

THE BOSS'S DAUGHTER

(Part 1 - Reunion)

(a Puppetman Story)

amysconquest.com





Bonnie and I have known each other since either of us can remember. She's the daughter of my dad's closest friend, and we spent a lot of time together as children. However, by the time we were in our teens, it was apparent to me that we were a mismatch; I had essentially stopped growing when I was 13 at 5' 4", and, not being particularly athletic, never topped 130 lbs. Bonnie, on the other hand, by the time she was 15 stood over 5' 10" of lush, full bodied, blonde beauty and, although she was almost three years younger than I, made me feel almost like a skinny child when we were together.

Yet, for reasons I could never fathom, she had also developed a massive crush on me. Not that I wasn't good looking and personable; the girls at school called me "pretty boy" (a name I hated), and I was generally considered fun to be with, but there were

plenty of other guys around who were tall enough and eager to date her. Nevertheless, she rejected them all to spend her free time with me. Because of our difference in size, I resisted her many overtures and managed to keep our relationship on a "just friends" basis, and was actually relieved when her father moved away to start his own business, although Bonnie was in tears.

During the intervening four years our families kept in contact, and Bonnie and I would occasionally talk on the telephone, but we didn't see each other. I graduated from a local college and was ready to start graduate school the following fall when dad received a call from Bonnie's father. It seemed that his new business was booming, and he wanted dad to join his firm as the top finance executive. The offer was too good to pass up, and since dad could not afford to send me away to school, I applied to a graduate school in the new city and moved with them.

We had barely arrived and settled into our new home when Bonnie called to invite me to her house for what she described as the "last Saturday afternoon pool party of the summer season", making it clear in the process that she still had her crush on me and "couldn't wait" to see me again. Although leery about resuming what had been a difficult relationship, I accepted on the assumption that her parents would be there and her invitation provided an opportunity to make some new friends in a strange city. So, following her directions and with beach towel and swimming trunks under one arm, by one o'clock that Saturday afternoon I was knocking on the door of her stately suburban home, wondering what changes four years had made in this tall, lush beauty.



Whatever I may have been expecting, I was totally unprepared for the blonde giantess who greeted me. Dressed in a loose, full length, white beach robe that covered her from her neck to her ankles and towering well over six and a half feet tall on four inch platform sandals, her blonde, up-swept hairdo literally brushed the top of the doorway. The lovely features of a face that had been almost heart shaped were now stronger, more squarish, but, if possible, even more beautiful.

Standing, as I was, on the front stoop several inches below the level of the door jamb, my eyes were about even with where her rib cage would have been under the flowing robe, but I didn't stay there long. Flashing me a dazzling smile as I gaped up at her stupidly, she cried, "Johnny!", and pulled me through the door to envelope me in her long arms and mash my face into her robe between surprisingly small, firm breasts. Then, taking me by my shoulders, she held me out at arm's length, looking fondly over a foot down at me.

"Johnny!" she gushed. "You look fantastic! I don't think you've changed a bit. You're just as I remember you!"

I allowed as how I couldn't say the same for her, and she giggled, "You don't know the half of it," as she guided me through the front hall to a powder room, where she suggested I change into my swimming trunks and join her at the back yard pool.

Notwithstanding a sinking feeling that I was letting myself in for something I couldn't handle, I did so and, draping my towel around my shoulders, made my way through a large, sliding glass door to the rear patio and a huge, "L" shaped swimming pool. Bonnie was alone, still wearing her loose robe, lounging in a deck chair by the pool. She grinned up at me as I asked where the party was and replied, "We're the party, Johnny. Just us. Mom and Dad are out of town for the weekend, and I thought I would take the opportunity to renew our...friendship. Besides," she added, rising to her feet to loom over me, "don't you want to see how much I've changed?"

With that, she threw open her robe and, in a single, fluid motion, dropped it to the patio behind her.

