



It has been 5 weeks since I last fought Michelle, and last week, I managed to outmuscle, outwrestle and outfuck the tag team of my sister Jessie and my best friend Penny. I've been doing a powerlifting-based training routine ever since I lost in such a humiliating way to Michelle, figuring I needed to acquire some real strength very quickly. I've modeled myself after the Cross-Fit athletes, and though I am not really at that level yet, I think I've made amazing progress in strength and muscle gain. But it's still not enough. Last night, when I came home, Ryoko and Jim were out, probably having dinner somewhere. I ate my dinner in relief, but it felt a bit strange with the house so silent. Later that night they came back as well, and Ryoko entered carrying Jim across the threshold, in a show of strength that he definitely looked like he was enjoying. I felt a pang as I remembered how on one occasion I had done just that, and how much both he and I had been turned on by that. Ryoko sneered as usual when she saw me, but there was something different in the glint of her eyes. If I don't deceive myself, I think she was getting a bit apprehensive of the progress I was making, perhaps wondering if I was at last a match for her. I think that is why she did what she did next, she put Jim down rather unceremoniously, almost dumping him aside, and walked up to me, casually stripping off her blouse and bra as she did so. I silently took off my baby tee as well – as usual I had not bothered to wear a bra underneath at home. We stood watching each other for a few seconds, then she raised her arms and flexed, challenging me to an impromptu posedown. I flexed back at her and we held our pose for a while, our eyes appraising each other's physiques. It was close, closer than it had ever been, but in the end I had to admit, she was still stronger-looking. She read my thoughts in my look of resignation, and mirrored it with an expression of triumph, before proceeding to lock the collar of my slavery around my neck, as she did every night whenever I was home. All I could think of was how hard I would train in order to finally come out from under her shadow, as I knelt on the bed listening to them fuck in the shower, and then later watched them as Ryoko rode Jim to another shuddering, exhausting climax, looking me straight in the eyes the whole time, as if it was me she was riding. Now I am waiting in the gym where we train, the three of us, and where Michelle had humiliated me on the previous occasion. The owner of the gym never had the intention to run a family-friendly outfit, it seemed, and had no trouble at all agreeing to the topless rematch. In fact, he even promoted it to his clientele, which probably explains why there are so many men – and even some women – seated around the space cleared for us, with mats laid out. They all have such lustful looks on their faces, as if they were spectators at an Ultimate Surrender event. Wait, the gym owner is coming out to the middle of the designated wrestling area. He's holding a – yes, of course he would be... a strap-on. "Alright, good ladies and gents, you ready for this?" The responding cheer is very enthusiastic. I'm sitting down on one side of the mat, the audience is arrayed all around with a few spaces for walking. Matt, the owner, is an

extremely brawny guy. He would have to be I guess, to do what he does. Now he raises the strap-on. "Let's make things a little more interesting! Yeah? Katie, over here, how would you like to have your revenge on your opponent – with a good hard fucking in the ass afterwards!" The crowd is chanting for me to say yes. Penny and Jessie look at me anxiously, their eyes telling me silently that if I agree to this, the stakes for losing would be very high indeed. But I can hardly refuse, with the setting as it is. Looks like this is going to be an Ultimate Surrender night, then. I look at Matt, and give a curt nod. The crowd goes wild. And then the people all go wild again, for the entrance of Michelle. I wonder why she bothered to make a dramatic entrance like this, she even has a robe on, my goodness, like this is some kind of sponsored MMA or boxing event. I'm already topless, clad only in some very tight spandex training shorts, with no panties underneath. She walks up to the middle of the ring, nods at Matt, and with a grand gesture flings the robe off her shoulders. She looks just as she always does – chunky, with some vague shape of muscles beneath. However, she does look like she's been training somewhat hard for this match. Her body shows just a little more muscle definition than before. She is attired similarly to me. Still, she looks a formidable opponent, as she strides around posing and preening. I rise to my feet, and give a final reassuring nod to Jessie and Penny, trying to disguise the slight nervousness I feel – this really is the first time I voluntarily wrestled topless in front of such a sizeable