

**A HUSBAND'S
DEMISE part 2**

A SON'S

INSTRUCTION- DESTRUCTION

#163N



Bob had sneaked off to the movies again, Beth thought wrathfully. Probably to try and forget his submissive state, his shameful total servitude to herself, by watching *real* men doing brave *masculine* deeds. Ha ha. Even these film heroes, these so-called he-men, were sometimes tamed and brought to heel by real women, both on and off the screen! Perhaps her husband was getting scared that he was starting to like being her slave? Now that she had both conquered him physically and sexually! He, no doubt feared she could one day kill him, and well she would if he didn't show up pretty damned soon!!

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Eventually, Bob meekly entered: "Where have you been?!" demanded his strong, and beautiful wife. Bob cringed. She had proven her female muscles superior to his male ones over and over again in the past few months (SEE: "A FATHER'S DEMISE")

"You...you'd g...gone out," Bob murmured apologetically: "S...so I thought..." Beth's eye's flashed. She positioned herself face to face with her trembling husband, athletically poised, but taking her time: "You do NOT go out. Understand? Unless I tell you to go out - Okay?" She hit him. It was almost a lazy looking hit, but his head was rocked back and he cried out in pain. Beth loved it, loved hitting him. She was so much stronger than him now, and she knew he wouldn't fight back. She'd crushed all that silliness out of him: "You don't need to go out. I earn more now modelling than you ever did working. I wear the pants now darling." She back-handed him again, thrilled when he almost fell: "And I want you HERE!" One more solid smack and he did go down.



FATHER'S DEMISE II "A Son's Instruction/Destruction"
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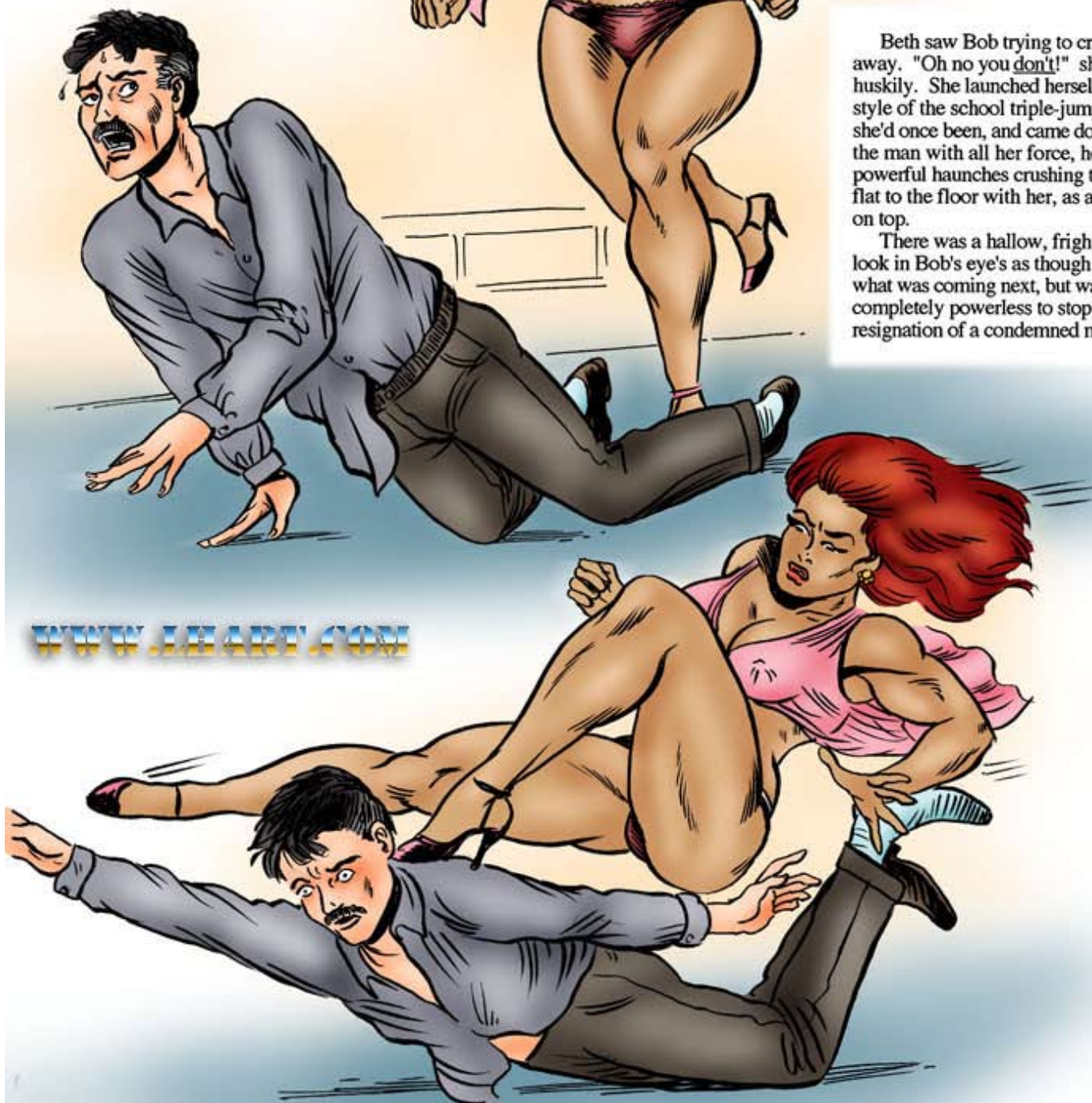
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Kenny wasn't there today to stand watching, pleading with her not to be so rough with his Daddy! A few times the teenager had tried to physically intervene, to protect his father, and Beth had gotten him over her knee and given his ass a good smacking, watched in anguished helplessness by Bob. Ken was quieter now, almost accepting there was just one boss in this family, one ruler. His Mom. Beth had won that position for herself in fair single combat, and Ken sadly realized his father did not look like he'd ever win it back.



