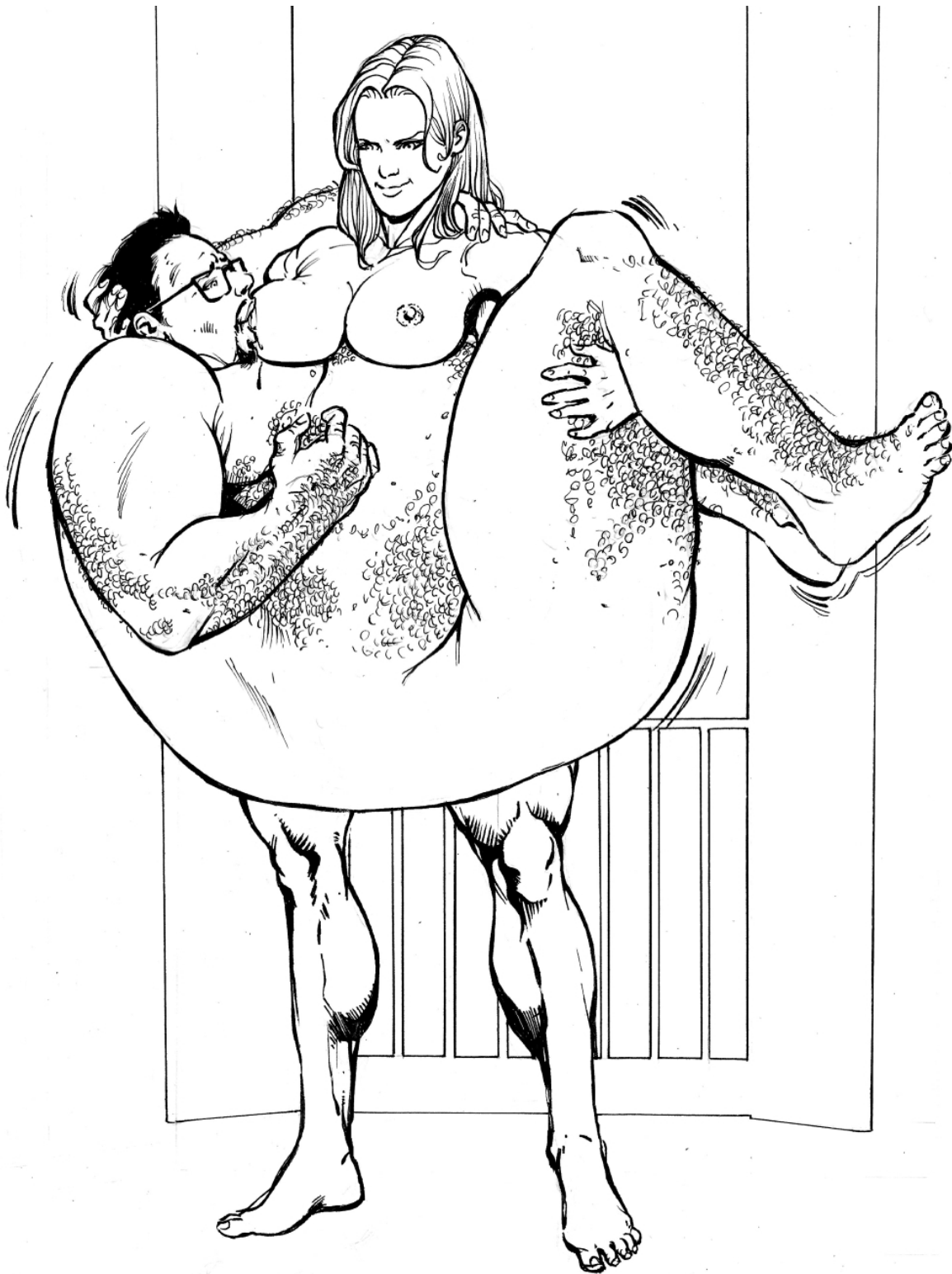


# JUST CALL ME MA'AM

(an Uplifted Story)

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It was a cool autumn day in New York and I was returning home from work. As usual the subway was packed. A seat was out of the question, and people were hanging on to the overhead straps. Even that option was unavailable, as all the overhead handholds were occupied. The train lurched from side to side. Suddenly it swerved violently, and I reached for the nearest strap, even though occupied. I grasped it above the hand of the person who was using it. I apologized, as one doesn't usually share the strap. She was simply exquisite, and smiling she said, that she would be happy to share the handhold with me.

As I held on, daring to catch little glimpses of her, the train quickly rounded a curve and my hand was ripped from the strap. In self defence, I grabbed hold of the only thing that was available which was her arm. I touched her for just an instant and the sensation was incredible. Her skin was silky smooth, and did I imagine that hint of power just under this marvellous exterior?

