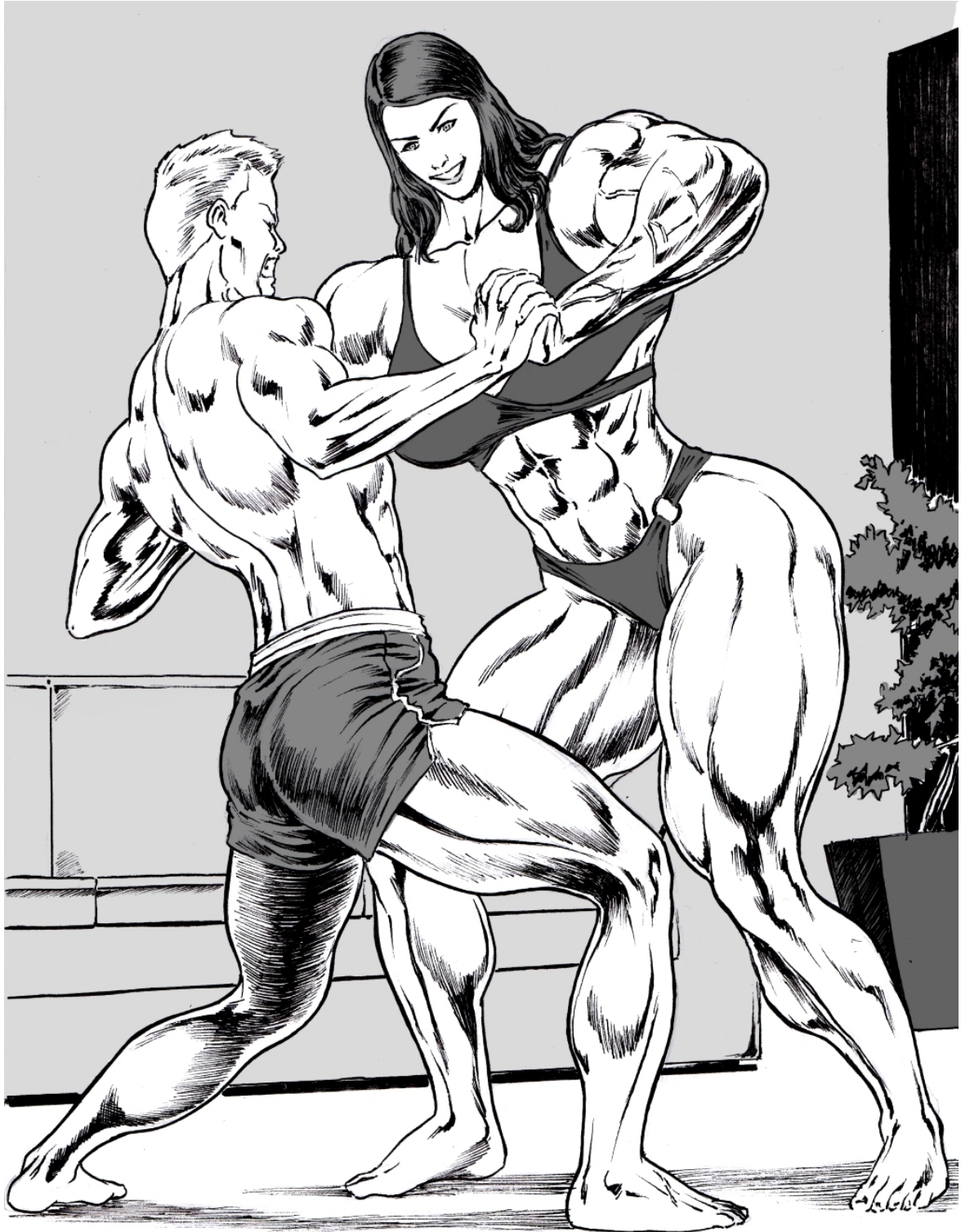


OVERPOWERED

- a Madman story -

(amysconquest.com)



My name is Richard. My wife, Emily, and I were watching a police movie in bed one night. I am about average size at 5'9" tall and 150 pounds and my wife is about average size for a female at 5'5" tall and about 130 pounds. She is a very pretty woman with olive green eyes and long straight auburn hair. I love being in bed with her no matter what we are doing.

