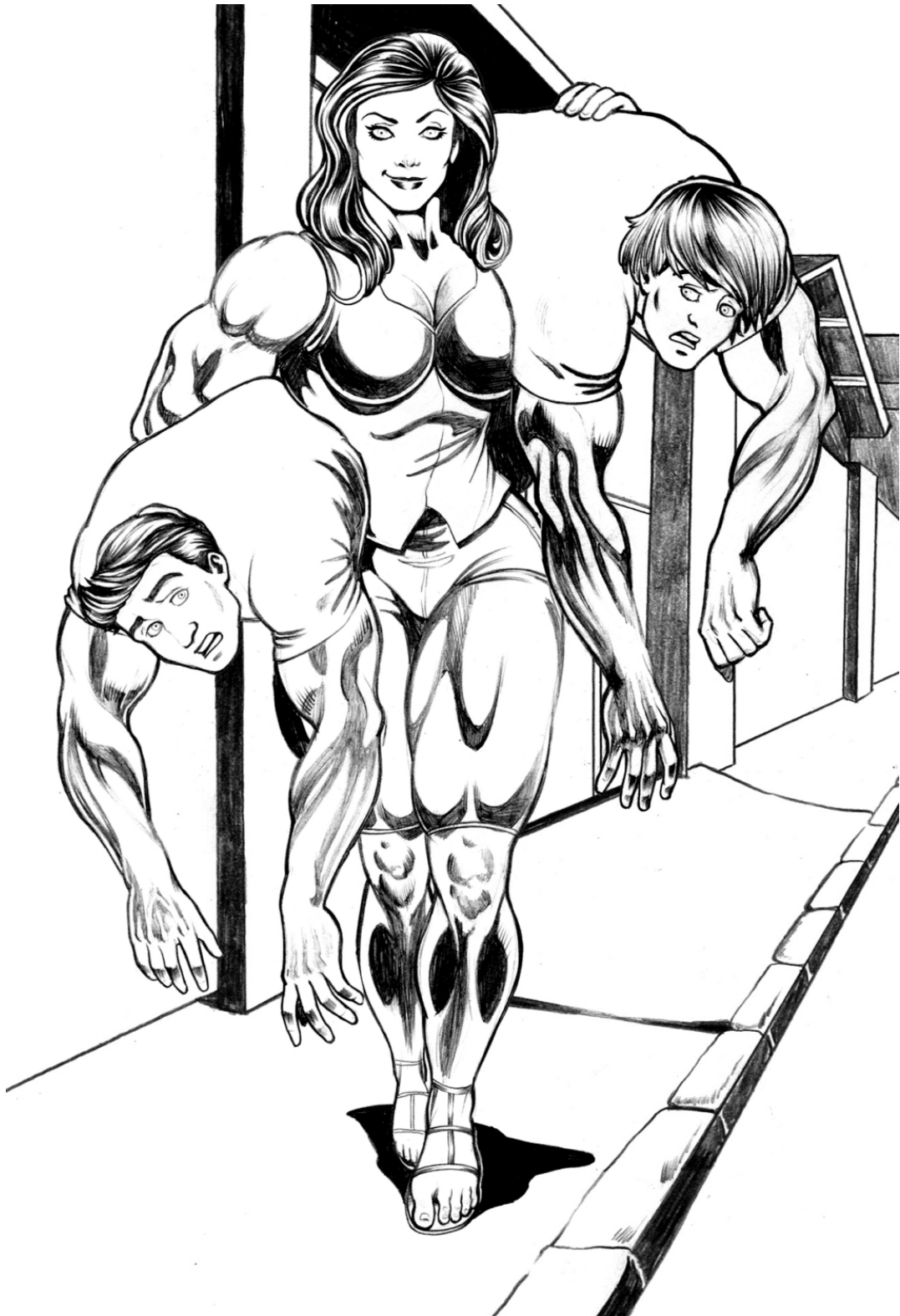


NEVER MESS WITH AN AMAZON

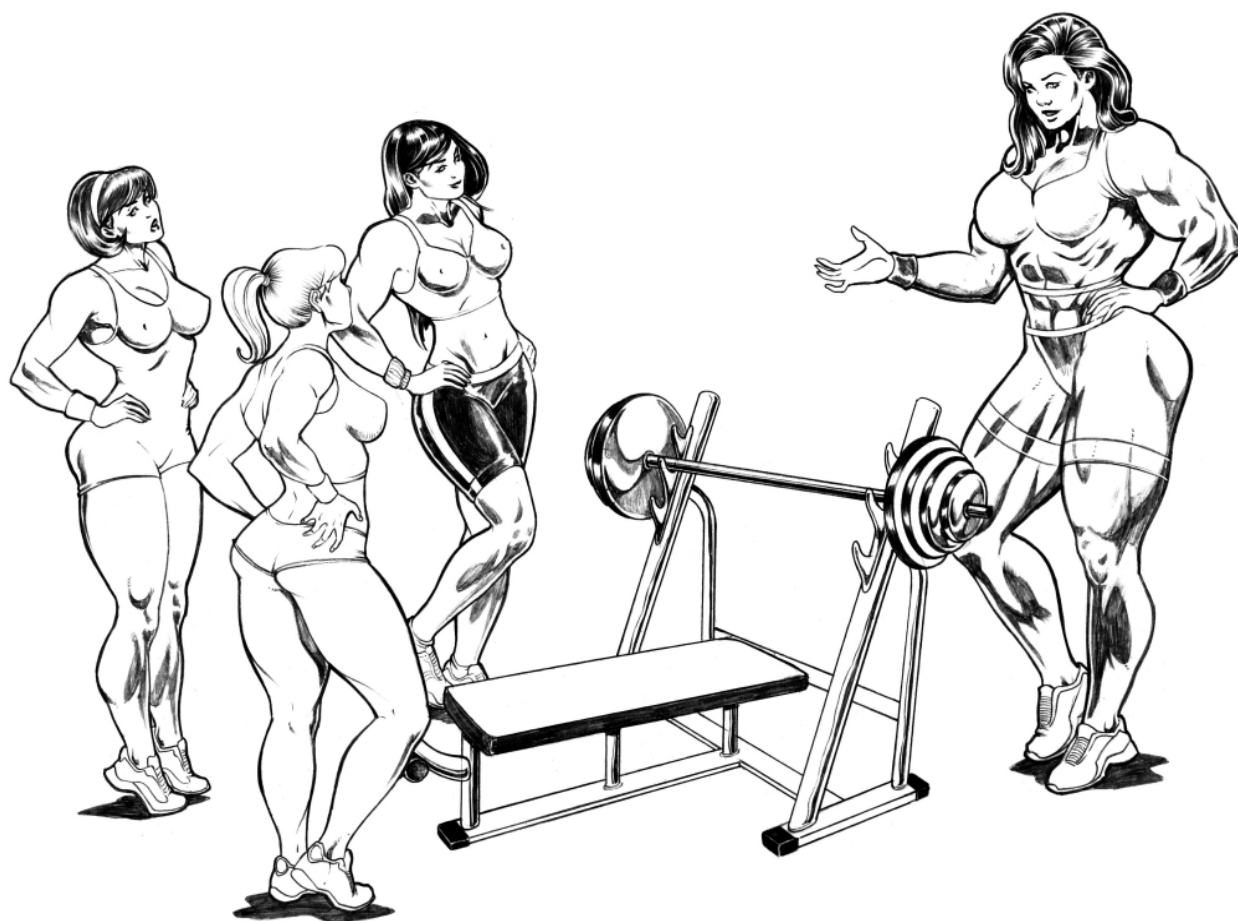
- an MC story -

(amysconquest.com)



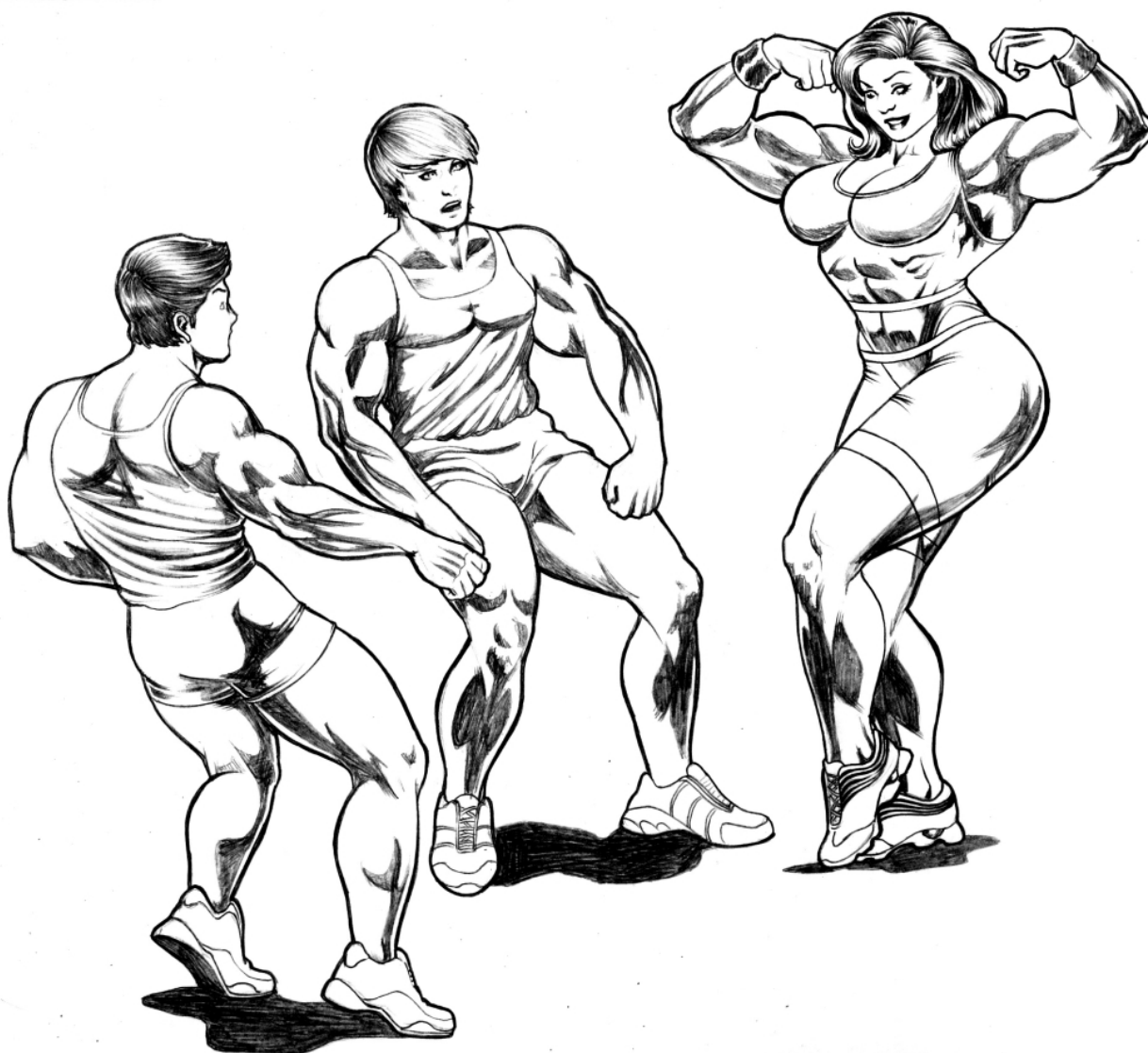
" Seven...eight...nine and ten. There, I did it ! A new personal best in the bench press." The powerfully built woman then returned the 450 pound barbells back to the stand. As she rose from the bench, Sharon was greeted with applause from all of the women in the weight room. Not surprisingly most of the men were silent. It was, undoubtedly, hard on their egos to watch this magnificently sculpted woman lift weights that they could only dream of lifting. After all, weren't they taught from childhood that, as men, they were the stronger, more powerful sex ? How could they all just stand there and watch as this beautiful woman put them all to shame ? Unfortunately for them, not one of the many muscular men in the gym could match her lifts; a fact that several of them found quite disturbing.

Sharon turned to the female students of her weightlifting class as she got to her feet and smiled. " You see girls, with practice and patience you can also achieve your weight lifting goals. This will not only make you stronger physically - as well as healthier - but it will also increase your self-esteem and give you the confidence you'll need to face the challenges of life on your own terms...and this is really what my class is all about." As the girls, who ranged in age from 14 up to 21 years old, cheered their instructor, Sharon glanced over at the men who were staring at her." Perhaps you guys could benefit from my class also," she said with a wink. That was too much for a few of them.



