

# SUPER POWERED PORN

- a Jeremy Wilson story -

**(amysconquest.com)**

"Ohhhh, oh yeah, give it to me big boy." Sharon Sexaddict, a 27 year old porno actress with bright blond hair and piercing sky blue eyes, screams as the huge muscular form slams his humongous tool into her again and again, faster and harder each time. Her partner for this video is "Jungle" Jim Jachoff, who is known for his tremendously huge erection of 18 inches and his strong body, able to bench 600 pounds plus. He is 6' 6" and weighs over 350 pounds of muscle.

It's a wonder to the producers that his weight isn't crushing or causing any discomfort at all to Sharon, but unknown to them is the fact that this woman is hundreds of thousands of times stronger than Jungle Jim, she just doesn't want anyone to find out about it.

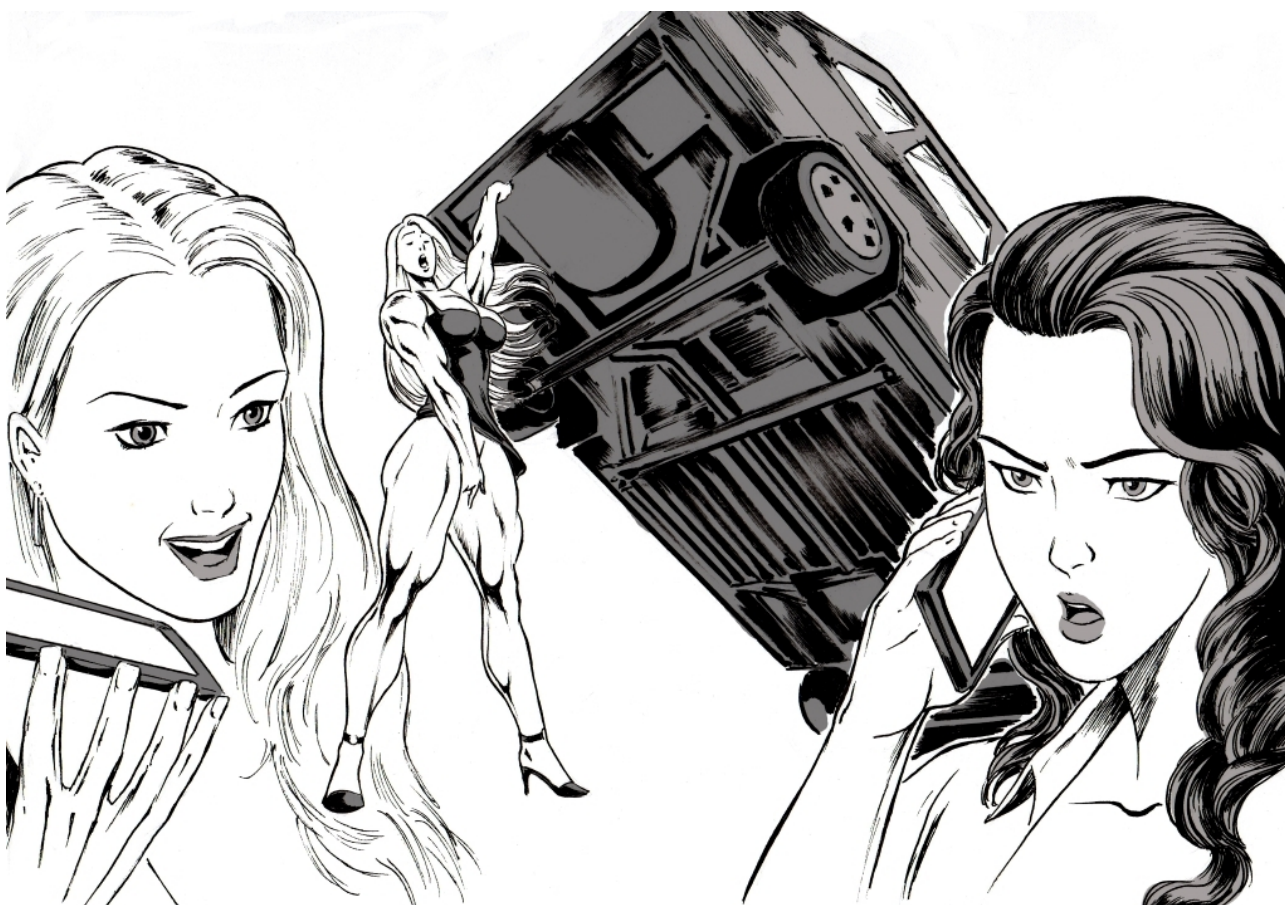
But she also had the ability to give certain people small amounts of her strength, and she had done that with Jim, because there would be no way he would be able to keep up with her at normal strength, she was just too strong. She also enhanced his erection, it was usually 15 inches, but she made him a little longer and a lot harder than he usually was.



