

SALLY:
THE STRONGEST GIRL IN THE WORLD
(Part 2)
(an M.C. story)

(amysconquest.com)



Ever since Sally's encounter with the Jock Club that afternoon (the now defunct Jock Club I should add) her life, as well as my own, has changed. Whereas the majority of the student body once considered her to be nothing more than an eccentric, muscle- bound freak, she was now being treated with the utmost respect...even awe. I suppose that's the natural reaction you'd expect people to have after she used her incredible, 19 inch biceps to pound the ten toughest guys in school into hamburger meat and then forced them all to apologise to the students they'd been bullying. But both Sally and I were totally unprepared for the abrupt change in the attitudes most of the people now displayed towards her since she 'came out of the closet'.

Now, when the five-foot six inch, 220 pound musclegirl walks through the halls, all the students stand to the side and let her pass; they even open up doors for her. Strangely, they also do the same for me; even when Sally isn't around. I guess it's a sign of the respect they have for my powerful girlfriend. But the truth is that both Sally and I feel very uncomfortable about all the fuss. Neither of us are used to being the center of attention, nor do we crave it. Sally, despite her tremendous strength and awesome physique, is still a 'shy little girl' at heart, and my one claim to fame is being the third best player on the school's chess team (although I did beat the second guy once).

Things were getting so out of hand that Sally decided it was necessary to address the issue by making an announcement over the school's public address system. "Nobody is to treat either Rick or myself any different than anybody else," she said and added with a giggle, "and whoever does I'm going beat to a pulp." After a few days things began returning to normal; then about a week later...



"Sally Henderson?" the football coach asked as she and I were working out in the weight room one afternoon (now that her secret was out, Sally preferred to work out in the weight room at school rather than her basement as the facilities here are far superior and there's a lot more weight for her to lift).

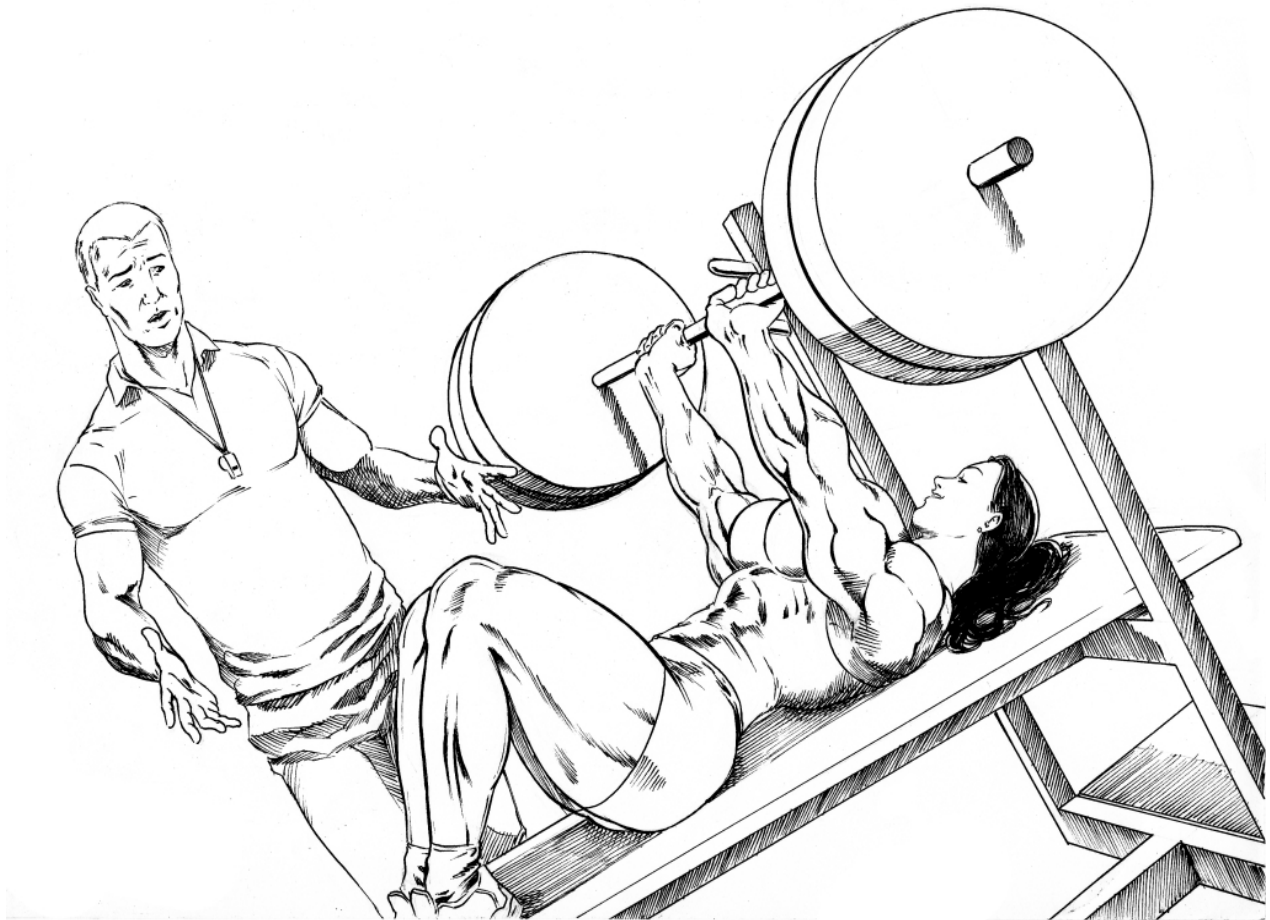
"Yes Coach Brandon, what can I do for you?"

