

# THE REVENGE OF THE FAT GIRL (Parts 1 - 3)

(an M.C. Story)

([amysconquest.com](http://amysconquest.com))





Randi Simpson smiled as she gazed into her bedroom mirror; she liked what she saw. Although it had taken the 17 year-old high school girl the entire summer vacation to get her body to look this way, when she stared at her reflection there was only one thought in her mind, it was worth every minute of it. Randi proudly flexed her awesome 17 inch biceps and, as she did so, all the sweat, pain and hardship she had to endure during the last three months vanished.

She thought back to what she looked like in June, an obese, six-foot, 310 pound girl; or 'fatso' as some of her not-so-nice fellow students delighted in calling her. Well, she certainly wasn't fat any more - big yes, but not fat. After three long, hard months of rigorous weightlifting and intensive martial arts training, Randi Simpson succeeded in losing some 80 pounds and turned much of the rest of her weight into muscle. She was now a powerfully built, 230 pound female. "Call me 'fatso' will you," she said to herself as she continued to admire her new body in the mirror, "Well, we'll see about that."

Randi glanced over at the clock, 7:30 A.M.- time to get dressed and prepare for her first day back at school after summer vacation. She was starting her senior year now and, after enduring two years of constant teasing from some of the other students, Randi vowed that this year would be different - this year she would deal with them on her terms. She put on her clothes and tied her long, beautiful brown hair back into a ponytail. As Randi left her house and began the 30 minute walk to the high school she attended, she reflected on the dramatic changes she had undergone over the summer.

Three months earlier...

"Mr. and Mrs. Simpson," the psychologist began, "You were quite right to bring your daughter to me. She's in desperate need of help and I think I may have just the thing for her." Dr. Shannon Thomas had been treating overweight high school girls with low self-esteem (which, she believed, was the primary cause of adolescence obesity) for quite some time now. Over the years she noticed that when girls learn to feel good about themselves, they take better care of their bodies. This summer she decided to put her theories on this subject into practice by organizing a camp for overweight girls with low self-esteem.

The camp would run through the entire summer vacation and consist of very strict physical workouts with professional trainers designed to strengthen the girl's bodies, lectures on women's empowerment as well as personal psychological guidance for each participant.

It would not be easy and certainly not fun (Dr. Thomas actually likened it to Marine boot camp), but she felt that for the girls who succeeded in completing the entire course, it would forever alter their perception of themselves and thus change their lives.

After carefully explaining all of the details to Randi and her parents, Dr. Thomas looked at the huge girl sitting in front of her and asked, "Well Randi, are you game?"

After a long and reflective pause, the six foot, 310 pound, 17year-old girl said, "Yes Dr. Thomas, you can count me in."

"Well done Randi," the psychologist replied with a smile, "You've just cleared your first hurdle; you want to change."



The next three months were the most difficult of Randi's life...and the most rewarding. Shannon (she shed the Dr. Thomas title) did indeed run a tight ship - and she definitely wasn't kidding about the 'Marine boot camp' reference either.

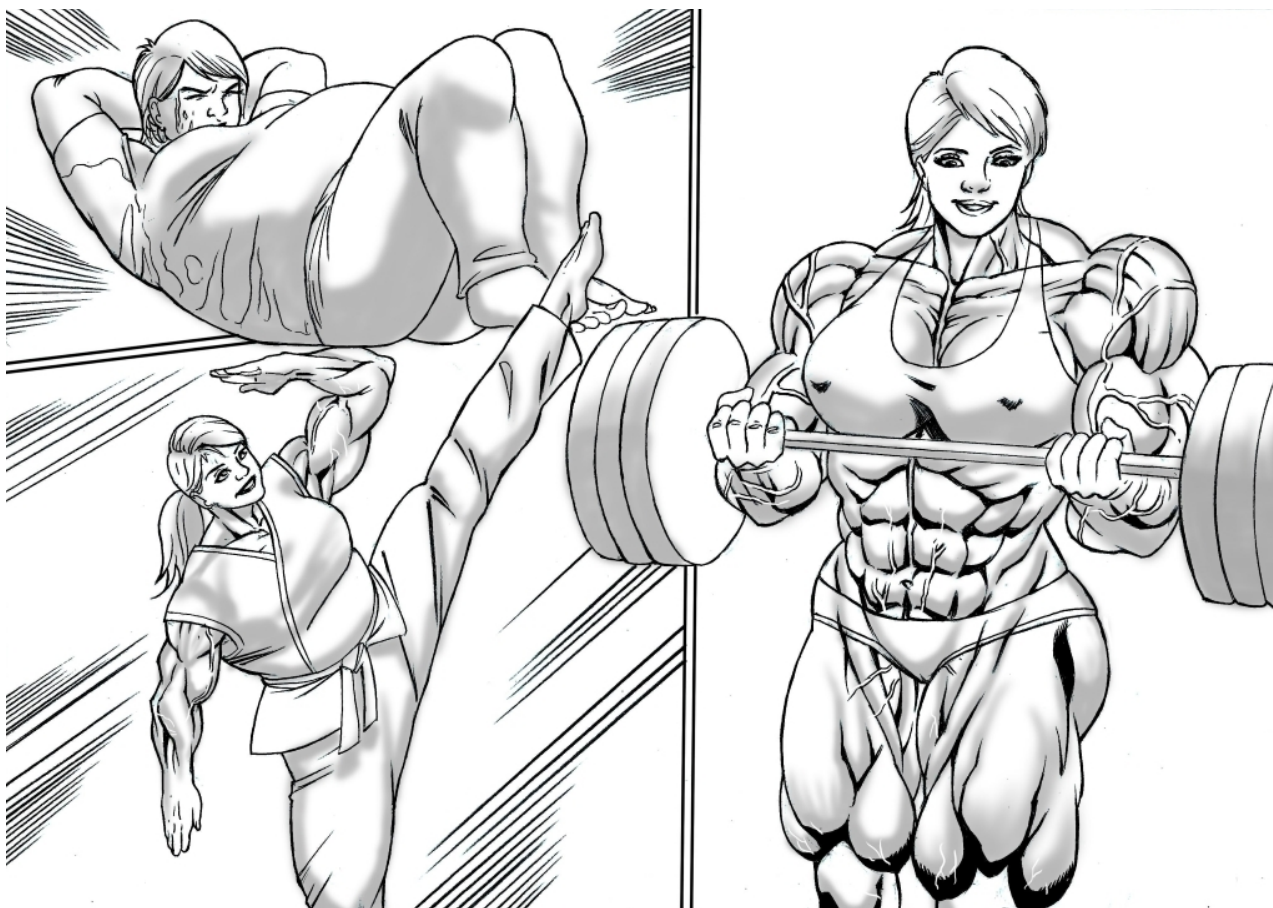
Every morning at five A.M. Jody, an ex-marine drill sergeant, would wake up the twenty girls and put them through an hour of intensive physical exercise; push-ups, sit-ups, running an obstacle course...you name it, she did it; and she didn't just ask the girls to do them, she made them do it. It didn't matter at first how well they did the exercises, just so long as they did them, and Jody made sure they did.

After a short break for breakfast the girls would clean their rooms and the surrounding area before heading off to the weight room for a two hour work-out with Jody who was also a world class weight lifter. Randi, who had never in her life touched a bar bell took to weightlifting like a fish to water; she just couldn't get enough of it.



