

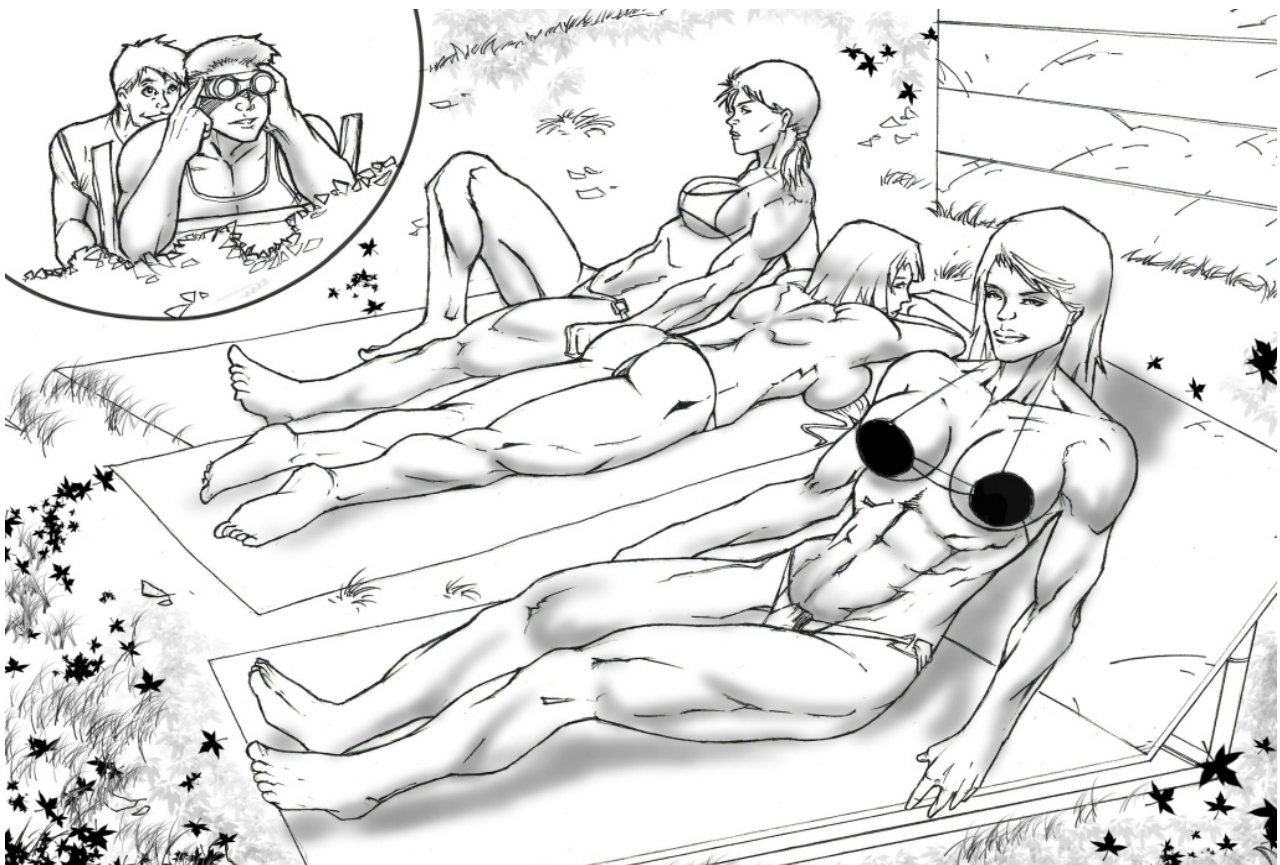
PINKY HAS SOME FUN (& MORE FUN)

(an M.C. story)

(amysconquest.com)

It was a lazy Saturday afternoon. Candy and her two best friends - Jill and Roberta - were sprawled out on the lounge chairs in her backyard near the swimming pool catching some rays. As this was the last weekend of their summer vacation, the three 17-year-old girls were busy talking about the usual things teenage girls talk about; boys, shopping, and how they felt about starting their senior year of high school which would begin the following Monday. The girls chatted away, totally unaware that they were being observed.

"There they are," Ray grinned from the top of the ladder as he looked through his binoculars into the adjacent yard. He turned around and smiled down at Clint and Saul - his friends and teammates on the high school baseball team - "just like I said they'd be."



"Let me see," Clint, the largest and strongest of the three, demanded. When Ray got down Clint grabbed the binoculars and climbed up the ladder. "Oh baby!" he exclaimed as he gazed through the bushes of the tall hedge that separated the two yards. He was gawking at the three attractive girls who were dressed in sexy bikinis, "give me some of that you foxes!"