I stood off to the side and watched as the coach nervously approached the mighty 17 year-old girl who had recently demolished some of his strongest players. "Ms. Henderson, I was just wondering....if....if you'd consider playing on the football team next season."

"What? You mean you'd let a girl play on your team?"

"Sure. If she's good enough; why not?"

"And you think I'm good enough? I don't know anything about football Mr. Brandon. All I know how to do is lift weights."



"Didn't you beat up the ten toughest guys in school just a few weeks ago?" (Sally smiled and nodded her pretty head). "Well then, I think we could find a place for you on the team; especially since Robert, Gary and Steve are graduating and won't be around next year."

"Gee coach, I've never really thought about playing football before. What position did you have in mind for me?"

He looked at Sally's awesome 19 inch biceps and her massive 26 inch thighs (and I'm sure the fact that she was casually carrying on a conversation with him while bench pressing 300 pounds didn't escape his attention either) and said with a smile, "any position you like Ms. Henderson, any position you like."

"In that case...I think I'd like to play running back and middle linebacker."

"Are you serious? You want to play on both offence *and* defence?"

"Sure, why not?" Sally giggled as she returned the barbell to its stand, "that way I'd get more exercise; tee, hee, hee."

Coach Brandon stared at Sally for a few moments, no doubt taking in her muscular physique as well as recalling how easily this powerful girl had battered his strongest players around just a few weeks earlier. The fact that his teams have not posted a winning record in five years - they finished a dismal 3-9 this past season - and that his job was on the line, probably also weighed heavily on his mind. "O.K. Ms. Henderson," he said after a lengthy pause, "we have a deal."



He reached over and shook her hand (I swear I saw the large man grimace as he did so). "Pre-season tryouts begin at 9:00 a.m. On August 15th. Ms. Henderson; and, if you make the team, our first game is a month later."

"Thanks Coach, I'll be there; and you can call me Sally." As he left the weight room, my incredibly strong girlfriend looked over at me and smiled. She was still lying on the bench with her long, beautiful brown hair falling to the floor. "Honey, please be a dear and add twenty more pounds to this barbell...your little girlfriend has to get in shape for the football season."

That summer was the most amazing of my life, at least so far. With Sally and I now officially going steady, and my inhibitions about being with this superstrong girl now a thing of the past, she and I shared a wonderful few months together. Being a normal 17 year-old girl, Sally felt the urge for male companionship; and being a normal 17 year-old guy, I felt likewise - for a girl that is. Since she and I had been friends and neighbors for ten years, who could we find to better satisfy our mutual desires than each other? And satisfy them we did...just about every day. If Sally's father had any reservations about this he wisely kept them to himself.

We worked out together, went to the beach together, partied together...and even went shopping together. Yes I know it's boring, but when your girlfriend, who now tips the scales at 225 pounds (she's adding muscle in preparation for the football season) and is built like the Rock of Gibraltar, asks you to go shopping with her, you go. Not that she'd hurt me or anything if I didn't, but I like to play it safe and stay on her good side. Besides, with me Sally prefers to use a carrot instead of a stick. If you've ever been squeezed in the powerful arms of beautiful musclewoman, had your face forced into her massive, firm 42 inch breasts and been made to kiss and caress them while she fondled your penis, you'd know what I'm talking about. No further incentives were necessary. She wants to go shopping, we go shopping; case closed.



As the date for her football tryout approached, Sally intensified her workouts - as if such a thing were possible. She was now lifting weights over four hours a day in addition to running 8-10 miles (I could usually keep up with her for the first four or five). At her last measurement Sally's biceps reached nearly twenty inches and her thighs twenty-eight! "Why not give this football thing my best shot honey?" she answered when I asked her if she wasn't going a little bit overboard in the training department, "who knows where this might lead?"

"You're thinking a university football scholarship Sally?...or the NFL?"

She met my rhetorical questions with a beautiful smile - a weapon every bit as effective against me as her fists had been against the Jock Club. "Haven't you ever heard the saying 'never underestimate the power of a woman', Rick?" Of course I had, it's Sally's favorite saying. I must have heard it at least a dozen times since we started going together; every time I've underestimated her and she's proven me wrong. Like the day before yesterday. We were jogging around the track and she saw some athletes running up and down the stands. "That looks like fun," she said, "let's try it Rick." We ran up and down ten times together, then I got tired. "Oh Ricky, you're such a wimp; tee, hee. Here, climb on my back for the next ten."

"What? You're crazy Sally! There must be thirty rows up to the top."

"Actually, there are only twenty-seven. So, are you going to get on my back, or do you want me to give you a good spanking when we home." Although Sally likes to tease me about giving me a spanking when I'm *bad*, she's never actually done it. Whether she ever would is not something I was willing to risk that day; so I walked behind her and climbed onto her massive back."Hold on tight sweetie pie, I wouldn't want you to fall off and hurt yourself." I put my arms around her neck and held on tightly. My legs were pressing around her rock-solid waist. "O.K. honey, here we go!"

Sally began to climb up the stands, totally oblivious to my 190 pounds clinging onto her back. When reached the top (she was right, there were only twenty-seven rows) Sally immediately turned around and began her descent. "That's one," she laughed when we got to the bottom. Back up she went, and down; and up and down. I noticed practically all of the other athletes had stopped what they were doing and began to watch. Some were smiling, most however just stood in awe. It must have been an amazing sight to witness - this incredible girl walking up and down the steep stands supporting a six-foot, two inch, 190 pound guy on her back.



