

SAM & VALERIE

- a Jack Straw story -

(amysconquest.com)



"You are really cute, Sammy," Valerie whispered in his ear as she nibbled gently and firmly hugged him to her voluptuous chest.

Sam, embarrassed, tried to squirm out of her grasp but found that he could not. He hated being called Sammy and even more hated being played with in this way.

They were neck deep in a friend's swimming pool and the only two in it. In the shadowy light of the floodlights, they were barely visible to the others, but Sam feared that everyone was watching.

"Please, Val, everyone is watching!" he hissed desperately.

"Oh, come on, don't play so hard to get," she teased in that rich, seductive voice of hers. "I know you like me, Sammy; I've seen how you look at me when you think I won't notice," she whispered laughingly as she molded her exquisite curves against his muscular body. Trapping both of his arms behind his back in the powerful grasp of one of her smoothly feminine and superstrong arms, she reached down with the other hand and roughly wrenched down his skimpy swimsuit.



His erect penis, freed of painful confinement, slapped against her steely forearm, the warmth of her soft skin contrasting with the shock of cool water on his throbbing member. He jerked involuntarily at the pleasurable sensation as her velvety hand stroked it gently into even greater rigor and size.

Triumphantly, she murmured throatily, "Yes! You do like me!"

In her quickened breathing blasting hotly against his neck and the powerful beating of her heart against his chest, he recognized that she was aroused to the point of no return. He began to thrash his legs and torso in panic. Was she going to bring him off or, worse, rape him in view of the others?

He glanced in their direction, but their lazy conversation persisted along the same insipid lines and gave no hint that they realized what was happening. At least not until he began thrashing. Now he thought heads were turning.

Valerie clamped his legs with her own and tightened the grip of her arm, and his thrashing quickly ceased. Sam felt like he was in two vices. He felt the sudden explosion of her arm muscles as they flexed into steely ridges against his yielding back muscles and his trapped muscular arms, so completely overmatched by her feminine strength.

His chest imploded from the expansion of her own mighty chest as it thrust her large, firm breasts and bullet-hard nipples sharply into the slabs of his deep chest muscles, built up through high school and now college by daily weightlifting.



His legs meanwhile were being flattened together by the expanding girth of her ultra-muscular thighs. Yet, despite his complete immobility, he was not in pain. In fact, quite the opposite. She was caressing him with the bulging and relaxing of her incredible muscles. His achingly erect penis was stroked against her densely muscled abdomen that she alternately flexed into chiselled ridges and then relaxed into a somewhat less dense suppleness that massaged his member with its soft, hot skin. She lifted one powerful leg and guided its seductive, rippling surface along his lower torso and palpitating penis. Val chuckled softly at this undeniable proof that she had seduced him against his will. And again she murmured throatily as the juices of her arousal flowed inside her.

Still trapping his arms against his sides, she grasped the solid cheeks of his muscular buttocks and lifted until his toes barely grazed the bottom of the pool. Sawing her legs seductively against his and mashing his crotch against hers, she woman-handled him into a deeper area of the pool that put them in a darker shadow. She stood on tiptoes to keep their heads above water. Though he was taller, she now supported them both. His slack calves occasionally contacted the great bulges of her flexed calves as they swept up from her relatively slim ankles.



Though almost unbearably aroused by the contact with her delectable, powerful body, he started to protest the indignity of her aggressive treatment, but as he opened his mouth she pressed her lips onto it and inserted her tongue. One of her hands grasped the back of his head to keep it in place, while the other hand unloosened the bottom of her bikini and thrust him inside her.

Her overwhelming kiss muffled his sudden gasp as he felt the muscles of her wet, hot vagina ripple against his near-bursting penis, wringing it with contractions so forceful that they alternated between extremely pleasurable and almost painful. Gasping and near suffocation from the suction of her kiss, he pushed with both arms against her shoulders.

