

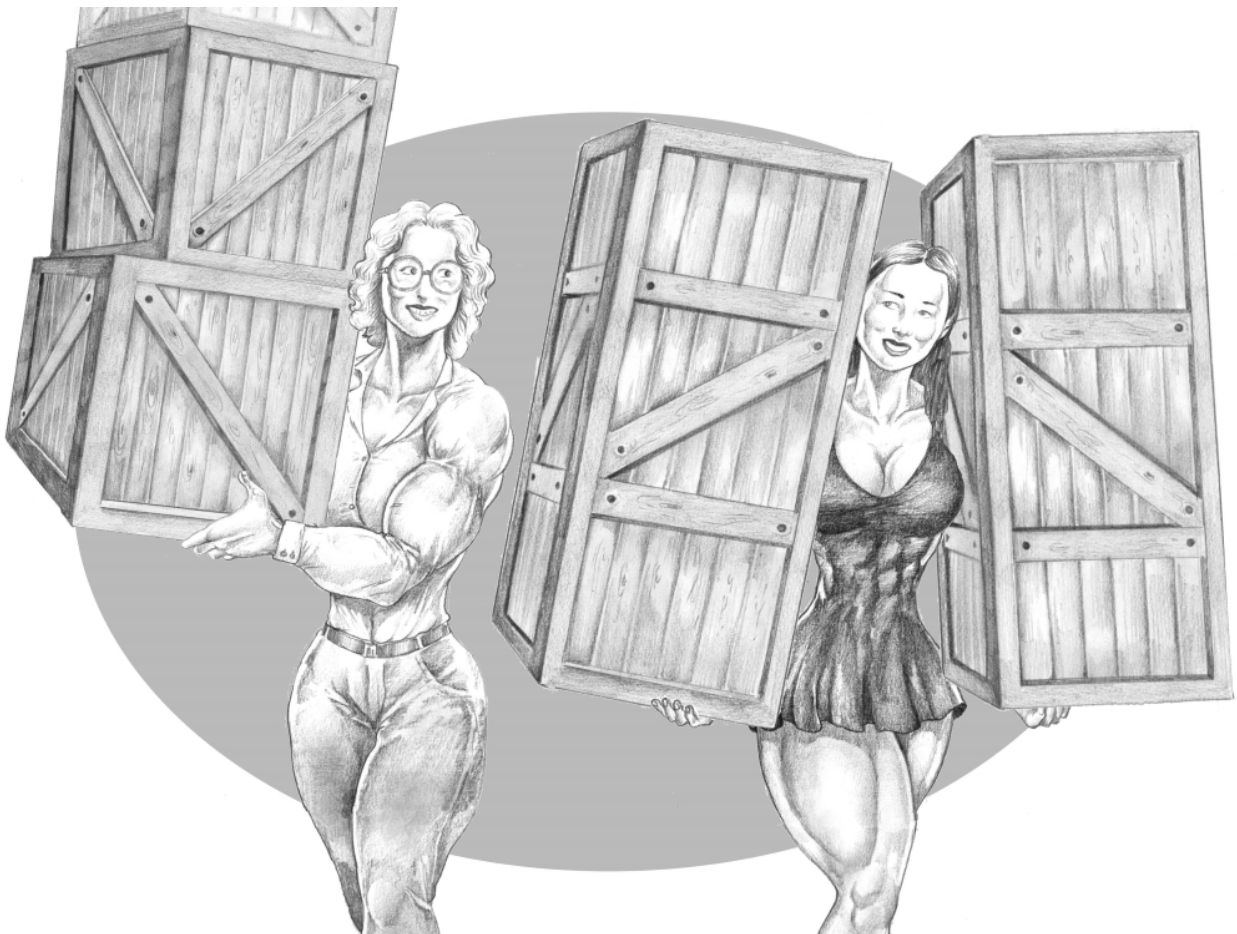
THE SCIENCE FAIR (Part 2)

- a FemGrowth story -

(amysconquest.com)

Her fears were unfounded, as it turned out. They made their way, clothes intact, to the school. It was early on a Saturday morning, and the campus was all but deserted. They did encounter a couple of their classmates. Sally, a chubby girl who excelled in creative writing, caught sight of the transformed pair while she was on her way to the cafeteria for breakfast. Her mouth hung open in amazement. Lori, who was the most popular girl at the school, walked by them as she was sneaking back home from an all-night party. She rubbed her eyes in wonder, wondering if she had drunk too much.

Wendy and Kim got to the chemistry lab and lifted up heavy boxes full of chemical apparatus and equipment. "We've got to have all this stuff set up by the time the science fair opens at 10 o'clock," Kim said. "Do you think we can make it?" "No sweat," answered Wendy. She piled up three wooden crates the size of washing machines one on top of the other and easily lifted them. Kim got two crates containing mainframe computers the size of refrigerators and lifted one in each hand. They went down to the basketball court.



Once they got to the table designated for them, it didn't take long for Wendy to set up her experiment again. Kim helped, even though she couldn't tell a beaker from a bazooka. They turned on the spigots and soon distilled a new vial of their potion.

