

BOSS OF THE BEDROOM

(a Jack Straw Story)

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Tim and Nicole loved to compete with one another. She enjoyed engaging him at what he was good at, in order to give herself a challenge. It didn't bother her to lose at first. Instead, she practiced furiously at a game or sport until she could defeat him. He, on the other hand, enjoyed only winning. When she began to win at something, he would suggest other contests. She, of course, was well aware of this, but never said anything. Privately, it thrilled her to conquer him in this way, sport after sport, game after game, letting him assuage his ego by choosing contests so that he won most of the time and ignored a sport after she had mastered it. However, it was becoming harder for him to propose contests at which he could win.

Because she loved to push her body to its limits in physical contests, she decided to join a gym with the idea of seeing how strong she could be, how much endurance she could build up through intense training. After a few weeks, she teased her husband

that she would soon be stronger and faster than he if he didn't start working out. And after a few months of not heeding her teasing, he realized that she was noticeably fitter. Concerned that she really might pass him even in muscle mass and strength, he decided to start working out himself.



Even as he found to his delight that his physique was improving with his two-a-week workouts, he noted that her body continued showing more and more evidence of her daily workouts. Although it threatened his ego, he had to admit that she was also becoming more and more sexy. Their mutual sexual ardour had never been greater.

And so things went, until one night Nicole unleashed her competitive nature in the bedroom. Their confrontation proceeded far beyond her initial intent, and this time she did not assuage Tim's ego.

Tim lay back in bed and waited for Nicole to join him. His mind leisurely trod along familiar ground.

Life was good. All he needed was that big raise he expected at work tomorrow to make things perfect. Nicole seemed to get sexier every month and she was devoted to him. She knew that men like he were hard to find. He brought home the bacon. He came right home every night, though he was tempted to wander and he knew other women were interested. Damn fine looking ones, too. And Nicole surely knew it, too, and did her best to keep him interested. He helped around the house more than he thought necessary in hopes of keeping her from getting moody, but she got moody anyway. Just hormones, he supposed; no big deal. He did stuff with the kids, as much as any red-blooded man could be expected to do. And the kids seemed to be doing fine, too, as far as he could tell. No hangups, no trouble at school. Nicole saw to that; she knew it was her part of the bargain.

And to top it off, right now his big cock felt like a log in his boxer shorts. No viagra for him; he never had a problem with getting erections. Just another thing that Nicole must be happy about and she seemed to crave it lately. She loved having him ram it home. He was sure they had sex much more often than the norm for a couple married as long as they'd been. She knew she was damn lucky, and tonight she really seemed to be in the mood. She was sending all the right signals. Yes, life was great, especially at this time of day.

He flexed his arms, which were folded behind his head on the pillow. This new exercise regime was really paying off and he had Nicole to thank for it, he conceded grudgingly. Her daily workouts had molded her into a vision of feminine vitality that he silently admitted had threatened his masculinity. His workouts were often only two times a week, but being the man, he felt that should keep him well ahead, at least in muscle mass and strength. Now after six months he was making real progress.

He was so proud of how much he could lift now that he had bragged to her about it earlier. She had whistled and felt the muscle of his flexed arms, but she did not seem as impressed as he expected her to be. Her manner was almost patronizing. They didn't work out together, so he didn't know how much she lifted, but, surely, she didn't lift as much as he. Maybe she was just jealous that men could put on muscle faster without trying as hard. Must be tough being a woman, he gloated silently. Some like Nicole tried so hard to keep up with their men at everything.

As she undressed in the muted light, he smiled at her with possessive lust. At such moments he was almost shocked that the curvaceous body he thought he knew so well was even fitter than the image he carried in his mind of her. Well-defined muscles rippled provocatively under her beautiful, smooth skin with every movement.

Her ample breasts had grown larger as the years went by and were so firm and uplifted by her superb muscle tone that a bra was merely a comfort, not a necessity. Her solid but feminine shoulders, trim and rippling waist, jutting and dimpled hips, and sleek, muscular arms and legs completed the picture. Looking at her body flex and stretch as she pulled on her sexy teddy, in the magical game of clothing her body as provocatively as possible before stripping it off during foreplay, he felt unusually aroused.



