

LYNNE'S DOMINATION

(a Miles Endeavour Story)

amysconquest.com



It had been a warm day for the middle of winter, and the night was similarly warm. Puddles had formed on the driveway and around the yard as Peter Jacoby drove in with his date, Lynne Overland. They had been to dinner and a movie and Pete had thought it another good date. He and Lynne were getting along well (although he didn't usually go this long without trying to "bag" the girl) and he was ready to move the relationship to the next level. He decided he would find out how she felt about this.

Going around the car and feeling a little playful, Pete held out his hand to help Lynne out of the car. Her winter coat was open showing her new dress she had worn for the night. "What a fantastic body," Pete thought for perhaps the thousandth time that night. It was no wonder she was so popular as a fitness model in town. He had seen her in ads a few times before he met her at the gym and struck up a conversation with her. They had hit it off and this was their second date in a week.



Lynne stood up and Pete pressed her against the car and tried to kiss her. She laughed and pushed back, causing Pete to slip and land in a heap right in the middle of a big puddle. Lynne tried not to laugh, but didn't succeed.

"That's what you get for trying to take advantage of a poor defenseless little girl. I'm not that easy," she teased as Pete stood up.

Pete tried not to show that he was pissed about getting his clothes all wet and laughed back at her. As he stood up, he again took her hands and attempted to push her back against the car where he could get a good angle to kiss her. She again resisted and Pete was surprised to see himself being pushed backwards by the beautiful girl. He pushed harder, but it had no effect and he soon found himself pushed off the driveway and into a melting snowbank. For the second time Pete fell and landed with a splash.

Lynne knew she was getting him mad, and she hoped she could maneuver him into the confrontation she had been waiting for. "I told you, I'm not the kind of girl you can buy dinner and a movie for and get your way with," she taunted. "Maybe you just don't have what it takes to handle this body."

