

# A HUSBANDS DEMISE PART THREE!

Story: Sapper, Jr.  
Art: LH & Lee Burks

After defeating her neighbor Ken in wrestling several times, Zoe decided to make him into her *private project*. She still dated other guys and was constantly at the gym working-out her fine, rapidly developing physique, and she also had many fights with other boys. Many much older and bigger than Ken. Over the past few weeks, she had nearly gotten Ken into the same slave-like condition as his mother, Beth had transformed Ken's father into.

Right now, Zoe was checking out a cane whip she'd made. Swinging it around with a whistling swish with her powerfully made arms. Strutting about like the beautiful young dominatrix she was.



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Examining her target with a trained eye. Measuring the distance she should stand from it to make use of her full, forceful swing.

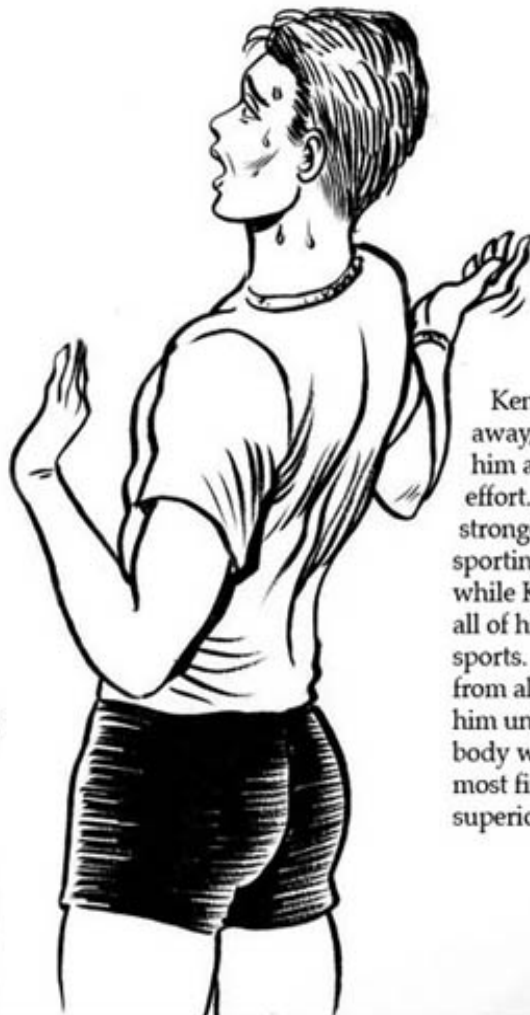
"This is what you get little boy, for still trying to stand up to me, little boy!" she said as she drew back her husky arm and took aim. Widening her stance on her long, curvy legs. She looked every bit the picture of the beautiful, young dominatrix about to meter out her harsh punishment to another cowering male slave!

Down came her arm with a blinding flash.....!



**WACK!** "There," declared Zoe, glowing with her sexy dominance. "I'm warmed up now!" Thrashing a chair in practice while a very troubled Ken looked on. "Your turn now! Over the chair, panty-waist!" commanded the flushed girl. "Or would you rather we fight some more?"

"I...I...uh...j-just need to g-go to the j...john," stammered Ken. "No chance," the girl retorted. Zoe laughed. "All you do in there is sit thinking about me and playing with yourself!" Her eyes glinted. "Hey, maybe not the chair! Maybe my lap!" Ken went even paler than before. He'd experienced Zoe in her creative moods, and it was always he who got the worst end of her creative ways in punishment.



Ken made a desperate try to get away, but Zoe was too quick for him and caught him with little effort. She had grown so much stronger than he was with all her sporting activities and gym work, while Ken had pretty much halted all of his involvement in organized sports. Ken had gotten so weakened from all the times Zoe had crushed him under her after their tussles. His body wanted to surrender in the most final possible way to Zoe's superior female body.



Zoe spread Ken down across her firm thigh, handling him as though he were a little girl. "Reach back, pet, and take down your pants for me." She ordered huskily. For a moment Ken delayed but then her big knee slid up between his trembling thighs, and as it made significant contact his whole body shuddered. "DO IT!" said his young mistress. Ken's hands fluttered obediently back and submissively pushed down his shorts. The boy bared his quivering buttocks and instantly the girl's strong arm flashed down. WACK! And again. SWACK! Zoe noticed with delight as she whipped him that Ken's penis was trembling erect against her big firm thigh. This always fascinated her. That on one level at least boys loved having a girl do this to them. She could hear Ken starting to cry. Wonderful! It so excited her, making a boy cry. He could feel his hands clutching at her strong legs, holding on helplessly as she continued to whip his ass to a bright crimson glow.

When at last she finished, Zoe held her hand near Ken's ass and felt the heat rising off of it. She could imagine how the boys bum-cheeks must feel. As Ken timidly got to his feet he made some subdued remark. "WHAT!?" Zoe demanded fiercely. "What did you just say!?"



"N...nothing..." Ken replied as his body shook with fright and shame. "Go stand in the corner and leave your pants down! Naughty girls have to stand in just their undies!"

Pitifully Ken limped to the corner. "I...I'm n-not a girl!" He said in a low voice. "You will be." Zoe promised him.



