

LUCY GOES SCOUTING (Part 2)

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“Hey, Jimmy, your girlfriend is here.....again!” barked out Mr. Arnold Glavinson, owner of one of the areas most sought after garages. Sought after, due to the amazing engineering and mechanical skills of its sole mechanic, Jimmy Horne, who worked here nearly every waking second when he wasn't at school.

“I'm sorry sir, what did you.....” Jimmy made out, as he rolled himself out from under one of the many cars in their lot in need of service, at which time he saw his gruff boss, and next to him, the most beautiful girl God himself ever created, Lucy Armstrong.



“Hi.....Hi Jimmy” Lucy softly spoke, a far cry from the confident Amazon girl that nearly toppled a huge van not one hour ago.

“Oh.....uh, Hi Lucy” Jimmy replied back as he rose to his feet, nervously cleaning his grease filled hands with an even greasier rag nearby. He was as smitten with her as she was with him, but as often happens with young lovers, some very obvious signals get overlooked or missed, and such amorous feelings get lost in their emotional confusion. His real lack of confidence, coupled with her Goddess like beauty, made him believe that a girl like Lucy would never be interested in a guy like him, causing his timid and shy behavior around her.....how wrong could he be.

“Aw, isn't this sweet, the two little lovebirds are tongue-tied” Jimmy's boss teasingly grunted.

“Well, speed it up girlie, you got five minutes kid, then she's outta here. I'm not paying you to hit on your girlfriend!”

“Oh, actually she's not my.....”

SLAM! went the door to Arnold Glavinson's office, as he rudely left in the middle of Jimmy's sentence. Once inside, and unbeknownst to the teenage crush happening in the garage next door, he then clicked on a security camera, of which he had full control over, so he could gawk and lure at the insanely hot and sexy Lucy, something he made a habit of doing each and every time she came over (the only reason he ever really let her visit at all).

“So.....uh, how.....how are you doing Lucy?” Jimmy softly stuttered out.

“Good Jimmy.....I.....I'm doing good. And you?” Lucy nervously replied back.

“Good, things are good.....with me.....here. I uh.....So, are you.....are you getting ready to be crowned Homecoming Queen yet?” Jimmy spoke out a bit louder, taking all of the courage he had in him to do so.

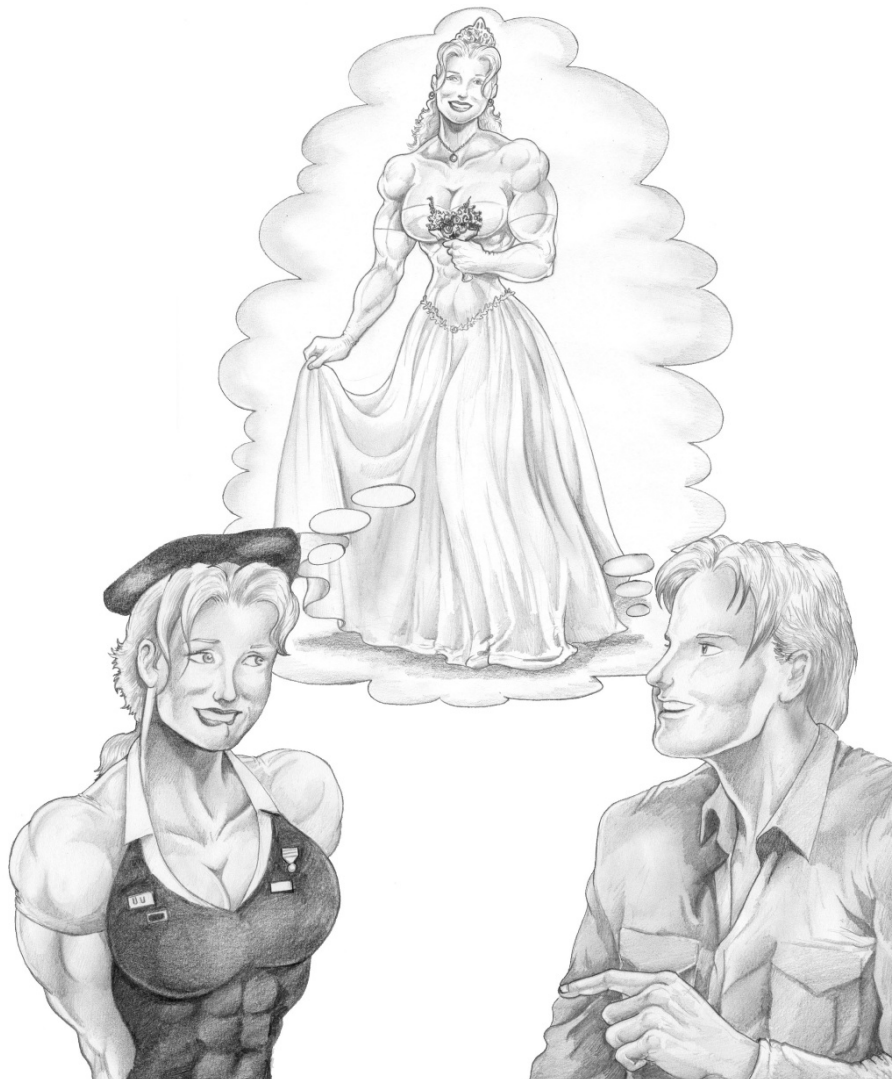
“Oh, I don't know about that, I'm up against some pretty tough competition. I hear Minda's baking cookies and handing out “Vote For Me” buttons to anyone who'll let her, and Carol is even going so far as to buy a lot of her votes” Lucy answered back, her confidence level at speaking to someone she had such a crush on raising with each word between them.

