

HER THIGHS  
HAVE ME!  
Part TwoÖ  
by LH & Martin

THE JOB  
INTERVIEWING PART IS  
OVER! IT IS NOW TIME  
FOR YOU TO LEARN TO  
OBEY YOUR MISTRESS'  
ORDERS -**GET UP,  
NOW!!!**

Now this woman had become angry with me and when she pulled back on my hair I was sure she was going to take a hand full of it out of my scalp! OUCH! It hurt like Hell! I was forced to get up on my hands and knees - which was not too easy as this 'little' Asian girl weighed in at a very solid 145 pounds(most of it solid muscle!). I slowly started to crawl across the room, and Michelle gripped my tie and pulled it back, choking me and directing me to turn right with it like the tie was my reigns!



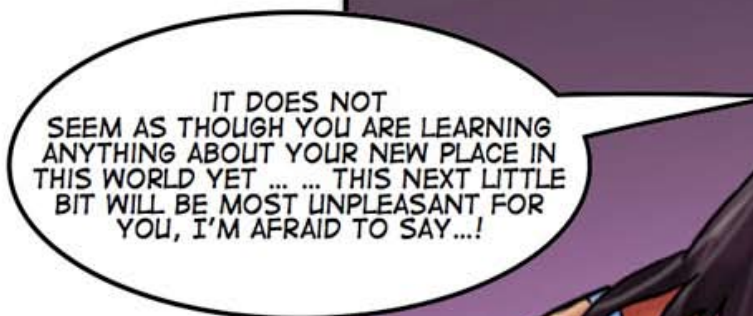
Then she locked her ankles under me and begin pressuring my ribs with her husky thighs. So, on top of being choked out by my own tie, she was giving my ribs a good bruising with her hard, crushingly powerful legs! She told me to crawl faster and I tried to comply, but I was getting winded fast. I admit I'm not in the best of shape anymore since I spend so much time at my desk anymore, pushing the mouse about. But being pulled, choked and squashed as I tried to carry this incredible female about like a trained pony was exhausting me fast. Each time i tried to speak and plea with her to let me rest, all I got was my ribs suddenly bent in to the breaking point, and another choking tug to my tie. I was sweating like a well run horse...







Finally I just collapsed in total exhaustion. I didn't even have the wind left to even curse her anymore. Michelle bounced up and down with her tight, firm bottom to try and get me to raise back up again, but it was obvious I was going to be able to muster any kind of reserves to do what she wanted me to do.



Michelle fell to her side and snaked her formidable legs about my waist, placing me in a body scissors lock about my lower ribs. I could feel her big, hard right calf like a large rock on the side of my back. It felt HUGE! When she started pressuring with her deadly legs, I began to scream out in pain and fear for help but Michelle cut-off my yelling with a choking forearm to my throat. Then with a couple of good lung deflating squeezes with her legs, I no longer had air enough to even get out a wheezing cough...





COUGH ...  
WEEZE ... PL ... PLEASE, M-  
MICHELLE ...S-SQUEEZING  
TOO HARD, I ... I CAN'T TAKE  
... P - PRESSURE...  
OH...