Nicole had been thinking her own thoughts. She needed a change. It was getting harder and harder to hide her irritation at Tim. He was so predictable, took her so much for granted. He had no imagination. He even got in bed the same way every night, lying there with that self-satisfied grin on his face. And why not? He only thought about his needs and his career. He hadn't listened earlier when the kids and she talked about all they had done that day. He never listened when she talked about the career she had pared back because someone had to manage this household. And he didn't even seem to truly appreciate what phenomenal shape she was in. Plenty of other men turned their heads and kept them turned. Well, why not move their marriage in a new direction by giving him a full dose of this new power she felt and could no longer restrain? Her body tingled almost orgasmically with vitality. She smiled seductively as she displayed her body to her husband in unmistakable body language.

Damn, Tim thought, she looks hot tonight. Something was in the air and he felt an animal urge. And he still swelled with pride at having rebuilt his body, if not to the lean dimensions of his college days, at least to greater strength. He wanted her to feel all his male power tonight. He wanted to be on top.

After the preliminary stroking, kissing, gradual disrobing, and more caressing, she had him hard enough to drill through concrete. His body screaming for release, he excitedly pivoted to mount her, but she swung up a smooth, muscular leg to stop him.

"It's my turn on top, Tim," she murmured, her eyes locked on eyes and glittering with lust.

"No, it isn't," he replied with a teasing smile and a grunt of effort to overpower her leg.

She pushed back and giggled as he struggled against her. They laughingly fought for position, the rubbing of body against body arousing them each to a fever pitch. To Tim's chagrin, he soon found himself flat on his back underneath her. With a triumphant giggle, she managed to insert his erect member fully inside her while she was astride him and began an infernally delicious pumping. Giving in to the sexual arousal surging throughout his body and brain, he stroked her large breasts and conceded the contest for top position. He hadn't been trying that hard anyway, he consoled himself hazily through the fog of arousal.



Nicole's lovely eyes closed and her beautiful hair tumbled back and forth across her sensuously muscular shoulders and gorgeous face. He loved how her breasts stiffened and thrust out from her expansive chest, how the nipples engorged and the areolae puffed into a pebbly mass of aroused flesh. His large member swelled to its largest etched dimensions and throbbed in warning of eminent eruption. He tried to slow her thrusting to delay an ejaculation that was approaching much too soon, but though he gripped her as hard as he could and pushed upward with grunts of effort, he had no effect on her vigorous pounding. She was gasping and moaning near orgasm herself. He marvelled at the iron-hard bulging of her thighs and her trim sculpted waist, ultrafirm but with the skin so soft and becoming erogenously slick with the exertion and arousal.

He exploded, able to restrain himself no longer. He grimaced almost in pain as the powerful spurts felt like they were wringing the very flesh from his body through the tiny orifice of his sensitive member. As the ejaculations subsided into feeble twitches, he felt new pain. She was clenching on his member more tightly and pounding harder and harder. He surmised that she still had not come and, in frustration, was trying to salvage his erection before it deflated. It was an old story, the source of their only conflicts about sex. He tried to accommodate her, to hold out in macho stoicism against this onslaught, but in this state, though erect, his member was very sensitive. It hurt! More and more, it hurt. He grimaced and almost whimpered, now in real pain, and gripped her as hard as he could to stop her.

Realizing that his softened member was no longer stimulating her toward the orgasm she so desperately craved, she opened her eyes and viewed him disdainfully. "Is that all? You came already?" What a wimp! she thought. He pretends to be so manly and then he fails me in this. She clenched her muff harder around his shrinking member, but realized it was a lost cause for the time being. "Well, I'm still horny and you WILL satisfy me tonight, whether you want to or not!"

Angrily, she slid her body up his prone upper body and thrust her seeping, tingling slit against his mouth. "Suck me!"