"Yes! Fight it! I love it when you big, strong guys put up a fight! It's soo much more fun!" she breathed tauntingly.

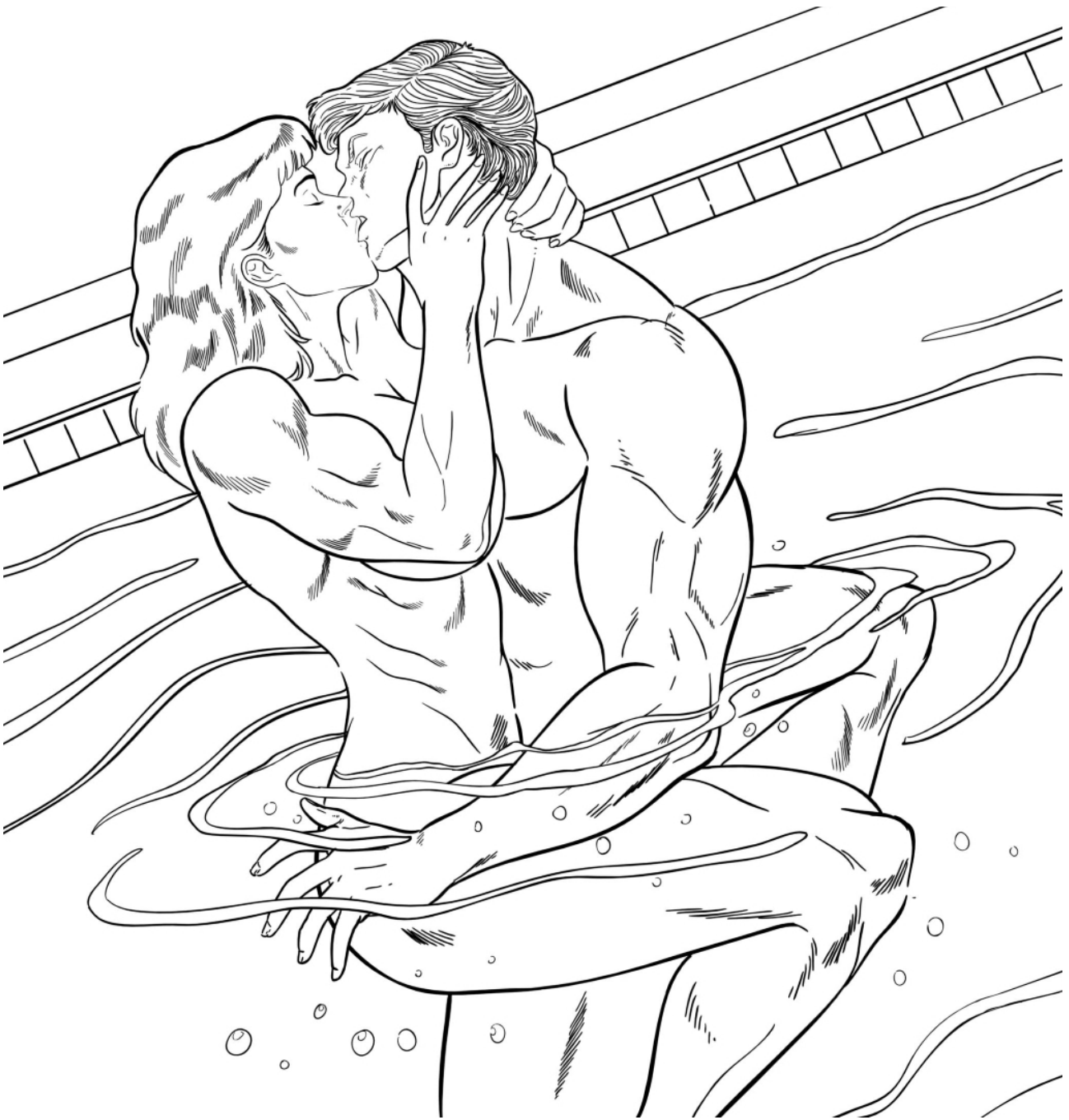
"But don't hurt yourself. I'm a lot stronger than any two of you. You'll never know how good it feels to be so much stronger than the biggest of you. It's SUCH a turnon!" As if to emphasize her last words, her vagina squeezed extra forcefully and she used the hand on his buttock to ram his crotch even deeper, squashing his testicles.