My jaw dropped in abject amazement and dismay as my worst fears were realized. Her body was a veritable symphony of rippling muscularity that would have put a lot of male bodybuilders to shame. Shoulders that were wide enough for me to sit on flowed to massively muscled arms that were at least twice the size of my own and a wide, deep chest that tapered in a sharp "V" to an incredibly slim, washboard like waist and hard, round hips. Her thighs and calves were huge and, like the rest of her, looked like they were carved in ivory.

"You see, Johnny," she giggled, flexing a bicep that looked bigger than a baseball and just as hard under my nose, "I've gotten into weight lifting and bodybuilding since the last time we met, and it's made quite a difference, don't you think? I stand six feet five and one-half inches in my bare feet and weigh two hundred and twenty pounds of solid muscle. I don't think you'll be able to resist me now, do you?"



With that she slid her hands under my armpits and, with no effort at all, lifted me bodily off the patio to hold me at arm's length high in the air in front of her. I gasped and cried, "Bonnie. For God's sake, put me down!" But she continued to hold me for several moments, smiling placidly at my futile squirming, before lowering me slowly until, her upper arms at her side and her massive forearms level with the ground, she was holding me with my eyes just below the level of her chin and my feet still dangling almost a foot off the ground. Then, without moving her upper arms, as if she were effortlessly curling a small barbell, she raised and lowered me several times, bringing my face up close to hers where she would blow me a kiss or playfully nibble my nose or chin. When she lowered me the final time, she held me there, looking down at me mischievously.

"My, Johnny," she giggled, "you're as soft and light as a little baby. I'll bet I can do anything with you I want to. Let's see, now..." Before I could protest, with a casual flip of her forearms, she tossed me up and, while I was momentarily suspended in mid-air, shifted her grip down so that her big hands and long, powerful fingers almost completely encircled my waist.

As her thumbs pressed into my soft abdomen to force air from my lungs, she lifted me high into the air again, tilting me forward so that she could look into my eyes with unconcealed amusement. I tried to protest, but could manage only a strangled gasp as she slowly tilted me from side to side and then forward, bringing my face down to hers to plant a playful kiss on the tip of my nose. Then she brought me close to her, slowly sliding me down her magnificent body until my eyes were just below her own, my feet dangling over a foot above the ground. Holding me hard against her, she moved one hand down to grip my buttocks and the other up to cup the back of my head.

With the pressure on my stomach released, I gulped air into my tortured lungs and gasped, "Come on, Bonnie! Cut it out! Put me down! Please!"

"Not quite yet, little one," she murmured huskily. "I've been waiting too long to get you like this," and began massaging my buttocks and covering my face and neck with passionate kisses and love bites. I squirmed helplessly in her grip, pushing against her broad shoulders with my hands with all my strength, but she barely seemed to notice my efforts. Even worse, I began to feel little pangs of sexual desire through my lower body, and my penis started to throb and strain against the pressure of my swimming trunks.

"Bonnie, please stop this!" I begged, "you're going to cover me with hickeys!"

She giggled. "That's the idea, baby," she replied. "I'm putting my marks on you so everyone will know you belong to me." Then she buried her open mouth in the side of my neck, her teeth biting down hard as

she sucked powerfully at my soft flesh. Finally she released my neck and lowered me slowly and effortlessly to the ground. "That," she proclaimed triumphantly, "will be the granddaddy of all hickeys!"

"And my cue to exit," I replied, backing away from her and checking the distance to the house. Thinking I had a chance, I broke for the house as fast as I could. I wasn't fast enough. She caught me in half a dozen long strides and, with a laugh, wrapped one powerful arm around my waist and swung me completely off the ground to tuck me securely under her armpit and carry me, kicking and struggling, back to the pool. There, she shifted me forward and tucked me under her other arm so that I was facing to her rear.



"Time to get rid of your swimming suit, Johnny," she told me. "You're not likely to try to run away from me naked, are you?"

