Forced to be a Sex Slave

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My husband wrestles me into submission, then has his way with me.

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My name is Christy, I'm a married woman, age 25, in good physical condition thanks to working out and jogging, etc. My husband, Brad, is also 25 and is into physical fitness as well, and the two of us sometimes work out together. We also enjoy wrestling each other, mostly for exercise and for the fun of it. However, this past Friday, we wrestled each other for a lot higher stakes. It came about at Brad's suggestion that we put a little bet on our match. His idea was that we should actually wrestle to try to win, not just for the fun of it, and that depending on the outcome, one of two things would happen--if I won, I would be queen for the weekend and have my every desire catered to, but if he won, I would have to be his sex slave for the weekend. I accepted his offer, after having looked at a number of websites that showed women being able to defeat men in true competitive wrestling matches, I liked my chances.

This past Friday, we set up our living room with our wrestling mat, changed into our wrestling attire (he wore a pair of briefs, while I dressed in a bra and panties) and began our match. I knew from seeing the mixed wrestling sites (and from knowing my own body) that my best bet was to try to use my legs to my advantage, so I set out to try to catch Brad in a leg scissors or other leglock. I managed to work him down to the mat, and apply a leg scissors, but to my surprise, Brad didn't submit, and was able to break my hold. A couple of minutes later, I again applied a leg scissors,andput as much pressure on it as I could. Brad struggled briefly, and I asked him if he wanted to submit. He said no way, and soon was able to pry my legs apart and get out of my hold. I was growing frustrated, so I decided to take a chance. I went to the far side of the mat, and charged toward Brad, hoping to take him down hard enough to be able to knock his wind out so I could catch him in another leg hold. It ended up being a huge mistake. As I got to him, he caught me with a well-placed knee to my mid-section, doubling me over and causing me to lose my balance. I fell down to the mat face first pretty hard, and before I could get to my feet or even my knees, he was on me. He grabbed my legs, twisted themlike a pretzel, and applieda painful ankle lock hold. I cried out in pain, and Brad asked me if I was ready to submit. At first I said no, and I fought and struggled to get out of it. But he was strong, and had the hold locked on tight. I didn't want to admit defeat, but I was in agony. Finally, I realized thatI couldn't escape. Brad again asked me if I wanted to submit. I had no

other choice. I said yes. Brad released me from the hold, rolled me over to face him, and grinned. He said I was now his bitch until Sunday night.

He told me to sit up, while he pulled his briefs down in the back. Heordered me to kiss his ass. Then, he told me to strip out of my bra and panties, and to hand them to him...he said he was going to keep them as trophies. He ordered me back down on the mat, then he straddled me, began jerking off, andforced his cock into my mouth. He facefucked me until he came in an explosive orgasm, and made me swallow the cum. When he was finished, he said he was going to take a little while to rest, and that he wanted me go to the bathroom, clean myself up, and then wait for him in the bedroom. He told me to remain naked until he came back. When he came in about an hour or so later, he was hard again. He mounted me, pulled my legs apart, and rammed himself into me. He fucked me harder than he ever had before, and I had to admit that I was getting pretty wet at the same time. When he climaxed deep inside me, I was fully wet, and soon had a huge orgasm myself. Then he told me to roll over onto my stomach, because he was going to take my ass. I have never been comfortable with anal sex, and Brad knows it, but when I begged him not to make me do that, he slapped me across the face and reminded me that I was his bitch and his sex slave and I had to do what he said. Tearfully, I slowly turned over onto my stomach. Brad positioned himself, pulled my ass cheeks apart, and proceeded to slide his cock into my ass. After he finished, he pulled out, and told me I could rest awhile before going on.

The rest of the weekend went pretty much the same way. I swallowed what seemed like buckets of his cum, and got fucked until I was raw...but at least I had a couple of really good orgasms myself along the way. When the weekend ended, Brad told me I was released from slavery, and that if I ever wanted to try our bet again on another weekend, he would be more than happy to accommodate me.