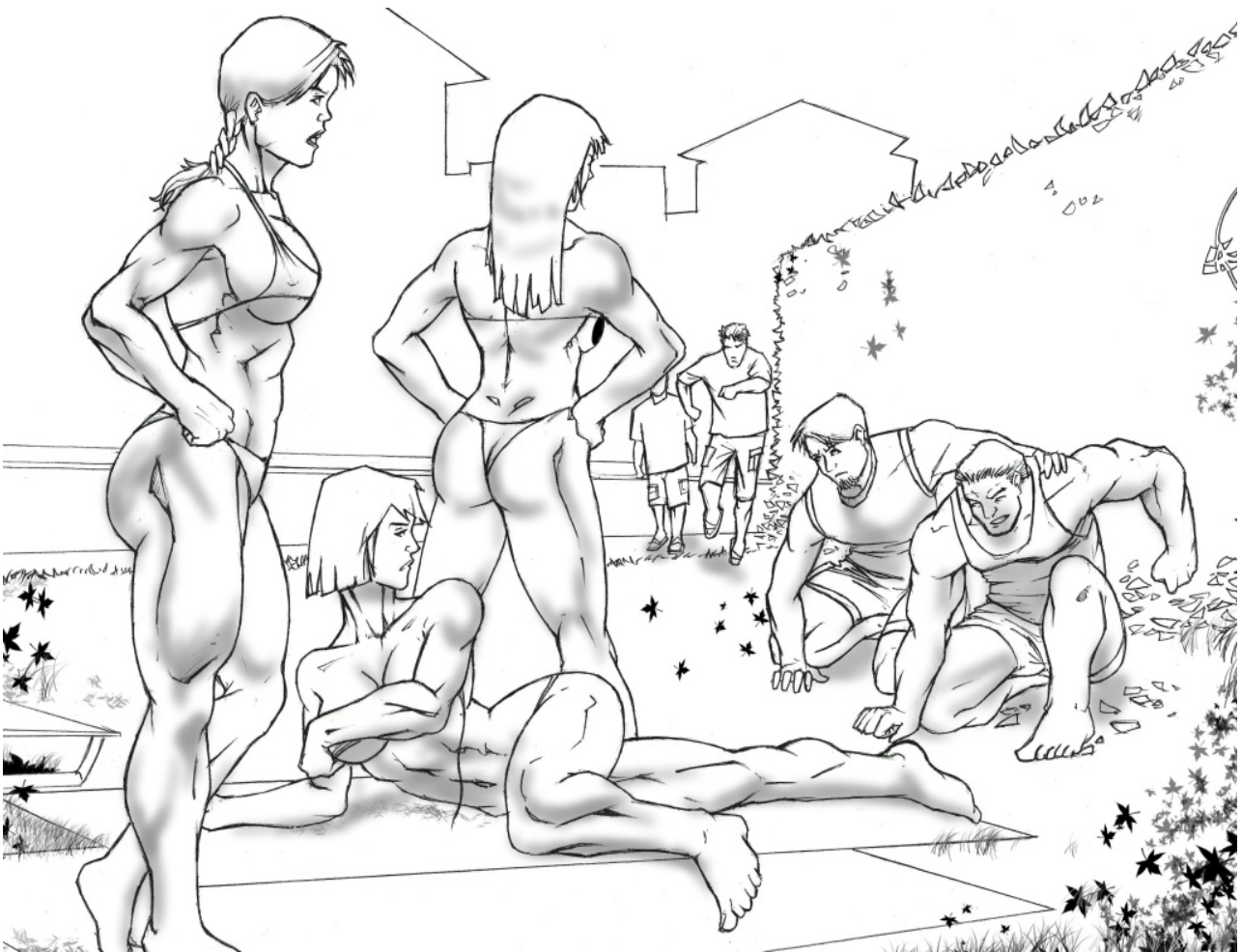
"Now it's my turn," Saul said and climbed up behind Clint. He attempted to grab the binoculars but Clint refused to relinquish them. While the two large boys, who weighed around 380 pounds between them, struggled over the binoculars, the aluminium ladder began to shake and then twist under their weight. Suddenly it collapsed, sending both boys hurtling forward through the hedge and right into Candy's backyard.

"What in the hell was that?" Jill asked. Then, when she noticed the two uninvited guests, Jill turned to Candy, "were they spying on us?"

"Of course they were," Candy replied, "like the perverts that they are." Candy never did like Ray or his friends. Although they were all 17 years old and had lived in the same neighborhood for years, Candy always felt they were nothing more than pompous, arrogant, self-absorbed jocks; the kind of boys she totally despises.

"I figured it would be Clint," Roberta added, making no attempt to hide her disgust either.

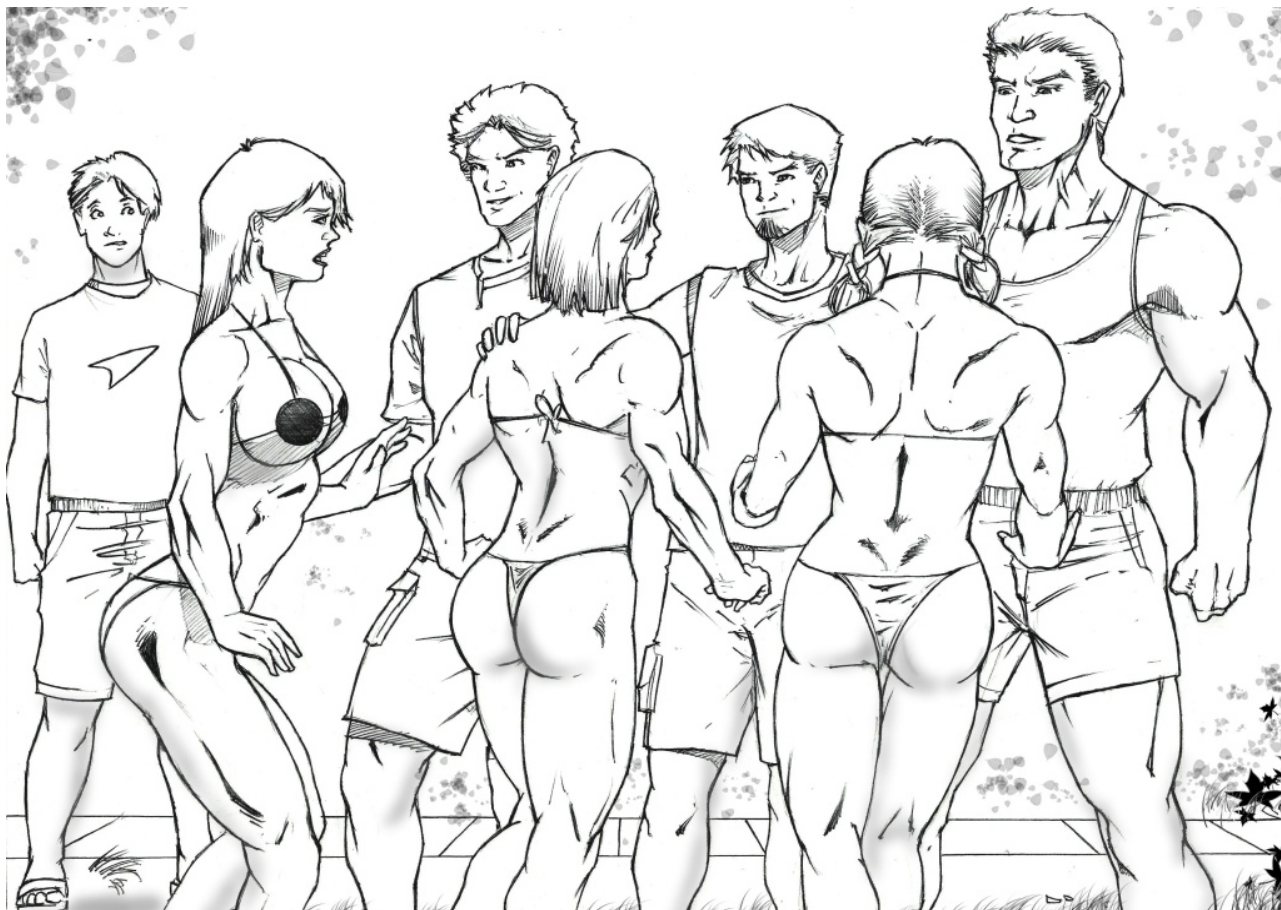
Now that their secret was out, Ray also burst through the hedge and stood near his companions. "Yes, we were looking at you," he said unabashedly, "what's the big deal?" Ray was soon joined by his 16 year-old brother Bill who had been an interested observer in all of this.



