

MUSCLEGIRL (Part 2)

- a Puppetman story -

(amysconquest.com)

She giggled and lightly patted his stomach. "Really, Andy," she chided him, "I'm gonna have to do something about those boners you keep getting!"

His face flushed a deep crimson. "I--I'm sorry, Stacie! I-- I can't help it. You're so--so--"

"Shhhh!" She put a finger to his lips. "Jammies in the closet?"

He nodded silently.

She got them and put them on him, again letting her hands and fingers play along his naked skin, but ignoring the tent his pajama shorts formed over his erect penis. "Now," she told him firmly, "Stacie's gonna tuck you in all safe and snug, and you're gonna go to sleep like a good, little Andy. Aren't you?"

His face clearly showed the agony he felt. "I don't know I can, Stacie..." he whispered.

"Hmmm!" She looked around and spied a wooden rocking chair in a corner. "Tell you what, Andy," she murmured. "How would you like me to curl you up on my lap and rock you to sleep?"

"I--I'd like that, Stacie..." he whispered.



She grinned, gathered him up in her arms, carried him over to the chair, sat down on it and placed him on her lap, reaching around him to tuck his legs up behind his thighs and press him close to her. He sighed and laid his head on her shoulder, looking up at her lovely features worshipfully as she began to rock him gently.

One of his shoulders was tucked under her armpit and his arm pinned against the back of the chair, but his other arm was free, and he reached up and slipped it around her neck. She smiled and lightly nibbled his forehead.

"Isn't this nice, Andy?" she whispered.

"Uh huh." He tried to snuggle closer to her.

"You know what, Andy?"

"What?"

"Holding you on my lap like this, you're just like a little, rag doll I have, a little Raggedy Andy doll, except I had its hair dyed black like yours and the face painted to look just like you. Well, not exactly like you, but close enough. Every night when I go to bed I hug that little doll and cuddle its head on my shoulder, just like I'm doing to you, now."

"R--really?"

"Really. Except that now I have a real, live, little Raggedy Andy doll to hug and cuddle and play with." She tilted his head back with a forefinger, forcing him to look up at her as she smiled down into his eyes. "How about it, Andy?" she asked him softly. "Would you like to be my little, Raggedy Andy doll?"

Her words cut through his stomach like a knife. "Is—is that all I am to you, Stacie? A--a doll?"

She feigned surprise. "Of course not, Andy!" she exclaimed. "Why, you're our best friend ever! But you're so little and soft and cute, I just love to pick you up and hug and cuddle you, even better than my Raggedy Andy doll. And you like it, too, don't you, Andy?"



He lowered his eyes, unable to look at her. "Yes," he answered softly.

"So, will you be my little Raggedy Andy doll, Andy?"

He closed his eyes and buried his face in her neck to hide his despair, failing to see the smirk of satisfaction on her face. "I--I'll be whatever you want me to be, Stacie," he whispered.

"Great! Now, it's time to put my little Raggedy Andy back to bed and tuck him in all safe and sound...upsy daisy!" She slipped one arm around his thighs and stood up, lifting him with her, and carried him over to lay him back on the bed and draw the covers over him, tucking them under his chin. She laid down on the bed next to him and leaned down to lightly nibble his open mouth with parted lips. "I really hope your ankle's better by tomorrow morning," she said softly. "If it is, you will come over, won't you?"

"I--it's feeling better. It should be all right by morning. This has happened before, and it usually gets better overnight."

"Then why don't you stop by around eleven? You can help me with my workout. I usually work out starting around nine, but it's so late I'm gonna sleep in a little tomorrow and start at eleven." She grinned impishly. "If you behave yourself, I might even let you feel my muscles," she added, and her eyes became suddenly heavy lidded. "All of them. You'd like that, wouldn't you, Andy?"

He closed his eyes, not sure how answer her. He knew she was toying with him, but she was everything he had ever wanted in a girl, and more. He didn't want to risk losing her until she had played out her game to whatever end she had in mind. "Okay," he said finally. "I'll be over."

She leaned down and kissed him lightly again. "Good night, my little Raggedy Andy," she whispered. "I'll dream of you tonight and wish my little rag doll was you..."

"Oh, Stacie!"

But she was gone.

He lay there, wide awake, feeling the agonies of frustration ravage his body. At last he reached over to his night stand to set his alarm for ten, knowing there would be little sleep for him this night...

Back at the Ketchum house, Ann was waiting on the rear deck when Stacie arrived. Stacie was surprised to see her.

"Pete asked me to stay the night in the guest room," she explained. "He didn't want me driving home alone this late. Besides, I wanted to stay and find out what happened between you and Andy. You were sure gone long enough!"

Stacie was positively giddy. "Ann," she bubbled, "you won't believe this, but he twisted his ankle, and I had to carry him practically all the way home, cradled in my arms like a little baby!"

"You're kidding!"

"I swear to God! And not only that, but when we got to his place, his parents weren't there! So I carried him up to his bedroom, undressed him and tucked him in bed! Told him I couldn't let him walk on that bad ankle of his."

"And that's all? You just put him in bed and left?"



Stacie grinned. "Well, I held him on my lap and rocked him for a while. Oh, God, Ann! He was so precious! I just wanted to eat him up! I really think he's crazy about me! Every time I picked him up he'd get a boner as big as a flagpole!"

Ann threw back her head and laughed. "You 'think' he's crazy about you? I'll tell the world he is! Good God, girl, are you blind? He couldn't see anybody but you all night. You had him eating out of your hand. Did you tell him how you felt?"

Stacie shook her head. "Not really. He thinks I think of him as a little doll to play with, and it's driving him nuts. I'm going to keep him thinking that for the next day or two, keep him dangling on my string, pump him up and then shut him down."

