

THE NIGHT RIO SHOWED MY FRIENDS WHO WAS BOSS

(a Sonofjack Story)

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“Please, sweetheart, please.” I was begging my fiancé Rio to let me hang out with my two best friends Tag and Mike. The three of us played football together in high school and in college. At one time we were almost inseparable. We partied together, we got laid together and we always had each other’s backs.

I hadn’t seen nearly as much of the other two musketeers since I started going out with Rio. Rio has come to control my life. I admit it. She’s the boss, and I do whatever she tells me too. I do this for a couple of reasons. For one thing, she’s absolutely the most beautiful woman I’ve ever met, and I don’t want to lose her.

She’s of mixed Japanese and Korean descent, and she’s got the most beautifully delicate face you’ve ever seen. Here big brown eyes with her long, beautiful lashes, her wide

cheekbones, her cute little nose and lush lips. Her face is an almost impossible combination of sweet innocence and yet knowing sensuality.

Her body, on the other hand is pure sex with a side of lust. Her amazing 32G breasts are almost too big for her tiny frame. Her tummy is flat and she has a tiny 23” waist. Her 34” hips are wide and womanly and her amazing ass is firm and round. She also has long, silky black hair that reaches a little past the middle of her back, and her lightly bronzed skin is silky smooth and flawless from head to toe.

I can honestly say that Rio is the sexiest, most beautiful, smartest, most desirable, most confident, most fascinating woman I’ve ever known or even seen. She has me wrapped around her little finger, and she knows it.

Even so, it might seem strange that a man of my size (I’m 6’5” and weight 235 pounds of bulging muscles) should have to beg permission from his beautiful, delicate looking 5’2”, 110 pound girlfriend. In fact, I frequently go down on my knees and grovel at her feet for her approval. This only makes sense when one understands that Rio can easily kick my ass with very little effort.

I don’t mean that she knows karate or kung fu or anything like that. As unbelievable as it seems, my sexy, petite fiancé is as strong as at least ten strong men like me – probably stronger. As far as I can tell, she’s pretty much stronger than anyone. Sometimes I watch those World’s Strongest Man competitions on ESPN2, and I promise you that my beautiful Rio can easily do anything those guys do and more.



The night that she revealed her superior strength, she also made it clear that she was the boss of this relationship and that she expected to be obeyed at all times. She has no qualms about using her vastly superior strength to keep me in line. The only time since that night that I questioned one of her orders, she turned me over her knee like I was a child and spanked my bottom. I tried to resist, of course, but she overpowered me with ease.

Since that time I haven't dared to disobey her. I admit it, I'm afraid of her, but I'm even more in love with her.

"Why, Sweet Baby? Why do you want to spend time with those two dipshits?" Rio asked. After much pleading and groveling, Rio finally agreed to let me see them, but only so that I could tell them that Rio and I were getting married and that I wouldn't be able to spend much time with them anymore.

I wasn't thrilled about that, but if it was choice between Rio and Mike and Tag, it was no contest. It may sound like I'm not a very good bro, but anyone who was ever fortunate to see Rio naked or have sex with her, would understand. Besides, I didn't really have much of a choice.

The guys took the news better than I thought they would. They both seemed to accept the fact that it was time to grow up and settle down and that once Rio and I were married I wouldn't have much time to hang out with them. Neither one of them made any cracks about "Yoko" breaking up the band.

They did have a strong reaction when I told them that I wouldn't be having a bachelor party before getting married. How could I tell them that Rio would NEVER give me permission for that?

"Aw, c'mon!" Mike complained, "I understand you wanting to settle down, but every man has the right to one last big blow-out before tying the knot forever."

"Rio is a great piece of ass and all that," Tag observed, "But you can't let her push you around. Let her know who is boss!" Tag had no idea at the time how ironic his comment was.

I thought that was the end of it until the next night. Rio and I were sitting on the couch at my place watching television. We were watching some dumbass movie about romantic vampires or something instead of college basketball because that's what Rio wanted to watch. I was getting used to having no say about having to give in on everything.

Rio's feet were in my lap, and I was giving her a foot massage. It was around nine PM when there was a loud knock at the door.

"Who could that be?" Rio asked, "You're not expecting anyone are you, Sweet Baby?"

"No, Sweetheart," I replied.

"Well, go see who it is, and get rid of them. I'm not in the mood for visitors," she said. The fact that it was MY house and therefore MY visitors didn't seem to matter to her one little bit.

