

# THE RIGHT MIX

(a Vaalser4 Story)

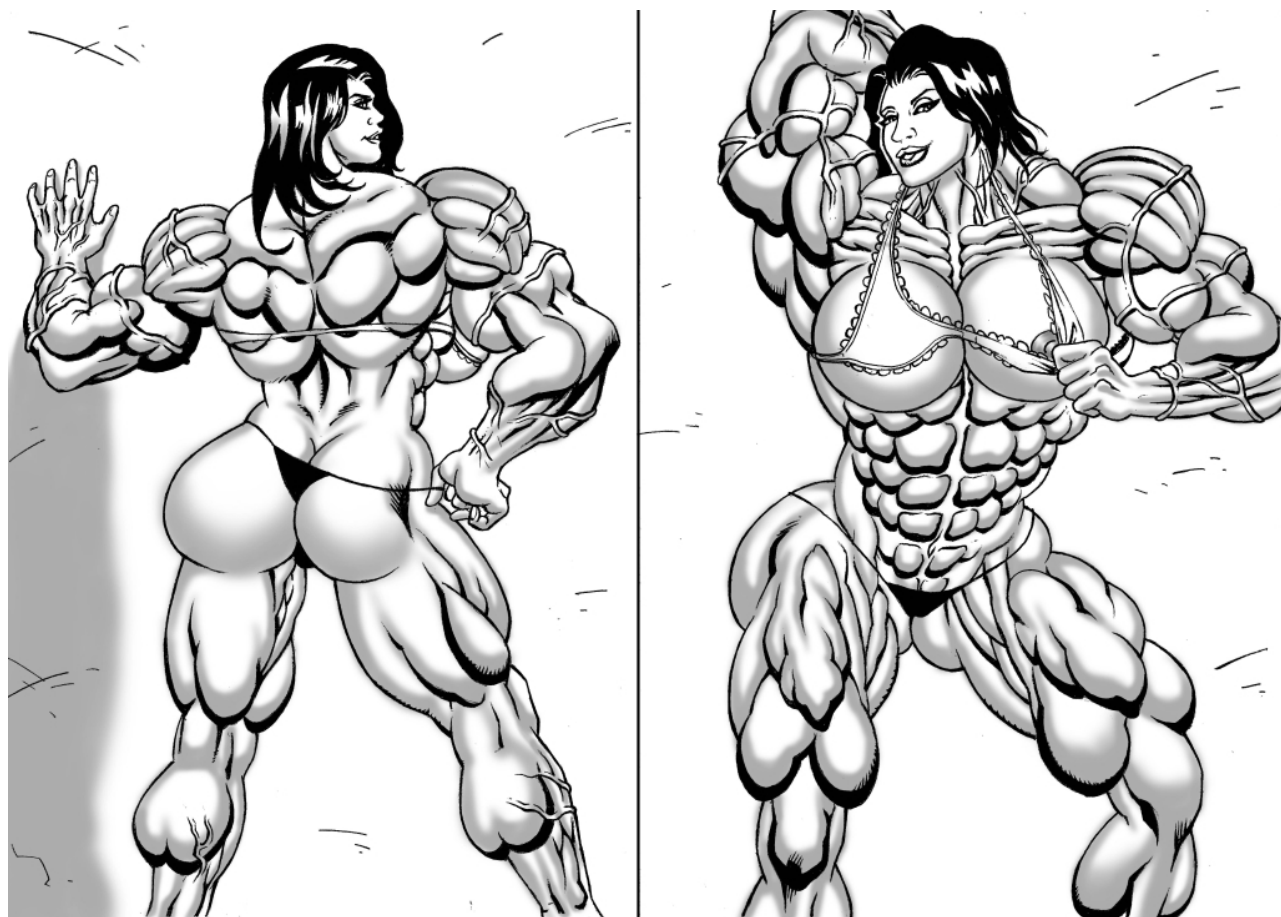
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Her name is Mercedes. That name alone already brings associations with something big in mind, I mean, if I hear the word "Mercedes" I have to think of something huge, like an impressive machine, or a large car. And this Mercedes, well, she is huge too, as you will find out.

Yes, Mercedes is not just big. Calling her "big" is an understatement. She is enormous. Standing a whopping 6' 9" barefoot (size 17 Men's) and weighing around 350 lbs, everything about her body is huge. Immense, thick arms, even broader thighs, calves as big as the thigh of a common man, a strong neck and measuring an unbelievable 3-feet-5-inches from shoulder to shoulder- and they are the size of bowling balls.

