

ANGIE'S TOY BOY

(a Puppetman story)

(amysconquest.com)



The new girl at Central High was the talk of the school from the day she arrived. At only sixteen years old, she was a veritable giantess, towering over six and a half feet in height, and looked like she weighed well over two hundred pounds, although only her broad, powerful shoulders and massive breasts were evident under the loose, high necked sweaters and baggy slacks she invariably wore. Her hands and feet, big even for a girl her size, were half again as large as the most of the boys', and her dark hair, cut in a short page boy, framed solid, squarish, but strikingly lovely features which, though larger than life, could easily have adorned the cover of any fashion magazine and dispelled any notion that, despite her immense size, she might have been fat.



As luck would have it, she was given a locker right next to Tom's, and as they exchanged their books after the first of their morning classes, his 5'2", 110 lb. frame made him feel like a small child as they stood next to each other, his eyes barely reaching to the bulge of her breasts under her loose sweater. Although, like many small boys, he had always been fascinated by taller, bigger girls, he could not help but feel that this girl was far too overwhelming even for his taste. But she seemed not to notice his discomfort as she looked down at him and greeted him with a dazzling smile, "Hi! I'm Angie McPhallon. Looks like we're going to be neighbors."

He flushed and mumbled, "Hi. Tom Lindsay. Nice to meet you."

"Are you a sophomore, too?"

God! Only a sophomore? Tom replied hesitantly, "No, junior."

"Oh!" Again that dazzling smile. "An upper classman! Great! Maybe you could help me get acquainted here. Everything's so new and strange."

"Uh, sure." Tom closed his locker and turned to look nervously up at her, finding he had to crane his neck to do so. "Uh, well, see you around. Hafta get to class."



"Me, too. See you later, Tom." She turned and strode away down the hall with a light, swinging step that belied her size, and, watching her, he found it almost impossible to tear his gaze from her retreating figure until he heard a low chuckle behind him.

"Keep your eyes in your head, buddy boy." It was his best friend, Willard. "She's way too big for you."

Tom shook his head, smiling. "She's way too big for anybody," he replied, "at least anybody in this school."

Willard grinned. "Since she got here yesterday, a lotta guys have been wondering what she's got under all those baggy clothes, other than one helluva big pair'a knockers."

Tom licked his lips. "Think anybody's game to try to find out?"

"Nobody I know. Unless you're thinking about it, in which case I'd suggest you get the last rites first."

Tom laughed. "No chance! Come on. We'll be late for class."

At noon, when he reached his locker she was putting her books away. "Hi, again!" she greeted him. "You going home for lunch or eating here?"

"Going home," he replied. "I only live a few blocks away."

"Really? So do I. What street?"

He hesitated, warning bells going off in his head. "Uh, Carson," he said finally, "at the corner of Dousman."

She laughed. "Isn't that a coincidence? We're neighbors at home, too. Well, practically, anyway. I'm only a few houses away from you on Carson. Corner of Bellevue." She pursed her lips, looking down at him with eyes that were suddenly heavy lidded. "Want to walk home with me?"

He felt his face getting suddenly hot. "Ah, thanks, Angie, but I hafta see someone for a second," he said lamely. "Why don't you just go on ahead?"



She looked amused. "Sure. I understand. See you this afternoon." She swung away down the hall with Tom again unable to take his eyes off her massive figure.

He did not see her again until after the first class that afternoon, and they did little more than greet each other. However, as he was turning away from his locker to go past her, she turned into him, and her huge breasts brushed against his forehead, causing him to jerk backward, banging his head against his closed locker. She stopped, looking down at him with amusement, and then moved forward and bent down slightly until her breasts were touching his nose.

"You okay?" she asked him.

"Y--yeah, sure," he stammered and, blushing furiously, slid to one side so that he could slip around her and hurry to his class.

After that, whenever Angie would see him in the hall or at his locker, she would regard him with that same look of amused condescension and, whenever she had the opportunity, brush against him with her big body, grinning mischievously as he invariably reddened and veered away. Yet, despite his embarrassment, she was beginning to have an impact on him, and by the end of the day he found himself with a throbbing in his loins and an overwhelming desire to see what was under her loose clothing. By the end of the week, he could think of practically nothing else, and, as he dreamed of being cradled against her giant bosom, he was beginning to wonder if he was falling for this towering, teenage Amazon.

