

JOYCE (*the Vise of Vice*) in...

"EMBRACING THE DARK SIDE"

Sometimes we spend so much time looking for enemies outside of our familiar surrounding that we fail to see the menace right in front of , until it is too late. This is almost what happened to our muscularly made lady cop Joyce. She'd been so active catching all the bad guys in the under-worlds of drug dealers and sexual perverts that she failed to see the corruption from above her police departments administration working to change the whole basic duties of the "to serve and protect" motto of her force.

A new administrative director was appointed by city politicians (who had been themselves elected in highly questionable elections), with the agenda to clean up the force and get it ready for the new duties of finding and fighting terrorist. But the descriptions of these terrorist were rather screwy. People who were protesting the current Washington administration seemed more prominent on the list than your suspicious criminal types with connections to actual hostile foreign governments. Cops were being put through training to deal with more citizen unrest and crowd control than real police work. Outside corporations were starting to take over more and more of the city's day-to-day operations, and Joyce found herself transferred to do undercover work spying on regular citizens trying to work peacefully to protest all these changes pushing the country into some kind of neo-fascist, corporate oligarchy. She complained to her immediate superiors and they could only tell her they were powerless to do anything about all these changes these new corporate guys were making.

Joyce not being one to take that as a final answer, went over their heads, but soon found herself under things about some of her past acts of violence against criminals who surely deserved everything they got, but weren't given their proper rights. It would almost be funny if it wasn't so serious. These were people who would have easily condoned her violent actions if the victims were some of the people she was being ordered to spy on today, but now they were using some pretty high paid lawyers to get Joyce thrown off the force, and they were succeeding.

Joyce was almost to the point of getting physical with some of these idiots, but she knew they would only use it against her and she'd wind up in prison with a lot of folks she had personally had a part in sending to prison in the past.

But Joyce is both physically and mentally powerful, and she soon started her own investigation into who would be the key man behind all these reactionary changes. It was a group of appointees, but one man stood out as their direct link to the folks in the national administration and newly formed national security forces pulling the strings.

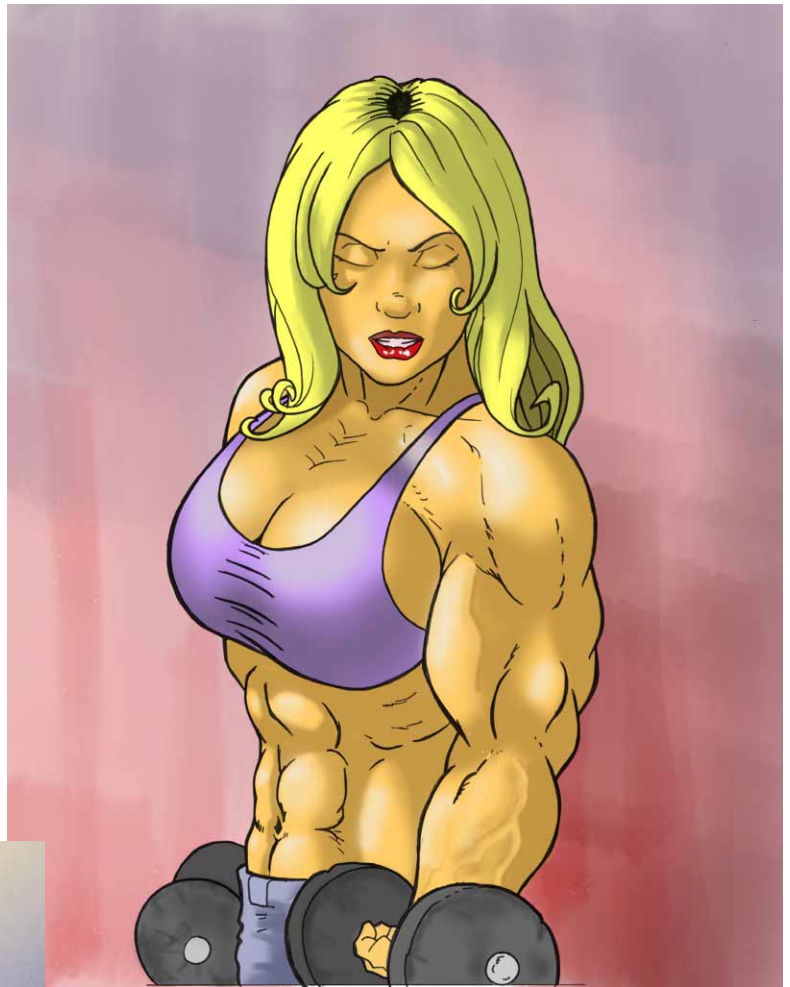


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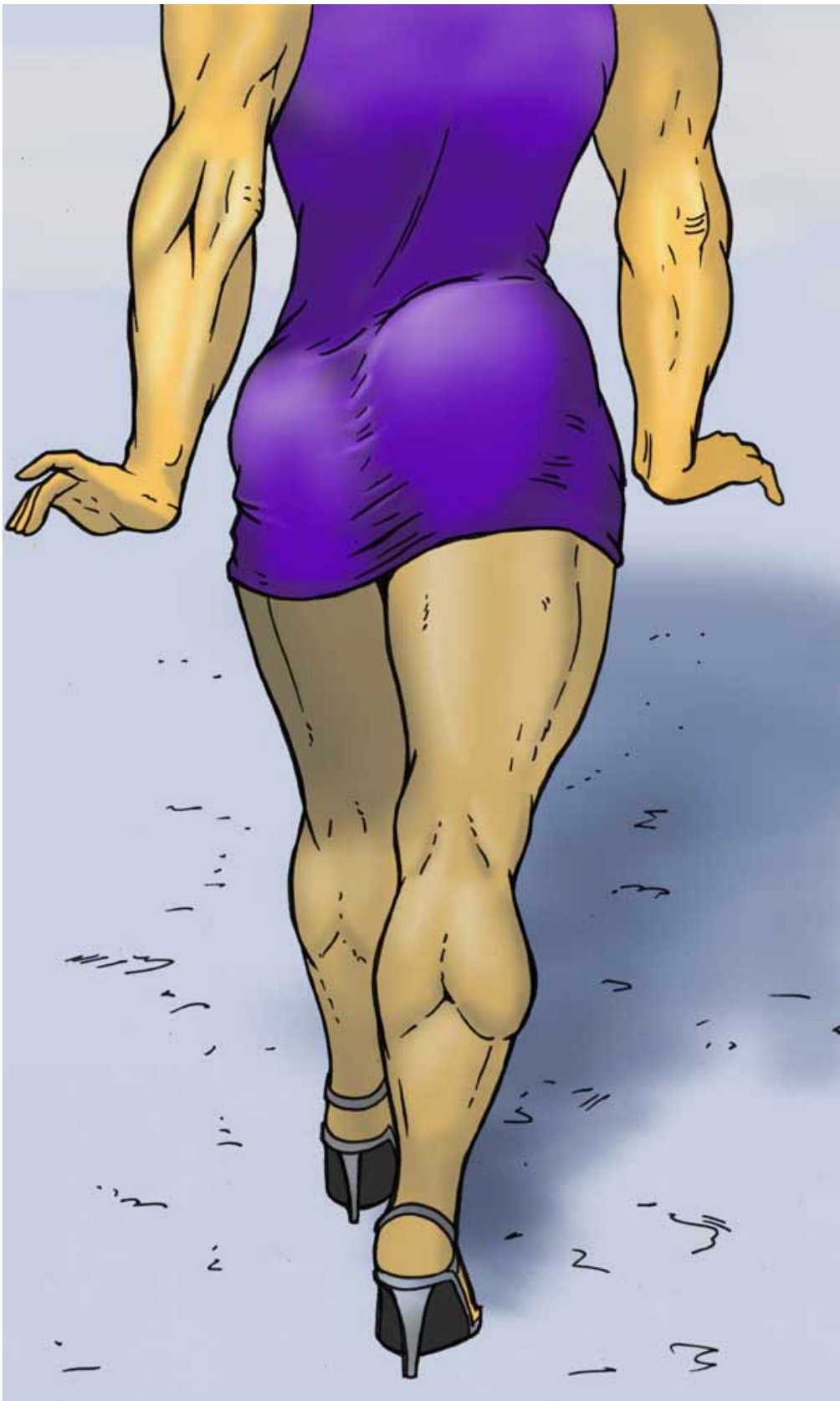
She was currently on suspension pending her court case, so she made the best use of her time. For Joyce that was hitting the gym hard with really intense workouts. Pumping her massive muscles over and over to maxxed-out exertion. She was getting herself into the best shape of her life for this coming battle.