There was a scene on the program where a female policewoman restrained a larger male suspect and was able to get him handcuffed without any assistance. I burst out laughing when I saw this. When Emily asked me what was so funny, I said, "That's ridiculous. A woman couldn't overpower a man like that."

My wife seemed a bit peeved by my opinion. "Why not?" she asked. "There is no reason why a strong, trained and athletic woman couldn't physically dominate a man".

When I kept laughing at this notion, Emily told me that she had a friend from the gym she worked out in. She was sure this woman would be glad to come over to our house and prove me wrong.

I said that it was fine with me and to bring this woman over. I was certain that no woman, even one who worked out regularly, could really outfight a man. Two days later, when I came home from work in the office, Emily had another woman with her.

She introduced me to her and told me her name was Stacie. Stacie was a huge woman, quite a bit bigger than me. She stood almost six feet tall and probably weighed at least 180-190 pounds.

Despite her size, she was actually very attractive. She had shoulder length dark brown hair and penetrating deep brown eyes. Her body looked almost surreal. Wearing only a tank top and short blue jean cut-offs, it was proudly displayed. Her wide shoulders set above perfectly formed large breasts that must have been at least 38D. Her huge chest tapered down to an almost impossibly narrow waist of no more than 26 inches, before spreading out to wide glorious hips of about 40 inches.

Below her hips were legs that look like tree stumps. They were huge, thick with solid muscle. Her calves bulged out like baseballs, tapering down to slender ankles. Everything about Stacie showed strength, power and muscularity. Emily informed me that Stacie agreed to wrestle me to show me that women can beat men in a match. Emily told me that Stacie would beat me decisively and thoroughly so there were be no doubt about who the winner was.





I gazed at my larger and almost certainly stronger opponent and I didn't feel so good about the prospect of wrestling this Amazonian woman. But, I couldn't back out now and Stacie, however muscular, was still a woman. Those muscles could be all show and no go. It didn't mean she could wrestle well.

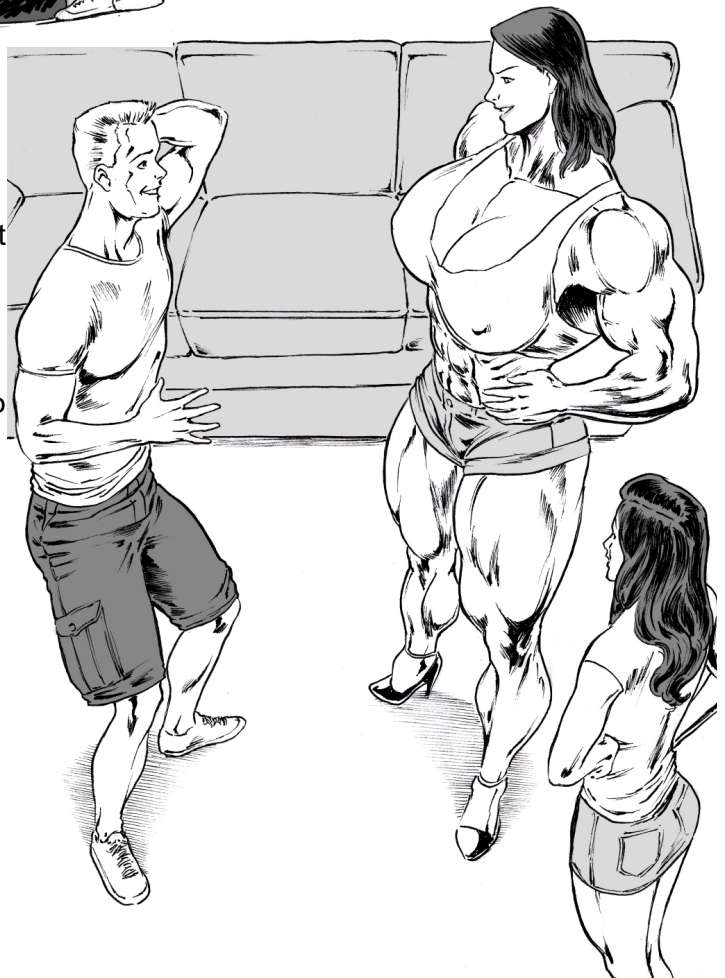
It didn't take long to find out. Stacie stripped down to a red two piece bikini that displayed every one of her remarkable curves and muscles. She looked fantastic, a combination of beauty and strength that surpassed anything I could have dreamed up. Emily brought me my blue swimsuit for me to wear. Stacie and I faced each other on the carpet. She had a wry smile on her face as if she was hiding her excitement about what was about to concur. I felt a bit cautious as facing such a powerful looking opponent, even if it was a female, looked like a very difficult task.