Beth saw Bob trying to crawl away. "Oh no you don't!" she said huskily. She launched herself in the style of the school triple-jump star she'd once been, and came down on the man with all her force, her powerful haunches crushing the man flat to the floor with her, as always, on top.

There was a hallow, frightened look in Bob's eye's as though he knew what was coming next, but was completely powerless to stop it. The resignation of a condemned man.





Cruelly and efficiently Beth maneuvered her powerful thighs around the man's head and neck. He was her's now. Tucking up her bulging calf into his throat area, Beth flexed and Bob screamed and choked piteously a reaction that never failed to thrill Beth for making him do so. "Whose legs are the strongest? That hold the power of life and death over you. Tell me dear?" she asked of him. "Y...y-our's...choke! Ooh p...please yours" Bob croaked out. "Then caress them then!" commanded his wife. "Stroke them, and maybe-just maybe-they'll spare your miserable life!" As he stroked her big thigh muscles, Beth again flexed in on her trapped husband as Bob fearfully continued to stroke them. Beth's expression was absorbed. A woman, once she has a man over-powered, and at her mercy, loves to see just what she can do to him. What she can make a man do. With her palms flat on the floor, Beth raised herself from the hips, effortlessly lifting Bob's head and shoulders up with them. She continued squeezing. Experimentally she applied about half her leg power at which Bob cried aloud and nearly passed out. Beth laughed throatily, exulting in the total superiority she had over the man she'd wed. He could not match her now, and she really had no more use for him as a husband. Only maybe as a maid. She was going to see if she could bring to an end all his pathetic pretense of being a man. She released her barely conscious and trembling husband, removing his belt stood up. Towering over the defeated man. "More for you yet, little girl," she promised: "Get up! Or do you want me to do what I did to you last week with my calves? You said your ears didn't stop ringing all night!"



Zoe Maxwell had been tremendously excited and thrilled watching the father of the boy next door so utterly dominated by the boy's mother. She'd heard of such things, but had hardly been able to believe them. Then had come the echoing thuds every night from the Ford house, a man's voice whimpering, and after that Kenny's father, instead of his mother, always meekly pegging up the family wash outside!

She had always been an aggressive tomboy, as keen on developing her young muscles as she was haughty about her fresh-faced good looks. This year she'd been into wrestling. It was all the rage at her school, especially mixed fighting. Going with her mom to Beth's gym, Zoe precociously challenged Beth to a wrestle. She had lost, but staring up into the eyes of the older woman she'd panted: "I wouldn't mind fighting your Kenny, and I bet I'd win against him!" Beth scoffed: "Sorry kiddo, you're spunky, but Ken's older than you and taller. He's made of sterner stuff than his Daddy. You'd lose."

This had nettled Zoe, and she noticed that when she teased Kenny about his Mom beating up his Dad, Kenny got very angry and told her to shut-up, but he hadn't really done anything. When she and her friends picked on him he got flustered, blushing in a way that told them he didn't have much experience. And Ken stared at them from his window when they were having wrestles, tussling and showing off their tight, sexy knickers and their strong legs! He didn't think they knew. She and her friends laughed about him, preening and hugging, and flexing their muscles for each other to touch.



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One girl said that if you beat a boy at fighting 3 times in a row, he had to be your slave. Then Bobby Jo Buckley said: "Yeah, and did you know that if you get a boy down and sit on his face every day, he'll do anything you want!" The girls whistled. Zoe was fascinated and thrilled. At the gym she worked out to near exhaustion, increasing the juvenile power of her lusty, sexy young body. Over the past year since she'd witnessed Ken's father getting his butt kicked by Beth, Zoe's workouts had really started to pay off as her muscles responded fast to all that weightlifting. She was also growing & maturing into a sexy young woman!

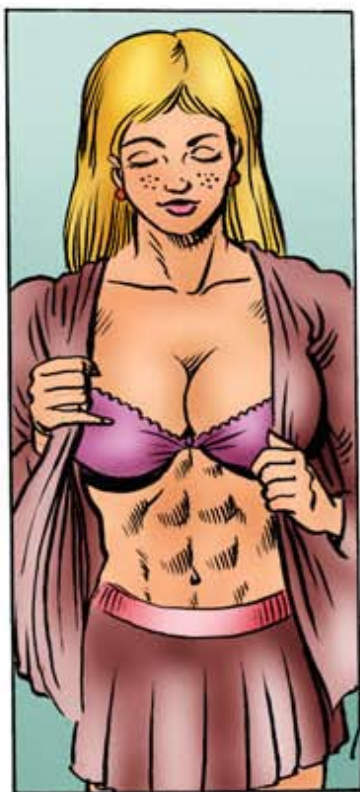


One evening, back home after her workout, Zoe stood undressing in her room, looking like a young Princess Diana. Her briefs were slick with sweat from her workout, the cups of her bra felt quite damp. Vainly she posed before her full-length mirror, touching her fingers to her mound through the thin fabric. All she could think of was having a fight, a REAL fight, with a boy! And WINNING! Would she then feel like dominating him? She supposed she would!

