

# THE BOSS' DAUGHTER

## (Part 2 – The Party)

- a Puppetman story -

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Telling Mom and Dad about Bonnie was not easy, and, of course, I omitted the parts about our forays into her bedroom. My description of Bonnie and her feelings toward me, however, was enough to worry Dad and prompt a suggestion that he talk to her father.

"Ah, I wouldn't do that, Dad," I demurred. "At least not yet. After all, you're just starting your new job, and it might not be a good idea to start out on a....ah....negative note."

"Look, John," Dad replied, "Sam and I have been friends for years. If I can't deal with him on something like this, then we've made a mistake coming here."

I thought a minute. "Okay. But let's not make any decisions right now. Bonnie's coming here to pick me up at eight for a party one of her friends is throwing. You'll meet her then."

At that point, Mom broke in. "SHE's picking YOU up?"

I flushed. "Yeah. We talked about that. She has her own car and knows the town, and I don't. So we....ah....agreed that it would be better if she drove - besides, I didn't know whether you'd let me have the car again tonight on such short notice."

"She doesn't sound very ladylike to me!" Mom sniffed.

I shrugged. "Times have changed, Mom," I said. "Look, she may be big and strong as a horse, but she's really a very nice girl. I think you'll like her. I have to admit," I added, as a masterpiece of understatement, "I kinda like her myself."

"John!" Mom gasped. "She's almost twice your size!"

At that point Dad agreed that they at least ought to meet Bonnie before reaching any conclusions, and that ended the discussion. I went upstairs to change.

Bonnie arrived promptly at eight, dressed in a miniskirt that revealed her powerfully muscled legs, blouse and light jacket that barely concealed the muscularity of her massive upper body. Fortunately, she was wearing flats, but even so she literally dwarfed Mom and Dad. Nevertheless, when I came downstairs she was being charming and completely feminine, telling them how wonderful it was that we could all be together again, and how glad she was that she was able to convince her father that their friendship should not stand in the way of his hiring Dad. That message was not lost on any of us, particularly when she slipped a long arm around me and hugged me to her, with the top of my head barely reaching to her broad shoulder. As we left, she winked at Dad and said, "I won't keep him out TOO late, but don't wait up!"

Her Cadillac convertible was parked at the curb, and she opened the door for me, murmuring softly in my ear that, if Mom and Dad hadn't been watching, she'd have been tempted to just lift me over the door and set me down on the passenger seat. I whispered fiercely, "Don't you dare, in public!", and she bit her lip, looked down at me with an amused smile and told me that I still had a lot to learn about our relationship.

It took about a half hour to reach Margie's house, a large home set back from the street on a couple of acres of ground secluded by a tall, brick wall on three sides. Bonnie drove up the long, circular driveway and parked behind a line of cars. Then she reached back and took a bag from the floor behind my seat.

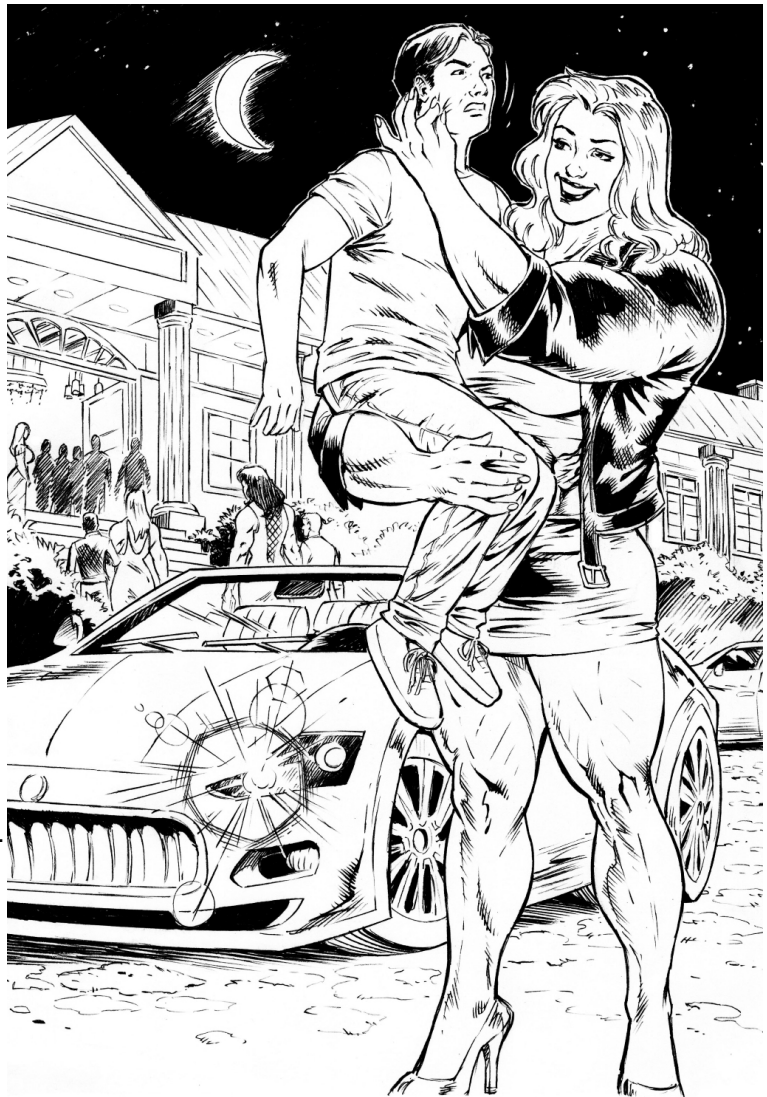
"What's that?" I asked.