It was almost nine on Friday night when, having nothing to do that evening and unable to get Angie out of his mind, he decided to take a walk, telling himself that the fresh air might clear his head. However, as soon as he was outside, he knew the real reason for his walk, for he could see her house at the next corner on the opposite side of Carson Street. Trying to be casual, he sauntered across the street to the corner and rounded it. Several lights were on in the house, but the family car which had been sitting in the driveway was gone, and as he reached the back of the house he could see that a light in the basement was on.

From previous visits with the prior owners, he knew that the basement had been made into a game room with an unusually high, twelve foot suspended ceiling, and that there was an outside, concrete stairwell that led down to a door which opened directly on to the room and which contained a large window. He hesitated, looking up and down the street to make sure it was deserted, and then, nervously biting his lip, made his decision. Quickly and silently he crossed the lawn to the stairwell and, his tennis shoes making no sound on the cement steps, descended the steps to crouch under the door window, which was uncovered. Raising his head to peer inside, he caught his breath in amazement.

Angie was there. She was completely nude, and suddenly Tom understood why she dressed the way she did, for her huge body was a veritable symphony of hard, massive muscle. From her long, thick neck and incredibly broad shoulders, to a wide, deep chest that tapered sharply to a comparatively narrow waist and flat stomach that was rock ribbed with muscle, to tightly rounded hips, huge, solid thighs that seemed as thick as his waist, and bulging calves that were bigger than his thighs, every inch of her body was etched in solid muscle. Even her breasts, which now seemed small in comparison with the rest of her, were round and firm, and jugged out like melons from her massive chest. But it was her arms which held his attention. Never had he seen such incredible muscularity, not even on male bodybuilders. Her upper arms were even bigger than her calves, with biceps the size of softballs that looked as hard as rocks, and her massive, corded forearms seemed bigger than his thighs.



She was standing on a heavy mat in the center of the room. At her feet was a barbell with two large weights and a smaller one attached at either end. One end of the barbell was facing the door, and Tom could barely read the numbers on the weights: the larger one was marked "100 lbs." and the smaller, "25 lbs.", and Tom felt his stomach tighten into a knot. Two 100 lb. weights plus a 25 lb. weight at either end--My God! That barbell weighed a total of 450 lbs.! And she was going to lift it? Impossible! That was as much weight as many Olympic weight lifters could manage!

But, as he watched in awe, she squatted down, grasped the barbell and, with a mighty heave, the huge muscles of her arms and stomach bulging from the effort, raised the barbell to her shoulders, held it there momentarily and then threw it overhead, spreading her legs and dropping her body to get under it as her arms locked the bar in place above her head. Then, after several seconds to make sure she had it under control, she dropped it to the mat in front of her, a satisfied smile decorating her lovely features.

Tom suddenly realized that his entire body was trembling. The combination of this teenage giantess' awesome muscularity and incredible strength, both of which were far beyond what he had thought possible in a girl--let alone a sixteen year old!--had tied a knot in his stomach and left him weak and shaky as he realized what she could do to him if she caught him spying on her. My God, she could crush his small body like a bug! He had to get out of there before she saw him.

He crouched down below the window and was starting to move backward up the stairs when his foot slipped on a wet spot on the stairwell, and he fell heavily, striking his hip painfully against the edge of a cement step. Stifling a cry, he closed his eyes momentarily, trying to shut out the pain. When he opened them, he realized that the entire stairwell was dark; the basement light had been turned off. Alarmed, he started to scramble up the steps to safety, but the door to the game room was suddenly thrown open and a huge hand came out of the darkness to grip his throat and lift him bodily off the steps into the air.

A strangled gasp escaped his lips as he instinctively grabbed a thick wrist and began to kick and struggle to free himself. But the hand held him securely off the floor, tightly enough to keep him from crying out yet not so tight as to choke him, and he felt himself being moved through the doorway into the basement. Then the light came on, and he saw that he was suspended high in the air at the end of Angie's powerful right arm as he looked helplessly down at Angie's lovely face, her brows knitted in anger.