crowd, and for such high personal stakes. We face each other in the middle of the floor, as Matt steps back to give us room. He wasn't asked to be the referee or anything, but all the same he's hovering around as if he's getting ready to be. "I'm going to make it clear once and for all who the better woman is, by taking you hard in the ass after I win again," Michelle says. "The hell you will, lard tub," I reply heatedly. "I'll be the one pounding that fat wobbly ass of yours." Michelle's face contorts with anger and she suddenly lunges at me. But I'm ready for her, because I deliberately said that to provoke just such a reaction. I absorb the force of her lunge as we collide, but it still staggers me a bit as I try to lock a headlock around her neck, attempting to use her reckless force against her. She counters my efforts, twisting out and grabbing my hands to stop me. Our hands meet and we lock fingers eagerly. It seems she is just as eager to have a test of strength as I am. Our arm and shoulder [girls with muscle](#) flex as we raise our arms high, pressing our breasts together, but I barely feel any sexual thrill from that at the moment. I am only focused on outmuscling her right now, in front of all the cheering spectators. We move back and forth for a long while, however, neither of us able to clearly dominate, until at last with a growl of frustration we both break off the test and back off, dropping into a crouch. We are circling each other, probing for any weak points, finding none. Slowly, she goes down almost to her knees, almost as if she were doing American collegiate wrestling of some kind where that sort of position is a valid defensive one. I stay a cautious distance away from her – from that position, a low lunge powered by her sheer size and weight could hit me hard in the abdomen and be a very effective takedown. But it seems that's not what she has in mind. She bends down even lower, and now she props her right elbow up. She's challenging me to an arm wrestle! "Come on!"

"Wrestle!" "We want some action!" comes some disgruntled calls, which Michelle ignores, looking up at me, her eyes issuing a clear silent challenge. I slowly get down, still wary for a sudden change in her posture that would mean a trick of some kind, and imitate her pose, slowly bringing my hand in and hooking my thumb with her. It seems she's sincere about wanting to have a strength test. Fine – I'll oblige her! We begin to arm wrestle, holding back a little, testing each other's limits. Then she begins to ramp up her force, her arm bulging noticeably despite the flab. My much more defined arm starts peaking too as I match her muscle for muscle, until both of our arms start trembling from the strength channeled through them. I am starting to gain an advantage, though. I can hear the crowd, some of them are chanting my name, but it sounds as if the chants for Michelle are louder and shriller. I risk a quick turn of my head to take a look. Yep, there they are – a group of rather plus-sized women, screaming at Michelle to "take the vain muscle bitch down". I wonder vaguely if they know Ryoko, and if they apply a double-standard where she's concerned. A few more moments, and it's clear her arm is beginning to lose to mine. She grunts angrily and suddenly leans in even more at an angle, applying her body weight to turn the tide. Damn, it's working... she's pulled me the other way, and now I'm going down slowly but steadily, my bicep on fire as I strain against both her strength and her weight. "Aaargh..." I cry out, contorting my face with effort, as I try to shift my body weight too to counter her. I do not want to lose even in this ego battle. Every symbolic victory either of us earn right now is as significant as a real advantage. Besides, the winner of this arm wrestling match actually will gain the initiative when we continue wrestling from this position. My arm is bent now at an uncomfortable 45 degree angle, halfway down. I can see my bicep popping out like a tennis ball, and while even I have to say it's an impressive sight, I cannot sustain this for long. The bicep is such a relatively small muscle after all and I am now trying to virtually curl Michelle's upper body weight, compounded by her muscular strength. I refuse to give up, grimly hanging in there, continuing to flex with all my might, and somehow, I manage to stop her from gaining anymore, despite her bending almost to the mat, clearly trying to use body weight to win this one. Cries of "Cheater!" come from my supporters, and I can make out Penny and Jessie's voices among them. I try jerking against her a few times, to regain some lost ground. Surprisingly, it works – my desperate efforts actually move my arm back up a fraction of an inch. She looks up at me, and there is a smouldering anger in her eyes. I match her glare for glare, willing myself not to give up, refusing to let my arm go down, boosting my arm strength with as much willpower as I can muster. We're both looking very strained now, and beads of sweat are starting to pop out on both our foreheads. Her breathing is getting more labored. I think I have it – it has surely been a long time since her dragon-boating days. Her cardiovascular fitness can't be very good with her physique the way it is, with how she's let herself go. I can outlast her. I have to... The seconds go past with agonizing slowness. The burning is spreading, from my forearms and biceps, up to my shoulders. Michelle is looking as if she is trying to crush a rock with her bare hands. I must be looking the same right now. Our heads move closer and closer together, until