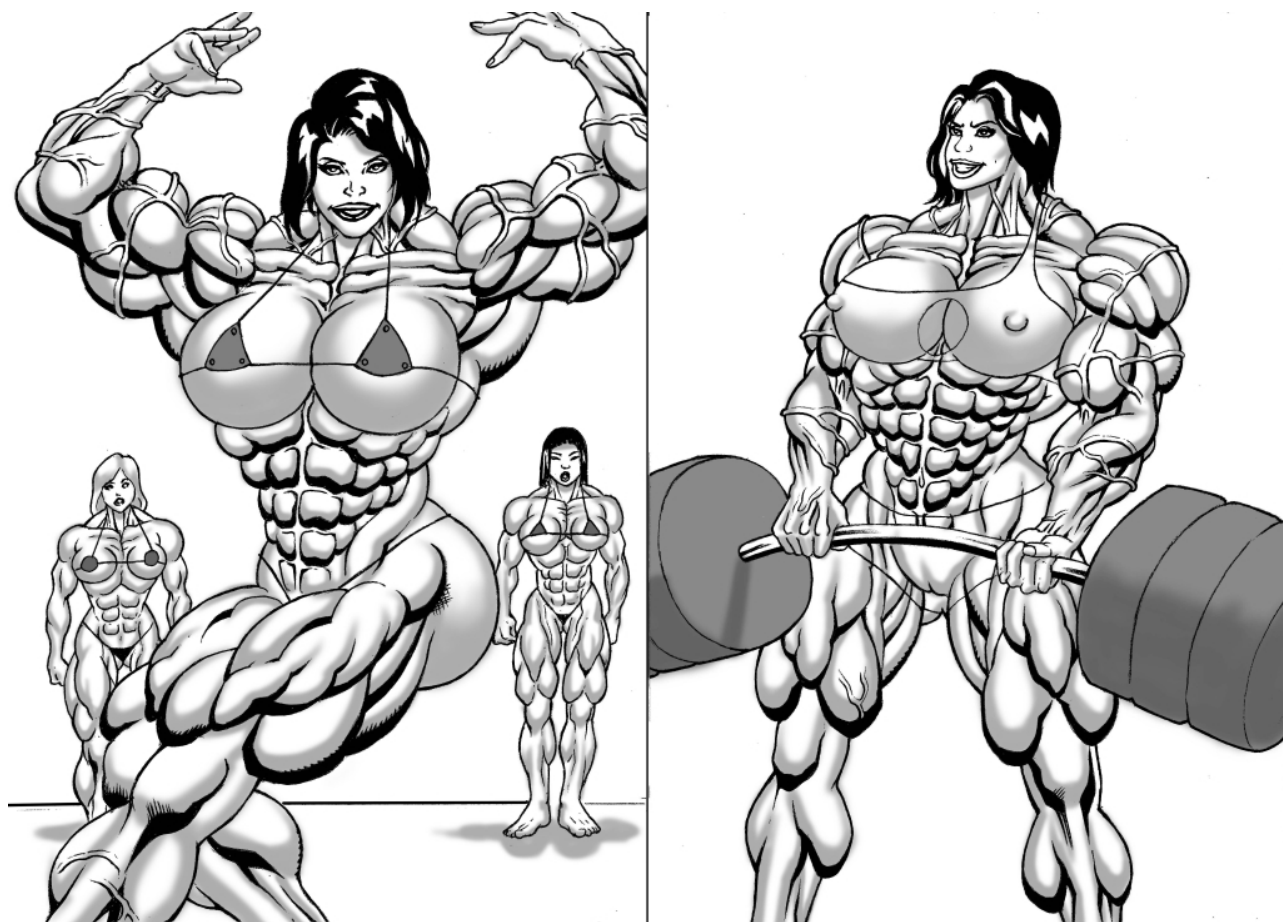
However, Mercedes is by no means fat. On the contrary, almost her entire mass is solid, rock-hard muscle. Her arms, legs and torso bulge with muscles, and look as if sculptured by an extremely talented artist using only the finest of marble.



And then her breasts. She is huge in that respect as well, having a pair of boobs a good deal bigger than basketballs. I don't know how much they weigh, but when we have sex together, I can hardly lift one breast with both my arms- while she can move them up and down at least six dozen times in a row using nothing but her chest muscles!

Yes, she is really super strong, and there is a reason for that.

You see, Mercedes has a condition called "Myostatin-related muscle hypertrophy". This means, in her case specifically that is, that she has twice the muscles of a normal human being. So instead of one bicep-muscle in her arm, she has two of them, two quads per leg, you get the idea. It's an extremely rare condition, genetic in origin. There are a few men who also have this condition, and, if I am informed correctly, only one other female. You may have heard of that German child, born in the first decade of this century, who has this condition too. At a very young age, the boy was able to lift a 7-lbs weight and hold it with outstretched arms- even an adult would have trouble doing so. Mercedes could do this at the same age as well. And today, she can hold twice that amount with nothing but her pinky finger without feeling a strain.



But it's not just her genetic makeup that makes her so inhumanly strong. Mercedes also is into bodybuilding and powerlifting. As a matter of fact, she is quite fanatical about it, training very hard and utterly devoted. While in normal circumstances training like that may actually be bad for you, since it can result in rupturing muscles or sinew, Mercedes, because of her unique genotype, can continue working out without danger much longer. And she does.

Like me, Mercedes is 26 years old. She has smooth, black hair, which she sometimes wears in a pony tail. If she lets it down, it falls about two inches past her shoulders. Her eyes are grey, and she usually sports a smile or broad grin on her face. Mercedes is perhaps not the most beautiful person, but she would be pretty enough to turn some guys' heads if she was "normal". However, due to her condition and training, her appearance mostly draws attention from about everyone, but I digress.

