

GIRLS JUST WANT TO HAVE FUN

- an MC story -

(amysconquest.com)

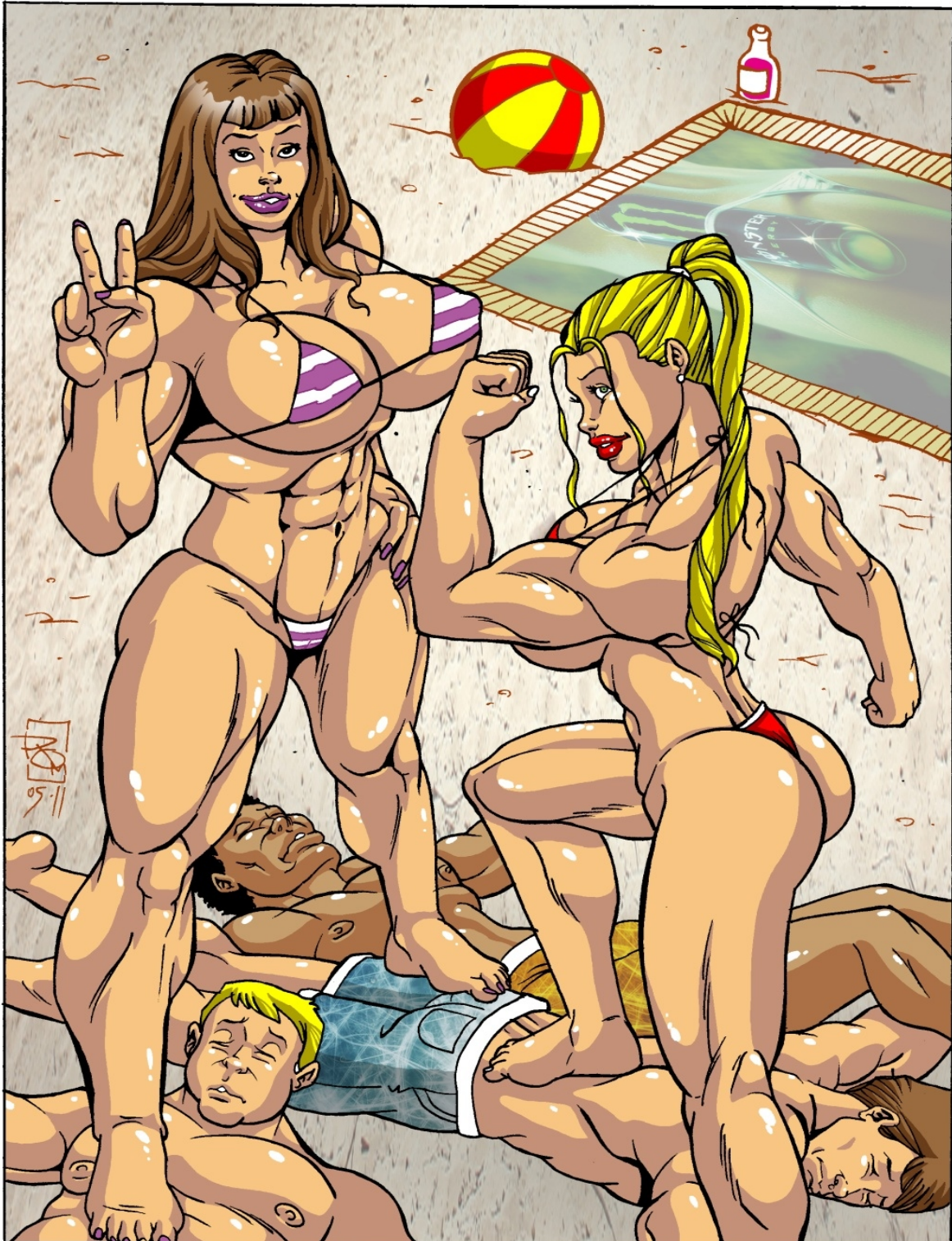


"Excuse me Ms. but could you please take a few pictures of us with our camera?" Jenny asked a woman passerby as she and her friend stood on the beach in their sexy new bathing suits,"they'll be great for the photo album we want to make of our vacation."

"Why certainly girls," the women replied,"I'd be honored to."

"And make sure you get *them* in the pictures too," the beautiful girl added with a wink,"they might feel left out if you didn't."

"Why I wouldn't dream of leaving them out. They make such a lovely sight, don't they? (giggles)."



As the woman prepared to take the pictures, Jenny, a powerfully built, buxom blonde, flexed her muscular biceps and put her right foot on the chest of the large man lying on the sand in front of her. Peggy, her even more muscular friend, stood on the chests of two others. The statuesque Amazon - her long, beautiful brown hair blowing in the wind behind her - had her hands placed firmly on her hips; her favorite 'tough girl' look.

"O.K., smile." After taking several pictures of the strong college co-eds, the woman asked, "if I gave you girls my address, could you please send me some copies of these photos? These obnoxious jocks have been bothering the women on the beach since their summer vacation began and it was wonderful to watch you girls giving them beating they deserved."

"Sure thing," Peggy said, "It was our pleasure...and I do mean pleasure." She looked down at one of the guys she flattened and playfully tweaked his bloody nose with her toes. "Let this be a lesson to you macho man; when a girl says 'no' she means NO!" The girls then clasped each other's hands and stepped down from their victims. They slapped each other five and casually began a conversation; completely ignoring the three battered college men lying in the sand. Jenny and Peggy smiled and waved to the crowd of onlookers that had gathered around to watch and, as the two powerful women began walked off, all the females in the crowd began to cheer.



