

YOUNG GIRLS!

(Know what they're after!)

Meet Junie. As far back as she can remember, she has always been a Tomboy. She loves a good wrestling tussle. And as her younger brother will attest she likes to have them often. But let us let her tell it in her own words:

"Well, I guess to start with, my name is Junie and I like to keep active, very active. I'm pretty cute, I know it, but I'm not big headed about it. Even at ten I was starting to get a good figure. I was about 5' 2", rather tall for that age I guess, but I liked it. Hardly no one in school was as big as me, and at home my brother Timmy was really at his wits end, wondering why he didn't grow taller than me. I'm three years older than Tim, but that didn't seem a good enough reason for him. He's kinda dumb. And he's always making me mad. I'd get home from school to find he'd gone through my dresser looking for money for more candy. Chocolate on his hands and now on my clothes. I have a quick temper, just like my Mom. And Tim always manages to set it off.



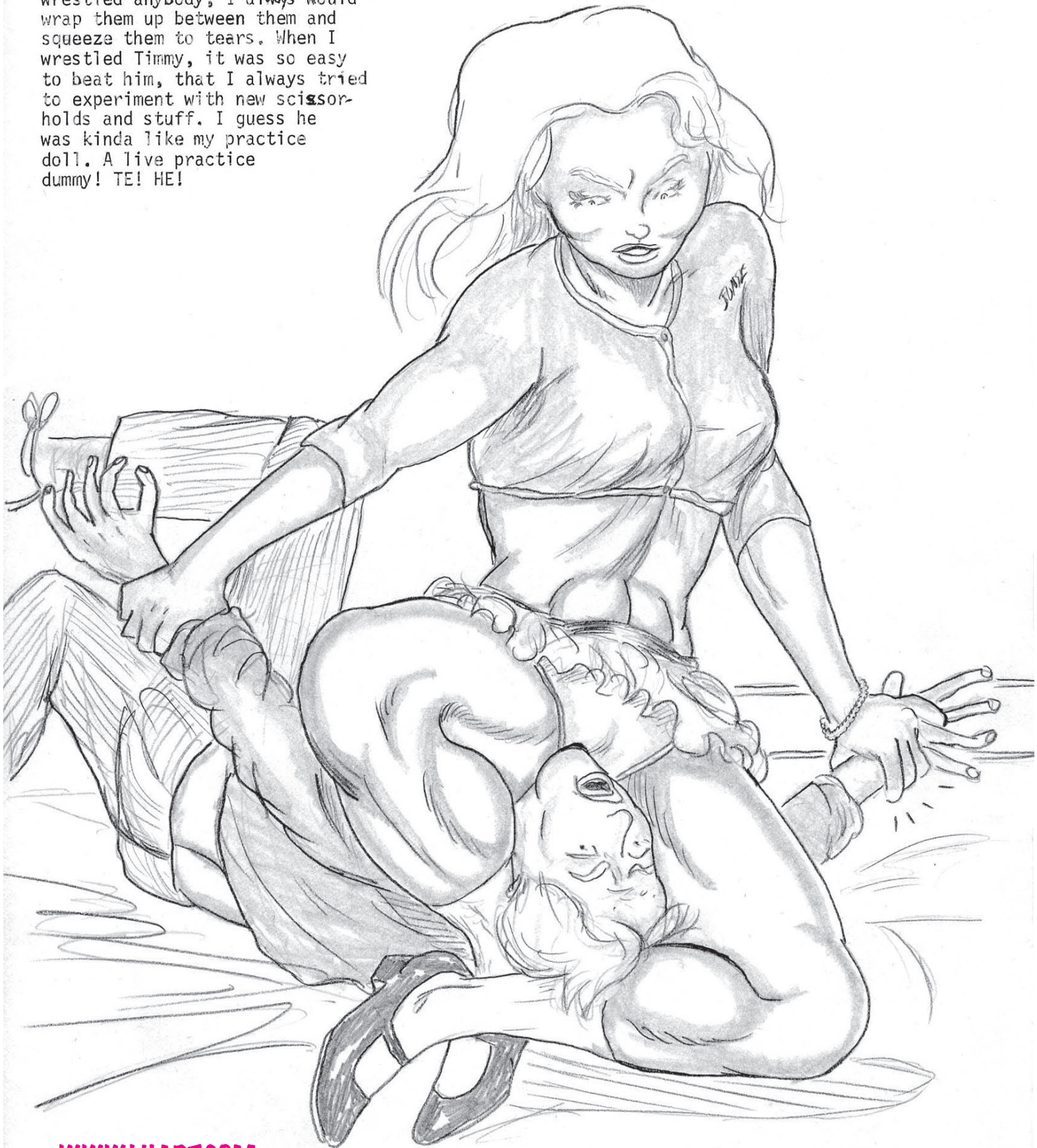
When he saw me and the look on my face, Timmy knew what was coming. He was cowering in the corner looking pleadingly at me. But I didn't care. When I'm mad, I kinda get crazy a little. I really want to put Timmy in his place. He was telling me some lame lie, but I wasn't listening. No one else was home, so it was time for Timmy to become reacquainted with big sis's favorite past time.