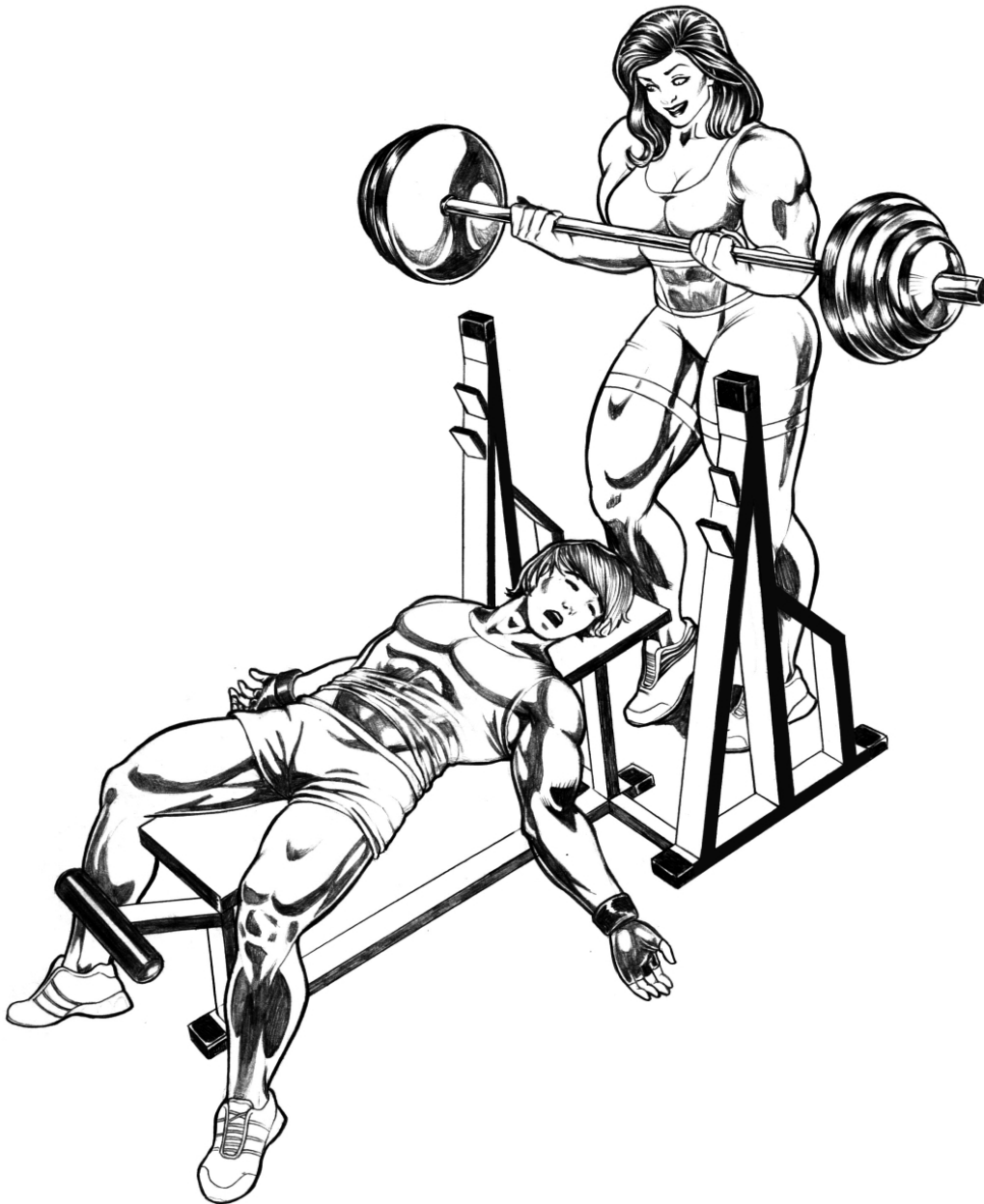
" No way babe," Stan arrogantly shouted out," we like our women soft and sweet; ain't that right Greg ? "

" You bet your ass we do," his friend and roommate chimed in." If God had wanted women to be strong, he would have given them muscles like these." Greg flexed his 18 inch biceps for the small crowd of onlookers that had now gathered around them.



Sharon and some of the other girls began to giggle when they saw this. "Not bad Greg," Sharon smiled, "now...what do you think about these ?" She tightened her fists, turned them inwards and raised her arms up in a double bicep pose. The men in the crowd gasped as the woman's biceps dwarfed Greg's; they must have measured twenty inches at least. "I think you need to come in here more often Greggy," she teased, "care to try a few lifts ?" She pointed to the bench where she had just completed her set of bench presses. Greg was probably the strongest of the regular men that came to work out at the gym. As he was now being challenged by a woman in front of everybody Greg felt he had no choice but to accept; he had to beat her.

Greg lay down underneath the weights and gripped the bar tightly. Slowly he raised the 450 pound barbell off the stand, lowered it to his chest and pushed it back up. "That's one," Sharon said, "only nine more to go." He completed another two in good form but by the fourth his hands began to tremble. Straining now, he managed to do one more before his strength gave out midway into his sixth lift. The barbell would have fallen on his chest had not a pair of powerful female hands reached out and grabbed it. With surprising ease, Sharon returned the weights back to the stand. "Well, we'll call that five and a half," she giggled, "not bad...for a man." Then, looking at the other men standing around, Sharon asked, "would anyone else like to try ?" Needless to say no one volunteered. "Stan, how about you ? You look pretty strong." Stan glanced at Greg lying exhausted on the bench and remained silent. "Well then, I suppose that settles that. Now if you boys will excuse me, I have my class to attend to."



As he lay there, Greg felt the anger inside of him building up. He had always taken pride in his athletic achievements. The 32 year-old advertising executive considered himself to be quite an athlete and - to be honest – he was. Starting tight end for both his high school and college football teams, a seven handicap golfer as well as a much better than average tennis player, the six-foot three inch 220 pound man felt he had a lot to be proud of. For Greg to be publicly humiliated by this woman was a blow to his ego...a blow he could not let stand. As he lay on the bench breathing hard Sharon offered him her hand as a gesture of reconciliation. Having made her point, she had no desire to take this any further; she wanted to end this as amicably as possible. Unfortunately, Greg had other ideas.

" I don't need your fucking help," he barked out angrily, " I can get up by myself."

Sharon shrugged her massive shoulders and sighed, " as you wish Greg, suit yourself." Turning back to her class of women weightlifters, she smiled, " I guess that will conclude our lesson for this afternoon girls, see you back here next Monday...and have a nice weekend." Her Friday class over, she then headed for the showers. As the refreshing water washed away the sweat from her body, the 30 year-old attorney reflected on some of the events her life.

Always a large, strong and athletic girl (as a kid she was a tomboy and delighted in beating up the boys of her neighborhood) Sharon Roberts earned an athletic scholarship to a major university. There, in addition to studying law, she also starred in both basketball and track - Sharon still holds the conference records for both the discus throw and shot put. Sharon's competitiveness as well as her sheer physical size and strength did have drawbacks however. Most members of the opposite sex were intimidated by her and, as a result, she rarely dated. Once boys caught a glimpse of Sharon's massive six-foot two inch, 230 pound muscular frame they tended to make themselves scarce. In short, despite her success in athletics, academics and legal career, Sharon's love life left a lot to be desired. Though not happy with her situation, Sharon accepted this as her fate - such is the life of a strong, powerful woman. She sighed to herself as she toweled off her incredibly muscular body, dressed and left the gym. It looked like it was going to be another lonely weekend. But as she began the three block walk back to her home, Sharon heard a man's angry voice behind her." Not so fast tough girl; we'd like to have a word with you."