Peggy paused in front of a tall, handsome man who was staring at her with a stunned look on his face. "Aren't you glad now that you heeded my warning and didn't join your friends in that little fight of ours, cutie-pie? Otherwise I'd have had to bash up that handsome face of yours too...and I'd have hated to do that." She reached over and playfully pinched him on the cheek. Peggy then noticed the sizeable bulge in his swim suit. "My my, what have we here?" the large brunette laughed as she reached down and grabbed it, "Where are your manners college boy? Tee, hee, hee."

"Please, please don't do this," he pleaded in a whisper, "don't humiliate me in public."

"Awww, poor baby. All right big boy, I'll let up. But don't expect me to show any mercy on you the next time." Peggy flexed her massive, 17 inch biceps and said, "Girl Power...see ya round handsome." She then winked at him and began walking towards Jenny who was trying hard to suppress her laughter.

Jennifer Warren and Peggy Nelson had been friends ever since their early high school days when they teamed up to form an unbeatable one-two punch on their track and field team; Peggy in the shot put, discus and hammer throws and Jenny in the javelin, high jump and long jump. Peggy is also a powerlifter and the center on the women's basketball team while Jenny holds a second degree black belt in Tae Kwon Do.

They both recieved full athletic scholarships to attend UCLA and now, after leading their track and field team to the NCAA finals in their junior year, these two super athletic girls wanted nothing more than to just relax and enjoy a month on the beach soaking up rays. They rented a beach house in Pismo Beach, a small coastal town a couple of hours north of Los Angeles famous for attracting the college crowd during the summer, and planned to enjoy themselves. After showering and relaxing a bit, Peggy and Jenny discussed their plans for the rest of the evening.



"You know Jen, I think dinner should be on you tonight."

"Is that so Peg, and why may I ask?"

"Because I took out two of those neanderthals to your one."

"Well my guy was much stronger than any of the two you fought; didn't you see those muscles of his?"

"Muscles schmuscles; since when does that make a difference to you, Miss karate expert?"

"You're right Peg, it doesn't. But it did make the fight more fun. You should have seen the look on his face right before I knocked him out. He just couldn't believe that a girl could beat him up so easily."

"Macho men, they're all alike. Well kiddo, I'd have to say that so far the first day of our summer vacation has gone rather well; wouldn't you agree?"

"So far so good Peg. All right, I'll agree to buy dinner tonight; but tomorrow is your treat."

"Gee, I was sort of hoping that by then we'd have a couple of guys willing to treat us."

"Or unwilling," Jenny added with an evil grin.

"Now, now Jen, let's not get nasty.....not yet anyway. I'm sure there are plenty of decent guys around here that would like nothing better than to take two shy and lonely college girls out for dinner (wink)."

"You mean like that guy on the beach earlier today?"

"Guy? What guy?" Peggy asked with a fake surprised voice.

"The one who couldn't keep his eyes off you while we were beating up his friends. The one who couldn't hide his erection when you walked past him. The one whose penis you fondled. The one you flexed for. That one, you dolt!"

"Oh, *that* one (giggles). Yes, he was kind of cute. I hope he learned his lesson today; don't wear a skimpy bathing suit around strong women. Tee, hee, hee."

"So Peggy, what's on for tonight?"

"I asked the woman who took the photos of us where's a good place around here to find single men. She recommended a restaurant/pub by the beach called Charlie's; seems that lot of college guys hang out there in the evenings."

"Sounds good to me. Charlie's it is then. You lead the way." Arm-in-arm, the two beautiful university athletes headed out on the prowl or - as they preferred to call it - **man hunting**.

When Peggy and Jenny entered the restaurant all heads suddenly turned in their direction; for they were indeed a sight to behold. Both had strong and well proportioned bodies (the result of their many years of exercising and weight training). Peggy, the larger of the two, stood an even six feet and weighed around 185 pounds. Her long beautiful brown hair, neatly brushed, fell halfway down her back. She made no effort to hide her body. To the contrary, the muscular brunette was so proud of her physique that she took every opportunity to show it off; wearing the most revealing clothes she could find.

Jenny, only slightly smaller than her friend, was five feet-ten inches tall and although not quite as muscular as her friend, she still weighed in at a rock-solid 165 pounds. The beautiful blonde liked to wear a low cut dresses to better highlight her 42 inch breasts. Both women were superb, well conditioned athletes and totally secure in who they were and what they were capable of.



The two Amazons immediately felt the male gazes upon them as they entered the restaurant. Far from being offended however, they delighted in it. After all, isn't this what they were there for? As Jenny and Peggy were checking out the place, they approached four familiar looking college men seated around a table drinking beer; three of whom appeared to have been rather badly beaten up. Flashing the guys their prettiest smiles, they walked past them and sat down at an empty table near-by and ordered two glasses of beer.

"Hey Peg, isn't that the guy you have the hots for?" Jenny teased as she nodded over in the direction of the guys' table.

"What in the world makes you say that?"

"Because, dear friend, he's the guy *without* a black eye; the one we spared."

"That's only because I warned him to stay out of it and he was smart enough to do so. Don't read any more into it than that, Miss smarty pants."

"Oh, I see. Then why do you keep staring over at their table Peggy? Do you really think that you can fool your best and closest friend, Miss muscle woman?"

"Just because you've studied psychology for three years Jenny doesn't mean you can read my mind. And just because I broke up with Rick two weeks ago doesn't mean I'm going to jump into the sack with the first available guy that comes along... cute though he may be."



"Broke up? You mean 'broke him up' don't you? I saw Rick just before school let out; his face still looks like it had been put through a meat grinder."

