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# A FATHER'S DEMISE!

(Original title "WHO WEARS THE PANTS")



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The man reached down and turned off the CD player. His wife watched, eyes blazing. Already, Bob was calming down. He'd asserted his authority. It felt good. But he could think of nothing to say, nothing that he needed to add. It was Beth who spoke: "My God," she murmured: "I wouldn't mind fighting you. You know that?" I genuinely would NOT MIND." Bob laughed. "Well, we've heard THAT before," He said: "So why don't you?" Beth was silent. "I'll tell you why you don't. Because you know you'd get your bottom smacked. That's why." This made Ken give a slightly nervous titter. Up until this evening he was sure his father had never laid a finger on his mother.



After losing several fights to her husband, Beth kept surprising both herself and her husband with her tenacious spirit and amazing strength. In their third encounter she actually had him pinned beneath her for several minutes. Bob truly amazed with the way she continued to counter every move he made to throw her off himself. Until with a herculean heave he finally managed to bridge out from under her voluptuous body.



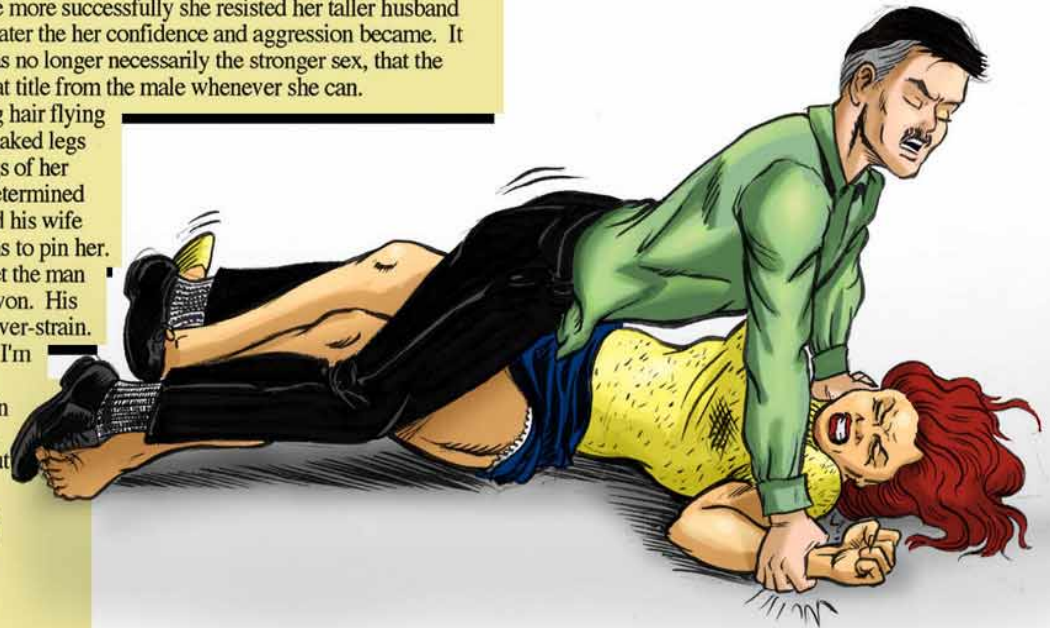


The longer a contest continued, the more successfully she resisted her taller husband - resisted AND matched him - the greater the her confidence and aggression became. It was a salutary lesson that the male was no longer necessarily the stronger sex, that the modern female now seeks to wrest that title from the male whenever she can.

Beth looked magnificent, her long hair flying like a banner as she fought, her long naked legs always flashing dangerously at the legs of her husband. After a half hour of very determined and even brutal tussling, Bob slammed his wife down on her back and spread her arms to pin her. This time the woman was unable to get the man off her. But Bob's success was hard-won. His face tense, his body trembling from over-strain.

Beth's eyes stared hotly into his: "I'm not going to give in!" she defied her sweating adversary: "I'll never give in to YOU!" "I'm - I'm not asking you to," the man panted: "Okay? But - but you just remember your place in the future. Don't challenge me again like this! Or I might have to HURT you!"

Words like these from males only provoke anger in proud, beautiful women. Beth spent all the next afternoon at her gym, psyching herself mentally and physically for the female versus male combat, and as soon as her husband came home from work she said: "Come on. I want to fight!"



It took even longer than in previous encounters for Bob to master her. It finished with his wearing her down with a tight full nelson which Beth nearly got out of at one point. He had to switch to an armlock and lever up her shaking arm, painfully. Beth uttered a little squeal of pain. "Give in then!" Bob demanded: "Do you give in?" A ferocious shake of her slick, gleaming mane to show her negative response.

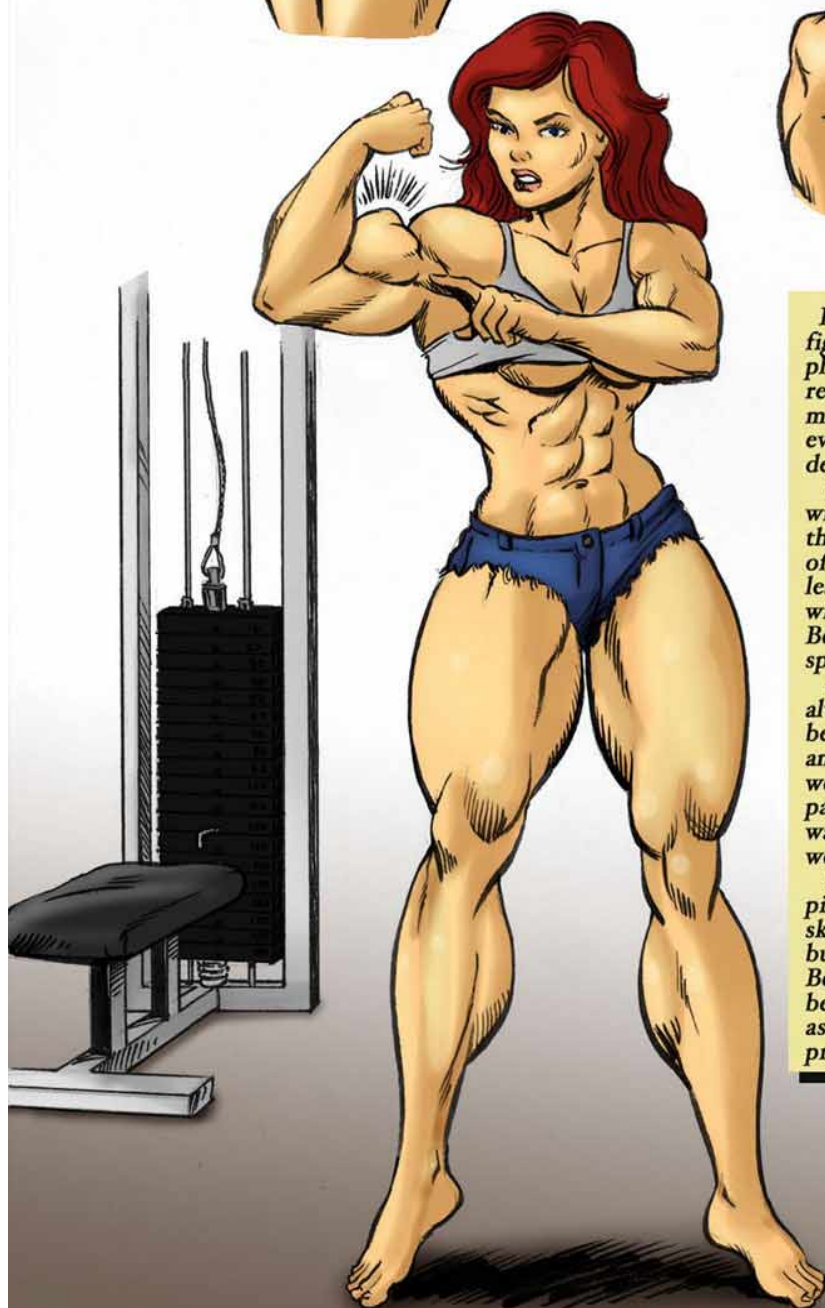
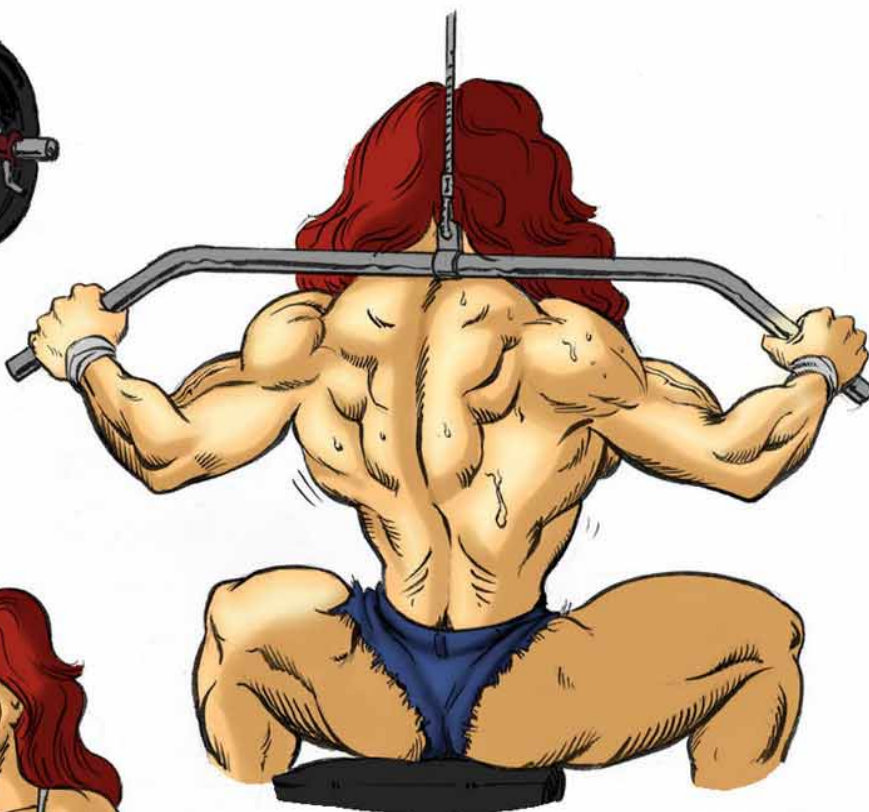
The man inched her arm up further. Beth shrieked "QUIT IT!!" Ken watched dry-mouthed. At last, his spunky mother surrendered. "All right! All right, you bastard!" she spat: "You-you win! You could see how much she hated to say that. Ken cheered his father.

