

THE PRODIGAL AMAZON RETURNS

(Part 2)

(amysconquest.com)



Later that week.....

"Mrs. Breyer will see you now" the middle aged secretary properly spoke out, gesturing her employer's newest client towards the main office door before them.

"Thanks!" the young woman replied back with an uncharacteristically friendly smile, as she rose up from her chair, and made her way inside for her first of what would surely be several more meetings to come with the rising young professional that lie within.....in fact, she could pretty much guarantee it. Dressed in a form fitting, full bodied, black bodysuit, the statuesque woman (helped even moreso by a pair of high heeled, ankle length boots) looked as hot and tempting as she was tall and full bodied. The outfit she wore this day was modeled after one of her favorite movie characters since childhood, Sandy from Grease, being a near perfect match to the ultra sexy, body hugging outfit she wore at the films end (only this young woman was extremely taller, stronger, harder and vastly more muscular).



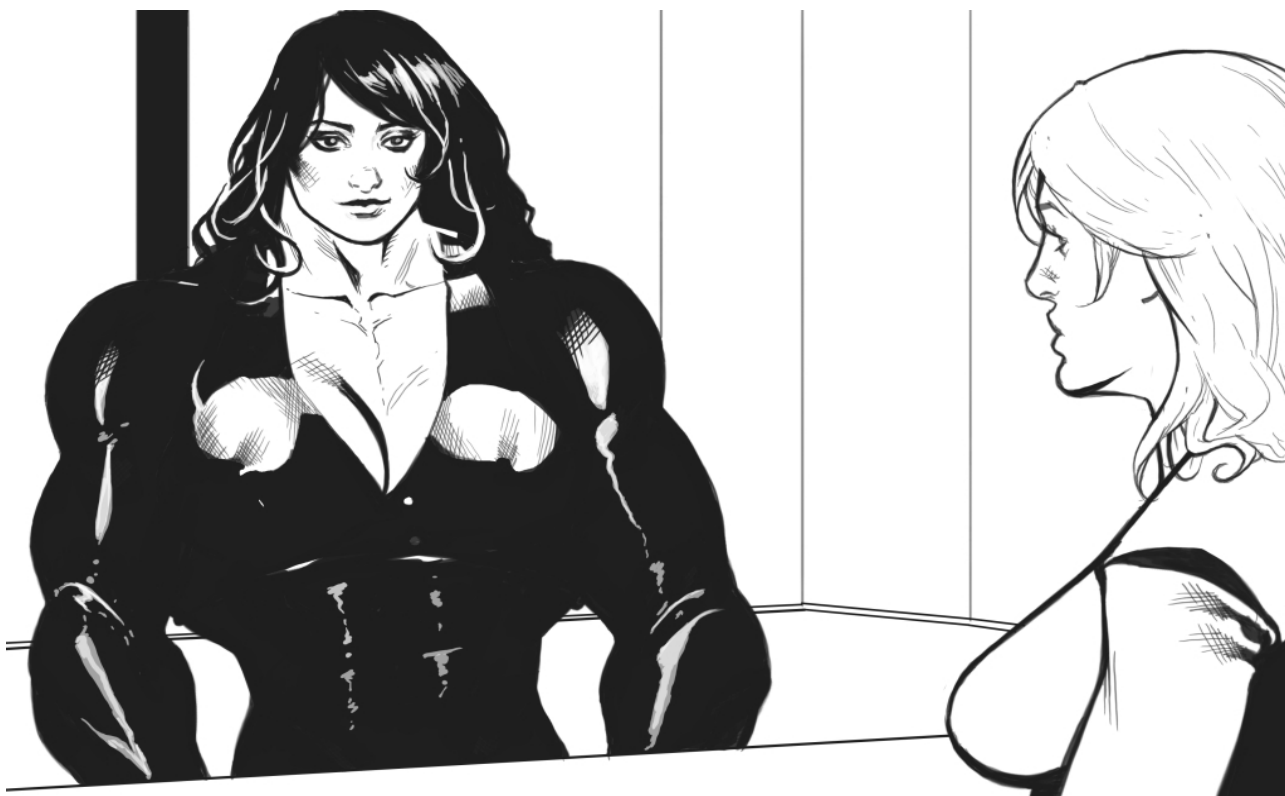
"Please, take a seat, Mrs.....uh....Swanson, is it?" the very attractive woman made out from behind her fully stocked, perfectly presented desk. Doing so in a totally professional tone, even though the very sight of this woman entering her office was nearly enough to make her jaw drop and her eyes bug out wide. Even though she was nearly completely covered by her skin tight outfit, her incredibly voluptuous form, coupled with her own more than impressive stature and model good-looks, made her look like something out of a comic book. Almost too unreal to be real, yet here she was in front of her, and as a potentially new client to her growing law practice, she was going to get her full and undivided attention.

"Yes, that's right" the solidly built young super woman replied, as she took the chair directly in front of Mrs. Breyer's desk. "But its Ms. not Mrs., I'm not married quite yet.....which brings me to why I'm here to see You actually"

"Well, Ms. Swanson, what can I do for you today?"

