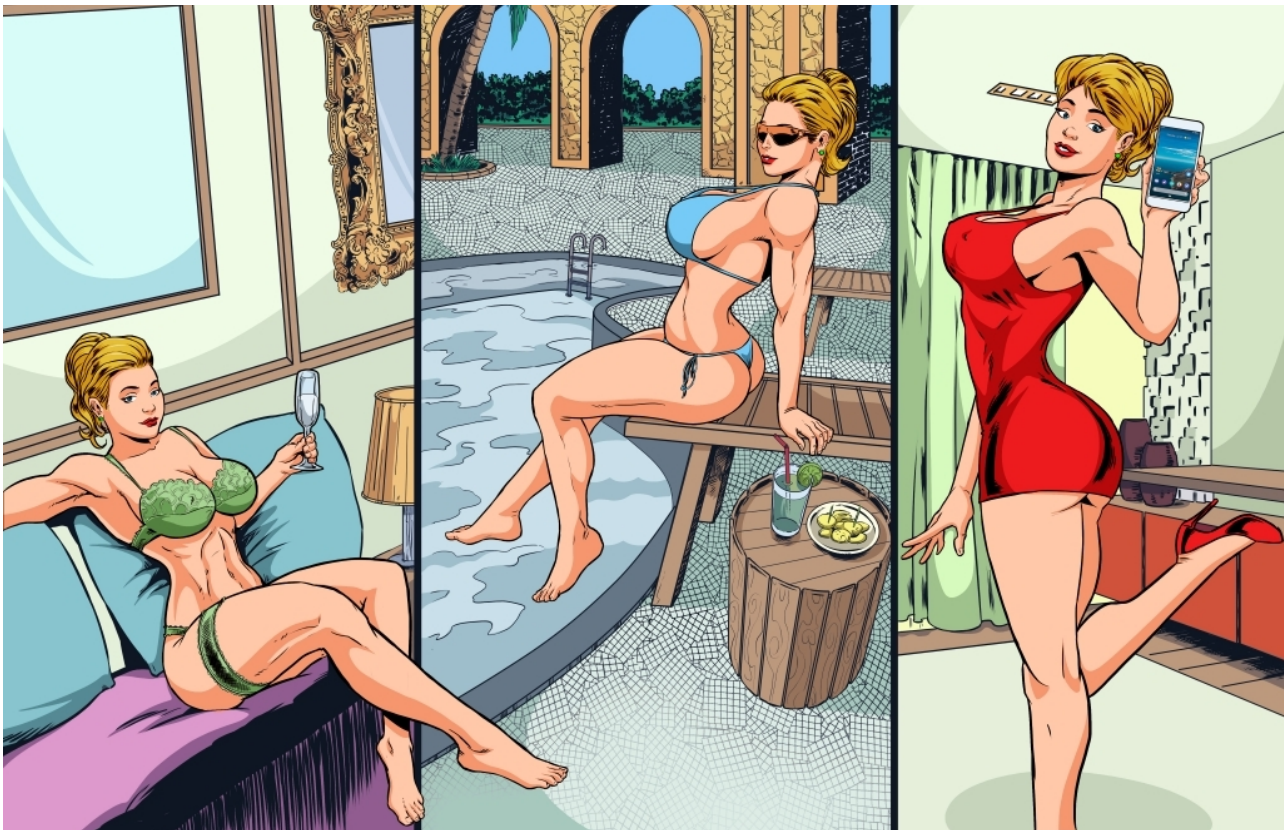
THE TRAINER

- an AmazonFan story -

(amysconquest.com)

My story begins on a Saturday morning. The first Saturday since I moved in with my girlfriend Hallie. I moved in with her, rather than the other way around, because she lives in a condo I could only dream of affording. Hallie's family is rich. Very rich. The "grew up with housekeepers and gardeners and chauffeurs" kind of rich. Daddy bought the condo for her. Pays all her bills.

She's a beautiful young woman who carries herself with the kind of grace and immense self-confidence that seems in-bred in old money families. Keeps herself in great shape. She's a natural blonde, about 5'7", 124 pounds. Radiant smile, piercing blue eyes. A knockout. Very critical of her own appearance. Always striving for perfection. Had her breasts enlarged to a very full, firm 36D. She confided to me that she had it done so that her breasts would be bigger and better than most other women's. Not comic book huge like a stripper's, but the size that men would always take a second look and the other women would always be envious.



So how did I end up hooked up with a rich beauty? After all, I come from a strictly middle class family. But I have a good education, a damn good job with one of the best law firms in the country, and pretty good prospects that I'll someday be pulling in a pretty good salary on my own.

Yeah, I know what you wondering. She's not after me for my money or connections. She's got tons more than I do.

You're right. So I'll be honest, but some of you are going to think I've got a big ego. But I'm not telling you what I think of myself, I'm telling you what women say about me. Women seem to really like me. I've been dating since junior high school. Never had trouble getting just about any girl I wanted to go out with me. Why?

