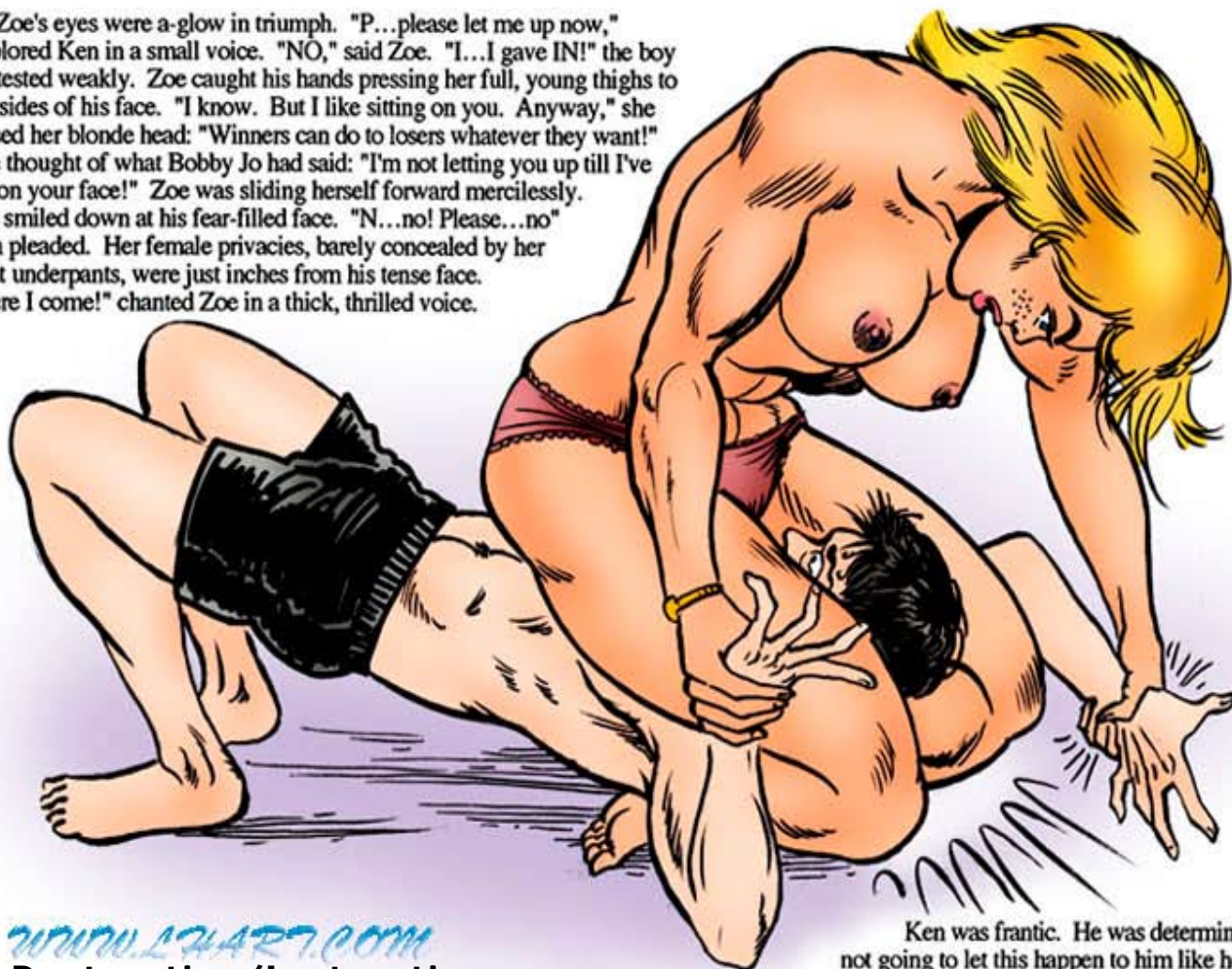


Zoe's eyes were a-glow in triumph. "P...please let me up now," implored Ken in a small voice. "NO," said Zoe. "I...I gave IN!" the boy protested weakly. Zoe caught his hands pressing her full, young thighs to the sides of his face. "I know. But I like sitting on you. Anyway," she tossed her blonde head: "Winners can do to losers whatever they want!" She thought of what Bobby Jo had said: "I'm not letting you up till I've sat on your face!" Zoe was sliding herself forward mercilessly. She smiled down at his fear-filled face. "N...no! Please...no" Ken pleaded. Her female privacies, barely concealed by her tight underpants, were just inches from his tense face. "Here I come!" chanted Zoe in a thick, thrilled voice.



