

MUSCLE FUN

(a Jack Straw Story)

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"Please, no more; I've had it!" he begged weakly, gasping for breath. I had done all the work, but he was a wreck. A wreck, but so cute! I gazed with still unsatiated lust at his handsome face and damp, curly hair. His hard, tan, brawny body was soaked with sweat, his and mine. His final surrender, so long in coming, excited me anew. He was admitting that I was his superior in every way, a man who perhaps had never conceded defeat in anything until tonight! My breasts and clit tingled and hardened one last time.

In the rush of sensations, I couldn't resist extracting more pleasure. I ran his rough hands along the supple skin of my torso, from the trim, corded waist up past the abrupt expansion of my heavily muscled ribcage to where my large, erect breasts, thrust out by my deep chest muscles, hid his face from me as I leaned back in passion. And I forced his limp fingers to caress the areolae and turgid nipples. Oh, it felt good. I remembered how he had sucked in his breath in surprise when he had seen my torso in its nude glory the first time. Had he been shocked by the muscles or the beauty? I love to flaunt both; I revel in the body I've built and its effect on the male of the species. After the many climaxes that night, my clit demanded still one more. I pressed it down mercilessly against the base of his worn-out member and, as the sensations exploded in my nether region, constricted my mighty vagina around his penis, semi-hard from his last orgasm. As I squeezed harder to wring out maximum contact, I felt his once-proud organ mold pliantly against the contours of my heated womb. Despite his ingrained stoicism, he yelped in pain and humiliation as I squashed his sensitive member.

I drew his open mouth to my demanding nipples, and, then, in the throes of orgasm, I shifted my arms to encircle his back in a crushing embrace. His face was wedged in the large, sweat-drenched crevasse between my breasts. My elastic globes swelled against my bulging arm muscles and around his ears, nose, and mouth and the erect nipples bore into his skin as again I maximized contact of all my erogenous flesh. I was oblivious to his struggles to free himself from this suffocating prison.



My inner thighs, craving stimulation as well, clamped around his lower back and ribs. I could feel them swell and harden as they flexed. It always felt so good to flex my beautiful muscles, to feel them explode into huge, rock-hard ridges of feminine power, and it now fuelled my state of ecstasy.

As the sensations exploded, I constricted all my muscles at once and was dimly conscious of the crackling of his overmatched ribs. In my energized state, I was capable of crushing him to death. Reluctantly, I loosened my holds and slowly wound down from the heights of blissful exhilaration.

Poor Stan had fainted away from pain and lack of air. I pressed my lips against his to administer artificial respiration, but he was still breathing. I allowed my lips to linger and sealed our lovemaking with a long, appreciative kiss.



As I rose up on my knees and stretched languorously, running my hands over my still tingling torso, he stirred and half opened his eyes.

"Sorry, I don't know my own strength sometimes. Are you going to be okay?" I asked softly.

Humiliated by my condescension, he grimaced involuntarily as he started to speak and then stared at the ceiling. He was a big man, larger than I, and a strong one, as men go. Yet he knew that I could pulverize him, UNINTENTIONALLY, even as I extracted pleasure from him. What I could do to him if I WANTED, he probably didn't want to consider. As I lightly caressed him, he turned his gaze back to me. I could see the humiliation in his eyes, but also, as I proudly displayed the curves and strength of my body to his probing gaze in the soft light of the room, I saw admiration and even, once again, lust. He reached up to touch my body as if to memorize it one last time.

I took his hand lightly in mine, and was amused to feel his penis stirring as I plopped down gently against it. "Careful, you don't want me to get worked up again do you? I could go all night!" I laughed at the terror in his face; he knew he was finished. Another round might do permanent damage. Again I rose up on my knees and, as a final statement, I flexed all the muscles of my arms, shoulders, and torso for him, clinched in my trim, marble-sculpted waist and thrust out my male-smothering breasts one last time for him. He groaned and his head collapsed limply back against a pillow, even as his breathing became more ragged.

Tensing my legs, I flipped backward onto my hands and then backward again to land softly on my feet on the floor at the foot of the bed. No small feat, considering how big I am. Another thing for him to feel inferior about.