"What's the big deal? What's the big deal? Can't my friends and I have some privacy right here in my own backyard without you horny guys salivating all over us? You have absolutely no right to spy on us Ray, none whatsoever. So take your brother and your friends and get the hell out of here; NOW!"

Instead of leaving, the three large athletes - with Bill in tow - began to approach the girls. Each one of them stood around six feet tall and weighed between 185 and 200 well-proportioned pounds. Bill was only slightly smaller. The girls, by comparison, were only about five feet-six and 125 pounds at the most. With her parents away for the weekend, Candy and her friends were clearly at a disadvantage; but she didn't flinch. "I said get your pompous asses out of my yard this instant!"

However wrong they might have been to be there, the boys were clearly not about to back down; not before three much smaller girls, their pride wouldn't allow it. "And what if we don't?" Clint snickered, "what are you girls going to do about it...spank us?"



"Maybe they won't," a female voice called out from behind them, "but I will."

Everybody turned around to see the small but powerfully built girl coming out of the garage and making her way towards them. Though only five feet-three inches tall, Pinky - Candy's younger sister - was a power-packed, 150 pounds of solid muscle; the result of her extraordinary genetic make-up plus over four years of intensive weight lifting. Although her real name was Robin, because of the bright pink ribbons she always uses to tie her long, pretty blond hair into a ponytail, everybody calls her Pinky. She had been working out with her weights in the garage as she always does - 2 to 3 hours a day, every day - when she heard her sister's voice shouting at the intruders. Pinky decided to go outside and see what was going on.

"Pinky, what are you going to do?" Candy asked, surprised by this sudden turn of events.

"I'm going to do what somebody should have done a long time ago Candy, teach these macho bullies a good lesson."

Although Candy and Pinky were sisters, and only one year apart in age, they couldn't have been more dissimilar; both in their personalities and interests. Candy, tall and lean, was very outgoing and always interested in the latest fashions. She spent a lot of her free time with her friends shopping for clothes at the mall. Candy was very popular in school (she was going to be the head cheerleader when the new semester begins) and very meticulous about her appearance. She dated frequently and placed a great deal of emphasis on how people thought of her.

Pinky, on the other hand, didn't seem to be interested in any of those things. A tomboy for most of her life, as well as a superb natural athlete, she loved sports and athletic competition. Pinky was the starting point guard on the woman's basketball team and, though only a sophomore, set the high school record for the woman's shot put; winning the city title in the process. It wasn't uncommon for her to go to school dressed in her warm-up suit (something Candy found absolutely atrocious) and she couldn't care less about what other people thought about her. Pinky's main hobby now was weightlifting and, despite being only 16 years old, she had already won several powerlifting competitions. Her interest in boys - if she had one - was only as competitors on the athletic field. In fact, Pinky was such a terrific athlete - and stronger than practically every boy in her school - that most of them kept their distance. If this bothered her at all, she certainly didn't show it. But despite their differences, the relationship between Pinky and Candy was fairly good as they each did their own thing.



"This is your last warning Ray," Pinky said sternly, "take your brother and your friends and get the hell out of our yard...or else!"

If Ray and his friends weren't going to back down before, when Candy demanded it, they certainly weren't going to do so now. How would it look? Three large, well built athletes forced to retreat before a small, 16 year-old girl. Surely either Candy or one of her friends would say something to someone at school and then the word would get around. "Oh c'mon girls," Ray said, "just think about it. It's the last weekend of the summer vacation, your parents are away and we have your house all to ourselves. Let's have some fun." (It was a choice of words that Ray would soon regret).



Pinky stared up at him. "So, you boys want to have some fun, eh?" She looked over at Candy and her friends and an evil smile slowly began to creep across her beautiful face. "Very well then," Pinky said after a pause, "we'll have some fun...but we'll do it my way." If the boys were somewhat confused by what the pretty little blond had just said, they didn't have to wait long too find out what she meant. Pinky walked up to Ray, who stood a good nine inches taller than she did and outweighed her by at least 40 pounds, and smiled, "and I'll start with you."

POW! The muscular girl slammed her right fist hard against the side of Ray's face. Such was the force of her blow that the larger boy spun around and landed flat on his back. Before any of the other boys could react to this surprising event, the powerful girl lashed out at Saul who was the closest of the three left standing. She sank her left fist deep into his stomach and, with a mighty right uppercut to his jaw, literally lifted the six foot Saul several inches off the ground. He landed, stunned, right alongside Ray; exactly where Pinky intended. Enraged at what this little girl had just done to his two best friends, Clint began to approach her; fists clenched.

"Billy, if you're smart you'll stay out of this," Pinky warned Ray's younger brother, "or else I'll have to pound you too." Pinky and Bill were both sixteen years old and had known each other for most of their childhood. Although they seldom spoke to one another, moving as they did in different circles, Pinky of late found herself becoming more and more attracted to her next-door neighbor. She didn't exactly know why this was - perhaps it was the delayed results of puberty - but, for whatever the reason, she was relieved when Ray's handsome younger brother decided not to enter the fray. "A wise decision," she said to herself.



Clint threw a wild right hook at his much smaller opponent but Pinky easily ducked under it. She then began to dance around the grass like a boxer, her long blond ponytail bouncing up and down behind her as she did. Clint threw several more punches but the surprisingly quick girl blocked or avoided them all. When, out of the corner of her eye, Pinky noticed Ray was getting to his feet, she suddenly darted over to him and whacked him again with her fist, sending him back on the grass. For good measure she also punched Saul again. "Boys," Pinky giggled, "they're such wimps."

Clint tried again and again to hit her but Pinky, moving with a speed and grace that the one would not have expected from such a small, muscular girl, easily avoided his punches. "Oh come on Clinty," she giggled, "is a little girl too much for you? Tee, hee, hee." Her teasing, plus his inability to hit her, infuriated the proud athlete; just as Pinky hoped it would. Clint began to lose his temper and throw more wild punches; none of which even came close to striking the elusive girl as she danced around on the grass.

"Oopsie," Pinky said when she noticed that Saul and Ray and were getting to their feet again. She quickly went over to them and POW! WHAM! With one powerful punch for each, put them on their backs - yet again. She looked over at Bill and winked before turning her attention back to Clint. "O.K. Clinty, I've played around with you long enough. Now, it's time to get serious big boy." They met in the center of the yard - the six-foot, 200 pound baseball star and the five foot-three inch, 150 pound musclegirl - and began to slug it out. Poor Clint, he never stood a chance.

In a furious exchange of punches between the two of them, little Pinky proved to be not only much faster than Clint, but her punches had far more power than his did. When Clint did manage to land a blow, the smaller blond simply giggled and continued to hammer away at him with her rock-hard fists. In less than two minutes, Pinky had given one of the toughest boys in her school a black eye, swollen lip and a bloody nose.



