

THE EVENT

(Discovery - Part 1)

(amysconquest.com)

Nobody knew exactly when it began, what single event caused it, if any. No one was sure where it originated, or why, or how. Not even our greatest scientific minds could determine the reason for it, though it was clear to us all now, that life as we knew it then, would never be the same again.

5 years earlier.....

"So, what do you say Babe, you and me, right now?" the lecherous male spoke to the clearly intoxicated younger woman, tickling her ears with his tongue as he slipped a pill into her 10th drink of the night.

Simply put, this gorgeous hottie was puddy in his hands, just the way he liked them, just as she physically was to him. Her tall, voluptuous, shapely body had all the right curves, in all the right places, especially in her full, perfectly rounded breasts, his ultimate woman, just ripe for the picking.

So with a devious grin, this sexual predator stood up, leading this helpless woman along with him (using most of his strength to do so, as her ultra shapely physique was heavier than it first appeared), as they made their way out of this night-club, and into his large van parked in the distance of this location's parking lot.



In mere minutes he had her inside, her black mini-dress (which clung to her curvaceous form like a second skin, showing off her lusciously ample cleavage and long shapely legs to no end), was removed in record time, all from this soon to be rapist, who did the same to himself, before diving onto her clearly drugged and drowsy (yet still more than a bit aroused) form.

He plunged his hard cock inside her wet pussy from above, and began primally pumping away into her. Uncaring about her own sensations or feelings, this large, well built man wanted only one thing, sexual pleasure, and at this stage his latest victim had no choice but to give him just that. Male moans and groans instantly erupted from this large vehicle's interior, as could be heard quite clearly from those walking by its expansive frame, club-goers making their way to this couple's previously visited night-spot, who couldn't help but notice such erotic sounds as they passed on by - sounds that less than a minute later, shocked them all to their very core.

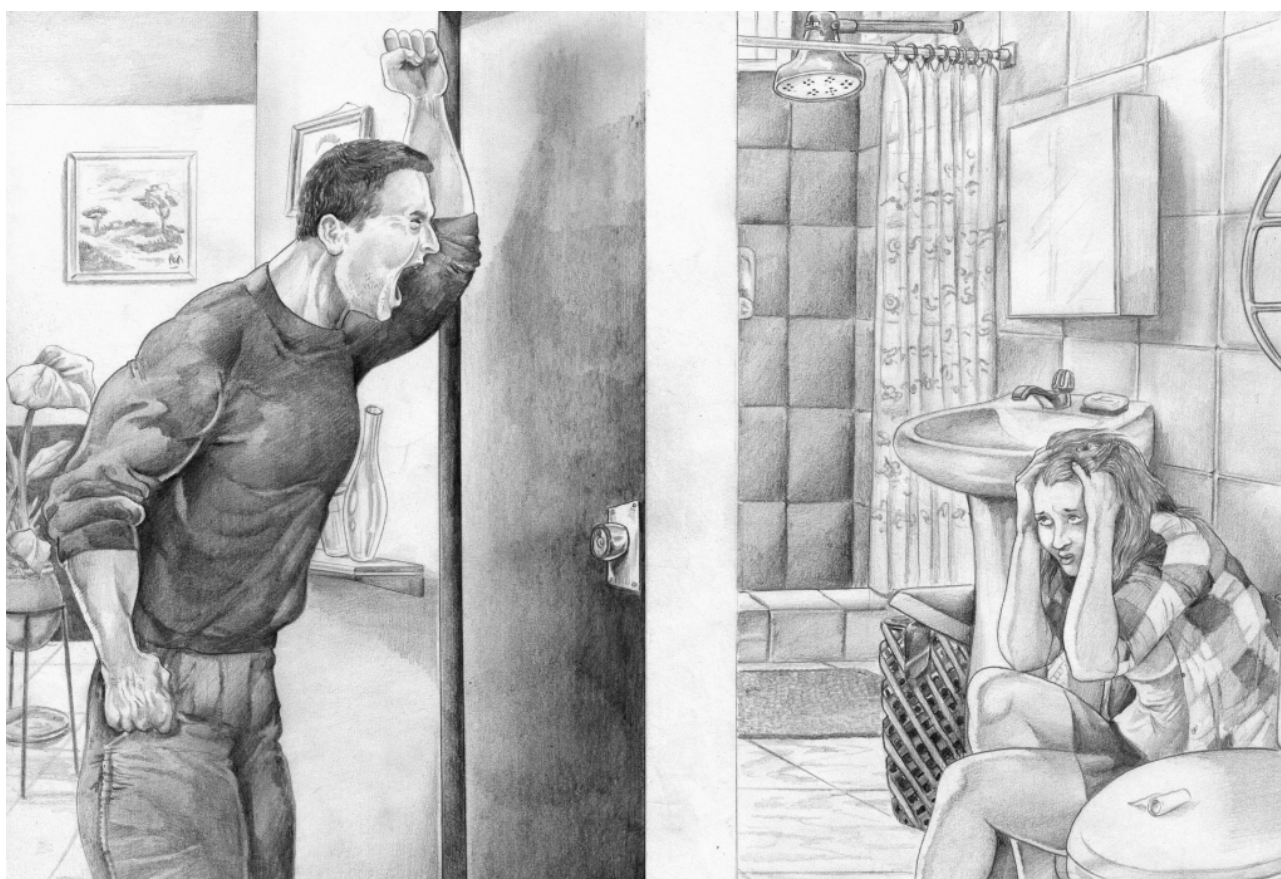
"Oh fuck yea Baby, God you feel so Fucking Good! That's right, you just let me lay my head inside those big, fucking tits! Mmmmmm, that feels so goood....er....so....hey, Hey HEY!!!" he made out, his final words screaming from the top of his lungs, which then turned to near silence, only a deep muffling could be heard from him any longer. At this point, his male moans of ecstasy were now being replaced by what sounded like a woman's own - that and the sounds of Snaps, Cracks, and Pops from within this van. A van that began shaking back and forth with the utmost violence, as if two enraged bulls were placed inside, bouncing it helplessly against their undeniable strength and power. Though such a scenario was impossible, as clearly only a man and woman lay within its steely walls. Walls that suddenly began to bulge and buckle from the inside out as the minutes continued on, with noise that almost out-shone the orgasmic groanings from the woman inside, and the continued body mangling noises of her now unlucky sexual partner.



