

BAR JOCK MEETS HIS FOIL

(a Jack Straw Story)

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Rob scanned the dimly lit bar in what he considered a most masterful manner. He always felt on display, sure that his good looks and big athletic body attracted attention. At 6'2" and 250 lbs of solid muscle, he was hard to miss. At the end of the bar sat what he decided would be his conquest for the night. She was very well-built, with huge tits and cleavage prominently exposed.

Her arms and (very?!) broad shoulders were hidden by a loose-fitting open jacket, but her long, muscular legs, which ended in white sexy spike-heeled sandals, were deliciously revealed below her short skirt. As he approached, he noted the deep tan that set off those beautiful legs and her imposing bust.

He settled into the empty seat next to her and struck up a conversation. He was pleased that she seemed so taken by him. As usual, he took the lead; most of the conversation was about him.

He learned only her name, Karen, and that she was new in town. She seemed impressed with him and his physique. They talked about his athletic prowess: he had been a well-known linebacker in college and still kept in shape. Sometimes she steered the conversation into intellectual areas that were beyond his ken, but he brought things back to his life, his work, and athletics. Once she asked him about his view of women in sports. At first he was evasive, hoping not to offend, but she gradually drew out his true opinion, that he was all for women keeping fit (as Karen obviously was) but the woman athlete was hopelessly behind the male athlete. Women just didn't have the genes, the muscle mass. Instead of being offended, she seemed to draw closer, surreptitiously feeling his biceps and rubbing her legs against his all the way up to his crotch. Her eyes glowed (worshipfully, he thought) and almost seemed to undress him in appreciative appraisal of his body. He was anxious to leave and move things along.

She invited him to her place, and as they got up to leave, he was surprised to find her eyes a little above the level of his. In her high, high heels she seemed a little taller than he. It was a little unsettling; he always enjoyed being able to look downward at women. It was a symbolic thing for him. He forgot about this "defect" as he followed her out the door, though. What a body! And did she ever know how to move it in the right ways. Trailing her in his car, as she drove to her place, he congratulated himself on such a find. This would be a night to remember!

At her place she seemed even more animated, which at first made her even more desirable in his eyes. Fairly devouring him with her eyes, she asked huskily how he kept in such good shape.

"Well, I've always been active and strong. And I've been pumping a lot of weight for a few years now."

Seated next to him on the couch, she started to unbutton his shirt, and kissed him lightly on the neck. He was a little miffed that she was being the aggressor but the smoldering look of unabashed lust on her face melted his resistance. Soon his muscular arms, shoulders, and hairy torso were bare and she was caressing, admiring, and hotly kissing his naked skin. Close to writhing in suppressed arousal, he sought to return her kisses and get on top of her. But somehow she remained on top and bent his head so that his kisses brushed against the exposed tops of her prodigious boobs. His male ego demanded that he not let her control this foreplay so completely, but as he exerted himself further, they tumbled off the couch with her still on top. She giggled at his surprised, frustrated look. He was flat on his back with her astride his midsection.

"Are you one of those guys that just have to be on top? Well, I'm one of those gals that won't let you."



I love your muscles, Rob, but you're not nearly as strong as I am. If I feel like being on top, there's nothing you can do about it," Karen taunted, tweaking his nose playfully.

"What!" he sputtered, and then he grinned. "Oh, I get it. You're the type who gets turned on by a little tussle. Is that it? Well, look out!" And with that he strained to unseat her and rise from the floor.

But instead she grasped his hands and slowly pressed them to the floor behind his head as she slid upward toward his face. She twined her legs around his midsection and squeezed. Not only could he not unseat her, the grip of her hands and legs was becoming painful! A few minutes more of intense effort to muscle her off only succeeded in making him hot, sweaty, and exhausted.

Managing a sheepish grin, he admitted, "All right, you've got me. You win this round. Let me up."