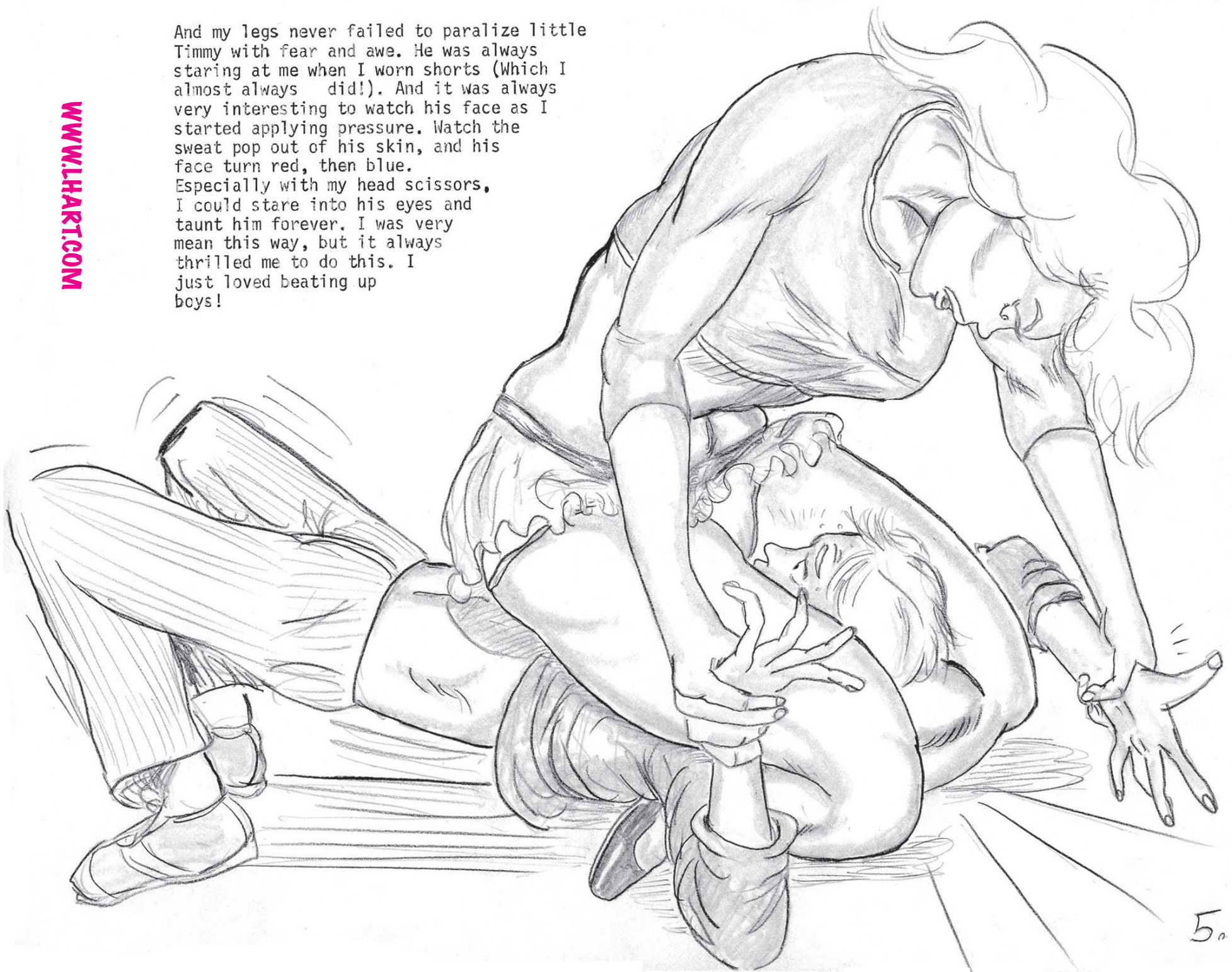
Timmy is so afraid of me when I'm this way, I just walked over to him, sorta slow like to make him sweat a bit. Then I kicked him to the floor and stepped on his out stretched arms. I was going to be especially hard on the little shrimp today!