She doesn't wear makeup, and I think she would look uglier doing so. Mercedes has an uninhabited nature and is not afraid at all of being naked. When getting a tan, she doesn't mind undressing fully and lie like that in her garden chair. Yes, she knows that she is huge, more muscular and stronger than almost every other human being, and is absolutely not shy, nor restricted in any sense, to show both her body and her strength. As a matter of fact, she thoroughly enjoys it!

Competing with burly men, showing them she is far stronger than they are, and especially showing that she, as a female, is even far stronger than they ever thought possible, is her all-favorite pastime. Seeing muscular males startle when she lifts weights far heavier than they can at the gym is the least of her pleasures. It always makes her day when those would-be Schwarzeneggers stare dumbfounded when seeing her doing at least twice the reps, bench-presses and all the other stuff with far more iron on the scale than they.

But she is truly euphoric when she can out-muscle and utterly defeat big, cocky guys in games of strength, be it wrestling, fistfights or other things.

Mercedes can take a lot of damage, and can dish out even more. I've never seen her going down, and one or two well-placed punches of her are usually enough to knock even the strongest, most robust guys out. To make it more enjoyable for her, and for me too, Mercedes has developed some creative ways of proving her superiority. She really loves doing that, and she knows I love that too. No greater compliment for her when she notices my dick stiffening and even spewing cum while she subdues a large, well-trained man using her powerful muscles, or even her breasts.

Yes, Mercedes also uses her boobs as a means to tame cocky stallions, and with regard to the sheer mass of her chest alone, not even to mention the countless pounds of muscles behind them, it should be no surprise it's quite easy for her. Mercedes is well aware what effect a pair of enormous breasts has on men, and she never lets a chance pass to bring her tits into play when a muscular, arrogant show-off-macho has to be turned into a drooling wreck of whining putty at her feet. If you've got it, flaunt and use it- that's her motto.

Mercedes and I grew up together, although of course she did more growing than me with my 5' 9". I theorize her abnormal growth to her stunning, towering height is also related to her genetic condition, but about that I am not sure.



Anyway, we lived our entire lives in the same neighbourhood and were good friends ever since kindergarten. While I presently work as an accountant at an office, Mercedes took a job at a large storage yard, where she lifts and moves crates all day. She is supposed to use a forklift, but she can lift most crates herself, if she can get a good grip on them. Mercedes says it keeps her in shape.

She prefers this over a career in sports. Mercedes could easily win gold at the Olympic games, and accomplish remarkable things like breaking the world record in weightlifting. And not just the women's record, no, even the men's. Heck, I dare even say she could lift more than most guys at the Games using but one arm! But while she could go professional at bodybuilding, weightlifting, boxing and stuff like that, she doesn't. Instead, Mercedes wants to remain "free", meaning that the life of a sports professional, like tight schedules, being on the road most of the time because of travelling from one event to the next, is unappealing to her. She does her job, and afterwards its "enjoying life". And there is a lot to enjoy here in Los Angeles!

So all in all, she has a genetic condition granting her vast strength, the mentality of training very hard, thus improving that strength even more, she has a large, magnificent body and awareness of its capabilities and effect on the other sex. Furthermore, a very extrovert, (sexually) uninhibited and sometimes even snarky personality. No shame for either showing both her strength as well as her other assets nature generously bestowed upon her, and no shame or restraint using it. She is truly the right mix.

Now that you know Mercedes, let me tell you a few stories about her and me.

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One summer, at a deserted spot on the beach, Mercedes and I were having a contest with five quite muscular guys. They had challenged her the day before in the pub in which Mercedes and I were having a drink. The guys stared at her first, then began chuckling and gossiping to themselves and finally got the cheek making all kinds of loud, "funny" remarks about her body, including her breasts, which Mercedes in general never covers up.

One man remarked that she had a "nice pair of bumpers", and he'd love to bump into them. Mercedes, not offended at all by such remarks but snarky enough to answer in kind, replied that he'd better not, for he "would fall to the ground and hurt himself". Of course, he denied that would happen, macho as he was. A small argument occurred, resulting in the contest on the beach.

The contest we agreed upon went as follows. A 40 foot long wooden beam, about two feet wide, was placed three feet over the ground. Then two contestants had to walk towards each other from opposite sides. When they bump into each other, the first to fall off loses. Only the chest was allowed to be used for that, no pushing, punching or kicking, and arms behind the back.

The stake was a crate of beer, just for the fun of it. I took it out of the car and had trouble carrying it, for the 24 glass bottles were quite heavy. The five guys had brought one too, probably expecting to drink it themselves. Since it was a hot day, we all wore nothing but shorts, save Mercedes, who wore a small bikini. It hid little of her "bumpers".

I started first, for Mercedes and I decided to team up, and was defeated immediately. The guy that bumped into me was a large, beefy man, covered with tattoos, bald head and full of rippling muscles. The type who one expects to see working as a bouncer or personal guard. So no chance of defeating him for an average guy like me, and under the laughs of his friends I bit the dust.