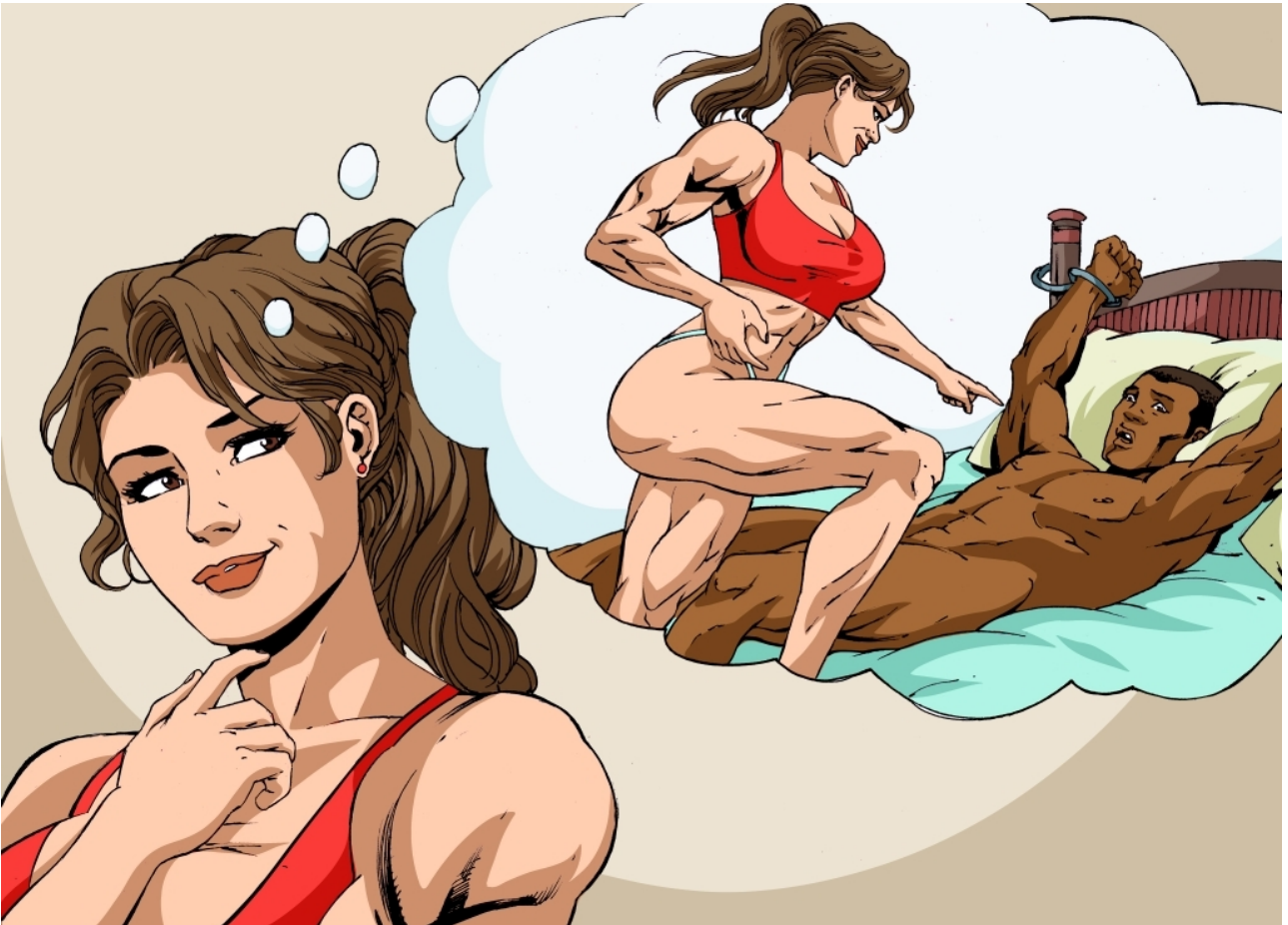
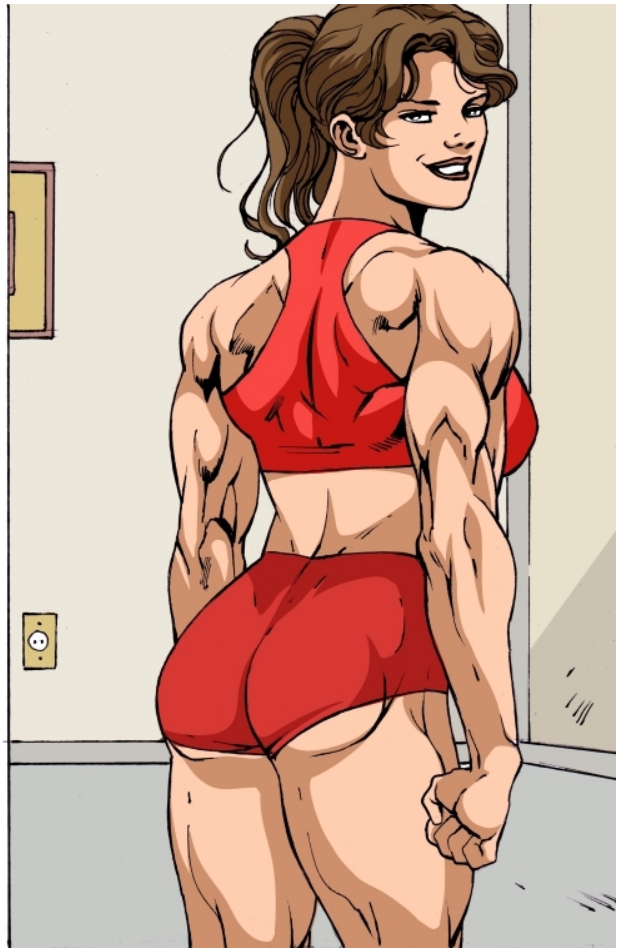


"Maybe I just have to be more forceful," Pete said as he lunged for her and grabbed her wrists, forcing her back a few steps. Suddenly Pete found himself flying over her hip and landing with a thud on the concrete. He was slightly dazed and soaking wet as Lynne continued to laugh at him.

"Come on," she said, "We better get you inside and out of those wet clothes before you catch your death."

Pete followed her in and stripped down to his shorts and undershirt, giving the rest of his things to Lynne to dry out. She went upstairs telling him to make himself comfortable, and she would be right back. Pete looked around, wondering where he could make himself comfortable. Lynne's house had a three level arrangement with a single room on a lower level, and the rest of the house above. The lower room was unfurnished with a light blue carpeting on the floor. The only thing in the room was an exercise bike in front of the fireplace at one end of the room. Pete was starting to calm down but he was still mad about being tossed into the snow so easily. At nearly six feet and a well built 200 pounds he wasn't use to being treated like that. Especially by a girl a head shorter and at least 60 pounds lighter than him. My feet were slipping in these shoes, he reasoned. No way she could push me back like that. Maybe she likes it rough, he thought. Well if it got him a chance to bed her, he didn't mind taking a bath in the street, or roughing up a beautiful girl (he'd done it before - hadn't he?). He flexed his body and laughed, I'll show her what this body can do.