" Why Greg and Stan, what a pleasant surprise. What can I do for you ? "

" You think you're hot shit don't you ? One tough lady ? "

" Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that Greg but, judging by your performance in the gym today, I'd say I was more than a match for the two of you." Sharon knew she was baiting them but she was not in the best of moods. After all, Greg did ask for it didn't he ? And wasn't she being generous in offering her hand as a sign of reconciliation afterwards – a gesture which he arrogantly refused. And now Greg and his friend were accosting her in this manner; just because she proved to be stronger than they were. All her life Sharon had to deal with fragile male egos.

Whether on the athletic field, in the court room or at the gym; men simply couldn't deal with the fact that she was superior to them. Now, these two insecure – albeit handsome - guys, having been shown up by her, seemed set on getting some measure of revenge for their humiliation. On another day Sharon might have simply ignored them and moved on but, for some reason, today she wasn't in the mood to let it go. " O.K. boys," she said comely," if it's a fight you want then let's do it. I'll take you both on at the same time. I only hope you can do better out here than you did in the weight room."



Both Greg and Stan were large, well built men. Though not as massive as Sharon nor, as she proved in the weight room, as strong, they nevertheless looked formidable; and they were, after all, men. But as they closed in on her, Sharon didn't seem to be too concerned; in fact, she had a smile on her pretty face. Greg, the closest to her, threw the first punch; a right hook aimed at Sharon's jaw. But much to his surprise, she simply put up her left arm and blocked it. Then, with her right hand, she slapped him hard across the face. Such was the force of her slap that the 220 pound man was driven back several feet. Stan by this time had moved in close and he also threw a punch." WHAM ! " he hit her on the shoulder. " Gee Stan, a little harder and I might have felt that, tee hee." Sharon then whacked him with the back of her hand and he too fell back." Greg attacked again but her quick left jab to his jaw stopped him in his tracks. Sharon then connected with a hard right uppercut that literally lifted him off the ground and sent him on his back. " POW ! " A few seconds later he was joined on the pavement by Stan; a victim of Sharon's right cross. As the two angry men got to their feet, Sharon just stood in front of them with her hands on her hips, smiling.

" Let's tackle her football style," Greg said. " Once she's off her feet we can pound her at will." The two muscular men - both of whom played college football and had a combined weight of some 440 pounds - charged forward; Sharon made no attempt to move. When they were only a few feet away, they put their heads down and plowed into her," THUD ! " it was like hitting a brick wall. Both Greg and Stan were stopped cold and then staggered backwards." You guys are pathetic," Sharon laughed," this hardly seems fair. Now it's my turn."



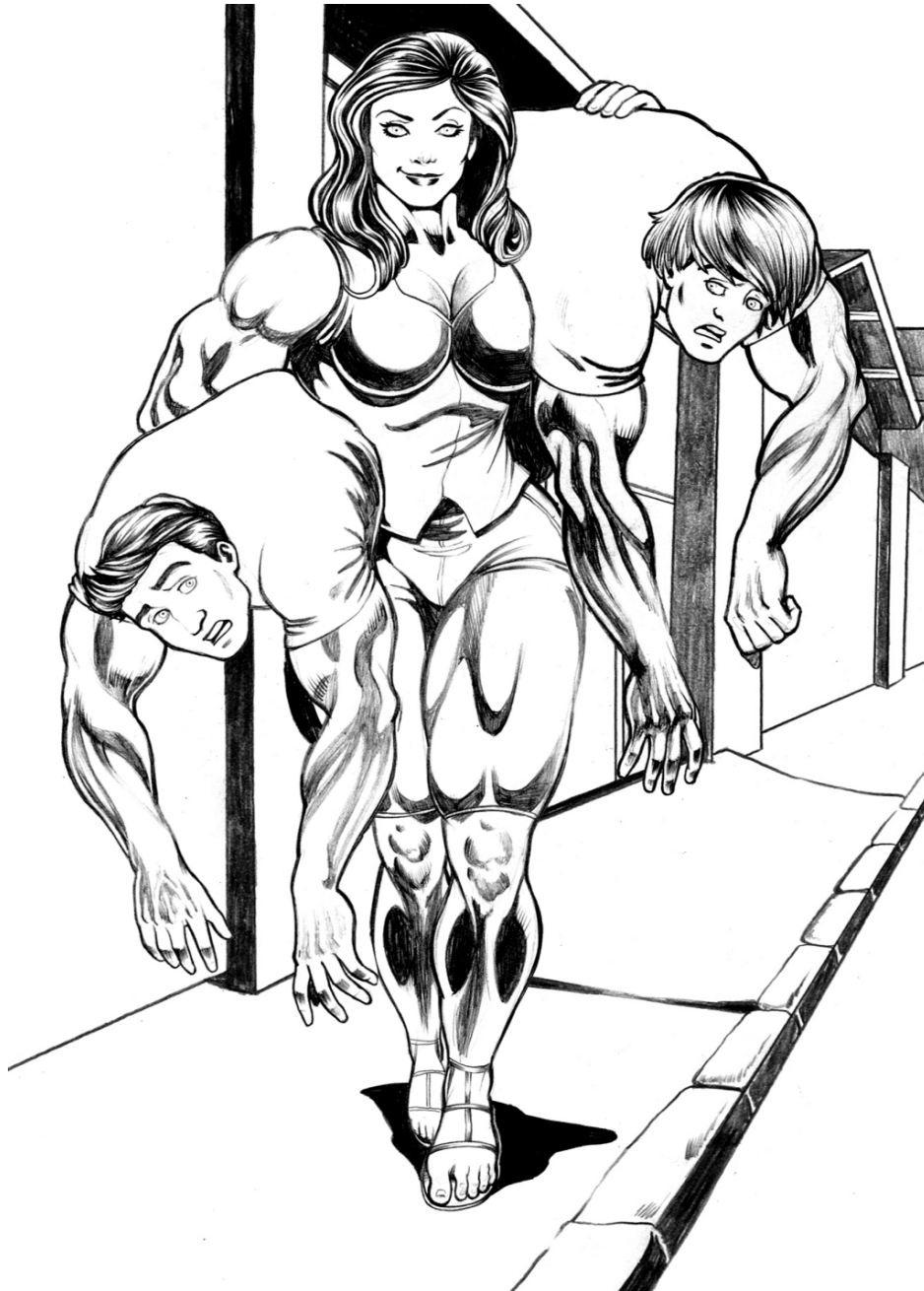
She took a short run and slammed into them, " SMASH ! " and the two ex-college football players were sent flying. Never before had either one of them been hit this hard. Greg was thrown a good ten feet, Stan at least twelve. Both were badly shaken up." I guess I should have tried out for the football team in college," Sharon giggled. She walked over to them as they slowly tried to stand. When they were up, Sharon wrapped her twenty inch arms around both of them and began to squeeze. " Let's have a little hug, shall we." They tried to resist but Sharon was too strong for them. In desperation, the two helpless men began to beat on her back with their fists; Sharon merely laughed. " Oh, you guys are so cuddly. I think I'll take you home with me, tee hee." After a minute Greg and Stan began begging her to stop, they could barely breathe. Sharon squeezed them even tighter for a few more seconds before opening her arms. As she did so, the two men collapsed on the ground. They were battered, beaten and very near tears; broken by the mighty woman that stood before them.