When I opened the door, I was shocked to see Mike and Tag standing on my stoop. "We need to talk to you," Mike said.

Looking over Mike's shoulder, Tag said, "Good! Rio's here. What we've got to say concerns her too." They gently pushed me aside and walking into my living room. As they walked past me, I could tell from the smell that they'd been drinking.

I should explain that even though I'm a big guy in top physical shape, Mike and Tag are both bigger and stronger than me. Mike is 6'8" inches and weighs 285 pounds. Tag is 6'7" and weighs just over 300 pounds. They are both in great shape with huge, bulging muscles.

Rio walked up between me and my friends and said, "What do you two morons have to say that could possibly concern me?"

"We don't like the way you're treating our bro," Mike declared.

"Is that right?" asked Rio with a combination of amusement and boredom.

"Yes, that's right. We don't like it at all," Tag confirmed.

"Guys, this isn't necessary," I said, "Why don't you two go home and sleep it off."

"Quiet," Rio told me, "I'll handle this." Normally I would have gotten the message from her sharp tone of voice and shut the hell up. However, I was afraid that things might get out of hand.

"But, Rio," I began.

She cut me off. "What is the proper response when I tell you to do something?" she asked with one eyebrow slightly arched.

"Yes, Boss," I responded with my head bowed.

"That's right, Sweet Baby, I'm the boss, and don't you forget it. In fact, why don't you tell your two idiot friends who you are?"

"Please, Sweetheart, do I have to?" I asked pathetically.

"Don't be silly, Sweet Baby, of course you have to. You have to do whatever I tell you to do, and you know it." Rio's voice was so full of confidence and power that even though she was embarrassing me in front of my best friends, I was intoxicated by her.

I looked at Tag and Mike and said simply, "I'm Rio's bitch."

Before Mike and Tag responded Rio said, "I think it's time you two nitwits understand how things are between your 'bro' and me." Then Rio turned to me and commanded, "Sweet Baby, heel!" I immediately got on my knees and kneeled behind her and slightly to the side of her right heel. Rio reached down and lovingly patted my head. "That's a good bitch," she said.

Mike and Tag reacted about the way I expected. "That's enough!" Mike shouted.

Tag looked at me with disgust and said, "Why do you let her do that to you?"

I looked up at Rio for permission to speak. She nodded down at me, "Go ahead and tell them."

"I have to obey Rio's orders," I explained, "She's my boss, and I have to do whatever she tells me immediately and without question."

"But why?" asked Mike, "I mean, I'll admit that she's an incredibly hot piece of ass..."

Rio giggled and said, "Why thank you, Mike," she said.

"But that's no reason to degrade yourself like this," he continued.

"What you two dumbasses don't seem to comprehend is that Sweet Baby is afraid of me. Isn't that right, Sweet Baby?"



"Yes, Rio," I answered truthfully.

"Why would you be afraid of her?" asked Tag.

I hesitated, but then Rio commanded, "Tell them!"

"I...I'm afraid of her because if I don't do what she tells me to do, she might beat the crap out of me," I confessed.

"Why would you let her do that?" asked Mike.

Rio giggled again. "You two blockheads don't get it. He doesn't 'let' me. And for the record, I've never actually beaten him up. I've only spanked him once."

"Why?" asked Tag.

"Because he questioned one of my orders," replied Rio. She explained further, "And he can't stop me because compared to me your 'bro' is a weak, little bitch. So are you two imbeciles."

Mike stepped forward. "Look, I'm getting really tired of you calling Tag and me idiots and blockheads and shit like that!"

"Don't forget 'morons', 'dipshits', 'dumbasses', 'imbeciles' and 'ignoramuses'," she said.

"You haven't called us 'ignoramuses'," Tag pointed out.

"Not yet," sneered Rio.

"I've had just about enough of this crap," said Mike as he moved even closer towards Rio.

Rio shot him a look that was half amusement and half contempt. "I understand that you two have been good friends to my sweet baby. That's why I'm going to give you one chance to get out of my house before I make you very, very sorry."

"Your house?!" cried Mike, "This is his house!"

Rio looked down at me. I was still dutifully kneeling at her heel. "Whose house is this, Sweet Baby?"

"It's your house, Rio," I replied, "Because, you own me and so everything I own belongs to you." Rio reached down and patted my head again. I rubbed my head against the side of her hip like a dog seeking reassurance from its master.