Lynne threw his clothes into the bathroom and changed her own clothes. She put on a revealing two piece workout suit chosen just for this occasion. She looked at herself in the full length mirror, knowing the impact her body made on men. At five feet eight inches and 135 pounds she had, in her humble opinion, an almost perfect body. Her breasts were large and full but were well supported by a broad back and shoulders. She was muscular, not as big as a bodybuilder, but well defined and rock hard everywhere. Her particular favorites on her body were her abs and her glutes. She had washboard abs that were "steel belted" from sit-up routines that would make Herschel Walker envious. Her glutes were firm and shapely with a little dimple that formed in each side as she moved. She was proud that there was no sign of fat in this area, as so many other "fit" women had.



She had worked her body hard to get it in this shape and she knew well what it was capable of. As impressive as it was, it was stronger than it looked. Much stronger, she laughed. As Pete Jacoby was about to find out. At least that's what she hoped. She had been training and pushing her body for years. She enjoyed it and what it did to her body. When she first started to train, she had quickly seen how her body responded. She wanted more. Her strength grew even faster than her muscles and it fascinated her to see how much more she could do. She began working out with a group of friends at a ladies gym. They were all nearly as strong as she was and had become her closest friends. They had introduced her to martial arts, boxing and wrestling. Their friendly matches were always competitive, and usually erotic. But lately her martial arts and wrestling classes had become sort of boring. She knew she was strong and capable and she wanted to test herself - against men. Not some little wimp who would want to get beaten either, it had to be a real man - struggling his best to defeat her.

She began going to the gym downtown looking for likely candidates. Lynne decided against any of the huge behemoths pumping at the gym. Not that she couldn't handle them she thought. But they were always so into their workout and their bodies that they hardly noticed her. They were all so proud of their latest lifting feats, she mused. Wouldn't they be surprised to know that I could not only match them lift for lift? But beat with ease. Hell, I could beat them in the leg department without half trying, although she was careful not to let any of them know this. Can't scare away the bait, can I? she laughed. She wanted someone who was strong but with a certain attitude she could work on. She fantasized about taking apart a proud, strong man and making him her slave.



As soon as she had met Pete, she knew he was perfect. He was just what she was looking for tall, good looking and well built. But most of all he was arrogant and thought himself a real ladies man. She couldn't wait to show him what a real woman was like. The thought of this creep begging her to stop hurting him made her wet and she had to force it out of her mind.

It was an easy matter to get him to ask her out and she had everything all planned out. She used the first date to feel him out - so to speak - and make sure he would give her a fight. With the flashes of temper she had seen and his competitive nature, she was sure he would try his best to beat her. That's all I can ask for, she thought as she headed down the stairs.

Pete was looking out the window when he heard Lynne coming back. He turned around and gasped at what he saw. Lynne was 'almost' wearing this incredible workout suit that showed all of her fantastic body. He got an instant hard-on and wondered if she planned to do him right here.

"Thought you might like a rematch," she breathed sexily. She had a hard time not laughing at the open mouthed expression he was giving her.

"God, you look great," he stammered. "What do you mean a rematch?"

"I pushed you in the snow twice when you tried to get fresh, now you get a chance to get even," she said. She knew a kiss hardly qualified as fresh any more, but she was just playing with him anyway. With the hungry look and raging boner he had, she knew he was ready for action. And she was having too much fun to just say, Hey babe, let's wrestle.

"Oh, I'm not mad about that," he said. He was licking his lips and hoping she hadn't noticed he was almost bursting his shorts. "But I was surprised at your strength." He thought a compliment might help speed up the foreplay.

