

# THE NIGHT I DISCOVERED WHO WAS BOSS

(a Sonofjack Story)

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My girlfriend is practically perfect. The problem is she knows it. She knows that most people, including me, would think I was an idiot to ever let her get away, and she takes advantage of that. Simply put, she uses her hold on me to run things.

Don't get me wrong, most of the time I'm fine with it. It's a fair trade-off: I give in and let her have her way, and in return I get to have MY way with the hottest, sexiest girl I've ever known or seen.

I know that a lot of guys would say I was pussy-whipped, but I guarantee that those same guys would do exactly the same if they got to experience just one night of passion with Rio.

Rio – that's my girlfriend's name - is of mixed Japanese and Korean heritage, but for those of you thinking that all Asian girls are flat chested and lack curves, think again! Rio has huge 32G breasts that look even bigger on her petite 5'2" body. She's also got a tiny 23" waist and wide, sexy 34" hips. To quote a recent hit song, she's got "all the right junk in all the right places."

She's also got a beautiful face highlighted by her big brown eyes and naturally long and beautiful lashes. Her nose is small and delicate, her cheekbones are high and wide, and her mouth is sensuous and inviting.



She has long, silky black hair that reaches a little past the middle of her back, and her lightly tanned skin is flawless from head to toe. I know because I've seen her naked many times.

To be honest, I don't think I'm a skilled enough writer to really capture just how beautiful my Rio is. My best advice is to picture the hottest, sexiest, petite-but-large-breasted, Asian woman that you can imagine and then double it! That's how hot Rio is.

And I'm not kidding myself into thinking that I deserve a girlfriend as beautiful, sexy or intelligent as Rio. I know that the gods chose to bless me for some reason. She's so far out of my league that we're hardly even in the same sport!

Don't get me wrong, I'm a handsome guy, and I keep myself in very good shape. I'm what you might call "a man's man". I'm 6'5" and weigh 235 which is mostly muscle – no flab! I work out religiously in my own home gym that I keep in the basement. As a result, I can bench press slightly more than my own bodyweight. Because of this, I've had more than my share of beautiful, sexy girlfriends, but Rio is on another level altogether.

When I brought up my insecurities with Rio, she assured me that she loved me very much and that she wasn't planning on going anywhere. When I pointed out that she was out of my league, she sat me down and took both on my hands in hers and said, "Sweet Baby, I'm out of everyone's league."

I know that this makes her sound vain, but it isn't like that. She was just articulating what I knew to be true but couldn't put into words. Her saying this really helped me put things into perspective. I mean, yes, she could have any man in the world she wanted, and none of us would really be worthy of her. She's that beautiful. And knowing that she could have ANY man (and most women I'll bet), SHE CHOSE ME. Realizing this made me feel much better. It gave me peace of mind.

And I really do believe that she could have ANY man she wanted. If you met her, you'd know what I mean. She has this quality. She's so petite and adorable that it makes any man naturally want to cuddle and protect her. On the other hand, she's so sexy and scorching red hot that any man that meets her just as naturally wants to take her to bed and fuck her until the sun comes up. (And by the way, she's every bit the tigress in bed that you hope, pray and dream that she'll be.)

I've seen her turn hard men into jelly with just a smoldering look and make other men fall all over themselves trying to do her bidding after she gives them her sweet little pout. She can break hearts without even trying, and yet I've never met anyone capable of holding even the slightest grudge against her. It as if the gods ordained that everyone in the world must love her and cherish her, and the rest of us are powerless to do anything about it.

The only problem with this is that she's used to getting her way. In fact, that's putting it mildly. It's more like the possibility of not getting her way doesn't occur to her. It's so ingrained in to her that the rest of the world will always go along with whatever pleases her that she refuses to consider any alternative.

I don't mean to say that she doesn't have to work a little bit at getting her way. But she doesn't have to work very hard at it, and she seems to get better at it all the time. For instance, with me, she has this way of sticking out her bottom lip in a sexy-cute pout that turns me into mush. She also has the way of tilting her head and looking at me innocently with those big brown eyes that makes me want to immediately give in to her wishes.

