

# THE PRODIGAL AMAZON RETURNS

(Part 1)

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McVey Senior High School, a picture of academic perfection, both in its interior and perfectly kept exterior. Its lawns finely attended to, its cleanliness impeccable, its outer walls unblemished. Its main entrance beautifully kept and controlled, the air on this late Spring afternoon is crisp and clean, and the only sounds that could be heard were of the faint chirping of assorted birds that inhabited the neighboring trees - that was until they were silenced by the harsh roar of a punishingly loud motorcycle, which not only shot out wave after wave of crackling growls from its powerful motor, but also did wonders for polluting the nearby air with its smoke filled exhaust.

As the bike's growl became more and more evident, it was clear to anyone within earshot that this vehicle was making its way closer, even before coming into view. When it was within visible distance to these once quiet and peaceful school grounds, a massive Harley complete with full out, leather clad, male biker was clearly seen as its rider. Dark Sunglasses, tattoos all over his arms, a scruffy beard and no nonsense look upon his face, left little doubt that you did not want to mess with this man by any means. Upon closer inspection, yet another passenger could be seen riding on the back, an equally biker-garbed woman, with her legs wrapped firmly around the driver's waist, her arms holding around his chest, in the typical Biker Babe fashion. Though upon yet a still closer inspection, it could be seen quite clearly that this young woman riding in back was anything but typical.



As big and thickly shaped as the male motorcycle rider was, the young female riding tightly snug behind him seemed even bigger, and judging from her completely exposed legs (shown through from a pair of extremely short denim jean cut-offs), which pulsed and glowed with rock solid, steel hard leg muscles, she looked to be even stronger. The rest of her physique, while covered either in long, powerful black leather boots or an equally tough looking jacket to match, did little to conceal the massive size and obvious muscular shape, of this young biker chick. Young, as just one look at her very attractive face, one could tell she couldn't have been older than her low 20s.

The bike then came to a sharp, screeching stop directly in front of this gloriously tidy High School, which was followed by a final silencing of its massively loud engine, and a leaning forward of powerfully built woman towards her now visibly scared looking biker guy.

"Mmmmmm, that was a good ride Hog, I hope I wasn't holding on to you too tightly?" the young woman's voice teasingly spoke into his ears, as she grabbed his face and chin in her mighty hands, pulling it back and to the side for much easier access. His face a stark contrast to what one would expect from a strong looking "Hell's Angel", more of a frightened, defeated appearance over the tough confidence normally associated with men of his kind.

"No.....No, not for me.....I'm yours to use as you command" the visibly shaken male replied.

"Good, that's good. You learn well, Little Boy. Now it's time for you to learn how to walk back from where I took you. I'll be needing your bike for awhile, and I know you'd be more than pleased to give me what I want" she softly breathed into his ears, a devious smile forming across her vicious looking face.

"You want to take my ride? But....but, how would I get back, we've been riding for days, I couldn't possibly.....Ahhhhhhhh!!" he yelled out loudly in pain in a deep, husky voice.



"Awwwww, and here I thought you were doing so well. I guess it's time for another lesson from Muscular Mandy on her weak little man" the lusciously thick hardbodied woman spoke out from behind, as she squeezed in on his waist with her all encompassing thighs, tilting his head back further in an uncomfortable position to face her even more. "You remember what this body of mine has already done to you? You remember how I made you scream, and cry, and beg for mercy during our two day ride here? You remember how I took you from your woman when I found you and made you my bitch overnight? Beating down your fellow bikers, crushing their skulls and throwing them around like scared children, until I forced you all to make me your new leader? Well, as your leader, I say your bike is now mine, so if you don't get off now, and start walking back, I'm going to squeeze my thighs around you until they meet in the middle, scissoring your pathetic body in Half!" the supremely in-control Biker Queen threatened, continuing to crush his torso and waist within her unstoppable thighs constrictions.



“Now, I'm going to count to five, and if you're not off this bike and running home when I'm done, well then, you're not going to be running ever again!” she sexily growled into his ears, squeezing him even tighter, while she now encased his thick, solid body even more with her obviously powerful arms (which at this point, like the rest of her upper body, was still covered in a tight, black leather jacket). “One.....” she softly started her count, and while she instantly felt this bigger, taller male attempt to bolt his way off his once owned, highly prized, motorcycle, she held onto him firm and tight, ceasing his movements off this vehicle before they started.

