

# TANYA

- an Eric The Red story -

(amysconquest.com)

I stumbled through the alley, my friend Stephanie laughing and giggling beside me. She was my designated driver, and I was lucky, at that. I was just drunk enough that I was seeing double vision ever few minutes, but coherent enough that I was still "me." We had been walking up and down the college bar street for a few hours, hopping between bars.

One of our past-times was hitting on girls, as Steph was bisexual, and I was somewhat insecure, and used it to bolster my confidence. I had a few good talks, even some flirtation, but we hadn't been able to bring a girl home with us tonight, as we stumbled toward the car.

I heard laughter ahead of me, and called out, ridiculous and drunk, "Who's out there having fun without me, eh?" I heard the laughing stop, and a few girls stepped around the corner, dressed in their Saturday night clothes, looking classy and stylish.

One of the girls came around first, out of an alley connected to a nicer, quieter bar. She stood in front of another, taller girl, both blondes, both wearing heels and with slight smiles on their faces. I stumbled over, singing a little drunk song, approaching the couple with curiosity and playfulness.

"Well, hello there!" I called, trying to be friendly and non-threatening. This was a back alley, after all. But I was a skinny, young guy with a girl, so I didn't think I was too scary. I paused, the first girl was sort of cute, a little white sun dress on her average build, a plain face. "How are you ladies this fine... Whoa."

When the other girl had come around the alley, taller and thicker than the first, my eyes struggled to focus desperately on what my mind had just processed. She was a foot taller than me, built thick and meaty, but not fat. She wore a black outfit, large breasts coming out of her top in thick, tan cleavage. Her legs were muscular, defined, and sexy, protruding from a short black pleated skirt into a pair of high heels.



She paused as well, watching me watch her, and I stumbled up, throwing on my flirtatious smile and demeanor, very curious now to get closer and talk to this Amazon goddess I had just encountered. She watched me with a half-smile as I came up to the girls, greeting them.

"Hi. I'm Greg, and I think you two are absolutely fucking stunning! What are you doing back here in this dangerous, foreboding valley?" I stammered through the little greeting, both girls seeming to relax at my drunken silliness, the taller girl looking me up and down with interest.

"I think we're OK," said the girl in white, both girls kind of looking at each other with a slight smile, "was there something we can help you with, cutey?" This from the girl in black, a deep, throaty, and sultry voice that had an edge of flirtation in it.

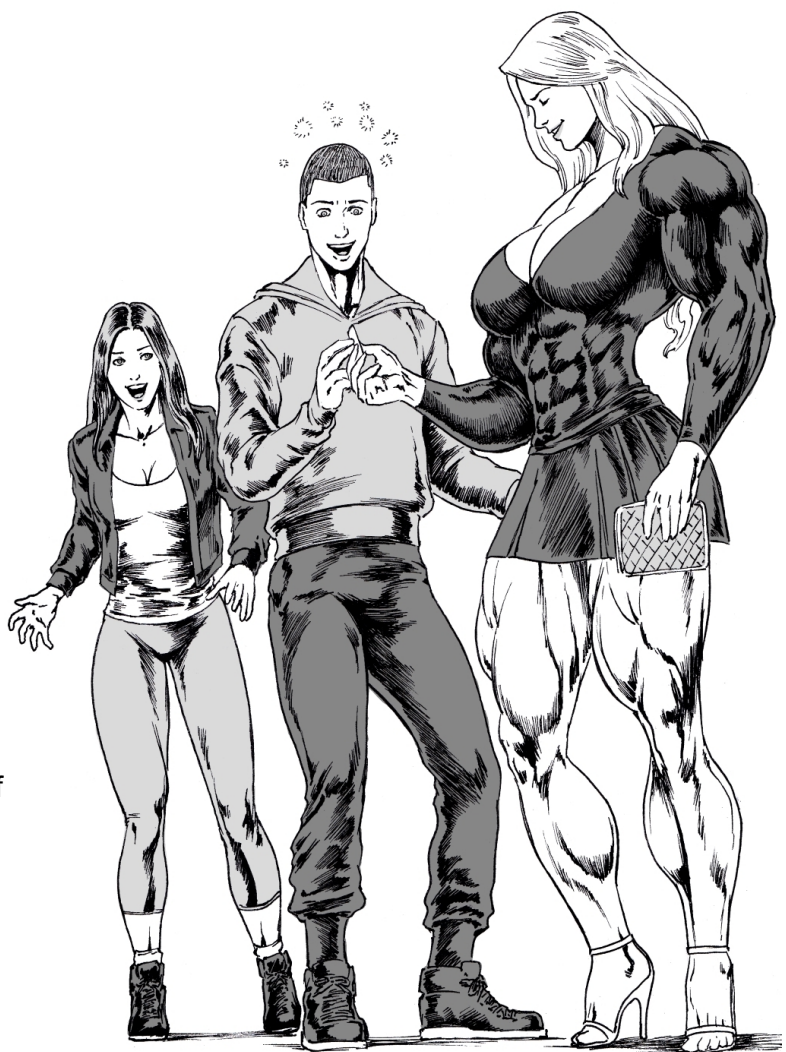
I immediately lost control, my drunkenness and attraction to her giving me the impression that direct, assertive methods were the best choice in the moment. "Well, you know, just wondering if you're going to give me a kiss?" I said, coming closer to the girl, a look of seriousness mixed with a slight smirk on her face.

"No." She said to me flatly, not even hinting at more to the story. I was immediately crushed, my drunkenness and demeanor suddenly feeling silly and annoying. "Ah well, I suppose that's fair. You two have a great night!" I said, Stephanie catching the hint and leading the way to the car.

"Hang on a minute," The sultry voice directed toward me said. I turned, saw her digging in her purse, then write something on a piece of paper. "You call me when you sober up tomorrow, gotta make sure our new alley friend makes it home safe and sound," She said, a warm, inviting tone and expression.

I grabbed the note, noticing how large and attractive she really was standing closer, and saved the scene by acting like I swallowed the note, saying, "This way I don't lose it, until I get rid of all those whiskeys I had earlier!" This brought a rich laugh from both of them, and I quickly asked their names before they disappeared.

Lauren for the white outfit, and Tanya for my Amazon. I jumped in the car, turning up the stereo to some drunken sing-along, and we made our way to our places.



-----

The next day I awoke hungover in my studio apartment, wishing I had a few less whiskeys and that the sun wasn't so hateful to blind me and ruin my life. I stumbled out of bed, showering and waking up with a light breakfast.



I searched through my things, my wallet (and bank account) now empty from the night's ventures. I searched through my receipts and phone numbers, some of the girls I had met I remembered, most were just a blur.

I got to a paper with clean, bold handwriting, with a simple "T" on it, and a phone number. I immediately remembered the tall, blonde, beautiful girl and her thick, muscular legs... Tanya. I wondered if she was just fat and average, that I was viewing her through my beer goggles.

I didn't mind, thick girls were fine with me, but I hoped she was as fit and beautiful as I had remembered. I text messaged the number immediately, not one to act shy or to wait, I was direct and acted confident with girls I liked, even if I was insecure and shy on the inside.

