

# MUSCLEGIRL (Part 1)

- a Puppetman story -

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Thirteen year old Stacie Ketchum was in a quandary. It was after ten on this Saturday morning in late March, and she had overslept. She knew her brother, Pete, and his best friend, Andy Sloan, were around somewhere, but she couldn't find them. She had thought they might be somewhere on the beach, but a quick check from the rear deck of the Ketchum beach house had revealed that it was deserted. Pete had mentioned the night before that Andy would be over early that morning with some bad news for him, and Stacie was bursting to find out what it was. Maybe they were over in that big cluster of boulders on the shore at the north end of the Sloan beach property; that's where they usually went when they wanted to be alone. The boulders were clearly visible in the distance, and Stacie set off at a fast trot along the beach to get there as quickly as possible.

Ever since she had started first grade at the school all three of them had attended, Stacie had nurtured a crush on Andy. Although Andy and Pete were four years older, she had contrived to spend a lot of time with them, getting them to escort her to and from school, which was well within walking distance from their homes, in the mornings and evenings and during the lunch hours. Moreover, Stacie had found various excuses to hang around the two boys during their recess breaks, much to Andy's discomfort, particularly since Stacie made no secret of her affection for him. To Andy, Stacie was just his friend's "skinny kid sister"; he found her attentions embarrassing and regarded her as a bit of a pest.



The friendship between Pete and Andy was an unusual one because of the contrast between them. Although not unusually tall, Pete was a brawny, handsome youngster who had inherited his parents' athletic abilities and would fight at the drop of a hat. Andy, on the other hand, was the better student, but an undersized lad with a soft, almost pretty-boy look and neither the strength nor the coordination for athletics. As a result, in the early grades Pete found himself often defending Andy against the bullying tactics of the bigger boys at school, who quickly learned to leave both boys alone. And because Pete found Andy's scholastic talents of invaluable assistance in maintaining his grades, their friendship endured and was cemented.

Stacie was a very tall, gawky child with a figure that her brother jokingly compared to a broomstick, but strikingly pretty features and long, luxurious, blonde hair. She was big boned, however, with broad shoulders that foretold a figure that would someday blossom and a wiry strength that belied her thin frame. By the time she reached the fourth grade she was almost as tall as Andy's 5'2" and was sure that she was as strong as, or perhaps even stronger than, her idol, but made no attempt to confirm her belief for fear of humiliating him.

As the boys reached the higher grades, Pete had become active in the school's football and basketball programs. His first love, however, was wrestling, and by the seventh grade had convinced his father to convert part of their basement game room into a weight room, where he worked out diligently after practice and on weekends. Because of Pete's after-school practice obligations, to Stacie's delight and Andy's annoyance, the job of escorting her home fell to him. She was heartbroken when the boys graduated and were forced to bus to the local high school several miles away.

In high school, Pete had eschewed football and basketball to concentrate on making the wrestling team, which he did handily, and by his junior year, when he had attained his full height of 5'11" and weighed a solidly muscular 175 lbs., was the state champion for his division. During his first year he had met and was dating seriously the school's top track star, Ann Cassidy, a lovely, dark haired girl only 2" shorter than he and weighing a solid, shapely 145 lbs. Ann had quickly become almost like a member of the Ketchum family, became a close friend of Andy's and like a big sister to Stacie, although Stacie at first resented Ann's efforts to get Andy dates with the smaller girls in her class. But the dates never seemed to work out; Andy seemed painfully shy, almost indifferent, with the girls Ann found for him, and she finally gave up trying. By his junior year Andy, who had reached his full height of 5'3" and weighed a slender 120 lbs., was unable to find a girl who would go out with him. Other than Stacie, of course, and he wanted no part of this tall, skinny seventh grader.

Now the boys were seniors, and both, along with Ann, had enrolled at Stanford for the fall semester. And Stacie, an imposing, 5'7" eighth grader whose figure was just beginning to blossom, only had this summer to change his mind.

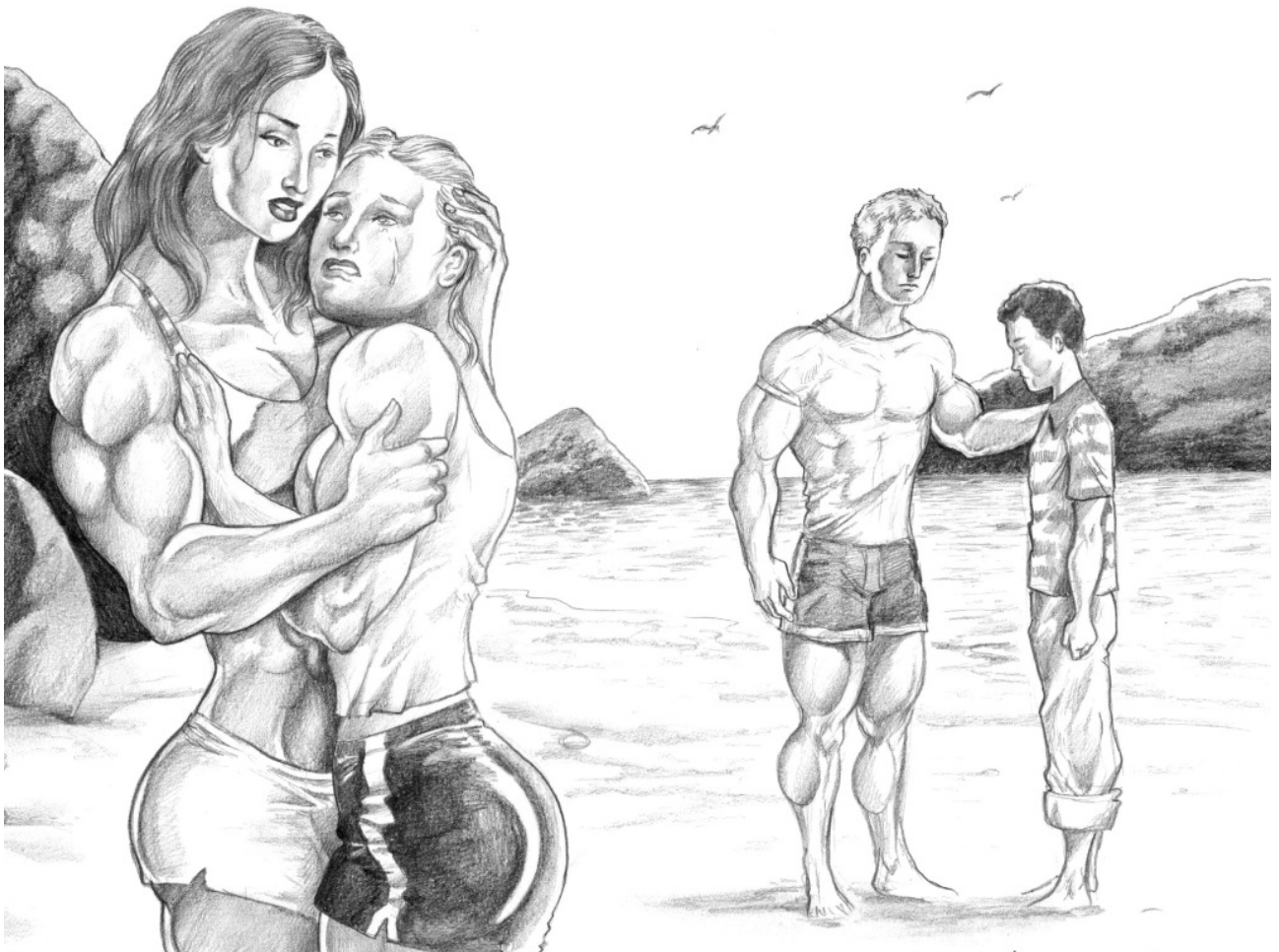
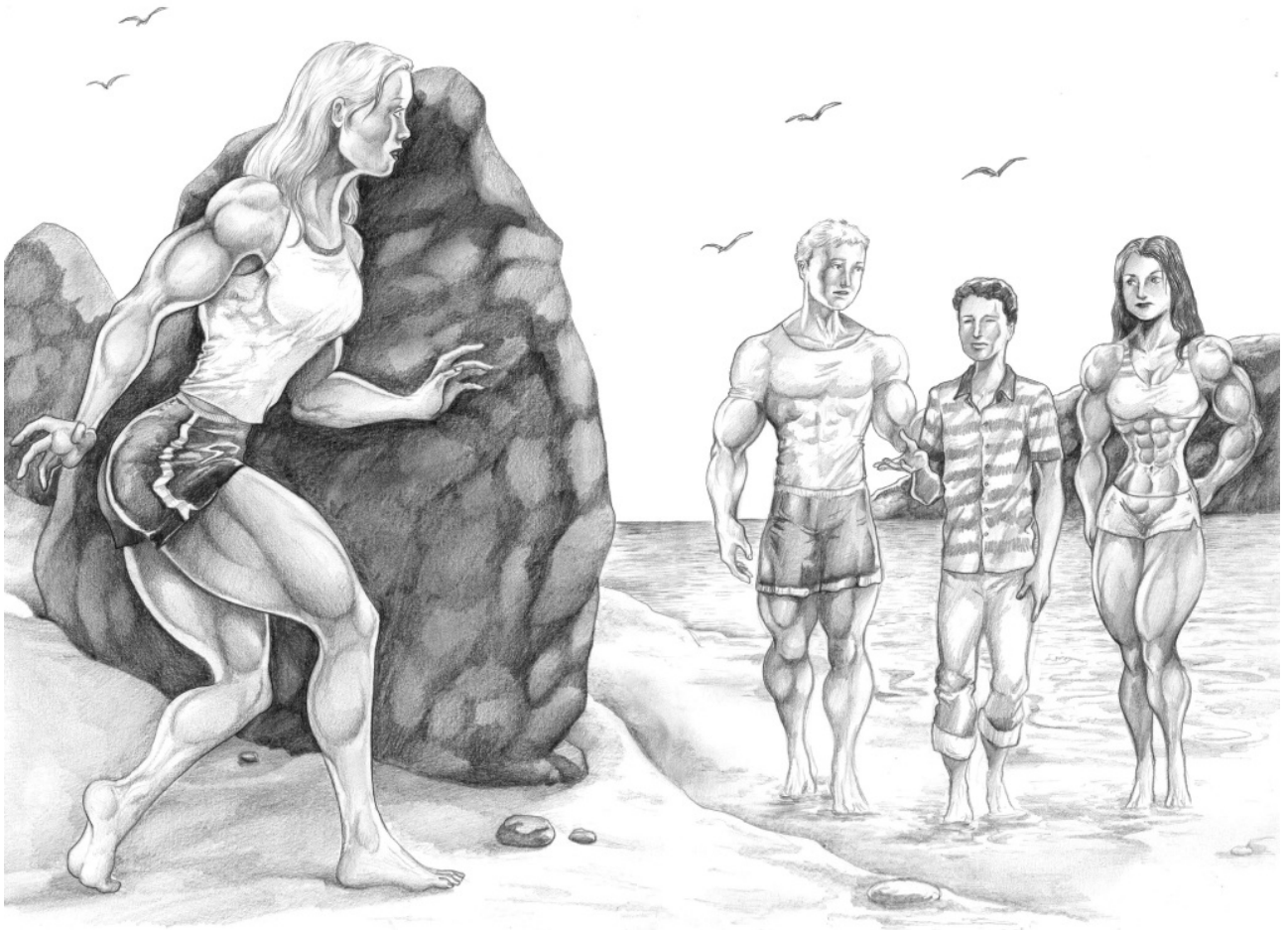
But Andy had said he had bad news. She had to find out what it was!