“I.....well, I don't think any of that is going to matter. That.....well, that in the end people, even us High School kids, can see through all that nonsense.....and I think when all is said and done, they'll cast their votes for the one that they feel truly deserves it”

“Me?” Lucy softly asked.

“No, Laura Denato. Yes, You” Jimmy joked back with a smile, feeling more and more relaxed as their conversation went on. “Trust me, I think that day is going to be one you'll remember forever.....just make sure you have the right guy by your side, you know, someone who treats you like the Queen you really are” he spoke with much warmth in his words, and in his heart.

“Thanks Jimmy.....that's really, sweet” Lucy added, all red faced as she was. “So, are you going?”



“To Homecoming? No.....I can't, I have to work that night. You know Mr. Glavinson, giving out time off is like a day without a sunrise, it just ain't gonna happen”, he spoke out with a smile, though with a slight hint of disappointment behind it. “What about you? I bet you've got to beat all the guys back with a stick to be your date. Good thing this year it's Girls Ask Guys, so the ball's in your court. Got anyone in mind yet?”

“Well.....someone yes, but.....well, it's just a bit hard to ask him really” she softly made out.

“Really, you're kidding? Uh.....what I mean is, you're the most beautiful girl in school, with the brains and personality to match. Any guy would bend over backwards to go with you”

"You think?" Lucy asked in a soft, girlish tone.

"I know" Jimmy replied with a friendly smile.

"Well, then I was wondering if....."

"Hey, your 5 minutes is up.....uh.....but if she wants to stay, she can for another few minutes, but you get back to work!" the garage's harsh owner belted out, as he opened and then re-slammed the door to his adjacent office.

"Sorry about that, you know how he can get"

"Yes, I know" Lucy spoke, wishing she could break every bone in this intruding man's body for his abusive attitude towards one she cared so much for, not to mention yet another ill-timed interruption of their conversations.



"Do you mind, I'm just gonna....." Jimmy made out, gesturing towards his previous position, underneath this very large automobile before them.

"Oh no, of course not, I can't stay too long anyway. You know parents, they tend to worry when it gets dark"

"Oh hey, do you want me to walk you home? Mr. Glavinson be damned, I'd certainly take a world class growling from him to make sure you got home safely" Jimmy asked with a protective tone, which made Lucy's heart melt in return.

"No, no thanks Jimmy. I can take care of myself" she proudly replied, sticking her hands on her waist, puffing her chest out in a mock superhero pose.

