

SANDI STONE: MUSCLE MISTRESS

- a David Sullivan story -

(amysconquest.com)



I was sitting in a coffee shop one morning when I overheard two men talking in the booth next to mine. They were discussing what they had seen the previous evening. Apparently, there was a club in town where no-holds-barred fighting occurred. I was new to town and loved watching fights, any kind of fights. Anyway, the two men were talking in hushed tones about how they had seen a girl totally demolish a much larger male foe. From the way that they described the fight, the girl had been in control the entire time. She battered her foe at will with her fists. Then, with amazing displays of strength, she lifted and threw him around the ring like he was a rag doll. Then, with the man unable to defend himself, she slowly began to torture him. The awed tones of their voices and the details that they talked about, led me to believe that they were talking about a real fight and not a staged one. I did some snooping around, and found the fighting club. I found out that the girl was scheduled to fight another man in three weeks. I immediately bought a \$200 ticket.

The night of the fight arrived. My \$200 ticket only got me a seat far from the ring. I was surprised to see that more than half of the crowd was female. They were a rowdy group of mostly young, mostly attractive women. The preliminary fights were man against man. The crowd looked on with very little enthusiasm. When the main event finally was announced, the anticipation level increased dramatically. The male contestant was named Reggie Brock. He was a great big 235 pound man. Very muscular and mean looking. He was greeted by catcalls and boos by the women in the crowd. The men mostly sat quietly. I was very puzzled by the men's lack of enthusiasm. Reggie's female opponent entered the ring to the cheers of her female admirers. Her name was Sandi Stone. Even from the distance that I was from the ring, the girl was spectacular! Beautiful, tanned, quite busty {she was bare-chested!} and muscular; unbelievably muscular. The young girl had a pair of arms on her that defied reality! The once cocky Reggie looked quite uncomfortable in her presence, even though he was taller and heavier, by about 65 pounds, than the girl.

The fight that ensued was simply a display of pure domination by the Amazon. She owned him from the outset. Sandi, using her fists and incredible muscles, slaughtered the huge man. The fight quickly turned into a breathtaking display of her superiority to the male. For a full thirty minutes, Sandi tortured the hapless man. I was mesmerized by the girl's strength and cruelty. She sadistically punished him, making him beg and cry for mercy. She humiliated his manhood as she pummeled his body into mush. She would slowly parade around the ring, flexing her massive muscles, as her prey writhed in agony on the mat. During a break, I was able to tear my eyes off of her and looked around. The women were urging Sandi on to even more vicious acts. They yelled her name and taunted Reggie's weakness.

Most of the men sat quietly with their eyes averted from the action. Some, like me, stared in awe. I noted a couple below me. The girl had her hand buried in the man's crotch, painfully squeezing his balls as she cheered for Sandi. She wore a tank top which showed off her muscled arms. The man sat still, absorbing the punishment. He was crying tears of pain. His white knuckled hands were clamped on the armrests as she mangled his gonads. He had a badly blackened eye and his nose was flattened. Shocked, I averted my eyes. I looked around the arena and saw at least fifty other couples where the man showed obvious signs of discipline. Sandi finally finished off Reggie by leading his bloody and battered body around the ring by his cock. She then pressed his 235 pound frame above her head and crushed his testicles in her hand. To the frenzied cheers of her horde of female admirers, she slammed him down on her upraised thigh, breaking his back.

I left the arena in a state of shock. Emotions that I never knew existed washed over me! The sight that I had witnessed was cruel beyond belief but, I needed to see her in action again. I lusted for her powerful body! The Amazon was beautiful and brutal, sexy and sadistic, buxom and bestial, muscular and malevolent. She had cold-bloodedly destroyed Reggie, both his body and his ego, with her muscles. I needed to see her do it again! I had to see that muscle bound body demolish another male. I was her slave and she had never even met me!