She reached the boulders and climbed over to a small area of sand in the center of the cluster. Sure enough, they were there, along with Ann, talking earnestly in quiet tones.

"Hi!" she called. "What's goin' on?"

She saw Andy grimace as he looked up and saw her, but Pete and Ann waved her down, and she quickly joined them. "Andy was just telling us that his father's been temporarily transferred to San Francisco, Stacie," Pete told her. "He's leaving next week, and Andy and his mom will be going up there as soon as school lets out."

Stacie's stomach wrenched, and suddenly she felt a little nauseous. She sat down on a flat rock, hoping her face didn't show what she was feeling and knowing it did. "For...for how long?" she asked finally.



Andy shrugged. "Dad says it'll only be for three years, and then he'll be coming back to L.A.," he replied. "We're keeping the beach house, and we're going to rent it out. I'm really looking forward to spending a summer in San Francisco, but I'll miss you guys." He looked pointedly at Pete and Ann.

"Oh." With an effort, Stacie composed herself and stood up. "Well, ah...I guess you'll be around for another couple'a months, so I, ah...I won't say good-bye, yet." She could hear her voice trembling and felt tears beginning to well up in her eyes. "I, ah...I'm gonna go back, now," she finished lamely and turned to scramble up the rocks and out of sight.

There the tears came freely, and she stumbled blindly up the beach toward her house. There would be no summer to win Andy over before he went off to college, and after that she wouldn't even see him over holidays and their summer vacations! And for three whole years! By then he would surely have found a girl his size to get serious with, and she would have lost him forever!

She felt a gentle hand on her shoulder, and turned to see Ann through tear streaked eyes. "Want some company, Stacie?" the older girl asked. "I could tell Andy's news hit you pretty hard."

"Oh, Ann!" Stacie threw her arms around the older girl's neck. Ann listened sympathetically as Stacie poured out her woes and frustrations, and then, as Stacie finally lapsed into tearful silence, said, "Stacie, listen to me. I don't think there's one chance in a thousand that Andy is going to find a girl to get interested in at college."



"W-why not?"

"Because he's not attracted to girls his size. It's the bigger, taller, more athletic girls who turn him on!"

Stacie stared at her. "What makes you say that?" she asked. "I'm bigger and taller than he is, and he's never given me a second look!"

"That's 'cause you're his best friend's kid sister, and he thinks of you as just a kid," Ann explained. "To be honest with you, I didn't find it out myself until about a month ago. You've heard of Melanie Anderson, the girl on our track and field team who transferred to our school this year and runs marathons and throws the javelin?"

"That great, big girl?"

"Uh huh. Six feet tall, 185 stripped and all muscle! Not bad looking, either, but not in your class - or, at least, she won't be when you fill out. She lifts weights, and I hear she can bench almost 200 lbs. That's stronger than most of the boys in school."

"What about her?"

"You know Andy asked her out last month?"



"You're kidding!"

"Honest, Stace. She told me herself. She said Andy admitted it took him most of the school year to work up the nerve to ask her. She turned him down, of course - like most of the jocks, she's not interested in guys Andy's size - but she decided to tell me because she knew Andy's a close friend of ours and had heard that I'd been trying to get him dates during our freshman and sophomore years - apparently with the wrong kind of girls!"

"Wow!" Stacie lapsed into silence, and Ann could almost see the wheels turning in her mind. Finally she asked, "Are you sure she wasn't making it up?"

Ann smiled. "That's what I thought at first," she said, "although it didn't make sense why she would. So I told Pete. Pete said he nailed Andy to the wall when they were alone one night, and Andy finally admitted that he was only turned on by big, tall, muscular girls. He said he hadn't told us before because he was afraid we would think he was abnormal or something, or that Pete might get the idea he had the hots for me - I'm not exactly petite, you know!"

Stacie bit her lip. "Wow!" she said again. "You think he does?"

Ann shook her head. "No, he's too sweet a guy to try to come between Pete and me - not that he could if he wanted to! And that's my point: I don't know of a girl jock at our school who'd be interested in dating a guy his size, and I think the odds of his finding one at college are between slim and none. So, Stacie, you've got three years, and I don't think I need to spell out for you what you have to do."

"You think I could build muscles like that Melanie Anderson girl?" Stacie asked, her eyes wide with wonder and anticipation.

Ann laughed. "Stacie," she said, "With your build and genetics, I think in three years you could make her look like a peanut. But you'll have to work at it, and it's hard work. Go out for the strength sports, like swimming and some of the field events, and start working out with Pete's weights, starting right now! I'll have Melanie set up a workout and diet plan for you - she's started to get into pure bodybuilding, so she'll know what to tell you. And you'll have Pete to help you, at least during the summers. By the time you see Andy again in three years, you could knock him dead and have him eating out of your hand!"

"But I'll still only be in high school. He'll still think of me as just a kid..."

"Not if you develop yourself the way I think you can," Ann replied. "No, I think there's only one question you have to ask yourself."



"What's that?"

"Whether as a great, big musclegirl you could still go for a guy half your size and no match for you in the strength department."

Stacie giggled. "No need to worry about that!" she said. "I'm stronger than Andy right now. Every time I see him I just want to pick him up and squeeze him till he hollers!"

"Then you two are a match! Go for it!" Ann put an arm around the smaller girl's shoulders. "Feel better, now?"

Stacie grinned at her. "A ton! Thanks loads, Ann!"

