



Excerpt from "A FATHER'S DEMISE" Part 2 (See Online Catalog Section 5)

...at school the next day Ken saw Mike go up to Lee Jane, who was chatting with some other girls. After that he saw very little of the once confident young man. Lee Jane kept her word to give Mike another chance to fight her. "A FIGHT! A FIGHT!" kids were shouting, running to see. Ken ran too, but when he got there the fight was over. In the middle of a tight, excited circle of laughing kids, Lee Jane was seated astride Mike's face, and she was flexing her powerful legs tightly about his head making Mike's whole head almost lost between her huge, smoothly muscled thighs. Ken also saw Mike at the girls' hockey games, watching Lee Jane play. There after, the only time Ken caught sight of him, Mike was out in a remote corner of the school fields, always with Lee Jane on top of him!



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A FATHER'S  
DEMISE III  
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Mike having his world conquered, pretty obviously forever by Lee Jane, didn't do the morale of the local young men any good. But it was a huge boost to the confidence of the girls! There were more and more mixed gender fights taking place. A lot of times with the young man being the loser. One day Leila and Zoe were talking at the lockers when Ken went past and Zoe jeered openly. Well aware that her neighbor's son still peeked secretly from his bedroom window at her and her girl friends doing cart-wheels, walking on their hands, doing muscle flexes and having friendly tussles together in her garden. "OH! LOOK LEILA!" Mocked Zoe, "THERE GOES GIRLIE BOY! PEEKS AT ALL THE YOUNG GIRLS! HIS DAD'S A WEAKLING AND SO IS HE!" Ken glared at the girls laughter: "I BEAT YOU!" he said loudly. Other kids in the hall looked around. Ken connected Zoe very much with the loss of his friend to fierce Lee Jane. He would liked to rescue Mike from his status as the slave of the girl, but guys stronger and better fighters than he were scared of the muscles of Miss LEE JANE DAGNALL.

## A Husband's Demise

Ken's Story (part 3)







Ken glared at the girls laughter: "I BEAT YOU!" he said loudly. Other kids in the hall looked around. "YEAH," put in Leila, "BUT ZOE GOT YOU DOWN" (AFD II pg 6)"NEARLY LETTING A YOUNGER GIRL BEAT YOU! YOU'R A TOTAL WIMP!" Both girls laughed together at their lockers, dismissing him. Ken connected Zoe very much with the loss of his friend to fierce Lee Jane. He would liked to rescue Mike from his status as the slave of the girl, but guys stronger and better fighters than he were scared of the muscles of Miss **LEE JANE DAGNALL**.

It had been several months since Zoe, Lee Jane and Leila had caught Mike and him wrestling together in the woods. He had beaten Zoe finally, but it took a great amount of effort. Zoe may be nearly three years his junior, but she was a big girl who was getting bigger all the time. If only Ken would focus on her in a less emotionally charged manner he may notice the obvious rippling and bunching of the muscles in her full thighs, or the thickness and width of he bulging shoulders and young arms! Zoe's constant sports activities and now even weight training were showing results!

Most kids didn't know how to fight, anyway. Interestingly, though some boys would timidly back down from girls, while no girl ever refused a challenge.

"POOR THING," Zoe said to Leila so that Ken could hear. "HOW SHE MUST MISS MOVING HER BOY FRIEND ON TOP OF HER, DOING WHAT THEY WERE DOING WHEN WE CAUGHT THEM. LITTE CISSIES!" Remembering the obvious erections both Mike and he had from wrestling each other, the girls laughed gleefully. Ken saw RED!





He ran across the hall-way and slammed into Zoe's back with his arm, smashing her into her locker door. Kids shouted. Zoe recovered fast and spun around, her cheeky, freckled face contorted with rage. She swung at Ken, who knocked her hand aside. He was taller than her still. She glared up at him. Other students gathered eagerly: "**FIGHT! FIGHT!**" That would bring teacher's in no time.

Barely containing her wrath, high spots of color smouldering in her tanned cheeks, Zoe said intensely: "I WANT US TO HAVE A **FIGHT!**" Ken snapped, "SO DO I!" Then Zoe made all those listening gasp. "I WANT IT TO BE A **FIST FIGHT!**"

All the gender contest up to now had been wrestles. These high-spirited young women - keen enough to take on the boys at anything - were still reluctant to match fists. They didn't mind pitting their strong bodies against them close-in, but they didn't relish the idea of punches hitting their pretty faces! Zoe, however, had lost to Ken at wrestling. She was a hot-tempered girl, anxious to show him up, expose him as the self-centered pansy she felt sure he was. What better than being the first girl in the school to conquer a boy at boxing? "FINE WITH ME" Ken retorted. They agreed to meet after school





Word of the pending fight flashed around. After school there were a lot of students assembled at a clearing in the woods. When Ken walked into the clearing there was a cheer from the boys that were there. about 15 kids stood around, mostly girls. Zoe was flexing and stretching her healthy body in preparation to fight. Loosening up using a tree branch like it was an exercise bar in a ballet studio. She was almost nude. Stripped and ready for the fight! Ken gaped. All Zoe had on was just her underpants! And they were not standard school uniform knickers, but rather sexy purple panties. The boys there were eyeing her worshipfully. Just about every male in the school was in full adoration of Zoe Maxwell. None had seen her stripped before. As Ken had expected, Mike was there. Standing meekly beside tall, aristocratic, Lee Jane. Ken gulped, dazed by the sight of Zoe's bare breasts. She looked better than fit. He was glad after taking in her muscular legs that she had not wanted to wrestle him again.



Especially remembering how Lee Jane's equally built legs crushed his friend Mike repeatedly into sobbing defeat with her devastating scissorholds. In boxing he knew his height advantage would help him. Still, the girl was bigger and more muscular than just 3 months ago. She turned to Ken saying, "YOU READY TO GET BEAT, **WIMP!**?" Ken felt nervous flutter in his tummy. "NO! YOU READY TO BACK OUT?" he demanded: "FIGHTING WITH FISTS. LITTLE GIRLS GET HURT!" "YEAH?" retorted Zoe, "THEN I GUESS WE'LL SOON FIND OUT WHICH IS THE LITTLE **GIRL** HERE, WON'T WE?" There were amused snickers from the girls. "YEA, ZOE!" one encouraged: "KNICKER HIM!"





"OK!" shouted Zoe: "START!" There were excited cheers. Ken immediately threw blows at her as fast and as hard as he could. He knew from their wrestle how strong this girl was. He couldn't hold back one iota. Zoe was attacking him just as ferociously. Her bared fists flew. The girls shrieked her on. Everyone there, especially the fighters, knew the importance of a first strike. It usually had the effect of hopelessly demoralizing the one receiving it. Fights could often end with the first punch to the face, one fighter dissolving into tears and refusing to go on. Between Ken and Zoe, it was Ken who drew first blood. He cudgelled a clumsy right to Zoe's mouth as the girl ran in, giving everything to offense, wide open, not bothering to guard. But Zoe did not dissolve into tears!

The onlookers had fallen silent. This was too brutal and intense to shout. It was awesome. Girl against boy fights were always the most exciting.



Zoe got Ken in his eye with a stiff, expertly straight right, her biceps bulging and glistening sweatily in the sunlight. Her biceps were bigger than Ken's. Much bigger thighs, too. Everyone there could see it. Zoe, then brought left in a feint and suddenly buried her right deeply into her male enemy's belly. Pleased when he emitted a little moan. Zoe could taste her own blood but she wasn't angry. She was enjoying herself. She was grinning. She was at last doing to Ken what she'd always wanted and had always known she could do.



In a complete silence in the glade, broken only by the gasps and grunts of effort from the combatants. Zoe went decisively after Ken. He was backing helplessly away, but Zoe was right up to him, almost standing on his toes, actually looking, almost selecting where she wanted to punch him next. Ken's face had gotten a frightened look, and they had only been fighting for three minutes. "ZOE'S GOING TO FINISH HIM!" Lee Jane murmured. "THIS TIME SHE'S GOING TO REALY FINISH HIM! GOOD GIRL!!"