“Ah yes, Girl Scout Woman, I have all of your comics” Jimmy jokingly replied, as he lowered himself down to the floor and rolled back under the car. “So, this guy you want to ask out, you might want to think about doing it soon. I mean, Homecoming is just a few months away, not exactly something you can spring on someone at the last minute”

“Yeah, I know. It's just.....well, I'm not sure if he's going actually, the guy I'm thinking of asking.....also not sure what he'll say if I ask”

“Well, you already know how I feel about that, and if you're always going to be too shy for an impossible rejection.....well, then you're never going to know at all, and you could miss out on something really great because of it” Jimmy spoke out, realizing that his words of wisdom also referred to himself as well, causing him to stop what he was doing and really think about his own situation, and the young girl that he cared for so much, but was always too afraid to ask her out.



“Yeah, I know, you're right. It's just.....” at that moment Lucy's heart nearly stopped dead in its tracks, as she saw one of Jimmy's outstretched feet hit the nearby release to the machine holding this car in aloft, and off of his soon to be crushed form. Within the blink of an eye Lucy stopped everything, and focused on the task at hand, a task she would give her own life to accomplish.

With a swift motion of her Amazonian powered form, she reached over and caught the imposing vehicle before her (and above Jimmy), the very second it began to come crashing down on his form. With the strength of several powerfully men, she effortlessly held this massive weight off of her man, while she used a single outstretched (and very exposed) leg to reach out over to the machines switch, allowing it to grab a secure hold back over the car.

So fast were her movements, that Jimmy barely even noticed anything of what had just happened, completely unaware that this beautiful young supergirl before him just saved his life, with her own superhumanly powered physique.

"Say, did you hear something?" Jimmy asked out from underneath the vehicle.

"Uh, no.....no, nothing" Lucy nervously replied, not wanting her secret to get out to her loving crush, for fear that it might scare him away, and her chances with him would be forever lost. Mr. Glavinson on the other hand was so fixed (aka zoomed in) on her lusciously ample breasts (and somewhat exposed cleavage), that he too missed her entire muscle girl display, with the exception of some bouncing and flexing of her chest muscles during its motions, something he didn't mind at all. "Say, look Jimmy, you're busy, and I should be going. Maybe I'll catch you later on then?"

"Yeah.....yeah sure, I'd like that Lucy. You're sure you don't want me to walk you home?" he spoke out, as he rolled himself out from under this car.

"Oh no, I'll be OK, trust me, I'll be fine" she replied, as she waved goodbye and made her way on out, and on to the last leg of her after school trek, back to her own house. Her heart beating a mile a minute, not only at just being in the presence of someone she had such a crush on, but the dramatic little (and life saving) episode that concluded her latest visit.



Coming by every so often, she cherished every minute she could spend with Jimmy, which could only be done there as her after school commitments kept her extremely busy most every day, as did his vast workload. Still, it was enough to keep her going until her next trip over, though with the excitement she held in her heart at this point, she was still disappointed in her inability to finally muster up the courage to tell him how she felt (his own shy demeanor hiding how he in turn felt about her) and ask him out to their Senior Year's Homecoming Dance.

"Hey hot stuff, why don't you come on over and share some of your cookies with us" spoke out one of several approaching men, as they encircled around this defenseless young Girl

Scout with their intimidating presence.

"Eh, at least tonight won't be a total loss" Lucy spoke to herself with a smile, as she sexily sauntered over to these men, and spent the next ten minutes making this utterly shocked and completely unprepared mob regret ever being born.

“HA, I knew you wouldn't say anything to him, I just knew it” Jill made out in a giggling young girls voice.

“I saved his life, doesn't that count for anything?” Lucy defensively replied, “Not only that, but on the way home I....”

“Yeah yeah, I read in the paper this morning. “Gang War: Severely Injured Mob Taken To Hospital, Beaten Down By Rival Gang”. Tell me something, do you go around Looking for trouble???”

“Hey, what can I say, I'm just doing my part for Girl Scouts everywhere” Lucy replied with a girlish chuckle and a smile across her gorgeous young face. “Hey, speaking of which, you ready for this?”