we bump foreheads. Now we're pressing foreheads, and I can feel her skin slick with sweat. Almost nose to nose, we can feel and smell each other's breath, as she tries with every fibre of her being to press my arm down, and I struggle with every ounce of my will to prevent that. How can she be lasting this long? My arm feels so tired, so painful. Her stamina is better than I'd thought. Have I underestimated her? Should I start thinking about how to counter her next wrestling move, if she wins? No! I will not lose! I... must... not... lose! Yes... yes...! I can finally feel it... she's starting to flag a bit... I can curl her up a bit more... I can do it... come on Katie... do it for Jessie, do it for Penny... they believe in me... pain is not real...pain is not real... I can fight through this... fight through this... Her arm is giving out! Finally, even with her body weight, I am pulling her up! This close, I can see the frustration on her face, I can feel it emanating from her, it's in the tears starting to come out from the corners of her eyes as she strains and strains, wheezing and sucking in air in big desperate gulps through her wide open mouth. My heart pounds and my vision swims too, but I can last... I can last! Now I have forced her over the top! I'm riding her down now... her arm is trying to put up some last bit of resistance, but I am just stronger! With authority, I slam her hand flat down on the mat! Immediately I make my move, keeping her arm pinned there, and collar her with my left arm, acquiring an advantageous position. With her arm pinned, there is not much she can do against me. I bring pressure to bear down on her neck, forcing her to bend down, her head almost touching the mat, her legs flailing behind as she struggles to find a vertical base. I clamber swiftly over her body, subduing her legs with mine, pressing my belly against her back, preventing her from getting upright, while my left arm snakes across her neck preparing to squeeze. I try to bring my right arm around to help apply the squeeze, but I find I have to rest it, it's too sore. Michelle is similarly affected, I think, her trembling right arm unable to bear her considerable weight, especially with me on top of her. She has to try and keep herself off the mat with her left arm, which leaves me free rein to apply a sleeper hold with my left arm alone. If I can cut off her air supply, and tire her even more, this match is in the bag for me. I won't even have to apply any fancy holds, I just have to crush her with plain [muscle girls](#). Good. I would like that very much indeed. She's trying to rise, her lower back arching, her left arm pushing her up off the mat. Damn, she is still quite strong. My left arm chokehold is clearly not having as much effect on her as I'd like, even though sleeperholds are usually extremely potent. It must be the layer of fat cushioning her neck muscle, which reduces the force I can apply to her windpipe. She's got herself on her knees now, with me still behind her, her left arm scrabbling at mine, unable to get a good hold on it to fight out of the choke. Still letting my right arm dangle to rest the muscle, I shift a bit to gain a better position for leverage. Suddenly her right elbow comes flashing backwards and up, driving right into my breast. I'm on the ground suddenly... my right breast hurts like hell. I'm clutching at it, crying out in pain. Through the tears in my eyes I can see Michelle slowly recovering, still bent over double on her knees, catching her breath and rubbing her neck. Holding my breast and kneading it gingerly, I try to rise before her. At least the initial shock is fading... but damn does it still hurt... We both