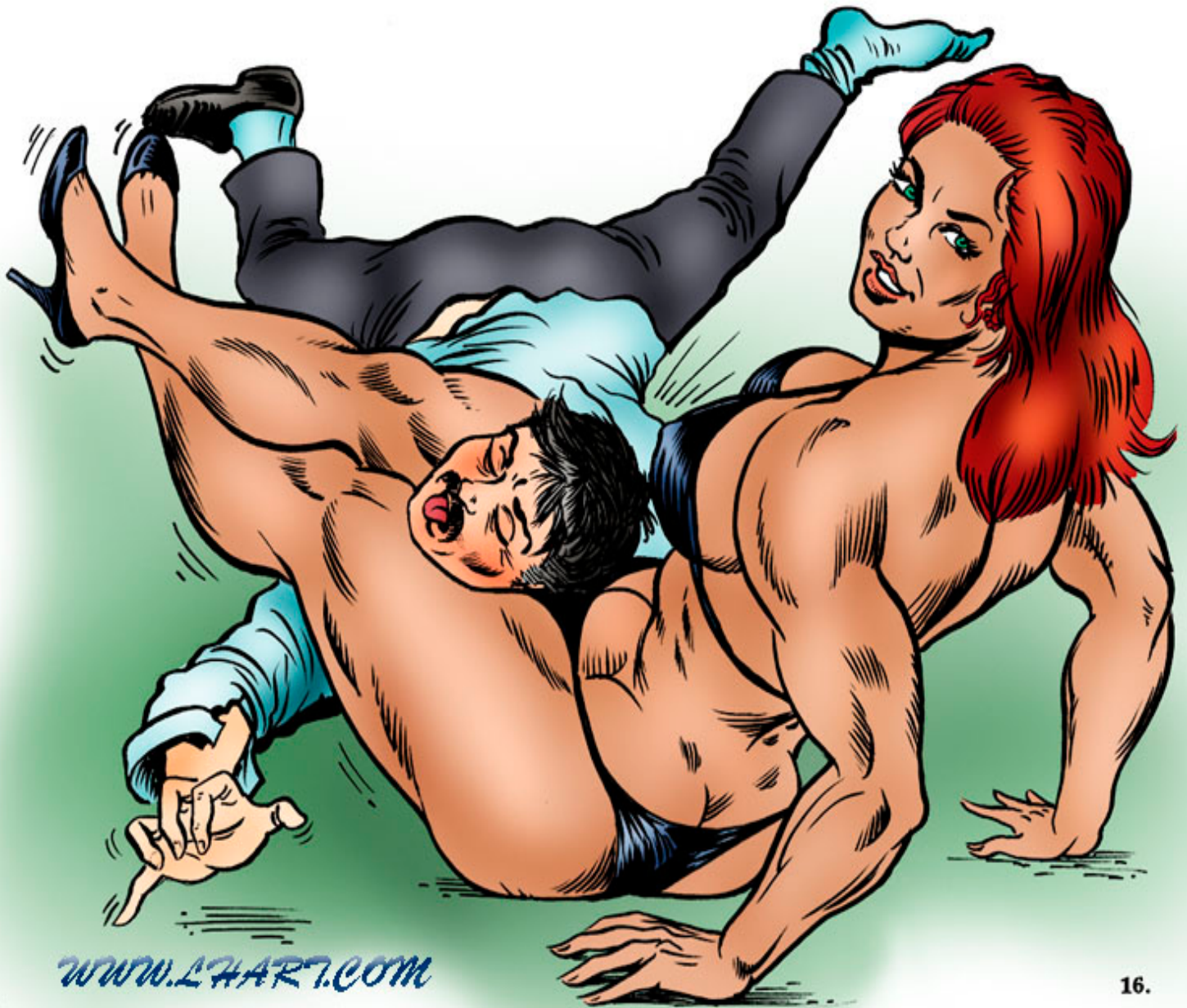
Ken was frantic. He was determined he was not going to let this happen to him like he'd seen it happen to his Dad. With a tremendous effort, Ken bridged. In his weakened state he'd not have succeeded, but Zoe was caught by surprise. She went rolling. "Why you cheating little sissy!" She mouthed, and pivoted with a lightning movement of her athletic legs and took Ken around his neck in a complete thigh scissors! Ken squealed. He was in even worse shape now.

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Son Destruction/Instruction
conclusion
 by LH & Burks Colors Fasola



Back in Ken's house his Mom had his father in nearly the same strong female scissors the girl next door was imposing on their son. Beth calmly ignored Bob's stricken, choked pleas. "You're...choking me...Gasp! Why m...must you be s...so cruel?" Bob sobbed. "I like being cruel," Beth told him: "Particularly to weak men. I wonder how the kids are getting on together...?" If she only knew that Zoe's powerful inner thighs were doing about the same amount of damage to her son's trapped neck as her's were doing to Bob's.

One kid had got on far better than she'd expected, in her first fight against an older boy. Succeeding beyond her sexiest dreams of dominance. Ken had suffered the most demoralizing experience of his young life. His boy's pride stripped away ruthlessly by a fitter, more aggressive girl. A role reversal. Zoe knew she could do some serious damage to Ken with her strong legs, but she wanted to let him know just how helpless he was trapped between her full, powerful thighs. Soon her vicious squeezing had him ready to cry. With a last sharp, biting squeeze she released him and got up from him.