I asked what the rules would be. Were there to be both pins and submissions and how many falls were needed to win?

Emily laughed as she responded "There are no pin falls or submissions. The match will end only when the winner is satisfied that their dominance is complete and that there can be no doubt of whom the winner is. That person may punish their opponent in any way for as long as it takes to satisfy themselves.

Emily's rules sounded gruesome, so I had to be sure not to let Stacie get the best of me. It turned out Stacie most certainly didn't need me to "let" her get the best of me. She grinned ominously at me as she raised her hands, requesting the traditional test of strength. I knew she was stronger, but I accepted her challenge and locked hands with her any way. It must have been my male ego overcoming reason that made me do so.

Immediately and effortlessly she forced my arms down, bending my hands painfully back. I went down to my knees, but Stacie merely leered down at me while increasing the pressure.



In less than ten seconds, Stacie had gained full control of me. I was already in intense pain with no way to defend myself from excruciating pain in my hands and arms.

Suddenly, Stacie stepped back and pulled me toward her. My body slammed into her huge firm breasts and she wrapped her powerful arms around me with a bear hug. Locking her hands behind my back, Stacie applied savage power to her hold. I knew she was strong, but I still had vastly underrated the strength of her arms. It felt like she was crushing my internal organs and about to snap my spine. The wind was instantly and completely forced from my lungs and I lost consciousness.

I have no idea how long I was out. When I awoke, I was lying on the floor and the two women were casually sitting on the sofa, engaged in conversation. They weren't talking about me, they were discussing the latest trends in women's fashion.



When they noticed I was conscious, Emily said, "Look, he's all ready for another fall. Isn't that cute?"

The truth was that I had no desire to try and take on Stacie again, but apparently, I wasn't going to be given a choice. "Don't knock him out so fast this time," advised Emily. "Let's have some fun this time."

This didn't sound good at all to me. The only thing worse than a short wrestling match with Stacie would be a long match with her. Stacie agreed with Emily and told her that she was really going to make me suffer this time. Not only did her words scare me, but they also insulted me. Why couldn't she talk directly to me instead of talking through me to Emily as if I wasn't even there? I had to find a way to overcome Stacie's strength advantage and win, or at least survive, our wrestling match.

Stacie was all smiles as she approached me to continue our match. Her overconfidence was maddening; she obviously did not consider me to be any competition at all for her.

I'm a man, I deserve some respect, not total humiliation from a woman, regardless of her strength. I had to go all out to restore my honor this time.

I literally charged at her and drove my shoulder into her thigh to try and tackle her down to the carpet. Her solid tree trunk leg didn't budge an inch, but my own momentum landed me flat on my belly on the floor. Stacie didn't even have to move to get a takedown, but that didn't stop her from capitalizing on it. She dropped her full weight heavily on my back and placed my arms across her huge muscular thighs. Then she reached down to lock her hands under my chin and pulled back with a savage Camel Clutch.



The pressure on my back and neck was unbearable and I immediately screamed out my submission. Stacie ignored my pleas and continued to torture me with her cruel hold while Emily reminded me that there no submissions in our match. I was totally helpless and in great pain as Stacie mercilessly punished me. Finally she released her hold and I fell flat on my belly to the floor, unable to even move. I would need a bit of time for the pain to cease. Stacie was not about to give me that moment.

Still crouching down over my back, she turned around quickly, to now be facing my feet. Hooking my lower legs with her arms, she reeled back to put me in an unbearably painful Boston Crab. Her Camel Clutch attacked my upper back, this Boston Crab worked my even more vulnerable lower back.