"OH!" Went Ken, "T-TAK-TAKE IT EASY!" "WHY?" his fair aggressor enquired sweetly. "CAN'T YOU FIGHT? I THOUGHT BOYS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO FIGHT? LOOKS LIKE IT'S GIRLS WHO CAN!" And on the word "can" she lifted her hard fist from somewhere right down near her firm hip to deliver it in a hay-maker, a shattering right cross, to crack with a sickening thud to his face. There were gasps from all those watching.

Ken's head snapped back and blood spattered and sprayed from his mouth and nose just like in the violent videos Zoe liked to watch. Now the girls were yelling. This was the strike to the face that makes the whole confrontation just too frightening for one participant, that collapses their morale and their resistance. The good night punch. The bye-bye little man one. The girls squeals of triumph were ear-splitting. Zoe stared Ken down and he was shaking, cringing back! It was what the girls had come to see.







This fight was over already, and their sex had won! **AGAIN!** The boys hung their heads, ashamed. They were losing too many fights to the girls. It wasn't fair! Ken was trembling uncontrollably, trying to wipe snot and blood from his face with his hand.

Zoe was a little savage, a rather cruel girl. She loved nothing more than bullying kids weaker than she was. She was quite pleased with the amount of blood she'd managed to punch out of Ken's weak face. "WANT ANOTHER?" She asked. "N...N... NOO! LET...LET'S STOP!" "NO!" "P-PLEASE?" "WHY? I WANT TO GIVE YOU SOME MORE LITTLE HITS!" "N... NO! P...PLEASE D...DON'T! I... I...OK, I GIVE UP!" The audience was absolutely silent. Listening. "DO YOU?" smirked Zoe. ("I'VE WON!" she thought, "YESSS!")

"HAVE I CONQUERED YU TOTALLY?" "Y- YES!" "ARE GIRLS STRONGEST? YOU'D BETTER SAY 'YES' AGAIN!" "Y...YES" A whisper. "YES ZOE!" "Y... YES ZOE." "GOING TO PUSH ME INTO MY LOCKER ANY MORE?" "N... NOOO!, NO ZOE!" Zoe smiled to herself. "YOU HAD BETTER NOT!" "HIT HIM SOMEMORE!" a girl urged in a voice lusting for more blood. "OH, YESS PLEEEASE!" came another. "YOU'VE GOT HIM! BOX HIM TO DEATH!"

"CAN I PUNCH YOU SOME MORE NOW? JST A LITTLE?" "NO! N... NNO! I ... I PLEASE DON'T!" Ken had started to cry. Zoe shrugged her sportsgirl jock's big shoulders: "I'M GOING TO. I WANT TO!" She did. And it wasn't "a little". The husky young female fighter again smashed her fist into the frightened male.





Zoe was hitting Ken's face now, Over and over again. Fantastic! The crowd went crazy. Where before there'd been fascinated silence, waiting to see if yet again it would be the girl who proved herself better, now there was that level of noise girls only hit when they see one of their own vanquishing a boy. Some boys were desperately pleading with Ken to hit back some. Not because they thought he had a chance to win, but because they didn't want to see him slaughtered. "UGH! UGH! UGH!" Zoe was going every time she hit him. "O! OH! OH!" Went Ken. Zoe kept blasting him in the face.



"OH! OH! N...NO MORE ... I ... I SURRENDERED!" "I DON'T CARE! I DON'T ACCEPT IT! UGH! UGH!" Zoe was being vicious and cruel to Ken and no one wanted to stop it. She was using Ken's face as target practice for her busy fists. "P...PLEASE STOP HER," a boy said faintly. "SHE ... SHE'LL KILL HIM!" Two kids started forward but were held back by others. Ken was tottering. Trying not to fall to her. He hadn't even the strength to raise his arms now. "WOULD YOU RATHER WE WERE WRESTLING, GIRLIE BOY? HA! I'D MESS YOU UP EVEN WORSE IF WE HAD!" She drove her fist two more times into Ken's broken face and he fell down in dazed, total defeat.





"GET ON TOP OF HIM, ZOE!" screamed a girl. "SIT ON HIS FACE!" Zoe stood over Ken, fists ready. "GET UP AND FIGHT! GET UP AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN!" the strong young woman ordered. But Ken realized he was finished. He'd had enough. "I... I ... CAN'T. I ... I'M SORRY, ZOE, P...PLEASE! Y... YOU'RE THE BEST F ... FIGHTER!" There was a jubilant cheer from the girls. At this Zoe preened. Her eyes glittered as she gazed down at Ken's bowed head. Everyone Clapped and whistled. The girls were especially ecstatic, both at Zoe's complete humbling of Ken and her obvious ease and viciousness in doing it. As the kids started to leave, Lee Jane came over and hugged Zoe. "SEE? I TOLD YOU BOYS ARE EEEASY!" "YES. I SAID I'D WIN NEXT TIME", said Zoe, full of pride. "AND I DID!"





After their box, Ken knew Zoe would beat him in a wrestle. Which was the last thing she told him she'd do next to him before leaving with the cheer crowd of girls after their fight. She'd nearly beaten him before when she was smaller and weaker. She'd have no problem defeating him like she did in boxing now. Losing to this younger girl deeply unsettled and disturbed him. He knew he must not let it happen any more! Whenever she came looking for him, Ken would run and hide. And if she caught him, he'd refuse to fight. She'd invade his garden, but he'd run indoors quickly. In the end the frustrated girl quit bothering. Ken was sent away to a young man's academy, and tried to forget about it, but couldn't.



At home for a rare visit after almost two years, Ken was walking near his neighborhood and spotted an attractive young woman with a very athletic build walking in front of him. He quickened his pace to get a closer look, being attracted to powerfully build women - especially their muscular, curvy legs. And this woman had incredible ones for sure. Her thighs were just huge! Definitely more muscular than any woman Ken had seen lately (besides maybe his mother's). Wearing those super short-shorts that only covered about half of her fantastic, firm and rounded ass. Ken saw she was turning around to see who was behind her, and he quickly turned back the other way so as not to be caught gazing at her. He turned back once to see if she'd continued on and almost fell down in shock, as the woman he was following was none other than a fully grown ZOE MAXWELL! GOD She'd developed!

"WELL! IF IT ISN'T THE NEIGHBORHOOD WALLEY! YOUR MOM TOLD ME AT THE GYM YESTERDAY YOU WERE GOING TO BE HOME FOR A VISIT. SEEN ANY GOOD KNICKERS LATELY?"

She always had a strong build, but now she was spectacular. Overwhelming. "STILL LIKE PEEPING UP LITTLE SCHOOL GIRL'S SKIRTS!?" Ken finally found his voice, "Z ... ZOE...?" "HI, KENNY! WELL, WELL! MY LITTLE GIRLIE-BOY I PUNCHED THE LIFE OUT OF!" "THAT'S ALL H...HISTORY!" Ken said his nervous stutter returning. "IT NEEDN'T BE!" Zoe said meaningfully. "YOU DON'T LOOK AS IF YOU'VE GOTTEN ANY STRONGER CISSIE-BOY!" "UH, I... IT LOOKS LIKE Y...YOU HAVE... AH ... Z-ZOE..."



**To Be Continued...**



Zoe walked over to stand in front of the almost shaking young man. Casually flexing up her right arm. The whole upper part of that arm ballooned with astounding female muscle - the forearm equally inflating. "I've been working out. But it sure doesn't look like you do much at that academy for girlie-boys you go to!" Ken couldn't answer so stunned was he with the size of this 18 year olds arm. "HOW COOL TO SEE YOU," Zoe cooed: "MY LITTLE NEXT DOOR FAIRY." Finally her insults were getting him angry enough to say. "I'M NOT GAY!"



"OH NO? I BEG TO DIFFER CISSIE-BOY" Zoe said reaching one hand to touch Ken's nipples through his shirt. He angrily knocked it away, and turned and hurriedly walked away, a blush coming to his face. Zoe called after him. "HOW ABOUT A LITTLE TUSSELE SOME TIME? I THINK THE KIDS USE TO SAY IT TAKES THREE TO TRULY SEE, RIGHT?"