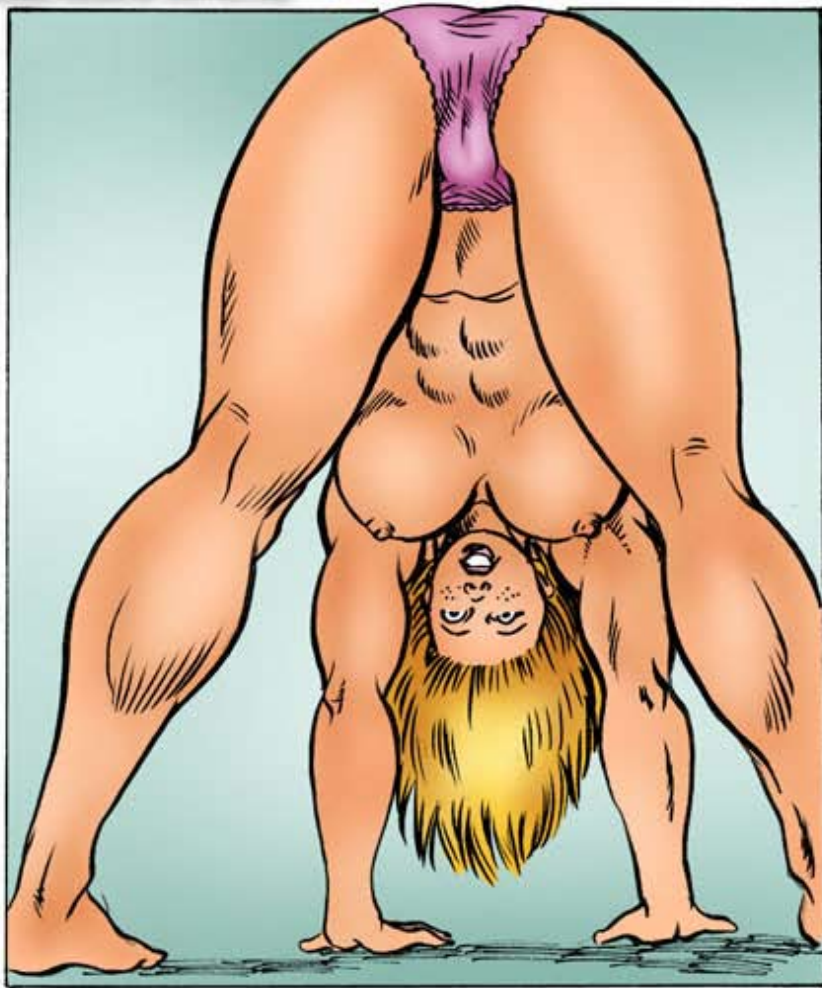
Casually she went into a fast-flexing routine, a strenuous bumping and grinding exercise she and her friends performed as much at dances as they did at gym. Zoe imagined herself a warrior-maid, doing this in front of a male enemy, psyching him out, demoralizing him totally, before they fought with swords - naked! WOW!

Between her own harsh panting she thought she heard another intake of excited breath. A gasp behind her! At the window! Lightning fast, she dropped into a standing hand-press, and sighted back between her long legs. Her blinds were closed—almost—but those slats were still just wide enough for someone to peek! She ran over to the window and lifted the blinds to see out. There she saw a figure running through the next-door gate about the size of Kenny!

How neat, thought the young tomboy, how delicious that her next door neighbor had plucked up the courage to creep all the way to her bedroom window! He must have it bad for her! Ha ha! A boy his age looking at a younger girl! On a mischievous impulse Zoe decided to tell her Mom. Telling her Mom was merely one female boasting to another of a male admirer. Also, impish Zoe hoped she'd get wimpy Kenny in trouble. She did.



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Beth had seen her son coming home wearing a flushed, foolish grin, before going upstairs to his room. Later, Sandra Maxwell said to her, "I think it is cute. You needn't discipline him physically—as you do his father. Young men Ken's age casting looks a girls built like my Zoe is healthy and natural. Zoe pretended to be indignant and upset, but I could tell she's secretly pleased."

Beth, however, knew too well what could befall a boy who peeped furtively at girls, and was too shy to talk to them. In his bedroom Ken's cock was shaking and stiff with thoughts of Zoe's sturdy, sexy, near-naked body. He touched it through his shorts with trembling fingers, and was just about to expose it to their direct strokes when Beth burst in on him without knocking. The boy masturbator's permanent nightmare made almost real!





"Did you go peeking on young Zoe next door?!"

"N...no!"

"Don't lie to me!" Beth threatened: "I'm not having you fall in love with the underpants of a girl without never talking to the girl herself. Too many men around like that these days. Your father being a disgraceful example. I will not allow you to become a weakling like him." Ken saw with apprehension that she held his father's belt. "Undo your little shorts," commanded Beth: "I'm going to tan your ass, and then over you are going to Zoe, and either apologize, or ask her out for a date. Or both. She's kind of young for you, I guess, but I don't think she's bothered by that – girls her age adore being asked out by older boys – and her mother doesn't mind, and I sure I don't. I think Zoe will probably be good for you. You need to find out about girls – but not by looking through their bedroom windows."

Then Ken found himself held helpless and bare-assed over Beth's solid thigh and the swish of the belt was followed by the explosion of pain from his rear. She thrashed his back-side good as Ken yowled and pleaded for mercy.

Sandra Maxwell saw Ken approaching her house and told her daughter. Zoe said: "weren't you going out, Mommy?" Her mother smiled and went out to her car through the kitchen/garage door just as Ken came up the front steps.