"Stacie, that's positively sadistic! Why? I know I told you before to play it cool, but that's before I saw him with you tonight. You could have him for the asking! Why torture the poor, little guy?"

Stacie grinned evilly. "I want to give him a taste of what it was like for me all those years," she replied, "pining away for him and having him ignore me!" Then she laughed. "Don't worry, Ann. I won't be able to hold out for long. I love him too much!" A thought struck her, and she was suddenly serious. "I do have one problem, though," she said, "that I was kinda hoping maybe you could help me with."

"What's that?"

Stacie hesitated for a long moment, looking at the ground. "Ann," she said finally, "I--I'm a...a virgin! I--I've been saving myself for Andy, and now that I've almost got him, I--well, when I make my move on him, I'm not sure I'm gonna know what to do!"

Ann came to her and took the bigger girl in her arms and hugged her. "Stacie," she said quietly, "if any other girl in your school told me that, I probably wouldn't believe her. But in your case, I don't think I could believe anything else. Being a virgin is nothing to be ashamed of. I was a virgin when Pete and I started going together--incidentally, so was Pete, and don't ask me how I know! I just do! I think that was a big part of why we fell in love with each other."

"Was? You mean you're not now? Virgins, I mean."

Ann reached up and punched her lightly on the chin. "That, young lady, is none of your business, Freudian slip or no Freudian slip. The point is, after we'd been going together for a couple of years and knew we were going to get married after college, we both decided that--well, we both wanted our wedding night to be...well, special, if you know what I mean, something to look forward to and cherish afterward. Not very many people think that way nowadays, but it sure has worked for us!"

Stacie looked puzzled. "Are--are you saying I shouldn't make love to Andy?"

"No, I'm not saying that at all. As a matter of fact, if you don't, you'll probably drive the poor, little guy batty! All I'm saying is that, if you two eventually decide that this is going to be something permanent...well, that's a long way down the road, and I don't think you have to worry about it now."

Stacie shook her head vigorously. "No, it's not," she retorted. "I've already decided that there's only one person that's going to have this body, and that's Andy! I

developed this body for him, and he's the only one who'll ever have it!"

Ann started to say something, then caught herself and laughed. "You know, I was going to make a comment about how young you are until I remembered that I was about your age when I said the same thing about Pete."

"But," Stacie made a helpless gesture, "like you said, I want our first time to be something special for him, for both of us. I know I'm gonna hafta take the lead, but I'm not sure I know what to do!"



Ann smiled and hugged her again. "There, I think I might be able to help you," she chuckled. "Come on upstairs with me, Stacie. You and I are going to have a lo-o-o-ng talk!"

It was almost ten thirty when Andy realized he'd slept through the alarm. After checking his ankle to make sure it was almost as good as new, he took a hurried shower, ran a razor over his face, and, after throwing on a polo shirt and shorts, was at the Ketchum house at eleven fifteen. Pete was having breakfast on the rear deck when he ran up, bleary eyed and almost out of breath.

"Stacie around?" he asked the bigger boy.

Pete nodded toward the house. "She's downstairs workin' out," he replied through a mouthful of toast. "She was askin' for you earlier, but I guess she decided you weren't comin'."

"Overslept. OK if I go downstairs?"

"Hell, yes. Go ahead."

Andy hesitated. "Your dad and mom around?"

Pete shook his head. "Shoppin'. Won't be back 'till late this afternoon. Why?"

"Uh, no reason. Just wondering. See you later." He went downstairs to find Stacie, dressed in shorts, a halter and tennis shoes, walking briskly uphill on an inclined treadmill in a corner of the game room. She wasn't breathing hard, but the muscles of her legs pumped and bulging from the effort. He had never been in this room before and noticed a number of heavy looking dumbbells lying on a heavy mat near the treadmill and several, large machines he didn't recognize.

"Hi, Andy!" she greeted him without stopping. "I was beginning to think you weren't coming. What happened? Oversleep?"

He nodded. "Slept right through the alarm. It, ah...took me a while to get to sleep after you left."

She clucked her tongue sympathetically. "I can't imagine why," she said wryly. "How's the ankle?"

"Oh, it's okay. Little tender, but I can walk on it."



"Great!" She switched off the treadmill and jumped off. "You can help me with my workout. But first I want a good morning kiss from my little Raggedy Andy doll."

She bounced over to him and, before he could react, gripped him firmly, but gently, around his slender waist and effortlessly lifted him high into the air, tilting him forward before his head hit the high ceiling to plant a light kiss on his open mouth. Then, just as quickly, she set him back on his feet and, with her hands around his waist to hold him in place, grinned down at him. Without her high heels, his eyes were almost level with her collar bone, and the quick lift and kiss and the feel of her hands around his waist were having the predictable effect.

She saw the growing bulge in his shorts, heaved a giggling sigh and released him. "Really, Andy, another boner? You really must like being picked up by girls! Too bad you're so light, or I could use you in my workouts. You're a lot more fun to lift than those old barbells!"

He flushed, started to say something, then decided to try to change the subject. Indicating the several, unfamiliar machines on either side of the treadmill, he asked, "What--what are those for?"

"Nautilus machines, Andy," she replied. "Pete and I use them for exercises we can't do with free weights, like leg curls and presses, things like that. And bench presses when I want to max out. I'd rather bench with free weights, but when you max you need someone strong enough to spot you--that means help you control the weight and get it back on the bar for you."



"Can't Pete do that?"

She shook her head. "Almost, but he's not quite strong enough."

Andy gaped up at her in awe. "You--you're stronger than Pete?"