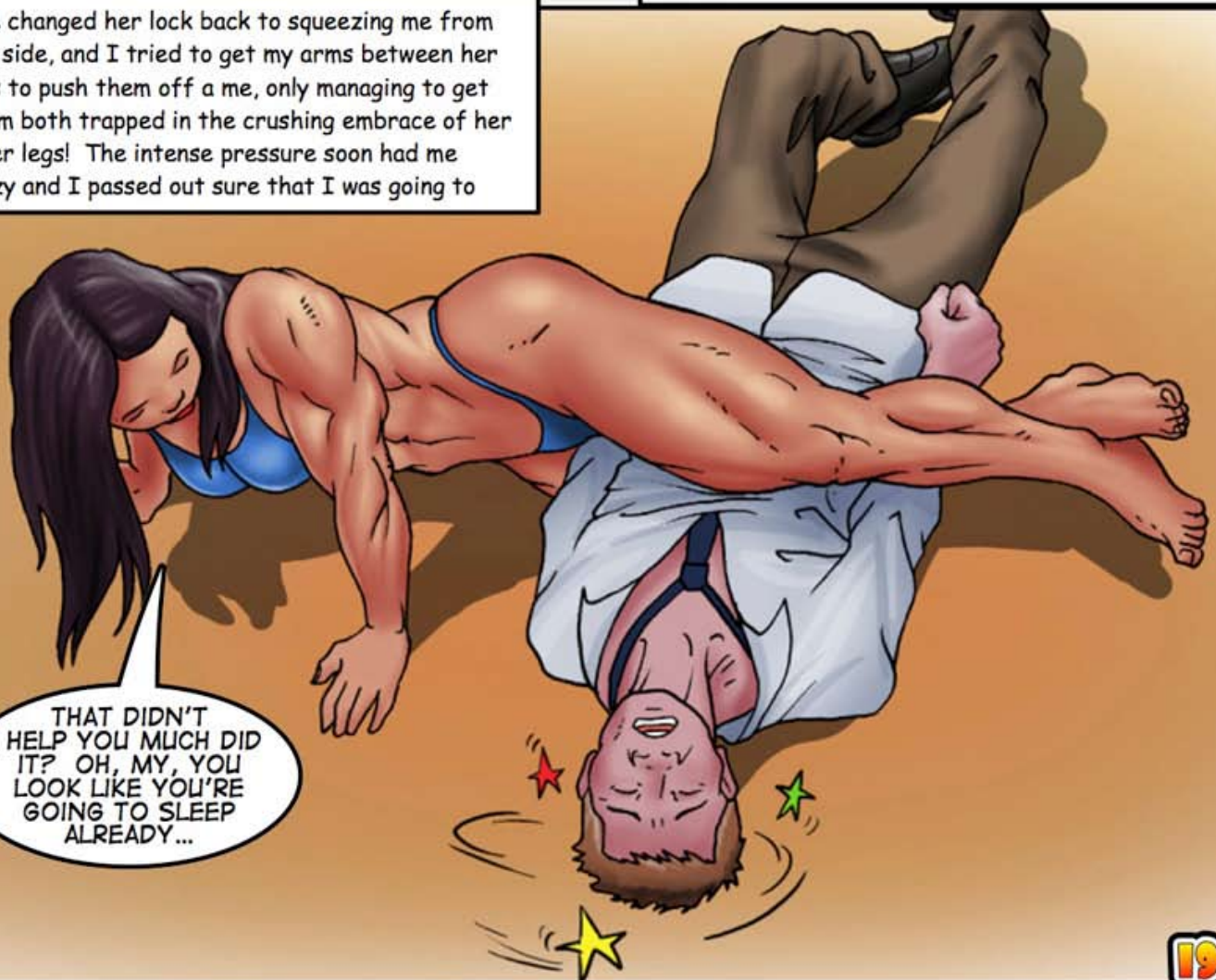
SQUEEZING  
TOO HARD!? I HAVEN'T  
EVEN STARTED  
SQUEEZING YOU!  
HERE,  
THIS IS  
SQUEEZING...



Her legs crushed in on my ribs quickly bending them in, painfully. This sample of her crushing abilities had me groaning in utter helplessness. I could no longer breathe, and was sure my ribs would cave in soon...

She changed her lock back to squeezing me from her side, and I tried to get my arms between her legs to push them off a me, only managing to get them both trapped in the crushing embrace of her killer legs! The intense pressure soon had me dizzy and I passed out sure that I was going to

THAT DIDN'T  
HELP YOU MUCH DID  
IT? OH, MY, YOU  
LOOK LIKE YOU'RE  
GOING TO SLEEP  
ALREADY...





I came to, only to focus on her sitting there reading the mag I use to work for, those terrible - yet beautiful legs crossed as she ignored my moans of pain and complaints about possible broken ribs. I then started telling her I'd do anything she wanted if she'd just let me go...



WHAT IS THIS CONSTANT NOISE I KEEP HEARING? LIKE GROANING FLOORBOARDS, OR PERHAPS A RAT IN THE WALLS? OH, YES, NOW I REMEMBER, IT IS THAT TROUBLESOME AMERICAN...