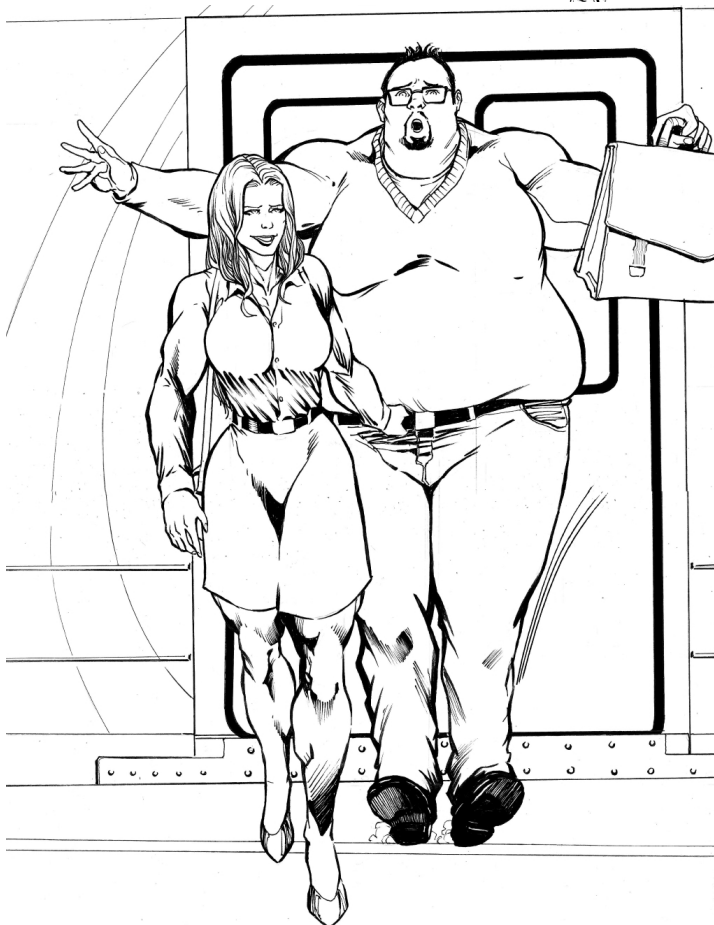
I apologized for touching her even as I wondered was it really

inadvertent? She replied looking deeply into my eyes, that it was quite all right with her, and that there such a crowd that I could continue holding her..... The last word was whispered so softly, that I couldn't tell if she had said arm or bicep.

I looked at her and she smiled, as if to say we shared some special secret. Taking advantage of her invitation, I continued holding her arm. As the trip progressed, there were many occasions where the train lurched back and forth. Each time I squeezed her bicep, as if to keep from falling. But let's admit that I really wanted to see if that hint of power was only in my imagination.

May I add as if the reader doesn't already know, that I have dreamed of strong and powerful women all of my life.

Suddenly the train lurched violently sidewise, and then back. My hand was ripped from her creamy skin, and I felt myself falling backwards. As my feet began to leave the floor, I thought for sure, that I would certainly land on the poor people standing behind me. Much to my surprise, my backward motion was arrested in mid-flight. A strong arm clutched me around the waist, and for a few indescribable moments, I was suspended inches above the ground.



My eyes met hers as I gulped an inarticulate thank you. Her smile was dazzling as I felt myself being lowered, ever so gently to the floor. I thought to myself that it must be my imagination, and that I had probably been held by the crush of the crowd.

We looked into each others eyes as she continued holding me around the waist. She gestured in the general direction of her arm, and I clutched it happily once again. This time there was no imagining it, her muscle was flexed powerfully, as if to say "This is just for you." It was smooth, round but peaked, and hard as a rock. I freely felt it, squeezing as hard as I could. I couldn't even dent it. She smiled fondly at me and mouthed the word "enjoy"

We rode like this for what seemed too short a time. Finally the train stopped at what was a more rural area of New York—perhaps some place in Staten Island. She said, "Time to go," and my heart fell. Was this adventure going to end so quickly?

Then I felt my feet following after her. I didn't understand what was happening to me, and I tried to halt my forward motion. It was like trying to hold back a bus. I looked down and saw her hand grasping my belt, and bodily dragging me off the train.

I stopped struggling. In the first place there was nothing that I could do against her inexorable pull. Then again, why would I even want to.

When we exited the train, she grabbed hold of my arm, in a grip that felt like satin steel, and said sweetly, "You aren't going any where deary." We waited until the station was practically empty of people.

Looking me straight in the eye, she said "You realize of course that you are going with me."

Without waiting for my answer she walked out of the station and on to the street. Needless to say I was right behind her. She walked at a very slow and leisurely pace, which I was sure was for my benefit. I am in very poor shape and found it hard to keep up, even at this slow pace.