Only when the count got to eight did Sally begin show signs of fatigue. She was starting to sweat and her breathing became heavier. But would she stop? No way! "I can't stop now honey," she said and added with a laugh," then the stands would think they won." So although she did slow her pace down, my amazing girlfriend nevertheless climbed up and down the stands two more times. When she finished, the crowd on onlookers gave her a very well deserved round of applause."Next time it'll be your turn to carry me Ricky; tee, hee, hee." Yea...right.

Well, the big day came and went; Sally's tryout for the high school football team was a *smashing* success. I say 'smashing' because that's what she did to the tacklers who tried to stop her; she smashed them, literally. More often than not I watched (from the safe distance of the sidelines) my super girlfriend send would-be tacklers flying. She probably sent more time helping them to their feet then she did carrying the football; and she was no less awesome on defence. Any ball carrier who managed to get past the line was sent flat on his back by her.



After awhile, Coach Brandon had to take Sally aside and explain to her to 'go easy' on them; after all, 'it's just a tryout and they are all on the same team'.

"Oooopsie, I'm sorry coach," I overheard her say, "I'll try to be more gentle with them from now on. I guess I sometimes get a little bit too carried away; tee, hee, hee." Oh, did I neglect to mention? Sally made the team as both the starting fullback and middle linebacker.

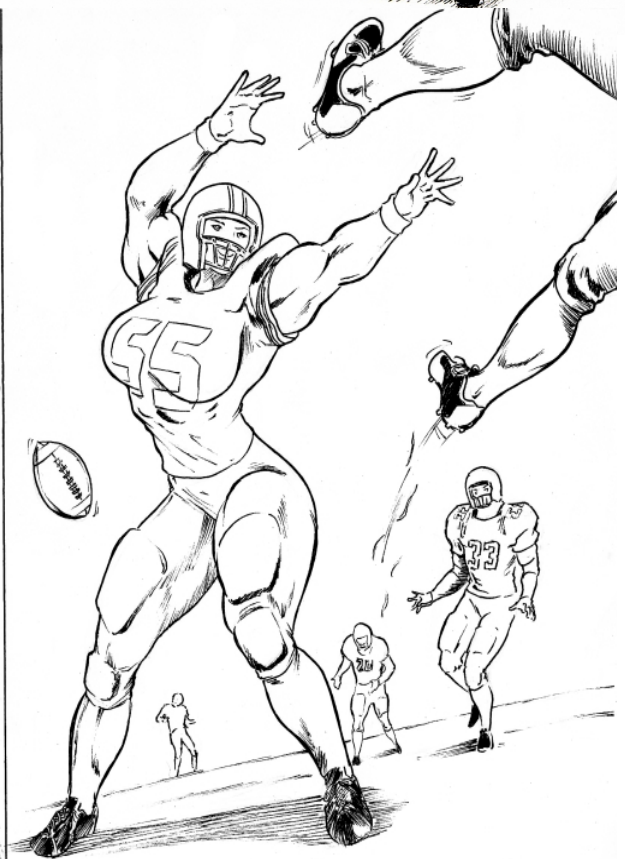
One Month Later: Sally's First Game

I sat behind my massive girlfriend and brushed her long, beautiful brown hair; the irony wasn't lost on me. It was the first game of the new season and she was about to make her debut as a football player for our high school team.

Coach Brandon managed to secure a small, private dressing room just for her. I helped her put on her shoulder pads, knee pads and her uniform. But just before I put on her helmet, she smiled at me and giggled, "please brush my hair Ricky."

"What does it matter Sally? Since you'll be playing on both offence and defence, you'll be wearing a helmet for most of the game anyway. I doubt there will be more than a few minutes where you'll have your helmet off. What difference does it make how your hair looks? This is a football game after all."

"Because I'm still a girl Rick...or have you forgotten?" She put her strong left hand down into my pants and gently began to fondle my penis (I'm sure glad Coach Brandon got us this private room). "And I'll always be a girl. Out there (she motioned towards the football stadium) I may be a football player, but in here I'm Sally, your girlfriend...dig?" I nodded. "Good, then please give my pretty hair a brush-up before the game. There's a lot of people out there (a capacity crowd of nearly 10,000 I would estimate) and I want to look my best." So, ten minutes before the first game of the season, I was brushing the hair of our team's starting fullback and middle linebacker...does life get any weirder?



That night Sally was - and I hate to use this word over and over again but there simply isn't another in my lexicon to describe how she was - AWESOME!!! (perhaps incredible will do too, but I'd like to save that for another occasion). On offence, she carried the ball twenty-five times, gained 230 yards and scored five touchdowns! Sally plowed through the opponent's defence - often dragging several defenders along with her - as if they were nothing more than a Pop Warner team, not a major high school with one of the best defences in the city; and as middle linebacker she was no less...incredible (smile).

Any runningback who broke through our defensive line up the middle was flattened by the powerful girl. Tossing aside blockers with ease, Sally - now weighing 230 pounds - literally slammed the ball carriers to the ground. She also broke through their line and sacked the quarterback four times. A team which had averaged over 300 yards in offence last season was held to a measly 120 tonight as we shellacked them 35 - 0! It was a spectacular debut for Sally and would, no doubt, be in all the headlines of the newspapers tomorrow. What's next? I thought to myself. A city title? A football scholarship to a major university? After what I saw this amazing girl do tonight the sky's the limit for her....but where does that leave me in the picture? Or am I still in the picture at all?

After attending the obligatory after-game victory party, where Sally's grateful teammates triumphantly carried her in on their shoulders, she and I walked home. "What's the matter honey-bunny?" she asked with a smile on her beautiful face, "I noticed you seem rather quiet tonight?"