"Oh, you are such a stud, and your muscles are so big!" Sharon screamed, the camera on her sweating, gasping face. Little did Jim and the rest of the crew know that his muscles didn't have any chance against her when it came to strength, the difference in their size notwithstanding. She may have been only 5' 1" and weighed 105 pounds of rock hard, fitness sized muscle, not bad by any means, but compared to Jim, she was so small and fragile looking, she laughed at the thought, because Jim was like a mouse to her strength. She was fuming deep inside, though, because she knew something that would turn her on even more than doing pornographic movies, she wanted to use her super strength in front of the cameras!

"I know you want to use your strength sometimes dear, but no one can find out that you are so much stronger than everyone else on the planet, especially since you are so famous now, that will kill your career, and ruin your everyday life." Sharon's older sister Michelle said over the phone to her frustrated little sister. "You know the promise you made me and mom when you first learned of your superpowers eight years ago, that you would never show them to any other person than us, why are you wanting to go against that now?"

Sharon was a little guilty from the tongue lashing that her sister gave her but was still insistent. "Listen, Michelle, I know I made that promise because I didn't want the public to know about me and my awesome strength, but I discovered something, using my strength really turns me on and in my business, being turned on is the most important thing there is. I thought why not combine the two, to make it even more pleasurable to me!"



Michelle was concerned, "But what about the public, once they see you use your powers, you would never be let alone again, your life will become a living hell that you could never escape from until you die, do you want that?" Sharon had to think on this awhile, she wanted so much to use her power, but the thought that being found out as a freak with super strength was not appealing to her.

Suddenly, though a bell struck in her head, "What about this, if the reporters ask about my feats of strength in the movie, I will say that its all computer animated, the only scenes that were real were the sex scenes, that the strength shown in the movie couldn't possibly be real and was all special effects."

Michelle was still worried, "What about the producers and other actors and crew, they will see all your feats of strength, won't they rat you out to everybody?" Sharon had thought about this already and said, "Let me take care of that, I am sure they won't say a thing after I have a little talk with them."

Michelle furrowed her brow, scrunching up her tan forehead under her long brown hair, "Well, if thats what you want to do, I can't stop you, well I could, since I'm five percent stronger than you, but I won't since you are an adult and mature enough to make your own decisions, just be careful, okay?"

Sharon smiled wide, "Thanks, Mish, I know you will be proud of your little sister, just like I'm proud of you, next time you see me, I'll probably be holding a car over my head." Both Sharon and Michelle laughed uproariously before saying goodbye and ending the conversation.

Two days later, on the set

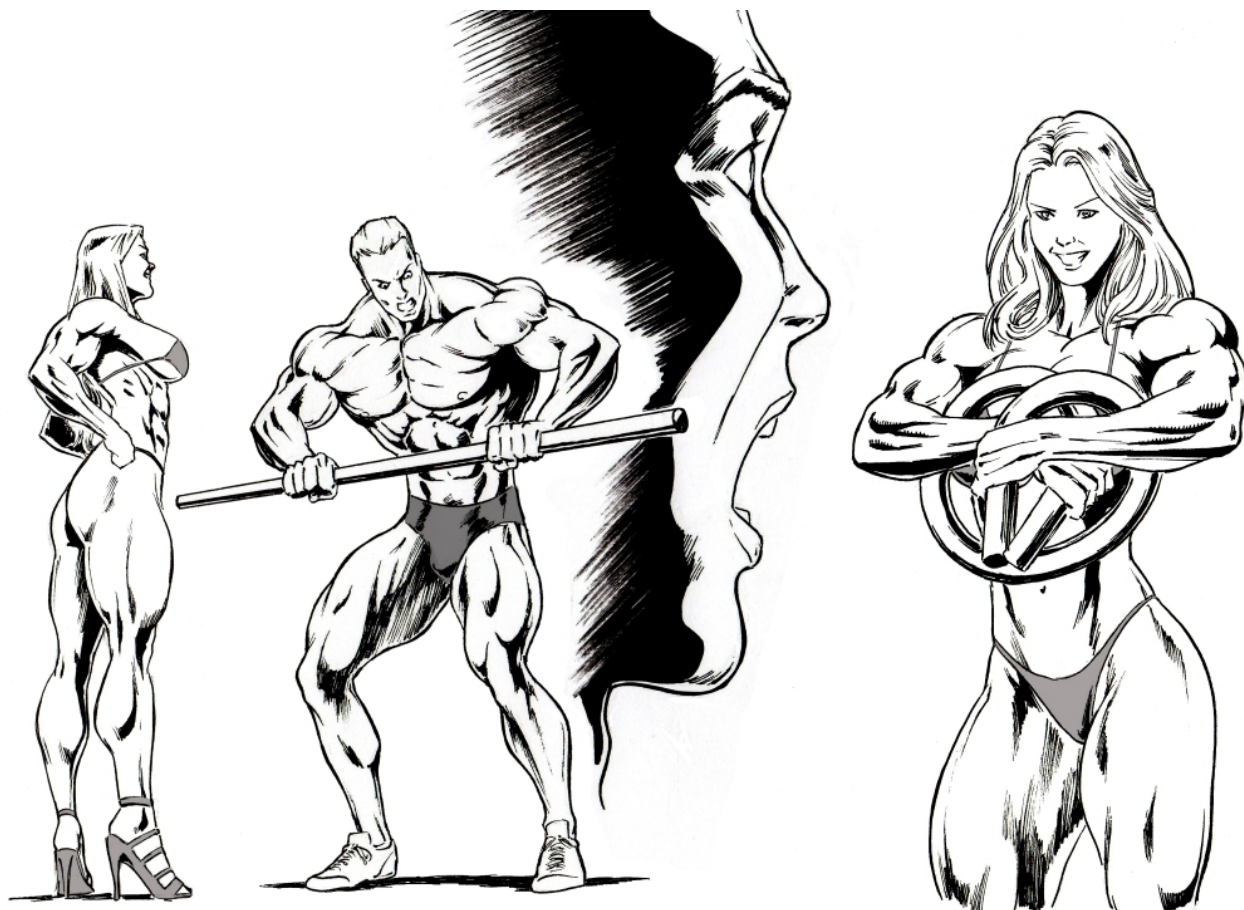
"Guys, we need to talk." Sharon said as she gathered the director, writers, camera men, and all the rest of the crew over to her. "What is it Sharon, are you quitting again?" (Sharon had a penchant of being emotional and threatening to quit pictures when she didn't get her way) "No, Johnny, quite the opposite, I want to bring a little creative insight to my next picture, and I will get what I want, you see I have always had a certain power that I've never used before now, but I will from now on."

