

BOOM BOOM

- a Sonofjack story -

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I was sitting in my first period advance calculus class bored out of my skull. It isn't that my teacher Mr. Day doesn't try his best. It's just that he has a monotone voice that drones on and on. Besides, I knew advance calculus better than he did. I was already at least five chapters ahead of what he was blathering on about.

That's when I saw my salvation at the door in the form of my gorgeous girlfriend, Angela "Boom-Boom" Mancini. She got the nickname "Boom-Boom" when she began to develop breasts in fourth grade. When the other girls were trying out training bras a few years later, she was wearing double-D cups.

Her breasts just kept on getting bigger and bigger. By the time we started dating in tenth grade, they were huge. Now that we're both high school seniors, her breasts are incredible 38J's.

As astounding as it may seem, Boom-Boom's huge tits were not the most unbelievable thing about her. When she was in eighth grade, she also revealed that she was incredibly strong. She told me later that she began to get strong at the same time that her breasts began to develop, and that the bigger her breasts got the stronger she became!

Did I mention that today her tits are 38J's. That makes them VERY big, and it also makes Boom-Boom VERY strong.

At first she didn't do anything to try to enhance her strength. She just naturally got stronger as her breasts grew. By the time she was in ninth grade, she was already stronger than any boy in high school. That's when she decided to see just how strong she could become by working out.

Almost as soon as she began to work out, her muscles began to develop. As a result, today she is a dark haired, dark eyed, olive-skinned beauty with huge tits and a muscular physique. Her ripped body is covered with lovely feminine muscles from head to foot.

I don't mean to say that Boom-Boom is built like a female body-builder, but she has muscles that any fitness model would envy.

Even before she developed her muscles, Boom-Boom liked to dress in a way that showed off her huge boobs. After she began working out, she also liked to show off her toned arms, ripped abs and shapely legs as well. The school officials didn't always condone her style of dress even though most of the male students and male faculty greatly appreciated it.

Her solution to that was to simply take over the school. First she paid a visit to the principal and had a little chat with him about the dress code. She jumped up on his desk and lifted him by his lapels and "discussed" it with him. Next, she paid a visit to the superintendent and had a similar discussion with him.

It wasn't that she wanted to change the dress code for the other students. She just let everyone in authority know that she was not going to follow the same rules as everybody else. Anyone who didn't like it was quickly shown the error of their ways by Boom-Boom. They all very quickly learned that Boom-Boom always got her way. Always.

Thank God a few years ago, she decided that getting her own way included getting me as a boyfriend. Every morning when I wake up, I thanked God or the fates or whoever is in charge that I get to live another day as Boom-Boom Mancini's plaything.

That almost brings us back to where our story began. There is one other pertinent fact you ought to know. I just turned eighteen a few weeks ago. Boom-Boom turned eighteen about a month before that. Boom-Boom refused to go "all the way" with me until we were both of legal age. She promised her dead mother or something. Since we both turned eighteen though, she can't seem to get enough of my dick.



I've never been able to get enough of her tits or her muscles. Now that her pussy is in the mix, life just could not get any better.

So I look up and I saw Boom-Boom standing in the classroom doorway. I've already told you that she had dark hair, dark eyes and olive skin. I should elaborate and say that her hair was silky smooth and reached to the middle of her back. I should also clarify that her eyes were large and doe-like. She had a smallish nose and pouty lips that were usually curled into a confident, almost bratty smile.