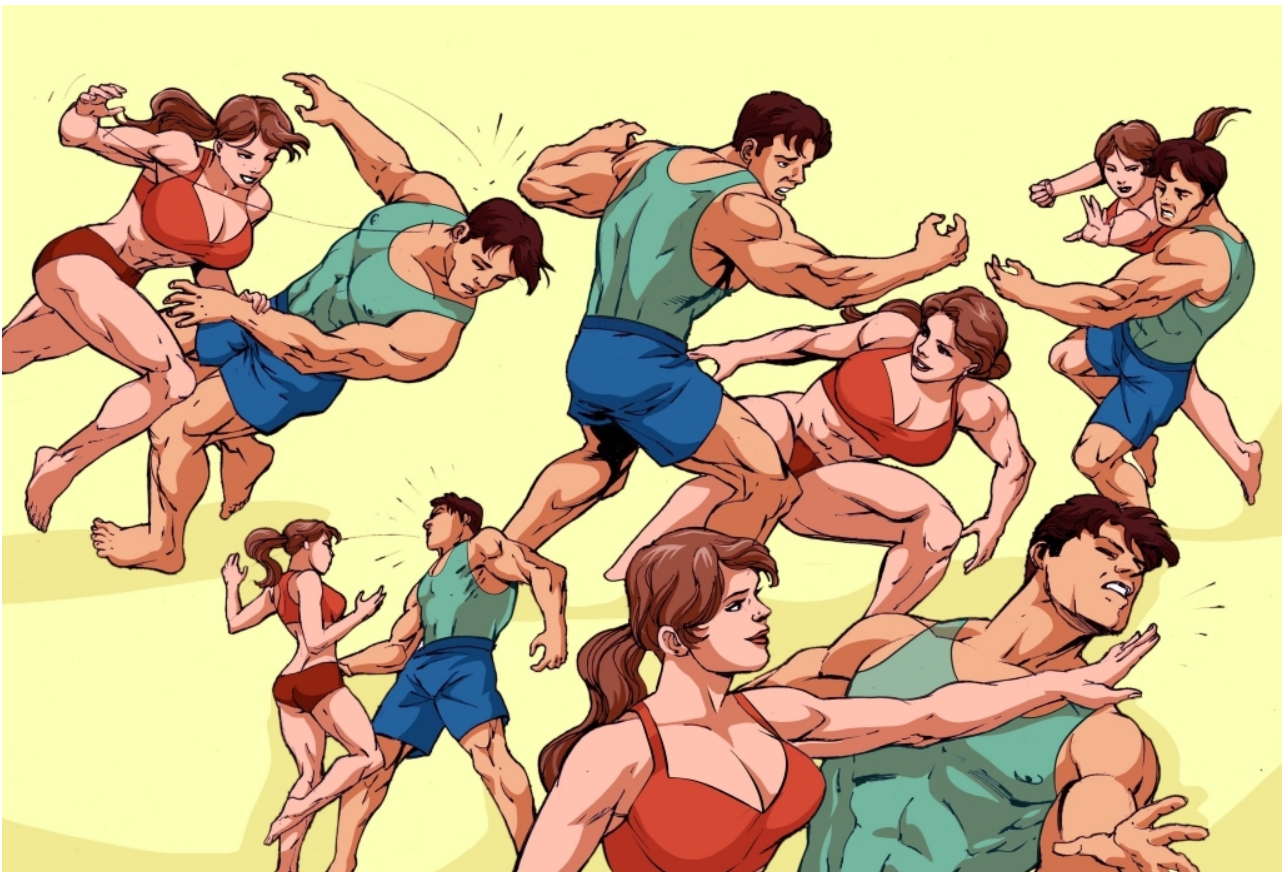
"I'm much stronger than I look," she cooed. She decided to move in for the kill. "Much too strong for you anyway. You better go home if you don't want to get hurt."

Pete was stunned. She definitely liked it rough. She wanted him to beat her up and take her, well he decided to play along - anything to get a piece of that body. "I think I can take you. Why don't we find out." he said.

"Okay," Lynne began, "why don't we fight to see who's best." She moved the exercise bike out of the room and did a few stretching motions. "We'll wrestle until the other gives up - winner take all."

Pete couldn't believe what she was saying. Was she serious? Well he'd take her down like this if he had to. And you better believe he would take it all after he won. "Let's get it on," he said. "But I better warn you, I'll hurt you if I have to. He flexed his biceps, "because let's face it you don't have what it takes to handle this."

Lynne laughed and invited him to the center of the room. She began to circle him and he said "Last chance, you don't have to do this."



She decided he needed some more taunting to get mad and give her a fight so she bounced in and slapped him on the cheek. Twice more she hit him with her open hand before he had time to react.