“Two.....Mmmmmm, I guess you still want a little taste of The Crush, huh Babe?” Mandy breathed into his ears, relishing in his failed attempts to move, due solely to her extremely power packed and thickly muscled body. “Three.....Ooooooooh, I feel my muscles getting so big.....so hard....don't you?” she laughed out, continuing her bone snapping pressure from her arms and legs in on this now terrified and utterly helpless male. “Four.....Yessssss, I can feel your body bending.....breaking.....snapping.....” this truly awesome Amazon woman spoke out, as she squeezed her rippling hard legs and bulgingly strong arms into one another, and into her own steel hard physique, letting her massively muscular chest start to crush in on him from the rear. “Five.....well, you had your chance, my weak little slave.....now, it's time to teach you another little lesson.....” SNAP! “.....one that you'll never.....” CRACK! “.....ever.....” POP! “.....forget!”

With her final count to five, this taunting muscle packed superwoman crushed in on this bulky, strong (though clearly outclassed) male from all sides, breaking and snapping him apart with her Amazonian body; as she erotically tilted her head back and licked her lips with arousal, relishing yet again in her power over the Weaker Sex.

So turned on did she appear to be, that she began gyrating her hips into his backside from behind, Oooohing and Aaaaahing with delight, as each and every snapping of bone or tearing of muscle seemed to get her more and more hot and bothered. The thick and clearly powerful biker could only scream and cry with all his might, not caring for an instant who might see or hear him being squeezed into oblivion from this much younger girl, as his only thoughts were of pain, agony and before much longer, unconsciousness.



Though as much as Mandy was enjoying her mangling of this no longer defiant male, she was here for a reason this day, and had she not been she surely would have taken this man to a more comfortable area, and fucked him nearly to the point of his own death. But alas that was not on her agenda here and now, so with a few calming breathes, and a final Hard squeezing of her one time biker escort, she knocked him clean out, both due to unbelievable pain and the fact that she had squeezed every last ounce of air out of his lungs. So with a proud, wide grin, this muscle packed biker babe gave out a final stretch (thrusting out her now massively thick and rounded chest, flowing her fingers across her mane of long, dark black hair as she did so), and shoved his limp and beaten form to the floor, before following suit (in a much more controlled and powerful manner) herself.

Standing above a newly unconscious male form, something that was hardly unusual for this young woman, caused Mandy to give out a hearty laugh, relishing in yet another man's defeat at her hands, before strutting her way forward, up the set of stairs that adorned McVey High School's main entrance, and making her way inside. Moving as if she knew full well where to go, she powerfully strutted her way around like a woman on a mission, and that couldn't be more right. She made her way towards a now nearby classroom, which was followed with her opening of its door, turning on the light, and gazing at what was inside.

In truth there was actually nothing unusual inside at all, just your standard desks, chairs, books and countless other paraphernalia that one could expect in a classroom (with the exception of children or a teacher, though arriving so late in the day as she did, she expected its emptiness) Even so, she stared at this room as if it was full of life, as in her mind, it was. Room 312 held some very pleasurable memories for her, ones she seemed to be reliving for the next several minutes here and now, before leaving this room alone, continuing to walk down the hallway to her next and main destination this night, The Principal's Office.

Though on her way over she bumped into someone else, someone who she felt could help her just as well as anyone here, someone she also had memories of, though these weren't nearly as good as her previously remembered ones.



“Hey, you can't be in here, the school's closed and.....Wow.....” a near 40 year old man spoke, dressed in a school issued T-shirt and shorts, as he looked over more and more of this young Amazon's unreal physique and pretty face, both of which were more than enough to stop him dead in his tracks, not to mention cause another very obvious response to his body as well. “Say babe, can I help you with something?” he asked out with a perverted tone - just as she had expected.

“I'm looking for Mr. Church, he used to teach 12<sup>th</sup> Grade English here, does he still do so?” she confidently asked, standing before him like the super muscled biker babe she was.