“Please, call me Mandy” the slightly younger woman spoke out with a smile. “As for what you can do for me, well, I guess I should start from the beginning. I met my True Love about 4 years ago, when I was only 18, and while he was a good deal older, I felt we really had a connection, and I know he did to, if you get what I meaning” Mandy skillfully began to spin her web of deceit, throwing little bits of truth mixed in for a better, more realistic, performance. “Anyway, one of the main reasons he was so attracted to me was because of my size. As I'm sure you can tell, I'm not exactly a small, weak little woman.....you know, like you” she threw out those last few words as a slight dig on this tiny woman before her.

“My guy loved being with a woman that was so much bigger and stronger than he was. He's not a big guy at all himself, and even at the young age I was when we first met, I was still a good deal taller and physically larger than he was, something that drove him Wild, let me tell you” Mandy spoke out with a slight roar of excitement in her voice. “Loving big girls as he did, he always encouraged me to get even bigger, as large as I possibly could. So I quickly began lifting weights, the bigger and heavier, the better, and after a few years of hardcore lifting.....well, here I am” she proudly concluded, as she displayed her powerful young hard-body with her covered, though visibly muscle packed, arms. Her biceps bulged to amazing levels, stretching the skin tight material she wore to its limits with the unreal hardness that lie within.



“Yes, so I see. You'll have to excuse me for saying so, but your size and shape are pretty hard not to notice. You really have an incredible physique there” the young attorney commented on her newest potential client, as she eyed Mandy's thickly muscled physique up and down, in near shock at the truly amazing size and apparent firmness her body contained.

“Incredible and Strong.....which lead to the beginning of the end of our relationship. You see, for a while he just couldn't get enough of all the amazing things a girl like me could do to a guy like him. Sex was amazing, unreal, the best he'd ever had. The things I could do to him, the positions I could bend and twist and lift him into, it was all Out Of This World!” the muscle packed 22 year old spoke out, again mixing her share of truth in with her lies.

“Sounds like everything was going great, so what happened?” Mrs. Breyer made out, looking more than just professionally interested in the story that was being told to her here and now.



"Well, while the sex was great, as time went on I was just getting too strong for him, and it wasn't uncommon for him to suffer some pretty severe injuries when we were done" Mandy continued, noticing her potential attorney listening on with much interest, and more than a bit of arousal as well. "Let me tell you, when I get going, it's damn near impossible to stop me before I'm done.....and when I'm done, my man was usually done as well, but of a whole different kind. When I get my thighs wrapped around his head, shoving his tongue into my dripping moist pussy, all with me holding him up several feet off the floor, sucking his nearly exploding cock inside my mouth.....Mmmmmm, there's nothing better in this world, let me tell you"

"I.....I could only imagine" Mrs. Breyers stumbled out, as she shifted herself around in her chair, obviously affected by Mandy's unreal, though quite true, sexual descriptions.

"Oh, I'm sure sex with a normal woman like you is nice too....." she jabbed again at this much smaller woman before her, ".....but there's nothing like being with a woman who is so much bigger, stronger and more muscular than you. Or so I was lead to believe by my guy, who had spent

all of those years encouraging me to build up my body to its limits, proving his love for a girl like me by proposing to me on my 21st Birthday.....only to now become too afraid to touch me for fear that I'd get too hot and bothered and just Take Him, which has happened several times; he's got the mild concussions, broken ribs and body full of bruises to prove it"

"I'm sorry Ms.....uh.....Mandy, but I don't see what this has to do with me or my practice. What exactly are you looking for legal representation from me for?"

"Well, on our last night together, he did something that made me.....well, pretty damn mad. He not only broken up with me, saying it was a giant mistake to support me becoming as big and muscular as I was, but he ended our engagement and even asked for my Engagement Ring back. Needless to say I was furious!"

"Yes, yes of course, I could imagine. Cases of your kind aren't unusual at all actually, especially for the reason he's giving to end your relationship" the young lawyer supportively said, grabbing a nearby pad and jotting down some quick notes. "He spends how many years of your time together encouraging you to lift weights and become the muscular woman you are today, and then he backs out because you are as you are, and wants his.....I should say Your, ring back. Yes, I'm sure I can help you here, I have no doubt well make sure you keep your ring, and get him for any pain and suffering he may have caused you.....uh, emotional as that may be in your case" she excitedly made out.

“Well, that’s not really why I’m here. You see, I know he’s not getting my ring back, and at this stage he more than knows it too.....as for pain and suffering, well I think he might know a little about that as well” the powerful Amazon woman spoke out with a devilish smile across her gorgeous young face, standing up from her seat to now tower over the much smaller woman sitting across from her.

“What.....what exactly do you mean by that?”



“Hell, what do you think I mean! I meant I crushed him into pulp, mashed him into tiny pieces, used this body of mine to rip and tear and break and bend him until there was nothing left but a poor, battered, beaten shell of a man! He said he was going to break up with me, that he couldn’t live with a woman who was so strong he was now terrified of.....well, that’s not going to be a problem for him any longer” she growled out, as her lusciously shaped hard-body pumped and pulsated with full, powerful muscles.

“So.....so you.....you killed him?”

“Damn right I killed him, I wrapped my legs around his waist, my arms around his chest, my tits around his head, and just SQUEEZED until the screaming, and the crackling, stopped!” Mandy near roared out with incredible power and pride in her voice.