The crew started laughing, Sharon was a good actress and had lots of fans, but that doesn't mean she had any particular power over any of them. "Well, Sharon, why didn't you use this power before, if you had it the whole time?" asked Johnny Gambone the director of the movies Sharon was doing.

"I have always wanted to Johnny, but the time was never right, now I think it is, and I want to convince all of you that my powers are something you should never go against, I will be the director from now on Johnny, you will be my assistant, and I will do all my own writing for my part, you will be my proof-readers." The crew were all laughing again, Sharon smirked at this and reached into her backpack to pull out a 2 foot long, 3 inch thick lead pipe.



"Who is the strongest man here?" she asked innocently. One of her co-actors Chip Muscleson stepped forward and said "I would think I am, I could bench 805 pounds back when I was a competitive lifter, why?" Sharon walked over to him sexually, hips moving side to side arousingly. "Try to bend this pipe, Chippy." He took it and felt its heaviness, it was very dense, must have been solid throughout and weighed at least 25 pounds, if not more. "Sharon, no man could ever bend this, it's way too thick and heavy."



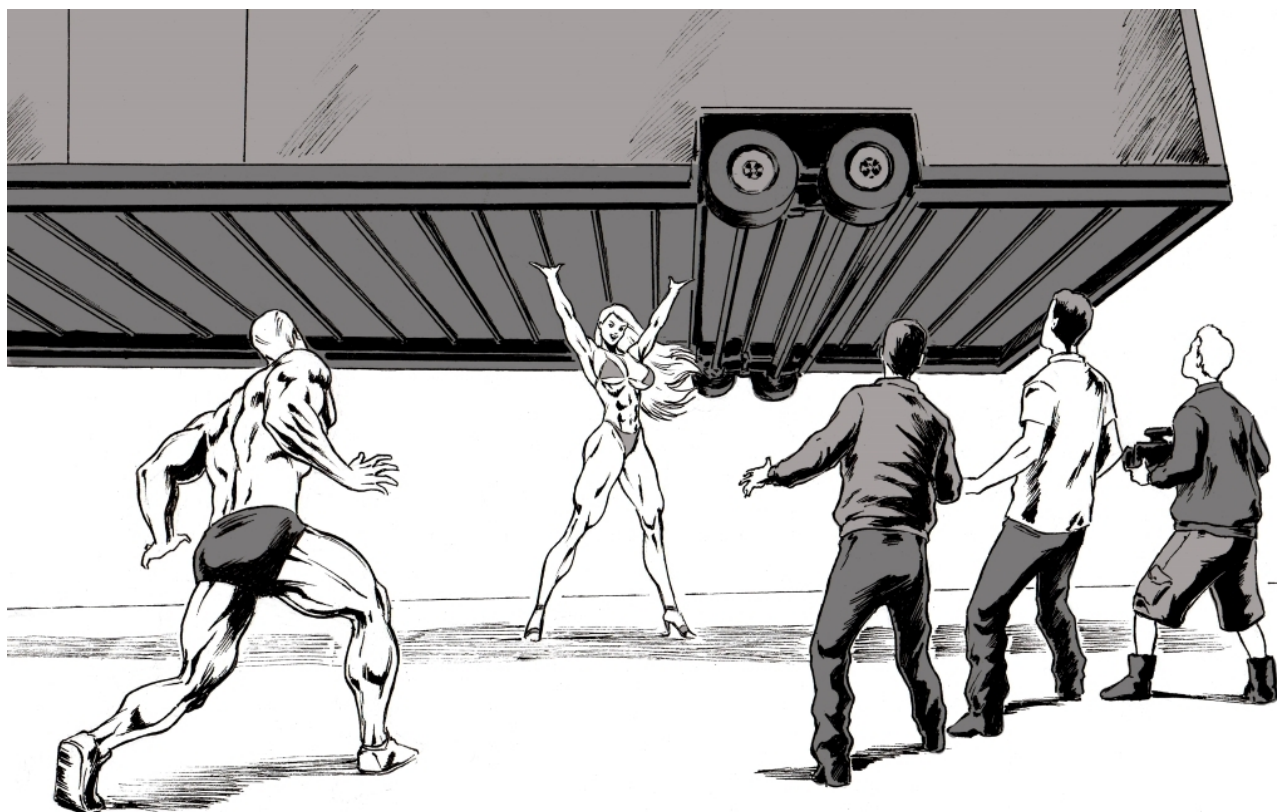
"Just try, maybe you're strong enough, come on, as hard as you can!" Chip tried and tried, but the bar was immovable, his muscles bulged impressively with all his exertions, but after 2 minutes of this he quit, not even making the slightest dent in the thick metal. "Give it back to me, and I'll show you how it's done." So he did, with a smirk, he thought 'there's no way she can do that, look at my muscles, I couldn't make a dent in that thing.' Sharon winked at him and said "Sorry, Chip, but this pipe is a bit stronger than your muscles, but not mine."