It took a long time for me to respond to her question, I was wrestling with what I wanted to say. Finally I blurted out, "it's nothing Sally, just forget it." But Sally is not one who takes 'no' for an answer. The powerful five-foot, six inch, 230 pound muscular girl stopped in her tracks and grabbed me firmly by the collar of my shirt; then she literally lifted me off the ground. "Rick...what the hell is bothering you? Tell me NOW!"

"It's...it's that you just destroyed one of the best football teams in the city Sally; virtually single-handedly. If they couldn't stand up against you, who can? And what am I to you? I mean really? I'm just the boy who lives across the street. You're destined for greatness Sally; I saw that tonight. Didn't you hear the way everybody was cheering for you during the game? Sally!, Sally!, Sally!"

And the way your team carried you into the party on their shoulders? I'm not sure I really fit into all of this; after all, I'm just the third best player on the school's chess team."

Sally gently lowered me to the ground and released her grip on my shirt, then she sighed. We continued to walk home in silence; she appeared to be deep in thought. Finally, just as we approached her home, Sally turned to me and said, "Rick, if you didn't want me to fall in love with you, you should never have come over to my house the day after I moved into the neighborhood and volunteered to walk to school with me so there'd be at least one person I know there.

You should never have come over when I had the flu and kept me updated as to what we were learning so I wouldn't fall too far behind the rest of the class. If you didn't want me to fall in love with you, you should never have bought me presents on my birthday or on Christmas, or given me cards on Valentine's Day...

"You should never have stuck by me while practically everyone else thought I was some sort of freak for lifting weights. True, you felt it was a little bit strange too; but you never let that effect your relationship with me. Day in and day out, you and I would walk to and from school together. When bullies would bother you, I'd beat them up; and you took me to see movies. True, we never call them *dates*, but let's face it Rick, that's what they were. If you didn't want me to fall in love with you, then you should never have become the best friend I ever had. But you are, and you always will be. So honey, whether you like it or not, our fates are tied together. Wherever I go, you go. Whatever I accomplish in my life, you'll be right there beside me to share it with me. I'm a one guy girl Rick, and you're that guy...so deal with it!"



When we reached her home Sally smiled at me as she bent over. I felt her strong right arm wrap around my ankles as I was being lifted up off the sidewalk and placed over her shoulder. "Come honeybunch, let's celebrate our team's first victory of the season...the first of many." My superstrong girlfriend then carried me into her home and straight to her bedroom. We *celebrated* the rest of that night and most of the day after...(wink).

I watched with a mixture of tremendous pride and awe as my superstrong girlfriend almost single-handedly demolished one football team after another that season; the only word I can use to describe her is AWESOME!

On offence, Sally would use her powerful, five-foot six inch, 230 pound muscular body like a bulldozer - literally plowing through the other team's defenses and flattening would-be tacklers.

No matter how big and strong a defender was, it was rare when only a single guy managed to bring her down. And when one did, Sally made a point of running at him again soon afterwards; often leaving him on his back this time. "It's a 'female pride' thing," she giggled when I asked her about it.

Often it took at least two defenders to stop her, and then only after she dragged them forward for several yards. Sally was averaging over 250 yards rushing and five touchdowns a game! Her stats would have been even more impressive had she not insisted on sitting out for most of the fourth quarter after our victory was assured; she wanted to let some of the other players on her team share in the limelight.



On defence Sally was no less awesome. Rare was the time when a running back managed to get by her; nor could only one offensive lineman block her out of a play. When one tried, he usually found himself on the grass. Showing her sportswomanship though, Sally would help him to his feet after the play was over and give him a playful pat on the rear end. The opposing teams soon learned not to try and run straight up the middle against our super linebacker, opting for sweeps to the sides instead, but with her incredible speed, Sally was still usually able to get to the play.

And pity the poor offensive linemen when my powerful girlfriend decided to *blitz* (to charge in and try to sack the quarterback), something she succeeded in doing around four times a game. Sally would push the large boys aside as if they were small children; not 250 pound, muscular guys. Put succinctly, the mighty brunette was a one-woman wrecking crew on the gridiron.

As our victories piled up, Sally's reputation grew. No longer just a curiosity, my amazing girlfriend soon became a topic of national news. Universities from all over the country were sending scouts and recruiters out to watch her play; and even NFL teams were showing an interest. Anyone who watched Sally in action couldn't help but be impressed by what they saw this incredible girl do on the football field as she led our undefeated high school team into the city championship game. As if to drive home her point, Sally ran for 315 yards and scored six touchdowns as we cruised to a 42-14 victory.

But despite her success and new-found fame, Sally's personality remained exactly the same as it had always been; and her relationship with me unaltered. Every morning Sally insisted that she and I walk to school together, every lunch period we sat down and ate together, and every afternoon after her football practice we'd walk home together; then we'd do our homework ...together. But despite all of this, I still couldn't help feeling a little bit insecure about our relationship. I mean, she's so amazing, so awesome; what's her attraction to me?

"How many times do I have to explain it to you Rick ?" Sally asked with more than a trace of exasperation in her voice after I mentioned to her she that could date someone else if she wanted to. "I'm a one guy girl and you're that guy; and I don't give a damn if you are only the third best player on the high school chess team." (Actually, through diligence and hard work, I did improve to become the school's second best chess player that year. The number one spot was, however, out of my reach because Nancy Turner, one of Sally's best friends, was way too good for me. Although I did manage to beat her a couple of times when she came over for a visit...but only because she would play without one of her castles).