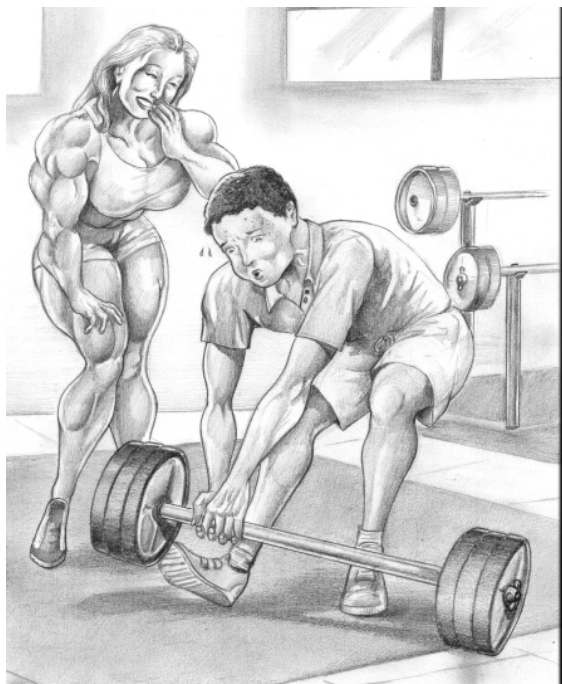
She laughed at that. "Of course I am, Andy! I'm a lot bigger than he is and have bigger muscles. And I can pin him in wrestling, too, almost every time." She was suddenly serious, and put a finger to her lips. "But that's our secret, Andy. Don't you dare tell anyone! Pete would be absolutely devastated if word got out that his 'little' sister could beat him at wrestling, him being state champion and all."

Andy shook his head in wonder. "My, God, Stacie! How—how strong are you?"



"Well, I--" Stacie hesitated, looked around, and then motioned to two barbells lying next to a low bench. Both had heavy looking weights attached to short bars no more than a foot and half in length. One was significantly larger than the other. "Maybe I should show you," she said. "See those single handed weights over there? Get that smaller one for me, would you?"

Andy gave her a quizzical look, but went over to the smaller barbell, and, reaching down with both hands, tried to lift it. It felt like it weighed a ton, and he got it only a couple of inches off the mat before a sharp pain through the middle of his back forced him to drop it. "Good lord!" he gasped. "How heavy is this thing, anyway?"



Stacie giggled. "It's only eighty pounds, silly! You mean you can't lift that little thing?" She walked over to the barbell and, to Andy's consternation, picked it up with one hand. Holding it out in front of her, her giant biceps bulging from the effort, she did a dozen one arm curls with it. Andy couldn't help but note that the last several curls were done somewhat more slowly and with considerably greater strain showing on her face and arms. She then transferred the barbell to her other hand and repeated the exercise in the same manner, lowering it gingerly to the mat after the twelfth curl. "Whew!" she gasped. "Eighty pounds is about my max for twelve reps, but twelve reps to exhaustion is what you're supposed to do."

Andy could only gape up at her, speechless at the feat he had just witnessed. "You--you mean you could lift heavier weights than that with fewer repetitions?" he was finally able to croak.

She laughed. "Oh, sure! I've done a hundred for two reps, but they say you're not supposed to do that. Tends to tear down the muscles instead of building them up."

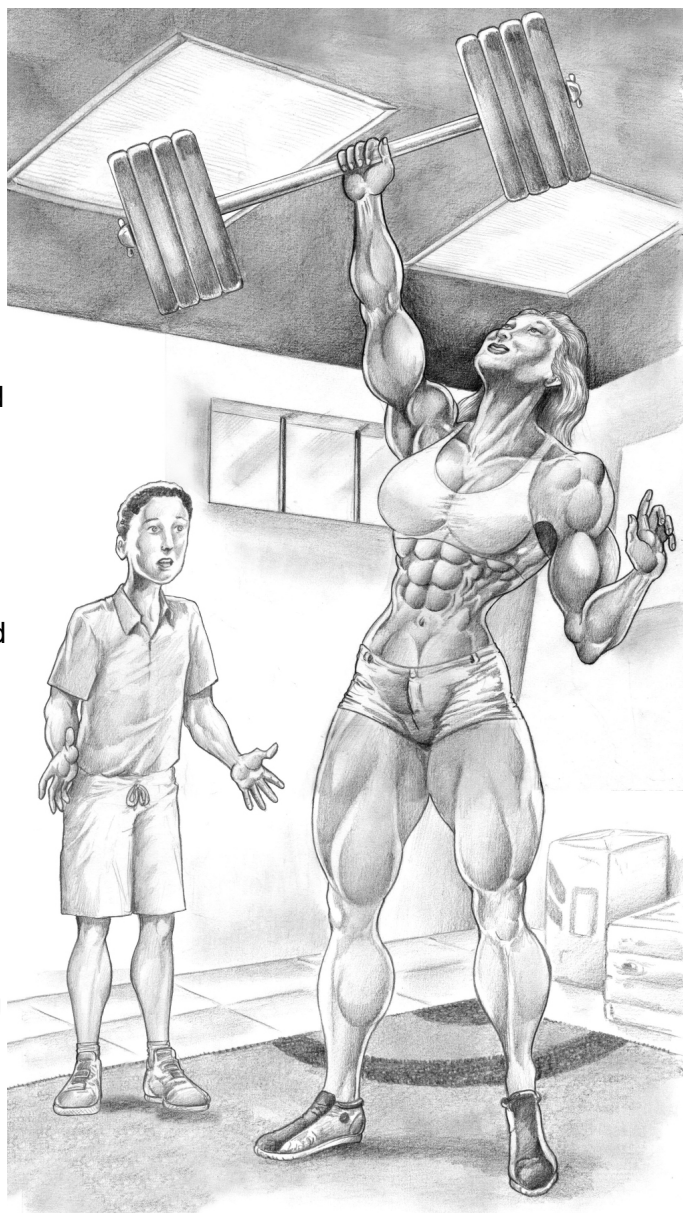
He was sweating, now. "A hundred pounds! That—that's almost as much as I weigh!"