Zoe noticed the leash and collar of her dog, Bundles, laying near the door. Her quick mind came up with another humiliation for Ken. "Hey! Right now, I think you could be a pooch! Yeah, you act like a little doggie, you should be one. She quickly fastened the collar around Ken's neck, forcing him to his knees between her superbly made thighs. Their positions reminded her of an illustrated story one of the other girls at the gym had brought in depicting a college girl out-boxing a boy and then leading him around the campus by a leash on his hands & knees to the delight and amusement of the other coeds!





"Now, off with those short pants, young puppy! Doggies don't wear any clothes you know!" Ken had been trying to pull up his pants when she sternly ordered him to remove them or else. This he did as Zoe pulled his head closer to her with a hard jerk of his leash. Closer to her impressive pubic mound. "Now, it's time I get out of my underpants too!" She looked down at Ken and said: "Remove them little doggie, but not with your hands! I know you love girls' knickers, but doggies can only use their mouths and teeth!" She didn't need to elaborate further as Ken got the waist band of her panties in his teeth and tugged them downward. Helping him with her hands, Zoe thought, "God! Imagine a man doing this for a woman! I've nearly got him!"



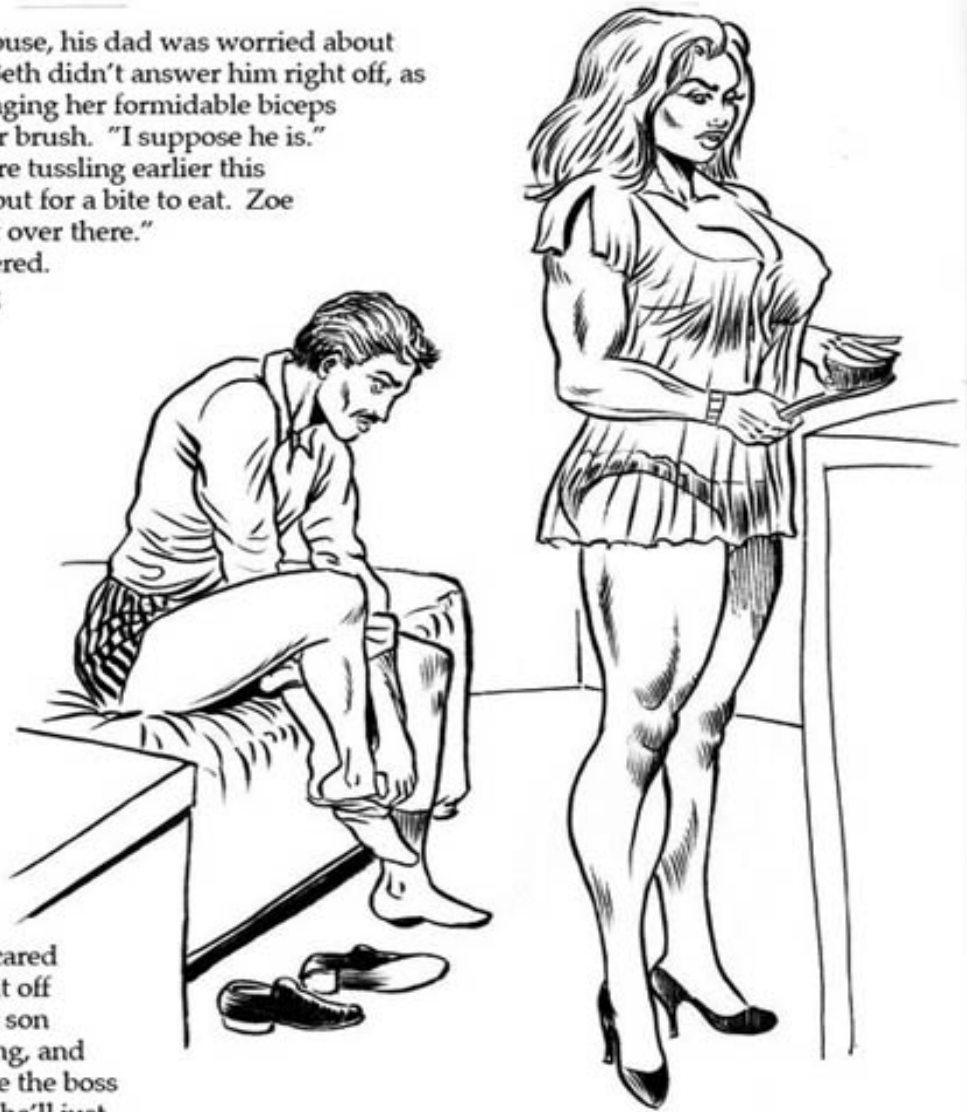
Zoe now stood before the kneeling young man who trembled noticeably, panting almost like the doggie she was making him become. She stared down and noticed the look in Ken's eyes was not very much removed from the look in her real doggie's eyes when he was in a similar position before her.. She put her hands on her wide firm hips and felt so proud of how far she'd gotten Ken trained to be so totally subservient to her strong female will!

Zoe made Ken crawl on his hands and knees behind her as she lead him to a chair and made him sit back with his face turned upwards on it. Zoe began to lower herself onto Ken's pleading face. "Does the bad doggie was his puppy chow?" She asked with a giggle. Ken tried to make a last frantic appeal, but then the strong and brutal buttocks of this dominating girl covered and enclosed his face completley.