Shortly after Sally and I began our final semester in high school she proved to me once and for all just how dedicated a friend she was; and I realized just how lucky I am to have her for a girlfriend. We were lying in her backyard on the grass together one lazy Saturday afternoon when she turned to me and casually said, "Oh by-the-way Ricky, I have some news which might be of interest to you. You know that university that you said you'd very much like to attend if you were accepted? Well it looks like we'll both be going there in the Fall; me on a football scholarship and you on a scholastic one."



"Really? That's wonderful news Sally! I didn't think they'd accept me with only a 3.5 grade point average. It's a very difficult university to get into." But after thinking it over for a few moments a strange thought crept into my head. "Wait a minute Sally, how did you know about this before I did?" Her answer came in the form of a wink and a giggle...and then it hit me right between the eyes. "You mean you got me in Sally? You got them to take me?"

Sally put her powerful arms around me and forced my head into her large breasts (we were lying naked at the time). "Like I told you many times before sweetie pie, you and I are a team. Wherever I go, you go. If they want me to play football for them, then they have to accept you too. If not, then I'm sure there are many other schools that will be more than happy to have me on their team. How many times have I already proven this to you? There are advantages to having a strong friend...even if she's just a little girl."

The rest of that school year seemed to take on a dreamlike quality for me. Sally followed up her smashing success on the gridiron with another athletic endeavor. Coach Brandon, the football coach who first brought up the idea of Sally playing on his team, also happened to be the wrestling coach. Not surprisingly, he asked Sally to try her hand at wrestling too. Because she weighs 230 pounds, Sally tried out for - and easily won - the heavyweight position on the wrestling team; the *men's* wrestling team. She defeated every opponent she faced on the mats - often with ridiculous ease - and helped lead our school to yet another city championship.



But her *crowning* achievement (I know it's a bad pun but those were her words) came when my beautiful five-foot six inch, super girlfriend was chosen to be the queen of the senior prom. Coming only one day after she was named the city high school 'athlete of the year', it capped what had been a fantastic senior year for Sally; a year which began with her being considered as nothing more than a 'musclebound freak' by practically all of the student body. Oh, and did I mention that I finished sixth place in the city high school chess championships (which Nancy won)? I guess I forgot, but you know how much I hate to brag about myself (wink). So, all things considered, Sally and I had a wonderful senior year in high school...a wonderful year indeed.

Summer vacation! Those words have a magical charm for probably every high school student in the world. But our summer vacation would be a relatively short one because Sally and I had to move up to the university in less than two months - she had to get there early because of her pre-season football practices which begin in mid-August.

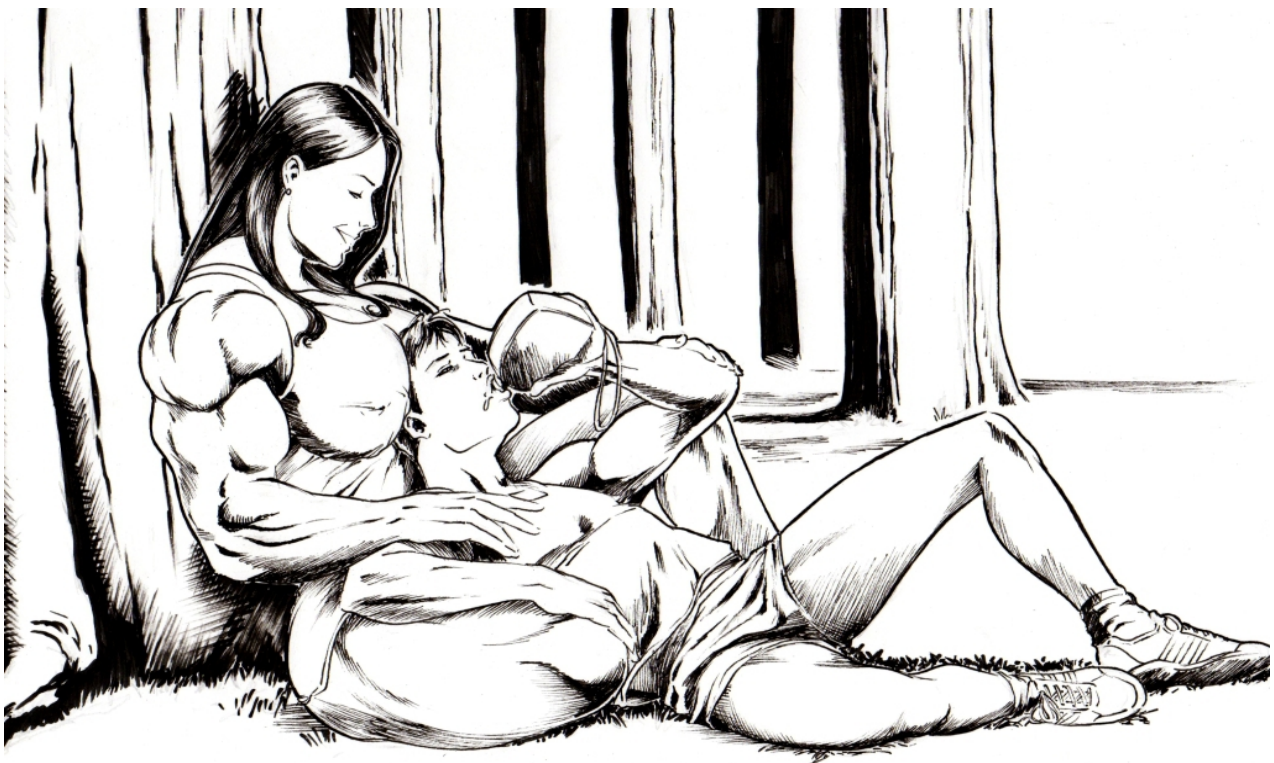
We decided to make the most of what leisure time we did have together and spend a couple of weeks backpacking up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains (a high and rugged range that runs for most of the length of Eastern California). So shortly after school let out Sally and I packed up our backpacks, got into my new used car - a graduation present from my parents - and 'headed for the hills' so to speak.