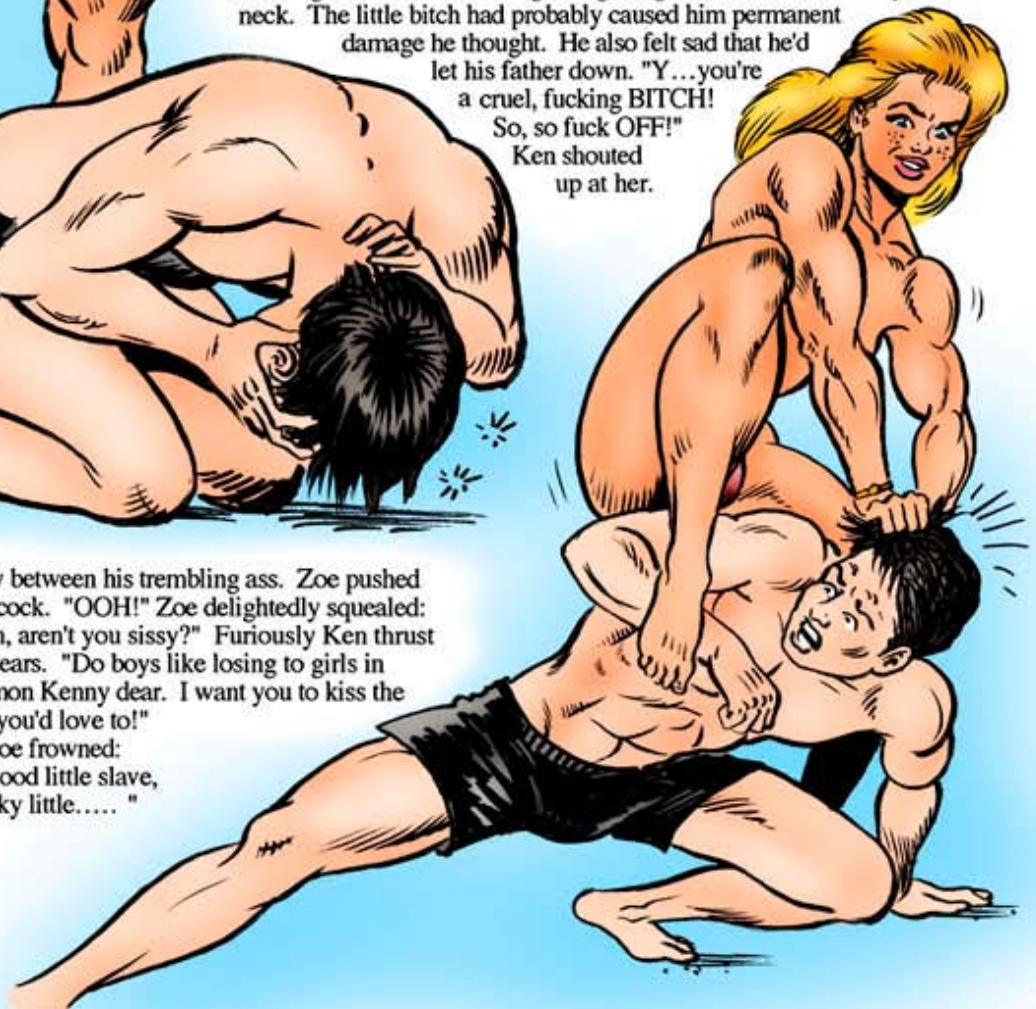




Zoe felt exultantly elated, aware she had almost destroyed him. She probably could have if she'd wanted to. Squeezed him to the point of fainting with her muscularly made legs. Ken clutched his head and neck trying hard not to cry. Preening and flexing her young muscles Zoe told him: "You're older, but my body's stronger than your's. Boy's don't go to gyms enough or treat P.E. and fitness seriously. It's no big surprise they lose to girls at fighting." Her arrogant tone and boasting was getting Ken mad, as was the pain in his neck. The little bitch had probably caused him permanent damage he thought. He also felt sad that he'd let his father down. "Y...you're a cruel, fucking BITCH! So, so fuck OFF!" Ken shouted up at her.

Instead, Zoe's bare foot slid rudely between his trembling ass. Zoe pushed her foot playfully into the boy's hard cock. "OOH!" Zoe delightedly squealed: "What's this! You're really turned on, aren't you sissy?" Furiously Ken thrust back her intruding foot, fighting off tears. "Do boys like losing to girls in wrestling matches? Poor things! C'mon Kenny dear. I want you to kiss the winner. Right on my knickers! Bet you'd love to!"

"Go to HELL!" Ken shouted. "Zoe frowned: "Don't get me mad, little girl. Be a good little slave, or else!" "You, you smart-assed, cocky little..... " Ken started but never finished as Zoe leapt on him.



Ken started to apologize as he realized he'd made her mad, but it was too late. As Zoe got his neck in a lock with her strong, young arms cutting off his pleading. This time it was in no sense at all a fight. Only the complete, brutal domination of one young person by another. The girl, Zoe, atop her boy-prey, Ken. Her legs seems to dwarf him as they encircled his torso and squeezed with such force he couldn't breath.

"I think I should break something...what shall it be? Your Neck? Naw, already squeezed that with my thighs. Maybe a rib or two?" Zoe squeezed harder on his waist and Ken could actually feel his ribs bend closer to the snapping point as fear filled him rather than air to breath.