Caught off guard, he desperately tried to turn his head and succeeded enough to gasp out, "Not now. You're full of my come, honey. I thought you'd decided you didn't like --" He was forced to swallow the rest of his sentence and gagged on some of his pungent semen as she ignored his protests and clamped her thighs harder against him.



He couldn't throw her off. She held his arms down and ground her dripping muff viciously back and forth between his mouth and nose. He kicked his legs, twisted his shoulders, and tried to swivel his head out of the way. To no avail. It only seemed to arouse her further.

"Oh, that's it. Yes!" she gasped. "The harder you struggle, the better it feels lover. Oh! Oooh! Yeeesss!" She exploded into spasms of animalistic intensity, nearly rearranging his nose as she grabbed his head and mashed his face against the greedy nerve endings in her engorged and squirting clit. She clenched her upper thighs against his abused jaws, frenetically extracting every exhilarating sensation possible. Finally, she relaxed her vise-like grip as she wound down from orgasm, and her nearly unconscious husband put all of his waning strength into a desperate push that completely unseated her. Thrust back on her pillow, she looked at him with eyes still glittering with the pleasure of a rare intense orgasm, not at all frightened by his anger as he clambered to a position above her.

"That was completely uncalled for," he said, smarting from the humiliation of having involuntarily satisfied her in this way, this disgusting, degrading way. The lingering taste nauseated him and his jaw was swelling; it might have been dislocated. He felt a need to establish dominance, to reverse the impression that she had overpowered him. He felt like a defeated athlete after a contest in which he had been expected to win. He needed a victory to salvage pride.

"Well, you're welcome to try doing the same to me, dear, except you can't. Your little man has already spent his wad, as usual. If you're man enough to get him up again, I'm woman enough to see that you still can do some good."

"Your problem is that you're too slow to come. And then when I tried to get you to stop, you kept on going. It's your fault."

"It's not like your being on top is any better. You never seem very interested in controlling yourself at any time. All you care about is getting your rocks off!"

"It just takes you so long!" he complained, stung that she would even hint at his failings.

"Well, maybe the problem is that I'm becoming too much woman for you, Tim. Maybe you're not man enough to handle me." If he took the bait, this would send things in the direction she wanted. She wanted a showdown. A showdown for physical dominance in the marriage. And physical dominance would lead to total dominance. She had let him nurse his male ego too long. It was time to take command.

As he narrowed his eyes angrily, she continued, "It was no fluke that I had my way with you, dear. I'm stronger. I want to come with your cock inside me, and I mean to make it happen tonight. Try and stop me, if you want. It'll just make it that much more fun. I'm stronger and I intend to take control. I'm betting that you'll love it too in the end. But fight it if you must. I WANT you to fight it."

"What in hell is going on? Is this some fantasy that you girls talk about at the gym? I've always been considerate and never forced you. And we both know I could have. But you've crossed the line tonight and you're gonna regret it!" he bellowed. "Now that I know what your game is, I'm going to give you a taste of your own medicine. Let's see how you like it. You're gonna GAG on it, baby, and then I think I just might turn you over my knee and give you a spanking until you forget all this nonsense about 'taking control.' When I'm finished, you'll be begging for the chance to apologize, woman."

Delicious! she thought. I really got his goat, this time. The imperturbable is finally perturbed. Now he's upped the stakes. Let the chips fall where they may!

"Well, you'll have to get it up, Timmy, put some life in that little pecker," she taunted. "Come on, big boy, put me in my little woman's place, if you can. Show me that you're more of a man than you've shown so far."

Damn, he thought, she's just asking for it. Asking to be raped practically. What's gotten into her? Maybe the women at the gym. He'd always been suspicious of having her hang around so much with a bunch of married women. Always complaining about their lives.

Well, after tonight he was going to insist she stop going there. In fact, he was going to make a lot of things clear. Damn, the way she was looking at him right now. It made him want to slap that look right off her face. And the way she was taunting him with her body. Well, she wanted it and she was going to get it!

"Just remember: You asked for this. Remember that later. I don't want any whimpering and crying about this," he snarled.