She looked down at him with unconcealed amusement. "Andy," she told him, "I could curl you with one hand easily if I could hold you and get you balanced right. Your weight's not solid and not as concentrated as a barbell. Here, look at this."

She stepped over to the bigger barbell, shook her arms several times to loosen the muscles, and then bent down, grasped the center of the bar with one hand and heaved the barbell up to her shoulder. Then, bending to get her shoulder under it, with a second heave she pressed it directly overhead. "This is a hundred and seventy pounds," she told him, her voice hard from the effort. "With two hands, I can do two eighty. That's a world record for women, and I haven't come close to reaching my peak yet." She moved out from under the barbell and dropped it, guiding it gently to the mat, and then turned to smile down at him.

Andy swallowed, licking lips that were suddenly dry. No wonder she thought of him as a doll! Her strength was positively frightening! And yet, so devastatingly alluring...

Suddenly she was in front of him, still smiling down at him, holding him transfixed with an amused, almost hypnotic gaze. She was bending over him, reaching down with her right hand, and he felt her slide it between his thighs to firmly, but gently, encompass his crotch. He gasped, grabbed her wrist with both his small hands and instinctively strained to force her hand away, even as his penis stiffened against the gradually increasing pressure of her palm and a wave of ecstasy flooded his lower body. He felt her other hand gently grasp his upper arm, and then his feet left the floor, and she was holding his entire weight in the palm of her single hand in front of her, his eyes level with hers and his feet dangling a foot off the floor, her other hand holding his arm gently for balance. Her smile became mischievous as she continued to hold him, her only sign of effort a flexing and a slight quivering of the massive bicep of her right arm. Another gasp escaped his lips as her fingers and thumb lightly tickled his anus and a penis that was struggling to become erect. He did not speak, but his eyes, which had never left hers, were begging her to take him.



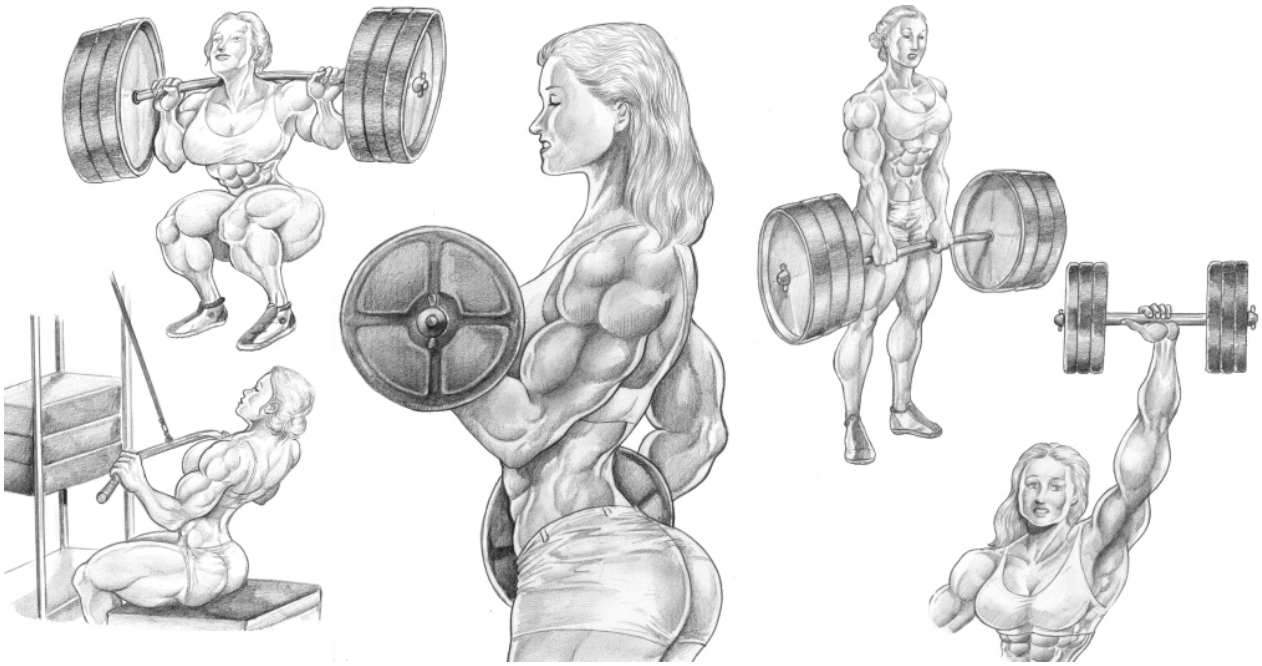
Then she was lowering him, turning him and tilting him backward, and, as the hand holding his arm moved to the back of his neck, raising him again to capture his open mouth with hers. He moaned softly in his helplessness as their salivas mingled, her tongue probed his, and her hand continued to intimately toy with his privates. His hands left her wrist and reached up to entwine around her neck in sweet surrender to her embrace, only to have her release his mouth and move him away from her.

"My little Raggedy Andy doll is distracting me from my workout," she murmured as she carried him over to a stool and sat him down on it, "and it's obvious you're not strong enough to help me, so you just sit here and behave yourself till I'm finished."

<I'M distracting YOU? Behave MYSELF?!? What the hell do YOU think YOU'RE doing to ME?!?>

But the thoughts went unspoken. Instead he remained motionless on the stool, rapt with awe, admiration and desire as she returned to her workout. Huge weights beyond anything he would have dreamed possible for a girl to handle were benched, pressed, pulled and pushed. Each exercise was described in detail for him, but he scarcely heard her words. Barely aware of his now throbbing erection, his eyes and mind were filled with the magnificence of her body as each muscle group was worked and pumped to massive, glistening perfection. Finally, dripping with perspiration, her wide, deep chest heaving from her exertions and her towering figure a mass of lustrous, oaken muscularity, she turned to face him.