Bob rose from his beaten wife. He reached down to help Beth up but she knocked his hand away sullenly, furious at losing.

Ken came over to congratulate his father: "Well done, Dad!" he said, "Terrific!"

Bob looked over to his wife who was getting up with a dark look for both of them. "Satisfied now, Beth?" He asked.





But Beth was NOT satisfied. She had a taste now for fighting her husband. For her, even when he defeated her, physically matching herself in this basic test of their respective power. This battle of the sexes against the man she married was the most stimulating thing she had ever done. And she was determined to stem this tide of defeat!

She avoided telling her girl friends at the gym of her wrestles with Bob, but she did suggest wrestling with them, and as soon as the girls tried it they all loved it. Some of them were very experienced with holds and Beth learned all she could. She also intensified her work-outs with the weights and machines. For the next two months, Beth did not challenge her husband at all, wanting to spring her growing skill and strength on him all at once.

She was amazed how she advanced so quickly. She had always been a broad shouldered girl with a tendency towards being on the husky side. Her muscles just loved lifting and she started seeing AND feeling results in a few short weeks. She had to start wearing baggy sweaters and sweat pants at home to hide the obvious muscle tone that was breaking out on her legs and arms. Her biceps especially were growing and hardening at an incredible rate.

Ken started to notice her muscular gains when she picked him up from school one day wearing a rather short skirt and he was shocked at the muscles that cut up and bulged out in her legs as she pushed the gas and brake pedals. Beth laughed when he mentioned it and told him she'd been working out extra hard at the gym. When he asked her why she only said: "You'll see..." and made him promise not to tell his father about it.



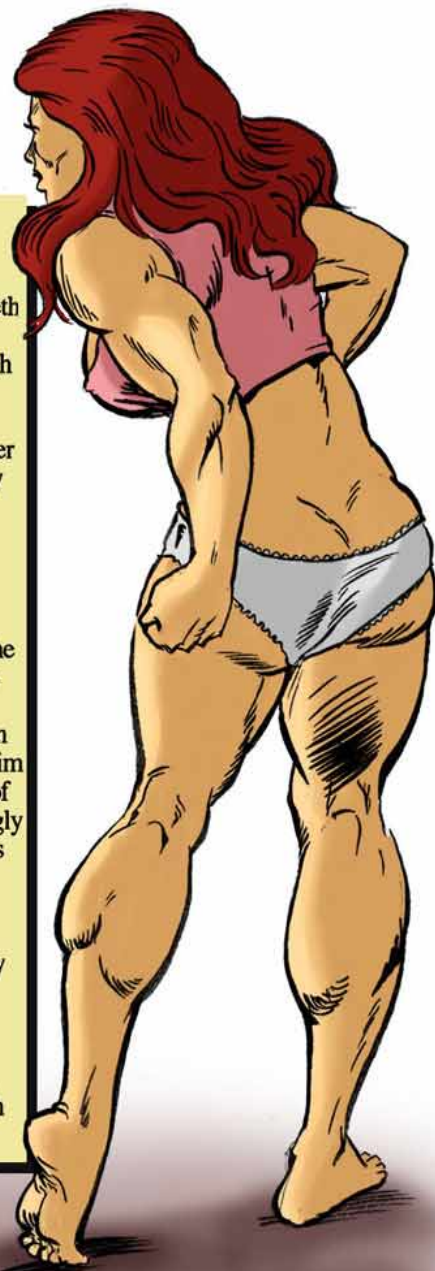


That fateful night came when Bob arrived home from work. He said he was beat and Beth suggested he take a shower and rest. Telling him she wanted another chance at besting him with another tussle. He began to refuse, but Beth insisted and he finally gave in.

Bob looked relaxed and refreshed after his shower. Beth was dressed in her usual baggy sweater, and a skirt. Bob said, "Let's get this over with, Beth." She held up an imperious hand: "Wait." She then proceeded to take off her sweater. It was the first time in two months that Bob really got a good look at her new shoulders and his shocked look pleased her much. She unzipped her skirt: "This really restricts me" She tossed her skirt aside, and flexed her muscular legs and arms. Bob finally found his voice, "B-Beth, I-I'm really amazed.....y-you did this at the gym? Lifting weights?" "You got it, and wrestling too! What's the matter," she demanded, "Scared to wrestle me now that the playing field is finally even?"

Bob couldn't back down now, not in front of Ken. Even if seeing all these muscles on his already husky wife gave him plenty of doubt. The two gladiators faced. The physique of the man appeared awkward, almost vulnerable to the strongly bared curves and abject sexuality of the woman. The man's margin of superiority had been badly reduced. As they locked arms, Bob felt the swelling, hard new muscles in Beth's arms as her powerful shove forced him back.

For about fifteen minutes the fight was very even. They were wrestling at an incredible pace, both going for quick supremacy. Their breathing soon became harsh and hard. Beth's cheeks flushed. She knew the moves her husband made now, all the little tricks he'd used on her before and she could counter every one. She also now had the strength to break almost any hold he could get on her.