Try as he might, Ken could not get the image of Zoe, full of power and woman-hood out of his mind. Super ripped with muscles so much bigger than his. So beautifully toned. That night he dreamed of Zoe. He'd always idolized athletic girls and women deep down. Powerful, vital girls, beautiful and strong willed, like his mother. Though his dad having gone under to become a submissive to such a woman like his mother had made him resent strong girls, he still couldn't stop thinking about them. Sometimes they invaded his dreams. Tonight it was Zoe, but Zoe now as he saw her earlier in the day. Her super cut abs and muscle bulging thighs. Just standing there looking so demure and powerful. In his dream Zoe's muscles seemed to be growing even bigger. Making the sleeves of her top expand and begin to rip away! A super-muscle Zoe, with her amused smile and bold, confident eyes. Her legs were enormous! Ken's cock was sticking out hard into his pajama pants. Ken should have disliked Zoe for her swankiness, for her belittling of his manhood, for thrashing him in front of their classmates, but his sleeping mind differed with his awake one.





She flexed relaxedly, ripping further her tight clothes. In his dream this growing Zoe came up to him, towering over him. She picked him up easily (making Ken gasp out loud in his sleep) and flung him up over her head and tossing him away like a rag-doll. Then suddenly they were in the hallway at their old school and Zoe was slamming his face into his locker! It didn't hurt, but sounded terrible! As he was getting slammed Ken also seemed to be outside of it, watching, seeing the excitement and anger in Zoe's lovely face as she was doing it. Ken seemed to be somewhat consciously aware he was in a dream, and was being thrashed again by Zoe - a giant Zoe! But he didn't want to awaken from it for some reason, he just wanted to keep watching this sexy, muscular girl in action. Watch all her amazing muscles flexing as she tossed and bammed him about.

Now he was being dragged through leaves. A phrase flashed into Ken's mind, "KNOCK DOWN AND DRAG OUT," and Ken remembered seeing it vividly demonstrated whilst away when he attended a student party that combined the male students from his academy with the female students from their sister academy. Two students, a girl and a boy, both eighteen, had gotten into a row so hot it could only be settled in one way. A fist fight. The girl knocked the boy down and dragged him out of the room and into a bedroom! Big applause! The girl the guy came to the party with was in tears. The cocks of most of the young men watching had been stirred by the spectacle they were all at full attention.





In his dream, Zoe was dragging Ken through the leaves. Immense power just flowed from her, from her grip at his neck, more power than Ken could contain, until he felt his system would be over-loaded from her's, and his last spark of life would flicker out and he didn't care. They were in a glade. Ken thought of Mike, and their wrestle. But Mike wasn't there, only Ken's dad!

Still clasped tightly by Zoe the badly weakened Ken wondered what his father was there for. Zoe smiled at his father and dropped down in a powerful half squat like one of those German or Russian weight-lifters or hammer throwing women do. Only bigger. Zoe flexed up her huge arm for Ken's father and he clapped in glowing approval! He was dancing around like some sort of cheerleader. Cheering on the destruction of his own son by their neighbor's daughter!



Zoe then seated herself on a tree stump and simply stuffed helpless Ken between her huge thighs. A female's male-killing attribute, still smiling towards Ken's dad, ("HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE NEXT?") She calmly began to throttle his son. Ken's head was upside down due to the downward crush of Zoe's huge left thigh but he could still see his father's face, and it was full of approval, fascinated and thrilled. Enveloping Ken in her so much superior female muscularity, squeezing him in her bare magnificent legs. The dream Zoe said: "SHALL I KILL YOU NOW, GIRLIE-BOY. WANT ME TO TAKE YOUR WEAK LIFE?" She back-flipped off the stump taking Ken with her. He thought his body must have been broken, Zoe deliberately positioned her massive legs around Ken's tiny neck. "EXTINCTION TIME" She said thickly, and smiled towards Bob, who was clapping like an excited little girl.





The person Ken had once looked to for 'protection'. His own father, was rooting for his ultimate destruction between the legs of this gigantic female. Zoe's massive thighs were separating the boy's head from his body. Ken's body weakened as Zoe crushed him. Having his neck between hard, bulging female muscle Ken knew meant the end of his life. He was going to be put to death by this girl! Before he'd ever been with a girl! "GOODBYE KENNY" he heard someone say huskily, far away, back in the land of the living, "GOODBYE, GIRLIE-BOY."



Ken shuddered so hard his bed shook, he spasmed time after time. It was the wettest wet dream he'd ever had. He must have cried out, loudly, several times. Awakened by his intense orgasm, he heard his father calling out if he was OK. No that his dad could have done anything!

His father had been getting crushed nearly every night himself under the strong ruler of the family, his mother Beth. Ken dropped back to sleep, his cock limp and small, his p.j. pants soaked with his spunk. In his morning shower Ken washed his dried spunk from his thighs, vividly remembering the dream he had about Zoe. Gad! He must have cum mega-time! One thing about his dad being made to do all the housework and he never once mentioned the state of Ken's bed-sheets. Ken guessed his dad had jacked-off all the time too, when he was younger. Now, obviously from the lusty, powerful female grunts and weak yielding male moans that came from his parents bedroom nearly every night, his dad was the one getting jacked off! His dad's cock surrendering energy and life force between his mom's strong fingers, or under her firm ass, or even beneath her ... her sex! They brought off each other, Beth always dominantly positioned and being the aggressor. Probably more spunk being spurted into their sheets than his!

After his morning cereal, Ken headed out to the garden to try and get some exercise in, remembering Zoe's statement about him not looking like he did much exercise(which was true, he knew). He turned the corner only to find Zoe herself standing by the garage wall looking like she always looked, sexy and strong. Ken gulped, Zoe had a "six-pack" stomach that would put most men his age to shame. Her prominent nipples pushed out strongly from her halter top. "W-WHAT ARE Y-YOU DOING HERE?" "TODAY IS YOUR LUCKY DAY PRISSY BOY. I HAVE A CLEAR SCHEDULE THIS MORNING SO I CAN GIVE YOU THAT FINAL FIGHT I PROMISED YOU SO LONG AGO!"





