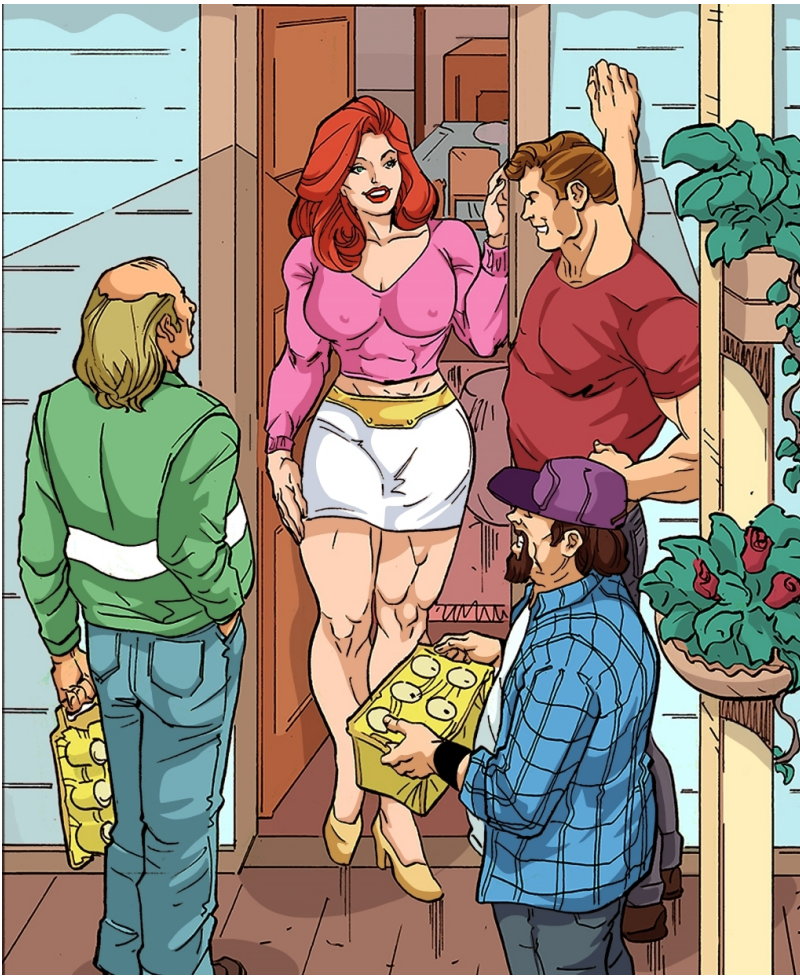


# THE LEG MAN, THE BREAST MAN, AND THE ASS MAN (Part 1)

- a Jack Straw story -

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The beautiful, very well-endowed woman shook her head as she pulled the aromatic hors d'oeuvres from the oven. "Why am I wasting my time on this?" she sighed to herself. But, as images of the remainder of the afternoon flashed into the crystal ball of her mind, she smiled sardonically.

"Patience, girl," she murmured softly, "There'll be plenty of fun later." She had so much pent up energy that she was close to exploding, but she still wanted to watch the second half of the game. So, why not fatten the pigs before the slaughter? She smiled as she lifted the tray of hors d'oeuvres.

She had invited an athletically handsome man named Wayne about her age over to her cottage to watch the big game on television. They had met at a party and found they shared a fanaticism for the local team. When he later asked over the phone if two other guys and their girl friends could come along, she nearly called

it off. So conventional of him, she had thought ruefully; he was turning out to be a bore. But it was too late to make other plans, so she agreed to it. She had decided that she could always boot them out the door if things got dull, or have fun shocking him and his friends with the side of her personality that he had not seen yet.

However, on the day of the game, the men showed up at her secluded bungalow without the "girl friends" and bearing a case of beer. Instead of the anger they expected, she almost laughed out loud. This was better than she could have imagined! Her only disappointment was that Wayne's companions were quite a bit older and so ugly. They could never have had any self-respecting female companions. She was unable to suppress a giggle as they launched into a story to explain what had happened to the "girl friends." She wondered if they had played this charade before. Well, she would make them regret it; they didn't know what they were getting into. And when it came, it would be delicious; they so deserved it.

