

THE LEG MAN, THE BREAST MAN, AND THE ASS MAN (Part 2)

- a Jack Straw story -

(amysconquest.com)



Before Wayne could test whether this distraction had made his trap looser, Fred, the Breast Man joined the fray. Rather than think logically about the best tactic, in his fury to avenge earlier humiliations, he rammed forward in a full frontal assault over the kneeling Leg Man, who was struggling to extricate his head from the smothering vice in which he found himself. Thus the Breast Man found himself chest to chest with the voluptuous amazon. "Oh, goody, you've come to rub my big strong bosom with your chubby, feeble breasts," she exclaimed. Quick as lightning, she ripped his shirt open to reveal his barrel chest. As he instinctively raised his hands to stop her, she trapped his arms against his sides and encircled his large girth in a bear hug. Stiffened by her arousal, her solid breasts bore into his chest, imploding it and riveting her steely nipples into his skin. The stout man gasped in pain from the crushing vise on his ribs, the surprising pressure her chest exerted on his chest, and the boring of her engorged nipples into his yielding flesh. Meanwhile, Wayne found that he was trapped more tightly than ever.



Three big men had piled on one girl, but she was in control. That by itself gave her a sexual charge that had caused her pussy to fill with female juices and engorged her aerolae, nipples, and clitoris. Not only was she in control, but she was using their bodies to gain sexual release. She had maneuvered them so that every movement they made to escape her holds stimulated an erogenous zone on her sexy body. The Leg Man's panicked movements to free his face from her suffocating vise particularly stimulated her. Even Wayne's clawing and groping along her muscular hips, legs, and lower back merely aroused her more.

"Ooooo! You guys are so accommodating. Oh, yes!" she cried, rubbing her jutting breasts energetically against his hairy skin and squeezing the Leg Man's face ever harder against her seeping thatch. "Oooo, yes, oh, yes, oooo yeeessss!!" She came like a volcano, tensing her body in rigid contraction everywhere. A crescendo of sounds echoed through the bungalow. Loud cracks signaled damage to over-matched male bones being constricted by female muscles. As the puissant amazon shrieked in ecstasy, the men screamed even louder in pain, wasting the precious little breath they had. Slowly, she descended from the delirious high of this orgasmic display of female superiority, relaxed her holds on the men and stepped adroitly away from them. They dropped in a heap at her feet.

Fingering her erect nipples and her seeping honey pot with a contented sigh, she exulted, "Was that as good for you as it was for me, guys? You are such fun play-toys; I could do this all day!" She haughtily placed her high-heeled foot on the limp man on top and flexed her biceps in the traditional victory stance. The men merely groaned.



"Well, guys, I'd say the female clearly won that round," she crowed. "I guess three against one is not enough advantage for you big HE-MEN when confronted by a healthy female. And in the orgasm department, while I was generous enough to let you each have one -- with your individual favorite parts of my anatomy, I might add -- I can't help thinking that you don't feel as satisfied with yours as I am with mine. Four orgasms, four forced by the female, zero controlled by the males. That's domination fellas, complete domination of the male weaklings by the superior female. Isn't it your belief that the male human dominates the female? Maybe it's just that you're not real men. Is that the problem? Or just not men enough," she chortled.

She kicked the men onto their backs so that they had to look up at her. Stepping away and putting her hands on her big, sexy, powerful hips, she continued. "If you can't put up a better accounting for your sex, this is going to turn from a rout to utter destruction. This is only the first lesson. Punishment makes the biggest impact when it takes the longest to heal. You have a lot to answer for and I've only just started," she finished ominously. "Besides," she added with a smirk, fingering her wet pussy, "I'm not nearly satisfied yet, and without my help, you don't have the strength or the equipment to give a girl adequate pleasure."

Wayne clutched his flattened genitals, grimacing in pain and severely wounded pride. The Breast Man ran his hand gingerly along the bruises in his neck and ribs. The Leg Man was still woozy from passing out in the tumid vise between her legs. All three were utterly embarrassed. The humiliation was now mingled with fright by these threats they did not understand, and, clearly, their ordeal was far from over. And all from a woman!

The subdued men looked at each other, collecting their breaths and feigning worse injury than they actually had. Just as she seemed ready to pounce on them again, they simultaneously sprang up at her, tackling her to the floor with triumphant cries of "We'll see about that, Miss High and Mighty," and "Let's see how much you laugh with a few cracked ribs of your own, bitch!"