After I returned from the bathroom, he still had not moved, but he seemed more inclined to reflect on how lucky he had been. I dressed slowly for him, savouring his now unabashed admiration.

"Will I see you again?" he asked. It was plain he sensed the truth and already felt the rejection, the depression of not measuring up. This was not his usual role. Women were supposed to worship him, not vice versa.

"I'll call," I said and kissed him lightly as I left.

I almost felt sorry for him and the damage to his ego. It was cruel, perhaps, but I had to have these conquests and I could leave no doubt which was the superior sex. No matter how big, how strong, how smart, how experienced, in the end they were humbled physically, mentally, and sexually, and forced to admit it. And sadly, once they had, they no longer interested me. I lived only for the conquest, but it didn't seem to matter, there was an endless supply.

I had been a big, chubby girl with very large breasts when I was high school. The most fun I had was in athletics, but it led to even more rejection from the male sex. Gradually, as I trained more seriously, I built up my body. As I got stronger and trimmer, I felt better about myself and became obsessed with becoming stronger and stronger. Soon I could challenge men to athletic contests and win. On the street, I began to notice admiring stares from men and women. My former baggy, saggy breasts became firm and springy; although not quite as large as before, they seemed even more prominent because now they were supported and thrust out by thick slabs of muscle that just kept getting stronger and deeper. I started measuring myself. It was fun to see how much I could expand the tape by taking a deep breath or flexing the now outrageous muscles of my legs and arms. I made money hustling men at weightlifting, but soon I felt a need to satisfy my growing sexual appetite.



I decided to dress more sexily and care about my appearance. I would pick out my targets doing laundry, shopping, wherever I went. I wanted hunks, no wimps for me. I would hide some of my muscularity in the beginning and then, when I had them hooked and back at their places, drooling with lust, I'd then assert myself physically. Naked in bed or on the carpet, I'd wrestle them to submission. I had to be on top, and the more they struggled the more I liked it. First I made them serve me with their tongues, then after teasing them and making them beg, I fucked them silly. Eventually, they would admit, some vociferously, others tacitly, that I was the best they ever had, and even after I wore them out, they remained hooked. That's why I never brought them to my place; I could drop them whenever I wanted.

So it was with Stan that night. He had that cockiness that I love to challenge. After losing a short game of chess, he had pretended not to care after losing the wrestling match in bed. He was proud of his body, the size of his appendage, and his control. But he was no match for me; I had him so excited that he had no

control, so I had to control. He had shown more stamina than most, but after two hours, on and off, of letting him erupt after I had achieved multiple orgasms, letting him soak in a tub with me, and reigniting his passion, he could take no more.

You might think I'd lose interest after a while but it's so amusing to see the discomfiture of one who considers himself a he-man stud, that I go on and on, hotter and hotter.

As I drove back to my place, my mind played back fragments of recent trysts. I could be a nice girl, but with the men I'd had lately I just couldn't resist teasing them....

I had let Jim mount me in his king-size bed. Threatened by my physique, which I still had not flexed or exerted in his presence, he had grabbed my hands with his and pressed them over my head. Having plunged his hard member inside me, he felt in command and said something to that effect. This was the moment for which I had been waiting.

"So, you think you've got me, do you? Well, I don't think you're man enough to hold me, LITTLE BOY." He smiled blithely thinking that his weight advantage had me subdued.

I clenched my legs together behind him and dug them into the bed for leverage. Calmly, slowly, without even a grunt of effort, I forced his arms backward. His eyes widened in disbelief as, despite his red-faced efforts, he felt himself give way. My biceps bunched up in ridges, but not as hugely as when I'm working out, because he wasn't providing as much resistance. I thrust out my ample breasts and deep chest, and his back bowed backward. My rigid legs were bulging around his yielding midsection and hips. And my wet vagina had locked on his turgid member. He was still on top, but I was in control. As I bent his arms behind his back to the point of wrenching pain, we both knew I could break him. It always felt good to pit my strength against a resistance and feel my big, smooth muscles bulge with vitality; this was like being at the gym, and although it wasn't much of a challenge, he was a big brute and the resistance kept increasing, alas for him not enough.... OOPS! I had gotten carried away. A agonized whimper broke my revelry; the grimace on his face told me he was in real pain. I didn't want to hurt the poor big baby, just let him know that a real woman called the shots. I merely whirled our bodies so that now I was on top.