"Nighty-nite!" Zoe said. With a look of intense satisfaction and enjoyment on her face, Zoe face-sat Ken for what seemed like ages to him. Lifting her dominate haunches just enough, occassionally, to let him drag in a frantic breath. His rather smallish cock, she observed stood up rigidly the whole time. While her own sex glowed pleasantly at the sight. She wanted this boy completely enslaved to her, his sex under her's and suffering!



Meanwhile, over next door at Ken's house, his dad was worried about him. "He ... he's with Zoe, isn't he? Beth didn't answer him right off, as she brushed her thick blonde hair, bringing her formidable biceps up and peaking with each stroke of her brush. "I suppose he is." she finally answered. "Zoe and he were tussling earlier this evening when her mother and I went out for a bite to eat. Zoe was asking if he could spend the night over there."  
"In ... in their guest-room?" Bob queried.  
"Of course dear!" Beth gave him a big smile of reassurance. "Roght next to Zoe's room!"



"I ... I don't like him s ... spending so much of his time," Bob muttered. "With, with that ... that cocky little tomboy!"

"Why not?" mocked Beth gently. "Scared she wants his cock? Afraid she take it off him, like I did your's!? Look, if your son can't stop a girl beating him at fighting, and that lovely young woman wants to be the boss with him, wants Ken to be her slave, he'll just have to accept that role. After all, sweet, you've accepted it with ME!" She held his eyes with her own disdainfully.

"Don't give me that **SHIT!**" Bob retorted, "Ken should be able to make up his own mind...!"



"I won't give you anything, but THIS!" Beth said as one of those biceps pumped arms he was just admiring came around with such a forceful blow, Bob was knocked to the floor!



"You dare question my knowledge when it comes to yellow-bellied weak men like you and their son's?!!" Bob's eyes filled with a soul deep fear as he realized he'd set off Beth's dangerous temper again. He tried to quickly apologize, but soon he could only gurgle and moan as he found himself clasped in one of Beth's cruelly savage bear-hugs.



This was the hold between them that had initially established the woman's superiority over the man. That had first made Beth the ruler of their marriage. Among younger women it was called the "Schoolgirl's Crush". Complimenting what was known these days as the "schoolgirl's pin", originally called the "schoolboy pin" before girls became the ones doing most of the pinning! Beth didn't put up with any back talk from the man she'd so efficiently emasculated, as she "schoolgirl crushed" Bob to the floor.





Once down, Beth quickly mounted her ineffectual husband and relished using him as a completely passive and defenseless punching bag. Slugging away at him, blackening an eye and bloodying his nose and mouth. "Remember when you got use those boxing gloves?" she jeered. "Hoping that even though I'd whipped your ass at wrestling, you might be able to win if we boxed? Poor thing. You didn't! And Kenny too! He was so disappointed! Really ashamed for his Daddy, and now he's getting his own manhood squeezed out of him by a powerful girl as well!"



"He's not! He's NOT!" cried out Bob piteously. "Want to bet?" taunted Beth. "Anyway, don't talk back!" She kept slugging the man's head pinned between her wide, firm thighs. Not even noticing when her husband passed out from her relentless blows!

Beth finally relaxed astride her utterly conquered husband. This was the time she especially adored, feeling his supine body beneath her full ass, looking down into his unconscious face. Some women would be disappointed to discover they'd married a weakling, but Beth knew Bob hadn't been a weakling when they wed. It was she, with her female determination and strength, her aggressive competitiveness, that had made him into a weakling. The achievement still thrilled her full and sated pride. Bob had been a man, but his maleness had proved unable to stand up to her femaleness and had been dually crushed and extinguished. He loved doing her every bidding now, only objecting when he thought of Kenny's future, especially with his exposure to that strong, aggressive tomboy who lived next door, Zoe.



When Bob finally came to, Beth touched his limp prick with her fingers. "You're really getting old and impotent dear. When I first started licking you at fighting, it turned you on!" Bob's trembling hand touched his bloodied lips. "Do you have to be so ... so VICIOUS!" he complained. "The guys at work see my face wrecked like this, they ride me about you wearing the pants. I really get laughed at. I ... I d-don't know who tells them you b ... beat me." "I can tell you who," answered Beth smugly. "It's Zoe. At school. She tells all the kids! And she laughs about it at the gym with the other girls. Brags she is going to do the dame to Ken!"

"The L ... little BITCH!" Bob growled vehemently. "Smart-assed snot! She ... she had better leave Ken alone!" His wife smiled calmly. "I think it may be a bit too late for that." She murmured. "But enough about the youngsters. I'm ore concerned with your behavior at the moment. You haven't learned your lesson with all these loud outburst about Zoe and Ken. Go and get me THE BELT!"



"Hop to it! Bob!" yelled Beth as she booted him in the ass! "We haven't got all night!" She loved to physically assert her dominance over Bob, even though he was so slaved to her now she really didn't have to. But being so robust and healthy she couldn't help herself.



