

# SANDI STONE: THE PICK UP

- a David Sullivan story -

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I saw her sitting alone at a table at the back of the bar. She had long, golden blonde hair which framed her beautiful face. I asked Fred the bartender who she was. He said that he had never seen her before and that she was alone. He also told me that several guys had talked to her and that none of them had gotten anywhere. What the hell, I thought. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. I went up to her and introduced myself. I told her that my name was Jake Roberts. She said that her name was Sandi and that it was her twenty-first birthday. I offered to buy her a drink. She looked up at my five foot ten inch frame and accepted.



I sat down across from her. She ordered a fruit juice when the barmaid came over. She was wearing a loose fitting warm-up suit, so I couldn't see what kind of a body she had except for the fact that she was very busty. She seemed to be a little large everywhere else also, but me being a chest man, I could live with it. We talked for a while about this and that when she asked me if I liked athletic women. I told her that I had never dated any female athletes. I told her that I thought that women's athletics was all a sham anyway. Women were all weaker and slower than men. They could only play golf and tennis and were too prissy for contact sports. I told her that female bodybuilders were all dykes who really wanted to be men.

She just smiled at me and said that I was probably right. The subject never came up again as we continued our conversation. I finally asked to come over to my place for a nightcap and she said that her house was only about a mile away and that she had a surprise for me if I wanted to see it. I said yes and we left the bar.

When we got outside I got a better view of her. She was about five-six and looked a bit heftier than I liked. I figured a bird in the bed was better than two in the bar, and besides, she did have that big chest. We each got in our cars and I followed her to her house. When we got to her house I asked her about her boyfriends. She told me about a guy named Brad who used to live with her. She said that he had suffered some severe injuries and that he was in the hospital. We were in her well appointed living room when I asked her about the surprise that she had promised me. She told me that it was in the next room. She told me in a sexy voice that she was going in first. I was to wait five minutes before I went in and that I was to be "real comfortable" when I went in. After she left I stripped to my shorts. I knew that I was going to like her "surprise".





I went into the darkened room. The five minute wait had given me an erection of anticipation. I was surprised by the feel of the floor. It was real soft. It felt more like gym matting than like carpet. Lights suddenly came on and I could see that the room was totally bare except for the fact that all the walls and the floor were covered by mats. There was also a large T.V. set mounted high up on the wall, facing down at a slight angle. I heard the door close behind me. "Surprise!" Sandi said. I whirled around. She was still wearing her warm-up suit. "What the hell is going on!" I said. "I thought that you would like to see my confirmation room." She said brightly. "What the hell is a confirmation room?" I spat out. "It's the room where I confirm the fact that male chauvinist assholes like you are nothing but limp dick weaklings."