She grinned mischievously down at me. "Five inch spikes," she replied. "I didn't want to wear them to your house, but here they're the required uniform."

I groaned. "Bonnie, for God's sake, is that really necessary? You're over a foot taller than I am as it is!"

She leaned over and lightly kissed the tip of my nose. "Thirteen and one half inches, to be exact," she laughed. "And now it'll be eighteen and one half inches. Just right to cuddle you to my bosom, if I hold you on tiptoe."

She opened the car door, removed her flats and put on the high heeled pumps, and then came around to the passenger side to open the door for me. As I started to get out, she stooped, wrapped a single arm around my thighs just below my buttocks, and then straightened to lift me bodily out of the car and hold me tightly against her with my eyes only a few inches above her own.



"Bonnie!" I protested. "Come on! Put me down! Please!"

She clucked her tongue in mock sympathy. "Just like a man," she chuckled. "Always complaining! One minute I'm too tall in these heels, and now when I pick you up to my level you complain about that!" She nuzzled my cheek playfully. "Don't fret, lover," she added. "All of us carry our boy friends around like this. It's expected!"

There was no point in protesting further, and I said nothing as she carried me up the driveway and the front steps to the door and rung the bell. Almost immediately the door was opened by an attractive, powerfully built red-headed girl who appeared to be only five or six inches shorter than Bonnie in her high heels.

"Bonnie!" she gushed. "Everyone was wondering when you were going to get here! I told them you were waiting to make the grand entrance with your new beau!" She looked up at me, and her eyes became heavy lidded. "And this must be the famous Johnny! Mmmmm! He's gorgeous! Here, let me have him for a sec!"

"Johnny, this is Margie, our hostess," Bonnie told me as she handed me to the red-headed girl, who slid her hands under my armpits and held me out at arm's length, my feet dangling a good six inches off the floor. I felt my face getting hot and mumbled a greeting as Margie carefully raised me up and down, testing my weight in her hands.

"Gee!" she exclaimed. "He's so little, and so light! Closer to my size than yours. Sure you don't want to trade?"

Bonnie laughed. "No chance! He's strictly private property! I worked too hard to get him here to give him up for anything - or anyone!"

Margie sighed. "Too bad! Don't blame you, though. He's adorable! Hope you won't mind if steal a quick kiss." She pulled me against her and, still holding me off the floor, kissed me hard, and then lowered me to my feet. Sandwiched between these two Amazons, I suddenly felt like a small child, with Bonnie's breasts several inches above eye level behind me and Margie towering over a foot above me in front. I found myself almost wishing Bonnie would pick me up again.

Instead, she removed her jacket to reveal a sleeveless blouse, bare at the midriff, that showed off her massively muscled arms and narrow, washboard waist to their full advantage. Margie stepped to one side and put an arm around my shoulders, and for the first time I was able to see past her into the sunken living room to the right of the front hall in which we were standing.





There were about a dozen girls there, all of them appearing close to or over six feet with powerful, shapely builds. All but a couple of the girls had smaller, slender young men in tow. I could hear slow dance music coming from the rear of the house. Margie took me into the living room, with Bonnie following closely behind, and, as the others greeted Bonnie enthusiastically, introduced me around.

"Where's Mona?" Bonnie asked.