If those two things don't work, she distracts be with her huge tits. I'm convinced that this tactic causes the blood to rush out of my head and into my penis so quickly that I get light-headed and thus easy to manipulate.

I'm not joking! I'm convinced that Rio could bring about world peace overnight if she could just arrange to get all the world leaders into a room together with her wearing a string bikini.

As a result of all of this, we always end up watching the movies and TV shows that SHE wants to watch or hanging out with HER friends or going to the restaurants that SHE chooses and on and on and so forth to infinity. The worst thing about it is that inevitably, the movies and TV shows and restaurants and parties and nightclubs and bookstores and everything SHE chooses always turn out to be the right choices. Always. I've even had to admit that her friends really are smarter, funnier and more fun to hang out with than mine.

Lately, she's even started dressing me. I always thought that no matter what I'd draw the line there, but it's hard when she talks you into just trying on the clothes she chooses for you and it turns out that you do look much better in them and that they are more comfortable. Somehow she's able to choose clothes that are more "me" than the clothes I pick for myself. It's emasculating.

However, if I protest or resist in any way, she gives me that pout or that tilt of her head with that look in her eyes, and I realize how lucky I am to be with her. It even makes me want to try harder to be worthy of her.



It also does no good to try logic and reason with her. She has a way of twisting any argument I can muster back in on itself and making me see that no matter how reasonable or logical I am that HER logic and HER reason is superior. She's smarter than me, and we both know it.

Then if all else fails, she shows me her tits, and I cave.

And so it is that on New Year's Eve we decided to stay in and have an intimate dinner rather than going out to a club or to a private party. Her place was being renovated so we decided to have dinner at my place.

"Great, I'll cook," I said.

"No, silly, we'll have dinner catered," she "suggested".

"But, Honey, a catered dinner on New Year's Eve? Won't that be crazy expensive?"

"Don't worry, Sweet Baby, I'll pay for it."

That's another thing. I know that it shouldn't matter in the 21st century and all, but Rio makes a lot more money than I do. I mean, she makes A LOT more money. I make a nice living; she makes a VERY, VERY nice living.

I'm not even entirely sure what she does. I know she has an office somewhere and a secretary named Madison. She seems to have a very flexible schedule because work never seems to get in the way of doing whatever she wants to do. Whatever it is, she makes a lot of money, and she isn't shy about letting me know it.

This is another thing that is emasculating about our relationship.

I tried to suggest other arrangements, but I'm sure you see where this is headed. On New Year's Eve, we had a romantic, intimate, catered dinner for two at my place.

Around 10 o'clock after dinner was over and the caterer had cleaned up and left, we found ourselves cuddling on my couch in front of a roaring fireplace.

Rio stood up and said, "Wait here, I have something I want to show you." She went into the bedroom and emerged less than five minutes later wearing a lacy white baby doll nighty. Her long black hair was lightly curled and hung loosely around her face and down her back. Her huge breast strained against the delicate material and looked as if they would burst free at any moment. She looked at me with those faux innocent eyes. She was the walking embodiment – the perfect blend – of childlike purity and unbridled womanly passion. She asked, "Do you like it?"

I immediately sprang to my feet. My whole body was ramrod straight. She sort of gingerly pranced over to me, stood on her tiptoes, threw her arms around my neck and planted the deepest, most sensuous kiss on me in recorded history. She kissed me like she hungered for my lips. Her kiss tasted like pure desire.

I felt the material of her nighty in my hands. It was silk. I rubbed her bare shoulders. Her skin was even softer and smoother. I inhaled her perfume mixed with her own natural aroma. She smelled like passion. It dawned on me that so far she'd assaulted four of my five senses.

When she whispered in my ear in a voice filled with adoration, "I love you so much, Sweet Baby" my last sense was captured. In that moment, I was hers body, mind, heart and soul.

We fell onto the couch and kissed and fondled and cuddled and cooed. We continued kissing for so long that midnight passed without us noticing. When we did finally notice, I looked deep into her eyes and said, "Happy New Year, Sweetheart."

"Happy New Year to you too, Sweet Baby." We kissed for a while longer when she gently pushed me away. "Don't you think it's going to be a good year for the both of us?" she asked. I nodded. What I really wanted was to keep kissing and fondling her, but I've learned that if I let her set the pace, the rewards are mind-blowing. (Don't judge me!)