"Well, it serves him right that two-timing bastard!" The powerful woman made no effort to hide her anger. "He swore he loved me; and the next thing I know I catch him naked in bed with that sexpot cheerleader Cathy!" Peggy took a swig of her beer and reflected for a moment; then added in a more somber tone, "Perhaps I was a bit too rough on him though."

"Duh, do you think? Peg, I can shatter boards with my hands and feet and beaten up many bullies in my day but I've never done anywhere near as much damage to a guy as you did to Rick with these sledgehammers of yours (Jenny pointed to Peggy's massive arms). She paused briefly, polished off her glass of beer and giggled,"But what you did to them in the end was very *creative*, tying Cathy's long hair into a knot around Rick's neck and giving them both a good spanking. I guess Hell really hath no fury like a woman scorned."

Peggy smiled at her friend. "Yea, that revenge was certainly sweet; especially when they both started crying. And Rick thought he was such a tough guy too. But Jenny, wasn't one of the purposes of our coming up here to forget about those things and just enjoy ourselves?"

"You're right Peg, you're absolutely right. So let's do that."

The two beautiful Amazons raised their empty beer glasses and clinked them together. "To a month of relaxation and 'fun in the sun'," they said in unison. The girls then ordered their dinners and two more beers. As they ate their meals and chit-chatted, Jenny and Peggy forgot about the three large, strong and angry college guys glaring at them from the near-by table...the three guys whom the beautiful girls had beaten up and publically humiliated on the beach earlier that day...the three guys who now could think of nothing else but how to get revenge for their humiliation...



Jenny and Peggy chatted away as they ate their dinner and downed several more beers. The strong, athletic women were so engrossed in their conversation that they completely forgot about the three large college jocks that were staring at them from the near-by table; the three that the girls had beaten up and publically humiliated on the beach earlier that day. After finishing their meal - as well as a rather copious amount of beer - the beautiful females rose from their chairs and began walking towards the adjacent disco. On the way out they passed by the table where the guys were seated.

"Why hello there," the inebriated Peggy giggled as she paused briefly in front of them, "Where'd you boy's get those lovely black eyes; tee, hee, hee?"

"Now now Peg," Jenny said as she walked beside her friend, "You know darn well where they got them. There's no need to rub their noses in it.....too much that is. After all, I'm sure these rough, tough macho college men certainly don't need to be reminded that they got their asses kicked by a couple of girls (smirk)."



"Oh, that's right; I forgot (giggles). Gee, that seems like such a long time ago Jenny. Are you sure it was today?"

"Of course it was today you clown; we just got here around noon didn't we? You never could handle your alcohol could you Peg?"

"Oooopsie (hick) my bad. Say, who's this handsome guy sitting at the table with them; the one without a black eye? Looks like we missed one, and he's a real cutie pie."

"That's the guy we didn't punch out because you warned him to stay out of it and he did. And when you flexed your muscles for him afterwards he got a huge hard on. Damn it girl, don't you remember anything?"

"I did? Darn, alcohol sure does weird things to me." The beautiful brunette leaned over the table and smiled at the man who caught her attention. "Are you coming to the disco later, you good looking hunk? Maybe I'll see ya there (wink)." The two strong and intoxicated women then sauntered off in the direction of the night club, giggling as they went.

"They humiliated us," Steve, the largest and strongest of the group said angrily after the two females walked off, "those two bitches humiliated us. We can't let them get away with that."

"What are you going to do about it?" Randy asked. He had been swimming in the ocean when the fight began and, by the time he arrived on the scene, the girls were putting the finishing *touches* on his three friends. Peggy, the muscular brunette, then warned him to stay out of it; which he wisely did. "I saw the way those girls fight, they creamed you. That blonde kicks like a horse; she took you down in seconds Steve. And the brunette looks like she could lift a truck. She flattened John with just one punch."

"We weren't ready, that's all," John said. "If we had known what to expect it would have been much different. Do you really think that the three of us could have been beaten up by just two girls? Next time we'll be prepared."

"Next time?" Randy asked surprised, "You really want to go up against them again?"

"They humiliated us in public Randy, we're the laughingstock of this whole town now. Didn't you hear all those snickers behind our backs as we were walking over here? We'll never be able to pick up any girls here now; those bitches ruined it for us. And I'm not going to spend the next month just playing with my pecker. We'll have to go somewhere else. But first, we'll make them pay!"

"How did the fight start anyway Steve?"

"While you were swimming, John, Mike and I saw these two beautiful girls sunning themselves in the sand. Since they were alone, we went over to them and simply asked if they wanted any company; that's all."

Randy, though not there at the time, knew that couldn't be the entire story. He didn't think that the two girls suddenly started beating up his friends for no good reason. Knowing them, and how persistent his friends could be when trying to hit on women, Randy suspected that they might have gone too far (in fact they were more than persistent, they were downright obnoxious. Though only in Pismo Beach a few days, the three of them had already acquired a reputation for being overly aggressive towards members of the opposite sex).

It didn't take a genius to figure out that these two powerfully built women athletes rebuffed their advances; after which Steve, John and Mike probably got offended. From there one thing undoubtedly then led to another. Randy had seen it happen several times already and usually the girls wound up having to leave the beach in order to escape their harassment. This time however, his friends ran up against women who knew how to deal effectively with the situation; and the rather comprehensive beating they received at the hands of these strong females was the result.



"Are you absolutely sure you want to go up against those girls again?" Randy repeated, "They look awfully tough."