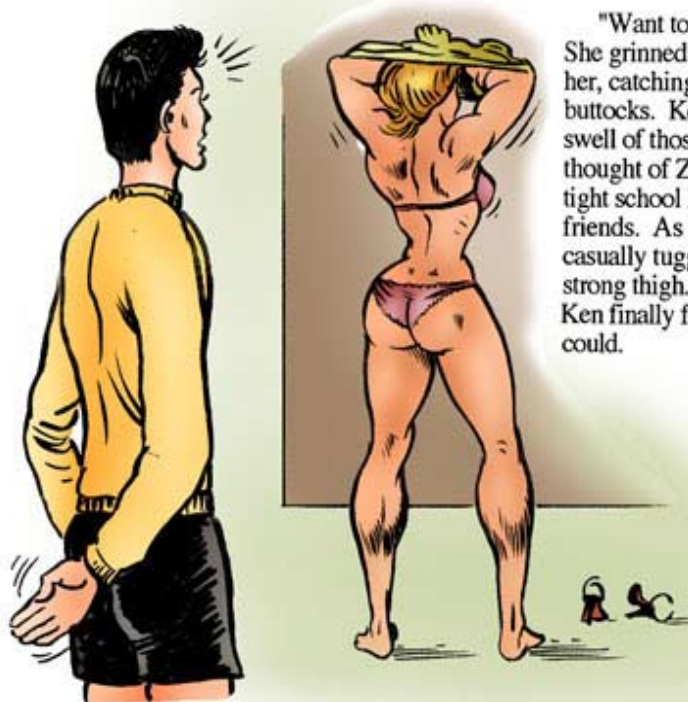
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WOMANLY MAN



Zoe opened the door to Ken, and the boy thought "Gosh!" Through her window he'd seen her from the back. In the last year Zoe had really developed! Her shoulders were wider than some boys. And below her ultra-short skirt her young thighs swelled smoothly with feminine power. Her breast were very developed for her young age, jutting proud and hard. "Oh...uh..." Ken said. Zoe's eyes sparkled. Guessing her youthful beauty, the gorgeous muscle-tone of her sleek, long legs had rendered him all but speechless. She glowed with smug satisfaction. She was starting to feel so horny & aggressive! "You were spying on me," she accused. Ken's eyes admitted it. His ass was still smarting from it's smacking, but his cock was starting to go hard being this near Zoe.



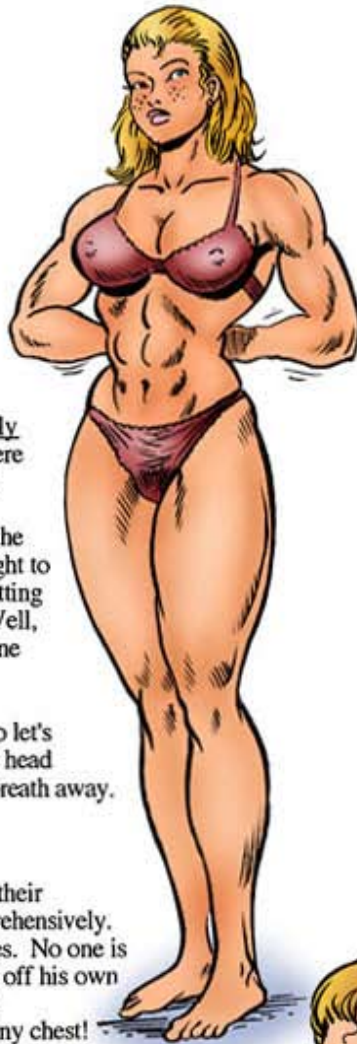
"Want to come in?" Zoe invited casually. She grinned over her shoulder as he followed her, catching his gaze on her pert, solid buttocks. Ken was deeply stirred by the cute swell of those sturdy female haunches. He thought of Zoe in her garden, showing her tight school knickers as she tussled with her friends. As if reading his mind, Zoe's hand casually tugged her skirt up to show yet more strong thigh. She said: "Can you wrestle?" Ken finally found his voice and said that he could.

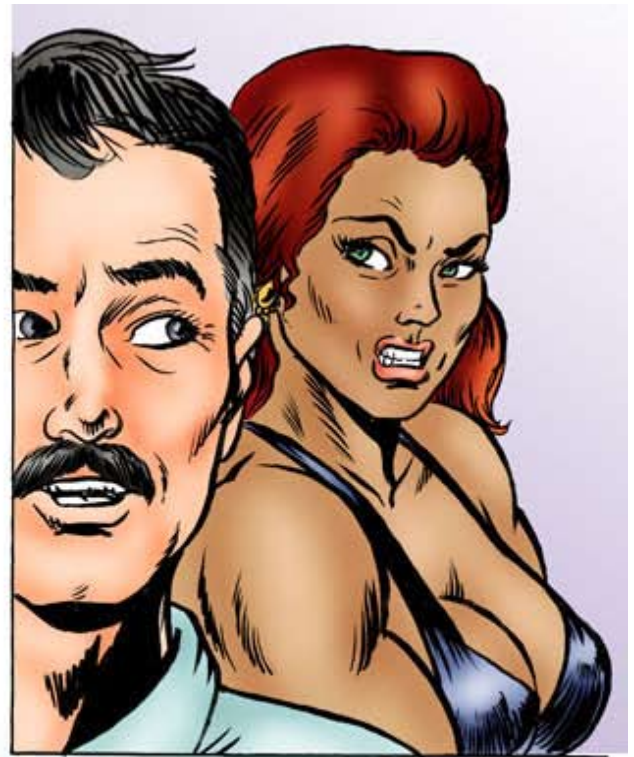
Zoe studied him impertinently: "Yeah? It seems to me, with your Daddy being such a weak excuse for a man, that you might be a sissy too!" Ken felt righteous anger. This was what happened, once people got to know about his Dad losing to his Mom at fighting! Well, he was not like his Dad. He could NEVER let a mere female beat him—for sure not a snotty little kid like this! No matter how great her body was. It was going to be the perfect chance to avenge his Dad, against the female sex: "I'm no sissy" he said in a quiet, dangerous voice.

"No? Because, at school, girls like to bully sissies." Ken went to an all-boys school, where discipline was strict, but recently he'd seen a newspaper report that a survey had found bullying was increasing, and that girls were the worst offenders. "The girls haven't lost a fight to the boys all term," boasted Zoe. Ken was getting tired of this. "Is that right?" He retorted: "Well, no girl could beat me in a fight. Especially one your age!" "All right!" flashed back Zoe competitively: "Let's find out, then Right now. You're 2 years older than me, so let's **FIND OUT!**" She tugged her dress over her head in a quick supple motion which took Ken's breath away.