When she recognized him, her face softened into an amused smile. "Well, now," she chuckled. "Look what I've caught! I didn't know your name was Peeping Tom!"



His face was a deep red with embarrassment and fear as he tugged helplessly at the steel fingers gripping his throat, his feet dangling almost three feet off the floor. Then, realizing that resistance was useless and unable to speak, he looked pleadingly down at her.

"Well?" Her voice, mockingly stern, barely masked her amusement. "I'm waiting for your explanation, little boy! What's the matter? Can't talk with my hand around your throat? Here, maybe this will be better."

She gripped his right forearm with her left hand and pinned it to his side, her long, powerful fingers extending around his arm to dig painfully into his soft, slender waist. Then she removed her other hand from his throat and secured his other arm in a similar grip, holding him effortlessly out at arm's length with both his arms pinned helplessly to his sides.

The pressure of her thumbs on his stomach made it almost impossible for him to breathe, but he finally managed to gasp, "Please, Angie, put me down! I--I didn't mean to spy! I was only there a few seconds, and I started to leave as soon as I saw it was you and that you--you didn't have any clothes on!"



She pursed her lips to hide a smile. "Oh, really?" she replied, and then, shaking him briefly with a force that rattled his teeth, she added, "Then maybe you can tell me what you were doing out there in the first place!"

"I--well, I was walking past your house and--and saw that the basement light was on--and..." Tom's voice trailed off into silence as he realized that there was no explanation for his actions.

She smiled grimly. "Well, little boy, I can," she told him. "How dumb do you think I am? Don't you think I know what all the boys have been saying about me? Big Angie! Biggest knockers of any girl in school! Wonder what else she's got under those baggy clothes! Well, now you know, little boy! What d'you think? Like what you see? Or don't you like to see big muscles on a girl?"

His face twisted in agony, Tom could only sob, "Angie, please!"

She pursed her lips again. "Okay," she told him finally,

"you wanted to see me in the flesh. Let's give you a closer look!"

Still holding him off the floor at arm's length, she strode across the room to a short bench at each end of which a large barbell was cradled on two heavy hooks about four feet above the floor. Gripping him by the throat again and suspending him in front of one of the hooks, she reached around him with her other hand to twist the back of his wide belt and jeans over one of the hooks, hanging him there with his feet dangling almost a foot off the floor, his eyes now just below the level of her shoulders. He gasped as his belt buckle dug painfully into his stomach, and he grabbed it with both hands in an attempt to loosen it and relieve the pressure, but the belt was too tight. He looked up at her pleadingly. She had stepped back and was regarding him gravely.

"Now, little boy," she said softly, "take a good long look!"

Slowly, sensuously she raised herself to her toes, gaining another several inches of height above him, spread her arms and, with a low growl, leaned forward and flexed her huge shoulder muscles until her long, thick neck all but disappeared in a mass of bulging muscle. The effect was frightening, and Tom's body began to shake uncontrollably as he hung helplessly on the hook in front of her.

And yet, he also began to feel the stirrings of sexual desire as Angie slowly straightened, expanded her deep, wide chest, flexed her lats until they bulged out like wings past the curve of her breasts several inches beyond her armpits, and then deliberately raised and cocked both arms to flex her massive biceps. Tom's mouth went dry as he gaped up at her, looming above him like a female titan.

"Look closer, boy," she growled. "I'll bet you've never seen muscles like this on anyone before, man or woman. My upper arms measure 22" with my biceps flexed like this, and my forearms 18", and it's all bone and solid muscle--not muscle for show, like those bodybuilder types, but solid muscle for pure strength. I'm one of the strongest human beings in the world, man or woman, and I haven't come close to reaching my peak yet. Here, take a closer look."



She pivoted, bringing her right arm under his face, and again bulged her bicep until it brushed the tip of his nose and then pushed it hard against his mouth. It was hard as a rock. Tom resisted a sudden urge to kiss it, but she seemed to sense his desire, for she was looking at him with faint amusement as she pivoted away and turned her back to him.