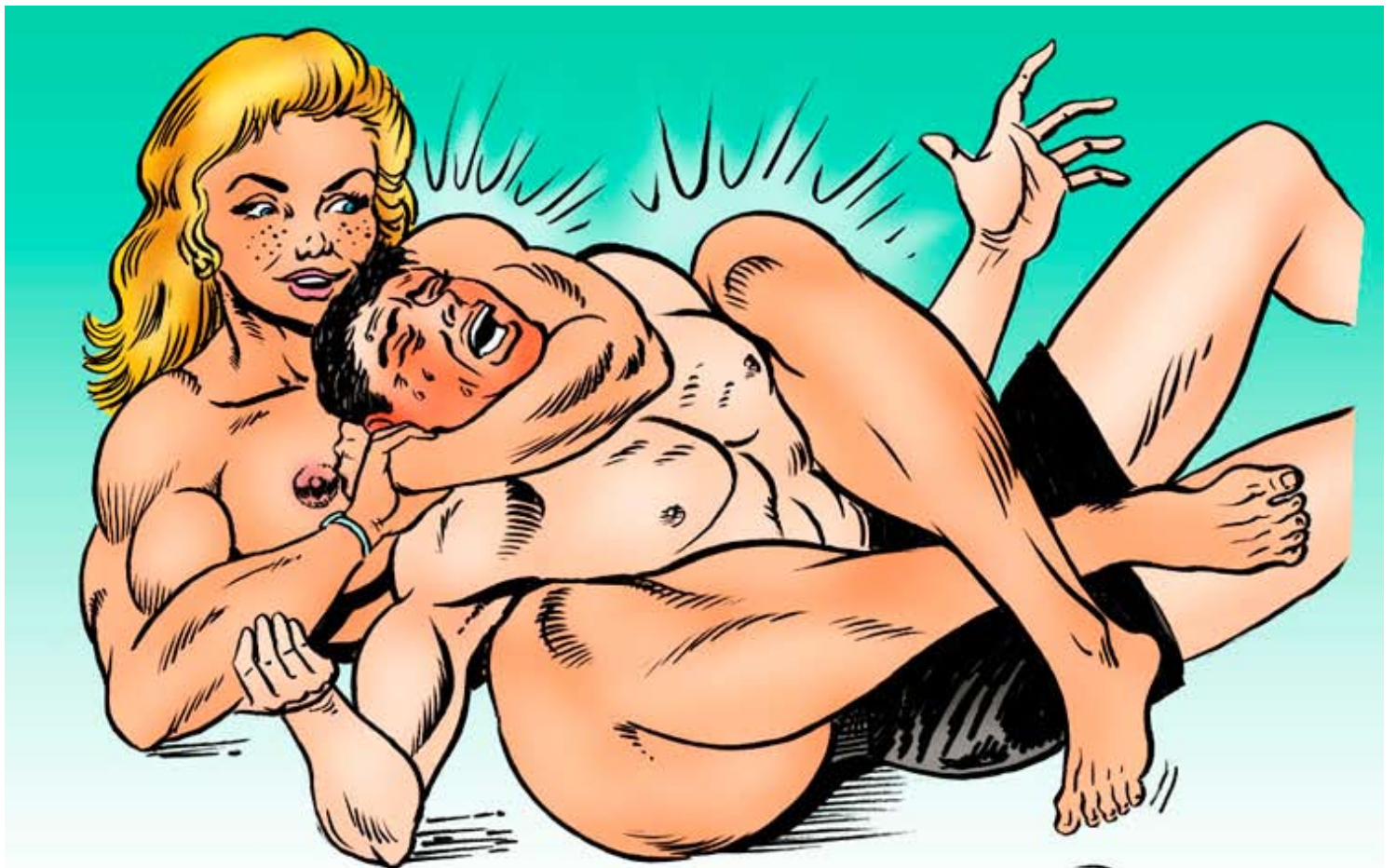
Zoe released his neck and pinned his face to the floor. Grabbing his right arm in a savage arm lock, all the while exercising her great thighs on his trembling body. "I think I'll break this weak little boy-arm," she murmured caressingly: "Shall I?" Her eyes were fascinated, absorbed. Maybe she should do it? How great! She could just say she was defending herself! Ken's tears had started to run. He cried out, as one of his shoulder tendons popped.

"Gosh! He's crying!" thought Zoe exultantly: "I'm making an older guy cry this is so, so easy! Oh yesss-s-s-s!" Aloud she taunted: "Want me to break it? Then you'll be in hospital for a while. I'll come and visit you!"