The boy was thrilled. Fighting Zoe in just their underclothes! "Y...your Mom?" he asked apprehensively. "Gone out," said Zoe: "Won't be home for ages. No one is going to interrupt us. Get stripped!" Ken took off his own top. Zoe condescendingly evaluated his boyish physique. "Oh! The boyfighter has bared his puny chest! Well, then the girl fighter will bare her's!" Seeing Ken's eyes light up she teasingly turned her back on him: "Want to help me off with my bra?" Ken's boyish pride saw his female rival seeking a pre-combat edge, a sexual advantage. Oh no! "Why should I?" he said indifferently. "O.K. Please yourself," shrugged Zoe: "Anyway, after we've had our little tussle, I'll make you dress me. I'll make you want to!" She slid down her bra straps off big freckled shoulders, hearing Ken gasp. Shooting a quick glance around Zoe caught him with his hand helplessly on his cock. She emitted a deep laugh. This was gorgeous! She was fascinated and thrilled to let him see her breasts. He was obviously desperate to do so! She turned.

Her full young chest thrust out naked and proud. "Bare chest against bare chest! Let's see whose is better." Ken was blushing. "What's the matter? Haven't you ever seen a girl's breasts? What about when you were watching me?" Her eyes shone with mockery: "What do you do anyway, after peeking at me—spying on us having our wrestles?" She stared pointedly at Ken's erection, rising so hard now, pushing up his shorts: "Tell me what you go and do!" The boy's blush deepened: "So what?" he said. He'd heard girls these days masturbated just as much as boys. Maybe more! "Well," asserted Zoe: "Here's your big chance to get close to the beautiful and strong body that you've been spying on so much! **REAL** close! Let's **FIGHT!**"



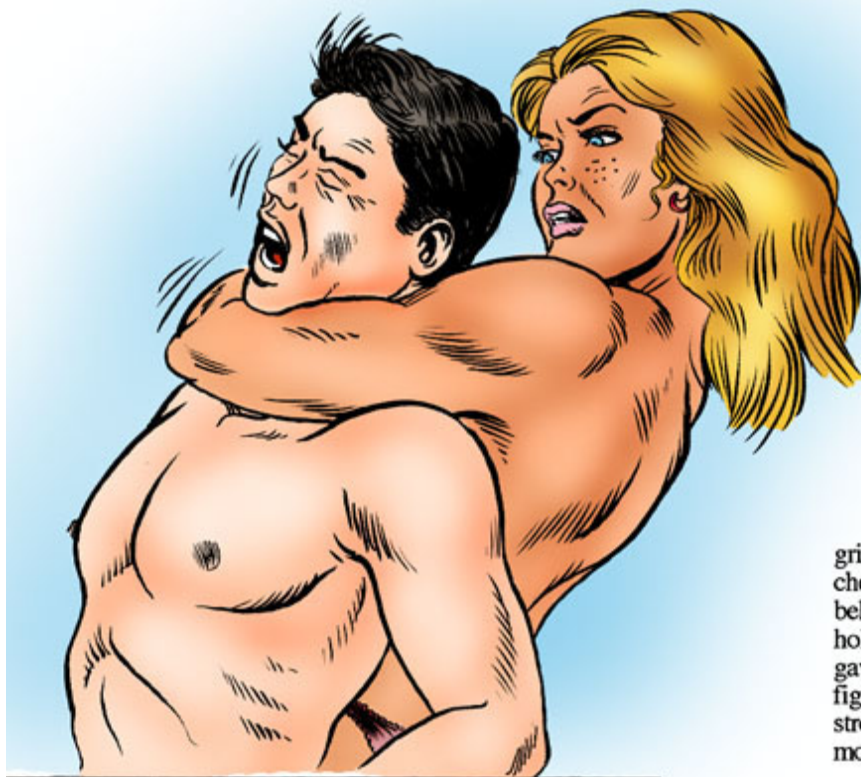


Back at Maison Ford, Beth is explaining to her husband where Kenny is and why. "...it seems your big son you're so proud of has got into the habit of admiring young Zoe's knickers. So I made him go over and introduce himself properly." Beth laughed: "Zoe comes to the gym. She's been working on her physique and her fighting. Working really hard. I do hope Kenny's safe?" Her eyes mocked her husband's. "Maybe she's introducing him to her knickers and bum properly. Like I did with you!"

"Oh! Gee. I...I better get over there before someone gets hurt..." Bob said. "You're staying here!" Beth commanded. "If they get into a healthy little tussle, I'm sure Kenny can handle himself. If he can't, then he hardly deserves his manhood anyway."

Bob didn't want to risk this happening to his son. "I'm going over there," he said, making for the door. "Someone might get hurt." Beth pounced: "And that someone is going to be you! I told you, you're staying HERE!"