"Ooo, yes!" she murmured as he strained his entire body to extricate himself. After she had proven that her one bicep holding his head was stronger than both of his bulging weight-trained triceps and brought him close to unconsciousness, she pulled his head just far enough from her mouth that he could breathe in great gulps of restorative air. While he was thus distracted, she moved her hand away from his head and unloosened the top of her bikini.



"I need your mouth and tongue somewhere else too," she whispered sexily, her sex-glazed eyes directed downward. "Don't disappoint me. I wouldn't want you to drown." Suddenly he found his face underwater as she grasped it firmly with that same hand and thrust his neck downward with that overpowering arm. She directed his mouth against the turgid nipple of one of her large breasts, whose always firm flesh was now rock hard in arousal and thrust out to meet his tongue.

As she rubbed his mouth against her sensitive nipple, she sighed in pleasure. He, on the other hand, gurgled as he swallowed some water and, panicked by the prospect of actually drowning as she unwittingly left him under too long, struggled violently. Such was her superior strength that his efforts only managed to cause a gentle splashing of the water. The panic and exertions had pre-empted the orgasm that he had just moments ago been on the brink of, yet his penis trapped in her spasming vagina remained hugely stiff.



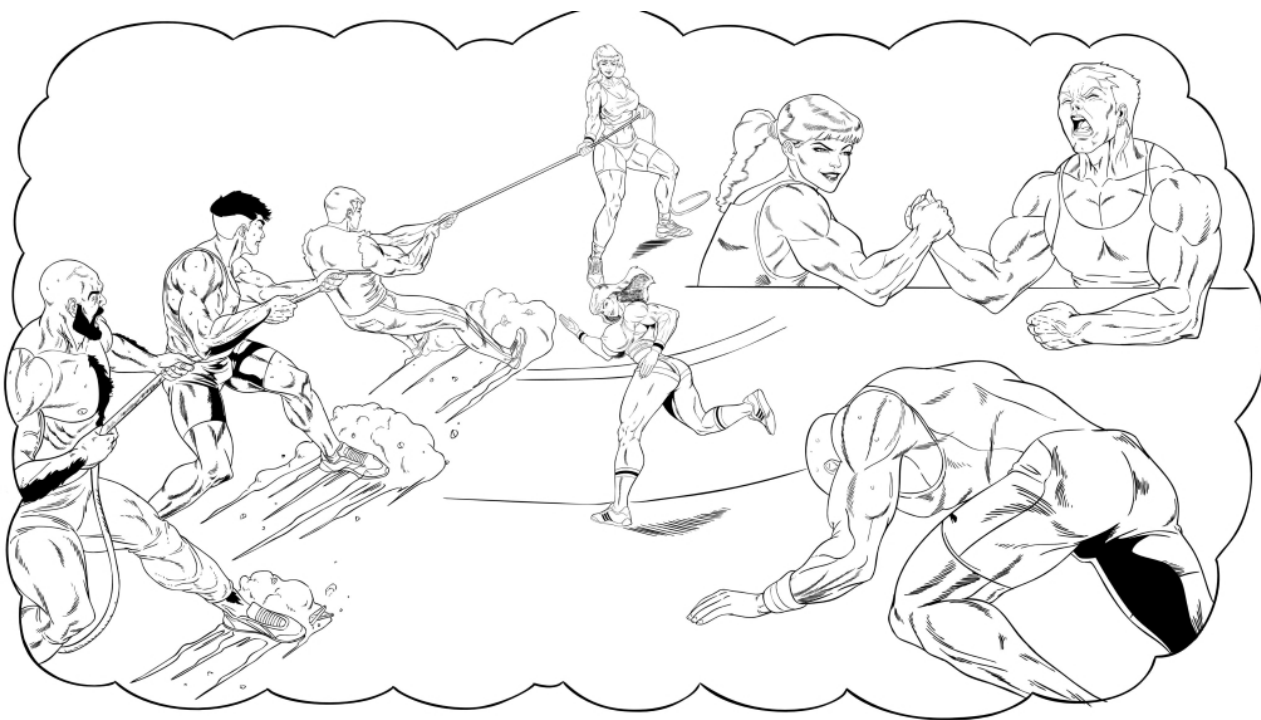
She allowed him to surface and gulp in air. Smiling down at him she whispered, "You might as well give in to it and enjoy it my little man. You know I turn you on."