The part that didn't fit was Wayne. Why was he hooked up with these older farts? Under that smug exterior, he was a bigger loser than she had expected. Maybe he needed to be the hero for someone, or maybe it was something more sinister. As she headed for the television room, she paused to eavesdrop on their crude "man-talk" whispered between gulps of beer.

"Man, you were right, Wayne, she is **SOME** dish! I'm a leg man from way back and Whooooee!" exclaimed the pockmarked, red-faced middle-aged man named George. "I love a fit-looking babe and she definitely must work out those legs of hers."

"Hey, and how about the size of her tits! What a pair!" from the stout round-faced man of similar age named Fred.

"Well, I like her ass and I plan to get me some of that tail," Wayne whispered.

"I don't know -- she's a big one. I think there's too much there for you boy. You just might need some help." She WAS a big girl; in her sexy high heels she was as tall as Wayne, and taller than the other two, who made up for it in girth; they were very heavy-set and solid-looking. And red-faced, already with a few beers in their rotund guts.

"Well, there's enough there for all of us, if you know what I mean." All said with much winking, nodding, and self-satisfied snickering.

She heard it all. She couldn't believe that there were men who still talked like that. Far from unsettling her, it fit her plans perfectly; she could handle anything three mere men might do and she could be just as crude if she wanted to be. And when the time came to strike, it would be that much sweeter to bring down curs with such attitudes. But for now she wanted to watch the game, and pretended not to have heard.



In the same room with them, though, her self-discipline had its limits; men could be so deluded! Soon she found herself correcting a stupid comment by Fred, the "Breast Man," who was constantly sharing his "insight" into the game of football.

"Hey, what do you know about football, honey -- I played it in school while you were in the pep squad. Why don't you just get us some more beer?" he replied sarcastically. Of course, she would have had to have been on the kindergarten squad when he was in high school, she thought, and retorted aloud.

"Well, you sure didn't learn much. And for your information, I could throw a football farther than any of the guys in our conference, but they wouldn't let me play. And I was the best runner, shot putter, and basketball player in the school as well. And - the best wrestler!," she ended pointedly, fixing him with a challenging look.

The man laughingly shook his head demeaningly and muttered, "Yeah, right!" as she expostulated on her prowess. Smirking at each other, the men turned back to the game. Inwardly, she seethed. They would regret their behavior, she vowed silently, but bided her time, letting them build a more and more damning case against themselves so that when she served justice she could suspend compassion entirely.

Eventually, tired of their moronic and lewd comments, particularly during suggestive commercials, and bored with the game, now that the home team was well ahead, she decided it was time to begin her fun. She was an old hand at putting men in their place, and it was time to begin. They were talking about cars, when she stood up and stretched her lissome body.



"Come on, guys! I didn't invite you over to talk about cars--let's have some action!" As they gaped in surprise, she calmly stepped out of her daring miniskirt. Her spectacular legs were now completely revealed below the sexy thong panties that were deliciously stretched by her enticingly feminine hips. Clad otherwise only in her short silk blouse and red high heels, she licked her lips and swayed her broad, athletically sculpted hips in exaggerated fashion as she approached the mesmerized "Leg Man." She planted her right foot, encased in the sexy spike-heel shoe, between his splayed legs, where the crotch of his pants were noticeably thickening.

"Do you like my legs? They're really strong, you know. Just think what it would be like to have them twined around your waist or scissoring your crotch. Would you like that, big boy?" she murmured throatily as she bent forward and caressed the bulges of feminine muscle. She put his hand on them and he trembled with arousal he could not control.

"I heard you declare that you were a 'leg man,' big guy," she breathed sexy, looking directly into the alcohol-hazed wide-open eyes that now were threatening to burst from his flushed face. "Do I measure up?" she asked throatily as she traced her finger along the perfect contours of her lightly flexed legs. The smooth skin rippled sexy. Bulging in all the right places, her ever-so-slightly tensed muscles screamed femininity and ultra-fit vitality.

The poor man was nearly rigid in catatonic shock. As she stroked her hand slowly up the length of one bulging calf and sleek, athletic thigh, he moaned audibly and trembled in electrified arousal. She noted smugly that his penis was clearly outlined beneath his tented pants and a wet spot was forming.