Sharon looked down at them and then suddenly had a great idea." I think I will take these boys home with me," she thought to herself," I didn't have any plans anyway." She reached down, grabbed Greg by his shirt collar and yanked him to his feet. She then bent down and hoisted him up over her left shoulder. Sharon then wrapped her powerful right arm around Stan's waist, stood up and began walking in the direction of her home. People on the street at that hour were treated to a very strange sight. A strong, muscular woman strolling along carrying two rather large men; one over her shoulder, another under her arm. Despite their combined weight of some 440 pounds, Sharon seemed to have little difficulty walking with them. She smiled at the passersby as they stopped and stared. " Probably never saw a woman weightlifter before," she laughed.

"Whe-where are you taking us ? " Greg cried out in a weak voice; his friend Stan was barely conscious.

" You boys are coming home with me," she answered. "I have lots of fun things planned for us, tee hee."

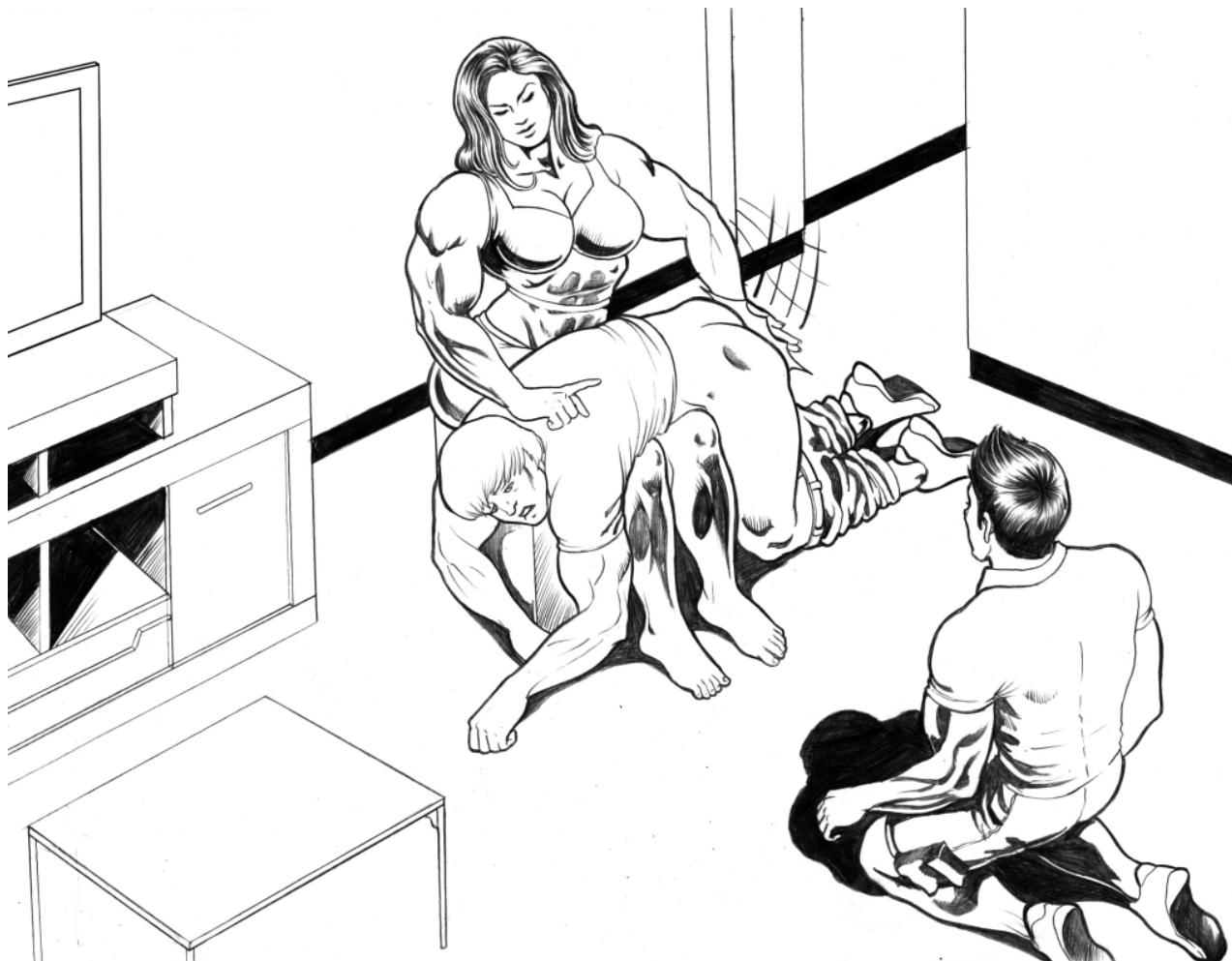
After about ten minutes, Sharon reached her home. She plopped her *baggage* down, unlocked the front door and dragged them inside; locking the door behind her. Once inside, the powerful woman marched them into her living room and tossed them on the floor. " O.K. boys, would you be so kind as to take off your clothes."



Greg and Stan looked at each other in shock." No way," Greg said defiantly.

" Look guys, we can either do this the easy way or the hard way but - one way or another - your clothes are coming off. So what's it gonna be ? "

When they didn't respond, Sharon sighed, "very well then, we'll do it the hard way." She reached down and grabbed Greg firmly by his hair and dragged him over to a near-by chair. Sitting down, she yanked him across her knee and pulled down his pants. "Since you boys insist on behaving like naughty children, I'm going to have to treat you like them." Sharon then proceeded to spank Greg's rear end hard with her bare hand; he was crying within a minute. She had to admit that it felt very erotic to have this strong, handsome man draped across her knee; completely under her control. In fact, Sharon almost had an orgasm right then and there.