Then Marcedes stepped on the beam, playing against the same guy. Now when I mentioned he was large, I mean taller than me, as well as a good deal broader. But against Marcedes, he was in both height and girth the loser. And lose he did the game as well, because as soon as Marcedes with her enormous chest bumped into him, he staggered and fell.

Baffled, he got up. No one laughed now, save Marcedes, who stood on the beam, hands on her hips and chest out-thrust, and grinned broadly.

Another guy climbed on the beam, not as tall as his friend but more muscular even. He walked steadily towards Marcedes, who walked slowly in his direction, but halted about five feet from him. The second guy walked with full force into her, but I saw Marcedes take a deep breath at that very moment, expanding her chest even further.

**SPLASH!** The sound of flesh clattering against flesh, and second guy fell as well, hit by nothing but a woman breathing in.



"Come, this is getting you nowhere! Let's make the game a little more fair for you," Mercedes offered. "All five of you, climb on the beam, and I bet another crate of beer that I will bounce you off, one after the other, doing nothing but walking casually! Are you in?"

The five guys looked at each other, one shrugged his shoulders, and they nodded. Turning around and winking at me, Mercedes went back to her starting position and turned towards them. The guys climbed the beam, and while she began walking at a slow pace, they ran towards her.

BOING! The first guy was pushed off the beam by her gigantic tits as if he weighted nothing. Mercedes, looking down at her opponents with a mocking smile, pouted lips and eyes half closed, took another casual step.

BOOM! The second guy, the one that defeated me, was shoved off the beam anew.

Hands utterly relaxed on her back, she continued walking and hit the third guy in his face with her boobs, which only shook slightly while he fell down and landed in the sand with a loud THUD!

BOING! The fourth guy, the one she defeated second, was hit in the chest as he ran into her large milking machine. With a loud "OOOMPF!" as the air in his lungs was abruptly forced out, he stumbled back and fell, almost taking the last guy with him.



Now this last guy was the smallest of the five and of normal build. He barely came up to Mercedes' chest, and he seemed to think this was an advantage- she wouldn't be able to use her boobs to push him off.

But Mercedes simply bent forward and let him run with his face into her deep cleavage.

Then, and I heard his fallen comrades suck in their breaths, she stood upright again and lifted the fifth guy off the beam with nothing but her breasts!

He kicked, he pushed, but Mercedes' tits held him tightly. Still using nothing but her chest, she continued walking towards the other end of the beam.

I noticed that her boobs didn't sag the slightest, even with an adult guy wedged between them.

Having reached the beam's end, she spread her breasts using her powerful chest muscles, and let her captive fall down.

Her opponents defeated, they had to give crate of beer. To prove her superiority once more, she lifted the crate with one hand and our own, the one I had trouble carrying, with her other, and using nothing but her spread fingers, she carried both crates like trays! Laughing at their dumbfounded faces, we went back home. It became a very pleasant evening.

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This is not to say that every encounter is -more or less- friendly. Sometimes, Mercedes gets involved in serious street fights. I recall one of such fights in particular.

Mercedes and I were strolling one evening over the boulevard when we saw a handful of bikers. They were talking to each other and had their Harley's parked on the pavement, next to a large house, the garden of which was separated from the street by a stone wall, its top decorated with five-inch thick stone arcs. While most people would have been intimidated and crossed the street, Mercedes walked straight ahead.

As soon as she approached, the bikers stopped talking and gawked at her. As usual, and because it had been a warm day, she was wearing very little, only a white T-shirt, shorts and sandals. It showed her muscles as well as her more than ample chest. The bikers grinned and whistled, and Mercedes took it as a complement, also as usual.

"Hey, babe," one said. "Nice arms. Want to see some really big muscles?" referring to her pumped up body. He flexed his arm, revealing a big bicep. The others chuckled.

"Look at that canyon, I'd like to ride in there!" another one added, with regards to her partly revealed cleavage.

"Wanna go for a ride? And maybe another one on my Harley?" a third one quipped.

Mercedes didn't reply but laughed. She winked at one of the guys, but doing so, she accidentally bumped into the steering wheel of another Harley, shoving it somewhat aside.

"Hey, watch out, bitch!" its owner yelled, his mood changing immediately and making a face as if she just killed half his family. It was the biker who offered to show her some real muscle.



Still walking, Mercedes replied over her shoulder: "Then put your moped on the street, kiddo." I froze. If there is one thing worse than giving such guys a lip, its calling their Harley a "moped".

The guy jump off the seat and charged her. Luckily, Mercedes has a keen sense of hearing and heard him coming. She turned around just in time to see him taking a swing at her and stop his attack by grabbing him by the wrist. The guy stopped dead in his tracks by so suddenly being gripped so tightly, while Mercedes hardly moved. Her massive body could absorb the kinetic energy of his charge with ease. She then pushed his wrist away from her, making him take a step back to keep his balance.

"Go play with your friends and don't embarrass yourself," she warned.

But the biker was too angry. Again he charged her, this time trying to punch her in the face. Now Mercedes may be hulking, but she is also very quick. And while having had no formal martial arts training, she is streetwise in terms of fighting. So she caught the angry biker's fist in her open hand, which is so big and broad that she could easily envelop his with it.