The room was a bustle of activity. The science fair that Hyde Academy was hosting was city-wide. High schools from all over town were represented, and all students were encouraged to attend. There were also many parents and teachers in the crowd. Exhibits ranged from the sublime, such as a working scale model of a particle accelerator, to the ridiculous, such as one examining the gas composition of human flatulence. Because Hyde Academy was the host of the science fair, Wendy got to set up her table on the auditorium stage. Beside Wendy's table were a couple of geeks who had built a suspension bridge out of toothpicks, and on the other side was a simple presentation of Newton's laws of motion, prepared by three bored-looking girls from Central High. People milling about couldn't fail to notice Wendy and Kim especially Kim, looking radiant in her dress, muscles bulging with every movement. The nerdy, geeky guys at the next table couldn't take their eyes off either of them. "What a pulchritudinous babe!" exclaimed one, indicating Kim. "Look at her blonde friend! A most remarkable specimen of bodacious femininity!" retorted the other.

Kim was used to receiving admiring comments from men, so she paid no attention to them. Wendy, however, blushed with gratification. No male had ever paid a compliment on her body before. It was all she could do, in her sexually heightened state, not to offer herself right then and there to these two wimpy guys. She restrained herself by thinking of Brad. Even though he had been cruel to her, calling her names, she held a torch out for him ever since Junior High, when he was in her class. Now that she had this new body, she hoped that Brad would fall in love with her. Wendy knew that he would be at the science fair. She heard from a neighbor who went to his school that he was working on a project studying the aerodynamics of a thrown football. She sighed. Typical Brad. The football hero. The Big Man on Campus. The Jock. He didn't have one tenth of Wendy's intelligence, but she adored him nonetheless. She even enjoyed his insults because at least it meant that he paid her some attention. She couldn't wait to show him her new sexy, muscular body. She felt sure that he couldn't resist her now.



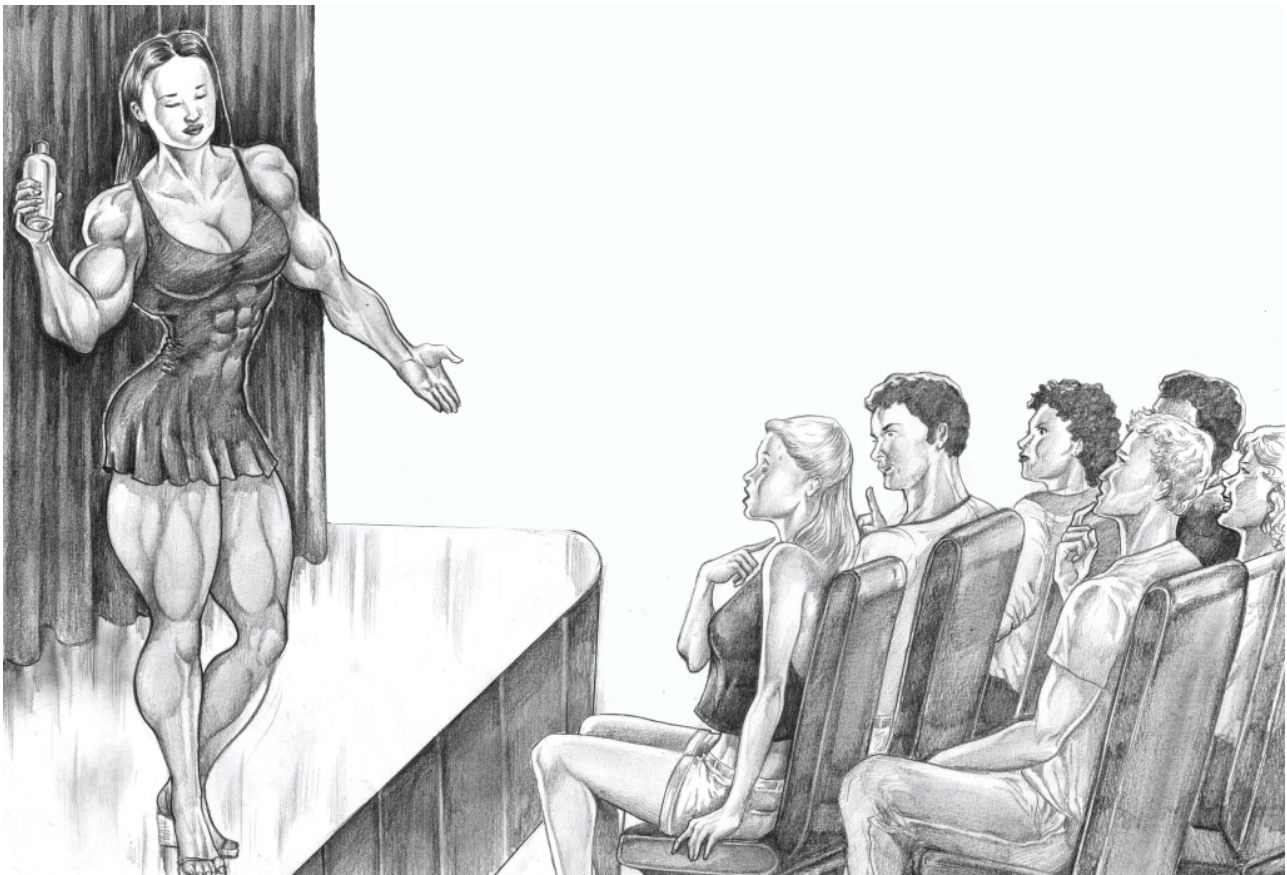
The thought of Brad popping her cherry was almost too much for Wendy, and she resolved to think of something else before her sexual excitement showed itself. She could already feel her nipples hardening under her blouse, and she became acutely conscious of her cunt lips parting, her feminine moisture drenching her panties, trickling down her powerful thighs. She hoped it didn't stain the crotch of her pants. She decided to excuse herself to the ladies' room to put on a pad.