She would use the gym very early in the morning when hardly no one was there but people she knew and trusted. They would always go bug-eyed when she really got into her sets, even though they had seen Joyce like this many times before. It was just such an amazing site. Joyce was now in her forties, but could pass for a peaking female bodybuilder in her early twenties. She had genes that must have been just about perfect. A combination of northern European, with a touch of spanish/latin and a small amount of American Indian from some great, great, great, great french fur trapper relation.



Joyce, had never married, though she had been thought of as a lesbian at one point, she was actually interested in both sexes and had many male lovers. Most just couldn't keep up with her, or were too bone headed to realize she was the superior partner. Those relationships usually ended badly with the guy getting hurt - sometimes pretty badly. Other guys were mature enough to respect her awesome powerless and remained life-long friends even after the sexual spark had long since died out in Joyce for them. More of her female lovers stayed friends than the male lovers did, but that was obviously because women can accept Joyce as she is so much easier than men can. There were still jerks in the rank and file of the force, but they were not a numerous as they were during her early years of service.

It was through most of these long term friendships that Joyce eventually found out who the man was she needed to get to in her special way...



She was very happy to find out he was single, and straight, and even more happy to hear he had a habit of using escort services occasionally when he thought no one would notice. He was careful and had contacts in the FBI check out all the women he got set-up with. But Joyce had friends in the Bureau too, and got herself checked out as clean for one of his up coming appointments. She almost couldn't believe he was into the mixed-wrestling, female muscular domination fantasy scene. But then she realized with his right wing, heavily fundamentalist slant, it wasn't that sup rising. The powerful they became, the more they wanted a strong female figure to spank them occasionally.

But then she learned it wasn't that way for him. He wanted to be the dominator and spank the muscular female. He wanted to live out his evangelical belief that women were submissive to the man, and the more powerful these women looked, the more erotic it was for him to spank them and have them begging him to blow him or what ever. This revelation only made her coming encounter with Mr. Roving all that more satisfying for Joyce.

He made many trips back and forth from Washington, and could cover his little guilty pleasures at some of the downtown hotels owned by one of the corporations doing most of the reorganizing work on the police dept. They actually kept a suite for him on the top floor. When Joyce entered his room she made eye contact with the man guarding Roving - he was a cop she knew from before and he had already been told to just leave the building instead of wait just outside the door as his new boss thought. He knew Joyce's reputation and was more than willing to go along with her. Even setting up a professional call to another activity happening just after he left the room. So if questioned later he had a valid reason for not being there.



Mr. Roving was not as old as she thought from his pictures. He was probably 10 to 15 years younger than Joyce, but she looked to him like a fantastically built twenty something. A ravishing, muscular blonde he would truly enjoy dominating this evening. Joyce said nothing as he ordered her to strip for him. "Slower, bitch! I want you to show me what you got, but take your time. Yeah, like that - GASP! Holy Shit woman you do work out!"

Joyce was only thinking, "Yes, I'll take my time you skinny runt, I'll take my time indeed!"

The guy struck her like some horny college frat-boy, with sports and babes on the brain, and not much else. Was this some kind of mental clone of their illustrious 'leader'?

“Go over to that chair and lean over it, girl. Yeah, stick out yer ass - like that. I want to see what I’m gonna be whacking tonight. Nice, nice. Pretty hard looking. Gonna have to use something. Don’t want my hand getting bruised up on your dumb big muscled butt. HA!”

The guy was his own source of amusement, it seemed, Joyce thought as she continued to play along with his little pastime, while her own operatives cleared the floor of any possible witnesses. The in room security camera were also being deactivated as well, due to service schedules.





"Mr. Roving, if you don't mind I'll remove my shoes and stockings so they don't get messed up while we play together..." Joyce said in a sultry voice.

"Go right ahead, bitch. I've never been one for all those straps and buckles, anyway. I like the girl-next-door types. Muscled and dumb and ready for the taking by a real man like me!"

It was a strain on reality how this idiot ever got into the position he was holding. She remembered some of the background material saying his daddy had been a big contributor to our 'wartime leader's' re-election, so that must have been how he got to this point in his 'career' in government work. Thought Joyce as she sexily removed her spiked heels – the muscles in her tanned legs bunching and bulging in anticipation of their coming activities with the wide-eyed Mr. Roving.

"I got to tell you, girl, you are the most muscular woman I've ever seen. Those female body building contest never did pay much, did they? Guess you girls gotta find work were ya can these days. The service said the replacement for my regular girl tonight would surprise me, and you sure do that."

"Oh," Joyce said in a more un-sexxed up voice, "I'm sure you'll be plenty surprised by my performance tonight, Roving..."

"It's Mr. Roving to you bitch, and don't you forget it!" He snapped at Joyce as she sat on a stool by the bar.

"Now get yer ass over here and beg me not to punch your pretty face in!" He yelled.

Joyce approached him slowly, and he began to feel a little afraid of her. She was barefooted, but still taller than he was. He thought her superior height was her heels before. She didn't look like she afraid of him, either.

"G-Get down on yer knees, Bitch! I said, Get down on yer knees now! Hey! Ouch! Y-ye n-not suppose to d - do this - wha—"

"Not suppose to do what, Roving? Not suppose to twist your scrawny pencil neck with my big biceps? Not suppose to choke out your worthless tin-god, delusional life?" Joyce said calmly while cranking up the pressure on his neck. Roving was sweating profusely now and couldn't speak or even breathe now, and her arm muscles just kept bulging in on his trapped neck. Bigger and bigger...