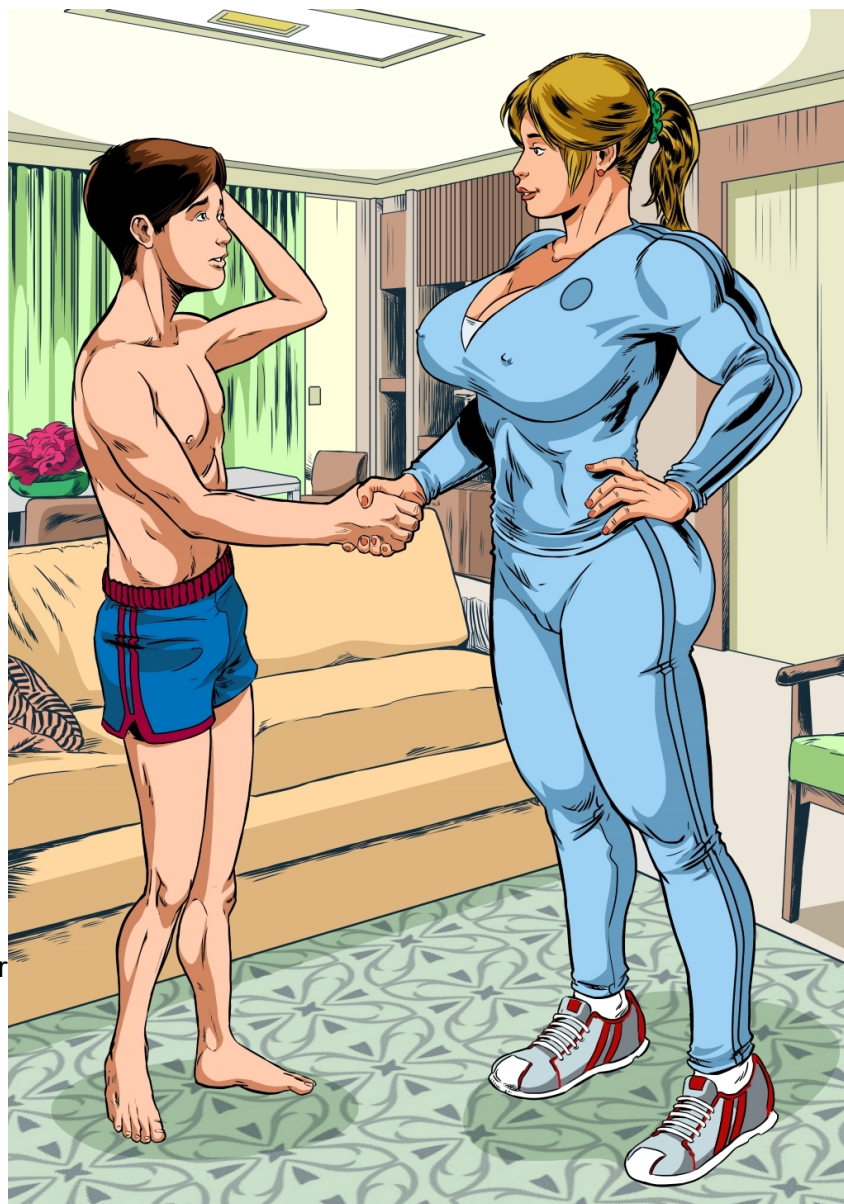
I treat women with respect. I show them a good time. I'm attentive. I'm a good conversationalist and, more importantly, a good listener. I'm good looking enough. Lanky build. And (here's the part that really sounds like boasting, but I've got references) I'm really good in bed. I mean, women who'd never had an orgasm having multiple earth-shattering climaxes, type of good in bed. Many of the women I bed say I'm the best they've ever had. Maybe they're just flattering me, but I never have gotten any complaints.

So I guess at least part of the reason that Hallie wanted me to move in is physical. The other part may be that I put up with her bossing me around a little. I think she just grew up that way. She was a spoiled only child with all that household staff to boss around. So maybe it just comes naturally to her. As for me, I really don't mind it that much. I grew up in a house where my mother tended to give my father the orders. That may be the reason I've always found myself attracted to women who were forceful and knew what they wanted and made their own decisions.

Be that as it may, this particular Saturday I was in the condo alone. Hallie had planned to return from a business trip on Friday afternoon, but her flights got scrubbed due to bad thunderstorms. She was almost stranded because all the good hotels were booked solid, but the president of the company she was visiting (a friend of her father's) put her up at his mansion and then invited her to stay for a big barbecue Saturday afternoon. Hallie, of course, had to go clothes shopping for the party since she didn't bring anything. She said she'd take a midday flight on Sunday.

There I was, in the living room, watching CNN on TV, sitting in my boxers, eating a bowl of corn flakes for breakfast. Suddenly I heard a key in the lock and I'm trying to figure out how Hallie got back. Did daddy charter a plane for her? I stood up and the door swings open and in walks another woman! Not only that, but she's over six feet tall!

"Whoops!" I exclaimed, embarrassed to get caught in my underwear.



She just chuckled and said "Don't worry. I'm used to seeing all kinds of people in all states of dress and undress." She put down the things she was carrying, a duffel and a larger bag.

"You'll have to excuse me, but am I supposed to know who you are?" I asked.

"Well, you've got to be Brad, the boyfriend. Hallie's told me a lot about you." she grinned. "I'm Amanda, Hallie's personal trainer. Didn't she tell you I come by every Saturday?" She extended a hand and we shook. Her hand was big and her grip was firm.

"Not only didn't she tell me, but she's not here," I replied.

"What?"

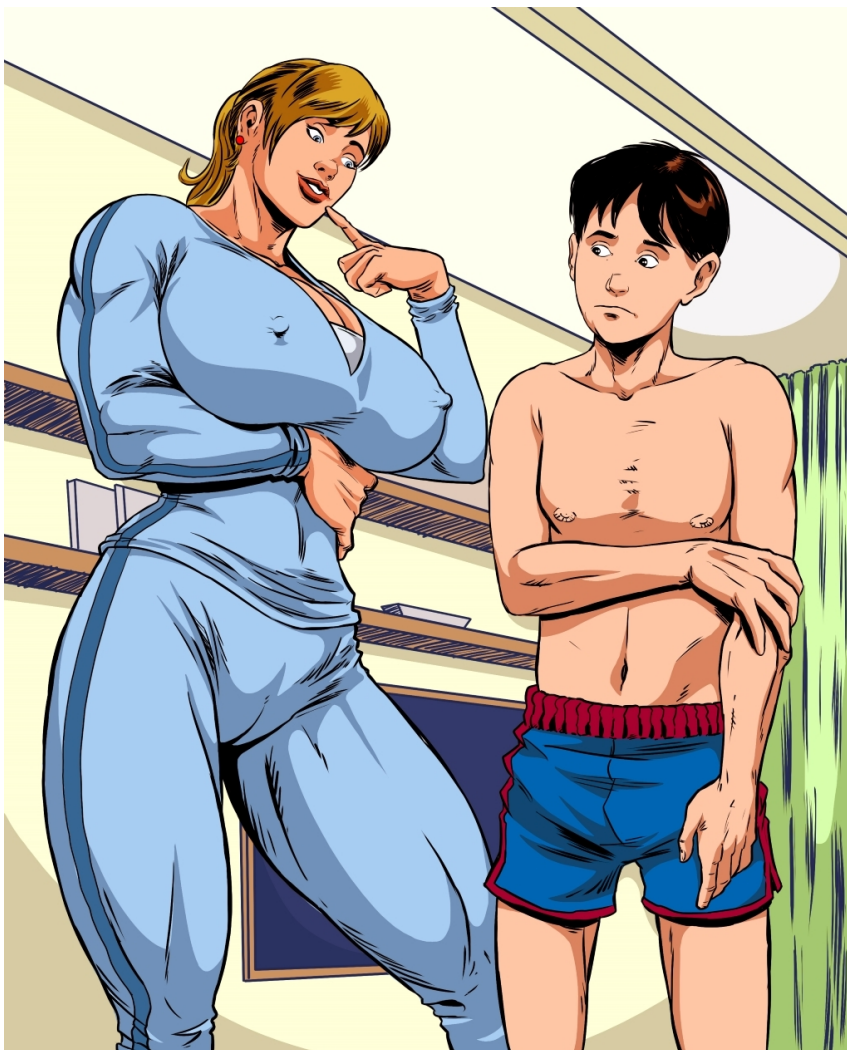
"She got stranded out of town because of the bad weather and now it turns out she's not going to be back until tomorrow."