“Uh yeah, like I said, school's almost closed, so no one's here but me and a few scattered janitors, OK? Besides, what the Hell are you looking for Pencil Dick for, when you have a real man right here, babe” he continued his lecherous words,

eying up this tightly packed young beauty before him. “The name's Coach Robinson, but I like to let special girls like you call me, Coach”

“I know who you are Coach Robinson, I used to go here you know. Mandy Swanson, I graduated 4 years back, you used to teach football the same time our field hockey practices were going on”

“Mandy.....Mandy Swanson, Wow you've grown! I mean, you were always a tall, athletic girl, but my God you've gotten Big since I've seen you last”

“Yes, I know I have. As you say, I've always been a big, fit, powerful girl. Well when I graduated, to make a long story short, I concentrated on building this body even bigger.....even fitter.....even more powerful.....So Much More Powerful” she seductively cooed, as she removed her tight fitting jacket, revealing a set of shoulders, arms, back and chest that made his own tight and toned one appear small in comparison.

“Wow.....uh.....you're even bigger than you look.....uh.....Mandy.....” the now nervous sounding High School Coach slowly made out, as he looked in awe at her massively muscular physique, which only appeared even more powerful due to her 6' tall height, 6' 2" with the high-heeled leather boots she wore.

“Yes, I'm sure you remember just how I looked, don't you Coach? I'm sure you remember how all of the girls looked, especially those that stayed after school for various athletics, isn't that right? You remember how you used to sneak your way into the girl's locker rooms after your boys finished their practices? How you used to take peaks at our young, hot, sexy female bodies in the showers. Glistening with the perfect amount of sensual wetness that covered all of our tight, shapely physiques” Mandy made out, moving closer to this visibly intimidated man, noticing that such talk from such a woman as she, was also getting another not so desired reaction from him as well.

“I see your cock getting harder as I speak, bringing back memories of your fucking perverted ways, am I?. Bringing up your sick past, taking advantage of little school girls.....or maybe it's not so much in your past, is it? Maybe you still sneak inside to gawk at young, teenage girls naked bodies, eh Coach?” she continued out, now on the verge of growling out angrily at this frightened older man before her.

“Look, I.....I don't know what you're talking about, I never did.....you can't prove.....”



"I don't have to prove it to anyone, Asshole! I saw you with my own eyes, I saw you stare at us many times, and no matter who I told, no one would listen or believe me" she continued out, backing him into a nearby hallway wall, as she grabbed both of his wrists in her steel tight grip, pinning him Tight between its hard stone frame, and her equally hard muscular form. "Well, I wonder who's going to listen to You after I crush your face to mush right.....in.....here!" she roared out, pushing her thickly muscled tits up and out, just inches away from Coach Robinson's visibly shaking head.

"Please, please I'm sorry, I didn't mean to.....I'll never do it again.....I promise....." he begged out loudly, as his attempts to physically remove himself from Mandy's all consuming hold were easily thwarted by her clearly superior form.

"Mmmmmm, how I would have loved to have done this to you years ago, have you beg for mercy or be crushed to dust within my body. Though as strong as I was back then, and I was very strong for an 18 year old girl, I still couldn't handle you as I so wanted to.....but I can now, can't I Coach?" she angrily cooed, as she began flexing her pecs hard and fast, moving them about like muscle packed pistons just barely missing his face with their surely powerful impacts.

"Please, I'll do anything, just don't hurt me!" he yelled out, straight into Mandy's thick and pulsating pecs, as both sensations of fear and arousal flowed throughout his entire body.

"Tell me all about Mr. Church. Is he still here, if so, what are his usual working hours? What days does he stay late? Tell me where he lives, what he drives, tell me Everything!" she barked out, to which this utterly terrified male was only too happy to answer. Not that

he was an expert on the comings and goings of Mr. Church, he was one of the teachers the Coach did pay a little extra attention to; as due to their strong overall differences (he was a brute of a man with little charm, which the object of this Amazon's interest with the exact opposite), it did cause more than their share of conflict in the Teacher's Lounge at times.

As such, the burly athletic instructor knew a fair bit about the small framed, thin and weedy Math teacher, and at the risk of having his own face pulverized by the thickest, most muscular, set of breasts he had ever seen on a woman (not to mention the rest of her unreal Amazonian physique), he spoke out all that he could loud and clear. After which time Mandy (who was convinced that she got every bit of information on her prey that this Peeping Tom pervert had) simply smiled a wicked grin, before she moved her thickly muscled frame right into his own, shoving his face deep inside her rippling hard cleavage, and just Flexed!, and Flexed!, and Flexed!