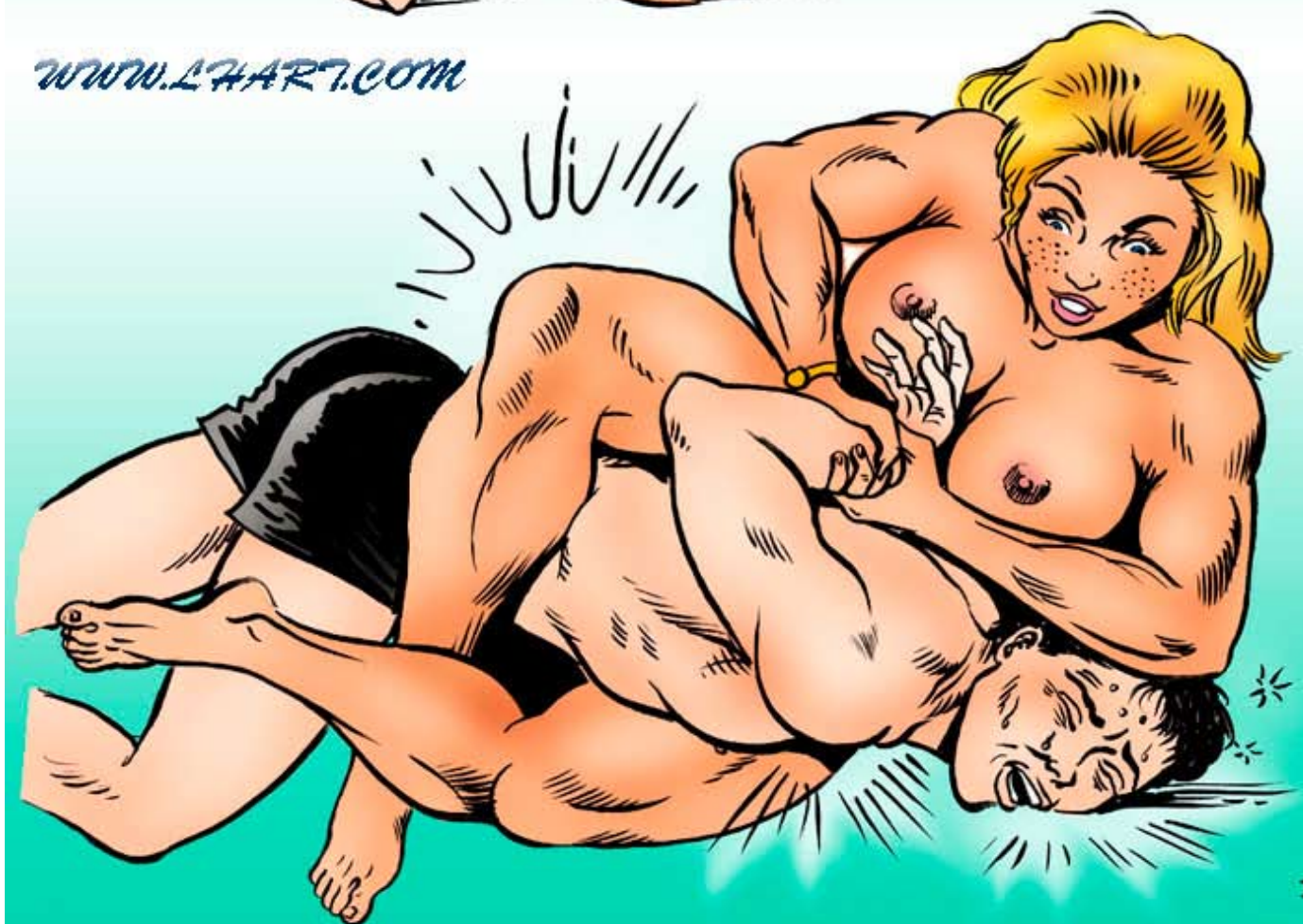
She nearly had the boy's arm dislocated now, and Ken was sobbing like a baby: "Oh p...please!" he bawled: "Oh please stop!" "Shall I break your arm?" Zoe gloated: "See? I could have broken your ribs with my legs! Couldn't I?" "Yes...yes...yes...yes...!" whimpered Ken. "Want me to break your arm?" "No! No p...please don't!" "Okay," sighed the flushed, powerful young girl. It felt so good doing this to him! Her cunt felt so deeply good! Having a boy so helpless and in your total control! Making him cry, and beg you to stop hurting him. It was the greatest! She was defiantly going to do this again and again.

"Okay, say you give your cock to me! And that you're my Total Slave!" Zoe commanded, adding: "Do it or I'll break your arm!"

"I...I g...give m...my c...cock to you! I'm your t...total s...slave..." acquiesced the stricken young man. His pride was all gone.



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Two washing-lines and some lawn-sprinklers away, Beth was giving her muscles a big, arrogant flex. She had mastered her husband again. In his weakness he'd even kissed her ass without her even needing to order him to do so. But the battered man still harbored some faint hope of getting away to see if Ken had kept that cheeky next-door tomboy firmly in her place. If Ken got beaten up by a girl like Zoe it could be the end of him!



So, bravely, Bob sneaked up on Beth and jumped her from behind in his favorite grip, a bear-hug. His arms strained. Beth laughed. Her husbands arms, unfortunately for him, weren't as strong these days as they once had been. Where as Beth's were stronger than ever.

The woman easily broke the man's hold, and turned to face Bob: "What was that supposed to be?" she said with scorn, her eyes mocking him. "A...a bear-hug?" Bob queried hopefully. "No," said Beth, shaking her head. "That wasn't a bear-hug..."