We finally reached a two story brick building and went in. There was no one around and there didn't seem to be many apartments. "Well here we are," she exclaimed, "I live on the second floor." I looked toward the stairs which seemed to extend upwards endlessly. She looked at me sympathetically, and informed me that there were forty steps to her apartment. I was breathing heavily and let me inform the reader, that to say I was in bad shape was an understatement. I am also very large and tip the scale at 350lbs. This was one reason that I thought that the incident in the train, was due to the crush of the crowd, and not her arm.



She thought for a while and then asked, "Would you like to take the lift up to the apartment?" Looking around I didn't see any elevator. I mentioned this to her, and laughing with delightfully girlish charm, she flexed her bicep and pointing to it, said "This! is your elevator." My mouth flopped open and shut without making any sound, and before I could get a word out, she squatted down, placed her arm under my rump and saying "Going up?" as if operating an elevator, stood up.

I stood up too. Or should I say I rose up. And there I was, a 350lbs man perched on the arm of a gorgeous, sexy, and frighteningly powerful women. I clutched her neck and held on for dear life. She looked up sweetly and asked "Well little one, are you comfy?" I thought to myself, 350lbs and she calls me little one. Then I thought well if she can handle my bulk so easily, who was I to object. I managed an incoherent yes, and gulping, said that I was quite comfortable.

She started up the stairs, moving easily as if my weight were of no account. This was an experience that I had dreamed about all of my life. I felt light-headed, and a bit faint. I had a feeling of elation together with a delicious sense of helplessness. Through all of this, there was my very erect penis, which seemed to throb uncontrollably within my pants.

I wanted this ride to last forever, but all too soon we were at the top of the stairs. She stopped there momentarily, thinking as if she had forgotten something important. Suddenly snapping her fingers she exclaimed, "Darn it I always forget to pick up my mail." Glancing up at me she said "Hang on tight, snookums." She then proceeded to descend at breakneck speed, with me still supported on her arm, and hanging on to her neck, hardly able to catch my breath. She retrieved her mail and handing it to me said, "Let's make a deal: you carry my mail, and I carry you. Okay?" I just shook my head up and down like an idiot. She ascended the stairs once more but now, two at a time, at breakneck speed.



I was in seventh heaven. I thought who was she, and was she really human? Entering her apartment, she said "Let me show you around." I assumed that she would lower me to the ground, so that I could walk through the flat. (Think again, dear reader. She walked me around still perched atop of her muscle.)

Finally she exclaimed "Let's get into something a little more comfortable." She unzipped her skirt and it fell to the ground. Then she started to remove her blouse with her free hand. She stopped for a while thinking I supposed, how to remove the rest of her blouse, what with 350lbs of man sitting on her arm.

After awhile she smiled and moved her arm with me on it, around to the front. She then wedged the palm of her free hand between my legs, and gripped my buttocks, moving me from off of her arm. I was now suspended, in the palm of her hand. Proceeding to remove her blouse from her body, she started to remove my shirt with her free hand.

She lifted me so that my groin was level with her forehead, my feet dangling down to her waist, I hanging tightly to her hair. Starting to remove my shoes and socks, she lowered me and ruminated in silence for a while. She snapped her fingers as if she had solved some puzzle. By this time I had regained my voice and I said. "Ma'am If you put me down, I can get undressed all by myself. "

All of a sudden her sunny disposition seemed to darken, and she asked "Are you giving me orders little man"? I shook in fear, and sputtering, quickly tried to explain that I was only trying to be helpful. Only an idiot would get on the bad side of someone so overwhelming. She saw me shaking, and patting me on the head said, in a much kinder tone "Snookums, as long as you remain in my house, your feet will never hit terra firma. Is that clear" she asked sweetly but with a touch of menace in her voice. I gulped and shook my head yes.



She said "Now where was I before I was so rudely interrupted?" I just hung my head down and remained silent. Suddenly her mood altered. She said in that little girlish voice of hers, "I've got it!" Still holding me in the palm of her hand, she unzipped my pants and loosened my belt buckle with her free hand. Reaching between my legs, she encased my penis and testicles in her grip, holding me at the base of my groin. Her fingers crept between my legs to steady me in her hand, by sliding as far as they would go under my bottom. Then she instructed me to lean forward, and hold on to her neck. When I had accomplished this, she said, "Now just lie face face down on my arm. I did so, my legs dangling down and around her bicep.

She then exclaimed happily, "You did that very well, sweetie, I'm proud of you." I thanked her, feeling like a small child. What else could I do? I was so weak and helpless in her arms. She then proceeded to remove my pants, by simply pulling them down and off with her free hand. Pushing me up to my former position, that is perched on the palm of her hand she said, "that's the way I like my little men, naked and helpless" She suddenly burst into a fit of laughter, as if titillated by some funny thought. She looked at me and asked, "Well little guy, wouldn't you agree that I seem to have the situation well in hand?" With that she laughed uproariously, and I joined in the joke although it was at my expense.