She pulled away a little farther and put her bare feet in my lap. "Rub my feet," she "requested". I dutifully obliged.

"Yes, I'm sure that this year is going to be the best ever. I've decided that we're going to be married this year."

I stopped rubbing. "Wait, what did you just say?" I asked.

"I said that I've decided that we're going to get married this year," she said casually. "I think that a spring wedding would be nice."



“But I...Don't you think...I mean....”

She looked at me as if I had lobsters crawling out of my ears. Then she looked puzzled as if something was just occurring to her. “You do want to marry me, don't you?” she asked.

“Of course I do, Sweetheart, I just thought that when the time came, I'd be the one who did the asking.” I tried to sound light-hearted. I didn't want to lose the mood.

She rolled her eyes at me like a mother indulging an unreasonable child, “Okay, then, go ahead and ask me.”

“But it's not the same if you tell me to ask you,” I tried to explain.

“I'm beginning to think that you really don't want to marry me,” she said. She sounded annoyed.

“It's not that,” I protested, “It's just that I'd like to have some say about it.”

“I don't see what the big deal is. You say you want to marry me so when I told you that we were going to be married you should have been happy.”

“But that's just it. You TOLD me we were going to get married like it was completely up to you – like you decided and that's it. What about what I have to say?”

“You just said a minute ago that you wanted to marry me. Do you or don't you?” I sat there dumbfounded for several seconds. I was feeling trapped. I didn't know how to explain to her that even if you're trapped in paradise, it still feels like a trap.



My hesitation obviously set her off. She jumped up and stood in front of me with her hands on her hips. “Are you out of your mind?” she asked. “I'm practically begging you to marry me, and you don't jump at the chance? Look at me. I'm gorgeous, I'm sexy, I'm smart and fun to be with, I'm great in bed and I'm rich! Are you too mule-headed to see that you've just won the lottery? We could be in your bed celebrating right now with me on top of you dangling my spectacular tits in your face if you'd just stop being so...so unreasonable!”

I have to admit that she was making some mighty fine points - especially considering what she was wearing. Why wasn't I sucking on her breasts while she rode my dick by now? I'm not entirely sure why I said what I said next, but I said it anyway. “Yes, of course I want to marry you as soon as we get one thing straight.”

“Like what, for instance?”

“Well...like, after we're married, which one of us is going to be the boss?”

"Poo! Is that all? Of course I'M going to be the boss," she stated as if it wasn't even worthy or consideration.

"But why should you be the boss," I protested, "I'm the man around here."

"Oh please," she said, "You're not going to fall back on that old cliché are you? Be serious. I'm smarter than you, I know what I want better than you do, I make better choices and I make more money. Tell me one reason why YOU should be the boss."

"Because I'm stronger than you," I stated smugly. I considered this my trump card.

"That's just silly," she giggled.

"It's true!" I insisted, "You need me to protect you." Then I poured out my heart to her. "You're so petite and delicate and vulnerable that I just naturally want to protect and look after you."