"Gee, that's too bad. Someone's supposed to call me to cancel by Friday night because it's a standing appointment."

"I didn't know and I guess she forgot to have her secretary handle it." I said.

"It's a shame. I get paid my fee unless she cancels in advance," Amanda said.

"Do I have to write you a check?" I asked.



"No. It's all taken care of. But even though Hallie will never miss the money, I hate to take it for nothing. As long as I'm here, would you like me to show you how a personal trainer works? The session's paid for."

"You think I should be working out more?" I asked.

"MORE?" she chuckled, her eyes scanning my torso. "I'd say STARTING to work out would be a good idea for you."

With the hours I put in at the office, I'll admit that it's been a long time since I did any regular exercise.

"It shows, huh?" I asked.

"It's my job to know," she answered.

"Well I appreciate your candor, but I'm not sure," I hesitated.

"How come?"

"Well, exercise programs have never really appealed to me because I think I'd get bored. It's the same kind of routine over and over. I need something spontaneous. Something unpredictable. To keep me alert and motivated. And I really think I'd be happier with something competitive. I figure a trainer like you is good at pushing people to work harder, but nothing gets me going like competing against someone else."

"I've known a couple of guys, old boyfriends actually, who had the same attitude that you do," she said.

"And you convinced them otherwise?"

"Not exactly. What I did was find something that met their needs. Just like you. No routines. Competitive. Plus, from my perspective, has cardio-vascular and strength-building benefits."

"And what, pray tell, is this miracle exercise?"

"It's not exercise. It's wrestling."

"You're kidding," I said.



"No. Done right it's a great workout."

"Wrestling like they do in high school and college?" I asked.

"No. Not like that. You need a ref to do that to keep score for takedowns and escapes and pins and you have to know what holds are legal, and such. No, it's wide-open. As long as it's not considered a dirty move, like choking or eye-gouging or kicking a guy you know where."

I chuckled a little. "So how often did they let you win a fall?" I smirked.

"What do you mean, LET me win," she shot back sharply.

"Look, I imagine, given what you do for a living, that you're in great condition, and probably pretty strong. And seeing how tall you are, I imagine your legs would be pretty good weapons in a wrestling match. But in upper body strength? Not to be sexist, but you are a woman, and unless the guys you were wrestling weighed a lot less than me, you must have been at a big disadvantage in upper

body strength."

"Well, truth be told, they were both heavier than you. I'd guess between thirty and forty-five pounds. And I'd win ten or eleven times out of twelve." she replied matter-of-factly.

"You're shitting me," I laughed.

"No. I'm not."

"So how'd you think you'd do against me?" I asked.

"I'd have to go easy on you," she grinned mischievously. "Even then you wouldn't be able to get me."

"Knowing how I feel about competition, it sounds like you're trying to goad me into a match," I said.

"Like I said, Hallie's already paid for my time, so I can either walk out the door or we can walk down the hallway and you can try out my exercise program."

I paused. Amanda just stood there grinning.

"Not afraid of losing, are you?" she teased. "Think I'd tell Hallie that you lost to me?"

"Despite the record you claim, I still doubt very seriously that you'd beat me," I answered.

"Well then, sounds like you've nothing to lose. Except maybe a precious little bit of that male ego. When you get your butt handed to you."

"Now you're pushing me," I grinned.

"That's what I'm supposed to do. I'm a trainer," she laughed.

"How long's she paid you for?" I asked.

"An hour. But that's for supervision. For wrestling, I'd cut the time in half."

"Why don't we just try it a little bit and see if I like it," I suggested.

"Oh, you're going to love it, Brad. I can tell."

She picked up her duffel and the other bag and led me down the hallway. Hallie's got three bedrooms in her giant condo. One's her bedroom, the second's a guest room and the third is where she exercises.

Amanda nudged the door open and flicked on the lights.

"There are some rubber mats stored in the closet," she told me. "I'm just going to stow this new stuff that I picked up for Hallie."

She reached into the bag and pulled out two shiny new dumbbells.

"Aren't these beauties?" she remarked.

"My God, those look huge." I said. "How heavy are they?"

"These are just 45's"

"Hallie can lift those?"



"She's ready for them, yeah."

It hit me that Amanda had hauled the two of them in the bag in one hand and I'd never have known she was toting 90 pounds because she'd carried it like it was a loaf of bread.

I yanked the mats out of the closet and she helped me spread them out. She was still wearing the baggy warm-ups she had on when she breezed in the front door.

"I guess I should put something else on," I said.

"No. You're fine," she said. "Ain't that much difference between gym shorts and underwear."

"So how's this going to work?" I asked.

"Basically, pretty simple," Amanda started to explain. "I'm assuming, in spite of your competitive nature, Brad, that you're not going to go crazy and try to injure me or be injured yourself. It's good, clean, competitive fun. You can pretty much try any hold or takedown that you want that you wouldn't object to having done to yourself. The 'do unto others' rule seems to work pretty well for unsupervised wrestling."

"And the winner's declared how?"

"The best way is an honest concession. When you know you're pinned, or you're in a hold and can't do anything, or you're in something that's supposed to make you submit, you do the honest thing and concede."

"Otherwise?"

"Otherwise it gets real boring because you're helpless or I just keeping applying more pressure until you have no choice." Amanda smiled confidently.