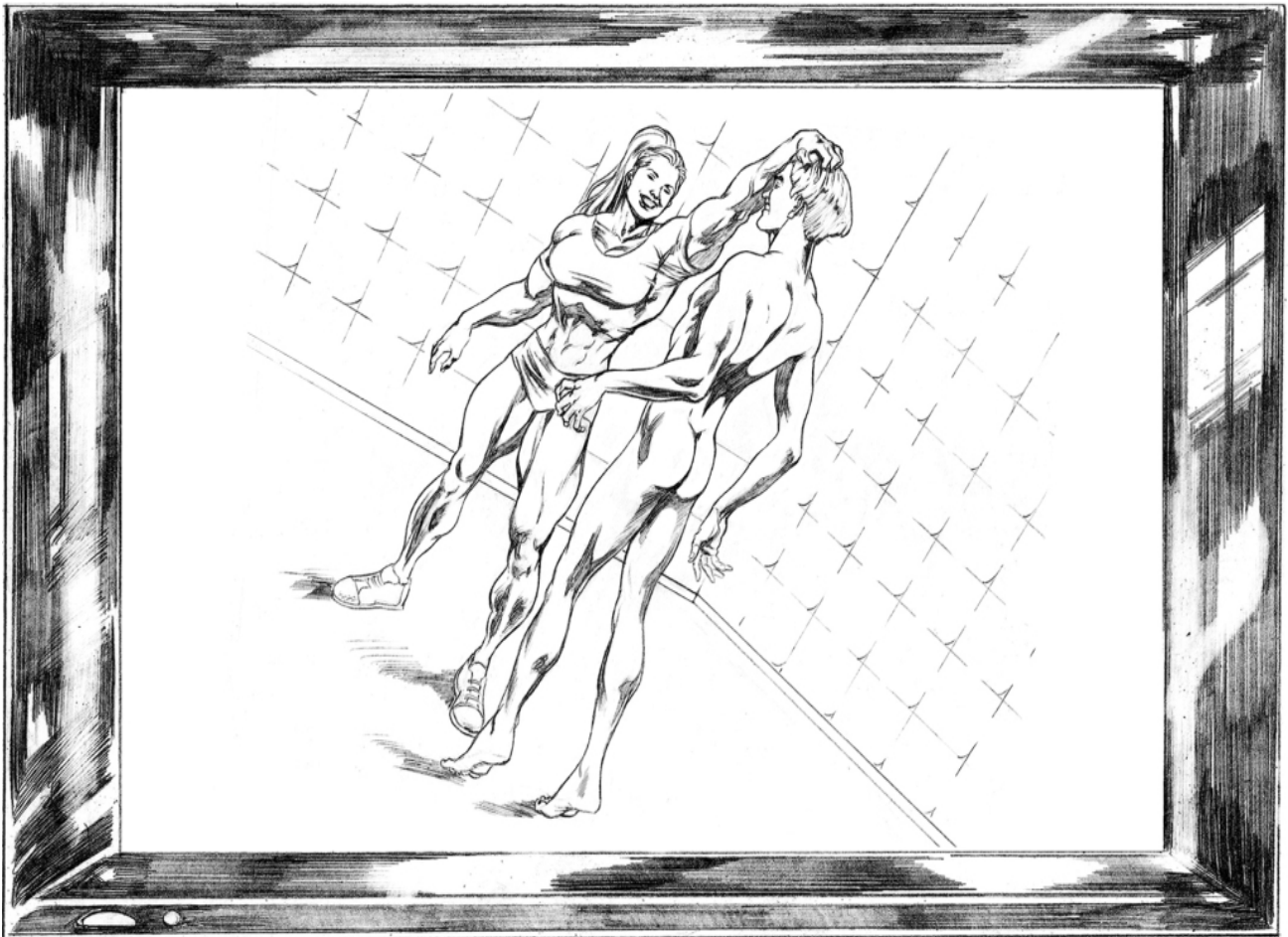
She was starting to piss me off. I had fully expected to get laid when I went in the room and now she was giving me a load of feminist bullshit. "Well, you can Confirm your crap to someone else. I'm outta here bitch." She was leaning against the door with a slight smile on her face. I looked around for another door. There was none. "Look Sandi, I thought that we were going to have some fun. All you want to do is give me some shit. You piss me off! I don't want to hurt you, so get out of the way." "Make me." She said. "You're the big strong man. I'm just a little prissy girl." I was getting tired of this crap. I grabbed the front of her suit and pulled her away from the door. Except that it didn't work that way. She didn't budge when I tried to pull her. She slapped me as I tried to move her again. "Move goddammit! Move!" I was furious! This bitch was asking for trouble." I don't mind slapping women around. I've done it lots of times".



She just stood there smiling. I punched her as hard as I could, right in the gut. I screamed in pain as my hand broke. I dropped to my knees, cradling my broken right hand. She looked down on me and said; "Jake, I know you like to beat up on women. Your only problem is that you beat up my mom last week. I picked you up tonight for the sole purpose of bringing you here to make sure that you will never touch another woman as long as you live. Before I do that, let me tell you about Brad." My hand was hurting so bad that I could hardly stand it. She must have had on some bizarre metal armor under her warm-up I was thinking of how to get away, but for some reason, the tone of her voice made me listen. "Brad was my pet who lived here for a while. He was okay for a while, but he made a mistake last week. When I told him that my mom had gotten beaten up he said that maybe she deserved it. He tried to apologize of course, but he really screwed up. I don't let my pets screw up. Besides, I was getting tired of him anyway. Now watch!" With this, she turned on the television using the remote that she had been holding. The picture showed this same room.