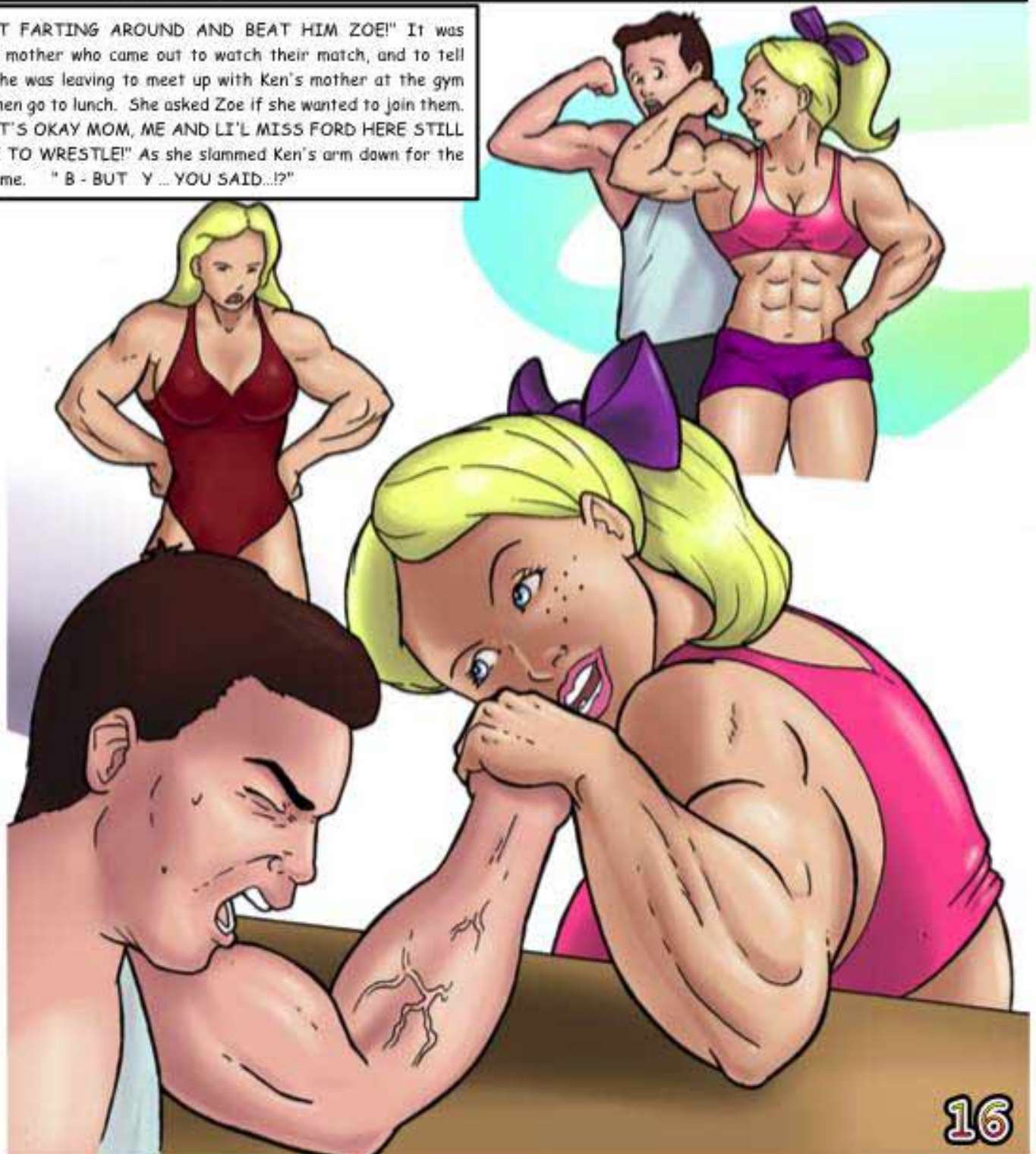
"I ... I ... AH, ZOE I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT YOU." Both his parents were gone (even though he knew neither of them would help him - his mom would be rooting for Zoe for sure, maybe even his dad!) and he couldn't run back into the house now. Zoe would catch him. "I SAY YES! I KNOW YOU'RE FRIGHTENED OF ME, GIRLIE-PIE, BUT IT REALLY IS TIME WE HAD OUR DECIDER. EVEN THOUGH I SMASHED YOU AT BOXING, IT STILL ANNOYS ME THAT YOU WON OUR LITTLE WRESTLE THAT DAY IN THE WOODS. AND I WAS VERY YOUNG THEN, AND I STILL NEARLY BEAT YOU!" "BUT Z - ZOE, WE'RE YEARS OLDER NOW. YOU CAN'T STILL BE BOTHERED ABOUT THAT ... K - KID FIGHT." "KID FIGHT, ADULT FIGHT, THEY'RE ALL THE SAME AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED," said Zoe as she walked towards Ken and he back peddled away from her. "IT IS ALL ABOUT TOTAL VICTORY AND DOMINANCE< BABY!" Zoe stared at the front of Ken's shorts. "WHAT'S THAT?" She said severely, but with a smirk. "W ... WHAT?" "YOU KNOW WHAT! DON'T TRY TO HIDE IT!" She grinned maliciously. Zoe insisted they compare biceps first. She smiled, "IT TURNS ME ON MORE FOR A FIGHT. FOR YOU JUST LOOKING AT ME IS ENOUGH, ISN'T IT, PANSY-BOY?"





Ken gained some comfort in seeing Zoe was still shorter than him. But she seemed so solidly packed with muscle she could outweigh by a good 20 to 30 pounds! Ken flexed first. "OH DEAR! IS THAT THE BIGGEST YOU CAN GET? LOOK AT THIS!" Her biceps made Ken's look silly, and he was again shocked like yesterday on the street when she flexed. "ALWAYS KNEW YOU HAD A WEAK BODY, KENNY. YOU SURE DON'T TAKE AFTER YOUR MOM. JUST ANOTHER PANSY LIKE YOUR DAD!" Much as he wished he could deny it, Ken knew she was right. "OK, NOW AN ARM WRESTLE," Zoe ordered. "IF...IF I DO THAT DO WE STILL HAVE TO FIGHT?" "I'LL THINK ABOUT IT," Ken put everything he had into it. "OH GEE!" murmured Zoe: "Y-YOU'E STRONGER THAN I THOUGHT! Y-YOU ALMOST GOT ME!" Hope welled in his heart, but the girl was toying with him and she smashed down his arm. "GIRLS ONE, BOYS ZILCH!" Then, "I WIN AGAIN! BIG SURPRISE! 2 - 0! A 3rd THEN MAYBE WE WON'T HAVE TO FIGHT. COME ON GIRLIE! TRY YOUR BEST!" Ken had sweat pouring from him. His arm began to shake violently. Staring into his anguished face with enjoyment, Zoe stroked his hair. Meek beaten guy, Muscular cocky girl. "YOU ARE SOO MUCH WEAKER THAN ME! YOU KNOW YOU SHOULD REALLY BE A GIRL!"

"QUIT FARTING AROUND AND BEAT HIM ZOE!" It was Zoe's mother who came out to watch their match, and to tell Zoe she was leaving to meet up with Ken's mother at the gym and then go to lunch. She asked Zoe if she wanted to join them. "THAT'S OKAY MOM, ME AND LI'L MISS FORD HERE STILL HAVE TO WRESTLE!" As she slammed Ken's arm down for the 3rd time. "B - BUT Y... YOU SAID...!"





After Zoe's mother left, Ken was trying to ease some of the soreness in his arm after having it slammed to the picnic table by Zoe in their recent arm wrestle. "C'MON ZOE, I DON'T WANT TO WRESTLE YOU ANYMORE," He said. "NO, I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT," Zoe said decisively, standing up and grabbing her halter top and ripping it off. "I'M TOO TURNED ON NOT TO NOW!"

Ken's eyes bugged at this development. He remembered that Zoe didn't wear a top when they last fought and her chest looked great then, but now it was fantastic! Damn this girl kept turning him on while treating him like dirt! Ken was getting pissed off with all Zoe's deceit and mockery. Her roughness and her boasting. The fact she was just so much stronger than he was. He was taller than her, older than her. In College now. Still, the brutal thrashing he'd taken from her with fists had cowed and frightened him. The way she so easily won their wrist wrestle too. Damn, it just wasn't fair Ken thought. Flaunting her superior body like this was making him mad, and getting angry was probably the best thing for him to get right now. It could be used to forget his fear of losing to Zoe again. And he had beat her when they first fought in the woods. All this mulled in his mind as she came to grips for their wrestle that day in the garden...





Ken knew he'd have to do something fast. He was taller than Zoe, but not nearly as strong. She even out-weighed him now, he was sure. He actually remembered that how he won their first wrestle in the woods was with a trick hold, a hold that caused a great deal of pain, without requiring a lot of strength to apply. That was how he would defeat her again. That was his only chance. Zoe was already going for his head with her left arm, while her right gripped and controlled his left. She could get him in a head lock if he didn't watch out. And with her big biceps, such a hold would really hurt. Ken keep telling himself to get mean, to show it in his face. Perhaps his anger would actually get Zoe to feel fear of him for a change! That would sure be nice. His anger was building up within him and finally exploded as he broke her opening hold and quickly twisted around behind Zoe. Finally it was going to be his turn to be the aggressor!





Ken got his arm around Zoe's neck and tightened it up rigidly under her pretty chin. Pulling his arm back to crush her throat, hurting her. Ken felt a surge of elation. "NOW WHO CAN FIGHT? GIRLIE? YOU CAN'T!"