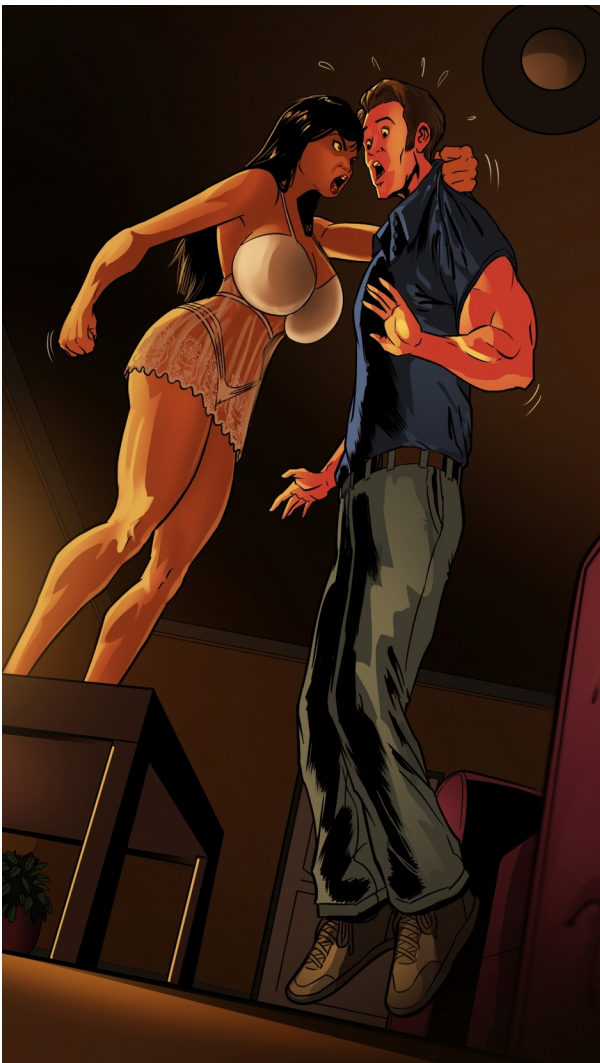
She continued to giggle. "That's sweet," she said, "But it's just not true."

"What's not true?" I asked.

"That you're stronger than me," she said.

Now it was my turn to laugh.

"Laugh all you want," she said, "But I'm stronger than you are. I'm a lot stronger than you are."



It just seemed so ridiculous. Here I was a 6'5", 235 pound man with bulging muscles, and a fragile flower of a woman like Rio who probably didn't weigh more than 110 pounds was claiming to be stronger than me.

That's why I was so surprised by what happen next. She reached out with one hand and grabbed my shirt collar with her tiny little fist. She pulled me off of the couch and jumped up on the coffee table that was there. Then – still with one hand – she lifted me at least a foot into the air.

She pulled me close to her. "Now do you believe me?" she asked with one eyebrow raised.

"P-p-put me down . . . p-p-p-please?" I implored. She casually tossed me through the air back onto the couch.

The fact that she could lift me at all was amazing. That she could lift me one handed with so little effort and then toss me a couple of feet through the air was downright incredible!

"How? I mean, wha...how...what just happened?" I asked.

"I just proved to you that I'm stronger than you," she said as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

"But how is that possible?" I asked.

"I've always been strong," she replied, "Very, very strong."

"But...how strong are you?" I asked.

She stepped off the coffee table and this time grabbed the back of my shirt collar and lifted me to my feet. "Let me show you," she said as she dragged me towards the basement stairs. She didn't quite carry me across the room, but she was hoisting me enough so that my feet only touched the ground every third step or so.

She put me back down when we got to the stairs and followed me down into my combination gym and rec room. She walked over to my free weights. On the floor there was a loaded barbell. "How much is this?" she asked.

"Four hundred and seventy-five pounds," I replied.

"Can you bench press that much?" she asked.

"Uh, no," I replied, "That's how much I dead lift."

"Really? With all the time you spend lifting weights, I thought you'd be able to dead lift more than that," she said.



"That's over two hundred percent of my body weight. That's considered quite impressive," I said defensively.

"Is it?" she said as she bent over and effortlessly picked up the barbell with one hand! "Well, I only weigh one hundred and nine pounds so four hundred and seventy-five pound is more than four hundred and thirty-five percent of MY bodyweight. I'M lifting it with one hand." As she said this she began to do one handed curls with it. After doing several curls with her left arm she tossed the barbell – she **TOSSED** it! – into her right hand and did several more curls. Then she nonchalantly lifted the massive barbell over her head still with one hand.

Not only could she toss that much weight around like a nerf ball, but she could figure out that it was more than four hundred and thirty-five percent of her body weight almost instantly in her head! I was in awe.



“Strong enough to do this,” she replied as she gripped the barbell with both hands and much-too-easily bent the bar upwards until the weights clanked together. She dropped the bent barbell on the floor.

“Strong enough to do this,” she repeated as she walked over to the big punching bag I had hanging from the ceiling from a heavy chain. She hit it with one punch, and the chain broke sending it flying eight feet through the air into the far wall of the basement.



