

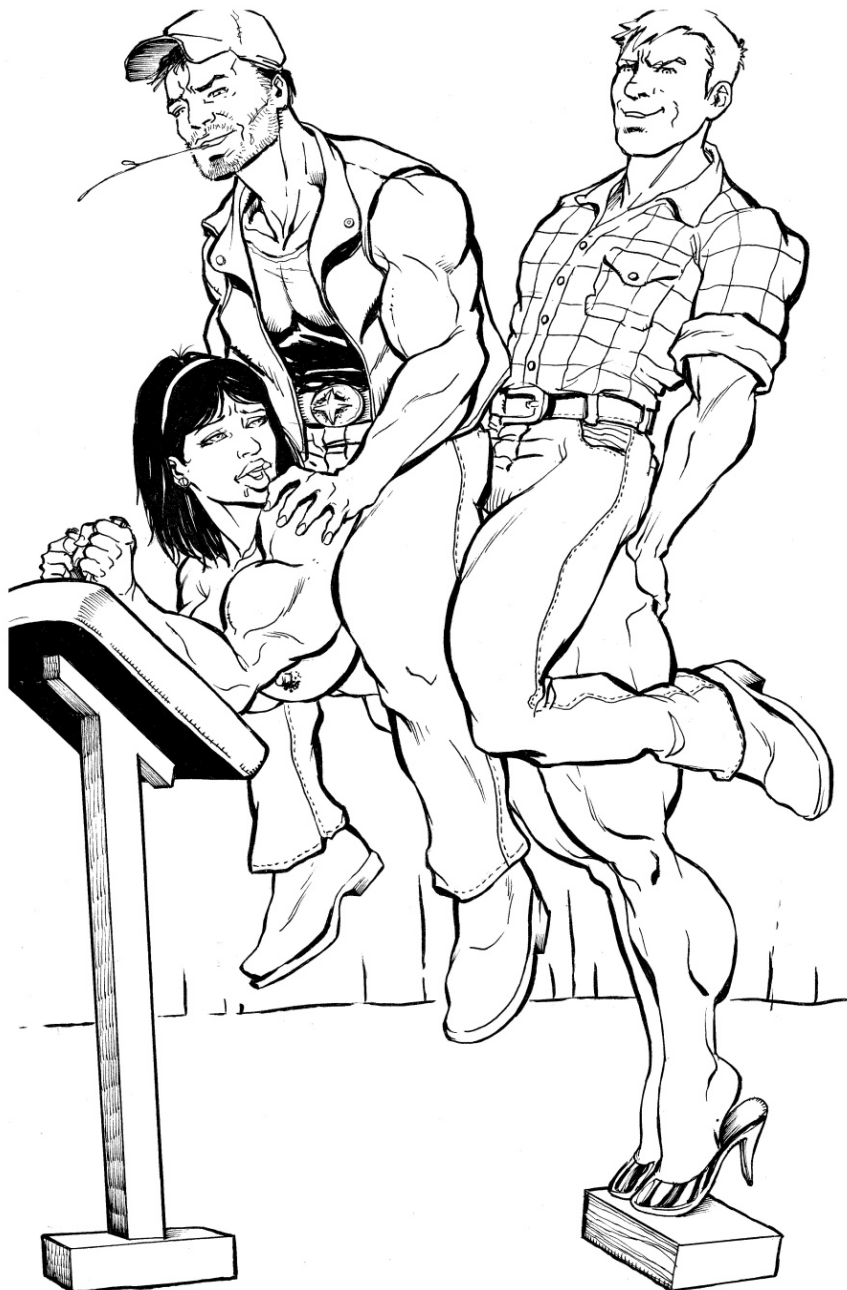
MIGHTY MUSCLED JOAN

(amysconquest.com)



“Uhhhhh.....uhhh.....uhhh.....that's right baby, lift those weights.....uhhhh.....uhhhh.....push that metal.....uhhhh.....uhhhh.....build these muscles hard.....Ooooooh.....and thick.....Mmmmmm.....and meaty” Joan breathed out to herself, both from physical exertion and lustfilled emotion, as she pushed herself through another incredibly tough workout. “Gotta get them bigger.....Oooooo.....stronger..... Mmmmmm.....harder.....” she continued, getting more aroused as her exercise routine went on, something that usually ended with several, sexual climaxes from this truly physically Amazonian woman. There were few things that got her more turned on than her own body during a workout. Seeing every sexy, massively muscled curve in the various mirrored surfaces around here. Feeling its hardness, its strength, the acres of hard, rippling muscle her body possessed. She was more than capable of bringing herself to orgasm just by building her body fuller and thicker with female muscle, just by the flexing and hardening of her steel hard physique. Of course, she didnt mind those exercise sessions when she had a man around as well.

Joan was a 28 year old woman who, along with her parents, owned a very large farming plantation in the southern part of Indiana. As time went on, thanks in large part to Joan and her amazingly strong body, their family farm became very prosperous, one of the most in the state. This enabled them to, among other things, hire several farmhands to help out with the daily chores around their plantation, which on occasion was to assist this power packed beauty in her twice daily workouts.



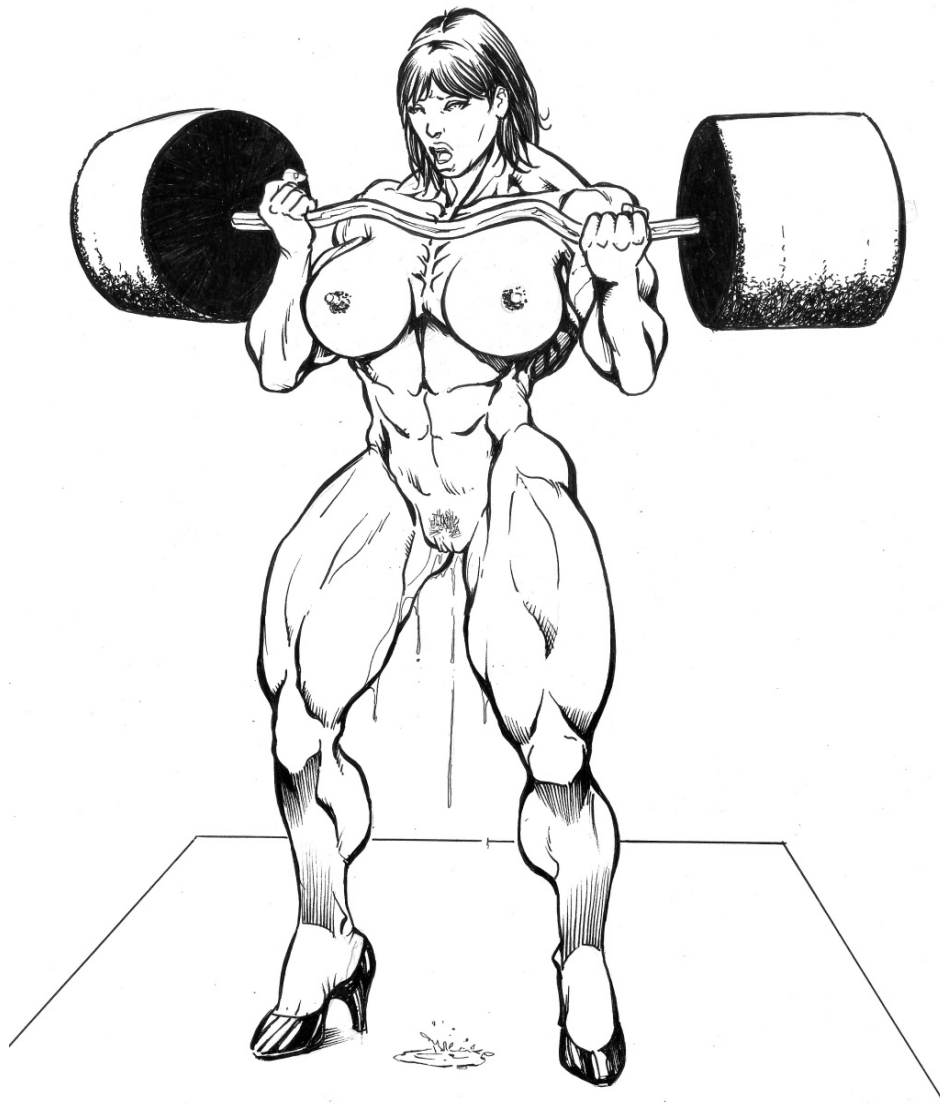
It wasn't an uncommon thing at all for Joan to use her own farmhands as actual weights for her workouts, using them in a variety of holds, carried and lifts, though for most of her exercises they were actually a bit too light to give her muscles a real pump. (though she always enjoyed having two 230 pound hired males on her back and butt, while she flexed her supremely bulging calves in a series of donkey calf raises) Still, they were always good for testing out her muscles hardness, through a series of full strength punches (and even sledgehammer strikes) to her rippling 6 pack stomach, or even to her massively thick chest which was also full of sexy, steel hard muscle. Try as they might, none of her hired help (some of these men being very big and built themselves) could dent the incredible armor plating Joan had around her body, armor plating made of unstoppable female muscle. Oh, and did I mention Joan always worked out in the nude?