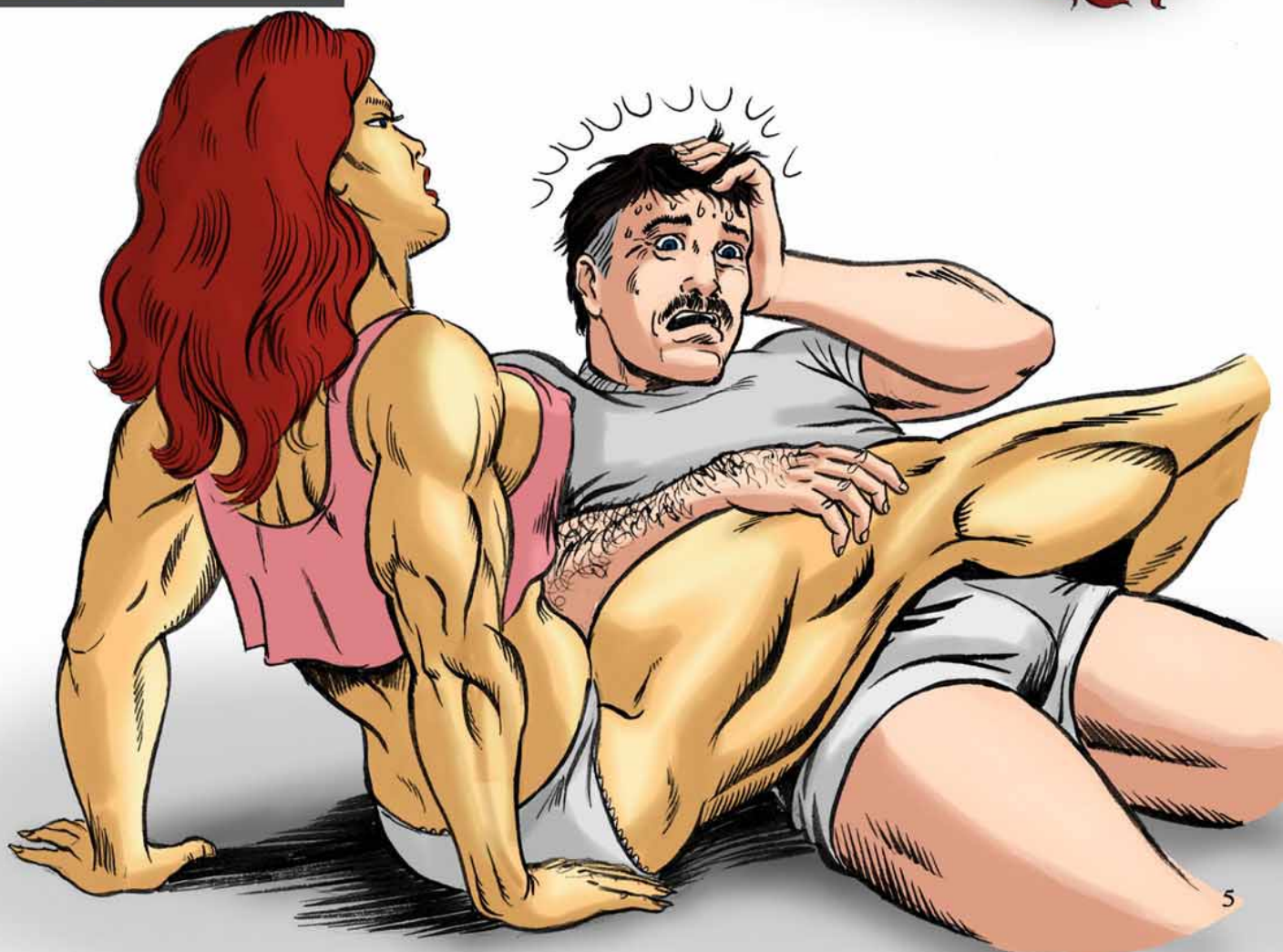




Bob finally got her down, and established himself astride her. Beth's long limbs thrashed savagely, and Ken shouted his father on. Try as he might, he just couldn't keep her arms pinned and soon he was having trouble maintaining his position atop her. There was a long desperate moment as they strained mightily together, their breathing coming in short, sharp gasps, the bulging muscles in Beth's arms standing out. Ken then heard a gasping sob from his father as gradually Beth was forcing him off her. All of the sudden the man was falling, toppling to one side. Soon one big female thigh slid atop the male waist, and in an instant she was astride him. "Dad!" cried out Ken: "Dad! Come ON!" Beth kept Bob down, and the boy saw his mother give an exultant toss of her head.

The man got half out from his humiliating position beneath the woman, responding to the urgent cries of his son. But the woman did not propose to LET him get out, she was even more determined, and certainly more savage, than he, and her fighting lust was up. It felt sooo good, having the man under her, where he belonged! Beth deliberately permitted Bob to half escape so as to give her legs some room. She then slid her big, powerfully muscled thighs to each side of the man's body, closing them around Bob's waist in a scissors hold. She tensed her thigh muscles in on his trapped waist. Bob lifted both his hands to push frantically at her big, naked thighs, his fingers slipping from his wife's sweaty muscularity. Beth simply crushed him.

"Dad! Dad! Fight her!" Bob tried desperately, but Beth knew she had got her husband now. Her sex had an inner glow of satisfaction. How lovely! Beating a MAN! In a FIGHT! "Oooh! Oh GOD!" Bob moaned. Beth tightened her muscular thighs on his waist further. "Do you give in?" She asked grinning into his anguished, pain-wracked face. "Oh! Oh P-LEASE!" "Give in then!" She shook her mighty thighs hard, making the man cry out: "Come ON!" "Dad, no DON'T!" Head back, face twisted in anguish, Bob lifted both hands high and brought them down as balled fists, punching Beth as hard as he could in the thigh. She yelped: "Oh! You bastard!" Her thighs released their grip involuntarily, and Bob staggered up.