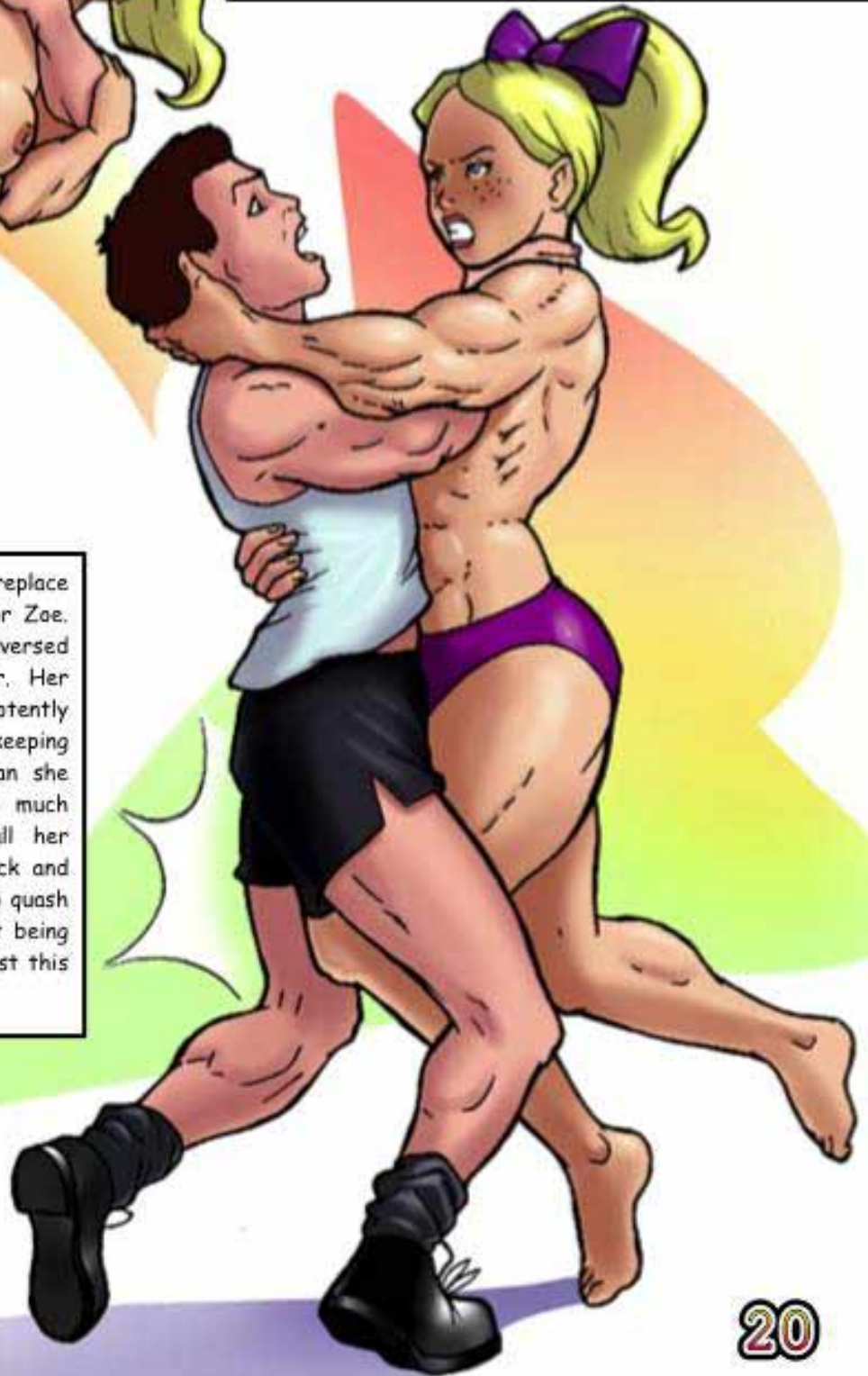
Zoe calmed herself. She would not let herself be beaten by this weakling! She would rule him, for sure! Her strong body had started to glisten with sweat. She could hear the young man's desperately determined gasps behind her, and she could tell he didn't have the strength to maintain this hold very much longer. He hadn't really even been choking her all that much. She muscled out of his hold, breaking the grip of both his arms with just one of hers!




Grabbing his head with her right arm she twisted him back around in front of her. "NOW!" she said as she fell on Ken. So briefly the fight had been girl losing to angry boy, but less than two minutes from the start this strong, healthy young woman had gotten annoyed, VERY annoyed and the picture quickly changed. Disdaining the more advantageous inside hold, Zoe moved her belly flat against Ken's. He tried to keep a choking hand on her neck, but Zen grabbed the back of his head and jerked it back painfully.




Panic and fear were rising up to replace the anger he had been holding for Zoe. So swiftly and savagely had she reversed his shortly held advantage over her. Her young muscles were just too potently powerful for him to ever hope of keeping her contained for any longer than she wanted to be. Zoe had so much experience fighting with boys all her young life that she knew her quick and sudden attack was the best way to quash any thoughts they may have about being the possible victor in a fight against this powerful young woman!







Now she had caught both his waist and his arms in a bear hug. It had happened so suddenly and brutally that Ken cried out aloud. There was no question of his arms finding a counter hold, they were trapped under Zoe's, the girl's bigger biceps literally crushing his own, crushing them to nothing! She drove on big thigh deeply between her opponents shivering, slim legs. Zoe held his body tightly to her's, driving her clasped hands into his kidneys, her great legs weakening Ken's lesser legs so frighteningly quickly. Only three minutes into their wrestle and she had him howling for mercy! "OH! OH! OH GOD PLEASE! OH THAT HURTS ZOE! P - PLEASE! PLEASE STOP!"

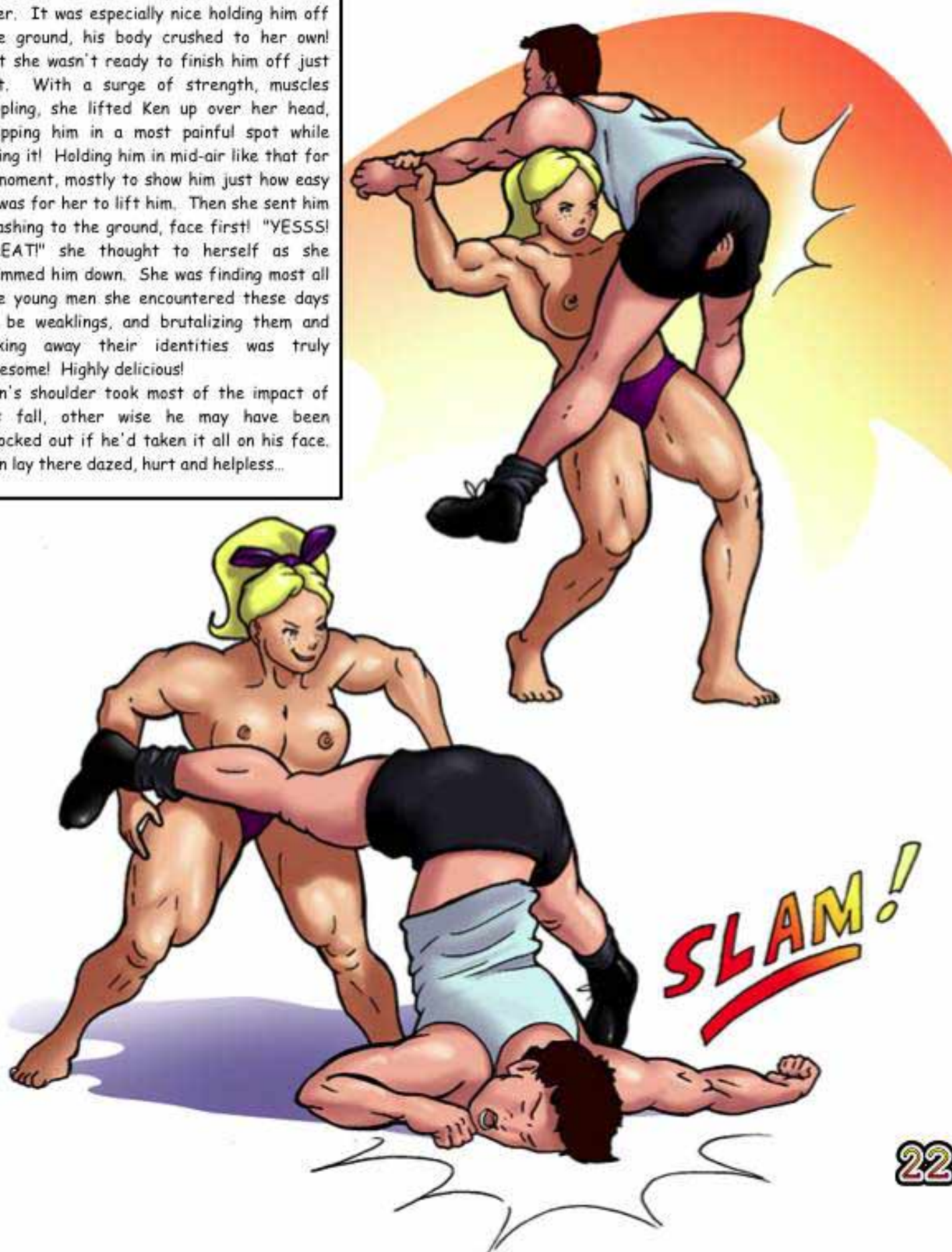


Calmly, the more virile girl continued reducing Ken. Zoe lifted him off his feet easily in the savage iron circle of her powerful arms. Ken's arms trailed weakly, out of the fight for good. Zoe's were damaging them as much as they were damaging his body! Zoe crushed him further saying, "THIS IS THE SAME KINDA HOLD YOUR MOM FIRST BEAT YOUR WEAKLING DAD WITH, AND NOW I'M DOING JUST THE SAME TO YOU!"