After their weightlifting session the girls showered and then attended a series of lectures by Shannon or other experts on a variety of subjects; all relating to women and how they can take control of events in their lives rather than let those events take control of them. This was followed by lunch and a short period of relaxation. Then in the early afternoon it began all over again with the exercises.

Instead of weight training in the afternoon however, they received three hours of intensive martial arts lessons from Ruth Walker, a fifth degree black belt in Tae Kwon Do and a Ph.D. in women's studies. After a light dinner the girls were given a choice, back to the weight room or more martial arts until nine P.M. They then met with Shannon and her staff and discussed how they felt they had improved themselves that day. At ten o'clock sharp they all went to sleep; until five the following morning when it began all over again.



Day after day, week after week; the same schedule. Intensive as it was, only two of the twenty girls dropped out. As the weeks went by, Randi (along with all of the other girls that toughed it out) began to notice a dramatic change was taking place; both in her body and in her perception of herself. Not only was she losing weight - dropping from 310 pounds to 280 in the first two weeks alone, but she was becoming stronger...much stronger! Four hours a day in the weight room was making her lose fat and develop muscle and, as she grew stronger (and thinner) Randi began to feel much better about herself. No longer did she think of herself as a big, fat girl. Randi was beginning to feel like a big, \*strong\* girl.

"You're making tremendous progress Randi," Shannon told her in one of their private meetings (which she conducted with all the girls from time to time), "I'm very proud of you. You've lost over 50 pounds so far and Jody says your lifts are improving at a rate far faster than she ever expected. How do you feel about yourself now?"

"Fantastic Shannon! Totally fantastic! I never thought I'd feel this way about my body. It's so...so beautiful; and there's still a month to go."



"It's good to hear you say that Randi. You and the other girls have completely justified my program. I think I'm going to make this an annual event. Remember, if you believe you can or can't accomplish something, you're usually right."

In the remaining month Randi literally threw herself into both weightlifting and martial arts with a vengeance. A week before the camp ended, she bench pressed 300 pounds and, on the second to last day, she shattered a brick with her fist. In the three months at Shannon's camp, Randi not only lost 80 pounds, but completely transformed herself from an extremely overweight girl lacking any self-confidence, into a strong, powerful woman, literally beaming with pride.

"Hey Randi, wait up!"

A familiar voice brought Randi's thoughts back to the present. "Why hello Steven," she said with a pleasant smile, "Long time no see." Steven Walters lived one block away from her and was the only boy she ever considered to be her friend. In the more than ten years that she had known him, Steve had never said one disparaging word to her; not about her weight or anything else. In fact, although they weren't actually going steady, he was the only boy she had ever dated; the only one she felt comfortable being around. He even tried to stick up for her once when the school-yard bully was teasing her - an event which cost him a black eye and a bloody nose. Of all the people Randi knew, Steve seemed to be the only one who could see beyond her obesity and into what she was like inside.



"Where have you been all summer long Randi? I tried calling a few times but your parents said you'd be away until right before school starts. I wondered where..." As soon as he caught up to her Steve stopped talking in mid-sentence and just stared up (Steve was a lightly built five feet-nine inches tall and weighed around 170 pounds to Randi's six feet even and 230 pounds). "Randi, what happened to you?"

The large girl smiled down at her friend for a few moments without saying a word. "Oh," she finally began as casually as she could, "Did you notice anything different about me Steve?"

"Different? You've completely changed. You've lost weight. You're...you're...different. What happened to you?" (Randi was wearing long sleeves so Steve couldn't see her 17 inch biceps - she was saving those for the right time - and her equally impressive thighs and calves were hidden underneath her jeans).

"It's the new me, what do you think?"

"It's...you're...you look so...so different. What happened?"

"That's a long story. I'll tell you everything that happened to me this past summer but, as you can see, we're approaching our school so it will have to wait." For some reason Randi felt an uncontrollable urge to lean over and kiss Steve on the cheek, something she had never done before.

"What was that for?" he asked, surprised.

"I'll tell you later honey (she'd never called him that before either), but we don't have the time right now. We'd better hurry or we'll be late for our first class." Randi took Steve by the hand and they crossed the street.

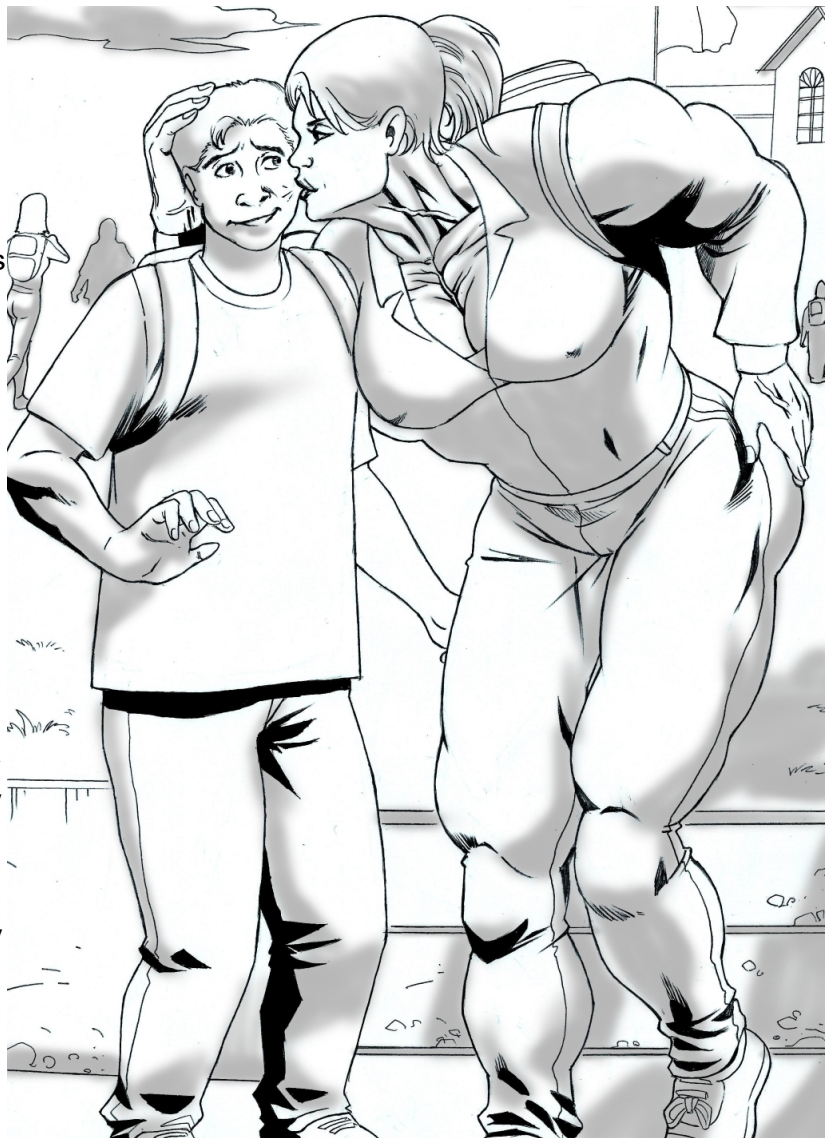
"Well, if it isn't the odd couple," they heard a sarcastic voice behind them say as they entered the school-yard. Without even turning around Randi knew the voice belonged to Shana, the head cheerleader and Randi's chief antagonist. For years the attractive girl had been a thorn in Randi's side, always teasing her about her size and even getting many of the other students to go along. Randi never really understood what made Shana so antagonistic towards her. She seemed to have everything Randi wanted in life: great looks, popularity and boyfriends galore; so why pick on her?