"Bonnie, no!" I protested, redoubling my efforts to escape her grasp. "Please don't do this!" But I was helpless against the incredible strength of this beautiful, young Amazon as she casually slid my trunks down over my knees. Then, reaching down to grip one of my ankles, she let me drop so that I was hanging upside down from her single hand, my head dangling over a foot off the ground. Catching my other ankle with her free hand, she casually forced my feet together and completed the job of removing my trunks, after which she laid them over her shoulder and reached down to slide her free hand behind my neck, turn me right side up and lower me to the ground. Then she straightened to her full height to hold my trunks high above her head, well out of my reach, and grin mischievously down at me.

By this time it was obvious that I was incapable of providing any effective resistance to whatever she wanted to do with me, so I tried to reason with her. "Come, on, Bonnie," I pleaded, "this is crazy. You're too much bigger and stronger than I am for us to have any kind of romantic relationship. We'd be the laughing stock of the town!"

She tossed my trunks aside, took my face in both her big hands and tilted my head back, forcing me to look up at her lovely features looming over a foot above my own. "Not true, Johnny," she replied. "I'm bigger than most of the boys at college except a few of the football and basketball jocks, and I'm stronger than they are to boot. I beat the captain of the wrestling team in arm wrestling, and he weighs a solid 250 pounds! Yet most of the boys I know--and, I'm told, a lot I don't--would give a year's allowance to be in your place right now. Not only that, but most of the girls on our girls' basketball and track and field teams are close to or over six feet tall, and they all work out with weights like I do. All of them have boyfriends who aren't much bigger or stronger than you are. You'd fit right in."

My heart sank. If what she was saying were true, I was dead meat, doomed to be a part of a clique in which the men were the weaker sex! And with her being Dad's boss' daughter, there wasn't a thing I could do about it!

My dismay must have shown in my face, for she suddenly bent down to look fondly into my eyes. "Don't worry, baby," she said softly. "By the time I'm finished with you, you'll be as crazy about me as I am about you."

"Huh? Wha..." As I gaped up at her stupidly, I was suddenly aware that her right hand was no longer holding my face, and then I felt it slide between my thighs, twist to force them apart and firmly, yet gently, encompass my naked crotch. Instinctively I grabbed her big wrist with both my small hands in a futile attempt to dislodge her grip.



Then, to my abject amazement, she shifted her other hand to the back of my neck and rose to her full height, effortlessly lifting me with her and tilting me backward to raise and capture my open mouth with hers. As her tongue probed the inside of my mouth at will, I felt her hand begin to gently massage my crotch and reawaken the pangs of sexual desire in my body. Within seconds my penis was throbbing and straining against the palm of her hand.

For the first time I realized fully the extent of this gorgeous giantess' unbelievable strength and how puny and helpless I was against her. She had lifted and was supporting my 130 lbs. of weight in the palm of a single hand with no more effort than if I were a baby! And even worse, she was arousing me sexually against my will! No one, man or woman, had ever before made me feel so weak and defenseless. Held in mid-air in the palm of her hand, her open mouth crushing down on mine and the ache of sexual desire flooding my body, it was as though a screw were being turned in my back, and I knew that I would never be the same as I had been before.

After what seemed like an eternity, she released my mouth, slowly lowered me to the ground and removed her hand from my crotch. My penis sprang to attention like an uncoiled spring, and she laughed delightedly. "My, my, Johnny," she giggled, "even I didn't think I could make you want me so quickly. This is going to be a lot easier than I expected. But, since I'm not ready yet, I guess we'll have to take some of the pressure off that little dingus of yours..."



Catching my wrists in her big hands, she forced them together and up over my head where she secured them in the grip of a single hand. Then, simultaneously bending me backward and dropping to one knee, she slid her free hand under my back and, before I could even protest, with a single, fluid motion rose to her feet and lifted me high over her head, holding me there with her one hand, her other continuing to secure both my wrists for balance.

Held helpless almost ten feet above the ground, my stomach did a flip flop and my penis collapsed almost immediately as the feeling of desire drained from my body. As I started to protest, I heard her sing below me, "Ta da! To the victor belongs the spoils! And you, my little love, are the spoils."