As he gasped weakly, "Please," she once again pressed her lips on his and, at the same time, pressed the rest of her ample body against his. Instead of the power, he felt the sexiness of her curves and skin as it massaged him clingingly. Almost whimpering, he gave in to his pleasure. She had won; she had conquered another virile male. In the throes of silent ecstasy, she gushed her juices onto his member and he climaxed as well in spasm after spasm, which triggered an even stronger explosion from her that violently wrenched his penis in painful constriction after constriction. She muffled his scream of pain by clamping his mouth once again with hers.

Triumphantly, she let go of his limp body and let him splash impotently into the water. As he gurgled and coughed from swallowing water, he was further humiliated by her lifting him with one of her arms to raise his head above water.

He was mortified. She had raped him in the shaded view of his friends, but she had so overpowered him that they probably didn't even know. He realized now that his friends probably thought only that they had been playing near the deep end, because it was so dark where he and Val were and she had turned them so that his friends would have only seen the back of her head and, occasionally, the bobbing of his head. Somehow, although he was saved the humiliation of their knowing, this made it worse; he had been so over-matched by a female that his strenuous efforts to fight her off had seemed like feeble horseplay.

She kissed his downcast face with a triumphant smile. This was the ultimate kind of victory over boys. It was fun to beat them in sports or in tests of strength, but that was almost boringly easy these days. Years of tomboy exertion and exuberant weight training had put her far ahead of them. This kind of contest proved not only her superior strength and athleticism but also another type of superiority that deflated them so much more and yet....



"That was just a sample for later. I can do things you never even imagined with this body," she breathed sexily. "Can you resist it?" He knew that he couldn't; he was hooked. He had to be with her again and again, whenever she would have him. THAT was the worst part, he mused. THAT was the best part, she mused. So arrogant beforehand, they were completely deflated and yet in the end they CRAVED it. God, boys were fun!