“Me? Am I ever ready to go for my next badge.....especially when I don't know which one I'm trying out for” Jill replied with a look of slight confusion about her.

“Tell me about it. I hear there's a new Scoutmaster doing this next set, some guy from another state, I heard he had to leave in a hurry, for some “unknown reason”, if you get me”

“And he's still a Scoutmaster??”



“I guess they're a lot like the clergy, when they do something bad they don't punish them as much as they just move them to another area, and hope they don't do it again. I wonder.....” Lucy continued on, though was interrupted by the nearby door opening up, followed by their fellow Girl Scout Allison emerging from inside. A look of sadness across her attractive young face, leaving the remaining scouts (Lucy and Jill among them) wondering just what happened inside.

“Say, mind if I go in next?” Lucy spoke out aloud with a devilish smile, the other scouts not minding that idea in the least. With that, the statuesque teenager proudly stood up from her chair, straight and tall, fixed her short pleated brown and green skirt, adjusted her white blouse's collar, and made her way inside one of the many rooms within their Girl Scout's base of operations.

As she made her way inside, turning around to secretly lock the door behind her, she noticed a lone man within this long and spacious area full of various Girl Scout equipment. Looking to be in his low 40's, a bit on the smallish side, with some noticeable lacking of hair and a big set of glasses around his face, this man looked a bit on the nerdy side to Lucy (something that was only made moreso by the Scouting outfit he wore, complete with a short multi-colored tie, and khaki shorts)



“My God, she's Perfect!” the man spoke out, quickly holding his mouth at realizing that that may have come out a bit louder than he originally intended. Still, the sight of this teenage girl before him was simply too good for him to react in any other way. “Come closer child” the man now spoke out loud to Lucy, gesturing her to move in for a better view. “My name is Scoutmaster Helmsley, and I'll be running your series of badge performance reviews here today”

“Series? Don't we normally do them one at a time?” Lucy spoke out in a puzzling tone, wondering just where this new (and very peculiar) Scoutmaster was headed.

“Uh, yes.....yes, we do. But I'm from a different area of the Scouts, and we're going to try something a little different here today. I trust I'm not going to have any problems with you?”

“No sir” she replied, playing the role of the picture perfect Girl Scout, in more ways than one.

“Good, very good. Now, the first badge you're going to perform.....uh.....try out for, is what we call our new Looking Your Best Badge. It's actually a way for a select grouping of girls, all over the country, to try out our new line of Girl Scout uniforms. I'll be taking video and pictures of you all the while with these cameras here, and if you're good enough, you'll be making the Girl Scout Catalog for next year”

“You want me to try on different outfits and pose for you, while you take pictures of me?” Lucy asked in near disgust, thinking about what he would have done, and possibly had done in the past, to other (less Amazonian) girls.

“Well, I wouldn't describe it like that. We just want to see how you'd look in our next generation of uniforms, something you and all of the other girls may be wearing sometime in the future” the lecherous Scoutmaster continued to speak, uncontrollably eyeing up Lucy's perfectly shaped, and amazingly curvaceous, hard-bodied frame before him. “Just.....just around there, if you please. The outfits are all laid out for you, you can change into them behind the blinds”

“Is this guy for real???” Lucy thought to herself, completely taken back by his near pedophilic behavior. Though she wasn't worried in the least, as even if she didn't have her Amazonian physique, she could still hand this guy his butt ten ways from Sunday anyway.....though with such power and strength coursing through her veins, well that just meant the paths open to her here and now were near limitless. “Yes sir, I'll be right back” she softly cooed in a sexy little girl's voice, as she bounced her way over to this make-shift changing area, and proceeded to put on one of the outfits behind it.

Scoutmaster Helmsley could do little else but bounce with excitement in his seat, nearly jumping for joy at this incredible catch that just walked through his door, waiting for her to emerge in one amazingly sexy (and completely non-regulation) little girl outfits of his own design. A few more minutes, all of which was spent with the hintings of Lucy's changing movements through the flimsily made border (her humming and giggling like a schoolgirl all the while) as she came out from around her barrier, looking like a Girl Scout Playboy Playmate.