"Please stop this," Greg sobbed.

"Are you going to behave yourself from now on and do as mommy says?"

"Yes," he cried, "yes, anything you say but please stop spanking me."

"Very well then," she said as she released him, "now take off your clothes." Meekly he did as he was told.

"Stan, now it's your turn for a spanking."

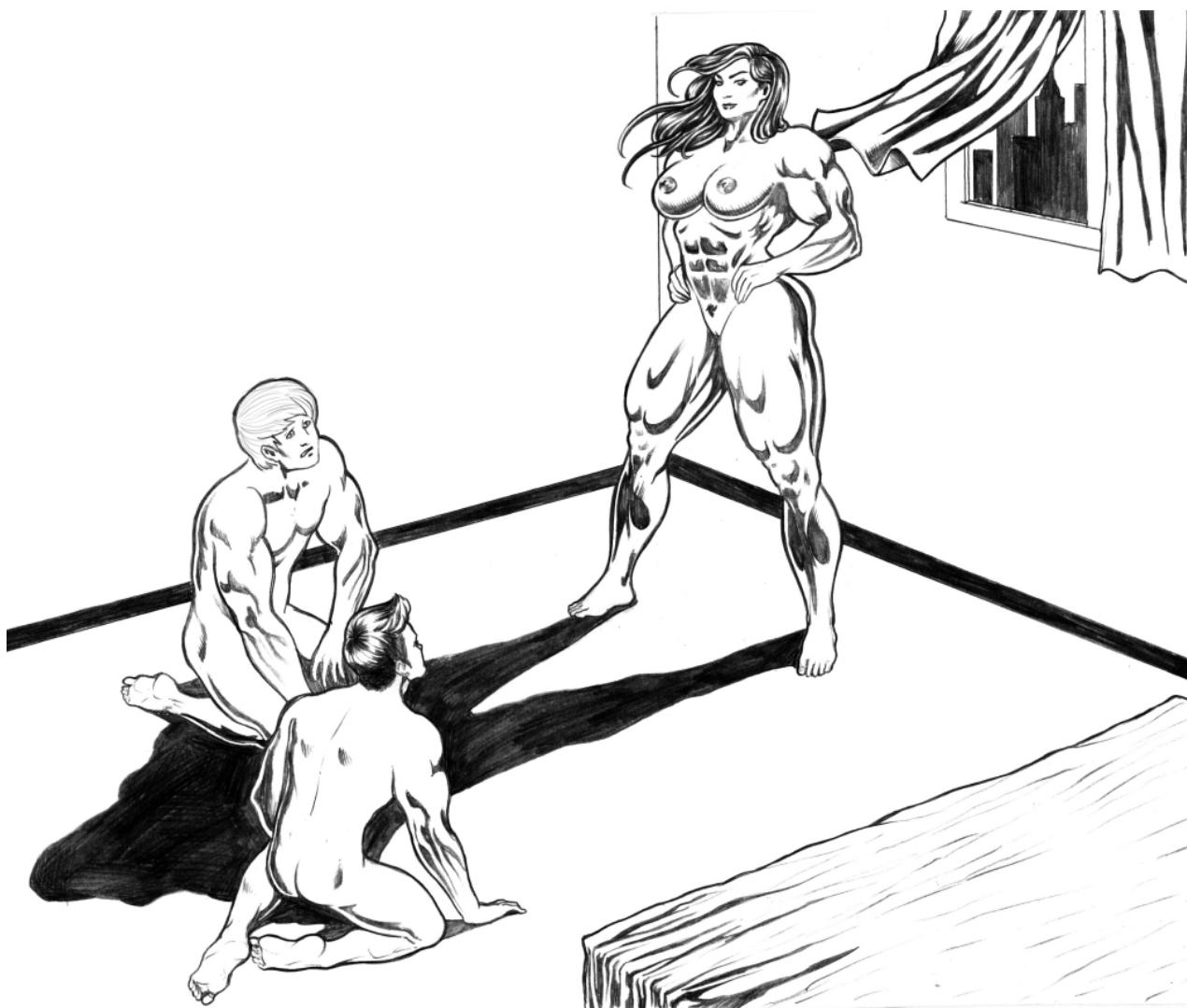
"But-but I took off my clothes."

"Yes I know, but that was only after I spanked Greg. You need to be punished too. Don't make have to get up and get you. I'll be a lot harder on you if I do. Come here, NOW!"

With tears in his eyes, Stan slowly walked over to Sharon and bent over her knee.

" That's a good boy," she said as she began to whack his behind. He was balling within thirty seconds.

When she finished spanking Stan, Sharon got up and faced the two broken men." I hope this is the last time I have to punish you for you for disobeying me. The next time I have to spank you, it'll be twice as hard; do I make myself clear ? " They both nodded. " Good," Sharon smiled. " I'm putting your clothes away, you won't be needing them for the rest of the night." When the mighty woman returned she was also naked. Greg and Stan stared at the full glory of her magnificent body. After years of intensive weight training, Sharon had a body that few men could match. Not only did she have those awesome twenty inch arms but she looked like she could lift up her entire house with her massive thighs. Her abs were rock solid and she looked like she didn't have an ounce of fat on her. Sharon smiled when she saw the looks on their faces. Walking over to them, she wrapped her right arm around Greg's waist and her left around Stan's. Effortlessly, she lifted them both up and carried them into her bedroom. " Now boys," she said in a girlish giggle," let's have some fun."



Entering her bedroom, Sharon playfully tossed them both onto her huge bed. " Now here's what we're going to do guys. Your job is to service me until I say it's time to stop." She placed Greg so that his head was on the edge of the bed and sat on his chest. Grabbing him firmly by the back of his head, Sharon forced his face up into her pussy. " Now Greggy, let's put that tongue of yours to good use." Turning towards Stan she said, " your job for the moment is to worship my muscles, brush my pretty hair and tell me how beautiful I am. If I think of something else you can do, I'll tell you. When I've decided that Greg needs a break, you'll replace him. O.K. boys, let's get busy."



As the afternoon passed into evening and the evening into night Sharon's two love slaves serviced her every desire. It was a night of ecstasy she would never forget. By her account, she came no fewer than a dozen times. Trapped and completely controlled by this amazingly powerful woman, Greg and Stan gave in to her magnificence and all the bitterness of her prior humiliation of them was forgotten. She was their Goddess and they were her slaves. She even relented and allowed them to have normal sex with her when she felt they earned it. After all, even a Goddess needs to keep her subjects happy.