Joyce kept twisting up the throat caving pressure until he was sure she was going to kill him right there. His mind racing as to how this could have happened. Was she an agent from the Mossad sent to do him in? Hadn't his people been doing what their boys in DC told them to do? He was getting dizzy from loss of blood flow to his brain.

Suddenly, Joyce tossed him about with just her right arm, sending him flying about like some better-dressed scarecrow or something. Then she swung him completely around and let go to send him flying across the suite to land on the thick carpeting of the living room floor. That shook him up, and brought him back to wakefulness, but he was aching all over and just too tired to try to get up. He looked over to see Joyce slowly walking over to him.

"Wh- HACK! COUGH! What do you w-want? Who sent you? I - I'm doing what they told me to do, I ... I Oh shit, what are you gonna do?"

"Why Roving, I just want to have a little ol' wrestling session with you. Isn't that what you pay the service for? Why else would you want big, muscular women to come up here...?"





"No, i-it's a mistake. I'm the one who hurts you. I just I-like them big. It has to be a mistake. C-call the agency." Roving was almost blubbering.

"Oh, there is no mistake. And there is no agency either. No FBI back ground checks, no security clearance, no Bushshit either. Tonight it is you who will be doing the suffering, not some poor underpaid working girl who can't find any better work, or has a habit to pay for. This little muscle girl is here for one reason only, and that is to see you suffer, good and long. How about a few holds." Joyce said while getting him in a combo arm-stretch, arm-crushing hold. Her big hard thighs nearly grinding his skinny arm into a pulp!

"OW! OH! P-Please! S-Stop. My Arm! OW! OW! Y-you're gonna break it! Wha, what do you want? I'll paid you - a-any thing, OH! Please stop..."

"Afraid you got nothing I want, Roving. Nothing, but perhaps ... your life..." Joyce said as she jolted additional force into the hold until his arm bones crack under the intense pressure. He screamed and then rolled into a ball after she released him.

Joyce, slapped him a couple times and pinned him beneath her. Briefly examining his damaged arm, while he sobbed in pain.

"It isn't even broken you baby. That was just your joints you heard cracking. But, perhaps this one will do a bit more damage." She said as she entangled his legs with her's and began to stretch him out beneath her.

Slowly with a force he could never even begin to try an stop, Joyce stretched him out. His knees soon were stretched to the dislocation point. Joyce then quickly brought her legs in tight and you could hear both his knee joints pop as the result, and again he was screaming. The suite was sound proof, even though most of the floor had been cleared anyway.

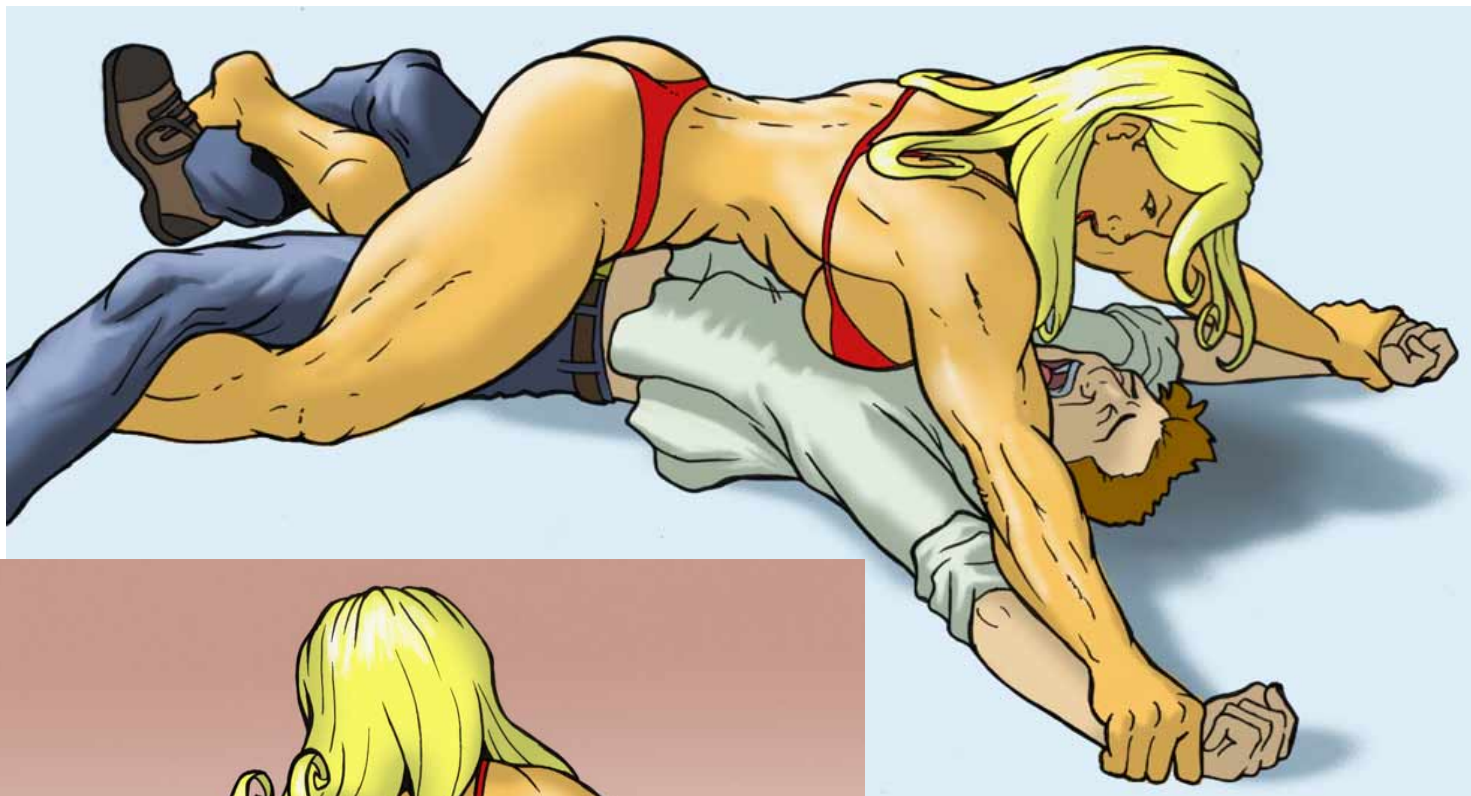
“Scream all you want, little man. No one is going to hear you. Perhaps I should introduce my self. I’m a detective with the force here. The one they call Joyce the-Vise-of-Vice. Oh, I see from your eyes you’ve heard of me. Yes, one and the same. Sure you know about your little trumped up case against me. You’ve been able to do a lot of damage to this good police forces name in these past few months. But now I’m here to change all that.”



"N-No, oh, wait! It doesn't have to be this way. I can drop the charges. Have you re-instated. It doesn't have to be ..." He pleaded

"So, you seem to be in the know about my methods? Well, I'm afraid you have taken things so far that it looks like this is the only solution, tonight." Joyce said as she continued stretching the man out painfully beneath her far superior body.

"Please, J-Joyce, I can change things. They give me the p-power. Really, I, OH God that hurts!"



