

BIG BAD LIZ

(an MC story)

(amysconquest.com)



There's no doubt about it, Elizabeth Simpson is one big, strong girl. Known simply as Big Liz to everyone (her friends call her Lizzy) the extremely well built, 18 year-old high school senior is a sight to behold. Standing six feet - four inches tall and tipping the scales at around 275 well proportioned pounds, the All-State champion in the women's shot put and discus throw (as well as the two time MVP center on her school's champion basketball team), Elizabeth is an Amazon in every sense of the word. And if all that isn't impressive enough, the beautiful girl with long blond hair also holds a third degree black belt in Tae Kwon Do. Liz began training in the Korean martial art form at the local dojo when she was just five years old and is now a master instructor there. It isn't an unusual sight to see Liz demonstrating her awesome skills to her students by smashing wooden boards into toothpicks or shattering bricks with her lethal hands and feet. In short, Elizabeth Simpson is not someone you want to mess with or tick off.



Like most high school girls her age though, she loves to go shopping, see movies and date boys. Unfortunately however, her size, strength and martial arts skills scare away most of the guys she meets - after all, what boy wants to date a girl who can crush you like an eggshell? Once, a year ago when Elizabeth was 17, a boy she really liked a lot asked her out to dinner and a movie. Things seemed to be going very well until they went out for coffee afterwards. There, she and her date - who plays split end on her high school football team - ran into several of his teammates. They began to tease him for dating the huge girl and, as a result, he never asked her out again. Life isn't always easy when you're a big, strong, tough female.

Although she tries to be as normal as everyone else, there's one thing Elizabeth has absolutely

no tolerance for - bullies; the kids who, simply because they are larger and stronger than most of the other students, use their superior size and strength to intimidate them. On more than one occasion the powerful girl has used her unique combination of size, strength and martial arts skills to *straighten out* some tough guy (or guys) she found picking on other students. In fact, Elizabeth once singlehandedly eliminated an entire gang of bullies who were extorting money from other students. She literally beat them all up - there were about ten of them - and made them return the money they had extorted. But Lizzy's greatest challenge still lay ahead of her - she wanted to teach all the tough, macho, arrogant jocks on the football team a lesson.

For the three years Elizabeth had attended Lincoln High, they were the one group of students that the powerful girl felt was out of her reach. Because they continued to win the city title year after year, - thus giving their school both enormous notoriety and prestige - the players came to feel that they had 'carte blanche' to behave in whatever manner they wished.

As a result, these macho men assumed for themselves a higher status than the other students. For three years Elizabeth quietly tolerated this situation. But now, with the final football season of her high school career over, the strong girl decided that somebody should punish them for their behavior over the past few years. As it was obvious to her that neither the faculty of the school nor their coaches could do it,



so she would have to take matters into her own hands. "This situation has gone on for far too long," the beautiful blond said to herself one day. "It's time to set things right."

It was a relatively warm, sunny, Tuesday afternoon for January when the large, muscular girl began to make her way over to the men's weight room. Lizzy knew that many of the football players would be working out at this hour because, even though their season ended a few weeks earlier (with yet another city championship), they still used the weight room on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons to keep in shape - either for their college tryouts or for the next season. So if Elizabeth wanted to catch a lot of the players together - which she did - then this would be the best time to do it. The strong, tough and beautiful blond opened the door to the men's weight room and boldly went inside.



The entire room suddenly became quiet when the large Amazon entered. Elizabeth calmly locked the door (the only door leading in or out of the weight room) and put the key in her pocket. She then turned around to face the room full of surprised athletes. "You boys have been a royal pain in the ass to most of the students here for a long time," Big Liz began in a stern tone of voice, "and now it's time to pay the piper! You've had this coming to you, and now you're all going to get what you deserve...a good, sound beating!" The large, statuesque blond stood in front of the doorway with her hands on her hips facing about 20 big, strong boys and continued, "and nobody leaves this room without one! So who wants to be first?"

"And just who in the fuck do you think you are?" Jerold, the 280 pound offensive right tackle, team leader as well as the strongest boy in school, blurted out.

"Well, you can call me the Grim Reaper if you like Jerry," Elizabeth answered with a smile. "Or the Angel of Vengeance; whichever you prefer. But regardless of what you call me, you're all going to pay for the torment you put most of the school through these past three years."