Zoe adored hearing Ken plead, "I GIVE IN, I GIVE IN TO YOU!" he'd babble, over and over. It was especially nice holding him off the ground, his body crushed to her own! But she wasn't ready to finish him off just yet. With a surge of strength, muscles rippling, she lifted Ken up over her head, gripping him in a most painful spot while doing it! Holding him in mid-air like that for a moment, mostly to show him just how easy it was for her to lift him. Then she sent him crashing to the ground, face first! "YESSS! GREAT!" she thought to herself as she slammed him down. She was finding most all the young men she encountered these days to be weaklings, and brutalizing them and taking away their identities was truly awesome! Highly delicious!

Ken's shoulder took most of the impact of his fall, other wise he may have been knocked out if he'd taken it all on his face. Ken lay there dazed, hurt and helpless...





Zoe dropped onto Ken's back with enthusiastic force. Her tight ass nearly broke his spine. As she sat on him she easily caught both his wrist. "AH RECOLLECT", said Zoe in her 'Calamity Jane' voice, "COUPLA YEARS BACK, RATTLE SNAKE!" Wrenching up Ken's arms, "YOU TWISTED THE ARMS OF A LITTLE GAL YOUNGER n' YOU. DINCHA?" "Y - YES." "WELL, YOU DIRT BAG< DON'T YOU RECKON SHE SHOULD TWIST YOUR'S NOW!!(twist) "N-NOOOO! P-PLEASE DON'T" Ken begged, Zoe did anyway. Twisting them back so painfully that Ken was almost crying. Her arms were so much stronger than Ken's she was sure she could easily dislocate them if she so wished. It gave her a great sense of power.



But Zoe had other plans for Ken. She took him backwards, getting her big thighs around his waist. "KNOW WHAT'S COMING NEXT, KENNY BOY?" She whispered into his ear. Zoe was gaining a lot of gratification from this. She was very pleased with herself. She couldn't wait to tell her friends back in college how she totally destroyed the young man who had a lucky win over her two years ago. Now Ken was in a full panic as he watched Zoe cross her muscular legs about his mid-section. Her thighs looking just gigantic to him now!





Zoe's super-strong thighs were vicing in about Ken's middle. His waist, ribs and chest were trapped and being crushed unmercifully now. Shifting her thighs up and down, and alternating the crushing pressure, zoe said, "TIME TO GRIND YOUR UGLY GUTS!" Her beautiful face glowing with pleasure, she sat behind Ken, crucifying him. "OH GOD! OH ... OH ... Z - ZOE! P - PLEASE STOP! M - MY RIBS! Y - YOU'RE BENDING THEM ... THEY'RE ... GONNA **BREAK!**" Ken was crying, and groaning while Zoe just lounged back, enjoying herself. Having one human being in such pain he was close to fainting, the other having just the time of her life!

Zoe's legs were actually so strong that she could, if she wanted, completely crush the life from Ken anytime she wanted to, and feeling how easily she could bend his ribs in so painfully without even working up a sweat, just proved it all the more to Ken as he experienced just how much superior zoe's strength was to his.

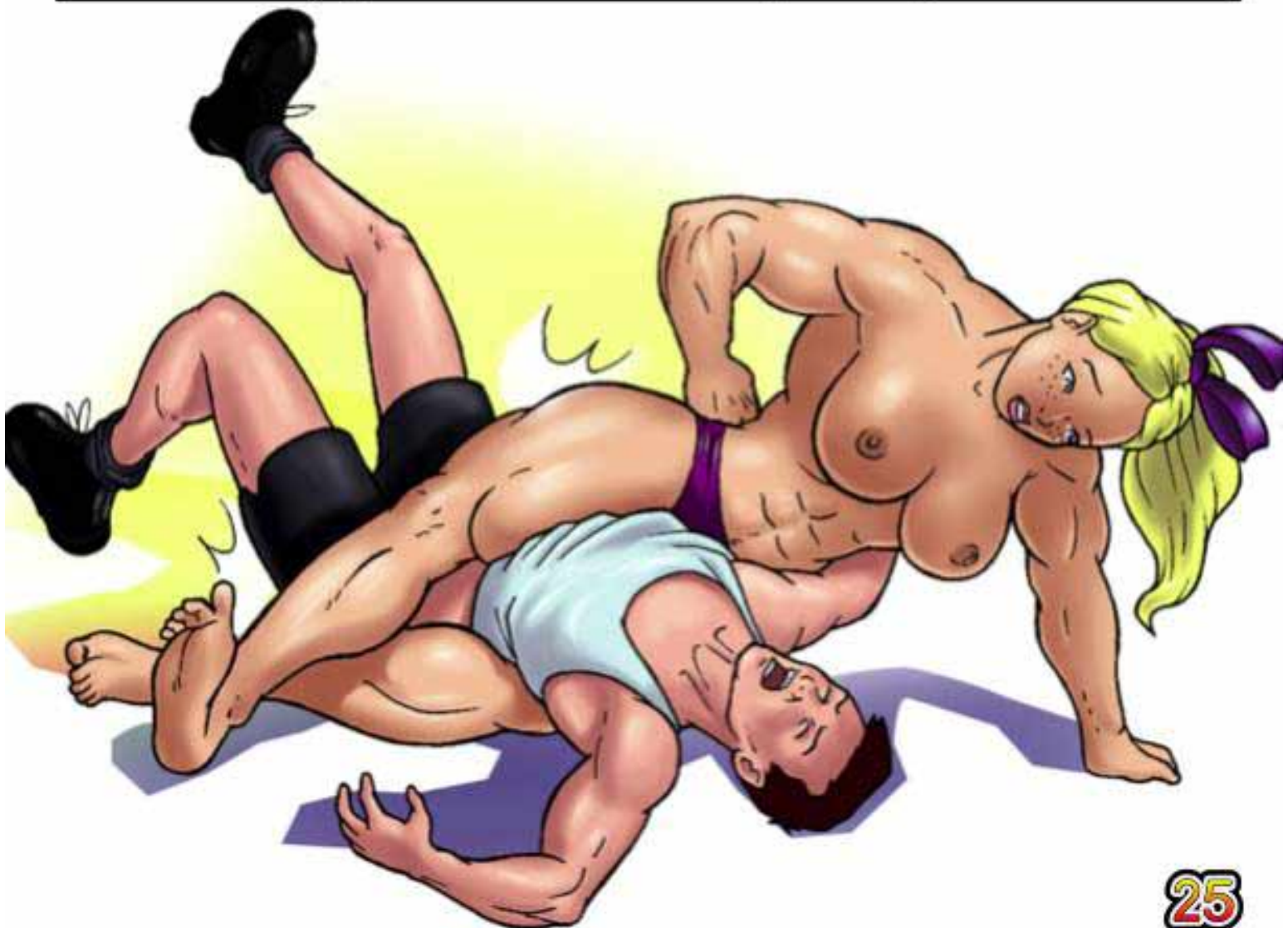




It was a tremendous scene to watch, as this healthy young woman was making this inferior male her underling for good!