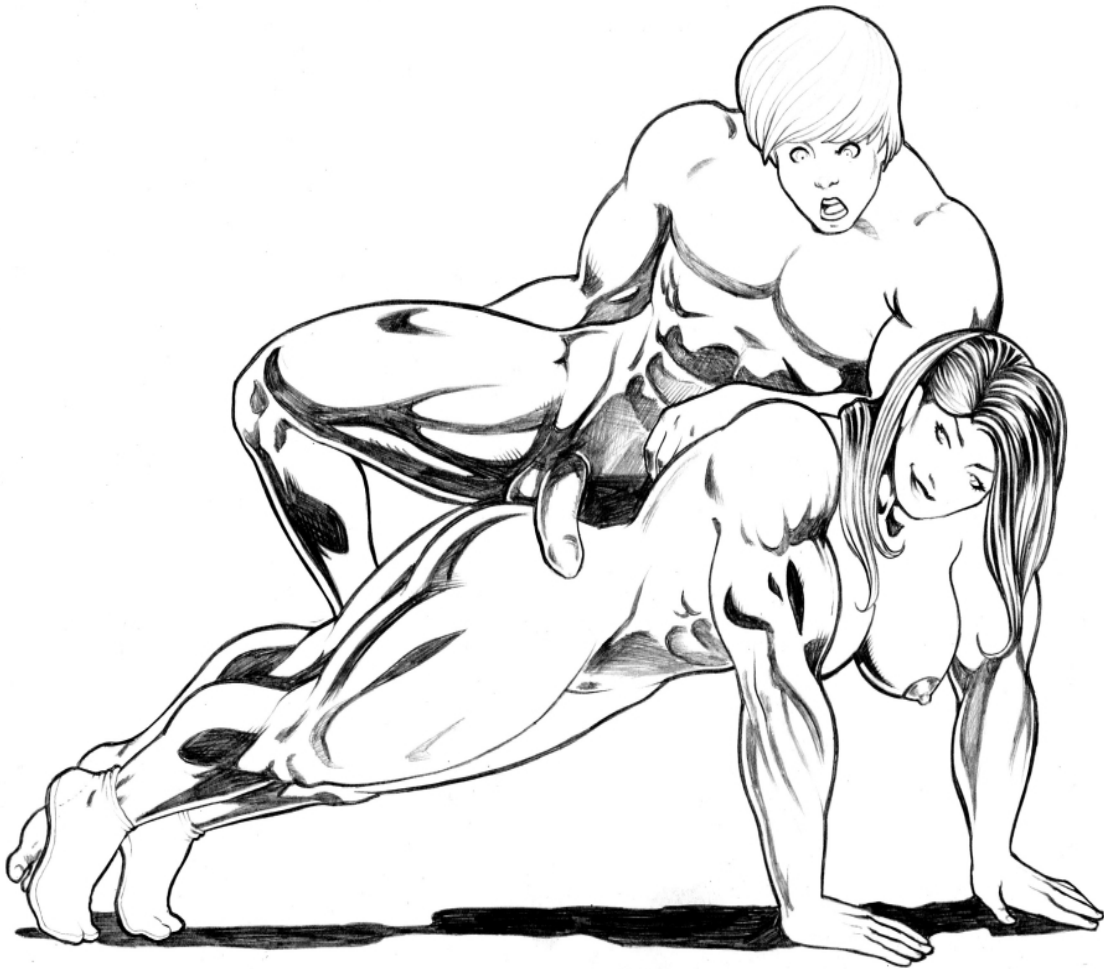
Sometime after 3 a.m. Sharon yawned. " Well boys, it looks like it's time for my beauty sleep." She made Stan lay on his back across the width of her bed." You'll be my pillow tonight," she said as she rested her head on his stomach. Sharon then wrapped her powerful arms around Greg drew him near to her and giggled, " sweet dreams boys; tomorrow I have a surprise for you." Minutes later all three of them were in dreamland.

The Next Morning...

" Rise and shine, lover boys," Sharon's voice rang out," this is a special day for us."

" What's going to happen today ? " Greg asked as he wiped the sleep out of his eyes.

"I'll tell you boys later but believe me, your lives will never be the same. Now, however, it's time for my morning workout and you're going to help me Greg while Stan prepares our breakfast." Sharon lifted her magnificent body off the bed," first we'll start with some push-ups." She put her huge arms on the floor and assumed the standard starting position for the exercise. " Now, climb on my back Greg." He laid his naked body - all 220 pounds of it - on top of hers and she began. " 10...20...30...40...and 50." Greg was in shock.



This amazing woman had just done fifty push-ups with his entire weight clinging to her back. " Now it's your turn Gregg; let's see how many you can do." He readied himself and Sharon mounted him. " 1...2...3...4...5," he fell exhausted on the floor. "Awww, too bad Gregg. I see where we have room for improvement here," she giggled. She was still lying on top of him when Stan returned, " breakfast is ready."

As the three of them - still naked - sat down at the breakfast table, there was a knock on the door. " Who could that be at this hour on a Saturday morning ? " Stan wondered. Then, he realized he was naked." OHMYGOD ! " he cried out. Sharon couldn't help from laughing out loud. "Just relax guys, it's all part of my surprise." She rose from the table, put on her robe and went to answer the door; leaving two very perplexed men staring dumbly at each other. When Sharon returned she wasn't alone, there was another large, powerfully built woman with her." Greg and Stan, I'd like to introduce you to my best friend, Mary."

Looking at the two naked, embarrassed men before them, Sharon and Mary began to giggle. They had been friends since their college days. Both women were superb athletes - they were teammates on the university's basketball team. Mary also threw the discus and shot put; though not quite as far as Sharon. They loved to work out with weights together and were both law students. Having a lot in common drew them together and they remained friends ever since. As they both now attorneys, when an opening for a lawyer came up in Sharon's law firm, she *persuaded* the other partners to hire Mary on. Another thing Mary had in common with Sharon was the fact that found men to be very intimidated by her. Standing six feet tall and weighing over 200 muscular pounds, Mary's experience with the opposite sex was - like Sharon's - somewhat less than successful to say the least. All of that was about to change however.



" Mary, these are the guys I was telling you about," Sharon said. " They had a rather large chip on their shoulders but I think I solved (giggles) that problem last night." Looking down at the two naked men before her, Mary had to agree. " So, what do you say kiddo; are we good to go ? I have debts on Greg."

" Yes," Mary smiled at her friend," Stan's kind of cute too; let's do it."

Stan and Greg looked at each other and their mouths dropped. " Just what in the hell is going on here ? " they both cried out.