Several minutes later, this woman's voice cried out in the utmost of delight, sounding almost like an animalistic roar of passion, ending with a sexually flailing female leg kicking the side-door of this van clean off.

The gathering crowd stood around this scene stood stunned as they finally saw just what was inside, a stunningly beautiful young woman, her lusciously shaped body fully exposed, experiencing the sensual afterglow of her latest sexual session, her face looking both aroused and intoxicated (even somewhat clueless and confused), while behind her the form of a completely beaten, battered and broken man lay still and unmoving.

The young woman simply patting him on his extremely bruised and mangled face, her still intoxicated demeanour giving the appearance that she was unaware of what actually took place, that she was simply acting on instinct, claiming her sexual pleasures from this would-be rapist, while not giving a single thought to how she was getting them, or in this case what damage she was causing him while doing so.



SLAM!

"Open this damn door, you fucking bitch, or I swear I'll break it down and take it out of your hide!" an extremely angry man's voice yelled out, speaking to a terrified woman huddled on the floor of this somewhat secure bathroom.

SLAM!

She was not unused to such instances, her husband of 10 years had become an increasingly abusive man, especially when he had been drinking, as was the case on this night; though while old bruises heal to make room for new ones, this woman's utterly terrified mind took much longer to mend. Thoughts of his previously brutal treatment of her smaller, weaker body were the stuff of literal nightmares for this 37 year old housewife, who wanted little more to be left alone, or at the very least, for the beatings to stop.

SLAM!

"One last chance Fiona! Open this fucking door, or I swear I'm going to brake it the fuck down, and give you the worst beating of your fucking life!!" the heavily intoxicated man yelled out on the other side of their bathroom door. The truly terrified Fiona at this point almost willing to comply and let him enter, hoping this night's beating would lessen if she did; though common sense (and utter fear) made her stay put, knowing she was in for a good one this night, whether she let him in or he broke down the door to get to her.

CRASH!!

"Fucking Bitch....made me work for it that time, eh" this man possessed made out, as the bathroom door burst its way open, after a series of kicks from this 6' 2" 230 pound man, who now stood toweringly over the much smaller woman huddled on the floor beneath him. While not being a petite woman herself, her curvaceous 5' 7" 150 pound form was definitely more a voluptuous physique than thin or weedy; though against her much larger husband, who due to having a physical job was in quite good shape, she stood little to no chance against him on a physical level (something she knew all too well, first hand).

So her resistance all but gone, it was child's play for the enraged man to harshly grab her around her arms and lift her to her feet. Fiona doing the best that she could to hold back her tears, knowing from past instances that he beat her worse when she was crying, though tears welled up in her normally gleaming blue eyes all the same.



"Not have dinner hot and ready for me when I get home, eh? Give me crap about not knowing when I was getting back from the bar, huh? Well I'll teach you to disobey me again, you stupid fucking cunt!" the man furiously yelled out, as a powerful fist went back, coiling itself for its first of many strikes to come, before thrusting itself deep into this smaller woman's stomach.

An act he had unfortunately for her done many times in their relationship together, a first strike which always dropped her to her knees, gasping for breath, begging for mercy from him - always before, but not this time, as the only one recoiling in pain from this powerful punch, was the abuser himself.

“AAHHHHHHH!” the drunken brute yelled out both in pain and shock, as he felt as if he had just punched a brick wall, over his wife's normally soft waist. He backed away from her, holding his nearly broken wrist, Fiona being in as much shock as he was, looked at him with a face of confusion unsure what exactly had happened, thinking he was playing some kind of sick mind game with her.

Yes she has felt his impact, but only the slightest bit, only a hint of what she was expecting, so she simply stood before him unsure of what he was doing now, or what was to come next. His face suddenly turned to anger as he clenched her supple neck with his good hand, slamming her back into the tiled bathroom wall behind her, his eyes fuelled with rage, as his fingers tightened across her vulnerable neck.

Fiona screamed in panic, as she thought this time her husband was actually going to kill her, so she did the only thing she could, something that clearly wouldn't work, though her automated reflexes simply took over – she fought back, and unlike all of the previous times, where her resistance was utterly useless against this much larger man, the results here and now were once again, shocking to them both.



The terrified woman pushed her husband back, both hands striking his chest with amazing force, enough to have his feet leave the ground and his body to actually fly out of the bathroom door he had just burst open, and into the adjacent bedroom (not to mention over their bed, and into the far wall, which he hit with a powerful Thud)

"What.....how....." was all Fiona could make out, as she looked at what she had just done in amazement, unaware of how she was suddenly capable of such a feat of strength. While her voluptuous form was not skinny, having ample curves as she did, her much shorter and lighter physique always put her on the losing end of such fights with her husband, almost always with brutal results for her in the end. Though now, for some unknown reason, she felt powerful and strong, as if she had finally been blessed with the means to stop this cycle of violence against her - even going so far as to exact a little revenge for all of her past beatings. A smile began to form on her attractive face, as she reached out for the nearby towel rack with a single hand, easily ripping its metal form from the wall, bolted on as it was, and then just twisted it into a pretzel.

This act was watched all too shockingly by her abusive husband from the other room, as he slowly rose back up to his feet, watching his smaller wife perform this feat of strength. His mind whirling at such a revelation, his heart suddenly going cold as she now looked up at him, her tear-filled eyes filled with purpose and intensity, her mouth now arching into a wicked smile, as she slowly made her way into their bedroom, towards her husband - who Fiona then proceeded to give the beating of his life to.

His larger form was like a ragdoll to her, as she used her newfound power to throw him all about their bedroom. Weaker and weaker he became with each tossing of his formerly superior body, while she seemed only to get stronger and more powerful. When the tossing around ended, so began the crushing, the squeezing, the crackling and mangling of his body, which was completely helpless to defend itself against such massive power Fiona now possessed.



She had no idea how she suddenly became so much stronger than he was, though the how and why didn't matter here, just that she was, and while not a mean-spirited person in the least, Fiona's mind and body had gone through too much abuse from this man over the years to not have the uncontrollable (and all too deserving) desire for some payback.