"You still believe you're stronger, don't you? You men are such egotistical dolts," she managed before bursting out in laughter at how ridiculous he looked and how much fun it was to push his buttons.

He almost screamed as he lunged at her and landed squarely on top of her, partially knocking the breath out of her. He pushed her flat against the bed with his superior weight and looked down at her with a gloating expression. Infuriated, she twisted sharply and managed to unseat him. They rolled back and forth over the dishevelled bed. He was on top more than she at first but gradually began to tire, and he could see that she knew that he was fading, while she seemed almost to be gaining energy. Indeed, grappling with him had awakened the competitive fire in her that was always seething below the surface. And to see him struggling, and now giving way, aroused her further, fuelling ever greater surges of energy. This was the greatest thrill she had ever known in contact with a man. She was going to put him through the wringer, mercilessly, until there was no doubt about who was superior. Until he submitted completely to her.



She had taken his best shot and it hadn't been nearly enough. Now, she took the initiative and he found he was too weak to stop her from doing whatever she wanted. She giggled in throaty triumph as she felt him erect, even as she mastered his body in hold after strength-sapping hold.

Grasping his bloated rod in her strong hand, she drove her wet slit powerfully down onto it, engulfing the large male member completely within her muscular female sheath. And then she rode him, holding his large cock at the peak of rigidity and size by the exquisite massaging of her sopping pussy alternating with vicious pounding of her "buns of steel" on his exposed balls.

He felt pain and pleasure in perfect balance, until she went utterly crazy in a frenzy of orgasms, squeezing his waist and hips to the point of bone-shattering force and wringing his member savagely, utterly ravaging his overmatched body. This time she hugged his torso to her aroused breast flesh, extracting every iota of pleasure in every erogenous zone. She had waited too long for this, too long; she didn't want it to end. He was emasculated in her bone-crunching grip that he was powerless to resist, though he tried with effort borne of panic.

Rather than teaching her a forceful lesson, he was the one who felt the humiliation of marital rape. Twice she had forced him! And this second time she had been able to inflate his member just to satisfy HER need, not his.



He had not wanted it at all in this way, had tried his best to prevent it, but was powerless to stop it.

Long after she had satiated herself and kept him from coming, she perched on his middle, swallowing his member and chewing on it with her muscular orifice. Her hands rested contemptuously on her hips, but he could not unseat her.

"Keep me from bringing you off, baby. Or turn me over and pound it in me. Where's all that bluster about making me gag on something? You pretend to be the master, but you don't have what it takes up here." She flexed her arms and they hardened into imposing ridges that mocked his male muscles. "But really you prefer it this way. You just don't want to admit it and I don't want you to either. Not yet. Knock me off my perch."

Put me in my place, big guy. But do it quickly before I drain you again, with me on top, not even needing to use my hands to keep you from pushing me off."

But instead of bringing him off right away, she played with him by keeping him on the edge by massaging his member with her hot, wet channel and then stopping. After he was so frustrated that he could no longer hide it and no longer cared to, she teased, "Would you like to come, Timmy?"

He gritted his teeth, averted his eyes, and muttered, "Yes. Get it over with, Nicole. I'm tired of this."

"I'm sorry, I couldn't hear that," she said, continuing to stroke him with her skilled orifice, but stopping just at the brink of orgasm. Tim was getting a headache from being denied release for so long. "I said, Yes! Put an end to this," he growled.

"My, such an attitude! Yes, what, Tim? If you want it, you have to say it and say it nicely," she teased. He glared at her and lunged suddenly with his upper torso and arms, jabbing with all his might to push her off. But even the element of surprise was unsuccessful. She tightened her grip with her legs and powerful vagina, and tore his arms away from her. But instead of grabbing them, she folded her arms across her magnificent chest contemptuously and rode out his latest burst of resistance again without using her arms.



Once again exhausted, Tim lay back in renewed frustration as she once again massaged his bloated member. It felt good but he needed release. He wasn't used to being at the edge for more than a few seconds, let alone what now seemed like hours.