Beth stood there dominantly waiting for him to crawl back over with the belt. Looking every inch of her the powerful completely superior woman she had become. Her strong body packed with powerful female muscles - muscle she had used and would use again to fully enforce the truth of who really wore the pants in this family!

When Bob brought it to her, in his mouth like an obedient dog, Beth gave him the *stare*. A look that so frightened Bob that he would start shaking in mortal fear almost the instant she started gazing down on his pathetic, humbled form. She didn't even have to tell him to strip off his underwear, for he knew what was coming next.





Bob was still totally in love with his wife. In fact he literally worshiped her now in spite of all the pain and humiliation she put him through. He had no tail to wag like some meek dog, but he did lick her high-heeled shoes. Beth like wearing hi-heels around the house as they made her tower over her husband even more dominantly. Even with Bob in his stooped over condition, his head lowered and back bowed in tired and beaten down submission.

"Sucking up will not lessen your punishment Bob. If you like that shoe so much, then keep your tongue glued to it throughout your strapping and maybe I'll stop before I draw blood. Then again, maybe I won't ...! HA! HA! HA!" Beth laughed a deep hearty dominant laugh as she started walloping him with the thick leather belt.

"Keep that tongue on there Bob! Keep it there! If you want me to save some skin on your worthless ass!!"

In the past months Beth had really become an expert with the many forms of physical humiliation and punishment she put Bob through. Each of her powerful swings was right on target and had so much force in them that Bob's lower body jumped around with each hit as he desperately tried to keep his tongue connected to her black pump.

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"There! The guys at work won't see these marks," said Beth as she brought her heel over his head. "Not unless you start to take down your knickers for them, too!" The way she had so forcefully changed him, that would not have surprised her. Except he probably worshipped females too much now, to be interested in males.

Turned on and feeling horny from thrashing a man, Beth told Bob she was going to take a shower. Bob, eventually recovered enough to follow her and join her nude under the rushing water. Beth twisted his face to the wall and rubbed her bristly pubic bush against his injured bare ass. The pain was intense, but it also turned him on to have her aggressively hump him like this and he came. His spunk swirling away down the drain with the water. She then had him wash and dry her. Then she powdered him and put some of her perfume on him.

Afterwards, she was so full of lust she sat on their bed and gave Bob one of her sexiest beaver poses. Bob was so drained and desperately weak and faint he tried to put her off telling her he had to get up early for work tomorrow. Beth just shook her head and crooked a beckoning finger. Once Bob had longed for her lovemaking, but now he dreaded these marathon sessions of sexual humiliation.





Beth was tireless, "Woman's cunt's have men's mouths! ...Usually attached to them!" she hissed in pleasure. A great deal of the time her husband's face was deep between her thick legs or buried under the strong curve of her wide ass. She made him take her to orgasm over and over again screaming her pleasure in a thick voice. Suprisingly, Bob's cock stiffened unbearably even while Beth nearly squeezed him unconscious between her muscular legs.

"Just think," Beth said seated astride his face as usual, "This is what little Zoe's almost certainly doing by now to Kenny! Probably a lot!" Bob didn't want that to be happening, but felt so powerless to prevent it. Soon he was feeling almost nothing as he passed out in total exhaustion.

