

# COUCH POTATOES

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God, I love holding my boyfriend close while we watch videos at night. Nothing unusual about that you say? Well let me tell you I'm not your usual girl, and the videos we watch aren't your normal Netflix fare. Me and my boyfriend Teddy love to watch wrestling videos, mixed wrestling that is, apartment style is our favorite. The ones where some big muscular girl destroys a man without breaking a sweat.



That's how I found my man really. He was at the back (aka Erotic) section of a video place looking for his fix of female muscle. I love to go by and see if I can find a good man to "pick up". Oh, Did I forget to tell you, I'm a large and sexy female bodybuilder about 5'10" at 190 lbs in the off-season. You may think at that weight I'd be huge and unattractive, but I can assure you, I hold this weight very well.

Have you ever seen a female bodybuilder before? Curves where the normal woman has none, and every curve hard and firm. Every muscle there waiting to be flexed. There's no better female form than that of a bodybuilder.



I love wearing loose clothing out on a date and then coming back to my place, if he's lucky that is, to show him, a little at a time, the real size and shape behind his date for the evening.

Teddy was in awe when I first showed him, and he couldn't wait to touch every inch of my body, which I let him, and then some.

Some guys aren't as appreciative as Teddy, and therefore must "learn" the hard way the advantages of a strong female form. Oh, and I am strong, VERY VERY strong. I can't tell you how many times I've been treated rudely by some jerk guy and had to show him how to treat a lady.

Their screams of pain, their moans of utter exhaustion, the little giggles I give at having yet another man "tutored" to my way of thinking. I can't tell you how amazing it feels if you've never been in that position.





I don't go out looking for men to hurt mind you, I'd rather have a man like my baby Teddy, who knows how to treat a woman like me. But if a guy doesn't show me the respect I deserve, then well, that's his problem - and his doctor's problem after our night is over.

Teddy was totally unsuspecting of my true form as I approached him while he was eyeing his new video for the week. We started talking and hit it off very well, I knew I'd found a keeper in him. We had a great night, and then after dinner we went back to my place, where I could give him first hand experience of the videos he loves so well. Of course he had no idea about any of this, me wearing my usual first date concealing attire, but when I asked to excuse myself and then came back to him wearing just my favorite posing bikini and flexed my muscles for him, I think he got the point. And his pants got the point as well I could see.

I didn't have to hurt him much really, he was very receptive to a woman bodybuilder's form and was in total awe and amazement that he had found his dream girl. I do say didn't hurt him "much" because even if I love my man (and after two years of going out with Teddy I can honestly say that I love him), I still need to squeeze and crush him till he moans in pain. Just slightly mind you, I'd never really hurt my baby, just enough to let him know who's in charge. Besides, he loves it anyway - least he better love it. Which brings us to back to tonight. I lay on our big comfortable couch, with him laying on me. I fold my incredibly powerful arms and legs around him, as we watch some of our favorite videos. I can't help but squeeze him some and listen as he moans in pain. As I do this, I gently kiss his neck or rub my fingers through his hair. We are a perfect match for one another, and he treats me like a queen, and if he knows what's good for him, he'll never stop.



# DON'T MESS WITH MY BABY

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At first glance, Tracy looked just like any other shapely 25 year old girl. Walking down the street at night isn't a big thing surely, but this was no ordinary street. Turner Blvd. had been in the papers a lot recently with a rash of muggings and rapes, and for the most part, you'd have to be crazy to come out here alone - especially at night. Though Tracy was far from insane, in fact, she had planned this night all week long.

She had just come from the hospital, where her 28 year old boyfriend was staying. He had been one of the latest victims of this mysterious gang of hoodlums. She cursed herself for letting him walk back alone that night. She didn't think he would take this way home, and she was busy at the gym when he left. She works at Power Builders Gym, and she does most of her own personalized working out late at night when no one else is there. He had joined her that night, to watch his amazing girlfriend lift truly amazing weights. Sure he could have joined in, but as big as he was, at 6'2" 220 lbs, he couldn't hope to match her lifts.



See, even though Tracy, at 5' 8" 135 lbs, looked no different than a very fit girl, she's actually much much stronger than her height and weight would have you believe. **MUCH STRONGER.** She doesn't look huge or grossly muscular, but she does look **VERY** much in shape, with all the curves in their right places, and all of them rock solid.

Her boyfriend, Bob, loved to play and wrestle with her for fun. For even though he should be able to beat her 100% of the time no problem, after 3 years of dating, he has yet to win a match.