The fight was on again, to the delight of their female tormentor. The longer they clung to false hopes and male pride, the more fun for her. Oh, that male ego, such an entertaining defect! The angry men redoubled their efforts, but soon all three men were struggling and losing. She taunted and teased, and flaunted her body. She rubbed her perspiring, erogenous flesh against theirs, devilishly arousing them as well as herself to a feverish state. Inflamed with lust, as well as battle anger, they had long since lost all reticence to grappling with her. But though they fought furiously, they found themselves underneath each other more than on top of her.

To add to their fury, she was often in such control of all three of them that she managed to systematically denude them as they struggled with her. Soon they were gasping and wheezing from the debilitating exertions, whereas she amazingly never seemed out of breath. If anything, she gained energy as they lost theirs. Just the powerful breathing of this nude female colossus was scary, as each deep inhalation thrust out her immense bare chest, emphasizing the muscular crevasse between her large breasts, and clinching her abdomen in chiseled granite-hard relief, contrasting its trim dimensions with the awesome breadth of her upper torso.



Only the sheen of perspiration indicated that her body had expended any energy at all. The glistening sweat emphasized what an achingly desirable physical specimen she was, but the men were unable to fully appreciate it as she put their weakened bodies into vise-like bear hugs, scissors, and sleeper holds. Through it all, she had not removed her high heels, a physical handicap that further testified to her superiority and a turn-on that heightened their sexual frenzy.

Fred, the "Breast Man," unwittingly became the first to be squeezed unconscious. While grappling with the other two, she maneuvered over to where Fred was slowly rising to his knees from one of her many debilitating tosses of his bruised body. She backed up with her legs spread apart so that when Fred rose higher, his neck lodged in the cleft between her granite thighs.

She immediately clamped them together in a vicious standing scissors. Fred gurgled and weakly clawed at her legs, trying futilely to separate them. Soon he went limp and, when she opened her muscle-packed thighs, he slid ignominiously along the sexy curves of her powerful legs to floor, unconscious.

With the other two men kneeling near exhaustion on each side of her, she encircled each head with one of her mighty arms, wrapping the men in double headlocks. Drawing from her limitless reserves of energy, she powered the holds so brutally that the men cried out in pain and fear of having their heads crushed. Fed by the adrenaline borne of panic, each man frenetically pulled with both arms against the bulging female arm that was constricting his skull. But two male arms had no effect against the power of one of her puissant female arms. In desperation they began punching her everywhere they could reach, but their punches thudded uselessly. Eventually, they lost all power and drooped in complete exhaustion. It was a simple matter for the powerful amazon to squeeze them until they lay too unconscious.



With these two temporarily incapacitated and unconscious, she turned her attention to the third, the poor "Breast Man," who had been her favorite target because of his earlier brazen conduct. Having partially regained his senses, he shakily backed away from her.

"Please, I've -- we've had enough. You've proved your point. We've got to be going," he pleaded.

"My, my, how the proud slob has fallen. Don't you want these big tits that you were crowing about earlier? I'm all yours for the moment -- you don't even have to share with your friends," she declared, striding ominously toward him. Despite his panic, he could not take his eyes off her magnificent naked breasts and they were to be his final undoing.



She hugged the tired male so that his arms were trapped uselessly between their perspiring bodies, maneuvered him across the room to where she had closed the door, and forced his back against the door so that the other two when they revived would not escape. With one mighty arm on top of his head she pushed downward so that his face was wedged within her awesomely deep cleavage. Then she placed her arms against the top of the door above his head and thrust out her sizeable chest against the closed door.

"Yes, MR. BREAST MAN. You've been staring at my breasts all night. Here, have your fill. See if you can budge them before they smother you. That's all I'm using to hold you down, just that chest that seems to thrill you so."

It first excited him and then terrified him as he realized he really could not move or breathe. She had his slightly bent legs braced between her thighs so that he couldn't slide to the floor or move to the side. Otherwise, the only thing that impeded his movement was her incredible boobs. They were so large that they enveloped his head completely and so firm that try as he might to thrust

upward -- with his flexed legs, tensed neck and back muscles, and his freed arms -- they did not budge. Her impressively developed pectoral muscles more than countered his desperate struggles so that he could not move the giant globes in any direction. His thick body was overmatched in a contest of all his inferior male muscles against a single portion of her super anatomy, in this case the anatomy that most inflamed his impotent lust. His stiff member bobbed freely between them.