Yes, Joan not being shy or inhibited in the least, felt that for the best in her workouts she would have to be completely naked, as she could see every muscle packed inch of her 6' 1" 280 Amazonian body in her barn-gyms series of mirrored walls around her. Well, she actually wasn't completely in the nude, as she did whatever she could to keep her massive, mammothly muscular frame as feminine as possible, so she always worked out with while wearing one of her many pairs of sexy, high heeled stiletto pumps (which were specially made due to her incredible size and weight) To see this naked hulking muscle girl lift such weights as 1200 lbs. on the bench press, 1500 on her deadlifts and squats, and over 2000 pounds for her leg presses, was enough to make any man weak in the knees. (not to mention when she was have a steel chain placed tightly around her thick chest and back, only to expand and break out of it due to her massive pec muscles) Add to that a truly beautiful face, framed with a layer of dark, shoulder length hair, and it was little wonder why so many of her family's farmhands were so eager to assist Joan with her workouts.



Something she didn't have use of today however, as this workout was going to be one she wanted to handle alone. One to push her body beyond its normal limits, as she wanted her musclebound physique to be at its peak this night.....for a very special reason.

“Uhhhhh.....that's right.....Uhhhhh.....one more rep baby.....Uhhhhhhh.....one more pump with these massive muscles.....Mmmmmm.....that's it, get these babies bigger.....Ooooooh.....fill these 25” biceps with power.....Mmmmmm.....and strength.....Ooooooo.....and muscles.....” she erotically made out, her eyes closed, her tongue licking her lower lip, her arms straining to curl her final reps with her 400 pound barbell. Her sexual lust for her own growing muscles as reaching yet another peak, as thoughts going through her mind about what she could do with them, and would be doing with them this night, helped increase her sexual feelings throughout her thickly muscled frame. It was always a race to see what would happen first, whether she could finish the last rep of the last set of one of her many exercises, or whether she would she explode with passion, dripping her love juices all down her massive 36” rock hard thighs. On this day, well just call it a draw.



“Yesssss, that's it.....Ooooooh.....mmmore mmmmuscle.....Mmmmmm.....bigger biceps.....Ahhhhhhh.....come on baby, one.....last.....pump.....Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!” she lustfully spoke, as with her last curling of this incredible weight with her monster biceps, she exploded within her wet pussy, causing streams of her juices to flow down her legs, making its way across every inch of Joans bulging, musclebound thighs, quads, hamstrings and calves. “Mmmmmm, maybe I should have had one of the help with me on todays workout afterall” she laughed to herself, as one of the other things these male farmhands were good for was to dry down her sexually wet body after a massive set, usually with their very eager tongues, or by spending it around every inch of her muscle packed frame.

Drying her own self off this night, she then moved over to one of her favorite exercises, the pec deck. Joan simply couldn't get her monstrous 65" chest big enough (helped by her amazingly full, wide back and broad shoulders), full of massive pecs muscles. Though her body may have looked too masculine for some, she knew full well she was all woman, and so did any man that had been "with her", thanks in large part to her beautiful face, sexy soft voice, and these huge muscle packed pecs. (something her men just couldn't get enough of her flexing with muscle control alone, allowing them to punch and try to dent its insane firmness, or just placing something deep inside its cleavage, and just Crushing!) Yes, she would not stop until every single ounce of muscle was fully pumped and ready to go for her coming night's activities.



So Joan stepped into position, putting this specially made machine to full weight, and then began to Squeeze her rippling, thick chest together. Flex and release, flex and release, went her pecs as they began to grow and harden with each and every pump. It wasn't uncommon when she had some male assistance with her workouts for them to place various objects inside her thick muscle tits when she was outstretched on this exercise, only to have it completely crushed to pulp by her pec power alone when she contracted them again. Something that helped drive Joan wild, as the sounds of bursting fruit, crushed cans, or anything else she had placed within her mangling chest, only helped fuel the lust in her body.....for her body.

Pump! Pump!! Pump!!! went this weight, as she eventually pushed out her final rep, then releasing it with a Clang back to its original position. Joan then emerged from this machine, sexily made her way to one of the many full length mirrors around her gym, and then started to flex her newly pumped pecs (something she would usually do to whatever body part she had just worked out). Each lusciously muscular breast was the size of a basketball, though so much harder and stronger. Bouncing them up and down really gave her a good pump, and a bit of arousal as well, though her final pose would be the one to really get her going, The Most Muscular. With her unreal arms crossing over her amazing pecs, as her entire body simply ballooned with steel hard, sexy female muscle, she knew that she was on her way to being ready for what lay ahead.



Joan then continued lifting these massive weights before her, making sure to hit each and every muscle packed inch of her body as she worked out in her specially designed gym, housed in one of her farms many large barns. A barn solely used for her own work out needs and desires.....in addition to any other needs and desires she may have (something the farm-hands were all too familiar with as well). A farm-girl her entire life, Joan was certainly used to physical feats of strength and power from a very young age, which helped her body grow the muscles on her physique today that only the biggest male bodybuilders could hope to match, and strength that none of them could.

So big was she at a young age that she eventually became one of the most well known girls around, well known for showing those around her who was boss, be they friend or foe. One of her more popular instances happened when she was just 14 years old, barely in Jr. High herself, and involved a much taller, older, and larger boy of 18 years of age. Though his size advantage as it was, Joan was a lifelong farm-girl, who had spent most of her entire life building her body full and thick with amazingly solid and powerful muscles. He never had a chance.

As huge as Joan was, especially at such a young age when children weren't exactly known for their politeness, she certainly had her share of taunts and teasings in the beginnings of her Jr. High School years - though they didn't last too long once word got around at what she was carrying inside her often baggy clothes. What some thought of as simple, young girl baby-fat, was actually an amazing amount of full, thick, hard muscles. A few sessions of alone time with Indiana's most powerful teenager (even though she barely was one), girl or guy, and any would-be bullies soon changed their tune, and fast. It wasn't uncommon for Joan to follow such boys into the Men's Room, at which time she would bend, lift, squeeze, and generally scare the heck out of them physically, so much so that they would never think of opening up their mouths against her again. Something that quickly earned her the title of school protector (and the nick name Mighty Joan) or school bully, depending on what side you were on.



Something that didn't sit well at all with Jack, a very large High School Senior boy. Standing roughly 6 feet even, and weighing at over 200 pounds, he was sick and tired of hearing all of these tales about Joan and her mightily muscular physique. So one day Jack did something he knew would attract Joan's attention and get her ready for a physical showdown between them. He found her best friend, a young boy her age who sat next to her in Homeroom (and would do so for many years to come), and viciously beat him up. Jason, the much smaller, much weaker boy stood no chance against the larger Jack, and their one-sided fight ended with Jason being taken down to the school nurse, and Jack striding his way out to the spacious schoolyard, his arms raised high in victory.

When Joan heard about this several minutes later, as news travels fast in High School, she bolted down to the Nurse's Office to check in on her good friend Jason. He had no idea why he was targeted, as he was simply minding his own business, not bothering a soul - but Joan knew full well why, it was to call her out to him, this brutishly bully Jack, something she was more than fumingly mad enough to do. But she first had to take care of Jason, her good friend, who she also knew loved her massively muscular body.