"Yes, Sweet Baby, your boss loves you," Rio said. I stuck my head up under the short skirt she was wearing and began to kiss her ass cheeks.

"As you can see, you two ignoramuses are not needed here, so please leave now." I could tell by the tone of her voice that Rio was through playing around.

Instead of leaving, Mike said, "Now wait just—"

That's as far as he got before Rio hit him with a backhanded slap that sent him flying through the air across the room. He didn't stop until he hit the wall ten feet away.

I continued kissing Rio beautiful ass until she said, "Go sit on a chair and watch, Sweet Baby, While I teach your two pinheaded friends a lesson."



Tag rushed at Rio with his fist flying. I knew from experience watching Tag in countless barroom brawls that he was very good with his fists. He even did some amateur boxing in college. He threw a series of powerful blows at Rio that were all aimed right at her head.

Rio stood her ground and didn't seem the least bit worried. She stood with her hands on her sexy hips and bobbed and weaved her head so that none of Tag's potent punches connected. She seemed to take great pleasure in letting his punches come as close to her gorgeous face as possible without making contact. It looked like some of Tag's strikes missed by as little as a millimeter or two. I'm sure that Rio could feel the force of the air that Tag's mighty swipes displaced.



Tag was becoming more and more frustrated with his failure to connect with Rio. Meanwhile she smirked at him as if to say, "Nyah, nyah, you ca-n't hiiiit meee!" After a minute or two of this, Tag stopped for a second to catch his breath. That's when Rio brought up her dainty little fist and hit Tag with an uppercut that lifted his 300 plus pounds off the ground. He flew back about three feet and landed on my coffee table shattering it to bits.

Rio looked at me. "I'm sorry that I had to knock out your two friends, Sweet Baby, but you can see that they brought it on themselves. That's what they get for coming over without calling first."

"Yes, Sweetheart," I said.

Rio looked at the huge bulge in my pants. "Did it turn you on to see your powerful, sexy girlfriend knock out two big men so easily?" she asked with her sexiest whisper.

"Yes, Rio, it did," I admitted. "Watching you easily destroy Tag and Mike made me so hard."

"Would you like to see more?" she asked seductively.

Now here's the thing. Mike and Tag are my best friends, and I really love them like brothers. Even so, the sight of my beautiful, powerful, sexy Rio easily overpowering them turned me on more than I ever thought possible. Even though I hated the idea of Mike and Tag getting seriously hurt, I admit that I wanted to see more.

"Do...do you think that you can beat them up without really hurting them?" I asked.

"Be honest, Sweet Baby, that's not really what you want to see is it? You want to watch me beat them until they become quivering wimps and beg me for mercy. Isn't that right?"

To my great shame I answered, "Yes."

A few minutes later, Rio carried Mike and Tag downstairs where I kept my home gym. We moved some things around so that there was plenty of open space. (Watching Rio effortlessly move around my heavy gym equipment was a bonus.) Then Rio striped down to her lacey bra and thong panties.

Rio did a sexy twirl for me. "Do you like my fighting outfit?" she asked. Her huge breasts looked like they would spill out of her tiny bra at any moment.

"Yes, Rio," I replied.

Mike and Tag were still unconscious and laying where Rio had put them. She went over and gently began shaking them awake. First Mike woke up, and Rio helped him into a sitting position. He was still quite dazed.

Then she shook and prodded Tag until he started to come around. When they were both sitting up, Mike asked groggily, "What happened?"

"I knocked you out," Rio said, "And I'm about to do it again." She walked over and grabbed each of them by their collars and jerked them to their feet. "Come on, boys, it's time for a rematch."

"W-what if we don't want to fight anymore?" asked Mike.

"Who said you had a choice? You may not want to defend yourselves, but that's not going to stop me from kicking your pansy asses," Rio said.

"Hey! Our asses aren't pansy!" cried Tag. Rio had struck a nerve. She got a devilish smile on her face.

"I was hoping you'd say something like that?" she said.

"Wait! Why should we fight?" asked Mike, "What do we get if we win?"

Rio looked at them and said, "I'll make you two wimps a deal. I'm sure that you'd love to see what's under this frilly bra I'm wearing. If I can't beat the two of you together, then I'll not only show you, but I'll let you two fondle and suck on them. I'll even give both of you a titty fuck."

That was all Mike and Tag had to hear. They took off their shirts and put their fists up into fighting stances. I didn't feel so bad about wanting to see Rio kick the shit out of them once I saw how eager they were to fuck her tits. (Not that I could blame them either.)