Unable to breathe in this tumid confinement, he struggled violently but to no avail. His struggling was beginning to arouse her sexually when he swooned from lack of air. She rubbed his open mouth and its wet, flaccid tongue over her erect nipples, then let him slide impotently down her slick body until she poked his nose into her tingling vagina and rubbed it over her hard, swollen clit.

As her hormones impelled her to massage her tingling breasts, she cork-screwed him around so that his nose was still imbedded against her clit but his legs were in the air. She pressed one mammoth, firm boob into his soft testicles and semi-hard cock, and, inhaling deeply, squashed his balls flat and riveted the hard nipple through the soft flesh. The frantic thrashing of his screaming face against her clit and slit brought her over the brink of ecstasy. She climaxed violently, mashing him tightly against her crotch.

After savoring the afterglow of her second orgasm, she set the nearly unconscious wretch on his wobbly legs and kept him from falling by holding him at the waist. "Let me go, bitch. What's your damn problem?" he muttered deliriously.

"Do you have a death wish, chubby? No, you don't want to go yet. You wanted my breasts and you shall have them!" she hissed. In view of his fetish, she had decided on using her breasts to wreak still further humiliating punishment. She swung the firm, heavy, mammoth globes like bags of sand from side to side, snapping his unprotected face back and forth, harder and harder until his previously injured neck hung at an unnatural and very painful angle.

Still, to her amazement, it seemed that he lusted after these erotic instruments of torture, for he was fully erect. She ground the bullet-hard nipples around his eyes until reddish incipient bruises appeared. Still he was erect. She ran his hands and face over her incredible bust, but when his throbbing penis began to bob in rigid agitation near eruption, she lifted him over her head and slammed his back downward over her thigh. Pain overruled lust and his ejaculation sputtered feebly in mid-eruption.



As she easily bent his stocky body in a direction it was not meant to bend, he was stretched to the breaking point. The muscles in her arms, shoulders, and chest bulged in huge, chiseled relief. As a fitting climax for his demise, she bent her torso downward so that her formidable breasts enveloped his head. His last image before things went black was of her immense, firm breasts powerfully thrust out by her robust chest muscles, melding in him the ultimate image of feminine sexual supremacy and the omnipotent strength that was breaking him in two. A horrendously loud crack signaled the splintering of vertebrae, and he passed out. She let him slide limply to the floor. "There now, I don't think YOU'LL be going anywhere!"

Still positioned near the door she faced the other two men, who had been slowly gathering their wits and inadequate male strength.

In their vacillation while they witnessed her appalling destruction of their stocky friend, they had lost the element of surprise. Belatedly trying to steel their resolve and enraged at what they had seen, they charged at her. With only two of them, it was an unequal struggle that she prolonged for her amusement. Her capacity for teasing males was insatiable, like a cat toying with two mice. She put them in hold after hold, letting them know that they could not break the holds and then letting them go. They became frantic in their frustration and utter humiliation. While she had one tied up in an unbreakable standing scissor hold, she invited the other one (Wayne) to punch her rugged unprotected gut, which he did desperately, unsuccessfully trying to find a vulnerable spot but instead cracking his wrist, damaging his hand, and rupturing arm and shoulder muscles as his blows were abruptly arrested as if he had hit a brick wall. She smiled impassively, not the least affected by his best punch, and maneuvered him into a sleeper hold, which soon had him out cold, even as she maintained the other male in the constricting scissor hold.

She now devoted her attention to the weakened man between her legs. "You're the "LEG MAN," right?" He gurgled weakly, as if in reply.