"Would you like to feel my muscles, now, Andy?" she asked him softly.



He couldn't answer her. His mouth was dry, and he was sweating as much as she. Like a man in a dream, a humble servant approaching a Goddess, he slid off his stool and moved unsteadily to stand in front of her, looking up at her in adoration and drinking in the body scents from her exertions as though it were the rarest of perfumes. She took his small wrists, placed his hands on her shoulders next to her neck, and then hunched her shoulders and flexed, all but enveloping her throat and neck in huge, bulging traps that were like smooth, curved rocks, slippery to his touch. She moved his hands across her delts to her upper arms, released his wrists and, straightening her arms, flexed them.



"Feel my arms, Andy," she whispered, and he obeyed, probing with trembling hands her massive, rock hard biceps and triceps and the deep cuts separating them, and then down her thick, strongly corded forearms, shaking his head in disbelief as he did so. She was unreal, a living statue of steel and velvet, an overwhelming Goddess of beauty and power in whose body he longed to be enclosed.

"Now my lats," she told him, and, pushing her shoulders forward, tensed her upper body. Wide curves of solid muscle exploded under her smooth skin and the straps of her halter, extending several inches out under her arms and accentuating to an impossible degree the already wide "V" of her massive chest. "Pete calls these my 'wings'," she chuckled. "He says if they were any wider I could fly."

Still trembling with the pulsations of his throbbing erection, Andy ran his hands lightly around her sides, then, almost unconsciously, up to her chest toward the halter and her small, firm breasts underneath. She quickly gripped his wrists and, smiling, moved them down to her hard, flat stomach. "Only the muscles, Andy," she rebuked him softly. "Behave yourself and the rest of me might come later... But, for now, run your hands over my abs. Feel how hard they are. And my legs--Andy, you HAVE to feel my legs!"

He flushed, but complied, his mind reeling from the strength of his desire. His fingers played lightly over the rock hard washboard of her stomach, then her glutes, and then he was on his knees before her, worshipping with his tiny hands the massive, rippling muscles of thighs bigger than his chest. Was that a sigh--or a soft moan--he heard as his fingers played over the bulging, inner thighs surrounding her womanhood? The impulse was too much for him, and he surrendered to it, wrapping his arms around her huge thighs as far as they would reach and passionately covering them with kisses.

He heard her gasp, felt her hands gripping his upper arms and pulling them away. His body was wrenched as he was heaved up off his knees and into the air, and then crushed against her titanic chest, her arms around him pinning him to his sides and forcing the air from his lungs as her open mouth engulfed his. He struggled to return her embrace, but he was helpless. The room began to spin, and he closed his eyes, barely able to breathe and not caring, wanting only to melt into and become a part of the magnificently beautiful and powerful body that held him captive.

There was a moment of blackness. When he opened his eyes she was cradling him gently in her arms, looking down at him with heavy lidded eyes. Her face was flushed. Had he glimpsed a fleeting expression of desire there? But it was gone before he could be sure, and there was only that same, mischievous grin.

"I think, my little, Raggedy Andy doll," she murmured, "that we both need to cool off a little. Wanna go for a dip in the pool?"

"I--I didn't bring my swimming trunks with me," he whispered. The chagrin he felt, from both her suggestion and the loss of his erection, was clearly reflected in his voice.

But she was already carrying him upstairs. "You won't need them," she told him. "Or have you forgotten last night already?" She giggled. "Besides, I never wear anything when I swim in the pool."

Pete was in the living room reading a magazine when Stacie emerged from the stairway with Andy cradled securely in her arms. He did a double take, muttered something intelligible to himself and went back to his magazine as Stacie disappeared out the back door to the rear deck. The pool was approximately half-Olympic size and separated from the rest of the deck by a solid, ten foot wooden wall with a single door next to the house. Stacie pushed it open with her shoulder, carried Andy through and backed it closed before depositing Andy on one of the several lounges and deftly removing his polo shirt, shorts, shoes and socks, followed quickly by her own, brief outfit.



It was the first time since his return that Andy had seen her completely naked, but he had little time to enjoy the view. She reached down, slid one hand under his buttocks, took his shoulder with her other, and pitched him head-first through the air into the center of the pool.

Fortunately, Andy was an excellent swimmer and diver, and, despite his surprise, was able to kick up his feet and hit the water cleanly. He came up on the other side of the pool in water well over his head and held on to the edge of the deck while he looked around for Stacie. She had followed him in, and a second later surfaced in front of him to plant light kiss on his nose, and then plunged back under water to circle the pool with long, powerful strokes, surfacing again next to him in less than a minute.

"You--you're a terrific swimmer!" Andy told her, not sure of what else to say.

She laughed and shook the water out of her long hair. "Not good enough to stay on the swim team," she replied. "With as little body fat as I have, I'm like a stone!"

"I don't see any body fat."

Her eyebrows raised, and she cupped her small breasts in her hands. "So? Whatta ya think these are? They ain't muscles, that's for sure!" Her eyes became suddenly heavy lidded. "If they were, I'd've let you feel them downstairs. Remember? You tried!"

He felt himself getting red-faced again, and it didn't help when she swung around in front of him and placed her hands on the edge of the deck on either side of his shoulders. Then he realized that she was standing on the bottom of the pool.