Actually, the night he was attacked, Bob planned to get home before Tracy to arrange a very romantic setting in their apartment and finally "pop the question". What happened instead, was him ending up in the hospital with severely broken bones and bruises all over his body. Just the thought of her seeing her boyfriend, whom she loved deeply, in that state, made her burn with anger. She knew that she would make an irresistible target for these men, and she would make them pay to what they did to her man.

Her flawless physique clad in a tight, body hugging outfit, along with her ultra gorgeous young face, helped make her the perfect bait, just what she wanted. And if it didn't attract tonight, she'd continue to walk this way home every night until it did. Though, as it turned out, that wouldn't be necessary.

"Hey, look what we got here boys" said a voice from out of a dark alley. Tracy turned slowly, seemingly to the observer in fear, but in actuality she could barely contain herself from breaking this man in two. She wanted to dive right onto him, but she wanted them all, so she waited until the rest of this gang emerged from the darkness.

"Damn Billy, this chick is super fine, wouldn't you say"

"You ain't kiddin' Davey, looks like we ain't gotta go far for our supper tonight eh?"



And with that said, laughter could be heard in all directions. Tracy turned again to see two more men rounding the nearby corner.

"Shit, this bitch is stupid. Don't she listen to the news, this is Turner Blvd bitch, you crazy walkin' round here alone at night. You'd think you wuz lookin' for us or somethin'."

Laughter again, from all four men, as they slowly moved in to surround their new prey. Some of the men had weapons, a bat, a knife, a crowbar, but for four of them against just one woman, they simply tossed them aside....all the better to grope her with.

"So bitch, we gonna do this the easy way, or the hard way? Either way, it's gonna happen" one of the punks said with a smug look on his face. She'd make him, and all of them, pay very very dearly.

Suddenly, one of the men grabbed her from behind in a bear hug, and proceeded, with a surprising amount of strain, to lift her slightly off the ground. "Christ, this bitch is heavy." he said, as two more came at her supposedly helpless body from the front. Almost in slow motion Tracy raised her arms to brake the hold she was in, with little more effort it takes to yawn, it seemed.

"What the hell are you doin'? Why the hell you let her go?" yelled one of them.

"He didn't" her liquid cool voice was a far cry from their gruff manly voices. "He couldn't hold me, just like all four of you together couldn't if you tried. You see, you beat up my boyfriend last week. Now he's in the hospital, and all the sadness I feel towards my baby, I'm going to turn into pain for all of you"

"What are you, crazy bitch?" one of them said "There's four of us, and only one of you. And you're just a woman, what do you think you could do to us?" Suddenly the four punks broke out in laughter so hard, that Tracy could have escaped if she wanted to - but escape was not her plan.

She slowly moved her way to the crowbar that one of the men dropped, and slowly, almost sexily, held it at both ends."Dammit Joey, you let her take your bar"

"But, I was just....."

"Don't you boys worry, I'm not planning on using this on you, I'm just going to let you know what's going to happen to you tonight."



Then, with a gleam in her eye and a smile on her face, Tracy began to bend the crowbar as if it were no more than a piece of paper. The men suddenly stopped breathing, and gasped almost in unison. They could not conceive what was happening in front of them. "Ohhhhh, good. I'm glad you're all beginning to get the picture." Tracy cooed if she continued her unrelenting assault on the metal in her powerful hands.



The look of shock mixed with fear, made her feel even stronger. The men stood petrified in their spots, unable to get their bodies to do anything but tremble. Finally, Billy spoke out in defiance, "Nah, this is some kinda bullshit trick. She can't be doin' that....that's impossible"

"But Billy, that's my bar, she didn't bring it"

"I don't give a damn about whose bar it is, it's some damn bullshit trick. Now get her, ya stupid bums." At that, two of the other men rushed Tracy at once, thinking their weight and strength could push into the nearby wall, where she would be held for the other two to do her some damage. They hit her alright, all at once, but she didn't move an inch. It was like hitting a tree!!! They were pushing her with all their might, one at each of her shoulders, and she just wouldn't move. She didn't even look like she was straining...almost, smiling really.

"God, I hoped you'd all be this stupid. It would have been such a drag if I had bent your "mighty" weapon and then had to run and waste time catching you all again." With that, she placed one of her hands on each of the men's chests, and slowly started to push them back. First slowly, then faster until both men were rammed into the opposite wall, with such force, they were nearly knocked unconscious.

They could do nothing more than slump down on the ground, and gasp for air. Suddenly, one of the other punks started to run. She then quickly caught up with him, which was amazing considering her high heels, and wrapped both her arms around both of his as they circled his body.





With his arms trapped in her embrace, he was completely held immobile....and inches of the ground at that.