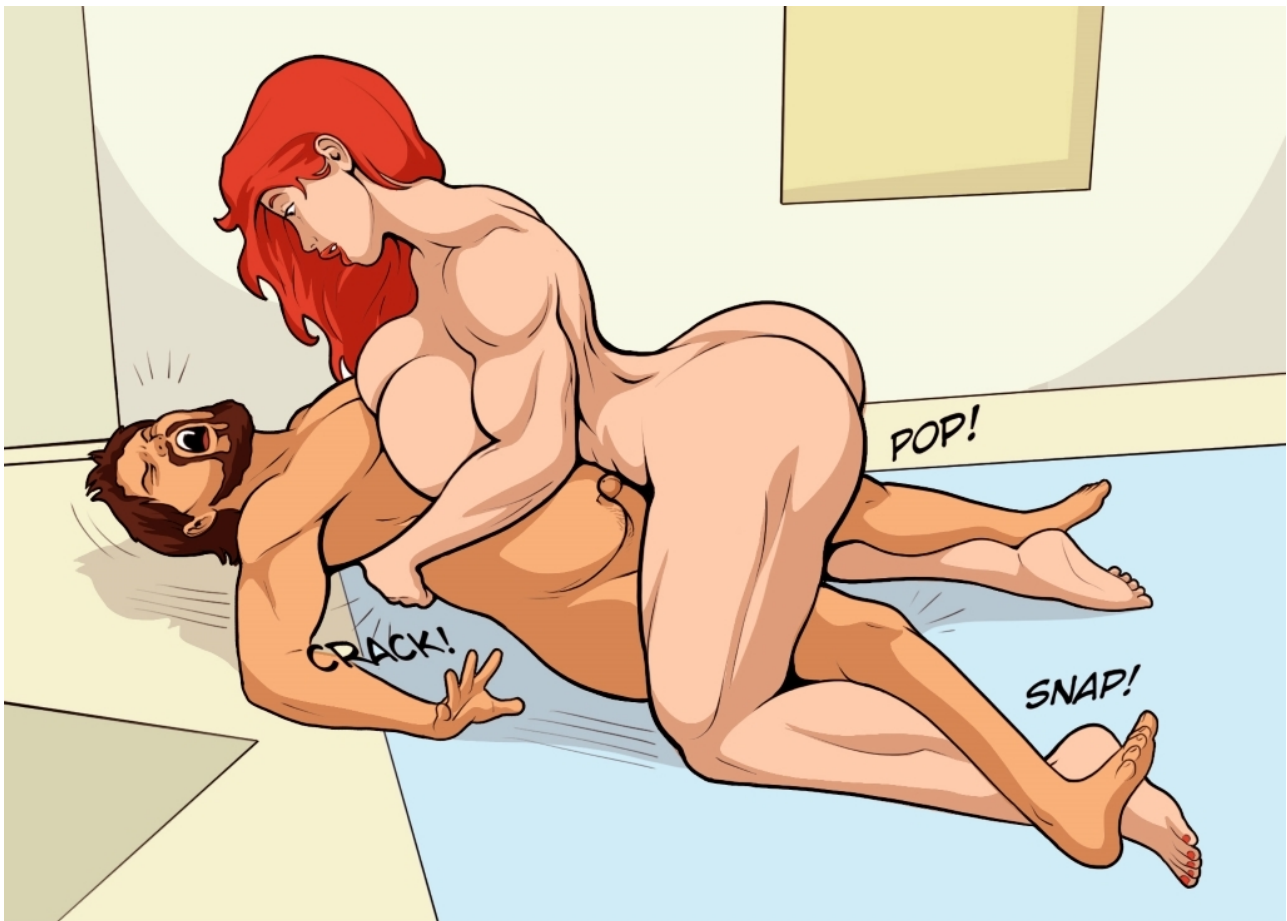
"How do they feel?" she said as she wrapped his hair in her fingers and stroked the cheeks of his stubbly face along her pumped-up steely legs. Laying him on the floor, she rubbed the smooth expanse of her bulging legs along his erect prick. She guided his hand along them and also trailed her own fingers along them right up to the V of her crotch. Soon he was moaning in the throes of impending orgasm, but once again she curtailed a male's pleasure as she built her own. She slammed his face between her legs at the V of the crotch and squeezed on his jaw until she felt it compress. The animated thrashing of his head to free itself of this fleshy vise stimulated her to another crescendo of sexual bliss. The gushing of her come on his face revived him to feeble consciousness.



Discovering again that his little tool was erect, she hissed, "You love this, don't you sissy boy -- being beaten by a big, sexy girl with the long, STRONG, SEXY legs." It never ceased to amaze her, this dysfunction of the male psyche that allowed their bodies to become aroused even as they were agonizingly abused by the superior FEMALE. But it certainly made it an interesting world for her.