Seeing how sore he was from his brutal beating, she knew he needed something to focus on and think about other than what had just happened in order to help take the pain away. And as tender and caring as her hand holding one of his own was, Joan knew an even better way to get his thoughts off his recently inflicted pain. So Joan gave him something to wrap his mind around, something he had wanted to do ever since he met her over a year ago.

"Wanna touch em, Jason?" she softly made out, in a young girlish voice, as she began flexing her muscle packed arms, which even at this early age ballooned to nearly 15 inches. "I think that'll make you feel better, won't it?" Joan continued flexing as her bulging biceps ripped right through her shirt sleeves. "Come on Baby, feel the arms that are gonna knock that bullying Jack into next week. Feel the arms that are gonna lift and throw him around like a rubber ball. Feel the arms that are gonna wrap themselves around his chest, and just Cruusshhhhhh him to pieces" she softly breathed to her young friend.



Jason near immediately was in such a state of muscle adoration and wonder that he wouldn't be able to have remembered getting his by a Mac Truck a few minutes ago, let alone being beaten up by a High School Senior. Joan smiled wide as she knew her muscle display was working perfectly, and diverted his attention from his sore body to her rock hard arms with ease. And speaking of his sore head.....



“Come here Sweetie, come closer and let me give you a little hug” young Joan girlishly spoke, as she softly guided Jason’s head next to her hard, full chest. A chest that looked like the fully stacked breasts of a girl much older than she, but were actually filled with solid pec muscles. “Got a little massage for you Honey, you just rest and let me do all the work” she continued, her mighty arms comfortingly hugging her friends much smaller body into her own chest. The young super girl then began to tense her chest muscles hard, causing them to move and flow, its muscle filled motions massaging Jason’s aching head with expert ease. “Shhhhhh, you just rest here and relax, I’ll take care of you.....” she whispered into his ears, as she softly removed herself from him, realizing he had fallen asleep. So relaxing was her head massage, that he drifted away to dreamland (something that may have been aided by the pills the school nurse had given him as well). “I’ll take care of you, my good friend.....but first I have to Take Care of someone else!” she angrily made out, as she rose from Jason’s beside, her body tensed hard with rock solid muscle, and made her way out of the Nurses Office and towards the schoolyard to handle things, Her Way.

Joan strode straight out of the office, marched authoritatively thru her school’s hallway, burst right thru the outside doors, and angrily made her way out to their school’s soccer field to settle things once and for all. So focused on her task was she, that she didn’t notice anything else but her target, and making her way to him. Joan pushed thru people like they weren’t there, her muscle packed physique (incredibly so for such a young girl) was pumped and hard with rage, nearly bursting thru her tight school blouse and slightly above knee-length skirt. She was about to make this macho jerk bully pay for what she had done to her friend, done to him for the sole purpose of creating this meeting, thinking that he would finally put to rest all of this talk about the 14 year old supergirl in their mists. He couldn’t have been more wrong.

“Well what do we have here, the mighty midget come to finally take her bea.....”

CRACK! was all that could be heard, as Joan didn't stop for an instant in her journey out in the middle of their school ground, slamming Jack in the face with a hard right hand as she did. Jack's two friends standing on either side of him were shocked beyond words, though not beyond actions, as they then jumped on Joan, knocking her down, their superior size and weight holding her still and immobile.....or so they thought.

With a few girlish grunts of effort, which could barely be heard underneath this pile of large boys, the barely teenage supergirl emerged, throwing her attackers several feet in two directions with the exertion of her steel hard muscles.



“Need your friends to fight your battles now, eh Jackie?” Joan growled, as she stood in the middle of them, her lusciously firm body heaving with muscular power. “Did you take on Jason all three at once, I bet you did, I bet he was too much for any one of you, Cowards!”

“Nah, I had the pleasure of beating the little wuss all to myself” Jack defiantly spoke, as he rose (albeit a bit shaken) from the ground to face this young Amazon girl. “So, you gotta hit me when I wasn't looking to take me down, eh? Well, I'm ready for you now, you little bitch, so what you gonna do now!”

“Oh, you saw me coming from a mile away Jackie, so dont pretend that I hit you from behind or something” Joan replied, calling him “Jackie” as she knew he hated being called that. “As for what am I gonna do now, well I'm going to beat you to a pulp, and put you in the Nurse's Office right next to Jason, only you're going to be in much worse shape when I'm done with you” she roared with anger.

With that the two fighters charged one another, throwing punches into each others fit, young physiques. Even though this may at first have seemed like an unreal mis-match, as the 6' 200 pound High School male Senior stood leagues above the young Jr. High School girl, though if there was a leaning of superiority to be found anywhere in this fight, it would have been in Joan's favor (something that became increasingly evident as the fight went on)

While Joan was getting hit from Jack's strong punches, impacts her hardbody was more than capable of absorbing, she was doing all of that and more back to him. Her muscle size was truly amazing for such a young girl, as her near 16" biceps hit with incredible power and strength. Not to mention her legs, bursting with 25" thighs, which were used to amazing affect to lunge her fighting frame forward, or to throw Jack off of her when he got a few lucky knock downs. Her physically superior frame allowed her to lift Jack completely off the ground, something she used to devastating effect in a series of harsh bodyslams, one right after the other. Believe it or not, and the growing crowd of school children around them couldn't even do, though they were seeing it with their own eyes. The larger, taller, older boy was losing in a fight to this power packed young muscle girl.



"You enjoying yourself Jackie, because I sure am." Joan made out, as she threw another punch at Jack's face, "Every time I hit you I think about how you've hurt Jason, and that makes me So Mad!" she growled, as she slammed him hard in his stomach, kneeling in the face as he bent down from that strike, then flipping him over her incredibly wide back and onto the ground from there.

Joan then moved forward, enveloping his body on the ground, as she entrapped his head inside her hugely muscled and rock hard thighs, and began to Crush. His screams of pain were instant, as his hands grabbed a hold of her legs in a vain attempt to pull them apart and ease his pain. Unfortunately for him, Joan's thighs were much too strong, as was her entire body (thanks in large part to her daily chores on the farm and her parents support of her lifting weight in their barn).

“Feel that, you jerk. Feel how much stronger I am than you are. Feel these muscles of mine crushing you to dust. Now think about how much worse I'm going to hurt you if you EVER even look at Jason wrong again, understand?” she threatened this much larger, though much weaker, boy, as she released her crushing thigh pressure around his head, causing him to fall flat to the ground with a Thud.

Just as quickly, young Amazon Joan picked his heavier, limp body back up, and effortlessly threw him across her wide back, placing him in an incredibly painful looking back breaker. She then grabbed each end of his body, which was completely draped over her powerful shoulders, and began to bend him across its full muscle packed width. Not enough to cause any severe or permanent damage, as such a hold could easily do, though more than enough to give Jack some unreal pain, and help ensure this would be a day he would never forget. Holding and bending him in this position for several minutes, Joan then hoisted him high above her head, turning around to show all of those watching her truly powerful pose and physical display, as she then threw this bullying male nearly 10 feet away, landing at the feet of several more of his friends.

“You want a piece of this too!” she growled at Jack's friends, as she flexed her bodys huge muscles full and thick at them, causing them all to run from her as fast as they could, leaving their Leader Of The Pack in their dust. “Anybody else messes with me or my friends, and they'll get just what Jackie did!” she yelled powerfully, as her upper body was getting so pumped that buttons started to pop off of her blouse. Her thick shapely legs so massive that if she was wearing pants, they surely would have burst right through them. As it were, those lucky enough to catch a glimpse of Joan's panties this day, underneath her frilly skirt as she was in the midst of her fight, could see a large patch of wetness, as both they and she discovered for the first time just how arousing and sexual her handling of such men made her (something she was be doing for the rest of her sexual years to come).



The teenage amazon then began to calm down, the heat of battle was over, and she was sure that no one would mess with her or her friends again, and if they did, God help them. She then made her way back to the Nurse's Office, where she stayed at Jason's bedside until his parents came to pick him up. Making him feel better by even more flexing of her newly pumped and hardened young body, allowing him to touch its silky smooth firmness, whispering in his ears about her Amazonian frame just taking apart his bullying Jack. Yes, Jason soon forgot all about his bodys pain and soreness, and had thoughts of his incredibly Amazon protector flowing thru his mind this day, something that would stay with him, as the memories of many other first hand encounters with Joan's incredible body over the years, for the rest of his life.