"What's wrong, can't handle a little girl?" she teased. She could see he was getting mad and almost ready to go. "Why don't you try to hit me?"

Pete danced in swinging soft pats at Lynne. She avoided some, and batted the rest out of the air. She delivered five more shots to his face as he tried to hit her. She wasn't hitting him hard, just trying to rile him, but his face was getting red where she had slapped it. He swung harder and she avoided it, while he was off balance she shoved him to the floor and began to count.

"One... Two... Three..." she stopped as he got up. "ready to give up yet," she teased. As he started to stand up she quickly came in and pushed him back down. She did it a third time before backing off and letting him stand. His face was red, and not from the slaps this time, he was ready to go.

Pete was pissed. Dumping him in the snow was one thing, but this was going too far. She may have thought this was fun (and her idea of foreplay he guessed) but enough was enough. He hadn't wanted to hurt her at first but now it sounded like a good idea. He circled her and said "Lady I'm going to show you some moves, and then, well, have you ever been raped in you own house before?"



Lynne stopped and smiled. "I'm almost glad you said that. Before I couldn't decide if I should just play with you or really hurt you. Now I've got no excuse not to beat you to a pulp," she said.

Pete laughed, and moved in on her. She met him and they locked up in the center of the room. Pete tried to shove her across the room into the wall. But, try as he might, he could not budge her. Her arms felt like steel bands and he had a flicker of doubt as she began to push him back.

Soon his back was against the wall and she had forced his arms up above his head. How can she be so strong? he thought. He struggled with all his might, but was firmly pinned against the wall as she pushed her body against him.

Lynne was surprised at the ease with which she "womanhandled" Pete into the wall. Even now she was only using a fraction of her strength and she smiled, knowing she could easily handle this macho-man. She began to press and rub her body against his and tease him.

"Getting turned on by this, big man," she said as she pressed her knee into his groin. "It's only just starting, so you better be ready to feel some pain." Suddenly, she shot her knee hard up into his stiff dick, he screamed in pain and tried to kick back at her. She easily blocked his attempts and fired two more knees, this time into his midsection. She let go of him and he slumped to the floor, writhing in pain.

She let him lie there for a minute and collect himself. She paraded around the room and told him what she was going to do to him next.



"I think a headlock will do you nicely," she proclaimed.

Pete struggled to his feet and leapt at Lynne. She stepped out of the way and gave him another shot to the solar plexus. He doubled over and she stepped in, wrapped her arms around his head and began to squeeze. Pete desperately tried to pry her arms loose from his head, but it was no use. Her arms, were pumped up and he was amazed at their hardness and strength as she continued to grind on his head. She obviously knew how to apply this hold and there was nothing Pete could do in his weakened condition. Lynne began to squeeze even harder and Pete went down to his knees. She forced him down to the ground and kept grinding on his head. Her breast was pressed into his cheek, as she mercilessly wrenched his neck.

Pete began to get dizzy, he couldn't believe the strength of this woman! He was the man - the stronger sex - and yet this smaller, beautiful woman was making a fool of him. He began to pull at her arms in a last effort to

get loose, but all he managed to do was grope her amazing body.

"That's right," she began. "Feel my body as I destroy you. What was that again about raping me in my own house?" She really liked the way he continued to struggle even after it was obvious he couldn't get loose. When his struggles began to lessen, she got up and lifted him up by his hair. Then she stepped in and put a bearhug on him. She gave him a squeeze with all her strength and he screamed in pain. He beat on her back and tried to move her arms but she laughed at his efforts.

"Didn't think I was this strong did you? I could kill you with my bare hands without even working up a sweat," she said as she again squeezed with all her strength. He screamed and stopped struggling just lying over her shoulder and moaning. "But what I want is for you to admit I am stronger than you are. How about it."

She squeezed again and Pete feared his ribs were breaking. Even so he defiantly yelled at her to get screwed. She responded by adjusting her grip to his lower ribs and lifting him off the ground. He began to yell "You're stronger than I am - PLEASE STOP, YOU'RE KILLING ME!" She held on for a few more seconds and dropped him to the floor. He collapsed in a heap and curled up in a ball.

For Lynne it was a revelation, this man was nothing! She had destroyed him without even working up a sweat. She had always thought she could win, but she had never dreamed it would be this easy. She had to stop herself from fingering herself, she was so excited. She let him recover for a few minutes and thought of new ways to humiliate him. After about 5 minutes he began to get up. She stepped in front of him.