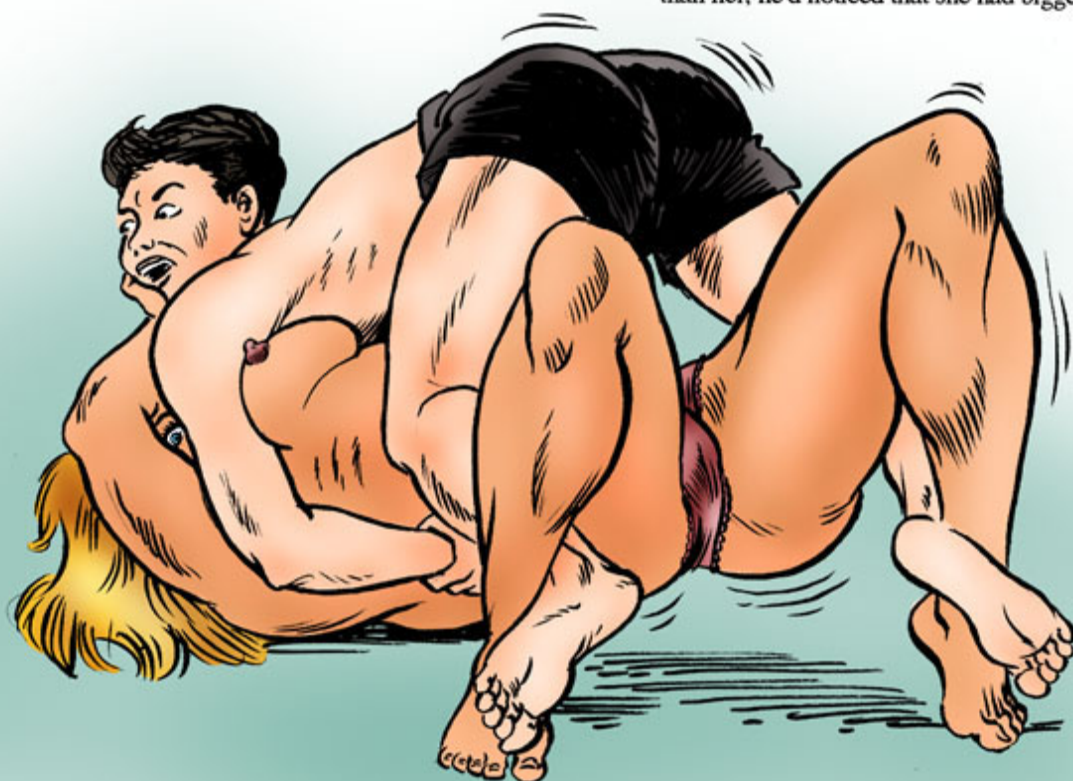


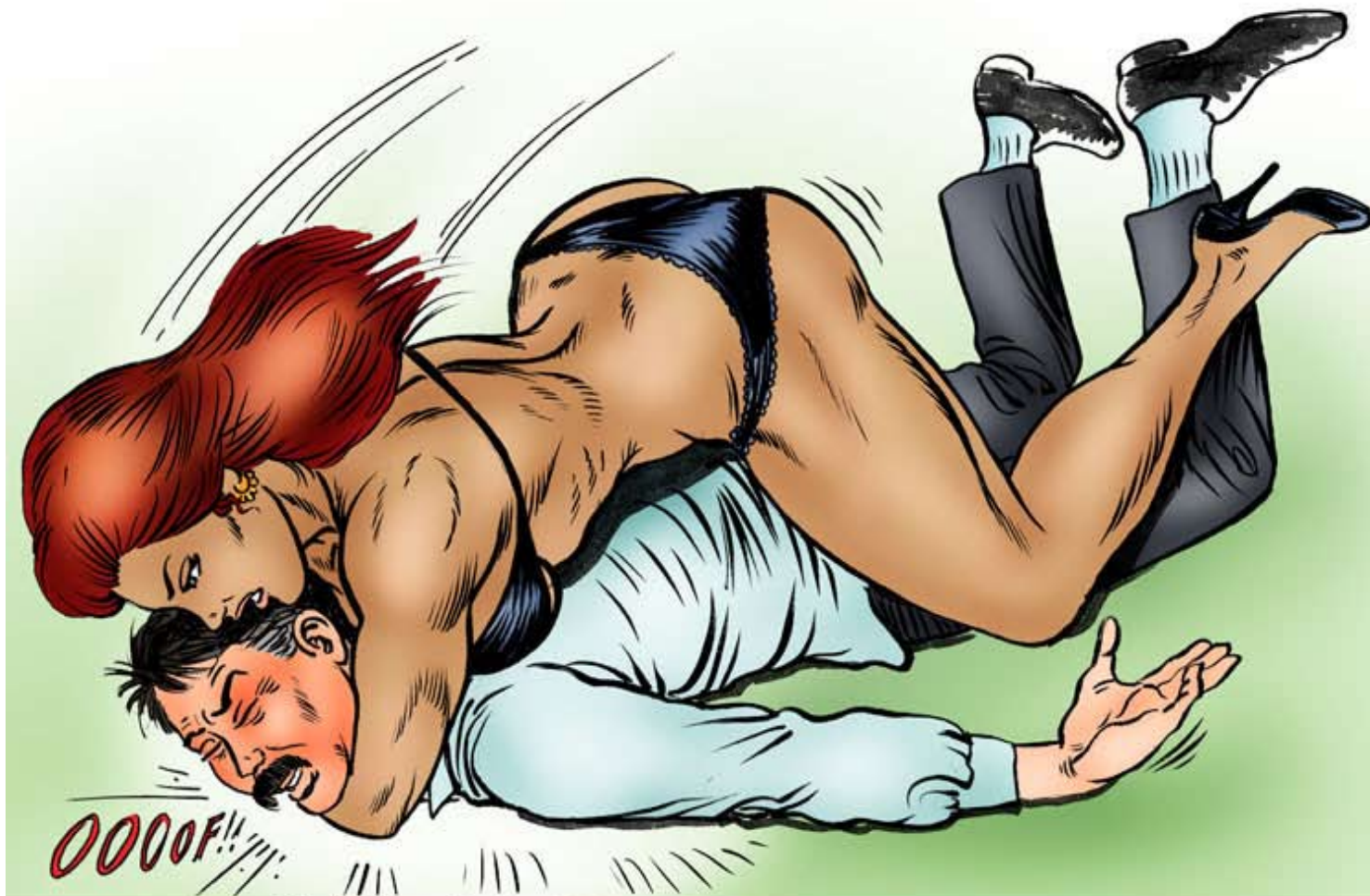


At that exact moment Zoe was doing a little pouncing of her own. She had moved with such fierce speed that Ken was caught from behind and was soon feeling Zoe's bicep swelling up into his throat. Her big young mound drove into his ass, dominately.

