

BEATEN BY A GIRL

(a Miles Endeavour Story)

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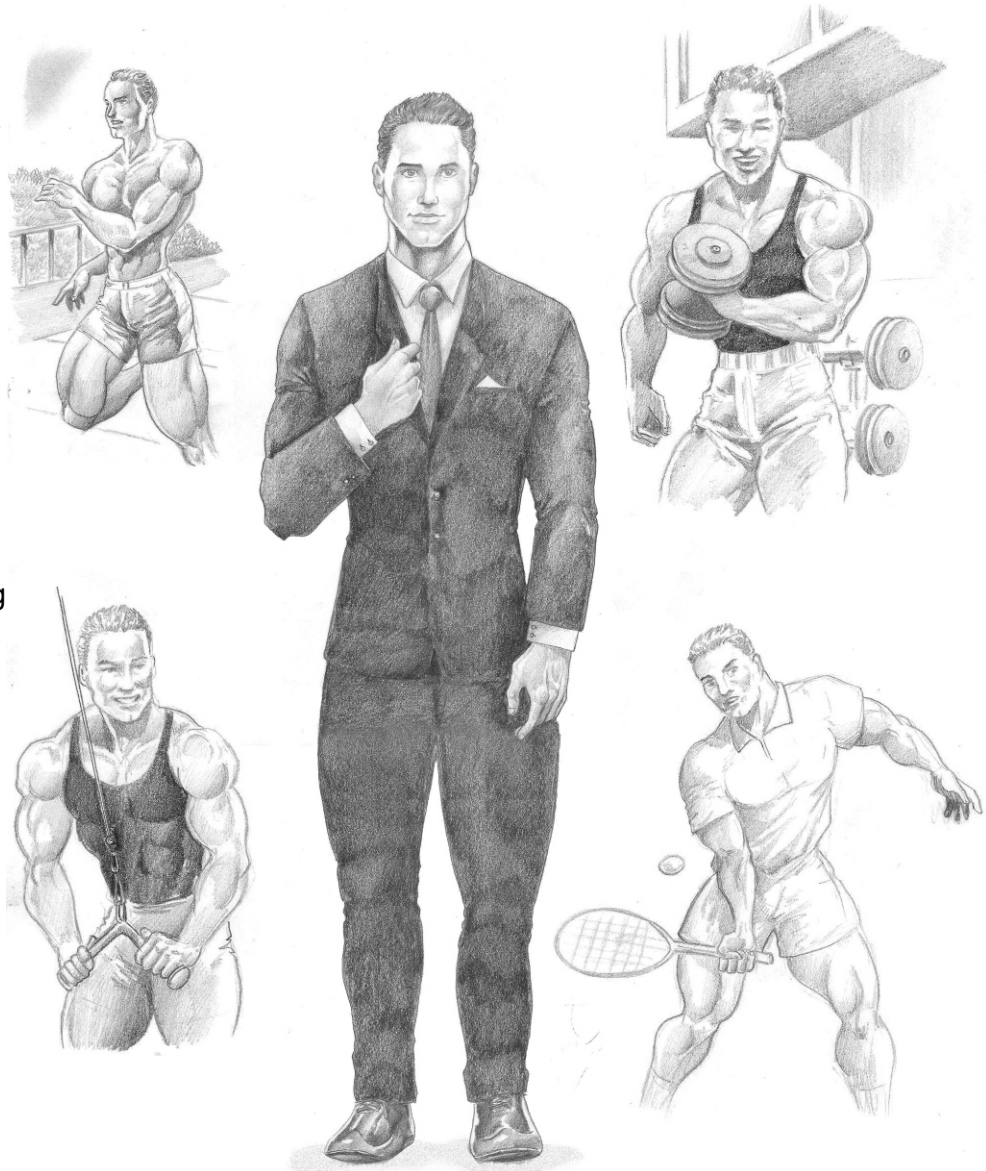


It began like it often did, not really a dream - more of a memory of those events now over three years old. It was in those semi-wakeful moments just before rising that Jason Jameson saw the table of girls laughing at him. Jason knew he was sleeping, and reliving the encounter that had changed his life. He knew he could open his eyes and end the memory/dream at any time, but he chose to watch it to its end. Actually he had a lot to thank Penny for. Her emasculation of him had led to his change in attitude and had made him what he was today.