Joyce stopped stretching him and just gave him a brief sample of her trademarked legs. Squeezing his waist painfully between them until he could no longer breathe enough to keep begging her to stop.

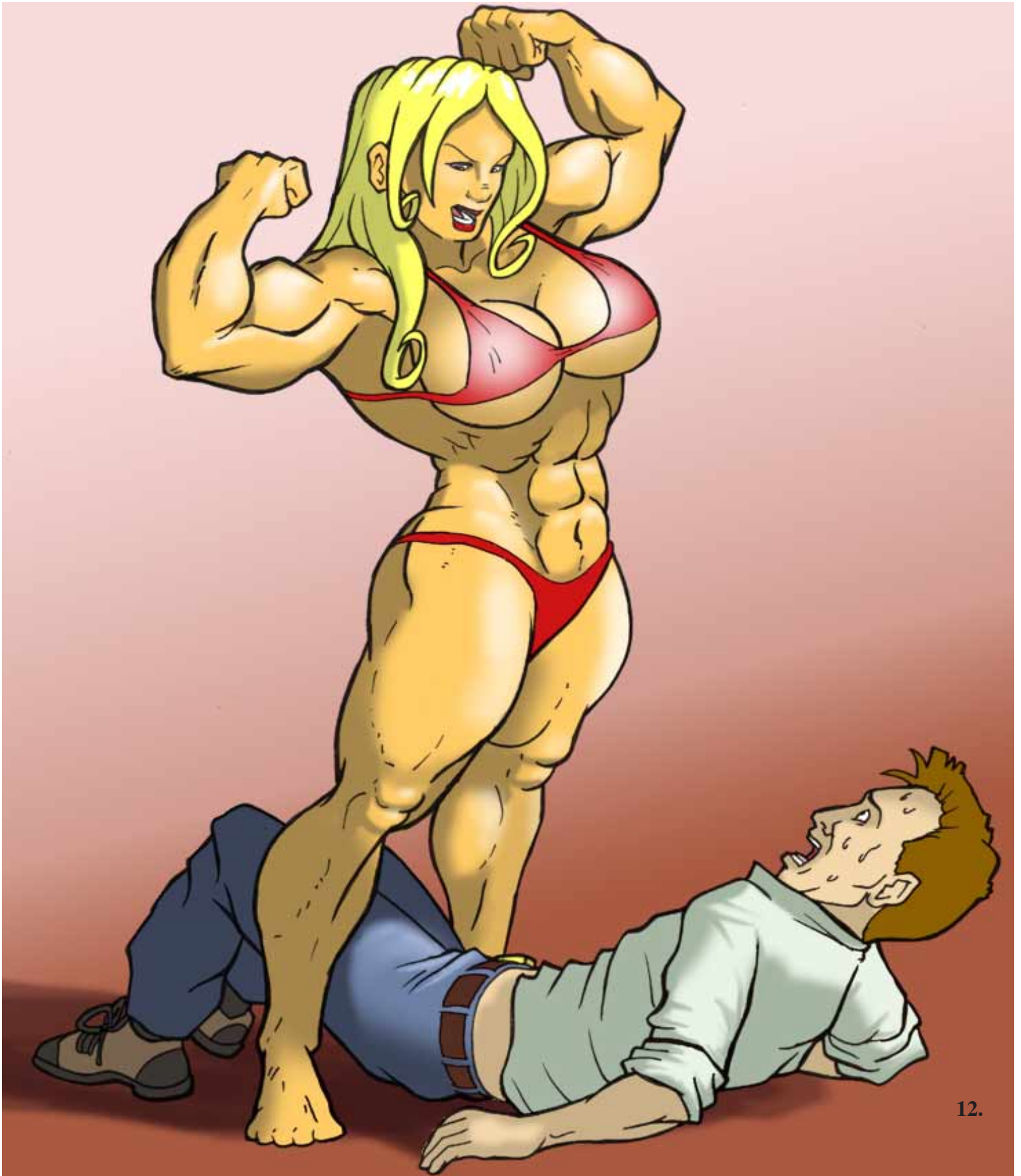
Such immense force and power. She could break him up badly, he knew. The talk about her crushing criminals to death between her legs he thought was just myth before tonight, but now he was sure she could easily kill him with her muscular legs. His mind raced for a way out of this. How could she get this close to him, where were all the security he had? Money just couldn't buy loyalty anymore, he thought.

Joyce stopped short of breaking his lower ribs and got up, straddling the now openly fearful man.

He looked up as she flexed up her phenomenal arms, huge chest sticking out so far he could barely see her lovely face.

"You political hacks think you can just walk into this town and suddenly change everything? What a self deluded lot you are. Thought women are only good for knocking around or knocking up? Hey, we're just made from one of your ribs, right? Should have been studying the biology books and not the bible so much, man!"

"I, I see, I w-was wrong now, Oh, please I don't want to die. Anything, J-Joyce, m-mighty Joyce I'm your slave - really. What ever you want, I'd do it. Promotion, more-pay, you got it. I, I can d-do it. They, they will, shit, they will kill me for sure." Roving started crying, and he cowered beneath Joyce's magnificently developed body.





Joyce knew he was a dead man, no matter what. She also knew he would promise her anything to put off the final chapter of tonight's little playtime. She did not believe a word he said, and had no pity for this man. He had already pushed so many to death either in the overcrowded prisons or by special ops silenced weapons, or just simple suicide.

She told him to pay homage to her famous legs, just to shut up all his pleading. He could no longer stand up anyway. Roving licked her hard calf marveling at its smoothness and swelling hardness with any movement of her long, shapely leg.

Roving was already letting his tongue rove further up Joyce's fantastic leg as he licked her thigh's full forward swelling mass. It was always nice to have a man down at her legs in a submissive way, no matter how much this guy's morals(or lack there of) turned her stomach.

Joyce knew he was never going to mend his evil ways, no matter how good of an actor he was. Checking the crotch of his pants that was now taking on a tented image about his stiffening cock, she knew he was get into this sexually. She was too, but in a much different way. It always get her all tingly when she dominated a man physically, especially when she squeezed them between her terrific legs. Ever since she was a little girl it had been this way for her, and the anticipation of the coming final of this squeeze session was getting her very warm inside. It was time for Mr. Roving to get up close and personal with her legs, without all this tongue action.