When we finished laughing she said, "How about you and I play a little game"?

I said "Yes ma'am, whatever you want is fine with me." I was beginning to understand that her questions were really rhetorical ones, and much healthier for me just to agree.

She said, "Lets play monkey in the tree". Somehow I didn't like the sound of this, but I was afraid to object. Once again she grasped the family jewels as she had before, holding both penis and balls at the base of my crotch, my butt still perched atop her free palm.

All of a sudden she screamed, "Monkey in the tree," and snatched her hand from my rear. I bellowed in agony, as I found myself hanging from her grip by my genitals, my body facing the ceiling.

Even in my pain, I was too terrified of this awesome creature to complain. All I could do was to cry out "Oh God, Oh God, Oh God."



She yelled "Monkey! climb the tree." She repeated this command and in self-defence, I did just that. I brought my left leg up and over her arm. The other following immediately, hoisting myself up, thus relieving much of the pressure between my legs. My arms followed quickly and the pain was gone. The terror and my ordeal however was not, and I just hung from her mighty arm sobbing. She walked me over to the other side of the room, and stood before a full length mirror. Standing there admiring her handiwork, she cried out in her little high pitched voice, "Oh look at the little monkey hanging from the branch, isn't he just precious"? I, holding tightly on her arm, just looked down in humiliation. She repeated her last statement, but now there was steel in her voice.

I began to realize the danger that I was placing myself into. She who was so overpowering must be obeyed immediately. Couldn't I see for myself, the frightening way that she handled me? My weight seemed inconsequential to her, almost non-existent. I thought that just as sure as I was born, her full potential had not been revealed to me. Trembling I did as she had instructed, without another moments hesitation.

I looked in the mirror saying to myself, how could someone be so beautiful and frightening at the same time? She repeated her question, "Well, what do you think of the little monkey hanging on to the branch?" Although this was the most humiliating situation of my life, I knew that I was helpless to do anything but to obey her.



I said "Oh yes ma'am, he is certainly adorable, just as you say." I thought to myself "What a wimp," but what else could I do, since I was sure that she could squash me, with the touch of a finger. She smiled, and started to relate a tale to me.

"Once upon a time" She said, "There was a little monkey who had climbed up a tree to escape the predators on the ground. He hung from the branch feeling safe and secure, away from the dangerous animals down below. The breeze blew cool and he was content. And then the wind started to blow harder, and the little monkey hung on, as the branch started to wave back and forth." Naturally as she related this to me, her hand also waved back and forth, and of course so did I. That is I was waved.

I became very apprehensive, groaning inwardly, "Oh no please."

She continued "And the wind rose up in gale force, and the little monkey was swung violently back and forth, up and down." Of course her arm echoed her words, as did poor helpless me." She continued, "And then a hurricane came up out of the north, and ripped the tree from its moorings. The tree, branch, and the poor little monkey left the ground and spun and tumbled in the air" At this, she spun her might arm, with me hanging on for dear life, around and around. I screamed the first thing that came into my head. I called for my mother, "Mommy, mommy."

She must have heard and took pity on me, or perhaps the game was coming to an end. She said "And then the terrible wind died down, and the tree descended to land upright softly, in a fissure in the ground, holding the tree and its inhabitant, firmly in place. And the monkey was safe, and he was once again content."

She then looked at me, sobbing uncontrollably. Gathering me into her arms, she held me, as a groom would hold his bride, only I supposed that I was the bride. She squeezed me to her breast, patting me on my fanny, and stroking my back. She spoke sweetly to me cooing, "There there little one, its all over."

As I sobbed, she pushed my face into her beautiful breast, adjusting my mouth around her nipple. I sucked like a greedy infant. She rocked me back and forth, in a rhythmic and gentle motion, until I calmed down.

Finally she said, "Little monkey, you didn't seem to enjoy that very much. Don't you know that I was only fulfilling, one of your deepest and fondest fantasies?" I asked her for permission to speak honestly. She shook her head.

"Ma'am," I said, when a person dreams, no matter what it is, he is no physical danger. If however that dangerous dream becomes a reality, how do you think he would react?" And then I looked at her and thought, "Can she read my mind, and know my deepest and darkest fantasies"? All of a sudden, a terrible thought aroused in my mind. I quickly pushed it aside. I thought if she could really read me so well, and so far she hadn't missed a trick, then please God, keep that thought from emerging. I knew that there was almost nothing that was beyond her powers, and I shivered in fear.



I looked up at her from my place at her breast. She chillingly said, "First things first little guy." Her personality was mercurial, and I never knew when her moods would change. Once again she returned to the subject at hand and said kindly, "You must realize that fear and pleasure are only opposite ends of the same rope.. Haven't you ever observed someone as they rode on the most frightening of roller coasters, screaming their bloody heads off. When you ask them what they thought of the experience, they might say, that it was the most frightening thing that they had ever been through." She continued, "So ask them, would you go on it again? The usual answer is, 'damn right!'"