My screams of pain fell upon deaf ears this time as Stacie concentrated on pressuring her hold and Emily on watching it. The match was less than five minutes old and my face was dripping a combination of sweat and tears. I didn't think I could take much more of this pain, but Stacie was about to test my theory.

By the time Stacie finally released her hold, my back was so sore that I couldn't get up. Stacie did it for me by grabbing my hair and roughly hauling me up to my feet. Placing her hands on my chest and abdomen, she easily lifted me over her head. She pressed my 160 pounds like it was nothing.

Still holding me up high, Stacie dropped down to one knee and slammed my back over her outstretched thigh. Then she pressed down on my chest and thighs, punishing me with a dreadfully painful backbreaker.

Her face showed combination of pleasure and exertion as she continued punishing my back. When one has a severe back ache they are helpless, and Stacie appeared to be well aware of that.



Finally she rolled me off her thigh so I was laying on my belly. She straddled my back with those massive thighs, keeping me from even having a chance to escape. Then Stacie grabbed my left arm and twisted it up behind my back with a painful hammerlock. Due to her extreme strength, she only needed one arm to apply the hold so she hammer locked my right arm as well.



When Stacie tired of this hold, she laced her arms around my shoulders, locking her hands behind my neck to apply a brutal full Nelson hold. Rolling to her side, she added a body scissors which made escape impossible and ramped up the punishment of her dominating position. I wondered if she would break my neck or crack my ribs first. Stacie was certainly not reluctant to apply her incredible strength to both parts of her devastating combination hold. Fortunately for me, I passed out from the pressure before any major damage was inflicted.



Once again, I have no idea I was unconscious and once again, awoke to find the two women sitting on the couch, casually making small talk. Emily pointed out to Stacie that I was conscious like one would point out an iced drink was cold. It was aggravating and humiliating that they would talk about me, yet ignore me as if I wasn't even there.

So far, in our brief one sided wrestling match, Stacie had viciously and successfully attacked every part of my body except for my legs. She wanted to totally obliterate me, so she went after my rather thin legs. Sitting beside my left leg, she took firm control of it by grasping my left ankle with both her hands. Then the powerful woman set her feet against my right thigh and knee. By leaning back and pulling with her arms while pushing out with both of her muscular legs, she applied a painful leg split.

My legs were brutally forced apart much further than my natural range of motion could spread them. In addition, the extra force against my knee was stretching it's tendons and ligaments. Once again I was in agony and once again I had no way to even attempt to escape.



It seemed like Stacie could apply any hold she wanted to and that her amazing strength made them all both painful and unbreakable. She appeared to enjoy doing it to me and Emily was totally delighted to see it. I'm not sure if she favored seeing Stacie apply the holds or watching me suffer in them - probably both.

Emily, once again spoke to my muscular tormentress. "You haven't put him in a head scissors yet. That is the hold most women prefer." Without a word, Stacie grabbed my hair and stuffed my face between those amazing thighs. Immediately, I felt a crushing force on my head. I got a horrible splitting headache as she clamped down with those legs.

Stacie commented to Emily, again ignoring me. "I better not use anywhere my full force. I want him to stay alive, and hopefully conscious, so he can feel the pain". I couldn't help but scream for mercy, pleading with Stacie to let me go. Of course, that fell on deaf ears as she continued to torture me.

Stacie told Emily that she would shut me up so they didn't have to listen to me complain. She shifted her legs, converting it to a figure four. With her big, bulbous hard calf pressing firmly under my jaw, my mouth was locked shut. I couldn't open my mouth to scream or even breathe. Stacie cruelly further hindered my breathing by pinching my nostrils together. She only let me have the minimum of air required to maintain consciousness. Even though Stacie could easily overpower me with legitimate wrestling techniques, she seemed to enjoy just torturing me with questionable and totally unnecessary tactics.

Emily was getting so hot watching the beat-down that she could no longer restrain herself. "I need him to make me cum," she gasped. Stacie told her to strip down naked and that she would make sure I cooperated. Obviously, I would do whatever Stacie told me to just to get some relief from the beating she was subjecting me to.

Stacie didn't have to talk to me. Just her threatening evil leering convinced me to do nothing unless she ordered me to. She was my unyielding mistress and we both were aware of it without speaking. She told Emily to take off her clothes and sit on my face.