Still holding me high above her head and pausing only long enough to kick off her platform sandals, she descended the steps into the pool and waded toward the deep end until the water was up to her neck. Then she lowered me until I was floating on my back in the water and, before I could swim away, gripped me firmly around my chest under my armpits and held me out at arm's length in water that was well over my head.

As I looked at her nervously, she chuckled, "Time to cool you off some more, lover," and, without warning, forced me down until the top of my head was several inches under the surface of the water with my feet barely brushing the bottom of the pool.

Panic struck me as, for a moment, I thought she was going to drown me. Grabbing her big forearms, I tried to lever myself up to the surface, but she held me in place by merely tightening her grip on my chest, and all I could do was thrash about helplessly. Finally, when I thought my lungs were going to burst, she raised my head out of the water, regarding me with pursed lips in unconcealed amusement as I coughed and sputtered, "Bonnie, for God's sake, you almost drowned me!"

"Okay," she laughed, "when you've had enough, put your hands over your head and give me the time out signal. Ready? Deep breath, now! And down you go!"

And down I went again, only this time with enough air in my lungs that I knew she wouldn't inadvertently drown me. Nevertheless, I put my hands up out of the water where she could see them and gave her the "T" sign, and almost immediately she raised my head above the surface.

"Come on, Bonnie," I choked, "what are you trying to prove?"

She pursed her lips again, regarding me with heavy lidded eyes. "Well," she said slowly, "there is a way you can keep me from dunking you."

"How? How?"

"Put your arms around my neck."

I grimaced. So that was it! I shook my head and sputtered, "No dice, Bonnie. In the first place, you're holding me out so far I can't even reach you. And second, as strong as you are, you could break my hold and dunk me any time you wanted."

She brought me close to her and playfully nuzzled my cheek. "Not if I had something more interesting to do with you," she murmured, and then, with a sigh, added, "but, if you'd rather be dunked..."



She started to hold me out at arm's length, but I cried, "Okay, okay!" and put my arms quickly over her broad shoulders. She pulled me against her again, then grimaced as I left my arms hanging over her shoulders.

"I said around my neck, lover, not just on my shoulders," she told me archly and started to move me out again. I wrapped my arms quickly around her neck, and she chuckled and tucked me firmly against her, holding me by my buttocks and the back of my head as she had before, my naked penis trapped against her hard, flat, lower stomach. I felt her big hand again squeeze and fondle my buttocks as she moved me gently up and down her body to massage my penis back to life.

"See?" she giggled, nibbling my cheek and neck, "Isn't this a lot nicer than being dunked?"

I didn't answer her because I knew that there was nothing I could say or do to keep this gorgeous Amazon from doing whatever she wanted with me. Besides, as much as I wanted

to deny it, with the sensations of sexual desire again flooding my loins, her lips gently nibbling my face and neck and the feeling of her small, hard breasts digging into my chest, I was actually beginning to enjoy being held in her arms. When she again captured my open mouth with hers, I made to attempt to resist, and, as her tongue intertwined with mine, she removed her hands from my buttocks and the back of my head and began to run them up and down my body, kneading my soft flesh with her powerful fingers.

Finally she released my lips. "Come on, Johnny," she whispered huskily, "I'm going to carry you upstairs and make love to you."

I looked at her helplessly. "Bonnie, please...I..."

"Shush!" She put a finger to my lips to cut off my protest, slid one arm under my buttocks and carried me easily, cradled in her single arm, out of the pool and across the patio to a large blanket laying on the patio tile. Laying me down on my back on one edge of it, she added, "Of course, I have to dry you off first."

The blanket extended about a foot and a half above my head and a yard beyond my feet. She folded the bottom excess neatly over my legs and came over to grip my wrists and pin my arms to my sides, and then, before I realized her intentions, she rolled me up in the blanket and secured it tightly around me with two luggage straps, one around my chest and the other around my thighs and calves, that had been laying beneath it and which she had rolled around me with the blanket.





After patting my face dry with the top of the blanket, she pulled it down to expose my face, kissed me lightly on the tip of my nose, gripped me firmly just above my elbows and lifted me bodily off the ground to hold me out at arm's length and inspect her work.