The text read, "Hey, this is the idiot in the alley last night, I'm not one to wait a few days, I think you're really cute, and was wondering if I could make up for my stupidity and rudeness." I sent it, not expecting anything as I left the studio, heading to the store for some water and items for the apartment.

I couldn't afford much, but bought what I could and went back, a text message pinging me as I was driving back. Once I arrived, I checked it, realizing she had text me back with a longer, smiley face filled text. I climbed up the stairs back to my studio, then read the text.

"Hey idiot! :) I don't remember your name, but honestly I thought you were cute, and funny. Plus, after I told you no to the kiss, your face looked so disappointed and crushed. It was adorable! :) I'm off today and tomorrow if you'd like to meet up and redeem yourself. Be careful though, you might be diving into the deep end.... "

I read the message a few times, shocked and happy that she had responded, and curious as to her meaning behind her adoration to my disappointment and crushed expression as I was shot down. What was I diving into? Was it because she knew how much larger she was? I would show her, I was skinny and shorter, but a lot tougher than I looked.

I responded, telling her my name and giving her an address to a coffee shop, which she agreed was a good place, and said it was only a few miles from her place. I drove over to the shop, a few minutes early to be punctual, and waited for her to show up.

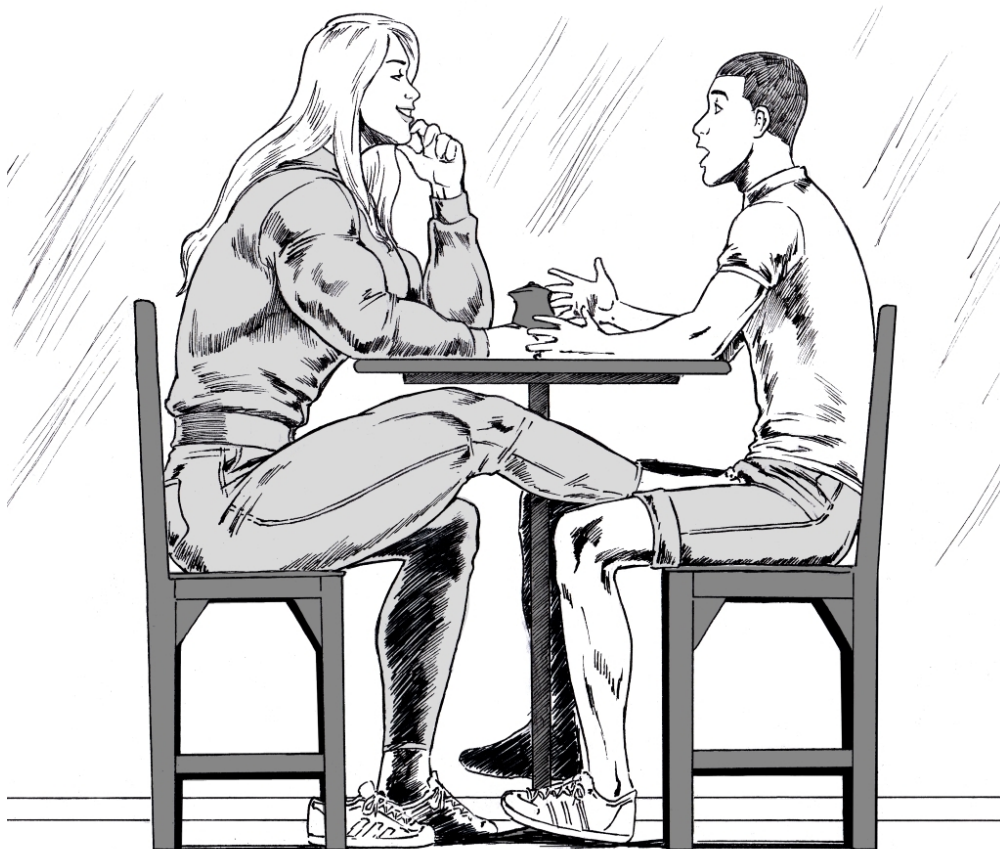
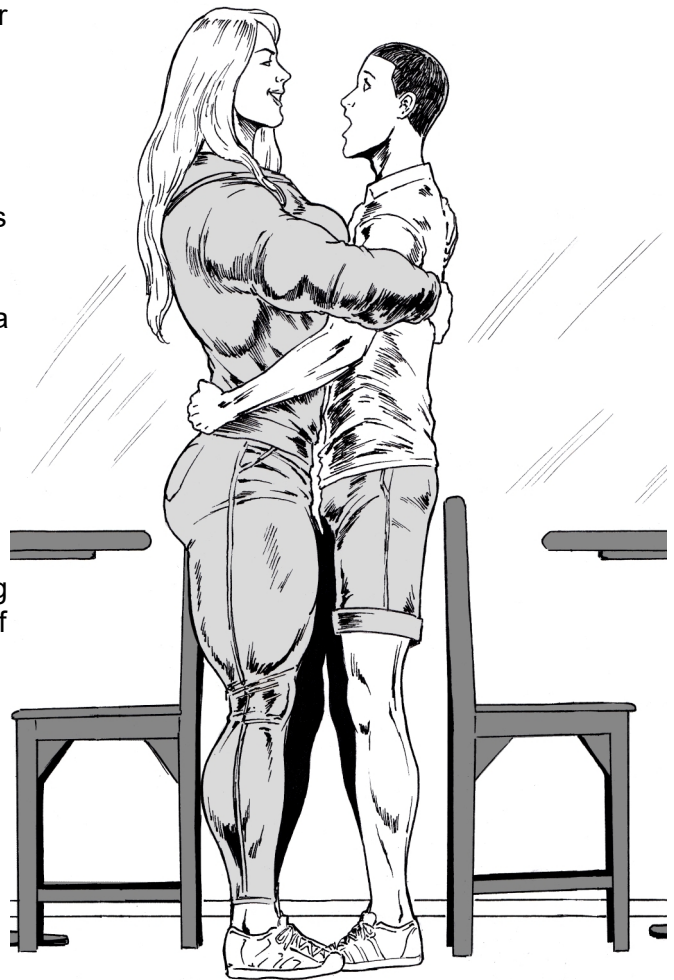
I was lost in thought, relaxing and enjoying the smell and sounds of the coffee shop, when a smooth, warm hand covered my eyes, a giggling, sultry voice behind me saying "Guess who?" and pulling her hand away. I was sort of in shock that she recognized me, and was also being flirtatious.

I turned, standing to greet her, a warm smile on thick, pouty lips, bright blue eyes, and blond hair as she back at me. Sober now, I saw that she was absolutely gorgeous. Without heels, she was still 2-3 inches taller than me, wearing flat shoes, a pair of tight blue jeans, and a loose fitting sweater. Her figure was curvaceous and sturdy, a thick woman that concealed her curves and size with her clothes.

She stepped forward, greeting me warmly with a hug, wrapping thick, solid arms around me, her breasts, which were larger than I had realized, pushing firmly against my chest. She squeezed, popping my back and literally crushing the air from my lungs, the surprising power and force of her body taking me unexpectedly.

She took no notice, releasing the hug and sitting at the coffee table. I shook off the initial shock of her tight, thick body constricting mine so easily in her embrace, and offered her a drink. She declined, and we sat down together, talking and shooting the breeze for a while.