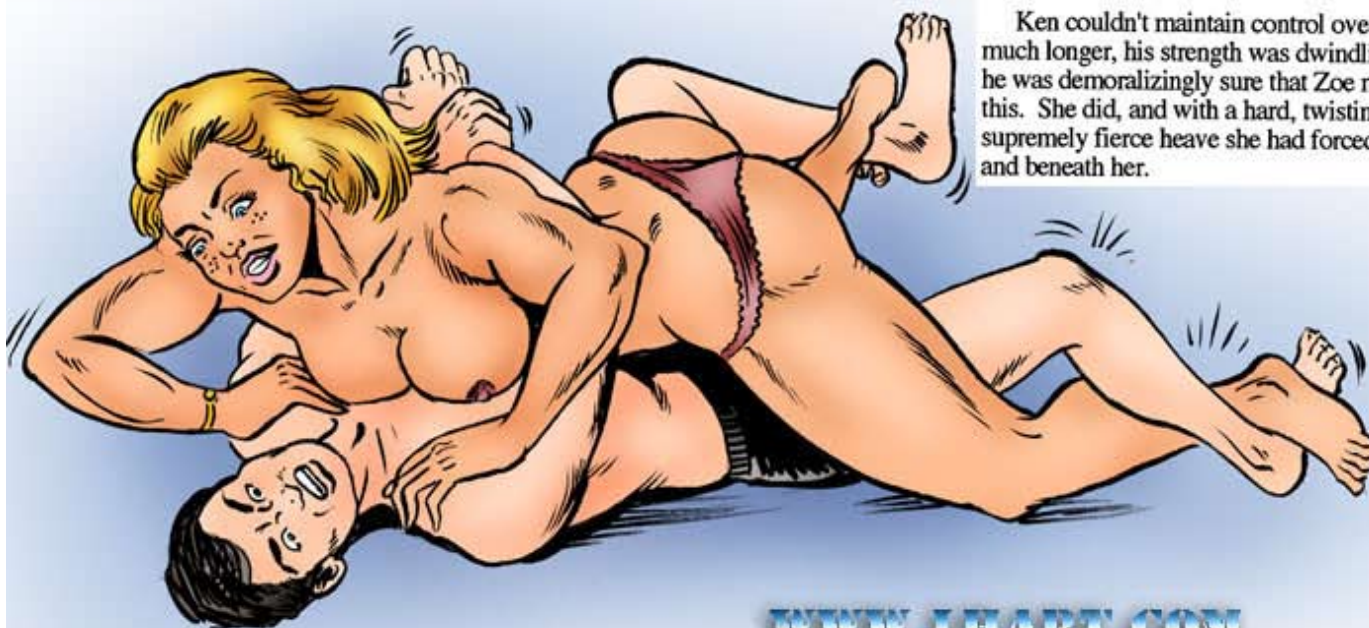
Using all his male strength, Ken broke free of her grip, swung around and took Zoe into a bear-hug. Bare chest to bare chest. They strained, and Ken slipped a foot behind Zoe and tripped her down maintaining his crushing hold on her ribs. Having that firm, panting body under his gave him a surge of elation: "Little girls shouldn't try to fight against big boys," he proclaimed: "They're not strong enough!" His cock settled hard atop Zoe's trembling mound. His father was being avenged! Yes! He thought.

Zoe was annoyed. Really pissed off. She struggled and writhed like the proud, conceited young savage she was. Ken continued to ride her down. Pressing down on her with all his might, Ken demanded she surrender, but she would not. Her blonde head shook vehemently. Zoe struggles and twisted with violent determination, and his requests she give in made her all the more furious. Her sleek long legs, though underneath, were giving Ken's legs an awful time, interlocking with his and twisting and squeezing them. Ken felt his legs growing weaker as he tried to keep her legs down. Though he had longer legs than her, he'd noticed that she had bigger thighs than his.





Worried desperately what might happen if his son got into a fight with an aggressive girl like Zoe, a girl who worked out daily, whilst Ken did not, Bob staggered towards the door barely able to support his wife's crushing weight. He had to be there for his boy, to protect him from these vicious women! He almost got to the door, then Beth swung him to the floor like some powerful cat. Riding down atop him as he smashed into the floor. "How DARE you try to leave without my permission!" she hissed. "B...but - Ken!" pleaded her despairing victim. "Kenny," said Beth adamantly: "Must fight his own battles." She had him now, and all Bob's hopes of going to help Ken faded as the body of the woman on top of him took the strength from him. Beth had him as she always had him now. Under her and helpless.



Ken couldn't maintain control over Zoe much longer, his strength was dwindling, and he was demoralizingly sure that Zoe must feel this. She did, and with a hard, twisting, supremely fierce heave she had forced Ken off and beneath her.