Jason was 5 years out of college, and one of the fast climbers at his firm. At 26 he was the youngest supervisor at his level, and many predicted he would be a vice-president by the time he was 40. Jason was a confident negotiator and always appeared to be in control of every situation. He had successfully positioned his company on the "winning" side of several important deals, even when dealing with much more experienced adversaries.

When asked Jason would attribute his calm and composure in tight situations to his long involvement in sports. Even now he liked to stay fit, he claimed it gave him an advantage in long negotiating situations. At 6'2", Jason was a fairly solid 180 Lbs. He no longer got as much time in the gym as he had in his younger days, but he was still proud of his fine physique. Fighting against a job that left him fairly sedentary, Jason ran several times a week, lifted weights, and played tennis regularly. But he didn't let it interfere with his desire to climb to the top.

Jason's immediate supervisor was Cecilia Edwards, who was the manager of the Chicago branch. Cecilia was a tough and able leader who performed well for the company for many years. She had only one flaw as far as Jason saw it. She spent much too much time doting on her teenage daughter. Penny was 13 and Cecilia let her run her life. She was always taking her somewhere or getting involved in her latest project, all of which was taking away from her work efficiency. The main office had threatened her several times to up her output or they would find someone who could.



Cecilia had waited until her late twenties to have a child and now in her early forties her daughter was still a handful. Her husband had left her shortly after Penny was born and he rarely bothered to see his child. This left Cecilia to do all the child rearing as well as running her office. This was just another example of the disadvantages that women had in the workplace, Jason thought on more than one occasion.

Penny was very active into gymnastics and Cecilia had acted as the team's chauffeur and unofficial coach for several years. Jason was new to the Chicago office and decided it wouldn't hurt to get in good with the new boss by taking an interest in her daughter's hobby. So he studied up a little on gymnastics, enough to sound knowledgeable anyway, and offered to help out on the weekend meets. Cecilia accepted and Jason became the new van driver and number one fan of the Lake Side Tumblers.

Jason knew there were better ways to spend his weekends, but it was allowing him to get to know the boss pretty well. He had to admit that Cecilia was an attractive and intelligent woman. And Penny was the spitting image of her mother. A few weeks after her 13th birthday Penny Edwards was an outgoing and beautiful child, and the undoubted star of the Tumblers. Her speciality was the vault, where her great strength and tumbling ability really came into play. Jason loved to watch Penny as she did her routines in the tight gymnastic uniform. At barely 5'1" and 110 pounds, Penny was a powerhouse on the apparatus. All the members of the team were in excellent condition, but Penny was far and above the rest. Her body was tight and hard from the hours of practice and she was noticeably buxom for a girl her age.



On more than one occasion Jason had actually found himself fantasizing about her body as he watched her stretch and work her muscled body. He had always had a thing for fit women and gymnasts were his particular favorite. Penny was even more muscular than most gymnasts with arms and legs developed to the envy of any bodybuilder.

As she moved you could see the tight bunch of her shoulders - and when stretching it was easy to see each layer of muscle in her abdomen etched across her uniform. It was only when Jason looked at her face was he reminded just how young Penny was. She had a pretty, fresh face with wide blue eyes and a mischievous smile. Her long brown hair was usually in a pig tail hanging over her muscled back.

It was after the last meet of the season that Jason had pulled the team into the pizza place. They were going to celebrate the year with pizza bought by Cecilia. The girls were loud and boisterous as Jason tried to talk to Cecilia about work. Since he had begun to drive for the team, Jason had noticed that his work assignments had gotten noticeably better. He needed to talk to Cecilia about a particular negotiation he had spent the last few months on.



"I tell you that we can beat them down another point on the interest if we just hold out a little longer," Jason began.

"Okay, relax," Cecilia replied. "You think about work too much, it's Saturday Jason, just enjoy yourself."

Jason saw that he wasn't going to get anywhere today with discussions about work. He sighed, perturbed that he wasn't getting anywhere. He reached over to grab the last piece of pizza remaining and smacked into Penny as she reached for it.

"Sorry, Penny, this one's mine," Jason said as he tried to pick it up off the plate.

"I'm sorry Mr. Jameson but I need that pizza," Penny laughed. "Why don't we flip for it?" Penny suggested as she blocked his reach.

Still upset Jason suggested, "Why don't we just arm-wrestle for it and get it over with."

"That sounds great," she replied and quickly set her right arm on the table in front of him.