stagger to our feet at almost the same time. I'm just a split second too slow to react – she lunges straight at me, spearing me in the abdomen, just as I had feared she would from the beginning. With her powerful thighs pushing her off, and the sheer mass and momentum she generates with this move, it knocks the wind quite out of me. I'm flat on my back now. She has me pinned, grabbing my hands and lacing fingers with me, keeping me down. Taking advantage of my stunned state she traps my legs in a grapevine, trying to stretch them. Fortunately I am in fact much more flexible than she is, so the grapevine is not actually hurting very much, but she has me in a secure pin. This is terrible. I have to fight out of this. With me pinned and winded, she can do a lot of damage to me in a variety of ways. I flex my arms, trying to twist out of her grasp, but to my horror I realize I am too fatigued and stunned to do it. She looks down at me, huffing and puffing, beads of her sweat forming on the tip of her nose and dripping down onto my face. "So you wanted... to take away... my air... huh..." she gasps, the gasping making her scratchy, hoarse voice even worse-sounding than usual. "Let me show you... how a real woman... does that," she continues, and she moves her body up, her large melons dangling right above my face. Oh, no... she is going to try for a breast smother! And with pendulous huge breasts like hers, it's actually possible for her to do it! I am in real trouble. I have to get out somehow, but she has my arms and legs pinned securely, and I can't bridge out of this. Desperately I gulp in a large mouthful of air, just before the fleshy prison closes around my face, plunging me into darkness. Her breasts are enough to dampen the sound reaching my ears too. The loud raucous cries of the crowd are like a dim roar in the distance. What I hear clearly is the chaotic sound of both my and Michelle's heartbeats. I turn my face side to side, but there is no opening whatsoever. In wild desperation, as my heart thuds and my lungs start to protest, I open my mouth to bite, but there is no purchase for my teeth. I'm thrashing and jerking around, I can only imagine what I look like from the outside, but I am surely that right now I look a sure loser. With Michelle's huge bulk on top of me, and me completely unable to shake her off, the audience must be fully expecting that most rare – and most utterly humiliating – of victories in female versus female wrestling matches: the breast smother KO. Suddenly I feel a huge hammering force on my abdomen, as if a large lump of clay has just hit me there with full impact. Michelle has just bridged up and brought her large bulky body down right on my belly, driving even more air out of my tortured lungs. The air is escaping through the very small spaces in between her breast flesh and my head, which is not enough to let in the fresh air I so desperately need... I don't want to lose... especially not like this... I don't want to be fucked by her in front of everyone, after a breast smother victory... How can I fight this...? How can I turn this around... I'm running out of air... There is only one thing I can do... as hopeless as it may seem... I have to push her off me with sheer muscle power alone. There is no trick or technique I can try. There is no other way to stop me from suffocating. I have to push her off me. It's do or die. I gather what fading strength I have left. I can feel my arms shaking as I try to bring them in closer. With our arms closer together, if I keep them there, I can press her upwards better. Otherwise, with our arms splayed out wide,

the natural give in her shoulders will allow her to keep her breasts pressed to my face no matter how much I manage to force her arms up. She seems to realize what I am doing, or perhaps she is just resisting whatever muscular effort I am putting forth. She is pushing outwards, blocking my efforts. My heart is pounding, my lungs are bursting. I don't have much air, or time, left. Somehow, somehow, I am doing it, bringing our hands closer in together, almost aligned with our shoulders. What an effort this is costing me. My arms have never been so strained before in my life. I'm full of adrenalin now – my body's response to the fact that right now I am "dying". The lack of air is giving me a burst of desperate strength – but it cannot last for long. I have to do this... I have to... I'm pushing, pushing... she's not budging... she's not budging! She's so heavy... and she's so strong, she has all the air she needs, fuelling her muscles, her large lumpy arms... my strong, shapely, sculpted arms are running on empty. I can feel my burst of strength beginning to fade. I can barely feel or think anymore... blacking out... I must give... one last... push... Air! Sweet, sweet air! I can think of nothing else right this moment. My arms are shaking to either side of me, Michelle is yowling with sheer frustration and anger, but I am just sucking in the musty, sweaty air in big wheezing gulps, my lungs aching. I am getting stronger and stronger with each moment I have to breathe. Michelle tries lowering her breasts a bit more to smother me again, but I push her just a bit higher above me, supporting her weight, while turning my head away. I've done it. My seemingly impossible attempt succeeded. I've muscled my way out of her breast smother, her ultimate expression of her female power. From now on, I know in my heart, that between Michelle and myself I am undeniably the stronger woman.