Another fool agreed to meet her in the ring two weeks later. I immediately went out and bought a ringside seat. It cost \$500. I would have paid a thousand. I couldn't sleep the night before the fight. I got to the arena two hours early, in a state of anticipation and arousal. Now I knew why the preliminary fights last time weren't of interest to the crowd. As I watched them this time, I wanted them to be over quickly. I needed to see my mistress!

The match was finally set to start. The man, known only as Joe, entered first. He was about 6 feet tall and weighed about 200 pounds. He was in fairly good shape but, he was not nearly as muscular as Reggie was. I was disappointed. This lout wouldn't last long! Sandi entered, wearing a robe that completely covered her. When she looked at her opponent, she laughed out loud. Joe got pissed and cursed at her. In response, Sandi simply let her robe drop to the mat. The look on Joe's face changed from anger to stunned disbelief then to fear. When I saw her my heart started beating wildly! I couldn't breathe, and felt faint! The sight of the young Amazon up close was beyond words. She appeared to be carved out of her namesake; stone. The girl's body was covered with layers of thick, dense muscles under her deeply tanned skin. Incredibly wide shoulders, huge bulging arms, and a barrel chest of massive defined muscularity made her upper body awesome beyond belief. Her huge chest and sides tapered down to a relatively narrow waist that was taut, flat, and ripped with washboard ridged power. Her legs were great columns of brawny strength. Stupendous thighs that could obviously crush a log to splinters tapered down to thick, diamond cut calves. Riding high and firm on her heroic chest were a pair of large, perfectly formed, hard nipples breasts. Topping that wondrous frame was a face of innocent beauty with shoulder length blond hair tied back in a ponytail.



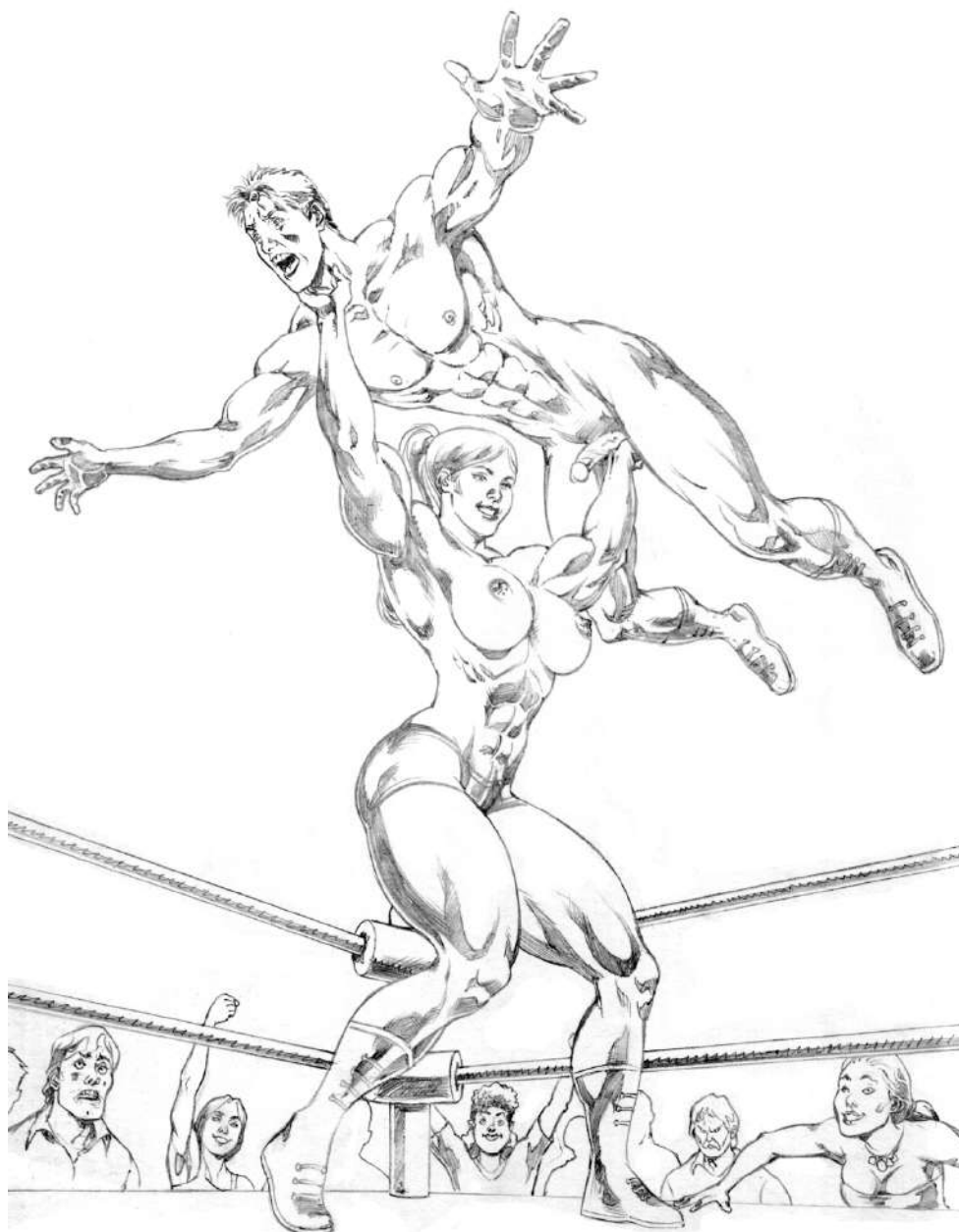
But, even more astounding than her fantastic body, was the aura of cruel power and absolute invincibility that surrounded her! Deep in my subconscious mind was the certain knowledge that this girl was a destroyer of the male. I felt the primitive instinct of the prey when confronted by the predator! Height or weight meant nothing. No man was safe from her terrible strength. Joe felt it too. His face had turned into a mask of fear. He was shaking like a leaf in front of the smaller girl. He quickly retreated to his corner. There was to be one rule change for the match. The five minute rounds format was eliminated. It was to be a fight to the finish, with no rest periods.