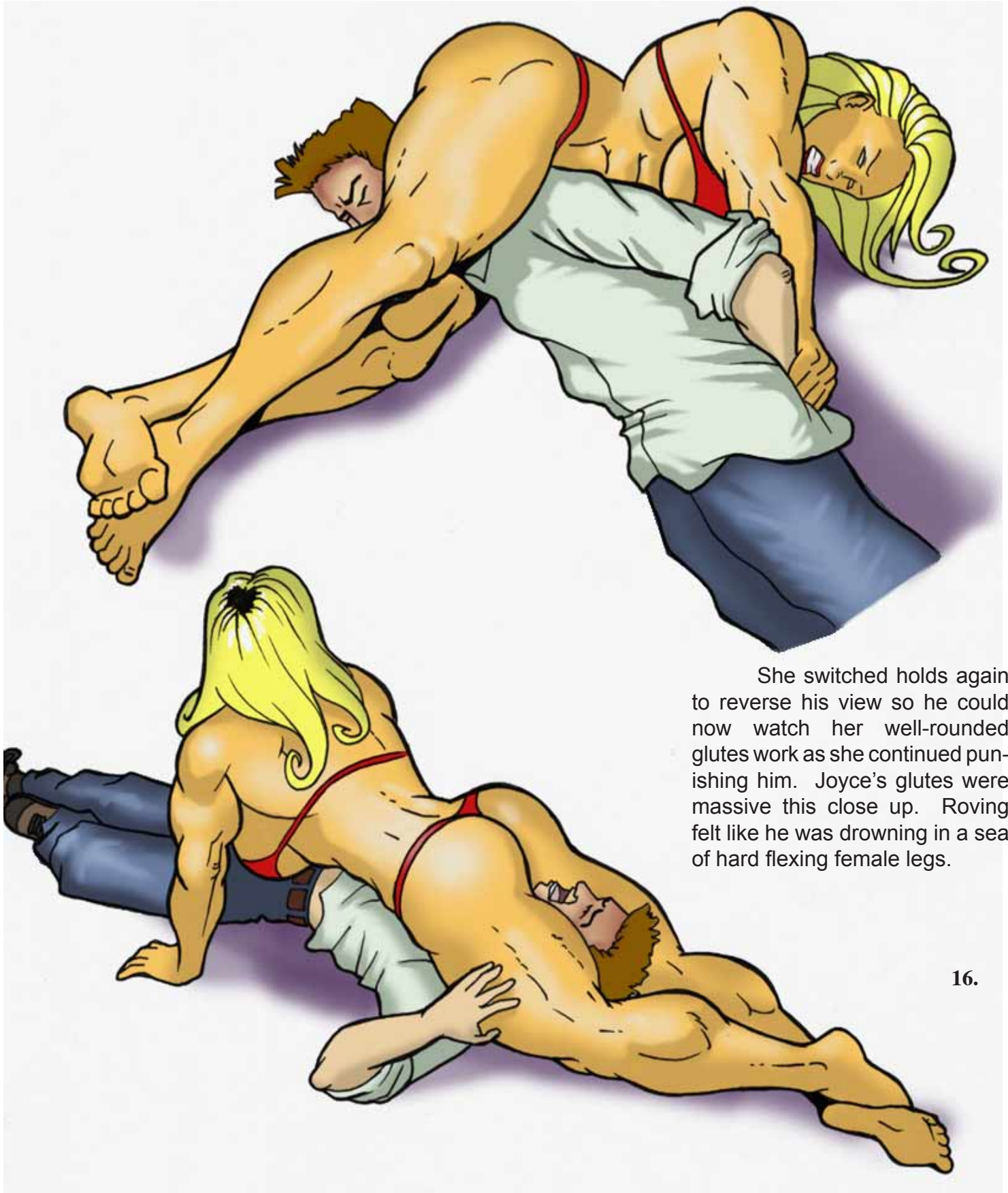
Joyce bent and took Roving hands in a solid grip while he trembled and tried to mouth a plea, but his dried out tongue wouldn't work well for him. Suddenly her legs were about his head and that massive thigh he had just been licking was jamming into his neck just under his chin. The bulk of her great legs was forcing his head back and soon begin to stretch his neck, even before it began to crush it.

Joyce was a true master of the scissor hold. She could make almost any grip with her mighty legs an death grip, it was so easy for her.

Roving started to sputter out a mournful begging, but it was soon cut off by the inward swelling of Joyce's husky thigh. She brought her crossed calves in close to the side of his head and started to pulse thee power to her hamstring muscles, latched solidly beneath his chin. Each pulse further stretching and choking off his throat. Her biceps felt big when she held his neck with it earlier, but her thigh was just gigantic to him now. He would not last long in this hold, Joyce knew, she decided to give him an up close leg tour with her head scissors.

Keeping his hands captive she switched Roving's head about so he was looking down her locked legs noting the constant swell and flexing of her glorious diamond etched calves. Her solid thighs now pinching in on the sides of his neck and head.

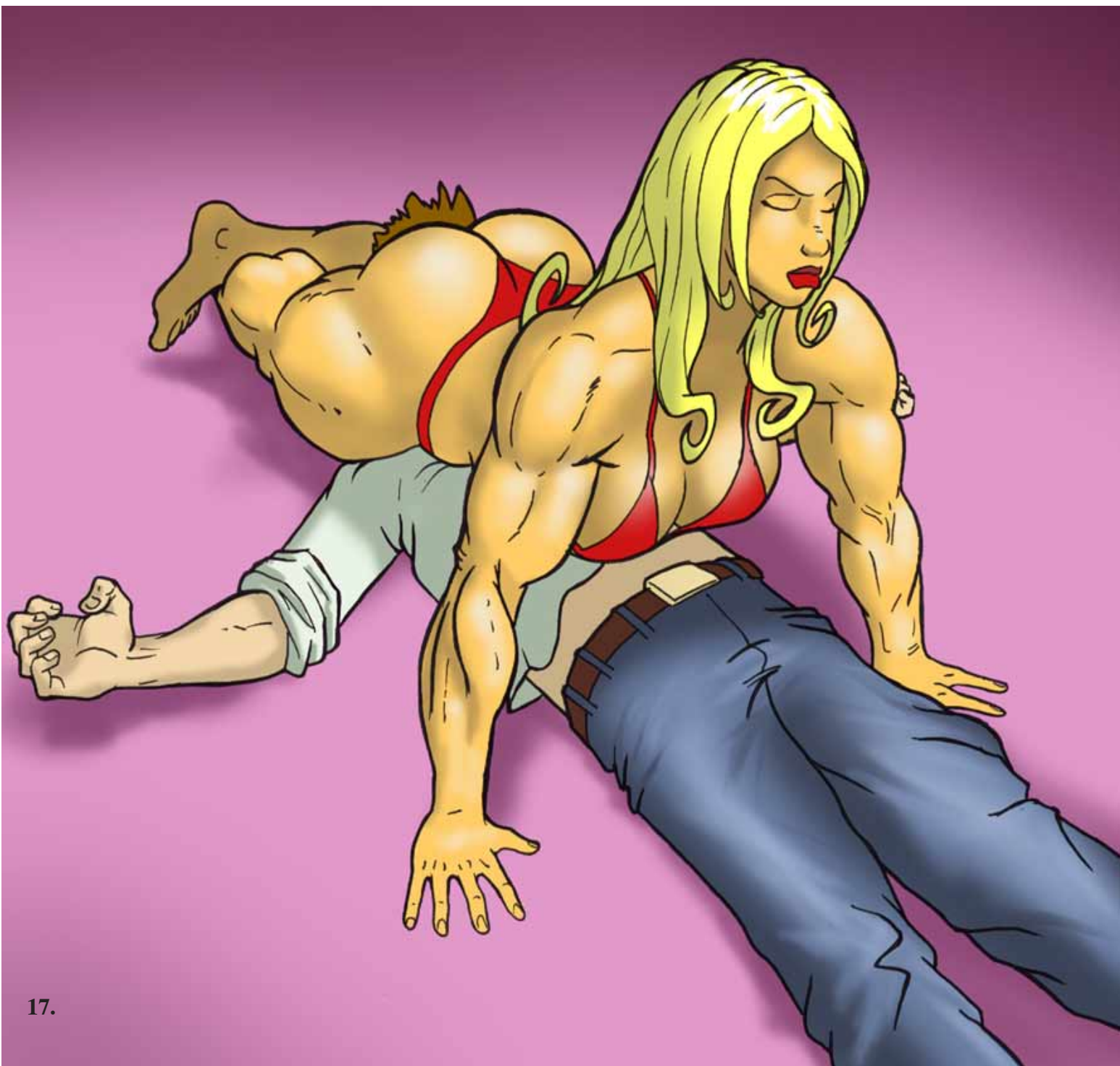
"What shall it be, Roving? The calves or the thighs tonight? I can't decide." She asked knowing he probably could not hear her with her thighs so tight against his ears.