"So you're saying it doesn't pay to be stubborn."

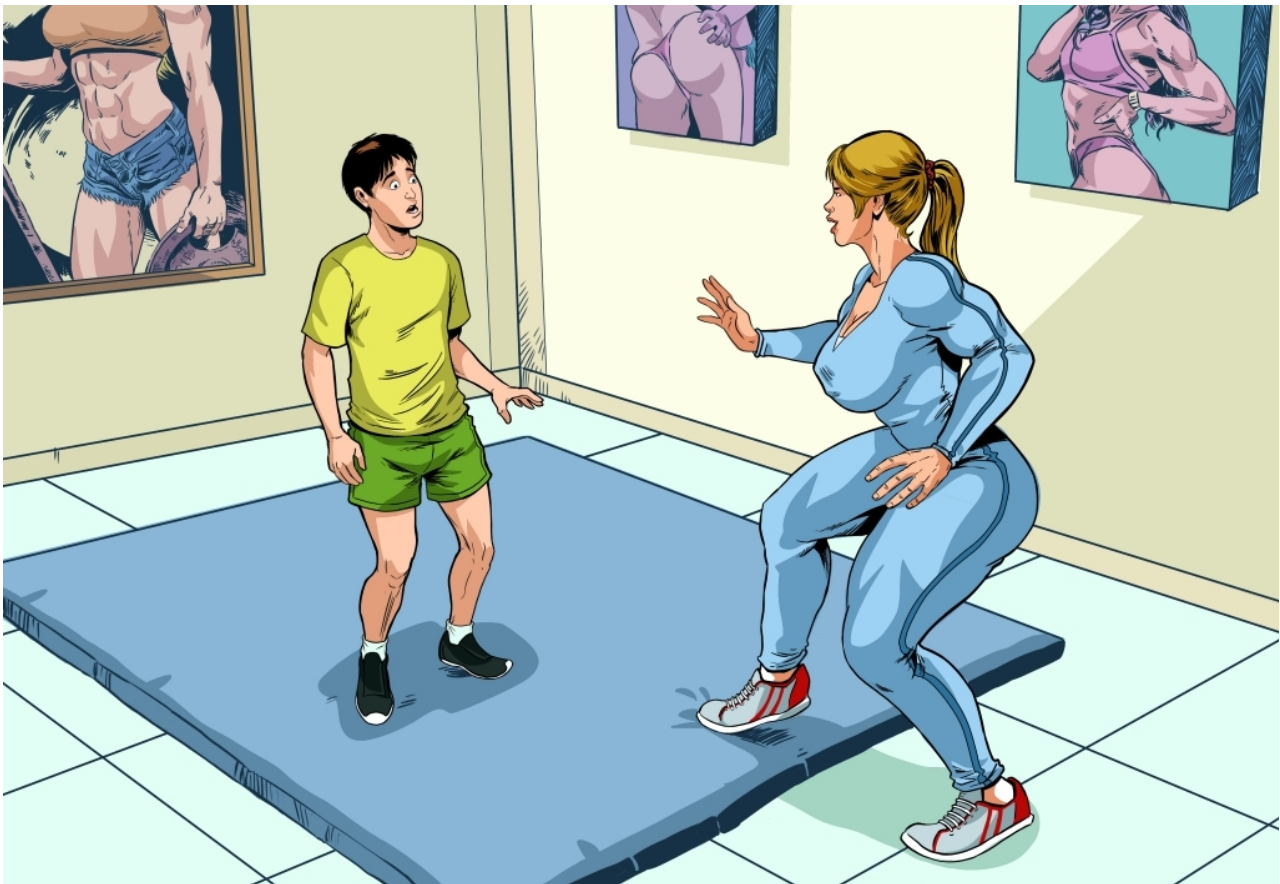
"Pride isn't worth it. And besides it's not much fun."

"It sounds like you're big into having fun." I remarked.

"Hey, the odds are people who are reluctant to get into an exercise program are never going to make the crossover unless their experience is fun." she said.

"Let's give it a shot, then." I smiled.

"I think you're going to be very surprised, very pleasantly surprised." she grinned back.



I felt somewhat unsure what to do next, so I thought I'd just kind of follow her lead. Amanda nodded at me as if to signal we were starting. She clapped her hands together a couple of times and then started sliding sideways fairly briskly, circling me. I basically stood in one place, turning to keep facing her.

She feinted with her head and shoulders, her hands darting forward looking to get a grip. I either pulled away or swatted her hands aside.

"Looks like you're quick," she commented. "Ever do this before?"

"Not as an adult and certainly not against a female," I answered.