Tanya was confident and had a good sense of humor, relaxing with me in the coffee shop, and I enjoyed her company. She apparently felt the same way, and hinted at plans for the future, telling me about the art and music she liked and how she wanted to share it.



After about an hour of easy conversation, she looked at her watch, a look of concern on her beautiful, sensuous face. "Have somewhere you need to be?" I asked politely, "If you need to run, I won't keep you prisoner." I joked, giving her an out if she wanted it.

Tanya laughed, a rich, throaty sound, and responded, "Oh I think one of us might be a prisoner soon..." She teased, a look of lust and sexuality crossing over her face like a cloud, quickly vanishing back to her warm, beautiful smile. "No, I have to let my neighbor's dog out, they're gone for the week. Mind if we continue the conversation back at my place? It's not far."

She said this as I suddenly felt something tracing the inside of my right thigh. I felt her smooth, gentle foot rubbing slightly on my inner thigh, teasingly and seductively moving up and down. I saw her shoe on the ground next to the table, and looked up to see her leaning over, chin rested on her hand, a devious look of mischief in her eyes.

"I uh, sure, should I..." I stammered, gasping quietly as she slid her toes up to my dick and balls, teasing me gently, as I tried desperately not to react in the public setting. "Mmm, little guy has a big friend," Tanya said in her sultry voice, pulling her foot away and sliding it back into her shoe. "You should shut up and come with me." Tanya said, commanding in her voice and presence, standing next to the table, her hand offered to me, eyes alight with mischief.

I stood, trying to conceal my massive 10 inch erection, Tanya smiling gleefully at the bulge, moving to stand in front of me and help hide it from the busy coffee shop. "Shit, I didn't know you brought the artillery," Tanya whispered, taking my hand and leading me out, keeping me tight to her as I flushed with embarrassment, glad that she was helpful in hiding my erection.

I watched her walk, a wide, muscular back and shoulders bulged through the sweater, tapering down to a thin waist, then flaring back out in a huge, thick, perky ass. Her legs were muscular, curvaceous, and lengthy in her tight jeans, and my erection... wasn't getting any smaller from this awareness.

She had a junky Honda sitting out front, and commented that her Lambo was in the shop, laughing. I didn't mind, I was a broke, poor college kid and at least she kept her car clean inside. We took the short trip to her apartment only a few minutes away, she kept catching me staring at her body, as I watched her openly stare and smile wickedly at me after looking hungrily at my bulging crotch. "Sorry I caused that, I didn't expect you to react so quickly and so... largely..."

I flushed again, laughing despite the embarrassment, just happy that she was amused by it. I was insanely aroused by this Goddess, and even more aroused that she eagerly caused it, and seemed to like it. She led me up the stairs, 4 flights to her apartment, as I watched her calves and thighs bulge and flex in her tight jeans.

I was intimidated, almost scared of this gorgeous woman. She was fucking massive, and way out of my league. She opened the door for me, a large, clean and bright colored apartment with a couch and carpeting in front of a TV was her living room. "Make yourself at home, just don't wander from the living room, I'll be right back," Tanya said, closing the door and locking it as she walked to her neighbour's.

I noticed the door lock had the bolt on both sides, no handle or mechanical lock to use, only a key from both sides, which I thought was strange. Maybe a security feature of the apartments, I thought.

I looked around. Tasteful, simple art and minimal living decorated her apartment, and I wandered over to the couch, plopping down as I waited. I was slightly nervous, my hunger for this woman burning in me, as I tried to just relax and not fantasize about when she returned.



There was an open notebook on the side table of the couch, and I propped my feet up on the coffee table, grabbing the notebook with 3/4 of a page of handwriting on it. It was Tanya's, I could tell from the phone number note she left, and it seemed like a journal.

I skimmed through it, interested in her writing style and saw her notes, one of the lines saying, "I like the feeling of his body tiring, weakening underneath me, struggling against my ass, his pathetic body completely useless against me. It makes me so fucking wet to feel him scream into my pussy as I fuck his face. I truly enjoy humiliating and dominating the little..."

I heard the door unlocking before I could continue, placing the notebook back where I thought I had found it, my hands trembling from adrenaline at what I had just read, and the knowledge of the woman who was now returning. I was scared, and a little shaken, but I did my best smiling and greeting her as she walked back into the apartment, locking the door behind her, and placing the key into a security drawer, a keyed entry code on the face of it.

She exhaled, exasperated, "Whew, all done, that dog is crazy!" She said, "Now, where were w... Hmm. You look nice and comfy." Tanya said, glancing at me, the position I was in on the couch, and the notebook next to me. She placed her hands on her hips, looking suspicious.

"Read any good books lately?" She said, the accusatory tone obvious in her indirect question, glancing again at the notebook. I stammered, my heart pounding, "Nope, just enjoying this couch. Does uh, your apartment have any security or theft issues? That's a heck of a lock there," I said, weakly and nervously.

Tanya stared at me for a few seconds, a knowing, devious grin showing on her thick, luscious lips. She raised her hands up, tying her long blonde hair into a ponytail, her biceps flexing into huge balls through the sweater, as my heart pounded in my chest.



"I see you found my journal," she said, finishing tying her hair and walking around the couch, dropping her things on the counter to the kitchen adjacent to the living room.

"I didn't expect to break this to you so quickly, Greg," Tanya said, as I sat up and turned to look at her, arms crossed and leaning casually against the kitchen wall. "I usually like to soften up my new pets, but you just got lucky I guess. I'm what people call a domme. I like dominating men, and the feeling of strength I have over them. It arouses me, and it might seem a little crazy, but I like hurting and humiliating guys like you."

I shivered, the fear of this knowledge giving me a huge adrenaline rush. I thought about bolting, knowing the door was locked, but I was also intrigued. This girl was fucking gorgeous, and she was at least talking to me about this, rather than drugging me or something crazy.

"I'll give you a choice, Greg," Tanya said, lifting her shirt casually, sliding it up her body slowly, teasing me, "You can either run now, and never see what it's like to have a woman like me," she said, a devious look on her beautiful face.

She raised her shirt to the bottom of her breasts, showing defined, rippling lines on her abdomen, thick and meaty. Her breasts showed below her sweater, massive, jutting and firm with a tight, purple lace bra just barely showing beneath the sweater.

"Your choice. You stay and I will change your life. You leave, and you never get to know what pleasure can truly be." She dropped her shirt, pacing towards me like a tiger, stopping just behind the couch, hands on her hips again.

"I warn you," Tanya said, glancing at the journal, "Whatever you read there is a drop in the bucket. I can promise you pleasure beyond anything you could possibly imagine. But also, pain. incredible, terrifying agony and fear, and I will love every second I take to ruin you completely." She looked down on me, smiling at the expression of fear and confusion on my face.

I was absolutely terrified, in shock from the whole scenario, but like a moth to the flame, I was already drawn in. She was perfect to me, a gorgeous and confident woman with a body like I had never seen before. She had a relaxed demeanor and great sense of humor... And I desperately wanted more of the teasing she had given me in the coffee shop.