"Not so fast! I'm enjoying this." She moved upward so that her knees bore into his biceps and removed the jacket that had covered her arms and shoulders. He was stunned. This lady had muscles! Big ones! She flexed them tauntingly. Huge muscles! They were an affront to his ego, his narrow concept of the sexes, and hence a source of anxiety. But somehow on her they seemed erotic, as beautiful as the rest of her. She smiled knowingly at the mixture of emotions clearly painted on his face. He was challenged and turned on at the same time! It was going to be fun tussling with this creature and subduing her.



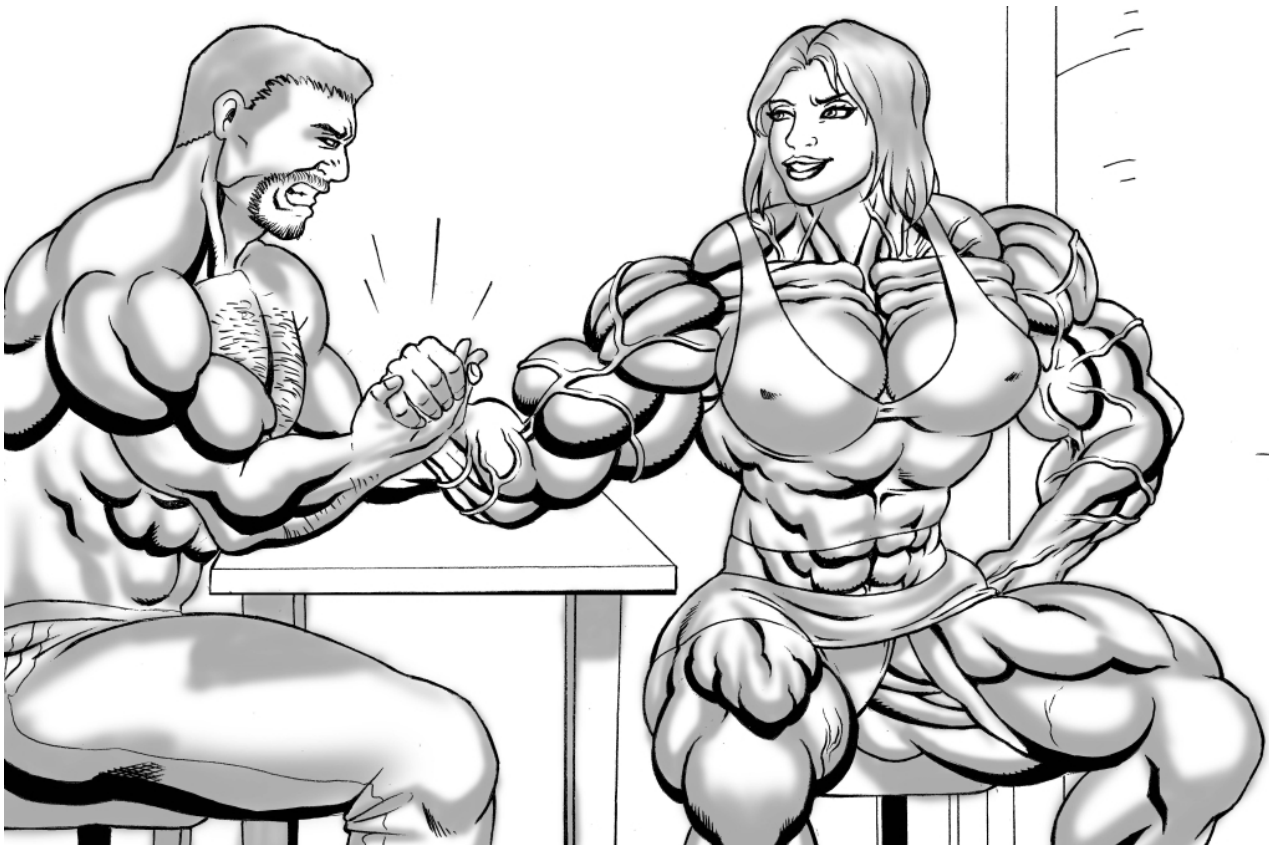
"Admit it. **WOMEN ARE STRONGER!** I'm still on top. My muscles are bigger and harder than yours. Feel!" she commanded and lifted one of his hands to one of her flexed biceps. It was big! Even his large hands didn't begin to capture its girth. And hard! He couldn't dent the iron-like solidity and, as he tried, she flexed harder and ridges of muscle rose up even higher.