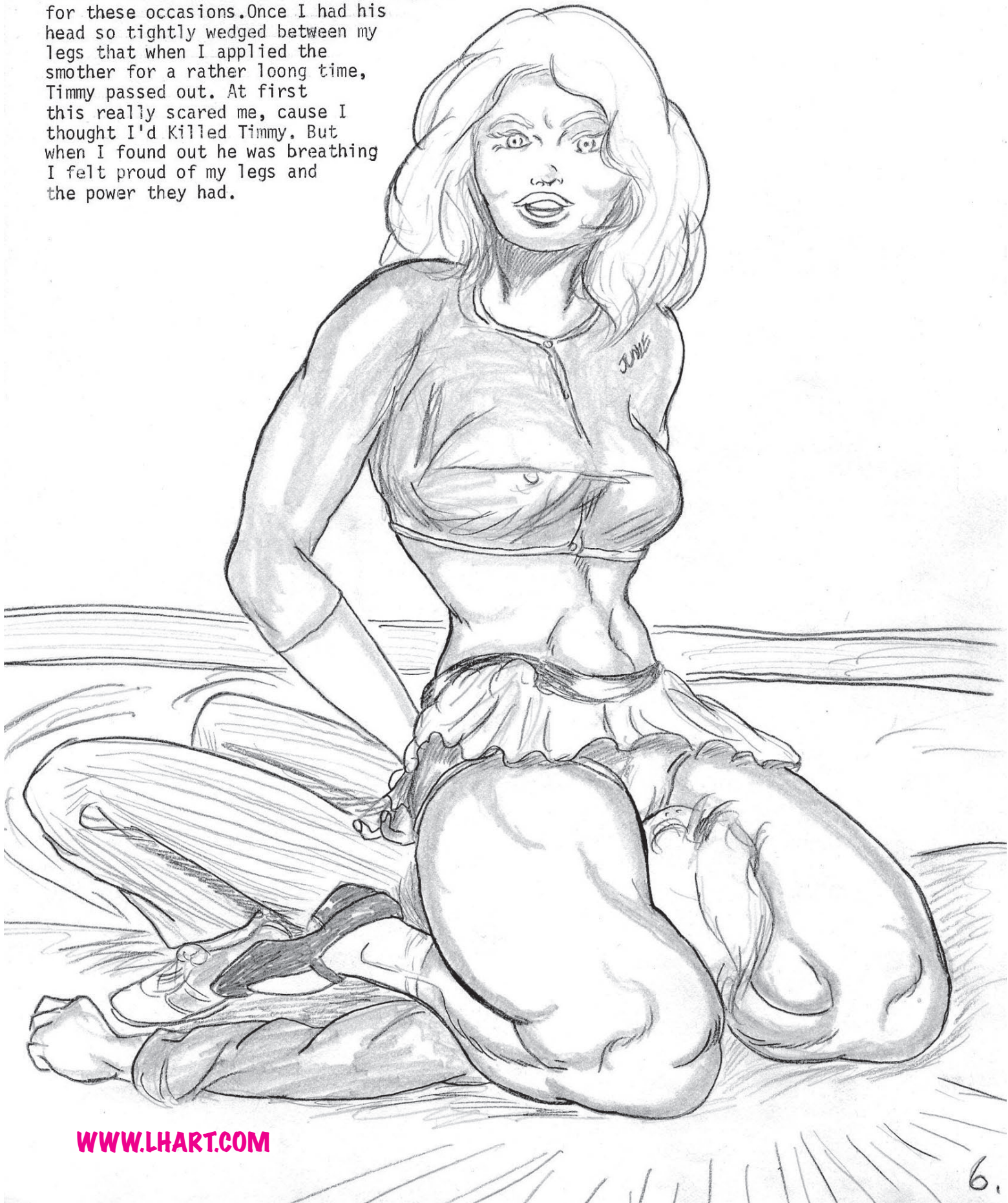
I run and ride my bike a lot, and it really has helped me develop some strong legs. My Dad, when he was alive use to watch wrestling on TV alot, and me and Timmy would play wrestle after we watched. I won, of course, but I also learned about the terrific power of my legs. Whenever I wrestled anybody, I always would wrap them up between them and squeeze them to tears. When I wrestled Timmy, it was so easy to beat him, that I always tried to experiment with new scissor-holds and stuff. I guess he was kinda like my practice doll. A live practice dummy! TE! HE!