Jerold rose from the bench he was sitting on and approached the muscular blond. "Get the fuck out of here this minute!" he demanded.

"Hmmm...those are tough words there Jerry," the intrepid girl replied, still with her hands on her hips. "But can you back them up?"

"You bet your ass I can, you dike!" The powerful boy threw a hard right hook at Elizabeth but, to the surprise of everyone there, she calmly held up her left hand and caught his fist in mid-air. Momentarily stunned by this, Jerold quickly recovered and sent his left fist into Elizabeth's stomach. THUD! But nothing happened. The large girl just stood there and smiled, still holding Jerold's right fist firmly in her left hand. "That was pathetic Jerry," she laughed, "simply pathetic. Care to try again?" He did -POW! - but his second effort was no more successful than his first. A third followed. But against Elizabeth's rock-hard abs, all Jerry managed to do was hurt his hand.



Not wanting to injure him too badly, the powerful girl then released her grip on Jerold's right hand and gave him a hard, open-handed slap across the face; knocking him to the mats. "Well, that's one down and only about twenty more to go," she giggled. "Who wants to be next? And don't be shy now boys; tee, hee, hee."

"Get her men!" Jerold shouted from the floor as he held the side of his face with his bruised hand. "Get rid of this androgynous freak!" As if on cue, most of the remaining football players began to converge on the lone female (although a few did hold back - one in particular which didn't escape Elizabeth's notice). What followed next had to be seen to be believed. In fact, even many of those who witnessed it first hand don't believe it. For even though they were there, it still seems an impossible feat.

In order to take on all of her attackers at once, the six foot-four inch, 275 pound Tae Kwon Do expert transformed herself into an invincible fighting machine; the likes of which none of the boys had ever encountered before. In an incredible display of strength, speed, and martial arts expertise – not unlike a Cynthia Rothrock, Michelle Yeoh or Angela Mao movie – Elizabeth became a blur of punches and kicks and soon began to wreck havoc throughout the weight room. The biggest, strongest and toughest boys in her school were stunned by the power of her onslaught as Big Liz began to flatten them left and right with her vicious, board shattering blows.

WHAM! A powerful kick to the head put a large linebacker flat on his back. CRACK! An equally strong thrust to the jaw and a 265 pound defensive end joined him on the floor. They were soon to be joined by another...and another...and another. POW! SLAM! SMASH! BAM! WHACK!...and on and on it went. Even when one of the boys did managed to hit her, Big Liz just laughed it off; she hardly seemed to feel it.



Around and around Elizabeth whirled with the speed of a figure skater and the grace of a ballet dancer - a ballet dancer with lethal hands and feet that is. She seemed to strike out in ten different directions at once; punching, kicking and blocking all over the weight room. Many of the boys later confessed that they never saw anyone move so fast, nor hit as hard as Liz did. And as she whirled around the weight room, her long, beautiful blond hair flew out in all over the place. With fists that can break slabs of concrete and feet that can literally knock down walls, this amazing girl began to litter the weight room floor with football players; and as the battle raged on, it became obvious to just about everyone there that this one girl was simply too much for the guys to handle.

With the tide clearly turning against them, and the only avenue of escape locked, several of the less courageous boys looked for an alternative way of getting out. They pried open a side window and a few of them managed to squeeze through. Elizabeth noticed their escape out of the corner of her eye but was unable to do anything about it for the time being; all her concentration being focused on the more important matters at the moment. "I'll deal with them later," she said to herself, "first things first." BAM!... SOCK!... WHACK!...CRUNCH!...POW!...

Fifteen minutes after the fight began, not one single football player was left standing. The *weight room massacre* (as it would be known from then on) was over and a surreal quiet descended on the room. In those amazing fifteen minutes, the massive girl managed to do something that no other high school football team had managed to do for three years - defeat the boys of Lincoln High; and she did it all by herself. Elizabeth stood in the center of the room with her hands on her hips; a smiling, six foot-four inch, 275 pound muscular Amazon with long, blond hair falling down to her waist. Scattered around her, battered and beaten all over the weight room floor, were 16 strong, tough football players; the pride of her school. "Well that was a lovely workout," she smiled as she surveyed the scene, "I'll take care of the rest of the team later." But when she gazed into one of the large wall mirrors and saw her only causality from the fight, the big girl frowned. "Gosh, my hair's such a mess now."