As the night went on, all that could be heard from their bedroom, were the sounds of a man screaming, crying and begging, of bones snapping and breaking, of crashing and slamming of a male form being thrown around, and a woman's voice passionately yelling again and again, "How do YOU like it!!"



"OK, here's the scene. Molly, you open the door, where "Mail Man" Steve is here for a Special Delivery, heh heh. So you bring him inside, queue the sexy talk, then it's off to the bedroom where the magic begins. We good?" spoke out the director shooting his latest adult film, to his company's newest recruit. A beautiful 23 year old, with a body littered with thick, shapely curves, fresh off the bus and desperate for work.

"OK.....OK, I think.....I think so" she timidly replied, this being her first time doing anything like this, she was certainly a bit nervous and unsure. Though she needed the money, making her way here in this new location, from her small town, was proving harder than she thought, and the last thing she wanted to do was return home, defeated and unsuccessful in her goal of making it in the Big City.

"Relax babe, it's a piece of cake! You've done it with your boyfriend, I'm sure?" the director made out, watching as the young girl nodded her head at his question, "Well, today, Steve's your boyfriend, capishe?" he concluded, watching again as the young woman nodded

her head, before being guided off towards her starting area, the older man's hand giving her shapely ass a good slap as she left him.

"Hey Steve, come here" the director then focused his attention on his male lead. "Looks like we might have a cold fish here, and I don't have a replacement handy for this one. So do what you have to do to get the scene done.....whatever it takes, capishe?" he concluded, watching Steve give a semi-lecherous smile, as he too made his way to his opening area.

All players in front and behind the scenes now at their marks, this adult video was all ready to begin. Molly proving to be quite the capable female lead for the beginning acting scenes, or at these capable enough for the level needed for such videos.

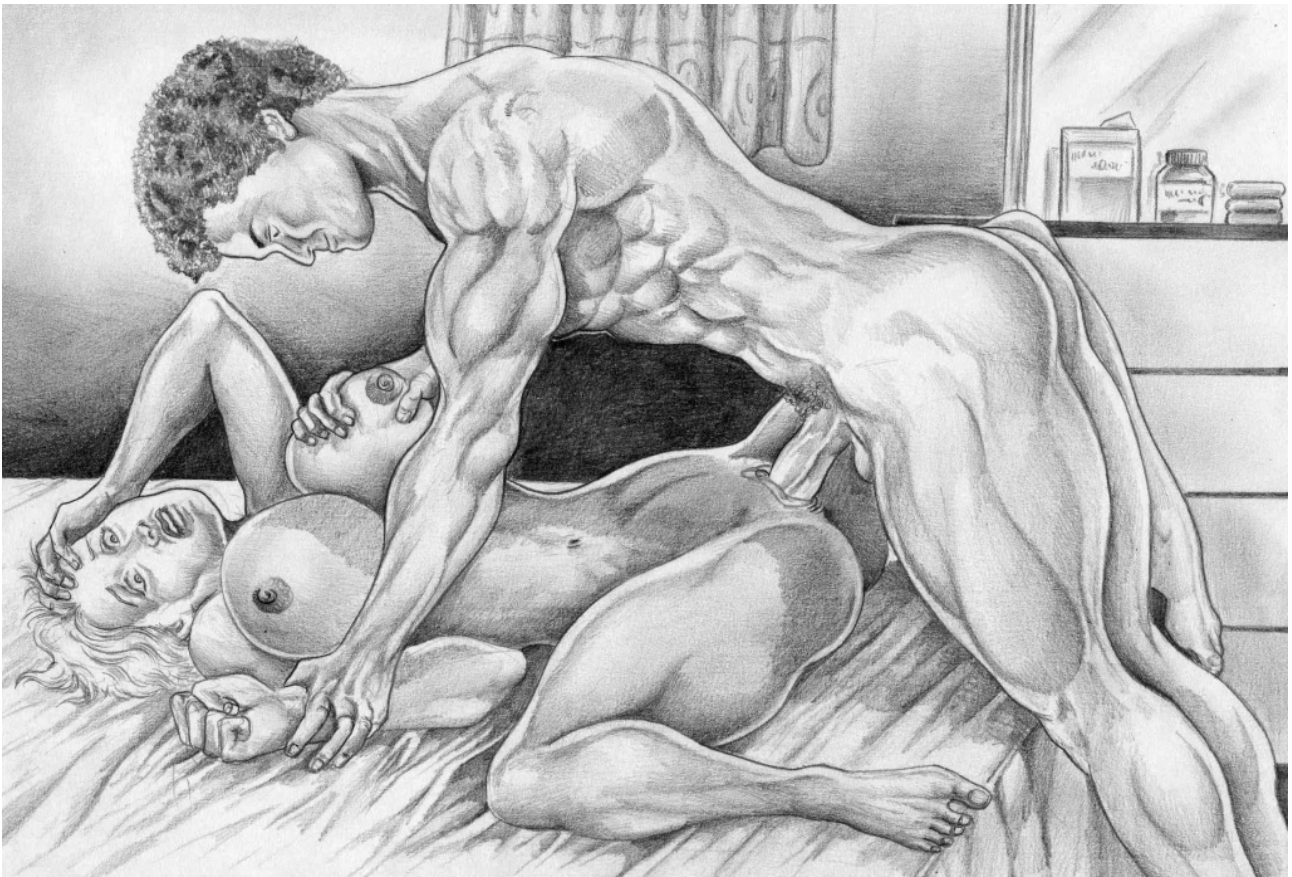
Her ultra curvaceous physique, clad only in a small, revealing apron, covering just enough of her most private of areas; until she and Steve made their way to the bedroom, where he then unwrapped his latest co-star, leaving her fully naked before him and the crew; a revelation that proved a bit too much for the inexperienced Molly, who then looked directly at the cameras with a face of worry, as she moved her arms to cover up her newly exposed sexual areas.

“Dammit, Molly, what are you doing!!” Steve gritted through his teeth somewhat angrily, as he looked over at the director, who he noticed didn't cut and was still shooting this video. The tall, hunky male lead knew what this meant, and took control of this scene, and Molly specifically, by moving her to the bed, where he laid her voluptuous form down, with him laying directly on top of her.