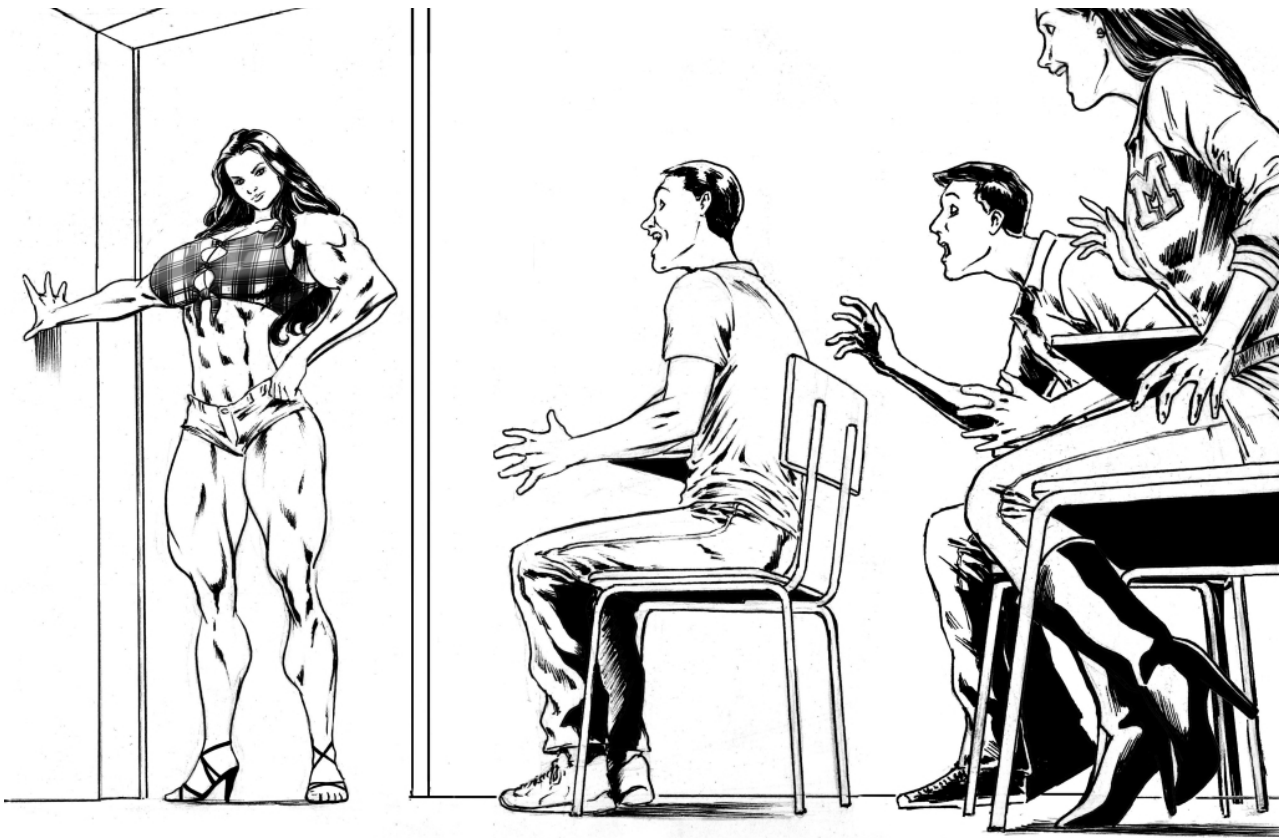
Despite her super-toned body, her face was all softness and lush curves. Her olive complexion was smooth and flawless. Her shoulders and torso were broad which they had to be to support her enormous breasts. Yet her waist tapered down to a toned and relatively trim twenty-six inches. Her hips were wide and womanly and her ass was pert and round and rock solid tight. Her legs were muscular and sexy with toned thighs and calves.

Today, as most days, Boom-Boom was dressed to attract attention. She was wearing a button down sleeveless belly shirt with the top four buttons undone. This had three effects. It showed off several inches of cleavage while at the same time displaying her toned muscular arms and providing a tantalizing peak of her incredibly ripped abs. The fashioned buttons on her shirt looked like they were being stretched to the breaking point and that they would pop at any second.

I'm sure that most of male students and faculty (and many of the females) were hoping those buttons would pop because Boom-Boom obviously was not wearing a bra. Her large nipples were practically poking right through the thin fabric of her shirt.

I'm sure that just the thought of seeing Boom-Boom's spectacular tits pop out was enough to make a lot of people at that school light-headed with lust. They had that effect on me, and I, unlike them, got to see Boom-Boom's bombastic boobs on a daily basis. I knew what it felt like to fondle them. I knew what they tasted like. I knew what it felt like to use them as pillows while I napped.

Below she was wearing cut-off jean shorts that hugged her bulbous ass. Her shorts and the high heeled sandals she was wearing displayed her amazing, shapely legs to perfection.



"Ahem," Boom-Boom said to get Mr. Day's attention.

"Oh, it's you Miss Boom-Boom," Mr. Day said. Boom-Boom insisted that the teachers should address her as "Miss Boom-Boom" as a sign of respect.

"Sorry to interrupt, Bob," Boom-boom said. She addressed all the teachers by their first names just to remind them who was boss. "I'm here to pick up Marty. He's wanted in the principal's office."

"Oh...does the principal want him for something?" Mr. Day asked.



"No, Bob, if you must know, I want to meet with Marty in private. I intend to do so in the principal's office. Do you know why I want to use the principal's office, Bob?"

"No, Miss Boom-Boom. Why?" Mr. Day knew better than to not ask why when Boom-Boom so clearly wanted him to.

"Because the principal has a nice big, comfy couch in his office and an adjoining private bathroom with a shower. You see, Bob, what I want to do with Marty in private in the principal's office is going to require that we take a shower together afterwards. Doesn't that paint a pretty picture in your head, Bob?"

"Yes, Miss Boom-Boom," Mr. Day responded. "But what if Mr. Vandalay is already using his office?"

"What a silly question, Bob," Boom-Boom replied. "If Verne is already using his office, he'll just have to clear out and let me have it anyway, don't you agree, Bob?" As she asked this question Boom-Boom raised her right arm and flexed her bicep. Mr. Day's eyes grew wide as Boom-Boom's bulging bicep grew until it peaked at fifteen inches.

"I... I suppose he will," Mr. Day conceded. He was transfixed by Boom-Boom's lovely, feminine muscle. It wasn't just the size of Boom-Boom's beautiful bicep that fascinated Mr. Day so much. It was the way it came to a round, perfect peak. It was the way it looked so solid and densely packed. Certainly there were male athletes at this school who had bigger muscles than Boom-Boom, but somehow, Boom-Boom's muscles looked more powerful.

This was one case where looks were not deceiving. Boom-Boom could lift at least three times more weight over her head than the strongest male athletes at this school could dead lift.

"Mr. Day, you're staring at me," Boom-Boom said with a girlish giggle.