Within a week Ann had obtained and provided her with the necessary workout and diet instructions, but Stacie waited until the Sloan family moved to San Francisco to begin her workouts. At first Pete was reluctant to help her; while he admired the firm, trim bodies of female athletes like Ann, he regarded the sport of bodybuilding with condescension and amusement, and he jokingly accused the girls of trying to turn "his little sister into a 'mirror athlete' or a 'female Arnold'". But Ann prevailed on him, and he finally relented, setting up lighter weights for Stacie and spotting her during her workouts. Stacie even convinced him to teach her some wrestling moves.



Stacie worked hard during the following summer, and her progress was phenomenal. By the time Pete left for college, his initial attitude of disdain had become one of grudging admiration. Stacie had gained another inch of height and an additional ten pounds of firm, flexible muscle, and in their playful wrestling matches during that summer Pete was finding that he had to work harder every week to pin her. Privately, he confided to Ann, "I never realized how strong she was. If she keeps this up, in year or two she might even be able to beat me!" Privately, Stacie had already set this as one of her goals. She had become hooked on bodybuilding and had resolved to reach her full potential, not just for Andy, but because of the sense of power and self confidence she was beginning to feel.

That fall Stacie joined the high school's swimming and track and field teams, specializing in the women's pentathlon, and, with her natural athletic ability, easily made both teams during her freshman year. She continued to work out diligently at home, in Pete's weight room and swimming laps in the long pool in the rear deck of the Ketchum house, and by the following summer had gained another three inches of height and thirty pounds of muscular weight. She could now look Pete straight in the eye, was only thirty-five pounds lighter than he, and was lifting all but his heaviest weights.



Of course, Pete, too, had continued to work out. He had made the college wrestling team during his freshman year and had added another ten pounds of muscle to his burly frame. He had done well, and, although losing in the state finals, there was little doubt that he would eventually win his division. He was still much stronger than Stacie, but the difference between them had narrowed considerably. Furthermore, Stacie knew that he had been telling Andy about her activities and didn't want either them to know the full extent of the progress she had made. At Ann's suggestion, she deliberately held back in their joint workouts and wrestling matches during that summer, working out with the heavier weights only when she was alone and letting Pete win their playful matches more easily than he otherwise would have. Nevertheless, Pete was amazed at the size and strength of his 'little' sister.

He was also impressed by the change in her appearance, and with good reason. Her once thin body had filled out into a curvaceous, smoothly muscular physique that literally glowed with

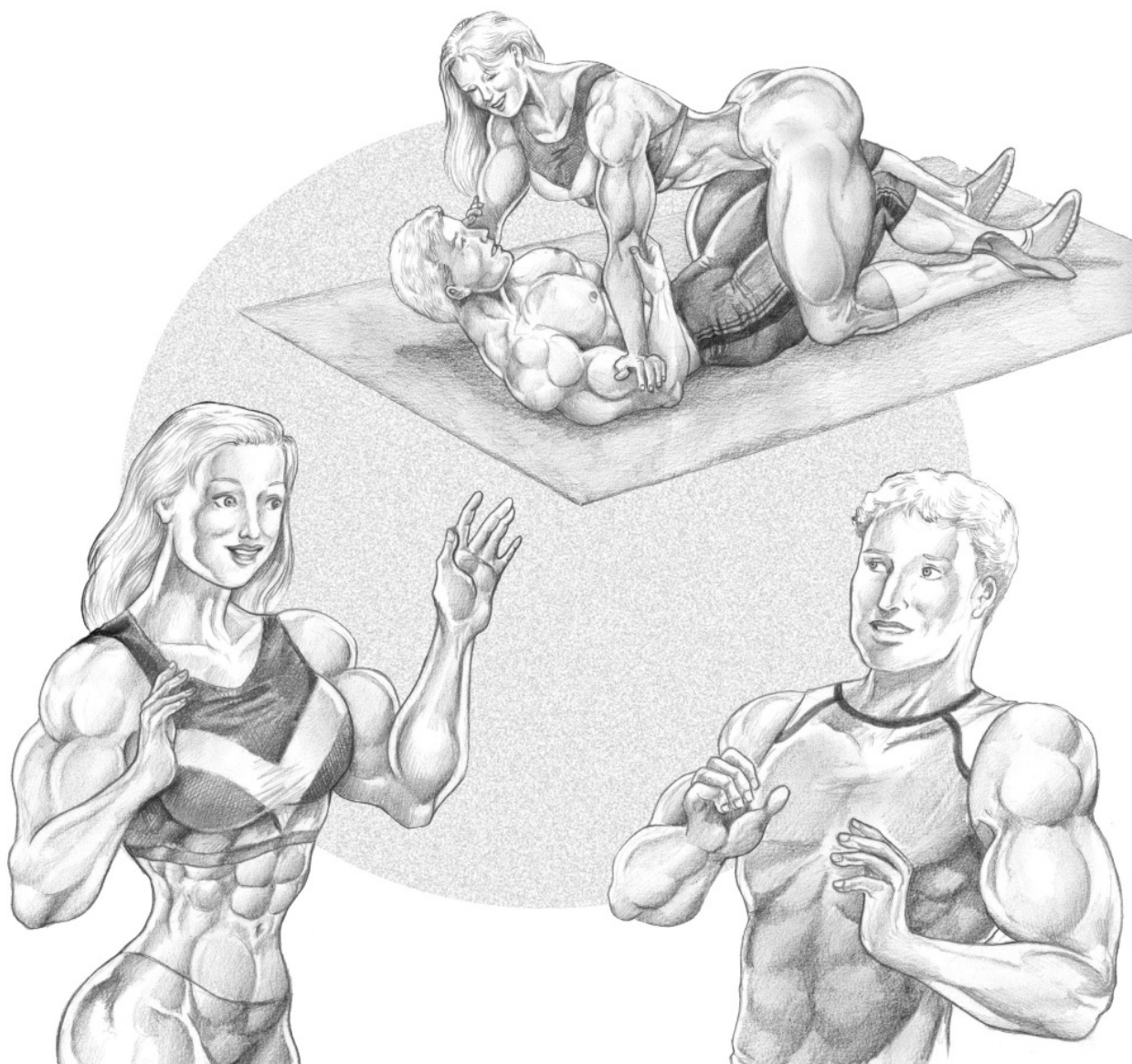
good health, and her attitude and personality, while gracious and feminine, clearly reflected the power and self confidence she now felt. She had become an extraordinarily beautiful young woman, popular in her school, and, despite her height, dated frequently, graciously declining the many sexual advances and overtures to become serious she received.

And she was missing Andy more and more. She had hoped that he would visit them during the summer, but a summer job had kept him in San Francisco, and she finally decided that it was just as well. She had not come close to reaching her peak, and that is when she wanted Andy to see her for the first time.

During her sophomore year the fruits of her efforts began to really pay off. She gained another 2" in height and thirty-five additional pounds of solid muscle to her body, which was now becoming more defined and deeply cut. Her shoulders broadened with the development of powerful delts; her chest became a wide "V", with swelling lats tapering to a narrow waist that was a washboard of rippling muscle, and then flaring ever so slightly to tight, rounded hips, oaken thighs and hard, yet shapely, calves. Her arms, too, had thickened considerably, with baseball size biceps and heavy, deeply corded forearms. By New Years she had discovered that even Pete's heaviest weights did not give her adequate workouts and convinced her reluctant parents to add the additional weights she needed.

These gains did not come without a price. With its greater definition, her body no longer had the buoyancy she needed to compete successfully in swimming. Reluctantly, she resigned from the team to concentrate on the pentathlon, where it was obvious that she would soon be setting state, and perhaps national, records. She had fewer dates, too, as more and more boys became wary of her size, muscularity and strength.

Pete had spent the semester and Easter breaks competing at the regional and state wrestling meets, in both of which he won his division, and had been home only briefly during the Christmas break, spending part of the break with Andy in San Francisco. Thus, when he returned home the following summer, he was, totally unprepared for the beautiful and powerful young Amazon his little sister had become.



Fifteen year old Stacie now towered a full 2" over her older brother, matched him pound for pound and muscle for muscle, and he was amazed and chagrined to discover that she could actually lift heavier weights than he. She immediately challenged him to another wrestling match, which he reluctantly accepted. This time Stacie did not hold back, and he found he had to use every trick he knew to avoid being pinned. They agreed that the match was a draw, but both he and Stacie knew that she would have won on points.