She flexed a little, fitness sized bicep before taking the huge pipe in her grip and without hesitation, started to bend it, easily. The bar was screaming its surrender to her, as she bent it into a U shape, then bent the ends past the other. Sharon did it with such ease, they swore the bar had to be a trick bar that only she knew how to work. "Sharon, there is no way you really did that, come on that bar has got to be rigged some way that would allow you to do that."

Sharon glared at the director and said "Johnny, let's all go to your trailer, I have something else I want to show you." So all the crew went out to Johnny's trailer, the biggest on the set, it was over 100 feet long, 25 feet tall, and 20 feet thick, made up of a thick, dense metal, wood and some plastic, but mostly metal. When they got to the huge trailer, they stood in amazement at its size, it looked like it took up a block's worth of space on the lot, but Sharon was smirking up at it, knowing that this should be a small test of her strength.

"How much do you think this thing weighs Johnny, I mean you're the one who would know?" Johnny was confused, but answered to the best of his ability, "Well, the guys who built it could only move it here by a huge truck and then a huge crane, and said that it weighed in excess of 20 tons, and that was without all the extra stuff that I moved in there, like my TVs, DVDs, VCRs, Washing Machines, I bet it weighs 22 tons now, why?"

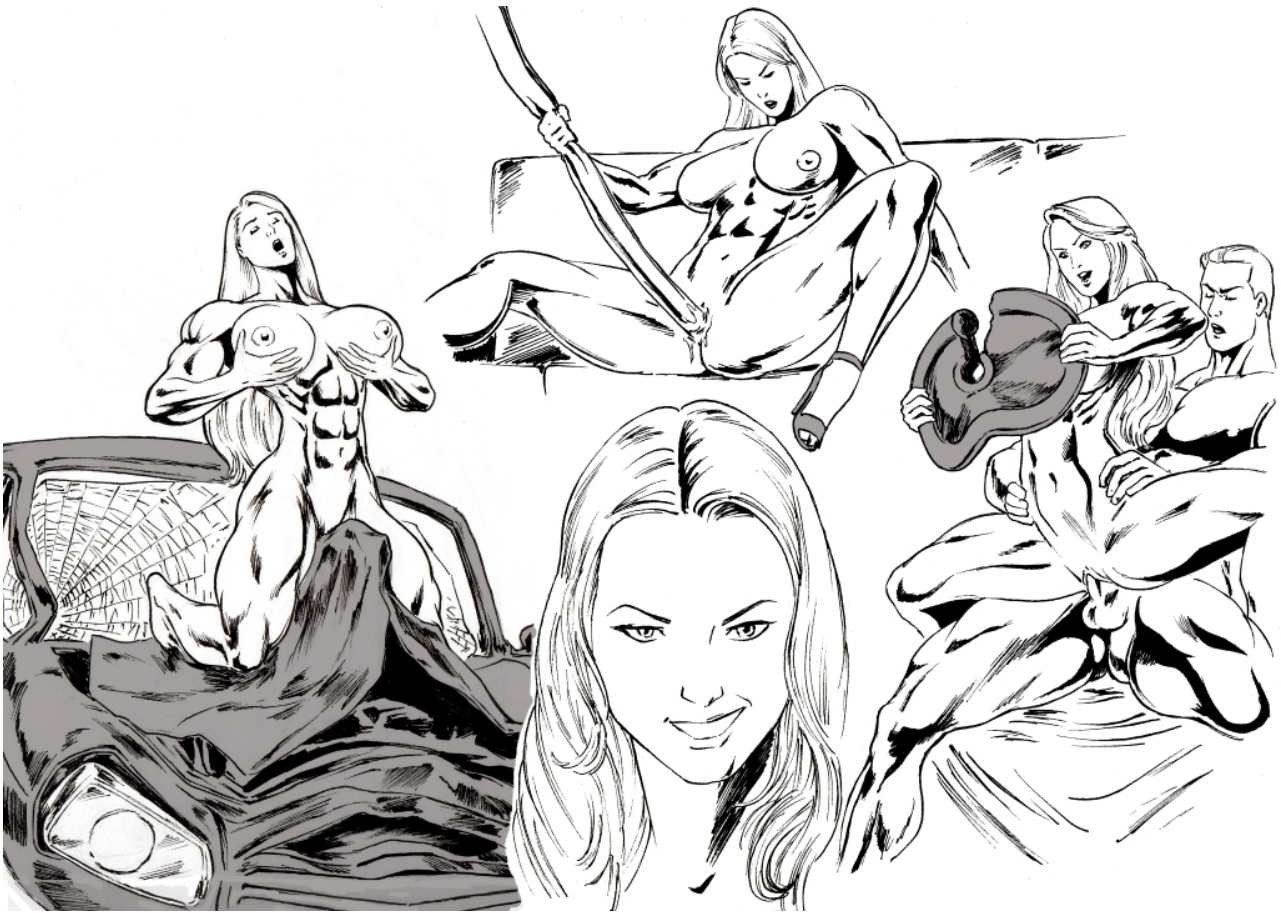
Sharon smiled innocently, "Oh, no reason, just want to set you straight, and this is how." With that she put her hands in the middle of the trailer and slowly started lifting it off its concrete block base. The men couldn't believe their eyes, here was this small, blond, lightly muscled girl lifting a 44,000 pound trailer off the ground and slowly over her head with seeming ease.



This weight is well above anything that any human has ever lifted by themselves, and yet this woman was showing no effort! Then she started repping the structure like it was a light barbell, even though it weighed in excess of 22 tons, no man has ever even lifted one ton off the ground, yet this 27 year old girl was pressing it for reps! "This is easy for me, you must know by now that no man could overpower me, unless I let him, so now, do we have an understanding, or do you need to be convinced even more that I am your superior."

She said this while she was bending her arms and therefore bending the screeching metal base of the trailer that was still over her head. The director, the producer and the writers, all holding their ears from the ear busting symphony of bending metal could only nod their heads in compliance.

"Yes, yes whatever you want, Sharon, we could never beat you, whatever you tell us to do we will, from now on!" Sharon stopped her feat of strength and smiled wider than she ever had "Oh, really, you're putting little old me in charge, oh thank you, thank you, thank you" she exclaimed while jumping up and down in glee, while still holding the huge trailer over her head, it didn't even cross her mind to put it down yet, she was so excited.



"Thanks a lot guys, here is what I want, you have already seen my strength, and I see that a few of you like it." Sharon winked at the director, the camera man, and to Chip, all of whom had bulges and wet spots in their trousers. "I want to use my strength in the next movie I am in, it can be anything, me humping a car into scraps, me putting a thick steel bar in my pussy and crushing it into liquid with my muscles down there, whatever the writers can come up with, I can do, everyone agreed?"

All of them nodded in fear, knowing that they had no say anymore, she smiled at each one of them and walked away, smiling wider than ever before.