"Yes little one, fear and pleasure, opposite sides of the same coin. Besides my sweet little helpless one, although our little game of monkey on the tree, I was holding on to junior down there between your legs, and let me assure you that he stood at attention like a good little soldier for the entire experience." She laughed and kissed my forehead and nose. She held me away at arms length. Looking me over she said, "You know sweetie, you and I are quite a team."

I smiled and said "Yes, you Tarzan, me Jane. I thought that she would drop me on my head, as she laughed so much that she doubled over, holding herself in pain.

She exclaimed "Oh, oh, I think that I have a stitch in my side."

I said happily "Then you are human."

"Yes" she said, "I'm quite human, just a little stronger than most people." I informed her that this was the understatement of the century, and that she was undoubtedly the strongest person in the world. I was of the opinion, that if the Olympic super heavyweight champion lifted his heaviest weight overhead, that I didn't doubt for a minute, that she could come along, and clean and jerk him, together with his weight. She smiled and said "Could be, little guy, and don't you just love that idea?" Smiling I said that the thought of it was pretty intoxicating.

Suddenly we heard a loud noise from the next room. She said putting her fingers to her lips to quiet me, "I think that we have an intruder." She put me down in a chair, for the first time since we had come into the apartment. "Stay here and be quiet she said." Just as she started to investigate, a huge brute of a man barged into the room, carrying a large and threatening knife.

Seeing her beautiful nude body he exclaimed, "I think I'm in heaven."



He advanced upon her and I thought, "Poor doomed slob, he has no idea what's in store for him." He was a big one, about six feet seven inches and very heavily muscled. I was sure that he outweighed me by at least fifty to seventy five pounds.

Expecting her to cower in fear of him, he was taken aback when she said very quietly through clenched teeth, "Put down that knife and get the hell out of here, before I shove it up your ass." He laughed at the pretty little lady and said, "Oh baby, I just love it when you talk dirty."

With that he lunged at her. With the speed of a cobra, she grabbed the wrist that held the knife, keeping his hand immobile. He looked at her puzzled, too stupid to know his predicament.

And then I heard a sickening crack, and he shrieked like a little girl. The knife fell to the floor, as the bones in his wrist were shattered. She grabbed him by the throat, blocking off his air so that he couldn't cry out. As he dangled from her arm by his abused neck unable to breathe, she ripped his clothes from his body. Reaching down, she grasped the soft flesh below his stomach and above his prick, and squeezing with crushing force, caused him to cry out in agony. By his shriek, I didn't doubt that her grip, had the force of a vice.

She raised him up by the soft skin, to rest near her ear, arm bent like a spear holder, getting ready to throw. He just lay around her shoulder, his head and legs dangling down around her arm. She said with venom in her voice, "Straighten up, stiff as a stick" He just moaned in pain.

She repeated the order, and I thought, "You stupid jerk, obey immediately or suffer the consequences."



I did as she instructed, and saw that it led out onto a porch. Carrying the helpless pain-racked brute outside, she held him arm outstretched in mid air, over the edge. Still grasping him painfully by the soft flesh above his penis, his face looking skyward, she said, "Do as I say if you don't want to be dropped over the side."

He yelled hysterically, "Oh my God, yes ma'am, please ma'am, I'm doing it, see ma'am?" His body stiffened up like a steel rod.

"Good boy" she said, and brought him back indoors.



He sighed in relief and I thought, "You stupid bastard, you have no idea what's in store for you." I thought back of our little game of monkey in the tree, and she liked me.

Once again she lifted him to her ear, this time he knew enough to keep his body as straight as he could. Standing a few feet back from the porch, she started to count. "One," she called moving his body forward like an Olympic javelin thrower aiming and getting ready for the hurl.

Panicking he started to whimper, weeping bitterly. "Please lady don't do it, I'll do anything to make it up to you."

"Two," she called.

He screamed like a little baby. "Please, Oh God, oh God, I'll be good; I'll be a good boy."

She asked him if he knew the twenty third psalm. "You know, the one that says 'The Lord is my Sheppard, I shall not want?' Now would be a good time to recite it."

He was incoherent with fear, and just repeated, sobbing again and again, "Anything, I'll do anything."

Finally she seemed to relent and said " Okay, okay, just say 'please'."

He quickly did so. "Pretty please", again he repeated her words.

"What else," she asked?"

"Pretty please with sugar on top" he screamed.

She asked, "And?"

"Strawberries, ice cream." He went through the whole litany of desserts, trembling like a leaf all the time. She shook him bodily and said, "All those sweets, do you want me to get fat?" He started to yell out every low calorie food that he could think of.