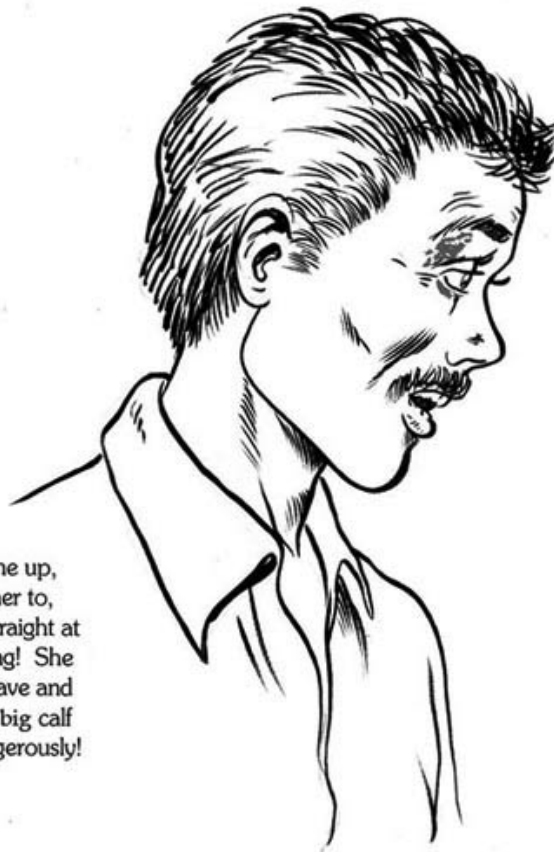
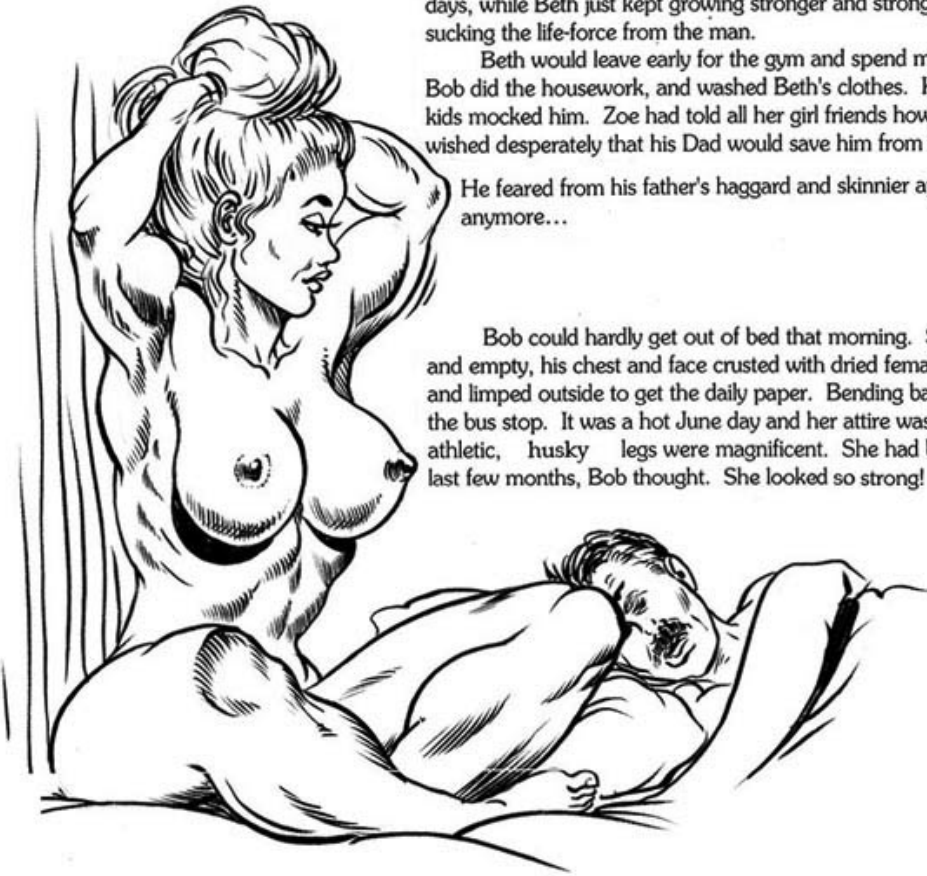


The next morning while Beth was fresh and aglow with healthy vitality. Bob was still out, to weak to go to work that morning. He was getting like this more and more these days, while Beth just kept growing stronger and stronger. Her intense lovemaking actually sucking the life-force from the man.

Beth would leave early for the gym and spend most of the day with her girlfriends. Bob did the housework, and washed Beth's clothes. Ken still went to school each day but kids mocked him. Zoe had told all her girl friends how she'd made him her ass-slave. He wished desperately that his Dad would save him from this cocky, powerful young tomboy.

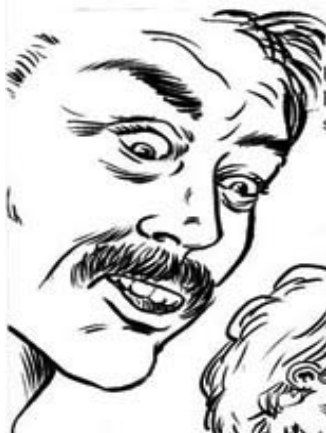
He feared from his father's haggard and skinnier appearance he might not be able to anymore...

Bob could hardly get out of bed that morning. Shoulders stooped, his loins aching and empty, his chest and face crusted with dried female spunk. He cleaned some of it off and limped outside to get the daily paper. Bending back up with it he spied Zoe down at the bus stop. It was a hot June day and her attire was very brief to say the least. Her long, athletic, husky legs were magnificent. She had become so incredibly muscular in the last few months, Bob thought. She looked so strong!



Just as the bus came up, when he least expected her to, Zoe turned and looked straight at him – catching him gaping! She gave him an impudent wave and climbed aboard the bus, big calf muscles bulging out dangerously!





From then on Bob was utterly incapable of not spying on the super-built teenager. And Zoe was elated with his attentions, making sure she fed his fantasy, moving her work-out gear outside to the backyard so he could see her from his second story window.



What Zoe was careful not to reveal to Bob was her daily fights with Ken. For each day she would get Ken underneath her and crush even more of his resistance out of him. Sometimes even squeezing him into unconscious. But one day Bob heard loud sobs from his son's bedroom, and found Ken crying. He wore only his underpants and Bob could see bruises around his ribs and waist that told eloquently of the power of Zoe's thighs. "Zoe s-scissored me!" Ken wailed. "She...she's never done it that h-hard before! She was showing off for her girlfriends!" He rubbed his eyes. "Dad, I wish you could make her stop."

Bob went straight over. Zoe turned to face him as he burst in. She'd expected him. "Well," she said, "if it isn't the old Peeping Tom! Finally got the courage to talk to a girl rather than just spy on her!" Right away, Bob felt at a disadvantage, demoralized by the girl's confident arrogance as well as the tight-fitting leotard she wore. "Stop bullying Kenny!" Bob said, trying to make his voice deeper, firmer. "Bullying him?" Zoe jeered. "He's nearly 2 years older than me. I can't help it if he can't fight. Anyway," she pouted. "I like doing it!" Her eyes held Bob's. "You...you'd better stop!" He said. "I won't! I'm going to do to him what your wife's done to you!"