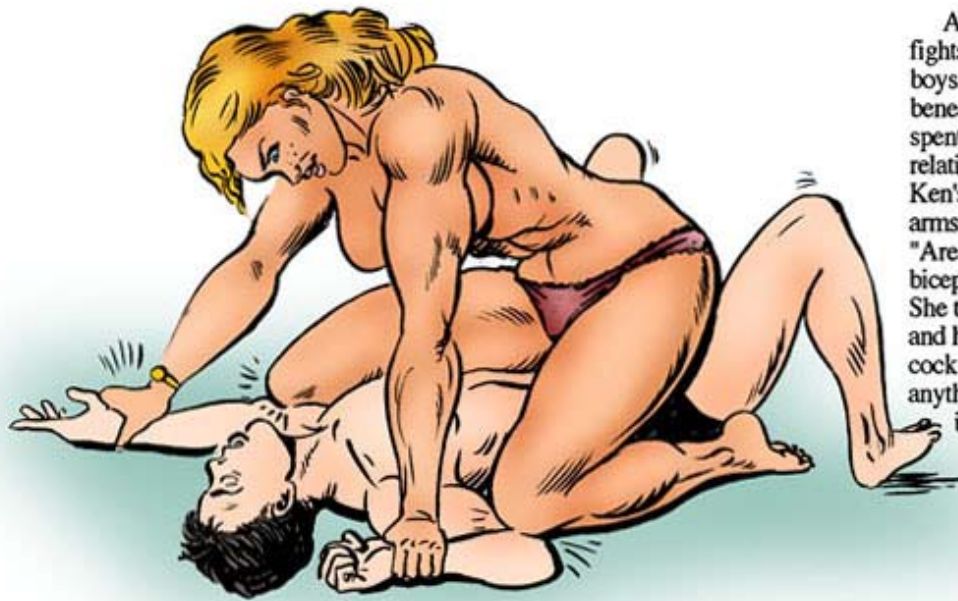


"THIS is a bear-hug!" Beth declared. She then crushed Bob in her powerful embrace. She quickly caved in his back, then thrust her pubis into his cock. Her face flush with tremendous pleasure, Beth bent her suffering husband back painfully. It was so satisfying, beating a man with brute strength alone! Interesting, Beth thought, how old-looking Bob had become. His hair was greying quite quickly now. Poor thing! Being under her constant dominance was rapidly aging him. Yet he still craved for it!



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At Zoe's house it was the final scene of so many fights these days that matched healthy girls against boys. The boy helplessly pinned and spread-eagled beneath the girls' panties. The two youngsters had spent a long time in this position, accepting their relative places as final. Zoe gazed enraptured into Ken's face, pressing both her knees into his upper arms and watching his boyish mouth contort in pain. "Are my strong knees crushing your puny little-boy biceps?" she breathed: "Crushing them to death?" She threw back her hair, smiling. Ken was shaking and his feet twisted in torment, but Zoe could feel his cock through her panties, and it was as hard as anything. She pressed her cunt to his cock immovably, and held it there.

Pink with healthy exertion, Zoe started to slid up on him: "Now," Zoe said: "This is what I REALLY want to do!" "N...no!" said Ken faintly. His eyes appealed to her's. "Yes!" Zoe insisted. "And you can't stop me!" Then she slid the damp, sweaty vee of her panties firmly over the boys face. Kenny was jolted to the depths of his being. His heart seemed almost to stop, and his chest felt emptied out, all his boy's life-force draining down into his loins where it begged bursting to be let out, to be claimed.

"There," Zoe said above him: "This is really what you want, too. All boys do!" She emitted a thick little laugh: "Was this supposed to be what you were never going to let me do to you?" Her pretty mouth curved in that cool, understanding look girls give to say they know all about boys! This one belonged to her.

She reached back and touched Ken's bare chest. His heart was beating so hard she was almost afraid he would die under her bottom! She stroked his little nipples. Then, stretching back further she pushed down Ken's underpants a little and took out his cock. Zoe held it consolingly: "You gave me this," she asserted proudly: "It's mine." Ken's whole body was trembling. "Want me to finish you?" Her hand stroked his penis. She drew back her bum from his face so he could answer: "Want me to?"



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You're mine now anyway, but if I make you cum it means you're my slave forever!" A last shred of Ken's boyhood didn't want to break, but his body knew it was beaten. His loins ached to surrender. "P...please ... f...finish me." he requested. Squeezing his hard-on in her hand, Zoe jiggled back onto his face, then the lusty superbly-built tomboy stroked him off beautifully. So well, in fact, that Ken fainted.



Beth had told Bob that she wanted to bear-hug again with him with them both nude, female against male body completely naked. In this way they could really settle beyond a doubt if it was woman or man who had the stronger, more vital body. It was obvious that Beth had the superior strength, so she told him, looking at the clock that if he could hold her off for just 10 minutes she would let him go and they would stroll across to the Maxwell's to see who had come out best between Ken and Zoe. Bob was determined to try his best, even though his naked wife looked so sexy and formidable standing there in front of him. Bob only lasted 5 and a half minutes before Beth had him bent back to the floor and nearly unconscious. She then pinned his head beneath her naked, dominate ass and he passed out. Getting a length of rope, Beth sat back down on the inert man and tied him up.

Bob awoke to the strong acrid smell of Beth's bush, right in front of his face. She had his mouth locked tight against her sex while she held his cock in her hand. He could feel the mounting pressure of her fabulous thighs as she began to squeeze his head.

"As punishment for disobeying me and thinking you could overpower me with your puny male muscles, Bob." Beth admonished him. He could barely hear her as his ears were covered and starting to be crushed by her full thighs. "I think a few minutes with your stupid head between my thighs should remind you of your place. Perhaps...I may not crush your head too hard if you started using your mouth, Bob...maybe..." He heard that, and started to work with his tongue. Anything to avoid the crushing pressure of Beth's mighty legs!