"Well, I'll stick around under one condition." I said, trying to sound bold as my voice only slightly wavered. She laughed, raising an eyebrow, with an expression that implied, "You have no conditional power or even choice here, but go ahead." I leaned back a bit, pausing for dramatic effect, then turned to face the coffee table, looking away from the goddess behind me and the couch.



"My one condition: The kiss you denied me last night when we first met. You have to give it to me. Your... interests here," I said, glancing at the book, "I'm pretty sure I can handle, you're not that much bigger than....hurghhh..." I failed to complete the sentence, a huge, solid arm clad in a sweatshirt sleeve wrapped tightly around my neck. The muscle in her arm was bulging and cutting off my air supply. It was hard as stone, flexing massively as I grabbed her forearm with both my hands.

Tanya leaned over the couch, whispering in my ear, her thick lips brushing against them, "Oh, I'll enjoy seeing what you can handle, little boy. As for the kiss, you're going to have to earn it." She tensed her arm, flexing massively in my hands as she choked me, my air cut off and the blood flow to my brain diminished.

I kicked my legs and flailed, trying to get leverage so I could get up and over the couch, hearing Tanya laughing in my ear, taunting me. "Look at you, struggling and choking just with one of my arms. I guess I'm going to have to do all the handling here," she said, her other arm reaching over my shoulder, rubbing my chest and stomach, massaging me.

She relaxed her grip enough for me to breathe as I gasped, coughed, and sputtered, regaining my blood flow. Her arm stayed around my neck, holding me tight to the couch as she leaned over me, her other hand probing my body, rubbing and teasing me. I could feel her massive, firm breasts planted on top of my head, pressing down on me.

"Fuck, Tanya, I thought you were going to choke me to death, that really hurt," I complained, my voice slightly raw. Tanya laughed again, whispering to me, "Don't worry, little toy, I'm not into killing anyone, but trust me, that pain is nothing compared to what you're going to feel."



I shivered in fear, confused and terrified despite my growing arousal, her sultry voice and soft lips in my ear, promising ecstasy and sexual pleasure, and her groping, lustful hand massaging and teasing me. It contrasted her words, her dominant, aggressive power over me with her single arm, and the journal I had read.

I was confused and excited, as I pondered what to say, trying to fill the uncomfortable, charged silence as I felt her lift the bottom of my shirt, and slowly dig her nails and hand into my shorts, sending chills and a wave of excitement through my body.

"Let's see what we've got down here to play with, little toy," Tanya whispered in my ear, tightening the grip on her arm just to the edge of strangulation, and shoved her hand deep into my shorts and boxers.

She grabbed my cock and balls firmly in her powerful hand, smooth and warm feeling, as my cock throbbed and pulsed for her.

"Oh fuck, Greg, that's a good size dick for such a little guy," Tanya taunted, flexing tightly on my throat again, her massive arm collapsing my windpipe as she molested me, breathing hot and heavily into my ear, moaning and teasing me. I struggled against her, as she said, "That's right, fight me, little bitch. I'm going to choke you out and then rape your fat cock, and you can't do a fucking thing to stop me."

My dick was hard as a rock, bulging and pressing against the fabric of my shorts as I writhed and struggled uselessly against Tanya, choking and desperately fighting for air as she raped me. As my arousal grew, and my consciousness started to fade, Tanya kept speaking to me, no effort or strain in her voice as she choked and raped me.

"All this because of that face you made when I said no to your kiss. You looked so pathetic and weak, being shot down by some girl, for a simple kiss. I already owned you then, little bitch... and you'll learn to..." her voice trailed off, my dick about to explode in my pants as I passed out, my arms falling limp as the darkness enveloped me.

I awoke with a start, my cock still throbbing, in the same position on the couch. I felt Tanya's arms massaging my neck and shoulders, powerfully penetrating my muscles, a relaxing yet overbearing feeling. "What the f..." I muttered, realizing she had just knocked me out only for a few seconds, as my memory returned.

"Shh, don't say anything, Greg. If you say a word, I'll choke you out again. You have a good tolerance, though, usually after a choke like that guys sleep for 10-15 minutes. Looks like your body wants to suffer more... Don't worry. I'll provide that," Tanya whispered again in my other ear, massaging and rubbing me as I regained consciousness.

I was lost now, feeling trapped and scared, as if moving or breathing too much would cause her to strangle me. I took the massage, deliberately not speaking for fear of her choke again, as she rubbed my body with her powerful hands. "Good bitch. Now, sit still. I'm going to blow your mind." Tanya whispered, releasing her grip and stepping around the couch.

She went to the window, closing the blinds and then switched on a low, amber light next to the wall. Tanya stood before the lamp, her body silhouetted by the amber glow, and started to strip. As large and muscular as she was, she moved like a cat, sensuously moving her hips as she lifted her sweater up and over her head, peeling it off of the most perfect body I had ever seen.

Tanya dropped the sweater, looking down on and displaying for me her massive, bulging arms, veins protruding over the dense muscle. She drew her arm up into a thick bicep pose, the muscles bulging and growing before me. She moaned quietly, exerting herself in her flex, her six pack flexing and expanding with her breathing.

I was stunned, every inch of her perfect, powerful body was captivating. Her body was athletic, powerful, and gigantic compared to mine, with ripped and defined abs below her unreal, solid and enormous breasts. She watched me now, posing and flexing her body, turning around and flexing her back and lats, the powerful, sexy dance and display making my dick throb and pulse in my shorts.

"Tanya, you're fucking amazing," I whispered, breaking the silence, bringing a huge smile to her full lips as she stalked toward me, massive tits bouncing with her steps. She climbed on top of me, her huge cleavage in front of my face exploding out of her lace bra. She slammed her tits into my face, enveloping me in her thick, powerful arms and breasts.

"Go back to sleep, little bitch," Tanya said to me as I struggled against her, my face smothered completely by her solid tits. "You spoke, as I commanded you not to, and now you suffer the consequences," she said, her arms flexing and bulging as she squeezed, crushing my head in her muscle prison. I screamed a pathetic, muffled cry into her perfect tits, as I felt her hips thrust into me, crushing my lungs, increasing my suffering as I was suffocated beneath this goddess.



I slowly blacked out again, hearing her laughter as my arms fell limp, her body crushing me underneath her. I awoke again, Tanya still straddling my body, looking down on me. I gasped and sputtered, felt her put her finger to my lips, shushing me.

Through the haze of passing out and my now throbbing headache, I remembered that I couldn't speak or I would have something... bad happen to me. My dick was still hard as a rock, this massive, powerful woman terrifying me yet turning me on more than I had ever been in my life.

She bumped forward slightly, rocking her hips back and forth, compressing my body and lungs as she crushed me against the couch, pressing down on my crotch with her massive thighs and ass as she moved back. She smiled, moving her finger off of my lips, stood up and said "Good boy."

She towered above me, planting her foot on the couch between my legs, her soft, warm foot playing with my balls and dick. "Take my pants off, little bitch." She commanded, her toes playing with my balls, a massive, meaty calf bulging against my dick. I reached up, unbuckling her belt and pants, and slowly began working the pants off of her.