Looking at me she winked, but I just looked down in shame and pity for this poor wretch. In desperation he looked at me pleadingly and asked, "Can't you help me? Please!" thinking that I had some sort of influence on her.

Shrugging my shoulders I thought "What can I do", but he looked so pitiful, that I just had to try something. I said "Ma'am, may I risk your anger, and beg you not to kill this unworthy idiot."

She seemed startled and said to me, "Do you really think that I would murder someone?." That I realized was a big mistake, and I stuttered, and hemmed and hawed, trying to take back that stupid question. She wasn't having any of it, and I looked for some place to hide. She said "You would be wise to say nothing more." So I bit my tongue, and had I had any pants on, I might have soiled them....

She said to him, "Look you moron, I have decided to let you live, now isn't that just wonderful of me?"

The poor quivering schmuck moaned, "Oh God yes, thank you." Then looking upwards his hands held together, he repeated, "Thank you, God. Oh thank you." I looked at him, this ugly brute and rapist, reduced to a quivering shaking bowl of jelly.

She said "However I'm still in throwing mode, and you my man ...." She stopped talking suddenly, and after a moments thought started to sing with her cute little girly voice the turn of the century song, "Oh he flew through the air with the greatest of ease, the daring young man on the flying trapeze."

Once again he started to beg, shaking like a leaf, but she shouted, "Shut up you moron." She said, "Listen carefully, and don't interrupt if you know what's good for you. The distance from this balcony to that building next to us, is twenty five feet. That building end to end is forty feet. From the end of that rooftop, down to a very large pool that we can't see from here, is another twenty five feet. That's ninety feet in all. Now you do realize, that I am sparing your life, correct?"

Holding him with one arm, she shook him like a rag doll. He said "Yes, Oh God, thank you ma'am."

She continued "Beg me to throw you the ninety feet into that life saving pool." He moaned and wept silent tears. She said, "Its either that, or I tear you limb from limb, stuff your penis in your mouth, and flush you down the toilet." He knew that she could back up her words, and so did I.

He said pitifully, "Please throw me."



She said "Not nearly good enough."

He shook and screamed, "What should I say? Just please tell me what to say."

She told him to repeat the following without deviation: "Please ma'am, hurl me like a javelin, over the roof and into the pool." In terror he repeated it, hardly able to control his voice. She said "You didn't say please."

"Please, Oh please, with sugar on top," he screamed.

She said "Well since you insist," and he flew from her arm like a rocket. I thought that I heard the poor shit screaming for his mommy, as he soared over the roof top like a comet, curving downward about twenty five feet past it, as she had predicted. We heard a splash and saw the water rise from the force of his landing.

She looked at me and said, "Scratch one rapist."

I said, "I'll bet that poor slob will shake at the sight of a women, for the rest of his life."

Looking at me lovingly, she grabbed me by the groin, and under my armpit, and literally threw me up over her head screaming, "Oh Lord, I love you so much my little angel."

I asked, "Don't you think that this is a rather novel way of showing it?"

She continued, "When I become passionate, I experience an uncontrollable urge to lift my little sweetie over my head in happiness." Looking at me held aloft, she asked, "Well sweet guy, how's the air up there?"

I said happily, "It's delightful, so clear and fresh. You should come up here sometime." Bursting out in uncontrollable fits of laughter, I thought that she would drop me on my head.

She finally said, " I love your sense of humour, but breaking me up when your hanging over my head, can be hazardous to your health."

I said, I didn't care, and that I loved to give her pleasure, as she had given me. Besides I had faith in her strength and control, I wouldn't come to any harm in her arms.

She said in a slow deliberate manner, "I want you to remember those words." Once again she had gone from abundant joy, making me feel secure and wonderful, to some implied future threat.

I asked her for permission to speak seriously. She nodded her head in the affirmative, and taking a deep breath, I plunged forward. "Ma'am, why is it that one minute you lift me in sheer joy, claiming your love, and the next moment you say or do something to scare the pants off of me?"

She smiled and said, "You don't seem to have any pants to be scared off of."

I continued seriously, "You are so beautiful and adorable one minute, and the next you have me shaking in fear of you. I don't know whether to worship you with my love, or shit in my pants with terror.

Smiling, she looked into my eyes and said, "Do both."

Asking her what she meant by this, she replied, "You, little man, know very well what I mean." Still I wanted her to spell it out. She said, "Okay, here is the way it is. You, sweetie, are a born romantic. You love to love, cherish and worship a women. At the same time, you have an overwhelming desire for a physically powerful girl. The act of being lifted, especially overhead by a women, is almost enough to bring you to orgasm. Being terrorized by the object of your love, just adds to the aphrodisiac effect. You want desperately to tell me how much I frighten you and how I make you piss in your pants. You want to tell me that you will do anything, to keep my wrath from overwhelming you. Got it?" she asked.