Her face showing an increasing level of nervous tears, which Steve ignored, as he continued to press on with the scene; as well as on Molly herself, as he began to grind his large, muscular body onto her sexily female form. While not constituting actual rape, as the young woman still had not voiced her desire to stop (even though her mannerisms said otherwise), Steve clearly didn't seem to care about her obvious uncomfortability, getting his massive cock into position, where he then plunged it powerfully inside Molly awaiting pussy.

“Ooooooohhhhh Yeaahhhh!” he moaned out, as this joining of their bodies was sending sexual pleasure throughout his orgasmically charged frame. While Molly was not a virgin, she also wasn't overly experienced in sexual relations either, and those few boys she had been with in her small town were not nearly so enhanced in the erection department as Steve; as such, she felt unprepared to handle such a sizeable cock thrusting into her, and the initial pleasure she felt having him inside her was quickly turning now more to pain.

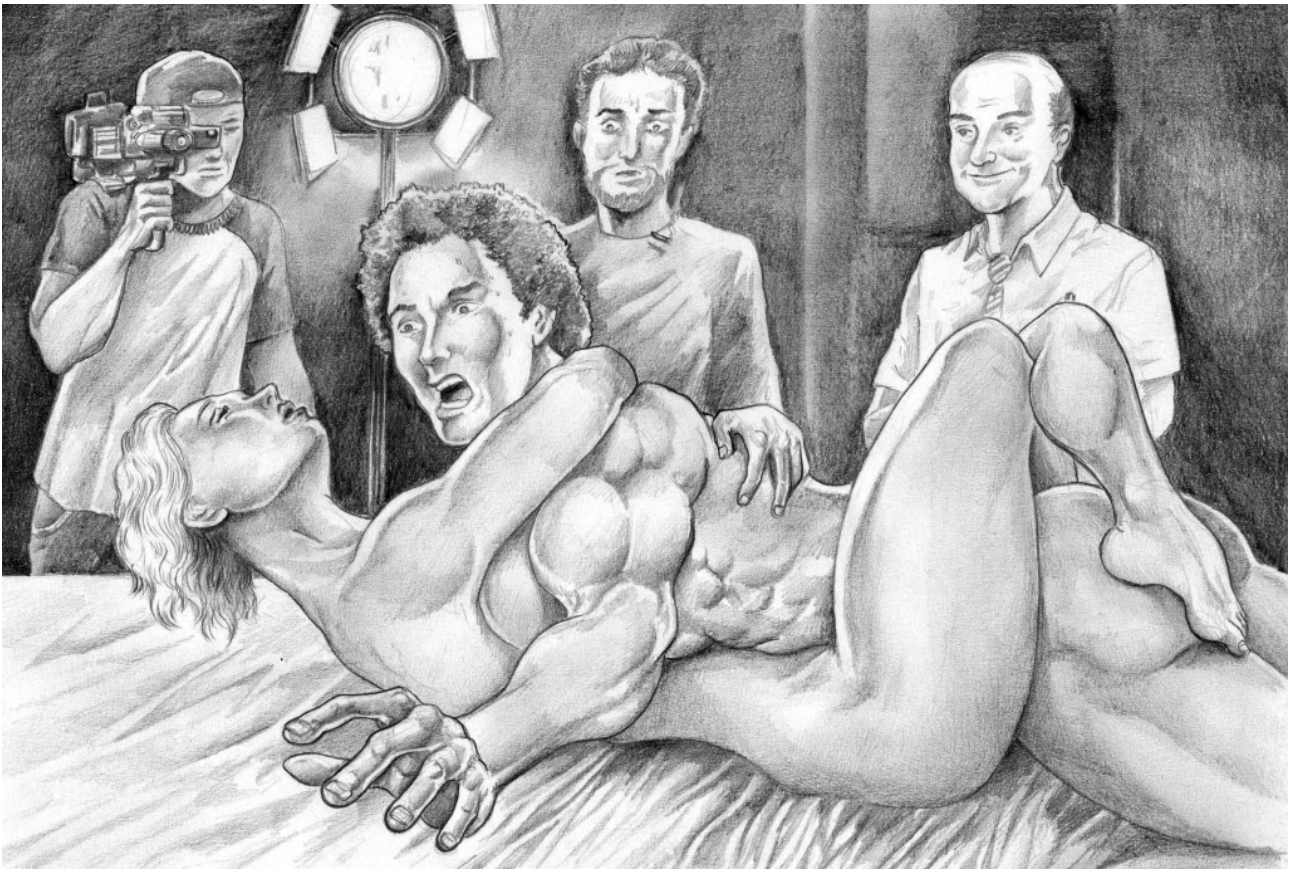


Steve cared nothing for the growingly uncomfortable look on his scene partner's face, only for getting his rocks off, for finishing the scene, for making sure he was paid in the end. So he thrust his body onto Molly again and again, his larger form virtually engulfing her shapely female frame, as he grunted and groaned with erotic delights above and around her.

"Too big....too much....please....." was all Molly could whimper out, as Steve continued to drive himself into her again and again, his hands kneading her large, full breasts as he did so. The director behind the scenes still continuing this shoot, certainly noticing Molly's discomfort, hoping things turned around more as the fucking continued, hoping she would begin to enjoy it. Not so much thought for her sake, but for his own, as then he wouldn't need to edit out so much in the final cut.

A sigh of relief not long after emerged from him as he noticed Molly too beginning to moan, much more of an erotic nature now, as her shapely legs began to lift up from the bed and wrap themselves around Steve's waist, her arms slowly making their way around the back of his head – though this was followed by something quite strange, as her moans of ecstasy increased, this experienced adult film director noticed Steve's seemed to slow to a halt, shockingly enough, now being replaced with sounds of pain and shock from his male lead. Though like a true professional, he kept on shooting, in the end, catching the most unique and unreal sexual scene of his career.

"Hey, hey what are you - Ahhhhhhh!" Steve yelled out as he tried his best to remove himself from inside Molly's moist pussy, though while such an act should have been all too easy, considering the difference in size between them both, he couldn't seem to move his body away from hers at all. As impossible as it seemed, her entwined arms and legs were holding him locked tight above her – no, not just her arms and legs, but something else held him there, her pussy's hold on his cock, once warm and pleasurable, was now vice-like and painfully gripping, especially as Molly seemed to be getting more and more into her scene, as her upward thrusting hips began to lift the 220 pound man around like he was a plaything – something to her, he now had become.