"Sweet Baby, say 'Ding, ding'," Rio commanded.

"Ding, ding," I complied.

Tag and Mike began to circle Rio looking for an opening. If anyone had walked in at this moment, it would have looked like a very one-sided fight. First of all, Mike and Tag were both more than a foot and a half taller than Rio. They also had huge muscle-packed bodies with a combined weight of more than 585 pounds. They were ganging up against a sexy, petite woman that barely weighed 110 and at least twenty of those pounds were in her huge boobs.

Tag and Mike began to throw punches.



Rio's fast flexes and natural quickness made it impossible for either man to make contact with her lovely face. She held her hands at her side until every now and then one of them – moving so fast that it was little more than a blur – would reach up and lightly tap one of her opponents.

The problem with this was that one of Rio's light taps felt like a ham-fisted punch from an experienced fighter. Each tap snapped their heads back and made them dizzy. She was able to hit either one of them at will.

After a several minutes of this abuse, Mike had one eye almost swollen shut and a busted lip. Tag's lip was also busted, and he had two black eyes. Both of them had swollen puffy faces. "Had enough, boys? Ready to give up?" Rio taunted.

"Can we at least take a break?" Tag asked.

"Okay," Rio replied cheerfully, "Sweet Baby, say 'Ding, ding' again."

"Ding, ding again," I dutifully said.

"We'll resume in three minutes," Rio announced.

While Tag and Mike sat in folding chairs and watched, Rio walked slowly and seductively over to the chair I was sitting in. She sat in my lap. I marveled at how light and delicate she seemed in my arms when I knew that her sexy little body held such immense power.

She put her arms around my neck and said, "How am I doing so far, Sweet Baby?"

"You're doing awesome, my sexy warrior princess," I replied. He pulled my face into her cleavage.



I licked the salty sweat between her tits and nuzzled my face deep into the space between them. I could feel my dick getting harder by the second.

After approximately three minutes, Rio announced, "Okay, boys, time's up. Let's get back to it." Neither Tag nor Mike looked like they wanted to get up.

Finally, Mike spoke up. "Look, you beat us; we admit it. Give us a towel and we'll throw it in." Tag didn't disagree.

"Who said you had a choice?" Rio asked them.

"What difference does it make? You already proved that we can't hit you," Mike pointed out.

"Yeah," Tag joined in, "I would be a hell of a lot different if one of us was able to land just one punch."

"Is that what you wimps think?" asked Rio, "I can prove that wouldn't make the slightest difference. I'll start round two by giving each of you a free shot at me. How does that sound?"

"Great!" said Tag enthusiastically, "Can I go first?"

"Sure," said Rio, "As long as your 'bro' doesn't object."

"Be my guest," said Mike. He was smart enough to know that Rio wouldn't be making this offer if she wasn't pretty damn sure of herself.

Tag jumped to his feet. Mike got up too but was much less eager about it. Rio met Tag in the middle of the floor. Tag looked over at me and said, "Don't worry. I'm not going to mess up her pretty face."

Tag pulled back his right arm and threw his entire body into a punch aimed right at Rio's tummy. Rio just stood there. She didn't even flinch. Tag's punch had no effect on her whatsoever. In fact, Rio smiled up at him and said, "Is that all you've got?"

Tag was badly shaken. His whole body began to quiver. "H-h-h-how d-d-did y-you d-d-do t-t-that?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" Rio asked sweetly, "Was that supposed to hurt me?"

"W-w-what are y-you go-going to d-do n-n-now?" Tag asked.

"You'll just have to wait and see," said Rio, "Mike still gets his free punch."

"I... I don't want a free punch," Mike demurred.



"I hope you don't think that means I'm through with you," Rio said.

Mike fell down on his knees and began begging Rio for mercy. "Please, don't hit me again." Tears were streaming down his face.

Rio said, "I won't hit you anymore."

"Thank you, Rio; thank you for taking pity on my dumb ass," Mike said.

Rio smiled wickedly and said, "I'm not going to hit you because now I'm more in the mood to wrestle." The floor of my basement was heavily padded, so it made an ideal place to grapple.



Rio grabbed Mike and threw him on the floor. Then she pounced on him and proceeded to put him in one painful submission hold after another.

It looked insane that the tiny Asian princess with 32G breasts wearing a sexy bra and panties was tossing around a 285 pound man with such ease. It also looked very erotic which is why I couldn't keep my hands from stroking my cock while I watched Rio take Mike apart.