Joan then licked her lips erotically as she finished her last exercise of this night, a set of amazingly heavy weighted shrugs, which helped build and thicken her already massive lats, traps and delts. With each pump with this very heavy weight, she could see her shoulders and upper back bulge and grow with female power and strength. She loved building these particular muscles up, as they would add an extra bit, a very noticeable extra bit, to her most muscular poses, something she knew would come in handy this night. A pose that could either be amazingly intimidating or incredibly arousing (usually both), a pose that either made her men piss in their pants with fear, or cum in their boxers with lust. Yes, she thought to herself, as she finished her last shrug, lowering the massive weights and flexing it hard in the mirror as she did, this was going to be a night they would never forget.



The “they” in this case was a group of evil, cold and heartless men that had been kidnapping, raping and then murdering several young girls in her county for the past several months. Three girls had been found dead from such injuries, and all of the surrounding areas were full of fear and horror (especially those with young daughters) with the police having little to no leads at all. Though Joan started to do a little investigating of her own, and with her intelligent mind and her intimidating physical body, she eventually got the information she needed, enough to plan for one night, this night, brutal vengeance on them all. Joan then placed her baggy pink sweatsuit over her massively pumped up physique, complete with her 6” stiletto heels, and strode her way out of her weight filled barn, out to show each of these monsters what the true meaning of Amazonian Justice was.

The massively muscled farm-girl tracked down this band of murders and rapists, making her way to a rarely used, though fully stocked gym, several miles from her own farm house. She made her way towards it, her huge muscles barely contained in this once baggy now more form-fitting sweatsuit. Tighter than before due to Joan's growing musculature, something her body seemed to be doing all on its own, as the thoughts of these vicious creeps that lie within made her more enraged than ever.....and with her rage, came Power.

Joan stalked her prey without a hint of fear in her muscle packed form, knowing that there was little these sick , perverted men could do to her, and it was they who should be the ones to know fear this night. Slowly she made her way towards the gym door, locked as it was, it proved little challenge against a woman of such might. This locale seemed to be where these men spent many of their nights, a hideout for planning and even performing their sick, demented acts of violence. A perfect setting then for her to do a little of her own.



“So, who do you think we should hit up next?” spoke one of these men, an evil grin crossing his face as he did.

“You know Sally, that girl from the diner? Ooooooh, I so have to get me a piece a that, and since she's turned me down every single time I've asked, well then I think it's about time I do a little takin” said another of this crew of rapists and murders.

“She the one with the nice long legs, firm tight butt, and big hooters?” inquired a third man.

“Damn right! Mmmmm, Mmmmm she is gonna be so fine, I tell ya. And we can get her tonight, she works late at the dinner on Thursdays, closes up all by her lonesome, she'll be an easy hit. Heh heh heh” added a fourth.

Joan listened to them talk around a nearby corner, plotting and scheming their evil plans to kidnap, rape and murder yet another girl from the area. With such demented and malicious talk, Joan knew that her time to act was now, as she wasn't about to let another girl get the same horrible treatment from these sick men as several others have in the past. So with a few deep breathes of excitement, pushing her already massive chest out thick and hard, she made her way into the large weight room where this band of animals hid out.

“Sounds like a plan boys” spoke out yet a fifth male here, “Let's get a move on, cause I aint getting' any young.....huh?” he stopped suddenly, as the beautiful, though massively built, woman came around the corner.

“What the fuck!” another of these man spoke at this sight before them. “Didn't you lock the damn door and switch the sign to CLOSED!?!” he yelled as one of his partners-in crime.

“I did!” the man replied, confused at how Joan had gotten past and inside. How much could she had heard, they thought. How much did she know about their murdering ways, they pondered. Of course in the end it didn't matter, as at this point she would never be allowed to leave this gym alive.

“Oh don't mind me boys, I'm just here for a little workout” Joan sexily made out as she made her way to one of the many bench press areas in this hardcore gym, as she began loading 45 pound plates on its empty bar.

“Look tubby.....” spoke out one of these growingly annoyed men, foolishly mistaking her massive muscular build for fat, as she was still completely covered in her pink sweatsuit. “.....this gym is Closed, OK? It's private time for invitation only now, so Beat It!”

“Awwww, come on, I came all this way to get my pump on, surely you wouldn't deny a sexy young woman her evening's workout, would you?” she softly breathed out, as she continued piling weights onto her bench press bar.

“Sexy? Honey, youve got a great face, no doubt, but youre body could use to lose a pound, or 200” one of the men teased, as rest of them burst out laughing.

“And look at what youre doing there, got near 850 pounds on that damn bar. What the Hell do you think youre gonna do with that, call in a forklift to workout for you?” spoke out yet another of these incredibly buff and built muscle men, followed by another round of laughter.

“Yeah, those 45 lb. plates are fine to put on one at a time, but you aint gonna budge that thing an inch with all of them on that bar together”

“Oh really now. Surely one of you could handle this weight, all of you Big, Strong, Hard men” she seductively teased, batting her eyes as she did.



“Lady, we’re strong, all of us highly trained and thickly muscled, but we ain’t that strong. Nearly 900 lbs. on the bench is an Olympic feat, and as big as we are, even we’re not able to do that.....so what chance do you think you have, thunder thighs?” another man defiantly spoke, another round of roaring laughter followed.

“Every chance!” Joan growled, as she took her position on the bench, gave out a few puffs of air as she grabbed the steel hard bar above her, and began to do the impossible. With each and every male mouth wide open in utter shock, Joan began to bench almost 900 pounds of weight on this nearly bent over bar. “Come on babies.....Uhhhhh.....this is your warm up set.....Uhhhhh.....let’s show these guys.....Uhhhhh.....just how strong you really are” she spoke softly, grunting with some effort at this physical feat before her.

“What the fuck??” was all most of those bewildered men could make out, as this sight before them was truly unreal to them all. While this woman was tall, at 6’ 1”, and she did look big, they all took this for chubby flab. Surely all of those thick, full, even sexy curves couldnt possibly be muscle. She’d have to be over 250 lbs of muscle if that was the case, bigger than even some of them, and judging by her physical prowess displayed here, much stronger.



“This is Bullshit!” spoke out the largest, most powerful looking man among them. “This is some kinda trick, some bogus weight set or something. No girl, I don’t care how big, is That Strong” he made his way over to the bench, just as Joan lifted it back onto its rack with a loud Clang!

“Ahhhh, that felt good, the perfect warm up weight” she teased further, knowing full well how much she was getting to each and every man here. “So, think this is a scam, a trick, do you? Even though you saw me pile all this weight in from your own gym? Well stud, the bars all yours” she sexily teased, as she rose from its seat, and gestured the man to take her place.

“Let me in there” the hulking man roared, as he lay down on this hardcore exercise station, filled with much more weight that he’d ever tried to lift before. Though in his mind this was a trick, a fake bar, phony weights before him, as no woman could be as strong as she was pretending to be.....or so he thought. He quickly grabbed the bar in front of his massive, heaving chest, and without much prep or planning at all, he pushed on it with all of his strength, all of his power, every ounce of muscle his upper body contained - and he couldn’t move it a hair.

“Awwwww, is the little fake barbell too much for the big, strong man?” teased Joan as she made her way around to him, watching him strain himself completely blue with effort. “Need a little spot, Little Boy?” she teasingly asked, as she bent over slightly to lift this massive weight off of the bar, his hands still clenched tightly to it. Joan then moved it to above his chest, and let go.



“Uhhhhhhhhh!” was all this man could make out, as he simply didn't have the strength to stop it from landing, and landing HARD right on his chest. CRACK! SNAP! went several of his ribs at the force of such a weight dropping on him, though before it could completely crush his torso flat, Joan grabbed it again and lifted it ever so slightly off him. Just enough that it wasn't turning his chest to mush, but not enough to stop its incredible pressure on his new broken ribs.

“What's the matter boys, you going to let a little girl like me out-lift your biggest friend here?” she teased with a smile, “Let's see what all of you together can do” she made out, as she fully released the nearly 900 pound bar again, causing the musclebound man under its weight to scream aloud, as she took a few steps back to allow his friends the chance to help. And help they did, and it took the remaining four of them to gather around their pain filled friend, and lift the massive bar back to its hold.