Stepping over several battered, sobbing boys, the mighty girl reached her purse, took out her hairbrush and calmly began brushing her beautiful hair. Just as she was finishing however, there was a loud knock on the weight room door. "What the hell is going on in there?" Larry Grant, the head football coach yelled. "Open the damn door immediately!" (He and two of his assistant coaches were no doubt alerted about what was going on by the players who escaped through the window).

"Hold your horses," Elizabeth said as she stepped over several more football players and made her way to the door. When she opened it, Big Liz flashed them a pretty smile. "Why hello there coach, nice of you to drop by. I've been meaning to have a talk with you too." When she saw the stunned look Coach Grant and the other coaches had on their faces, Liz laughed and added, "your boys and I were just having a little discussion about the way they've been behaving towards the other students in school. Why don't you guys come in and join us?"



Before they even had time to react, the powerful girl grabbed the three large men by their shirts and yanked them inside, then she locked the door again. "As coaches of the football team and supposedly mature adults I'm holding you and your staff responsible for the behavior of your players too. SMACK! You should have been as concerned about the way they acted in school - POW! - as you were about their performance on the football field - SOCK! Your failure to provide them with leadership and discipline - CRACK! - made what I did to them today necessary - WHAM! So I think I need to teach you a lesson too." WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!... Several minutes later, the three beaten and bloodied coaches joined their players on the weight room floor. "Damn," Elizabeth said with a sigh, "now my hair's a mess again."

The mighty girl then forced the sixteen battered football players and their coaches to stand up in a row. Standing before them with her hands on her hips, Big Liz gave them stern, ten minute lecture about why she beat them all up and how she expected them to behave from now on.



"And finally," Elizabeth said as she neared the conclusion of her speech, "don't think that the boys who weren't here today, or the ones who escaped through the window got away with anything. I'm giving them all 48 hours from now to come to me for their punishment. And anyone I find after that - and believe me, I will eventually find them all - will be punished even more severely!" The powerful, six foot-four inch, 275 pound Amazon then slammed her right fist hard into her left palm, SMACK!!! "Do I make myself clear?"

Their heads bowed in shame and humiliation they all nodded obsequiously.

"Good. Now before I leave I'm going to brush my pretty hair again; and you're all going to watch me. I'll be looking in the mirror and I want to see all of your eyes on me all the time! I also don't want to hear a peep out of any of you, understand? You're not to make a single sound until I'm gone." Liz knew she was rubbing it in now (leaving no doubt whatsoever in their minds that it was a beautiful girl who had so thoroughly dominated them) and it excited her...very much in fact. She took her hairbrush, turned to face the mirror and calmly began brushing her long blond hair while the football players and their coaches helplessly stood behind her. Battered, humiliated and so intimidated by the awesome female standing in front of them, they all watched in silence.

Elizabeth deliberately took her time brushing her hair; relishing in the complete domination she had over the tough, strong males she forced to stand behind her (somewhere in the middle of brushing her hair, she even had an orgasm). And when she noticed that many of the guys had huge bulges in their pants, the powerful girl couldn't help herself from laughing. When she was finished, Elizabeth put the hairbrush back into her purse and slung it over her shoulder. Before leaving however, Big Liz issued a stern warning, "I remind you again: the rest of your team and coaching staff have two days to come to me and receive their punishment. It'll be a whole lot worse on them if I have to hunt them down - you make sure they all get the message!" With that, the large Amazon left the weight room..."and do have yourselves a nice day boys," she giggled on her way out.