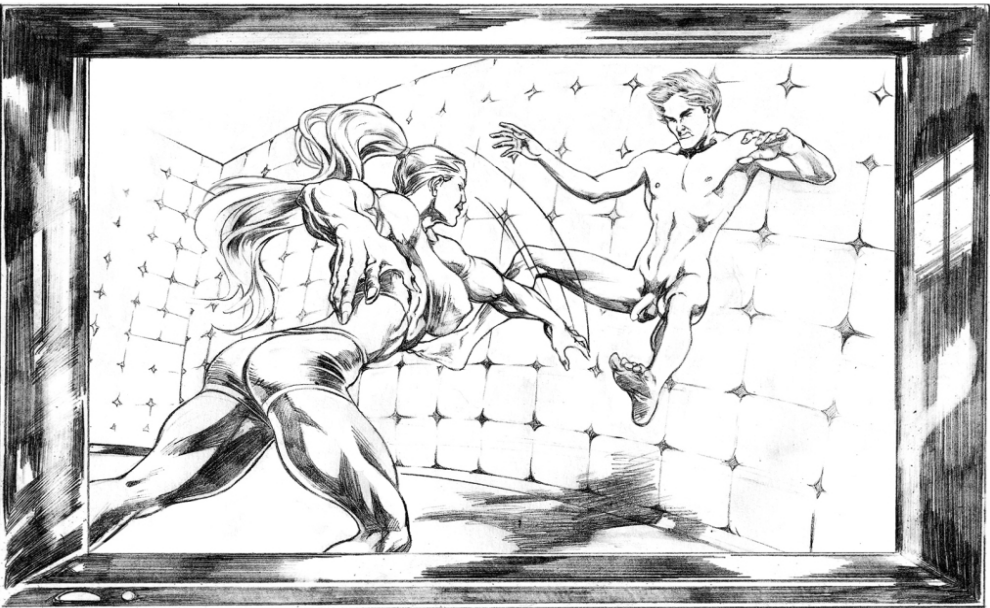


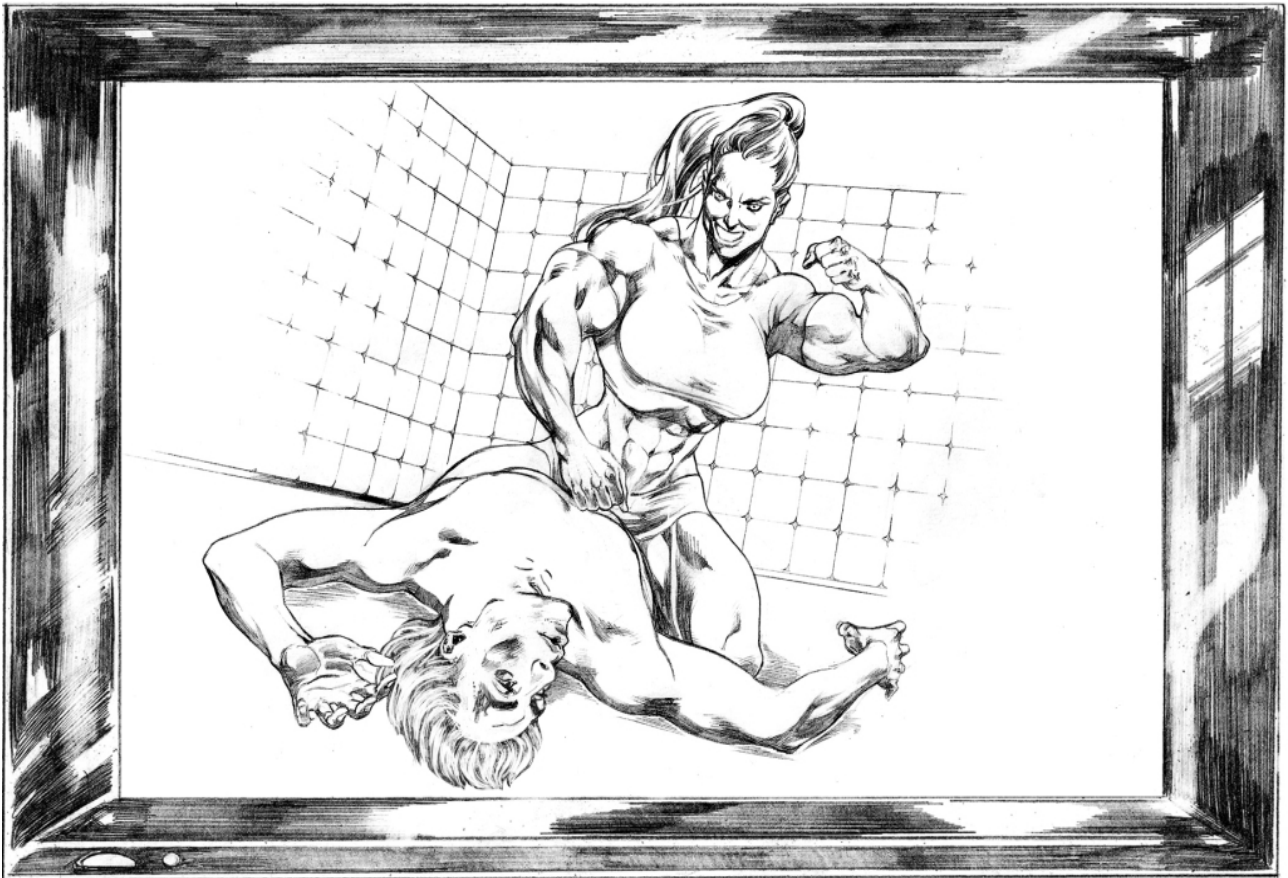
Suddenly a naked body came flying through the door. He landed heavily on the floor. Someone strode in the room. I realized with a start that it was Sandi. She was wearing a pair of shorts and a tee shirt which showed off her incredible body. What I had thought was fat under her warm-up suit was really layer after layer of massive muscle. She had the most awesome physique that I had ever seen in my life! There was no doubt of her femininity, with those big high riding breasts and her curves. But, her curves were those of pure muscle, not fat. Her muscles were so massive that they looked like they would explode from beneath her skin. She walked over to Brad and grabbed him by the hair and lifted him, without effort, to his feet. He was about two inches taller than Sandi, but he looked pale and scrawny next to the muscular girl. His body was obviously no match for the raw power of the Amazon. His arms and legs looked like match sticks next to the huge muscle-bound limbs of Sandi. His torso appeared to be a skeleton compared to her thickly muscled chest, back, and stomach. I fearfully looked over at Sandi, knowing that what had broken my hand was the rock hard muscles of her stomach, nothing else. She had a knowing grin on her beautiful face.