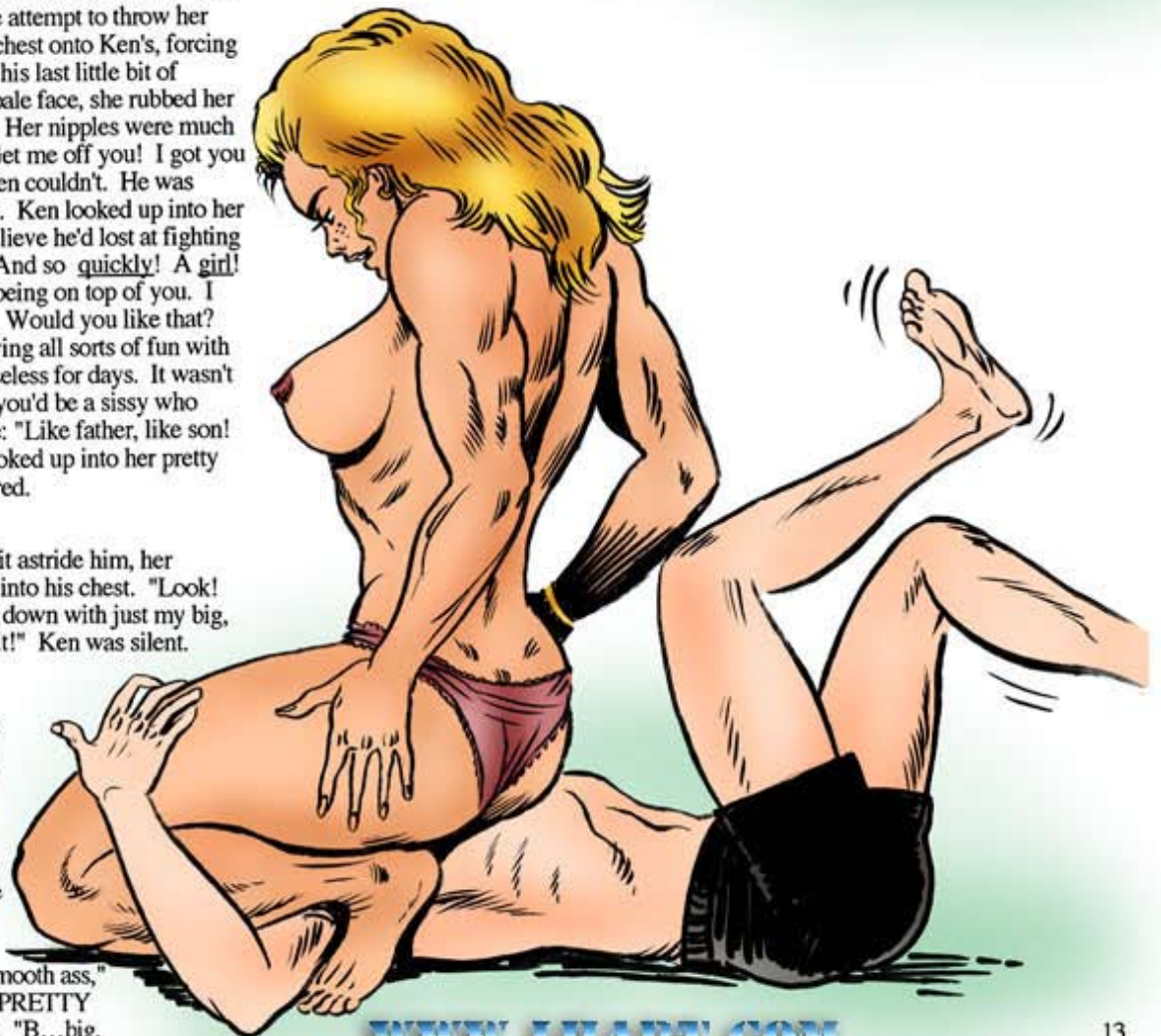
Ken writhed to get Zoe off, but she wouldn't permit it. Her freckled face was flushed with elation and effort. "Ha!" Zoe gloated: "My tits are on top of your chest! What are you going to do about it?"



"I'm g...going to...I...I'm going to..." Ken panted frantically. "Yes?" Zoe taunted: "Yes?" Full length, she crushed his futile attempt to throw her off. She pressed her naked chest onto Ken's, forcing his arms out wide, breaking his last little bit of resistance. Gazing into his pale face, she rubbed her hard, erect nipples over his. Her nipples were much bigger than his. "C'mon! Get me off you! I got you off me!" she challenged. Ken couldn't. He was finished. They both knew it. Ken looked up into her eyes mistily. He couldn't believe he'd lost at fighting to the kid from next door! And so quickly! A girl!

"This really feels great, being on top of you. I think I'll stay here all night. Would you like that? Sissy?" Zoe's legs were having all sorts of fun with Ken's. His legs would be useless for days. It wasn't fair, Ken thought. "I knew you'd be a sissy who couldn't fight," mocked Zoe: "Like father, like son! Who's the master?" Ken looked up into her pretty face. "Y...you," he whispered.

Zoe drew herself up to sit astride him, her virtually bare bum pressing into his chest. "Look! No hands! I'm keeping you down with just my big, smooth ass! Aren't I? Say it!" Ken was silent. Zoe inched her bottom forward, brushing her mound threateningly against his throat: "Say it! Say I'm Keeping you down with just my big smooth ass" Zoe insisted: "Say it or I'll sit on your FACE!" For some reason this scared Ken more than anything: "Y...you're keeping m...me down w...with just your big s...smooth ass," he whispered. "big smooth PRETTY ass" the younger amended. "B...big, smooth, p...pretty ass!" Ken agreed.



Zoe continued chattering at the miserable boy because she was so excited and horny at beating someone two years older than her. "Ha! Ha! Poor little Ken! Can't even get me off him. You're just a sissy who likes staring at girls knickers! This is really, really fun! I want us to wrestle every day."

Over at Ken's house, his mother had yet again forced her husband under her total domination. Back in her favorite posture astride the helpless, outmatched Bob. "Well, well," she purred: "This is a familiar sight. Don't look so scarred, pet. We're in our correct natural positions with each other. I'm the dominant, and on top. You're the submissive, and underneath. Now, where were we... Oh, yeah. I was about to punish you for disobeying a direct order. Now, what should I do to you?"

Bob was scared to his wits end when Beth got him like this with her massive thighs so close and threatening. They were by far her strongest body part and if Beth didn't watch it while she squeezed him with them..... Bob knew she may one day crush him to death with the powerful female legs he had come to worship.



TO CONTINUE...