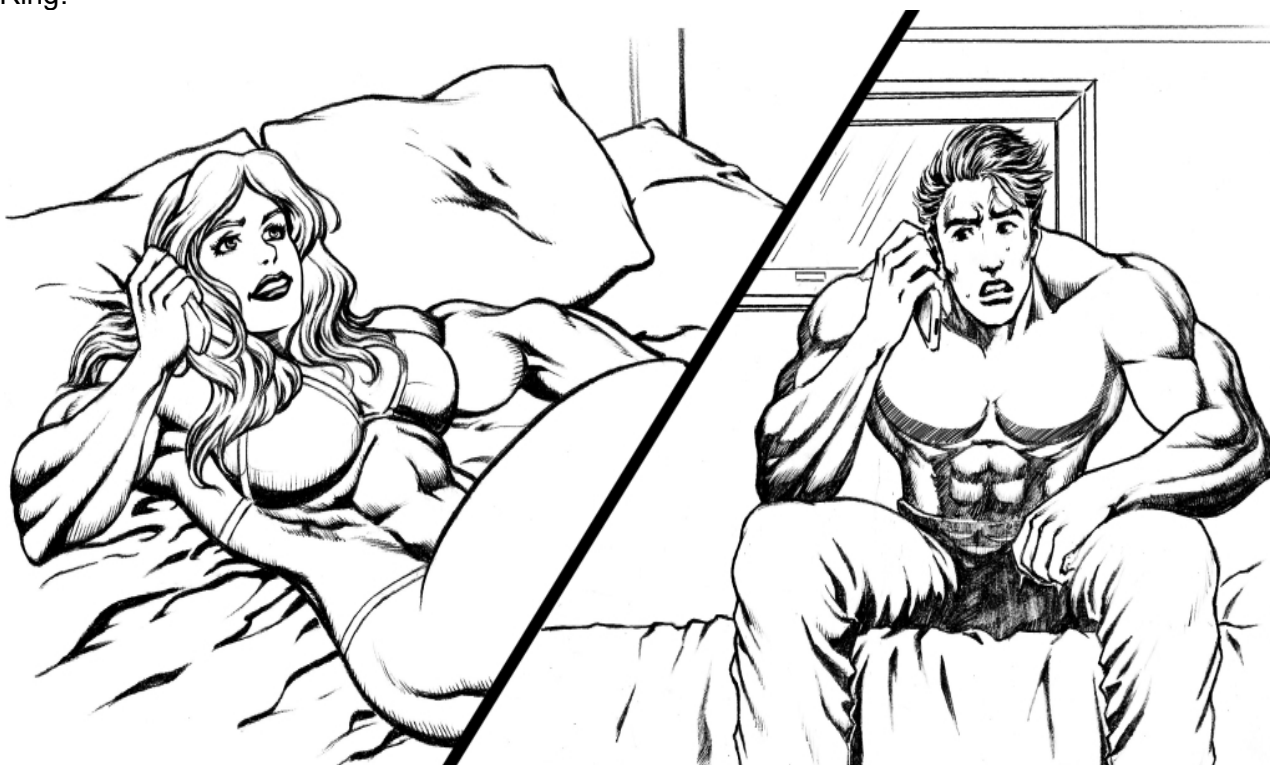


Over the course of the next two days, the remaining players on the football team - those that weren't in the weight room at the time and those who escaped through the window - reluctantly got up the courage to face the awesome female. And when they did so, Elizabeth gave them a choice of punishment: either a black eye or a spanking. Fearing her mighty fist, most choose a spanking. Big Liz would take them into the nearest rest-room (male or female, it didn't matter) and whack their behinds twenty times hard with her bare hand. And when she was through with them, not one of the rough, tough football players wasn't crying as a result. Elizabeth would then wipe their eyes with a tissue and calmly explain why she felt the need to punish them; and how she hoped it would not be necessary to do so again.

Big Liz also used this as an opportunity to settle an old score with the sexy, stuck-up cheerleaders who have been teasing her behind her back since she began high school. She entered the woman's locker room just as they were finishing their cheerleading practice, grabbed the six girls firmly by their long hair (three in each hand) and dragged them - kicking and screaming - into the ladies room; and that's where the custodian found them, two hours later. They had their hair tied together in a tight knot, a pair of panties stuffed into each of their mouths and their buttocks were very, very red.

By Thursday afternoon, every one of the players on the Lincoln High School football team as well as their coaching staff had been punished; every one that is, except Mitchell Cochrine. He was one of the players who managed to escape through the window in the weight room while Liz was beating up the rest of the team and nobody had seen him since. The irony of it is, Mitchell lives right across the street from Elizabeth. "He's probably hiding under his bed," Liz laughed to herself as she walked home from school that Thursday afternoon. "I guess I'll have to pay my neighbor a visit."