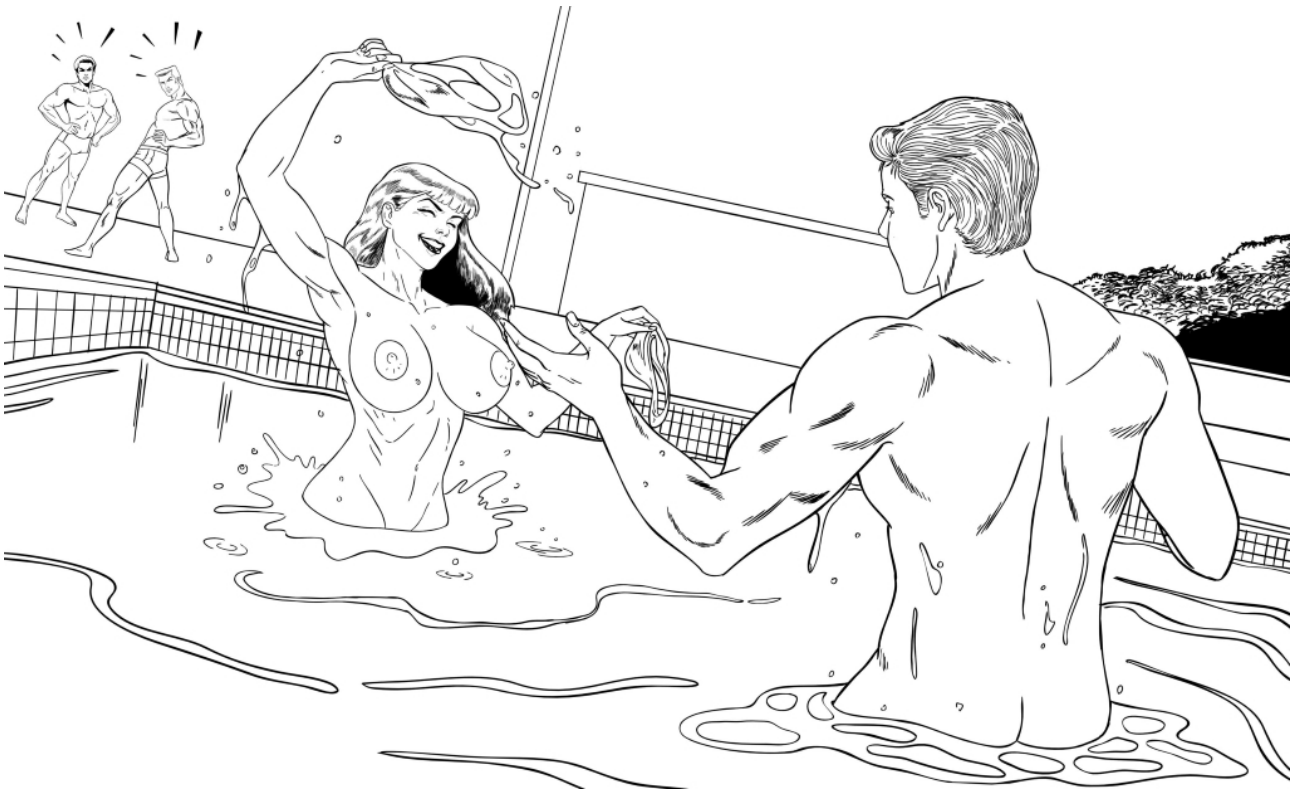
And now for some more fun, she thought.

Ceremoniously, she raised her right hand to show him that she had his swimming trunks. In her left was her bikini. Laughing, she splashed water at him and swam away.

She dangled his trunks over her head tauntingly and pretended to ready herself to throw them out of the pool, over where his friends were lounging. Now they were looking curiously over at and Val and Sam.

"Come on, Val, please give me my suit," he hissed quietly so that perhaps his friends might not hear, once again mortified at impending embarrassment.

In a normal voice that carried to his friends, she challenged laughingly, "Come and TAKE them away if you can, big boy."



Now angry, he dove at her. As he neared her, she put his trunks in the hand that held her bikini and pushed his head deep below the water with the other hand. When he surfaced, sputtering from rage and swallowed water, he heard, "You hoo! SAMMY, I'm over heeere!"



Angrily, he chased after her, but could never catch her. She was too fast, a much better swimmer when she wanted to race him. When she wanted to tease him, she'd stop and let him catch her. When he tried to grab his trunks, she'd turn it into a test of strength. Twice she literally threw him with one arm. Then she put the trunks in the crook of one arm between bicep and forearm, clamping it tightly between two sets of bulging muscles.

"All you have to do is pull down my arm and you've got it, little man!" She was standing waist deep in the water. Even in the dim light, his friends could see that she was topless.

"Hey, what's going on out there? A little skinny dipping eh? I didn't know you were so kinky, Sam," one of the girls giggled.

Sam grasped her fist with both his hands and pulled down with all his might. His big muscles bulged glisteningly in the pale light. But her arm didn't move an iota. Tauntingly, she put her other hand up to her mouth and yawned. "Have you started pulling yet, Sam?"