CRACK! BRAKE!! SNAP!!!  
POP!!!!

“Heh heh heh!”

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The following day.....

“.....and so when you take Y, and combine it with X, you get half of Z, understand?” a small framed Math teacher spoke out to his classroom full of students, as he turned away from his chalkboard to stare out at their blank, confused faces. “OK, looks like we may need to work on that a bit more.....” DING DING DING “.....which I guess well need to save for next time” he continued, dismissing his final class of the afternoon. “Go over pages 35 through 50, and well talk more about it next time” he called out to them, as they all made a hasty retreat from this advanced arithmetic class.

The boys were always the first to fly out, anxious to start their afternoons of fun, sports, or whatever they may had planned. The girls on the other hand always took their time to

exit this teacher's class, as while he wasn't the most physically powerful male specimen around (or even close), he did possess a charm and personality, coupled with his very handsome young face (as he was now only in his upper 20s), that made the girls swoon and fall all over his adorable cuteness. It wasn't uncommon at all for several of his young female students to stay after class for a little extra credit, which was always handled in a respectful, professional manner on his part; even if the girls only thoughts were of jumping all over him, having their ways with him.....something due to his generally smaller stature, these lusting young girls could very well do.

And so with his final female student just recently departed with a “friendly” smile, wink and a wave to her favorite teacher, it was now time for this instructor to get ready to finish off a last few things, pack himself up and then make his way home. Another normal end to yet another normal day - that was until he heard the sounds of clicking footsteps from behind him, ending at his classroom's (Room 312) door, followed by a soft, liquid cool, female voice, that instantly sent shivers of ice straight down his spine.

“Some things never change, I see. Still a hit with the girls, eh Mr. Church?” teased out a voice from his past, one that filled his mind with unreal dread, though oddly enough with an equal amount of intense arousal as well. With that, the fear filled teacher slowly turned himself around to face the source of these words, nearly every ounce of him not believing for an instance that she had returned, yet still a small part excited beyond belief that she did.

“Ms....Ms. Swanson???” he nervously made out as he turned around to face her full on. His tone still with a slight uncertainty, as while her face was surely one he would never forget, as young and beautiful as ever, with a flowing cascade of soft black hair and piercing blue eyes that shined out with each powerful glance; it was her body that changed the most during the last time he had seen her. In her Senior year, she was easily one of the tallest, strongest, most athletic girls in school, able to put to shame many of the boys athletic records and abilities. She carried a lusciously shapely, fit, tight and toned frame that was more than capable of allowing her to do some truly incredible physical feats - not to mention other types of feats as well.

But now, today, standing right before him, this still very young woman looked nothing short of Amazonian, in every sense of the word. Still standing her 6 feet in height, which was only augmented even more due to a pair of sexy, high heeled black boots, though it was her overall physical frame that made this clearly intimidated teacher take the most notice of.



Her legs still held their amazing shape and sexy curves, though they were thicker than any he had ever seen on a woman, and even wrapped snug in a pair of skin tight, painted on, blue denim jeans, Mr. Church had little doubt about what lay underneath its form fitting material – hard, rippling, powerful female muscle. This fact was only supported by looking up higher at her upper body, which was partially covered in a tight fitting black tank top, which did wonders for showing off her unreal size, muscular shape, and supremely cut definition. Her thighs looks bigger around than his waist, her biceps looked almost bigger than his legs, even laying at rest and unflexed by her sides. Her chest, which had always been big, round and incredibly firm, now seemed to be even moreso, with more than a few visible muscle striations across its insanely thick and wide expanse. If she was an Amazon girl back a few years ago as a Senior, she was now a world class Amazon Woman, who looked capable of getting anything and everything she wanted.....unfortunately for him, that was.

“In the flesh, and plenty of it, as I'm sure you'll agree” Mandy teasingly made out, as she took a few steps closer to her former Math teacher, forcing him to move backwards in retreat, which was quickly stopped due to his nearby desk behind him. “You look good, still just as deliciously hot as I remembered. What about me, don't you have anything nice to say about how good I look?” she playfully made out, leaning her upper body over him, thrusting her DD-cup pecs just a hairs breath from his fear filled face.

“Uh.....uh.....you.....you look good.....very good. I, uh.....I see you've grown some since we've last seen one another, Ms. Swanson?” he made out, trying his best to keep his cool, though failing miserably all the same.