Jason tried to talk her out of this ridiculous idea, "I was just kidding Penny. I'm twice your size. Go ahead you can have the pizza."

"What's the matter, are you chicken? I won't hurt you." The other girls gathered around and began to taunt Jason for being afraid. He looked towards Cecilia for assistance.

"I'm afraid it was your fault, Jason." she replied to his frantic looks. "Looks like you'll just have to go through with it." The other girls roared their approval and continued to badger Jason. Penny just sat with her arm on the table in the classic arm-wrestling position.

Jason shrugged and said "All right - it's your funeral." He took off his jacket and sat at the table next to Penny. The other girls whistled at him and urged Penny on. She leaned back and pulled her sweats up off of her bicep. It was tight and bunched and looked quite impressive for a girl her size. But Jason knew his own arm was quite a bit bigger, and with his big height and weight advantages he knew he would have little trouble defeating Penny. He'd take it easy on her and make it look good he thought as he put his elbow on the table.

Penny had to put her left hand under her elbow so she could reach high enough to grab Jason's hand. He felt her grip and was surprised at its firmness. He looked at her and told her to start any time he was ready.



Penny counted to three and said, Go! Jason tensed his arm but did not push down. He wanted to see what the girl had. The two arms stood there at the center of the table. Jason looked up at Penny, she was smiling and told him to start any time he was ready. Angered by this Jason began to push downward, but still the arms did not move. He began to use more and more of his strength and soon he was using close to everything he had. He began to get a little red in the face and he started to pant slightly from the effort. Still his arm did not move and was stuck firmly in the center of the table. He looked up at Penny and she was still smiling, no signs of effort on her face.

"Are you ready yet?" she asked.

Bearing down even more Jason grunted with effort and his arm began to tremble with effort. The sweat began to pour off his face and back and still he had not budged the little girl's arm. The other girls were screaming for Penny and began to laugh at Jason's Herculean effort.

"Look at him, he's red as a beat. What a wimp!"

"Don't have a stroke, Mr. Jameson."

"What's the matter can't beat the little girl?"

Jason was angered by the remarks but found himself unable to do anything about it as he couldn't move Penny. He thought to himself that this was unbelievable. She was 70 pounds lighter than him and only 13 years old for Christ's sake! He knew it was way past time to save any face out of this encounter and say he wasn't trying. He was just desperate to not lose. He looked over at Penny. There was still no real signs of effort on her face, but her bicep was peaked and the veins were bulging. Penny looked up at Jason, smiled and winked at him. Then she slammed his arm to the table quickly and loudly.



Jason was stunned. He had been watching Penny's arm as she had pulled him down. It appeared to grow and harden as his arm slammed to the table. The other girl's were chanting Penny! Penny! as she let go of his arm and grabbed the slice of pizza. "Nice try Mr. Jameson," she laughed. "I almost had to try."

Jason rubbed his sore arm and took the abuse and taunts of the other girls the rest of the trip home. He was humiliated and angry. He had always considered himself to be a fairly macho man, but he had been bested by a mere girl in a test of strength. He knew he had to re-evaluate his priorities.

As he left to get into his own car for the ride home, Penny came over to him. "Sorry for what I said back there, no hard feelings." Jason shook her hand numbly and began to walk away. He heard her as he walked remark to one of her friends, "You give me more competition than he did!"

Cecilia caught him before he left and said, "It was nice of you to let Penny win that thing." Jason mumbled something back, but looking into her eyes he saw that Cecilia knew he had tried and lost that competition. Her little girl had beaten him.

Jason woke up as the alarm rang. It was 5:00 AM and he needed to get to the gym before work. He noticed he had a raging hard-on. Damn, he muttered to himself. Over the years since the incident had taken place he had accepted a lot of things. He now accepted that the girl was stronger than he had been at that time, but he didn't want to accept that he was turned on by this fact.



In the over four years since Penny had beaten him Jason had dedicated himself to strengthening his body. He became an avid bodybuilder and had made tremendous strides. None of the men at the gym worked as hard as he did and he knew it had paid off tremendously. He lifted for strength and mass. Over the three plus years he had put on over 50 pounds of muscle mass. Of course the steroids had helped but most was due to his work habits. He lifted twice a day, working each body part at least three times a week. He could now bench press over 400 pounds and squat about the same. Just shy of 30 he was in the best shape of his life - and he owed it all to Penny. His work had suffered with all the time he spent at the gym, but he didn't care. He still did well enough to get by, but where he once been at the top he now just ran with the pack.