“And to think I got this body extra hard and pumped for you wimps. HA, I could have handled you all back when I was a teenager.....and I'm so much bigger now than I was then” Joan intimidatingly spoke, her face filled with anger towards these men before her, as she slowly began to remove her sweatsuit, which had become even tighter around her massively muscular physique since her arrival.

First her pink sweat shirt, as she slowly zipped it down, which began to reveal her amazingly thick, rippling chest and washboard firm stomach, both of which she spent the next several seconds flexing for her truly captive male audience with very intimidating results. Next the removal of this entire upper body garment, which showing off her incredibly thick and hard hard muscular frame. Her arms looked bigger than any of them there, and so much harder. Her back and shoulders looked so wide, that a lat spread could engulf two average sized men completely, and back to her amazingly thick muscle tits, something that both shocked and aroused the men gathering before her.



Next came her lower body, as she slowly began to remove this once baggy now very tight pair of sweat pants. First her plump, lusciously hard and perfectly rounded butt came into view. Glutes so massive they looked like two full bowling balls placed on her backside. Next her gym clothing made its way down further, to reveal some of the most massively muscular legs any of these men had ever seen. True they were all very big and strong men themselves, with several hours in the gym most days for each of them, but this woman before them, she looked like she could compete on a bodybuilding stage this very second, against Men! The only thing stopped her from looking like a man was her extremely attractive feminine face, framed by a short mane soft dark hair, and her pair of sexy high heeled stiletto pumps.....which was the only thing Joan was left wearing at this time, as she stood before them all fully naked.

Joan then began to hit a several minute series of muscle poses, each designed to further increase the size and hardness of her massively Amazonian physique, while also scaring the Hell out of these men before her. From rock hard front and rear double biceps, to wide lat spreads, unreal ab shots, thickly muscled thighs, and of course, and ending series of Most Musculars to pump up her basketball sized pecs, and entire hulking body as well.

“So, you boys think youre strong, do you? Think because you can overpower a woman, you can do whatever you want with them.....to them.....on them!” she growled, flexing her body hard and thick with muscle. “Well, I’m a woman, what do you say boys, think you can overpower me?”



"Hell Yeah!" angrily spoke out one of the men, furious that this single, albeit very muscular, woman was intimidating their entire group. "Come on boys, as big as she is she's still just a fucking cunt, and we know we can handle them. You gonna let a single woman scare us?" he bravely roared, gaining his strength from the looks of confidence across his friend's faces. So she was strong even for a guy, heck she was strong for two guys, but they were five (or 4 ½ if they accurately count their injured friend) what chance did she have against them all. Well, they were about to find out, with surprising results.

They all reached her at once, thinking their obvious numbers and size advantage would allow them to pin her down, hold her immobile and helpless, though things didn't quite turn out as they had planned. Hitting like a sledgehammer, Joan's mighty fists shot incredibly painful punches at each and every man that approached her, sending them reeling back from her power packed impacts. Among their return, Joan grabbed whoever she could, lifted them up off the ground, and threw them at the rest of the men, something she did over and over again, until this malicious gang lay all along the floor, needing a few seconds rest to catch their breath from her handling of them.

"Awwww, did the little woman hurt you big, strong men? Here, this time I'll just stand here like this..." Joan teased, as she crossed her arms across her mammoth chest, standing defiantly though unprotected against her multiple attackers. ".....and I won't do a thing. What do you say boys, think you got what it takes to make me scream" she firmly made out, daring them all to do their worst.

Seeing such an opportunity, these men didn't wait an instant, as they bolted up from the floor and began to pummel near every inch of her thickly muscled frame. THUD! THUD! THUD! was all that could be heard, as their powerful punches were impacting Joan's Amazonian armor plating, with little to no results at all. Joan had for a long time used such tactics in her daily workouts, from male farmhands with comparable sizes to these men before her now. Doing so has helped built up her body's tolerance for such impacts on her muscle packed physique, something that was becoming more and more evident to these men as time went on.

Soon one man backed away, his thrown punches simply tiring him out to the point of exhaustion. Then the same thing happened to another, and another, and another. Until there was only one more muscle man left with the stamina to continue his physical onslaught.

"Here Little Man, try up here" Joan teasingly spoke, as she gestured this last remaining man to strike her fully exposed, fully pumped up chest. Making it move and dance on its own, just with with usage of muscle control and its loads of muscle alone.



The enraged man then began pounding on her muscle chest with all of his remaining might, though as hard as her muscles were around every other inch of her Amazon-like body, it was equally so around her pecs as well. Their firmness held still even through this large man's repeated strikings, their blows causing no pain to Joan in the least.....if anything, they were causing her pleasure.

"Mmmmmmm, I dont know how much longer I can take that Stud.....before you make me.....Ooooooh.....Ah, to Hell with it" she lustfully made out, as she grabbed the man before her by the back of his head, and shoved it deep inside her steel hard tits. "Ooooooo, that's it.....Mmmmmmm.....more muscle.....more flexing.....Oooooooh, more crushing!" she cooed softly, as she wrapped her arms around his torso began crushing this man's softer head and body into her much harder one.

The man's screams could barely be heard, as his face was so far within Joan's massive muscle chest, completely engulfed in her voluptuous hardness. Joan didn't let up for an instant, not when she heard the first Crack, or the fifth, or the tenth, as thoughts of what this man had done to the several helpless and defenseless girls whose lives they ended filled her mind, and enraged her body. SNAP! CRUSH! MANGLE!



"Oh My God!" was all these remaining males could think to themselves, as this hulkingly muscular woman was crushing one of their own to pulp, and one of their toughest at that. Frozen in fear and unable to move, they could only watch as Joan mangled their partner to dust, and hear his pain-wracked screams coming from within her body of solid muscle.

"Screw this, I'm outta here!" one of them then spoke out, breaking free from his terror induced state, running like his life depended on it to the front door to this gym. Though when he reached it, and tried to push it open, he realized he couldnt budge it at all. Upon closer inspection, he could see that the handles, the hard metal handles, had been bent together, forming a make-shift lock on this door. Something Joan did when she first entered, to help ensure that none of these men would leave here unpunished.

"What's wrong fellas, I thought you guys where looking for a little female rough and tumbling, so here I am.....oh but remember, I like it Very Rough!" Joan sensually teased, as she released her crushing hold on her current man, allowing him to fall to the floor in a heap. His body broken and bent, his face cracked and crushed, his consciousness fully gone, his life barely there.



Joan then made her way over to this panicked man, grabbing a hold of an empty, weightless metal bar as she did. Walking confidently to him, watching as he stood sandwiched between her and the locked portal, she stopped just inches from his shaking form, grabbed one end of the metal bar in each of her powerful hands, and just BENT! The metal bar screamed in agony as Joan's super strong and massively muscled arms bent it over on itself, right in front of this man, her bare upper body exploding with size and power, the man in front of her barely stopping himself from pissing his pants.

"You know I'm going to do THIS to you now, right?" Joan intimidatingly spoke to him, dropping the mangled weight bar to the floor with a Clang! "You know I'm going to bend, and twist, and pop your body to pieces for the things that you've done. For the horrors you've committed, you deserve each and every breaking of bones, ripping of muscle, every ounce of pain I'm about to give you. When I'm done, if I leave you alive, you'll be lucky if you ever walk on your own two feet again" she growled, getting just inches from his terrified form, flexing her mammoth naked body steel hard. "Now, let's get to it"

Joan then grabbed this man in her hands, something that was easily enough done even with his attempts to fight her off. She then placed him across her back, not as much over her shoulders, but actually holding on to the back of his neck and ankles behind her, and stretching him across her incredibly wide, muscle packed back. Then she strode back into the main gym area, where the remaining men were checking on their own fallen comrade. Suddenly the man who cracked a few ribs when her massacre started didn't look so bad now.



Then without another word, just Joan harshly staring at each of these men with her clear, blue eyes, she began flexing her wide back wider.....and wider.....and wider.....something that made her back slowly grow with massive muscles, in a truly terrifying lat spread. Of course, with her holding her man backwards, their backs to one another, while doing this, literally stretched and bent his own back as if he was on a torturous rack machine. His screams were blaring this time, as unreal as the pain his destroyed friend felt before him, his face wasn't smothered in female muscle this time. High pitched male screams, cries, begs, and whimpers were heard echoing throughout this gym, as Joan kept increasing the size of her muscularly thick and wide back and lats.