“Hows this? Do ya like?” she cooed out, wearing a very similarly styled uniform, though this one had a much shorter skirt, much tighter blouse, complete with a scooped neckline to show of her truly incredibly voluptuous cleavage (not to mention having it tied up in a knot, right over her exposed, and visibly fit and hard stomach).



Lucy played the part of the innocent young girl with ease, as she twirled around in place to show off her new uniform, just a few feet from where this perverted Scoutmaster sat (his notepad cleverly covering his quickly growing erection), her movements causing her barely butt covering skirt to rise upwards, showing off the most perfectly shaped and thickly rounded ass he had ever seen.

“Uh.....yes.....yes, you're doing....er.....a great job there, Lucy is it?” he called her by her name for the first time, looking at his notepad to get it.

“That's right, Lucy Armstrong. Hmmmmm, speaking of Armstrong, I think I might have a complaint about this outfit” she girlishly made out, playing with her long, flowing blonde locks as she did.

“Oh, and whats that?”

“Well, I don't mind the extra short skirt, I know I've got the long, shapely legs, so why not show them off?” she spoke out, raising her skirt just a bit, showing off her amazingly shaped and incredibly firm and athletically muscle packed, legs to their fullest. A few quick, barely noticeable pops of muscle shot forth from her luscious legs, giving this man just a slight taste at that truly lie beneath is silky smoothness. She knew exactly what she was doing, and by looking at the way this man was shifting in his seat before her, she had him exactly where she wanted.



“Oh, and I don't mind the extra tight blouse, I mean, if you've got a chest like this, why not show them off too?” Lucy continued, pulling the top of her blouse down just a bit, titling her statuesque form a few inches towards her prey, both of which gave him literally the most insanely luscious cleavage shot he had ever in his life witnessed. She even gave her breasts a few quick flexes, which caused her voluptuous chest to bounce and dance, something that nearly made his notepad shoot right off of his lap.

“And I don't even mind these new high heeled shoes” she continued on, as she turned back away from him, shifting the attention now to her footwear, and the thick, bulging calves that they caused to pump and expand right before his eyes.

“So, uh....er.....what.....what exactly is your complaint then, if you seem to like everything so much?” the Scoutmaster could barely make out, his eyes uncontrollably making their way over every inch of her voluptuously fit form.



“Well, you see, it's these sleeves, they're too tight around my arms. I can just feel that the slightest movements and.....” RIP! went the over-matched, body hugging short sleeves, as an “innocent” little arm flexing caused her biceps to grow and rip right through their coverings. “You see? Now what if I happen to do something like.....TEAR!” came another sound from her ripped up blouse, another flexing of her arms muscles, causing its supreme hardness within to come bursting out. “Now that I think about it, it is a bit tight up the back too” SHRED! went the back of her blouse, as she sexily placed her hands on her tight waist, and expanded her thick (but very femininely so) lats, shoulders and back to expand right through its attire.

“Oh drat, now I've gone and broken your new uniform. Might as well take it off then” Lucy teased with a girlish giggle, as she sensually removed the now torn apart blouse from her body, revealing her upper torso in all of its glory. She smiled a huge grin across her beautiful face, as she watched the man's face fill with unreal arousal, not to mention just a bit of fear as well. Fear at not only from the very impressive display of strength she just so casually showed, but also from her now more exposed upper physique, which was not only incredibly sexy, but also amazingly firm, hard and even muscular throughout.

“So, what do ya think, am I good enough for the Catalog?” Lucy sensuously teased, placing her hands on her hips, as she contracted her chest muscles furiously (so much more than before), causing her two perfectly full and rounded, as well as muscularly hard, breasts to rise and fall, with unreal muscle control.

“Do you think I took any good pictures?” she playfully asked, as she erotically danced her way over to the fixed digital camera next to this leering Scoutmaster, taking a few more seconds to sexily pout and pose her athletically perfect body and model-esque gorgeous face for some last minute shots.