On the way there she noticed Brad's exhibit. Rather shoddily done, but Wendy didn't care. She was in love, and she was consumed by the idea that her new powerful body would turn any man on, especially the boy she cared for so much. She saw Brad, but he didn't see her. She felt like going over to him to show off her new body, but she knew that the judges would soon be calling for presentations. She quickly made it to the ladies' room and locked herself in a stall. There she masturbated, thinking of Brad, until she came with a tremendous moan.

As her whole body convulsed in ecstasy, she could feel her muscles growing and hardening. Veins popped out all over her body, and her clothes came dangerously close to ripping. "Wow," she thought, "every time I cum I get bigger and stronger. Tonight's the night I finally get laid. I'm so excited!"

She got back to her table just in time. It was her turn to do a presentation of her work. With the whole roomful of people listening attentively, she launched into an incredibly complex explanation of how her Amazon Strength Potion worked. She wrote out interminable chemical equations on the blackboard. She elaborated brilliant anatomical theories. She was on a roll.

Naturally, the crowd's eyes glazed over. Wendy was losing them in a sea of technicalities. Kim saw that people were losing interest. She saw a frail looking girl with a black eye standing next to a big bruiser type of fellow. Kim had an idea. Just as Wendy was explaining the tissue regenerative properties of arginine and boron, she interrupted. "Enough with the boring stuff! Who'd like to volunteer to try the potion?" Without waiting for an answer, she pointed her muscular arm to the sickly-looking girl. "You! The skinny redhead with freckles and a black eye! Come up here!"



The whole room turned to the girl. Shyly, she looked around to see if Kim was actually referring to another skinny redhead with a black eye. When she realized that she was the one Kim was indicating, she blushed a deep red. Her boyfriend, the big tough-looking guy, was growling a warning: "It's your damn fault that you made me hit you. Don't get me mad again by making a fool of yourself up there." But Kim insisted, and the girl managed to make her way up to the stage.

"What's your name?" Kim asked.

"Susan." The girl replied with obvious embarrassment.

"How did you get that black eye, Susan?"

The girl looked nervously over to her boyfriend. "Er... I walked into a door. Clumsy, huh?"

Kim ignored that obvious lie. "How would you like to be big and strong, Susan?" With that question Kim flexed her enormous bicep, to the gasps of the audience. Not many people had noticed how big Wendy and Kim had actually become.

Susan gulped in amazement at Kim's huge arm. Meanwhile, Wendy was a little offended at the interruption of her brilliant scientific exposition. "Boring stuff? Hmph!"

"I... I would love to become as big and strong as you..." Susan finally said.

"Then drink this." Kim handed her the vial of potion. Susan looked at it for a few seconds, looked at her boyfriend who was making angry, disgusted faces at her, and drank it down.

It was a hot day, and Susan was wearing a halter top and cut-off jeans. No sooner had she finished drinking the potion did the crowd react to the changes occurring in Susan's body. She was undergoing tremendous growth. Muscles became immediately apparent in her arm and legs, and her abs began to stand out. Her growing breasts stretched the fabric of her halter top, while her growing buttock muscles actually began ripping the denim of her shorts. Susan let out an orgasmic moan. "AAAAAAAH! I... I feel so... so STRONG!"

Kim and Wendy were looking at Susan's boyfriend's reaction. They were amused to see the shock and fear showing plainly on his face amidst the amazement and cheers of other spectators. When Susan's transformation was complete, they thanked her and, as she walked off the stage, watched her drag her big bruiser of a boyfriend out of the gym for a "lesson". Even though Susan was only 5' 4", with her massive muscles she could easily lift up her much larger boyfriend, who was easily 6' 2" and 230 lbs. The next time anyone saw that boy again was in a hospital.

Since the presentation was over, the crowd began to disperse. A few young women went over to Wendy to ask about the potion. Wendy explained how the potion worked with a woman's hormonal system and only worked on pubescent, pre-menopausal women. "Huh?", went the group. Wendy sighed, and said it worked only on girls and women who are having periods. One girl asked what would happen if a boy drank the potion. Wendy told her that a male would not experience any effect at all, but that he would become a "carrier", which means that his bodily fluids, including his blood and semen, would carry the potion for some time and that he could "infect" a woman through blood-to-blood contact, or, more commonly, through vaginal or oral sex.



Any woman he would sleep with would become a superstrong Amazon within minutes of absorbing the semen of a male carrier. The girls kept asking questions, which Wendy patiently answered, until she saw someone familiar at her table out of the corner of her eye.

It was Brad.

Wendy's heart skipped a beat. Finally he's come for me, she thought. He wants me. She smiled.

"Hi, Brad!"

"So. Bony Maloney went from a titless wonder to a musclebound freak. I didn't think you could get any uglier until I saw you today. But how would you know? With those thick glasses, I'll bet you don't even realize how disgusting you look. All those gross veins. You look like a guy. We should start calling you Arnold What's-his-name. I used to think that any change in you would be an improvement. I guess I was wrong. Why don't you join a freak show?"