## THE END

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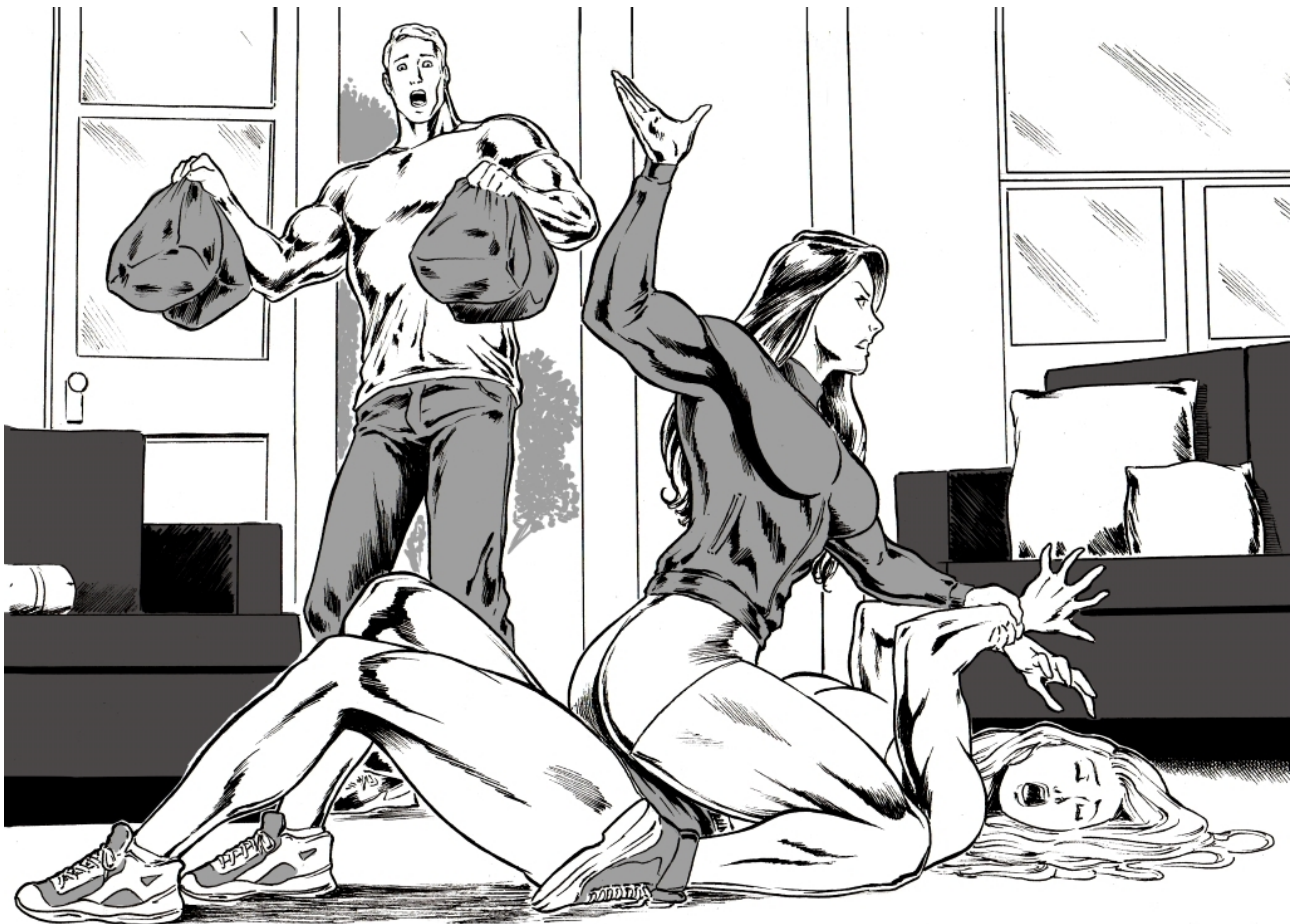
# WHAT'S A BOYFRIEND TO DO?

- a Jeremy Wilson story -

**([amysconquest.com](http://amysconquest.com))**

My name is Matthew James Conner, my friends, including my girlfriend Cynthia call me MJ, though I'm built more like Spider-man. I'm 6'3" and I weigh 205 pounds, pretty much all muscle, though I'm not one of those guys that spend most of their time in the weight room. I'm on the soccer team at my college, and my girlfriend, we're both 23 years old, she's on the girl's soccer team. She's 5'7" and 145 pounds, and this story concerns one of the weirdest chapters in our lives.

It all started when we were home visiting her family, her dad James, her mom Patty, and her 18 year old little sister, Jenna. I had gone out to do a little shopping, milk, eggs, cereal, nothing important, and I was gone about half an hour, but what met my eyes when I came home was one of the most surreal things that I have ever, or would ever see.



My girlfriend was on the ground, her face was full of deep red splotches, and her little sister, who didn't look so little at all, was sitting on her stomach, slapping her face. I closed the door in a hurry, put the groceries down on a chair nearby and went into the front room, where the scene was unfolding before me.

"What the hell is going on here!?!?" I exclaimed with surprise and anger in my voice.

"MJ! Please get her off of me, she attacked me from behind out of nowhere, I don't know what her problem is, I only called her shrimp and she exploded on me!" My girlfriend was almost sobbing as she said this.

"You better mind your own business, MJ, what does that stand for, Mary Jane? This is a personal matter between me and your girlfriend, there's no need for you to get hurt, too."

I couldn't believe the straightforwardness of this 18 year old, she was confident that she could do the same to me, someone who probably weighed 80 pounds more and was at least a foot taller than her, that she could do to her sister, who was 30 pounds and 6 inches taller. And she had sneak attacked her sister too, giving Jenna an unfair advantage, had it been straight up, I'm sure Cynthia would be winning. She's so much older and bigger. No way was I going to lose to an 18 year old girl, not with my size advantage and fighting experience.



"Get off her right now, Jenna, or I'm going to have to pull you off of her." I said sternly.

"Okay, I'll get off of her, but you made a mistake messing with me, Mary Jane, I'm not the kind of girl you want to be mad at you. Cynthia never told you about me, about my sporting background?"