"Say it nicely, Timmy, and I'll give you what you want," she intoned like a mother to a child.

"Please, Nicole, end this. Please let me come," he said, but could not hide his irritation.

"I'm sorry, I've changed my mind. I don't think you've learned your lesson yet," she said, again like a lecturing mother, as she rose off his hard member. It slapped ridiculously against his lower abdomen, its skin swollen and red from the abuse it had been put through.

Before he had time to react to this newest insult, she plopped her firm jutting glutes on his upper thighs and pushed against his shoulders with her feet, stretching him out and immobilizing him flat on his back against the bed.

She took his still erect member in her hand and stroked it roughly, "Poor thing. It must be tough to be a man and contend with such a weak organ. It looks so pitiful and it was so close to making you happy. So close," she giggled throatily, working it up and down with her hand, bringing it closer and closer to ejaculation. Tim felt emasculated. She was playing with him like a toy. In his fatigued condition and tied up with her legs, he could do nothing to stop her. And then he didn't want to. Emasculating or not, it was bringing on that familiar feeling.



The angry protests that had been on the tip of his tongue were replaced with the rapid breathing that leads up to orgasm. His member went rigid, his balls contracted, and his vision dimmed.

"Yes!" his brain yelled at him, but just as the first surge burst into the channel of his member, she clamped her hand in a constricting vise that stopped the discharge before it emerged. Despite his violent attempts to twist his body and the wrenching of his hands against her arms, his twitching member remained firmly caught in her powerful grip and managed but a single impotent drop. Instead of the climax he craved, he felt only pain and utter emasculation at having succumbed to such humiliation from his sexy wife, the wife he had wanted to impress with the power of his male body at the beginning of this tryst. Instead she had completely overwhelmed him with the power of her female physique and her breathtaking sexual allure.

"So close! So close, Timmy, but no cigar. How does it feel to get so close and then be disappointed? How the tables have turned! I really got off on that little joystick of yours, but you got nothing, just frustration," she gloated, drawing up her legs to straddle his chest as she moved to kiss him, a kiss that would belittle him further as it expressed her triumph and his utter defeat.

"You bitch! Get off of me! Bitch, bitch, bitch!" He almost sobbed in his anger and shock at being treated in this way.



"What did you call me?" she spat out angrily, narrowing her eyes and drawing herself upward ominously. "Don't you ever call me a name like that again and don't you use that tone!" She placed her knees on his arms and slapped his face back and forth until the pain and humiliation brought tears to his eyes. She paused, her fury partially appeased as she saw his tears.

"You said something about spanking, didn't you, hubby? I think you're right," she said sternly, her arms once again folded across her chest. "An excellent idea, and remember, it's for your own good. So that you don't forget who's in charge, and no more name-calling!" She noted with satisfaction that his face showed fear, fear of being humiliated further in this serious game she was playing. He was afraid of her! Her body was suddenly suffused with a familiar warmth. Ooh, it felt so good to be on top calling the shots, with her life's mate under her. She was racked with another delicious orgasm, which was prolonged by the stimulation of his chin bobbing back and forth on her clit as he struggled to unseat her. This felt too good to stop.



But before the intense sensations subsided, Tim surprised her with a burst of energy that toppled her over. With his greater weight and size he managed to push her onto her back beneath him.

"Who's in charge now?" he snarled, pushing her arms flat against the bed and gripping her hands as tightly as he could. Still she smiled at him, knowing that it maddened him that she seemed unconcerned. She WAS unconcerned!

"You'll never get the best of me, Tim. I'm stronger and faster and I have much more endurance. Get used to it," she said in a matter-of-fact manner that was designed to egg him on.

Despite his irritation, her spirit aroused him. And, damn, she looked beautiful! He looked down at her gorgeous face, framed with the sweat-streaked long, curly hair he loved so well, her magnificent breasts and the other curves of her ultra-fit body highlighted by the perspiration that glistened in the dim light. He was erect again. Now to subdue her completely and pound it in. It was time to reclaim his rightful throne as master of the bedroom and the household. He felt a surge of energy like the second wind he used to get in running or basketball games.