She put the wheezing man into a waist scissors. She watched in fascination as his eyes opened wider and wider, and then bulged out in true terror as her legs hardened into steel girders that expanded in size right in front of his incredulous face until they seemed larger than his thick waist had been before she began to slice it in two as if it were butter. He was sure that organs were being squashed into melded pancakes and whatever muscles he had there were ruptured.

"Aren't they amazing, these legs of mine? I can't believe them myself. Quite a treat for a leg man, huh?" She ran his hands along their smooth, corded expanse, but noticing his terrified gasping for air, she said, "Oh, poor dear, you can't breath. Here I'll put them up higher. Let's see how strong your ribs are." With that, she relaxed her grip enough to let him draw an urgent breath, and then clamped her man-crushing thighs over his lower ribs. Again his eyes seemed almost to pop out of their sockets as something snapped loudly. "Oh, dear, they weren't very strong at all, were they?"



"Well, let's try something else." She maneuvered the limp, moaning, sobbing man into position for a grapevine hold. "This must be simply DIVINE for a LEG MAN like you. Feel those sleek gams and calves," she demanded grabbing his wrists and forcing his hands to massage the legs that were tearing him apart. True to his nature, the perspiration-lubricated stroking of those perfect stems took his mind off the pain. Again, to her amazement he erected; it was a monument to her sexual power. And then her physical power took over; she bent her legs upward, bending HIS legs backward at the knees in the direction they weren't meant to go. In the pain his erection was lost.

"This is what a real WOMAN's legs can do to a MERE MAN's, including those big athletes on TV that you idolize, let alone a wimp like you. Go on fight it; give it all you've got. I'm going to snap you like a twig!" Terror shot adrenaline into his bloodstream giving him energy he didn't know he had, but it was useless. His chunky legs might as well have been matchsticks as they cracked loudly at the knee. Simultaneously, she crushed his upper ribs with a mighty jolt of her hugely muscled arms and shoulders, which had encircled his upper torso in a bear hug, and he passed out finally from the unbearable pain and shortage of air. "Too bad a leg man like you missed seeing how my legs bulged out when you went out," she mused as she rose from the heavy man's crushed body. Now it was Wayne's turn. Having revived and seen the crumpled lumps that once were his friends, he crawled backward into a corner of the room trembling in fright, begging for pity. She laughed coldly, shaking her head.

"You guys had to be taught a lesson, Wayne, and I believe in being thorough. I'm the most disappointed in you, so how can I spare you? That would only spoil you," she giggled girlishly. "Let's see, now: I think I heard that you are the 'ass man'. Well, how about a nice solid goose up your hind end, ASS MAN?" she sneered, rolling him over and delivering a thunderous punch between his hips that seemed to shatter his pelvis. "Now, you've got something to cry about CRYBABY!" she yelled as he sobbed in pain.

"Or perhaps this is what you wanted," she taunted as she straddled him, facing his legs, and planted her delectable rear end squarely on his face. She grabbed each of his legs, spread them apart and back until the pain became excruciating. Effortlessly, she kept them immobile, while she gyrated her tush on his face. He beat his hands frantically along her steely body, but she merely laughed at his inability to hurt her.

"Is this what you had in mind? How do you like my ASS now, wimp?" she goaded the humiliated would-be stud. She released his aching legs and grasped his wrists so tightly that his hands opened limply. Then she ran these open hands gently, caressingly over her steely, feminine, swelling buttocks. As she forced him to massage her ever more sensuously and continued her lively bucking of her aroused clit over his nose and mouth, she noticed that he was erecting in turgid, veined urgency and giggled triumphantly. With all these erogenous signals she suddenly went rigid in pleasure, clinching her mighty buttocks violently around his smothered face, breaking his trapped nose, unconsciously squeezing his trapped wrists in a bone-shattering, ligament-rending grip, and releasing onto his face a copious flow OF that female nectar that she seemed to have in limitless supply.



"Gee, I believe you do like my ass!" she chuckled, pointing to his hugely erect cock that she was tickling teasingly as he regained consciousness.

"Now, I think I heard something about getting some 'tail', too. What a quaint old expression. You've been hanging around these old farts too long, little Wayne, and it's really got you in trouble this time," she stated in a mock-serious tone, noting with glee the expression of helpless apprehension on his abject face, still wet and reeking from her abundant secretions.