Bob ran at her in a rage. Zoe met him. Beth had unmanned and weakened Bob more than he himself realized. Nor had he ever guessed how frighteningly strong & aggressive Zoe had become. Bob had never really been a fighter. Even before Beth had mastered him. Whereas Zoe had loved to fight ever since she was about 6 years old!

So the whole thing didn't last too long. Somehow, Bob suddenly found Zoe on his back and snaking those fantastic legs of her's around his middle. Bob staggered around the room with Zoe firmly attached to him for short while. She was squeezing both his neck and waist with her powerfully made limbs, so he could barely breath. Soon he fell back, luckily with a daybed behind him to land on.

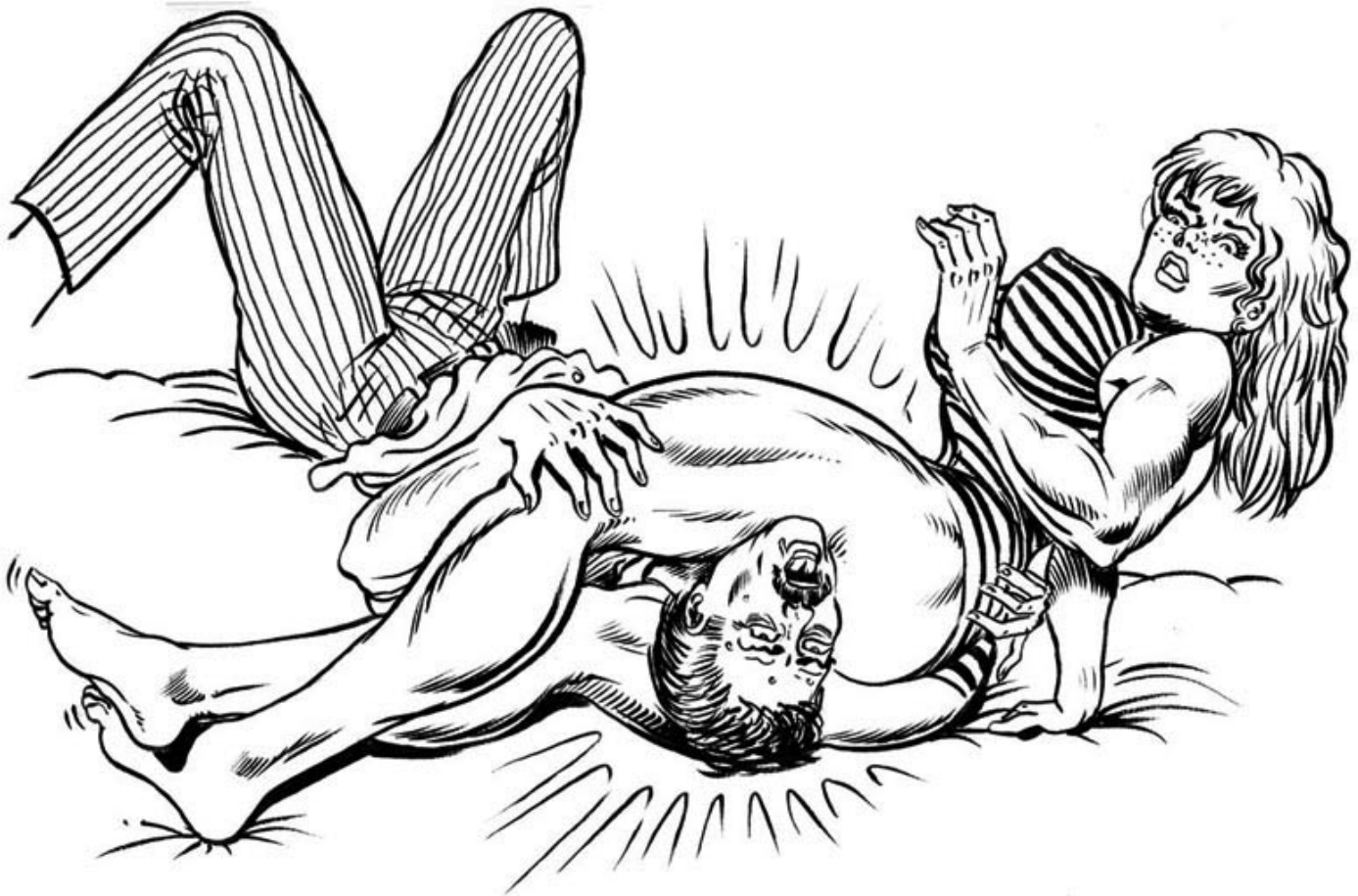
"Oh me, oh my!" Zoe whispered tauntingly into Bob's ear. "You are getting beaten by a girl nearly half your age! Can't you do anything OLD MAN!? You didn't want me beating on your little boy, but I guess I'm going to have to bully the both of you weakling males!"

"P...please d-don't..." Bob groaned as Zoe's muscular thighs robbed the breath and fight from him. Zoe squeezed even harder, loving every minute of this. "I knew you'd be really easy!" she panted. "I do believe you're even weaker than Kenny is! Are you going to cry too?"