Sam grimaced, closed his eyes, and pulled down with his entire body. His entire body, heavier than hers, was supported on her one superstrong arm, now flexed into mountainous ridges of superior female muscle. Sam's big muscles, built up over years of exercise and the envy of his male friends, no longer seemed very big. Always the exhibitionist, Val amplified the difference, by rotating her arm, causing it to bulge even more largely against the trapped swimsuit.



Having highlighted her superiority, Val devilishly ran backwards quickly toward the shallow water and toward his friends with Sam in tow. Before he realized what was happening, Sam's limp penis came into view. Grasping his trunks from the crook of her arm, Val used that arm to lift him so that he was fully exposed for a long, humiliating minute, before she launched him toward the deep end. Silhouetted in the dim light, Val exaggeratedly put on her bikini top and bottom.

"Hey what did I miss?" asked a newcomer to the group, a big, heavysset guy. After being told in low tones the gist of what had transpired, he said loudly "He must be a real wus, letting a girl make a fool of him."

She swam over to Sam, who was dejectedly hanging onto the opposite side of the pool in a dark corner.

"Look, I'm sorry. I got carried away. I'll make it up to you later."



Then she swam over to deal with the braggart. "Hey, big mouth. You owe my friend Sam an apology." Sam groaned in consternation. Although he thought she probably meant well, this was the ultimate insult. He could fight his own battles; he didn't need a girl to protect him.

Slumping lower in the water, he heard her taunt the newcomer: "But I hope you don't, 'cause then I'll have no choice but to put you over my knee and spank you. Wus!"

Now that she had emerged from the pool, flexing her muscles in the process, he had lost some of his swagger. This was a formidable female! Her anger made him even more nervous.

Shakily he laughed and tried to put her on the defensive. "Let the man speak for himself, Mama. You his wet-nurse or something?"

Big mistake, he realized, as she slapped him. As he raised his arm to fend off another slap, she grabbed the hand with one of her hands.

"Hey, let go."

"What's the matter, Wus? Am I too strong for you? Can't the big guy pull his hand from the girl's?"

She nonchalantly blew on the knuckles of her free hand and put it on her hip. He put all his considerable bulk into pulling his hand free but couldn't move her.



"Perhaps you should try both hands, fatso!" He was not fat, but beefy and very muscular. And to his surprise he could neither extricate his hand or move hers. Then his eyes bulged in pain as she gripped his hand in sudden vice-like pressure. He began to whimper softly as she ground his knuckles together and they made a loud crackling noise. He collapsed into a kneeling position and his head swayed toward the massive rippling breast that was nuzzled against her mountainous biceps.



"Ah, you want a closer look. Look at how these babies dance, when I do this," she said animatedly drawing his eyes toward her jutting biceps as they rippled in concert with the grinding of his knuckles. Using his other hand, he desperately tried to extricate the now useless and inflamed mass that had been his strong right hand. But her grip was unyielding. Still she maintained her other hand contemptuously on her hip and, with her sexy muscular legs stolidly spread apart, she completely halted his every effort to move her in any direction.