“S-so, you.....you want me to Defend you in court then? For.....for his murder?” the terrified 26 year old attorney barely managed to utter out, shocked beyond belief as this hulking woman’s sexy love story suddenly turned into a horrific tragedy within minutes.

“No.....” she authoritatively spoke out, as she leaned over the desk to face this clearly terrified, and vastly physically inferior, woman on its other side. “.....I want you to know what I plan to do to you if you stand in the way of what I want!” Mandy growled out angrily, causing her huge muscles to grow and expand all on their own. “And what I want is, your husband! He was mine first, and I’m back for him, whether you like it or not, get me!” she continued, as her thickly muscled chest began to intimidatingly bounce and move all on its own with unreal muscle control.

“Bob?.....but, what does he.....he’s not the....”



“No, you stupid little bitch, hes not the guy in my story, it was all made up, it never happenedbut it could, and what I easily “did” to my imaginary boyfriend, I could do to you even easier! Grrrrrrr!” she growled out, crossing her arms over her chest, hitting a Most Muscular pose that was so massive it created large gaping holes, throughout several areas of her already super tight spandex bodysuit, ripping a long clean line right down its back due to her thickly expanding lats, as well as an equally lengthy tear right down her front due to her awesomely thick pecs.

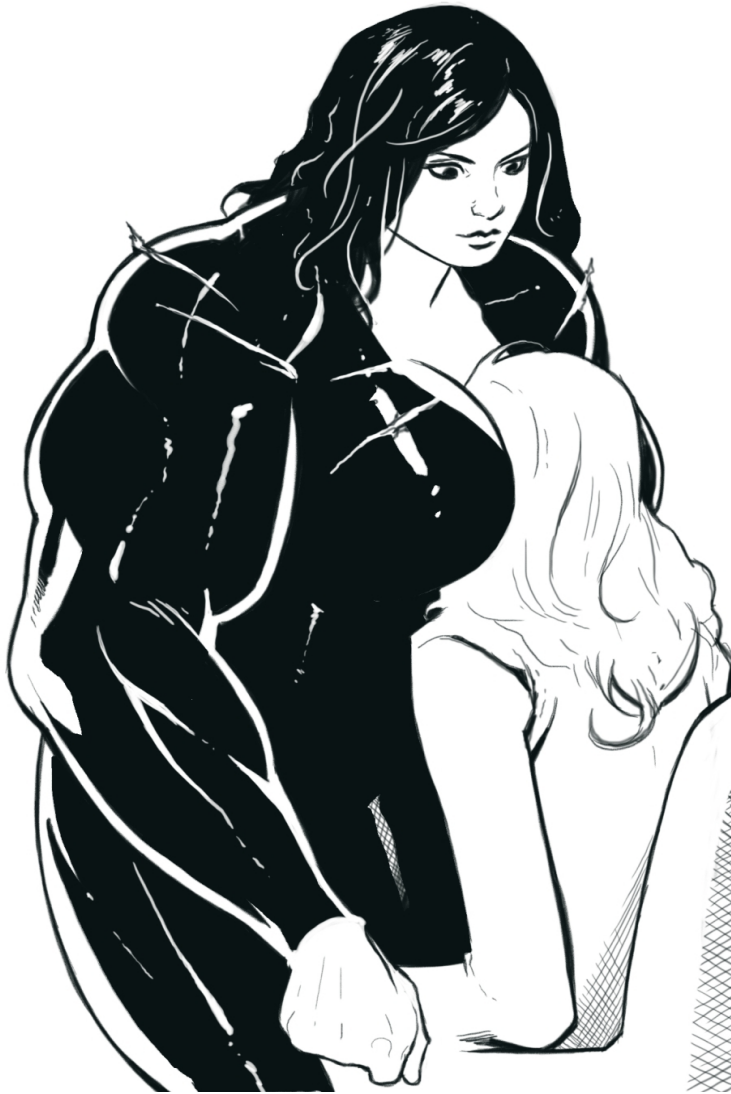
“Oh....My....God.....” Carrie Breyer (who due to her profession kept her maiden name, and not that of her husband, Bob Church) whispered out, pushing herself back against her chair, and away from this muscle packed Amazon woman, as far as she possible could.

“Yeah, I've been getting a lot of that kind of reaction lately. Heh heh” Mandy chuckled out, as she slowly strode her way around the desk between them, ending just

inches before Carrie's still sitting form, and again leaned her statuesque physique down into the smaller woman's own, this time grabbing on to her wrists, pinning them between her might grip and the hardness of the wooden chair arms.

“I don't know what Bob sees in you, little girl, but let me tell you without a shadow of a doubt, he's into thick, hard, strong female muscle. I made him cum faster and thicker when I was an 18 year old super athlete, than I'm sure you have in your entire time together. Trust me, the guy is a Grade-A Schmoie, with a cute little body and a cock that just doesn't quit” she growled out right in Carrie's face, as she began squeezing in on her wrists, causing intense pain to flow through not just her vastly over-matched arms, but throughout the rest of her now quivering body as well.