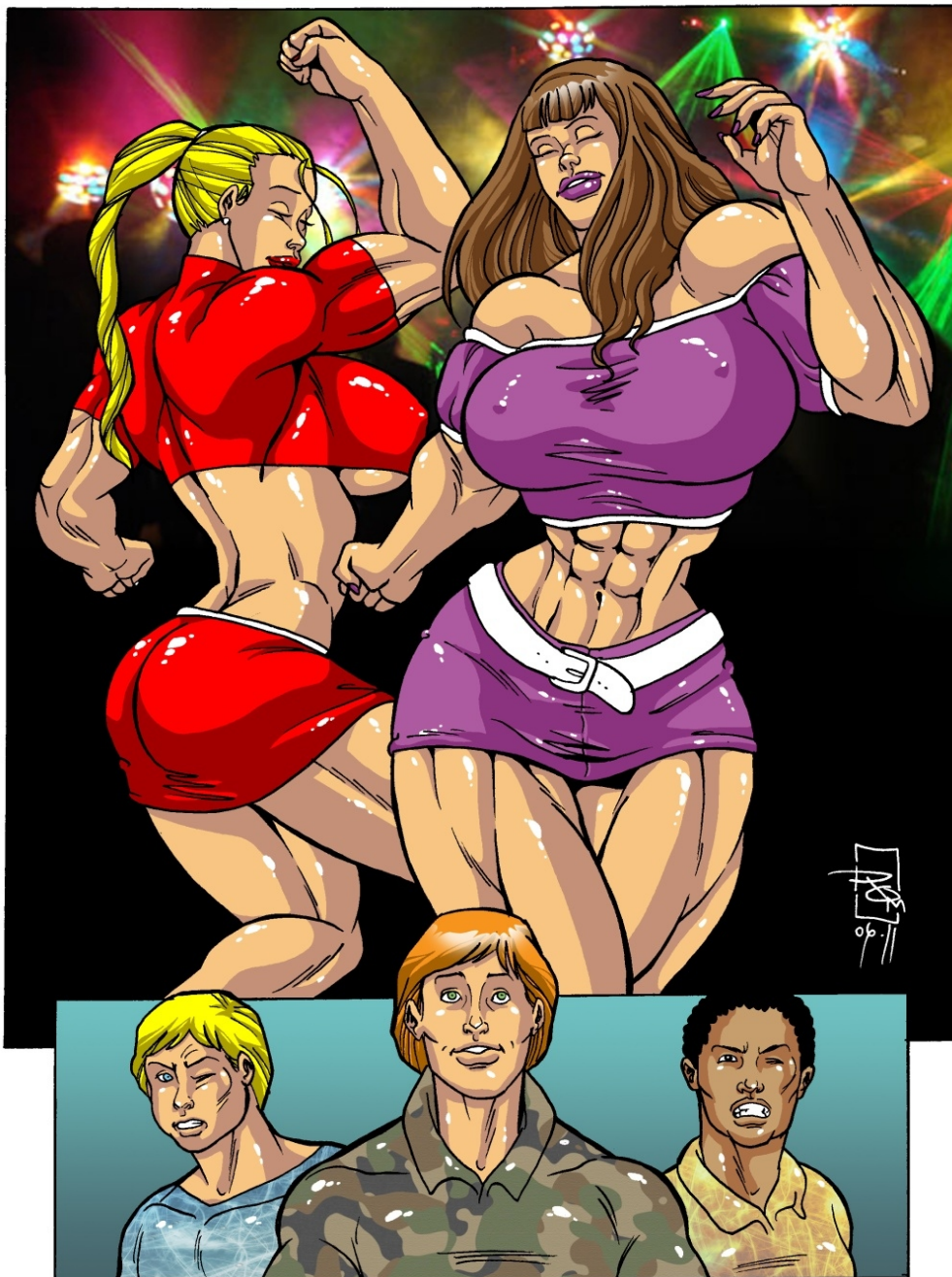
"Yes Randy, we have to. They humiliated us in public and everybody knows it; you know how fast these things spread around. We'll have to go to another town now. But before we do, we'll show those bitches that they messed with the wrong guys." John and Mike nodded their heads in agreement when Steve said this.

Randy felt torn. He was an engineering major at the University of Wisconsin in Madison. One cold wintery day while he and his friends were having a few beers in the student union and staring out over frozen lake Mendota, he tossed out the idea of driving across the country to California and spending a few weeks lounging by the Pacific Ocean as soon as their summer vacation began. They all agreed and the plans were set in motion. As the time for their vacation approached, Randy became very excited; he'd never been west of the Mississippi River before. What better way to spend what would probably be his last free summer before beginning his senior year and then work?

But now everything seemed to be on the verge of collapse because of the *incident* that took place on the beach earlier that day. Randy knew that it was undoubtedly his friend's fault that it happened but he didn't want to have to leave Pismo Beach. He liked what he saw of it so far and really wanted to visit the near-by Hearst Castle as well as take the beautiful scenic drive up Pacific Coast Highway to Monterey. But as it was Steve's car they had driven across country in, Randy felt he had no choice but to follow the game plan and go with them to a different location.

But did they really have to fight these girls again? Randy couldn't believe how easily the blonde and brunette battered his friends around. John and Mike were both around six feet tall and probably weighed nearly 200 pounds; while Steve, a serious weight lifter and by far the strongest of the three, stood six feet two and at least 225. All three are excellent athletes. But these girls still handled them like they were children; giggling with each other as they pounded his friends into the sand.

And that brunette, she was so awesome! Probably the most amazing woman Randy had ever seen in his life - so strong and so beautiful. Just watching her in action gave Randy an erection; a fact that she, much to his embarrassment, noticed immediately. But did she really like him? Or was that just her way of teasing, jerking his chain? And if his friends did fight the girls again, would they expect him to join in this time?