“And strong enough to do this,” she said as she walked over to the other side of the rec room where the pool table was. She picked up a pool ball in each hand. Looked me straight in the eye with a confident smirk and squeezed them both into powder right in front of me.

Wiping her hands, she slowly walked over to me and said, “Now...is there something you wanted to ask me?”

“Will you marry me?” I asked. When she didn’t answer right away I fell to my knees and said, “Please, Rio, will you please marry me?”

She gave me a saucy half smile and said, “I don’t know. You said upstairs that first we had decide which one of us was going to be the boss.” She once again grabbed my shirt collar and jerked me to my feet.

She lifted me into the air as if I weighed nothing. Her jaw was set tight and her beautiful eyes narrowed. She doubled the tiny fist of her free hand and shook it at me. “So what do you think? Which one of us is the boss?”

“Y-you are,” I said.

“Are you sure?” she asked as she held me in the air. It was clear that she had the power to hold me like that all day and night if she wanted to.

“Yes, I’m sure,” I said. I was shaking from head to toe. “Y-you’re the b-b-boss, Rio.”



"Is that the way you want it to be?" she asked knowing full well that I was scared half to death.

"Yes, Rio, that's the way I want it to be. I want you to be my boss. Please, tell me what to do, and I'll do it," I said.

"Do you promise?" she asked.

By this time she'd been holding me like that for so long and shaking her fist like she might hit me that something in me broke. "Please, Rio, please don't hit me. From now on you're the boss only please, don't hit me. Don't use your awesome super strength to hurt me. Please...I love you...please, please, don't hurt me."

She opened her hand and unceremoniously dropped me to the floor. "Don't be silly," she said, "I would never hit you." It was a great relief to hear her say that. Then she added, "As long as you remember who is in charge around here."

A chill went through my body.



"Now, crawl over to me and ask me to marry you again," she ordered.

I crawled over to her and threw myself at her feet. "Please, Rio, please do me the great honor of marrying me and becoming my wife," I said.

"I don't know...you don't sound like you really want to marry me," she said.

But I really did want to marry her. I always did, but now I wanted it more than ever. I wanted to marry her and feel her power and strength in my arms. I wanted to kiss her sweet ass and suck her huge tits and fuck her wet pussy more than ever. Somehow knowing that she was many, many times stronger than me only turned me on even more than before.

I threw my arms around her ankles and begged, "Please, Rio, please marry me."

"Tell me how much you want me to marry you," she demanded.

I began to cry. My tears fell on her feet. "Rio, please, don't torture me like this. Please, say you'll marry me. If you don't marry me, my life is over. I love you more than anything," I pleaded. "I need you."

"What is it about me that so special?" she asked.

"You're the most beautiful and sexy woman whose ever lived," I said. "And the sweetest and the smartest and the most captivating to be with. Please, my precious darling let me be your sweet baby. Let me love and worship you forever."

“But what is it that makes a strong, proud man like you willing to plead and beg like this?” she asked.

“I-i-it’s your awesome and mighty strength,” I said. “Just thinking about how strong you are makes my dick hard.”

“And does it make you afraid of me?” she asked. She was delighted by the fact that she could intimidate me with her superior strength. I’d never seen her like this before. I liked it.

“Y-yes, Sweetheart, I’m afraid of you, but I’m turned on by you even more,” I said.

“And you understand that from now on I completely in charge?” she asked.

“Yes, Darling, from now on you tell me what to do, and I’ll do it.”

“Will you be my bitch?” she asked.

“Yes, Rio, I’ll be your bitch. I’ll be your lapdog. I’ll say and do whatever you tell me to do. Only...”

“Only what?” she asked.

“Only don’t leave me,” I begged, “And don’t ever stop loving me.”

She seemed to consider her options for several seconds. I could feel butterflies in my stomach the size fruit bats. Finally she said, “Very well, I’ll marry you, and I’ll let you be my bitch. However, I can’t promise you that I’ll continue to love you forever. I love you for now, but I might change my mind someday. You’ll just have to take your chances.”

I began to cover her bare feet with kisses. “Thank you, Sweetheart, thank you so much,” I said between kisses to her sexy toes.

She bent over and lifted me into her arms. As she cradled me there she looked into my eyes and said, “I really do love you very much, Sweet Baby. Now that you understand how things are I think we’re going to get along even better than before.”