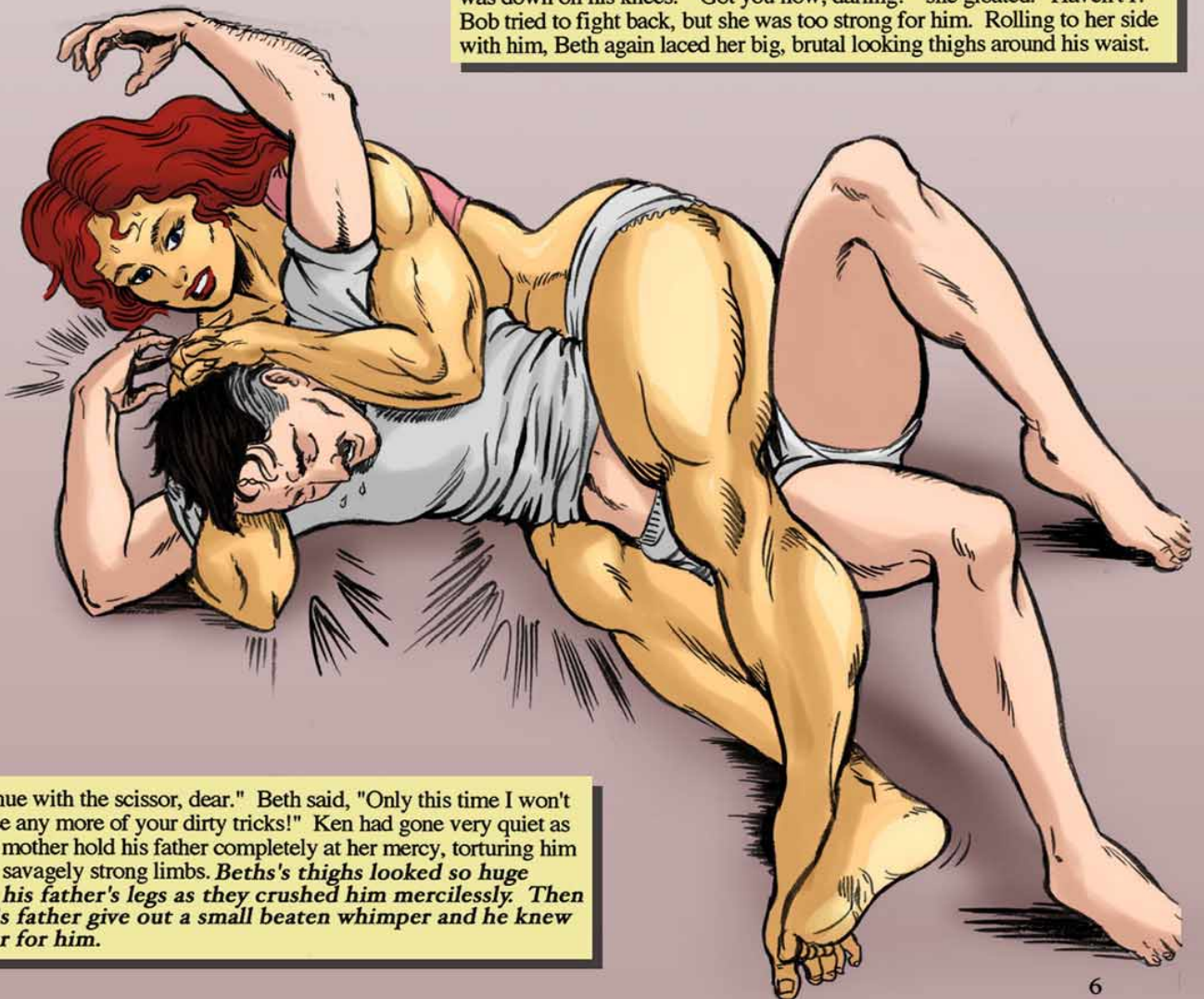




But the woman had no intention of allowing the man to get back any energy. She was on her feet too, and as he turned to meet her she turned him around roughly and slipped her muscular arms up under his. Before he realized what was happening she had him in a full nelson similar to the one he'd used on her in their last fight.

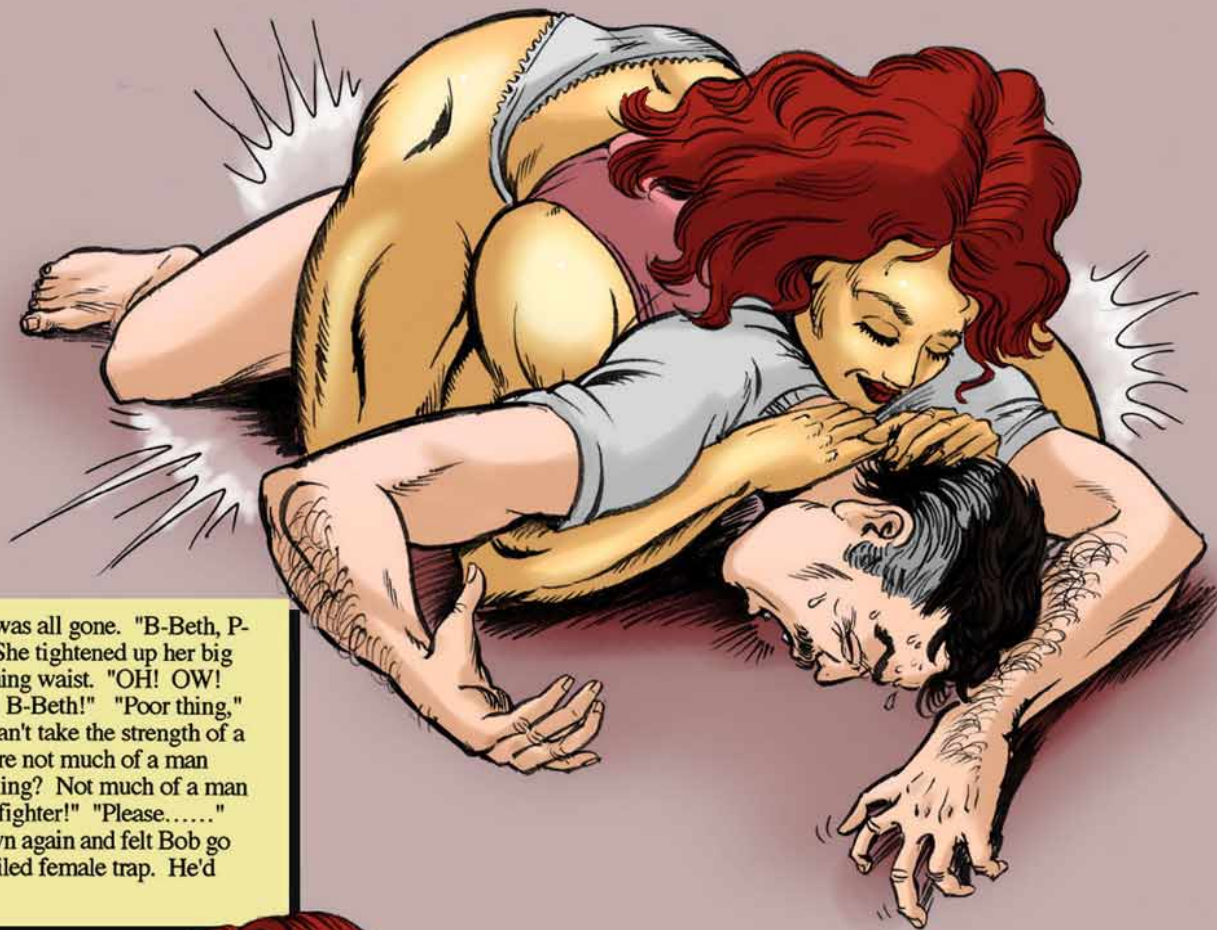


Beth pressed down on his neck, forcing the man's shoulder blades closer together and his head further down. She soon had him bending and then he was down on his knees. "Got you now, darling!" she gloated: "Haven't I?" Bob tried to fight back, but she was too strong for him. Rolling to her side with him, Beth again laced her big, brutal looking thighs around his waist.



"Let's continue with the scissor, dear." Beth said, "Only this time I won't allow you to use any more of your dirty tricks!" Ken had gone very quiet as he watched his mother hold his father completely at her mercy, torturing him at will with her savagely strong limbs. *Beth's thighs looked so huge compared to his father's legs as they crushed him mercilessly.* Then Ken heard his father give out a small beaten whimper and he knew it was all over for him.





Bob's strength was all gone. "B-Beth, P-Please - get off!" She tightened up her big legs around his aching waist. "OH! OW! Oh GOD! S-Stop! B-Beth!" "Poor thing," she murmured: "Can't take the strength of a real woman. You're not much of a man really, are you darling? Not much of a man and not much of a fighter!" "Please....." Beth crunched down again and felt Bob go limp within her coiled female trap. He'd passed out!



Ken's tummy was full of a queer sinking feeling. He couldn't believe what he was seeing his mother do to his Dad. Beth had released him from her deadly grips and was now sitting on top of his completely spent father. This was awful! Then Beth flexed up her amazing biceps in a victor over vanquished poise that made Ken gulp. They looked much bigger than his father's biceps.

Bob came to in time to look up and see his wife flexing up and the sight made him tremble. Beth had really whipped him. The power she could bring to bear with all these new muscles was truly frightening. He found his voice, "P-Please get off me now..." "Not until you surrender to me," replied Beth: "I want Ken to hear you say you surrender!"