She then grabbed the camera, ripping it off its once supportive tripod, and holding it in a single hand, made her way directly over to where this stunned man sat, her long legs outstretched on either side of him. “So, did you get the shots you wanted?” CRUSH! “Do you think you got the pictures you were hoping for?” SMASH! “Did you get your Fucking Rocks Off?” she harshly spoke into his face, as she intimidatingly crushed this hard piece of photographic equipment in just a single hand.

“What.....what are you doing? I'm your Scoutmaster here, and I think you should just.....”

“Shhhhhhhh” she softly interrupted, placing one of her fingers across his lips to help silence him. “You and I, and near every girl waiting outside, know just what you are, Mr. Helmsley, and just a simple little Scoutmaster, you are not. Tell me, how many other girls did you make your perverted moves on? How many other girls did you abuse their trust in you and take whatever you could from them to fulfill your perverted, erotic fantasies?” she growled, as she grabbed him by his collar with both hands, and effortlessly lifted him high in the air before her. “How many times were you going to be given another chance so you could do the whole thing all over again???” Lucy drilled into him, shaking his vastly weaker form wildly in her arms, before throwing him several feet across the room. Her body looking hard and pumped with strength and power, her beautiful face now filled with anger and disgust, all directed towards him.

“Oh, and what about this video camera? Something to take home for your own use, something to remember this day forever?” Lucy roared out in a supremely dominant tone, as she made her way to this camera, held on a tripod like the previous one, though about twice the size. “Do you like what you see?” she sexily spoke out to the camera, which captured this amazing Amazon girl from her chest up. “Do you like a young girl's big tits? Do you wish you could just nuzzle in here, and cuddle them forever?” she continued to erotically speak to the still recording camera. “Well come on inside, I wont bite.....but you'll wish I did!”





With that, Lucy firmly placed this video camera as far into her deep, full, luscious cleavage as she could, and now looking directly back at her Scoutmaster several feet away, began to cross her powerful young arms across her chest, causing it to grow and thicken with female muscle.which in turn caused several more CRUSH! CRACK! and SMASH! sounds to emerge from her breasts, the last sounds of yet another destroyed piece of equipment to be used by this perverted older male.

Lucy now began to give soft growling noises as her chest mercilessly powered onto the demolished camera from all sides, smashing it into oblivion. This stunned man was literally knocked off his feet at the unreal physical power this 18 year old Amazon beauty contained. All he could do was watch in awe, held completely immobile by fear (and lust), at the actions of Lucy before him.

After about a minute's time, Lucy released her breast-crushing hold, and brushed off the last shards of a once proud video camera from her voluptuous chest, and then intimidatingly strode her way over to her victim (who tried his best to crawl backwards in an attempt to escape from this punishing supergirl, though to no avail) She then reached down grabbed him by each of his ankles, and hoisted him completely off the ground, upside-down.

"I'm going to give you two days to gather all of your belongings, quit the Scouts Once And For All, and leave this town forever. If I see you here, anywhere around here, or ever again, I will pull you apart like a Fucking Wishbone" she roared, as she pulled his legs in opposite directions, sending waves of pain through this man's outclassed form. "If I have even the slightest idea that you've resumed your Scoutmaster title in some other state, no matter how far, I will find you, knock down your door, and beat you like you never imagined possible.



If you tell anyone about what happened here, I will find you, knock down your door, and beat you like you never imagined possible. Do you understand me??” she harshly asked, her utterly terrified prey in tears, nodding his head Yes as he did.

“Good, that’s good” Lucy spoke out more softly then before, as she threw this man into the air, catching him high above her head on his way down, and after pressing him a few more times to really prove her point, she threw him back to the other end of the room, where he ended up right next to his previously knocked over chair, sliding the last several feet on the ground as he did.

Lucy then made her way back over to where he lay, his visibly shaking form pulling itself into the fetal position for protection, which caused her to laugh aloud at his total fear of her. She then walked right past him, back to where she changed into this pedophile’s dream Girl Scout uniform, only to put her regulation one back on. Emerging from behind the barrier a minute later, Lucy fixed her hair, adjusted her skirt and blouse, and she made her way back to where her Former Scoutmaster lay.