She saw the fear in my eyes and was loving it. "Watch the show Jakie. Unless you want to start our little party right now." I was trembling in fright as I turned back to the T.V. set. Sandi lifted Brad off his feet by grabbing his throat in a grip of steel and hoisting him with one massive arm. The huge muscles of her arm and shoulder swelled with incredible power as she held the full-grown man aloft. His face was blue as the crushing grip on his throat had cut his air completely off. She suddenly threw Brad into the wall. He hit it and slumped to the floor unmoving. She effortlessly lifted him above her head and slammed him to the mat. She picked him up and threw him into the wall again and again.

He was bleeding from the nose, his chest was bruised and discolored, and his eye had swollen shut as the Amazon sadistically continued to smash him into the padded walls. He was being systematically destroyed as Sandi continued to toss his outclassed body into the unyielding wall. His left arm hit at a bad angle and snapped like a twig. Instead of having mercy, she continued her relentless assault. She lifted him above her and smashed his back down onto her uplifted, granite hard, thigh. She straddled him and pounded his face with ten fearsome punches. His face disintegrated into hamburger from her onslaught. She stood up over him, blood from his smashed face dripping off of her fists. The picture suddenly went dark.





I looked over at Sandi. She had shed her warm-up suit and had on only a pair of shorts and a halter. Her body looked even more formidable in person than on the tape. She was putting an elastic band around her hair, making a ponytail. As she did this purely feminine chore, the muscles of her arms flexed and bunched hugely. Her big breasts jutted proudly out from her deeply muscled chest. Her stomach was flat and covered with layers of rock hard muscle. My broken hand proof of that fact. Her legs were pillars of power. She had big cut calves. Her thighs were simply enormous bundles of pure muscle. She walked slowly toward me with that sadistic grin on her face.