"Well, okay, show me what you can do with that pretty-boy body of yours. Let's get it on!" she entreated. A little suspicious but hoping that this could somehow be the ticket to free himself of this nightmare, even to establish some control over her, he allowed her to roll him onto his back as she nuzzled, caressed, kissed, sucked and simply drove him wild with desire. His large member stood at attention ready for duty, as she wound a sturdy non-lubricated condom over it, and engulfed it with her juicy, furnace-like love channel.



"This is the first and last time you enter me with your pitiful weenie, Wayne boy!" she hissed ominously. "You see, a 'tail', as you call it, on a REAL WOMAN can be just too much for weak little dingus like yours to handle." His look of perplexity changed to one of wide-eyed pain as she grunted in concentrated effort, flexing the muscles of her nether region viciously and wringing his yielding stiff member with her wet muscular vagina. He gasped in terror; it felt like his member was going to burst from the pressure.

To demonstrate her undeniable superiority in this contest of sex organs, she brought her feet up alongside where her vagina was still wringing his cock. Straightening her superstrong legs, now flexed to immense proportions in front of his contorting face, she stood up, ripping him up by his dong. His pitifully vulnerable and oh so feeble male groin muscles protested against the abrupt force applied by this movement and he howled in pain. "Oops, sorry! Groin pull, right?" she giggled at the double entendre.

In his pain and terror, he went limp, allowing his abused organ to slide out of her mighty slit and the slickened condom, and he thudded weakly onto the floor. But she caressed him to erection again, despite his pain, applied another dry condom, and again mounted him. This time her contractions on his member were more gentle and she smiled down at him. He again was willing to believe that she was infatuated with his body.

She whirled their coupled bodies over so that he was now on top. The condition of his groin made it painful, but he gave it his best effort. Yet...

"Come on, put some force into it, weakling! I can't even feel you!" she ridiculed him. Now much less confident, he redoubled his efforts, whose pleasurable effects she hid in a mask of disdain.

"Oh, criminy, it looks like I'll have to help you. What a wimp!" The pride of the big man, taller and heavier than she, was further wounded as she grasped his rump in her strong hands and yanked him in and out, much harder and faster than he had.

At the same time she again flexed her awesome vaginal muscles against his sensitive member. With each upstroke his member was ripped painfully away from his body, further damaging the fragile groin muscles so typical of the pathetic male gender, only to be rammed home anew into her clinging furnace.

She stopped aiding him on the upstroke, wanting him to recognize even more fully his utter inferiority by letting the gasping man exhaust himself with the exertion of simply trying to remove his organ from the groin-rending grip of her mighty love channel, but, before he could extract it completely to sooth its burning pain and catch his breath, she would violently thrust him back in, mashing his flattened balls each time in the process. As she neared a volcanic orgasm, the sweat-soaked, red-faced, wheezing pathetic male slumped in fogged agony and utter, limp exhaustion. "What a wimp! How did you ever presume to make love to a real woman?" Her contemptuous taunts degraded him further as she forced him back under her vastly superior body and finished the one-sided love-bout. Violently, she pistoned up and down. She ground his cock and balls as she slammed down with irresistible force, and then, on the upswing, lifted the middle of his limp body off the floor with just the terrible grip of her almighty vagina yanking up his over-matched penis. Her engorged clit although smaller than his prick was much harder. It was another reminder of her superiority, as its hardness gouged a furrow in his weaker male organ.



The sensations of sexual climax gripped her and she clamped even harder with her vagina, pulverizing his now very sensitive organ. She was extremely aroused -- breasts swollen and ultra-firm, nipples thrust out in ecstasy, swollen clit awash in tingling sensations. He shrieked in pain as he felt her flex her entire omnipotent body around him, crunching ribs, pelvis, and sternum, and bursting his spongy male appendage into a pulp inside the condom as she reached her ultimate climax. His face buried in her bosom, he was utterly finished! In a fogged stupor Wayne awaited the end and spiraled down into an uneasy unconsciousness.

"I told you, you weren't up to it," she hissed, catching her breath on the way down from ecstasy. She sighed in euphoric contentment. She had made good on all her earlier pronouncements. Three former evangelists for male supremacy lay utterly demolished, physically and sexually, by a single female.