She carried me up the stairs and towards the bedroom. “By the way, I really liked the feel of your lips on my feet. I think I’m going to have you do a lot of foot kissing from now on.”

My chest was filled with such pride at that moment. “I can’t believe that you’re really going to become my wife,” I said.





She thought for a second. "I'm not sure I like that term 'wife'," she said. "The word 'wife' has a certain negative connotation – as if I'm supposed to be subservient or something."

"We can't have that," I agreed. There was no doubt which one of us was going to be subservient from now on. "But surely you don't want me to call you my husband."

"No, that won't do either. I think I like 'boss'."

"Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded boss?" I said in imitation of what our marriage vows might sound like.

Rio came back with, "Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded bitch?" Then she added, "That has a nice ring to it, don't you think?"

"Yes, Boss," I replied.

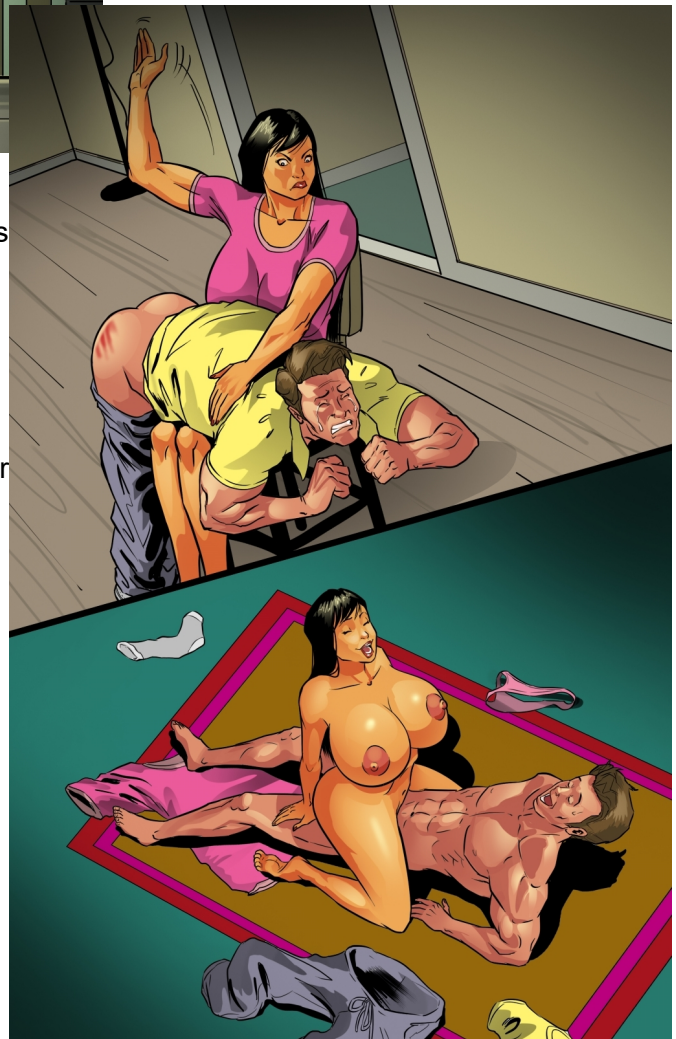
"Good bitch," she responded.

EPILOGUE: That was a little over three months ago. Rio was right of course. Now that I know my proper place we get along better than ever.

She discovered that she likes intimidating me and making me grovel so I've been spending a lot of time on my knees. Most of the time she makes me call her boss, and she doesn't bother to manipulate me into doing the things she wants any more. Now she just tells me what to do and I do it or else. Our sex life has never been better.

That doesn't mean that once in awhile we don't have our little bumps in the road. For example, five weeks ago I questioned one of Rio's orders, and she had to take me over her knee and spank my bottom.

But afterwards as she soothed me and kissed my tears away, she was so sweet and tender. Then she fucked me until I passed out.



I love my Supergirl more and more every day. I can't wait until we get married in May. She tells me that I'll have to quit my job and learn to cook then. I'm looking forward to devoting my life to making my boss happy.

Really, I am....

**THE END**

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