The bikers eyes grew wide. Mercedes was squeezing his fist with her inhuman strength, and the guy must have thought his bones were being turned into powder. Come to think of it, I sincerely believe she is able to do so, but back to the story.



She blocked two lunges by his other arm with her other fist, as well as a kick. He tried to kick her again, but Mercedes was once again faster and grabbed his ankle as well. She was now holding the quite heavy man, I estimate his weight around 250 lbs, in the air by his wrist with one arm and his ankle with the other. Without saying a word, Mercedes dropped him forcefully on the ground.

"Ow.... Fuck!" he swore. Slowly, he got up again. The other three bikers were looking, clearly confused. A woman was subduing their friend like nothing! A woman! They obviously had never seen such a thing, nor considered it possible. Hence they didn't know whether to join the fight or to keep out of it. But what they had witnessed so far was nothing compared to what Mercedes did next.

She bent over and grabbed the biker by the throat with one large hand. Mercedes then lifted the 250 lbs man over her head, using only that one arm. Her muscles, twice the normal amount thanks to her genetic condition, bulged with power, and veins swelled all over her double-present biceps. Still, Mercedes hadn't reached the limit of her strength lifting the struggling brute up in the air like that, as she was about to prove.



"You think you have really big muscles, loud-mouth?" she asked. "I will show you some really big muscles!"

With a heave, she threw the guy up in the air. Not just a little, but at least 10 feet! Yes, with only one arm, Mercedes was able to throw a 250 lbs man 10 feet up in the air! But it didn't even end there. She flexed her already swollen and blood-filled biceps, which grew to monstrous proportions, and aimed her arm so that the guy would fall on it.

He did. Head first.

With a loud "SMACK!" his head hit Mercedes' pumped biceps, which surpassed it in both size and hardness. The biker fell to the ground, unconscious from the impact. Mercedes hadn't flinched. As a matter of fact, her arm hadn't moved even the slightest bit as the 250 lbs pound brute hit it with full falling force. Such was her strength.

She bent over and examined the unconscious man's head. The spot that hit her rock-hard, unyielding biceps was red as if he had exposed it unprotected to the hot sun for hours, and a large hump began to appear on it.

"Hmmm. Should have let you hit the street tiles instead... it'd have caused less damage," she mocked.



She went towards his bike. Before the baffled faces of the others, she clutched it and lifted the heavy vehicle over her head, like that stalker guy in the "Running Man" movie, but with far more ease. She didn't even shake as she held the Harley with outstretched arms over her head.

"Anyone else for a demonstration of some real muscles?" she asked. Then Mercedes' muscles twitched, and the bike slowly began to fold. Yes, with sickening screeching sounds, she folded the impressive, heavy machine like a piece of cardboard! Gas and oil spilled from its rupturing tank, pouring over her magnificent body, while the males' eyes grew wide. A woman not just able to lift a Harley over her head, but also able to fold it like nothing! Ponder seeing that through the eyes of macho bikers. Metal snapped, a tire sprang loose, the headlight fell off. Mercedes bent the motorbike fully and threw in on the ground.

"Now he's got a folding bike," she remarked. "Handy if he rides subway."

The three remaining goons looked at the bike, then at that hulk of a woman, almost 7 feet tall and body glittering

with sweat, oil and gasoline. Mercedes stared back and decided to give them another demonstration of her strength.

Without taking her eyes from them, Mercedes sidestepped to the stone wall and shoved one beefy arm under a stone arch. It barely fit through. Without as much as blinking, but eyes firmly locked on the trio on their Harley's, Mercedes slowly flexed her biceps again. Her bulging muscles filled more and more space inside the arc, until it was fully filled with her muscular flesh. But she didn't stop there. Higher and higher her forearm went. Then it happened.

"CRUNCH!" With a soft sound, the arch first cracked, then crumbled. Mercedes' biceps, just by flexing, had broken a solid, five-inch thick stone arch! And her skin, while a bit dusty, didn't show the slightest scratch!

One biker fainted. The other two looked at each other, turned on the engines of their bikes and drove off, white as sheets.

"Come let's go to my place," she offered me, wiping the oil, stone, dust and gasoline off her magnificent body. "I need a shower. Care to join? I dislike scrubbing my back myself".

I had no reason to refuse.

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And then there was that time when Mercedes was challenged by three men. Thinking of it still makes my groin itch with excitement. Let me tell you about it.

The first man possessed a black belt in judo and a height bigger than average but not a bulky frame. The second challenger was a well-trained, semi-professional boxer. And the third was a large, hulking black belt karateka as well as a varsity wrestler with an attitude (the latter types are Mercedes' favorite victims).

For \$100, Mercedes had waged she could defeat them, "defeat" meaning not tapping out but by getting unconscious. Because the third, the karateka/wrestler, was quite obnoxious, claiming she was unable to beat him, Mercedes placed another bet specific for him. If he could defeat her, she said, she would throw in not only \$50 more, but then she'd allow him to make love with her. If, however, she'd not only let him drop unconscious but on top of that make him lick the jam from between her toes, he had to pay \$50 extra. Needless to say, the guy laughed first and then, grinning and seeing himself having a good time with this imposing amazon, agreed.