Randy wasn't a fighter, it wasn't his style. He also knew from watching what transpired earlier that even if he were to join in, it probably wouldn't make much of a difference - the girls would probably still kick their asses. But if he chickened out, what would his friends do about him? Would they just leave him there in Pismo Beach all by himself; 2,000 miles from Wisconsin? Why couldn't they just go to another beach town and leave the girls alone? (Randy knew the answer of course - macho pride). These were the thoughts running through Randy's mind as he and his friends got up from their table and followed the girls over to the disco.

Even though the club was dark, noisy and crowded, Randy and his friends had no trouble locating Jenny and Peggy. Standing in the middle of the dance floor, the two powerfully built Amazons - their gorgeous, muscular bodies gyrating to the loud hip-hop sound blaring from the loudspeakers - could not possibly be overlooked. Randy's attention was immediately drawn to the large, long haired brunette whose graceful movements as she danced, mesmerized him. When Peggy spotted Randy, a wide smile spread across her beautiful face. Randy felt his heart begin to pound as she left the dance floor and began moving up towards him.



"Glad you could make it handsome," Peggy said when she came within earshot, "Care to dance?" Before he could even utter his response, Randy felt her vice-like grip around his wrist and he was yanked away from his equally surprised friends and virtually dragged down onto the dance floor by the powerful female. To make matters worse (or better as the case may be), as soon as they got onto the floor, the loud music stopped and a soft, slow song - Brian Adam's "Everything I Do, I Do It For You"- began.

"Oh, I just love this song," Peggy said. Randy now felt himself engulfed in her strong, muscular arms. Although he was no slouch - Randy stood five feet-ten inches tall and weighed in at a trim but well proportioned 175 pounds - he was no match physically for the six foot, 185 pound Amazon who he was dancing with; and they both knew it. As she continued to sway him back and forth, Randy felt the pressure increase. The powerful woman forced him closer into her large, firm breasts and softly whispered into his ear, "Don't fight it honey, we both know you want it."

"Wha-what makes you say that?" he replied...stupidly.



Suppressing the urge to break out laughing, the muscular woman simply giggled and said, "that beautiful erection you had when I flexed my biceps for you on the beach earlier today you silly boy." She squeezed him even tighter. "What's your name sweetie pie?"

"Randy."

"Well Randy, my name's Peggy; pleased to meet'ya. What say we blow this joint and go back to my place?" Randy then remembered his friends and what they had planned to do to the two women. "What's the matter loverboy?" Peggy asked, sensing something wasn't quite right.

"It's...it's my friends Peggy, the ones you and your blonde friend beat up. They want revenge for what you girls did to them on the beach."

"Oh, they do, do they?"

"Yes. What are you going to do about it."

Peggy squeezed Randy even tighter into her formidable breasts; he found it difficult to breathe now. "After this song is over, Jenny and I will *invite* your friends outside and settle this matter girl to boy; once and for all. In the meantime, how about a little kiss you handsome man you?" The massive beauty pressed her lips against his and gave Randy the longest, strongest and most passionate kiss of his young life. She sent her long, soft tongue deep into, and all around, his mouth. He tried to respond in kind but the powerful female was just too much for him. "Hmmm...that's quite a kisser you have there Randy," Peggy teased when she was through; but they both knew she was just patronizing him.

"Hey Peg," a familiar voice said from behind her, "Isn't this the guy from the beach? The one whose friends we smacked around? The one with the huge erection (smirk)?"

"Yes it is. Jenny meet Randy; Randy, Jenny. And speaking of his friends, it seems that you and I have some unfinished business to take care of with them," Peggy winked. They looked up from the dance floor at Steve, John and Mike who were watching them from above.

"Oh goody," the blonde giggled, "Let's get it on then!"

Peggy turned to Randy and said, "if you'd like, you can stay here honey. There's no need for you to watch this. After all, you weren't involved and they are your friends."

"Are-are you going to hurt them?" he asked. As he stood in-between these two strong and confident women, Randy suddenly felt afraid for his college friends.

Peggy smiled sympathically at him. "Well, it is a fight you know, and in a fight people do tend to get hurt. But we'll try not to rough them up anymore than we have to. O.K. honey?" She leaned over and gave him a gentle kiss on the forehead, then nodded to Jenny. The two Amazons then began making their way over to where Randy's friends were to finish what they started earlier.

"I hear you big, tough macho men want another go at us," Jenny said.

"You heard correctly," Steve replied.

"Well then, what do you say we all take a walk outside, shall we?" Peggy chimed in. The three guys and two girls, with Randy in tow, left the disco and walked to the beach. It was a warm summer night lit brightly by a full moon.

"My, what a lovely night for a.....fight, isn't it Peg?" Jenny laughed.

"Yes it is Jen. With that full moon it'll be very, err...*romantic*."



"O.K. guys," Jenny began when they reached a secluded part of the beach where they wouldn't be disturbed, "Here's the deal. After we whup your asses again, you leave Pismo Beach and don't come back, understand?"

"And what if we win?" Steve asked.

The girls looked at each other and giggled, "Then I guess we'll have to leave."

"Fair enough. And what about him?" (Steve pointed at Randy)

"He goes to the winners."