"I'm stronger and my muscles are bigger and I haven't been lifting weights nearly as long as you. Women must be stronger!"

"Look, lady," he said as he suddenly twisted his body and unseated her, "you haven't proven that you're stronger than I am yet. That was just a warm up."

"How much proof do you need? Look at your soft, little arms and then look at mine. Look at my legs and then think about yours. But leg-wrestling would be no contest. Okay, you think you're stronger, let's arm wrestle. You won't last a minute."

What had started out as a nice bit of foreplay was turning into a battle of the sexes and Rob was getting more and more irritated. But just the same he wanted to put her in her place. She had been on top in that little love tussle or whatever it was. He HAD to redeem his pride and belief in male superiority.



So, feeling a little silly, he squared off across a table from her. They each put up their arms, and even with his egocentric myopia he had to admit that hers looked almost as big as his. He also couldn't help staring at her huge bust proudly protruding toward him across the table. She yelled, "Go!" and he grimaced in effort, expecting to feel her arm giving way. But it didn't. He rose slightly in his seat. Still her arm didn't budge.

"Is that your best, wimp?" he heard her taunt and opening his eyes, which he had closed in his struggle, he saw that she was not straining at all. "Now compare your little MALE arm with mine as I put you away." With that he felt his hand crunch in her vice-like grip, and he gaped as her biceps swelled up much larger and harder than his. He groaned with futile exertion as she forced his arm inexorably to the table.

After defeating him more quickly with the other arm, she rose, hands on hips, "Now do you admit that WOMEN ARE SUPERIOR to men. You must at least admit that I am stronger than you!"

"Well, okay, you're better at arm wrestling, but that's only one kind of strength."

"You're pathetic, but you'll learn. You'll learn," she said ominously as she disappeared into her bedroom.

As he was massaging his strained arm muscles, she returned in a sexy white bikini and high heels. What a turn on! The stretch bikini was so minuscule as to almost not exist. With each breath the flare of her torso, as it expanded outward from her iron-hard waist, threatened to burst the straining bikini top. From the lovely crown of her head to her high-heeled shoes she was a supreme specimen of femininity, smoothly voluptuous but powerful, granite-like muscles layered on top of muscles!

"Okay, how about a contest to see who gets to be on top in there," she pointed toward the bedroom. Now they were back on the right track, he thought. "The first one to strip the others' clothes off will be on top. Not that it matters, since the stronger one, I, would do what I want anyway. Am I giving you enough handicap, or should I strip off this top too?"

"No, lady, I'll do that," he hooted as he dove for her. He was still clothed in tight-fitting sturdy pants, while both the top and bottom of her sexy bikini were tied with delicate bow-knots that could be loosened with one hand. And no matter how strong she looked, he was sure he outweighed her by 50 to 100 pounds.



Yet as it turned out, he never got close to touching either enticing knot on her bikini. It was a one-sided humiliating onslaught as she ripped off his pants. Once he was down to his underwear, she evened the odds by removing her top: She merely took a deep breath and the expansion of her immense chest exploded the delicate garment apart and exposed her enticing, but imposing globes in all their glory. He lost the ensuing brief struggle and suffered the indignity of being forcefully denuded as she shredded his briefs.



Still he refused to admit the inferiority of his sex, as he confidently noted the way she licked her lips and eyed his ample male appendage. He knew that it was extraordinarily large, and felt that now at last he had an advantage in this duel that so far had been a complete victory for her and her sex. "I admit that I have not represented my sex well so far, but in making love, the cock rules the roost."