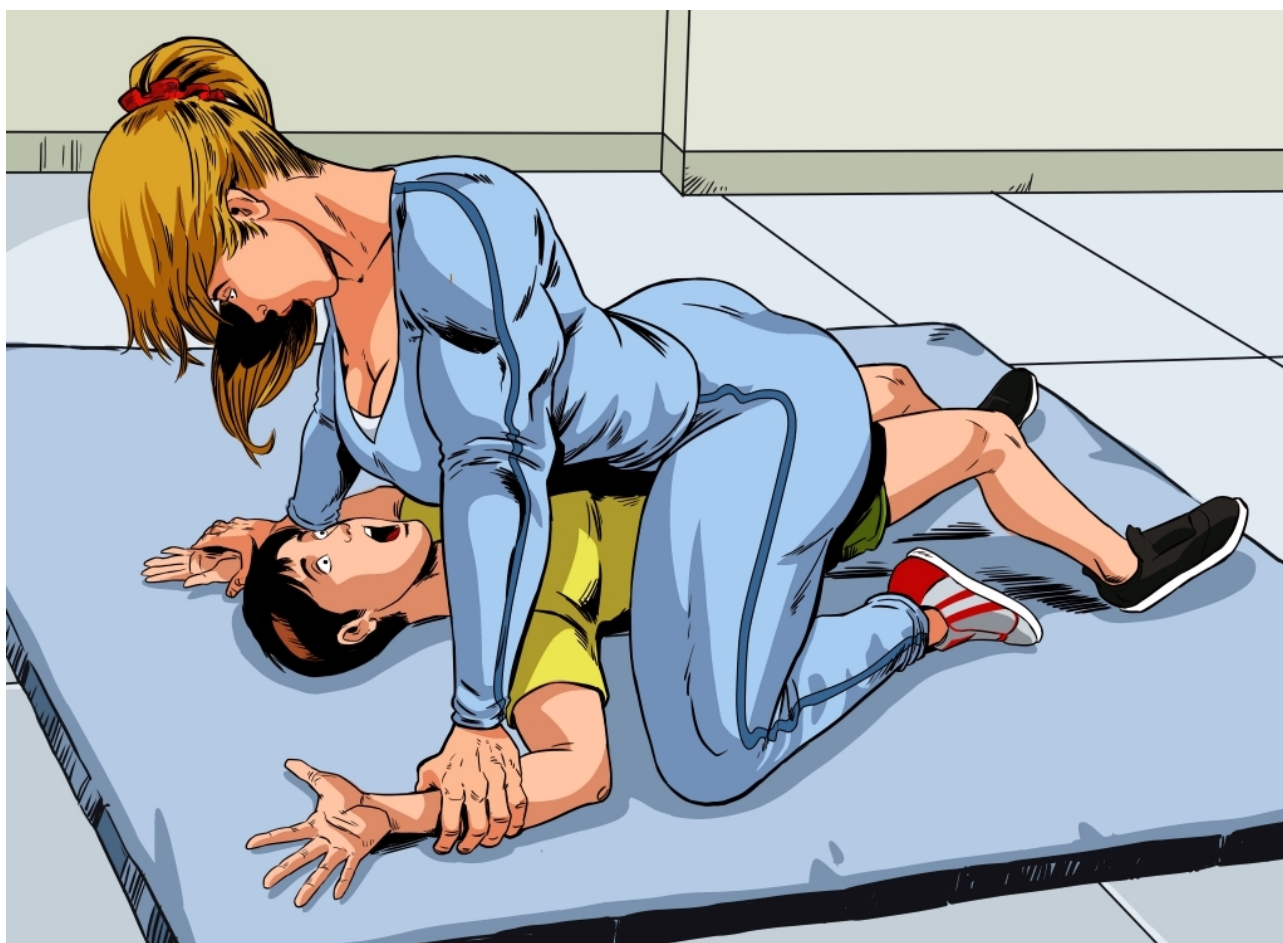
"There's a first time for everything."

Suddenly she grabbed one of my forearms and yanked me towards her as she straightened up. Our bodies slammed together and I had to jerk my head sideways to keep from having our heads butt. I'll never forget that first instant of impact -- how truly solid her body felt!

"Look out!" I exclaimed.

"Didn't think you'd move that easily," she quickly replied. As she was speaking she shot one hand between my legs and before I could even react, she had scooped me up and tossed me onto my back on the mats. She splashed down on top of my chest and I let out a big "oof."

She swung her body over mine and all I could think was "Christ! This girl is heavy!" I pushed up against her and I'll be damned if I could move her. I remember thinking to myself, "Holy shit. She's gonna pin me. I'm not going to last a minute. This is embarrassing!" Amanda was kind of laughing. I think at how easily she was handling me! Then she shifted herself and slid up so she was straddling my chest.



I stuck my hands up in front of my chest to defend myself. She just grabbed them and SLAM!!!! My wrists were pinned to the mats instantly! I mean, I could not resist her power for a second!

"My God!" I said, half in exclamation, half groaning.

"This is where you show you're a good sport and concede," she declared.

"I give. You win." I said dejectedly.

Amanda let go of my wrists and started getting back to her feet.

"Oh come on. Don't pout," she said.

"Shit, I didn't think the match would be over that quickly," I said.

"It's not the match. That's just one fall. When you wrestle you can use as much of the half hour as you wish." She stretched out her arm and helped me to my feet.

"Oh, then that's different. I don't think I gave you much competition, but I think you took me by surprise." I said apologetically.

"I'm willing to let you prove it was just a fluke if you're willing to try," she challenged.

"I better do something to try to defend my honor," I joked.

"Great!" she said happily.

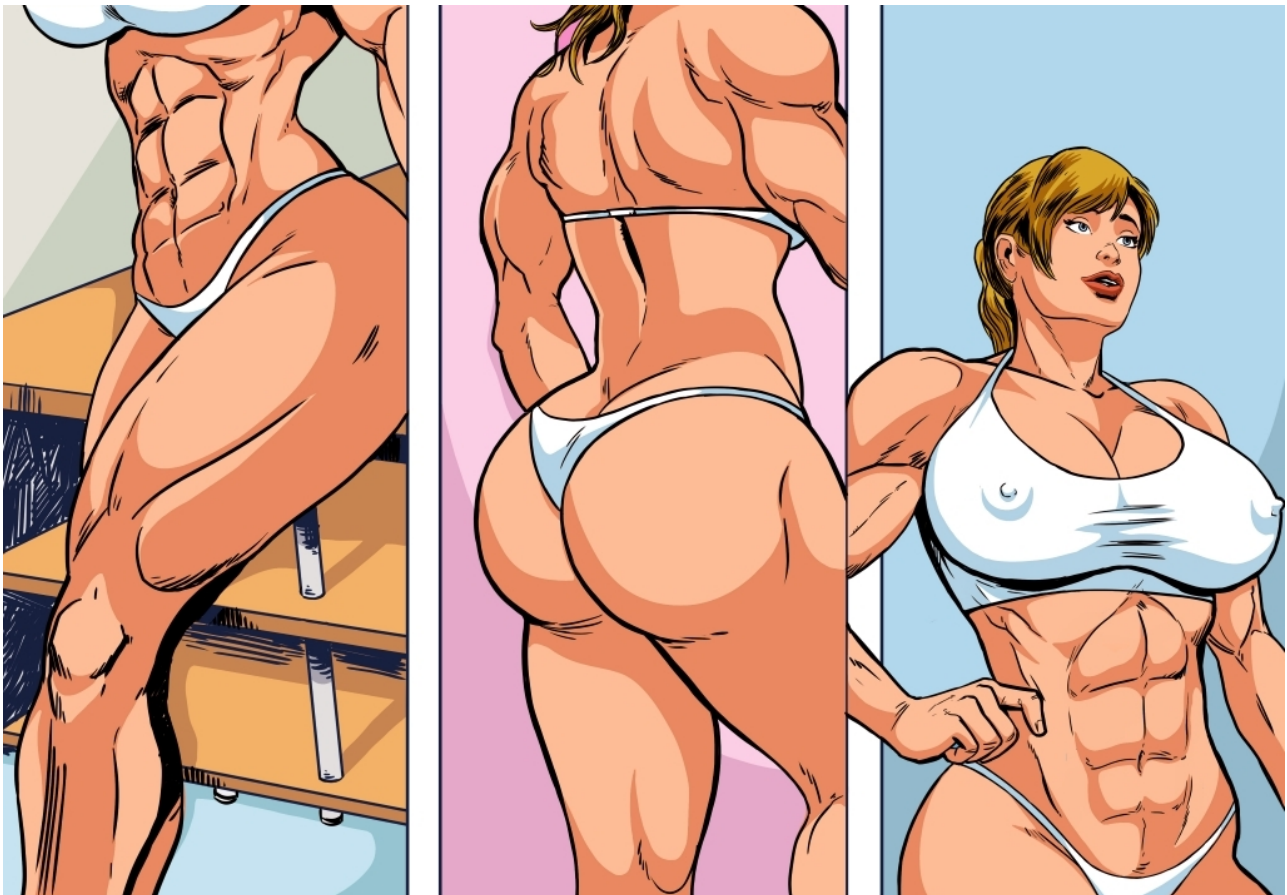
Amanda walked over to her duffel bag and started rummaging through it. "I don't believe it," she said to herself.