"No, she never really did, just told me you were into some sports."

"That's like saying Elvis was a little into music. I've been in gymnastics since I was 11 years old, I was into soccer since I was 14, and the whole time since I was 13, I've been lifting weights, doing callisthenics, doing anything to make my body better, I'm not a shrimp, not by a long-shot, pal."

With that, she unzipped her warm-up jacket, and for the first time, I was able to see why she had overpowered her sister so completely, her body was full of rock hard muscle, the kind of which shouldn't exist on an 18 year old body. First her shoulders were wide and capped with softball sized muscle, her chest, was already showing striations

and a pronounced muscle cleft. Her abs were a full 8 pack, which could easily be seen because the segments were clearly seen. Finally, when she pulled her coat off totally, her biceps could be seen, and they were huge! I would put them at 15" at least, and on a 5 foot tall body, that was incredibly big proportionally.

She saw how transfixed I was by her muscles and that made her giggle and smirk.

"So, big boy, are you starting to understand your position? Had you walked away and let what needed to happen just happen, you wouldn't be in for such a big beat down, this body is as strong as it looks, and I'm an experienced fighter, I've been taking on bigger kids since I was 14, even a couple of high school guys last year, when I was 15, but none of them have been able to stand up to my strength and muscles, what chance do you think you have against this."

She flexed her arms and abs at the same time and I have to admit, I was damn intimidated, this 18 year old girl had the kind of body that wouldn't look out of place on a Ms. Olympia stage, and it was obvious she knew what to do with it. But I couldn't back down, I'm 4 years older, probably 80 pounds heavier (with all that muscle, it's hard to tell what she weighed.) and I'm soccer tough.