"Just ignore her Steve," Randi said quietly, "I'll deal with Shana later."

"What do you mean \*deal\* with her?"

"Oh, I have an idea," she answered. She winked at Steve as they entered their first class of the new school year.

Throughout that morning Randi couldn't help but notice the stares she was receiving from many of the other students as she walked through the halls. Though they knew she was very large, there seemed to be something different about her. Something had changed but they couldn't quite put their finger on what it was. Randi knew what it was of course and it gave her a very good feeling inside; especially after one of the linemen on the football team accidentally bumped into her head-on as he was rushing to his class - and was knocked back several feet. "Oopsie, sorry about that Greg," she giggled at the stunned boy.





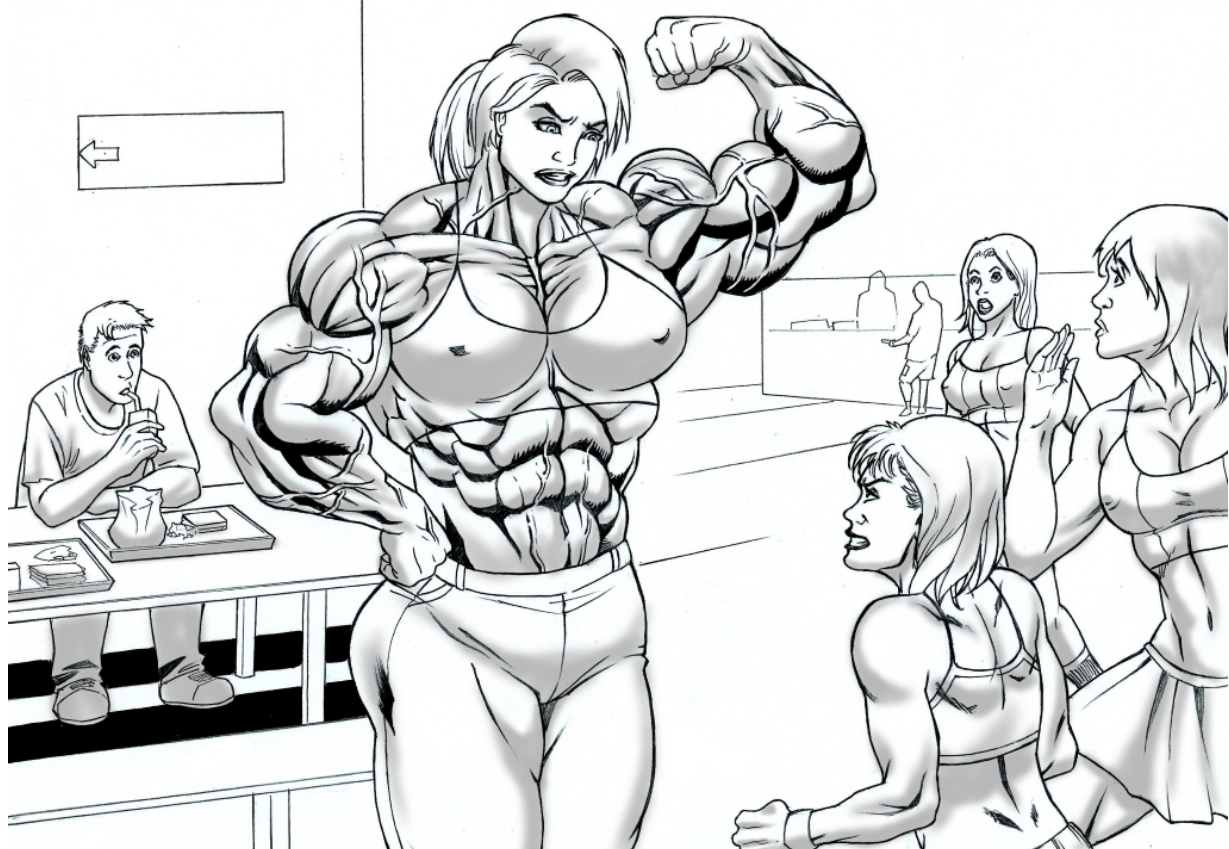


Things seemed to be going very well for her that day, until lunch time rolled around. "Just what in the hell makes you think you have the right to sit here fatso," Shana said contemptuously when Randi and Steve sat down at a table near where the cheerleaders were eating, " This is the area for attractive people." When she said this, the other cheerleaders began to laugh. Steve started to get up but Randi reached over and gently grabbed his arm. "It's O.K. honey, we have as much right to eat here as anybody else. The last time I checked we were still living in a democracy." She gave Shana and her friends a long, hard look; the kind of look that she'd never have had the courage to give them three months before. "Shana, I think you and I are going to have to have a serious \*discussion\* someday."

"Are you threatening me fatso?"

"Well, let's just say I'll be paying you a visit soon."

"Oh, I'm really scared now. Have you forgotten who my boyfriend is? And what he did to that nerdy friend of yours last year?"





Randi looked over at Steve and calmly said, "No Shana, I haven't forgotten. I'll be paying him a visit too."

"Randi, what are you saying?" Steve asked.

She smiled at him and replied, "Let's just say there have been a few changes in me over the summer."

"Like what?"

"Like these for example." Randi rose from her seat and removed her long sleeve shirt, revealing, for the first time, her massive arms. Her mid-rift was also bare, showing her washboard stomach for all to see. She then flexed her 17inch biceps. Staring down at the stunned cheerleaders, she smiled, "Like I said, Shana, I'll be paying you a visit soon; you and I have a score or two to settle." Having finished their lunch, Randi and Steve got up to leave.

"So, you've changed from being a fat tub of lard into a muscle-bound freak," Shana called out after them, "Big fucking deal."

Randi's only response was to point her hand - shaped like a pistol - at Shana and her friends and pretend to shoot. After they left the lunchroom Randi turned to her surprised friend and asked, "Well Stevie, what do you think of the new me?"

"Randi, you...you're...awesome; totally awesome!"

Randi smiled. She didn't care what anybody else thought about her new look, but she was a bit apprehensive about what Steve's reaction would be. He'd been her only true friend during her difficult years and the last thing she wanted to do was to alienate him. His acceptance of her now was all the approval that she needed.

"But Randi, do you really think it was wise to threaten Shana like that? After all, you know who her boyfriend is."

"Yes Steve, I know. I also know what he did to you last year when you tried to stick up for me. Well this year things are going to be different; that's a promise. And as for Shana, that pompous bitch has gone out of her way to make my life miserable for the past two years and ( SMACK! - Randi punched her right fist hard into her left palm; the sound reverberated throughout the hallway when she did so.) I think it's payback time... for both her and her boyfriend."

They reached the gym where they'd have to part. Shannon and her staff had encouraged Randi to try out for sports when the school year began, something that she had never done before. So she decided to try out for the women's basketball team (a six foot, 230 pound muscular girl might make a very effective center). If she was successful, then in the spring she could try her hand at track and field; most likely the shot put and/or the discus and javelin throws.

"I don't know how long this tryout will take Steve so please don't wait for me. I'll stop by your house on my way home from school later this afternoon and we can talk."

"O.K. Randi and good luck with the tryout."

For the second time that day, the large, powerful girl leaned over and kissed him; only this time on the lips. "Thanks Steve," she said as she walked off.