Before she could scream and cry out in agony though, something Mandy knew full well would happen the instant she applied her bone snapping pressure, she leaned herself forward, smothering the smaller woman's face deep within her muscle packed, DD-cup cleavage. The perfect way to stop any unwanted noises, and with them possible interruptions, something she more than used several times in her past, on victims much bigger and stronger than this scared as Hell woman before her. Her hands held tight and immobile, her face being smothered into unconsciousness, all at the hands of this insane young Amazon before her, with Carrie completely helpless to do anything to stop her. Though unconsciousness was not something Mandy wished for her just yet, so with a slight maneuvering of her thickly muscled upper body, she released a portion of this woman's growing red face, leaned her own face forward just a bit, placing her full, luscious lips next to her preys exposed ears.



"I'm here for your man, or should I say, My Man, whether you like it or not. If you love him, you'll leave him to me, and I'll show him an Amazon Fantasy World like none he has ever dreamed of before.....when he's not in the hospital from our little Muscle Fucking that is" she threateningly cooed into Carrie's ears, as she laughed at her pitiful attempts to stand in her way. "I'm giving you this one warning, my weak little girl, leave him to me and live....." SQUEEZE! "....or stand in my way, and be Crushed!" the young musclegirl whispered intimidatingly, as she continued her constricting grip on the wrists of this physically inferior woman.

She then re-applied her massive muscle tits snug around Carrie's face, as she held her there against her own tight as steel frame for the next few seconds - until the moaning stopped, until the "resistance" ended, until Mandy could feel this woman's body go limp within her awesome grasp, which caused her to tilt her gorgeous face upwards, complete with a licking of her lips and cold, vicious eyes.

"He's the one that I want, the one that I want, whoo hoo hoo, Honey!" she softly made out to herself, mixing her unstoppable desire to be with "her" man with one of her all time favorite songs, as she slowly removed herself from Carrie's now unconscious body. Looking over this woman's utterly defeated form before her, she knew that nothing was going to stand in her way of getting what she wanted, nothing ever did. So with a few last seconds spent writing something down on her "former" lawyer's legal pad, Mandy gathered herself together and strode her way out of this office, and off to her final task of the day.

When Carrie awoke, her head was spinning and her senses reeling. It was very clever of this bullying musclegirl to pick an appointment time right before lunch, as that would help ensure a more clear schedule for her abusive antics, something that would help create an extra long Nap Time for this forcefully knocked out young woman. With several more minutes gone by, Carrie finally felt well enough to rise up from her chair, making her way only a few feet before noticing an unknown note left for her on her desk.

"Nice Car" was all it said, but that was enough to cause this terrified attorney-at-law to bolt over to one of her office windows leading outside, looking down to her reserved parking space 5 floors down, and gasp in horror at what her still focusing eyes had seen.

There below her was Mandy Swanson, a name she would remember for the rest of her life, in all of her Amazon powered glory, leaning against her car, staring straight up at her window as if she was waiting for the Carrie to awaken. With a teasing blowing of a kiss and an intimidating single biceps shot, Mandy then bent down to her knees, reaching back behind her for the bottom rim of this modest, used car, before giving off an evil laugh out to her victim, and standing straight up. Her clearly thick and muscular physique bulged and hardened instantly, causing more rips and tears to appear all of over her once completely covering bodysuit.



This action also caused the left side of this vehicle behind her to lift clean off the ground, Mandy holding it up at a 45-degree angle using her amazingly strong body, all the while staring at Carrie's terrified form with a vicious glare and a wicked smile. As if to further prove her point, which was essentially "I can do anything, anywhere, at anytime", she began to do actual reps with this immense weight, doing some modified deadlifts, raising and lowering the car behind her with sexy little grunts of effort coming from her perfectly shaped lips.

Mandy then turned herself around to now face the steel hardness of this once mighty automobile, as she readjusted her powerful hands on its frame. Realizing her back was now directed towards her captivated onlooker, she flexed her lats thicker and wider than ever, causing them to expand so much they eclipsed a good sized portion of the car on the other side of her. Now in a much better position for her ultimate goal, Mandy continued to lift the left end of this vehicle higher still, before looking back over her shoulder and straight up to Carrie's terror filled face, and clearly mouthing a single word....."Mine"



This was followed by a loud CRASH!, as Mandy harshly and very suddenly dropped her elevated end of the vehicle, causing it to land with a loud Slamming sound, and both end of its now more fragile frame to shake wildly back and forth. Its hard steel frame bent here and there, just as several of its fragile glass windows shattered, as this massively powerful 22 year old turned back around, her outfit now more a series of rips and tears over a fully concealing bodysuit, which showed off a level of muscular size, shape, hardness and strength that Carrie had never even imagined a woman (especially one so young) could possess.

A message was definitely sent this day, one that sent waves of fear flowing throughout the smaller woman's entire frame, just as it filled the buxom Amazon's body with confidence and power. Yes, this would certainly not be the last time these two very different young women would meet, much to the chagrin of Carrie Breyer (aka Mrs. Bob Church), who couldn't cancel the rest of her day's appointments and take the next taxi home fast enough.

"What the Hell do you mean, you knew about her?? Are you out of your mind, why didn't you mention anything to me!!" Carrie yelled out angrily at her husband later that night, after telling him about the horrific events that happened that day, only to find out he had a similar session from his powerfully built beauty a few days earlier.

"Well, I....I didn't think she would do anything. I mean, at first I did, but when I came home and you were OK and everything was fine, I thought....."