"Oh! I'm sorry about that, Miss Boom-Boom," the middle aged father of four said. His face turned red with embarrassment. There was really no reason for him to be embarrassed. Anyone could understand why he was staring at the impossibly sexy eighteen year old power goddess.

Boom-Boom glanced down at Mr. Day's trousers and saw the pup tent in his crotch. When her eyes lifted and met Mr. Day's eyes, he knew that she had noticed his erection. He knew that Boom-Boom knew that he had a hard-on because he had been staring at her. This made him feel even more embarrassed and yet also just that much more aroused..

Boom-Boom gave him a saucy little smile as if to say, "It's okay, Mr. Day, you can't help it. You're just a man, and my sexy body affects all men that way." Mr. Day was relieved that Boom-Boom didn't say anything about his aroused penis in front of the class.

"Are you coming, Marty?" she asked. I jumped up and was heading towards the door as quickly as I could move. When I got to her, Boom-Boom effortlessly tossed me over her broad shoulder and said, "Come on, Baby, Mommy needs you now, and you know that she hates to be kept waiting."

Boom-Boom looked over at Greg Blunt, one of my fellow students and said, "Greg, I want you to be sure to make a copy of today's classroom notes for Marty. Okay?"

"Sure, Boom-Boom, whatever you say." She knew that I didn't need Greg to take notes for me. She just looked around and saw the biggest guy in class and gave him an order. She knew that he would do whatever she told him to do. He knew that Greg would not dare take the chance of displeasing her. She wanted the rest of the class to know it too.

Before walking out of the classroom with me over her shoulder, she gave Mr. Day another quick glance and even blew him a little kiss. "Marty won't be back in class until tomorrow," Boom-Boom informed Mr. Day.

"That'll be fine, Miss Boom-Boom," Mr. Day said as if he had any choice in the matter.

She carried me through the school halls towards the principal's office. We must have looked pretty strange. One thing I forgot to mention was that despite her immense power and athletic build, Boom-Boom is only about average in height at 5'4". She weighed around one hundred and fifty-five pounds of mostly tits and densely packed muscles.

I, on the other hand, am just over six feet tall and weight an undernourished one hundred and forty-five pounds. Boom-Boom's powerfully built arms and legs are thicker than my own noodle-like appendages.

As we entered the outer office that led to the principal's private office, Boom-Boom said, "Hello, Madge, is Verne in his office?"

Madge was the school secretary. She hardly looked up and she said, "Yes, Boom-Boom." Madge was the only adult in the school who was not

required to address Boom-Boom as "Miss". Boom-Boom respected Madge. She didn't bother to tell Boom-Boom to "go right in" because the secretary already knew she would. Madge knew the score.

Mr. Vandalay's office door was closed. Boom-Boom grabbed the doorknob and twisted, only to find that the knob wouldn't turn. Mr. Vandalay had locked his door. It didn't matter to Boom-Boom. She simply squeezed the knob slightly harder. I could hear the sound of metal being crushed and she twisted the knob right off the door. She then pushed the door open and walked right into the office with me still over her shoulder.

"What's the idea of locking the door, Verne?" Boom-boom asked. She was clearly annoyed.

"Oh! Miss Boom-Boom! So nice to see you again," he lied.

"Yes, I know. Answer the question," Boom-Boom demanded.

"Well, after all, Miss Boom-Boom, it is my office..." Mr. Vandalay said timidly.

Verne Vandalay was a former green beret and a 6' 6", three hundred pound mountain of a man. He was known for showing up in the school's weight room and showing up all the young male athletes by bench pressing more weight than any of them despite the fact that he is in his mid-fifties.



Boom-Boom was known for showing up in the weight room and doing curls with three times the amount of weight Verne Vandalay could bench press. By now, Verne Vandalay was terrified of Boom-Boom, and Boom-Boom loved messing with him. I've personally seen Boom-Boom reduce Verne to a shivering, blubbing bowl of jello with just a harsh look. It looked like she might be about to do it again.



"Now, Verne, we've talked about this. Whose office is this?" she asked.

Mr. Vandalay bowed his head and said, "It's your office whenever you feel like using it, Miss Boom-Boom," he said quietly. Then he looked up with tears beginning to form in his eyes, "But I'm supposed to have a meeting with the superintendent in my office in ten minutes," he explained.

"Just tell him that Miss Boom-Boom needs your office to have some alone time with her boyfriend. Don't worry; Marvin will understand." Marvin, of course, was the first name of the school superintendent.

"By 'alone time' you mean..."

"I'm going to fuck my boyfriend on your couch, Verne. Now get out! Skedaddle!" Mr. Vandalay did just that.

Boom-Boom stuck her head out into the outer office and said, "Madge, put up a work order to repair this crushed doorknob, and please, see that Marty and I are not disturbed for the next few hours."

"You got it, boss" Madge replied. Madge knew the score.

Boom-Boom then closed the door behind her, turned around to me and said, "Alone at last!"