The contest took place on an abandoned industrial yard- no unwanted prying eyes there. The judoka went first.

He wore his judo outfit, black belt and all. Barefoot he approached Mercedes, who was also barefoot and wore blue shorts and a white, tight T-shirt, emphasising her prodigious breasts. She never wears a bra, you know, for the sheer strength of her chest-muscles alone is more than able to hold even her very massive breasts without sag.

The judoka approached her, while Mercedes just stood calmly and grinned. Being more than a head shorter than she was, the judoka tried a technique for bringing down larger opponents. He grabbed one of her arms and wanted to kick one of her legs away, thus bringing her out of balance. Mercedes' leg, with bulging calf muscles, didn't move an inch. He pulled at her, and kicked her leg again and again, but the guy might just as well have tried to topple a bronze statue bolted firmly to the ground. Mercedes didn't move.

"Aaah, I need to scratch my back," she remarked and suddenly shifted the arm the guy was clinging to behind her back. By the sheer force of her movement, the judoka was flung away five feet and landed in the soft dirt.

Laughing, Mercedes approached him. The guy got up and ran towards her, wrapping both his arms around her waist, trying to push her back. It didn't work either. Mercedes stopped and let the guy push, only resulting in large marks made by his feet in the dirt behind him, like a car stuck in soft, deep sand trying to get out.

After about a minute of fruitless pushing, and perspiration running down his head, Mercedes casually flicked her other arm under the judoka's shoulder. He fell backwards, landing on his back. Mercedes lowered herself on him, pinning him under her vast, 350 lbs weight. Now Mercedes is not a judoka, nor trained in whatever martial art, but lying on top of the guy she (unknowingly) used a judo technique herself, the kesa gatame. She positioned herself diagonally over the man, put her right arm under his neck while holding his right arm down with her left. He struggled, but it was to no avail. The hulking mass of muscle that was Mercedes could hold him in place easily.



She arched her back, making her enormous boobs stick out more prominent from under the fabric of her already overflowing T-Shirt. Her engorged nipples, half a thumb long, poked through the fabric. The man's eyes were glued at one huge boob and its nipple which was less than an inch away from his face. Mercedes saw it and grinned.

"Like what you see?" she teased. Slowly, she brought her breast towards the judoka's face, and rubbed her large nipple over it. Again and again, left and right, the nipple scraped over his sweating, reddening face. Whether it reddened from embarrassment or lust I cannot tell.

"Ooh, that feels good," Mercedes moaned. She kept rubbing her nipple over his face until little bruises and scratches appeared on the man's skin, a quiet testimony of how hard Mercedes nipple was- even if covered by a layer of cotton.

"Time to end it," she said after a few minutes in a melodic voice. A twitch of her arm, and the guy's face was pushed forcefully against her massive tit. The man began struggling again, trying to free himself from the smothering breast flesh, but Mercedes held him firmly in place. Within a minute, he fell unconscious.

Mercedes stood up. "One down, two to go," she said, turning towards the two other, baffled guys. "Who wants to be humiliated next?" she added mockingly.



The boxer stepped forward, took off his T-shirt, revealing a large, muscular, hairy chest. He looked with anger at Mercedes, raising his arms and cupping his bare fists. The fight would be without boxing gloves, as agreed beforehand, like in the beginning days of boxing.

"You can push and shove, but let's see if you can take a real beating," he growled. Obviously, the defeat of his friend and her taunting had hurt his male pride, and he was eager to get revenge.