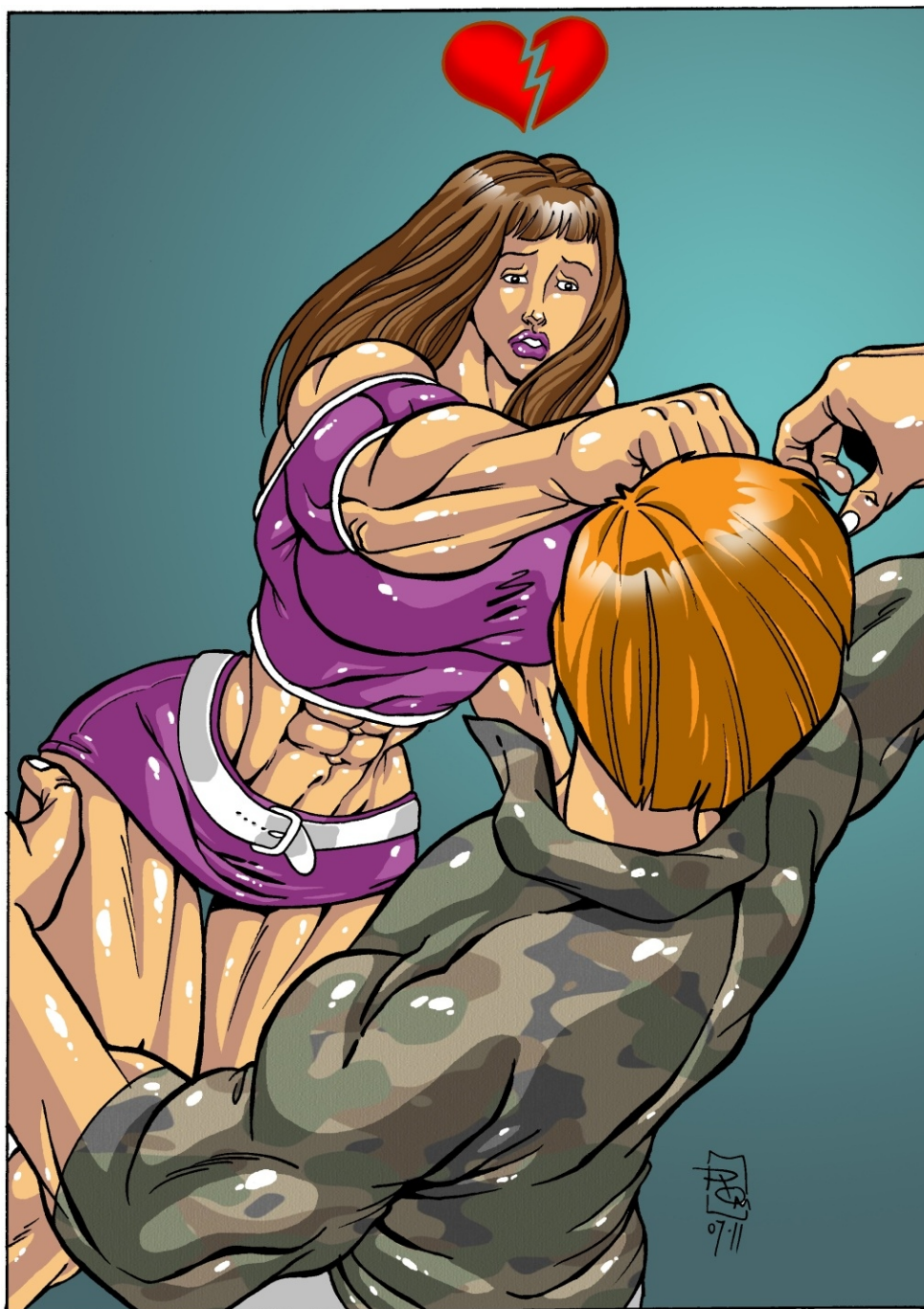
"But he came here with us."

"That may be true...but he's leaving with us," Peggy winked.

The three guys looked at Randy. "What's it gonna be pal? Them or us?"

Randy was caught in a dilemma now; whose side was on? He had known Steve, John and Mike for three years - ever since they were freshmen at the University of Wisconsin. He knew they had their faults, but they were still the best friends he had. Peggy, on the other hand, he had only met that day. In fact, Randy really only *met* her in the disco just a few minutes earlier. But he found the tall, gorgeous brunette, with her large rippling muscles and long beautiful hair almost irresistible. To Randy, she was awesome, he had never felt this way about a woman before. Steve, John and Mike may be his friends, but Peggy was a Goddess. What should he do?

Peggy could sense the pressure Randy was being put under and decided to put him out of his misery...in a rather unusual way."Here honey, let me help you decide." SOCK! The powerful woman slammed her right fist into his jaw. Although she only hit him with about half of her strength, it was still enough to send the 175 pound man flat on his back."Sorry about that sweetie pie,"she giggled,"But now you don't have to make a decision. Because by the time you recover, our fight will be over and we can pick up where we left off (wink)." Then, turning her attention back to his three friends, Peggy said,"O.K. Tough guys, are you ready to rumble?"



The five of them squared off. This time Peggy took on Steve while Jenny faced off against John and Mike. Though larger, and probably even a little bit stronger than Peggy, Steve soon found himself at a disadvantage against the athletic brunette. Her punches came at him so fast - and had so much power - that he was unable to stop them. Almost immediately Peggy began to force the 225 pound weight lifter back. "Oh come on Stevie," she teased, "Let's see if you can last longer against me than your two friends did this afternoon."

While this was going on, Jenny, a trained martial artist (she holds a second degree black belt in Tae Kwon Do), calmly stood in-between John and Mike. She smiled with her hands on her hips and waited for them to make their move. Well aware of her capabilities, they decided to attack simultaneously. "Now!" Mike shouted and they both surged forward. WHAM! Jenny's board-shattering right foot became a blur as it whurled around and nailed John flush on the side of his face. Still balancing on her left foot, the buxom blonde continued her circular motion and caught Mike squarely in the jaw. Stunned, they both fell backwards. "That's two stones by one bird," she giggled.