From that point on, he was putty in my hands, doing whatever I commanded. And I was very demanding! I massaged his organ with the special tricks I've trained my love channel to do, in order to keep his hardon at a feverish pitch. But I wouldn't pump up and down until I had been served.

I forced him to lap and suck my big breasts, tanned and hard as bronze in the throes of my arousal, and other parts of my perspiring torso that he could reach by straining his neck. As I exploded in juicy climax, I couldn't help gripping him in strangling embraces with my bulging legs, arms, and vagina. He nearly fainted, half from panic and half from an ecstasy he must have never experienced before in his heretofore male-dominant sexual trysts.

After several orgasms, I let the now thoroughly cowed he-man be on top. But I still clenched my muscular slit; why let him off easy? I revelled in his ragged breathing from the extreme effort required to pump up and down inside the grip of my juicy, muscular furnace. He became drenched in sweat that poured down his face and the rest of his big, muscular body, trying to win at least in this contest in which all the advantages should be in his favor. The poor baby was frantic in his efforts to prove himself. Remembering how he had swaggered earlier and bragged about his prowess, I couldn't help tormenting him further; it was such fun! I teased him by gripping the sides of his waist with my hands and lifting him out nearly at the point of explosion. His large cock slapped up against his flat, muscular tummy. Angered by this final indignity, he fought furiously to thrust back in, but, of course, I effortlessly denied him this pleasure. Instead, I ground his throbbing member between our bodies until he erupted all over himself.



After recovering somewhat, he too found that he was hopelessly ensnared by this new experience. In so many words, he would want to be with me time and time again. He had to admit this was the best he'd ever had. "Would I let him?"

"I'll call."

I had let Paul back me against the wall and played along as he undressed me, by stripping him as well. Now that we were nude, all the advantages were with me, but he didn't know it yet. I could see that he was becoming more aware of the muscularity of my body as he pawed me and forced himself against me. Seizing control, I gripped his large, erect member and guided it inside me, causing him to bend his knees slightly to put us at the same height.

I gripped his buttocks and pressed our bodies together. Clearly annoyed at my aggression, he reached roughly around my back to do the same. It gave me an idea.

"How about a squeezing contest?" I suggested playfully. "Think you're strong enough to stand up to a little bear hug from these babies? And I flexed my biceps for him."



He blinked in surprise as they bulged up nicely and I felt his penis lurch inside me. Though he wouldn't admit it, it turned him on, to be challenged like this. For me too, it was most arousing - to be locked in coitus while having a test of strength. My juices started to flow as I locked my arms together at the small of his back and began to squeeze. Almost in self-preservation, he reached his arms around me. He was now getting his second surprise as he found he could barely touch his hands together such is the size of my chest. Seeing his predicament, I played with his psyche by taking such a deep breath that his hands came apart. I giggled at his confusion. Gritting his teeth, he pressed roughly into me and succeeded in getting a firm lock. However, the position of my arms forced his arms low enough that his face was now pressed into the top of my cleavage. I shifted my grip so that I could press him deeper into that grand canyon of mine. He was now being smothered. I amused myself by taking deep breaths that forced his head deeper and stretched his arms painfully.

With almost violent effort, he broke free of this smother hold. Having lost his suave manner, he clearly intended to teach me a lesson as he clamped his arms tightly around me. I dropped my arms and merely tensed the muscles of my upper torso against his hold.

"That's it he-man! Show me your strength. Take my breath away!" I said as I let him try to outmuscle me. But his big muscles weren't up to the task. I smiled tauntingly, goading him into more effort. Then it was my turn.

"Come on, my little sister could do better than that! Let me show you how it's done." I encircled his hard body and constricted my arms in a serious hug. Amazed that his best effort was having no effect, he began to realize that he was overmatched as I squeezed relentlessly.



"Please, I can't breath! You're **BREAKING MY RIBS!**" he gasped sobbingly.

I released the pressure, but I didn't let him go. I noted that he had long since lost his erection, in his anger, frustration, exertion, and pain. But my vaginal muscles still clamped his limp member inside me.