“Mmmmmm, with our history, you can call me Mandy, isn't that right Bob?” she powerfully asked this much smaller and vastly weaker man before her, giving her nearly engulfing chest a few quick flexes, using her highly trained muscle control to move their impressive size up and down at her will.



“Yes,....yes, of course....uh, Mandy” Bob Church replied, as he tried his best to bend backwards and away from this extremely aggressive young musclegirl, only to have her thickly muscled upper body follow him with every inch he moved. “So, what.....what can I do for you?” he added, again doing his best to turn this into a normal, teacher/former student conversation. Something he certainly had a few of in his time, such past pupils returning back a few years later to visit the school and pop in to see him. Though none of those students had the amazingly unusual history that he shared with Mandy Swanson here, nor were any of them as forward, as advancing or as Strong as she.

“Oooooo, so formal, so professional, I like that Bob.....I wonder how polite and proper you're going to be when I throw you across my shoulders and bend you in half. I wonder how much I could make you scream for mercy, while at the same time giving you the biggest, thickest, meatiest hard-on you've ever had in your life” Mandy sexily made out, slowly licking her lips with excitement.

"I.....I don't do that anymore. I'm not the same man you dealt with those years ago, I'm not going to be your sexual play-toy ever again!" he boldly spoke out, as he managed to barely slide his body out from underneath this towering young Amazon before him.

"Men, how easily they forget" she laughed out, standing straight and upright, placing her hands on her hips in a truly powerful stance. "Let's see, you're about the same physically as when I last saw you, during which time I remember handling you like a little baby with this body of mine. While I on the other hand, have gotten twice as big, and ten times as strong....." she spoke out, flexing her thickly muscled, diamond cut, upper body as she did so, causing her arms, lats, shoulders, back and chest to all grow out to an even larger degree, causing her tank top to rip completely down its back. ".....and you think you're going to stand up to this? Hahahahaha"

"Now, now let's calm down here. I.....I didn't want to hurt you before.....you were only a student then, and I could have gotten into serious trouble for doing so" Mr. Church nervously spoke, moving several more feet away from this statuesque supergirl before him. "You.....you're no longer a student here.....I don't have to hold back with you anymore"

"Oh God, you are just too funny. You let me do all of those things to you because I was a student and you were afraid of hurting me and getting into trouble???" Mandy laughingly made out, so hard she had to hold on to her ridged, muscle packed stomach to help contain herself. "So, were you simply letting me hold you upside down, your entire body off the floor, your thick hard dick in my mouth, while your head was getting crushed between my legs? Or maybe you just let me pick you up and bounce you around the room, this very room in fact, like a tiny rubber ball? And that each

and every ounce of tears that strolled down your face, all while you were begging me for mercy, with your body trapped within my thighs, or your ribs crackling inside my arms, or your face snugly fit inside my tits – all an act, is that right, Bob?" Mandy continued her intimidating tirade, yet again making her way towards her much longed after teacher, who was circling his large wooden desk.





“And if I did all of those things to you back then, when I was a “tiny little schoolgirl”, imagine what I can do to you now that I’m a muscular, Amazon, biker babe powerhouse!” she roared out, grabbing the several hundred pound, solid oak desk that separated them, and hoisted it high above her head, causing her massive upper body to grow even more, bursting her tight tank top clean off her pulsating form, showing off her incredible physique in virtually all of its glory. The desks once supported items flew everywhere, as Mandy held this very large piece of furniture above her, pressing it up and down as if she was doing reps with its extremely impressive weight, before tossing it behind her where it landed with a Crash! “No where to hide now, Little Man” she sexily made out, as she continued her stalking ways of this now clearly frightened and extremely worried High School teacher.

“Jesus.....what have you become, Mandy??”

“Hahaha, you say that like I’ve been cursed. I’ve become the ultimate of what any woman can be. I’ve taken my already thick, luscious, statuesque body, and multiplied it all to THIS!” she growled out, as she flexed her entire body in a full on double biceps shot. So hard and powerful did her frame become and expand to, that her skin tight denim jeans began to rip and tear all over, showing off the amazingly thick and rippling female muscle that lie underneath. “God, I Love having a body like this! The things I can do, the people I can bend and twist and brake, it’s Unreal!” Mandy continued to speak out with unreal pride, as her truly Amazonian form showed off nearly every ounce of its muscle packed supremacy (which was only helped by the continual shredding of her painted on jeans) “And just think, I owe it all to YOU!”