"Too tight.....too hard.....please....." Steve made out as he felt his massive cock being mashed inside this younger, smaller woman, her reaction was only to continue her series of orgasmic groans, her full red lips now in a sensual O-shaped pose.

Molly then swiftly, and surprisingly easily, flipped Steve over, her lush body now on top, their private areas still locked tight, as she continued to sexually grind into him, more and more passionately as the seconds went on. His screams becoming increasingly clear about them, as the director and his all male crew watched this scene unfold with shocked faces on each of them, their bodies stunned frozen; until the director (realizing he needed Steve for another video shoot later that day) snapped to, and ordered his crew to jump in and remove Molly from on top of his rapidly mangled male lead.

Though as shocking as what they had seen so far was, what happened next was even moreso, as crew member after crew member jumped in to try and break this scene up, each of them proving unable to budge Molly's heavily thrusting form very much, if at all. Male hands gripping and pulling on each and every part of her body, which impossibly was stronger than they would ever have thought possible.

Even her ample breasts were immovable at the hands of these men, all of which now knowing that the only way that she was going to remove herself from Steve, was when she was good and ready. An event that thankfully happened soon after their formerly prying hands were removed from her savagely grinding form, as Molly screamed out in utter orgasmic pleasure, Steve screaming at equal amount, though in clear agony, she exploded her juices onto his body, one that instantly emitted a series of Snapping and Cracking sounds, which would later be diagnosed as several broken ribs from where her thighs had sexually squeezed in on him.

This scene now coming to a close, Molly's breathing slowing down to more normal levels, she looked down at Steve's now unconscious form for the first time in minutes (as she had closed her eyes when her tears began to flow), almost with a look of surprise, not realizing herself exactly what had happened here; though she still sported a deviously sexy smile all the same, as she felt better than she ever had in her entire life.

The male crew all stared at her in silence and shock, which was broken by the ringing of the director's cell phone, which he slowly answered, only to be told something that once more stunned him frozen. News that on each of the other video shoots that his company were filming that day, all shooting in various sets and locations around the city, that the female leads were either lifting, throwing, crushing, or fucking their men around (sometimes all at once) like ragdolls, or more specifically, like sex-toys, in most cases, to quite the devastating affect of these men in the end. An image that mere minutes ago this director would have thought all but impossible – though now, he knew better.

Bullies. By their very nature, they prey on the weak, picking on those they deemed helpless; often travelling in packs, all the better to intimidate their target. Terrorizing their victims as a way to make them feel better about themselves, stronger, tougher, without a care in the world with how they make their intended targets feel. Though at times, such prey rise up and fight back, surprising the bullying predators to the point of retreat, or even defeat. Yes, sometimes the weak can overcome the strong - though never had it happened in such a way, as on this Spring afternoon, on this very special day.

The target in the case for a trio of 18 year old bullies, was Nicholas Straton, a young 15 boy who wanted nothing more than to make his way home from school (along with his best friend and neighbour, Sheri Lawson) safely and without incident, though unfortunately this day fate had chosen otherwise. The three older boys drove their vehicle right next to the pair of young walkers, swiftly getting out to do what bullies did best, much to the heart-freezing terror of young Nicholas here.



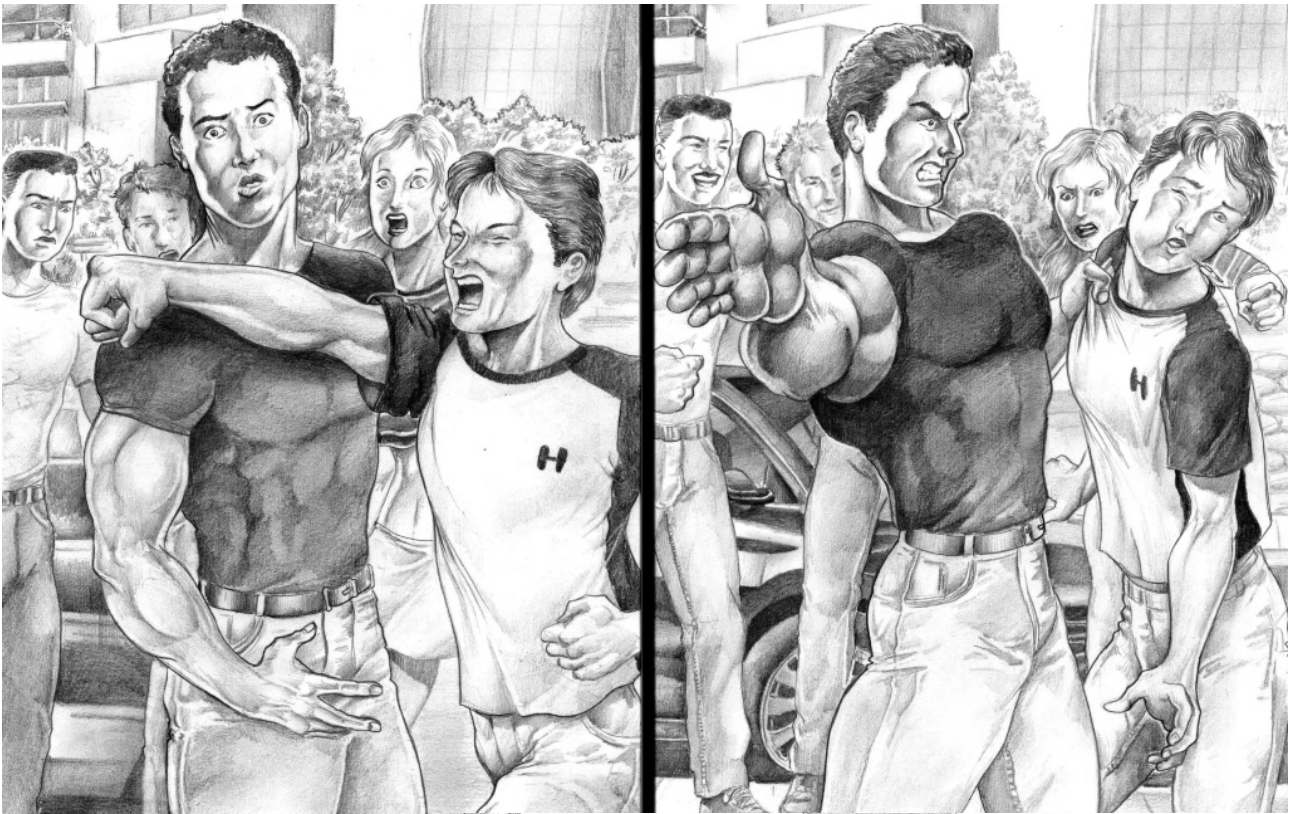
Not an athlete in the least, much more into his studies than sports, Nicholas was all too helpless against the initial bullying onslaught of these older, larger boys. Something if alone he wouldn't have minded nearly so much, though being humiliated in front of his best friend, brought his embarrassment to a whole new level. An adorable young girl, Sheri was truly blossoming into a beautiful young woman (especially on a physical level), Nicholas had a true crush on her for some time now, though he felt a girl of her caliber wouldn't be interested in him at all, not like that anyway.