If her front view had been devastating, the view of her back was even more awesome, a wide "V" of rippling muscularity that tapered to her narrow waist as she slowly straightened her arms to reveal the incredible development of her triceps. Then, turning again to face him, she flexed abdominal muscles that stood out in bold relief like a washboard under the curve of her ribs.

"Enjoying the show, little boy?" she asked mockingly. "D'you like big girls? Me, I stand 6'8" in my bare feet and weigh 265 lbs., all muscle! And I'm still growing!"

Tom tried to swallow, but his mouth was almost completely dry. "You--you're unbelievable!" he was finally able to croak. "I--I didn't think it was possible for a girl to have such huge muscles."

She smiled faintly. "Lots of people think that," she said softly. "As you can see, they're wrong. Male hormones aren't the only reason most men are taller and have bigger upper bodies than women. It's a matter of genetics. Today only a few women have the genetics to develop muscles like mine, but as more and more women develop themselves physically there will be more of us born every day. Women's bodies are inherently stronger than men's; they have to be to be able to bear children. And in time women will have the size and muscle to go with their superior bodies, and then it will be men's turn to become the weaker sex. And when that happens, we'll take over and straighten out the mess you men have made of the world."

"Jesus," Tom breathed. A feminist fanatic! The girl was nuts!

She read his face and looked amused. "You and I may not live to see it, little boy," she told him, "but it will happen. You think not? Here, look at my legs."

She put her right foot forward and flexed the muscles of her massive thigh, which stood out like huge cords down her legs, and then did the same with her left. Turning her back on him again, she rose up on tiptoe, bulging massive calves. Then, apparently finished, she pivoted around to face him, looking down at him speculatively.

"What--what are you going to do with me?" he asked nervously.

"I think," she replied slowly, "that I am going to teach you a little lesson for spying on me. And then I think I'll have some fun with your little body." She grinned mischievously.



"Mom and Dad are out of town for the weekend, so there won't be anyone to interrupt us. Frankly, I'm kinda glad you dropped by. I've been planning to get you alone ever since I first saw you. But that doesn't change the fact that you have to be punished for spying on me."

He choked. "P--punished? W--what are you going to do?"

She grinned. "Now, what do you think any self respecting girl would do to a naughty, little Peeping Tom?" she chuckled. "I'm going to turn you over my knee and give you a good spanking, that's what."

He cried out, "No!", but her left hand was already forcing itself between his thighs to capture his entire crotch in her massive palm and, as her other hand freed his belt and sweatshirt, lift him easily off the hook. His eyes bulged as the pressure of her hand on his penis and testicles sent a thrill of pleasure through him, but then he was tilted backward and felt her other hand slide behind his waist and under his sweatshirt just above his jeans as she released her grip on his crotch. He felt her thumb dig into the soft flesh under his ribs and her fingers do the same on his other side, just above his kidney. Only then did he realize fully the size and strength of this teenage giantess, for she was holding him effortlessly off the floor, in an almost horizontal position, securely in the grasp of her single, huge, right hand which spanned more than half his slender waist!



"My," she gushed, "what a soft, little lightweight you are! I'll bet you don't weigh much more than a hundred pounds. Right? And such a tiny waist! You could be a little girl! I can hardly wait to see what YOU'VE got under those clothes."

Tom choked and started to struggle. "Now wait a minute, Angie! You can't..." His voice trailed off in a strangled gasp as a sudden, momentary increase in pressure of her thumb and fingers on his sides drove the air from his lungs. When he could breathe again, he gaped up at her in terror.

She was smiling down at him serenely. "That's right, baby," she warned, "I can do anything I want to with you. I could crush your soft, little body with just the strength of my fingers, so don't be foolish enough to try to resist me. Now just lay back and relax while Angie takes your clothes off."

It was obvious that he was incapable of doing anything else, and he made no protest as she casually captured one foot and then the other to remove his tennis shoes and socks. Then, undoing his belt and fly, she slid his jeans and undershorts down his legs and off his feet. His sweatshirt was next, which she removed simply forcing each of his arms back next to his head, leaving him completely naked in her grasp, his face a deep red with embarrassment and shame. "Angie, please..." he choked and reached down quickly with both hands to cover his crotch.