But she wasn't making it easy for him. He couldn't seem to hold her still; she squirmed and twisted energetically. The exertion of maintaining his position on top of her was taking its toll. Sweat was flowing from every pore and dripping copiously onto her own slick torso. Sensing that he was running on empty, she snickered up at him, knowing that he had been giving it all the effort he could muster, whereas she had been merely playing with him.



"Are you ready for a reversal, he-man?" she announced smugly from her prone position beneath him. Though he was breathing heavily, he once again had her arms pinned on either side of her head, and he laughed at her audacity. "Who's on top, Babe?," he grunted. Immediately, his gloating turned to alarm as she pushed upward against his arms. He was shocked at her strength as he felt his arms and torso slowly being lifted upward and backward. He could not let her win this test of strength. His worst fears were coming true. She was stronger!

In desperation, he closed his eyes and marshalled all his remaining energy, but still he gave way despite all his advantages of weight and leverage. His arms trembled with effort and fatigue, whereas her rock-steady arms seemed to get stronger and stronger as they pushed his inexorably behind his back. He opened his eyes to see her smiling triumphantly. She noticed his eyes widen as he glanced fearfully at her bulging muscles. Her biceps and shoulders had separated into rock-hard peaks under her soft, smooth, femininely beautiful skin. Her delicious breasts were thrust outward by pectoral muscles he'd never noticed before. He had gazed at her ultra-fit body at times in the past and wondered, worried, if his sexy wife were stronger than he. Now he knew. It was a devastating revelation; his pride in his larger, male physique was nothing but conceit.

A whimper of defeat escaped his lips as she locked one of her muscular legs around the back she had caved in with the strength of her arms and abs and the rest of her glorious torso. With a mighty heave, she twirled their bodies so that she emerged on top of him. Laughing exultantly, she rammed her solid body dominantly down on top of his, wounding his diaphragm and driving the wind from his lungs. She squeezed with her coiled arms and legs until he felt more internal injury and his ribs cracked ominously.

"Stop, please, stop, Nicole. You're hurting me!" he whimpered, feeling further emasculated to admit that the sexy wife he loved and lusted after could squeeze him to a pulp now if she wished. She loosened her holds so that he could breathe and let the reality of his defeat sink in. Basking in her strength and triumph, she leaned down and kissed him dominantly. And this time he submitted to it without complaint or resistance.

In the end the superior strength and conditioning built up by her more intense and longer training had won the day for her. He was as limp and wet from exertion as a dish rag, whereas her stamina seemed endless. The female had utterly mastered the male. He was completely demoralized.

But she still wasn't finished. There was one more thing to do to seal her mastery and his utter defeat. "You still have to be punished, Timmy. I haven't forgotten what you called me. You must never do that again," she said in a stern, motherly tone.

She sat on the edge of the bed and wrestled her utterly exhausted mate across her lap. "Ah, wouldn't it be great if the gals at the gym or your co-workers, could see us right now, Tim?" she gloated down at his defeated face. A much bigger man draped impotently across his lovely wife's steely thighs, his naked buns squirming weakly in frightened anticipation of this new humiliation -- and pain!

She tingled all over with exultation at her power, the superiority of the female over the male. The feeling concentrated in her nether region and her juices spurted once again in concert with her triumphant emotions. This was great! Things would never be the same, she vowed to herself. One night like this had merely wetted her appetite.

Returning blissfully to the matter at hand (literally at hand! She thought with a chuckle), she swatted him masterfully, still vibrantly full of her vast reservoir of energy. And strong! Much stronger than he, as it turned out. How? he wondered. Oh, god, it hurt, it burned, it bruised him. He suppressed a sob and then another, and then one escaped. It hurt, it kept on building, without stop, harder and harder. Was there no end to her energy and strength? "Stop! Stop! Please! No more!" he cried weakly.