When had first gotten on the juice, he gained strength fast. He also got some of the side effects that went with this. Mood swings were probably the worst of it. At work he was able to control himself, but at the gym or out he got into fights at the drop of a hat. He won all of these fights and soon gained a reputation as a tough guy. Most of the others at the gym gave him a wide berth, and one guy had even offered to pay him money to beat someone up. Jason loved the attention and worked to get even stronger.

It was Saturday and Jason had just shot up when the phone rang. It was Cecilia. "I've got some stuff here you need to look at," she said.

"Can't it wait until Monday," he replied angrily. "I've got plans this weekend."

"Well your plans will have to wait. I need a report on this new merger by Monday morning, so you better start now. I'll send this information over to you now so you can get started right away." Cecilia hung up before Jason could reply.

That bitch, he thought as he slammed the phone in its cradle.

He went over to the weights in the corner and began to work off some anger. Might as well get something accomplished before she gets here, he thought.



About a half hour later just as Jason felt good and warmed up the doorbell rang. In a foul mood he ran over to the door and jerked it open. "Yeah," he growled, "come in."

"Thanks Mr. Jameson." It took Jason a minute to recognize that it was Penny. He hadn't seen her in several years. He had stopped driving for the team after the incident. She was taller and had filled out even more. Jason got an instant stiffy and was disgusted with himself. "Here's the stuff my mom sent over for you," Penny threw a big manilla envelope on the coffee table and walked over to his weight bench. "Nice set-up, you've obviously been working hard."

"Thanks," Jason mumbled trying to sound nonchalant. "Do you still do gymnastics?" She looked good even in the baggy pants and large floppy sweater she had on. Her face was still pretty and didn't look as young any more. Her hair was long and she wore it straight down over her back.

"A little, I've gotten a little too top heavy for a lot of the tumbling, but I make up for it in strength," she laughed as she said this. "Mostly, I work out though. I'm going to be the next Ms. Olympia." Penny replied walking around his weight set-up.

"Is that so," Jason said, sarcasm heavy in his voice. "Ms. Olympia is it? What are you now 17?" Jason walked over to Penny and guided her back into the hallway.

"I'll be 18 in a month, and yes I'll be Ms. Olympia by the time I'm 21. You of all people should know how strong I am"

"That was a long time ago, Penny, I've made a few adjustments since then." Jason took his shirt off and flexed his large arms and chest in a front pose.



"Yes, I saw your little muscles," Penny replied with a yawn. "Too bad they're just for show."

"Show!" Jason thundered. He turned red with rage and had to restrain himself from hitting this girl. "Care to try me. How about a little rematch." Again he flexed his body and felt his large muscles explode with power. How dare she belittle him he thought. Didn't she know that he could tear her apart?

"Don't make deals your body can't cash, Mr. Jameson." With this remark Penny began to head for the door. She knew she was pushing his buttons and that he would try and stop her. She was counting on it.

Jason grabbed her by the arm. It felt hard under his grasp. "Where do you think you're going? Chicken?"

She broke free of his clutch and replied, "It's your funeral." She walked over to the coffee table and quickly took off her shoes, sweater and pants. She stood now in her bra and panties stretching her body. Jason was amazed at what he saw. Penny was incredible!

Penny stood about 5'6" and Jason estimated she must weigh around 160 pounds. She was the most heavily muscled and dense woman Jason had ever seen. As she stretched, Jason looked in vain for a soft spot anywhere on her body. Her shoulders were wide and tapered to a narrow waist with an impressive V-shape. Her arms were huge with a large bicep peak and full triceps. Even now while relaxed, they were heavily striated as the veins stood out in bold relief.