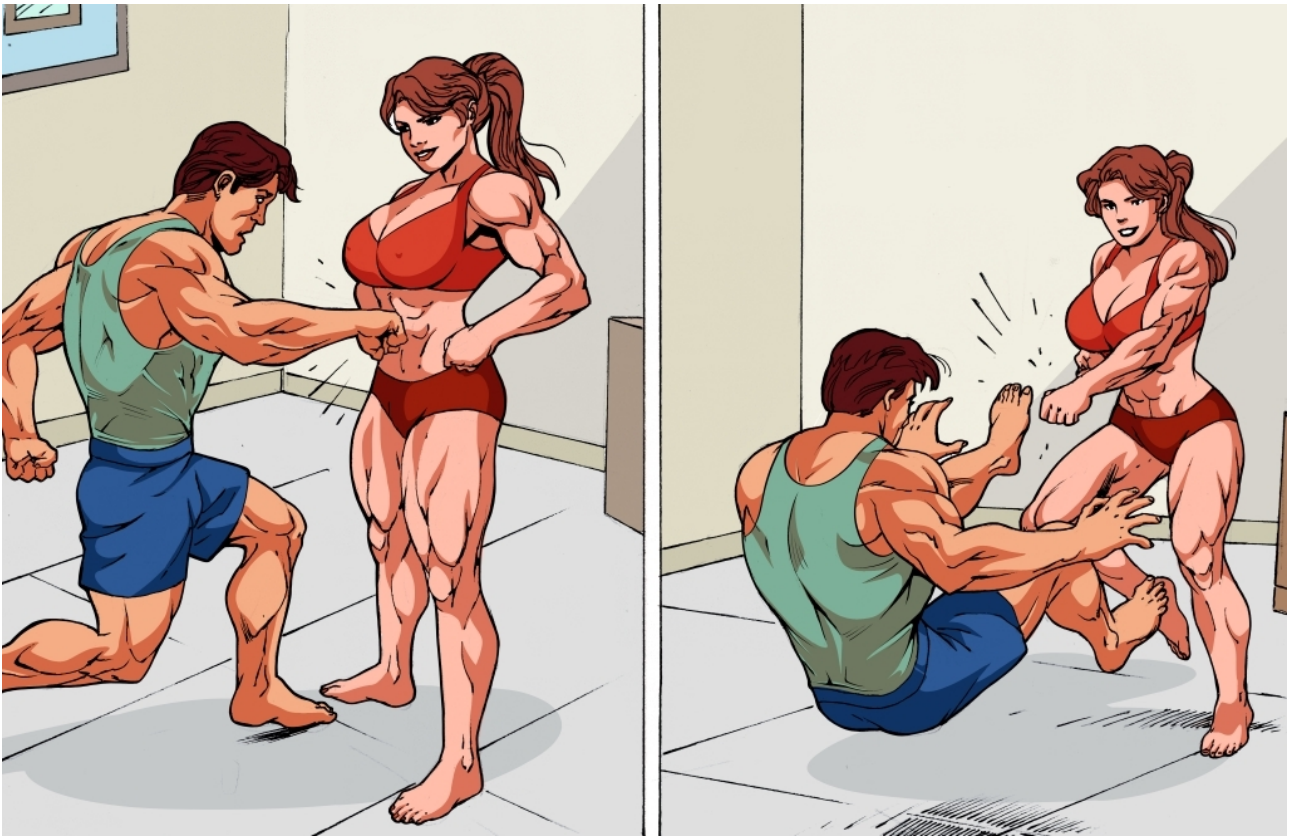


"If you kiss my foot right now, I'll finish you off and let you go," she said. "Otherwise, it's going to get even worse." She held her foot into his face as he got to his knees.

"Fuck you bitch," he snarled and gathered all his remaining strength and hit her in the midsection. It bounced harmlessly off her abs, doing more damage to his hand than to her. She laughed at his effort.

"Is that the best you can do. Why don't you get up and try that again."