"Thanks? For what?"

"For being my friend," Randi said over her shoulder as she entered the women's gym.



The massive girl stood underneath the shower and let the stream of refreshing water wash the sweat off her powerful, naked body. As the water caressed her ample breasts and well-developed muscles, Randi Simpson smiled at what had been a very successful day; perhaps the most successful day of her entire life. Not only did she feel better about herself this day than she'd ever felt before but Steve, her best friend, had no problem accepting her new, buffed look. Also, Randi had not been the least bit intimidated by Shana and the other cheerleaders (as she almost certainly would have been several months earlier). To top it all off, she made the women's basketball team - as the starting center no less.

Although she didn't know too much about the finer points of the game, Randi did know how to use her six-foot, 230 pound muscular body to fight for rebounds with brutal effectiveness. Despite giving up three inches in height to the girl who was the team's starting center the previous year, Randi used her superior weight and strength to completely dominate her rival under the basket; leaving the taller girl black and blue in many places. After the two hour tryout, the position of starting center was Randi's. There was an added satisfaction for her because the girl she reduced to the role of substitute (as well

as tears) was one of those that had teased her when she was obese. All-in-all, it was a very successful day for the former 310 pound fat girl.

Emerging from the shower, Randi paused briefly in front of the mirror in the women's locker room and again admired her powerful body. When the urge became irresistible, she flexed her huge 17 inch biceps; she now had a body she could be proud of. After drying herself off and getting dressed, Randi headed for the exit. On the way out, she stopped next to the crying girl that she had supplanted on the basketball team. "Sorry about that Ginger, but you know how it is; survival of the fittest." Much to her surprise, the tall girl got up, put her long arms around Randi's muscular body and gave her a hug.

"I'm...I'm so sorry about teasing you when you were fat Randi. Please, please forgive me."

"I forgive you Ginger," Randi replied, somewhat stunned as she held out her hand to her former rival. "Friends?"

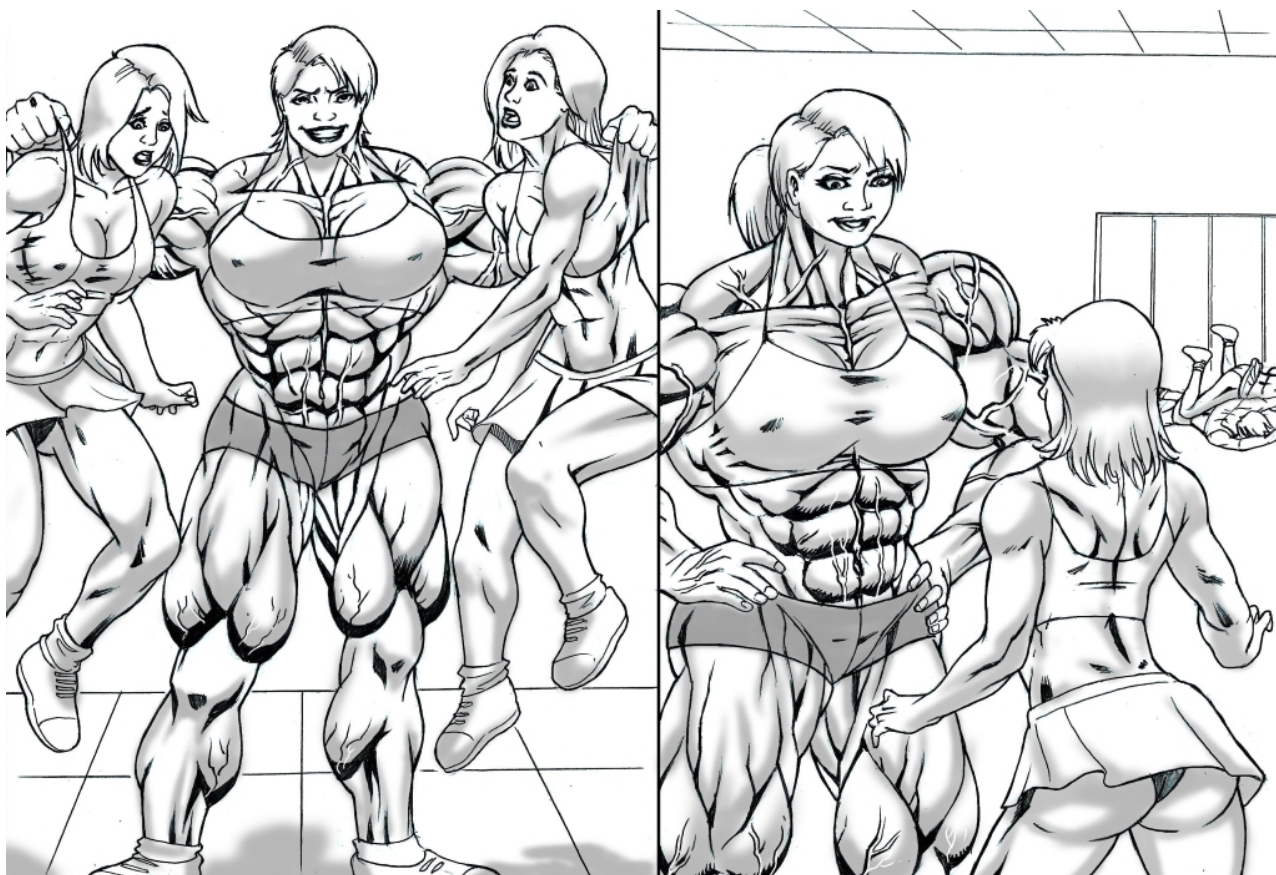
"Friends."

Randi left the women's gym feeling on top of the world. Her first day back at school had gone superbly...and it was about to get even better. "Well, if it isn't the muscle freak," Shana called out from a door on the side of the gym. She and the other cheerleaders were wrapping up their afternoon practice in one of small rooms attached to the main building that they used to work on their routines. Randi could hear the giggling of the other girls coming from inside when Shana said this. As she stared at the girl who had been responsible for so much of the torment she had to endure over the past two years, Randi wondered if this wasn't as good a time as any to settle the score between them. It had, after all, been a very good day for her so far; so why not make it perfect? The six-foot, 230 pound muscular Amazon then changed the direction in which she was walking and, with a stern look on her face, began to approach the room where Shana and her friends were."Just where in the hell do you think you're going, you grotesque She Hulk?"

Before Shana knew what hit her, Randi grabbed the conceited cheerleader by her long blond hair and tossed the 5'6", 130 pound girl back into the room. She then locked the only door behind her and put the key in her pocket. Although there were six girls confronting her, Randi outweighed the largest of them by more than eighty pounds and was at least twice as strong as any of them. "It's payback time for you and your friends Shana," Randi said," prepare to meet your doom."

"You lay I finger on me fatso and you know what my boyfriend will do to you and that nerdy friend of yours?"

"He won't do anything Shana, because after I've finished with you and your friends, I'm going to pay him a visit too. I never understood why you went out of your way to make my life miserable; what did I ever do to you? But that doesn't really matter now because you won't be doing it again. Since this room is virtually soundproof we won't be disturbed. So come on girls, let's get this over with."





As all six of them prepared to attack her at once Randi calmly waited with her hands on her hips. Then they struck. WHACK! The mighty girl backhanded the first to reach her, sending her halfway across the room. A hard slap slammed another into a wall. She then reached out and grabbed two more by the front of their shirts, lifted them both off the ground (more than 240 pounds combined!), and hurled them into another, sending all three crashing to the floor. That left just Shana facing her by herself; with nowhere to run. With an evil smile, Randi slowly began to approach her.