She laughed and traced lines lightly around his chest and stomach with a long nailed forefinger, causing his body to stiffen and his flesh to crawl as she found his ticklish areas. "Nice," she murmured. "Just the kind of soft, little body I love to play with. Ticklish, too. We'll have some fun with that later. Of course," she added with a chuckle, "your face is kinda red, about as red as those cute, little buns of yours are gonna be in a minute or two. But first I want to see what you're hiding down there." She moved her free hand down to his crotch, easily forcing both his hands away to expose his small, limp penis and testicles, and clucked her tongue in mock dismay. "Well, now!" she exclaimed, "not much here to work with, I'm afraid! Looks like you're tiny all over, little one! Let's see what we can do with this..."



Cupping his entire crotch in her huge palm, she began to gently massage him. To his amazement and horror, almost immediately pangs of desire began to flood his lower body, and he felt his penis start to throb and stiffen against the pressure of her hand. Instinctively he grabbed at her hands, but she ignored his struggles as she released her grip on his crotch and took the tip of his now erect penis to roll it back and forth between her thumb and forefinger until he was moaning and his entire body writhing in the ecstasy of desire. Then, as he thought he was about to orgasm, his penis abruptly disappeared into her huge palm, and pain replaced desire as her grip tightened, squeezing until his penis was soft and flaccid in her hand and his body limp and trembling.



"Naughty, naughty!" she laughed. "Little baby can't come 'til Mommy lets him!" But he barely heard her in the agony of his humiliation and frustration. And he was only dimly aware of what was happening to him as, still holding his helpless body by his waist in her right hand, she carried him across the room to a large sofa. However, when she seated herself on the sofa and laid him face down across her massive thighs, the realization of what she was going to do to him jerked him back to consciousness.

"My God!" he gasped. "No! Please!" His protest died in a scream of pain as her big hand descended with piledriver force on his unprotected buttocks, sending searing pangs of agony through his body. He thrashed about helplessly, trying in vain to escape the pressure of her left hand which now held him securely in place, but was

unable to even slow her rhythm as she continued to spank him until, exhausted and sobbing uncontrollably, he lay motionless across her lap, conscious only of the terrible burning of his blistered bottom.

Then, as suddenly as it had begun, the spanking stopped, and he felt her hands about his waist, lifting him and turning him to set him upright on her lap. Wrapping one powerful arm around his chest and right arm and her other around his thighs, she tucked his left shoulder under her armpit and pulled him tightly to her, his head pressed against her broad shoulder and both his arms trapped against his sides as he continued to sob hysterically, tears streaming down his cheeks.

"My!" she teased. "What a little baby you are! Crying your little heart out from those few, little love pats? What would you have done if I had REALLY spanked you? Well, never mind, little baby, Angie will kiss your tears away and make your little bottom all better!"

Lowering her head to his and cuddling him securely against her massive chest, she began kissing his eyes and cheeks and licking the tears from his face while her huge hand gently stroked his bare buttocks, and gradually Tom's hysteria subsided. As he looked up at her pleadingly, she raised him slightly and lowered her open mouth to capture his, pressing his head back hard against the powerful bicep of her right arm.



He made no attempt at resistance, and she slid her left hand from his buttocks to force it between his thighs to again cup his entire crotch in her huge palm and gently massage his penis and testicles, and suddenly the soreness of his buttocks was submerged in the reawakened desire that surged through his lower body. He breathed a low, muffled moan into her mouth as her tongue intertwined with his and explored the inside of his mouth at will.

Releasing his mouth and crotch, she wrapped her left arm around his thighs again and stood up, still holding him cuddled tightly against her chest. "Now," she whispered softly, "Angie is going to take her little toy upstairs and play with his tiny body. And when I'm finished with you, you're gonna be mine!"

His only answer was to press his head against her shoulder and close his eyes in the ecstasy of his desire as she carried him, feeling so small, naked and helpless in her mighty arms, upstairs to her bedroom. There, she shifted him so that she was again holding him in the palm of one hand, almost horizontally in front of her, with her fingers wrapped around his waist, firmly but more gently this time. "Now," she grinned, "Angie's gonna see just how ticklish her little baby is!"