There was a clear method behind Stacie's actions, and she enlisted Ann's support to convince Pete not to tell Andy how big and strong she had become. "After all," she warned him, only half-jokingly, "you wouldn't want everyone in college to know that their state wrestling champion can't even beat his little sister on the wrestling mat!" Under the circumstances, Pete had no choice but to agree, although, after thinking it through, he asked Stacie to continue working out and wrestling with him during the rest of the summer.

"After all," he told her, "the best way to improve is to wrestle with someone bigger and stronger than I am! And I can still teach you a few moves you haven't learned yet!"

By the end of the summer Stacie had picked up another ½" in height and 10 lbs. of weight, and was well on her way to reaching the 6'4" and 225 lbs. she would attain by the end of the school year. During her junior year her athletic prowess was earning her more publicity than she wanted, and periodically she would call Pete to confirm that Andy had not seen any of the reports of her athletic feats. This was the year that the Sloans would return to L.A., and that Andy would be literally swept off his feet by that skinny, little girl he had ignored for so many years!

The Sloans did return in late June, after Pete and Andy had returned from college, and Andy, who had initially joined them in San Francisco, was with them. The day they arrived Pete and Ann went down to greet them, and Ann took Andy aside and said, "You know, Stacie can't wait to see you."

Andy scowled. "I thought she would've gotten over that crazy, schoolgirl crush by now," he grumbled. "Am I going to have to fight her off again the whole summer?"

Ann chuckled. "I don't think you'll be able to, now, Andy," she told him, "and I have a feeling you won't want to even if you could. She's really changed quite a bit! You may not even recognize her."

Andy looked up at her quizzically. "Well, she always was a tall, pretty, little girl, and I imagine she's grown up a lot. But she's still just a high school kid - what would she be, now, 16? That's way too young for someone like me."

Ann smiled and patted his cheek. "Well," she said, "you can humor her just this once, as a favor to me, okay?"

Andy sighed. "Okay, I suppose so." He looked around. "Well, if she's so anxious to see me, where is she?"





"She's waiting for you down by the rockpile. She wants to surprise you. I told her I'd send you down." Ann started to turn away, and then added, "Oh, by the way, the three of us are going out tonight for dinner at the Metropole Dance Club, and we want you to come with us, if you can make it."

Andy gave her a long look out of the corner of his eye, "And I suppose I'm going to be Stacie's date, right?"

"Right."

Andy shrugged, mumbled something unintelligible under his breath and reluctantly strolled down the beach toward the pile of boulders at the water's edge. It was mid-afternoon, and the tide would soon be washing over the rocks, so, fortunately, he wouldn't have to stay long. He reached the base of the rocks and looked around. No Stacie. Probably in that center clearing they always used. He climbed over and down into the sandy clearing, but Stacie was nowhere to be seen.

He crossed to the other side and stepped up on one of several low, flat rocks to see if she were hiding behind one of the larger boulders there. Not seeing her, he turned, scratched his head, and after several moments started back across the clearing.

"Hi, Andy! Welcome home!"

The voice was familiar, yet deeper and richer than he remembered, and exquisitely feminine. He had taken only a couple of steps away from the rocks, and he turned to look straight into a long, flowing, white robe.

He blinked, and then looked upward, past impossibly wide shoulders well above his head, into the dazzling smile and lovely features, framed in long blonde hair, of the most beautiful young woman he had ever seen, looming nearly a foot and a half above his own.

"Stacie?" he gasped. "Is that you?"

"Uh huh. You like?"

"You - you're gorgeous!" he stammered. "Come on down."

Her laugh was like the peeling of a bell. "I AM down, silly!"

He did a double take, looked quickly at the sand.





Sure enough, long, slender feet, clearly visible under the robe and perched on high heeled sandals, were firmly planted in the sand in front of him. His jaw dropped as his eyes travelled up the towering figure to again feast on the lovely, smiling face so far above him, and, involuntarily, he fell back a step.

"My God, Stacie!" he whispered. "How tall are you?"

She giggled. "Six four in my bare feet, six eight in these sandals, which, incidentally, I got just for you, since Ann tells me you like taller girls!"

Andy's stomach was churning, and he felt his face getting red. "Well...ah, yeah." He was at a loss for words. "Sorta, I guess..." He hesitated. "What - what else did Ann tell you?"



Stacie grinned mischievously. "That you like taller girls with...MUSCLES!" she replied. "Ta da!" And she whipped open the robe and, with a shrug, dropped it on the rocks behind her.

Andy felt his entire body wrench, and he could only gape up in open mouthed awe at the towering mountain of massive, deeply cut, curvaceous muscularity looming above him. Wearing only a skimpy bikini, her body seemed carved in tan ivory. Broad, powerful shoulders at least a foot wide. Long, massive arms almost the size of his slender waist, with huge, clearly defined biceps and triceps and deeply corded forearms ending in beautifully shaped, perfectly manicured hands nearly twice as big as his own. A wide, deep chest with small, firm breasts barely covered by her tiny bikini top, tapering sharply to an impossibly narrow waist that was a washboard of solid muscle, then flaring to tight, rounded hips and glutes and massive thighs that seemed even bigger than his chest and ridged with powerful muscles that rippled in a sensuous dance when she moved. Huge, flexed, shapely calves that stood out in

bold relief from the tension provided by the high heeled sandals she wore.

And the whole, a miraculous blend of massive, sensuous muscularity and overpowering femininity that jolted his senses with the force of a sledgehammer.

Andy's mouth was suddenly dry, his body trembling as strange, not unfamiliar sensations began coursing through his loins. His eyes were riveted on her giant figure as, slowly, sensuously, she raised her right arm to extend it straight out from her side above his head, clench her fist and then cock it, flexing a bicep as big as a softball.

"Feel it, Andy," she commanded, and, like a man in a trance, he obeyed, reaching up to touch and press that bulging ball of muscle. It was hard as a rock.

"My God!" he whispered again. "Are - are those muscles for real?"

In answer, she reached down and slid her big, shapely hands under his armpits, her long, powerful fingers extending almost halfway around his narrow chest. Then, with no more effort than if he were a rag doll she lifted him bodily into the air and held him out at arm's length, his eyes almost level with hers, his feet dangling well over a foot off the sand. He stifled a cry as the pressure of her strong hands on his body and the sensation of utter helplessness he felt sent waves of carnal lust coursing through his small, trembling body. He was barely aware of the bulge in his shorts, stretched like a tent over a suddenly erect and throbbing flagpole.

"Is this real enough for you, Andy?" she asked him softly.

He couldn't answer her. Held helpless in her hands, her arms not even flexed from his weight, she seemed suddenly an invincible giantess, a towering figure of Amazonian beauty and unbelievable power who had stepped out of the most erotic of his dreams to take his small, puny body and make it hers.



And she was Stacie, for Gods sake! Sixteen years old and the 'little' sister of his best friend!

Then he was writhing in the grip of her hands, his mind and body at war with each other. "P-p-please!" he heard himself begging. "S-Stacie, p-p-please put me down!" Yet, deep down, in his loins, he wanted her to hold him, to feel the massive muscles of her powerful arms around his body, crushing him to her, making him part of her.

"Not until I get a hello kiss, Andy," she whispered. "After all, it's been three years..."

She was bringing him to her, then, one hand holding him securely in place, his eyes just below her own, while her other slid down his back to firmly cup both his buttocks and mash his throbbing erection against her hard, flat stomach, sending spasms of ecstasy shooting through him.



He moaned, "No, no..." as her hand holding his chest rose to the back of his head, immobilized it, and then slowly forced it up to her waiting lips. He put both hands against her broad shoulders, pushing against her with all his strength, but she didn't seem to notice his struggles.

"Your lips say no, Andy," she murmured, "but your body says yes..."

And then her open mouth descended to capture his. Her tongue invaded and explored his mouth, entwining with his own tongue, spurring the flow of his saliva and taking it in exchange for hers. His resistance collapsed, his body the victor in the war with his mind, and, almost unconsciously, his arms slid around her neck, under her flowing hair, as he surrendered to her kiss. He was floating on a wave of desire, barely feeling the pressure of her hands and arms on his body, a prisoner in an embrace he wanted never to end. And when, at last, she released his mouth he clung to her, straining upward helplessly, trying to recapture that delicious moment that had come and gone in an eternity that now seemed like an instant.

"Oh, Stacie," he breathed, "you're - you're so - so tall, so- so strong - so beautiful!"

She lowered her head to gently nuzzle his face with her lips. "We have to go, Andy," she murmured against his cheek. "Tide's coming in."