"Big Mona?" Margie looked around. "She was here a few minutes ago. Her boyfriend hasn't got into town yet, so she's on the prowl. Probably got some poor guy out in the bushes somewhere. Or up in one of the bedrooms."

"Who's big Mona?" I asked, wondering what kind of female would prompt these two giantesses to refer her to as "big".

Margie laughed. "She plays center on our basketball team, all 7'4" and 280 lbs. of her. She likes her guys about your size, and has been known to come on VERY strong, even for us. But don't worry. Bonnie's the one gal around here she doesn't want to mess with. As long as she knows you belong to Bonnie, you'll be safe. Of course," she added, winking at Bonnie, "she DID tell me she's been working out extra hard this summer, just to be able to match muscles with you."

Bonnie chuckled. "So," she murmured, "have I! Just to make sure she can't!"

At that, Margie's eyes lit up. "Hey, that reminds me!" she exclaimed. "Come on downstairs and let me show you the new workout equipment I finally talked dad into buying for me! It's state of the art!" Then, as Bonnie stooped to pick me up, she added, "Little Johnny, here, wouldn't be interested in that stuff. Why don't you leave him with one of the girls while I show you my new weights and walk you through all the new exercise machines?" She motioned to a chunky, blonde girl sitting alone on the divan to come over. As the blonde girl rose to her feet and approached us on her high heels, her six foot frame again blocked my view of the living room.



Margie chucked me under my chin. "Steph, here, is only 5'8" without those 4" spikes," she told me, "so you won't feel so much like a midget. Steph, would you watch over little Johnny, here, until we get back? I want to show Bonnie all my new stuff downstairs."

Steph slipped a thick, solid arm around my back and waist and grinned down at me. "Sure," she replied in a slight southern drawl. "Around here, a gorgeous, little guy like this needs all the protection he can get. C'mon, Johnny, there's some great dance music goin' out back on the patio."

Bonnie smiled sweetly. "Just remember who you're protecting him for, dear," she murmured as she and Margie left to go downstairs.

Almost before I knew what was happening, I was literally swept to the back of the house and out the sliding doors to a large patio, where several couples were dancing to slow, sensuous music from a stereo CD player at the far end of the patio. One of the couples were both female, but the other two were tall, sturdy girls dancing with significantly shorter young men. Until Steph tightened her arm around my waist and pulled me against her, I didn't notice that the two girls were leading their male partners, holding them on tiptoe and bending them backward as they glided around the patio.



As Steph started to do the same with me, I protested, "Wait a minute! I can't follow you!"

"Sure you can, honey," she drawled. "Just relax, rest your body and your legs against mine and I'll move you. Your feet'll be barely touchin' the floor." She released my waist long enough to guide my left hand up around her shoulders, pressed my head against her shoulder, and then gripped my right hand in her free hand and lifted me to my toes. Instinctively, my body stiffened, but her powerful right arm again encircled my waist and molded me to her powerful frame, bending me backward as she glided around the dance floor to the music.

"I said relax, baby," she bent her head to whisper into my ear. "You're stiff as a board - except where it counts!" she added with a chuckle. "I thought Bonnie woulda broken you in by now. Didn't she tell you that, in this group, men are the weaker sex?"

"I'm sorta getting that idea," I muttered.

She grinned. "Takes some gettin' used to, I'll bet," she said. "All our guys had trouble at first. But once they accepted it, they love it!"

"And what about the rest of the men at school? I'm starting graduate school here this fall, and I don't want to be looked on as a pansy!"

She threw back her head and laughed at that. "Don't worry, you won't be," she assured me. "When our basketball and track and field coaches started this program several years ago, some of the male jocks at school gave our guys a hard time, but we put a stop to that!" She chuckled. "Particularly after Mona raped the captain of the football team! And made him love it! Now, most of the guys at school would give their right arms to be a part of this group. You'll be envied, not looked down on! Except, of course," she added, grinning down at me, "by us!"



"Program? What program?" I asked.

"Several years ago Linda Davies, our girls' basketball coach, and Marilyn Speer, who coaches the girls' track and field team, convinced the school to put more money into Title VII athletics. They've recruited the biggest, strongest female athletes they could find and established a special diet and weight training program to make us even stronger and more supple.

It's really worked. We regularly beat the men's basketball team and outdraw them at the gate besides, and our track and field team is settin' records right up there with the men's, and in some cases beatin' 'em. An' I'm told we have several new girls comin' in this year who are gonna try out for the wrestlin' team. Now, that should be a real blast!"

I shook my head. "It's weird!" I muttered.