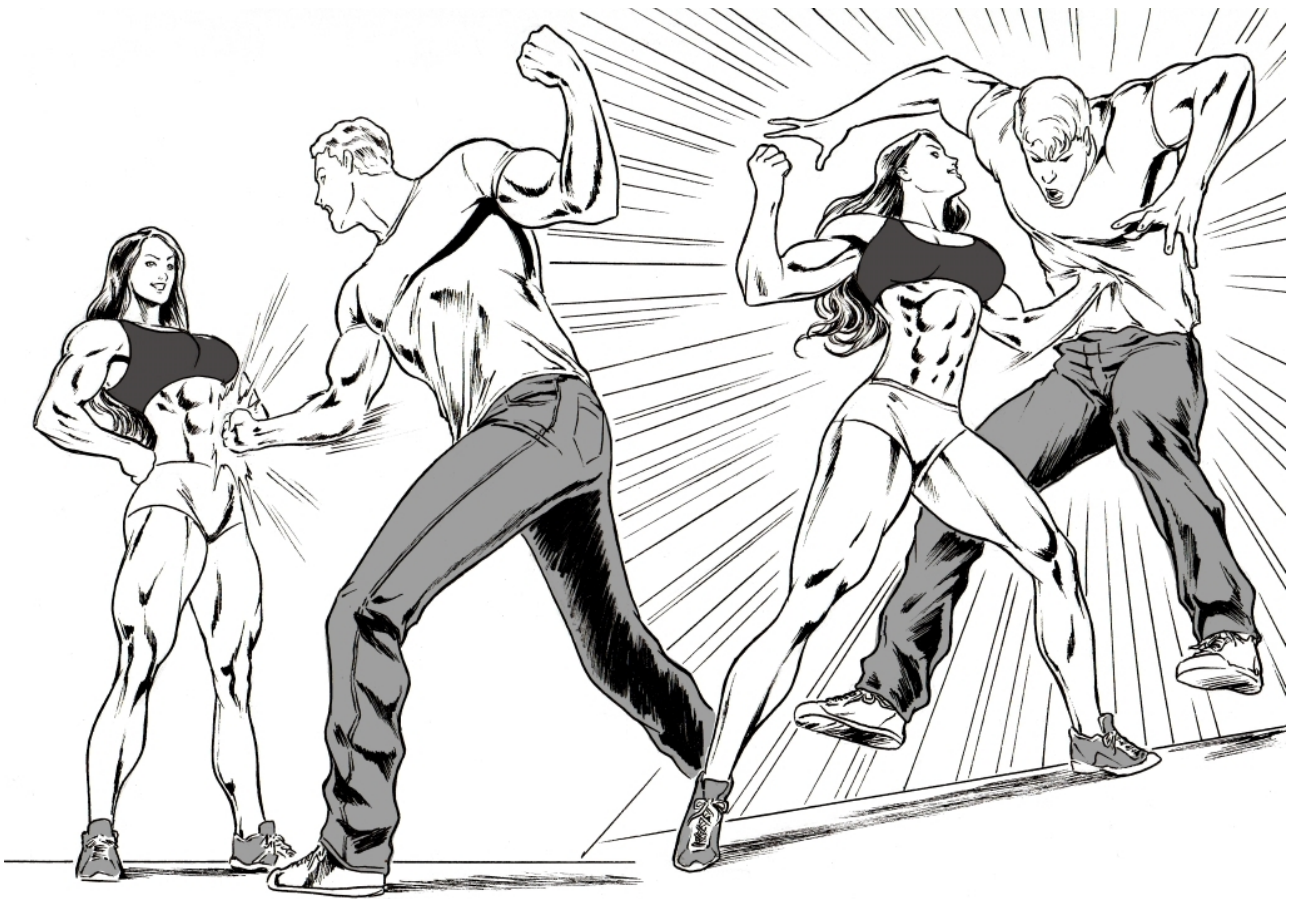


"Listen, little girl, if you want to fight, I'm not going to back down. But we don't have to do this, just leave Cynthia alone and you and me won't have a problem." I calmly said, trying to be as intimidating as possible, which only made Jenna madder.

I turned my back on her, thinking that the matter was over, but I felt a strong hand on my shoulder whip me around faster than I would've thought was possible. The next moment I saw stars as her hand exploded on my face with a slap that echoed through my eardrums for 45 seconds. She looked up in my eyes with an evil sneer.

"No one walks away from Jenna, I'm going to make you pay for that, but I'm going to give you one shot. Right here." She pointed to her 8 pack abs.

I fired in a right as hard as I could, knowing that she wasn't playing around, and hoping that those abs weren't as hard as they looked.



Boy was I wrong, as my knuckles impacted that flesh, it felt as though it was hard as a concrete wall, and immediately my ears heard cracking, my hand was shattered as it met her diamond hard abs.

"Nice try, wimp, but here's how you punch someone!"

I knew what was coming, and I tensed my abs as best I could, but her fist came barreling in at such a speed that it felt that her hand could burst through my abs and exit my back. I didn't see it coming, but I was looking at her face and it appeared to me that she was calm, like she wasn't trying at all. But that didn't make any difference to me, as the impact actually made me leave my feet and drop to my knees, dry heaving and my eyes watered at the extreme pain I felt in my stomach. One punch was all it took for this 18 year old to show her extreme superiority over me. I mean I fought several times and yet, I've never been punched in the stomach with that much force, it was unreal!

"Look at you, look at him, Cynthia, is this your big hero, is this your big manly man, he's on the ground crying and heaving from one little punch from me! Do you think that he could help you, you should've told him how strong I was, you should've told him the rules of the house, when Mom and Dad are gone, I'm in charge, not you. But you lead him to think that since you're the big sister, or should I say the older sister, because I'm bigger than you could ever hope to be, that you should be in charge. But we decided on that a long time ago, didn't we."