"You're like a little papoose, Johnny," she laughed, "my little papoose." She brought me to her and cradled me in her strong arms, tucking my legs under one arm, wrapping her other arm around my chest and arms and pressing my head against her broad shoulder as she looked down into my eyes lovingly. "Does Bonnie's little papoose like being cuddled as snug as a bug in a rug in Bonnie's arms?" she cooed as she carried me to the house.

Amazingly, I was beginning to realize that I DID like it. Wrapped in the blanket, with her powerful arms around me holding me tightly against her and my head against her shoulder looking up at her lovely, larger than life features as she smiled placidly down at me and ran her lips lightly over my exposed face, I felt like a small child in the arms of its mother, and that sensation sent spasms of sexual desire through my body like I had never felt before. And I suddenly realized that, more than anything else I had ever wanted, I WANTED this beautiful, Amazonian giantess to make love to me.

She carried me easily through the patio doors, through the house to the front hall and up a broad, winding staircase to a large, elaborately furnished bedroom with a king size bed against one wall. Cradling me in one arm while she pulled off the bedspread, she laid me down in the center of the bed and went over to a long dresser from which she removed two pair of nylon stockings and wrapped each pair together to form a nylon rope. At that point, I started to get nervous.

"Bonnie," I quavered as she came back to the bed, "what...what are you doing?"

She laughed. "Don't worry, baby," she replied. "I'm not going to hurt you. I have a very special technique I want to use on you, and for that I want to have both hands free. And since you'll probably be kicking and struggling most of the time, that means I'm going to have to tie you to the bed."

"Now, wait a minute..."

But she had already undone the straps which held me secured in the blanket and, gripping the edge of the blanket, gave a mighty heave up and back. I was lifted a foot off the bed and spun like a top to land sprawling on my face in the center of the bed, my head reeling. Before I could recover, she was straddling my back with her massive, muscular thighs and had gripped both of my wrists to force them together and cross them behind my head, where she tied them together with one of the nylon ropes she had made, tight enough to be secure but not so tight so as to cut off the circulation to my hands. Then she turned and, sitting securely on my buttocks, caught both my ankles and bent them up to tie them together in the same manner. By the time my head cleared, she had turned me over on my back and was tying the loose ends of the ropes to the frame at the head and foot of the bed, pulling my body taut so that I could barely move.

I was really frightened now and looked up at her pleadingly. "What...what are you going to do to me?" I quivered as she came around from the foot of the bed to loom over me.

She reached behind her and undid her bikini bra and let it fall to the floor, exposing erect nipples on her small, firm breasts, and then did the same with her bikini bottom. I barely had a glimpse of the blonde bush that covered her maidenhead as she crawled onto the bed and laid down on top of me, her 220 lbs. of powerfully muscled femininity mashing me into the mattress and all but crushing the wind out of me.

"Among other things, this," she answered me, and, for the third time that afternoon, took my face in her hands and captured my open mouth with hers, undulating her body against mine as she did so. Again my penis sprang to life, pressing against her rock hard abdomen, and pangs of desire again began to course through my lower body. Vaguely I felt her hands leave my face to grip my sides and run up and down my body, kneading my soft flesh. Then her fingers were probing my exposed armpits, and my entire body stiffened in alarm.

She released the pressure of her mouth on mine just enough to murmur, "You still as ticklish as you used to be, Johnny?" The stiffness in my body and must have been all the answer she needed, for her mouth crashed back down on mine, and her fingers literally flew up and down my sides, poking and tickling my armpits and ribs, as she undulated her massive body up and down against mine, massaging my erect penis against her abdomen and sending pulsations of ecstasy through my helpless body.



The effect on me was devastating! My mind literally snapped as my consciousness was overwhelmed by the combined sensations of the titillations of my armpits and sides and erotic stimulations of my penis. I tried to buck and heave, but against my bondage and the pressure of her heavy body could only writhe feebly in the delicious torture she was inflicting on my helpless body. My screams of protest were muffled whines into her open mouth which held mine captive, blocked by her tongue as it explored the inside of my mouth at will. I have no idea how long she continued to manipulate me; I only know that when she finally released my lips and moved back to straddle my legs every fibre of my body was aching for her.