POP! POP! POP! Came sounds from behind her, as her victim's back was snapping and popping apart from her lat expanding/back stretching assault. Still not saying a word herself, Joan just watched these remaining men with hateful eyes, rage filled thoughts on each of them, her Amazonian form aching for the chance to hurt them all, just as they had done to those weaker than they were, she was about to do so on them.

"AHHHHHHHH!!....." was all her back breaking victim could make out, as after the fifth or sixth Pop, he passed out from the shock and pain of having his back snapped like a twig. That didn't stop Joan though, as with a few more pulses of muscle, she caused two more Pops to be heard, causing even more (though non fatal) punishment to this monstrous animal in her grasp. She then released him, causing him to land with a THUD on the ground, his back bent in an odd way and so far backwards that it was a miracle he was still alive.



“So, who's next?” Joan dominantly asked, as she hit another incredibly terror inducing most muscular pose before them all, making her already amazingly musclebound body to erupt with even harder, thicker, stronger muscle.

“Please.....please I'm sorry...I didn't want to do what we did.....they made me.....please I'm innocent here.....I'm innocent!” screamed out one of these men, panicked at thinking about what was to become of him here and now.

“Oh, it was all their fault, eh? You didn't do a thing wrong, is that so?” Joan asked.

“That's bullshit man, you were always one of the first in on these girls. Always ripping their pants or skirts off, getting them from behind, sticking it up their asses until blood came out! Don't give me you didnt do shit!” another of these angry men spoke out against his betraying male partner.

“Ooooooo, you like do to girls up the butt huh?” Joan spoke out, moving closer to this “innocent” man before her. “You like to fuck woman up their asses until blood comes out, eh? Well then Stud, this is your lucky day” she spoke, as she began pushing him into the nearby wall, his own thickly muscled form stuck between the walls hardness and that of Joan's rock hard body. She then turned around to face away from him, bent down ever so slowly until she got to a 90 degree angle, and sexily rocked and shook her incredibly thick and mighty glutes right in front of him.

“Well, what are you waiting for, it's a long time since I've met a man that enjoys anal as much as I do. So pull your shorts down and get on in there” she sexily spoke, moving her bowling ball sized glutes back and forth as she did. While perfectly round, smooth as silk, and incredibly firm as her butt looked, this man was more than a bit alarmed by this, as her treatment of his friends before him was anything but gentle. Unfortunately his apprehension was beginning to make Joan even madder, something he definitely did not want to happen.

“Look, you have 5 seconds to slide that thing that you call a dick inside my ass, as far as it'll go, or I swear to God I'm going to grab it with both hands and Rip It Right Off Your Body!!” the power packed muscle girl yelled out. This caused the man to follow her instructions to the letter, as he shoved his large, throbbing cock inside her massively muscular butt as far as it was go. “There, now was that so hard?” Joan spoke, as she rose back up from her bent position, now standing straight and tall, this man's dick deep inside her muscular ass, his fear filled face staring at her insanely wide and muscle packed back.

She then pushed herself back to the wall, smothering this man behind her between her hardness and the walls, and began to pulse her gluteal muscles around this man's hard cock inside her. Flex after flex helped massage it even harder, larger and thicker, which was exactly Joan's goal here. “See, not so bad eh?” she teasingly asked, watching as the man's face of terror was slowly turning into one of arousal. A perfect time for her to strike!

FLEX! SQUEEZE!! CRUSH!!!

“AAARRRGHHHHH!!” the man behind her screamed aloud, as he felt like his dick was inside a flesh covered vice grip. Joan had begun to flex her butt so hard, so full with muscle, that she was literally crushing his cock inside her. The remaining men, of whose numbers were dwindling fast, could only watch in horror, as this massively muscular woman flexed her ass near solid, watching muscle dimples forming across its full roundness with each flexing, watching as her ass alone was pulverizing their friends dick to mush.

“I thought you liked it up the butt, study?” Joan teased, as she harshly mangled this man's cock with her steel hard glutes. “Oh but we're not done yet. Thanks to your friend, I know how you like to gage when youre finished ramming someone up the ass.....let's just see what we can do about that” she continued, flexing her already bowling ball hard ass even moreso. Another few seconds of this, his screams reaching a higher pitch than ever before, Joan got her desired result, as blood began to flow down her butt and onto the floor between then. Normally such a bloody result was caused by this man's extremely harsh treatment of the girls insides as he did this to them, this time though it was caused by his own mangled member.



Try as he might to break free, his strength was nothing compared to Joan's Amazonian power, so all he could do after he was both physically and mentally drained, was cry like a baby, and so he did. Joan then released her hold over his demolished cock, and moved forward allowing it to slide out of her and droop downwards to the floor. The man was in shock at the bloody mess his penis was now in, wondering if he would ever be able to use it again for anything. Though such thoughts became a distant dream as Joan turned around over her shoulder to look at him, and then backed her way closer again to his pain wracked body.

"Oh we're not done yet Stud, I think you got off easy, and I don't want your friends to think I'm giving you a Free Pass just because you're "innocent"" Joan spoke out, as she began to push her rock hard butt into this man's groin, which was followed by his howls of pain. At first she had his midsection tight against her butt, pushing it snugly against it and the wall behind him, but unlike the last time she did this, this time she didn't stop pushing. Her butt simply began crushing in on this man's hips and groin area, as she continued to crush it against her glutes steel hard muscles and the unyielding wall behind them both. His midsection was being literally crushed to pieces, just by the pressure of her amazingly large, incredibly firm, perfectly rounded butt.

His screams and cries of pain were all about, but Joan didn't stop, she knew these evil men deserved all she could give them, and in truth, probably much more. Though she wasn't like them, she didn't want to kill, become a murderer like they were.....but that didn't mean she couldn't permanently break them in a variety of ways, ways in which they would never fully recover. After a few more CRACKs and BREAKs from her mighty onslaught, something that was so forceful it was even denting the wall behind them, Joan moved forward, and watched this man and his broken midsection fall like a heap to the floor.

"And now, Mr. Big Mouth, it's your turn!" she harshly spoke to the man who had informed her of his friends anal fantasies, something I don't think will ever be a problem again.

"Get the fuck away from me, you Bitch!" the terrified man yelled, as he grabbed a long 45 pound bar, free of its weights, and threatened to use it as a weapon.

"Oh my Little Boy, didn't we prove already you don't have what it takes to hurt me?" she spoke with an aura of physical superiority. "Oh, alright, have your go then" she spoke, taking another defenseless stance, goading this man to take his best shot, something he didn't wait more than a second to do.



THUD! THUD! THUD! Went the huge metal bar as he clumsily struck Joan's Amazonian physique all over. This tactic was actually worse for this man, as he was getting physically tired from this assault, something Joan didn't seem to notice much at all. He then took a final swing at her head, her beautiful face, knowing that without the muscular armor plating that the rest of her body contained, this would surely be his chance.

CATCH!

"Oh Fuck!" the muscle man spoke to himself, as Joan raised her hand and caught the heavily swung bar just inches from its contact with her face.

“Now that, wasn't very nice” she coldly spoke, as she forcefully took the huge bar from him, placed it behind her massively muscular back, and began to use her mighty arms to pull it forward, bending its steel hardness against her own equally hard back.....or was that superiorly hard back. “Is that how you beat down those girls you rape and kill? Grab whatever's near by and strike them until they can't stand against you? Well, I think by now you know that won't work on THIS girl” she growled, as she strode her way closer to this man. “But I'm wondering how such a beating would work on YOU!” she continued, raising her muscle packed arms and mighty fists at him.

STRIKE! PUNCH! HIT! SMACK! THUD! was all that could be heard, as Joan proceeded to beat the every loving Hell out of this man before her. Knowing full well he fully deserved it, so she didn't need to hold back much at all. No killing was one thing she tried her best to stick to tonight, anything else was fair game.