She came down on the floor with me, and I shut up my complaints and quickly started begging her not to hurt me anymore. I was too weak and sore to try to get away. She quickly had my left arm in a painful martial arts like lock that had it to the point of dislocation in an instant. I felt her sexy foot on my throat cutting off my pleading. She rubbed her other leg over my aching ribs, making sure her big hard calf pushed in painfully on them.

YOU WANT ME TO LET YOU GO?  
I THOUGHT YOU WHO WAS SO HOT TO COME HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE?  
TURNED ON BY THESE VERY LEGS YOU ARE SO AFRAID OF RIGHT NOW. NO,  
I THINK YOU WILL BE STAYING FOR QUITE SOME TIME TO COME. YOU WILL BE  
NEEDING MUCH MORE TRAINING AND TIME TO HEAL UP YOUR RIBS - SO  
SORRY ABOUT THAT. SOMETIMES I JUST GET CARRIED AWAY IN THE HEAT  
OF THE MOMENT AND ALL. BESIDES, YOU DON'T WANT TO GO OUT  
DRESSED LIKE THIS NOW DO YOU?



I hadn't even noticed, with all my pain and fear that she had taken off all my clothes but for my boxer shorts...!

I NEED TO GET

YOU READY AND HAVE YOU TRAINED  
FOR MY NEW ACT IN A LITTLE MORE THAN  
A MONTH FOR WHEN WE OPEN BACK UP IN  
HONG KONG. YOU HAVE A NICE LOOKING  
FACE ALL SMISHED-UP LIKE THAT. IT WILL  
LOOK EVEN BETTER IN CLOWN MAKE-UP!

I'M SURE YOU REALIZE YOU  
NEVER HAD ANY CHOICE IN  
THIS, AT ALL!







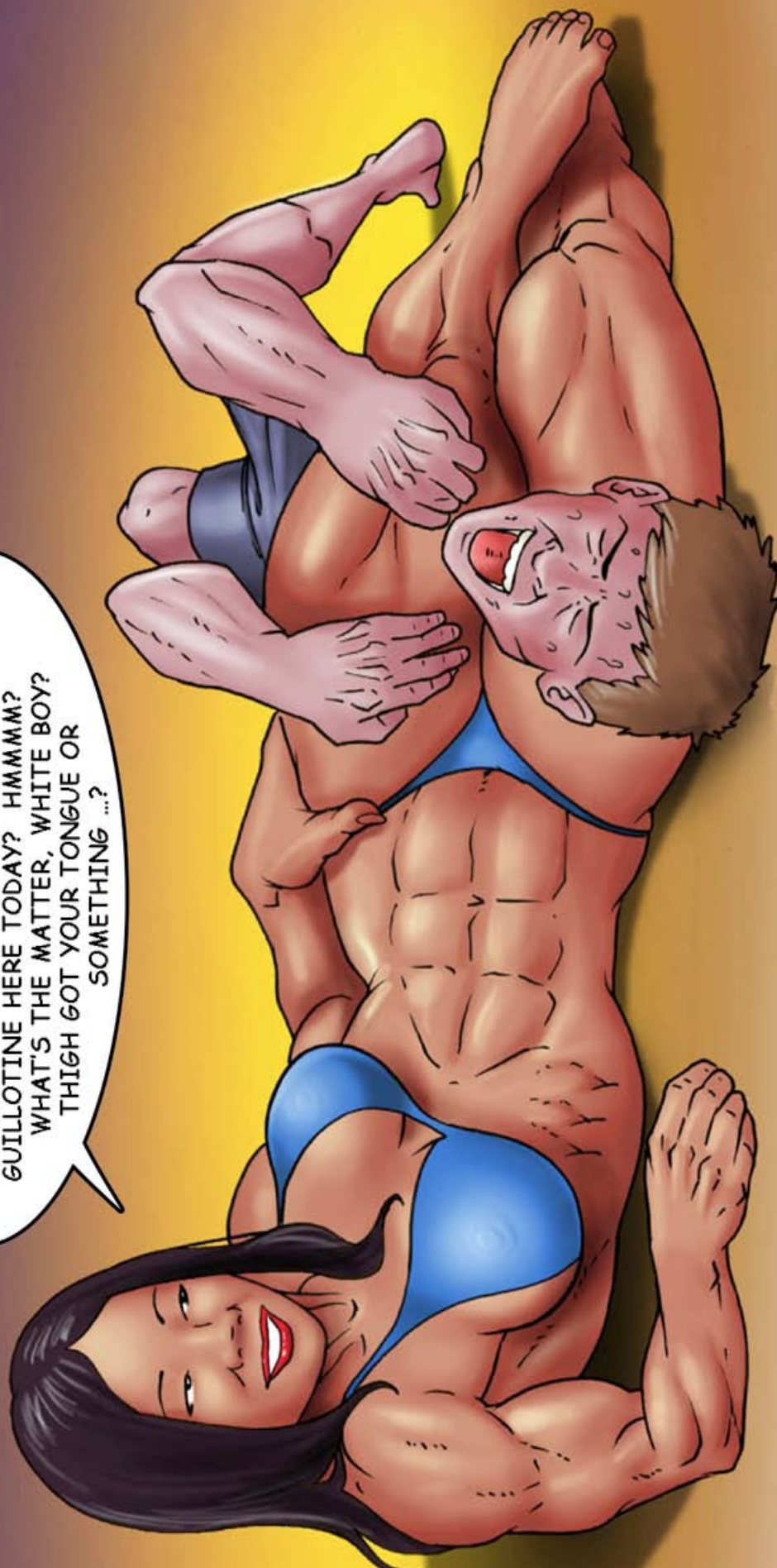
AND ONE THING  
YOU NEED TO  
LEARN RIGHT  
NOW...