But she wasn't finished toying with me. Her hands still held my sides, and, as she resumed her tickling, she lowered her face, now flushed with her own desire, to my body and began to lick and bite my chest and stomach. I screamed, and my body instinctively writhed and twisted against her. Then, as she stretched out and leaned down

over my thighs, I felt her capture my penis between her small, hard breasts. Somehow, as her fingers probed my armpits and sides and her lips roamed up and down my chest and stomach, she was able to press her powerful upper arms against her breasts, tightening them around and massaging my penis. Again my consciousness was submerged in the combination of erotic stimulation, and I thought I was going to orgasm on the spot. Somehow I didn't, and after what seemed an eternity she moved forward to take my hard and throbbing penis inside her.

Now my face was sandwiched between her breasts, wet from the juices she had worked from my penis. I vaguely felt her long arms slide around my chest and under my back until her fingers were again resting lightly under my armpits and heard her gasp and moan as she began to work herself up and down on me. Then, as I became aware of where her fingers were, my body stiffened in alarm, and I began to push against her, my strangled protest cut off as her fingers began tickling my armpits with a vengeance.

The effect was like magic. Even as my mind exploded from the tickling, the uncontrolled struggles of my body brought me to climax with her, and the combined sensations carried me to a pinnacle of ecstasy beyond anything I had ever known before. I tried to scream with pleasure, but could only manage a whine against the pressure of her breasts, a whine that mingled with her own as she writhed in the ecstasy of her own orgasm. When it subsided, I could only lay supinely beneath her as she milked the last drop of pleasure from my manhood.



Finally she lifted herself to her hands and knees, still straddling my helpless body, and looked fondly down at me, filling my eyes with her loveliness. And as I drank in her beauty, I suddenly knew that I was hers, that I wanted nothing more than to belong to her and to be a part of her. She must have seen that in my face, for she smiled and rose from the bed to untie the nylon ropes from my wrists and ankles.

Then she slid her arms around my chest and thighs and lifted me from the bed to hold me securely in her arms, and, almost unconsciously, I wound my arms around her neck in sweet surrender to her embrace.

She carried me downstairs to the living room, and I spent the rest of the afternoon, between several additional trips to her bedroom, cuddled on her lap on the divan as she played with me.



And to my amazement, I loved every minute of it, even her tickling, and even found myself raising my arms in a silent plea for her to tickle me, collapsing in helpless laughter as she promptly obliged. And during that afternoon we exchanged countless promises of undying love, although I did express one reservation about our relationship.

"What's that?" she asked.

I hesitated. "I can't help but wonder what will happen if we ever have a fight," I said finally. "Do I get tossed into the middle of next week?"