"That's why you came home late the other day.....that's what was bothering you, that you so easily dismissed when I asked you about it, without even a simple warning or ounce of concern for My Life!"

"Baby.....baby please, I'm sorry OK, I thought she was just talking tough. I didn't know she....."



"Is this....." Carrie interrupted, as a troubling thought suddenly entered her head, ".....is this why you have your little thigh squeezing fetish? Is this why you get so off on having my legs wrapped around you, squeezing them together until you Cry Uncle? Well, Is It!" the enraged wife yelled out to her husband, coming to the realization that their long practiced form of sexual fun was actually based on his previous sessions with this bullying young musclegirl - who was only 18 years old at the time. "Do you think about her when you're making love to me? Do you picture having her huge, muscular body covering you....smothering you....crushing you?" the now visibly hurt and emotional woman continued on, as a light stream of tears dribbled down her very attractive face.

Bob's heart stopped near instantly, as his wife had now discovered something he would have hoped could be taken to his grave. Not so much that he fantasized about Mandy's dominantly powerful body around him when he was making love to Carrie (which did happen on more than a few occasions), it was more that she now knew the source of his thigh squeezing fetish. Even though she was far from the musclebound biker queen that Mandy had become, or the super lush and athletically firm schoolgirl she was years ago, Carrie was still in very good shape herself, and considering how strong even a normal woman's legs could squeeze, it was hardly an act on his part when he would cry out and beg for mercy against his wife's finely toned and tight legs. Though as hard as she herself could constrict in on him with her shapely young thighs, that was nothing in comparison to the bone breaking might that this returning young Amazon could dish out – not to mention a vastly more powerful upper body, which was strong enough to crack a man's skull just with her chest alone.

"Carrie, it's not like that. She didn't....I mean, I don't ask for that because....."

"Don't.....don't lie to me Bob.....not now, not after what just happened to me today" Carrie softly made out, brushing away the tears from her face, as she made her way upstairs towards her bedroom; which she then collapsed onto, crying now more wildly than before.

Bob's heart was shattered, as he truly did love his wife to no end, and even as great as she looked physically, ever since his final year-end meetings with High School Senior Mandy those years ago, he couldn't picture sex with a "normal" woman being nearly as satisfying, or even close. It wasn't his fault, it was just who he was now, a lover of strong, powerful, sexy females and the many amazing things they could do to their men. Something he felt he had perfectly integrated into his own sex life with his new life partner (albeit mostly through erotic role-playing scenarios), even going so far as to see about having a home gym area installed in their home to further augment his wife's body, and his Amazonian fantasies with her.

Though feeling as she was now, knowing what she knew at this point, he had serious doubts she would ever entertain such sexual thoughts again, and that her current normal level of weight training and exercise would soon be a thing of the past.....though surprising enough to him, that was actually the exact opposite of what wound up happening.

"Uhhhhh.....Uhhhhh.....Uhhhhh.....come on.....one more....." Carrie Breyer grunted out, as she pushed her arms strength to its limits, hitting the final rep of her last set of dumbbell curls at the local gym. While her weight was hardly what one would call massive, using 20 pound weights in each hand was still more than impressive for this 5' 6" 125 woman nonetheless. Her usual 15 pounders went out the window this day, as thoughts of her previous days events fueled her body with incredible energy, something she used to its fullest this day and everyday after she would be here in this body changing environment.

She was enraged not only at her husband at this point for holding out on his past, and quite recent, exploits with Mandy, but furious with she herself for letting the super muscled woman use and abuse her as she did. As such a woman that Carrie was, she was going to do whatever it took, no matter how long, no matter how hard, no matter how costly, to make sure this vicious Amazon girl who so casually manhandled her, thwarting her every attempt to resist, would never do so again.



Unbeknownst to even Bob (something knowing his fantasies about physically tough women she was going to surprise him with on their Anniversary), Carrie had not only been working out with weights during the past 6 months, but also taking the gym's martial arts class as well.

While hardly anything overly impressive at this stage, her yellow belt (which she hoped to be an orange before the big reveal to her husband) was still more than enough to expand on their Dominating Woman sex games, especially against Bob's own rather tiny 5' 6" 150 pound frame.

So after putting out her final rep on her final resistance training exercise, Carrie placed the dumbbells back on its weight rack, taking a few deep breaths to help regain her strength back after this "limit pushing" routine, and was about to make her way to her next station, when something caught her eye.....or more specifically, her ears.



CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! came the sounds of heavy weights Slamming down behind her, and as it was as if Carrie had some form of ESP, even without turning herself around to see the source of this loud noise, she knew full well what (or more specifically who) it was all the same. Something that was fully proven with a light feminine voice calling out to her from behind.

“Hey babe, lifting the heavy weights I see? You know I was pumping more iron than that when I was 13?” spoke out the liquid cool voice of Mandy from a work out station a few feet away. “Let me guess, this the part where your training montage starts, and you come back in the end and kick my ass? HA, you could train for the rest of your life and you wouldn't get to half the level of my strength, little girl!” the tough as nails supergirl spoke out over the continually loud CLANGs of the full rack of weights she was hitting out on the shoulder press machine. Her back and lats flared out to a degree that surpassed virtually any of the male muscle-heads within this gym locale, while her shoulders were capped with muscles so full and rounded, it was as if someone had taken rock melons and placed them where her shoulders should be.