I peeled them down, her obliques defined and muscular, tapering down into thick, wide hips and defined, bulging thighs. She wore a pair of matching purple lace panties, little tight boy-shorts that clung tightly to her thick muscles and curves. She flexed, her thighs expanding to massive proportion as I peeled her jeans off, my cock still being massaged and throbbing against her foot and calf.

I peeled the one leg off, as she switched legs, placing her other foot under my balls, massaging them and teasing them as I slipped the jeans off, setting them on the couch. "Take the belt off, and buckle it on the smallest notch," Tanya commanded, and I obeyed, buckling it tight, a small loop about ten inches wide opening up from the belt.



She lowered her foot to the floor, grabbing the belt and sliding it over my head, holding the end of it and cinching it down tight, her bicep flexing above me as she secured the tight leather leash around my neck. It was tight enough that it dug into my skin, lightly choking me, but loose enough that I wasn't in immediate danger.

"Massage my calves, toy," Tanya commanded, placing her foot directly on my crotch this time, pressing down in my dick, flexing her diamond shaped, hardened calf before me. I complied as she pulled down hard on the belt, choking me and drawing me forward to her leg. "Kiss it, little dog," she said, forcing my face down into her tan, dense muscle.

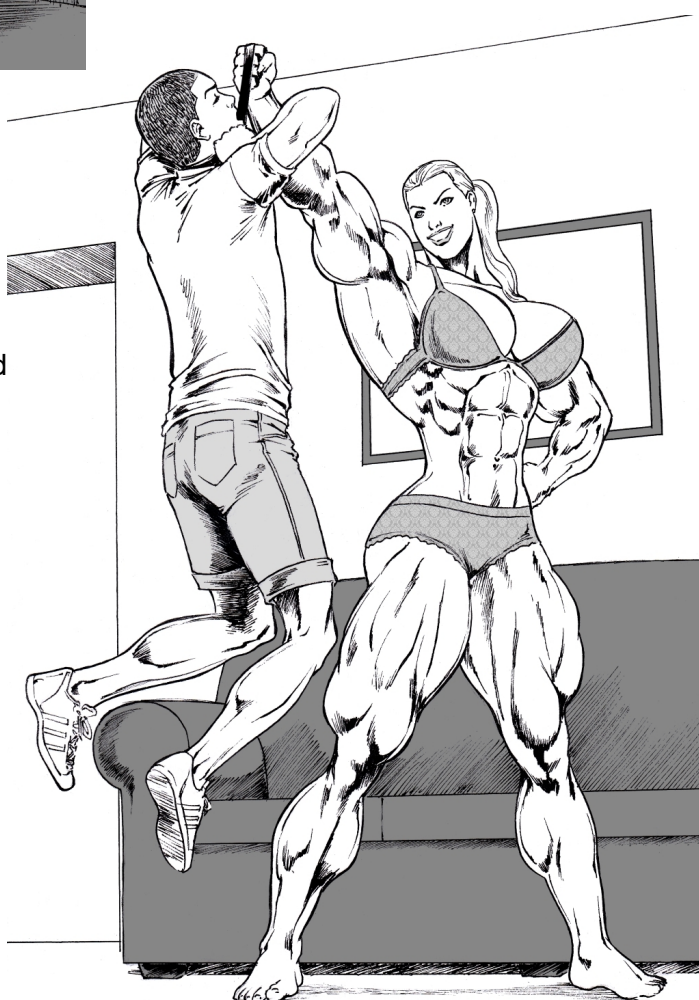
I choked and gasped, desperately licking, sucking, and kissing her calf and thigh muscles as she teased my balls and dick with her foot. She seemed to enjoy it, moaning and laughing quietly to herself.

Suddenly she tensed her leg, smashing her foot into my balls, her face a sinister, wicked expression as she smiled down at me.

My balls were aching, the force and weight of her body crushing them, as she smiled down at me, her beautiful face and lips grinning with evil, sadistic pleasure. "Argghh.. Tanya... fuc..ggrhh," I choked out, realizing my mistake too late, feeling Tanya yank the leash up hard, cutting off my air and blood flow as she lifted up on the belt.

I clawed and grabbed onto the belt and her huge, bulging forearm as she slowly lifted, raising her arm up, my body weight held by the belt and her powerful, bulging arm. My feet left the ground as I hung there, Tanya smiling with glee as tears steamed down my reddening, purple face, struggling for air.

She raised me high in the air by my leather noose, my body twitching and slapping against her as I slowly passed out again, strangled by her one arm holding my entire body weight by the belt.



I awoke on the floor, coughing and gasping for breath, and felt the belt cinch down around my neck again, Tanya pulling me all the way off of the ground, hanging me again by her belt around my neck. I was held in her other arm now, struggling to pull the belt loose on my neck, her massive cleavage heaving below me with her breathing, intense with excitement and the exertion of her powerful, humiliating display.

I started to black out again, the pain and fear and oxygen deprivation causing more tears to run down my face. I felt Tanya wiping them off my cheeks with her free hand, and watched her take them into her pouty lips, sucking them off her fingers in a sexual, deviant motion. Her eyes rolled back into her head, her body shuddering as I started to black out again, hearing her whisper to me, "Fuck, your misery tastes so good, little bitch..."

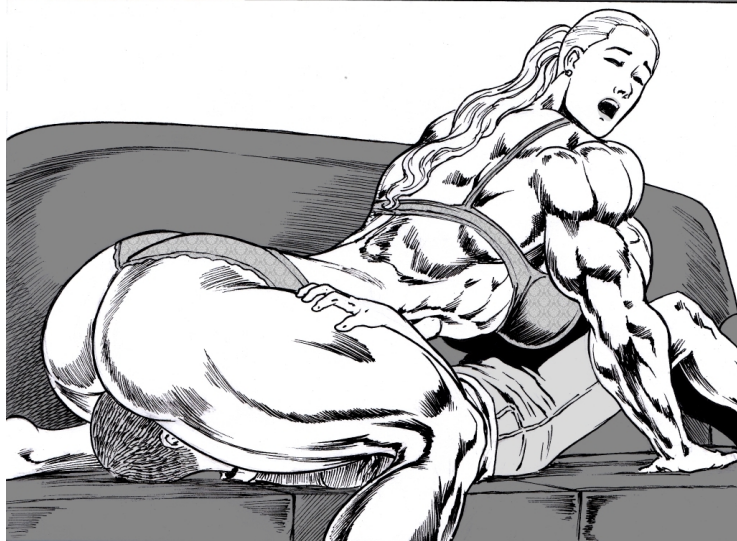
I awoke again laying flat on the couch, my head on the armrest, with Tanya straddling me, her massive thighs on my chest. She was sitting high atop me, her panties inches from my face, rubbing my neck and cheek with her hand as I slowly returned to reality. "Do not speak," Tanya said to me, smiling warmly despite the fear inducing, commanding threat.

"I know this is causing you great fear and pain, and I enjoy your begging and suffering more than you could possibly know, but you must learn to obey," Tanya said, caressing my face and lips. "You will have your time to beg, scream, and cry out for me, to call out my name," Tanya whispered, loosening the belt still around my neck, "but for now, be silent. I am enjoying you very much, and I want you awake."