And my legs never failed to paralyze little Timmy with fear and awe. He was always staring at me when I worn shorts (Which I almost always did!). And it was always very interesting to watch his face as I started applying pressure. Watch the sweat pop out of his skin, and his face turn red, then blue. Especially with my head scissors, I could stare into his eyes and taunt him forever. I was very mean this way, but it always thrilled me to do this. I just loved beating up boys!



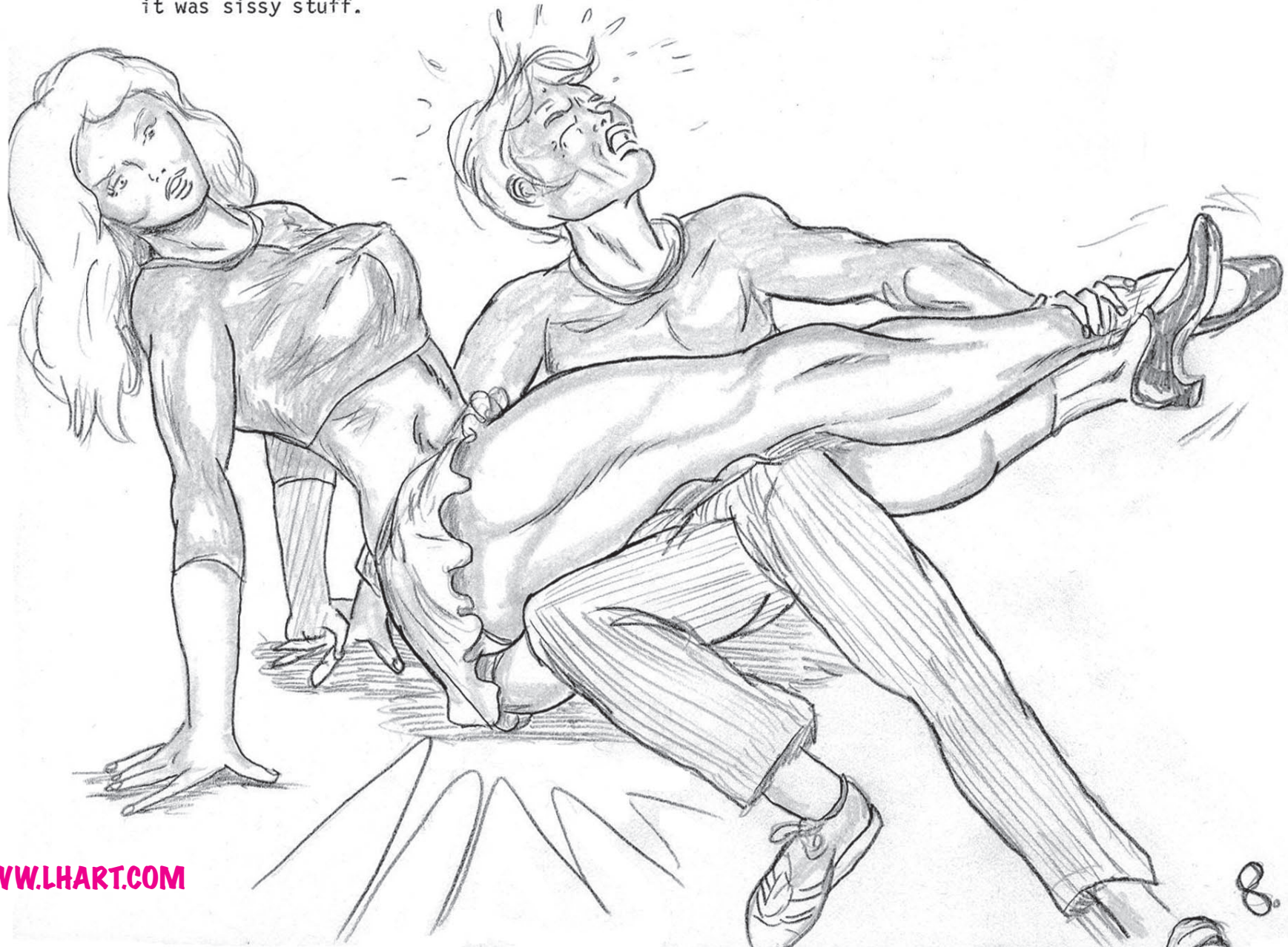
Sometimes Timmy's friends would come to the door while I was really getting into an enjoyable fight with him. So, I would shut-up his crys for help or mercy with a face smother hold I invented just for these occasions. Once I had his head so tightly wedged between my legs that when I applied the smother for a rather loong time, Timmy passed out. At first this really scared me, cause I thought I'd Killed Timmy. But when I found out he was breathing I felt proud of my legs and the power they had.