"UUGGGHHH!" Peggy groaned as she peppered Steve's face with several lightning fast left jabs that he was unable to block, "I don't know what's worse Jenny, fighting in this tight dress or listening to your horrible puns." The strong brunette connected with two more left jabs and then a solid right cross to Steve's nose, splattering blood all over the place. "Damn! Now how in the hell am I going to get this blood out of my clothes?"



Jenny quickly looked over her two opponents and decided to go to work on Mike first - he was slightly larger than John and received a less severe blow. Hurling herself at him, the powerful girl landed a series of vicious kicks and punches, driving him back. Remembering Peggy's promise to Randy, she avoided striking those parts of his body that might cause him serious damage; like the neck and groin. She was pulling her punches also so as not to accidentally break any bones. But this did not mean that the super blonde was 'taking it easy' on him. In less than thirty seconds the five foot-ten inch, 165 pound beauty sent her six-foot, 200 pound opponent to his knees; holding his stomach with blood trickling from his mouth. "Stay down there Mikie, it'll be safer for you." Jenny then turned around to face John who was just recovering from her initial kick.

Meanwhile, Peggy had driven Steve back against a vacant lifeguard tower and was using the 225 pound bodybuilder for a punching bag. Although the muscular female was also not using her full strength, her rock-hard fists were still inflicting considerable damage on him. "Oh come on big boy," she teased, "Is this the best you can do? After all, I'm just a little girl; tee, hee, hee." Although he tried to fight back, Steve's errant blows proved to be nothing more than a minor nuisance to the highly skilled female athlete; (did I mention that Peggy used to train with the light- heavyweight boxer on the UCLA boxing team for awhile? He was her boyfriend until they broke up; something to do with her knocking him out once too often).

John, surveying the scene, was greeted by a sight that sent shivers down his spine. Steve, his strongest friend, was helplessly pinned back against a lifeguard tower by the muscular brunette who was pummeling him at will. Mike was kneeling on the sand, down and out. But the scariest thing of all was the look on the face of the beautiful blonde as she slowly approached him. "Come on handsome," she laughed, "It's your turn for your wupping now." His situation hopeless, John did what any other red-blooded American college male would do.....he ran like hell.

"Oh no you don't loverboy," Jenny squealed as she took off after him, "I'm not letting you off this easy; tee, hee, hee." Her muscular legs then began to propel the strong female forward at great speed as she raced after the fleeing man. Soon they both disappeared into the darkness.

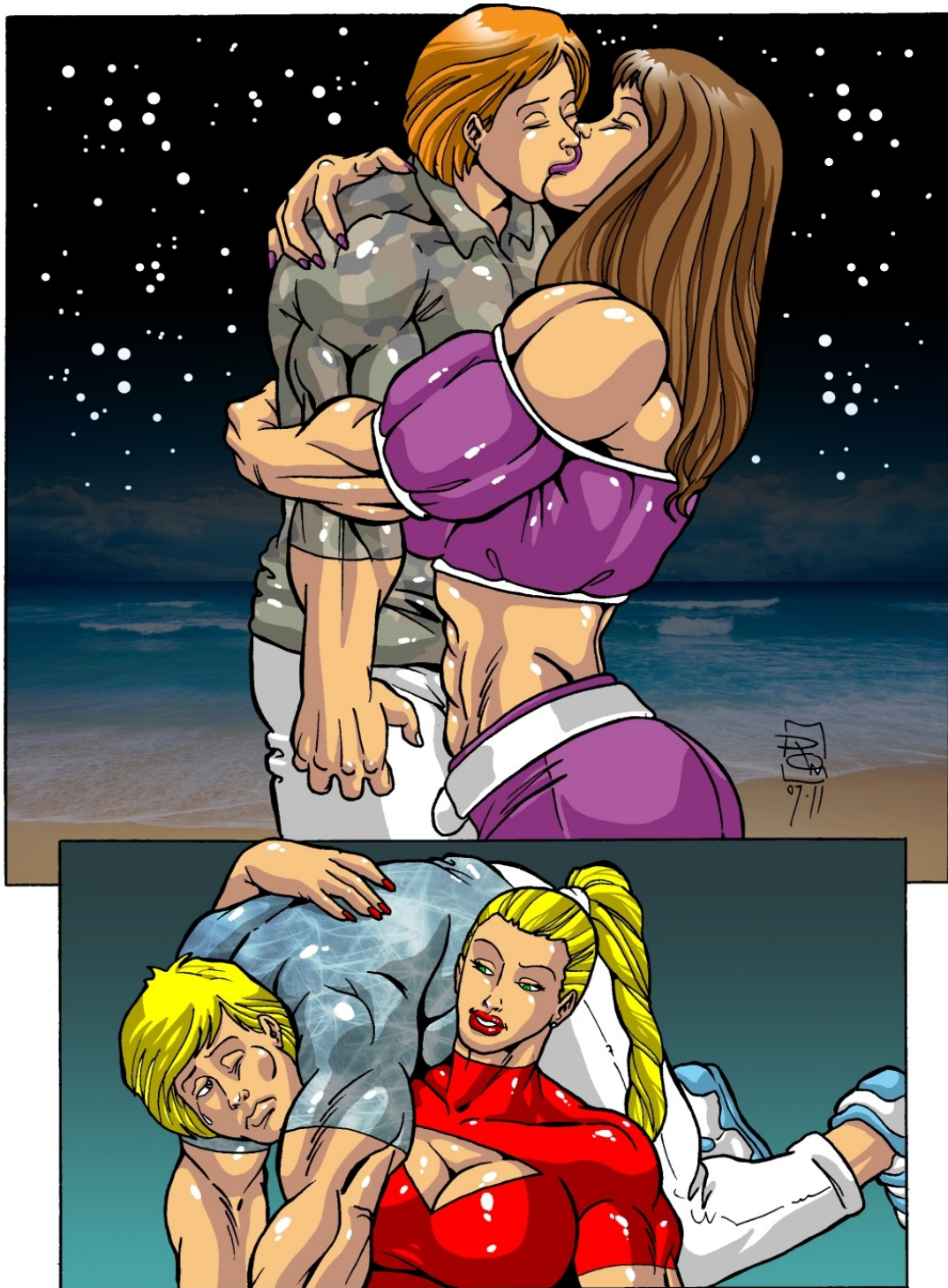
By this time, Peggy's fists had reduced Steve to a bloody mess. She held the badly beaten man up by his shirt collar with her left hand and cocked back her right; ready to strike the final blow. But then Peggy glanced over at Randy, who was struggling to get to his feet. The beautiful woman remained frozen in this position for several seconds...then she smiled. Turning back to Steve, she simply tapped him lightly on the nose. "Punch," she said softly and let him go. He collapsed on the sand in tears.