"This is for my baby's broken ribs" she cooed as she looked with a piercing stare at her captor. Suddenly he let out a scream that would scare the dead. She was using her massively strong arms to crush her much larger victim. An almost childlike, though evil, giggle could almost be heard over his screams.

"OH...GOD, HELP ME.....SHE'S KILLING ME.....AHHHHHH, BILLY...HELP....." Just then as his breath started to get weaker, and his yelling quieter, you could hear the sounds of crackling coming from his chest.

"I told you you were going to pay for what you did to my man. Now, we'll see how quick you attack the next "helpless" victim that comes along." The grin on her face was wide enough that even the other three remaining gang members could see it. Suddenly the screaming stopped, though Tracy held him up there still longer, wanting to get a few more good cracks out of his broken body..... which to her delight, she did.

She then separated her arms, and the remaining men watched their friend slump down like a rag doll."Now, for you two again. I want to save a little something special for Billy, since he was so "nice" to my baby." She had remembered Bob tell her that a man fitting Billy's description was the one that actually did the most damage.

Now the other two had already had a taste of Tracy's massive strength. They tried to run past her but to no avail. She simply slammed one like a linebacker into the wall, then quickly grabbed the other one by the back of his jacket. She then maneuvered them both into headlocks, both of them, one in each arm."This is for my baby's concussion." she said, and as she powered her hold up, even just slightly, both men could do nothing but scream. And scream they did.



"AHHHHH, GOD.....MY HEAD....SHE'S BREAKING MY SKULL....."

"BILLY...DAMMIT...AHHHHHH.....GOD, BILLY...HELP US....."

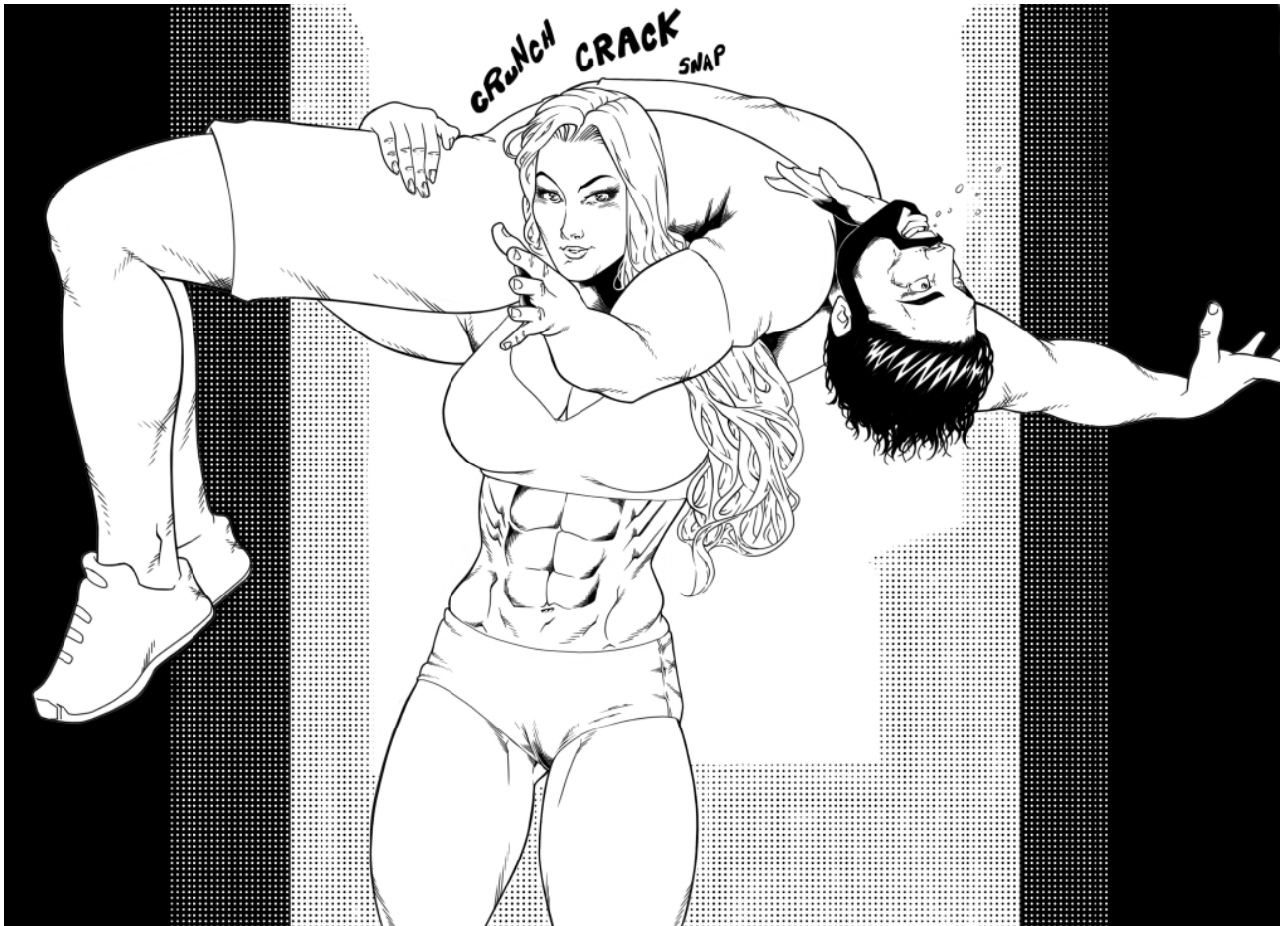
But Billy did nothing, he could do nothing, he knew he was doomed. Or did he? He then remembered the bat that he had dropped earlier. "Feels like your head in a vice grip, doesn't it? Feels like I could crack both your skulls like eggshells, I'm sure. And maybe I'll do just that. You hurt the man I love, and for that, you'll hurt so much worse." Again, a sinister grin formed on her lips, as her grip slowly crushed two "big, strong" men to whimpering babies.