"My, you DO like my legs!" she tittered liltily. "Now let's see if YOU measure up!" To all three men's surprise, she roughly unzipped his pants and pulled his cock into view.



"Such a small dick for such a big guy!" she chided.

She flexed her calf above the arched foot so that the smooth muscles bulged imposingly. Running his rough hands along the huge ball of muscle, she breathed, "Feel the power, little man! Enough to squeeze you to a pulp. Would you like that, my big muscular legs squeezing your big belly like a tube of toothpaste? Don't believe it? Just try to move my leg, muscle man, before I ruin what little manhood you have!"

Devilishly, she pressed her toe against his rigid cock and ran both her hands suggestively up her leg. Completely enthralled, the portly man involuntarily closed his eyes and could not marshal the energy to push her foot off his trapped member, which both he and she could feel become rock hard at the point of explosion. Oblivious to the sweat that suddenly soaked his face and body and rasping with loud, ragged breathing, he felt his member lurch in full-fledged ejaculation as the beautiful woman pressed her foot down viciously, giving him a jolt of searing pain at the very moment of sexual bliss. His moan of pleasure gave way to a shriek of pain as he doubled over limply on the couch.

His friends had witnessed this spectacle with dry throats and flushed faces. As their friend groaned and tried to catch his breath, adjusting his position to hide his shrunken penis and the dark area of his pants where he had ignominiously loosed his dank-smelling fluids, concern and anger replaced shock on the faces of the other two men.

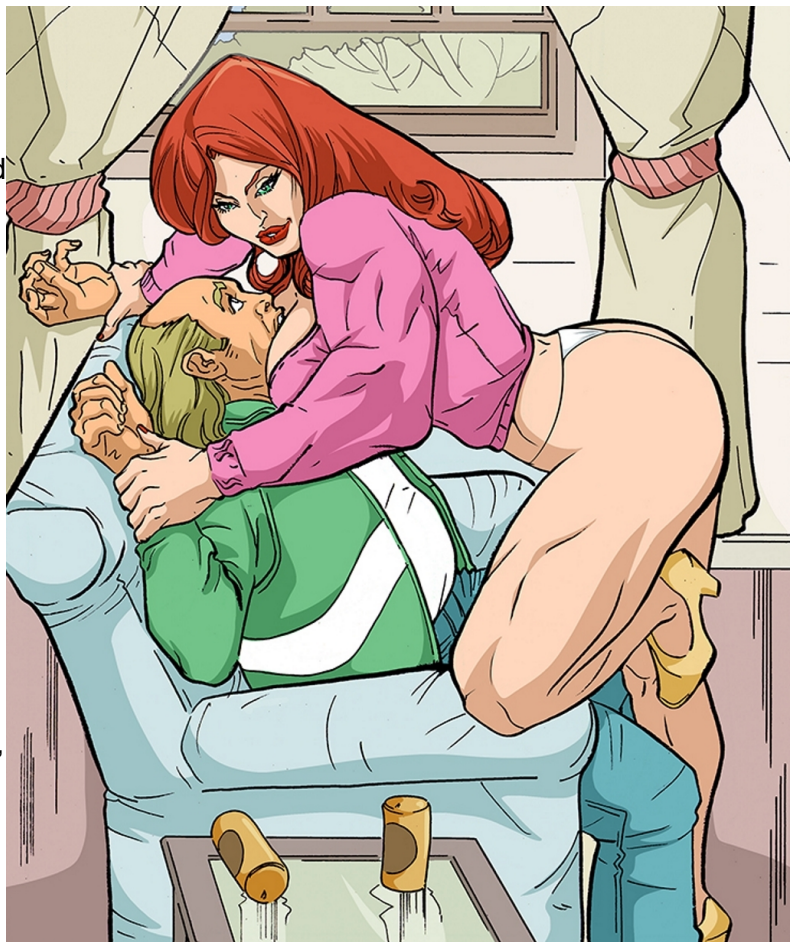
Starting to get up, Fred the "Breast Man," sputtered, "Now, wait a minute. What the ..."