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Zoe, preening and vainly regarding her own healthy muscles as she flexed them at the mirror. She looked totally radiant and strong. Under her tight panties her ass was high and strongly curved, jutting out with full sexy, victorious pride. If Ken was enslaved by her, his defeated prick wanted to be enslaved by her ass. Zoe drew back her head, sticking out her breast and thrust back her thick blonde mane of hair. Exulting in her power over Ken, her position as the winner over a boy in physical combat. "Pick up my bra and put it on me!" she huskily ordered: "Dress me!" Ken stooped to obey, and Zoe gave a triumphant laugh as he came to stand close behind her, respectfully holding her bra. "Ha Ha! Who said he'd never get beaten by a girl? I told you after we'd had our little tussle I would make you dress me! Bobby Jo was right! All a girl has to do is sit on a boy's face and he'll do anything she wants!

As Ken reached around her broad chest to put Zoe's bra on, his hand brushed the girl's incredibly hard nipples, still erect with the excitement of her win at fighting. He gasped and fumbled. "Come on! Can't you do it?" the girl impatiently demanded: "Poor darling! I don't suppose he's ever put on a girl's bra for her, has he? Maybe HE wants to wear it? HEY! What's that tiny thing I feel? What's that little pencil-point of your's doing?" "I...I..." Kenny stammered. He could hardly speak. His naked penis was in such thrillingly weakening contact with Zoe's young, panties-clad buttocks he was incapable of pulling back. "You naughty little sissy!" rebuked Zoe: "I do believe I'm going to have to make you cum again. Said I'd *cream you* didn't I?" Deliberately she leaned back against him. "If you want to rub yourself off on my bum, I'll let you." She took his hands in her's, drew them around so that they were against the fronts of her powerful thighs, her bra dangling from his fingers. "But afterwards you've got to wear my bra!"

The two stood there, boy pressing himself against the strong back of the strong girl. Squeezing Ken's hands in her's Zoe stood like a rock, big legs straddled, easily withstanding his shameful pushes of surrender. Surrendering his cock to a girl's bum! In no time at all his whole naked body tightened and tensed, and Zoe felt his life force drench into the back of her knickers and fall trickling down the back of her powerful legs. Zoe laughed, "TWO!" she said gutturally.



Ken came back to consciousness to find Zoe had taken his underpants: "I'm keeping them," she remarked: "I want to show them to all my friends, and say who they belong to. I may just go over and show them to your Daddy and Mom!" The boy pleaded with her not to. The girl maliciously continued: "Gosh yes - wait till we tell your Mom! She said you were bigger than me, so you'd beat me! Ha, Ha!" Ken was now only as tall as Zoe, & in her high heels, she was much her taller than him. Now she stood posing before her mirror, flexing her superior female body. In reflection she could see Ken gaping at her terrific body: "Want to stroke my muscles, sissy?" she invited: "You can stay here tonight. I'm making you my prisoner!" Ken trembled at her words: "Strong girls like me," Zoe explained: "Like to have their favorite doll in bed with them. Plus their teddy. Plus their favorite slave. I'm going to stay on top of you all night!"

Ken had accepted Zoe as his superior and better. Having crushed him, and stroking him off, and even making him faint he was her's. He'd also fallen for her and was brimming with admiration for her looks, muscles and strong will: "D...do you h...have any other s...slaves?" he asked timidly. "Nope," she replied indifferently. "You're my first." "I... I want to s...stay with you tonight, but...but your Mom...?" "Oh, she won't know," said Zoe airily: "We'll lock my door and tell her you're staying over, in our guest room. We'll have a slumber party!" Ken wondered what his father would say when he didn't come home. He didn't want his Dad to know about this! Not ever.

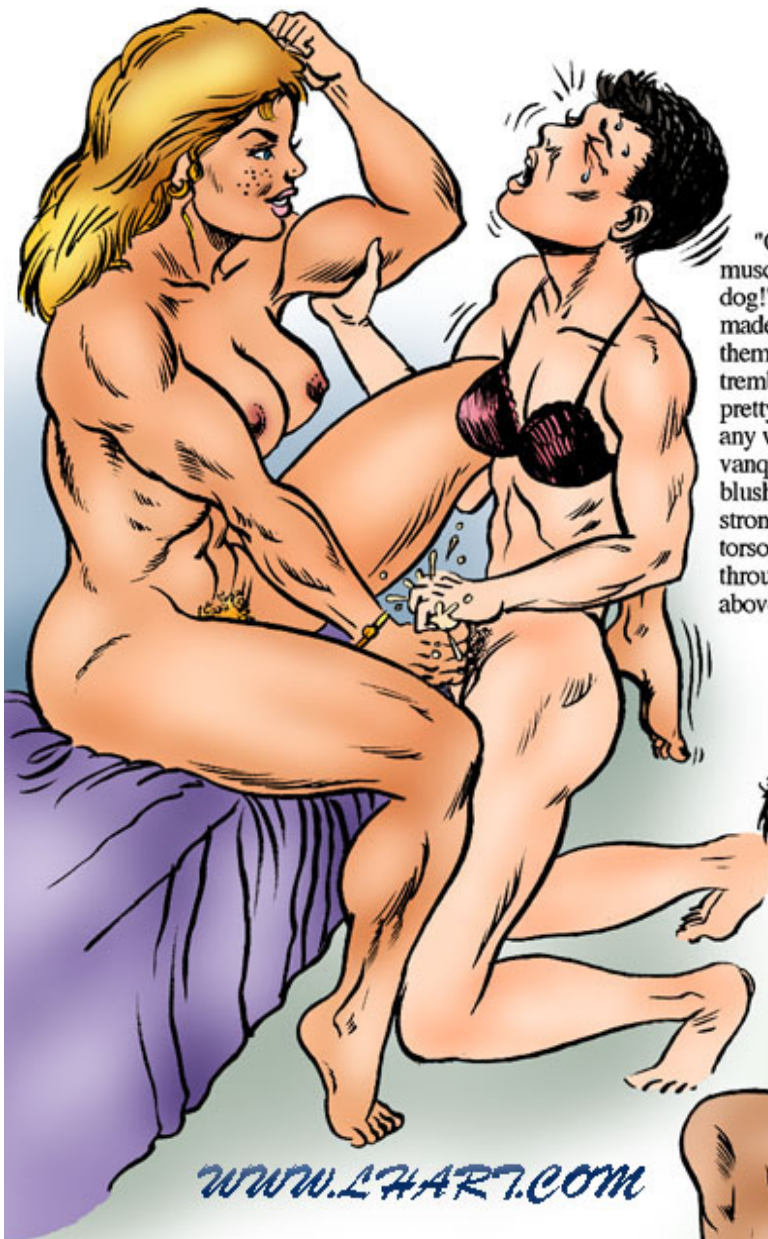
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Beth stood naked over her husband who was down on his knees beneath her towering legs. "Now that my big strong legs have been around you for such a lovely long time, I'm sure you admire them more than ever. Am I right?" Bob nodded, weakly: "Y...yes d...dear." he admitted. She continued: "Well, I've put on my heels so my leg muscles really look good for you. So show me how much you love my gorgeous legs. C'mon you weakling! Show me!"