The bell rang starting the contest. Sandi sauntered slowly out of her corner, hands at her sides. Joe, moving in that fast jerky motion that overwhelming terror causes, tried to evade the busty muscle girl. Sandi slowly, unrelentingly, stalked the fear-struck man. The women in the crowd were loving the sight of the big, terrorized man, running from the young girl. They were mocking and ridiculing Joe as he tried to escape Sandi's methodical advance. She seemed in no hurry to catch Joe. She allowed him to stay out of her reach as she watched his fear growing.



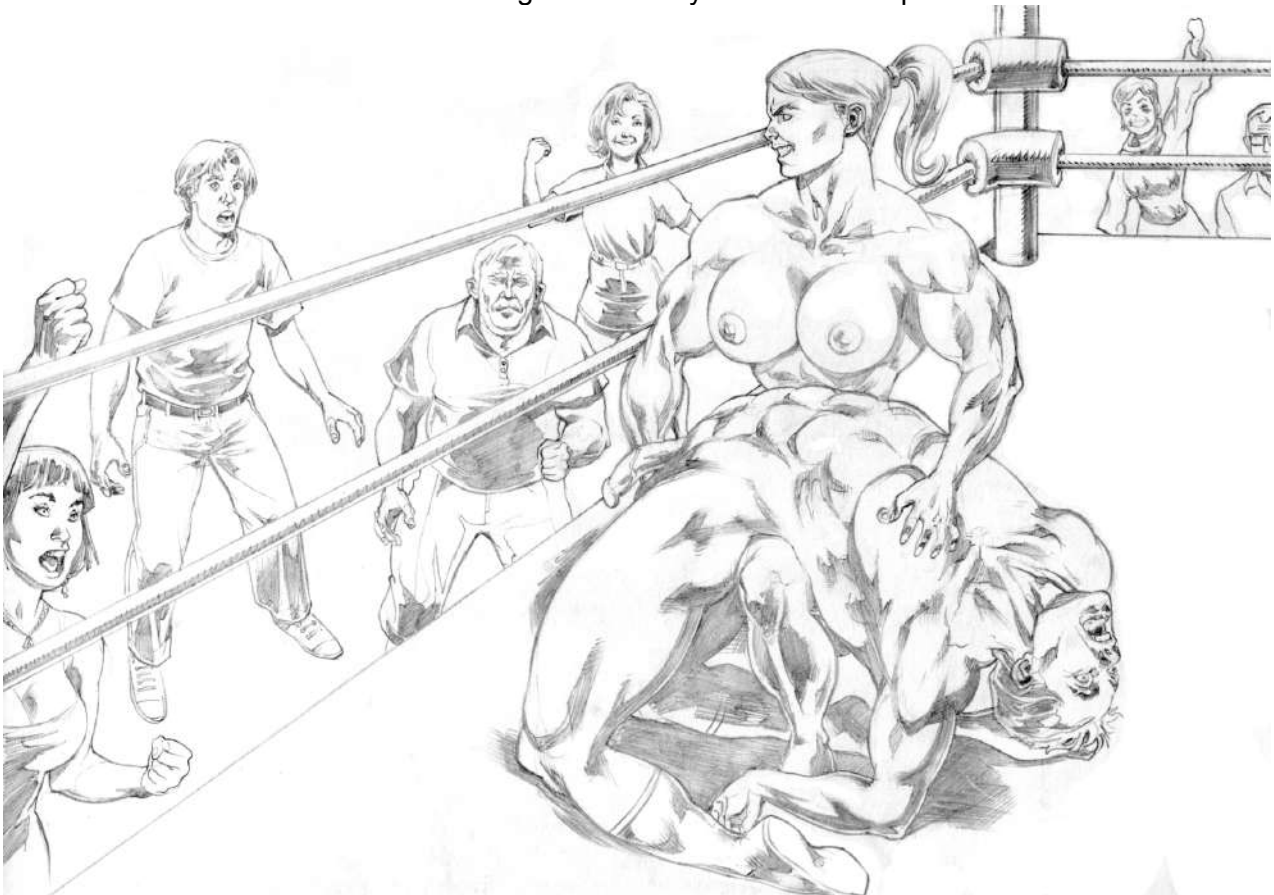
Poor Joe was panting and sweating profusely as the hunt continued. He finally cornered himself with his nemesis right in front of him. He threw a halfhearted punch at her face. Just like in the movies, Sandi caught his right fist in her left hand. With a breathtaking display of brute force, she began to mangle his fist. Joe dropped to the mat, screaming in agony as Sandi slowly crushed his fingers. The muscles of her forearms bulged with savage power as his finger bones snapped sickeningly. Joe was pawing at her hand with his good one to no avail.

She drug him to the middle of the ring, still squeezing mercilessly. His head was now hanging down, crying great wracking sobs of pain. With a smile of superiority on her face, Sandi slowly flexed her right arm. Her nineteen inch biceps grew into huge mountains of bulging, sinewy strength. She disdainfully threw his hand down and stood above Joe as he knelt below her, holding his crushed right hand in his left. Sandi's legion of female admirers were going nuts as they watched their heroine standing above the wounded man, hands on hips, chest pushed out dominantly. I had a hard-on that actually hurt as I watched the muscular Amazon strut sexily around her prey. Sandi then reached down and grabbed Joe by the jaw. With an amazing display of pure power, she lifted the two hundred pound man to his feet, using only her left arm. Her magnificent biceps and shoulders flexed huge and hard as she lifted her victim.