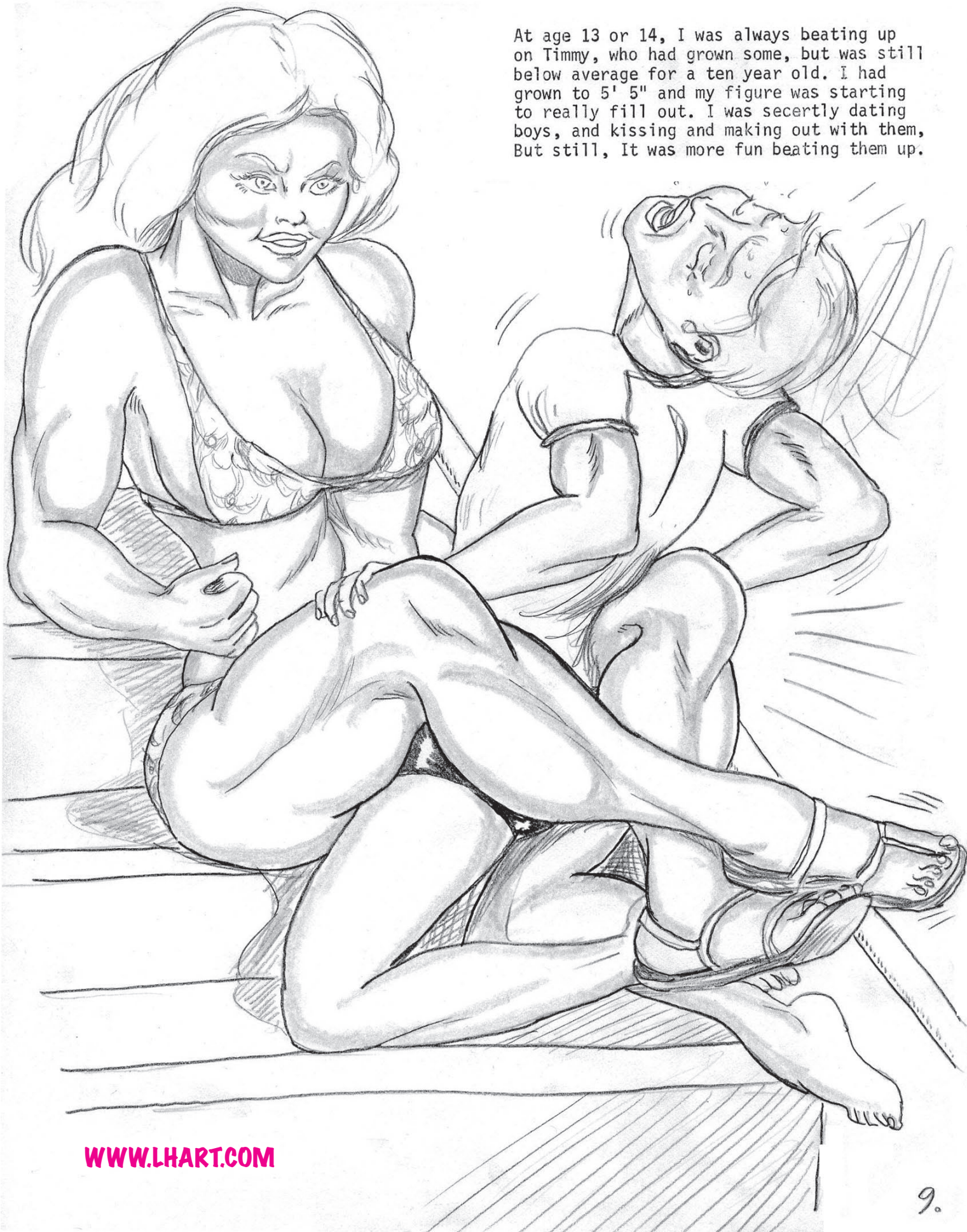
Sometimes I'd feel sorry for what I was doing to poor Timmy, and I'd let him go. Then he'd turn around and call me all kind's of dirty names! This made me even madder, and then Timmy would really get it.



One time he got me so mad I really let him have a taste of my legs full strength. I would lean back and pour on the pressure. Timmy would scream out in pain with what air remained in his lungs. But I didn't care who heard then. I'd just keep squeezing, and soon he had no more air to scream with. Once I broke one of his ribs. And Mom really let me have it for that. She didn't mind our fighting. And really didn't believe Timmy's stories of my beating him up when she was at work. Mom was proud of my strong body and always supported my sports ventures. We jogged together often, and Timmy was asked to come, but he'd always stay behind saying it was sissy stuff.