He looked longingly up into her eyes. "Stacie, I--"



"Shhh!" She kissed him lightly, cutting him off. "You're gonna get me all hot and bothered again, and don't forget, I'm only sixteen years old!" Flashing him that same mischievous grin, she went under water again and circled the pool several times, surfacing only long enough to catch a breath before ducking under again.

His loins aching from frustration, Andy swam to the other side of the pool and pulled himself up and out. There were two towels on one of the lounges. He took one, dried himself off and was finished dressing as Stacie, too, emerged from the pool. Somewhat sheepishly, he handed her the second towel, and, to his relief, she wrapped it around her.

"I'm gonna go down to the beach and sunbathe for a couple of hours," she told him. "Wanna get your swimming trunks and join me?"

"Just--just the two of us?"

"Probably. Pete's probably working out downstairs, and Ann's not coming over till later, around five or so." She grinned down at him. "Why? Not afraid of me, are you? The beach may be private, but we WILL be in the open in broad daylight!"

She was doing it to him again! But, like an insect drawn to a burning torch, he couldn't help himself. He shook his head resignedly and said, "I'll get my trunks, grab some lunch and see you in about a half hour."

She was waiting for him on the beach, just above the high tide line, when he returned. She was stretched out on her back on a huge blanket with her head on an inflatable pillow, wearing the same bikini she had worn the day before. She sat up when he walked up. "Oh, good! You can lotion up my back for me!"

He didn't answer her, but sat down behind her, took the squeeze bottle she handed him and began rubbing the lotion into her broad shoulders and massively muscled back. Several times he hesitated, wanting so much to press his face against and kiss that marvelously powerful, "V" shaped torso before him, but he knew that doing so would merely provoke more teasing, and so he resisted the temptation. He finished and handed her back the bottle.



"Want me to do you?" she asked, looking back at him coyly out of the corner of her eye.

"No," he said quietly, "thank you."

She turned around and looked fully into his downcast features. "Why so glum, Andy?"

He wanted to scream, <You know damned well why I'm this way. I'm hopelessly, crazily in love with you, and I'm nothing but a toy to you, a rag doll for you to tease and play with!> But he only looked away from her and said, "It's nothing. I just didn't get much sleep last night, that's all."

"Aw! Poor baby!" She moved back next to him and put a heavy arm around his shoulders. "But you really should let me lotion you up, Andy. This sun could give you an awful sunburn."

"I--I don't think I'm going to be here that long, Stacie." He couldn't look at her. "As a matter of fact, I think I ought to go back now and take a nap. I'm awfully tired."

She nuzzled his cheek. "You could take a nap here."

"W--what?"

She reached back and moved her pillow into position and laid back on the blanket, gently pulling him down with her and maneuvering his head onto her shoulder. "Right here," she said, "on my shoulder." Her arm slid around his back and pressed his small body against her side, and, with her free hand, she reached over him and drew the blanket over him. "See? Isn't this nice and comfy? And the blanket will keep you from getting too much sun."

He closed his eyes, suddenly oblivious to everything but the closeness of her. "Oh, Stacie..." he whispered.

"Shhhh!" She put a finger to his lips. "Snuggle up to me and go to sleep, my little Raggedy Andy doll..."

That did it.



He threw the blanket off him, slid out from under her arm and jumped to his feet. "No, dammit!" he almost screamed.

"Wha--Andy! What's wrong?" Her surprise, even shock, was genuine.

"What's wrong? What's wrong?" he mimicked her. "What's wrong is that I'm not a doll! I'm a man, dammit! A man! I'm not a doll!" He whirled blindly away from her.

And then the reality of what he was, and what he could never be, struck home. And with it, a sense of hopelessness. He turned back to her, barely seeing her through the tears in his eyes.

"No, Stace," he choked, "you're right. I'm sorry. I—I never realized it before, but I could never be anything but—but a doll to you—I could never be a man to you! I wish I could be your little Raggedy Andy doll, anything you wanted me to be! But I can't! Not any more! I have to be a man, and that's the one thing I can't be to you!"

"Andy! Wait--"

But he was running. Away from her. Back down the beach, stumbling, staggering, unseeing through his tears. Only when he passed the rock pile did he realize he had come too far. But had he? He wanted to keep running, away from everything, from what he was and what he could never be...

And then he realized how tired he really was. He stopped, suddenly exhausted, mentally, physically, emotionally, took a deep breath, and stumbled back to his house and to bed.

It was almost dark when he awoke. He felt like someone, a giant--or, perhaps, a giantess--had stepped on him. He was still wearing his swimming trunks. He felt his way into the bathroom, splashed water on his face, changed into a polo shirt and shorts and went down to the living room. There was a note on the mantle from his parents:

"Andy,
You were asleep, so we didn't wake you.
Went out to dinner.
Should be back before ten.
Mom"

His watch said it was after seven. He should be hungry, but he wasn't; empty, but not hungry. Nevertheless, he took a couple of crackers and munched on them as he went outside to look at the ocean, calm and peaceful under a budding moon. He envied its serenity...

He wandered down toward the water, near the rock pile, and stood there, for how long he did not know. The rock pile. Where he had seen her--really seen her--for the first time. Was it only yesterday? Or an eternity of yesterdays? He wasn't sure any more. All he knew was that the night air was cold, and he was suddenly chilled. He shook his head and turned back toward the house.



She was standing there, a looming, shimmering shadow in the moonlight, dressed in her usual shorts and halter. Something that looked like a blanket was thrown over her shoulder. At first he thought his mind was playing tricks on him, but he looked again, and it was really her.

"Andy?"

He looked away. "Go home, Stace. Please."

"No."

He turned his back on her and closed his eyes. "Stace, please! This is hard enough for me as it is. I can't take any more."

"Andy, I love you."

He winced. "Stace, don't! Please!"

But her hands were on his shoulders, gently forcing him around to face her, and then a hand under his chin, lifting his eyes to hers.