She slowly slid down my body, flexing her thighs and arms on top of me, her massive breasts squeezed together by her arms, enormous cleavage pressing down onto my face and chest. She transitioned from different angles, changing her position above me, pinning my arms easily, her weight bearing down, plastering me to the couch, grinding, pulsing and thrusting against me.

She controlled my body easily, smothering, squeezing, crushing and massaging me, contorting my body to her will. She would pin my arms down with one of hers, squeezing my nipples, tickling me, strangling me, then release, moving to another position. She rotated, stretched, and dominated my body, locked tight against me, my dick aching to be inside of her as I struggled not to utter a sound.



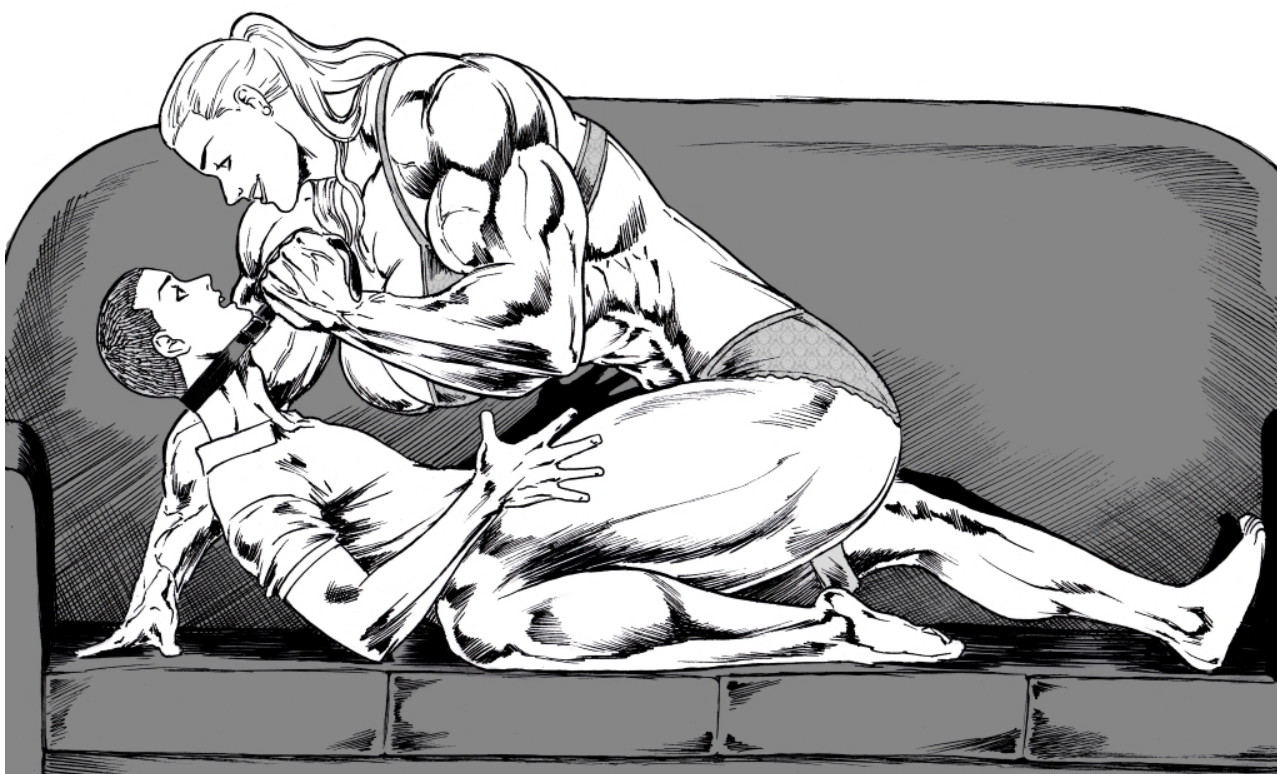
Tanya laughed and moaned, flexing her muscles on top of me, slamming her biceps into my mouth as she shook from the exertion of her powerful arm, turning around next and mounting her thick meaty ass on my face, flexing hard, smooth glutes alternately as I struggled for air. She kept at this, teasing and playing with

my body, torturing me and controlling me easily, the warmth and heat of her arousal evident in her soaked, soft panties.

She buried me over and over in her massive tits, her curvaceous ass, her arms and thighs, wrapping me in her muscles, squeezing and crushing me in their power. She slid and thrust her pussy up and down on top of me, using my body for her arousal, moaning in pleasure when she saw the pain she caused on my face, or when my face turned purple as she choked me in various ways.

Tanya mounted me, wrapping her massive thighs around my ribs and waist, my body actually hovering slightly above the couch as she gripped me tight in her thick muscle. My legs dangled on the couch below. She grabbed both of my arms, locking my wrists together and gripped them in one of her hands, clamping down harder than a human should be capable of doing.

She slipped her free hand down onto the belt, cinching it down again, tight, onto my neck. "Mmm, little boy, let's play a game. You wanted that kiss so bad, you get to earn it now. If you kiss me, I'll never hurt you again. I will only please you, my body and my strength yours as I fuck your brains out and give you more pleasure than you could possibly imagine."



She smiled, looking down at me, her breasts hovering above my face. "But if you can't kiss me, and admit that I am in control of you, you will beg," she said, flexing her thighs, squeezing my body between the massive, dense muscle, "you will scream, you will cry, and you will suffer." She whispered to me, lips inches from mine, crushing the air from my lungs and pulling on the leather belt, strangling me as I was trapped completely beneath her.

"You may speak now. Kiss me, and know endless pleasure. Fail, as you will, and forfeit your life to me," Tanya said, a serious expression on her beautiful face, genuinely meaning what she said. She relaxed, as I gasped for much needed air.

I threw my head upward, desperately trying to surprise her and kiss her before she could tense again, but she was ready. Her lips hovered just barely above mine, a huge smile spreading across her thick, beautiful lips. I barely moved as I tried desperately to kiss this beautiful, sadistic goddess, the chance to avoid this agony and pain, and only have the pleasure.... was driving me insane with urgency.

"You should have known by now it wouldn't be that easy," Tanya hissed, squeezing her thighs and choking me with the belt again, her muscles bulging as she crushed the air from my body once more. "I'll give you a kiss, little bitch. You better kiss me good, too, or your suffering will become unbearable." She released her thighs and the belt, sliding up quickly unto my chest, a loud slapping noise echoing through the apartment as her thick, meaty thighs came down with force on my vulnerable chest and stomach.

"Woorrughhnn," came from my mouth, her thick, muscular body slamming down on me, causing me to exhale all air, and gasp, "Tanya, please, I'm begging you, please don't hurt me, you're so fucking powerfurnnghmm.." I was cut off again as she slid up higher, my arms pinned above my head as her thighs clamped down on my shoulders, neck and head.

Tanya planted her pussy directly on my face, the soft panties drenched in her arousal, hot and soaking wet on my mouth. She sat back slightly, resting her weight on my face and stretched above me, my mouth and nose buried deep in her womanhood. She rubbed and caressed herself, grabbing her massive tits, massaging her abs and thighs above me, watching me struggle to breathe as she started humping and grinding on my face.