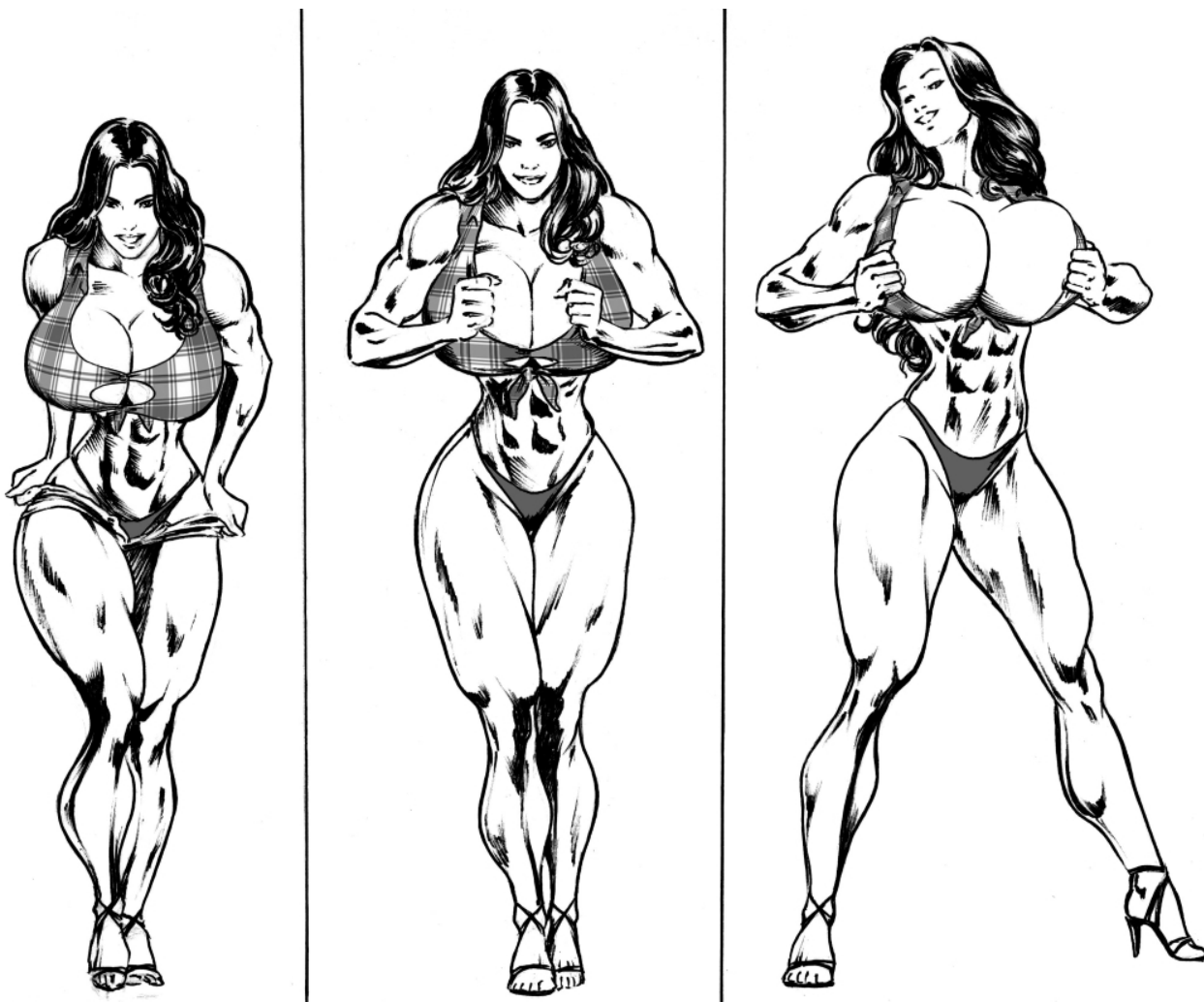
"Yeah," was my clever retort.

Boom-Boom walked over to me seductively slowly and grabbed my button down shirt at just below my chest and lifted me off the ground with one hand. She smiled up at me. "Don't you wish you were this strong?" she asked. I didn't answer. I was too entranced by the view. From this angle her savage cleavage looked even deeper and more delectable. I could so easily get lost in that cleavage. "Is something distracting you?" she giggled.

I just smiled and licked my eager lips. Boom-Boom casually tossed me a couple of feet through the air. I landed on Mr. Vandalay's - I mean Boom-Boom's – big comfy couch. "Sit down," Boom-Boom instructed as if I had a choice.

As I sat and watched, Boom-Boom began to sway her hips seductively to the music that was playing in her head. My heart began thumping so hard and so loud that it provided the rhythm section. "I noticed you practically drooling over my cleavage just then," Boom-Boom said in a throaty whisper. "Do my huge tits turn you on?"

She knew the answer, but she liked to hear me say it. In fact, if I didn't say it voluntarily, she'd force me to say it. "Yes, Boom-Boom, your huge tits turn me on very, very, very much."



She continued to sway her hips and threw in a few shoulder shimmies as well. "Do they make your dick hard?" she asked as she gave her giant, soft tits and light jiggle.

"Yes, Boom-Boom. Your giant, sexy, luscious tits make my dick very, very, very hard."

"That's what I thought," she said with a confident smile as she began to slowly unbutton the last few buttons keeping her shirt closed. When she unbuttoned the last one, her shirt opened up exposing most of her breasts, but not quite all. Her nipples were still concealed by the shirt that was loosely draped over them.