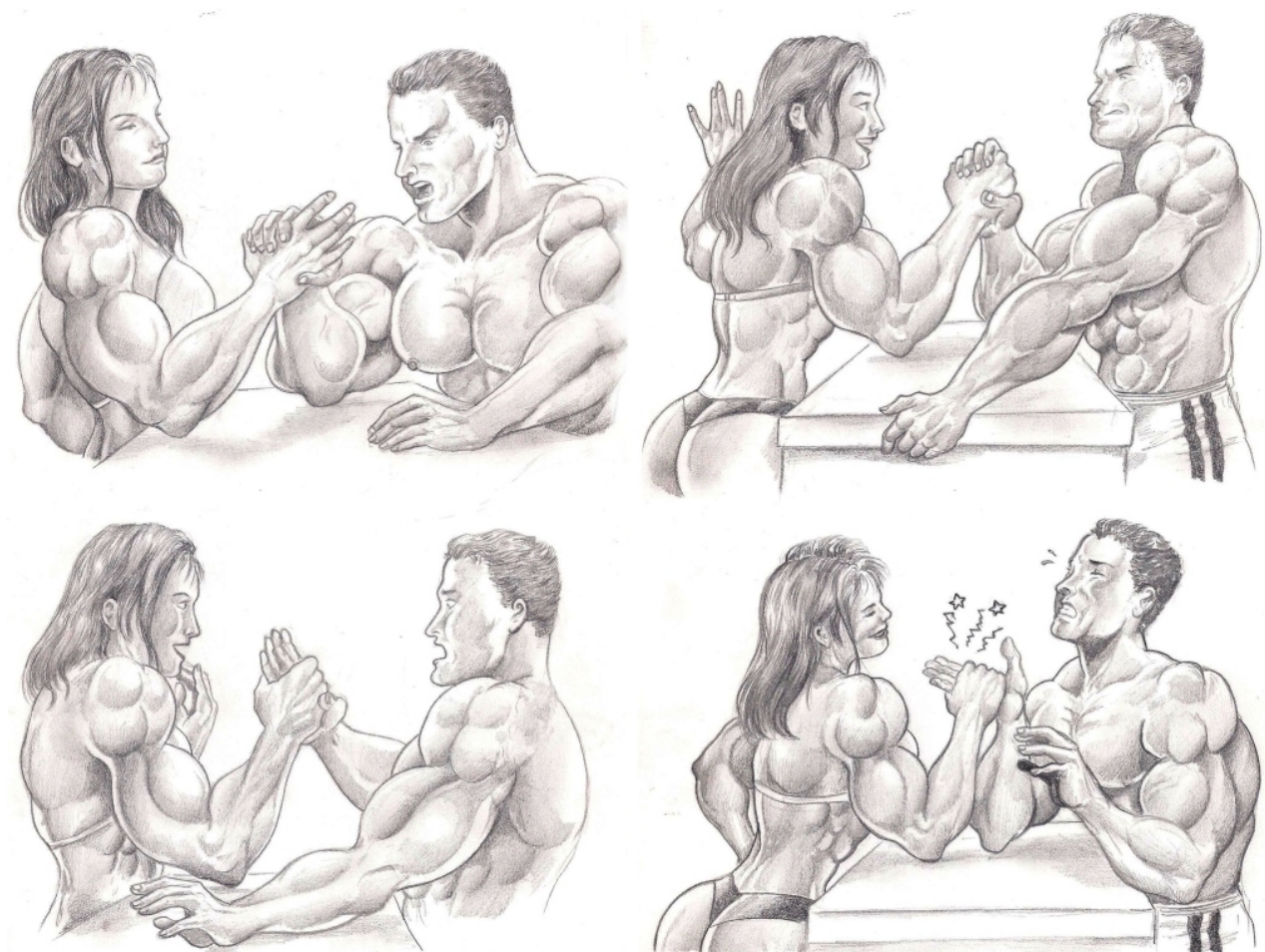
Her chest was even larger than it had looked in the sweater and the breasts obviously did not require the support of the bra she was wearing. Even as large as her tits were the musculature of her pecs was obvious and the valley between her breasts was cut with defined layers of dense muscle. Her abdomen was flat and equally defined. Jason could see each muscle group in bold relief as she stretched her luscious body. He felt his hard-on increase and pre cum leaked into his shorts.

Eventually he tore himself from her upper body and looked at her legs. If it was possible it was even more impressive than her upper body! Her quads were huge and incredibly defined. Her glutes were perfect and were as densely packed as any he had ever seen. Her calves completed the legs perfectly and bulged obscenely as she stood on her toes and continued to stretch.

For a moment Jason was actually afraid of this teenage superwoman. She exuded a sense of power that he had never felt before. Her whole body just seemed to radiate power. He forced himself to calm down and reminded himself that she was only 16, that he was at least 80 pounds heavier than she was, and that he was raging on enough steroids to kill a horse. He managed to sneer at her. "Impressive - for a girl. Ready to start?"