“Me?? What.....what did I have to do with anything?” Bob Church blurted out in an incredibly confused tone.

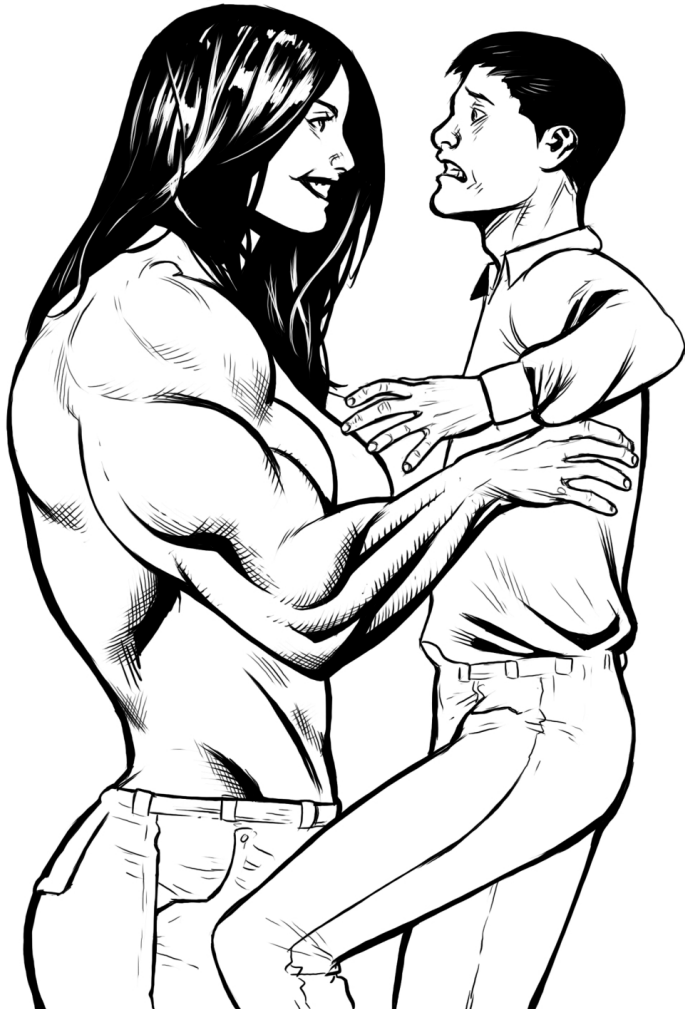
"Everything. If you hadn't been so damn cute, I wouldn't have had to Take You those few times at the end of my Senior year. You know what I'm talking about, the best sex your sorry ass, and that fucking amazing cock of yours, has ever had. I only wish I started that a bit earlier on you, say my Freshmen year!" the thickly muscled biker chick laughed out in total control. "You awoke my true calling in life, to get as big and as strong as humanly possible, and then some, and use it any fucking way I want to. Something my first college semester boyfriend found out the hard way. He thought it was cool to have such a big, strong girlfriend, he even pitifully tried to keep up with me in the gym; but when our sex got rough, and I do mean ROUGH, he wanted out. Hahahaha, how stupid was he! I had to put him in his place, My Way, something I did with ease, something I did while I fucked him silly, having an orgasm with each and every bone of his I snapped.....and I got off quite a few times that night, let me tell you" the dominantly speaking musclegirl spoke out with unreal excitement, and by her growing and hardening nipples, more than her share of lust and arousal as well.

"So I quit college, and just made my own way in the world, getting bigger, getting harder, getting Stronger! I made money from guys who got off on being with a woman like me. Touching me, feeling me, being crushed and beaten and lifted and thrown by me! Oh, I made myself a pretty good living for quite some time, not to mention more than my share of male admittances to the area hospitals" she cooed out, making her way closer and closer to her longed after schoolteacher, who felt as if he had been hit by a truck in his mind - and how much sooner, in his body as well.