At age 13 or 14, I was always beating up on Timmy, who had grown some, but was still below average for a ten year old. I had grown to 5' 5" and my figure was starting to really fill out. I was secretly dating boys, and kissing and making out with them, But still, It was more fun beating them up.

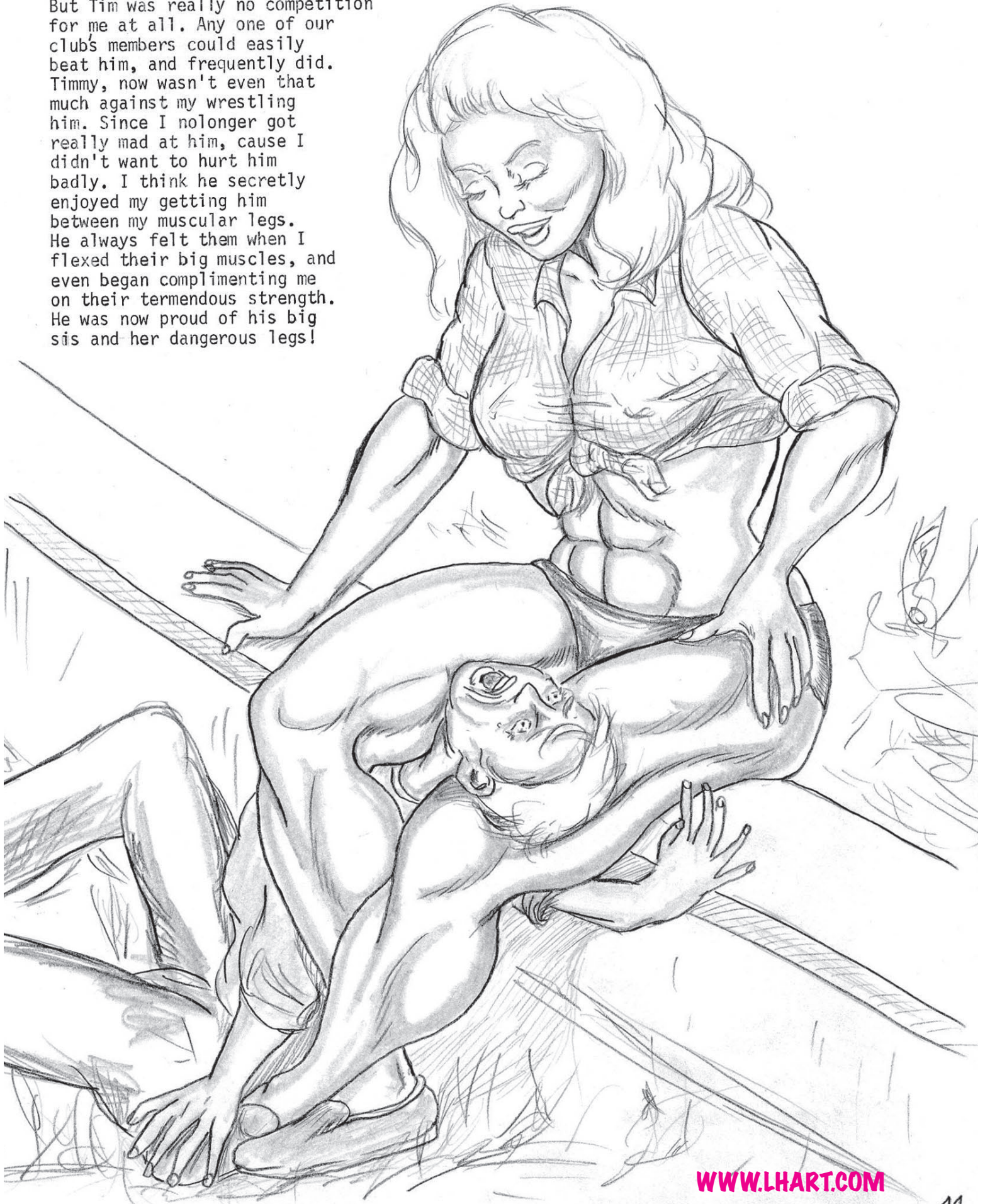


I was now in track at school, and doing real well. I found I had to take it easy on Tim or else I could easily do him serious harm.

Some girlfriends and I were in a wrestling club and I learned many new holds. But still I found out my most inventive ones while wrestling with Tim.



But Tim was really no competition for me at all. Any one of our club's members could easily beat him, and frequently did. Timmy, now wasn't even that much against my wrestling him. Since I no longer got really mad at him, cause I didn't want to hurt him badly. I think he secretly enjoyed my getting him between my muscular legs. He always felt them when I flexed their big muscles, and even began complimenting me on their tremendous strength. He was now proud of his big sis and her dangerous legs!