"You're right," I said, my voice choking with emotion. "I guess that I'm just a little wimp"

She said, "I suppose, but an awfully cute one. "

She continued, "And I am the same way, only the polar opposite." She said adorably, "You the lifted, I the lifter." She continued " I bring you to abject terror, I bring you to ecstasy, both sides of the same coin. And now you must certainly know why a women like me could choose a little butterball like you."

"I answered, "Whatever the reason I am eternally grateful."

Finally she said, "Enough of this serious stuff. Lets get on with the business of me scaring the shit out of you." She said, "Don't you think that its getting a little stuffy in here?" and before I could answer, she carried me out of the apartment. I yelled "Ma'am, were both naked." She said that there were only two other tenants, and that they were both out of town. We were the only ones in the entire building.

She carried me to the end of the hallway, and opened a door that had no lock. There were steps going up, and I guessed that our destination was the roof. Suddenly that terror returned to my mind again, the thought that I had unsuccessfully tried so hard to repress. I felt a sudden chill throughout my body.

Upon arriving at the roof, she brought me to its center. I was shaking uncontrollably and she asked me, "What's the matter sweetie pie."

"Its cold up here I said, please take me back to the apartment.

"Nonsense she said, it's absolutely delightful here." She looked around, and then up in the sky. "Just look at those birds up there, don't you just wish that you could fly?"

My teeth were chattering and I said quickly, "No ma'am, I have absolutely no desire to fly," and that I was perfectly content right here in her arms.

She looked at me shaking in her powerful arms. "Do you remember what I said about pleasure and fear, being two sides of the same coin?" she asked, "This is really what you want. Just look at junior between your legs, bouncing up and down. He can't wait to get started."

I tried for humor. I thought that a good laugh might change her mind. Looking down between my legs at my throbbing penis, I screamed, "You fucking traitor!"



She chuckled and said "Good try little guy," and then I was leaving the ground. I soared about ten feet above her head. She caught me on the way down, yelling "Isn't this just the greatest fun." I left the roof again, this time a good fifteen feet above her head. I tried to scream but my throat seemed to be paralysed.

The third throw sent me even higher, and I thought panic stricken, "Is there no limit to what she could do?" Then I thought of the poor slob that she had hurled over the roof, and I said to myself, "Better being thrown straight up and caught, then to be rocketed across a rooftop like a missile, unaware of your destination." Finally she stopped and said, "This is getting rather dull isn't it?"

I thought, "Thank God, If she is getting bored, then perhaps she would return to the apartment and its blessed low ceiling."

She asked me if I had ever attended an air show.

No, I said suspiciously. "Isn't it just marvellous the way they do those fantastic aerobatics, spinning and twisting in mid air?" she said.

By this time I was sobbing and shaking. She brought me to her breast, and petting me said, "Now now, little feller, be a big boy."

I croaked, "No, ma'am, I want to be a little boy, and please, oh please take me down to the apartment."



"Not until your fantasy is completed," she replied, and I was airborne again, but this time spinning head over heels.

Up and up I flew, it seemed at least thirty feet. I thought that I was going to be sick. I was afraid to look down and find out just how high it really was. My return to the roof was much faster then before, because of the excessive height. I thought that although she would catch me, the pressure of the fall might break my back. I closed my eyes and prayed, "Oh God, just let me live."

Spinning earthward I landed on her upraised palm, butt down. She didn't stop my downward motion, but continued the direction of the fall, her arm sweeping down to her knees, with me still sitting on the palm of her hand. Without coming to a pause she continued the momentum, shooting me back into the air again.

This continued again and again, each time higher and higher. I was beyond fear and terror now. My mind going blank, as I waited for this to end, or to die.

I landed once again in her hand. I don't even know how many times she had hurled me heavenward. This time she spun me down and up and down again, without sending my poor body skyward. Each successive spin from the top of her head, down to her knees and up again became slower and slower. Finally she held me at rest, and I leaped to her breast, clutching her as hard as I could.

She said "It's all over my little bird," and directed my mouth to her nipple.

I sobbed and sucked and shook uncontrollably, as she rocked me back and forth in her mighty arms. When I finally calmed down, I looked up at her beautiful face and asked pitifully, "Is it really over?"

She shook her head yes, and said "Relax my sweet little weak one. No more big bad lady throwing you around." She added mischievously, "At least not for now." Then she quickly patted and soothed me to reassure me again. I asked if we could go down to the apartment now. She said laughing, "You must really love that apartment". I said that it was safer there.

" Don't you trust me?" She asked."

I said, "With my life," as if I had any choice in the matter. She carried me back down to the apartment, and I never was so happy to be within four walls.

Inside the flat she said, "Well, you have been through quite an experience, my adorable one. And now something special, just for you. Something that will thrill you to your very core. And to tell the truth, I am going to enjoy this as much as you will."