The whipped and helpless man who was really no longer a man, his face pale with shame and humiliation, licked at those redoubtable, all-conquering female legs, the legs that have helped Beth to completely enslave him in his own house. He ran his tongue across her athletic, well-cut calves, paying her lower limbs absolute and willing homage. Bob couldn't fight it any more. She was so wonderful, so strong! Why did it need to be the man as the stronger, she should be the boss. Bob was Beth's now, entirely, and would remain that way even after she'd kicked him out, as one day soon she surely would. He was no longer capable of satisfying her the way she was now. Beth would soon be conquering and enslaving other men. This she knew.





"Come here!" commanded Zoe, sitting on her bed and spreading her muscular legs wide to part her thighs imperiously: "Here Fido! Good dog!" She was splendidly naked. After she put her bra on Ken, she'd made him take off her panties for her and said he was allowed to keep them. Ken went to her kneeling between her dangerous legs and trembling a little. "My, my!" mocked his girl-master: "You do look pretty! A pretty sissy boy-girl!" Her eyes held his, seeking if he had any will left, if she truly had succeeded in taking his identity, vanquishing his pride with her own. Ken lowered his eyes under her's, blushing pinkly - like a girl. Zoe was greatly elated: "Stroke my strong legs!" she ordered. He did. The girl calmly enclosed the boy's torso in her thighs, squeezing his slim body, plucking at his nipples through the bra, her great bush glistening bared and proud, dominant above the boy's cock.

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Zoe flexed her bicep: "Here - feel my muscles!" The boy was incapable now of preventing his hand rising to stroke that smooth, sweat-damp female upper arm. His eyes closed. The jubilant girl laughed: "You like strong girls now, don't you? You love me being stronger than you!" Her hand grasped his cock, and Ken voiced a defenseless gasp. She stroked Ken's poor thing and kneeling there between her muscular legs made him hard again. Zoe's freckled face smiled into his: "Are you my slave?" Ken said yes. Wedging a bare heel between the shaking boys buttocks Zoe easily flicked him off again. "THREE!" Zoe exulted.

At the Ford home, beautiful Mrs. Ford had wrecked and fading Mr. Ford in a similar position, requiring of him the same homage to her muscular body. While she repeatedly stroked out his life force. Spurting it out ever more weakly upon her big dictatorial thighs.





Vital and vivacious young ladies do not persuade boys they've captivated over the edge of orgasm three times in a row without their own healthy bodies demanding release. Zoe, shaking all over, mouth agape got herself across Kenny's face and proceeded to get her own rocks off. "OH!" It always amazed her, how good it was: "Oh f-fuck!" Lower lip under her teeth for an instant. "Oh God YES!" It was just the initial stage. Girls always have better ones than boys. Zoe flung back her head and squealed. So good cumming like this with a boy's face buried in your crack! A meek tongue poking her ultimate girl button, detonating Zoe totally, and dragging from her a fulfilled, guttural scream!

Beth heard this. Indeed, pretty much the whole street did. Women who knew would be able to tell it was a woman having what was definitely a Great Orgasm. Even men with only limited experience of women might have guessed. "Why - I believe that was little Zoe," mused Beth. Her naked buttocks jiggled on Bob's face. Bob's heart sank to misery's depths. Surely Zoe hadn't got Ken as Beth had gotten him? Perhaps...perhaps his son was on top? Making Zoe emit those happy wails...but he doubted it.

Beth pressed her cunt more firmly onto his mouth, and reminded him of his duty. "I... I wonder if they had a g...good wrestle?" she said: "I...I should have liked...t...to have s...seen...OH! Oh YESSS! Oh SHIT YESSS!!!" Thinking about her son and the girl next door fighting had made her bubble over.

END!



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