Boom-Boom's amazingly ripped abs which had just been hinted at before were also more fully visible. Boom-Boom began to sway seductively back and forth again but held on to the ends of her shirt tails to make sure that the shirt didn't open fully and reveal her gigantic tits in their full, unencumbered splendor. She smiled at me as she did this.

"You'd like to see these huge melons, wouldn't you, Baby?"

"Y-yes... p-p-please," I whined. My voice trembled with desire.

"Oh, yes, Little Man, Mommy likes a boy with polite manners. Tell me that you'd please like to see my huge, sexy, juicy melons again." Boom-Boom demanded.

"Please, Mommy, let your baby see your huge, sexy, juicy melons," I begged.

"But I don't understand; if you want to see my enormous jugs so bad, Little Man, why don't you stand up and take this flimsy little shirt right off me. Then you could see my enormous, swaying tits with nothing to block your view. Wouldn't that be nice? All you have to do is get up and take charge, Little Man?"

"Because you told me to 'sit down' when you threw me onto the couch, and you haven't given me permission to get back up yet," I replied. While I spoke, I didn't take my eyes off of Boom-Boom's huge undulating breasts. They were surging back and forth with nothing but air and a thin piece of cloth between them and me.



"But that's just silly, Sweet Baby; it almost sound like you're afraid to disobey me."

"I... I am afraid to disobey you, Boom-Boom," I admitted.

"You're afraid of little ol' me? But why? What is it about me that could scare you? I'm just a girl and you're a much taller man."

"But you outweigh me, Mommy," I pointed out.

Her eyes flash with anger, "Are you calling me fat?"

"No! No! Of course not! There's no fat on your luscious body anywhere... except in all the right places. No, I mean that you outweigh me because of your sexy super-dense muscles."

"Keep talking," Boom-Boom demanded.

"You've got s-such p-p-pretty and b-big muh-muh-muscles," I stammered.

Boom-Boom released her shirt tails and flexed both of her biceps. As she did, her giant tits also expanded and the shirt opened up so that her nipples were mere centimeters from exposure. Her twin fifteen inch peaks of power exploded onto her arms. "You mean these big, hard, sexy girl muscles?" she asked.

"Y-yes," I replied, "you're muscles are big and pretty and you're... you're..."

"I'm what?" Boom-Boom asked.

"You're strong, Boom-Boom. Very, very strong," I said.

"That's true," said Boom-Boom, "I'm much, much stronger than you could ever hope to be."

"No doubt about that," I agreed.



"So you're saying that because I'm sooo much stronger than you, you're afraid to get up without my permission?"

"Yes, Boom-Boom," I replied.

"You know what I like most about you, Marty?" Boom-Boom asked.

"What?"

"The thing I like most about you is that you're sooo smart." Then she thought about it for a few seconds and said, "No, scratch that! The thing I love most about you is your lovely dick! But the smart thing is very nice too."

"Thank you, Boom-Boom," I said.

She began to sway and shimmy again. "Did anyone ever tell you that you're adorable when you're afraid and horny?" she asked.

"You did, last night... and yesterday afternoon... and the night before that... and...."

"Well, it's true," she said, "And since you've been such a good boy, I'm going to show you my amazing tits." She started to slowly pull back her shirt when she suddenly turned her back to me. With her back to me, she completely removed her shirt. She revealed the lovely curve of the small of her back. She also flexed her back and shoulder muscles for me while she wiggled her delicious ass.

Boom-boom's tits were so huge that she showed more boob flesh with her back to me than most girls would facing front. When Boom-Boom turned around, she was holding her hand over her nipples. Despite her incredible strength, Boom-Boom's hands were dainty and girlish. Of course, they didn't come close to covering her monster tits.

She walked over to me and asked, "Would you like for me to show them to you now?"

"Yes, please," I replied.

"No problem," she said, "All you have to do is pull my hands away. Then I'll let you see my big tits. Not only that, but you can fondle them, play with them, kiss them, lick them and suck on them. Would you like that?"

"Yes, Boom-Boom, I would love that, but you know I can't pull your hands away." I said.

"How do you know unless you try?" she asked. "I didn't know that I had the strength to turn over a car until I tried for the first time. It turned out that it was easy."

So I tried to pull her hands away. I grabbed hold of her wrists with my bigger but weaker hands and began to pull her arms as hard as I could. I pulled and pulled with all of my might, but I knew it was futile. It was obvious that she didn't even have to strain to resist me. I was pulling with all my strength and she just giggled at me.



"Maybe if you tried using both hands on just one of my arms," she suggested. So I tried that, but it was hopeless. Even if there were ten of me using both hands I couldn't have moved one of her strong arms a single centimeter. I knew it and so did Boom-Boom.

"My goodness," she said, "Even with both hands you can't pull away even one of my arms. I guess that you really don't want to see my big, soft, sexy tits that much."

"But I do want to see them, Boom-Boom. Please, let me see you enormous, sexy, milkshakes. They're sooo big and sooo pretty. Please, Boom-Boom," I pleaded.