At first the bullies started teasing the younger boy, calling him names, insulting his thin, weedy frame (which next to Sheri's developing shapely form, looked even moreso), all of which Nicholas did his best to take in stride; not wanting the situation to get any worse than it already was, he took their constant stream of insults and laughter, making him feel horrible to be sure, so much worse now that Sheri was here to witness this.

Though unlike her closest friend, Sheri wasn't so timid in the face of these bullies, lashing out at them with words of defense and protection of Nicholas. The fiery temper of this young red-headed girl getting the better of her, as while she had the attitude, physically she was much smaller than these bullying boys, and if they wished to push the issue with her further, there was little she could do to stop them – or so she thought.

As expected, Sheri's protective outburst now put her in the line of fire for these bullying boys, who teased her in a different way than they did with Nicholas, not with insults, but with lecherous praise on how fine she looked, making crude comments on her quite curvaceous physique, and how each of them would love to take her for a little ride, making little motor-boat gestures to further harass the shapely young girl before them.

That's when it happened, that's when Nicholas had Enough. Insulting him, even physically hurting him, was one thing, but when they started doing so to Sheri, that's where he swiftly drew the line.



So with a sudden surge of courage, he cracked the largest of these boys across his face, more stunning and surprising older boy than actually hurting him; though such feelings soon turned to anger, as he was not going to just be struck by one such as Nicholas, not without serious repercussions. So he grabbed Nicholas with a single arm, a powerful hand around his shirt, holding him in place, while his other arm reached up and savagely Smacked the younger boy across the face. This impact, unlike his own, did hurt, and actually sent Nicholas down to the grassy ground below - or would have if the larger boy wasn't still holding on to his shirt, readying him for another strike.

That was until Sheri all too bravely, and with an ease that took the larger boy by surprise, removed Nicholas from his grasp, guiding him gently to the floor, where she tenderly laid him down, comforting him in her arms.

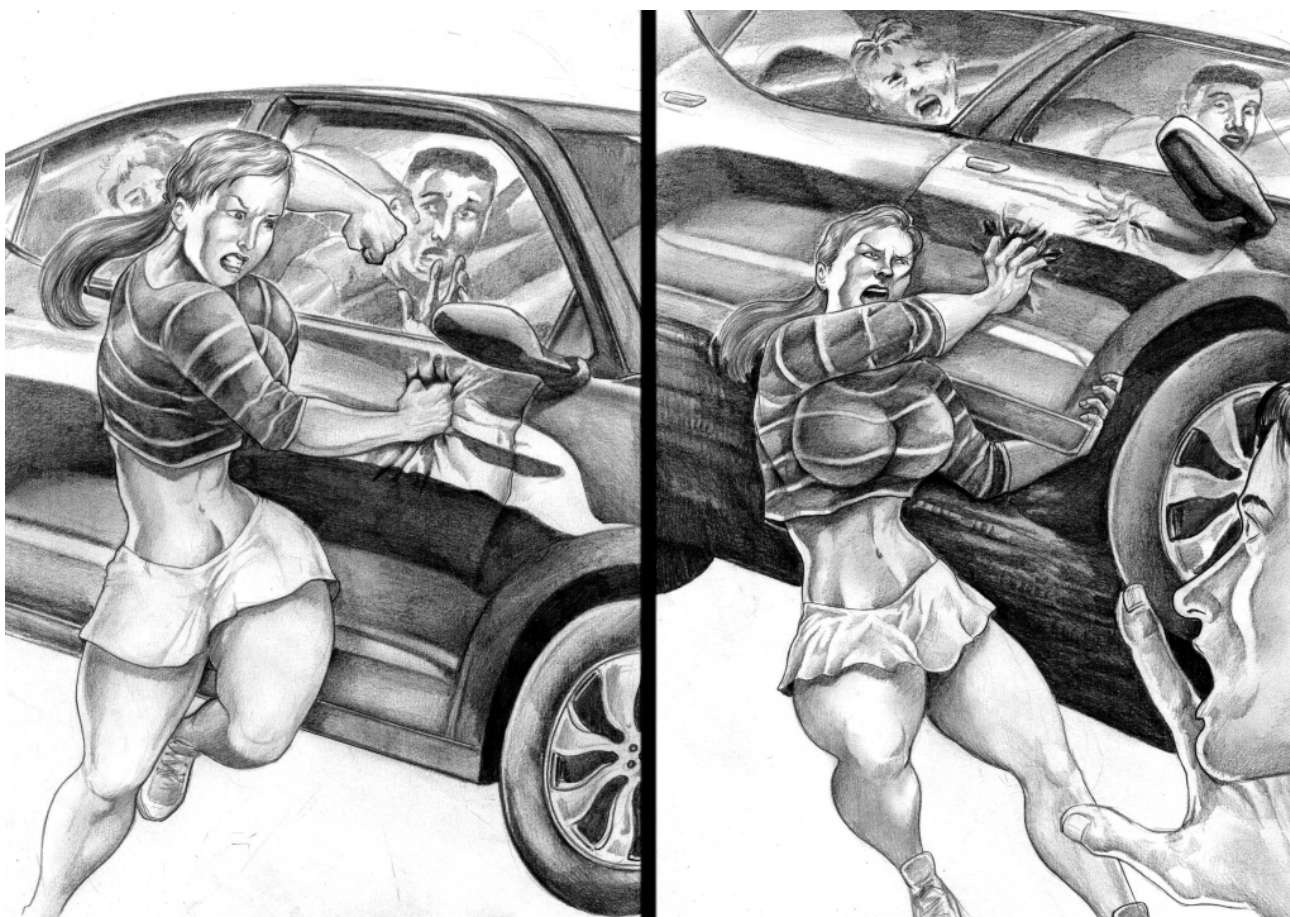


She then stood back up to her 5' 5" height, her shapely physique almost appearing larger than that, as she simply stood before this bullying trio (taking a protective stance before Nicholas) with a look of rage in her eyes, her fingers clenching into fists.