Candy, Jill and Roberta watched it all from the side with a mixture of surprise and awe. Candy knew her little sister was strong - as her roomful of powerlifting trophies attested to - but she never imagined Pinky could be *this* strong; able to take on three large, tough athletes at the same time and easily beat them all up. Candy never really understood why Pinky sent so much time lifting weights when she could have been doing other things, like shopping at the mall or dating boys. But as she watched her little sister totally destroy one of the toughest boys in their school, Candy's respect and admiration for Pinky grew. "You go girl!" she called out. That, coming from her older sister, was the greatest compliment Pinky could have received.

THUD! Pinky's powerful right hook to Clint's jaw sent the 200 pound baseball star spinning around. He fell on the grass next to Ray and Saul. After ten minutes of pounding from Pinky's mighty fists, none of the three boys were able to get up, let alone continue the fight.

The pretty little 16 year old blond had beaten them all senseless. Pinky then put her left foot on top of Clint's chest and proudly flexed her 15 inch biceps in a sign of victory. The girls all cheered. Candy then quickly ran to her room and got out her digital camera. "Way to go sis!" she shouted when she returned, "now, how about a few photos."



Bill just stood near-by, awestruck. He had worshipped his older brother and his friends and always wanted to be like them. Now, after watching them all get beaten up by his little next door neighbour, Bill's entire world view was suddenly turned upside down. Staring at the powerfully built, five foot-three inch blond as she posed on top of each of the boys she had battered, Bill suddenly felt like a boat cast adrift at sea, with no anchor holding it in place. As he continued to watch Pinky's awesome display of muscles, Bill began to feel something else, something which surprised him...he was getting an erection.

"Well Billy, what do you think of your idols now?" Pinky smiled over at him as she flexed her huge muscles while standing on top of his crying brother. "And what's that I see trying to get out of your shorts? Why you naughty boy you, tee, hee, hee." Embarrassed beyond belief, Bill started to run towards the hedge that separated their backyards. "Oh no you don't,"

Pinky said as she took off after him. Her powerful legs enabled her to catch up to the fleeing boy before he reached the bushes. She grabbed him by the back of his shirt, stopping him in his tracks. "You're not going anywhere Billy," Pinky scolded him as she dragged him back to the place where he was standing before. "You'll stay right here. I'll deal with you after I've finished with your brother and his friends." Deal with him? What on earth did she mean by that? Bill felt shivers go down his spine.

Without saying another word, the little supergirl returned to the three battered boys lying on the grass and resumed posing while Candy took some more photos. "Are we having fun yet?" Pinky giggled. After a few more minutes of posing Pinky turned to the girls and asked, "do you think it's time for their spanking now?"

"Yes Pinky!" Roberta said enthusiastically, "and please start with Clint." Clint had dated Roberta briefly two months before, then dumped her for another girl. Roberta couldn't hide her glee as she watched Pinky pound the boy who had hurt her into the ground. And now to see him get spanked by a small girl! Needless to say Roberta was in seventh heaven. Pinky smiled over at her as she grabbed the helpless Clint and dragged him over to a chair, "and after I spank him Roberta, I have another surprise for you." She winked at her sister's friend and sat down on the chair. The mighty girl then yanked the large boy across her knees, pulled down his pants and began whack his bottom hard with her strong right hand. Within two minutes Clint was crying like a baby; much to Roberta's delight.



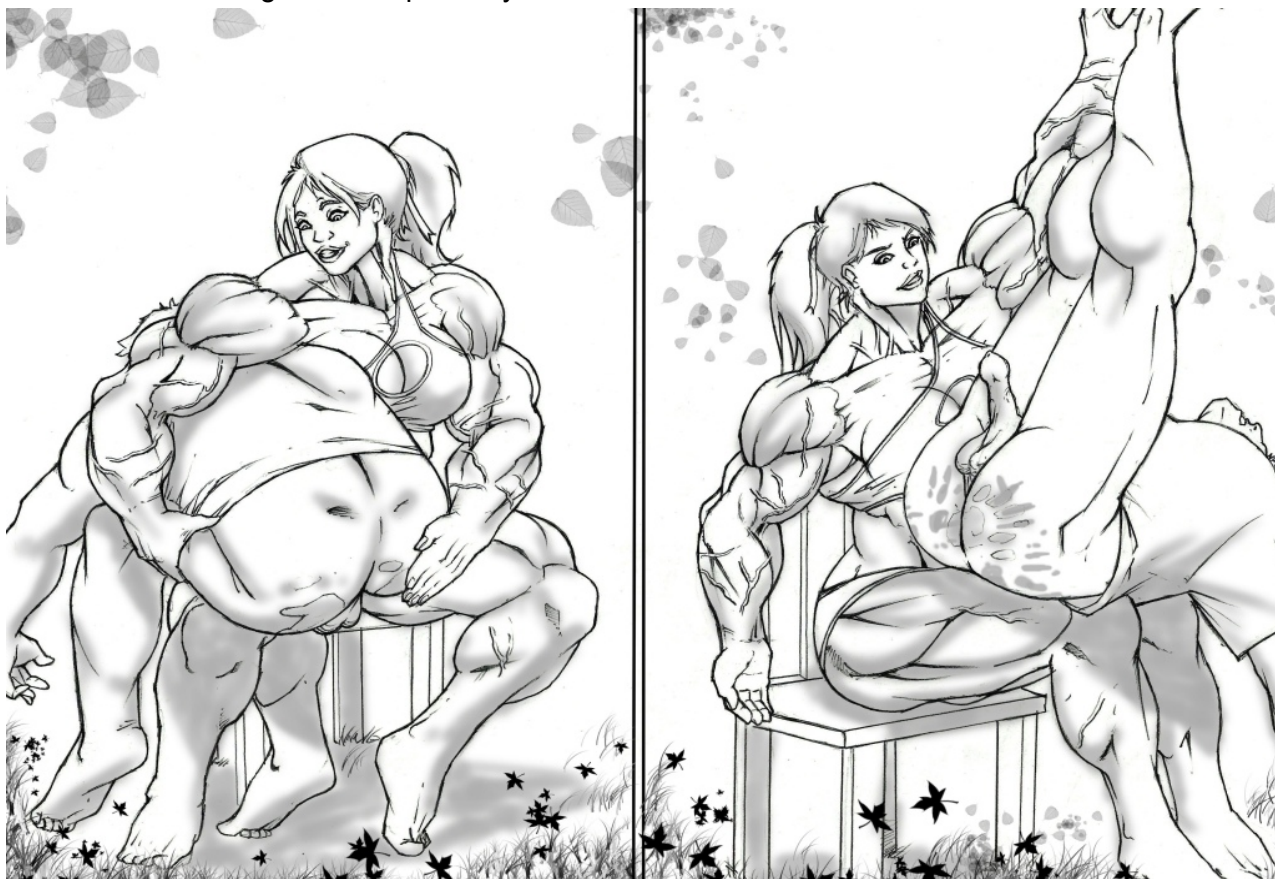
"O.K. tough guy," Pinky said to him when she thought he'd had enough,"get up and go stand in front of Roberta."