Bob was so weak it was easy for the stronger girl to maneuver him about at will. Clamping her beautiful, tanned young thighs over his head, she amused herself by bending his arms and legs around and bending Bob's back into an agonized bowed position. He was totally helpless to resist the strong will and even stronger body of his sexy young neighbor as she literally played with the older man like some cat with a trapped rodent!

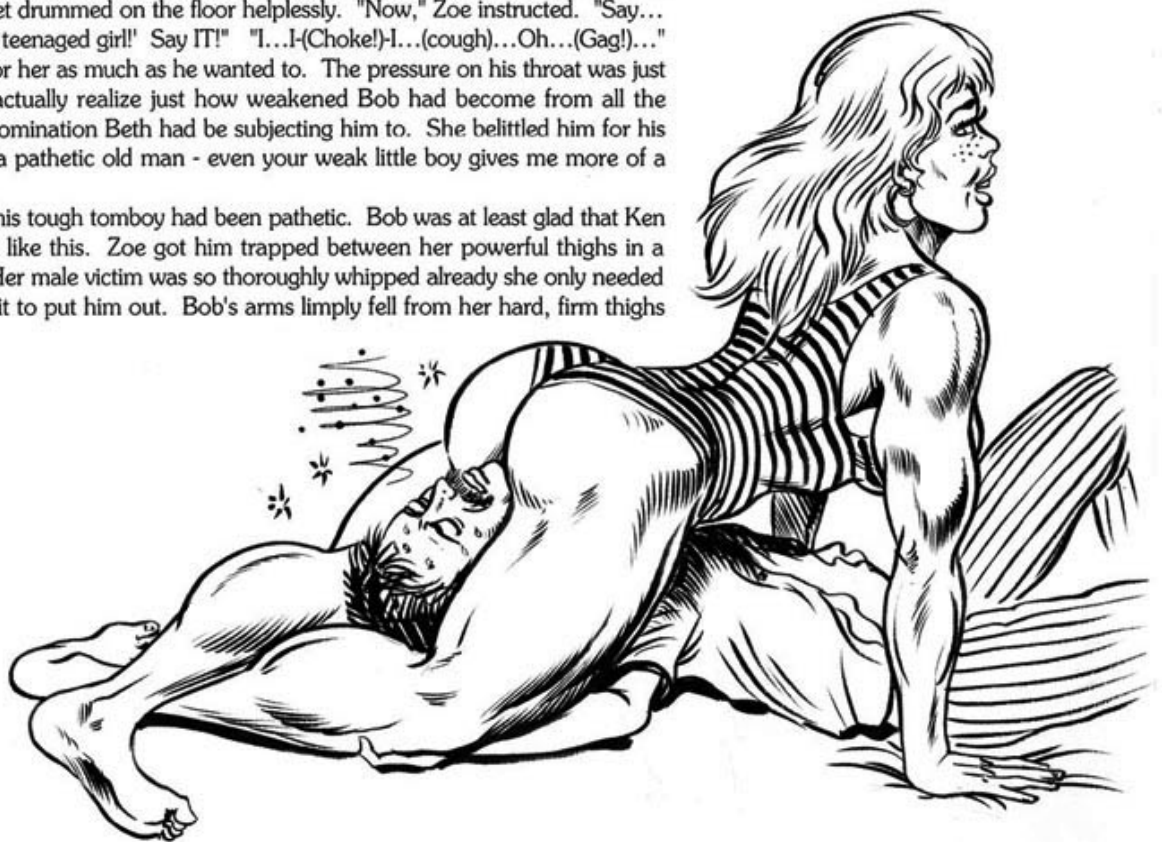
He was the first fully grown man she had beaten (but definately not the last!) and it felt great! Even more empowering than beating college boys.





Then Zoe clamped one thigh under Bob's neck and her other across his throat. "I could actually kill you," she stated huskily. "If I wanted to. I'd say it was self-defense. You tried to rape me. The other girls have seen you staring at us." As she crushed down on poor Bob's throat his feet drummed on the floor helplessly. "Now," Zoe instructed. "Say... 'I love being beaten by a teenaged girl!' Say IT!" "I...I(Choke!)I...(cough)...Oh...(Gag!)..." Bob couldn't get it out for her as much as he wanted to. The pressure on his throat was just too great. Zoe didn't actually realize just how weakened Bob had become from all the constant beatings and domination Beth had been subjecting him to. She belittled him for his weakness, "You're just a pathetic old man - even your weak little boy gives me more of a struggle!"

His resistance to this tough tomboy had been pathetic. Bob was at least glad that Ken wasn't there to see him like this. Zoe got him trapped between her powerful thighs in a reverse head scissors. Her male victim was so thoroughly whipped already she only needed to exert herself a little bit to put him out. Bob's arms limply fell from her hard, firm thighs and his eyes closed.





When Bob finally woke up Zoe was sitting on his chest. "I'm pleased you finally came back to life. I thought I was going to have to pee in your face to arouse you!" Probably that would arouse him too! She mused. Zoe rose and took off her leotard, as Bob watched her spellbound by her physical perfection and aura of pure poweress! Then, settling herself astride Bob's face, her blonde bush of pubic hair covering his mouth. "Suck me off weakling!" She told him. "I've made your son do this, now you can too!" Kenny had gotten to be quite good at it too, but his dad was a dreadful disappointment to the teen victrix. He was so wasted and destroyed he had nothing left to give.