I was scared shitless! "It's your turn Jake. What I did to Brad is nothing compared to the punishment I have in store for you. I finished him off fast. I'm going to beat you to a pulp, slowly. I'm going to draw out your torture. I'm going to put you in pain and keep you there for hours. I'm going to dominate you using only my big muscles. I don't need whips or leather or any of that shit. All I need are these." She flexed her massive arms. Her biceps and triceps grew into huge mountains of bulging power. "They're eighteen inches Jake. Eighteen inches of my power and your pain. My muscles are going to tear your pathetic body apart. You weak little shit!"



I backed away from her. I knew that I couldn't begin to match her power. This young girl had more muscular strength than I had ever seen; male or female. And she was going to use it to pound me into dust. I had never been as scared as I was now. I was sweating like a pig. I could hardly breathe. She saw this and laughed at my fear. " I like it when men are afraid of me. It makes it more fun." I kept stumbling backward until I hit the wall. She sauntered slowly toward me, her incredible muscular body tensing for action.

I dropped to my knees, sobbing in fear. "No Sandi! No! Please!" I begged. She grabbed my hair and jerked me to my feet. She held me against the wall by pushing on my chest with her right hand. I could see the deep cleavage of her breasts and the thick layers of pectoral muscles underneath them. She pushed harder. I was finding it hard to breathe as she pushed in on my chest. I grabbed her arm to try to ease the pressure. Her huge muscles were like steel under my grip. I was as helpless as a baby compared to her. "Feeling a little more afraid Jake. I hope so. Now, feel just a little pain. It will get a lot worse. This is just a small sample." She punched me in the rib cage. I felt one crack. I screamed at the terrible pain. "Oh God! Help!" I wailed. Her one punch felt like I got hit with a club.





She kept holding me against the wall. She was laughing in my face as I cried in pain. "Poor baby. I guess I don't know my own strength. I promise that I'll never hit you again." She drilled me again with another body shot. I wailed in agony as my insides felt like they exploded. "Oh, No! I didn't hurt you again, did I? I'm so sorry. Here, let me make it up to you." Sandi rammed me again, this time into my gut. I watched as her fist sank deep into my stomach. She released me and I sank to the floor, retching in agony. She let me recover for a few minutes then laid me out on my back. I was begging her to stop; tears were running down my face. I was pleading for mercy. "Okay, Jake. I'll stop. You've learned your lesson. Here, let me help you." She was running her hand around my ribs. I winced in pain as she found my cracked rib. "Sorry, sweetheart. That must really hurt." She punched me twice as hard right on the rib.

I wailed as some ribs broke from her powerful blow. Sandi laughed again in sadistic delight at my plight. I was doubled up from the horrible pain. She reached down and tore off my undershorts. She effortlessly lifted to my feet and pushed me into the wall again. "Still think women are too weak and prissy for contact sports? We seem to be having a little contact. What about it, sport?" She laughed at her pun and at my pain. The pain from her body shots was terrible. I was crying tears of agony and humiliation as I was helpless to stop the big chested Amazon from doing as she willed. I could not match her incredible power. She punched me again in the ribs. I screamed in pure agony. She smiled at my pain. "Poor Jake. Getting battered by a mere girl. Helpless to stop this!" She drove a pile driver punch deep into my solar plexus. I could feel my insides ripping apart as her muscle-driven fist smashed into my body. I was gagging up blood from my internal injuries. Her muscle-bound arm holding me up, kept me from dropping to the floor. She sent another thunderous blow into my stomach. She grabbed my gonads and squeezed viciously. "Hurting Jake? Little Sandi too much for you?" She released her grip and sent another punishing punch crashing into my solar plexus.



"Oh God it hurts!" I cried. "Please Sandi, Please stop. You're so strong. I can't take it anymore." "I haven't even started yet! This is just a warm up." Replied the sadistic muscle girl. To prove her point she rammed me twice more into my smashed torso. I passed out from her battering blows. Again, she let me recover until I awoke. Sandi returned and grabbed me by my broken right hand and lifted me to my feet. I screamed in pain again as she ground my broken hand in her grip of steel. "Cry, wimp! Scream as I destroy you! I love to hear the cries of weak men as my muscles slaughter them!" She went behind me and got me into a jackhammer, still crushing my hand. She lifted up on my arm and walked me over to a wall. "The reason I put pads on the wall is so I can do this lots of times instead of just one." She grabbed the back of my hair with her other hand and rammed me into the wall, face first. She did this six times. She paused before each time to tell me that the next one would be harder. I was helpless to stop her from torturing me. The young Amazon had me totally in her muscular control. My nose broke on her second slam. Blood was pouring out. Each time she lifted higher on my arm and tightened her grip on my hand.