“You.....but how....how could you....how did you.....”

“How did I find you?” CLANG! “You're kidding right?” CLANG! “I told you why I was here, what I won't be satisfied until I get, and that means to get what I want.....” CLANG! “.....I have to get rid of You!” she threateningly spoke, continually hitting rep after rep of this immense weight, slamming it back down to its base after each muscle packed thrust. “Now, since you're still here, I guess that means you're not leaving on your own, so that means I have to step in and do it for you” she sexily growled out to her clearly frightened prey before her, staring her down with glowing blue eyes.

“You.....you can't just make people do whatever you say.....no matter how strong you are” Carrie bravely spoke, though inside she was so scared her blood felt like ice and her skin began turning a pale shade of white.



“Oh, is that so?” Mandy replied back with an evil grin, releasing her massive weight for the last time, ending it with the loudest CLANG of metal on metal yet.

“Excuse me Miss, but.....ummm.....we really don't want you slamming the weights down so hard when you're doing your exercises here. Uh.....if....if you continue to do so....I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave” a brave, though clearly intimidated, young gym employee made out to Mandy, who simply turned her head towards him and smiled. It was clear as day he would have preferred to be anywhere but right here, doing what he was doing, asking a woman who looked capable of breaking him in two to stop what she was doing, or else. As fit as his 5' 11” 170 pound frame was, Mandy's super muscular physique simply made him look like a little boy in comparison.

Quick as a wink her massively muscled legs (which like the rest of her body were clearly exposed, for all to see) exploded out and wrapped themselves around this physically inferior man's waist, pulling him in closer to her, while crushing in on him so hard and fast that all of the air in his lungs was expelled immediately.

Her bulging arms were still placed on the formerly used shoulder bars of this machine, proving she needed only her rippling muscular legs to hold this “man of authority” captive. Try as he might to speak, to scream, to cry out for mercy or even for help, such was Mandy’s hold that he had not the breath to do so, nor the ability to get any more flowing into his now burning lungs. In less than a minute, Carrie frozen in fear and awe at this incredible display of female physical power and strength, the young male gym worker collapsed onto her thick and shapely body. She then released her unbreakable thigh hold over him, pushing him off her and onto the floor, where he landed on its soft, protective mats with a dull Thud.

“Still think I cant use my power to make people do what I want, little girl?” the muscle packed beauty tauntingly made out, as she rose to her feet and yet again towered (in both height and shape) over this visibly shaking woman before her. Showing off her Amazonian body in nothing but an incredibly tight and ripped apart pair of denim jean shorts, and a barely chest covering tank top, Mandy’s muscles pumped and throbbed with unreal size, shape and definition. The black leather workout boots she was wearing only added to her incredible height, standing at a nearly 6’ 3” with them on, which was pulsing with power over Carries nearly a foot shorter and vastly weaker frame. “Let me guess, “Oh My God”?” she tauntingly spoke out, speaking aloud what she knew her prey was thinking in her head.

“You....you can't do anything to me here, in a public place” Carrie bravely made out, using her last ounces of courage to stand up to a woman who could end her life as easily as if she was cracking eggs for breakfast. “What if I scream? What if I make a scene and the police are called in?” she defiantly, though incredibly nervously, spoke.



“Let them come, it wouldn’t be the first time I’ve had to put The Crush on a few police officers” the mighty Amazon growled out, hardening and flexing her now 18” arms and near 30” thighs for all the world to see. “Besides, I’ll just be gone long before they get here, and as I don’t live around here anymore, no one will know where to find me.....Ahhh, but I know full well where to find you, don’t I” she continued, as she flicked out a fully addressed driver’s license for one Bob Church from her body hugging jean shorts.

Mandy began laughing at the shocked look on Carrie's face, as while Bob filled her in on most all of what happened in his latest encounter with this massive musclegirl from his past, he forgot to mention about finding his discarded wallet after coming to, or his missing driver's license formerly lying within.

"So please, feel free to make a big deal of this.....! I'll just have to make a little house call on you later then. Heh heh heh"

"What.....what do you want?"

"I already told you what I wanted, but for right now why don't you come with me. We need to have ourselves a little Girl Talk" Mandy spoke out, grabbing Carrie's arm harshly, as she made their way across the fully stocked weight room, into the ladies locker room, and down its far end to the wide open (and currently unused) shower area. The powerful Amazon girl then swung the much smaller woman around by her arm, which propelled her with such force that she couldn't help but collide into the white tile wall on the other end of the room.

"I've got to say I like your spirit, kid" the statuesque Amazon spoke out, even though she in fact was several years younger than her prey. "At first I thought you were just some stiff, uptight little bitch, but you've got some fight in you, I like that in a woman" she continued, as she eyed up Carrie's impressively shaped, though very much smaller, body. "So tell me, does he make you wrap your legs around his head and Squeeze until he passes out? Or maybe the better question would be, do you do it to him all on your own?" Mandy laughed out, with her hands powerfully



on her hips, creating a physique so wide that it was completely blocking the only entryway out of this unused showering area.