I knew that my only hope was to beg and plead. I knew that no man on Earth was strong enough to move Boom-Boom's arm if she didn't want him to.

"Are you begging to see my tits?" she asked, "Because you know I love it when you get all subservient and start begging."

"Yes, Boom-Boom, I'm begging you, Please, Boom-Boom, please let me kiss and lick and suck your awesome, titanic ta-tas."

She giggled. Boom-Boom loved it when I called her breasts "titanic ta-tas".

"I'm sorry, but I can't.... Not unless you can pull my arm away. Oh my God! What's this?" she asked. Her arm that I was pulling with both hands began to vibrate as in it was beginning to weaken. Slowly that arm began to move away from her nipple. She was pretending that I was pulling her hand away. "... I can't believe it! I didn't think any man was strong enough to move my arm if I didn't want it moved," Boom-Boom said.

I knew she was faking it, of course. She could have resisted both of my arms pulling against just her pinky finger if she wanted to. Still, even though I knew she was only pretending to be overpowered by my weak, skinny arms, it made me feel powerful.

"You must be stronger than I thought," she said in mock surprise as her hand moved slowly away and her pretty, pink nipple was revealed.

Then she dropped her other hand as well, and she was standing with her huge swaying tits completely exposed. She took a step forward so that they were mere inches from my face.

I looked up at her. My eyes were asking, "May I please?"

"They're all yours to do with as you will," she said. "What choice do I have after you overpowered me the way you did?" She placed one of her strong hands behind my head and pulled it between her two mounds of mountainous womanly flesh.



I lifted my hands and began fondling her two massive tits as I stuck my face into her cavernous cleavage and kissed and licked and kissed and licked some more. I began kneading her soft, pliant boobs with my fingers while my thumbs deftly rubbed her nipples causing them to stand up at attention.

Boom-Boom started moaning sensually. I started tweaking her aroused nipples with my thumbs and forefingers. I thought that her nipples were extended as far as they would go, but when I moved my mouth over to her left breast and began to lick her nipple, I could feel it growing even bigger inside my mouth.

I then switched and locked my lips on her right nipple and the same thing happened. I could tell by the sounds of pleasure coming from Boom-Boom that she was enjoying everything I was doing. She reached down and began rubbing my rock-hard cock through my pants. She knew that I was enjoying myself too.

She leaned in and whispered in my ear, "Marty, Baby, I need your dick now. I need to see it. I need to taste it. Can I please have your dick now? Please, baby?"

"Did I just hear what I thought I heard? Is Boom-Boom Mancini begging for something? I didn't think that Boom-Boom Mancini ever begged for anything," I said.

"I only beg for one thing," she said.



"And what is that?" I asked. Now it was my turn to tease her a little.

"The only thing I beg for is your lovely cock," Boom-Boom said.

I can hardly find the words to explain how it made me feel to have the sexiest girl on the planet begging me for my cock. She could easily make me her love-slave with just her impossibly sexy face and body alone. With her phenomenal strength, she could easily take whatever she wanted from me. Instead, she chooses to beg me for my cock!

I knew I'd better say yes quickly before she changed her mind, but somehow I just couldn't resist one more round. "Say 'Pretty please show me your pretty man-meat'," I demanded.

"Pretty please with sugar on it, please, show me your sexy, perfect, pretty man-meat, Baby. Please, I need to taste it now!"

That was it for me. I had to stand up to get out of my pants and underwear as quickly as possible. I couldn't get them off fast enough!

When I was naked from the waist down, Boom-Boom pushed me back down onto the couch and got on her knees between my legs. "Can I please taste it now?" she asked.