"No," he cried,"please don't make me do that, please."

"You'll do as I say or I'll continue to spank you until you do you pathetic wimp!" Pinky whacked his buttocks hard a few more times."

"All right, I'll do it," he cried."Please, don't spank me any more."

Meekly, the once proud boy rose from Pinky's knees and, head bowed in shame, walked over and stood in front of the girl he dumped only a few weeks before.



Pinky smiled over at Saul,"it's your turn now honeybunch." When he hesitated she added in a soft, sweet girlie tone," Saulie, if you don't drop you pants and get you butt over here this instant, I'm going beat you up and spank you it front of the whole school on Monday. Do you really want me to do that?" Saul dropped his pants and straddled across her knees. Three minutes later his crying form was standing in front of a giggling Jill.

Pinky grinned as she motioned to Ray with her index finger to come over to where she was sitting. "C'mon Ray, let's have some more fun. And please don't make me have to get up and get you; because then mommy's going to spank you very, very hard." After witnessing Pinky's awesome power, Ray meekly submitted to her indomitable will. SPANK, SPANK, SPANK...

Pinky proudly looked over the scene before her. The three large, strong boys that she had battered, beaten and humiliated stood half-naked before Candy, Jill and Roberta."Now girls,"Pinky said,"why don't you take Ray's advice and 'have some fun'. After all, we have the house all to ourselves, don't we?" Laughing hysterically, each of the girls grabbed a boy firmly by their shirt and began to march them across the backyard lawn. "Thanks sis," Candy yelled back over her shoulder as she entered the house with Ray in tow,"I'll never get down on you for weight lifting again." She was followed by Roberta and Clint, then Jill and Saul.



"Well Billy, it looks like it's just you and me now," Pinky said as she began to slowly walk towards him. Without realizing it, Bill began to back up towards a brick wall. "What's the matter handsome, afraid of a little girl? Tee, hee, hee."

"I...I didn't do anything Pinky, honest I didn't."

"I'm sure you didn't sweetie pie." As the powerful girl continued to approach him, Bill continued to retreat. He soon found himself backed up against the wall with the pretty little blond with the pink ribbon in her ponytail – the one who had just beaten up and humiliated his older brother and two of his brother's friends - standing directly in front of him; smiling with her hands on her hips. "Poor Billy," Pinky teased, "where are you going to go now?"

"Please Pinky, don't hurt me. I didn't do anything." Bill was literally shaking from head to toe, dreadfully afraid of what she might do to him. He was on the verge of crying.

Pinky stared at Bill for a few moments, flush in her complete domination over him. Without so much as laying a finger on him, she had reduced the five foot-ten inch, 175 pound boy nearly to tears.

"Please, please don't hurt me Pinky," he pleaded again.

"There, there now," she cooed softly, "mommy's not going to hurt you...provided you behave yourself and do what I tell you to."

"Wha...what's that?"

Pinky walked up to him and bent down. She put her strong right arm around Bill's ankles and lifted him up over her right shoulder." That, I'll decide when we get to my bedroom." The mighty girl then effortlessly carried Bill into the house.

When she entered the living room, and saw what was taking place there, Pinky burst out in laughter. There was Ray, lying on the floor with Candy sitting on top of him. She was facing backwards so that her naked rear end was sitting squarely on his face and she was slowly undulating back and forth, quietly moaning as she did. When Candy saw Pinky watching - with Bill slung over her shoulder - she smiled and gave her sister the 'thumbs-up'. Lying near-by was Jill. She had her long legs wrapped tightly around Saul's neck and, with her hand firmly grasping him by the hair, was forcing him to lick her pussy.



But the funniest thing of all was Roberta and Clint. He was stripped completely naked and on his hands and knees while she was sitting on his back, her legs wrapped around his waist. Roberta had a leather belt in her hand and was slapping his behind. "Giddyap horsie," she giggled as she forced her ex-boyfriend to ride her around the room.

"Remember girls," Pinky said, "if these guys give you any trouble at all just holler - I'll be right down the hall. And don't forget what Ray said... let's have some fun."

"We are," the girls all laughed in unison, "we are."

Pinky carried Bill into her room and plopped him down on the bed. "Well Billy, what shall I do with you now?" The question was, of course, rhetorical as they both knew she could do whatever she wanted to and there was absolutely nothing he could do about it. Ironically though, Pinky suddenly found herself in unfamiliar territory - she had never been alone with a boy under these circumstances before. On the basketball court or the athletic field, in the weight-room or even when beating up bullies in her backyard, Pinky knew exactly what to do. But here, in her own bedroom, alone with the boy she had a strong attraction to, the mighty girl was suddenly - and uncharacteristically - unsure as to what her next step should be. "Pounding Clint, Saul and Ray was easy," she thought to herself, "what the hell am I supposed to do now?"

The answer to Pinky's dilemma came from an unexpected source...Bill. As he lay there on her bed, looking up at the girl who had so comprehensively beaten three of the toughest guys he knew - the guys that he had always looked up to - Bill again felt that same erotic sensation he had earlier as he watched Pinky flexing her awesome muscles. He felt his penis getting hard and he had an overwhelming urge to hug this five foot-three inch supergirl. "Pinky," he said at last, "you're...you're absolutely incredible. The way you destroyed my brother and his friends, beat them up and humiliated them. You're awesome...totally awesome."

The powerful girl smiled down at the handsome boy lying on her bed; this was the key she needed. Pinky then laid down on top of him and rested her head on Bill's chest. Bill felt her strong but gentle hand reach into his shorts and begin to fondle his erect penis. Guided by instinct now they began to kiss. Pinky wrapped her powerful arms around Bill and sent her tongue deep into his mouth. The sounds of the girl's laughing coming from from the living room - along with the pathetic pleas of the boys - receded into the distance as Pinky and Bill began to passionately embraced and then pleasure each other. "C'mon Billy," the beautiful musclegirl said softly, "let's have some fun too." And they did; all through that afternoon and well into the night.