"Fuck you, and fuck your stupid, fucking freaky muscles!!" Carrie roared back in return, proving Mandy's earlier made point very true, that there was definitely more to her than the standard snobby lawyer that was her profession. "You want to see spirit, how's about a little of THIS!" the slightly older woman screamed out, yelling out in a high pitched martial arts cry, before hitting a perfectly placed (for only a yellow belt anyway) kick right into Mandy's stomach. If she wasn't close to her match in strength, which was more than a given to them both, then maybe her 6 months of training would help even the odds a bit more.....unfortunately for Carrie, while the impact from her thrusting leg would have blown all of the air out of her husband's vastly weaker frame and had him in the ground in tears, against this virtual mountain of muscle before her, it did next to nothing.



“Oooof” Carrie puffed out, feeling as if she had just kicked a brick wall, which had absolutely no affect other than knocking herself backwards several feet, and sending shivers of pain shooting across her striking leg.

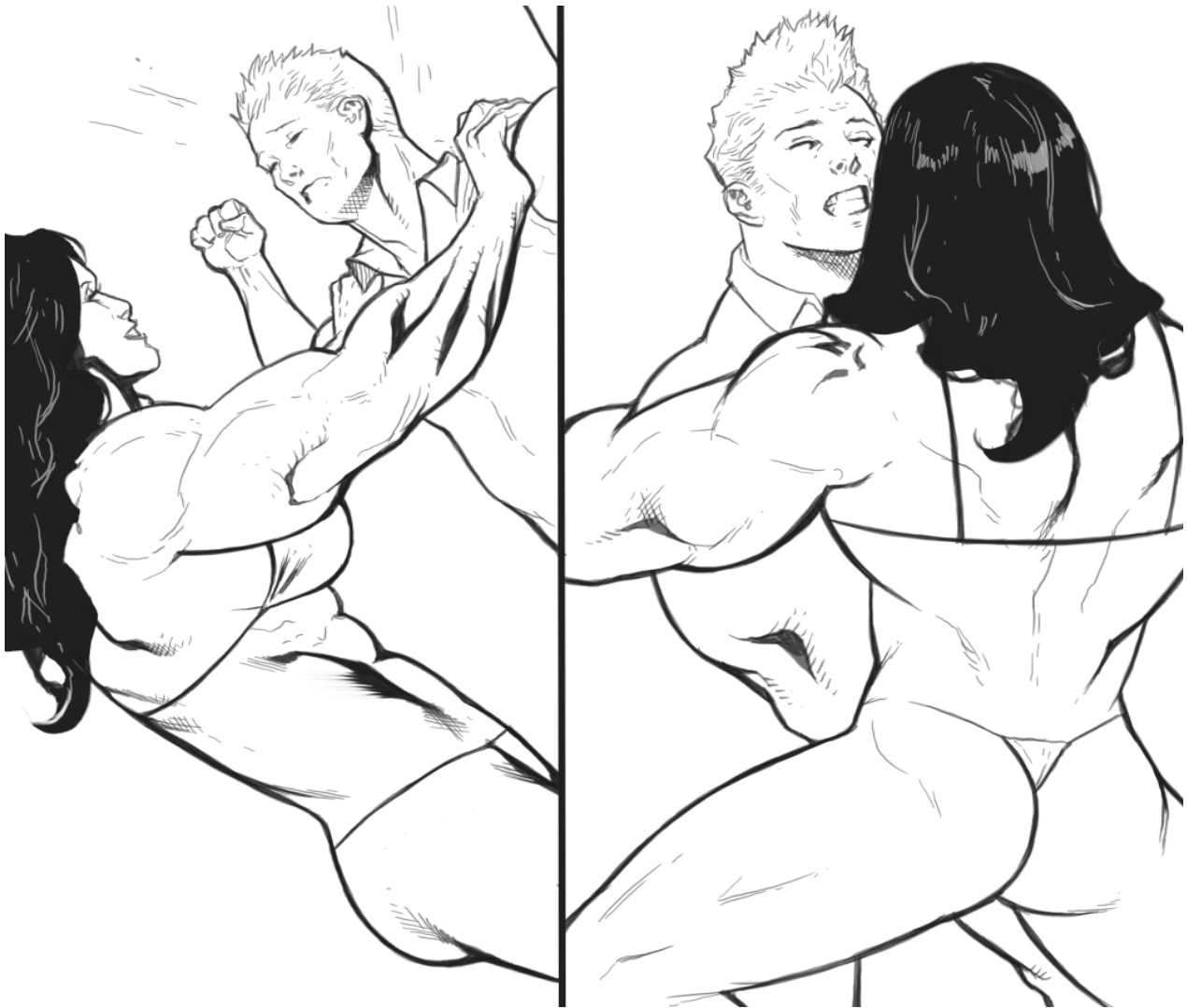
“Hahahaha, did you honestly think a poor little yellow belt like you was going to karate kick me all over the place?” Mandy laughed out, mocking the physically inferior (and now somewhat puzzled) woman before her. “Yes, I know more about you than just your address, thanks again to foolish husband's wallet, and inside it a gym membership card, which I figure from looking at both of your physiques that you get more use of than he does” she chuckled out in a teasing manner.