"Before long I desired more than just the usual men who wanted to feel my thick, hard body around them, so I made my way to a nearby biker bar (and by nearby I mean a few days ride from here), made my way over to the biggest, strongest, toughest guy there, and quickly made him my man.....and by the end of that first night, made him my Bitch as well" Mandy roared out, supremely proud of her total control and mastery over even the toughest of males she encountered. "Soon after that, after a few more lessons learned from some of his group's rowdier members, I became their leader, their boss, their Master!" she sexily roared, as she trapped Mr. Church's vastly smaller and thinner frame against the rooms chalkboard, surrounding him within a wall of rock solid, steel hard female muscle.

"So.....so you're back here.....w....why?" he terrified man barely made out, looking straight up into Mandy's smiling face, barely able to see it over the muscle packed pecs that were nearly engulfing his head.





"I'm here for you, Baby. After all of the men I've muscle fucked since you and I had last seen each other, none of them had that big, hard, throbbing cock of yours, or you're irresistibly cute face" she arousingly breathed out, as she moved her hands to either side of his waist, and lifted him several inches off the floor so that he was now level with her incredibly pleased and amazingly attractive face. "Before you were the teacher and I was the student, so we couldn't do anything official then.....now, I am a full grown woman, and I've come back to claim my man, once and for all!" she concluded, looking him dead in the eyes with her own glistening blue orbs, staring him down in complete and total dominance and control.

"But...but I.....I can't be with you. I....I'm already married" Bob Church softly spoke in return.

"What!?!?" the powerful biker babe roared right into his face, dropping him down instantly, only from him to be caught on his way to the floor by her muscle packed breasts, which were now surrounding his face, holding him off the floor just from their unreal firmness alone. "What do you mean you're married! You're mine little man, Mine!"

"Mmmph, bluurmmmm,....." was all the vastly over-matched instructor could make out, as Mandy poured on even more pec smothering pressure, totally cutting off his ability to speak, as well as his much needed supply of air. All he could do at this stage was hold out for as long as he could, while this unstoppable muscle packed young woman did whatever she wanted to do with him. How familiar this situation seemed during his final breathes of air, as he swiftly felt his body go completely limp, just as the near bone snapping pain she was causing him began to get beyond his meager limits. The last thing he heard was the barely audible sounds of her repeating over and over again, "Mine, Mine, Mine"

Bob Church woke up sometime later (how long, he had no idea), laying on his classroom's hard tiled floor, his head and body aching, his mind whirling and spinning around at the events that had transpired earlier this evening; though all of those feelings quickly turned to panic, as he soon after noticed his wallet laying wide open on the ground nearby, clearly missing his driver's license, and with that, he instantly realized, his home address!



"Oh, My, God!" the swiftly reviving man made out, grabbing up his discarded wallet, running to his car (as fast as his still less than 100% physical form would allow), fearing for not his own well-being this time, but that of his lovely wife, who he felt could very well be in serious danger at the hands of this recently returned Amazon woman (who didn't seem at all pleased to hear he was now married, and with her in obvious possession of his home address now, there was no telling what she might do to his beautiful, darling Carrie)

He simply couldn't drive home fast enough this day, as thoughts of this towering musclegirl abusing and torturing his love to no end, using her massive strength and muscular superiority against her in any way she saw fit, fueled his mind and body with untold energy, causing him to run past stop signs and even several red lights and make it back to his home in record time. Though the one thought that didn't enter his clearly busy mind was in fact, what exactly was he going to do to stop her.

Luckily for him, that wasn't something he was going to have to deal with this night, as his car screeched into his driveway, his worried and frightened form bursting out to make his way inside, only to find that everything in fact was, fine. Nothing was out of place, nothing seemed broken or damaged, and his young wife seemed to be in the picture of perfect health, as she came to the door to greet him (as they would always do for whichever arrived home the later).

Noticing that he seemed a bit off this night, she lovingly asked him if anything was wrong and could she do anything to help, though his answer was a casual, easy going "Nothing dear, everything's fine", as his panic began turning more and more into calm. He then gave out a little chuckle and smiled, thinking how foolish he was being for even entertaining such ridiculous thoughts. A former student, who had now grown to unreal size and strength, came back to claim him for her own, and would destroy anything that got in her way, especially his own newly married wife? The stuff of Grade-B movies and comic books he thought, not even worth mentioning to Carrie really, as he put his arms around her for a much needed hug - unfortunately for him, he would soon find out, in the not too distant future, just how wrong (or was that right?) he really was.

**THE END.....for now.**

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