"I SURENDER! I SURRENDER! I SURRENDER TO YOU, OH ... PLEASE!" KEN WAS SOBBING OUT. "UNCONDITIONALLY?" Zoe asked/demanded. "YES! OH YES!" "HMMM." Zoe thought about it. "NO, SORRY, REJECTED!" Ken broke down and cried: "PLEASE, ZOE, DON'T HURT ME ANY MORE! I CAN'T TAKE IT!" Zoe told him he was being a crybaby. "WHAT'S THE MATTER? I'M NOT EVEN SQUEEZING YOU HALF AS HARD AS I COULD! I GUESS YOU NEED TO BEG BETTER, OR I MAY ACCIDENTALLY - UGH! - PUT YOU IN THE HOSPITAL! UGH!" With each grunt she jolted unreal force into her scissors that seemed ready to cut him in two, making Ken cry out loud with each increase in pressure. Zoe's nipples were erect and very hard, making boys suffer like this was a real turn-on for her! "AM I THE BEST FIGHTER?" Asked Zoe. "ARE YOU SORRY YOU TWISTED MY ARMS THAT LAST TIME WE WRESTLED AS KIDS?" Ken was nodding his agreement as he had no air left to voice his answers. His tear-filled eyes begged Zoe for mercy. She let his nearly crippled body collapse between her powerful legs. She had been close to squeezing him in half. His sobbing intake of much needed air was met by her own panting - turned on breathing. She felt marvelous. Her easy success and Ken's screaming had made her bubble over and cum in her workout shorts!

She undid her deadly leg lock and climbed astride her totally defeated opponent...





Zoe pushed her hand inside them, and lifted it to her nose, sniffing it for the boy's benefit.

**"DO CISSY-BOYS LIKE GIRL CUM?"** I BET YOU NEVER TRIED IT BEFORE, BUT I'M SURE YOU'D LIKE TO! HERE!" She pressed her slimy hand over his face, tweaking his nose and pushing her fingers into his mouth. **"LIKE IT, LITTLE BOY? I'M SURE YOU DO, KNOWING HOW MUCH YOU'VE ALWAYS LOVED SEEING MY PANTIES! TASTE IT! COLLEGE GIRL SPUNK! COLLEGE BOYS LOVE EATING IT! MORE THAN PIZZA! I KNOW! TRY SOME, FRESH FROM THE SOURCE!"**



Just as zoe was settling you tight, built ass comfortably over the face of the older young man, someone entered the backyard ... ken's father ...



"WHAT DO YOU WANT, OLD MAN!?" "Z - ZOE WHAT ... WHAT ARE YOU DOING ...?" "WELL, I'VE JUST BEATEN THE SNOT OUT OF YOUR WEAKLING SON IN WRESTLING. WHICH SHOULD BE OBVIOUS, EVEN TO YOU! DUH!" Bob Ford stood there agape at the sight of his neighbor's super built daughter sitting topless atop his trembling son. At first he could not tear his eye's away from her firm, high young breast. but finally he regained some composure. "**GET OFF HIM!**" "SAY PLEASE." Zoe said mockingly. "P - PLEASE, ZOE!" "**NO!**" She said squeezing her big thighs in tighter on Ken's head. Bob took a step forward, growing frantic. "OH, PLEASE, LEAVE HIM ALONE! YOU - YOU'RE SMOTHERING HIM!" "SO WHAT!? I LIKE DOING THIS TO HIM, AND HE LIKES IT TOO! HE'S GOTTEN REALLY **STIFF** IN HIS SHORTS. WANT TO SEE?"





Zoe reached back, imploring her to stop, bob's hand inadvertently touched Zoe's big thigh. "STOP FEELING ME UP! **DIRTY OLD MAN!** I KNOW YOU STARE AT ME WORKING OUT. WANT TO WRESTLE **ME** TOO? I'M SURE **BETH** WOULD LET YOU?" Zoe grasped ken's cock through his loose running shorts, "LET THE WEAK LOSER DO WHAT?" Bob's wife beth said coming out the back door ...



She was back from the gym with Zoe's mother, "OH DEAR, SANDRA! LOOK WHAT YOUR DAUGHTER IS DOING TO MY SON!" "YES, TUT! TUT! SUCH A **NAUGHTY GIRL!**" Said Sandra with a smirk.