"You...you stay away from me you freak. Somebody, anybody, HELP ME!"

"I'm afraid there's nobody who can hear you Shana. Remember, this room is nearly soundproof. And besides, it's locked from the inside." The large girl backed her antagonist into a corner. "Now, what am I going to do with you? How to make up for the two years

of misery you put me through?" Looking around the room, Randi smiled. "Yes, that's just the thing." She grabbed the smaller girl by the hair again and dragged her over to a chair. Sitting down, Randi yanked Shana across her knee. "You've had this coming to you for a long time now," Randi said as she pulled down Shana's pants and panties. Then, with her strong right hand, the powerful girl began to spank Shana's bare bottom hard; relishing each and every whack. It wasn't long before she had the head cheerleader crying like a baby.

When she felt Shana had suffered enough, Randi made her stand in one of the corners and watch as she then took each of the other girls across her knee and proceeded to spank them too. With no hope of winning a fight against her, and nowhere to run, they sheepishly submitted to strong girl's will. After she had reduced the last girl to tears, Randi lined the crying, humiliated cheerleaders up and gave them all a stern lecture about the abuse she had to endure from them during the two years she was fat. She then made each of them apologise to her and promise never to do it again...to anyone. Looking at her watch Randi said, "it's almost four o'clock, the football team should be finishing their practice around now. C'mon girls, there's one more thing I want to do today; and you're all invited."

Randi then unlocked and opened the door, grabbed all the cheerleaders firmly by their hair - three in each hand - and began to march them to the men's weight room where she knew Shana's boyfriend would be working out. To further add to their humiliation, Randi took them the long way through the campus. The sight of this large, muscular girl, laughing as she dragged the six crying cheerleaders around the school, would be talked about for a long time to come. "This will complete my revenge," Randi thought to herself as they approached the men's weight room and her showdown with Shana's boyfriend - the biggest, strongest and toughest boy in school.



\*\*\*\*\*

All of the athletes that were working out in the men's weight room stopped what they were doing and stared in stunned silence at what was probably the strangest sight any of them had ever seen. "Hi guys," the large, muscular girl casually said as she entered the male domain of testosterone; calmly dragging the six cheerleaders by their hair behind her. "Can anybody here please tell me where I can find Timothy Morgan? I have a score to settle with him."

"He should be here in a few minutes," one of the boys managed to say.

"O.K. then, I'll just lift some weights until he gets here."

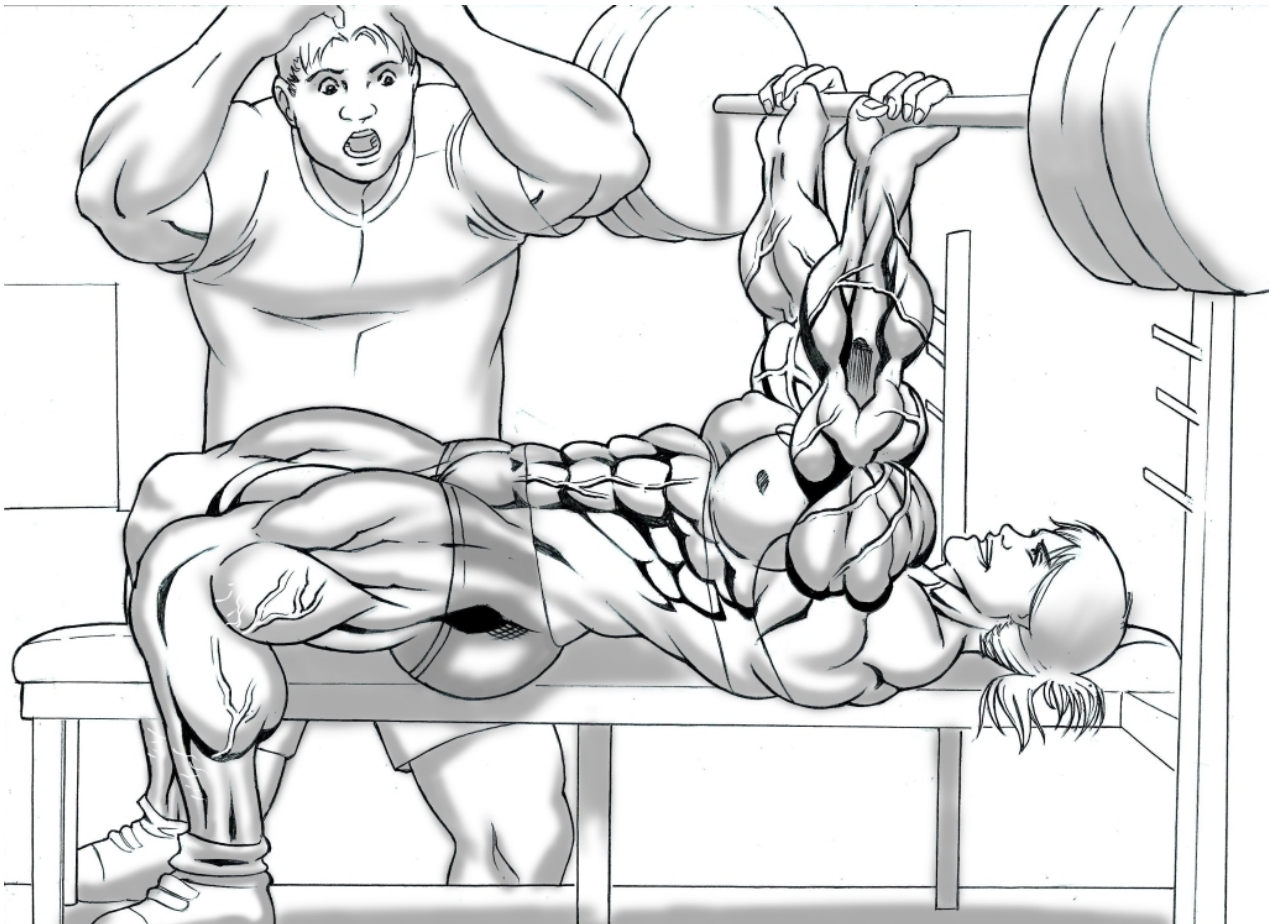
Randi led the girls over to one of the corners and forced them to sit down. "You will remain here until I tell you otherwise," she said sternly. "Leave without my permission and I'll spank you again." Then, turning back to the surprised boys, the six-foot, 230 pound girl flashed her prettiest smile and asked, "So, whose the strongest guy here?"

"I guess I am," a large, 245 pound offensive right tackle said, "Since Tim hasn't arrived yet."

"I remember you. We \*met\* in the hallway this morning; tee, hee, hee. So, how much can you lift Greg?"

"I can bench press 350 pounds."

Randi walked over to a barbell that appeared to weigh around 250 pounds. "While I'm waiting for Tim, let's you and I have a little weightlifting contest. Okay Greg? You go first." Although Randi wasn't speaking to him in a threatening manner, there was something about the way this large girl conducted herself that demanded compliance. Perhaps it was her tone of voice, or the air of supreme confidence she seemed to have in herself. Or maybe it was those 17 inch biceps and massive thighs. Whatever it was, when the powerful brunette said to Greg 'you go first'...he went first.