Finally, after the last one, she let me sink to my knees. She kept her grip on my ruined hand. "Say goodbye to your shoulder!" Sandi cruelly warned me. "No. No. Please!" I begged. I could hear her chuckling as she lifted my arm straight up and drove her mighty forearm into my shoulder. I could feel the rotator cuff tendons tear like they were paper from the force of her shiver. I passed out again from the pain of her muscular assault on my body.

I awoke in a pool of my own blood. I was in total agony. Sandi rolled me over on my back. She had taken off her halter, exposing her breasts. "Ready for round two?" She said brightly;" I am." She sat on my stomach with her knees jammed into my armpits. I looked at her fantastic body thru my tear and blood stained eyes. "No more!" I whimpered "Please, no more. Kill me if you want. But please, no more pain!" She reached down and pulled my bloody face against her chest. She rubbed her big firm breasts around my face while saying; "Yes, more. More pain Jake. Lots more. I get pleasure out of watching men in pain. I get even more pleasure by causing their pain. It's fun to fight a man and batter him into submission. But, it's more fun to torture a man who I've beaten to a pulp. I've beaten you, now I'm going to torture you. I'm a true Amazon. Men are for my enjoyment. I enjoy their pain and agony."



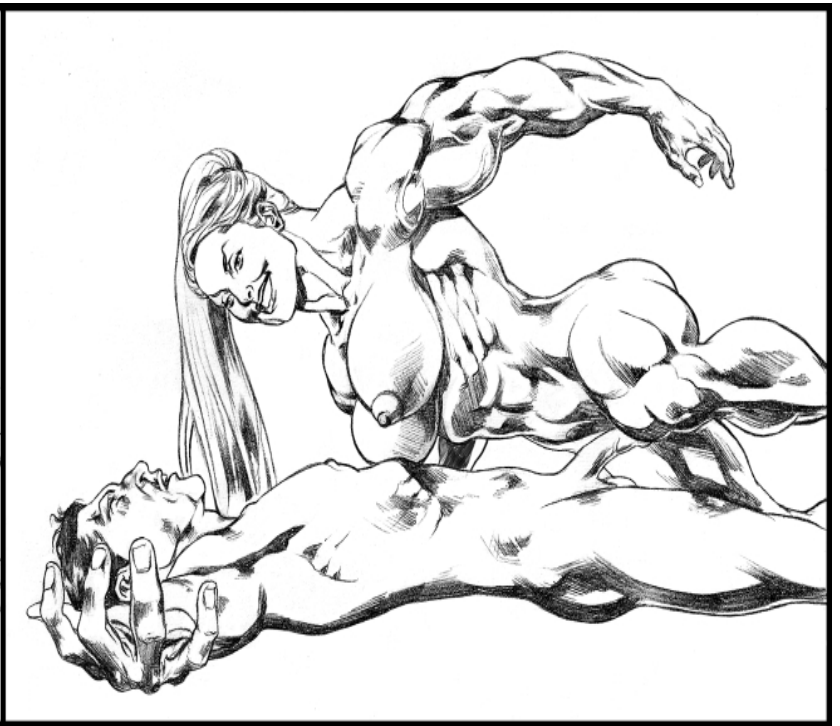
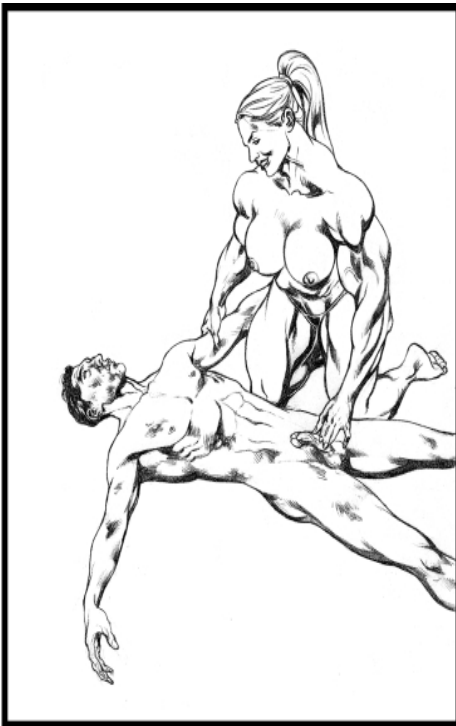