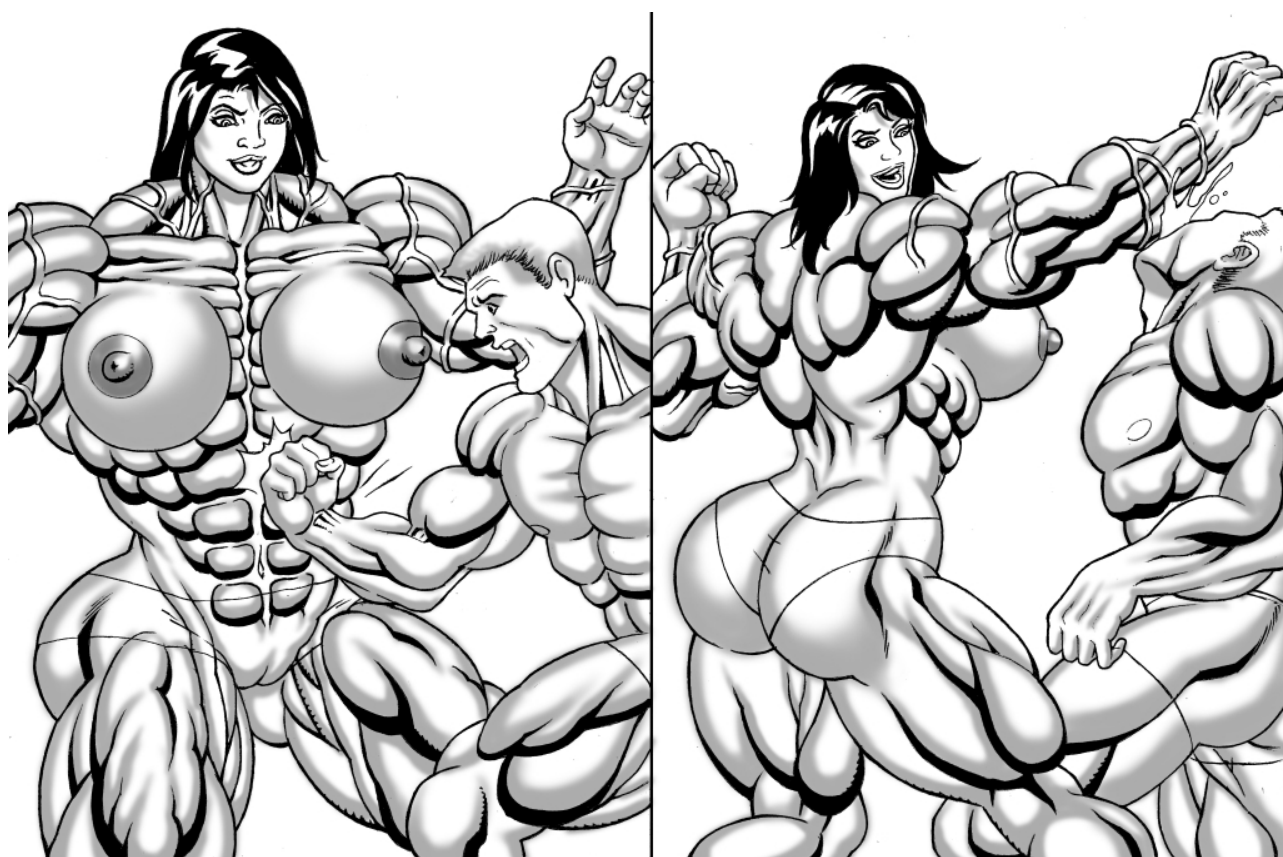
Mercedes grinned and took her T-shirt off as well, ripping it to shreds while baring her enormous, male-smothering breasts. Each boob was bigger than a medicine ball, ultra-firm and riding on top of a large slab of chest muscles. Whether she decided to box bare-chested to mimic her opponent or to bewilder him I don't know, but the boxer, to his credit, was not being distracted by her gigantic bosom. He looked at it and sneered: "I will use those as punching bags, bitch!"

Mercedes raised her huge arms as well and the game was on. The boxer danced around her, feinting some punches, but Mercedes, experienced as she was, wasn't falling for those tricks. She kept her guard up, not attacking herself but waiting for him to make the first move.

Soon, he hit, indeed trying to strike her breasts, but Mercedes took in the blows with her arms. She lunged at him, but he dodged. True, he was quick, and wisely used his speed to avoid getting hit instead of trying to block her blows, which would probably have brought him down soon enough.

The hitting continued, and Mercedes easily absorbed every hit he threw at her with her muscular arms alone, while he was struck once or twice. Mercedes hit his arms as well, and while staggering back, her blows didn't take him out.

It was after about two minutes Mercedes set a trap. You see, her arms aren't the only parts of her body that possess twice the amount of muscles thanks to her genetic condition. Her chest- and belly muscles are also doubled. And she has trained countless hours improving those as well. Hell, if I could bank a dollar for every sit-up she has ever done, the interest of that amount alone would allow me to live a life of leisure and comfort! Hence, her belly is protected by two slabs of rock-hard muscles.



Mercedes, after taking in another lunge while covering her breasts, raised her arms somewhat, exposing her belly. The boxer fell for the trap and threw a powerful blow at her stomach, hoping to bring her down that way. But she tensed her belly muscles, and his fist hit the granite wall that was her abdomen with a loud "THUD!".

"AAARRGGHH!!!" he cried. He clutched his wrist, which was probably strained from the impact. Thus being distracted and letting his guard go completely, Mercedes swung her fist at his head, hitting it against its side. The boxer stumbled three feet before falling down. He was knocked out as well.

"And that was only half of what I've got," Mercedes remarked. "If I had hit you full force, you might not have survived. Broken neck, skull fractured, brain damage... oh no, not the latter. What isn't there, can't be damaged," she said in a sarcastic tone to the unconscious wreck of a man lying in the sand.

Then she turned towards the last of her challengers, the karateka/wrestler. "Your turn. Or you can wisely surrender now, lick my toes, and cough up 50 bucks, even if we agreed otherwise," she offered.

The man spat on the ground. "Those two were sissies," he snarled. "I will show you what a real warrior can do, tomboy! KIII-AAAYYY!!!"

Without warning, he leapt and made a flying kick towards her, hoping to take her by surprise. Mercedes merely crossed her arms in front of her chest, and absorbed the impact of his kick without a problem. Her vast body only shuddered a little as the man struck her with a force that would have brought any but the strongest people down. Too bad for him, Mercedes was one of those people.

He bounced off her and hit the ground. Mercedes laughed at him, adding to his anger.

He got up and tried a roundhouse kick to her face. It was easy for him, for as well as being very muscular himself, he was almost as tall as she was. But Mercedes blocked it with her fist. Another spinning kick. This time Mercedes grabbed his ankle. What she did next was a display of raw strength I hadn't considered possible even for her.