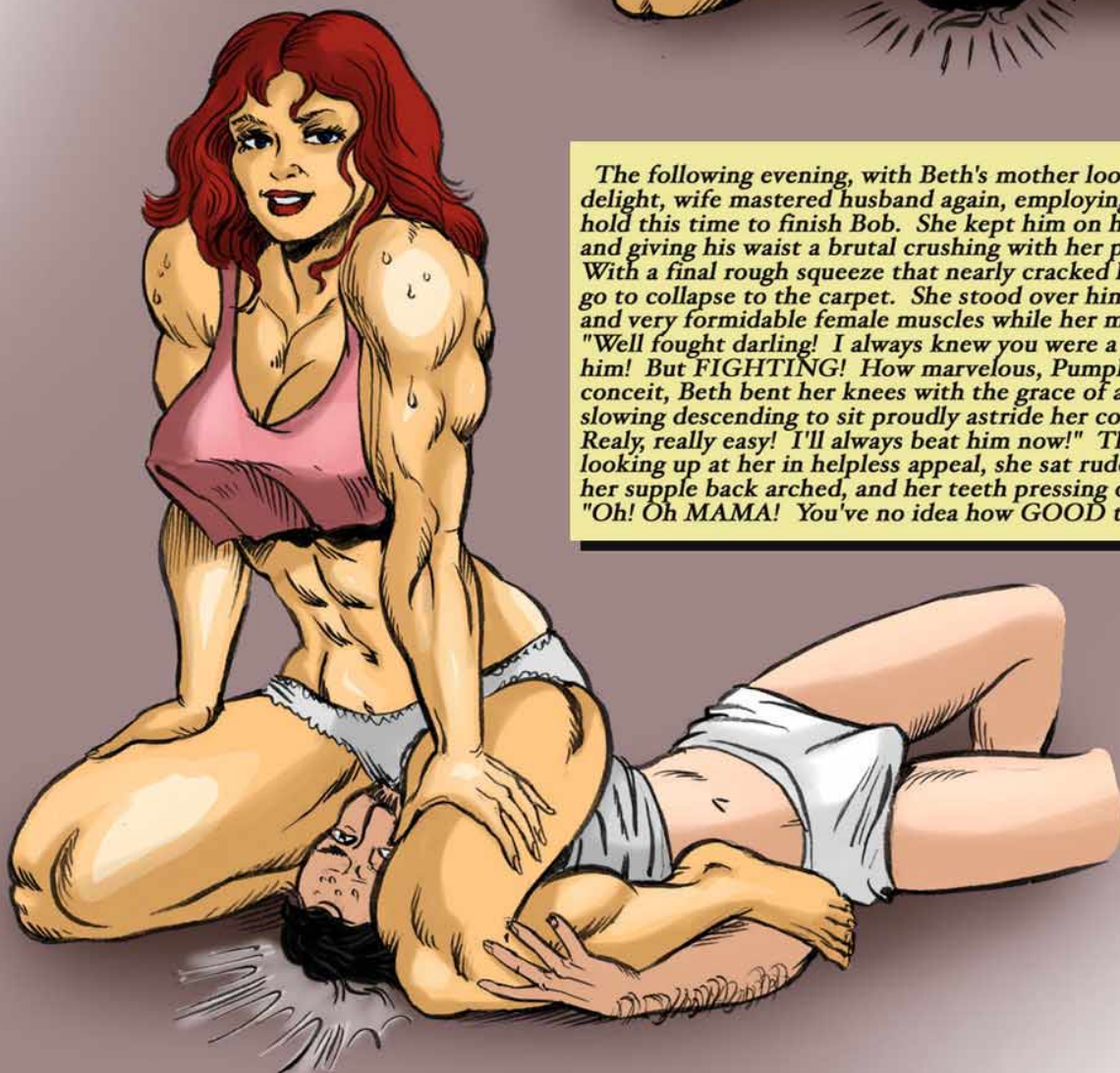


Glancing at her son, Beth caught the sight of a tear rolling down Ken's cheek. "Don't cry darling. It's not your fault your father's a weakling!" She eased her big thighs up closer to the sides of Bob's face sitting on him straight-backed, tossing her golden mane and crossing her formidable arms under her proud breast. "Give in darling?" she asked sweetly: "Or do you want Kenny to see me make YOU cry too?" "Don't give in to her Dad!" the boy pleaded. Bob lowered his eyes under his wife's dominant stare, but he remained silent. He mustn't be made to surrender to her in front of Ken.

"Okay then..." Beth casually said: "Maybe I just better show you what we do to each other at the gym, when one girl totally beats another, like I've just beaten you." Shifting her bum forward, she rose on her knees and sat on Bob's face. Ken jumped up to run and try to stop her from doing that to his father, but after only a moment Beth slide back her pantied bottom. Something was indefinably different in the face of the man she'd defeated. Changed. "Do you surrender?" "Y-yes!" whispered Bob.



The following evening, with Beth's mother looking on in obvious delight, wife mastered husband again, employing a crushing bear hug hold this time to finish Bob. She kept him on his feet caving in his back and giving his waist a brutal crushing with her powerfully made arms. With a final rough squeeze that nearly cracked his ribs, Beth let the man go to collapse to the carpet. She stood over him flexing her victorious and very formidable female muscles while her mother cheered her: "Well fought darling! I always knew you were a stronger person than him! But FIGHTING! How marvelous, Pumpkin!" Full of posing and conceit, Beth bent her knees with the grace of a gymnast or ballet dancer, slowing descending to sit proudly astride her conquest: "He's easy Mummy! Really, really easy! I'll always beat him now!" Though Bob's eyes were looking up at her in helpless appeal, she sat rudely on his face again, with her supple back arched, and her teeth pressing down on her lower lip: "Oh! Oh MAMA! You've no idea how GOOD this feels!"





One day Ken suggested to his father he should box with Beth, Bob brightened: "YES! I should have thought of that!" "You'd beat her, Dad!" the boy said urgently. The next day, while Beth was at the gym, Bob came in chuckling with two new pairs of boxing gloves. He was like a kid with a new toy: "Hah! We'll give her a little surprise tonight, boy!" he said to Ken.

That evening Bob produced the gloves: "Why don't we box, for a change?" he proposed. "You're good at wrestling my dear, but boxing's a bit different. In boxing you can get HIT. Unless you're scared of course..." "Scared of YOU?" Beth said: "Give me those gloves!"

They began slowly, not quite sure how good the other might be with their fists. Bob made patronizing comments to Beth who's eyes glittered dangerously. Beth threw a punch and missed. "Good try dear! But you're standing with your feet too far apart."







Then he connected with a blow that jolted her pretty golden locks. Ken cheered him. They went into a clinch. Disengaging himself, her husband stepped back: "Not wrestling dear – boxing!" He swung again and connected, but the woman had already thrown a punch of her own, and it had much more effect than the man's. Smashing into Bob's face and staggering him with its power-packed force. "Alright – BOXING it is!" she snarled. "We both know you can't fight, period!"

Ken had expected his father to win. The trouble was Beth's many wins over Bob at wrestling had been great for her confidence, and any confidence the man may have had as a fighter she had succeeded in crushing out of him.







It only took two or three vicious blows from Beth to his face and body for Bob's resistance to start to collapse, his eyes to reveal fear, and his arms to drop. The female's killer instinct discerned that the man was no longer prepared to offer any real competition and the female animal acted accordingly. Beth's muscularly curved body glistened with sweat as she hit her husband with sheer unbridled aggression. Bob retreated from her, but she kept right on top of him, almost standing on the man's toes to hit him: "Oh! YES!" she said, punching her husband in the mouth: "Was THAT a good one dear?" And: "Oh! Shit! THAT must have hurt!", as she brutally buried her glove into Bob's belly. And "That's was a good hit too! Wouldn't YOU say so darling?" And: "I do believe, poppit, you are standing with your feet too far apart!"

Beth stepped back and swung a mighty right that slammed into Bob's face with such force he nearly fell down, and probably would have if her hadn't fell back into the wall. Beth's punches just kept getting harder and harder, as her muscularly made arms worked like human pistons driving blow after telling blow into Bob's now, totally defenseless face and body.