She carried the badly disfigured male carcasses, more dead than alive, out to their car, parked near a telephone pole on the deserted cul-de-sac where her cottage was the only residence. Their limp bodies reeked from the beers she had forced down their throats as an afterthought. Woozily, they drifted in and out of agonized consciousness, languid witnesses as she sealed the nights' activities with a final mind-branding demonstration of female power and strength. Using her martial arts training, she kicked in a car door with a ferocious, compact blow, then heaved back mightily on the door until the over-matched thick steel hinges gave way.



Finding two rags inside the car, she used them to protect her hands for a final demonstration of raw amazon power. Concentrating all her energy into her dense, enormous muscles, she took a deep breath and lifted one side of the car off the ground higher and higher, rejoicing in the strength that coursed through her being. Her naked body gleamed in the soft moonlight. Muscles already pumped up from the unequal contest with these males, suddenly exploded under her elastic skin into Himalayas of granite flesh. Even in their dimly conscious, immobile states, this prodigious display burned a permanent image into the men's brains of the outrageously pumped-up female animal, primeval and goddess-like in her splendor, a gleaming naked FEMALE ATLAS lifting, launching, and shattering the world of puny mere men. This was it, then, Wayne, dimly thought; she was going to send the car and then them into the ravine.

Wayne awoke with a start, the lights of an ambulance flashing in his face. His friends were groaning in pain and slowly gaining consciousness as well. They were all naked, but in their agony they didn't care. As the ambulance attendants carried him from the car, he realized that they were not in the cul de sac at all, but had been parked along a road a mile or so away. So he must have dreamed about what she had done to the car, he thought, and then he noticed the deeply dented car door through which he had been extracted and then two places along the bottom of the side panel that were markedly free of dust, as if cleaned away by a rag.

The next day she visited them, one after the other, at the hospital. They trembled uncontrollably at the very sight of her. Her dazzling beauty filled the room as she inclined her face sensuously inches from each man's face, in turn, and smugly asked, "What do you remember from last night? Think about it; I'm sure it'll come back to you -- ALL of it! But you'll never tell anybody because they wouldn't believe you, and, besides, you're scared mindlessly of me, aren't you? You're tinkling in your bedpan right now!"

Still, she could not help but humiliate them further; it was her nature. "I'd love to hear the stories you guys have made up to explain how you came to be in a parked car, buck naked and beaten to a pulp. Wouldn't it be fun for me to sit here and listen to you tell it to the nurses, and ask little embarrassing questions about the inconsistencies? What if the TRUTH were to get out to your friends, if you have any? Beaten by a LADY, all three at the same time!"

"You thought you were cute to trick me into letting you come over to my house so that you could drool over my body and eat my food. Then you had the gall to make lewd comments that I could hear. And you thought yourselves even cuter when you ridiculed women's athletic abilities and refused to admit that I was obviously stronger than any MAN you've ever seen. Well, what do you think now? Considering the inherent weakness of your sex, I think you'd better clean up your acts, wimps. The next woman you insult might not be so kind!"



They had complained among themselves that they hadn't deserved this, and had random thoughts of how to avenge the terrible assault they'd suffered. But seeing her made them face the truth: they could never hope to wreak revenge on this goddess; she was invincible: Assaulting her would only bring them more pain. They readily blurted out that she was superior; they begged forgiveness; they said whatever she demanded: that they were sissy wimps who couldn't control their own disgusting bodies, that they hadn't deserved the mercy she had shown them, that they were GRATEFUL just to be in her presence. In truth, they were as hopelessly enthralled by her overpowering beauty as they were cowed by her unassailable strength.

Stretching her tight, revealing outfit with each movement of her incredibly endowed body, she delighted in flaunting the objects of their desires, her delicious Amazon LEGS, BREASTS, and ASS, and laughed as they squirmed in painful erections. Wayne's erection was especially painful, given the delicate, bloodclot encrusted state of the cock he had formerly manifested with such pride.

"From now on whenever you see a well-built lady, you'll wonder what would happen if she rolled up her sleeves and turned on you." With that, she rolled up her sleeves and flexed her beautiful female arms until massive rocks of muscle welled up under each man's nose. As the last man fainted away, she laughed exultantly, called for a nurse, and strode triumphantly away.

As always she reveled in the lustful glances of "virile" men, some furtive and longing, others openly leering, as she swept by them in frilly, revealing clothes along the maze of the hospital hallways. Men that were hers to tame, should she favor them by doing so. Oh, so many men to educate and toy with, so little time!

THE END

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