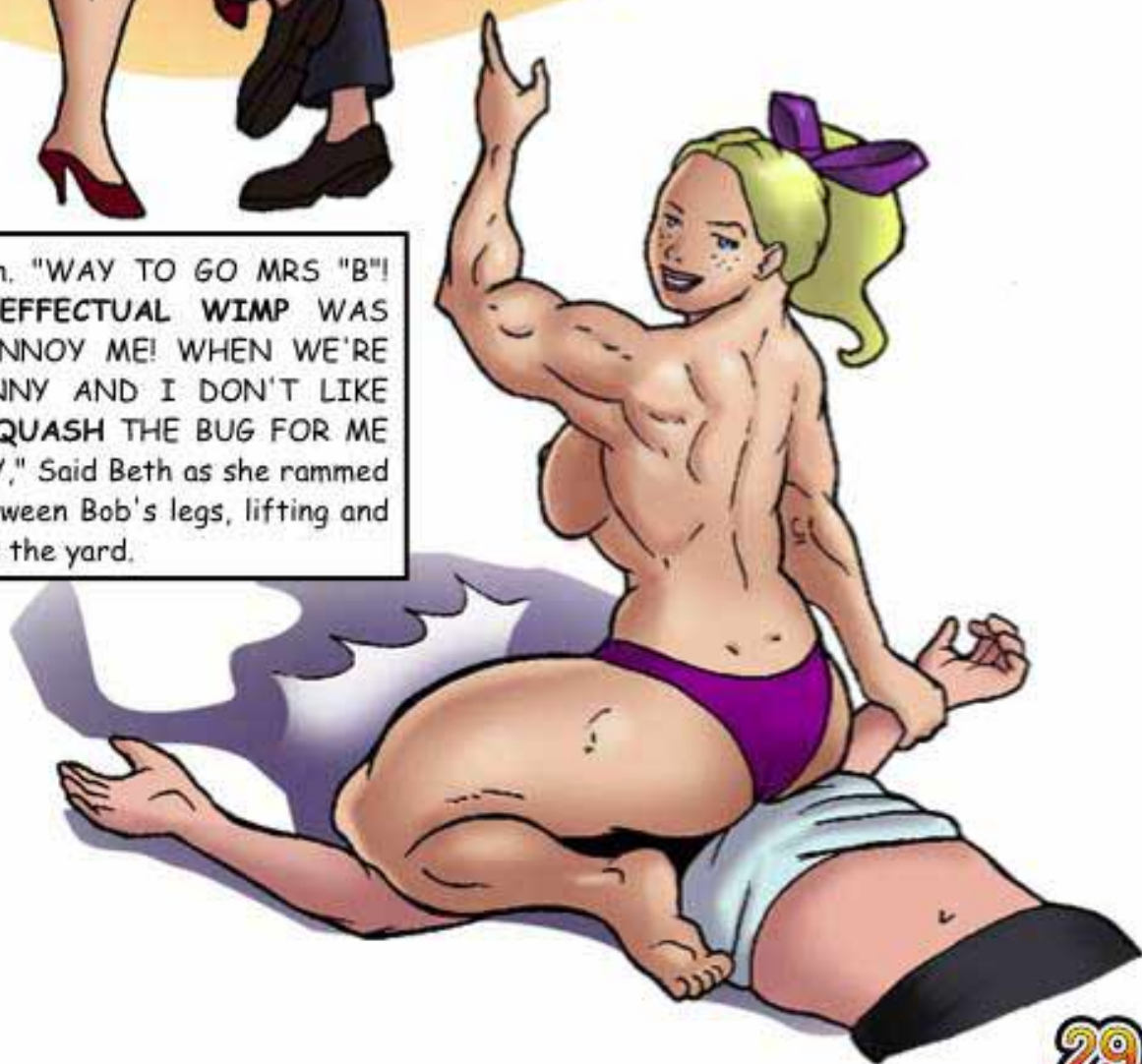


"NOW DARLING, LET'S STOP THAT!" Said Zoe's mother. "STOP WHAT?" Enquired Zoe, cheekily, staying ontop of Ken's face. "YOU KNOW WHAT TO STOP YOUNG LADY!" "AW, MOM!" Gripped Zoe, but the dominant young woman let go of her conquest prick. "LET THEM GO AHEAD." Beth said: "WHAT ZOE'S DOING TO KENNETH IS ENTIRELY APPROPRIATE." "HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT BETH?!" Wailed her husband. "BECAUSE IT'S TRUE, DEAR. HOW DOES RICHARD MORGAN PUT IT? "REACH DOWN INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE HORMONES, WHERE VIOLENCE AND SEX AND POWER ARE INEXTRICABLY ENTWINED." JACK HIM OFF ZOE! YOU HAVE MY FULL APPROVAL." "BETH! DARLING, PLEASE! WE MUSTN'T LET HER! KEN ..." Bob pleaded. "NONSENSE. IT'LL BE GOOD FOR HIM. IT'S WHAT HE NEEDS A WOMAN TO DO TO HIM. A LOT. JUST AS YOU DO, WEAKLING!" "YOU'RE ... YOU WOMAN ARE ALL **SEX CRAZY!**" muttered Bob. "TRUE," rejoined his wife. "YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND, YOU LOSER, CAN'T BE. YOU NEVER HAVE BEEN ABLE TO BE." She turned to Sandra: "AS WE BOTH KNOW, DEAR, HE'S NOT WELL ENOUGH EQUIPPED!" Both women laughed richly, and Zoe holding Ken's small throbbing cock joined them. "SHUT UP! **SHUT UP!**" shouted Bob, from where he knelt beside his son's head, or what he could be seen of it beneath the bum and solid thighs of the younger Zoe. He reached out to try and push Zoe off his son's trembling form, and Beth went for him: "I THINK THAT IS MORE THAN ENOUGH FROM YOU, **WIFEY!**" She lifted him up to his feet effortlessly.





Zoe cheered her on. "WAY TO GO MRS "B"! THANKS! THE **INEFFECTUAL WIMP** WAS BEGINNING TO ANNOY ME! WHEN WE'RE DOING THIS, KENNY AND I DON'T LIKE INTRRUPTIONS! **SQUASH** THE BUG FOR ME WILL YA?" "GLADLY," Said Beth as she rammed her big thigh up between Bob's legs, lifting and propelling him across the yard.





Bob went smashing into the fence and down. Beth strode over to him on her long deadly looking legs. "YOU **INSECT!** HOW DARE YOU TRY TO INTERFERE WITH THAT YOUNG WOMAN CARRYING OUT WHAT KEN SO DEARLY NEEDS! GET UP AND FIGHT YOU **LIMP-PRICKED LOSER!**" "HA! HA!" laughed Sandra, "DON'T HURT HIM TOO MUCH BETH OR HE'LL NEVER GET IT UP!" "HUH," Beth said scornfully: "YOU CAN'T SEE IT EVEN WHEN IT'S STIFF!" That was true, but she had noticed Bob got stiff a lot more often now that she ruled him, totally. Now that she fully 'wore the pants' in their marriage.





Beth quickly got over her frightened husband who was trying to crawl away from her domineering form and seized him by his collar to haul him up. "YOU'VE BEEN ASKING FOR A BEATING ALL WEEK, AND NOW YOU'RE GONNA GET IT!" "NO! P - PLEASE DEAR, I ... OH!" Bob knew by this time begging was useless, but still he persisted.





She grabbed him by both his ears and fell backwards, pulling his head between her bulging thighs. locking her hands together under his chin she forced his head further up between the thickest and deadliest parts of her husky legs! 'WATCH THIS ONE, ZOE!'

From her rightful place atop Bob's son's face, eyes- glittering with interest, Zoe watched Beth 'doing' Bob. Leaning back, Beth began to crush her husband's tapped head. It didn't take much pressure from her great legs to do this. It wasn't like she was subduing a person of any strength. She'd taken all her husbands strength from him long ago! "TIME ME!"

"OH JESUS!" Sandra Maxwell said, as she looked at her watch and then a Beth torturing Bob's head with he massive legs. Her face showing how much she was relishing his fading little male cries:





Beth was now bodily rolling him from side to side, spacing her torturous squeezing, as she relaxed on her elbows and watched her totally outclassed husband suffer between her beautiful legs again. Zoe's eye's shone as she said, "KILL HIM! REALLY! LET'S YOU AND ME JUST KILL THEM BOTH!" Beth's nipples were hard, erect and poking out from her tight leotard. She gave serious thought to the young woman's proposal. She had no doubt they could get away with it. "NOT REALLY, DARLING. YOU'VE SURELY DISCOVERED THIS PAIR OF WEAKLINGS ARE MUCH TOO MUCH FUN ALIVE." Zoe agreed, but still had cruel thoughts.

Beth now had lowered her husbands head to grip the sides of his face with her hard, bulbous calves. She was dragging the upper one over Bob's face, almost grinding his cheek and jaw beneath it. She loved to use her long, sexy legs this way on the suffering man who was now far too weakened and near fainting to resist her in anyway. Sandra, was no longer timing her as she saw Beth had decided on keeping her victim awake to make him suffer further in this sexy way that was getting her really turned on just watching her beautiful neighbor in action. She was amazed at the sheer size of Beth's calves - each one being larger than her trapped, red-faced husband's head! Zoe too, admired the simple brutality of her calf-treatment on the man, and reminded herself to try it next time she was head scissoring a man between her mighty legs!

With a last affectionate crush of her legs and calves one her moaning and crying husband, Beth released him from her deadly legs and straddled her defeated husband's shallow chest.





Pushing up her thick, red hair pumped up her biceps massively. Some of her sweat dripped down onto her nearly out husband/slave, from those big biceps and her underarms. The wet patch at the crotch of her suit also moistened his flattened chest as he struggled to breath beneath Beth's superior weight.

Zoe's mother went to her gym bag and got out a digital camera to record some victory poses of the winning women.





"BETH, LET'S HAVE A FEW VICTORY POSES OVER THIS MALE WHO HAS NO MALENESS LEFT IN HIM!" Sandra said laughing, "MAKE HIM DO SOMETHING!" Requested Zoe, "SOMETHING RUDE!"

Beth stood up and stared down at her totally whipped husband and told him to get on his knees before his superior. He slowly began to comply, feeling half dead from his recent beating, and Beth added, "SOMETIME TOAY BOB!, UNLESS YOU WANT A LITTLE MORE, LEG..." Quickly he assumed his submissive position at her feet. After taking a fee shots, Sandra switched the camera over to video and Beth then ordered Bob begin by licking his mistress' feet and to continue licking her legs until he was told to stop. "HEELS FIRST, BOB!" Beth reminded him as he was prone to start licking her big calves first when ordered to pay homage to Beth's great legs.

This picture/video taking was about the only thing that could get Zoe off of Kenny's face. She could have stayed on him all day and night. She stood with both her feet planted to the sides of the now nearly unconscious young man's body who had come very close to fainting under her full ass.





Zoe flexed up her powerful body for the camera, displaying very impressive biceps herself! "SUPER, DARLING!" Said her mother. They could see that Ken was just to utterly exhausted and defeated to do anything like they had made Bob do. "GOD SANDRA," commented Beth. "I WISH I HAD A SON LIKE YOUR DAUGHTER! LOOK AT WHAT I'VE GOT! I WISH I HAD A KID WITH SOME BALLS! BUT THEN, WITH HIS FATHER, WELL, WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT? HE HASN'T ANY BALLS!" "HA! HA! IT SEEMS TO ME, YOU TOOK THEM OFF HIM," Sandra said. "STOP COMPLAINING." "OKAY, WE BOTH WANTED TO WEAR THE PANTS!" Beth said. "WELL DONE, ZOE! TREMENDOUS!" crowed her mother. "I CAN BEAT THE FATHER, YOU CAN BEAT THE SON!" "YEAH," Scowled Zoe, staring at the subjugated Bob: "I COULD BEAT THE FATHER TOO!"



"I WANT TO FIGHT HIM!" Ken looked up at her weepily. She would beat his Dad now, he was sure. He didn't want to watch that, but to see Zoe's fantastic body in action on someone other than himself ... perhaps ...

**END?**