"Hello kiddie!" said Beth from the doorway. "What have you been doing to my poor husband?" "B- beating him at fighting." Zoe replied a little hesitant with the full realization of what she was doing with this woman's husband, but Beth's reply put her at ease. "And now you want your prize for being the winner-as I gather the easy winner as well-yes?" smiled Beth. "Oh Yes! Please Yesss!" Zoe panted, "But if it takes him much longer, I'm gonna break his fuckin' neck!"

Seeing Zoe's sexual frustration, Beth provided help. Getting Bob to his knees and twisting his arms painfully behind. She forced the sobbing man to service Zoe. Bob cried out in pain when Beth rammed her big knee into his back pushing his face further into Zoe's sex. Fianlly the threat of Beth's powerful presence got him busy and titanically, Zoe finished with a stupendous orgasm.





Ken came to see what was keeping his Mom & Dad so long at Zoe's. As he entered the two women were seated on Bob, and his Dad looked crushed and drained. "It...it t-took the both of you to beat him?!" the boy said hopefully. "Dream-on Kenny-girl" said Zoe shaking her head. "I beat him by myself, easy. Even easier than you, runt!"

Ken wanted his father to prove this an empty boast, but when Zoe arose and asked him if he would like to wrestle her again, Bob shook his head meekly. Losing to this strong teenager had fully finished what his wife had started! Beth got off her husbands crushed mid-section as Zoe started to put back on her leotard. Bob remained in his defeated and crushed position.







As Zoe crushed the crying boy in the same hold Beth used to initially defeat his father, Beth watched with a satisfied look on her beautiful face. Bob finally got the energy to roll off the bed, knoeled beside the statuesque legs of his powerful and wholly dominant wife, looking on as Zoe crushed the last ounce of male resistance from his now equally dominated son.

After that Ken was as much in love with the pretty young woman who'd conquered him and his Dad as a young man could be. Zoe grew stronger and more beautiful everyday, and Ken dreamed of her. Lay in his bed thinking of her every night. Wrote her name again and again on the margin of his notes at school.



## One Year Later

A stunningly lovely and powerfully built 19 year old woman about to mount the stairs to the parking lot where her shiny new Euro-sports sedan was parked became aware of a slim guy following her. "A ... ah ... Z ... Zoe, I ..." Zoe placed a hand on her strong hip and regarded her *stalker* with annoyed contempt. "Oh no! Not again! Are you trying to get in a peek, Kenny?" It had been months since she'd even thought of him. She quickly moved against him so that all her full gorgeous breast were at his chest, pushing him back into a wall. The she captured his wrist.



Zoe was tired of the little sissy being so totally smitten. When she first conquered a man, OK, a woman like to have her conquest at her bidding, for a time. But there were so many more conquest ahead fo her now. While she felt satisfaction at enslaving Ken and then his dad, she had no wish to go on seeing them. A woman notches a man on her garterbelt or whatever and drops them. Every girl knows that today. She knew she'd done a fully emasculating job on these two, but it was all in her past now. Zoe had this problem with a few other of her past male conquest ans knew how to handle it.





In an accomplished female manner - deadly and swift - even though they were in a public place and people were watching, Zoe took Ken out. A series of two quick hand blows to his face and a devastating knee to the groin, she had Ken on his knees emitting little moans and whimpers from his bleeding mouth, his pale face resting against her darkly tanned and extremely muscular thigh. It had looked almost fake to the casual passerby, until you saw the blood trickling down from the young man's mouth and evidence of the force of her knee blow which was such as to knock one of his shoes off!

Zoe was late for a date with a man she was near to *bagging* as a potential investor in a corporation she and some of her girl friends were putting together. Otherwise she may have been a bit lighter on Ken. May have.



Zoe accorded a calm smile to a couple who were going by when she'd taken Ken out. She'd heard the woman's gasp and now saw the man gaping more at her muscularly made legs than the fellow who was crying at her feet. "Want some too, buster?" she said to him, and they hurried on. Zoe pulled back down on her super-short skirt that had ridden up over the full, taunt expanse of her powerful upper thighs and fully rounded ass.

Ken said in a small pained voice, "P...please...I...I...just I-love you, Zoe. C-couldn't I just c-clean your p-place for you? Or w-wash your c-car...?" Almost pityingly, the girl rested her hand on the man's head. "You've got to understand this," she told Ken. "You're nothing to me. NOTHING. See, when a girl finds she can whip a man physically, she loses interest in him. Why do you think your Mom's left your Dad? Now, DON'T let me see you anymore, or I'll really be rough with you. I mean you'd finish in hospital. And you know I can do it, don't you?" Miserably, the young man nodded. He'd seen some of Zoe's recent male conquest, and realized what she'd done to him in the past was a picnic compared to the broken ribs, arms, and busted up faces he'd noticed on her later male discards. Watching Zoe go up the stairs in those heels, with the calves pumping out to massive measurements was the last memory he had of her. And he kept it with his other memories of the girl who'd made him a slave for life!



THE END!