We drove up to King's Canyon National Park where we took in some the monstrous giant Sequoia trees in the Grant Grove before driving into the canyon itself. Parking my car at Cedar Grove, we donned our backpacks and set out on our trek into the high Sierras. We planned to hike along the famous Pacific Crest Trail - a 2,000 mile trail that begins on the California- Mexican border and goes all the way north to Canada - for a couple of weeks. Being in pretty good shape, I managed to keep up with my superstrong girlfriend for awhile. But after about two hours of hiking at her brisk pace I began to tire.

"Rick, why can't you simply say, 'I'm tired Sally, let's take a break for a bit'?" she asked me after noticing that I was breathing hard and sweating.

"I...I don't want to hold you back Sally."

My mighty girlfriend came over to me and shook her head from side to side. Then she took off her backpack - which weighed nearly 75 pounds - and helped me remove mine; which was only around 40. Then she led me over to a large tree where we sat down and drank some water. "Honey," she began in a soft measured tone, "this is not a competition between us; I *never* want to compete against you...in anything. We're here for one purpose and one purpose only, to enjoy each other's company. So if you feel tired and need to rest, then please don't be afraid to tell me"



She put her strong arms around me and we began to hug each other. "You're the last person on earth that I ever want to be in competition with Rick...dig?" I nodded my head as we continued hugging. After a few more minutes of tender embrace we rose to our feet. I helped her put her backpack on (God that thing's heavy) and she helped me with mine; then we resumed hiking - although I couldn't help but notice that Sally had slowed the pace down considerably. When I mentioned this to her she smiled and said, "so we have more time to appreciate the awesome beauty of this place honey." And so we did.

Around five in the afternoon we came upon a beautiful area near a small lake and decided to make camp for the night. "Remember what that park ranger at Cedar Grove told us Sally," I reminded her as we were setting up our tent," about that huge, fierce black bear that's been raiding camp-sites throughout the area looking for food. He strongly recommended that we keep our food far away from the tent."

"Oh I wouldn't worry too much about that sweetie pie," she replied calmly,"if some mean old bear comes around here your strong, little girlfriend will protect you (wink)."

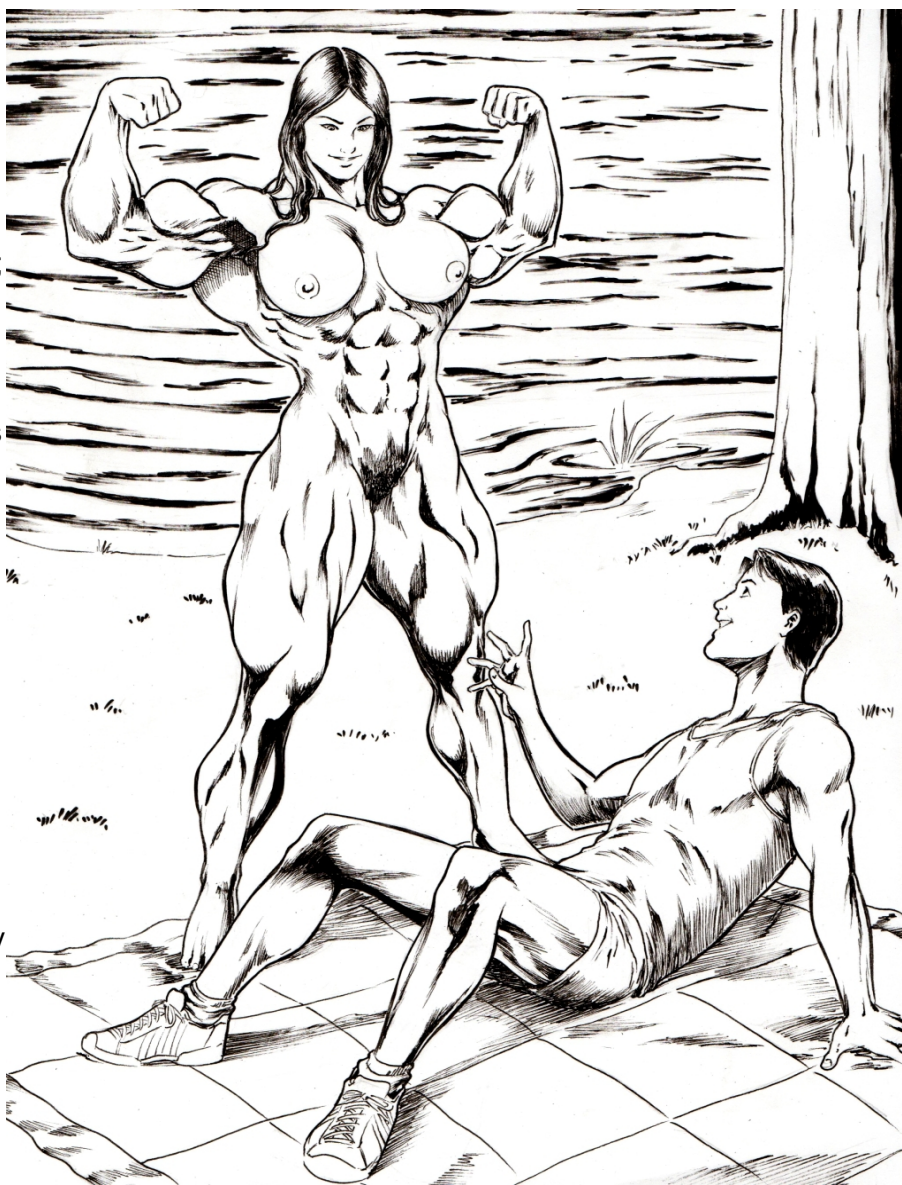
"Sally, you may be strong - incredibly strong in fact - but we're talking about a bear here, a very large and fierce bear according to the ranger. This isn't the *Jock Club*, this is a bear!"