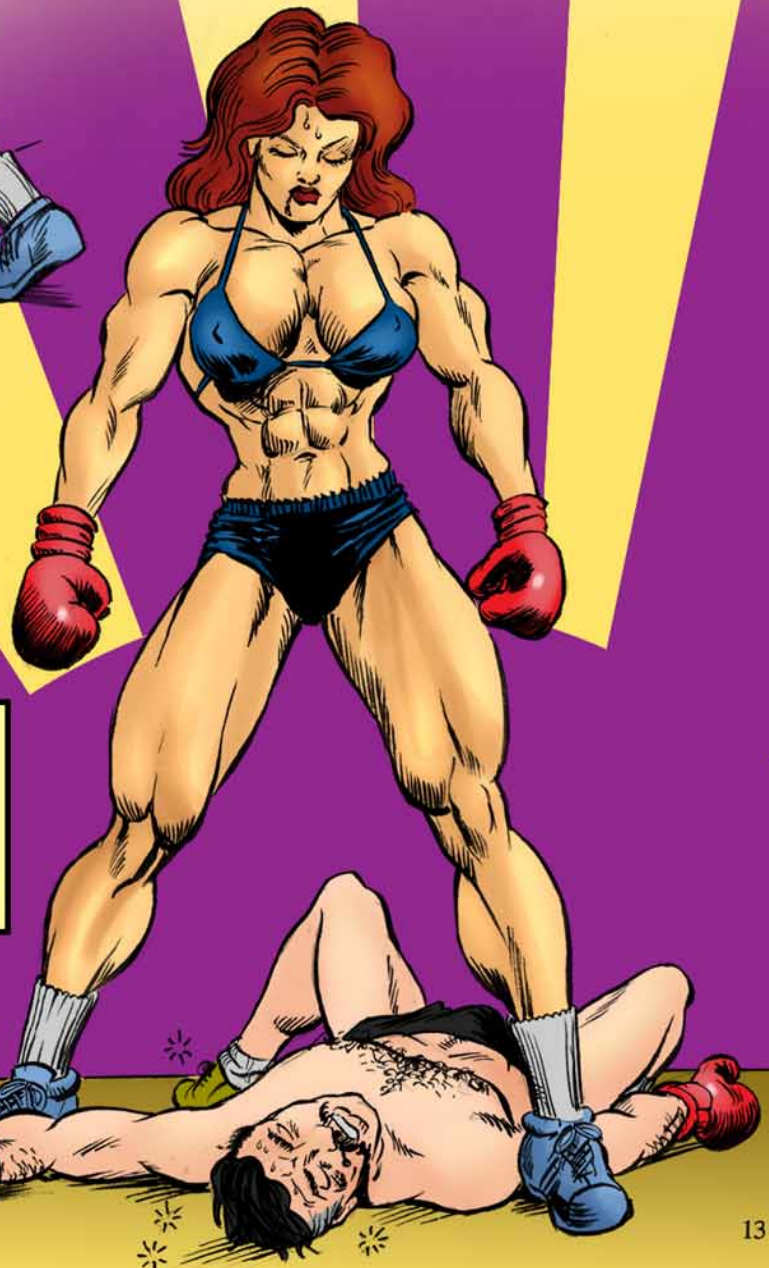






She had Bob trapped against the wall of the lounge, and she'd made blood run from his nose and mouth. Ken saw her strong buttocks flex powerfully under her gym shorts as she hit his father again and again. He cried out for her to stop. But Beth ignored him.

In a moment Bob was seeing stars and his arms hung helpless at his sides. She was hitting him at will, until he started to slide down the wall. She stepped back and he slide all the way to the floor and lay in a heap at her feet.



Beth kicked him over onto his back and told Ken to run into the bathroom for some smelling salts. "Your father's seemed to have gone to sleep on us again." In intense feminine triumph, Beth counted him out: "I WIN!" she said. She clasped her hands over her head and placed her foot onto Bob's defenseless throat: "By a KNOCK-OUT!" she smiled down at her defeated victim: "You're right dear - in boxing YOU do get HIT!"



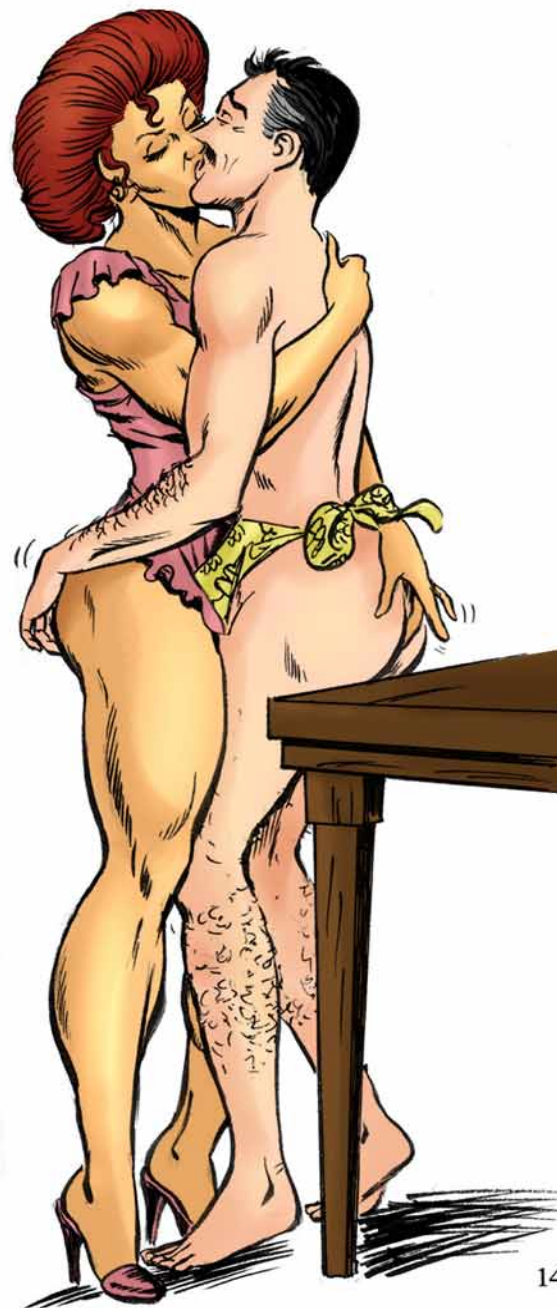


If their neighbors hadn't been able to *see already*, from Bob hanging up the family washing, they soon started to be *aware of who was now the family boss* from the thuds and cries emanating *from the Ford's house* that obviously had a direct connection with Bob's puffiness of face, or his black eye and bruises. The talk that went around was that his wife was beating him, and he became an object of pity to some, amusement, even derision, to many. Bob looked more worn out, while Beth looked more vital and vivacious everyday. Dominating her husband the way she did now was very good for Beth. She started wearing expensive sexy outfits around the house that drew attention to her new powerful build. Her 4 inch heeled *slippers* making her tower over her husband. What she made Bob wear was the most humiliating attire she could think of.

Every day she'd look younger and sexier. She'd come downstairs in the morning, sleek and glowing from a night spent on top her husband. Bob was required to wait in the steamy bathroom while his wife showered, and then he'd be made to towel Beth's powerful body dry, powder and scent her brush her hair if she wished it.

Being in such close contact with such an overwhelmingly sexually captivating woman had poor Bob in an almost constant state of arousal. At times she would amuse herself by coming on to him until he'd make a mess on himself in premature ejaculation. If he was very uncontrolled and happened to get his mess on her she'd punish him severely. She used him as she felt the need. He hadn't never been much of a lover, and now she was starting to see other men too.

Still, Bob yearned to have her more than anytime in the past. He was glad to be her body-slave and occasional sex toy. Behavior that would have disgusted him to think about before he willingly found himself engaged in. The man had given himself over completely to his strong, willful and incredibly beautiful wife/mistress.





At first he had been full of male resentment when his wife first conquered him physically, but gradually he started to respect Beth's confidence and her great strength. Since she had shown herself to be the stronger of the two of them, it almost seemed her right to use her stronger body on his weaker one, crushing from his weak body his remaining resistance, and all his male pride. He admired and loved her now more than ever before.

In actuality, their lovemaking had increased. It was no longer Bob as the aggressor, but Beth was very inventive, and all her new strength had only increased her drive to be fully satisfied. Bob had taken a lot of pain while trying his best to deliver Beth her pleasure. Sometimes Beth's great leg strength worked against her best interest when she'd squeeze in too tight on her husbands trapped head crushing him unconscious before he had finished his job of sending her over the threshold of carnal pleasure!