She lifted the man up, still holding him by his ankle, and swung him around, over her head, at great speed. He must have weighted at least 280 lbs, but Mercedes spun him in circles over her head like he was a piece of cloth.

With one arm!

I began shaking as I saw her rippling and bulging muscles, pumping like a machine, as she toyed with this guy, who might bring down five opponents all by himself. My groin began itching and I felt my cock being filled with blood. This was unbelievable! Was there a limit to her strength?

After a while, Mercedes dropped the man -gently- to the ground. He got up and held his head. No doubt he was dizzy.

"Now, surrender and lick my feet. I could have thrown you away, and then you would have spent some time in hospital. Admit I am superior, and I will not have to squeeze you into submission until you are unconscious as well!" she offered.



But the guy was a slow learner.

Having recovered from his vertigo, he charged her again, this time using his wrestling ability, and grabbed her by the wrists. He tried to move her arms, but that was just as futile as it had been with the judoka. Not even an inch she moved as the large brute pushed and pulled. He tried to kick her in the groin, pragmatic fighter as he obviously was, but Mercedes was quicker. She lifted one bulging leg, letting her enormous, muscular thigh take in the kick. She then used her raised leg to kick him in his stomach, sending him stumbling back a couple of feet. He hit a wall with his back.

While he was stumbling backwards, Mercedes had come after him, and as he hit the wall, she was only a few inches away from the beefy brute. As he bounced off the wall, he bent over and his face smacked into her deep cleavage. She was still bare-chested, and her breasts sandwiched his entire head. Yes, they were indeed so large that they could fully envelop it with ease!

Mercedes clutched his wrists in turn, and raised his arms high over his head as she pushed the man with the rest of her body against the wall. He tried to kick, but Mercedes caught his legs between her gigantic thighs and squeezed them together in an inescapable vise.



The man tried to free his head from the deep canyon that was Mercedes' cleavage, but he could hardly move his face, since his neck muscles were no match for the sheer mass of her incredible boobs. Only a tuft of his hair peeked out of her cleavage, just above Mercedes' breastbone. His biceps bulged in a desperate attempt to free himself, but Mercedes held his arms over their heads with ease. And his legs went nowhere either, since Mercedes' thighs were so strong, she could have squeezed them to jelly without even trying hard.

"This is no challenge. Phah! Let's make it easier for you," she mocked, and placed her hands on her hips.

The man tried to push her gigantic, smothering boobs away, but even with his freed, strong arms, he could move them. Mercedes looked down at the struggling guy in her cleavage and pouted her lips in a mocking expression.

"Ha, ha, ha!" she laughed. "Is that what you called showing me "what a real warrior can do"? And you are supposed to wrestle on the varsity? Hah! Look at you! You are held firmly in place even by a pair of little boobies! Imagine what would happen if you faced some REAL BIG BOOBS?" she sadistically sneered.

And then she took a deep, deep breath, inflating her already gigantic breasts to even huger proportions. Her tits ballooned to truly monstrous proportions, gobbling up his visible tuft of hair and pressing firmly against the wall.

I couldn't hold it any longer. I felt sperm running over my legs seeing this display of both superhuman strength and this pure, shameless prove of female superiority. I came hard, not even touching my dick.

After a minute or so, the man's arms fell to his side. He, too, had fallen unconscious. Mercedes stepped away from the wall and let him drop to the ground.

They woke after a while, but Mercedes was not done yet. She put one of her large feet, which wasn't only long but also quite broad, over the face of the karateka/wrestler.

"Lick, " she ordered, "or else..." she looked at his groin. "...I will place my foot on your balls and test if they can carry 350 lbs of female muscle," she threatened.

Immediately a small tongue emerged from between her big and second toe, licking as if her toe jam was the sweetest nectar. Mercedes grinned and encouraged him to continue licking, until the spaces between her toes, of both her feet of course, were cleansed of toe jam.

She stated meanwhile that she hadn't washed her feet for three days, even after some hard workouts wearing thick socks and airtight shoes, just for this occasion. I must admit, sometimes she can be a little gross, but that guy had it coming.

"Good boy," she said when her feet were cleaned. Mercedes put on her T-shirt, and with \$150 in her pocket, she left. I followed her, still shaking from the intense orgasm I experienced. This was unbelievable! Not only did she knock three strong, martially trained guys out, she even had done so with ease!

This woman is fantastic, I thought. Where others would be embarrassed even showing their naked breasts, she wasn't, and on top of that, even used them shamelessly as weapons!

And then her punches.... I honestly think she can punch a hole in that brick wall she smothered the karateka/wrestler against. Or perhaps even breaking it with nothing but her boobs. That thought alone made me almost faint. And this woman was my friend, walking next to me, on to the next challenge.



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These were but three of the stories I can tell you about Mercedes. With her superior strength and uninhibited personality, she has done many more things. If you like to hear more from her, just tell me. Let me end by telling that I consider myself the luckiest guy on Earth to have such an amazon as my friend. Mercedes is truly the right mix.

## THE END

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