Still intending to have my pleasure, I nibbled gently at his neck while he was gasping for breath and trying to pull himself together. He struggled to free himself but he was putty in my arms now.

"What are you doing? Let me go!" he cried. I wondered if he realized the irony of his pleading to have a woman let him free.

"Come on, he-man, make me," I said throatily, still caressing and kissing him lightly. I massaged his member with my wet vagina. Even as he struggled to free himself, his penis betrayed him, slowly engorging in my steamy trap.

Oblivious to his kicking and wild punching, I took him. Gripping his buttocks cruelly, I forced him roughly in and out, clamping my muscular slit so tightly around his member that his eyes bugged out in surprise. Despite his unwilling, but extreme arousal, I knew that this painful constriction would keep him from coming until I had extracted my pleasure. Even as it pained him, it increased the glorious sensations I was getting from my engorged clit. I clamped him tightly with my legs in the throes of my first orgasm. I kissed him roughly on the mouth, jousting his tongue into submission with mine, and robbing his breath. My second orgasm hit. In my delirium of pleasure, I clenched my muscles so tightly that I heard a cracking sound and a pathetic groan.

It was now time to give him his release. I let our bodies fall to the floor, and pinning him beneath me, plunged up and down.

When it was over and we both regained our breathing, I gently but firmly turned his face so that his averted eyes were forced to look at me, in silent acknowledgement of my superiority. I kissed him and slowly stood up over his limp body. His former air of pompous arrogance had been replaced with one in which humiliation mingled with respect and fear. His slimy, reddened organ, limply curled in a fetal position against one leg. But...as his gaze fixed almost timorously on the contours of my big built body, his cock stirred. I flaunted my muscles and curves as I dressed slowly, both of us knowing that I could do anything I wanted with him, sexually, physically, and mentally. He couldn't hide his desire and yet could do nothing about it. I couldn't help but smile at the pathetic confusion of this once haughty lothario as I left.

Sometimes, though, I end up in more serious confrontations with men who feel threatened by my superior physique. For example, a few nights after the tryst with Stan....

It was one of those local bars where anything goes. A friend of mine had tipped me off about some regulars there who were lecherous bullies. Sure enough in one of the dim alcoves, a silly woman had let herself get in over her head. One of the rednecks was pawing her, despite her protests and obvious efforts to leave. I plopped my frame down next to this yokel and tickled him in the ribs.

"Say, ugly, how about letting this poor baby go home to her mama. She doesn't seem to be having much fun."

He gripped my arm to remove it, and when that was unsuccessful tried to push me away with his other arm. When that had no effect, he cried angrily, "Look, bitch, get the hell out of here!"



"My, aren't we touchy," I giggled, tweaking his cheek with my free hand. His red face looked like it was going to explode. I almost laughed out loud. He twisted upward from his seat and tried to grab me around the shoulders. I suppose he intended to grab me, shake me, and scare me, like he did everyone else. But I blocked his hands away from me nonchalantly and grinned at him. In his anger, the poor girl he had been harassing was forgotten and she escaped.

He rose up to pounce on me, but as he rose I tripped him so that he fell face first on the floor. I remained seated and casually took a sip of my beer.

"Gee, you sure know how to impress a gal, don't you big guy?"



I could tell he was winding up to throw a punch at me. I didn't want a brawl; I was dressed in nice clothes, a tight skirt that wasn't hiding much, a delicate low-cut blouse that was partially covered with one of my best jackets, nylons, and high heels. I quickly removed my jacket to free up my arms, and dodged in my seat as he lunged at me.

I punched him hard and deep into his beer gut. My buried fist seemed like it went in to his spine. While he was crumpling up, I struck with my other fist directly into his ribs, twisting my arm at the point of contact. A sickening crackling sound signalled the end of the fight.

He wouldn't be bothering anyone for a few days, maybe weeks. I still hadn't gotten out of my seat. Without saying anything, I leaned back and took another drink of my beer, letting the assembled men have a generous view of my cleavage and my long, sleek, muscular legs, exposed almost to the crotch.