"You worry way too much about things Rick, it's not healthy you know. Our camp's set up now, so what say you and I go skinny dipping in the lake?" Without waiting for my answer, Sally began to take off her clothes; revealing her awesome, muscular body. She then smiled at me and flexed her huge biceps, fully aware of what seeing her do that does to me. "See you in the lake Ricky." Before I even began to undress, I saw her disappear into the clear, cold water of the high mountain lake. About a minute later her head emerged. "Come on in honey, the water's wonderful. A little nippy perhaps...but very refreshing."

"Nippy? Nippy? Sally, the damn thing's freezing!" I yelled as I got in as far as my thighs. The pristine mountain lakes in the High Sierra are fed directly melting snow. This one, located on the Pacific Crest Trail, was probably at an altitude of over 8,000 feet; in other words...it was indeed freezing!

"Oh don't be such a wimpy boy Rick," she giggled as she splashed me,"just jump in all at once."

"I can't, I don't go into water that way." I saw Sally disappear under the water again and felt an ominous sense of foreboding as she began to swim towards me. Suddenly I felt a strong hand grab each of my ankles and I was literally lifted up in the air; she was holding up my 190 pounds by the ankles! She then placed a hand underneath each of my feet and I knew what was coming next. "Sally don't...please!"





"You know I wouldn't do anything to hurt you honeybunch. This is for your own good; tee, hee."

"Sally...don't!" Too late - not that she would have stopped anyway. I was hurled fully 15 feet through the air and landed, head first, into the ice-cold water (did I mention that there were certain *disadvantages* to having a girlfriend with amazing strength too?). I stood up from the freezing, waist high water where Sally had thrown me only to be immediately tackled by my naked, giggling girlfriend and dunked again. She then lifted me up and tossed me even further out into the lake.

"Here honey, if you're cold let my body warm you up." I felt her massive arms wrap around me and I was squeezed into large, well formed breasts (well, don't I deserve some consolation for having to go through all of this?). We stood in the middle of the freezing lake hugging each other. As we did so, I noticed a large, black form lumbering along the shore of the lake in the direction of our camp-site; the unmistakable form of a bear. "Sally...look!"

"Well, well," she said with surprising calmness, "it seems as if we have a visitor, don't we?" Sally and I were approximately 50 feet from the shore, then it was another 20 to our camp-site while the bear was still about 100 yards away.

"Maybe we should wait here Sally, he probably just wants our food anyway."

"Of course he does honey...but he's not going to get it," she said as she began making her way towards the shore. "Those are our rations for the next two weeks and I'll be damned if I'm going to let some bear ruin our vacation; I've been looking forward to this for way too long."

"But...but what are you going to do about it Sally? That's a bear!"

"I'm glad to see that our little swim hasn't dulled your powers of observation Ricky," she giggled. "Yes, it certainly is a bear; and as to what I'm going to do about it, well just wait and see." When we got to the edge of the lake my girlfriend turned to me and said, "you wait here honey, I'll handle this."

She then walked over to our camp-site and stood in front of it with her hands on her hips, barring the bear's way. "O.K. Mr. bear," the fearless girl said as the large carnivore approached, "if you'll be a good boy and turn around, I won't have to get rough with you."

Rough? Rough? I couldn't believe what I was seeing; or hearing. My five foot-six inch, 230 pound, naked girlfriend was facing off against a huge animal that weighed well over three times as much as she did. What hope could Sally possibly have against this fierce carnivore? But still she stood her ground. And what did the bear do? When he was only a few feet away from her he stood up on his hind legs and let out a loud "ROAR"! Perhaps his intent was only to intimidate Sally, to get her to move aside so that he could raid our food supplies. But if that was his intention she wasn't buying it. "Very well then Mr. bear," Sally said, "it looks like I'll have to do this the hard way."



I looked on in stunned silence as my amazing girlfriend took a few steps forward towards the seven foot creature that towered over her. She clenched her right fist and "WHAM!" drove it deep into the bear's belly - he was probably as surprised as I was that she did this. The force of her blow caused the huge animal to keel forward, then "CRACK!" Sally's left fist met his jaw with a powerful uppercut. Then she hit him again with a hard right hook. I stood there in complete disbelief as I watched Sally's punch spin the large animal completely around before he fell to the ground in a daze. In the space of perhaps ten seconds, my incredible girlfriend sent the 750 pound black bear flat on his back.

But Sally wasn't through with him yet. She looked over at me and smiled, then walked around to the stunned bear's side. Lifting her left leg up, she straddled him and placed her firm, naked buttocks on his chest; then she began punching him in the jaw with her fists. "Sally, are...are you going to kill him?" I asked as I approached the incredible scene that was being played out right before my eyes.