Greg assumed his position on the bench and grabbed the barbell above him firmly with both hands. Randi stood near-by to help him if he needed it. Slowly, he raised the bar off the stand and began. 1...2...3...4...5...Greg began to struggle now, 6...7...8. When he lowered the barbell for the ninth time he couldn't raise it up so Randi lent her assistance and helped him return it to the stand. "We'll call that eight and a half," she giggled, "Now it's my turn."

After helping Greg up off the bench, Randi laid down and let her long, beautiful brown hair fall to the floor. She reached up, grabbed the bar and began to lower and raise it with surprising ease; calling out the number of lifts as she did. "1...2...3...4...5...6...7...8...9...10...11...12...13...14...and 15! Well, that was fun," she laughed as she returned the bar to its stand. Her laughing was the only sound that could be heard in the weight room; all the boys just stood there in shock. Then they heard another sound, that of the weight room door opening; Tim Morgan had arrived.

"Well hello there Timmy," Randi said as she rose from the bench, "I've been waiting for you."

"Nobody calls me Timmy," the huge boy growled, "I hate that name!"

"Well, I hated to be called fatso Timmy, but that didn't stop you and Shana from calling me that every chance you got. And when poor Steven politely asked you to stop, you beat him up. So now Timmy, I'm going to return the favor." Randi bravely began to walk towards the six-foot five inch, 275 pound football star; smashing her right fist hard into her left palm as she did. "By the time I'm through with you, you're going to regret ever laying a finger on my kind, sweet friend; you big bully."

It was then that Tim noticed Shana and the other cheerleaders sitting in the corner. "What in the hell are they doing here?"

"I invited them Timmy; they're here to watch your demise."

"She beat us all up and spanked us, Tim," Shana cried out. "Then we were humiliated when she dragged us over here by our hair - through the entire campus. When word of this gets out we'll be the laughingstock of the entire school. Kill that Bitch!"

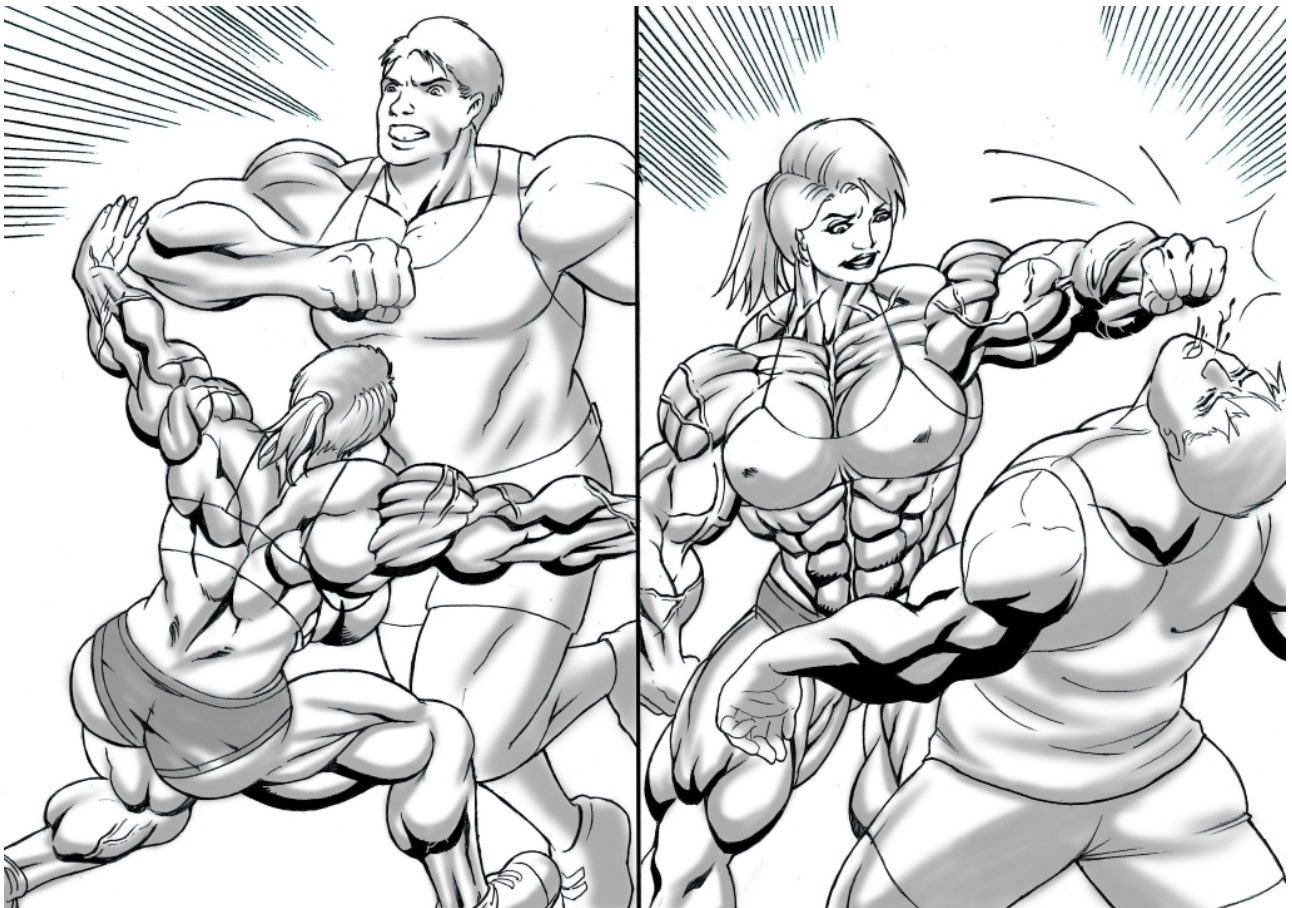
"Bitch? Bitch? My, my Shana, what language. You've just earned yourself another spanking - after I take care of Timmy that is." The powerful girl then turned her attention back to the biggest, strongest, and most feared boy in school. "O.K. tough guy, are you ready to rumble? Let's get it on."

Despite giving up five inches in height and 45 pounds in weight, Randi showed no outward sign of fear as she closed in on Tim. In fact, she had a smile on her beautiful face which seemed to say, "I'm really going to enjoy kicking your ass." Tim, for his part, found himself in a very awkward situation. He was being publicly challenged to a fight - by a girl! - not only in front of all his football buddies but his girlfriend whom Randi had humiliated. Both his pride and reputation were at stake. Girl or no girl, Tim had no choice but fight her; and fight her he would.

Hoping to end this farce quickly, the massive boy threw a hard punch at Randi which, unfortunately for him, she easily ducked under. She then threw a hard punch of her own which connected solidly on his jaw; snapping his head back. Another punch into his unprotected stomach quickly followed by an uppercut to his jaw again and the strong girl sent Tim reeling backwards. He tripped over a barbell lying on the floor and landed flat on his back. "You'd better get used to being on the floor Timmy," Randi giggled, "because I'm going to put you there a lot today."

"Like hell you will!" he screamed as he got to his feet. Furious, Tim charged forward. As he was not a trained fighter, Tim's strategy - if you could call it that - consisted of simply throwing hard punches in the hopes that one of them would land. After all, when you're six-feet five inches tall and weigh 275 pounds, how many kids in high school can stand up to you? None; at least not until now that is.