"What's the problem?" I asked.

"I don't want to wrestle in these and I seem to have forgotten to bring a pair of shorts. Would you mind if I wore a thong? I mean, it's pretty skimpy, but no worse than you'd see on any beach."

"No. No problem."

Amanda sat down and took off her sneakers and socks. Then she tugged off her warm up pants. I took one look and couldn't help doing a double take. I'd never seen a pair of legs like hers before! Of course I expected that they'd be really long, but what I wasn't prepared for was their size. They were incredibly shapely and sexy, but it was as if you took a really great pair of gams and kept all the proportions the same, but just made them bigger, a lot bigger!



"If you don't mind my saying, those are one helluva pair of legs," I said. Amanda chuckled.

Amanda stood up, showing off her imposing thighs and calves. She turned to walk back to her duffel, treating me to the sight of her magnificently large, rock-hard glutes. Talk about buns of steel. What an ass on this girl!

She folded her leggings and put them in the duffel. Then she pulled her sweatshirt up over her head. I could see from the back she had one of those T-back sports bras on. She folded the sweatshirt and dropped it in the bag, then turned around facing me again and WOW!! The top half of her body was every bit as impressive as the bottom half - if not more so! Her shoulders were wide and capped with rounded delts. Her arms were simply huge. Seeing them uncovered, I understood how she'd pinned me so easily. And filling out her bra top was a pair of stunning melons. Her torso tapered to a hard, flat stomach.

"Your mouth is open," she giggled.

"I'm sorry," I said, embarrassed. "It's just that I've never seen any woman with a physique quite like yours."

"I take it that's supposed to be a compliment."

"Oh, yeah. Unquestionably."

The truth be told, now that most of her clothes were off, she looked twice as big to me as when she'd had her sweats on. She looked so big and strong! Now I knew I'd been intimidated! Her six inch height advantage seemed to have been multiplied by the sheer mass of her body.



Amanda smiled at me and flexed one of her arms for me. Her biceps ballooned into a swollen ball of muscle almost twice as big as mine.

"Geez, no wonder you pinned me. Look at the size of you!" I said. "Those arms. Those legs. How big are you anyway?"

"Six foot two. Two-oh-six."

"My God. You don't look like you weigh that much. You've got forty pounds on me."

"It's a lot of muscle. That's why I said I'd have to go easy on you."

"Maybe I'm beginning to believe that you weren't exaggerating when you said you'd beaten those other guys." I confessed.

"You're not going to chicken out now?" she asked, feigning a pout.

Common sense probably would have told me I'd be a fool to wrestle Amanda. She was taller, heavier and, if our quick fall had been an indication, much stronger than me. Add to that the fact that she was in tremendous condition. Any sane assessment of the situation would lead you to conclude that I was at a significant disadvantage squaring off against her.

But common sense was no match for Amanda's allure. I just couldn't take my eyes off her. As incredible as Hallie's body is, Amanda was something more, a whole new level of achievement in the female figure. She had traffic-stopping tits and ass and curves combined with muscles that just screamed animal power.

It was all that power, just lurking there ready to be unleashed, that captivated me. I sensed that Amanda was one of those women I'm attracted to, the forceful kind. But she was the first one I'd ever met whose source of power came not from position or personality, but from sheer physical force. I was like a moth drawn to a flame.

"No, I don't want you telling Hallie that I'm a chicken," I grinned.

"Well then, time's a wasting. Let's get back to the workout."

Amanda moved back to the middle of the mats and motioned for me to move towards her. She rubbed her hands together in anticipation and watched me carefully. Was she taking a couple of quick glances at my crotch?

I figured if I was at a size handicap, I might have a better chance by taking the offensive. I charged straight at her, taking her by surprise. I pushed her back a few steps, then she planted her weight. I leaned against her and I could feel the resistance. I pushed and pushed, but she wasn't going anywhere she didn't want to. She took a deep breath and suddenly shoved back with such explosive force that I was thrown back a few feet, landing on my butt.

I got back up and tried coming at her again, dropping down low. She used my own momentum against me, shoving me down face first on the mats.

"I'm not so sure plowing straight in is such a good tactic," she smiled.

I rolled back up to my feet and changed my mind about attacking. Now I switched to a defensive mode.

Amanda picked up on my shift right away. She clapped her hands together again and came at me. I backed up, trying to keep her away, pushing her with my hands. She laughed a little at the futility of my attempts. She ducked suddenly under my hands and wrapped her arms around my waist.



Then she lifted me off my feet, holding me tight against her body. I strained against her to free myself, but she wasn't letting go. I felt her arms, the bulging muscles hard as rocks.

"And I thought I'd have an advantage in upper body strength," I said. Amanda chuckled at my confession and squeezed even harder, forcing me to grunt from the pressure. She leaned forward, bending me backwards.