“If you think for one second that I won’t do what I said I would.....” she forcefully grabbed hold of the wooden chair that lay next to his quivering form, and with a swift crossing of her arms, CRACKED it to pieces within her Amazonian grasp. “If you don’t want the same to be done to you, I suggest you do what I say” she dominantly spoke, causing this older, though much inferior, male before her to shake his head wildly with affirmation. “Oh, and one more thing.....my Badges. I think I earned several of them here this afternoon, what do you think? Hee hee hee Let’s see, we have one for Self Defense, one for Photography, oh and that Looking Your Best Badge (which I’d kinda like to rename Modeling Badge, if you don’t mind) Hee hee hee. And what about.....”



Several minutes later, after more than earning several more Scout Badges for her efforts this afternoon, Lucy proudly emerged from the room, turned to place a “Further Meetings Canceled Due To Illness” note on its door, grabbed her best friend Jill from her seat (nearly lifting her from the floor in her excitement) as they made their way outside and on their way back home.

Jill enjoying every last detail of Lucy's latest Supergirl exploits, as they both went on to enjoy the rest of their Saturday afternoon together.

And so such days came and went, Lucy enjoying her life to its fullest. Her days always full to the brim with things to do, something that thanks to her super levels of endurance, she could more than handle. As time went on, she continued to earn more and more Girl Scout Badges, something she strongly desired to collect all of, due to her completest and perfectionist mindset. She loved to collect such things, trophies and honors to her good works in the community (and to the Scouts themselves) which she could proudly display on her uniform, and would do whatever she could to earn more and more of them, with the hopes that one day she would gain the title of Badge Leader for all of the Scouts in her State as well. Something that given her drive, determination and obvious other skills and abilities, there was no doubt she would acquire in time.



The next such badge she would earn was the Girl Scouts Friendship Badge, one which was given to someone who performed a great deed for a friend in need. What Lucy did for such a good friend, her best friend in fact, started with a phone call on a late Sunday night. A phone call from Jill to Lucy, our teenage Amazon listening with much pain in her heart, as Jill cried on for over an hour about how Bill Jones, the hunky star Senior athlete, had broken off his date with her, just two weeks before the Homecoming Dance (and after months of prodding from Lucy to get Jill to even ask him) Apparently a "better catch" came along, and being the typical jerky High School jock that he was (something Jill had honestly thought he was something more than), he dumped her without much thought at all about her own feelings, something that simply infuriated Lucy (so much so, she nearly crushed her phone to dust several times during their call).

"Shhhhhh, you just relax baby, it's all going to be alright....Shhhhh, Lucy will make it all better" she comfortingly spoke out to her devastated friend on the other line, as she spent the next 15 minutes bringing Jill back from this state of depression she was in. All the while looking forward one full day, to when she would have a much deserved chat with Bill, and instruct him on how not to break up with a beautiful, young girl....and in Jill's case, how not to break up with them At All.

The following evening.....

“Hey Scott, you coming or what? I ain't got all day ya know!” Bill Jones yelled out from his High School gymnasium, dressed in his wrestling gear, standing on a series of mats as he called out to one of his fellow wrestling teammates for a little after school practice. Being the best athlete in school (best male athlete, anyway) wasn't easy, it came with hard work and discipline, and that meant long hours after school honing his skills with whoever was willing to try and stand up to this hulking young man. This also meant Lucy would know just where to find him, as it turned out, it was the perfect locale for his lesson to take place.

“Yeah, I'm coming, I'm whaaaaaaa.....” Bill's wrestling partner for the evening spoke, suddenly followed by an odd noise of him sounding like he was being pulled away, and Fast.

“Scott? Yo Scott, wha.....”

Click.....Click.....Click.....Click came clearly audible sounds echoing throughout this large and spacious gyms hardwood floors. A confused Bill began to listen harder, trying to figure out what they could be coming from, though after a few more seconds he realized that his original guess was in fact correct. The clicking of high heeled shoes, as they were making his way to him, by none other than Homecoming Queen hopeful, Lucy Armstrong.