Her response was to sit at the table and ask him which arm he wanted to use. He responded by sitting across from her and placing his right arm on the table. Jason grabbed her hand in his own and felt the power and strength in her grip. In a flash he realized that she was stronger than he was, and that it wasn't really even close. He wasn't sure how he knew this, but he was sure it was true. Panicked, he attempted to put her arm down by catching her off guard. He put everything he had into one quick burst of strength before she was ready. Her arm moved down about two inches and then her bicep bulged and her arm stopped. Her grip clamped down on his hand and Jason was unable to stifle a small yelp of pain. Penny smiled at him and brought their arms back to the center of the table.

"That wasn't very nice, Mr. Jameson," she taunted. "You didn't even say go." Jason watched her arm in awe. The bicep was even larger than he had imagined with a huge peak that was crossed with veins. Penny saw where his gaze was and she made the muscles dance a little by clamping down harder on the big man's hand. Again Jason cried out in pain from the teenager's incredible grip. "You know the bicep gets ever so much bigger than this, if you gave it a challenge."



Jason was giving it everything he had but couldn't move the girl's arm. He was wild with rage and fear and he could feel his whole body quiver with effort. He dug his feet into the floor and attempted to lean his body weight into the effort. He grabbed his other hand on the edge of the table and tried to pull her over. His muscles bulged uselessly and he was dripping in sweat and frustration. He couldn't believe that this girl was so much stronger than he was. As he looked at her face, her posture still looked relaxed and she appeared to be hardly straining.

Penny began to clamp down harder on his hand. Soon, Jason felt like his hand was about to break. Her grip was threatening to crush the bones in his hand. He tried everything he could but was unable to stop this assault. His hand was in blinding pain and he began to feel the bones bend. "Cut it out," he cried in pain, his voice flushed from exertion.

"Oh come on, Jason," she taunted. "I'm not even getting warmed up yet. You see, once I realized that I wasn't going to be an Olympic champion in gymnastics I concentrated my efforts on building up my body and strength." She continued to grind down on Jason's hand as she talked. "I made tremendous gains and was soon stronger than any of the boys in my school. They were no contest really, and I loved the feeling I got when I showed them my strength. I'm stronger than any 5 of them now, and you're going to learn just how strong I am." As she said that her hand crunched down even harder on the man's outmatched hand.



Jason had stopped trying to win the contest in hopes that if he put up no resistance that she would win more quickly. As the pain in his hand increased Jason became desperate to stop her.

He began to alternately push and pull trying to catch her off guard and get his arm on the table, in one direction or the other. Each time he switched directions, he moved her arm about an inch and then she flexed her mighty arm and moved them back to an upright position. In a few minutes Jason was exhausted and stopped any effort at stopping her. "Please stop, I give up. You're crushing my hand. PLEASE!" Jason pleaded.

Penny laughed. "Can you give up in an arm-wrestling match. I don't think so, Mr. Jameson. Come on show me those he-man muscles of yours. Beg me to win, come on beg."

"You're stronger than me," Jason panted. "I admit it. Please stop, I can't take any more. Please win, I'm begging you!" Jason stood up, lifting his elbow off the table. He tried to use both arms to remove her grip from his hand. Penny remained in the arm-wrestling pose and smiled up at him. Her bicep bulged and Jason's arm was slammed down onto the table throwing him onto the floor.

"I think that was a foul, Mr. Jameson. I win." she said. She finally released him and Jason slumped to the floor holding his abused hand. Penny walked over to him, and said, "You're cute." As she said this she grabbed Jason by the hair and lifted him to his feet. She put one of her hands behind his head and brought it close to her own. She began to kiss Jason. Even her mouth seemed stronger than Jason's as her tongue opened his mouth and began to explore his own in a frenzy.

He was unable to stop her onslaught and couldn't budge her arm holding his head. She seemed to be sucking the air from him with her kiss and Jason was swooning from lack of air. As she kissed Jason's hands felt the steely hardness of her body. He reached up and grabbed her bicep on her left arm. Even after seeing what Penny was capable of, Jason was amazed at the hardness of the muscle in his hands. It was harder than anything he had ever felt on a human body before. With both of his hands he was unable to even dent the muscle. Her chest began to press against Jason and he felt the equally steely hardness of her pecs and abs. Her nipples, hard as diamonds, dug into his flesh. Her abs felt like a steel plate as she undulated her body against him.