"It's the wave of the future, baby," she replied. "More and more women are discoverin' how great it is to be strong, stronger even than most men!"

Scientists have thought for years that hormonal differences between men and women keep women from developin' upper body strength equal to men's, that men's upper body muscles are bigger and stronger. We don't buy that. We think the difference is mostly because of heredity and environment, not hormones, and that with proper trainin' and diet in a few generations women's upper bodies can be equal or superior to men's in muscular strength. After all, our legs can be as strong or stronger than men's. Why not our arm, chest and shoulder muscles?"

I shook my head again. "And wind up huge, hairy and muscular, looking like men?" I asked.

She looked down at me archly. "Hey, little man!" she exclaimed, "you think any of us here look like men? You see any of us with hair on our chests? That's what male hormones and steroids do, but none of us use that stuff. It's all proper trainin' and diet, and we don't think our muscles make us look unfeminine. Of course," she added, "if your idea of femininity is bein' little and dainty or soft with big boobs and butts, that ain't us, and that's another idea we're gonna change!"

I was hastily agreeing with her when the music stopped, and she lowered me so that my feet were fully on the floor. Suddenly I was conscious of a looming presence behind me, and a deep, rich voice which seemed to come from the ceiling said, "Hey, Steph, where'd you find this little toy?"

I saw Steph grimace and, as she released me, I turned to look squarely into a solidly muscled, feminine stomach and then up at a massive, "V" shaped chest that literally filled my field of view. Involuntarily I fell back against Steph, who put her strong arms around me protectively, and I craned my head to gape upward past melon size breasts barely concealed by a brief halter at squarish, larger than life features framed in short, black hair that towered nearly three feet above me and were grinning wolfishly down at me. I blinked and looked down. The black haired giantess' thighs were bigger around than my waist and her feet, which were almost twice the size of mine, were encased in long, black pumps with heels that had to be six inches high.

"Relax, Mona," Steph replied evenly. "He belongs to Bonnie. She's downstairs with Margie lookin' over Margie's new gym, and I'm just protectin' him 'til she gets back."

The giantess' grin got even wider. "Now, Bonnie ought to know better than that," she laughed. "I sure hope she didn't think you could protect him from me!"

Before either of us could react, she reached around my back with an arm that was as thickly muscled as Bonnie's, wrapped a huge hand around my waist, her long, powerful fingers almost completely spanning my slender body, and plucked me out of Steph's grasp as effortlessly as if I were a doll.



As she turned me to hold me almost horizontally, almost face up, next to her hip, I gasped and tried to cry out, but she reached down to cover my mouth and nose with her other hand, and I could only manage a muffled sob. I grabbed at the steel fingers encircling my waist with a pressure that was firm, but not tight enough to hurt, but couldn't budge them, and then at the hand covering my mouth and nose, with no greater success. The black haired giantess called Mona simply ignored my struggles.

"Mona, cut it out!" Steph snapped. "Put him down!" But Mona had turned her back on the smaller girl and was already carrying me off the patio toward a tall, stone wall at the back of the lot.

"Better run and tell Bonnie I've got her little toy and I'm taking him to a place where we can get better acquainted," she snickered back over her shoulder.

At this point, all I could see was Mona's giant frame from the waist up and her massive arms as she carried me across the lawn, continuing to hold my helpless body in one hand and cover my mouth and nose with the other. Then she removed her hand from my face, and I felt myself being raised, turned right side up and feet high, for my eyes were now only a few inches below her own.

Grinning down at me, she continued to hold my waist with one hand while she unbuckled my belt, loosened my trousers and, after lifting me an inch or so off the wall, gently slid them and my shorts down over my knees.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" I sputtered. "Let me go!"

"Sassy, little thing, aren't you?" Mona chuckled.



"Cute, too, and big enough in the right places. I can see why Bonnie has the hots for you. Let's see what I can do with this before she gets here..."

She lifted me off the wall again, far enough that she could slide her other hand between my thighs, forcing them apart, and firmly cup my entire crotch in her huge palm, and began to massage me intimately. Almost immediately sensations of ecstasy and desire began to flood my lower body, and I felt my penis stiffen against the pressure of her hand. "Ahhhh," she murmured softly, and her other hand went to the back of my neck and head, immobilizing them, and, as I started to protest, her open mouth crushed down on mine with a force that bent me backward and literally took my breath away. I heard myself squeal and began to beat on her massive shoulders with my small fists, but my blows seemingly had no effect on her as she continued to explore the inside of my mouth with her tongue and massage me almost to the point of orgasm.