She laughed uproariously. "So you think the cock always conquers?"

"Sure it invades."

"Well, with me, it is surrounded and then gives up. Always. The cock is inferior; the balls are even more pathetic. Ready for proof?"

She hugged him closely, melding their hot naked bodies together. He was rigid (and in his mind HUGE) with desire. Just as he thought that other women worshipped him for the immensity of his member, he was sure that she must be fascinated and fearful at its size.

She would be begging for mercy soon. Yet she seemed unconcerned as, still standing, she ceremoniously loosened her bikini bottom and, as the sexy fabric fluttered to the floor, she fed his member to the very hilt into her warm, moist love channel.

Waves of delicious massaging ministrations washed over his cock and he felt it engorge further. In his mind it was a monstrous hot poker whose steely immensity must be painful to her; soon she would have to yield control he thought, frustrated that he was not yet controlling the action. She had him in a tight embrace that trapped his arms as she gripped each of his buttocks and thrust him against her so forcefully that his balls were being mashed. Still it felt so wonderful that he was near explosion. Through half-closed lust-laden eyes he was surprised to find her lovely eyes open, scrutinizing his state with mocking amusement.

"Still feel that the true role of the cock is to invade? Or is it to be enveloped in the female love lock? Have you ever felt so aroused? You're not even pumping; I'm doing it all, and you love it. This is how it can be for the man who admits his true place under a woman. In a few seconds and I could force you to cum. But let me show you just how inferior you are."



Suddenly, he felt her cunt muscles contract with amazing, PAINFUL force. She had him backed against the wall or he would have collapsed from the sudden weakness in his knees. It felt like his member was being pulverized. He was trapped by his lustful state and the almighty strength of her love muscles. She withdrew her hands and arms and placed them on her hips. Now the only grip she had on him was with her cunt, although her abdominal, hip, and thigh muscles were clenched in cabled relief.

He tried to extricate his swollen prick first by merely backing up and then by pushing with all his might against her nether region. Yet his efforts only seemed to be tearing his member from his body. In his anxiety he began to lose the erection and the now rubbery appendage began to stretch as it deflated further. Still, the head remained trapped in her obviously very muscular orifice, and despite pulling hard enough that his cock stretched further and further, he could not remove it. And the grip was agonizing.

"Please, please let out. I think you're ruining me," he begged.