Her hands shifted to his waist, and she moved him away from her, forcing his arms from around her neck, and set him on a low rock, above the water that was flowing into the clearing and around her sandalled feet. Then she was past him, gathering up her robe in a single, swift motion, to bound to the top of the pile, turn, and flash a dazzling smile down at him.

"You're coming with us tonight, aren't you, Andy?" she asked. "I got a special outfit just for you!"

Her words shocked him back to reality. He could see himself beside her, walking, dancing with her, hardly more than a midget on the arm of a giantess towering head and shoulders above him. "Stace..." he stammered, "I - I don't know..."

She read the uncertainty in his eyes and laughed that pealing, bell laugh again. "Don't worry about my height, Andy," she told him. "Ann's wearing five inch heels tonight, so we'll both be taller than you boys! Be at our place at seven thirty." She hesitated, and then, her eyes twinkling, added, "Don't make me come get you, Andy!"

And she was gone.

He stood there on the rock for several minutes, his body weak and trembling as his erection slowly subsided, until the rising tide threatened to reach him. Then he fumbled and stumbled his way over the rockpile to the sand behind and toward his beach house, only steps ahead of the surging water. Had she meant that joking threat? Would she really invade his home and take him by force? She was certainly strong enough. God, how strong she was! He could almost feel her long fingers around his chest as she had so effortlessly held his 120 lbs. at arm's length off the sand. Was he to be the helpless love toy of this beautiful, Amazonian giantess, this sixteen year old child he had ignored for so many years? The thought simultaneously excited and repelled him. She was the complete embodiment of all his dreams - no, way beyond even his wildest dreams! A towering, MuscleGirl of incomparable strength and beauty, a superhuman Goddess of Love who, with no effort at all, could take his puny body and make it hers.

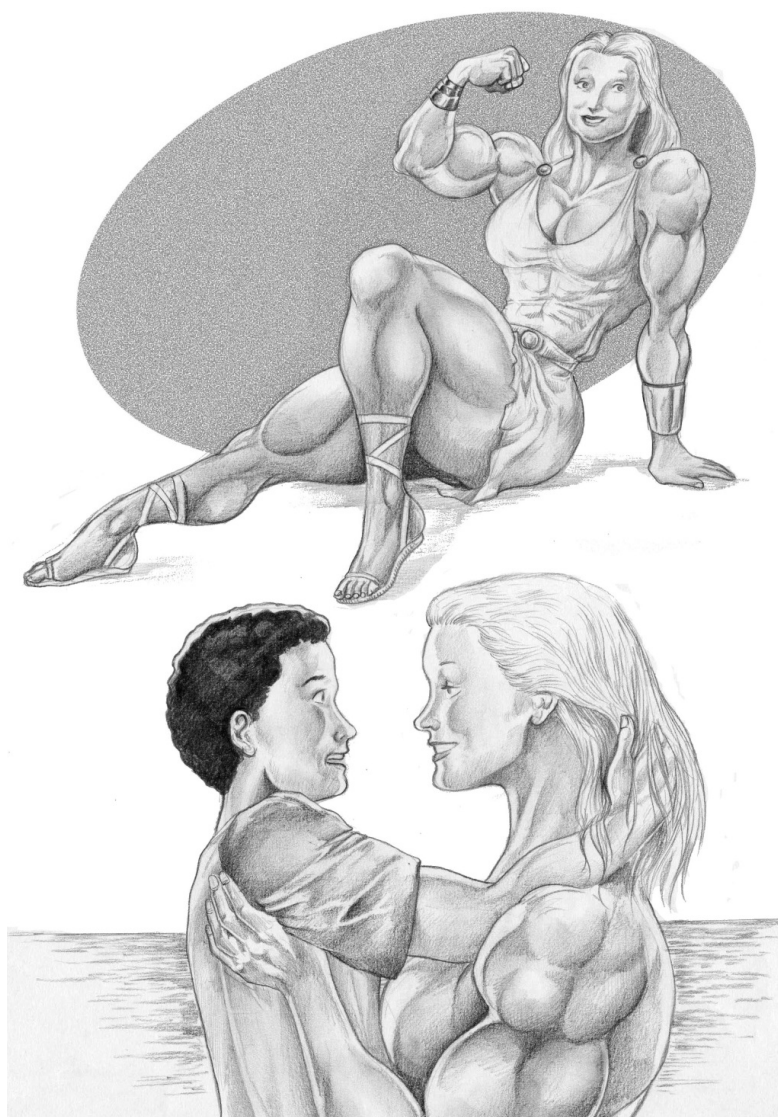
But she was Stacie, for God's sake!  
The sister of his best friend! And only sixteen years old!

My God! What would she be like  
when she was twenty-one?!?

Back at the Ketchum house, Stacie  
was aglow. Ann and Pete had  
returned, but only Ann met her outside  
with the single question, "WELL?!?"

Hugging herself in delight, Stacie told  
her, leaving nothing out. "Oh, Ann!"  
she gushed, "he was so cute, so  
beautiful! He tried to resist me at first,  
but I could tell he really didn't want to!  
And when I picked him up and kissed  
him, he just sort of melted into my  
arms, so soft and cuddly, like a little  
teddy bear! Oh, God! I wanted to  
rape him right then and there!"

Ann chuckled. "I have a feeling it  
wouldn't have been rape," she replied.  
"But, if I can make a suggestion, don't  
push too fast. The poor, little guy has  
got to be overwhelmed by you, and  
you don't want to scare him off."





Stacie giggled. "Don't worry," she said. "He's still a little skittish about my being younger and Pete's sister and all, and I think he had some second thoughts about going out in public tonight with a girl so much bigger and stronger than he is, but I can handle that. For the next couple of days I'm gonna turn him on and off like a faucet! By the time I make my move, he'll be begging for it!" She hesitated. "Oh, and by the way, I told Andy you were gonna wear 5" heels tonight, so both the boys would have to look up at us, and he wouldn't feel quite so conspicuous."

"Pete will absolutely flip!"



Stacie winked at her. "Leave my 'big' brother to me," she said. "I'll work on him, let him know how important it is to me, and, if I have to, I'll, ah...'reason' with him..." To emphasize her point, she flexed a massive bicep.

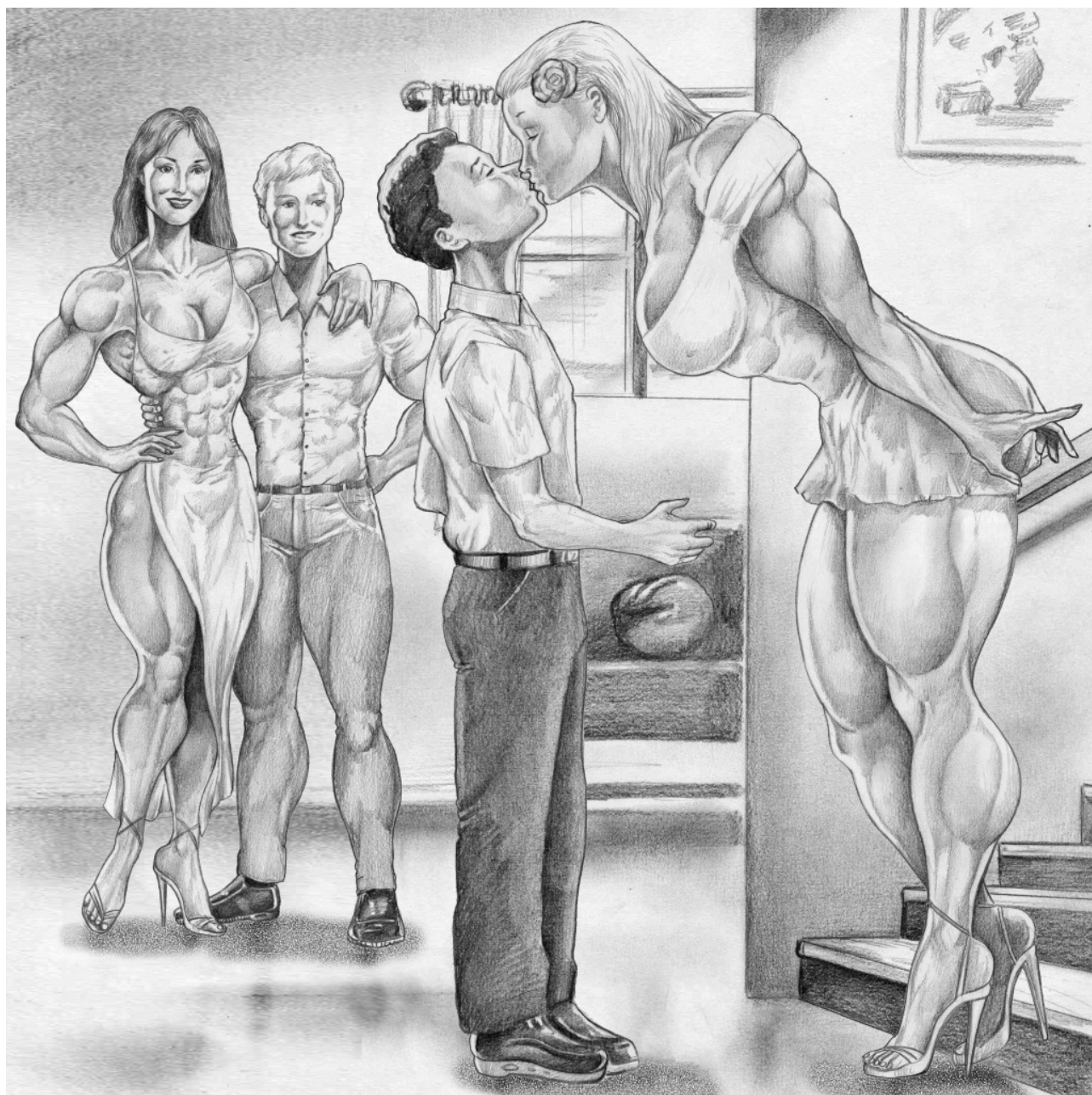
Ann shook her head, laughing. She knew how fond these two were of each other and that Stacie would never do anything to hurt Pete. Nevertheless, she said, "I'm not sure I did Pete a favor getting you into muscle building. Okay, 5" it is, but I'll be counting on you!"