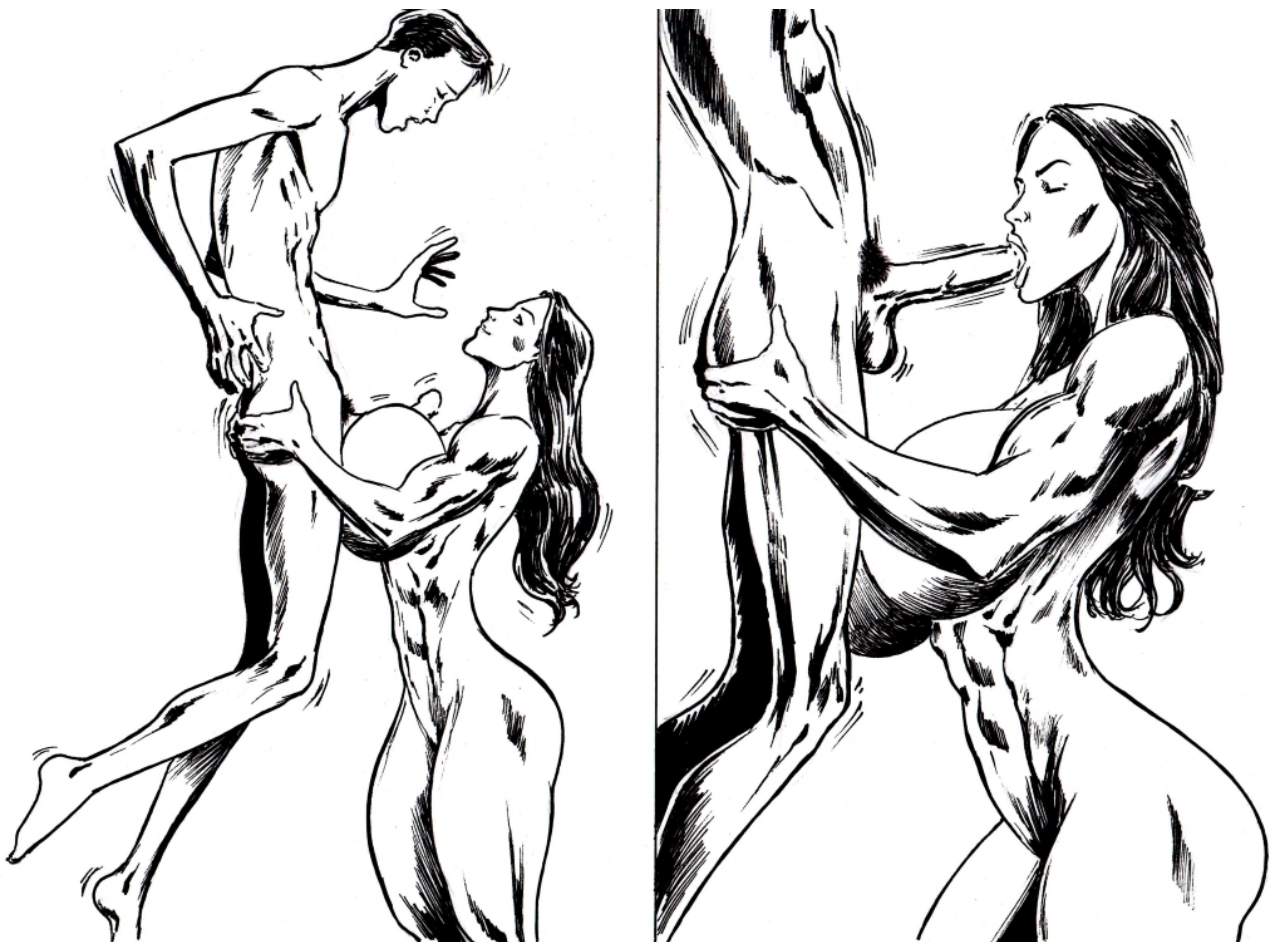
"Uh huh," was all I could manage to utter before Boom-Boom began licking my hard shaft from one end to the other. She paid special attention to the tip of my cock which she covered with sweet, tender, soft kisses with her pouty, soft lips. She also licked the tip of my dick with her supple tongue.

She also played special attention to my balls which she massaged, licked and kissed all over. When my cock was literally dripping with Boom-Boom's saliva, she wrapped her massive tits around it causing it to disappear entirely between her mammoth flesh mountains. She squeezed her tits together with her hands and began to rise up and down on my cock.

I was in heaven as I felt my cock being massaged by Boom-Boom's billowy tits. "Oh, Boom-Boom," I moaned, "Your tits are sooo big and they feel sooo good wrapped around my dick like this."

"So you like it when I massage your hard cock with my huge tits?" she asked. "You like to titty-fuck my titanic ta-tas?" she giggled

"Yes, Boom-Boom; they're sooo big and sexy."



Boom-Boom then worked her hands underneath my ass cheeks and stood up, lifting me off the couch with her. My dick never left her cleavage as she stood straight up and began giving me an aerial titty-fuck.

"Whose is the sexiest, most desirable woman in the entire world?" Boom-boom asked.

"You are," I replied.

"What other woman has tits as big as mine as well as the awesome strength to lift you like this and titty-fuck you in mid-air like this?" she asked.

"No one! No one but you, Boom-Boom," I said. I was on the verge of cumming, and I was almost shouting. I'm sure that Madge in the outer office could hear me.

"And who is the lucky, skinny, weak boy who gets to lick and suck and fuck my ginormous tits every day? Who get to feel my muscular body pressed hard against him and gets to fuck my dripping wet pussy whenever he wants? Who is my cute little wimp?"

"I am!" I shouted, "I'm your weak skinny wimp, and you're my strong goddess of power and beauty!"

Just when I could not possibly hold back my climax a single second longer, Boom-Boom lifted my dick up to her mouth and wrapped her lips around it. As my body began to convulse with orgasm, I began shooting my milky cum into Boom-Boom's mouth. She drank it down like it was mother's milk.

"GULP, GULP, GULP," she slurped as she drank down all of my cum. When I was finished, she unlocked her lip from my cock. Still holding me with one hand, she took her free hand and wiped it across her mouth. Licking her lips for good measure she looked at me, smiled and said, "Yummy! Good to the last drop."



Then she threw me back onto her couch and snuggled up beside me. She pressed her magnificent tits against me, massaged my dick, licked my ear and whispered how turned on she was by me until my dick was hard again. It didn't take long.

This time she effortlessly repositioned my body so that I was under her. Then she straddled me with her powerful body until my dick slid right into her dripping wet pussy. She sat back and began grinding her hips with my cock deep inside of her.

I reached back and gripped her ass cheek with my hands and massaged them. Her beautiful tits bounced up and down over me.

"Do you like my body?" she asked.

"Boom-Boom, I looove your body," I replied.