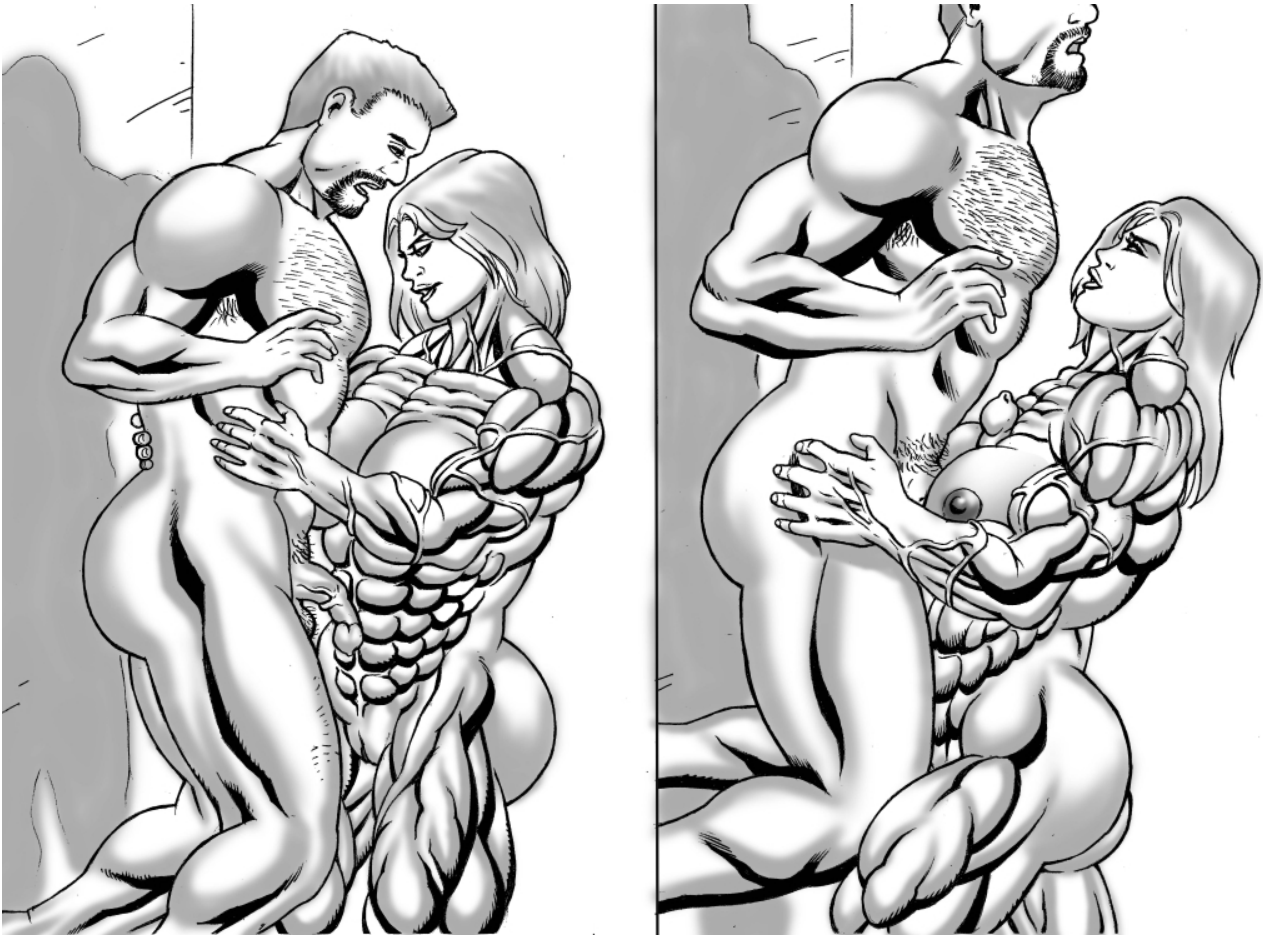
"Admit that your male twig is weaker than the superior female organ. Come on, SAY IT!"

"I admit it, I admit it! The cunt is stronger than the cock! Let me go!"

She relaxed and the rubbery male organ slipped out with a loud snap. He fell in terror and looked at his deformed member, limp as spaghetti and stretched sickeningly. "What have you done to me? I'm ruined!"

"Oh, poor baby! Did the big, bad woman hurt the big man's itty bitty dingus?" she mocked him. "You big baby! It's not ruined. It will still work well enough to please me if I let you."

She hugged him roughly to her body and kissed him roughly, a long cloying kiss. She ran her hands over his body and gently stroked his cock and balls. His stretched, limp member engorged with blood. Struggling to catch his breath when she released him, he realized that he had a full-blown erection once again. "See," she giggled, running her finger lightly up his member, "you're not ruined, just overmatched."