And on and on Brad went, insulting the girl who loves him so much. All of Wendy's hopes and dreams deflated instantly. Her heart broke and her eyes filled with tears. Even though she could easily have shut him up with one blow of her mighty fist, it never even occurred to her to hurt Brad. Instead, she covered her face with her hands and ran to the bathroom, crying.

Meanwhile, Kim was witnessing this scene and growing angrier and angrier. When Wendy left, she marched up to Brad and said, "You Asshole. That's my best friend you're insulting like that."

Brad looked at Kim's pretty face, chuckling at her angry scowl. "So, whadda ya gonna do about it, Chinkie? You're kinda cute, for a Gook, even with all those muscles. They suit you. I wonder why you hang around a nerd like Maloney. Why don't you come to my place? I'll bet I could fuck you like nothing you've ever had before."

Kim couldn't quite believe her ears. "What a monumental jerk!", she thought. But then she had an idea. "OK," she said. Then she went to find Wendy to explain her plan.

When she found Wendy in the girls' bathroom she saw that the potion had somehow worn off. Wendy's eyes were red with tears, and her skinny frame was swimming in those extra large clothes. Wendy told Kim that certain emotions, like sadness or fear, produced signals in the body which reversed the potion's effect, while "strong" emotions, such as sexual excitement or anger, could trigger a relapse of muscular growth. Kim hugged Wendy, and Wendy burst into tears again. "I love him! I love him so! Why doesn't he love me?" Kim kept comforting her in her strong arms.



Soon Wendy stopped crying. She was enjoying the feeling of Kim's muscular body next to hers. She started feeling the rock-hard shoulders and sinewy biceps. Wendy let her hands roam to Kim's large, firm breasts, and felt the nipples hardening under her touch. Their eyes met, and their lips locked in a passionate kiss. Kim lifted Wendy up by the waist, and Wendy's slacks, which had become too big for her, slid off her legs. She felt light as a feather. Kim slipped off Wendy's panties and lifted her up to her mouth so that she could easily devour Wendy's juicy cunt. It didn't take long for Wendy's strength to return. As her orgasms grew in intensity, so did her muscles regain their previous size and strength. More than ever. Her growing arms ripped the sleeves of her blouse, and two buttons popped as her breasts swelled to the size of watermelons.

Kim put Wendy down. "Now listen to my plan."

Some minutes later, when the girls emerged from the washroom, they learned that Wendy had won the grand prize at the science fair, which included a trophy, a ribbon, and a scholarship. Forgetting her emotional distress, Wendy gracefully accepted the prize.

All applauded, especially the two geeky guys who had built the model of a bridge. They hooted and whistled and hollered their heartfelt congratulations. The only one not applauding was Brad, who stood in a corner, snorting his contempt.

That night Kim and Wendy went to Brad's house. When his parents were away, Brad took the opportunity to invite girls over for sex. Kim rang the doorbell while Wendy hid in the bushes. She went in, and Brad started moving on her right away. He was about to grab her enormous breasts. She stopped him by holding his wrists so hard he was afraid they might break. "I'm not ready," Kim said sweetly and innocently. "Oh, did I hurt you? It's that darn potion of Wendy's. Sometimes I don't know my own strength."

Kim's plan was simple. She would tease Brad into having a hard-on and then Wendy could come in and rape him. That will teach him for being such a sexist, racist pig. She walked sexily around the house, exuding sensuality. She pretended not to notice that her miniskirt was slightly hiked up, giving Brad a good view of the crotch of her panties. Pretending to be interested in the books on the bottom shelf of the bookcase, she bent down, exhibiting her beautiful round ass. "Mmm," she said, "you read all these books? I'm extremely turned on by men who read."



Brad, rubbing his sore wrists, said the obvious: "Huh... Yeah. Sure." He ogled Kim's shapely form, from her flared calves to her tapered back. He couldn't believe that he was about to fuck such a goddess. His prick started getting hard. His pants bulged uncomfortably. Kim walked up to him and thrust her impressive chest under his gaze. She glanced down at his growing cock and said, "is that a cucumber in your pocket or are you glad to see me?" She deftly unzipped his pants, took his member in her hand and squeezed with her powerful grip. Brad winced in pain but Kim saw that his cock was as hard as it would ever be. She gave the whistle signal for Wendy to come in.

They were both surprised by what they saw. Brad of course didn't expect to see Wendy at all, especially not while his prick was being held by a sexy muscular Chinese girl, but Kim was surprised to see that Wendy's muscularity had disappeared again. This was not part of the plan. The idea was for Wendy at this point to pin Brad down and have her way with him.

In her present non-muscular state, she would have trouble pinning his little finger. This called for a quick change of plans. To buy time, Kim threw Brad to the floor and sat on his face. His nose would have broken if it hadn't coincidentally lodged in her anus. His face thus immobilized, and unable to cry out, Kim used her strong arms to keep the rest of his body relatively still, despite all his efforts at thrashing about in a vain attempt to escape.

"What happened to you, Wendy?" Kim's voice reflected concern for her friend's condition, but also annoyance that their plan seems to be foiled. Because of this nervousness, she started to feel her strength flagging. She panicked as she noticed her muscularity decreasing. This feeling of panic in turn accelerated the weakening of her body. She was still strong enough to hold on to Brad, but it was getting increasingly difficult.