Still grinding on my cock she asked, "Do you like the feel of my warm, wet pussy enveloping you long, hard cock?"

"Yes, Baby, yes!"

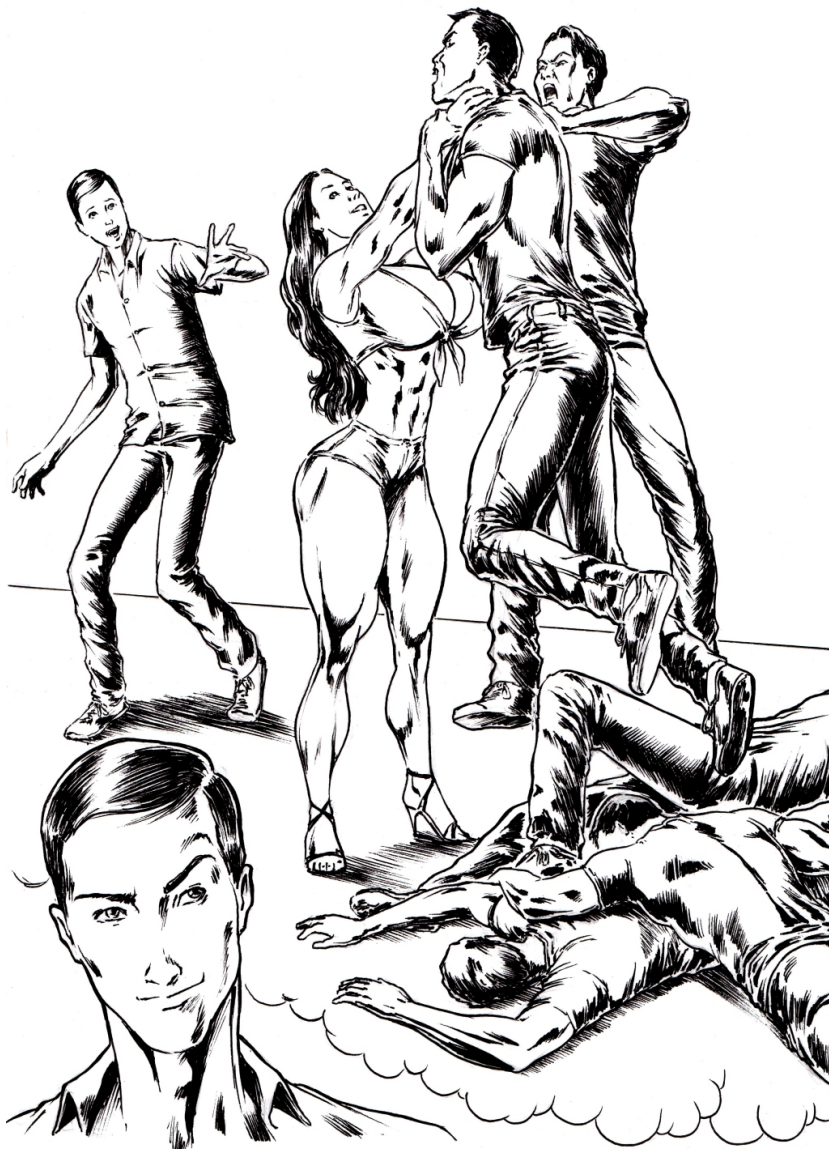
Without missing a beat of her grinding on my cock she began to flex both arms as she rode me. Her big, solid biceps heaved up and down as she flexed and relaxed her arms. "Do you like my pretty muscles?" she asked.

"Yes, Boom-Boom," I groaned

"Do you like knowing that your sexy girlfriend with the massive, full round tits also has the strength to destroy any man? Do you like knowing that your sexy Boom-Boom can protect you against a whole gang of bullies?"

"Yes, Boom-Boom, yes, yes-s, Ye-s-s-s, YEESSS, YEEESSS, YEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!" I screamed as I had my second orgasm.

Boom-Boom just kept right on grinding until a few seconds later she had her own earth shattering orgasm. Somehow we both ended up on the floor with me on top of Boom-Boom. We laid on the carpeted floor and cuddled and whisper sweet little nothings to one another. We kissed and fondled and talked about our future together.



Eventually, she picked me up and carried me into her private shower that she generously allowed Mr. Vandalay to keep in the bathroom that adjoined his office (He was not allowed to use it.), and we showered together. While in the shower, she gave me another blow job and a third orgasm. Once we were dried off we each went to different classes on opposite ends of the school.

As I walked down the hall, I noticed that the biggest bullies in the school would step aside when they saw me coming. Some of these guys used to pick on me before Boom-boom made me her boyfriend. They knew better now, because the biggest, baddest bully in school was my boo!

I knew that I wasn't going to make it to class on time, but I didn't bother to hurry my pace. No teacher at this school would dare give a tardy slip to the boyfriend of Boom-Boom Mancini. If I wanted to, I could demand straight A's from all of them, but I preferred to earn my own straight A's.

My baby was the absolute and undisputed boss of this school, and I was her weak, skinny wimp! I said to myself, "It's good to be Boom-Boom's wimp," and it was. Believe me, it was....

THE END.....or is it?

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