She switched holds again to reverse his view so he could now watch her well-rounded glutes work as she continued punishing him. Joyce's glutes were massive this close up. Roving felt like he was drowning in a sea of hard flexing female legs.

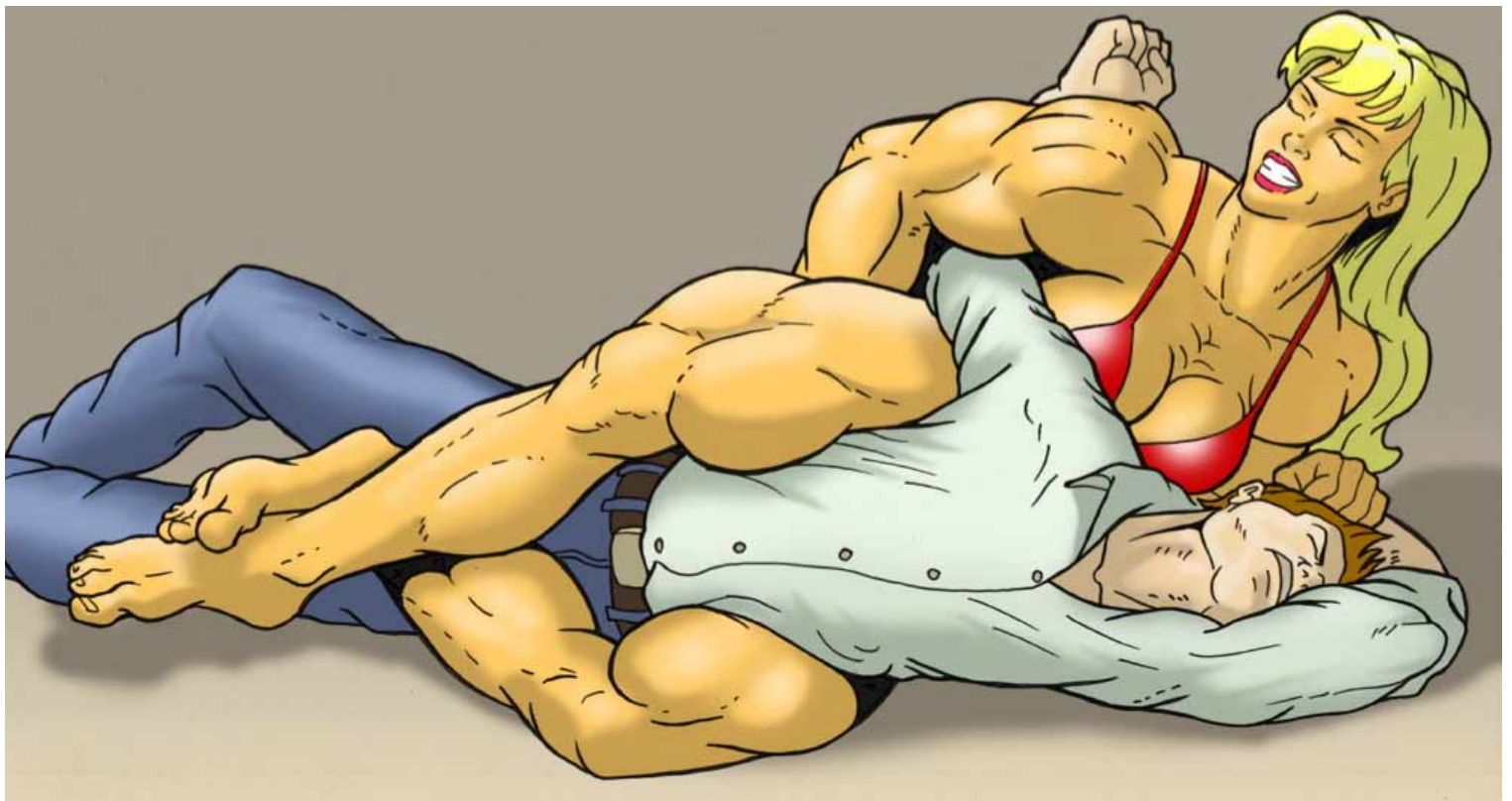
Doing pushups with Roving still held fast between her magnificent legs, Joyce almost forgot about the now nearly unconscious man. His hands soon fell away from the smooth hard mass of her thighs as the motion of Joyce's pushups caused his head to be crammed further and further into the crack of her well-rounded ass cheeks. He couldn't breath anymore, and still the pressure mounted on his trapped head, which felt like it would surely explode like a volcano any moment spewing his brains out all over her solid, tanned legs and ass.

The absolute power of Joyce's legs made the man fear for his life more so now than ever before. Total helplessness and shivering submissiveness was all his world contained anymore. He was Joyce's totally now, but it was doubtful if she had any feelings of remorse for him. Being one who had the power to cause such misery and pain to others with his position made him even lower than the scum out in the streets pulling petty crimes. His crimes were so much greater, so much more dangerous. Joyce wondered if she should just keep on squeezing after he went limp and finish it now...