Once this new kid at my brothers school was stealing Tim's lunch money and beating him and other kids up. When I heard about this I had Timmy point him out. And one day after school while he was walking home, I jogged up to him and . . .



HEY SHIT HEAD, I'M THE SISTER OF ONE OF THE KID'S YOU'VE BEEN STEALING FROM AT SCHOOL, AND I THINK YOU NEED A LITTLE LESSON IN LOSING A FIGHT.



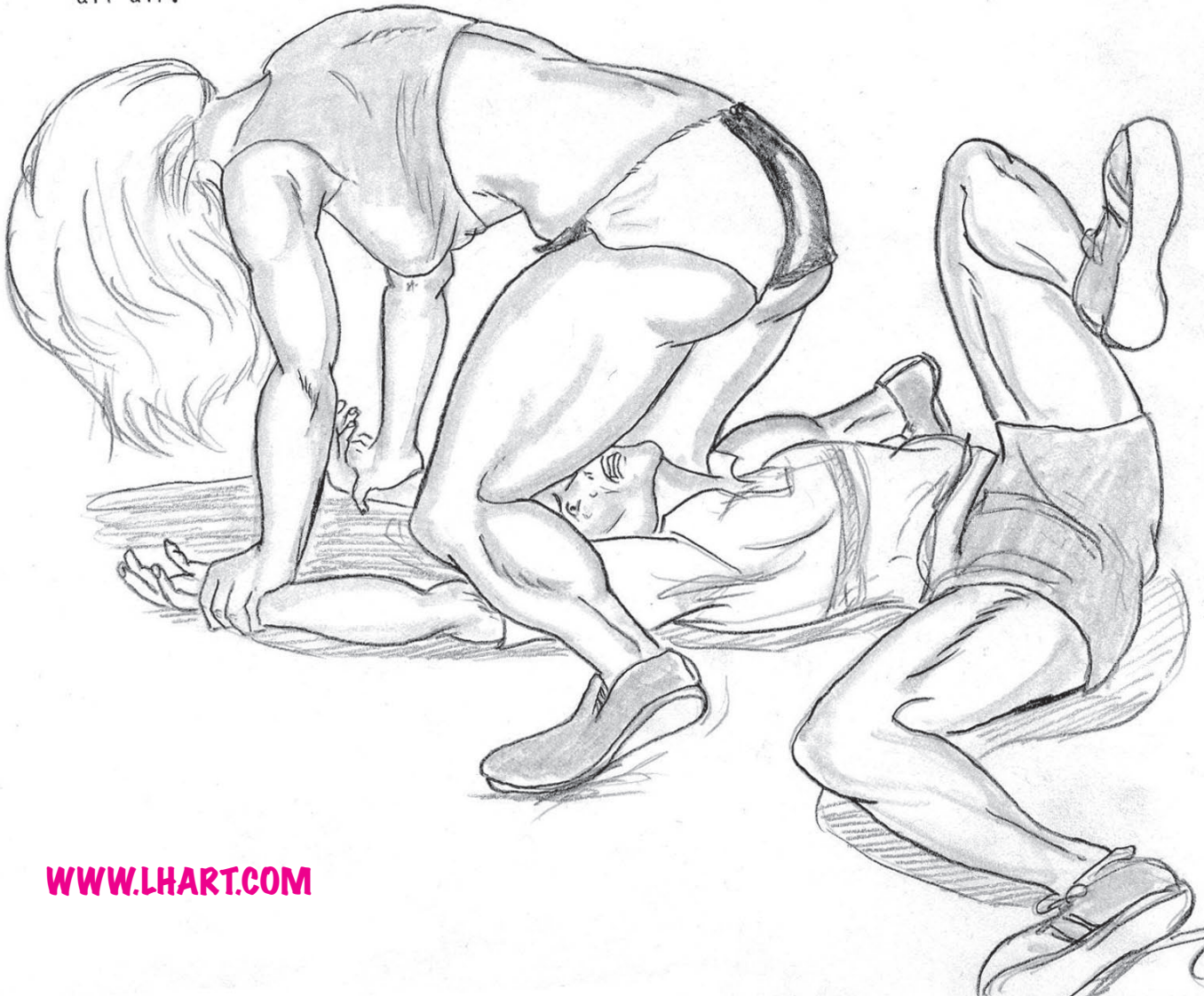
FUCK OFF MUSCLE
BUTT, I AIN'T
SCARED OF NO
GIRL!



THEN I'LL GIVE YOU
A REASON TO FEAR ME
PUNK!