"I mean it, Andy," she insisted. "I've always loved you, and always will. You're the only man I ever wanted, and I'm not going to let you go. Ever!"

He squirmed in her grip, trying to break free. Tears of frustration were forming in his eyes. "Stop it, Stace!" he choked. "You don't want a man! You want a doll to play with! And I'm no doll!"

"Oh, Andy!" She pulled him to her, wrapping her arms around him and pressing his face between her breasts and almost smothering him in the process. Then she held him away from her again, looking down at him earnestly. "Look at me, Andy," she commanded.

"Look at this body, these muscles. It took me three years of hard work to develop this body. And I did it for only one reason. I did it for you. I made this body for you, Andy, and only for you, because I knew that bigger, stronger girls turned you on, and I wanted to turn you on, Andy. Oh, God, all those years--how I wanted to turn you on!"

He stared up at her in amazement. "How--how did you know...?"

"Ann told me. She told me how you tried to date that big bodybuilder back in high school, and how Pete made you admit it. That's when I started to work out, to develop these muscles, so that when you came back here I'd be the kind of girl you wanted."

"But...but..."



She released him, knowing that he would not run away from her now. "I know. I've been playing with you, teasing you. After yesterday and last night, when I saw the effect I had on you, I--well, I decided to get back at you, to give you a taste of how I felt, all those years of wanting you and having you ignore me, by turning you on and then turning you off, making you think I thought of you as a doll or a toy or something. It was stupid, and it was childish, and I'm sorry. I didn't realize until this afternoon how badly I was hurting you." She shook her head, close to tears herself. "Oh, God, Andy! I don't ever want to hurt you! All I want to do is make you love me as much as I love you!"

His mind was reeling. He had to be dreaming. This couldn't be happening. But--could it really be possible? Could this beautiful, Amazonian teenager really be in love such a small, puny, helpless man who physically, compared to her, was little more than a child himself?

He stared up into her face, saw the agony in her eyes, and knew that it was true.

And then he was in her arms, clinging to her powerful body, straining upward to find bare flesh to kiss above the halter that covered her breasts. But she was so tall, so magnificently tall and strong... He felt her hands around his chest, holding and then lifting him to hungry, parted lips that were descending to capture his...

She stopped, looking down at him. "Andy!" she exclaimed. "You're shivering! Are you all right?"

Only then did he realize how cold he was in the night air, that his entire body was covered with goose pimples and shaking like a leaf. His teeth started to chatter as he sheepishly replied, "I--I guess I s-should have w-worn a-a j-jacket."

She smiled lovingly down at him. "Poor, little Andy!" she whispered. "Here, I'm not cold. Let me hold you close to me and warm you..."



She wrapped her arms around him and pressed him to her, burying his face into the curve of her neck and shoulder, his feet dangling almost a foot above the sand. He felt the warmth of her body flooding into his, and his teeth stopped chattering, but it was not enough. He continued to shiver in her arms.

"M-maybe we should go back in the house," he murmured.

"Not if your parents are home. Are they?"

"No, but they could be soon. Why--why not?"

She grinned. "You'll find out. Glad I brought this blanket. Looks like it's gonna have to do double duty tonight." She laughed softly. "After waiting three years for you, I'll be darned if I'm gonna let you catch cold on me!"

Shifting him to hold him in a single arm, she dropped the blanket on the sand and spread it out, and then gently laid him on his back on it, folded the excess up around his legs, and wrapped it securely around him with only his face showing.

She slid one arm under his chest and the other over and around his thighs and rose to her feet, lifting him easily with her to hold him cuddled tightly against her. "There," she murmured. "Better?"

He could already feel his body being warmed by the blanket and the closeness of her body, and after a moment he stopped shivering. Feeling a little like a baby in her giant, powerfully muscled arms which all but enveloped his small frame, he looked up at her and smiled. "Much," he whispered. The feeling of being so tiny in her massive arms was having its effect on him, which was beginning to become evident even through the blanket.

She giggled and bent her head to kiss him. "You know, Andy," she said softly, "you're like a little papoose in my arms. My little papoose! Except that papooses don't get boners like the one you're sporting!"

"Stacie..."

"I know! I'll quit!" She laughed and kissed him again. "But, after tonight, I don't think you'll ever worry about being a man to me again!"

He realized that she was walking, carrying him toward the rock pile. He looked up at her quizzically. "What do you mean? Where are you taking me?"

"To our special place," she murmured. She reached the rock pile and, with amazing ease, carried him quickly to the top and then down to the center clearing, jumping from the last, high boulder and landing lightly on her feet, bending deeply to minimize the jar to his small body. She laid him on his back on the sand, still wrapped in the blanket, and then stood and quickly removed her halter and shorts to stand towering above him, her legs straddling his prostrate form, totally nude. "I made this body for you, Andy," she told him softly, "and now I'm going to make it yours and your body mine. You are the only man who will have ever have had this body, or ever will. It's important to me that you know that."

"Oh, Stacie! His voice was suddenly a combination of agony and apprehension. "I don't know--I..."

"What's wrong?"

He closed his eyes and bit his lip. "Oh, Stacie!" he blurted, "I love you so much! And I want you so much! But..."

"But what?"

He looked up at her pleadingly. "I--I've never done this before, either," he whispered. "I--I don't think I know how!"

She looked down at him in surprise and sudden delight and dropped to her knees, straddling him, and then down to cover his wrapped body with her own and kiss him long and hard. "Don't worry, Andy," she whispered into his mouth. "You won't have to do anything but relax and enjoy. I did a quick study last night, preparing for this moment, although I didn't think it would come quite this soon. We're gonna learn together, and I'll even keep you nice and warm."