"Oh, don't worry about him. He'll be all right I hope. I have LOTS more in store for you guys. I just hope he's not a one-shot guy, if you know what I mean. A little quick on the trigger, he is." As she was saying this and before they could respond further, the woman directed her sexual barrage at the sputtering "Breast Man." Unbuttoning her blouse sufficiently to expose her awesome breasts, she thrust her huge bust into the face of the now hypnotized man at the other end of the couch.

"And you are the 'Breast Man,' right big guy?" she smiled haughtily, cupping her twin assets suggestively, tracing the large nipples that protruded through the thin fabric of her overloaded bra. "Well, do they measure up, stud?" Flustered and intimidated, the man swallowed.

"Ahhh ..." he gasped involuntarily, and then sheepishly realized he had closed his eyes and opened them to be confronted with her knowing, mocking smile. He jerked in his seat as she lightly grazed the tented crotch of his loose pants. Her eyes gleamed merrily, as she murmured throatily, "Yes, I guess they do! You fellows are so good for a little girl's ego."

"Want a closer look?" she asked wryly, reaching back to unhook her overburdened lacy brassiere. She grabbed the thick man's tousled head and pressed his open, drooling lips against one turgid nipple.



"Ooo, that's it! More than a little breast man can handle."

He reflexively pressed his lips worshipfully against the embodiment of his deepest fantasies and tried to reach up to touch her wondrous globes but found he could not, as she grabbed each of his wrists and pressed him forcefully into the back cushions of the couch. At the same time she pressed her breasts against his face so that it was enveloped in springy mounds of sweet-smelling breast flesh. She quickly reached down with one hand to release his now rigid cock.

At first he moaned in pleasure, lost in the fulfillment of his fantasies. His entire world became the twin orbs he considered the essence of feminine allure. They pressed against his face on all sides in a fleshy prison. He could see nothing but damp breast flesh and didn't care. He felt his cock twitch on the verge of explosion.

That his friends could see his imminent disgrace and her second conquest meant nothing to him at that moment. However, too late he realized he couldn't breathe in the tumid confinement of her awesome cleavage. Dizzy and light-headed, he bucked and frantically pushed against her with his arms. Letting him try to free himself in a test of the strength of his thick male arms, she hugged him more tightly against her chest, his head pressing more deeply within the chasm between her mammaries against what felt like thick slabs of hard meat.

She pressed her thigh in against his prick. Even as he swooned limply in her arms from lack of air, his rigid member spasmed in a seeping fountain of impotent semen that she adroitly avoided as she deftly leaped back from the unconscious man ridiculously soiling his sweaty shirt with yellow spunk.

Wayne leapt to his feet. "Just what is your game, you cock-teasing bitch?"

"Are you jealous, Wayney? Don't worry, you'll have your chance. Maybe you'll have more self-control than these poor little wimps you brought along, but I doubt it," she taunted, pushing out her breasts and tousling her hair sexily. She turned her back to him, wiggled her ass suggestively, and let him seethe in anger. This was going in a direction he never anticipated and didn't like at all. Unconcerned by the angry look on his face, she shifted her demeaning smile to the other two men, who sat with faces flushed, unable to look their friends in the eye.

"COME ON, guys, no need to be shy!" she beckoned with her hands. "I know you want me -- your cream is already on your pants." No question; they were excited, pulses racing, but, for all their loud bravado, they remained motionless, unsure what to do. She was inviting them into her panties, CHALLENGING them in fact. Women were supposed to shrink from them, make them feel tough, and then surrender soft, yielding bodies -- at least that's how they dreamed about it. This was intimidating, downright degrading so far! They had to bring this bitch down a peg or two, but still they made no move, merely glared with a mixture of lust, anger, and (she could see it) FEAR!

This was great! she thought triumphantly. She had them on the defensive; she was psychologically emasculating them. These three men who had been so cocky were now immobilized by one nearly undressed woman. Her honey pot was filling with her juices and her nipples hardened in arousal at having dominated these blowhards just by partially exposing her magnificent body. It was almost too easy. She had to rouse them into action, so that the real fun could begin! Wiggling her ass exaggeratedly for the benefit of a glowering Wayne, she sauntered over to the front door and locked the door with a key she deposited in her panties. Turning around, she planted her feet wide apart and put her hands on her hips.