She stood with her hands on her hips inviting him to hit her stomach again. He got up and walked around for another minute to gather himself. This may be his only chance to turn the tide and put this bitch in her place he thought. When he was ready he stepped up and let loose his biggest punch. Again, it bounced off her steely abdomen not even forcing her to back up. The smile never left her face as she told him to try again. He slugged her three more times in the ribs. Desperate, he stepped into her and delivered a hard knee into her stomach. This forced her back a step but had no other effect. She reached out and grabbed him by the neck with her left hand. With her right hand she began to pound him in the stomach repeatedly. The first punch had taken all the air out of him and he would have fell if she wasn't holding him up. He was unable to block her punches as she continued hitting for about a solid minute. Finally she let him fall to the floor.



Pete was retching and gasping for air. His stomach was a bright purple and he felt that several ribs were probably broken. She tauntingly asked him if it hurt and pressed on one of the bruises. He nearly threw up and told her to please stop. She responded by getting on top of him, grabbing his arms and pulling them over his head. Pinned and helpless she twined her legs into his and stretched him in a painful grapevine hold.

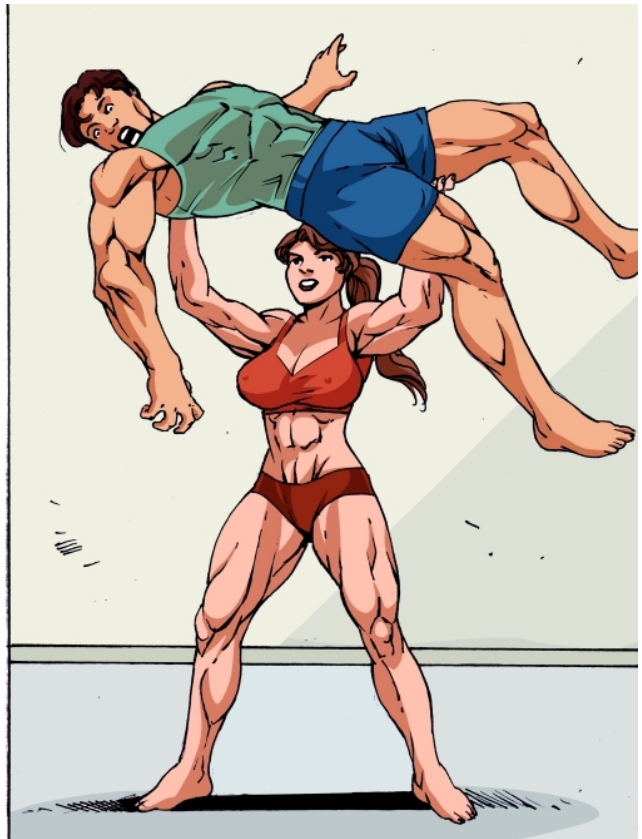
He screamed again in pain as his knees were twisted. "All right, you've proven your point," he yelled. "You're stronger than me. I give up."

She let up on the hold and pinned him to the carpet rubbing her wet pussy against his crotch. She stared him directly in the eyes letting him know she was in complete control. But she wasn't ready to stop just yet. She spun him around and put him in a full nelson. He quickly collapsed back to the floor and she rubbed his face across the carpet. He again tried to give up.

"You can't give up," she said. "You get beaten up. You're done when I say you're done. Now beg me to release me and I might be nice." She was really getting off on this feeling of power and superiority and she didn't want it to stop.

"Please stop, Lynne," Pete pleaded. "You're too strong for me."

"Not good enough," she said and stood up with him in the full nelson. Releasing the hold, she shoved him into the wall and following behind she shot five quick fists into his back. He screamed and begged for mercy but she had none as she continued to pound his back. Finishing, she lifted him off the ground and smashed his back across her knee. Then holding him there she stretched him out. She felt as if she could tear him limb from limb if she really tried. He was really screaming now and she feared one of the neighbors might hear and call the cops, so she stopped. She again lifted him up and cradled him in her arms like a baby. He was babbling almost incoherently to please stop. She decided to let him see how strong she was by pressing him overhead. She held him there easily and threatened to slam him to the ground. He pleaded with her to stop so she brought him down then thought better of it and lifted him back up and slammed him to the ground. He bounced up nearly a foot off the ground and then lay there not moving.



When he woke up he felt as if his body had been run over by a truck. He was on the second floor of the house and he had been stripped of his shorts. He heard Lynne talking and looked up to see her talking on the phone.

"No, I'm telling you. It was so easy," she was saying. "I barely had to try and had to lay off or I probably would have killed him. Any of the girls give me more competition than this." She saw he was awake and walked over to him. "He's up, why don't I show you what I can do."