Sharon laughed." Like I told you boys last night; this is my surprise. Greg, you will be moving in here with me today. From now on, you're my man. And since you guys have a large apartment, Mary will be moving in with Stan." The two powerful women giggled at each other as the men sat there in shock.

" Wait a minute," Stan protested," don't we have say in any of this ? "

" I'm afraid not," Sharon replied with a laugh." You boys were so good to me last night that I decided that this was the solution to the *man* problem Mary and I seem to have. So I called her up this morning and told her to come over to meet you. Mary seems to like you Stan; you should consider yourself lucky. She's one of the top lawyers in our firm and will be a very good provider. I think you need a strong woman to keep you in line. Personally, I believe it's a perfect match."

" Well I don't," Stan growled," I prefer to pick my own women."

Sharon and Mary looked at each other and shrugged their massive shoulders. " Do what you think you have to," Sharon told her friend. Mary walked over to where Stan was sitting and the next thing he knew, he was being lifted up in Mary's powerful arms." You can use the guest bedroom, Mary," Sharon laughed as Mary slung Stan over her shoulder.

" Will do...and thanks, Sharon."

" Oh don't mention it Mary. What are friends for ? "

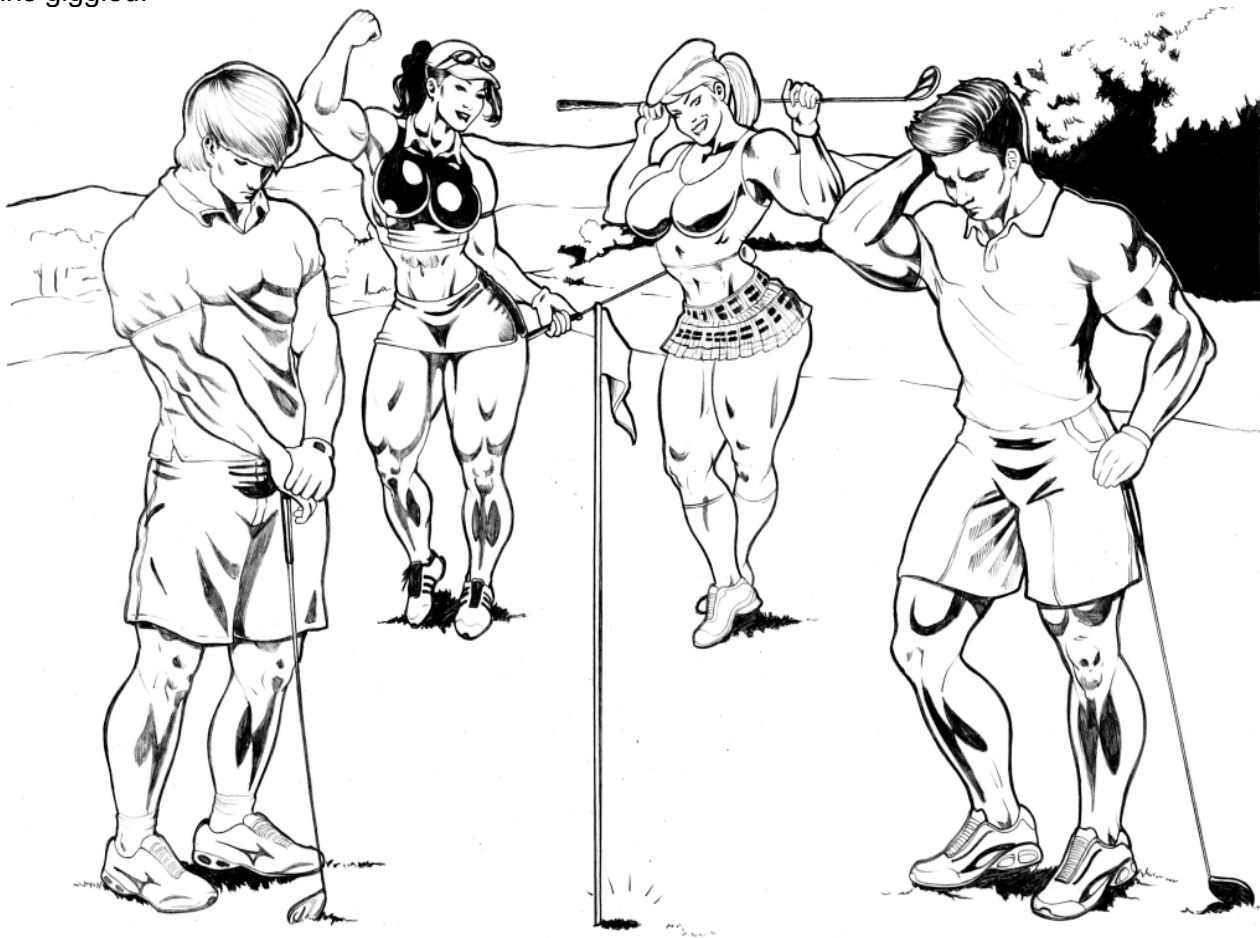


As Mary carried the struggling, screaming Stan off, Sharon calmly sat down next to Greg. " What will she do to him ? " he asked her.

" SMACK ! " the sound came from the room Mary had taken Stan into.

" Oh, I wouldn't worry too much about him Greg (POW !). Your friend just needs (WHAM !) to learn a few things about how to treat a woman (SMASH !). After that, I believe (THUD !) he and Mary will get along fine. You should really eat your breakfast honeybunch (SPANK, SPANK, SPANK) it's getting cold. We have a big day of moving ahead of us and you'll need your strength." As they ate their breakfast, Sharon and Greg couldn't help but hear what sounded like a man crying coming from the guest bedroom. Sharon reached over and gently squeezed Greg's hand. " You'll see sweetie pie, everything will be all right."

Epilogue - Three months later - Sharon smiled and slapped Mary five after she sank the ten foot birdie put on the 18th green. " We did it," she said, " we kicked their asses in...again." Greg and Stan could only stare in disbelief. Not three months before neither of these girls had ever touched a golf club; now they were beating them regularly. Maybe they were superior to men after all. " Well guys," Mary said as she and Sharon approached their subdued boyfriends, " with the trouncing we gave you on the tennis courts last night, that makes two dinners you owe us. Notice I'm not even counting the mixed wrestling we did Wednesday evening; that just wouldn't be fair would it ? " The girls giggled.



" Very well," Greg quietly muttered, " dinner it is. Where would you ladies like to go ? "

" I think I'm in a Chinese mood tonight," Sharon laughed, " how about you Mary ? "

" Chinese sounds good to me. Say eight o'clock ? "

" Eight it is then." The two powerful women gave each other a hug before taking their respective men by the hand and leading them off towards their homes for a little *afternoon delight*.

THE END

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