"HOW ABOUT A LITTLE BATTLE OF THE SEXES? LET'S SEE IF YOU GUYS CAN DO SOMETHING MORE THAN COME ON YOUR PANTS," she challenged, thrusting out her huge bust provocatively.



"Shall we start with a little wrestling tournament? Which of you hotshots is man enough to handle little ole me? Take me down and show me how macho you are," she entreated cupping her body suggestively. They were leaning to rise out of their seats, despite their confusion. They were drawn like moths to a beacon by that perfect body and the lovely face with its luscious lips and vivacious, teasing eyes. She was asking for it!



"But I don't think you WIMPS can take me, even if you all pile on at the same time. I've just got too much MUSCLE for you," she exclaimed tauntingly, as she removed the loose blouse, fully revealing her arms, shoulders, and back muscles.

What a sight! She was intimidating and arousing all at once. Her musculature was obvious, but still in repose, it was sleek and downright arousing, exotically augmenting the allure of her ample showgirl curves. They flushed in confusion.

"I told you guys that I was an athlete, and now you'll believe me. I could beat you up in so many ways. But I prefer to use just plain old brute strength, because it's such a turn on to show a bunch of blowhards like you guys that a woman can be stronger, much stronger. I have more strength in one arm than you do in your whole body and I'll prove it by beating all three of you to a pulp, all at the same time." She stood before them, hands on hips, her big feminine body gleaming. Slowly she flexed all of her muscles at once and giggled as their eyes widened in surprise. She was fit, very fit. And big. In all the places they wanted a girl to be, but with muscles to match -- big muscles. She laughed at their hesitation.

"Well, come on! Afraid of ONE LITTLE GIRL? Well, maybe not so little, but I AM just a girl," she said cupping her imposing, voluptuous breasts again. "So I couldn't possibly stand a chance against real athletes like you." Still they made no movement. "You guys are all talk and no action. The only action you ever get is playing with your puny things in the bathroom!"

As she switched from flexing to a challenging hands-on-hips stance, the men recovered some of their macho demeanor. Leaning back in the couch, they laughed uneasily and leered at her. What could she do to all three at once? The "breast man" tried to smile deprecatingly but managed only what looked like a nervous grimace. Stuttering shakily, he rasped, "W-we know you want it, b-baby, but be patient, the game's still on. We'll take care of you, won't we guys?"

Moving her imposing, sexy body in front of the TV, where the game had become very dull because the score was so one-sided, she placed her hands on her hips. "I can't believe you guys. Let's get it on! I'm sure three experienced men of the world like you," she intoned sarcastically, "must have a lot to teach little ole me."

They smiled uncomfortably, noticeably perspiring. She gloated at having put them off guard after their earlier macho posturing. Their faces transparently asked what she was going to do next.

"Actually, what's going to happen is that I'm going to beat the malarkey out of all three of you blowhards, and then I'll use my female parts on you for MY pleasure not yours, IF I can stand to touch your repugnant hides!" she declared.

Again it was the "Breast Man" who spoke. "You are one crazy bitch. This is not a good situation for you! You may think you have big muscles, but there's three of us and only one of you. Unless you start apologizing, things could get out of hand here. What you need is an old-fashioned spanking, lady. And then you can use those 'female parts' all you want. What do you say, Wayne? She's just asking for it."



Before Wayne could respond, the fiery amazon challenged again. "Well, don't just sit there; prove what he-men you are." Still they sat, smirking at her.

"What a bunch of wimps you guys are," she cried in exasperation. "No wonder you have no girlfriends. You have no respect for the superior sex, your dicks are puny, you have no control over them, and you're so scared to death of one little girl, you can't move a muscle."

"Well, I guess if you're so shy, I'll just have to help you out." She pounced like a panther on the "breast man", lifted the startled man high over her head, and carried him across the room. "How about I give YOU a SPANKING, big fella?" she exclaimed as she reached the threshold, the strident clicking of her heels muffled by the carpet, the awesome muscles of her legs alternately receding and bulging in granite-hard relief, mesmerizing the "leg man", and her other muscles bunched in peaks and slabs of emasculating power. Her lacy panties had pulled apart in several places with the swelling of her magnificent hips, exciting Wayne, the "ass man," despite his irritation.