I had a massive orgasm in my pants as I watched her arm muscles explode with power. The deep cuts and striations of her arm and shoulder muscles stood out in stark contrast to Joe's poorly defined arms as he pawed at Sandi's hand in a futile effort to stop the pain in his jaw. Sandi increased the constriction of her hold. Joe's hands flew off hers as if jolted by an electric current. He was gurgling incoherently as the sadist smashed his jaw. Once Joe was upright, Sandi grabbed his trunks with her right hand and pulled them off of him. She ripped his cup supporter away. Grabbing the soft skin just above his gonads, Sandi effortlessly pressed the now naked man over her head. She strutted around the ring to screams of admiration from her female fans. She stopped directly in front of me. Every muscle in her body stood out magnificently as she held Joe aloft. My erection returned as I gaped at the Amazon's glistening, muscle bound body. She took notice of me and gave me a quick, knowing smile. Looking me straight in the eye, Sandi then body slammed Joe to the mat with incredible force. The impact was so forceful that he hit flat on his back and bounced at least a foot high. I could hear the air gush out of his lungs from the impact. He flopped around on the mat in terrible pain. He was making great rasping sounds as he tried to get some air back into his deflated lungs.

Sandi left Joe alone for a while so that he could recover. She went to her corner for a drink of water. She stood quietly as the poor man writhed in agony. After about five minutes, Joe finally was able to get to his knees. Sandi slowly walked toward him. Joe began begging for mercy. He grabbed her massively muscled thigh and buried his face against it in complete subjugation to the girl. She peered down between her bulging breasts as the man cowered before her. The women in the crowd were screaming for her to punish Joe some more. Sandi reached down and grabbed his ears with her hands. She pulled him up to chest level and seductively rubbed his ashen face against her big firm breasts. Then, flexing her pectoral muscles, she savagely smashed his face against her steely chest. Joe's flesh and bones were no match for the Amazons muscles. His face disintegrated into a bloody mess as it bounced off her armor plated chest. Sandi threw him to the canvas like he was bag of trash. Joe started to painfully crawl away from the girl. Sandi followed him with a slight smile on her lips. Her huge thighs bunched magnificently with each step as she slowly followed the battered man. It was a picture of total dominance as the naked, bloody man crawled below the bare-chested muscle girl. Joe finally reached the ropes.



Sandi bent down, gripped him by the nape of the neck, and lifted him up. She grabbed his ass cheek with her other hand and lifted the terror stricken man. She held him so that his head hung down. His butt was bleeding as her nails dug into his tender flesh. She again paraded her victim around the ring to the wild stomping and cheers of the women in the audience. They were degrading Joe's manhood as his cock and balls flopped against his stomach. Sandi brought Joe over to where I was, and again looking straight at me, lifted him higher and then viciously slammed him by the gonads onto the corner turnbuckle. He crumpled to the mat, screaming in agony. Sandi, laughing in delight, got down on one knee in front of Joe. She easily lifted his two hundred pounds onto her muscular thigh. She stretched him out with his back against her brawny thigh and began pushing down on his chest and leg, causing his back to arch horribly. Her arms and shoulders flexed massively as she bent Joe's back to the point of breaking. The bunching of her pectoral muscles caused her already big breasts to push out even further. His cries of terror mixed with the screams of excitement of the women. Sandi was looking at me, with that knowing smile, as she viciously tortured her prey. The astounding sight of her bulging muscles and heaving chest caused me to let loose with another huge orgasm.

She saw the look on my face, and laughed, as I let go. Sandi pushed Joe off her knee like he was a piece of garbage. He lay right in front of me in the terrible, agonizing, distress which Sandi's muscles had caused. Her final abasement of him happened when she reached down and lifted him up by his cock! For the last time, she paraded him around the ring. His head and legs hung down as she carried him to the thunderous ovation from her female fans. It was the total emasculation of the male sex by the Amazon man-beater. Sandi had once again proven her overwhelming superiority over men. The supposedly stronger man was effortlessly being toted by his cock in the grasp of the young girl. Her huge muscles glistening with sweat, bulging with power. Her big, proud breasts, riding high and bouncing slightly as she paraded her male victim. His shattered face was leaving a trail of blood behind. His moans of misery emphasizing Sandi's victory. She finally dropped him in front of his corner and left the ring.