Tom's protest died in a wave of hysterical, screaming laughter as the fingers of her other hand probed his armpits and sides and traced delicate lines across, down and around his soft stomach. His entire consciousness was engulfed in the agonizing, yet strangely erotic, titillations that coursed through him, and he jerked and thrashed about helplessly in her grasp, trying to grab the hand that was inflicting such exquisite torture on his defenseless body. But she only laughed delightedly and ignored his struggles as she continued to probe his ticklish areas at will.

Then, a suddenly as it had begun, the tickling stopped, leaving only a residual sensitivity in his violated areas and a throbbing erection that was sending pulsations of desire through his body. He lay limp and trembling in her hand, exhausted from his struggles, as she opened a drawer of the nightstand next to her bed and took out a long feather. Tom's eyes widened in alarm.

"My God!" he croaked, "what are you going to do with that?"

She grinned down at him. "You'll see," she murmured. "If you thought being tickled by me was fun, wait'll you get a load of this!"

Again the hand holding the feather went to his armpits and then drew the feather lightly down his sides and across and down his stomach. His body jerked involuntarily, but the titillations were nowhere near as strong as those her fingers had produced. He was almost able to relax until his consciousness was again enveloped in sensation, this time a massive itching, intensely erotic sensation he had never felt before that began in his genitals and coursed through his entire body as Angie gently drew the feather across the under side and tip of his erect penis. His body stiffened, and he mouthed a pitiful whine and frantically tried to grab his genitals to stop this new instrument of torture, but she easily warded off his efforts with the back of her hand and continued to stroke him until his entire body was a writhing mass of erotic itching and excruciating desire.



Dimly he was aware of being laid on his back on her bed, his head resting on several pillows, and then of Angie's massive thighs straddling his head and a single, huge hand pressing down on his chest to hold his writhing body flat while her other hand continued to torture his manhood with the feather. Looking up, he glimpsed her strong, lovely features looming high above him, barely visible beyond her naked breasts and now flushed with her own desire. Then he saw only her wet, hairy bush as it descended to cover his face, and his face was flooded with her wetness and his consciousness engulfed in the powerful odor of musk.

It was as though he were in a dream, now barely aware of the erotic torture to which his penis was being subjected and the throbbing desire which coursed through his body. He could hardly hear her gasping sighs of pleasure as she worked his face into her clit, almost completely cutting off his air. He struggled to breathe and thought he was going to lose consciousness when he felt her giant body writhe and heave and heard her scream in the ecstasy of her orgasm as his face was flooded with her juices.

After a seeming eternity, she raised herself, turned and straddled his helpless body. Freed from the prison of her womanhood, he was again aware of the terrible itching and pulsating desire in his loins, even though the feather torture of his penis had long since ceased. Lowering her massive body to cover his and burying his face against her wide chest just below her breasts, she captured the tip of his throbbing penis between her huge thighs. Almost immediately the itching was submerged in a surge of pure ecstasy that enveloped his entire body and carried him beyond sensation to heights of pure rapture beyond anything he had ever known, only to subside and leave him limp and trembling beneath the weight of her giant frame.



His mind was still reeling as he felt her lift herself off him, gently wipe his face clean with a corner of the pillow case on which he lay, and then bend down to capture his open mouth with hers while her huge hand encompassed his crotch.

"Now, baby," she whispered into his mouth, "you belong to me. You're gonna be my little love toy for as long as I want you and whenever I want you. I've only begun to show you the things I can do to you, and you're gonna love them all, just like you loved what I did to you tonight. Didn't you, baby?"



He was half sobbing with the realization that, indeed, she was right, that he was hers, bound to her with chains of ecstasy and the knowledge that she could do anything she wanted with his helpless body. Almost unconsciously, he felt his arms wind up around her neck in abject surrender to her embrace as, with a triumphant laugh, she lifted herself off the bed, carrying him with her, and, cradling him like a small child in her mighty arms, carried him downstairs to the game-room.

THE END

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