Sandi smiled sweetly at me and punched me in the mouth. Still holding my hair, she drilled me below my left eye. I could feel my cheekbone shatter from the blow. She dropped my head back down and grabbed my balls in her hand. She started squeezing and releasing my balls, time after time. I screamed and wailed as the muscle girl crushed my testicles without mercy. She held my hand against her breast as she continued her torture. "Hurt. Hurt. Feel the pain of my dominant strength. Know that a woman is destroying you!" Spat the savage young sadist. I became totally incoherent from the terrible pain. Each time I came close to passing out, she would relent just long enough to let me recover slightly. Finally, after what seemed like hours, I fainted. I awoke a long time later in terrible agony. Sandi had beaten and tortured me to the point where death would be welcome. I was still in the room. The door was open and I was alone, but, due to my horrible injuries, I could not escape. I passed out again shortly.

When I woke up the second time, the muscular manbeater had returned. She had cleaned my blood off of her body and changed into a bikini bottom. "My my, you are a mess. You should learn to take better care of yourself!" She had brought in two, 75lb. dumbbells. She started doing arm curls with the weights. The muscles of her arms bulged with power as she pumped up. It was incredible as her arms swelled with might. The sight of her huge arms, the heavy iron, and her bare chest was amazing. Even through the pain, I was mesmerized by the sight of the buxom musclegirl as she did rep after rep with the heavy weights. She finally put down the weights and inspected her work. "Not bad, here feel." She bent down and flexed her massive arm. She put my hand on it. Her arm felt like stone. The biceps were huge mountains of raw strength. I was quaking in fear as I felt the mighty muscles that had smashed me. She slid my hand down on her forearm. The muscles of her forearm were just as powerful and hard as her biceps.