I sat in stunned disbelief. I had never seen such a breathtaking display of domination. When I saw her destroy Reggie Brock, it was from afar. She had punched him senseless before destroying him. Seeing the annihilation of Joe, I got the true flavor of Sandi's power and strength. She had treated the two hundred pound man with absolute disdain. She knew that he posed absolutely no threat to her. She had slaughtered him without using her fists even once. She had not spoken one word. I shakily got to my feet to leave the auditorium.

I was in a trance as I walked to my car. I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned to see a man standing there. He told me that Sandi wanted to see me! With my heart in my throat, I went back inside, following the man. He walked with a noticeable limp and bent slightly to one side. He knocked on a door and we went inside. "Get lost Sam. And lock the door!" A female voice commanded. He started to protest, then touching his side, thought better of it and silently left. She was standing there. Her hair was wet and she was wearing a robe. I was speechless with fear and desire. She saw my consternation and smiled. "What's your name? Or should I just call you quick draw?" She asked sarcastically, as she stared brazenly at my crotch. I could feel my face flush red with embarrassment, remembering the orgasm that she had witnessed. "Take off your clothes!" She ordered. I just stood there, dumb struck. "Take them off now! All of them! Or, I'll give you a taste of what Joe got!"



Remembering Joe's battering, I quickly took off my clothes. I stood naked, and shaking fearfully, before her. She walked up to me. Her robe was partially open. I couldn't help but stare down at her exposed skin. My breathing became fast and shallow as I looked at Sandi's beautifully muscular chest. Chuckling, Sandi dropped her robe to the floor. "God you're beautiful!" I managed to gasp as I stared at the young Amazon. I had a raging hard-on as my eyes devoured the amazing girl's muscle-bound physique. Her brawny shoulders were much wider than mine and her chest was deeper, and thicker, with great slabs of muscle, than it had earlier appeared to be. Her arms were massive, bulging, dangerous, mountains of man-smashing power. Sandi's incredible body tapered down to a stomach that was layered with rock hard muscularity. Her waist, smaller than that massive chest, was not really tiny. It had so much muscle that she couldn't be described as wasp-waisted. She was proportioned well, but she was proportioned big! I peered down to her huge, oaken thighs. I cringed, thinking what those titanic weapons could do to me. She pushed herself up against me. Her firm breasts dug into me as I wrapped my arms around her incredible body. My cock was standing straight up against her muscle-ridged abdomen.



Kissing me deeply, Sandi wrapped her right arm around my chest and grabbed my ass cheek with her left hand. Squeezing in on my chest, she started to lift and drop my ass quickly. My hard cock was being rubbed against her washboard stomach. Releasing her kiss, she whispered: "Come on me, and I'll smash you to pulp!" At the same time, she increased the tempo of her motions. Moaning with mixed desire and fear, I tried to pull away. Sandi's arm was much too strong for my puny efforts. "I can't help it!" I cried, as I let go with a huge orgasm.

Dropping me to the floor, Sandi looked down on her cum-smearred stomach. Grabbing me by the hair, she roughly slammed my face against her stomach. Lifting her arm and making a fist threateningly. "Lick it off, prick!" She spat. Through tear filled eyes, I fearfully began to submissively lick my own cum off of her muscular stomach. Soon, the revulsion turned to lust as my tongue worked its way over her thick musculature. Even after I had swallowed all of the disgusting fluid, I kept licking her muscles. My tongue roamed all over her body. The feel of her huge, hard muscles through my tongue, was the most amazing feeling of my life. My hard-on returned full force. I again began moaning in a state of pure lust. She pushed my head between her monumental thighs and commanded me to eat her. I greedily ate at her for an hour. Each time I began to flag, she would squeeze her thighs, reminding me of who was in charge. She orgasmed four times. Each time, constricting in on my head with her thighs. I passed out after her last orgasm.