"I don't know, Kim. The potion seems to have a yo-yo effect on me. Kind of like Doctor Jekyll and Mister Hyde. I was feeling nervous and afraid and I could feel the strength seeping out of my muscles." She was talking to her friend, but all she had eyes for was Brad's tremendous cock sticking up in the air. The thought of having that manly member inside her stimulated her profoundest desires. With a flutter, she could feel her vagina lips tremble and moisten. A little of her strength started returning. She decided to take action.

As she was taking off her clothes, she told Kim "hang on to him a little while longer." This was not particularly difficult for Kim, and she rather enjoyed it, grinding her ass and cunt into Brad's face. Even through her panties it felt extremely sensual. She could feel her muscles growing again along with her excitement. Meanwhile Wendy, who was now naked except for her glasses, straddled Brad's cock. At this point she had the physique of a gymnast or a ballet dancer. She held his shaft up at the correct angle, and, taking a deep breath, impaled herself upon his masculinity.



Wendy let out a cry of pain as the hard cock pierced her hymen. For a few seconds, her entire body went stiff as waves of pain washed over her. When the hurt passed, she blinked a few times and tentatively began to move herself up and down Brad's rod. She had never made love before (and even though she was irrationally in love with Brad this act could in no way be called "making love" from his perspective) so she proceeded slowly and carefully. Soon her confidence grew and she began to writhe quite expertly. Her juices gushed and she could feel her strength growing. Without pausing the grinding motions of her pelvis, she looked down with half-closed eyes at the hard muscles bulging in her arms. This seemed to excite her even more than the sex act itself. She redoubled her efforts. She squeezed Brad's cock by tightening her pussy muscles, muscles she didn't even know she had. She pumped up and down his shaft the way no woman ever had before. Before long she exploded with a seismic orgasm that shook every fiber of her being. This of course caused her muscularity to increase to superhuman proportions. Brad as well couldn't contain his pleasure at these sensations and came like he never had in his life.

Kim watched all this with growing excitement. It was kinda touching to be present when your best friend is losing her virginity. She bent forward and gave Wendy a big, juicy kiss to congratulate her. But something didn't feel right. Wendy had just given Brad the best sex he would ever have in his sorry little life, and this was supposed to be punishment? Kim could see that Wendy was clearly strong enough now to easily handle Brad all by herself, so she got off Brad's face, much as she enjoyed rubbing her clit on his nose.

Wendy looked down at Brad's face, her heart melting with love. Brad's nose was a little red from being rubbed against Kim's crotch, but otherwise he was none the worse for wear. He looked up at Wendy with revulsion and disgust. "Get off of me, you stupid, ugly cunt!" He snarled. Wendy could feel her heart breaking. Brad's limp cock was still in her sopping pussy. "D-don't... don't you love me?" she asked, her lower lip trembling. "Love you! I'd rather fuck a horse, you stupid bitch!"



Now whatever you may call Wendy, "stupid" is not a word I would recommend. Wendy was very proud of her high I.Q.; she felt that it was the only thing that made her special and valuable. Wendy could feel her anger rise in her throat, and with it an increase in size and strength. She kept Brad pinned between her powerfully muscled thighs. But though she felt wounded and insulted, she couldn't bring herself to hurt Brad. Instead she instantly formulated her revenge.

She slid up to his mouth and began rubbing her wet pussy on his lips. A mixture of her love juices and his own sperm trickled down his throat. Brad tried to protest, but whatever words he was mouthing were unintelligible. It didn't take long for Wendy to again explode in a terrific orgasm, almost drowning Brad with her jism. He had no choice but to swallow copious amounts of it. Wendy's muscularity increased again, and Kim couldn't believe her eyes. Wendy's growth was incredible. No human being had ever had such muscles. With a twitch of her hips she could easily have broken Brad's neck, but instead she got up off his face. Brad was lying there, half-asphyxiated, with feminine cum oozing out of his mouth.

"Let's go," Wendy said.

Wendy could find no clothes that could fit her super-muscular body, so she wrapped a bed sheet around herself. Kim caught up to her and saw that she was crying. "Let's go back to Hyde Academy. I just want to crawl in a corner and cry myself to sleep", she sobbed.

Kim couldn't stand seeing her friend feel so hurt. "I'm gonna go back there and demolish that puny son-of-a-..." But Wendy stopped her.

"No." She regained her composure. "I've punished him for life."

"How so?" the Chinese girl asked. "It looks like he's made a fool of us, getting his rocks off on us and ending up insulting and hurting you."

"Remember I said that a man drinking the potion would become a 'carrier'? There was enough potion in my cum to infect him forever. That means that any woman who ever comes in contact with his semen will become a super-amazon, like us. For the rest of his life he'll have to either give up sex or risk turning any future lover into someone with the power to hurt him."

"You're one smart cookie, Wendy."

"That reminds me. I'm famished. Let's go home and order pizza."

EPILOGUE

CENTRAL HIGH STADIUM - MONDAY 7:30 PM

The team was losing big by half-time. Brad, the star quarterback, made several errors which resulted in interceptions, fumbles, and sacks. The whole locker room was in a foul mood. Brad decided to get out of there and find his girlfriend Jodi who was a cheerleader. The girls were supposed to do a big half-time show, and they were waiting on the sidelines for the signal to come on the field.