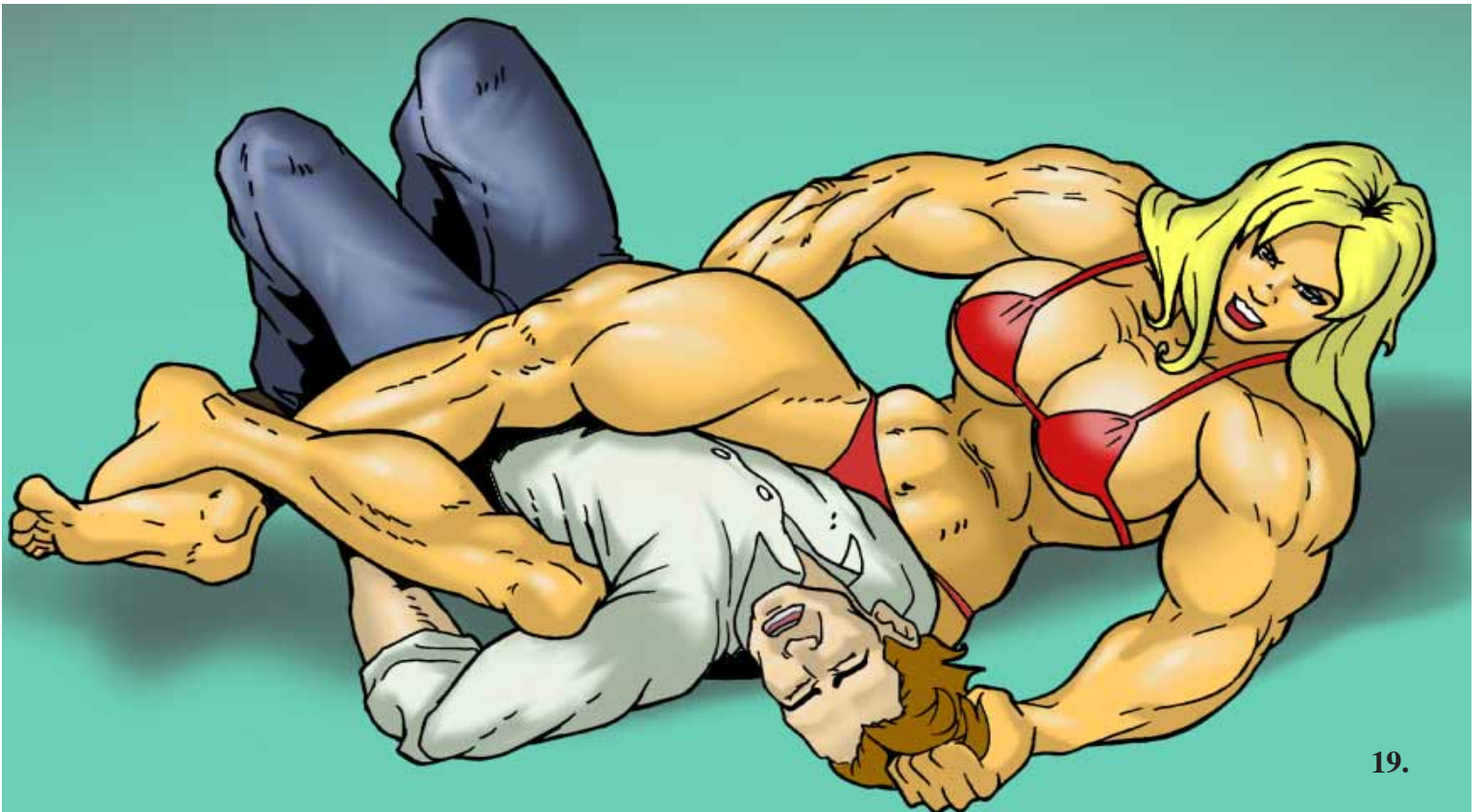
She almost didn't let him go in time, but he was still out for a good thirty minutes. As she waited she debated with herself why didn't want him to die in the head scissors. She knew the answer to that one though. He wasn't facing her. She could not see his face as she finished it. She knew that was it. She always got her best charge out of it when she watched them suffer their last. Something about the faces as they go out that was it. How could she justify it? Did she even care to justify it? This man was living evil. He may wear clean shirts and have a huge bank account. Even attend church regularly, but he was evil all the same. Actually even more evil than the others.





IT was getting late and she grabbed him and started to position him into her trademark body scissors. He was awake already, and had been faking it for perhaps the last ten minutes. This angered Joyce all the more, and she snapped two of his ribs right off with a twisting motion of his trapped skinny body. He screamed and cursed her. Good, pain brought out the true colors of this man.

Stretched out between her mighty legs, Joyce flexed up again the pure overpowering nature of her dominance over the man coming out in bold relief all over her body. Roving could only cough and sputter out a curse to her, as the pain of breathing overwhelmed him and he sobbed in helpless, pain-wracked silence.





The pain and all the previous damage he'd been put through was again putting Roving near to unconsciousness, and Joyce wanted him wide awake for his finish. She bounced his head off the floor a few times, saying...

"Let's clear some of the cob webs Roving, wake up and smell the coffee, or should I say blood gurgling in your throat!"

She rolled her steamroller thighs back up over his ribs and squeeze tight enough to shatter some more bones and drive them into his heaving lungs. Bringing her statement into actual fact.

She watched him close now, it was almost time. Roving was beyond speech and only braced for the end he know knew was coming. Crying was useless, Joyce would not be stopped now for any reason. His guts were crushed downward as his lower ribs caved in, his spine screamed for release from the hard pressure of her lower leg beneath him. It was possible she'd also break his back with this hold.

Joyce rolled her legs further up his crushed chest the motion now almost sexual to her, the rhythm of her crushing increasing in tempo.