Mitchell wasn't hiding under his bed, but he was afraid to leave his house. He'd heard about what happened after he and a few others escaped out of the window; what his powerful neighbor did to the rest of the team as well as the coaches and cheerleaders. Mitchell was scared, plain and simple. So he took the honorable route...he pretended to be sick. "Ring! Ring!" his phone rang. Mitchell knew who it probably was, and he also knew he'd have to face her eventually - he couldn't hide in his home forever. But he heard about what Elizabeth said in the weight room, that anybody that didn't come to her by Thursday afternoon would be punished even more severely. "Ring! Ring!"



"Hello."

"Well hello there neighbor," the female voice on the other end of the line said. "I haven't seen you in school for the past two days (giggles); not feeling well are we?"

"I'm...I'm, well...you see...Elizabeth...it's...it's..."

"Stop playing childish games with me Mitch. I think we both know what the problem is. You're afraid of what I'm going to do to you, and I can certainly understand that. Hell, I'd be scared in your position too. But you can't hide from me forever; and it wouldn't be fair to the other members of your team if I let you off the hook just because we're neighbors. So I'll tell you what I'll do. Even though the deadline I set has passed, if you come over here now I'll give you exactly what I gave the others; no better, but no worse, O.K.?" There was a long pause on the other end of the line.

"Mitch!" Big Liz said – a lot more forcefully this time - "please don't make me come over there and get you; then you'll really have something to be afraid of. I'm giving you a break here Mitch. So get your butt over here and take your punishment like a man; understand?"

"Yes Elizabeth. I...I understand."

"O.K. then. So you're coming over?"

Mitchell gulped hard before he finally said, "yes Elizabeth...I'm...I'm coming over."

"Goody. The front door's open and my parents are away. I'll be in my bedroom. See you soon."
(click)



Mitchell hung up the phone and sighed. Realizing he had no other choice (except, perhaps, to flee the country) he left his house and slowly began to walk across the street. He entered Elizabeth's home and, shaking with fear, approached the door to her bedroom.

"Knock, knock."

"Come right on in honeybunch." Reluctantly, he did.

The massive girl was sitting in front of her dresser, brushing her beautiful blond hair. "It's not easy having hair as long as mine Mitch," she said with a smile, "it requires constant care and attention." She brushed a few more strokes and then stood up. "Now, about our *business*. As I said to you over the phone, I'll make you the same offer I made to all the others. I'll either give you a black eye or a spanking; the choice is yours."

Mitchell stared up at the huge girl standing before him. Not only was she very large and immensely strong, but she had the speed and grace of a deer and the fighting ability of a tigress; maybe even two. He saw enough of what she could do in the first few minutes of the fight in the weight room; how she punched the biggest and strongest players on his team around as if they were children. Even the few that were larger than she was - like Jerold - were no match for her fighting ability. Mitch knew that if he and the few others that lost their nerve and escaped had stayed around, it wouldn't have made much of a difference. Big Liz was, in a word, incredible. "Well honey, what's your choice?"

"A...a spanking."

"Good," Elizabeth said with a smile, "I was hoping you'd choose that." She walked over to the edge of her bed and sat down. "All right then, drop your pants and come over here (she pointed to her enormous, muscular thighs); and drop your underwear too." Meekly, Mitchell did as he was told. He bent down and draped himself across her awesome thighs. "Ready?" the huge girl asked.

"Ready," came his sombre reply.

Elizabeth lifted up her powerful right arm and SPANK!...SPANK!...SPANK! "You do know why I'm doing this, don't you Mitch?"

"Yes," he replied, trying hard not to let out that he was already in pain; trying, but not succeeding. Even though he knew Elizabeth was strong, he never imagined that she was *this* strong. After only three spanks he had had enough. Unfortunately for him though, there were still 17 more to go.

"Why?" SPANK!...SPANK!

"Because me and the rest of the guys on the football team behaved like assholes. We felt we were superior to the rest of the students; that we ruled the school."

"That's correct Mitch." SPANK!...SPANK!...SPANK! "And are you going to a good boy and behave yourself from now on?" SPANK!...SPANK!

"Yes. Yes, I'll behave." Mitchell's resistance broke down now. If this was how he felt after only ten of her blows, how could he ever survive the next ten? His pride shattered, the six foot, 200 pound split end began to cry. "Yes Elizabeth," he repeated sobbing, "yes, I'll behave myself."