"Oh don't be silly Rick, that would be both cruel and unnecessary. I'm not even hitting him very hard. But I do want to teach him a lesson, that he should leave us alone. Why don't you get your digital camera out of your backpack honey...this might be a memory worth preserving (wink)." She was right; damn, why didn't I think of that? I ran over to our tent and got my camera. By the time I returned, my mighty girlfriend had beaten the huge bear senseless.



She got up, put her right foot on the battered creature's chest and flexed her awesome 20 inch biceps for me while I snapped away. I took over thirty shots from every conceivable angle - one of which is now the background on my computer screen (people who see it insist that the bear must be a fake...what can you do?).

After our photo session, Sally got off the bear, bent down and rolled his 750 pounds over so that he was now lying on his stomach. She sat down on top on him again, only this time lower down on his back and facing his posterior side. "What are you going to do to him now Sally?"

"I'm going to make sure that this mean old bear doesn't bother us again...or anybody else for that matter."

"How are you going to do that?"

She smiled at me and simply said, "watch." With her strong left hand, this incredible girl then began to spank the huge bear's behind...hard. I continued to take pictures of this amazing sight - my gorgeous, powerful, naked girlfriend straddling the huge black bear whom she had just beaten up and spanking him. "Maybe you should save that for later honey," she giggled as she looked down at the enormous erection I'd gotten from watching her incredible feat of strength (remember we were both completely naked). Sally continued to spank the huge creature until he began to howl out in pain. She then got off him and walked around so she was now standing only two feet away from his face. "O.K. now Mr. bear," my awesome girlfriend began sternly as she waved her index finger directly in front of him, "I hope you learned your lesson today; leave me and my boyfriend alone. Because if I catch you anywhere near our campsite again I'm going to spank you twice as hard; understand?"



The battered animal groggily rose and, with some difficulty, managed to stand up on all fours. He looked at the girl that had beaten him up so comprehensively for a few moments and then slowly began to stagger off. He may not have understood the words Sally spoke to him, but I'll bet he got her message loud and clear. As we watched the beaten bear slowly limp away, Sally reached down and grabbed my very much enlarged penis. "Well honey, now that I've taken care of him let's see if I can do something about this little guy here; tee, hee, hee." She led me inside our tent and zipped it closed; we didn't emerge until the following morning.

I awoke to the sound of eggs frying over an open fire and the smell of freshly brewed coffee. "Why hello there sleepy head," Sally greeted me with a smile, "breakfast will be ready in a few minutes. In the meantime how about a cup of coffee?" Still somewhat in a dreamlike state, I slowly ambled over to where she was cooking. Then I saw something near-by that stopped me dead in my tracks. "Is...is that a mountain lion Sally?" I asked, pointing to the large feline lying on its side not twenty feet away from me.

"Yes it is," she answered casually without even looking up. "He was groping around our camp-site earlier this morning. I didn't want him to disturb you while you were sleeping so I knocked him out." Sally dumped the fried eggs onto a plate and motioned for me to come over and sit next to her on a large log. When I did so, she handed me a fork and a cup of coffee. "Bon appetit sweetie pie." Noticing that my attention was still glued to the unconscious mountain lion lying just a few feet in front of us, Sally said, "don't worry about him honey, he'll be out for awhile yet. I probably smacked him a bit too hard. I guess I'm too used to punching out bears; tee, hee, hee."

As we shared the plate of fried eggs, the big cat slowly began to stir. By the time we were nearly finished he was getting to his feet. "Here kitty," Sally said as she got up and walked over to him, "let me help you on your way." She reached down and grabbed the mountain lion firmly by the tail with her strong hands; then began to spin around, moving faster and faster with each revolution. As Sally whirled the huge, 150 pound mountain lion around, I looked on in awe and wondered: is there nothing this amazing girl could not do? I was also getting another hard-on as I watched Sally's gorgeous, powerful, naked body in action - her long, beautiful brown hair flying out in all directions and her girlish giggle as she spun the large cat around as if he were just a kitten.

After about ten revolutions Sally released her grip on his tail and sent the stunned feline flying at least fifty feet through the air. He landed in the middle of the lake, just where she intended. "Have a nice swim kitty cat," Sally giggled as she returned to the log and calmly resumed eating her breakfast. As we watched the mountain lion swim rapidly to the opposite shore (no doubt trying to get as far away from Sally as he possibly could) my incredible girlfriend turned to me and asked, "how were the eggs this morning Ricky? I hope I didn't overcook them."

"No Sally," I replied as the large cat emerged from the lake and ran into the forest as fast as he could, "they were perfect...just like everything else you do."



"Oh honey," she giggled as she reached over and grabbed my rock-hard penis, "you're such a sweetie pie. Come, let's see what else we can discover about each other." Holding me firmly by the penis Sally led me back inside the tent. I just hope that no other bears or mountain lions disturb us...for their sake.

Epilogue

Just out of curiosity I called up the ranger station at Cedar Grove several months later and asked them what had become of the large black bear that was raiding camp-sites for food. The ranger told me that a very unusual thing had happened. Sometime in late June the attacks suddenly stopped; and that even though the bear had been spotted many times in the vicinity of campers and hikers, he never bothered anybody again. To the contrary, every time a woman would approach him, he'd turn tail and run away. "It's the damnest thing I've seen in my 25 years with the National Park Service," he told me over the phone. "I have no explanation for it."

"Maybe that fierce bear of yours met someone even tougher than he was and taught him a lesson."

"And just who do you know that could teach a seven foot, 750 pound black bear a lesson?"

I smiled to myself, said "good-bye" and hung up the phone.

THE END

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