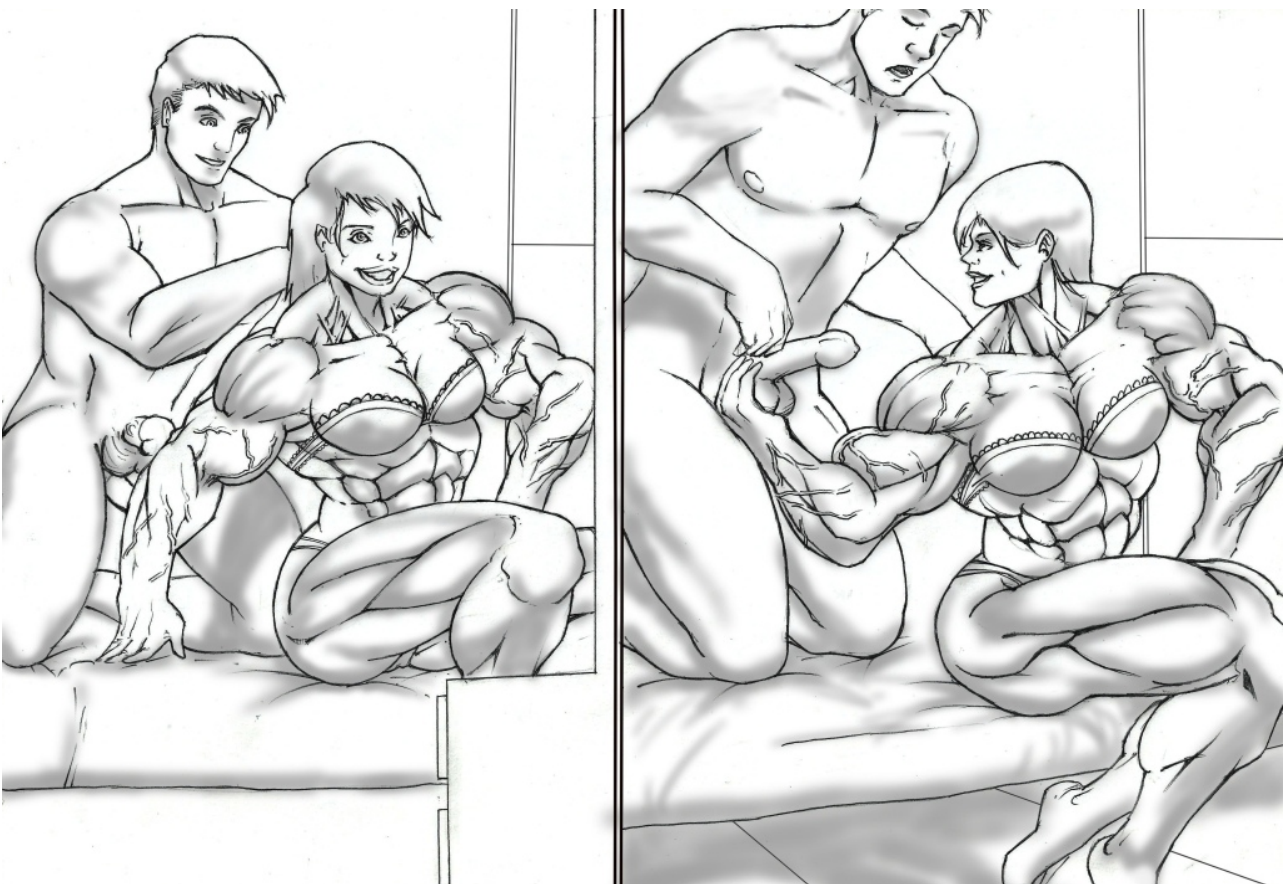
Epilogue: The following morning

Pinky sat in front of her dresser, smiling in the mirror at the handsome, naked boy that stood behind her. Bill was brushing her long, beautiful blond hair and, as he did so, he was getting an erection. The muscular girl reached back and playfully began to fondle Bill's enlarged penis. "You're a real stud aren't you," she teased. When her hair was neatly brushed, Pinky directed him to tie it back into a ponytail, using a pink ribbon. "You did well sweetie pie. Starting tomorrow (Monday) I want you to be over here every morning no later than 7:30 a.m. so you can brush my hair; it'll be one of your chores boyfriend of mine. Then we'll walk to school together."

"What are we going to do now?"

"Now, it's time for my morning workout with weights and you're going to come with me. I need to toughen you up so you can perform better."

"Wasn't I O.K. Pinky?" Bill asked with a surprised look on his face.



"Yes, you were O.K. honeybunch," she reassured him, and then added, "but I want more from my boyfriend; I want great." After they got dressed, the muscular girl took Bill's hand and began to lead him out towards the garage. On the way, they passed through the living room. The girls were all fast asleep; Candy and Jill on the large sofa, Roberta on the easy chair. Lying face down on the carpet were Ray, Saul and Clint. They had their hands tied behind their backs with their own underwear and the girl's panties stuffed into their mouths. "It looks like they had fun too," Pinky giggled. "It was awfully nice of your brother to suggest the idea. We'll have to do it again the next time my parents go away for the weekend; tee, hee, hee."

It's been four weeks since that memorable Saturday afternoon when Pinky, the pretty little blond musclegirl that lives next door to me, battered and humiliated my older brother and his two friends. The irony for me is that while Ray, Clint and Saul would like nothing better than to bury the memory of that day, Pinky and I have been going steady ever since as a result of it. Not that I can blame my brother and his friends. After all, how could three large, tough athletic guys reconcile themselves to the fact that they were all beaten up by a five foot-three inch, 150 pound girl in front of three girls who are their classmates? Not to mention the spanking she gave them afterwards and then forcing them to be Candy, Roberta and Jill's 'boy toys' for rest of the weekend. As I said, I'm sure it's something Ray and his friends would very much like to forget about. Unfortunately however, fate - in the guise of my little super girlfriend - wasn't quite through with them.



I was enjoying a lazy Saturday afternoon sitting on the living room sofa watching a college football game when the doorbell rang. Since Ray and his friends were watching the game upstairs in his room, I answered the door. "Hello Pinky," I said somewhat surprised (today was her seventeenth birthday and she told me she was planning to spend most of the day shopping for the athletic items she likes such as weights, vitamins, sweatshirts, athletic shoes, et al). "I thought you'd be busy shopping. Are we still on for your birthday dinner this evening?"

"I finished my shopping early Billy so I could come over here and spend some time with you since your parents aren't home. And yes, we're still on for dinner. Are Ray, Clint and Saul around by any chance?"

"Yes they are. They're upstairs watching the game in Ray's bedroom. Why do you ask?"

"Roberta and Jill are over at our house with Candy and my parents are also away for the weekend. They asked me to send the boys over if they were here; they want to have some more *fun* (wink)."