The mighty female paused and sighed before saying what she wanted to say next. "There's another reason why I'm punishing you Mitch," she said in a soft voice. "You hurt me when you didn't asked me out again after our date last year Mitchell; you hurt me very much."

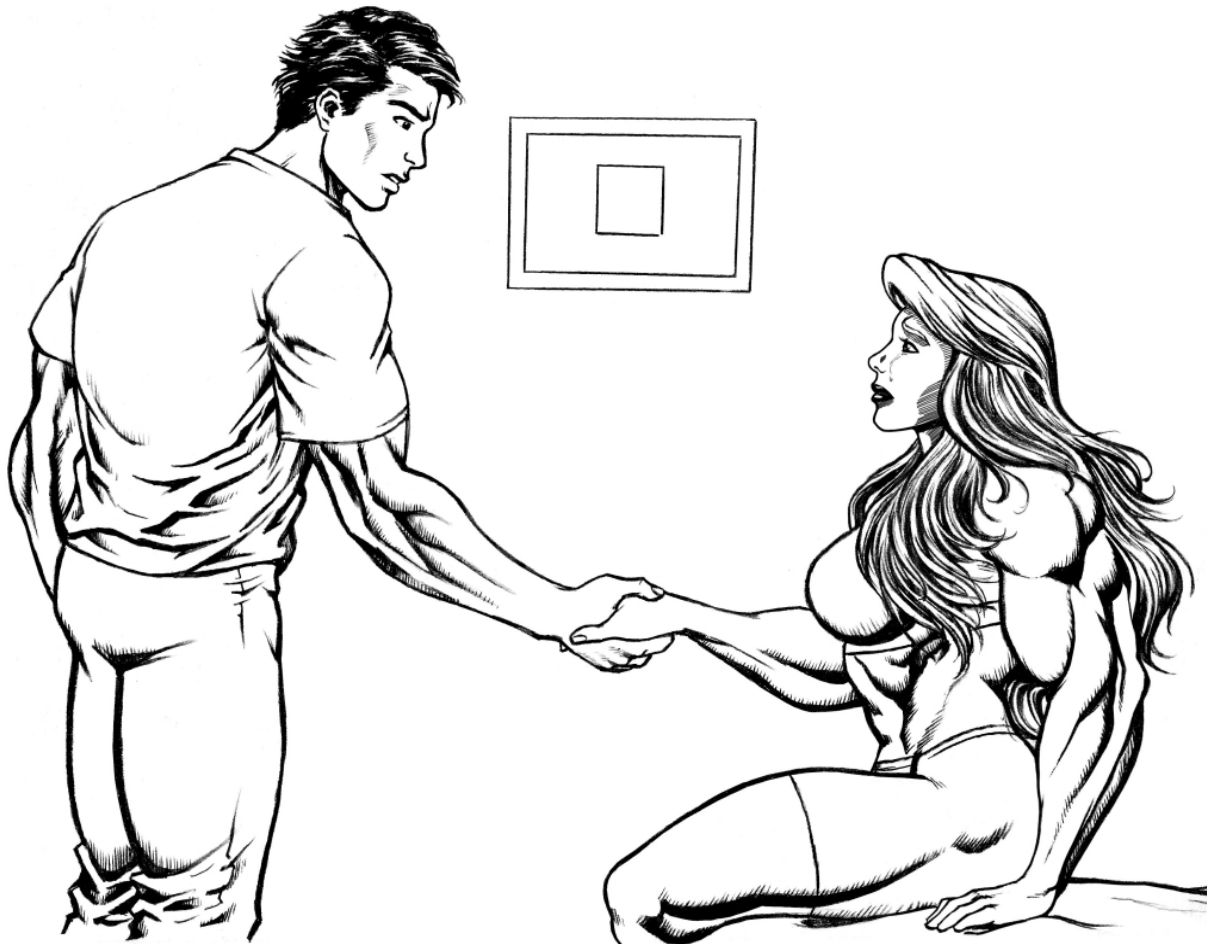
"I'm...I'm sorry Elizabeth (sob), I'm so, so sorry."



"You said you liked me that night, remember? And yet you let your football buddies dictate who you're allowed to date."