"OUCH! Okay. I give!" I yelled. "Don't break my back!"

"Oh come on," she chastised me. "Does that hurt? I think you're giving up too easily."

She tossed me to the mats and stood there with her hands on her hips, grinning at me. Her eyes drifted down to my crotch. This time I was sure of it. And I started to feel a little nervous. I wasn't sure I'd be able to stop her if she wanted to get really physical with me.

I got back to my feet and she picked up the attack again.



She went for a side headlock, wedging my head between her monster biceps and her firm breast. She maneuvered my head around so that my face was mashed against her tit. I started to wonder if she was doing it deliberately.

She used her weight and strength to bull me down to the mats. In no time she had wrestled me flat on my back. She was lying prone on top of me. She pinned my wrists above my head and then went for a body pin, pressing her ample chest against my face. Twin pillows enveloped me. I had no idea how to get out of the hold she had me in. Whether she was doing it intentionally or not, if she held me down like that much longer I was going to get a hard on. I patted her on the thigh to signal my giving in.

She pushed herself up a bit, but her breasts were still hanging right over my face. "You really need to get into an exercise program," she said. "You're a pushover for me."

"Get off me and I'll show you I can give you some competition," I said gamely.

Amanda snaked her legs around mine and before I could do anything, she had me in a grapevine.

"Lest you think you can give the trainer any orders," she laughed. "Let's see how limber you are." Amanda's long, powerful legs started to spread wide, forcing my skinny legs wide apart. My upper thighs and crotch began to burn with pain.

"Shit, that hurts!" I grimaced. I couldn't resist the temptation to feel her glutes, twin bowling balls of steel.

"Getting a little frisky, squeezing my butt?" she asked.

"Sorry," I said, quickly removing my hands.

"No need to apologize," she said. "It just means that now I know you're not opposed to our having a little fun while we wrestle."

"I'm not sure where this is going," I cautioned.

"That's what makes it so much fun," she smiled. "You're the one who wanted something unpredictable. And physical. And I'm just the girl who can do it to you."

I squirmed to get loose, but Amanda kept me pinned down. Her physical power, combined with the allure of such a sexy body, was triggering the reaction I was sure she was looking for. My dick was getting hard.

I was torn between my wanting to be faithful to Hallie and my attraction for Amanda's power. Unfortunately, I had no control over the situation. Amanda did.

Her eyes lit up as she pressed herself against me, feeling my hard-on straining against my boxers. She lifted her body off mine and looked down to confirm what she'd felt.

"See what I mean?" she chuckled.

"Amanda, this has got to stop," I protested.

"Oh, I think you're beyond that," she answered.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked.

"Because Hallie's always raving to me about what a great fuck you are, my dear. And now fate has thrown us together and I intend to find out if she's right."



"You can't do this to me."

"Like you can stop me, or want to stop me."

"No!"

"Who are you kidding? The minute you saw my body you wanted me. Wanted to feel all this power. The thing you're afraid of is, after I've done you, will sex with Hallie ever compare?" she leered.

"No!!!"

"There's only one kind of guy who'd accept a wrestling match with a woman wearing as little as I'm wearing and whose muscles were twice as big as his. That's a guy who wants a muscle fuck."

Amanda tied up both of my arms using just one of hers. Her free hand glided down my chest and over my stomach. She gave the outside of my crotch a squeeze.

"Hallie wasn't fibbing. You are a big boy," she murmured.

I didn't know if I'd be able to control myself. In 99% of the situations when I'm with a woman I can keep from coming until she's been satisfied, but at that moment I realized that Amanda had exerted a power over me that put her in complete control.

"Please don't," I pleaded.

"Please don't what? Please don't stop?" she teased, fondling my erection again. I almost came.

Amanda suddenly jumped to her feet and yanked me up standing. She grabbed the back of my head and shoved it down between her legs. She wrapped her arms around me and hoisted me upside down in her arms. She tore my boxers off and dumped me to the mats. Looming over me, she peeled her bra off. Her breasts hardly moved, thrusting straight out.

"What are you doing?" I pleaded.

"It's pure psychology," she said. "The less clothes a woman has on, the more power she has over a man. The less clothes a man has on, the more vulnerable he feels. Especially if he's stripped against his will. Now I'll really have fun with you."

She stepped out of her thong, revelling in her naked power. She stretched her leg out, pointing her toes at my face, and flexed her leg muscles. Her thigh exploded in chiselled relief.



"I can make you do anything I want with these," she declared. "Or with these." She put her hands behind her neck and flexed her biceps and her pecs. "These arms measure almost 18". That's almost as big as your legs! And my chest is bigger than yours too. But you knew that, didn't you?" she laughed. "I thought you'd be a breast man seeing as you're dating Hallie," she continued. "The difference between us is that one, mine are all real and two, I'm ten inches bigger than her. And a Double-D. This is what 46-26-40 is supposed to look like. And what do you measure, Brad? Looks like eight and a half or nine to me."

I rolled to my feet and made a dash for the door. But Amanda caught up to me in a flash.

"And where do you think you're going?" she laughed. She spun me around so I was facing her. "Looks like I'll have to soften you up a little."

Amanda scooped me up and slammed me to the mats like I weighed nothing. She splashed down on top of me, all 206 pounds crushing my chest. She rolled us over so she was underneath me and she wrapped her legs around my middle. I clutched at her thighs and tried to pry them loose.



But I couldn't budge them.

"Now this is one of your standard, all American mixed wrestling submission holds," she said. "If you're stupid and don't give up and if I'm not careful and squeeze too hard, you end up with cracked ribs."

She began applying the pressure and my sides could offer no resistance. The brute force of her prodigious thighs crushed me instantly.

"Stop! I give! Please stop!" I yelled, pounding on her flexing legs.

"I thought that would work," she smiled. She braced her hands under her hips and lifted me off the floor between her legs. "See what I can do to you?" she asked. "I'm so much stronger than you, it's like I can completely control you. How does it feel to be wrestling a woman who can overpower you?"

"It's turning out to be more than I bargained for," I said.

"Oh get off it," she shot back. "Who do you think you're kidding? You wouldn't have this hard on if you didn't want me to take you."

"But Hallie," I protested.

"Hallie's not here," she interrupted. "But I am and we're both naked and your dick is erect. Remember that Steven Stills song? If you can't be with the one you love, honey, love the one you're with."