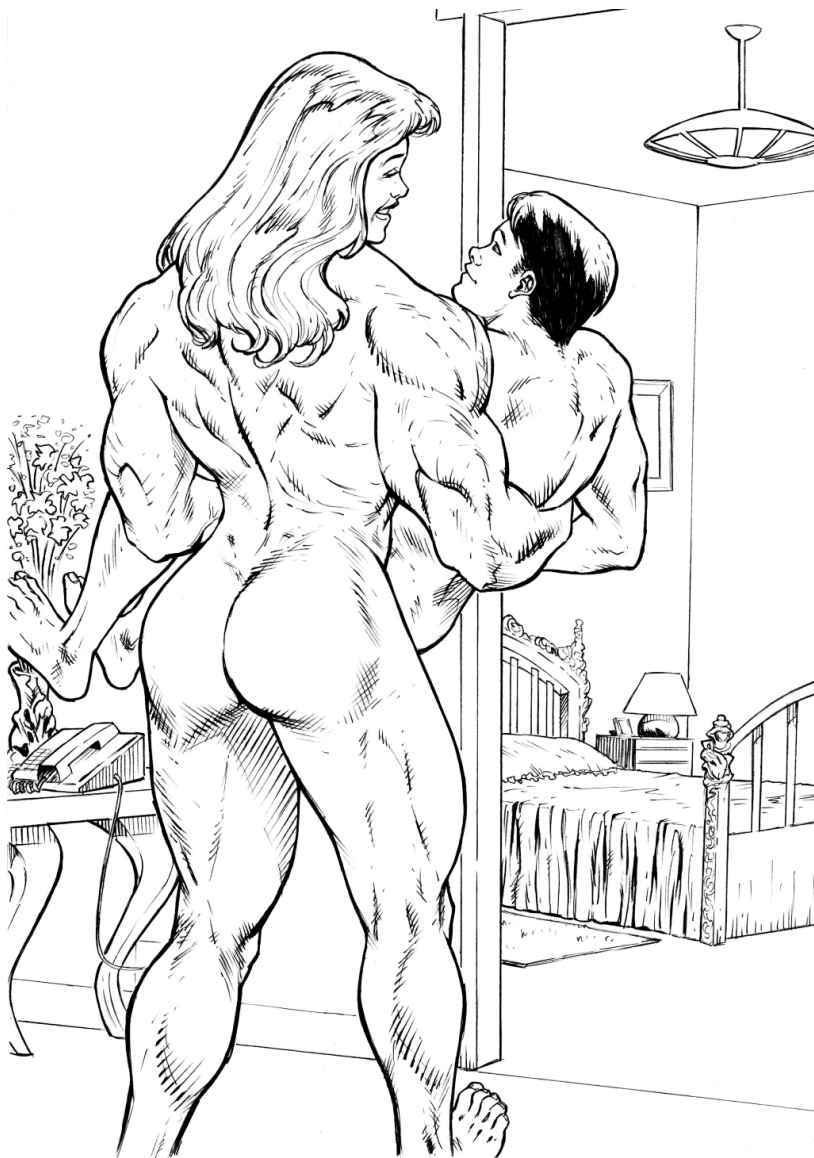
She laughed and hugged me close. "Don't be silly, baby!" she admonished me. "Do you think I'd deliberately hurt a defenseless, little man like you?"

"So? How do we resolve it?"

She thought a minute. "Well, if we ever have a difference of opinion, I guess I'd try to reason with you. Of course," she added, "if that didn't work, I'd probably just pick you up and tickle you until you changed your mind."

I grimaced. "Figures," I muttered.

She laughed again. "But then, again," she said softly, "if I got REALLY angry--like if I saw you looking at another girl-- I'd probably turn you over my knee and spank you!"



I flushed, but felt the stirrings of desire at her words. "Small chance of that, my love," I whispered. "I think you've just ruined me for girls my own size!"

"Oh? In that case, you may be in trouble. You haven't met the girls on our basketball and track and field team yet. They're all bigger and stronger than you, and, even though most of them have boyfriends, I think they'd all just love to get their hands on a cute, little guy like you. I see I'm going to have to keep my eye on you tonight."

"Tonight? What's happening tonight?"

She frowned. "Hmm! Guess I forgot to tell you. Most of the girls are in for school, and Margie--she lives in town--is throwing a pre-school party for us all tonight. I'm taking you to it."

"Another party?"

She chuckled. "A real one, this time. I don't think I have to trick you any more, do I?"

I ignored her question. "And YOU'RE taking ME?"

"Uh huh. I have my own car, and I'll drive. Pick you up at your place at eight." She gently tweaked my nose. "Bodily, if necessary."

I sighed. "Well," I said, "since I obviously don't have any choice in the matter, I'd better be getting home to get ready. Look at the clock, my love. It's after five!"

She looked up in surprise. "You're right!" she exclaimed. She stood up, easily lifting me with her to cuddle me in her powerful arms. "Guess we'll have to make this one a quickie," she added as she carried me on our fourth trip to her bedroom.

THE END

Copyright 2016 Amy's Conquest (amysconquest.com)