Remembering the advice Ruth Walker (her martial arts instructor over the summer) gave her, Randi decided not to meet his attack head on but rather to fight on the defensive. She would wait for her large opponent to make a mistake and, when he did, she would strike. It wasn't long before Tim gave her the chance she was looking for. Wham! Pow! Smash! Three solid punches from the powerful girl after she again ducked under his wild right hook stopped Tim in his tracks. A hard kick to the jaw and he was sent on his back again. "Like I said Timmy, you'd better get used to being there; tee, hee, hee."

As Tim was taking longer to rise this time Randi had a few free moments. She gazed at her reflection in the weight room mirror and thought about how the physical changes she underwent over the summer affected her psychological outlook. It was only three months earlier that Randi weighed 310 pounds, hated her appearance and had no self-confidence. Now, she possessed a beautiful, strong 230 pound body and felt absolutely fantastic about herself.



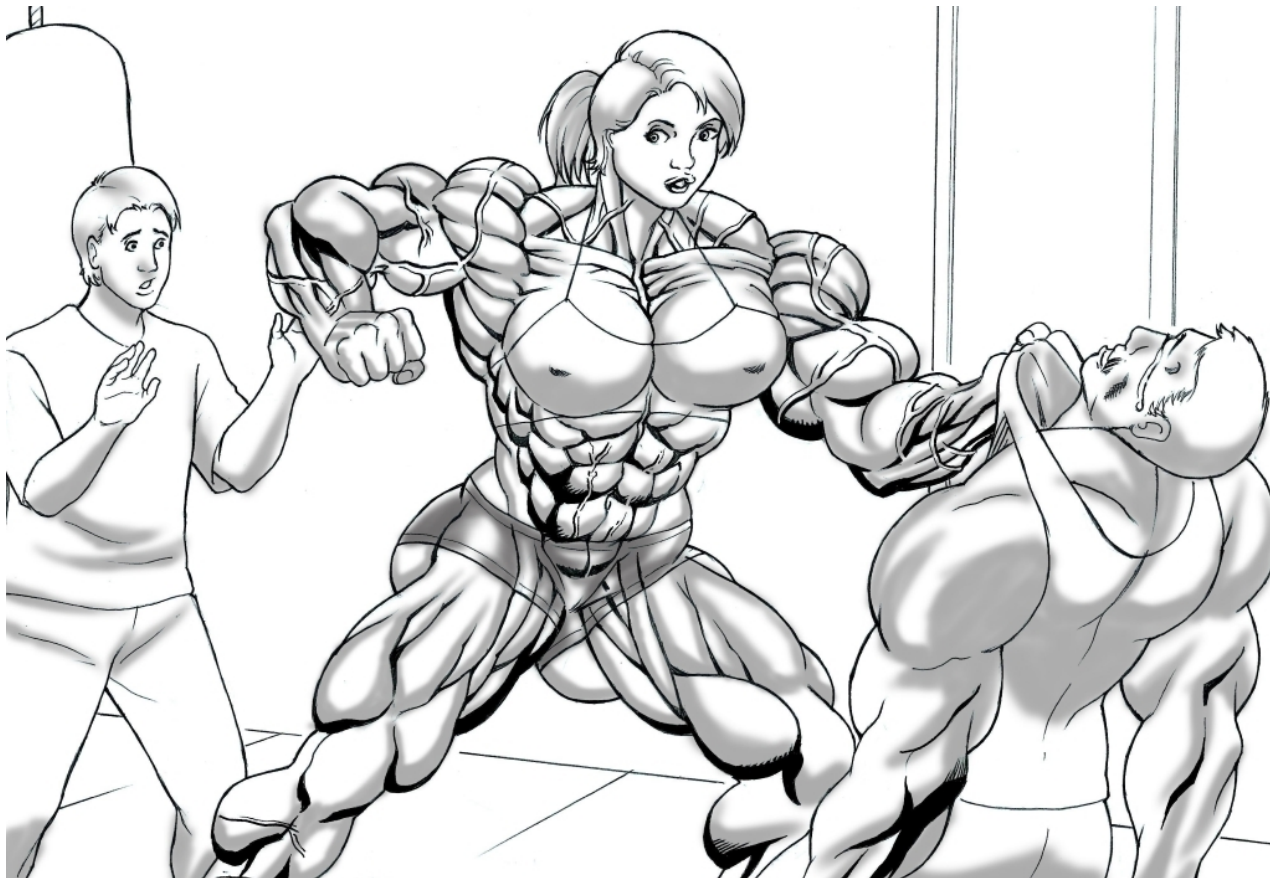
On her very first day back at school she won the starting spot as the center on the women's basketball team, avenged the two years of humiliation she had to endure at the hands of Shana and her cheerleaders and was in the process of beating up the toughest boy in school for hurting her good friend Steve. What a difference three months can make! Randi notice in the mirror that Tim had gotten to his feet and was coming at her. "Oh goodie, ready for some more Timmy?"

This time she did meet his attack head on. A furious exchange of punches then ensued between the huge, angry boy and the beautiful brunette. Tim did manage to hit Randi with some glancing blows, but none of them seemed to have any effect on her. Randi's punches, on the other hand, did. Blood soon began to pour out of Tim's nose and his lip was swelling. After Randi caught him with a solid right cross to his left eye, it began to close.

All the cheerleaders and football players watched in amazement as the powerful, 230 pound girl began to give their hero the beating of his life; laughing and teasing him as she did. "So this is the great Timothy Morgan; the biggest, strongest, most feared boy in school? I'm disappointed in you Timmy; very disappointed. I expected you to give me a much tougher time than this. You do make a good punching bag though; tee, hee, hee."

Randi backed Tim into a corner and began to hammer away at him with her mighty fists. He was barely able to defend himself. "You're bullying days are over tough guy. From now I'm going to see to it that you behave yourself." The humiliation of being battered to a pulp by a girl in front of his teammates and girlfriend proved to be too much for the once proud star athlete; Tim began to cry.

Randi grabbed the now helpless boy firmly by the shirt and cocked back her right fist. "This one's for Steve," she said as she prepared to smash her fist hard into his already mangled face. She would have hit him too, had not a familiar voice behind her said, "Randi, please don't hit him again; he's had enough."





"Why Steve, what are you doing here?"

"I wanted to find out how your tryout for the basketball team went so I hung around the school. When I went to the women's gym to look for you, you weren't there. I asked one of the girls where you might be and she said she saw you heading off in this direction; dragging all the cheerleaders by their hair behind you. Randi, please stop beating up Tim."

"But he hurt you Steve, he must be punished."

"You've already punished him enough. Just look at him; he's a bloody mess. Randi, you made the women's basketball team, got your revenge on Shana and the other cheerleaders and beat Tim Morgan senseless; what more can you possibly want today?"

There was a long pause before Randi smiled and said, "just one more thing Steve."

"What's that?"

"You, I want you. You were the only one that was nice to me all those years when I was fat. You never teased me or said one bad thing about me. You're the best friend I ever had and what's more...I love you. I've felt this way about you for quite some time now but could never tell you because I was so fat. I was afraid you'd reject my love (without even realizing it, Randi released her grip on Tim and he collapsed to the floor, crying). Now that I'm not fat anymore I want you to know how I really feel about you (she put her right foot on Tim's chest and flexed her massive 17 inch biceps for all to see) and if anyone ever hurts you again, they'll have to answer to me."

Steve walked up to Randi, put his arms around the mighty Amazon and gave her a long, loving hug. "Oh Randi, you're incredible; totally awesome! I love you too. Come, let's go home."