Oh, how she loved this feeling. She'd done it many times before, but never with Bob, never this hard anyway. She loved Bob very much, and just thinking that these men beat him so badly made her feel stronger than ever, to make them pay. Billy (seeing Tracy was lost in an almost trance like state, torturing his two screaming friends), slowly began to lower himself towards the floor - to his weapon. Just as he reached it, he heard to loud cracks, and then looked up to see his friends weren't screaming anymore. They were motionless and still being held by this superhuman amazon. Their bodies as limp as dishrags.

Billy then quickly grabbed the bat, and started yelling at her. "Come on, you dumb bitch. You ain't got nothin' that me and my Louisville Slugger here can't fuck up. Come on, you fuckin' freak."

"Ohhhhh, finally, one with a little spirit. Oh, don't hurt me with your big club, please" she taunted him. "Come on, right here, your best shot." she said as she pointed to her stomach.

"You asked for it bitch." Billy yelled as he swung his bat as hard and as fast as he could. Oh, it hit her right in her abs, and to his utter amazement, broke into splinters.



"Mmmmm, I didn't even have to flex there." She then slowly and sexily made her way to Billy. "Now, it's my turn." Tracy began to beat Billy with her fists with fighting skill that would make Mike Tyson and Bruce Lee cringe. "I'm not just strength here Billy, I can fight with the best of them..... well, more like ten of the best of them really. But I'm going to finish you off with my strength alone. I'm just so alive when I see a man's face when he finally sees that this "little girl" can destroy with with just strength, no matter how big he is."

Tracy then turned him around and picked him up so that his back was lying flat on her shoulders. "God, I so love this hold, you can just fall in love with the men screaming in this position." She then placed one of her hands around his neck and the other around his thigh, and began to push downward. Billy's screams were immediate and louder then any heard before that night. She was bending his back the wrong way over her broad shoulders, with what seemed like simply no effort at all. "You're going to suffer the worst Billy. And for that, I'm going to make you wish you were never born."

Billy screamed til he thought his lungs would burst, and then more. The pain he was experiencing now was unlike any he had ever felt in his entire life. And all at the hands of this little girl. Tracy just started giggling again.

"Well, I guess you've had enough Billy, time to finish you off"  
"No...please..... AHHHHHH .....  
I'll do anything...OH GOD...I'll confess....please....stop.....  
AHHHHHH....." Billy cried out.

"Tell me Billy, did you have mercy on my man when you beat him?" she pulled down more, and he screamed louder. "Or did you all just sit around and laugh as he lay there beaten and bloodied?" She pulled down even further, with horrifying screams from her victim. "I don't think you gave my baby mercy, so why.... should ....I ....give.....you?" she near screamed as she powered down so forcefully, that there was a loud SNAP and Billy immediately went limp and motionless.

Tracy then bounced up and down slightly to make sure she had done her job. She then flung him off her shoulders, to which he landed with a THUD!

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The next day, while visiting her boyfriend in the hospital, she passed through the intensive care ward, where she saw her four "attackers" in their hospital beds. She went over, and whispered something to each of them. Something that made them all tremble and shake in terror. Well, all but Billy.....he was left paralyzed from the neck down, all he could do was wet his bed....which he did.



**THE END**

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