"I hate to interrupt, but what you've got there belongs to me."

I recognized Bonnie's voice, cold and deadly, from behind Mona, and a chill went through me as Mona slowly released me and turned her back on me to face her. Bonnie's face, barely visible over Mona's broad shoulder, was a mask of controlled fury.

"Sure, babe," Mona drawled. "All you gotta do is come take him. Of course," she added with a chuckle, "you gotta come through me to do that..."

"What I'd really like to do," Bonnie grated, "is put you in the hospital for a few months. But that wouldn't do our team any good, and the coach needs both of us healthy."

Mona thought a moment. "Good point," she said finally. "Tell you what, babe. How 'bout a straight test of arm strength, using both hands? We keep at it until one of us goes down. You put me down, he's yours. I put you down, I keep him for the night, and you can have what's left after that."

"Course," she added, grinning broadly, "there won't be much left for you to have any fun with, at least not for a couple of weeks!"

"Fair enough, bitch," Bonnie snapped, kicked off her high heeled shoes and put her hands up level with her shoulders. Mona did the same, and Bonnie was forced to raise her hands several inches to clasp the hands of the taller girl. Mona grinned.

"Advantage of height and leverage is with me, babe," she chuckled, "and I'm a lot stronger than I was last spring."

"So am I. I'll spot you your advantage and still kick your butt!"

Listening to the exchange between these two female titans, I suddenly realized I was literally shaking with fear that Bonnie might not be a match for the black haired giantess. And, as they closed, the giant muscles of their mighty arms bulging and their faces taut with the effort, I felt something else as well. The sight of these giant Amazons locked in a test of brute strength was somehow erotic, sending little spasms of desire through me and bringing my penis, which had gone limp at Bonnie's appearance, back to life. Apprehension and lust fought for control of my body as I watched, a helpless male spectator to an unbelievable demonstration of feminine strength and power.





For several minutes neither girl seemed to gain the advantage. Then, ever so slowly, Bonnie began to force the bigger girl's hands down to her own shoulder level. For the first time I saw uncertainty flicker across Mona's features, and she gritted her teeth and heaved forward in a final, titanic effort to forestall defeat.

But Bonnie held, and with a suddenness that was startling, the Mona's resistance collapsed. Seizing the advantage, Bonnie bent the bigger girl's hands backward over her shoulders and, with a surge of power, forced her to her knees.

"OK, babe!" Mona gasped. "You win again!"

"Not quite yet." Bonnie's voice was grating, strained. "I'm not going to put you in the hospital, but I am going to put those hands of yours out of commission for a while, just to make sure you don't get any second thoughts any time soon."



Slowly she tightened her grip on the bigger girl's hands, crushing her fingers and bringing a scream of pain from her now helpless victim. Mona writhed and struggled as Bonnie continued to increase the pressure on her hands until they were numb from the pain, releasing her only when her screams had subsided into uncontrolled sobbing. Then, with a contemptuous shove, Bonnie pushed the bigger girl over on her back and came over to me.

"You OK?" she asked, and then, as she saw my naked, throbbing erection, frowned. "Did Mona do that to you?"

My face was suddenly hot. "I couldn't help it, Bonnie!" I stammered. "She's so strong! I couldn't stop her! Any more than I could stop you from doing the same thing to me this afternoon! And then, when you two started wrestling..." I lowered my head, unable to meet her stern gaze.

Bonnie shook her head. "Men! You're all alike! I think anything in skirts could take advantage of any of you if she were strong enough and knew which buttons to push!" She reached up, wrapped her powerful arms around my chest and thighs, slid me off the wall to hold me cradled securely against her bosom, and started to carry me back to the house, stepping around the fallen Mona, who was now on her knees moaning and holding her crushed hands against her stomach.

"Ah, can I pull my pants up before we go inside?" I ventured hesitantly.

She gave me an arch look, but for the first I saw a hint of humor in her eyes. "No!" she replied emphatically. "When I get you inside I'm taking you upstairs, and at this point I'm not sure whether I'm going to spank you or rape you! Or maybe both! In any case, your little bottom is staying bare!"

"Aw, Bonnie, come on! Please!"

Her expression melted, and then she laughed and hugged me close to her, hard enough to bend a couple of ribs. "You little monkey!" she murmured. "It's a lucky thing for you I'm in love with you! If I weren't, I'd probably turn you over my knee and tan your backside so you couldn't sit down for a week! But, since I am, I suppose I'll have to finish what Mona started... after all, we can't have you suffering with hot rocks all night!"