“Is this how your victims felt when you beat them down? Their frail and weak bodies falling against a much stronger, tougher, bigger attacker? Well, I think now the shoes on the other foot this time, and unlike you, I'm not even using a weapon. These are my weapons.....” she intimidatingly spoke, flexing her massively thick 25” arms at him, “.....these are my weapons.....” she continued, placing her hands on her hips and flexing her 36” thighs, “.....these are my weapons.....” she concluded flexing her 65” chest powerfully before his battered form.



She then continued her punishing attack, breaking bones, snapping tendons, ripping muscle with each and every strike. Even though this was a strong bodied man before her, as they all were, he stood no chance against all of the strength and hardness Joan could bring to the table. Her anger at these men didn't help them in the least, as it only made her body that much more devastatingly powerful. With a few final series of strikes, even after he had already become unconscious, she dropped his battered and bloodied body to the floor with a Thud! Her own physique, completely naked except for her specially made stiletto pumps, was covered in blood in various places, though none of it was hers. Whether it be head crushing pecs, hip smashing glutes, back breaking lats or bone crunching arms, this woman had shown beyond a shadow of a doubt that each and every part of her mammoth frame was a lethal weapon.....well, all except one. Lucky for her she still had one man left to try them out on.

"Get.....get away from me.....HELP!!.....Oh God, somebody HELP!!" the last man screamed, who oddly enough was the first man to physically challenge Joan upon her arrival here (his several crushed ribs a testament to that).

"Come now, surely you dont expect anyone to hear you in here, a completely empty gym, locked tight, in the late hours of the night. It's just you and me Tiger, and I've got something special planned for us tonight" she dominantly made out, turning her full attention to the last man standing. "You see, I told you all before, I like it Rough, and with all that's happened tonight, well let's just say that I'm in "The Mood", and you my lucky Stud are going to be the one to please me"

"No...no, I don't want to get near you, stay away.....(cough)....stay away from me, you freak!!"

"Awwww, now is that anyway to speak to your lover of the evening? Or is that just rough pillow talk, in which case, I have some for you in return" Joan harshly spoke, as she grabbed this man (the largest of them here) by his meaty shoulders, squeezing them until he was on his knees before her. "In asking around about you guys, trying to find out whatever I could.....oh, by the way your bartender friend says HI from the hospital, as he apparently got jumped by 10 guys or something.....one of the things I found out was that the biggest one, that's you, was their leader. The one who would get this band of vicious animals together, the one that would choose which girls you raped and killed, the one that called all the shots. Well, that being the case, I have something special planned for you" Joan spoke, moving her massively sized thighs on either side of his face, his body shaking in fear on his knees before her.



"Being that I'm so hot and bothered right now..." something that was clear as day, as he could see traces of her love juices trickling down her legs, her exposed wet pussy just inches from his face. "...I'm going to fuck you, fuck you Amazon style, fuck you so hard that it'll shatter your bones, wreck your body, break you mentally and physically. If want you to try and resist, try and fight back, please do so, as that Really turns me on. If you do a good job, if you're a good fuck, I'll let you live with the worst beating of them all. Oh, and if you're not a good fuck, then I'll Kill You!" she growled, slamming her thighs together, each of them exploding with massive power and hardness, right before his face.

Joan didn't wait for his answer, as she wasn't asking his permission for this sexual display. She was going to rape this man before her, show him how it felt for a physically superior person to take him sexually, and in his case, very harshly and forcefully as well. Throwing him on his back on the floor, she wrapped her body around his in a sexual grapevine hold. Her musclebound arms holding his above his head, her thick, meaty thighs wrapping around his legs, near pulling them apart. Her massive basketball shaped breasts were just inches from his face, each of them looking as hard and muscular as the rest of her body, each of them alone with the power to cause him a world of pain.

Joan then lined their sexual organs together, and slid him inside her. At first this feeling was unreal, her moistness, her firm vaginal muscles hugging his cock, it was enough to make this man forget about the life threatening position he was in.....something Joan rectified near immediately.

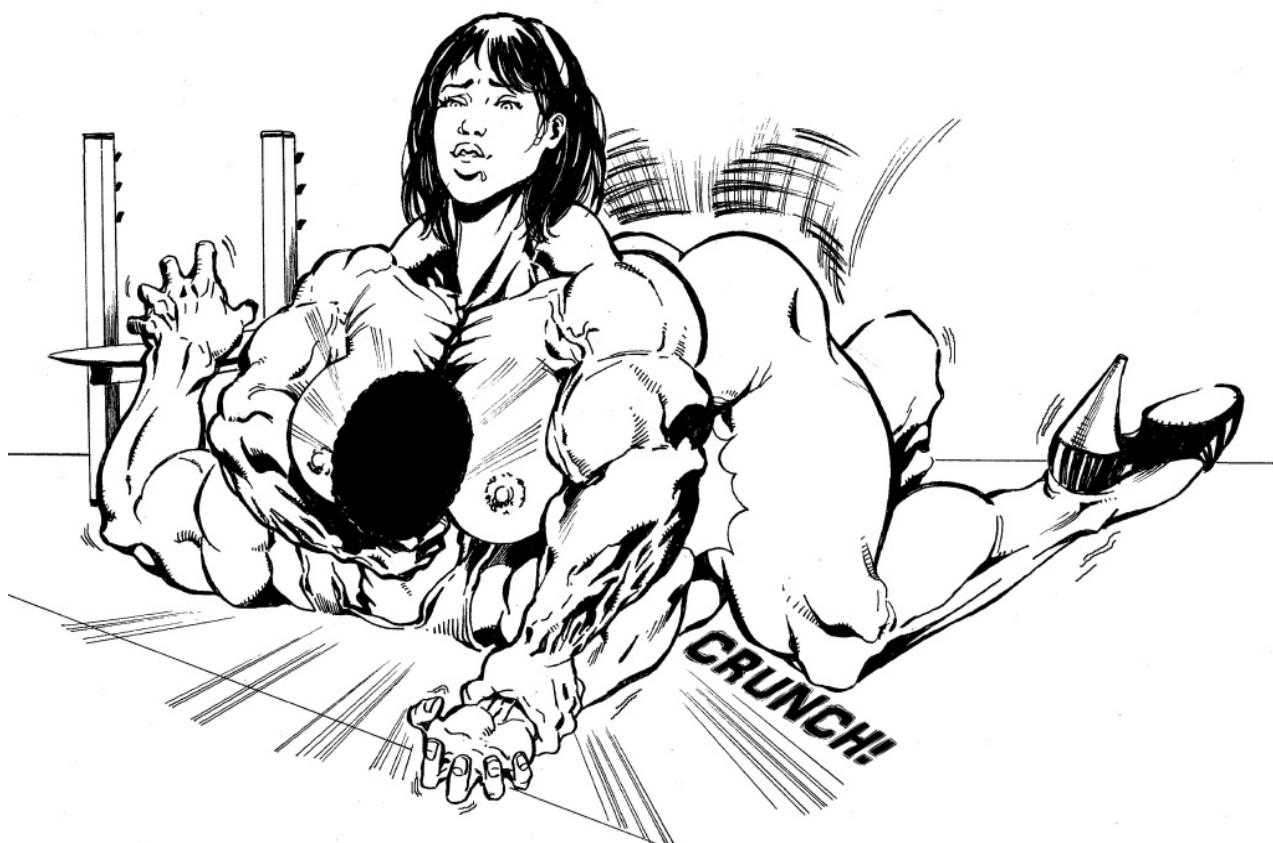
With a merciless squeezing of her pussy muscles, she began crushing his throbbing cock to pulp, just as she had done previously with her ass on one of his friends. Her vaginal muscles, as impossibly as it sounded, seemed nearly as strong as the rest of her muscle packed physique. Without moving any other part of her body, Joan was using just her muscular pussy to constrict around this man's once proud, now demolished, cock with as much anger and force that she could muster.



Male screams were again belted out across the gym, as Joan savagely constricted on his cock with her vaginal muscles. After several minutes of this, she began to slam her hips up and down, hard and fast. His penis still stuck inside her superhumanly strong love hole, Joan was lifting him off the ground, and then back down Hard, with every thrusting of her hips. Her lower body moved like a jackhammer in speed and power, smashing this large man's midsection to the ground over and over and over again.