She looked over at me and saw me jerking off. "I can see that you're enjoying the show," she said. She left poor Mike crumpled on the floor and came over to me. She took her huge tits out of her bra and lifted me into the air and wrapped her huge tits around my inflated cock.

Tag must have thought that this would be a good time to try to sneak away. He quietly took a couple of steps towards the stairs. "Where do you think you're going?" Rio asked him.

"No-nowhere," he replied shakily.

"Nowhere is right – not until I give you permission," she said. She released

my cock from her tits. Still topless, she lifted Tag up on her shoulders and began to apply a backbreaker hold. Poor Tag screamed and cried for mercy.

Finally, she left him crumpled on the floor beside Mike.

She turned to me and said, "Your turn now." She tossed me onto the floor none too gently and pounced on top of me. She sat on my chest and pinned my arms down over my head. Her amazing tits were dangling in my face.

"Who is the sexiest, strongest, most amazing woman in the world?" she asked.

"You are, Rio," I replied respectfully.



"Who is your boss, your master and your supreme goddess?" she asked.

"You are, Rio."

"Who is the luckiest bitch in the world to have such a powerful and beautiful fiancé?"

"I am. I AM, RIO!" I cried.

"Worship my big tits with your lips and tongue," she demanded. I replied this time by doing as I was told.

After about twenty minutes of this, Rio said, "You know, your two friends aren't so bad." I was not expecting this, but I wasn't about to argue. "It's kind of sweet the way they took up for you." She thought about it for a few more seconds and said, "I think I'll do something to make up for beating them up."

"What do you have in mind?" I asked.

"I thought that maybe I would do some sexy feats of strength for them while they jerked off," she said.

"Uh, Honey, I'm don't think I'd like that," I said.

She got a serious look on her face. "Let's get one thing straight, Sweet Baby, I'm the boss here. That means you have no say in the matter." She could see from the look on my face that this bothered me. She took my face gently in both hands and said, "I'm sorry, Sweet Baby. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I just wanted to do something nice for your friends. Keep in mind that this is strictly 'look but no touch'. Besides, they've already seen my tits. Don't you think that they're going to jerk off later anyway?"

I couldn't argue with that so I reluctantly agreed. It's not like I really had a choice. When I asked if I could watch and masturbate too, she told me no.

“Why not?” I asked.

“First, because I said so,” she replied, “And second, I’ve got some plans for you after your friends leave that I want you to save all your energy for.” Then she gave me that sexy smile that told me that she was going to push me to my sexual limits and beyond later.

Before being nice to them, Rio woke up the two conquered men and made them beg and grovel at her feet. She also made them promise to never try to interfere with our relationship again.

Then she put on quite a show for them. While they sat in chairs and stoked their cocks, she danced topless for them. Then she began performing incredible feats of strength such as one handed curls with five hundred pound barbells and bending large metal weight plates out of shape.



At the climax of her little demonstration she loaded a barbell with 750 pounds and pressed it over her head with one hand. Then (in a move that even surprised me) she balanced the massive weight on just one finger!

This climax caused Tag and Mike to climax as well.

After Mike and Tag cleaned up, Rio and I were showing them to the door. “I’ve grown somewhat fond of you big galoots,” she said affectionately. I believed her since she was still walking around in just her thong.

“I’m going to allow Sweet Baby to still hang out with you once in awhile. In fact, after we’re married, we may even invite you over on special occasions.”

“We’d like that,” Mike said.

“In the meantime, I’m going to write down the address of my house. From now on, I want you two to come over once a week and clean my pool and take care of my lawn.”



Tag and Mike were owners of a pool cleaning and lawn care business.

"We'll send our best men over tomorrow," agreed Tag.

"No...I want you two to see to it personally," Rio demanded.

"Oh...okay," said Mike, "And we'll be sure to give you the friend's 10% discount." Rio arched her left eyebrow. "Or how about a 25% discount?" Mike suggested.

"I have a counter offer," said Rio, "You give me a 100% discount, and in return I'll allow you to walk around with all your bones unbroken."

"I think we can agree to those terms," gulped Tag.

"Good, now get out of here. I'm taking my sweet baby to bed. I'm in the mood to slurp down some cum tonight."

"Yes, Rio."

"Yes, Rio."

As she carried me off over her shoulder, Rio called back to them, "One other thing, boys, from now on, call me Boss!"

"Yes, Boss."

"Yes, Boss."

THE END

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