I laid motionless on my back, waiting for Emily to humiliate me and partake of me. But anything would be preferable to the treatment I was receiving from Stacie. Emily sat firmly on my chest and I didn't need to be told what to do. I did my best to please her, but I was exhausted, in pain and had a bad angle for best tongue penetration.

When Emily complained to Stacie, as neither woman will still talk to me, Stacie told her to roll over to get back and squeeze my head better her legs. Emily again followed her friend's instructions as she pulled my trapped head in deeper between her legs. Emily's legs were nowhere nearly as strong as Stacie's, but they were still more than strong enough to punish me especially in my weakened condition.



I gave it all I had to please Emily and, hopefully, avoid more punishment by these two dominant women. Emily squeezed my head so hard and pulled me in so deeply that I could barely breathe. I also lacked the space necessary to service her properly, so I had no chance to satisfy her.

Once again, Stacie took control and talked to Emily, while of course ignoring me. "I'll put him in pain and that knowledge that he is being forced to serve you while in pain should be a big turn on for you." I was being treated like a toy, to be played with any way they wanted and cast aside when they were through with me. The humiliation was almost as bad as the physical pain they were so gleefully inflicting on me.

Stacie was correct. A few moments later, Emily's moaning made it clear that she was cumming. They didn't let me stop and Emily had several more strong climaxes until she almost passed out from exhaustion. She laid on the floor for a few minutes, and for the first time since they started on me, I got a few minutes of rest and relief.

Emily inquired of her friend, "Shouldn't we bring little Ricky to climax too?"

"Sure we can," replied Stacie. "As long as it's on our terms and that we have total control. They grinned at each other and I knew they had some evil plan between them and that it wouldn't be good for me. But, as with everything else this evening, I was helpless to resist and would have to go along with whatever my two sadistic mistresses had designed for me. It was clear they derived pleasure from my pain and I thought it highly unlikely that they would stop now. If anything, they were becoming immune to my suffering and they needed to inflict ever increasing intensities of pain on me to satisfy their cruel urges.



The two women roughly stripped my clothes off me. I knew better than to try and stop them as it would serve only to anger them and likely inflict more pain on me. Stacie sat on my chest and pinned my arms under her knees with the classic schoolgirl pin. I was far too weakened to push her considerable weight off me. If I did push her off, it would probably only serve to anger her and motivate her to inflict more punishment on my already battered body.

Emily knelt down by my midsection and started masturbating me. She did so very roughly, with way too much force and pressure, so it was painful rather than pleasurable. Stacie chided her, telling her to get some lubricating gel and be gentle with me. I found this type of advice coming from Stacie to be totally out of character and most suspicious. Although Emily was making me feel great, I should have been leery of what the women were doing.

Stacie spun around so she could watch while still keeping my upper body securely pinned. Emily told me harshly not to dare cum without her permission or I would be severely punished. Then she expertly manipulated my cock emphasizing the most sensitive parts near the tip. I clenched my groin muscles and did everything I could to avoid ejaculating, but I was fighting a hopeless battle. Despite my best efforts, a huge glob of sperm literally shot out of my cock with more force than I could ever recall. This was followed by four or five smaller spurts as my fantastic climax continued. I was totally exhausted when it was over and laid motionless, still being pinned by Stacie's considerable weight.



Emily was furious. "I told you not to cum without permission!" She screamed at me. "Now you're really going to suffer!" She dug her sharp finger nails into my ball and twisted. I started to scream in pain, but Stacie moved back so she was sitting on my face which stifled me. Emily went totally ballistic on my dick. She clawed at it, pulled it, punched it and tortured it beyond belief. As painful as this whole thing with these two women was, this was by far the worse.

I mercifully passed out from the pain once again. And once again, I had no idea how long I was unconscious. I was aware of pain in virtually every part of my body and that my tormenters had left me to suffer alone. I must have been on that floor for over an hour before I was able to slowly crawl to my bed. I remained in bed for the next twenty four hours before I was able to function at all. It took over a month for my recovery to approach being complete. Never again will I question the ability of women to fight.

As Poe's Raven said, "Nevermore."

THE END

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