I awoke in a strange place. My head still hurt from Sandi's thighs. I got out of the bed and stumbled around. There were no clothes anywhere. I went looking for some. I went into a room that was nothing but 8x10 photographs. There must have been at least one hundred of them. They were all various shots of Sandi fighting men; some in the ring, some not. The one thread in common was the fact that all of the men were in great pain at the time the picture was taken. All of the men were bigger than her and all of the men were getting the shit kicked out of them. Headlocks, arm-bars, half and full nelsons, punches landing, body slams, throws, and many other forms of punishment were depicted. There were quite a few of them with her bear-hugging men. The look of agony on each the men's faces gave confirmation to her overwhelming power. It was a testament to the girl's total muscular domination of every man that she met.



Another room was nothing but padded walls and floor. I knew what went on here. I got out fast. I finally found her in her gym. She was using a leg extension machine. Sitting, she would lift a mountain of weight with one leg. Each time, her gigantic quadriceps would explode with power. "Come over here and feel this." She ordered, pointing to her thigh. I walked over and put my hand on her thigh. She did another rep. I gasped with wonder as I felt her mighty muscles constrict, causing me to feel the incredible definition and hardness of her thigh. She got hold of my now hard cock and held it on top of her leg and did another repetition. I cried out in passion as her titanic muscles bunched into mountains of steel. "That's real muscle, baby! No man can stand up to that! I could easily squeeze any man to death with my thighs! Now, bow down and kiss them!" She stood up and I dropped to my knees in front of my muscle mistress and worshiped her with my tongue and lips. She again forced my head into her bare crotch. I only lasted two orgasms this time until I passed out from the constriction of Sandi's mighty muscles. I could hear her laughing as the blackness engulfed me.



I awoke in great pain. Sandi was standing above me. "My toys never seem to last too long. They all seem to get broken somehow." She laughed. "I hope that you can last awhile. You're cute!" She put her foot on my gonads and began to massage them. I looked up her massive leg, flat stomach, and big chest, to her gorgeous face. I grabbed hold of her granite hard, seventeen inch calf.

"Sandi, I love you. I love your beautiful muscles" I cried in passion. With a sneer on her lovely face, she pressed on my balls slightly harder, causing immediate pain. "I'm your mistress, baby. You are my slave! I don't love you, or any weakling man. I use men until they can't please me any further. Keep that cock hard for me and do everything exactly as I say, and I'll keep you around. Fail to please me, and I'll punish you severely." To emphasize her point, she pushed harder on my balls. I screamed as the sadist tortured my gonads. She finally stopped and went back to her workout. I lay on the floor crying.

I lasted three weeks as Sandi's slave. They were the most awful and the most wonderful of my life. When I pleased her, she could be wonderful to me. When I failed her, she would beat me savagely. I never wore clothes. She wanted me naked at all times. Sandi was a punishing lover. Mounting me at all hours, she would ravage me, using her awesome muscles with incredible ferocity, to sate herself. My needs were of no consequence. I had to be present at each of her workouts. Sandi would spend up to four hours of each day strengthening her body, lifting huge amounts of weight. She loved to make me ejaculate, just by watching her muscles flex. Tormenting me, she would remove 200 pounds off her bench press bar, and then laugh and degrade me as I could not budge the bar. She made me wear brass knuckles and punch her in the body until I dropped from exhaustion. She would stand above me, humiliating me for my weakness. I was never able to penetrate her muscular armor and hurt her.

Once, I questioned an order of hers. She wordlessly pummeled me senseless. I never questioned her again. At night, she would hold me in her muscular embrace and masturbate me as we watched tapes of her slaughtering men. She left one night and brought another man home. I listened to his screams as my mistress took him to her padded room. She had me clean up his blood the next day. In the third week, she broke some of my ribs while we were making love. The next day, I could not perform for her. She got me my clothes and we went for a ride. We went to a shopping mall. Sandi wore a tank top, exposing her unbelievable musculature. We cruised the stores for a while. My side was hurting so bad that I had trouble keeping up. Every man stared at her in disbelief. One in particular, was completely engrossed with her. Sandi went up to him and ordered him to come with us. He followed us to her car. "Goodbye, Quickdraw!" She said as they drove off together. Tonight, Sandi fights two men at once in the arena. I'll be there.

THE END

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