Mitchell didn't respond for a minute. Draped across Elizabeth's massive thighs, he knew she was right. He knew he had hurt her, and he also knew she had the power to punish him for it. "Yes Liz, you're right. But I want you to understand something; I'm not nearly as strong and tough as you are. You took on most of our football team all by yourself - and kick our asses. I'm not like you. I wanted to belong, to be accepted as part of the elite group of jocks in our school; the *in* crowd. And in order to that you have to go along with their rules; peer pressure you know. I didn't mean to hurt you Elizabeth; really, I didn't." Mitch looked into the mirror on the wall across the room and saw Elizabeth's mighty hand poised to strike his rear end again. "Do what you feel you must Liz, I know I deserve it. But please believe me when I tell you that I never meant to hurt you." Mitch then gritted his teeth and prepared himself for the ten more brutal spanks he knew were coming. "I deserve this," he repeated, "I really deserve this."

But instead of the hard spanks Mitch was anticipating, Elizabeth did a surprising thing. She lowered her hand to within an inch of his already sore buttocks and repeated softly, "I just wanted you to know that you hurt me. I may appear strong and tough on the outside, but inside I'm just as vulnerable as anyone else." She then patted him gently ten more times. "That's so you can tell your team-mates you also received your twenty spanks. I'm through punishing you Mitch. You can return to your home now if you want to, and you don't have to hide in your bedroom anymore."



As the chastised football player got up from her thighs, Mitchell couldn't help but notice that Elizabeth had tears in her eyes. Elizabeth? Tears? This incredible supergirl who just two days earlier beat up most of his football team - as well as the coaches - all by herself; crying? For a few moments Mitch stood there in silence looking down at her (Elizabeth was still sitting on her bed) and pondering what he should do next. Then he smiled, sat down beside her and said, "Elizabeth, I've been wanting to tell you this for a long, long time but never could build up the courage. You have the most beautiful hair I've ever seen. Can I brush it?"

When Liz heard this, the sad look she had on her face vanished and was immediately replaced by one of radiance. "Yes Mitch," she replied with a wide smile, "I'd really like it if you did."

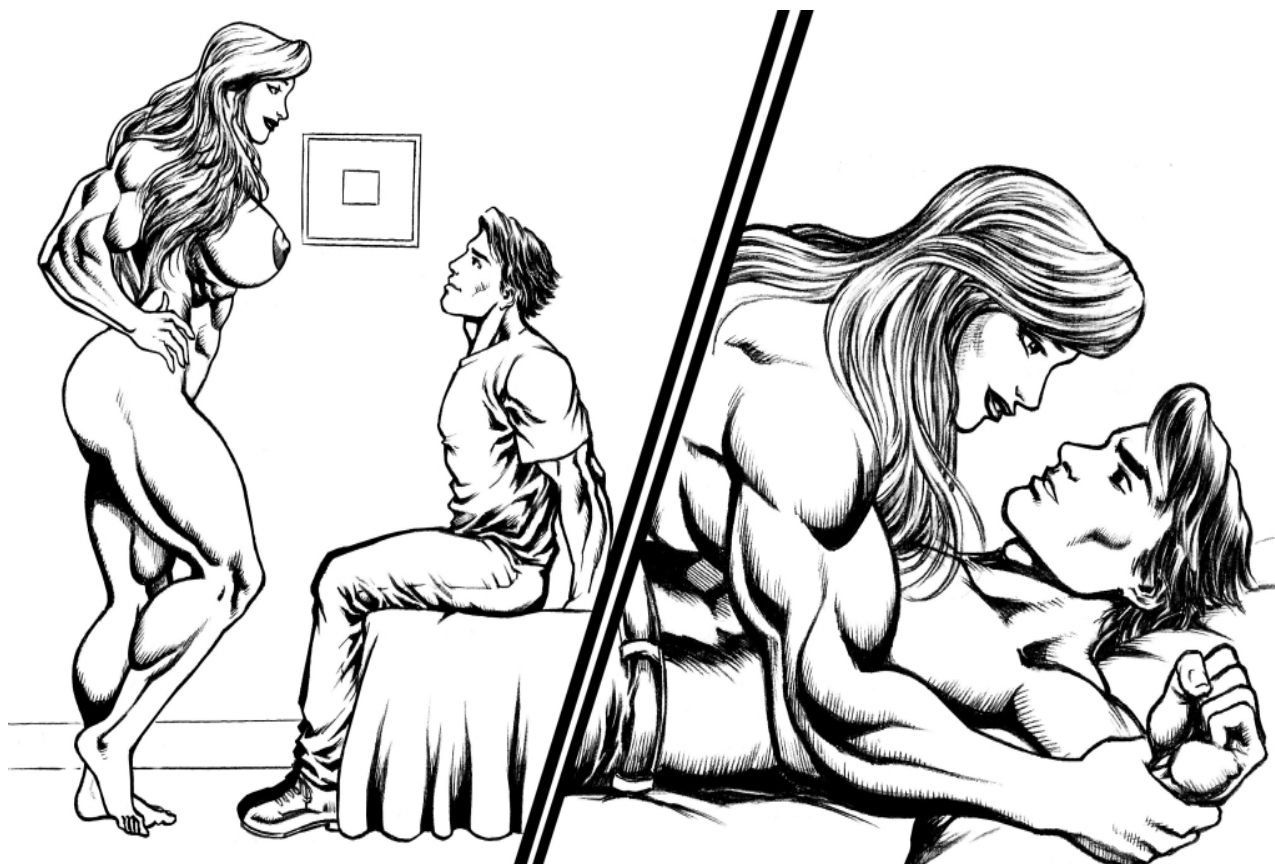
Mitchell went over to Elizabeth's dresser and returned with her hairbrush. He sat down behind her on the bed and began to stroke her long, thick, beautiful blond hair. As he did so, Big Liz reached back with her strong right hand and began to gently fondle his penis (Mitch was still naked from the waist down), which quickly became hard...very hard. "Do you like brushing my hair Mitch?"