But even as lust gripped them in a delirious spell, they were intimidated by this breathtaking display of brute female strength. The man she held aloft was a load, well over 200 pounds, and she had launched him into the air as if he were a beach ball! A WOMAN had done that!

Pivoting gracefully on her high heels, she grinned smugly at the two startled men who remained rooted to their seats, and she lowered the mortified "Breast Man" to her shoulder. Despite his panicked flailing of arms and legs, she held him securely so that his back was draped over her broad right shoulder and his head hung downward, nuzzling her large right breast. She reached over with her left hand and mashed his face against the firm, weighty mammary. It thrust forcefully against his nose as she expanded her large chest to impressive dimensions by taking a deep breath. "How does my breast look to you now, Mr. Breast Man?" she laughed. She rubbed his nose roughly back and forth for a few seconds to let him know that even the softest part of her anatomy was powerful enough to cause him pain.

But this playful display of her powerful female physique had not yet provoked his reticent friends to join the fray. She decided it was time for the big man to experience serious pain. The muscles in both her arms bulged as she simultaneously clamped viciously with her right arm against his large waist and with her left arm pushed his head away from her breast downward toward the floor. The "Breast Man" shrieked in pain, as he felt his waist being severed and his back and neck stretching to the breaking point.

She faced the other two and fixed them with a sexy, challenging pout. "Come on big guys; rescue your friend before I break him in two. You're not AFRAID, are you? After all, 'women just ain't as strong as men.' Just ask your big, tough friend." She was toying with a man who must outweigh her and whose big arm muscles now stretched out the sleeves of his loose T-shirt. But despite his efforts to dislodge her arms, she powered the hold more savagely until a sharp cracking sound and his shrieks of pain caused his friends to leap to his rescue.