...IS THAT YOU WILL  
OBEY ME FROM NOW  
ON, OR YOU WILL NO  
LONGER BE  
**BREATHING IN THIS  
WORLD!**

Suddenly she closed my neck up tightly in her deadly leg scissors. She body was such a perfect weapon! I had no defense against it. Within in a minute I was on the verge of passing out again as her swelling thigh muscles closed off my throat, all but flattening it. The realization that she could kill me so easily quickly brought me to a state of acceptance of anything she wanted of me, **anything** if she would only let me live...



ONE OF YOUR  
METHODS OF CAPITOL PUNISHMENT  
BACK IN EUROPE WAS BEHEADING, YOU  
KNOW. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE  
THESE MUSCULAR LEGS OF MINE ACT AS YOUR  
GUILLOTINE HERE TODAY? HMMMM?  
WHAT'S THE MATTER, WHITE BOY?  
THIGH GOT YOUR TONGUE OR  
SOMETHING ...?







I awoke for a second time to feel her lovely foot on my face, using it like a living footrest as she lounged on the couch waiting for me to regain consciousness. I felt completely lost to her now, willing to obey her every order or whim, no matter what it was. A near death experience being dished out by such a beautiful and confident women seems to have that effect on me, I now realized...

I ignored the searing pain from my ribs and the dry throbbing pain in my throat and quickly got down a low as I could get before Michelle to do her bidding. I kissed her perfect foot like it was the most precious thing to me in the world at that moment(And it was!). I was no longer a complaining, spoiled westerner, I had become her ... newest **slave-clown**!

ON YOUR  
KNEES NOW!  
**INFERIOR WESTERN  
WIMP!** KISS YOUR  
NEW MISTRESS' FOOT,  
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!  
BUT, I WONDER IF  
YOU ARE FAKING IT.  
YOU WESTERNERS ARE  
SUCH LIARS AND  
FRAUDS. PERHAPS YOU  
ARE NOT GOING TO BE  
A GOOD ADDITION TO  
MY TROUPE...





OOH, NO, NO ...  
PLEASE MISTRESS MICHELLE. I'LL  
WORK HARDER THAN ANY OF THEM, I ...  
PROMISE. I WILL NOT LIE OR CHEAT.  
PLEASE, PLEASE, I BEG YOU! DON'T C-  
CAST ME OFF, I ONLY WANT TO PLEASE  
YOU, TRULY,  
I ... D-DO... SOB...