Ann left to get ready for the evening, returning a little after seven in her best print dress and towering 6' 2" in the promised high heels. She greeted Pete with a giggle and a coy, little peck on his forehead. Pete made a face at her and growled, "If it were anybody else but Stacie..."

Andy arrived twenty minutes later dressed, as was Pete, in a short sleeved sport shirt and slacks. He was clearly nervous and uncomfortable, but when he saw Ann he gaped up at her and gave a low whistle. "Wow!"

Ann grinned. "Wait'll you see Stacie!" she warned him, and then called up the stairs, "Okay, Stacie, you can make your grand entrance now!"

Stacie appeared at the top of the stairs, looking down at the waiting trio, towering and radiant in a low cut, white blouse with short sleeves and a ruffled neckline that ran almost to the end of her shoulders and emphasized the fullness and breadth of her upper body and the narrowness of her waist, a tight, chartreuse miniskirt and matching pumps with 5" spike heels. Her lustrous, blonde hair fell in smooth waves down her back and was crowned with a white rose on one side. She wore no makeup; with her deep tan, deep blue eyes and full, red lips, none was needed. She descended the stairs in a slow, sensuous walk, the powerful muscles of her arms and legs dancing and rippling with every move.



Andy stood transfixed, his mouth open, unable to tear his eyes from her as she stopped in front of him and, with his eyes barely level with her breasts, tilted his head back with a fore-finger and bent down to plant a light kiss on his lips, enveloping his senses in the gentle scent of her perfume. "Hi, Andy," she greeted him softly, "I'm so glad you could make it." Then she stepped away from him and performed a graceful pirouette. "Well, what do you think?"

"You're – you're – magnificent!" There was a lump in his throat, and the words came out as an almost inaudible squeak.



Stacie's smile dazzled him. "Then the evening's off to a great start!" she murmured. "Shall we go?"

For Andy the night at the Metropole seemed like a dream. All he could remember later was the closeness of her, her arm around him in the back seat of the car pressing his head against her shoulder, the feel of her hip and thigh rubbing against his in the booth as they ate, the looks of amused affection she gave him at the many glances he would steal of her lovely features and powerful, shapely body, and the feeling of being completely enveloped by her as they danced through the night to music fast and slow, oblivious to the stares of the other people in the club at this towering, gloriously beautiful young woman and her diminutive partner whose head seemed always buried between her breasts.



Time seemed to stand still for him; he was conscious only of her until, at the evening's end, Pete pulled to a stop in front of the Ketchum home, and he and Ann turned to regard him and Stacie with knowing grins.

Andy flushed as he realized that until then he had been barely conscious of the presence of his two close friends. "I - I guess I wasn't very good company tonight," he mumbled in apology.

Stacie laughed and hugged him. "You were marvellous company, Andy," she told him, "and we all had a fantastic time. Now, come on in for a sec, while I change into something more comfortable, and then I'll walk you home."

"W - walk me home?"

"Of course. It's two thirty in the morning. You didn't think I was going to let you walk home alone at this hour, did you?" Stacie smiled down at him. "Things have changed a little since you left, Andy. This area isn't quite as safe as it used to be. Isn't that right, Pete?"

"Uh, yeah." A nudge from Ann's elbow prompted him to confirm the fib.

Andy looked puzzled. "But, Stacie, you'd have to walk back alone..."

Stacie laughed again. "Don't worry about that, Andy. Nobody's going to mess around with me." That, at least, was true.



Stacie and Ann escorted Andy inside while Pete put the car in the garage. Sandwiched between the two girls, his eyes level with Ann's shoulder and Stacie's breasts, Andy felt suddenly very conscious of his small stature, and he found that even Ann, whom he had never seen in such high heels before, was causing strange, unwanted sensations in his stomach, unwanted because she was Ann, his best friend's lover. He was relieved, therefore, when she kicked off her shoes and dropped into a chair while Stacie ran upstairs to change.

"Well, Andy," she asked him, smiling, "what do you think of Stacie, now?"

"She - she's unbelievable!" Andy looked at the floor and scuffed his feet uncomfortably. "If only she weren't so - so young..." He hesitated. "Do - do you think she really likes me? I mean, REALLY likes me. I know she's had a crush on me for a long time, but that's kid stuff. It's

hard to believe that a girl like her could go, I mean REALLY go, for a guy like me..."

"Why not? You're a sweet, lovable guy when you're being yourself. And from all appearances tonight, she really likes you a lot. Whether that's still her schoolgirl crush or something more serious, only time will tell. I think a lot of that will depend on you. If you keep worrying about the age difference... well, look at it this way: when you're 24, she'll be 20, and when you're 30, she'll be 26. That's not too young for you."

"I suppose so." Andy shook his head. "It's just that she's so much bigger and stronger than I am..."

Ann laughed. "I thought bigger, stronger girls were the kind that turned you on," she said.

Andy flushed. "They do," he admitted, "but Stacie's SO much bigger and stronger...and so beautiful! I have to believe that she could have any guy she wanted, instead of having to settle for a - a peanut like me!"

Ann leaned forward. Her eyes captured his and held them. "Andy," she replied evenly, "have you ever stopped to think that YOU might be exactly the kind of guy that turns HER on?"