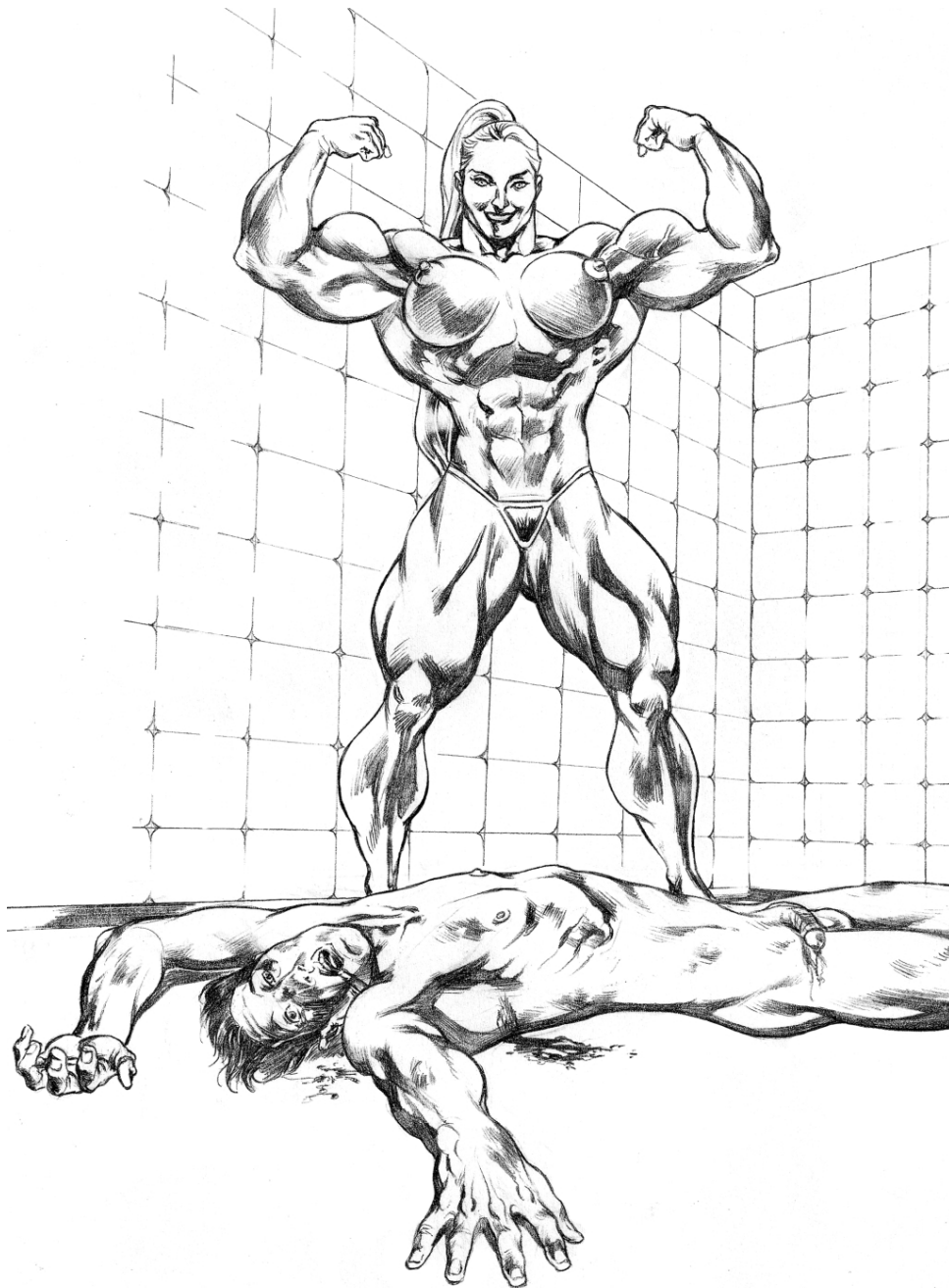
"Time for a little demonstration of which sex is really the weakest and which is the strongest." I began to cry. I didn't know what she had in mind, but I didn't care. I was done for. I could not bear any more punishment. "Oh Sandi, you are. You've proven your strength. I'm too weak. You're so strong. No more, no more!" I was babbling for her to have mercy. She just laughed and bent down over my crotch. She grabbed my cock and began to pet it. She was being very gentle. She continued to rub me and amazingly I got hard. She kept petting and stroking me until I had a full erection. She started rubbing the head of my cock along her tremendous thigh. "Your little love muscle looks pretty puny next to some real muscle." Sandi flexed her thigh muscles hugely. I could feel their granite hard power thru my cock. "Oh well, time for business."





She suddenly put the bottom of my hard cock into the crook of her arm. She then squeezed down and flexed with all of her might. Her biceps and forearm muscles crushed in on my prick with savage fury. The granite hard, pumped up muscles of her arm were grinding my cock into pulp. The blood couldn't escape because of her pressure. I was screaming in mortal fear as Sandi kept up her sadistic sexual abuse.

I heard her laughing in glee as I screamed in pain and terror. She started lifting me as well as crushing me with her muscle-bound arm. "I might just tear this off." She said as my butt lifted off of the floor. She was looking me in the eye as she kept up the savage hold. "This is fun! I love the feel of my muscles crushing your pathetic cock. Stop me Conan! Stop the little girl from destroying your manhood!" She kept verbally tormenting me as her mighty biceps smashed my cock. The head of my prick was swollen and purple from all of the trapped blood. She reached over with her free hand and began to squeeze it as hard as she could. My cries of agony doubled from the additional pain. After at least ten minutes of sexual torture Sandi finally released me. She stood up over me and began to run her foot along my ruined member. My agonized cries brought a smile to her lips. She bent down and kissed me on the lips. With one hand she brought my hand to her big, hard nipples. With the other, she sadistically punched me once again in my shattered ribcage.



Sandi stood up and flexed her mighty arms in a pose of absolute female victory. She looked down on my battered body with a look of satisfaction. I lay moaning pitifully on the mat as she left the room. Sandi had totally beaten and abused me. I had never laid a hand on her since the punch that broke my hand. She was right. Her mighty muscles had completely dominated me in a way which I would never had believed any woman could do. Two days later I managed to crawl out of her house and drive to a hospital.

**THE END**

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