Suddenly, in a rush of emotion, I felt a massive outpouring of love for this tall, beautiful Amazon who had captured me and made me hers. I reached up to put my arms around her neck and bury my face in the long curve of her throat. "Oh, Bonnie!" I heard myself whisper fiercely, "I love you so much! Don't ever let me go!"

She stopped at the patio long enough to kiss me long and hard. "Don't worry, baby," she whispered into my open mouth, "now that I've finally got you, you're never going to get away from me!" Then, with a grin, she added, "And I'm certainly not letting you out of my sight for the rest of tonight! One rescue a night is enough!"





Inside, Margie was filling the punch bowl. She took one look at my naked bottom and throbbing erection, laughed and jerked her head in the direction of the stairway leading to the second floor. "First door on the right," she told Bonnie. "All the other bedrooms are occupied."

The next hour was sheer bliss that eclipsed even the ecstasy of the afternoon. Under Bonnie's powerful, yet gentle, caresses, my body did things I would never have thought possible. I was her personal playground; she fondled and kneaded my soft, naked flesh, kissing, nibbling and tickling me all over until I was sobbing with desire and pleading to be taken. And her body was my temple, a towering structure of incomparable beauty and power, to be worshipped and adored. She let me memorize with my lips and fingers every pore of her perfect, satiny skin and every striation of muscle that rippled beneath, and, as I knelt before her kissing and stroking a massive, muscular, shapely thigh that was as big around as my chest, I found myself wanting nothing more than to please her in any way I could, to give her as much ecstasy as - no, even

more than - she had given me. As we lay together after each orgasm, her mighty arms pressing my entire body tightly against hers, I begged her to told me even closer, crying that I couldn't get close enough to her; I wanted to literally melt into her and become one with her, to be completely enveloped by her and become a tiny part of that magnificent goddess who had suddenly become my universe.

When, finally, she had drained the last measure of ecstasy from my body, leaving me limp and exhausted beneath her, she dressed herself and then me and, cradling me in her powerful arms, carried me downstairs to the living room. There were only a couple of girls there, playing with their boyfriends. She seated herself at the end of a divan, holding me close to her on her lap, and I wrapped one arm around her neck and buried my face in the long, smooth curve of her throat. For several minutes we remained there, saying nothing and conscious only of each other, until our reverie was broken by Margie.

"Hey, you two," she laughed, "you look like you've got it bad! I didn't think you were ever going to come downstairs!"

I looked up at Margie past the strong line of Bonnie's jaw, and we both smiled, but said nothing.

"Well," Margie continued, "I don't suppose I could talk you into coming out back. We're having lots of fun with the boys back there."

"We'll stay here," Bonnie said. "We both have everything we want. Right, baby?" She looked down into my eyes, and I nodded, smiling contently.

"Suit yourself." Margie turned to leave, and then stopped. "By the way, what'd you do to Mona? She ran out of here crying an hour ago, and her hands looked like they'd been run through a wringer! All swollen and bruised!"

"I crushed her fingers," Bonnie replied. "Don't worry. I didn't break anything. She'll be all right in a few days."

Margie's lips formed an exaggerated "o". "Wow! I didn't think even you were that strong! Guess she'll think twice before messing with you again."

"Or anything that belongs to me," Bonnie said quietly.



We left the party shortly after midnight, even though it was still going strong. Bonnie took me to my door, and as she lifted me up for a final kiss, I whispered, "I don't want to say good-night!"

"I know. Neither do I. I wish I could keep you with me all the time."

"Oh, God!" I breathed. "That would be so wonderful!"

She smiled and nuzzled my cheek. "It will be, baby," she replied. "Look, you should be out of graduate school in a couple of years, just about the time I graduate. Then, whether you like it or not, I'm going to marry you! Dad's business should be really booming by then, and he wants me to take it over when he retires. I can see that we both get jobs with him, and we can work and play together for the rest of our lives! And when I take over the business, I'll see to it that you have a very important role in the company!"

I raised my eyebrows. "You're going to be my boss?"

She grinned. "Uh huh. In every way. At work, at home, and particularly in bed! Any objections?"

I sighed. "Would it make any difference if I did?"

"Nope." She hugged me close and kissed me long and hard. "You belong to me, baby," she murmured. "Like it or not, you're mine for life!"

I closed my eyes and surrendered myself to the ecstasy of her embrace. "I wouldn't want it any other way," I whispered in reply.

## THE END

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