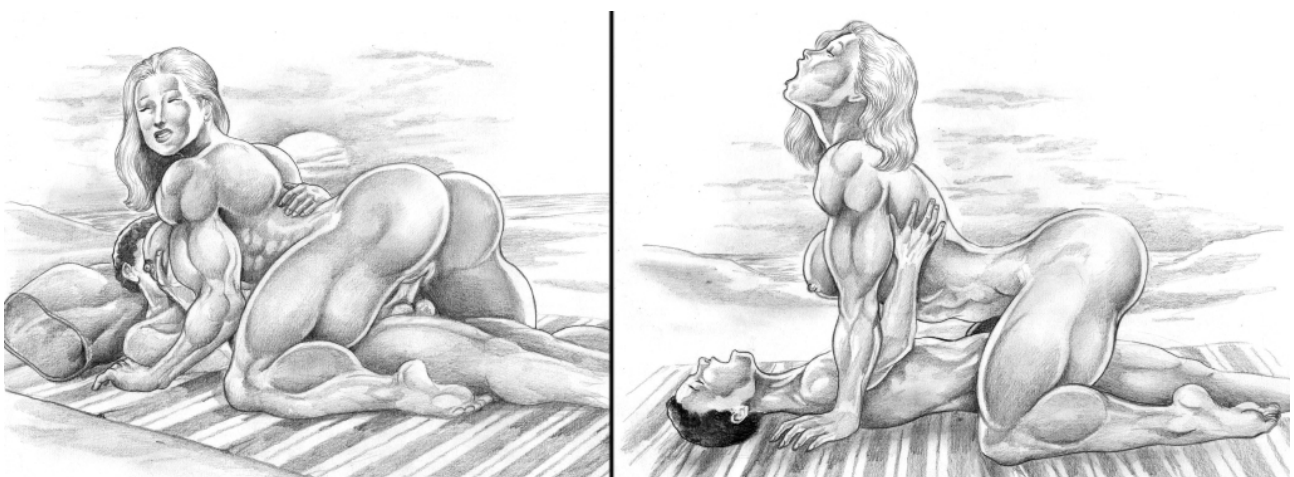
She unrolled the blanket from around him and quickly pulled his polo shirt and shorts from his unresisting body, exposing his already stiff and throbbing erection. Immediately she settled her massive 225 lb. body over him and, reaching out with both hands, pulled the sides of the blanket over both of them.

At first he thought she would squash him, but, by some physical miracle, she avoided bringing the full weight of her body to bear on him. After that he didn't care, for his consciousness was completely submerged in the intensity of her lovemaking.



She was nibbling and kissing his face, his neck and his shoulders as her hands kneaded, stroked and caressed his soft sides and stomach and her own abdominal muscles flexed and undulated against his pulsating erection, sending wave after wave of ecstasy and desire through his helpless body. Dimly he heard her hoarsely whisper, seemingly from a distance, even though he could feel her lips against his neck, "Oh, Andy, you're so beautiful! I love to feel your soft, wonderful little body! I want to kiss and feel you all over, to memorize every pore of your tender flesh with my lips!"

He moaned and writhed in her embrace, feeling her hungry mouth move down to explore his chest, sides and stomach with passionate kisses and love bites while her hands squeezed and caressed his buttocks and then probed and tickled his inner thighs, advancing ever closer to his hard and throbbing manhood. Then, before he realized what was happening, she had moved up to wrap one arm around his shoulders and capture his open mouth with hers, passionately crushing down on him and probing the inside of his mouth with her tongue, and he felt her other hand firmly encompass his crotch and knead and stroke him intimately, bringing him almost to the point of orgasm.



When she finally released him and rose to kneel above him, his eyes were pleading, begging to be taken. Her face was flushed, her breath coming in short gasps as she settled over him, guiding him into her with gentle fingers, enclosing him in the firm, pulsating folds of her channel as the tiny "pop" confirmed that he was, indeed, her first. Then she was bending over him, wrapping her arms around his neck and burying his face between her breasts, seemingly surrounding him with her powerful body.

"Suck my breasts! Fondle them!" she whispered fiercely, and he eagerly complied, suckling one and stroking the other with one hand while his other explored the deep ridges of muscle of her broad back. He felt her massive thighs enclose his, locking him inside her, and then she was rocking back and forth on him, sending wild sensations of ecstasy coursing through his body.

They were moaning in unison, now, in the fervor of her lovemaking, she the fierce aggressor, he the passive receptacle, yet responding with all his puny strength to the power of her embrace. The folds of her womanhood tightened around him as she reached her first plateau of pleasure, and then another and yet another, and then erupted in her climax, rippling around him and bringing him with her to heights of rapture beyond anything he had ever known. Her moans became a high pitched whine and then subsided to an exhausted sigh as her body slackened, withdrew and rolled to one side.



"Oh, God, Andy!" she gasped. "That was so wonderful! I love you so much!"

He clung to her. "Hold me," he whispered. "Hold me tight! Don't ever let me go!"

She pulled him to her, pressing his head against her shoulder, and kissed his forehead. "Was-- was it as good for you?" she asked.

He smiled wanly. "Heaven should be as good," he said. "The only thing better would be if I could be a part of you forever!"

She hugged him, her powerful arm and hand molding his body his body to hers. "You are, now," she whispered, "and you always will be. You're mine, and I'll never let you go!"

How long they lay together, how many more times she took his body, he didn't know or care. She was his world, his universe, and he wanted this night never to end. But it had to, and at last she again wrapped him in the blanket to carry him over the rocks to his house. And, as she lifted him for a final, long, passionate, good night kiss, he wrapped his arms tightly around her neck, knowing that he would be counting the minutes until he was in her arms again.

He didn't dream that night. He didn't have to. All his dreams had come true.

THE END

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