“Uh, hey Lucy.....what....what are you doing here?” Billy puzzlingly spoke out, confused (though not altogether disappointed) at the sight of this amazingly beautiful young girl before him. “Did you see Scott back there, I was expecting...”

“Oh, I know what you were expecting, but unfortunately life is full of instances where what we expect to happen, doesn't turn out in the end. Scott is fine by the way, just taking a little nap is all, he should be good to go by the time we're done” she spoke with an authoritative tone, dressed in a sexy little pink kimono covering most all of hard-bodied physique, with just her legs from mid thigh showing through, ending with a pair of high heeled matching pink pumps.

“You.....you a bit lost here Lucy? I mean, don't get me wrong, I LOVE the outfit, but uh.....it's not really wrestling attire, ya know”



"Oh I don't know, I've been known to do a little wrestling in such attire before" Lucy sexily teased, still a harsh look over her gorgeous young face. "Though unfortunately for you, that kind of wrestling isn't on the menu for us tonight" she sexily cooed, as she loosened the silky belt from her tight waist, and removed her soft, flowing kimono from around her power packed frame.

There Lucy stood, dressed in a hot pink pair of spandex short shorts and a half top. A very private workout outfit, which showed off nearly every inch of her athletically fit, incredibly firm, and visibly muscular teenage physique. Her tanned skin looked to be as silky smooth as the sensual outfit she had just removed, her lusciously hard-bodied frame was about as utterly perfect as any Bill had ever seen in his entire life.

"WOW.....uh, I mean.....what the heck are you talking about? Are you honestly trying to start something here with me?" he made out, acting all tough and macho, not about to get intimidated by a girl (even a girl as athletically well known in their school as Lucy was)



"I'm not "trying" to do anything, I'm DOING!" Lucy spoke out with confidence, as she slowly removed her erotic footwear, replacing them with tight little pink slippers, and made her way closer to Bill's visibly confused form.

Her long flowing mane of blonde hair being expertly pushing back and placed into a tight, athletic looking ponytail. As tall and massive as Bill was, Lucy's own 5' 10" 165 ultra fit and rock hard physique looked equally as such, even when they were standing face to face.

"Damn you are fucking Hot, girl.....crazy as you are to think you're gonna scare me though" Bill spoke out with a smile, as he eyed up every inch of Lucy's very exposed body (especially her thick and shapely chest, which was showing as much cleavage here as it was its voluptuous, round firmness).

"What do you say you and I go to the Homecoming Dance together? We're easily the best looking couple in school, we'd make King and Queen for sure"

"I thought you already had a date, Laurie Strode, ring a bell does it?" Lucy replied, infuriated that this arrogant jerk not only dropped her best friend Jill like a bad habit, but was now more than willing to do so again, with that same girl, for her.

"Eh, Laurie's cute and all, but she's not nearly as Gorgeous as you are. You've gotta be the best looking girl in school.....and everyone knows I'm the best looking guy....." he vainly spoke with a smile and a wink. ".....that means we belong together. What do you say Sweets, are we gonna be a shoe-in for Hottest Couple at the dance, or what?"

"My God, what did Jill ever see in you?"

"Jill? Who's Jill?"

"Who's Jill??? Grrrrrrrr!!"

Lucy growled out in rage, at the thought that this boorish idiot jock not only hurt her friend so badly, someone she truly loved with all of her heart, but that it didn't even register as a blip on his radar in the least. As anger coursed through her body, her steel hard muscles began to expand and pump, causing her to appear a bit bigger right before Bill's eyes.

"Wha.....what the Hell?" Bill spoke out in surprise at her visibly hardening form in front of him.

"Don't tell me you're afraid of my little girlie muscles?" Lucy replied with a devilish smile. "Not you, the big, strong, super jock"

"Uh.....no, not at all Babe. I actually like my girls with a bit of beef on them" Bill replied, as he pulled himself closer to Lucy's pumped up frame. "I'm a very physical guy, so I hope you like to play rough"

"Oooooo, like you could never imagine" she cooed back at him, with a sexy smile forming over her amazingly beautiful face.



THE END.....for now

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