"But Pinky, they're watching the game now and I seriously doubt they'd agree to go over there; not after what you and the other girls did to them four weeks ago."

"Well perhaps I can convince them to change their minds Billy. It's amazing what a girl can accomplish with a little *feminine persuasion*. So don't say anything to them sweetie pie...I want this to be a surprise." The small, powerfully built girl - her beautiful blond hair tied back into a long ponytail with a pink ribbon (hence her nickname) - put her index finger to her lips and smiled at me as she started to walk up the stairs. Although I could feel the impending confrontation coming on, there was absolutely nothing I could do about it.

I heard a knock on Ray's bedroom door and the door open. Then I heard my brother's angry voice cry out, "what the hell are you doing here? No, you can't come in! Hey, get the fuck out of my room!" Then I heard "WHAM! POW! SOCK! CRACK! SLAM! SMASH! PUNCH!", and the whole house seemed to shake as if there was an earthquake. Then I heard the sound of Ray and his friends yelling and screaming; and a girl laughing. This went for about five minutes before everything became quiet. And then I heard what sounded like spanking, followed by crying...boy's crying; and a girl giggling.



A couple of minutes later the sounds of footsteps coming out of Ray's room could be heard. I looked up in amazement at the sight of the three large, well built boys slowly limping down the stairs; each of them had tears in his eyes. Ray had some blood coming from his lower lip and a large welt above his right eye. Clint appeared to have a swollen jaw and was holding his stomach. Saul had his head up with a tissue over his nose; the tissue appeared to be very bloody. All three were naked from the waist down and their buttocks were very red.

Following them down the stairs was Pinky. She had a wide, pretty smile on her face and not a single mark or scratch on her. "I'll be back in a few minutes Billy," she said calmly, "just as soon as I escort these nice gentlemen over to my house; tee, hee, hee." Then, turning to Ray and his dishevelled friends, the beautiful little musclegirl said in a loud, firm voice, "O.K. Boys, forward march! Hup, two, three, four...hup, two, three, four..." and, just like a Marine drill sergeant (a Marine drill sergeant with a long blond ponytail tied back with a pink ribbon), Pinky marched them out the door and over to her house.

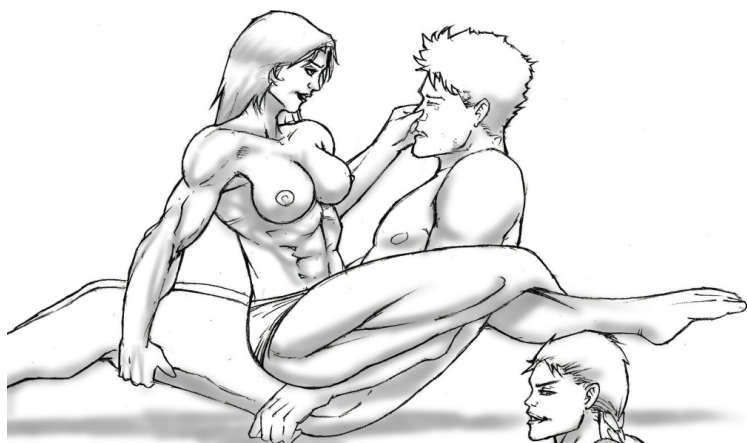


"You see what a girl can accomplish with a little feminine persuasion Billy?" Pinky giggled as she re-entered my home. She grabbed the remote control and shut off the television. "You didn't really want to watch that silly game now did you?" (Needless to say I shook my head). "Good, then let's go upstairs to your bedroom and have some fun too; uppie uppie." I got off the sofa and stood before her. Pinky bent down and lifted me up over her shoulder; then effortlessly carried my 175 pounds up the stairs and into my room.

Placing me down in front on my bed, she took several steps backwards and removed her training shorts and panties. My muscular girlfriend then went into a handstand and wrapped her thick, powerful thighs around my neck. Pinky's momentum carried her forward and forced me flat on my back on the mattress with her straddling my chest; her gorgeous blond pussy only inches away from my face."O.K. now loverboy, my pussy hasn't felt your tongue in nearly a month; so let's get busy!" And busy I got.

I pleased her all afternoon. "Well now Billy boy, wasn't that better than watching some silly football game?"

"Yes Pinky, it was...much better in fact."



She smiled, wrapped her powerful arms around my waist and gave me a strong hug; almost causing me to pass out in the process. "Oopsie, I guess I'll really have to be more gentle with you Billy. You really are a wimp you know; tee, hee. Now, let's go over to my house and see how the girls and boys are getting along shall we?"

A familiar scene greeted us when we entered Pinky's house, one very similar to the one I'd seen four weeks earlier. Candy and her friends had the boys completely under their control. My brother Ray was trapped in-between Candy's legs and she was playfully tweaking his nose. Roberta was sitting on top of Clint, her naked ass covering his face as she rocked back and forth giggling.

And Jill had Saul draped across her knee and was spanking him (although lightly). It's not that these girls were so strong that they could dominate the three large boys - they weren't - but whenever Ray or his friends showed any sign of resistance to them, the girls would simply say, "wait until I tell Pinky about this." Such was their fear and awe of my little blond girlfriend after the beating she gave them earlier that, when the girls said this, whatever resistance they had simply vanished.

"Hi girls," Pinky said as we entered, "how's everything going?"

"Great sis," Candy replied, "and happy seventeenth birthday. Did you enjoy our present?" She pointed at me and winked.

"Yes, I did as a matter of fact (Pinky squeezed my hand tightly, mashing my fingers together); that was a great idea Candy." The beautiful blond powerhouse gazed around at the three couples and laughed, "hey, I just had a lovely idea; I'm going to return your favor." She walked over to where Jill and Saul were and grabbed him firmly by the hair. "Saul," Pinky began in a strong, firm voice, "from now on you're going to be Jill's boyfriend. You're going to treat her the way she deserves to be treated, take her out at least once a week and do whatever she tells you to. You'll be her boyfriend for as long as she wants you and if I ever hear that you've been the slightest bit disrespectful to her, I'll beat you up so badly you'll be crying for a month; is that clear?" With tears in his eyes Saul meekly nodded while Jill smiled.

Pinky then moved over to where Roberta and Clint were. "Clint, the same goes for you and Roberta."

"But-but I already have a girlfriend," the largest and strongest of the three boys said.

"Correction Clint, you *had* a girlfriend," Pinky said. She reached into her pocket and took out her cell phone. "Now, I want you to call Susie and inform her that you're breaking up with her and going back to Roberta; I never did like that snobish cheerleader anyway."

"I...I can't do that."