"How's your head sweetie pie?" Peggy asked as she helped Randy to his feet.

"It feels like it was trampled on by a herd of elephants."

"That bad huh." Peggy then put her arms around him and gave Randy another one of her monstrous kisses. When she released him, he too fell to the sand; though it was due to breathlessness rather than a beating. "You men are so hard to figure out," Peggy giggled, "You collapse when I beat you and you collapse when I love you."

"Hey there girl!" Jenny's voice cried out from the darkness, "How's it going?" Gazing in the direction that the voice was coming from, Peggy and Randy were greeted by an interesting sight. The muscular blonde was walking towards them with a beautiful smile on her face. Draped across her right shoulder, with his head and arms dangling down in front of her and his legs in the back, was the crying John. "We had ourselves a little race," Jenny giggled, "And guess who won?" When she saw the battered form of Steve lying on the sand, Jenny couldn't help but call out, "You go girl!" The two beautiful, victorious Amazons then slapped each other five. "So kiddo, what now?"



"Well, I don't know about you Jenny but this handsome guy and I have some plans; don't we honey?" She put her powerful arms around Randy and squeezed. "Don't we honey?" she repeated. "Ye...yes," he managed to say. The next thing he knew, Randy was being lifted up off the sand and placed over one of Peggy's massive shoulders. She wrapped her arms around his legs and began carrying him towards their beach house with Jenny and John close behind.

"What about those two?" Jenny asked, pointing to the two battered forms lying on the sand.

"They're not our concern," Peggy replied, "Let them find their own muscle women." Then, after pausing and reflecting for a few moments, she smiled. "Jenny, I think I may have an idea about what to do about them." She leaned over and the two girls began to whisper. Soon, they were giggling...then laughing.



"Why Peggy, what a wonderful idea. It'll be great for all of us; tee, hee, hee." Effortlessly, the two powerful women carried their respective men into their beach house and closed the door behind them.

Epilogue: The following morning

Steve and Mike sadly packed up their belongings. Their bodies, battered and bruised from the beating they received at the hands (and feet) of the two mighty Amazons the previous night, responded slowly. They had driven over 2,000 miles only to be beaten up and humiliated by two girls. Now, with their summer vacation ruined, the two college men decided to return to Wisconsin; Randy and John would have to find their own way back. As they silently went about the business of packing there was a knock on the door. "Good morning boys," the muscular blonde smiled as she pushed her way past the stunned guys and entered their beach house. She was followed by an even larger brunette and then two guys - Randy and John. "Going somewhere are we?"

"We're leaving," Steve said dejectedly, "Those were the terms, weren't they?"

"Yes, they were," Peggy replied, "But we've talked it over between ourselves and decided to reconsider."

"Why?"

"Randy told me that you boys drove 2,000 miles from Wisconsin to spend a few weeks on the beach in California. It would be a shame if you were to return now without having experienced what a the true California summer is like."

"How can we do that after what you girls did to us yesterday?" Steve asked, pointing to his badly swollen jaw.

"Well, you have to admit that you were behaving rather badly towards the females around here. I think you boys got the beating you deserved." Peggy kicked Steve's suitcase closed and put her right foot on top of it. She stood in front of him with her hands on her hips, daring him to try and open it. Jenny followed suit and closed Mike's. Wisely, neither of them took up the girls' challenge. "Now, unless you want me to get rough with you again you'll listen to me," Peggy began in a stern tone of voice...



"We're all college students looking to have a good time this summer. You were naughty boys and we punished you for it; but that's all behind us now. Randy and John have agreed to share our beach house with us for the next few weeks and (as Peggy spoke, Jenny moved towards the front door and motioned to someone outside) we have a little surprise for the two of you." The door swung wide open and there stood two more large, extremely well built athletic women; Peggy's friends on the basketball team. "Steve and Mike, I'd like you to meet Cindy and Annie, your roommates for the next few weeks."

Every so often you say something off the top of your head that's really stupid, but you say it anyway. Tactlessly, Steve choose to do that now. "But what if we don't want these roommates imposed on us?" he blurted out. Mike, for some reason, stood by his friend. Peggy sighed, shrugged her massive shoulders and smiled at her teammates. "I guess some people just insist on doing things the hard way. Have fun girls." Peggy took Randy by the hand and led him out; followed by Jenny and John. As the four of them began walking to their beach house, they couldn't help but hear the sounds of Steve and Mike screaming...as well as Cindy and Annie's laughter.

After an initial period of *adjustment*, Steve and Mike - like Randy and John before them - came around to accepting the fact that nothing beats having a strong, powerful woman for a girlfriend. The four couples then enjoyed a wonderful summer of surf, sand, sun and fun.



THE END

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