She finally released the kiss and Jason fell back and sucked in air. She laughed down at him. "Not much of a kisser are you?" Jason's hands were still on her bicep and she decided to blow his mind and flex it for him. Jason felt her arm go from steel to something far harder. He was in shock and continued to test the muscle with both hands. He was unable to dent the muscle and he found that both of his arms together were unable to pull the flexing arm down. In a daze he began to pull with all his strength and body weight down on the teenager's one super strong arm. She placed her other hand on her hip and laughed at his pathetic efforts. "Oh come on, you can do better than that. I can't even feel you." Jason was again panting and red-faced in effort as Penny laughed at him, seemingly not even trying. His entire body weight was supported by her one arm, yet she breathed normally, holding her arm up with ease. Jason was soaked in sweat and his hands got slippery. He fell of her arm and crashed to the floor with the downward momentum he had been trying to put on her.





Penny quickly encircled his chest with her legs, positioning him so that he was facing towards her. She clamped down on the bigger man. Jason felt his ribs bow and he screamed in pain. "Oh God, stop you're crushing me. Please don't hurt me."

Jenny just laughed and continued to crush him with her legs. "Oh I won't do any permanent damage. I'm just having a little fun. Besides this is only a fraction of my total power." With that she clamped down harder and Jason screamed. He began to beat his fists on her thighs and abs in an attempt to get loose. She laughed as his punches bounced ineffectively off of her body.

"You better stop or I'll really show you what these babies can do. This is about 50 % of my power, do you want to go for 75?" Jason was unable to answer as the air was forced from his lungs by her legs. He

began to see blackness fading around the edges of his vision and he passed out.

When he came to, Jason was on the floor next to his weight bench. He looked around and saw Penny on the exercise bike. She had the bike on the highest setting, a setting Jason could barely get the pedals to move on. Yet she had the wheel moving at a dizzying speed, her thighs and calves bulging hugely as she pumped the wheel around. She saw that he was awake and swung her body off the bike and approached him. Jason watched her body in awe. Every muscle was huge and bulging with power. The light layer of sweat on her body added an erotic quality to this beautiful girl. He again felt the hard-on in his shorts and was embarrassed that he was turned on by his tormentress. Penny walked over to Jason and lifted him to his feet.

"Now what should I do with you now, little man," she began. Jason, scared of this mountain of strength, put everything he had into a single punch with his good hand. His arm, propelled by his large muscles rocketed into the girl's abdomen with a loud crunch. The crunch was Jason's knuckles breaking as he connected with her armor-plated abs. He was unable to even dent the surface as his hand bounced off weakly and he slumped to the ground holding his broken hand. Penny again laughed and said, "Now it's my turn." and reached for the fallen man.



Jason ran into the next room and grabbed the poker from the fireplace. He raced at Penny and tried to smash her with the heavy iron bar. She caught his arms and easily wrenched the poker from his grip. She tossed Jason to the floor and looked at the poker. "Now what were you going to do with this little thing," she teased as she held it up. She placed her hands on each end of the bar and easily bent it in two. Her arms bulged obscenely and Jason watched in awe as she proceeded to bend one end of the bar through other using her strong fingers to bend the bar.

Then she grabbed the end and pulled it into a tight knot! She took the other end and repeated the process. Finally she took both ends and bent them around to resemble bows. She tossed the knot of iron over to Jason on the floor. "Here's a little memento to remember me by. Just be glad your neck wasn't in the middle when I tied the knot. Now get over here before I do the same thing to you." Her voice had a hard edge to it and Jason quickly complied to the request.

Penny grabbed Jason and pushed him against the wall. He knew better than to try and stop her. He knew that she was far stronger than he was. Far stronger than he had ever hoped to be. He didn't know how this was possible, but he accepted it and found his body raging in lust for this muscular beauty. She laughed as he pawed at her body with his damaged hands. "Not even trying to stop me any more, you're learning," she said. "But I'm not done playing with you yet."



She pressed her body against his and forced his head between her huge breasts. Jason felt they were as hard as the rest of her body as the nipples dug into his flesh. She dropped her arms to the side and crushed him with just the power of her mighty bosom. In pain and unable to draw a breath, Jason tried to push her body away from his. He pressed his legs against the wall and pushed back with everything remaining in his once-thought strong body. She easily held him in place and smothered him with her breasts. He began flailing his arms in panic but soon stopped as he neared unconsciousness again. She stepped back and let him fall to the floor. She lifted him up and placed her arms around his chest in a bear hug.