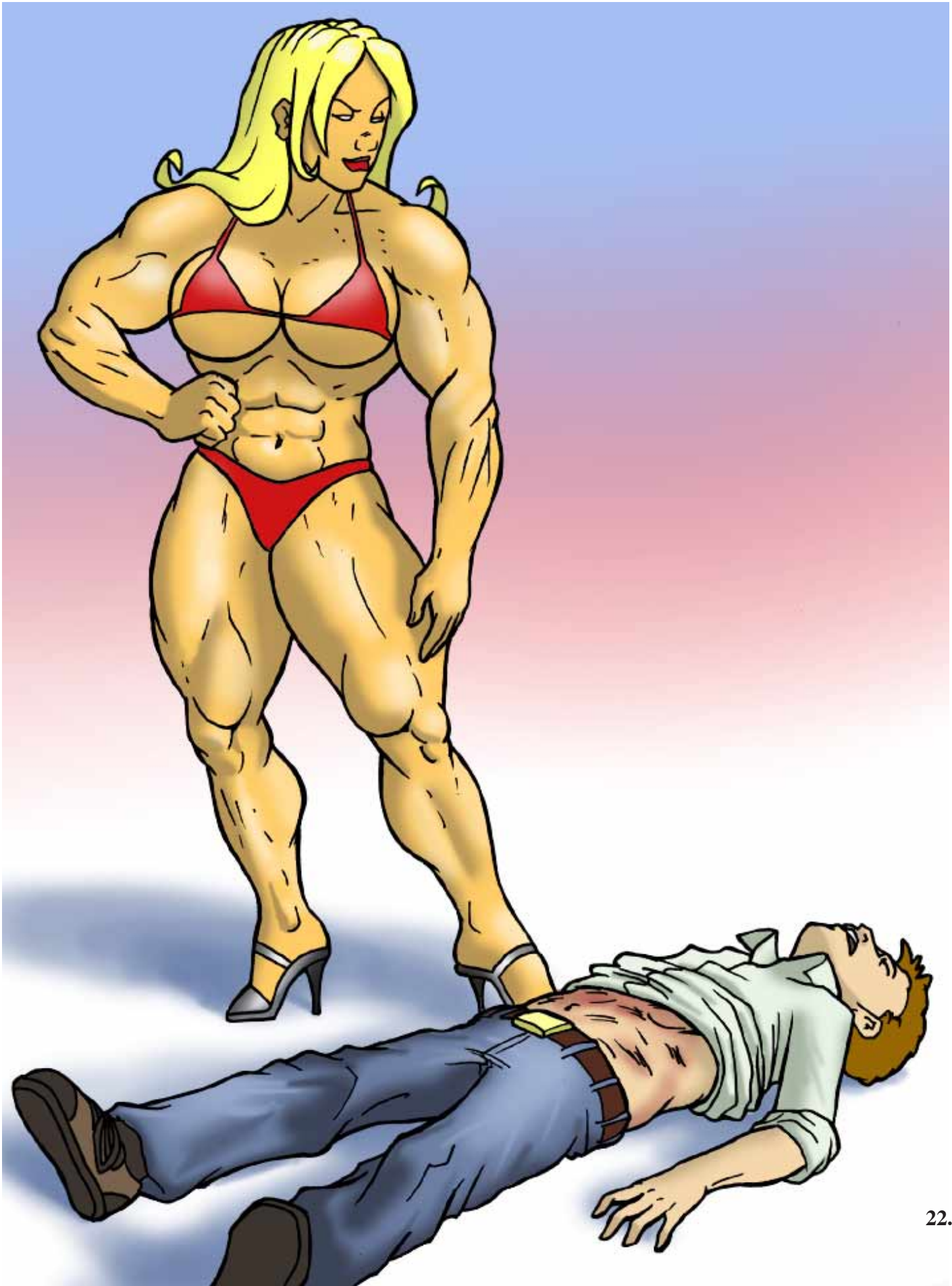


Finally she jolted out several final crushing squeezes and Roving's body jerked about and only the sounds of his crushed and breaking bones could be heard as a silence scream of total agony escaped his lips and his life force fled along with it. It died with eyes wide open.

Joyce continued for a little longer, flexing and rubbing herself against the limp, lifeless man until she too reached her own point of release. It was a good one, as it always was for her.

Her muscled legs trembled a bit for the exertion as she unwrapped her victim like some huge, sexy snake uncoiling from a crushed mouse. Her quads stood out amazingly, the circumference of their muscular bulk now much greater than that of Roving's crushed and broken torso. She almost glowed with the radiance of total superiority and victory over an inferior, contemptible foe.

She put back on her heels and surveyed his crushed corpse as it lay . She knew she'd have to carry him up to the roof to complete her plan. Others would clean up in the suite after she left.



It was only one flight up to the roof, and Roving's dead weight was no weight at all to this powerful woman. Almost 2 AM as she hoisted him up fully overhead and approached the edge of the high raise hotel.

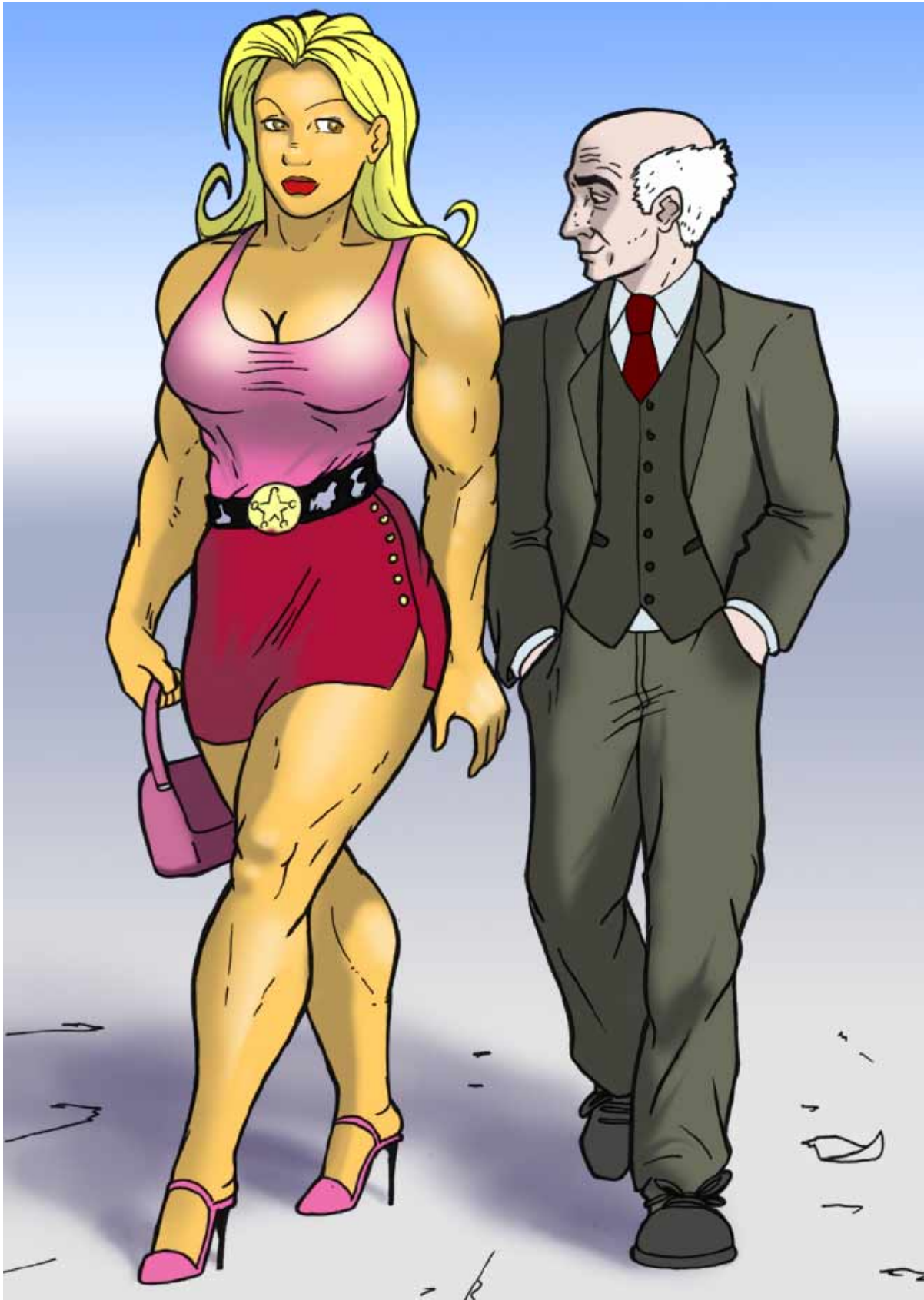
"Have a good final flight, asshole. You won't be missed, that's for sure!" and off she sent him flying down to meet the concrete 24 stories below. It would not be a pretty site for whoever finds him in the morning.



Next week, a fully reinstated Detective Joyce was having a lunch date with the head coroner, a long time friend.

“That was a messy one with the guy from DC, yeah.” He said while marveling as he always did over Joyce’s bountiful body. He continued...

“I just was curious about the kinds of fractures that fall gave him. More like some bones were crushed, instead of what an impact like that would do,, odd... But I’m sure you wouldn’t know any thing about that, Joyce... Let’s change the subject, shall we? You’re looking more buff than ever these days. Working out heavier, I take it?”



END!