After another few minutes of this, Joan then wrapped her massively muscular arms around the back of his head, still continuing her dick crushing/pelvis slamming motions of her lower body, and shoved his face deep inside her beefy, thick muscle tits. She then began to constrict her amazingly hard pecs around his face and head, crushing and pounding him into oblivion just with a session of all out muscle fucking.

“What’s the matter……Mmmmmmm……I thought you boys like a bit of Rough Sex……Oooooooooo……I know I do……Yeessssss……that’s it……Mmmmmmm……more muscle……more power……more flexing……Ooooooooooh, that’s what I like” Joan erotically cooed, as her thickly musclebound body literally enveloped this once larger man, threatening to snap him completely apart during her sexual performance. His efforts to resist were futile, as while he was very strong for a man, this Amazon was his physical superior with little doubt. Something that was made even moreso with both her rage and her lust adding to her massive physiques already vast power.



Unfortunately for Joan, she went in on this man too quick, too hard, too brutal, and not only had she crushed, cracked and broken several bones all over his body, but her savage hold on his dick had its lasting effects as well. This man's once proud and confident erection was now squeezed to mush, which while causing untold pain to him, didn't give Joan the sexual friction she craved for as well.

“Mmmmmmm, looks like I muscle fucked you a bit too hard, didn't I? Was I a bit too rough in the sex department, my weak Little Man?” she teasingly growled at him, removing his head from her pecs, his dick from her vagina, both of them crushed and beaten to a pulp. “Well, that doesn't mean you're off the hook, I still haven't finished, and I don't get in a workout like this without finishing with a little sexual release” she erotically roared, easily turning this man around on his stomach, laying in front of him herself, as she held her mammoth legs around his head, shoving his mangled face into her dripping wet pussy.

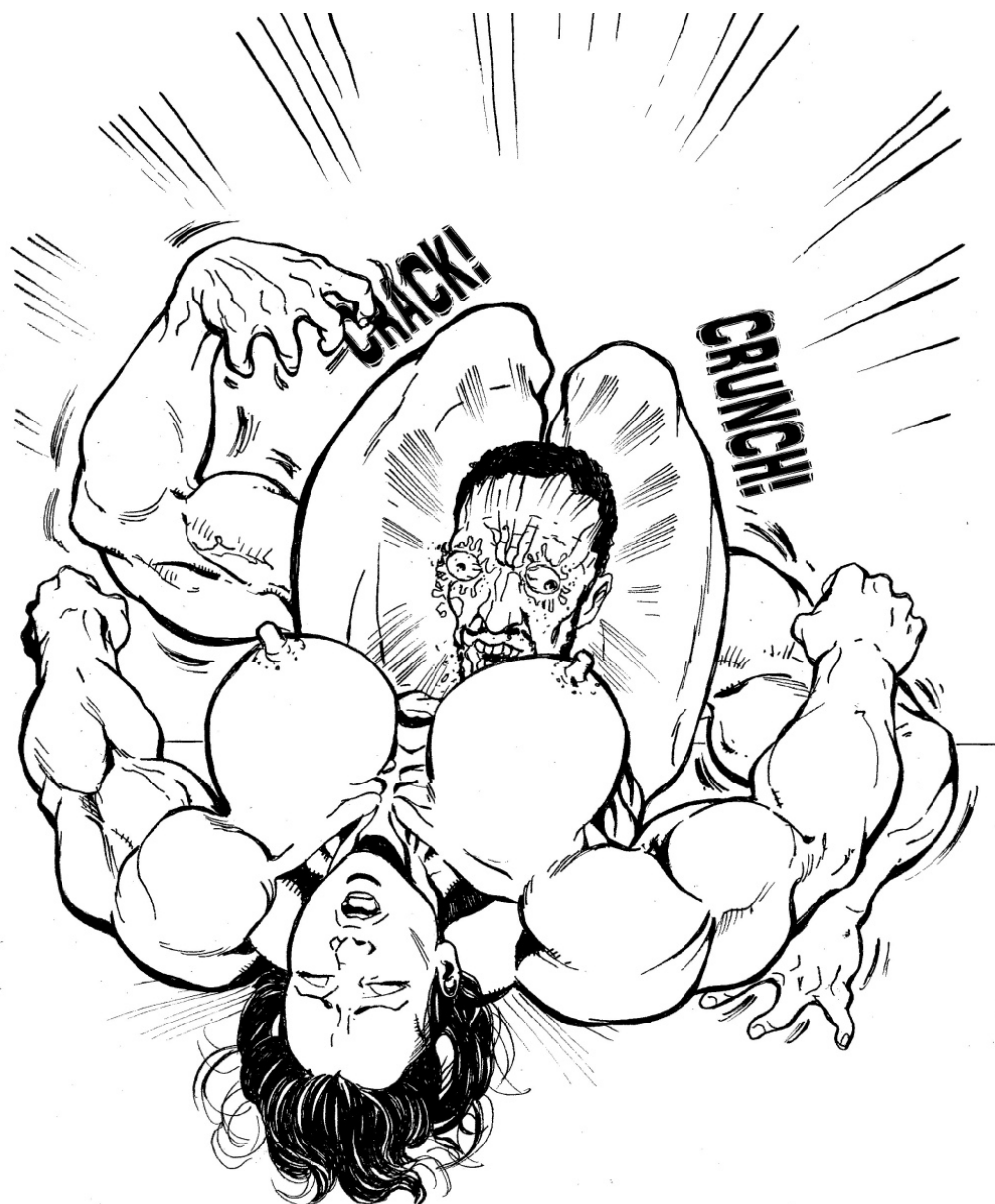


"I may have broken your body, Little Man, but I'm sure your tongue still works, so Get Going, before I show you just how much I can CRUSH with these thunder thighs of mine" she lustfully roared, as she placed her thighs around this man's head for further incentive (not that any was needed at this time), sensually playing with her own fully exposed chest and erection nipples as she did. "Ooooooh, that's it.....right there.....that's the spot.....Mmmmmmm.....lick me, lick me til I cum or I'll Crush your head to pulp....." Joan erotically made out, as this completely beaten hulk of a man did everything he could with his tongue, used every last ounce of strength he had in his entire body to please his massively muscular mistress before him.

Unfortunately for him, he may have been doing too good a job, as Joan was completely lost in her muscle fucking and began thrusting and gyrating her entire body fuller and thicker with more strength and power than ever. Moans and groans could be heard throughout this locale from them both, though while Joan's were of sensual, erotic Pleasure, this man's were of skull crushing, mind numbing Pain. His tongue kept licking though, an involuntary act, as Joan's steel hard, rippling thighs were literally crushing his head between them, his tongue wagging about in utter panic as she was. Still, he continued to hit her sweet spot, and coupled with her own sensuous playing with her breasts and the thoughts of her own Amazon-like body and the things she did to these vicious men here today, were simply too much for Joan to contain.

After another few more seconds both Joan and her sexually forced victim screamed with all that they were, her sexual juices exploding all over this man's trapped head, while his own head simply Exploded.

"Ooooooooh.....Ooooooh.....Ooooooo" Joan erotically groaned, as her physical pace began to slow down from its hectic, muscle fucking motions. She then looked between her incredibly thick, shapely thighs, and saw this man's head crushed to a pulp, as she had so often done to various melons and sports balls in the past. "Eh, I guess you were a bad fuck there Stud.....or was it that you were Too Good, either way, you got what you deserved." she spoke, as she raised her muscle packed nude form up from the floor, "You all did" she roared out to them, all still knocked out, all subconsciously moaning in pain from the savage beating they had just endured.



Joan moved her body towards one of the many fully mirrored walls around her, and then began to Flex. Her mighty muscles hardened and grew to unreal firmness and shape. She was stronger than any man she had ever known, very possibly any man on Earth, though she had the face of a beautiful young woman, a true Amazon lovers dream come true. Joan then turned to survey the complete destruction of these murdering rapists, all at her hands, something that made her feel very proud of her massively muscular frame and the power it contained.

After an anonymous call to 911 to alert them of a brutal gang war that occurred at Johnny's Gym, leaving one dead and several other severely wounded (and a late night call home to her husband Jason to let him know she was alright), Joan gathered her pink sweatsuit back into her hands (her bodys muscles having grown so much since her arrival that it no longer fit), and powerfully Click, Click, Clicked her stiletto heels out of this building and on her way home to her own, very loving man.

THE END

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