Then Jenna launched into a whole long story about how when she was 15, she decided that she should be the boss around there, at that time she was 4'11" and 95 pounds of muscle, and Cynthia was her current height and weight at 18, but Jenna beat her unmercifully 3 days in a row, to drive home the fact that she was already stronger at 15 then Cynthia, with all her age, height and weight advantages, could ever be.

This is what drove Cynthia to be more athletic at college, for her to workout and join the soccer team, but while Cynthia got a little stronger, Jenna continued to become stronger and stronger, by working out heavier and longer than any boys she knew. And each time Cynthia tried to assert herself, Jenna would have none of it and beat her down even worse than the time before.

"But don't think I'm a bully, I don't randomly beat Cynthia up because it makes me happy, she asks for it, and we always make up after, I love my sister, I always treat her injuries, because I want her to become stronger for it, she'll never be stronger than me, but I think she may be stronger than a wimp like you."

I was furious, this little brat, well, this big brat was making fun of me, saying my much smaller girlfriend could be stronger than me, just because she knocked me to my knees with one punch.

"Cynthia, come over here. I'm done with beating you up. For now, I think you learned your lesson. But I want to see something."

Cynthia shakingly came over to Jenna with her head down.

"Yeah, Jen, what do you want?"

"I want to see how strong you are, can you lift your boyfriend there?"

Oh God, I thought, Cynthia does sometimes lift me up and carry me around.

"Y...yes, sometimes I can carry him around, but I feel really weak right now."

"Don't worry about it, just see if you can piggy back him around a little."

Cynthia looked down at me and her eyes said everything. She said in her eyes that we should just do what Jenna wants, that it's not worth it to make her madder than she already was.

I nodded and got to my feet, then I jumped on my girlfriends back, and she carried me around a little.

"Okay, bring him over here and hold on to him tight, tell him to hold on tight too."





Cynthia did as she was told, then Jenna did something amazing, she picked both Cynthia and me up in a front carry! A combined weight of 330 pounds being held by a girl that probably weighed 120 pounds herself! But those 120 pounds were all muscle! It was a labor, you could tell she was straining, but that feat told me all I needed to know about her, that she was pound for pound, one of the strongest people on the planet, and could beat me in any way she deemed fit. This 18 year old was just plain superior to me, a 23 year old male college athlete.

## THE END

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