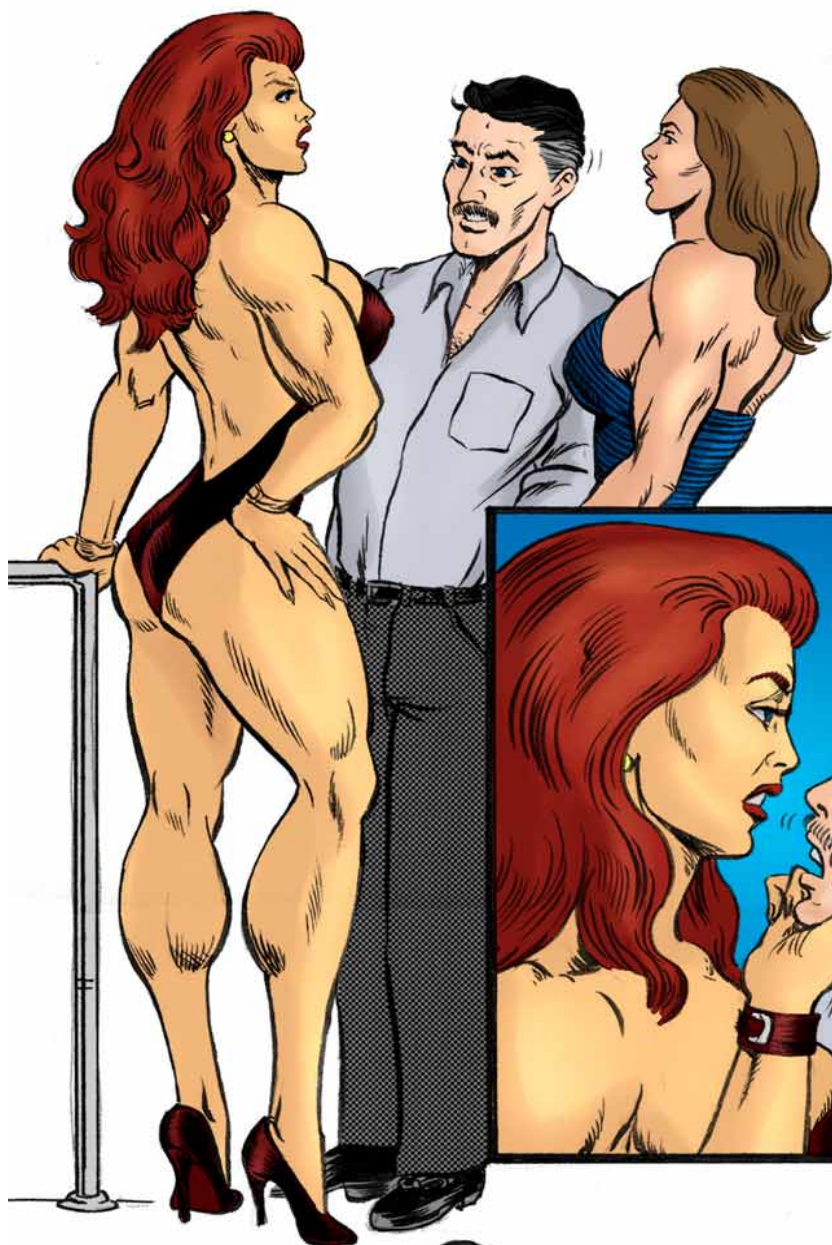


What had really wrenched his male pride out of him throughly was when she sat on his face. It had completely taken away his identity, and Beth knew it, and used it often to remind him of the power she held over him so completely now.

Beth's love sessions were now so incredibly physical, and marathon-like that Bob sometimes wondered if he'd live to see 50!







Their neighbor, a widower with a teenage daughter named Zoe had become rather close with Beth. It seemed Zoe had been teasing Ken about the defeat of his father on an almost daily basis. Also Zoe wanted to see the man whose wife beat him up. Beth invited them over for tea and made sure Bob would be there. Zoe's mother Sandra arrived by herself saying Zoe would be along later after sports practice.

Bob had made the mistake of suggesting that Beth's outfit might be a bit too revealing for entertaining guest. Sandra commented that she had no problem with it, and Bob tried to get himself out of the trouble he saw in his wife's eyes my mentioned that he was more concerned about Ms Maxwell's daughter Zoe. It was too late...



Grabbing him by the chin Beth said: "I don't think either of the Maxwells have any problem with my dress, but I guess you do, and I won't allow it! This disrespect can not go unpunished!" She made Bob take off his trousers and hand her his belt.

"Oh Beth - please!" Bob gasped, shaking at the thought of what was coming next. He began to visibly tremble. Sandra watched, her sexual excitement heightened by the coming beating.

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Bob was trembling so much he was having a problem getting his pants down as quickly as Beth expected him to. He'd been whipped by his wife before, and it was a very painful and humiliating. She took action and with his pants only half way down his legs Beth grabbed him and slammed him into the nearby wall. Flinging him over to the middle of the room she got his belt and began to wail on his exposed ass with a tireless stroke that soon had Bob screaming for mercy.

Mercy, Beth had none to give. Only a bare-butt beating Bob was sure to feel for weeks to come. The spectacle was making Sandra wet. Beth was such a strong and beautiful woman and she took charge with such a brutal dominance that even though Bob's pants were still half on, there was no mistaking who actually wore the pants in this family! Even if she preferred to leave her spectacularly built legs bare.







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Soon Bob's back side was literally glowing red hot from her savage whipping and his cries for mercy had subsided to a pitiful whimpering and moaning. Beth finally relented and asked Sandra - knowing that she was a nurse - if she'd check to make sure her husband wasn't seriously damaged.