He began to back up and try to get away and Lynne felt a real thrill seeing that this big man was afraid of her. She quickly caught him and grabbed him by the head. She dragged him over to the couch and sat down, placing her thighs around his head and holding him there.

He ran his hands over her thighs and felt their hardness. Legs of steel was a true moniker for this woman. He began to tremble at their touch but he was excited by it at the same time. He began to bulge again and was momentarily embarrassed to see she saw his erection.

"Listen to this, Marce," she said and began to squeeze his head. He began to shift uncomfortably in her grasp and tried to find a weak spot in her armor. There was none and he was unable to stop her legs as they continued to squeeze in on him mercilessly. He began to beg her to stop as his head felt like it was going to explode. "Hear that," she said, "and I'm not even trying yet." With that she clamped down with all her might and he yelled in pain. He was pounding on her thighs with his fists with no effect. She made him give up several times and then beg for release to her friend Marcy on the phone. Marcy laughed and asked Lynne to squeeze him out. She lifted her body off the couch in a long squeeze and unable to talk, Pete could only flail his arms helplessly. Soon he saw blackness around the edges of his vision and he passed out. "See" she said, "no problem to make him scream but he passes out too quickly. You have to try this, its such a turn-on. No, this one's mine, find your own slave, OK bye Marce." Lynne hung up the phone lifted up Pete's prone body and took him up the stairs. He had one last function for the night.

When he woke up this time he was upstairs in the bedroom. As the fog lifted he momentarily forgot where he was. Then he saw Lynne standing in front of him naked. He marvelled at her amazing body. A body that had so easily throttled him he remembered. He tried to sit up and she easily pushed him back down. Her angelic face was smiling down at him. "Back again? Are you ready for more or have you learned your lesson?" she asked.

She stood up and walked across the room. She told him to crawl over to her. He got on his knees and crawled over to her. He kissed her foot and then began massaging and kissing her strong legs. Lynne was amazed at how quickly this big man had become her abject slave. Remembering what he had said earlier about raping her, she decided to use him as a sex toy. She lifted him onto the bed and got on top of him. She pressed his face into her twat while she quickly brought him to attention with her hand. His tongue worked inside her and she moaned, after several minutes she neared orgasm and shoved him deeper inside her. His oxygen cut off, Pete began to struggle wildly to get out. This only served to further excite her and as she orgasmed onto his face, he again fell unconscious.



As he came to he saw her riding his prick. She bounced up and down on his badly bruised body driving him deep into her. He tried instinctively to turn her over and get on top but she didn't even notice his attempts. She began to buck so wildly that Pete was unable to concentrate on anything but the pain as she slammed his body. As she again orgasmed, Pete managed to slide his abused prick out of her. Looking down at him, she smiled and grabbed his prick. It quickly filled with blood and swelled in her hand. She worked it a few times and told him, "It's the least I can do. You got me off twice, I can at least get you off one time."



She continued to massage his tool and as he neared orgasm she suddenly, savagely grabbed his shaft and lifted him up off the ground by it with one hand! He screamed in pain not having time to marvel at this amazing display of strength. She continued to hold him aloft by his dick and he felt it would tear from his body. She set him down and let him recover. As she cooed in a teasing manner and rubbed his abused prick Pete felt himself get hard. It hurt, but the sexiness of the woman in front of him was too much.

She gripped hard and pulled him up a little again. Suddenly he spasmed all over her hand. The gooey liquid caused him to slide out of her grip and he fell back on the floor with a thud. Looking at her hand she sat on his chest and pushed it into his face. "Clean it off or I'll kill you," she yelled at him.

He turned his head, but she quickly wrapped her legs around his chest and gave him a quick squeeze and told him she meant it.

He held his breath and licked his own cum off of her hand, anything to avoid more abuse from this beautiful, destroyer. Pete knew his entire life had changed, he would never be able to look at a woman the same way again.

Lynne stood up and placed her foot on Pete's chest. As she held him there and flexed her awesome body, she also knew her life would never be the same again. She had destroyed a man and liked it! She looked down at Pete and thought about what else she could do to him. No matter, she had all night to figure it out, she laughed as she bent down to grab him once more.

THE END

Copyright 2020 Amy's Conquest (amysconquest.com)