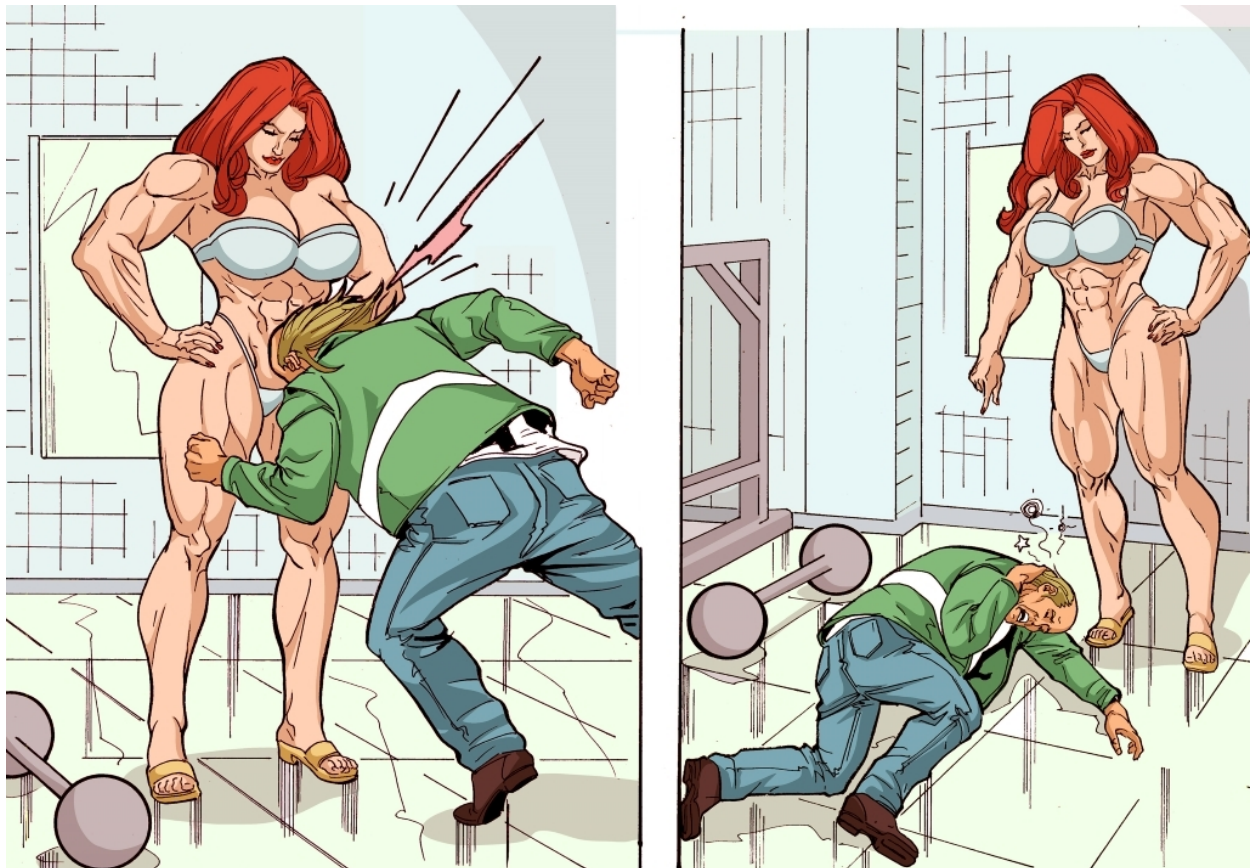


She had been slowly backing toward the open doorway of another room that opened into the hallway, and, as the two men rushed in to break the hold on their friend, she backed completely into this room. It was her exercise room, a room where they could tussle without breaking any furniture. As they were about to pounce on her in the middle of the room, she lifted the screaming Breast Man high over her head and thrust him crossways onto the two surprised rescuers with sufficient force that all three males fell into a heap on the hard floor. The collision with over 200 pounds of flying simpleton had its toll on his intended rescuers. Each banged his head on the floor and was momentarily dazed. Moreover, they were pinned for the time being by the groaning mass of their rotund friend.

The powerful woman walked confidently over to the door and locked it. Then, she turned around, insolently put her hands on her hips, and laughed uproariously.

"Is this the best you can do, guys? I haven't even broken a sweat and you're all three on the ground. Looks like the worst that might happen to a girl from you MACHO men is that she might break a fingernail slapping you around. Where's that big talk about spanking and having some tail? You guys are nothing but big, bloated wimps!" As she ridiculed their manhood, she flaunted herself sexily, jiggling her breasts and wiggling her hips.

Being on top, the "Breast Man" was the first to gain his feet. Growling in anger, he lowered his head to butt her in the abdomen. The mighty vixen merely braced her feet, tensed her powerful legs, and flexed the corded muscles in her lusciously trim midriff. As Breast Man's head crashed into her abdomen, a loud thud and a soft crackling sound echoed in the room. Sure enough, the red-haired hoyden slid backward on her high heels but she remained standing, seemingly unhurt, whereas the heavy man rebounded and lay stunned on the floor. The source of the crackling sound became apparent as he groaned in pain rubbing his injured neck.



Again, the big girl giggled merrily and drummed her fists on her corded midriff. "Pretty solid, huh? That's what happens when you spend time in the gym instead of swilling down beers, big guy. Maybe you want to try again? A little harder this time so that I might feel it?" she taunted.

In her taunting, she was almost caught unprepared as his two friends rose together from the floor to tackle her. They managed to dump her on the floor but could not control her. She was too quick, too strong, and clearly knew much more about wrestling than they did. As she forced one man down on top of the other in a savage full nelson, the recovered "Breast Man" joined the fray hoping to control her legs. But to his dismay, she managed to wrap her magnificent gams around one of his arms and his thick chest, and she began to crush him with the horrible vise-like strength of her legs. In control of all three of them, she exulted, "Pathetic! Three big guys against one woman and this is the best you can do! Pretty soon the beatings will begin, guys. You'll have none of that false pride in those pitiful male bodies of yours."

Humiliated and exasperated, Wayne yelled at his friends, "Come on guys. She's asking for it! No more holding back!" And he managed to squirt out from underneath the pile and encircle her chest with his arms from behind, trying to squeeze her with a reverse bear hug.