Jodi saw Brad coming. She was concerned about him. Ever since the night of the science fair two days earlier he didn't seem to be himself. His face looked pretty bruised, but of course Brad couldn't tell her that two powerful muscle girls had used his nose for a dildo. Instead he told her that he had gotten into a fight at the bar.

The girls were lined up on the sideline, pompoms at their hips. Brad went up to Jodi, grabbed her by the arm and told her "C'mere". It was a tone that suggested that Brad was not to be refused. Brad had never been violent with Jodi, but she was afraid of what he might do.



He was big and strong (which is what she liked the most about him) and he had a short temper.

Brad took Jodi to a maintenance room and locked the door behind them. He then proceeded to casually undo his football pants. Jodi spoke up. "What's this about, Brad? We're supposed to do our half-time show any minute now." Brad snorted. "Cheerleading. Girlie stuff." He took off his jock strap. "I want you to suck my dick." He glared at her menacingly, as if to mean "...or else." After his humiliation at the hands (or shall we say the thighs) of Wendy and Kim, he felt the need to prove his manhood again. And the best way he knew how to do that was to make his girlfriend go down on him. Whether she wanted to or not.



"Can't it wait until after the game?" Jodi said. They had been going out for only a few weeks, and had gone only to the heavy petting stage. Jodi was upset that Brad chose such an unromantic place and time to make advances to her. The thought crossed her mind that maybe she ought to break up with him. He's cute, but can be such a jerk sometime. "I hear the band starting. I have to go on the field." She tried to walk past Brad and go out the door, but suddenly doubled over with pain as the wind left her. Brad had sucker-punched her in the stomach. "No. Not later. Not after the game. NOW!", he growled. He grabbed her by the hair and forced her to kneel in front of him. Her mouth was open, gasping for breath. Brad shoved his erect penis inside it.

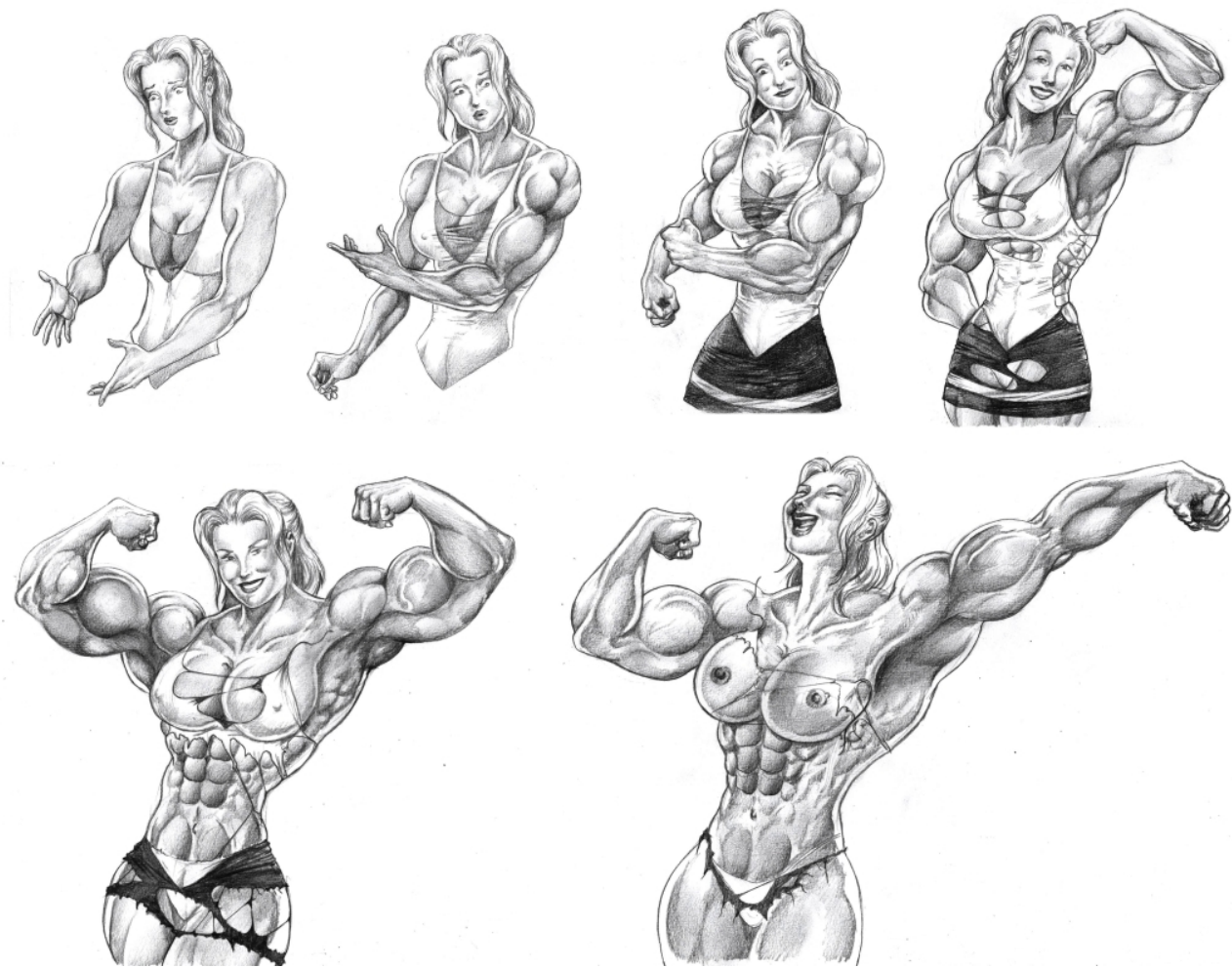
With tears in her eyes, Jodi began to suck Brad's cock. She didn't want to, especially now that he had hurt her so much. But what she wanted even less was to get hit again. After sucking him for a few seconds, she struck a bargain with him. "I don't want to swallow your cum, OK?" He said, "Sure, baby. I'll let you know when I come."