One of the fallen jerk's friends stalked over ominously, while another tended to the moaning wreck on the floor.

"That was uncalled for!" he growled, his face dark with rage.

"I think you should teach your friend not to hit a lady. It's not good manners, and sometimes it's bad for your health," I shot back impassively, still holding my beer but no longer interested in it. (Even the beer in this place was bad.)

Well, I guess this second guy felt it was time for the men to reclaim their turf. "Look, bitch, you don't have any friends here. I think you ought to apologize."

I laughed.

"Before I'm through with you, you'll beg to kiss my dick, Miss Smarty Pants." He started for me, but this time I did get up out of my seat. In my heels my eyes were level with his. As he reached out to push me down, I grasped both of his outstretched hands in mine.

"I probably couldn't find your dick, Muscle Head. Someone who talks like you do must have a very tiny one."

He snarled and tried to wrench his hands out of my grip, but he couldn't. I backed him up against a pool table and started to power down on his arms in a test of strength. I thought this might be a good contest, considering the big muscles in his arms, chest, and shoulders that he proudly displayed through a tight T-shirt, about two sizes too small.

"Come on, big muscle boy, put me in my place," I grinned.



His back was bending backwards. I had his legs trapped with mine, so that he was completely immobilized. His arms were trembling with effort and bulging out under his T-shirt, but he was losing and losing badly. Outmuscled by a woman! in front of people who knew him! He grimaced with furious effort and the veins stood out on his face and neck, and his muscles bulged out in ridges. But then I went into high gear, and his wrists bent back. He was now in pain and as I moved back from the table he slid downward to take the pressure off his wrists.

"Why don't you kiss me, Dick Head? Come on, beg me to let you kiss my panties," I said, reminding him of his earlier taunt at me. I poured on more pressure and moved us around so that I was facing anyone who might intervene, but nobody did. Afraid of me? Perhaps. But, more, they seemed fascinated. A couple of the few women here were openly cheering and taunting.

My opponent was sobbing in pain. "Come on, beg!"

"Please!" he sobbed.



"Please, what?"

"Let me kiss you wherever you want!
Just let me go! My wrists are BRO-O-
KEN!"

Not letting go of his hands, I guided his head up under my skirt and he kissed me. In the heat of the moment, I prolonged my pleasure by clamping his head between my legs. I was getting hot! But after few seconds of grinding his face, I let him go and he slumped to the floor.

I straightened my skirt and blouse in my most lady-like fashion. No one could fail to notice that the Muscle King had been outmuscled by one good-looking lady.

I thought he'd had enough, but as I started to walk away, he lunged at me. I easily danced out of his reach, letting him fall with a loud thud. (What an idiot! That male ego thing - it's a real weakness of the sex.) Before he could rise, I pulled one of his arms behind him in a hammerlock and thought about a good way to end this. I pulled him up and viciously powered the hammerlock.



He sobbed in pain once more, the big baby!

"Take off your pants!" I snarled menacingly. "Come on, take them off!" I pushed up even harder and heard a snapping sound. He was now bawling in pain; actual tears were flooding his face! What a wimp!

"Take them off, I said!" He fumbled with his one free hand as quickly as he could to loosen his belt and the button on his faded jeans and slid them part way down his legs to reveal ugly stained briefs.

"Now the briefs! Let's see if you really do have a cock." I pushed up again and heard another snap. In abject humiliation he complied.

I laughed at the poor little fellow curled limply in his pubic hair. I flicked at it contemptuously. "Yeah, I guess, you've got one, but it isn't much is it? No wonder you have to grab at women. You're not much of a man are you?"

"ARE YOU?" I made him answer by pushing on his now ruined arm.

"No," he sobbed weakly.

I let him plop onto the floor, sauntered over to my seat, and sat down. I leaned back, silently waiting for someone else or SOMEONE'S else to take up the challenge. But no one did. The two that had insulted me were half-carried out of the alcove. In the near quiet, I finished my awful beer and decided to leave. Not a single man met my gaze as I left.

I tossed a tip onto the bar counter and walked out. As I emerged into the night, I glanced down at my legs. "Darn, another ruined pair of nylons," I muttered. A small price to pay, I decided. That had been fun!

THE END

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