She slid out from underneath me and reversed her position, capturing my head between her legs. Her magnificent glutes loomed right before my eyes. As she clenched them, my jawbones ached.



I moaned in near agony until I felt her lips on my cock. She lathered my cockhead with her tongue, keeping me steel hard in spite of the pain she was inflicting with her thighs. I patted her flanks and begged her to release me.

Amanda rolled back around facing me and pinned me underneath her. She smothered me with her incredible breasts while holding the hands over my head. There was nothing I could do to stop her. I was getting really turned on.

She held my wrists with just one hand. With her free hand she started massaging my balls.

"Stop or I'm going to lose it," I pleaded.

"What's the matter, Brad?" she teased. "Hallie says you really last a long time."

"That's usually true," I said.

"But all this just pushes all your buttons, doesn't it?" she asked.

"Oh God yes," I confessed.

She guided my cock into her well lubricated pussy, taking me all in one slow slide.

"What a perfect fit," she murmured. She tightened her vaginal muscles and I felt this incredible sensation of having her pussy squeezing me, milking my cock.

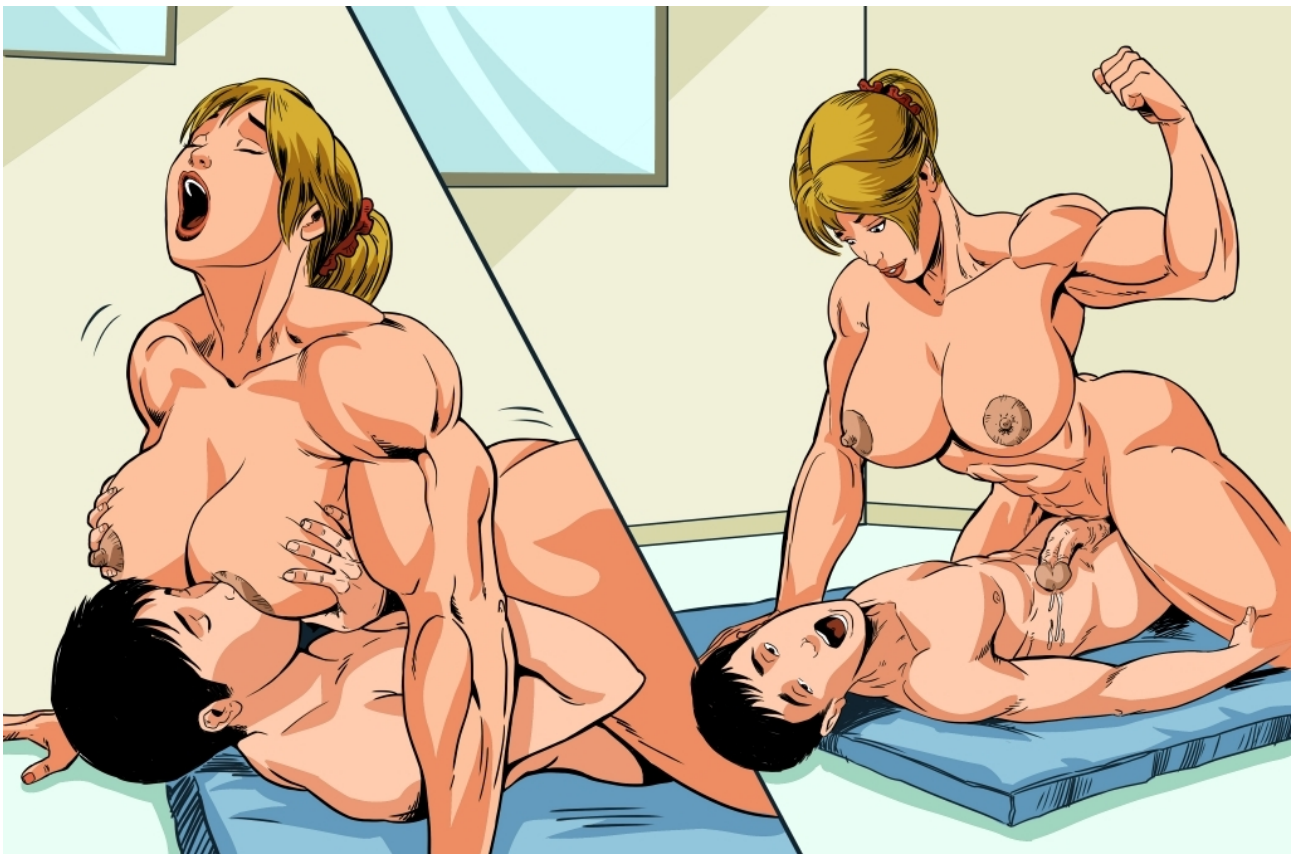
"Holy shit, you've got muscles there too?" I exclaimed.

"Oh yeah, I can make you come without moving another muscle. Just squeeze you until you ejaculate." she replied.



"That's unreal!" I moaned, at the very brink of orgasm. No pussy had ever felt like this or could do what Amanda's muscles were doing! She stopped moving and squeezed really tight, her vaginal walls becoming a vise. I groaned in pain, but I knew what she was doing. By squeezing so hard she was making my cock back off from coming.

"Maybe now you realize that I am in complete control," she declared.



"Yes, Amanda," I confessed.

"And that means that you will do whatever I want," she said.

I nodded and she smiled sexily, knowing that she'd finally won.

"What I want is for you to prove you're as good as Hallie says you are," she said.

"Well it seems you've got me right where you want me," I replied.

She let go of my wrists and guided my hands to her firm round breasts. "I love to have my boobs played with," she whispered as she closed her eyes and let me knead the full, heavy orbs. Her nipples were erect and her breathing started to get heavy.

"Suck on them," she ordered, starting to ride my swollen member up and down.

By the time I shot my load, one half hour later, Amanda had orgasmed eighteen times. We were both absolutely drenched in sweat and love juices.

"Now that's a muscle fuck," she proclaimed, flexing her mighty biceps.

"I may not walk for days," I said, exhausted.

"What? Is that all you're good for?" she asked.

"Amanda you just about killed me!" I answered.

I felt her pussy tighten around my flaccid penis.

"We'll see dear boy. We'll see."

THE END

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