She lifted up for a brief moment as I gasped for air, slipping her boy shorts to the side, her pussy clean shaven and soaking in her sweet juices, dropping back down hard on my mouth and nose. "Suck my pussy, bitch, or I'll knock you out again," Tanya hissed, grinding her pussy on my face as I complied, burying my tongue inside her, sucking and kissing on her clit.

She tilted her head back, her massive body stretching and quivering above me, her beautiful face disappearing behind her huge, firm tits. I heard her taunting me again, revelling in the humiliation and dominance over me, fucking and riding my face.



"That's right, bitch, you wanted me to kiss you. Suck on my pussy, my hot lips. You fucking serve me. Lick harder, or I'll crush your fucking skull with my thighs."

I obeyed, struggling for air as she rode my face harder and faster, her heat and wetness growing, soaking my face as she began to climax. She screamed, moaning and slamming her pussy into my face, as I lay there helpless, struggling to breathe as she came all over my face.

I was drowning, soaked in her arousal as it ran down my face, into my mouth and down my neck, her orgasm as powerful, aggressive and violent as her. She leaned forward, her ass moving up onto my mouth, pussy and thighs covering my vision, as I was now completely smothered in her muscular, feminine curves.

"Good slave, now go to sleep," I heard her say as I writhed and struggled for air, feeling her ass cheeks clench on my mouth and throat, smashing my airway and smothering me in her muscular body at the same time. I fell into unconsciousness again, feeling her riding another powerful, violent orgasm on my helpless face, screaming her pleasure into the apartment.

Waking again, my body aching and completely exhausted, I found myself on the floor, Tanya's legs draped over my shoulders, her thighs plastered to my head and neck, the muscles squeezing the belt to my throat, digging into my weaker, pathetic body. I was seated facing away from her, my back to the couch, her thick, meaty calves bulging in front of me. She tensed her thighs, straightening and flexing her legs, my neck and skull being slowly crushed between them.

The pressure was so extreme, I screamed, terrified that she would smash me between her massive, solid thighs. My scream slowly subsided as she increased the pressure, quieting my suffering into a choking, pathetic gurgle. Her legs shook with exertion, then quickly relaxed, allowing me to gasp and desperately gulp for air, just before she tensed them again, collapsing my throat and smashing me between her thighs once more.

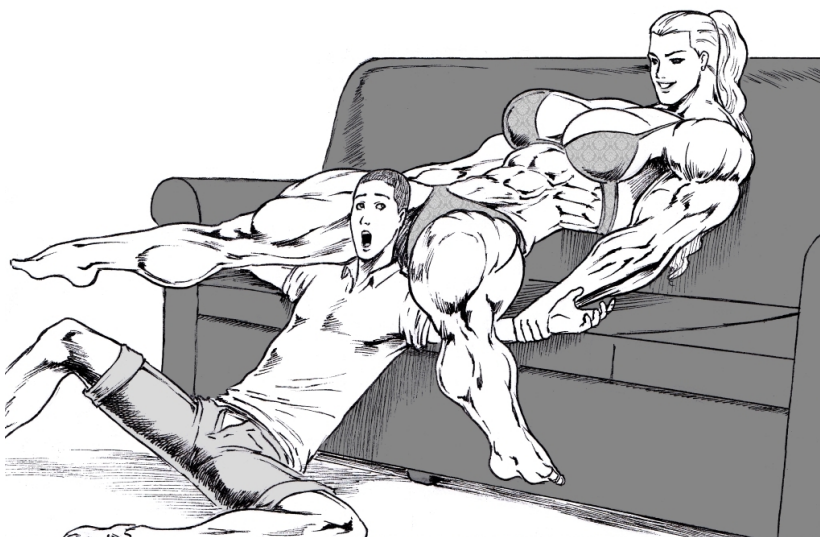


She spoke to me, my ears just high enough that I could hear her over the sinewy, dense thigh muscle. "Beg for me, little toy. Tell me I'm your master. Say my name, if you can...Maybe I'll let you have another chance to kiss me." I attempted one word, failing again, my gurgling, pathetic squeals coming out of my mouth slowly silenced by her meaty, thick thighs flexing and bulging in their perfect hardness.

She toyed with me, powerfully tensing her thighs, crushing my throat, then relaxing, letting me scream and beg, back to her flexing and tensing, torturing and teasing me, mocking my screams and laughing at me.

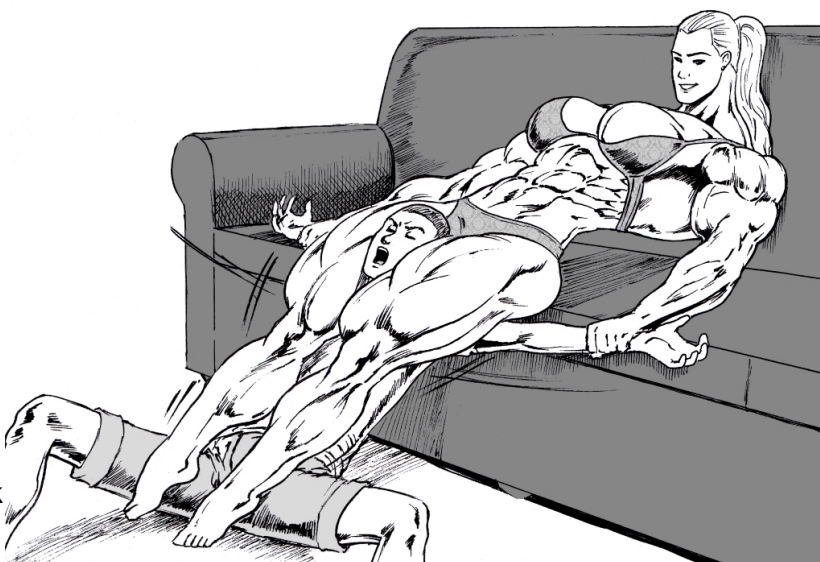
Tanya was only allowing me to breathe just enough to stay awake as I clawed and pulled helplessly on her titanic thighs. I felt her hand go around my jaw and the front of my neck, lifting my chin up, pulling me tighter into her leg scissors.

She clamped down, holding me there, her legs flexing and expanding with my scrawny neck between them. She straightened her toes and flexed her calves, her muscles bulging, not even locking her ankles as I uselessly pulled and tried to pry them apart.



Tanya suddenly grabbed my wrists, yanking my arms back, slamming them down on the couch next to her seated position. I was pulled back towards her, my arms held straight out and back, her grip like steel. She spread her legs wide, flexing and tensing her muscles as I gasped for air.

"Please Tanya, I can't breathe, I'll worship you, I'll do anything... hrnnkkn," I croaked, unable to speak as Tanya brought her legs together quickly, still flexed straight out, slapping together with my neck crushed and squeezed between them. She repeated the process, spreading her massive, meaty legs wide and then slamming them together and holding them straight, squeezing and crushing my head and neck.



I couldn't move in between slams, my arms pinned to the couch, and I slowly struggled less and less, my legs flailing weakly now, my body exhausted from the beating. I begged desperately to Tanya, a coarse, incoherent whisper that made no sense, drooling and gasping for breath before she crushed my neck again and again, enjoying my pleas and increasing her violent destruction.