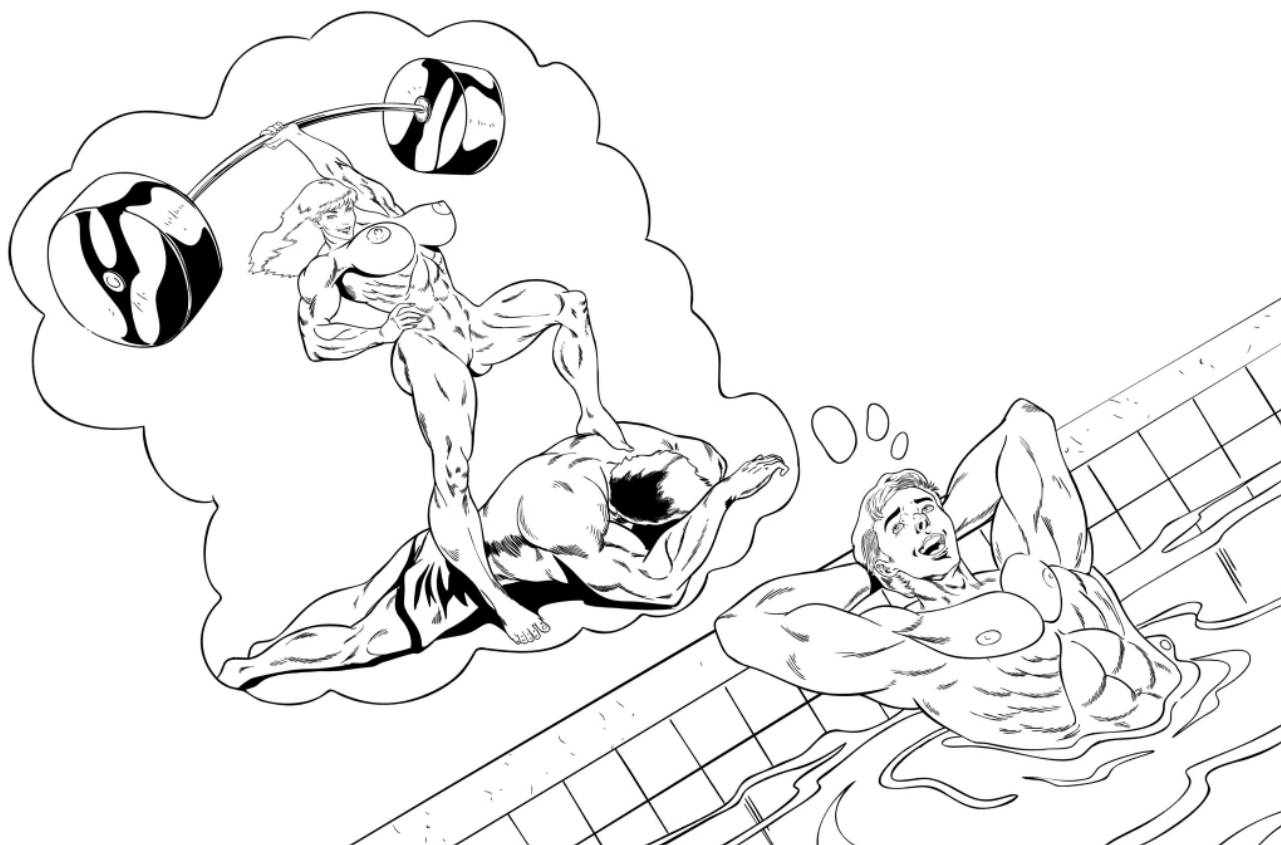
"Perhaps now you might be more in the mood to apologize, fatso?" she queried demurely, calmly cinching her grip in another notch. Tears were streaming down the face of the former macho braggart.

"I-I apol-a-gize."

"No, no. Louder, so Sam can hear you." Sam silently slipped completely under water.

"I APOLL-OO-GIZE." His voice was now two octaves higher. "Please," he wailed entreatingly, and, after a few more moments, she complied.

"Sure, WUS!" she let go. Pulling his hand from her loosened grasp, he stared at the purplish bruise, and slumped meekly out the gate, feeling very much abused. What had he done to deserve this?



Val dove back into the pool and Sam stoically sat down in the shallow water, resigned to being her vassal for the night and perhaps longer. In his subdued state of mind he glanced at her approaching vibrant form that radiated power and sex. Suddenly in his mind's eye he saw a random image of her nude body flexing and triumphantly lifting a prodigious weight above a prone male champion whom she straddled after he had failed to lift the same weight.

His loins stirred. Yes, he was hooked, but there were worse fates he supposed.

THE END

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