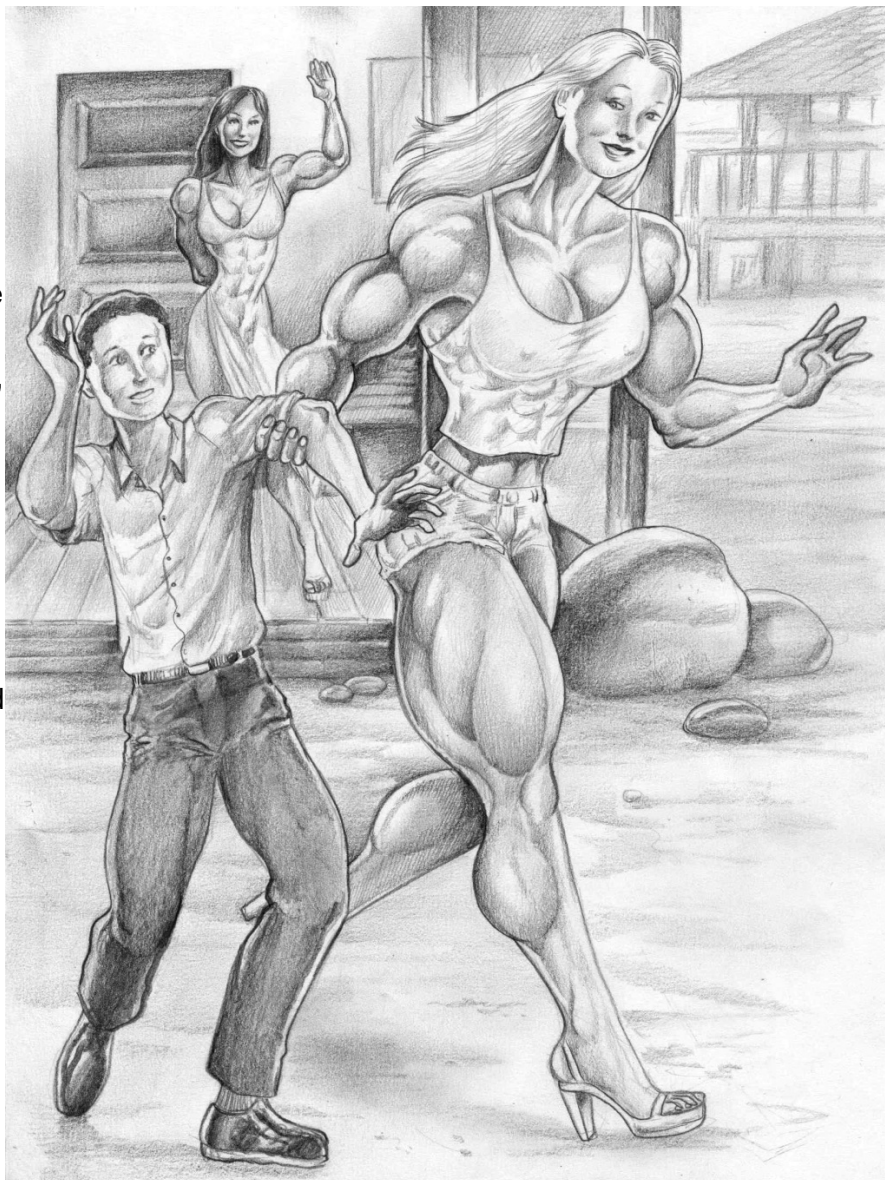
Andy froze, his stomach churning again. "You - you really think so?"

Ann shrugged. "That's for the two of you to find out," she replied.

At that point Stacie came tripping down the stairs, dressed in shorts and a halter and the platform sandals she had worn that afternoon. "Talkin' about me?" she asked playfully, then, without waiting for an answer, took Andy's arm and pulled him toward the sliding door to the rear deck. "C'mon, Andy, we'll walk down the beach. See ya later, Ann!"

Andy barely had time to say good-bye to Ann before he was literally swept out the door and down the steps to the beach, where Stacie slipped an arm over his shoulders and pulled him close to her, pressing his head against the side of her chest below her armpit. She shortened her stride to match his, and smiled down at him. "It's great having you back, Andy," she said softly. "I really missed you. I hope you had a good time tonight."

"I did, Stacie," he confessed. "I really did." The closeness of her, and the delicious smell of her body in the night air were beginning to do things to him again.



"You weren't uncomfortable, were you, Andy, being out with a high school girl, you being a junior in college and all?" From her tone and the look on her face, she was teasing him, now, and he decided to play along.

"As a matter of fact, I was, a little," he replied with a grin, "but not in the way you mean."

"Why, Andy!" She looked down at him archly, but her eyes were twinkling. "Are you saying I was turning you on? Shame on you! After all, I'm only sixteen years old!"

Her reaction confused him, and he wasn't sure what to say next. She was obviously baiting him, or was she just playing hard to get? He thought a moment before replying, "Well, ah, I guess it's hard to think of you as, ah, only sixteen. You're so tall and...and so...mature looking..."



She giggled. "You didn't always think that way, Andy," she told him.

He was about to respond when his right foot landed on something hard and crooked in the sand. He felt a sharp pain in his ankle, and a momentary dizziness, and heard a small cry that he realized had come from himself. He felt himself starting to fall, but the pressure of her arm around him held him up.

"Andy! Are you all right? What happened?" It was Stacie's voice, seemingly coming from far away.

"I - I think I stepped on something and...and hurt my ankle." It was his voice, but he wasn't sure he was speaking. He shook his head, and the world slowly came back in focus. He looked up into Stacie's lovely eyes, peering down at him anxiously. "Is there some place where I can sit down for a minute?"

The pain was ebbing, but he could feel an ominous throbbing in his ankle. He looked around. There was a cement bench at the edge of the sand about twenty feet away. But before he could speak, he felt her arm slide around his waist, tighten, and then he was lifted off the sand as Stacie tucked

him securely under one arm, carried him quickly to the bench and gently sat him down on it. She knelt before him in the sand, pushed his trouser leg up away from the injured ankle and felt it gingerly.

"That hurt?" she asked.

It did. Andy nodded, feeling foolish.

"It's starting to swell. Do you think you sprained it?"

"I don't think so, but let me try to put some weight on it." He pushed himself up off the bench, and Stacie quickly put her hands under his armpits to support him as he carefully tested the ankle.

"No," he said finally, "I think it's just twisted. I - I do that now and then."

"Can you walk on it?"

He put more weight on the ankle and winced. "Just barely."



Stacie bit her lip, hiding a faint grin. "Then I guess I'm just going to have to carry you the rest of the way," she said. She stooped and, slipping one arm around his chest, under his armpits, and the other behind his thighs, swept him up off the sand to cradle him securely in her powerful arms, cuddled tightly against her bosom.

He gasped, and the ankle was forgotten as his stomach started churning again. He looked up at her beautiful, larger than life features and saw that she was now making no attempt to hide her grin. "I was looking for an excuse to do this, anyway," she added.

"You - you were?"

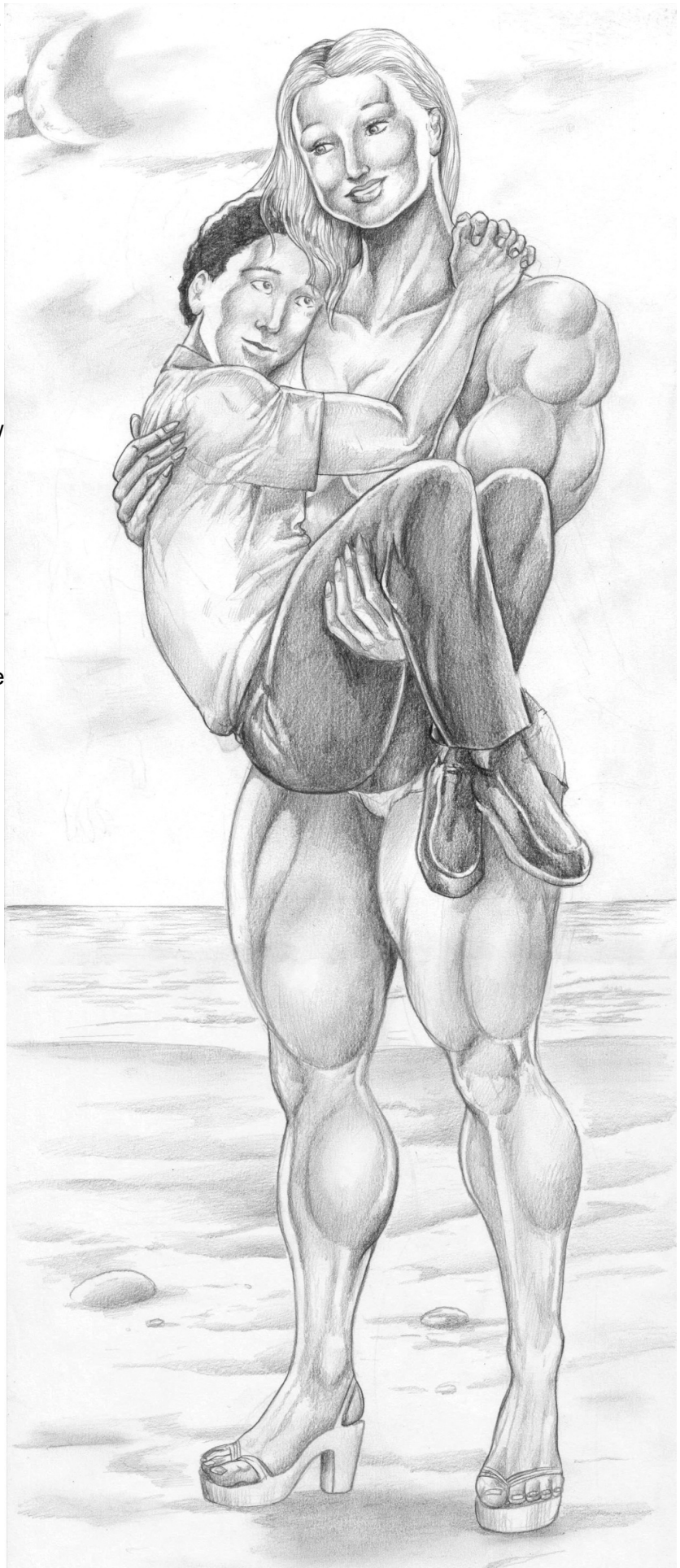
"Uh huh." She bent her head and nuzzled his cheek. "You're so little and cute and cuddly, just like a little doll, a cute, little, rag doll. Now, put your arms around my neck and lay your head on my shoulder, Andy, while I carry you home."