She relaxed finally, holding my arms tight to the couch, and leaned over, her massive tits covering the top of my head and going over my forehead, pouring over my head and eyes. I was smothered under her, able to breathe but blinded by her huge, voluptuous tits. I felt her legs flexing slightly as she slid her foot down, her toes digging in under my shorts.

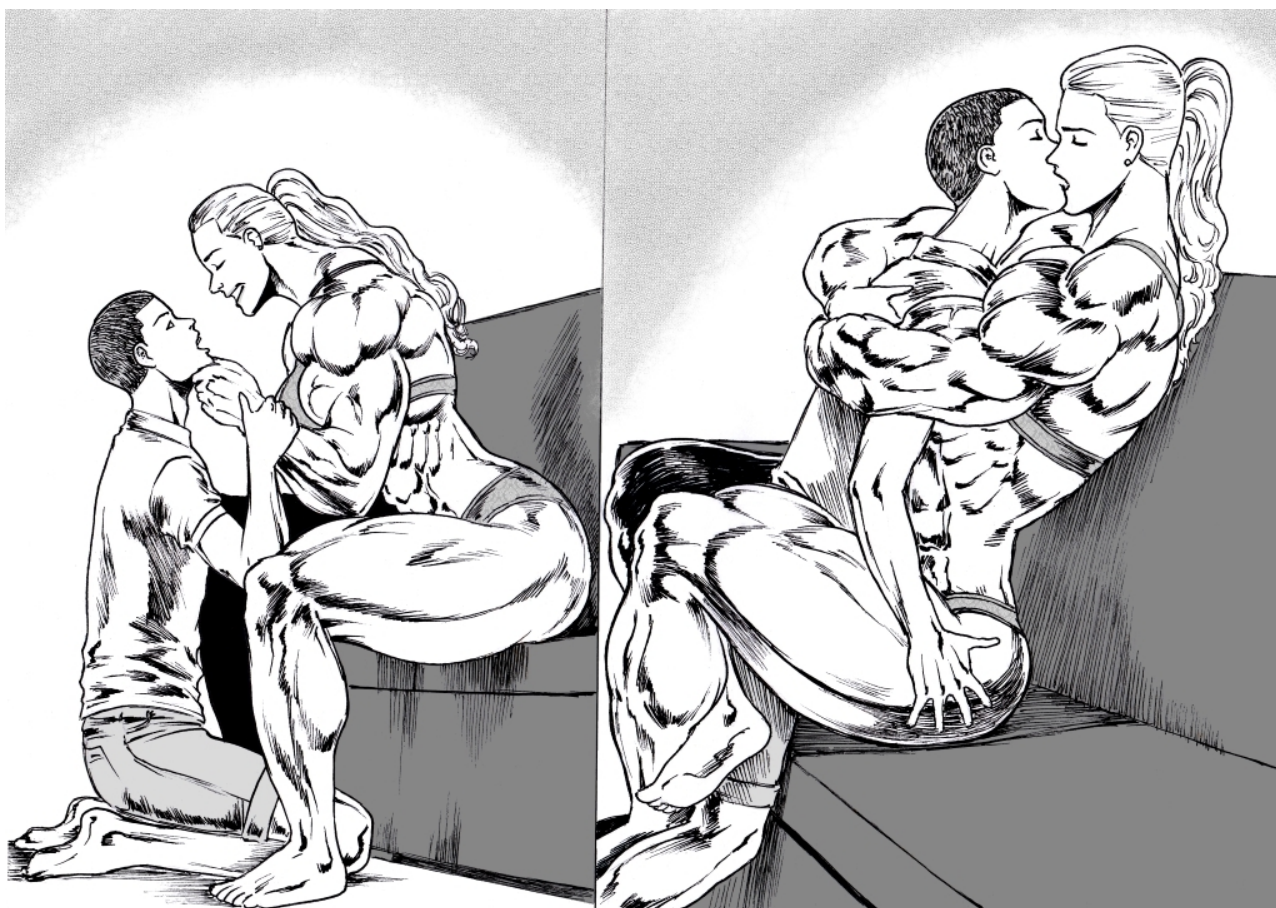
Tanya slid both her feet into my shorts and boxers, rubbing them around my cock, massaging and kneading my dick and balls. I was trapped again, a helpless victim to her power, to her rape and humiliation of me. Her breasts covering half my face, massive thighs softly flexing on my beaten and injured neck, and her deft, expert massage of my throbbing genitals brought me fast to full erection.

I begged again, whispering and pleading to her, humping into her soft, warm feet as she played with my dick, teasing and exciting me as I was held prisoner, vulnerable and completely submissive to this goddess.

"Give into me, slave, my little, pathetic toy. You know you have no choice, no ability to stop me. You will never be able to kiss me unless I allow you, or I take it. Beg for me to continue hurting you, and I will give you release. You want that, don't you? You want me to make you come while I hurt you. Say it. Beg for me to ruin you, to break your spirit to my will," Tanya commanded, her voice stern and confident.

My mind broke, right then and there, held immobile by her powerful body, realizing I wanted her so badly that I was willing to beg her and plead for her to beat, strangle, and humiliate me. I was completely her victim, unable to mentally survive her entire and complete power over me. I sobbed, crying pathetically and openly, as I felt Tanya release my arms and pull her feet from my shorts, my dick still throbbing and aching for release. She spread her legs, relaxing and wrapping her thick, powerful arms around me.

"Do as I say, toy. You know I will never stop. I own you. Beg for me, now. Get on your knees and plead for me to destroy you, " Tanya whispered to me, inches from my face. She knew I could kiss her easily, a quick peck on the lips, and I would never have to suffer again. But I had nothing left. She truly owned me, and I crawled to my knees before her, a wicked smile and a look of sadistic, devious satisfaction on her face.



"Tanya," I croaked, my voice raw, filled with submissive weakness and complete surrender. She sat up, grabbing me by the chin, staring deep into my eyes. "Speak, toy," she commanded, and it all spilled out. "Tanya, my Goddess, I give myself to you, I know I have no choice. Please, beat me, use my body for your pleasure. I want you to ruin me completely, make me suffer while you fuck me. I'm begging you, hurt me more than I can possibly imagine, and take me as your slave. I am worthless, meaningless scum, and I only exist to be punished under your strength, your powerful domination. You are my god. Please, Tanya, ruin my life."

She smiled again, true passion and arousal evident on her face. "As you wish, plaything," she whispered, grabbing me by the nape of my neck and pulling me on top of her. She wrapped her massive body around mine, enveloping me in her thick, muscular arms and legs, her tits smashing my chest. She pulled me down onto her, crushing me to her body. She suddenly kissed me forcefully on the lips, smothering my mouth with her thick, warm lips, burying her tongue in my throat with a violent, powerful embrace.

After an eternity of being enveloped in her body and her incredible kiss, she pulled my head back, her body tensing, flexing and slowly crushing me until I could no longer breathe. Once again my mouth and nose were buried in her cleavage, my eyes overlooking the mounds as I stared into her beautiful, sadistic face. Her lips, thick and sensual, slowly parted as she looked down at me and said, "Now, my plaything, the real suffering begins."

To be continued...

## THE END

Copyright 2021 Amy's Conquest ([amysconquest.com](http://amysconquest.com))