Jodi worked hard, loathing every second of it. She couldn't wait to have this humiliation over with so she sucked him as well as she could. Being the prettiest girl in school she had already had several boyfriends, some of whom she had gone all the way with. But she had never performed fellatio

before. After a few minutes she felt Brad's hand grab the back of her head and pushed his penis down her throat. She almost gagged as she felt the hot jism fill her mouth. Brad's copious ejaculation was over, and the taste of it filled her completely. It was a few seconds before she could speak again.

"You pig", she said, suddenly not worried of Brad's potential for violence. "You said I didn't have to swallow it!" She hated the taste on her tongue. Brad looked at her with a disgusted sneer. "I lied. What are you going to do about it?" He started getting dressed again. Jodi looked at him with hatred. She would definitely break up with him, but at that moment she wanted more - she wanted revenge. How she was going to do it, she hadn't the faintest clue, but she was determined to get even with him.

Jodi got up, wiped the tears from her eyes and smoothed down her cheerleader's uniform. She became aware that her clothes suddenly felt tighter on her. Meanwhile, a delicious feeling of power seemed to fill her body.



She looked down. Her chest seemed to be expanding, stretching the thick cloth of her uniform. Her leg muscles began growing. She looked at her arms. The sleeves of her uniform began to rip as her muscularity increased.

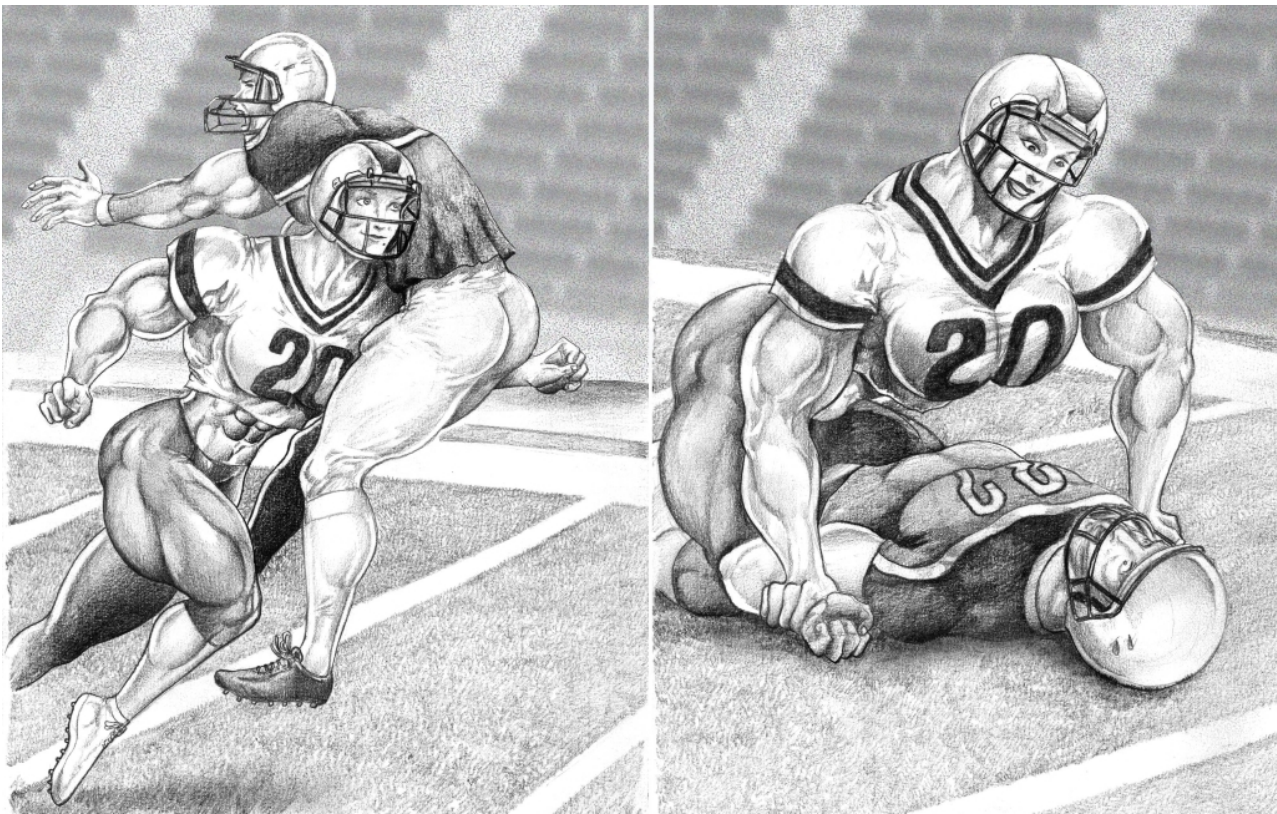
Instinctively, she began to rub her arms, feeling the hardness of her biceps. She flexed, and huge balls of rock-hard flesh burst out of her sleeves with a loud tearing sound. She suddenly felt hot all over. Every single nerve ending in her body seemed to tingle. She closed her eyes, enjoying the increasing strength as her muscles kept growing. "Mmmmm", she moaned. "Feels so good..." Through half-closed eyes she looked down as the growth of her pecs and breasts couldn't be contained by her bra and cheerleading uniform. They ripped to shreds. Her entire upper body was naked in all its muscular glory, while even her pleated skirt lost its folds as her buttocks and thighs grew to fantastic proportions. "What did you do to me, Brad? I feel so powerful!"