"But - but aren't I heavy? My house is a couple of blocks away!"

She laughed outright. "Andy," she told him, "you only weigh 120 lbs., and, to me, you're as light as a feather. I can barely feel your weight. I could carry you around like this all day!"

He looked up at her in awe. "You - you're amazing!" he whispered, and slipped his arms around her broad back and chest and buried his face in the base of her neck, feeling so deliciously small and defenseless cradled in her arms. And with that feeling, growing sensations of desire...

She gave another, low laugh and set off along the beach, gliding through the sand to keep his ride as smooth and comfortable as possible.



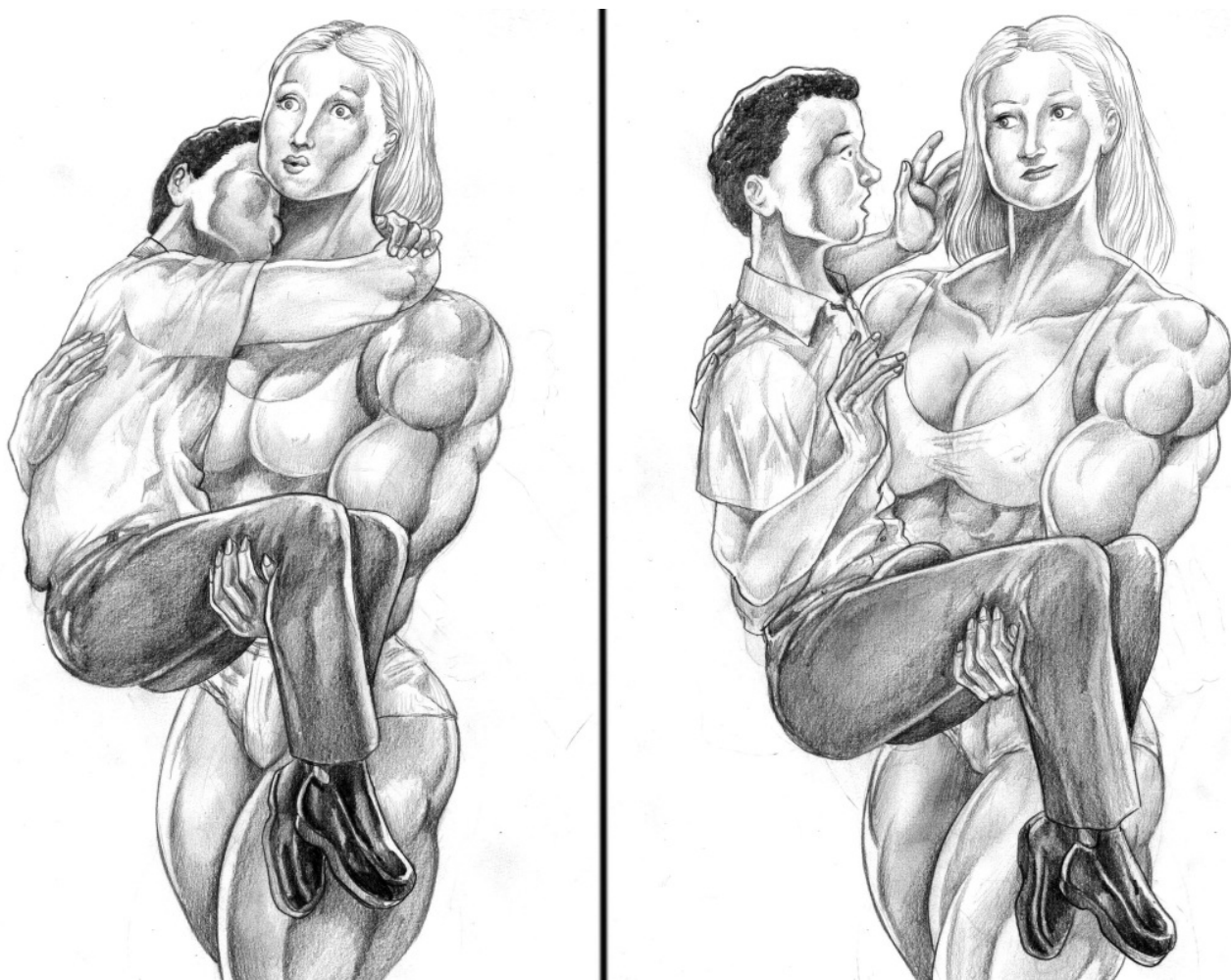
Actually, with his small body almost completely enveloped from his shoulders to his knees in the massive muscles of her long, powerful arms and her broad, firm bosom and his head pressed hard against her shoulder, Andy was in ecstasy. For the first time in his life he was living a dream, the helpless captive in the arms of a beautiful, Amazon giantess. He wanted this journey never to end.

Looking down, Stacie saw the growing bulge in his trousers and giggled. "I can see you like being carried in my arms, too!" she murmured. "Would you like me to take the long way home, Andy?"

"Oh, Stacie!" She was teasing him again, for there was no longer way to his house, but he couldn't think of anything else to say.

"But don't you feel embarrassed, Andy, being carried around so easily in the arms of a sixteen year old high school girl?"

He felt his face redden. "Stacie, please!" On impulse, he tightened his arms around her shoulders and kissed the base of her neck.



He felt her arms tighten around him momentarily, and then she was holding him away from her and looking down at him, her face a mask of amused reproval. "Why, Andy!" she exclaimed. "Shame on you! Are you trying to turn me on?"

"Stacie, no! I mean--"

"You just better behave yourself, Andy, or when I get you home I'm gonna put you over my knee and spank you! You wouldn't want me to do that, would you, Andy? Think of how it would feel, a grown man like you being spanked like a naughty, little boy by a sixteen year old girl!"



She couldn't hide the laughter in her eyes, and, looking up at her, he knew she didn't mean it. Nevertheless, her words sent spasms of desire through his body. He knew she was easily capable of carrying out her threat, and that knowledge made him want her even more...

"Now, you just snuggle up to me and lay your head back on my shoulder, Andy. And behave yourself. We're almost there."

He sighed. "Whatever you say, Stacie," he whispered and did as he was told. Was there another, imperceptible tightening of her arms around his body?

All too soon she was carrying him up the back steps of the Sloan beach house and lowering him gently to his feet, supporting him with a single arm around him to lighten the weight on his injured ankle. As he fumbled for his key, she suggested, "Maybe we ought to wake your parents so they can help you get into bed. You don't want to walk around too much on that ankle."



He shook his head as he unlocked and opened the door. "They're not home," he told her. "They went down to Orange County to pick up some stuff at my aunt's house, and they're staying overnight."

"You mean you're all alone in the house?"

He nodded. "Fraid so. Unless..." He stopped, suddenly embarrassed at the thought that had crossed his mind. He looked up at her quickly, hoping she hadn't caught it.

Her eyes were dancing. "Well," she said with finality, "I guess that means I'm just going to have to put you to bed myself." Before he could react, he was swept up in her arms again. "Would you like that, Andy? Would you like me to tuck you in?"

"But - but, Stacie, surely you're not...you're not going to...undress me!"

"Well, of course I am, Andy!" She was already through the door, backing it closed, and carrying him up the stairs to his bedroom. "After all, what are friends for?"

And it won't be the first time I've seen you without any clothes on. Have you forgotten how often we used to go skinny dipping in the ocean when we were kids?"

The door to his bedroom was open. She went through it and, holding him in one arm, pulled down the covers on his bed before depositing him on it with his feet up and his back against the headrest.



Ignoring his verbal protests, she unbuttoned and removed his shirt and, sitting at the foot of the bed, pulled off his shoes and socks. Then, grinning mischievously, she undid his trousers. With one hand under his back lifting his buttocks off the bed, she pulled them and his shorts down his legs and off, running her hands down and gently massaging his soft flesh with her fingers as she did so and leaving his naked body and stiff, his throbbing erection fully exposed.

**THE END** (Part 2 – Coming Soon)

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