A look that initially took these boys back some, though not one to look like a wimp before a smaller, weaker girl (especially one they each were sexually harassing moments ago), the front standing bully simply put his hand forcefully on her torso with the idea to push her down on the ground, putting her in her place next to her beaten friend; though once more this day, the towering older boy was shocked when he found that despite his clearly larger size, he couldn't budge her at all. Quickly he brought up his other hand, both now on her shapely shoulders, pressing in on her with all of his might, though Sheri simply looked at him with hate and anger, furious with him for hurting her dear friend (who she too had strong feelings for, unbeknownst to Nicholas himself), and so she stood her ground, unable to be moved, until she wanted to be moved, that was.

In a flash she reached up and grabbed the larger boy by his collar, shoving his face deep into her ample breasts, then wrapping her arms around the back of his head, holding him there still and immobile. Sheri then started shaking her chest from side to side, giving him the motor-boat that he threatened to take not long ago, though this was not nearly the pleasurable experience he was hoping for, as her breasts, while shapely and luscious looking, felt hard, powerful and crushingly strong; that coupled with how savage she was crushing his face into them (in addition to involuntary flexing of her chest muscles), caused unreal pain about his head – as well as a few Cracks from his now broken nose.

Sheri then pushed him away from her, a shove that sent bigger bully near flying 6 feet away, where he crashed at the feet of his two friends, both looking at this scene with utmost shock. How on Earth could this younger, smaller, girl handle their large friend in such a way? It didn't seem possible, yet here it happened, right before their very eyes. Though such thoughts quickly dispersed, as she slowly, intensely, made her way to them. Her face as red as her ponytail styled hair; where once was the cuteness of an adorable teenage girl, now there was the intimidating look of a woman possessed.



In an instant the two terrified 18 year-olds picked up their friend, and proceeded to place him in the vehicle they drove up in (it was his car, after all), though before they could make their escape, they felt a large hit on the side facing their former victims, then another, and then another. Each one capable of shaking the car violently, and as these strikes went on, even denting the car inward towards them. Impacts on their vehicle they thought could only have been caused by another car, or so they wished, though such thoughts were dispelled when they looked out their side windows and saw the enraged Sheri beating on the car with her own, impossibly strong, fists.

"You don't touch him, you Never touch him!!" could be heard coming from the young girl's lips in a feminine, yet growling, tone, as she continued to Slam her hands into the car before her. Seemingly unaware of just what she was doing, almost as if her protective nature completely overtook her, and that she would lash out with all of her might against anyone that would dare hurt one she cared so much for. In this case, the still floor-bound Nicholas, who like the trio of terrified young men inside this vehicle, was watching this scene unfold with utter shock and awe.

Sheri's violent impacts soon turned to thrusts, as she started to shake the car, side to side, causing it to move around much moreso than her former impacts were doing. The pleas of the boys inside being completely ignored by this rage filled 15 year old, as she continued shaking, then tilting, then even lifting her side of this car up, continuing her growling defense of her long time friend, as tears began to form from her glistening green eyes.

Just seconds before she was about to completely overturn the car full of bullying boys before her, the tilted vehicle now tilted high as her thrust out chest, as she switched the position of her hands, ready to give it a final tossing on its side; that was until a gentle hand was place on her seemingly steel hard shoulders, causing young Sheri to turn around and see the face of Nicholas behind her. His face, while bruised from this bully's vicious strike, was one of calm, of concern, he doing his best to cool down her defensive rage, causing her to lower the now heavily damaged car back to the ground.

The clearly emotional Sheri then collapsed to her knees, Nicholas following her all the way, as she began to cry. The young boy wrapped his arms tenderly around her, holding her into him in a caring, supportive manner, as he looked up to the trio of bullies, scared out of their minds, with a look of disgust, giving them a gesture to leave; and half a second later, the car screeched down the street, leaving the frightened teenage boy and girl in its wake.

"What on Earth do you think you're wearing, young lady?!?" Joseph Miller spoke out as he looked upon his daughter, who was on her way out for this Friday night, dressed in attire he certainly didn't deem appropriate for his "little girl". While not out-of-line for the style of today's young women, her curvaceous form made this fairly standard mini-skirt and low cut blouse more revealing that it truly was – especially in the eyes of this over-protective (and somewhat demanding) father. "You get right back upstairs and change into a more sensible outfit!"

"Dad, I'm not a child any more, I'm 17, you can't just....."

"I can, and I am. Now do as I say and get back to your room and don't come back down until you're wearing something else!"

"But Dad, my cheerleading uniform shows more than this. And Mom said....."

"I don't care what your Mother said, I'm the boss and make the rules in this house, now unless you want me to ground you from going out at all, you'll get upstairs and do what I say, Right Now!" he spoke out with as much authority in his voice as he could, watching as his beautiful young daughter ran back upstairs to fulfil his wishes.

Tears of frustration and anger welled up in the normally glistening blue eyes of Annie Miller, as she ran into her bedroom, slamming the door closed behind her as she did so, before falling onto her bed where she gave herself a much needed cry. She had been looking forward to tonight, her best friend's birthday party (a first time co-ed one, at that) for some time now, and had chosen this outfit very carefully. Yes, she could agree that her attire this night certainly showed off her best assets (namely her ample breasts and shapely legs), though what she was wearing was hardly what one would consider slutty. It just wasn't fair, why did she have to change, why did she have no say in this matter – not she, nor her mother, apparently.