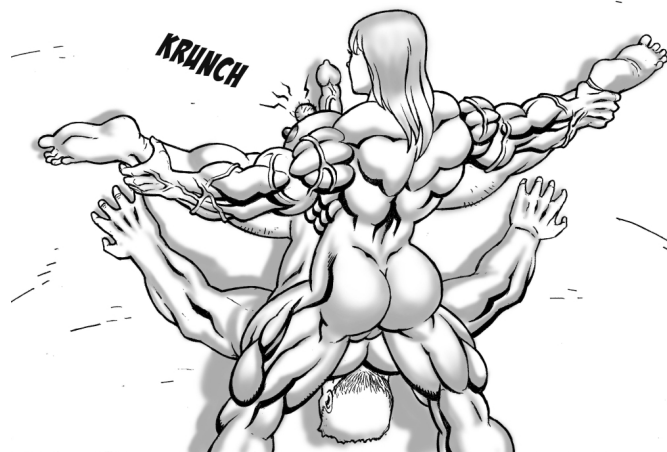


Placing her hands tightly at his waist, she lifted him so that his feet barely touched the floor and ran his turgid member across her iron-hard belly. The organ that he always thought of being so hard seemed soft when forced against her steely female body. Flexing her arm, shoulder, and chest muscles awesomely, she lifted him further until his cock touched her delightfully firm breasts and her erect nipples. She pressed him into her so that her breasts bore into his lower abdomen and enveloped his cock. Looking down, he was surprised to see that what he considered to be a monstrous cock was completely hidden by her prodigious mammaries.

It was dimly seeping into the dull recesses of his brain that he was puny in every way except for height compared to this magnificent creature who was holding him so effortlessly. For the first time he objectively viewed her feminine musculature. In fascination he felt the mountainous ridges of her biceps and the steely density terrorized but also aroused him further. She felt his response and smiled exultantly. Although his abdomen felt crushed by the suddenly not so delightful breasts that were much harder than he expected and so large that his internal organs were being rearranged, the pressure of her immense chest on his member was arousing him further.

The surfaces of her breasts were just soft enough and moist enough from her perspiration and hot enough that it felt wonderful. She began to stroke his member in her voluptuous cleft by lifting him bodily up and down. Her mountainous arm muscles bulged out even further. Nearing eruption, he felt her change her grip and swing her breasts from side to side upon his sensitive organ.

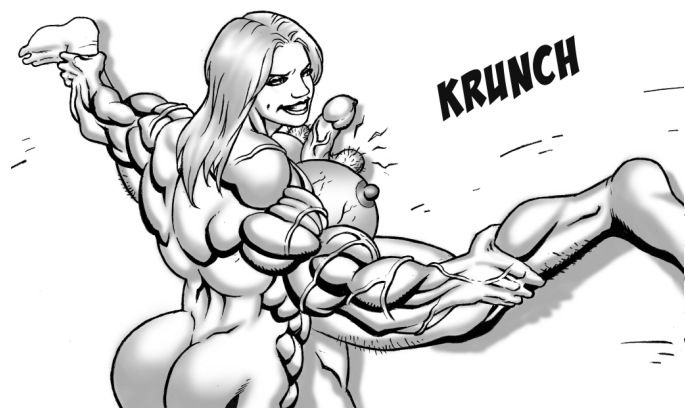
Each blow ripped at the roots of his cock; yet still the cum welled up inside until the balls contracted and the cock began to bob in



ejaculation. At that moment the mighty woman placed one hand under his balls and the other hand pulled down on his head. As he screamed from the pain on his flattened testicles, he spurted into his face.

She released him and laughed at his pathetic condition, as he slid limply down along the wall. "See, it still works. But just like the rest of you it's too weak to do it right without my help." "But I promised to abuse your testicles with my anatomy, too, didn't I?"

In panic he tried to squirm away but she gripped his legs at the thighs just above the knees and lifted them easily high over her head.



Despite his violent struggling she maintained him upside down and thrust one of her gigantic boobs against his balls. As she took a deep breath the hard breasts thrust out even further, squashing his soft testicles against the wall. She burrowed into him in this way with first one boob and then the other. Now completely unmanned, he blubbered mindlessly this time when she demanded that he admit his utter inferiority in EVERY respect.

She had proven without doubt that his body was no match for her strength, his mind was hopelessly inferior, and that his fragile male organs were equally outclassed by her voluptuous, desirable, but all-powerful breasts and cunt. He passed out from the pain and permanently wounded pride.

The rest of the night, whenever he was conscious, she used his outclassed body for her enjoyment, burning into his psyche the inferiority of his sex and the utter superiority of hers.

THE END

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