“So I figured I'd give this place the once over before I came by today. Asked the front desk about you, told them I was a friend from out of town and they were only so happy to comply; these guys are so eager to please a beautiful young girl with a body full of muscle. Anyway, after I found out that you were enrolled in a beginners karate class, it was child's play for me to get a little closer to your “sensei” - like I said, guys will do anything for a sexy girl with muscles” Mandy proudly spoke, flexing her voluptuously firm and hard frame to its fullest, showing off a body that looked like it would put many male bodybuilders to shame, yet had the undeniable sensuality and unmistakable shape of a beautiful, young woman.

“You spied on me.....with my karate instructor? He told you about me?”

“Well, not too much really, and not at first. Seems the big hunky black belt thought he could just have his way with me back at his place and then karate kick me to the curb. Well, I just had to show him how a woman like me expects her men to act around them, and what the penalty would be for acting like a tough, macho jackass!” she laughed out, which echoed all about the near empty tiled room they were both in.

“He said he could punch through solid oak and could kick through 3 blocks of ice, though in the end his strikes felt not much harder than yours.....though mine on the other hand, well let's just say he didn't fare nearly so well in return” Mandy spoke out with a vicious smile on her face.



“It wasn't long before I had him backed into a corner, laughing at his mighty martial arts skills and attempts to stop me, before I smothered him in a cage of female muscle, and just Cruuuuushed. Oh, he did his share of screaming that night, and not the karate kind, I can tell you that” the thick and luscious muscle babe continued on, moving closer and closer to Carrie with each spoken word, until before the smaller woman realized it, she was trapped firmly in place in the exact same position Mandy was just describing.

She then scooped Carrie up in her thick and rippling hard arms, effortlessly lifting her in the over a foot off the floor, as she began constricting her victims body into her own in a devastatingly executed bearhug. With the strength that this towering Amazon girl contained, she could have easily cracked her in half and finished her off once and for all; but that wasn't her desired goal this day, not yet anyway.

“I can feel your body bending at my will, your bones crackling into me, your breath leaving your lungs inside my Muscle Cuddle, all due to the power of my super strong physique. Mmmmmm, how you could ever think a man like Bob could settle for a weak, pathetic little woman like you, when he's had, and will have again, a powerful, full bodied Amazon girl like me” Mandy cruelly spoke, as she continued to man-handle Carrie's much weaker form within her thick, muscular arms, crushing her into her own bulgingly buxom tits.

Carrie yet again was completely helpless to stop this 6' tall supergirl from doing whatever she wanted with her, which at this point seemed to be loads of verbal humiliation, perfectly mixed with an equal amount of physical crushing. Mandy's hardness seemed utterly unreal to her, almost as if she was in fact made from curvaceously sculpted marble over actual flesh and bone; and while it was hardly a superhuman feat to handle a woman of her rather modest 5' 6” 125 pound build, Carrie was more than sure that Mandy could do the same exact thing (with just about the same level of ease) to any male, whether he be over a foot taller and several hundred pounds bulkier.....and she would be right.



"I could kill you, you know. End your life, grind your bones to dust, rip your pitiful little girl muscles apart and leave you for dead, right here, right now....." Mandy threateningly spoke into her victims ears, as she continued to put the squeeze in on her preys vastly weaker frame. ".....but I'm not going to, I want you to suffer a bit more before I end our little game. I want you to know that I'm going to take your man from you, and make him Mine....." CRUSH! ".....whether you like it....." CONSTRICT! ".....or not!" SQUEEZE!

Blackness was again overtaking Carrie's nearly broken form, though the strong waves of pain and agony that Mandy was sending throughout her entire body helped fight away (unwillingly so) the dark escape of unconsciousness for as long as it could. Though before too much longer not even the shooting pulses of her frame being mashed to pulp within a female body that was stronger than anyone, than anything, she had ever known, could save her from being forcefully knocked out yet again.....if that was Mandy's desire to do so anyway.



THUD! was the sound heard around this room, as Carrie's barely awake form came crashing down to the hard tiled floors of this gym's shower area; done so by the powerful Amazon's releasing of her unbreakable hold, leaving her prey as close to unconsciousness as possible, discarding her body as if it wasn't worth the effort to finish her off. Mandy then proceeded to laugh aloud, which was heard echoing all about them, as she turned her thickly muscled back to her totally outclassed victim and proceeded to make her way out. Though before she disappeared completely from view, to further add insult to injury, she made one last trip around the this room, turning on each and every shower to its coldest levels, aiming each and every stream of icy water towards Carrie's limp and barely breathing form.

"Something to help wake you up Sweetie, now don't say I never did anything nice for you" Mandy laughed out again, as she then made her way out of this room, using an amazing display of strength to break off the handle to the main ladies locker room, leaving Carrie's now freezing and soaking wet frame inside and all alone.

Carrie eventually regained her strength and her senses, much faster than expected thanks in large part to the waves of blistering cold that were hitting her from above and all sides around her. She finally managed to crawl her aching body to a safe, waterless, corner of the room; where she sat for the next several minutes, holding her knees bent defensively into her chest, crying out with tears of physical pain and emotional despair.

She was later released from this room by one of the larger gym employees, who had to practically break the door down to enter where she was, which allowed her a way out of this gym, in shame and defeat, one final time.

THE END.....for now.

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