"In a few minutes Steve, there's one more thing I have to do." She walked over to Shana and, for the third time, grabbed her by the hair. "Bitch is it?" Randi ignored Shana's pathetic cries and yanked her over to where her boyfriend lay.

She sat down on Tim's large chest, pulled Shana across her knee again and gave her another good spanking. "Every time you speak to me disrespectfully I'm going to spank you Shana, like the naughty little girl you are." Randi got up and placed the crying girl on top of her boyfriend. "Don't they make a lovely couple Steve? Mr. and Mrs. Cry-baby; tee, hee, hee. Now we can go home sweetie pie."

The two of them stepped over the whimpering forms of Tim and Shana. They walked past the other chastised cheerleaders and headed for the exit.





Randi stopped in front of one of the football players. "Thanks for that little weight lifting contest Greg. Let me know when you're ready for a rematch." When she reached the door, Randi paused and turned around. "Remember that old saying? It ain't over until the fat girl sings." She then put her hands on her hips and began to sing in her strong, alto-soprano voice:

"Well a hush fell over the weight room when Timmy came a boppin' in off the street, and when the hurtin' was done the only part that wasn't bloody was the soles of the big man's feet, he was hurt in 'bout a hundred places and was shot in a couple more, you guys had better start singing a different kind of story now I put big Tim on the floor.

You don't tug on Superman's cape, you don't spit into the wind, you don't pull the mask off the old Lone Ranger and you don't mess around with...Randi."

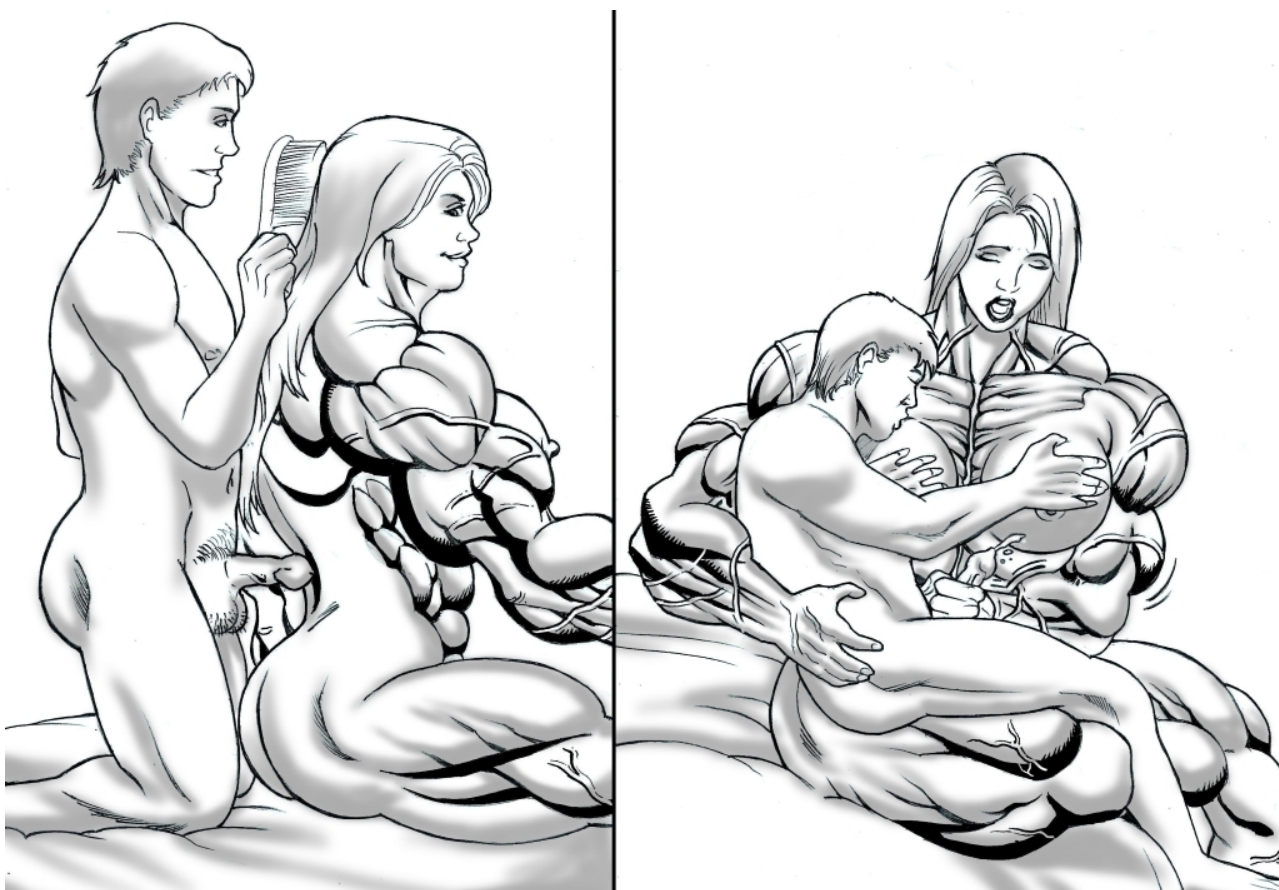
(Okay So it was a very liberal interpretation of the late Jim Croce's song; artistic license you know).

Epilogue: later that evening

Randi's day ended exactly the way it began, standing in front of the mirror in her bedroom admiring her powerful, naked body. After years of being fat, it was still hard for her to believe that this awesome 230 muscular body were really hers. Randi flexed her huge biceps again and recalled what this new body of hers was capable of doing: almost flattening a large football lineman when they accidentally bumped into each other in the hallway, knocking a taller and more experienced girl out of her starting position on the basketball team, slapping around six girls without so much as working up a sweat and easily beating up the strongest, toughest boy in school...all in a single day. The beautiful brunette flexed her huge biceps again.

"You like what you see, don't you Randi?"

"Yes I do Steve, very much in fact." She smiled over at the boy she loved who was sitting on her bed. "Do you?"



"Yes Randi, I think you're body is fantastic."

She walked over to her dresser, picked up her hairbrush and sat down on the bed in front of him. "Here honey, why don't you be a dear and brush my hair; I know you've always wanted to." She was right about that. Steve had always loved Randi's long, beautiful brown hair that nearly reached her waist. Slowly he began to move the brush down her hair; he found doing so to be very erotic. Because he was also completely naked, Steve couldn't hide the erection he was getting. "Oh Stevie," Randi giggled when she felt his sexual organ brush up against her back, "What's that you have there?" She reached back and gently began to stroke his penis. Steve stopped brushing her hair and put his arms around her, fondling her large, firm breasts. Randi began to slowly sway from side to side, quietly moaning as the erotic feelings that she had suppressed inside herself for so long were now threatening to explode in a display of irresistible female passion.

"Steve, did I mention to you that my parents are away and won't be back until the day after tomorrow?"

"Yes you did Randi...twice in fact. Actually, this is the third time. Are you giving me a hint or something?"

Randi reached over to the switch on the wall and shut off her bedroom light. "Yes Stevie, that was a hint; and now I'm going to give you another one. Let's see how smart you really are." Randi put her powerful arms around the only boy she had ever loved and squished him into her massive breasts so hard that he could barely breathe. She put her mouth close to his ear and softly whispered, "and if you need another hint Steve, I can squeeze much, much harder." No further hints were necessary...

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

**Copyright 2016 Amy's Conquest (amysconquest.com)**