Pinky sighed. "O.K. then tough guy, we'll do this the hard way." Pinky motioned to Roberta to get up and then sat down on top of Clint's chest facing him. With her open hand, the powerful girl began to slap the six foot, 200 pound athlete hard back and forth across his face. She soon had the large boy in tears.

"Please, please stop hitting me," he begged.

"Awww, poor baby. Are you going to be a good boy and do what mommy tells you to?" When he didn't respond immediately, Pinky continued to slap him.

"Yes...yes, I'll do it. Please Stop!" His tears were running down his face and onto the carpet now. Pinky handed him her phone and, hands trembling, he called his girlfriend and broke up with her. Smiling at Roberta, Pinky got up. "He's all yours now...but I really can't understand what you see in this crybaby." Both girls laughed. " Well, that's two down and one to go."

I watched the incredible spectacle taking place before me with a mixture of awe and foreboding. Four weeks ago Ray, Clint and Saul were my heroes. Large, strong, tough athletic guys - all starters on the high school baseball team - they were the guys I looked up to; the ones I wanted to emulate. Then, this little five foot-three inch, 150 pound blond musclegirl beat them all up and humiliated them right before my eyes. After she dethroned my heroes, Pinky became my girlfriend. And now, as I watch her totally dominate three of the stronger boys in our school - ordering them around as if they were small children - I can't help wondering...will she do this to me too someday?

Pinky walked over to where Candy and my brother were lying; Candy still had her legs tightly wrapped around Ray's neck and was forcing him to watch."So, what do you think sis? Do you want this guy? Or should I just give him a good spanking and send him home?"

"Hmmm...well Pinky, he is kind of cute. And now that you've removed that rather large chip from his shoulder he may turn out to be a rather nice guy after all. Tell you what, I'll give him a try and see how it goes. You can always spank him later if things don't work out." The two sisters giggled and slapped each other five.

Suddenly, Roberta shouted,"hey Pinky, instead of just you and Billy going out to celebrate your birthday tonight, why don't we all go? The boys can treat."

"Why Roberta, what a lovely idea. You girls finish your business (wink) and then get your boyfriends cleaned up and ready. We'll leave in an hour." Pinky took me by the hand and led me up to her room. Once inside she picked me up and tossed me onto her bed; then jumped on top of me. "Why the long face, honey bunny?" she asked in her cute little-girlie voice,"what's the matter?"



"It's...it's when I see you pounding and spanking guys like my Ray, Clint and Saul like you did today, and what you did to Robert Wilson earlier this week in the weight-room; well...I'm just afraid that someday you'll be doing that to me."

The pretty blond supergirl then put her head down on my chest and sighed. Pinky knows she's very strong and tough; she'd been working out with weights three hours a day for years to get that way. But there's also another part to her - her 'little girl' as she likes to call it. It's the part of her that likes to be called Pinky instead of Robin; her real name. It's the part that's always giggling, sometimes at seemingly inappropriate times - like when she's beating up bullies or humiliating them. "I just can't help it," she told me when I first asked her about it shortly after we started dating, "sometimes that little girl in me takes over and there's nothing I can do about it." The incident with Robert Wilson in the weight room was a good example...

Pinky along with some of the other girls on the high school basketball team (on which Pinky is the starting point guard) were in the weight room lifting after practice. A few of the football players were there also. Pinky wanted to use the leg press at the same time as Robert Wilson did. "Tell you what big guy," she smiled up at the large athlete who towered over her, "why don't we arm wrestle for it." As her challenge was overheard by everyone in the weight-room, Robert had no choice but to accept. Although he knew Pinky was strong - one has only to look at her massive 24 inch thighs and 17 inch biceps to see that - the six-foot four inch, 250 pound all-league offensive right tackle couldn't see the five foot-three inch, 150 pound girl giving him too much of a problem.



Everyone in the weight-room stopped what they were doing and watched as the pretty little blond and the huge football player lay down on the floor opposite each other and clasped right hands (because of the discrepancy in the length of their arms, Pinky had to rest her elbow on both her history and biology books). "You can begin whenever you feel like it big boy," Pinky said with a grin.

As they started to push their arms against one another everyone watching noticed a very strange and unexpected thing. While the large, strong boy was straining hard, Pinky hardly appeared to be trying at all and she had a smile on her pretty face. For all of Richard's struggling, he only managed to push the girl's arm down a couple of inches which, without too much effort, Pinky quickly returned it to the point where they started. It was at this point that she began to giggle and tease him as the 'little girl' in her came out.

"Oh my goodness, is the little girl too strong for the big bad football player; tee, hee, hee." Robert tried to push even harder but the muscular girl still held his huge arm upright. "Oh Robbie, you're turning such a pretty shade of red; tee, hee." Pinky was using her left hand to support her chin and, while Robert pushed with all his might, she simply looked across and smiled at him. As the contest continued, and Robert began to weaken, Pinky reached back with her left hand and calmly began to play with her ponytail; twirling it around and giggling while the large boy strained. The entire weight room stood in stunned silence as they watched Pinky's awesome display of strength. Finally, after Robert's energy was nearly exhausted, the muscular girl reached over and playfully fluffed her ponytail in his face; then easily slammed his arm to the floor. While the girls on the basketball team cheered and Pinky laughed, the humiliated football player ran out of the weight room in tears.

"I know I can be immature at times," Pinky said softly as she rested her head on my chest. "Having *her* inside of this super body of mine can be like letting a six year girl old drive down the street in a 50 ton tank. I did apologise to Robert the next day; he's a nice guy and didn't deserve what I did to him. But when that 'little girl' in me takes over this body, there's almost nothing she can't do. But Billy, I'd never beat you up. You're the first boyfriend I've ever had, the first boy I've ever had sex with; the first boy I've ever loved. I'd never hurt you Billy...never.

"The reason I came down on Ray and his friends so hard is that they needed it. Clint really hurt Roberta when he dumped her for Susan. She's my sister's best friend and it wasn't right. And Jill has had a crush on Saul for over a year now but he just ignores her. Ray and Candy have been neighbors for years and never even speak to one another. I won't force them to stay together, I just wanted to give them a chance. My methods may be a little harsh at times – like what I did to the boys in your brother's room earlier today - but they were nasty to me and that 'little girl' got angry and decided to teach them all good lesson. I'll bet they'll never be rude to me again (giggles)".





My little super girlfriend looked up to face me now. "But you Billy are a nice, sweet guy and I promise you I will never lay a hand on you in anger, so please, don't you ever be afraid of me again; or else I'll kick your ass," she laughed. Pinky sat up on my chest and scooted forward. "Hey Billy, we still have 45 minutes before we have to leave for the restaurant (she was now dangling her irresistible pussy directly above my face) so, how about a little... appetizer?"

THE END

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