"Yes Elizabeth, I do. I find it very...erotic."

Giggling like a little girl now, the mighty Amazon said, "in that case, I here-by appoint you to be my official 'hair brusher'," and gave his penis a firm squeeze.

Mitchell stopped brushing Elizabeth's hair and wrapped his arms around her massive back. "And just what does that entail, your majesty?"

"You're to be over here no later than 8am every morning. You'll brush my hair until it's soft and pretty. Then you and I will walk to school together, spend our free time together and walk home together. And if any of your football friends should give you any shit about it, you're to tell me who they are and I'll *take care* of them. We've already lost a year because of this silly, macho bullshit Mitch, and I'm not going to waist any more time."



Her hair neatly brushed, Elizabeth rose from the bed and began to undress, revealing for Mitch the full power of her awesome body - 275 pounds of raw, female muscle packed into a six foot-four inch frame with hands and feet that can shatter bricks; and beat up football players. She grabbed Mitch firmly by his shirt and literally ripped it off before shoving him on his back. Lying on top of him now, the beautiful Amazon wondered how many times she fantasized about having her handsome neighbor in this position; she couldn't even begin to count. Finally, she said what she wanted to say for years.

"Mitch, I love you. I've had a crush on you since I first moved into this neighborhood ten years ago. I would have told you this sooner but I was afraid my size and strength and fighting abilities might intimidate you; you know, that masculine pride thingie you guys have."

Mitchell began to laugh when she said this.

"What's so funny?"

"The irony of the situation. You were afraid of me rejecting you because you're so strong and tough. But the truth is, it's *because* of your size and strength that I find you so...well, so sexy. I just never had the courage to tell you this before because it isn't...well you know, socially acceptable for



guy's to like strong females. I'm lying here in bed with a girl who can beat up my entire football team, then forced them all to watch as she brushes her hair. That was a nice touch by-the-way; you really put us in our place. I came in my pants when I heard about it."

Elizabeth started to laugh too. "I just wanted to rub their macho noses in it; take them down a notch or two. But I also found it very erotic to have all those strong, tough guys completely under my power - I had an orgasm while I was brushing my hair; tee, hee, hee." Elizabeth reached down and began to fondle Mitchell's penis again. "And speaking of orgasms, my parents won't be back until Sunday evening. The house is ours until then. So I suggest we take advantage of the situation, lover-boy."

"As your official hair brusher, is that another one of my duties?"

The mighty Amazon put her muscular arms around the boy she had a crush on for the past ten years and squeezed him tightly into her large, firm breasts. "It's not a duty Mitch," she giggled, "it's one of the perks of the job."

THE END

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