

Powder Puff Boy

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This story contains coarse language and scenarios of sexual and erotic situations. Reader discretion is advised.

I was twenty-two and struggling through my senior year of university. Financially struggling, I needed a job badly. I finally ended up getting a job as a 'Powder Boy' in a plastics injection molding plant. The job was not as effeminate as it sounded and required more brawn than brains. The machines ran 24/7. They had a full time person Monday to Friday and needed a person to cover the weekends. Eight hours on Saturday and Sunday on my own and eight hours on Friday with the lead hand to 'hand over'. I didn't want to work the Friday but I could see the necessity and they offered me two dollars over minimum!

I showed up first thing on Friday and was introduced to the lead hand Jake. Jake was also known as Jack, Jacky or, as on the pay stub: Jacquelynn. Jacquelynn was twenty, looked eighteen, and was gorgeous! She had started this job at fourteen using fake ID that showed her as eighteen. Pass for eighteen six years running---not bad! I wondered if she was married---engaged---going steady---did she date? Did I say she was gorgeous? Pretty round face, cool green eyes, red hair cut square to her shoulders. She was five-eight, a hundred and forty which I thought was heavy but she carried it well. Today she was wearing jeans and a sweat shirt, bra underneath, and work boots. Even in work clothes, no denying her long legs, great looking hips and ass, slender waist and good breasts, all in proportion.

The machines operated on ground level. The plastic pellets were fed into the machine hoppers from the second floor---this was our job. The machines were lined up along the east and west walls. Fifteen on the east and twenty on the west. All the various raw materials, the pellets, were delivered in forty pound bags and stockpiled in the middle. Some materials had to go through a dryer and some had to have color added. Forty-five gallon drums were three-quarters filled with plastic pellets then a predetermined amount of pigment was added. The drum was placed in a tumbler and mixed for about twenty minutes. The pigment had the texture of flour and the dust hung in the air and stuck to everything. This was the toughest part of the job and was the origin of the name 'Powder Boy'.

This had been her fiefdom for the last five years and she had developed a system that worked perfectly. She was highly respected but in deference to her gender she got tagged with 'Powder Puff Boy'. I soon realized why she was heavier than she looked---she was all muscle! For the last six years she had been heaving forty pound bags around

and jockeying barrels that weighed four hundred and fifty pounds! A few times I saw her in a t-shirt and yes, arm muscles were visible when she lifted, but they weren't peaked like you would expect. What was noticeable was the thickness in her lats and shoulders as well as her arms!

Fridays we prepared sufficient materials for the weekend so all I had to do was go from machine to machine and keep the hoppers filled. Occasionally I might have to mix up a batch or two if we started to run close and occasionally she would get me to mix up batches for Monday if she knew she was going to be pressured.

On the fourth Friday I got there an hour early and started in on my own. Yes---this impressed her---but not enough for a date. She wasn't married, engaged, or going steady. She also wasn't dating---at least she wasn't dating me. I tried for the next four weeks to get a date but she wouldn't budge. She did the pubs and played pool and darts but usually went and returned on her own---she wasn't ready to make any commitments.

Another Friday and I tried again---no success---even though I offered to wine and dine her at one of the more upscale eateries.

When I arrived Saturday morning she was already there. Twenty bags of plastic lay flat on the floor forming a square about ten by ten. She was wearing short denim cutoffs and a strapless bandeau top.

"If you can pin me or make me 'give' I'll go out with you." She said.

What a lot of skin---what fantastic legs---and she wants to wrestle! My eyes raced up and down, down and up, trying to take her all in---and she wants to wrestle?

"Wrestle?" I choked. "You want to wrestle?"

"Take off your shirt and boots." She slipped out of her joggers and stepped barefoot onto the corner of the bags. "They're not mats but they're a softer landing than the cement." I stripped off my shirt and pulled off my boots and socks and followed her onto the bags. We were going to wrestle! The idea had never crossed my mind---that's why I got an immediate erection and was trembling with anticipation!

We circled and warily moved closer to each other. "You've got forty minutes---one pin or one submission and you win."

I was definitely out of my league---six years of slugging forty pound bags---she was strong as an ox! Her legs were like lumber and when she wrapped them around my chest I

thought she was going to kill me. We went this route about four time---each time she over powered me easily---locked me between her legs---and squeezed till I gagged my submission. Don't get the idea I went down without a struggle---her scissor holds were just impossible break and once she started to apply the pressure and took my breath away I had to submit. At last she changed her tactics. I made it to my hands and knees---she straddled my neck and pulled the back of my head tight into her crotch---then proceeded to crush my head between her thighs! After squirming and squealing for ten seconds submitting to this was a given!

She paced at the edge while I got to my feet. About five minutes to go. I faced her and she was on me like flies on dog shit! Using what I thought was a judo move she got me down on my back and covered me in a pin. Her knees were at chest level and my arms were pinned solidly at the wrists. Of course she kept her bum high so I couldn't bump her off. She was strong enough to keep me pinned using just her arm strength. She was looking down at me---her striking hair fell halfway across her face and her green eyes gazed at me impishly. We made eye contact---she knew I had a monster hard-on and was in distress. She leaned to the left, then to the right then back to the left picking up the momentum to roll us over. I figured I was in for another round of body scissors but somehow she pulled her legs in and lurched causing my legs to splay. Suddenly I was on top---my knees astride her chest---her arms overhead. She wanted me to pin her!

I immediately grabbed her wrists, forced them to the bags and brought my knees up into her arm muscles. Her arms, like her legs, had no padding and were solid! A lot like kneeling on a two by four! Not Arnold oak but Jake pine? It took all my strength and concentration to hold her down. Using just her upper body strength she lifted me right up and I had to focus all my weight on her arms. Mind-blowing power! After lifting me right up several times I could sense that she was wearing down---she was only able to lift one arm at a time.

Finally she gave up---obviously relaxed---then said: "Pick me up at seven?"

The End