She carried me to a table and set me down upon it, spreading my legs apart. I just sat there passively, knowing that I had no power to influence her, one way or the other. Facing me, she placed her hands, palms up under each thigh, about two thirds up from the knees. Leaning forward she told me to hold on to her head. She then raised me to her waist, and held me in curling position, as the weight lifters call it.

Blowing a kiss towards me she said, "Get ready to experience the fulfilment of your fondest dream." Curling me bodily, she stopped when my groin was facing her lips. Looking up at me, my face above her head she smacked her lips teasingly, and chuckling lifted me a few inches higher. Then she plunged her tongue just below my genitals and started to lick the inside of my thighs. I almost leaped out of her hands as the sensations were almost too much to bear.

Looking up at me with humor in her eyes, she "tsk tsked" me, and asked "What will you do when I really get started?"



I moaned in passion and said, "I'll just have to take my chances." Without giving me another moment to savour the feelings, she proceeded to lick and suck me, under and around my testicles and penis. Lowering me, she quickly blew and licked the lower part of my belly, raising me up and down in an inconsistent pattern, so that I never could tell where her mouth would be.

I moaned and screamed in pleasure, incoherent with passion. I alternately begged her to stop, and then never to stop. I didn't know what the hell I was saying or feeling. And then she took both my penis and balls into her mouth. Please don't ask me how she could accomplish this feat, but there was nothing about her, that could surprise me any longer. She seemed to just open her throat, and I felt as if I she would devour me. I screamed in panic not knowing what I was saying, "OH GOD, please don't swallow me alive."

She lifted me from her mouth and smiling said, "Quite a sensation heh, sweet one?." I apologised for making such a jackass of myself. She said, "My darling, any feeling that arises in love and passion can't be stupid."

Suddenly she plunged my member into her soft moist mouth, drawing me in with a violent sucking action. Holding me with the strength of her overwhelming arms, she moved me back and forth in her mouth. I started to whimper and moan passionately, as she moved me faster and faster, in and out.

I was in a daze, and I started to yell bloody murder. I said, "Mercy, then, oh God, I love you," and then, "Please, don't stop!"

And then Mt. Vesuvius erupted, as she kept to the inward outward motion. The larva continued to flow and flow, and I felt as if my head were coming off. I began to feel weak in the knees. She didn't stop, but kept moving me back and forth, draining me even further until I felt empty. My body began to feel numb, and I started to panic. I screamed "Please stop; for the love of heaven please stop," but she must have thought that it was just part of my passion.

In self defence, I started to beat as hard as I could, upon her shoulders and head, crying out as loudly as I could "This is for real, stop please before you kill me."

She stopped then, and I lay over her face and head totally drained, feeling weak and sick. I thought that if she would put me down on the floor now, that I would just collapse, like a used dish rag. I had absolutely no feelings in my legs.

Lowering me gently and cradling me in her arms, she looked at my face with sudden concern. She said "Lord, you're as white as a sheet." Shaking her head she said "Damn my soul, I have got to control myself. I sometimes forget, just how fragile you are."

I said, "I'm not fragile, just an ordinary male."

Smiling at me fondly she said "But I'm not an ordinary female...."

"Keerect?" I said that the last thing that she was, was ordinary. She rocked me in her arms and told me to sleep, and that I would feel much better when I awoke. I asked her if she would hold me until I wake. She answered and said "Of course my little darling."

I dozed off, not knowing how much time had elapsed. When I awoke she said, "Well, lazy bones, you are certainly looking much better." She seemed so relieved, and my love for her grew.

She asked if I would like some cookies and hot chocolate, and I said yes please. As she prepared the drink, she stared at my groin and started to chuckle. She said, "Look at junior, still at attention and rearing to go."



I said, "Oh don't pay any attention to that idiot, the fool doesn't even know when he's well off." She started to laugh and ignoring the unfinished hot chocolate, She lifted me overhead, once again in passion.

She said "You sweet little thing, you make me so happy, I think that I am going to keep you."

I said, "Amen." She fed me my cookies and drink resting on her lap, and I never felt better in my life.

She said, "Tonight you will sleep here. Tomorrow, you may return to work, or not as you please. I can support you in fine style, if you would like. Then you will return to me with a suitcase containing your immediate needs. The rest of your stuff we can get later."



“Just make sure that do return to me or I will find you. I have your wallet with your address right here. And I will carry you, naked kicking and screaming through the streets of New York. Is that clear, my helpless one.” And she smiled in mock severity.

I shook in mock fear, and said "That I understood, but that I doubted if there would be much kicking or screaming."

She smiled fondly, and, holding me in her beautiful and frightening arms, she rocked me back and forth like a baby. "Now go to sleep, tomorrow starts our new life together." I felt warm and secure, and as I started to doze off, I remembered that I didn't even know her name. I asked her, and she said "Just call me ma'am. Just call me ma'am."

## THE END

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