OH, PLEASE!  
HOW DOES THAT SONG  
GO...? THE DAVID BOWIE  
ONE... "AND WHEN YOU  
GET EXCITED, YOUR  
LITTLE CHINA GIRL SAYS  
-OH BABY JUST YOU  
SHUT YOUR  
MOUTH!"



SIX WEEKS LATER, THE RAVISHING YOUNG WOMAN  
EMERGES INTO THE SPOT-LIGHTS OF THE CIRCUS  
CENTER RING AND THE CROWDS APPLAUDS LOUDLY  
AND LONG...



[www.chart.com](http://www.chart.com)



TAKING THE ROPE OFFERED BY AN OBEDIENT CLOWN MICHELLE QUICKLY AND EFFORTLESSLY HAULS HER SELF ALOFT AND BEGINS TO SWING OVER THE HEAD OF HER CLOWNS. AS SHE PASSES OVER THE HEAD OF HER NEWEST CLOWN HE IS SEEN TO BE SWEATING AS HE LOOKS UP AT HER IN EXCESSIVE AWE OF THIS ACROBATIC WOMAN. AND PERHAPS A BIT OF APPREHENSION AS THEY NEVER KNOW WHICH ONE SHE WILL CHOOSE AS HER NEWEST VICTIM FOR TONIGHT'S SHOW, AND THEIR TENSION AND FEAR CAN ALMOST BEEN SEEN THROUGH THEIR PAINTED ON HAPPY FACES...

www.flart.com







LUCKILY, TONIGHT IS NOT HIS NIGHT TO BE THE HANGING MAN, IT WAS ONE OF THE OTHERS WHO HAD BEEN PUTTING ON A LITTLE WEIGHT AND NOT TRAINING AS HARD AS HE SHOULD. MICHELLE TOOK HIM FRONTWARDS THIS TIME SO SHE COULD WATCH HIS EXPRESSION AS SHE THROTTLED HIM INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS BETWEEN HER BULGING CALVES ABOVE THE REST OF THE SCAMPERING CLOWNS. BUT LATER, AFTER THE SHOW, HE WAS CALLED UP BY THEIR MISTRESS FOR NOT DOING A GOOD JOB OF REMAINING IN CHARACTER AS A HAPPY/CRAZY CLOWN AND SHOWING HIS FEAR OF HER TO THE AUDIENCE. FOR THIS HIS PUNISHMENT WOULD BE SEVERE AND HE AGAIN FOUND HIMSELF BEGGING FOR MERCY AND FORGIVENESS...





HE SHOULD KNOW BY NOW THAT BEGGING IS NOT SOMETHING THAT WORKS WITH HIS MISTRESS AND IT ONLY GETS HIM A WORSE SESSION THAN HE MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN. MICHELLE'S TIGHT FIGURE FOUR SCISSORS FEELS LIKE IT WILL POP HIS HEAD RIGHT OFF HIS SHALLOW SHOULDERS AS THE MASS OF HER BIG LEFT CALF SWELLS IN AND OUT AGAINST HIS MASHED NECK!

YOU HAVE DONE WELL IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS, BUT YOU STILL WANT TO TALK AND BEG TOO MUCH. YOU MUST REMEMBER **SILENCE** AND **PANTOMIME** ARE THE AREAS YOU NEED MOST WORK ON NOW...

WELL, AT LEAST NOW YOU CAN CARRY ME AROUND THE RING WITHOUT COLLAPSING LIKE AN OLD BROKEN DOWN MARE!



Yes, I had built up strength with Michelle's merciless training regimes, and these punishment sessions. I'd fully accepted my new station in life as her slave/clown but it was hard to completely eliminate all the years of soft, falsely secure, western living. Michelle's powerful legs were doing a good job of crushing it out of me and nearly re-breaking my sore but mending ribs at the same time. But this time I wasn't begging for mercy, just moaning in pain and acceptance of her **IRON-LEGGED** rule over the rest of my life. I'd run away to the circus so-to-speak. Run away from a life without purpose to one as the willing submissive to this beautiful acrobat from the eastern circus tradition. A humble pack-mule for her new-age ideals and mission...



Now, when the circus comes to town, there is no parade with animals and carts(they don't use animals anymore), but sometimes Michelle takes me for walks in the park and I get to be her personal animal - a doggie/clown...