"Who rules the bedroom, my little man?" she demanded. He was quiet. She beat harder, his rump starting to hemorrhage below the scarlet hue, and her blows landing like thunder claps. He struggled to escape her grasp, but she clamped those infernally strong thighs more tightly, like another turn of a vise and roughly pushed with her indefatigable arm on his smarting neck. She laughed triumphantly at the inability of his exhausted male physique to even give her a little challenge.

"Who rules, my defeated hubby?" she demanded as she beat even harder.

"I give, Nicole. Let me up," he whispered, fighting back sniffles from the pain and humiliation.

"Answer my question, Timmy. Who rules the marriage?" she asked sternly. The marriage?, he thought. Now, wait a minute! But she didn't relent. And in addition to tenderizing his rear, she squeezed harder with her arm and thighs. She was close to injuring him badly.

"All right! All right! You do! You rule! You've made your point; I give UP!" he muttered bitterly.

"I'm sorry, Tim, but that's not good enough. I don't like your tone. Say it again. Mean it this time, or I'll break your arm," she spat ominously, grabbing one of his arms with both of hers and forcing it behind him toward his shoulder. She leaned on it with all her leverage on one arm, even as she returned to beating his rump with her other arm and hand. Beside himself in pain and utterly defeated, he recognized the hopelessness of resisting further.

"You rule, Nicole. You rule," he said meekly. But he could not bring himself to say "You rule the marriage," and hoped Nicole did not notice. This was not over, he vowed to himself. He would submit to her tonight, but this was not over.

She opened her legs and pushed him disdainfully to plop limply on the floor. "Kiss my foot, Tim. Kiss my foot and move up my legs slowly," she demanded. Wincing from sharp pain when he put weight on his swollen, stinging rear and trying not to show the anger he felt, he weakly kissed her, moving upward as she demanded.

"Slower, Tim, slower," she warned. As he moved his lips upward over the perspiration-polished surface of her superbly muscled gams, he found himself becoming aroused at the soft touch of their surfaces and their sexy perfection. He found his hands drawn to touch them lovingly.



"That's it. Worship them, Tim. They have mastered you. Now worship them," she murmured throatily, half-closing her eyes in arousal as well. She noted that his penis was rising as well and chuckled, a deep guttural expression of triumph. It was working! Not only was he mastered, but at one level, he loved it.

She guided him to her sopping honey pot, her juices now exceeding the paltry deposit of semen it harbored from his premature capitulation to her superior vagina earlier in the night. She firmly but almost gently forced his mouth and tongue against her slit, and this time he did his duty without urging, betraying his arousal by how assiduously he worked at bringing her to climax. As he worked, she lazily massaged his bloated penis with the toes of one sinewy but softly feminine foot.

Up and down, up and down, even as his slavish efforts above the other end of his torso brought her to a crashing orgasm. Her massaging foot left his member right at the verge of eruption, as she lifted her legs to crush his head against her gushing slit, massaging it to greater and greater heights. It wasn't just the physical stimulation that drove her climax. Even more, it was the exhilaration of complete victory in a battle of the sexes. She must have this feeling again and again.



As she wound down from orgasm, she opened her thighs to once again let the poor overmatched male slide limply to the floor. Barely conscious, he looked upward as his wife rose up in triumph, puffing out her arousing chest to imposing dimensions. Her body glistened with a sheen of perspiration that highlighted her feminine power and curvaceous perfection. His penis lifted in salute to her superiority. Smugly she pressed her foot against it, gently mashing his balls, and flexed her superior biceps in silent, haughty triumph.

Gasping for breath, he ejaculated in spurt after spurt, the last pretences of his former masculine swagger seeping out with his sexual fluids. This had been a rout, a victory at all levels, for female supremacy. And at that moment he didn't care; in his state of finally sated sexual desire, he almost welcomed his place beneath her feet.

His lovely wife smiled exultantly as his face contorted in pain and pleasure and he

went completely limp in a dead faint. She nudged his limp member and tenderly traced her toe along his handsome body. Let the poor dear sleep; he was going to need all his inferior strength in the days to come.

THE END

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