There was no answer. Brad witnessed her transformation with shock and horror. He decided to sneak out before Jodi could hit him the way he had hit her. Jodi was still in the throes of her growth spurt, so she didn't notice that Brad left the storeroom and locked it from the outside. It was only when she heard the deadbolts slide that she realized that Brad had locked her up and run away.

"If I had known that swallowing a guy's sperm could do this for me, I would have done it long ago!" thought Jodi. All her life her only power had come from her looks. She was thrilled with her new physical strength. But still she desired to get even with Brad, and now she possessed the means to do it. "When I get my hands on him," she thought, "I'll be able to do some heavy damage. He'll be sorry he messed with me." She walked over to the heavy iron door and pulled the lock off as if it had only been made of paper. With a punch of her mighty fist she broke the deadbolts right off their mooring. The door was three inches of steel, yet she could bend and fold it as if it were tin. Now free, she looked down the hallway to the field.

The third quarter was about to begin. Brad was probably back with the team. She began to go in that direction, when she realized that she was nearly naked. Magnificent as her new body was, she had no desire to exhibit herself to all those people. Games against Southview always attracted the largest crowds of the season. She had to find some clothes fast. But where was she going to find anything that fit her now? She ducked into a locker room. There she found a football uniform. It was the black and gold of Southview's team, not the burgundy and white that she had worn as a cheerleader for Central. She got an idea for revenge. She remembered that one of Southview's defensive backs got injured in the first quarter. This must have been his uniform. She put it on. The shoulder pads were a little bit small for her, but she managed to get everything on in time for her to join the team by the fourth quarter.

Central was losing badly. Her friends on the cheerleading squad were not as peppy as usual. No one noticed Jodi as she took her place on the defensive line. She had tucked her long blonde hair into her helmet. She didn't answer the coach or the other players when they addressed her. Finally the ball was snapped back to Brad. Jodi powered her way through Central's offensive line like a hot knife through butter. She lunged at Brad and sacked him. Painfully. She lay on top of Brad for a moment, looked into his face and smiled sweetly. "Hello, lover boy." She said. She wished she had had a camera to record the look on Brad's face when he saw that he had just been thrown down by his girlfriend.



Second down. Jodi got up and joined her team again at the scrimmage. She didn't acknowledge the cheers from her teammates, but she enjoyed the pats on the bum she was getting from them. The aphrodisiac aspects of the potion were kicking in, but her desire for revenge was still stronger than her sex drive. She saw Brad looked nervous in the huddle. He was probably telling his teammates to watch out for number 69, which was the number on her jersey.

Southview's coach thought something looked funny about his defensive back. The padding on his chest sorta looked like the breasts of a well-endowed girl. Oh well, he said. With that last play he didn't care what padding the guy wore.

The ball was snapped back again. Jodi again crashed through the opposition easily. Brad began to run, but Jodi's powerfully muscular legs blasted her faster than even she thought possible.

Before she caught up to him, Brad threw the football. Jodi smashed him to the ground even more painfully than before. She watched as the ball sailed towards one of her teammates. Damn, she thought, if he intercepts then I won't be able to finish Brad off next down. Fortunately the player dropped the ball.

Two sacks in a row. People began to notice this player, number 69. Long blond hairs began to fall out of his helmet. Could it be a girl? It sure wasn't Dwight, who normally wore that number. Didn't he get injured in the first quarter? Southview fans didn't care. As long as he (or she) could play like that, they wouldn't mind if it was an alien from outer space.

At this point Brad was freaking out. He went to the sidelines to beg the coach to replace him, but with only a minute to go the coach refused. "Get back in there. Your playing was a disgrace today and I want you to enjoy your last play as Central's starting quarterback."



Brad gulped as he caught Jodi's eye at the line of scrimmage. She fixed a wicked smile at him. Swallowing hard, he called for the snap. He fumbled it. While other players from both teams scrambled for the football, Jodi smashed into Brad once more. She wrapped her muscular thighs around his head and squeezed until she could hear the helmet crack. She removed her own helmet in order to show herself to all onlookers. Her long blonde hair cascaded down her back.

"It's Jodi!" people said. "Why is she playing for the other team?" "What is she doing to Brad?" "How did she become so strong?"

Jodi finally got up. She made sure that Brad wasn't dead. She hoped she taught him a very important lesson: Don't hustle with a girl who's got muscle! She took off her jersey and acknowledged the crowd by flexing her enormous biceps. The spectators let out a collective gasp. Then she made her way to the showers. More than anything right now, she wanted to wash the sweat

off her skin. Then she would let all the guys on the football team suck her swollen clit.

THE END

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