No, this didn't sit well with Annie, as she then made her way back to her feet, clearing away any last remnants of tears from her youthfully beautiful face, before proceeding to head back downstairs to discuss this further with her Mother (a beautiful woman, who her boy-friends all consider the town MILF), getting her involved, confirming her approval for her to wear what she wanted. Though as Annie reached out for her bedroom's door-knob to pull it back open, the metallic knob seemed to crumple in her small, feminine hand, and as she pulled it back, it instantly popped off the door's large wooden form – a form she also now noticed seemed to be embedded into the frame around it, as if her closing it shut previously as she entered (which granted was done with a noticeably frustrated Slam), was so forceful that it almost smashed right through the other side.

“What the heck....” young Annie made out, her face now one of confusion, unaware of just what was going on here. “Great, now how am I going to get out of here” she continued on, as she placed a single finger inside the tiny hole where the door-knob used to be, making a vain attempt to pull it back open (something she had no real intentions would actually work), shocking herself as the door moved backwards with her arm, sounds of crackling and crunching of wood heard around her as the door ground against the frame it was previously stuck into.

“What the.....” she made out again, as her look of surprise covered her face once more. Before she could think any further on this matter however, her thoughts were interrupted by the ringing of her cell phone, the tune of which let her know it was her friend Sarah calling.



"Hey Sarah, looking forward to Jill's party tonight? Oh no, you and Billy had a fight....you found out he was cheating on you?!?! With Penny Parker? You're kidding, you have much better tits than that bitch. Oh Baby, I'm so sorry, are you OK? How bad did you guys fight, he didn't hurt you, did he? You're not....you did what....to his car, with him inside! You're kidding, how did you do that?!? Strange, me, here? Well now that you mention it, yeah, yeah, me too....say,. Have you spoken to any of the other girls? You did, they have, you're kidding!! Yeah, yeah, I'm coming right over, this is going to be one Hell of a party!"

Annie then excitedly clicked off her phone, grabbed her previously prepared bags, and ran on downstairs, all too eager to join her girl-friends. Such the level of excitement that was flowing through her teenage form, that she didn't think twice about passing right past her Father on her way out, or that she was still wearing the same outfit he had ordered her to change out of – that was until he bolted up from his seat, his 6' 2" 240 pound frame blocking the front door, his face less than pleased that Annie had dis-obeyed him and was still wearing what he disapproved so much of (especially her low cut blouse, which showed an impressive display of her her luscious cleavage).

"Not now Dad" Annie made out, with a new-found sense of courage and defiance.

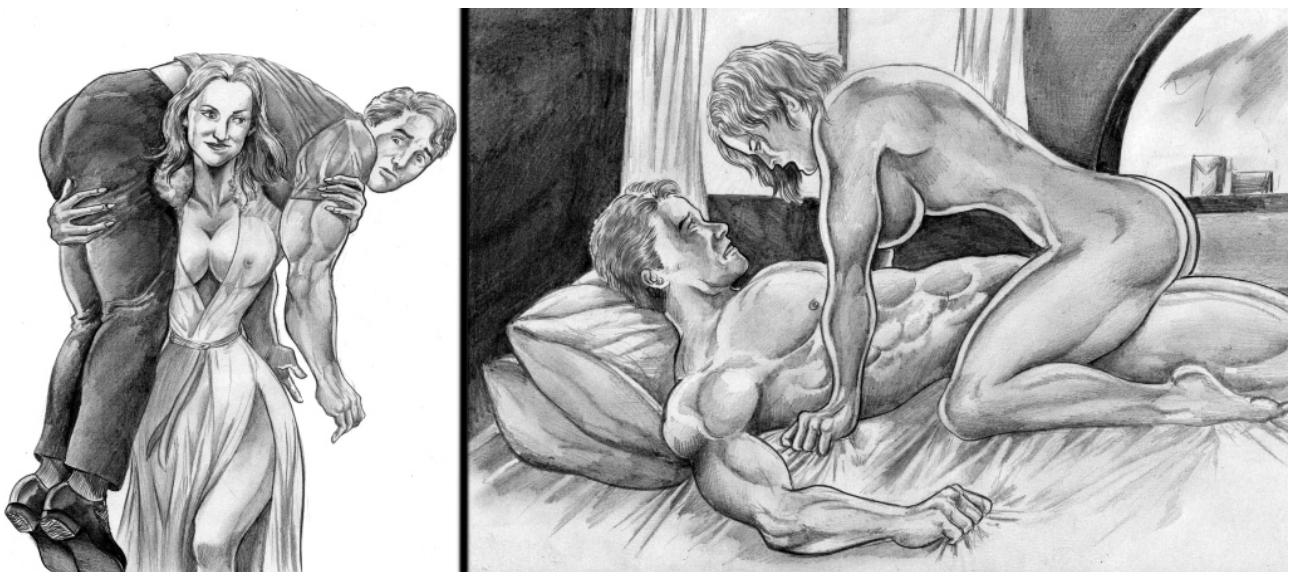
"Don't you dare talk to me like that, young lady!" he growled out, grabbing his daughter around her shoulders in a forceful manner.

"NO, don't You talk to Me like that!" Annie barked, as she removed her Father's hands from around her with obvious ease, as she then Slammed him into a nearby wall. "You can't treat me like a baby any more, I'm not a little girl, and I can make my own decisions about what I wear and anything else in my life!" she continued on, years worth of frustration getting the better of her, as she actually began to lift her Father up off the floor by her steel hard grip on his arms.



Annie then saw the look of shock and fear in her Father's eyes, and began lowering him back down to the floor, releasing her grip from his slightly shaking form. "Dad, I know you're hard on me because you love me, because you want to protect me, but trust me OK, I'm a big girl, and I can take care of myself....believe me on that" Annie concluded, as she then reached up to her Father's forehead to give it a tender kiss, before making her way out the front door, and off to a sleepover party unlike any other she had ever experienced.

Joseph Miller could only stare out the still open front door, watching with a stunned face as Annie drove out of their drive; rubbing his newly sore arms as he did so, wondering just how on Earth his 17 year old daughter was able to man-handle him, with relative ease at that.



Though such thoughts swiftly shifted from his daughter to his wife, whose lusciously shaped form appeared from a nearby doorway before him seconds afterwards; her silky robe wearing form doing little to hide the generous curves of her body - a body that then picked him up and proceeded to carry him to their bedroom, where she would be using her own newly discovered power to show him just who in fact was the boss and made the rules in their house after all, doing so in ways that continually made him beg for mercy, yet constantly cry out for More!

THE END....for now

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