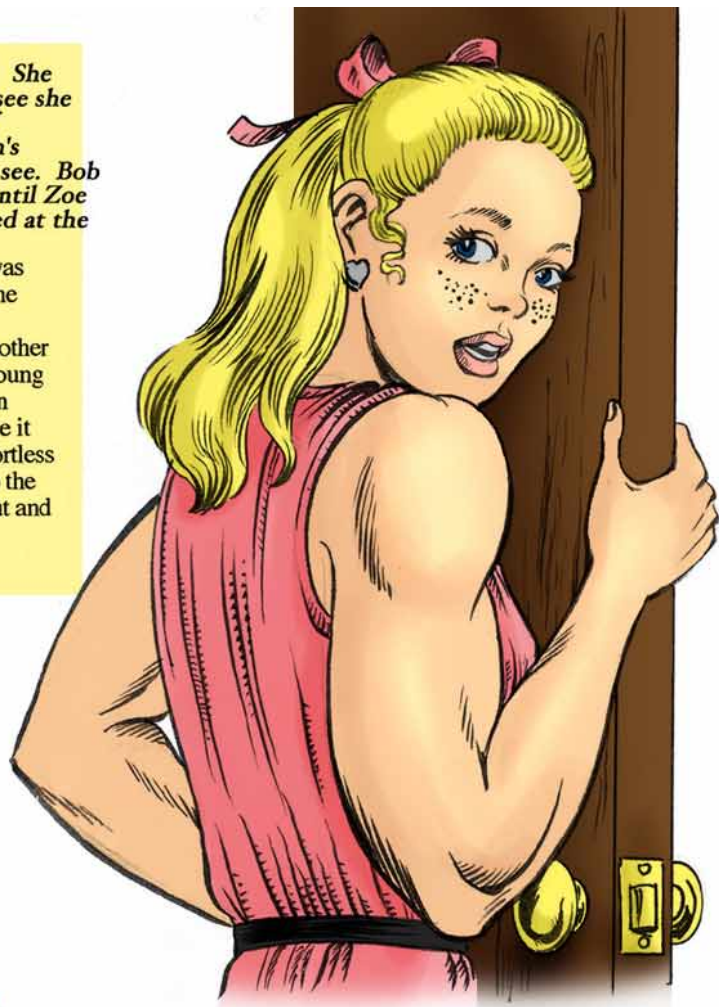
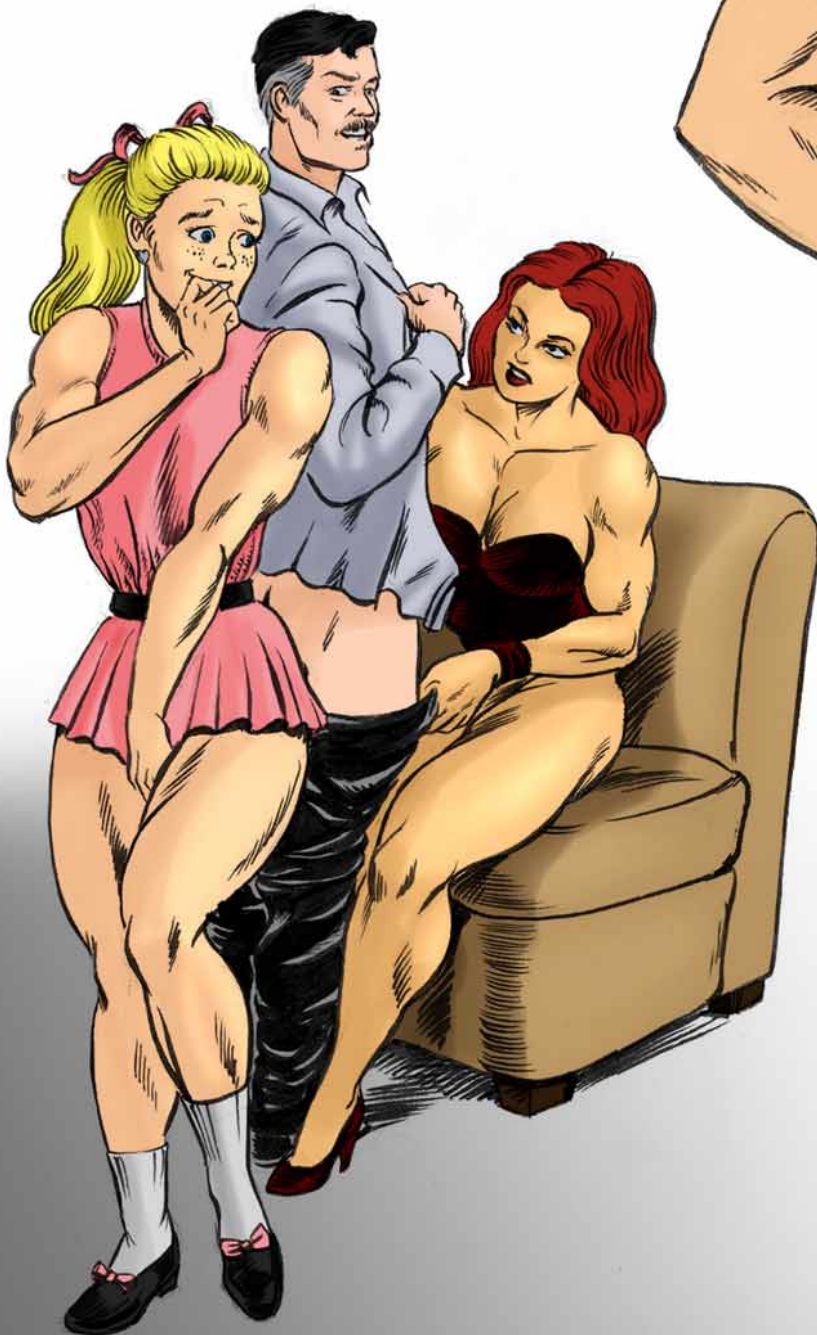
Over by the couch Beth ordered Bob to kneel before their neighbor and show her his beaten backside. The embarrassment only adding to his complete shame and humiliation. During her examination, Sandra's rubbing hands touching his flaming cheeks was almost as bad as Beth brutal whipping. He started to protest: "A-Ah, P-please Ms M-Maxwell I-I don't think this is necessary, I..." Beth's heeled foot silenced him. "Be silent, Bob. Sandra is a skilled professional and knows much better than you what is good for you, so shut-up!"





Just then there was a knock at the door, and Zoe entered. She was a year or two younger than Ken, but already you could see she was far his physical superior. Sports and early beginnings of maturity were seeing to that. She gasped when she saw Beth's husband kneeling in front of her mom, bare assed for all to see. Bob tried to rise to get dressed but Beth's foot kept him there until Zoe could get a good look at her slave/husband. She giggled at the sight.

Bob had never seen their new neighbor's daughter before and was amazed how she looked like a teenage version of his wife even to the point of having muscles! But his son had seen her before. He'd watched her from his window more than once there was always another girl down there and they were usually wrestling. Like two rival young colts, their long bare legs flashing. The other girl was usually even bigger than Zoe, but she always beat her easily. She seemed to love it too. He'd first noticed Zoe she was doing cartwheels with that effortless gymnastic poise most girls possess, and the boy had been treated to the breathtaking sight of the girl's blue cotton underpants, stretched out and sexy, almost splitting perfection across Zoe's pert bum as she performed.



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Beth also noticed her husband's once over of Sandra's daughter and did not like it much. So, poor Bob soon found himself in trouble with his wife again. A slapped cheek (this time on his face) and a painful pinch got his attention fully as she admonished him.

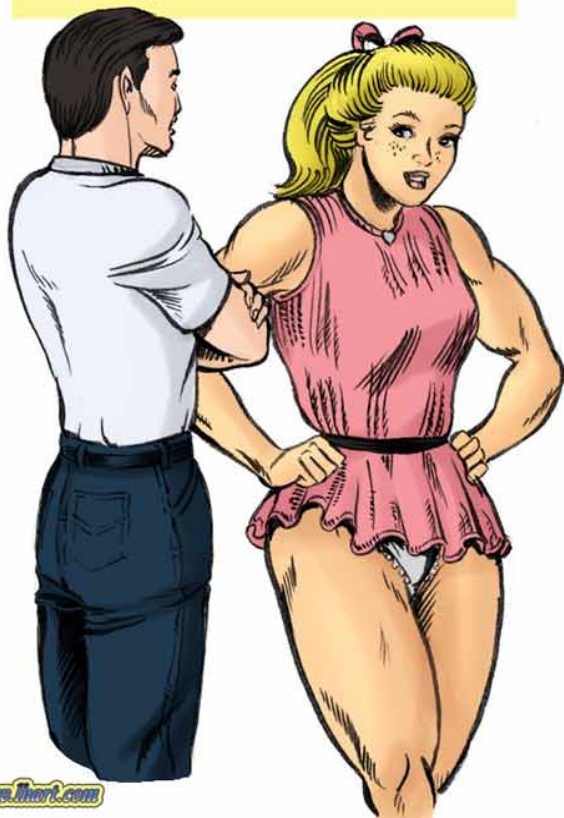
Zoe loved it! The father of the wimpy boy-next-door was all she imagined he'd be and more. Too bad Ken wasn't there to witness all this female dominance. Oh how she'd love to tussle with him!



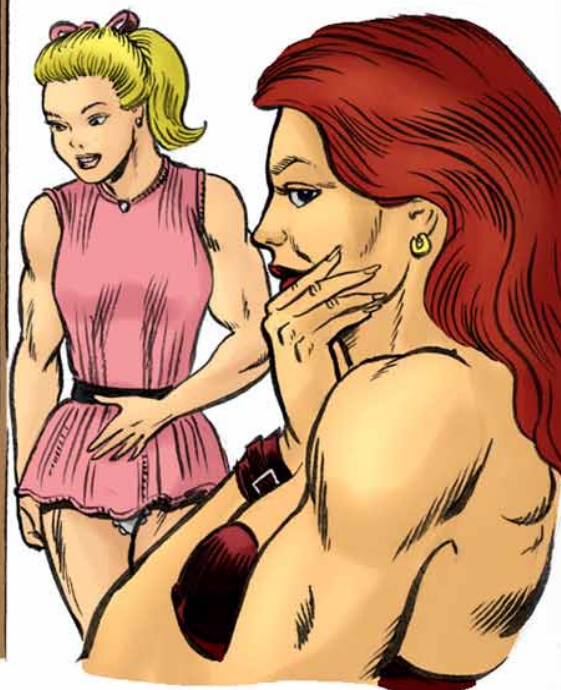
She watched Mrs Ford berate her haggard husband intently while her mother made introductions and voiced approval for this new modern type of male/female relationship. A relationship Zoe could easily find herself enjoying in a few years. Maybe even sooner.



As if on que, Ken walked in on the scene and Zoe said: "Well if it isn't the next door 'Wally' see any good knickers lately?" Ken flushed and tried to laugh.



Beth had noticed this exchange herself and as Ken quickly excused himself she finally realized the power her new relationship with her husband was having on the neighborhood. Pondering the developments that might soon take place between her son and this healthy young girl were very interesting.....



CONTINUE...?