Her arms were barely able to get around the big man. She flexed her muscles and Jason felt his ribs again bow from the pressure. "I want you to beg me to stop again, Mr. Jameson," she said as she increased the pressure of the hold.

Jason beat on her back in vain and tried to pry himself loose. He might as well been trying to stop a vice. He began to cry in pain and frustration. "Stop, you're breaking my back. You're stronger than me, I give up."

"Now who's stronger, big ugly man or little sexy girl," Penny taunted. She flexed her arms and gave him little jolts of power that made him cry out in pain.

"You're stronger, OWWW! Please Stop. My muscles are weak and pathetic in comparison to yours," Jason panted. "HELP," he cried, "please help me."

"There is no help, Mr. Jameson. I could kill you with out even getting a good workout, but I don't want to hurt you too badly. Now beg some more." She pressed her knuckles into his back and increased the pressure of her lock. She loved breaking men this way. He was stronger than most, she was having to use almost half of her total strength, but he was still nothing compared to her. This fact always served to excite Penny. She realized that she had pressed too hard and Jason was unable to respond. She released some of the pressure but he was already out cold. Oh well she laughed and carried him back into the exercise room.

This time when Jason awoke, his body felt like he had been run over by a car, or a tank. A tank with long brown hair and bright blue eyes. He looked around in a daze and saw Penny lifting weights in the corner of the room. As his eyes focused he saw her muscles glistening as she curled a weight to her body.

Jason looked in awe at her body and felt his dick grow hard. He was soon nearing explosion just watching her huge body work. He glanced at the weight on the bar. Adding quickly he realized that she was curling nearly 300 pounds! Her arms were huge and vascular as she brought the weight down and up in rhythmic fashion. Curling 300 pounds for reps, Jason thought and then he did ejaculate into his shorts. Her body was so strong and sexy, Jason couldn't contain himself.

Penny saw Jason and put the weight down and approached him. Jason fell to his knees, grabbed her thigh and began to kiss and lick her legs. "Please don't hurt me any more, I'll do anything you want," he panted as he massaged and licked her muscles. Penny basked in the fact that she had reduced him to a quivering mass so quickly and easily. She turned him on his back and hungrily tore off his shorts. She noticed that they were already sticky with cum.





"Naughty, naughty, starting without me," she teased. She looked down at the man's penis. "What the hell are you going to do with that thing. You must be hitting the 'roids hard, that thing is as pathetic as the rest of your body." As she said this she rubbed his dick expertly in her hands and brought it partly back to life. She placed his dick against her abdomen and rubbed it against her tight muscles. Jason moaned in ecstasy from the incredible sensations this sent through his body. Within seconds he was nearing explosion again. Penny sensed this and clamped down hard on his dick with her strong fingers. He screamed in pain and collapsed on the floor writhing, his lust momentarily forgotten. "That thing's just not going to cut it, Mr. Jameson, we're going to have to find other means for me to have my fun."



She took off her panties and plunged his face into her moist box. She began to work him up and down between her muscular thighs and glutes. He was gasping for air but desperately tried to please the girl with his tongue. Penny began to rock and moan in pleasure. As she clamped harder, Jason yelped in pain and was forced deeper into her channel. She soon forgot Jason was even between her legs as she neared climax. As she climaxed her legs clamped hard on the man's head, and he again swooned. Her orgasm continued for minutes after which she looked down at the large man. He was bleeding from his mouth and nose, but was breathing okay. She blew him a kiss and got up, her huge body brimming with power.

Jason woke up some time later feeling even worse than he had before. He hurt everywhere. His hands were no doubt broken and his ribs were badly bruised. His dick was still throbbing from her grip and his face felt heavy and swollen. He managed to get up after some minutes and saw a note on the table under the knot of the fireplace poker. It said;

Mr. Jameson,

Thanks for a lovely afternoon. Feel free to come back for some more any time. Bring a friend or two, I do so enjoy beating you puny men into dust. I know you loved it and that you will never be able to think of women the same way again. Keep the poker to remember my hot muscles and what a real woman is capable of. Oh by the way, I took \$500 from your wallet for my troubles.

See you in your dreams.

Penny

Jason lifted the heavy poker knot and cried. He cried in pain and frustration, knowing that she was right and that she had again changed his life forever.

THE END

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