Being molded tightly against her amazing body, he instantly became fully erect. The mighty woman felt his hard member pressing into the cleft between her solid, sexy ass and moaned softly, becoming aroused herself. Laughing huskily, she ground one of her jutting, meaty hips against his erection and felt it pulsate. Wayne gasped as the delicious sensations in his groin turned his brain to mush, his battle lust giving way to the sensation of impending orgasm. He was only dimly aware as she tensed her powerful legs, pushed her hips more forcefully against Wayne, and launched him backward against a wall, dragging his heavy friends along with her.

She released her full nelson on one of his friends, reached behind her derriere, unzipped Wayne's pants, and ripped open his underwear to release his rigid, leaking member. Once again pressing a puissant, sexy hip against his cock, she reached up with both hands to grab Wayne's wrists. The painful grip on his wrists made Wayne open his hands so that she could use his hands to massage her engorged aureola and nipples. Though he tried to resist through the fog of his pre-orgasmic state, she easily overpowered his muscular arms, running his hands over her abdomen down to the sculpted globes of her perfect ass. She leaned her head backward against his face, caressing it with her silky hair. With his ragged, lust-propelled breathing, he smelled her exotic perfume. In short, she had reduced him from an angry attacker to a harmless wreck completely enthralled by her lusty charms. She throatily chuckled triumphantly as she felt his pulsating cock swelling against the rock-hard muscle of her large right hip.

Wayne moaned loudly in arousal, oblivious to everything else, as he felt the jutting and rippling of her fantastic derriere grinding his erect member against his abdomen with one of those magnificently meaty hips. Only when he began soaking his shirt with a copious stream of the seed from his lurching member, did he realize that she had worked her magic on him just as she had on his friends earlier.





She erupted in triumphant husky laughter and then ridiculed him disdainful intonations. "Did you like being tamed by my ASS, Wayne? You and your friends are nothing but weak little boys with no control over your little weanies. Looks like I'll have to take the initiative if I'm to have any satisfaction from you wimps! You're pathetic!"

She rammed her powerful hip viciously against his softening member. The pain amplified his humiliation. More than ever he wanted to take her down and humiliate her the way she was humiliating them, but he was unable to push her away.

The thrusting of her powerful hips and muscular legs had him so thoroughly pinned against the wall that she contemptuously released his hands to show him that even engaging both his legs and arms in furious effort, he could not move her. Arms crossed over her breasts, in silent insult to his male strength, she was crushing him with just the power of her hips and mighty legs.

"What do you think of my ASS, now Wayne? How much of my ASS can you take, male wimp?" she taunted. Wayne clawed furiously at her iron-hard hips, ripping her tightly stretched panties, but her crushing pressure only increased.

"Come on guys! What are you waiting for?" he shrieked at his friends, his voice laced with pain and short of breath. "Now's your chance. Take her!"

"Yes, take me guys. I'm dying to have you show me what real men you are. So far all you've done is make messes with your little hoses. Not much to excite a real woman. Maybe you'll have more luck if I put one hand behind my back," she taunted, still crushing Wayne to the wall as she ground his groin area with her perfect rock-hard ass cheeks.

"Grab her legs and pull her forward," Wayne cried, no longer able to hide his desperation and pain.

George, the leg man, leaped forward, only too happy to grapple (and fondle!) her magnificent legs.



The hoyden smiled and beckoned with her finger. "Yes, Leg Man, give it your best shot. I'm getting hot just imagining your hands on me," she teased, running her hands up slowly along each of her perfectly formed thighs and licking her lips in half-feigned, half-real sexual arousal.

Like a moth to the flame, George dove forward, encircling each muscular thigh with one of his chunky arms. Quick as a snake, the amazon attacked. Her flexed thighs parted wider, exploding her torn panties into tatters, and exposing the red thatch of her pussy to the greedy eyes of the Leg Man. Simultaneously, she grasped his head with her strong hands and pushed his head roughly to the cleft between her thighs. Immediately, she clamped those mighty thighs around his head, forcing his face into her sopping pussy. "Oh, yes, Leg Man, that feels greeaat! Oooo!!!" she moaned, pleasuring herself and degrading Wayne's intended rescuer at the same time.

## THE END

(Part 2 – Coming Soon)

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