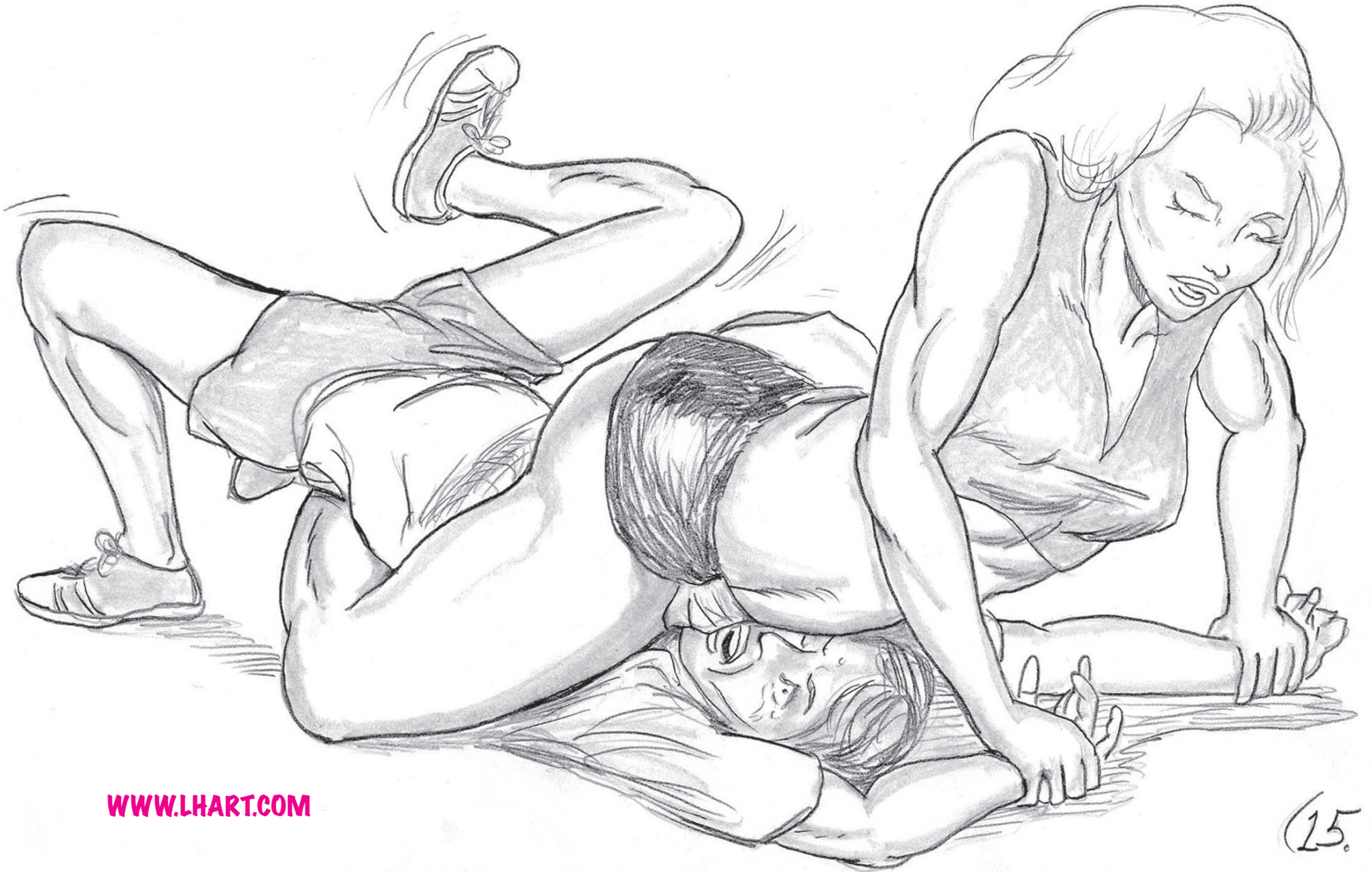
It was easy this kid had no strength. He was
all air.



Before long he was giving me the wide eye's of fear as I gave him a taste of my thigh power. One squeeze he was scared, two squeezes and he was crying. What a panzy. This punk wasn't going to give me any competition at all.



I decided to do like one of the girls in our wrestling club did. She told me she would sit on her boy friends face until she came. She said it was better than masturbating, and even her boyfriend liked it! I didn't want this creep enjoying it, so I softened him up a bit with some more rough wrestling.



When I finally did get to sitting on his face, he was almost unconcious. I squirmed about on him, and it was great. I used his chin and nose and rubbed and squirshed until I climaxed real good. It was great!





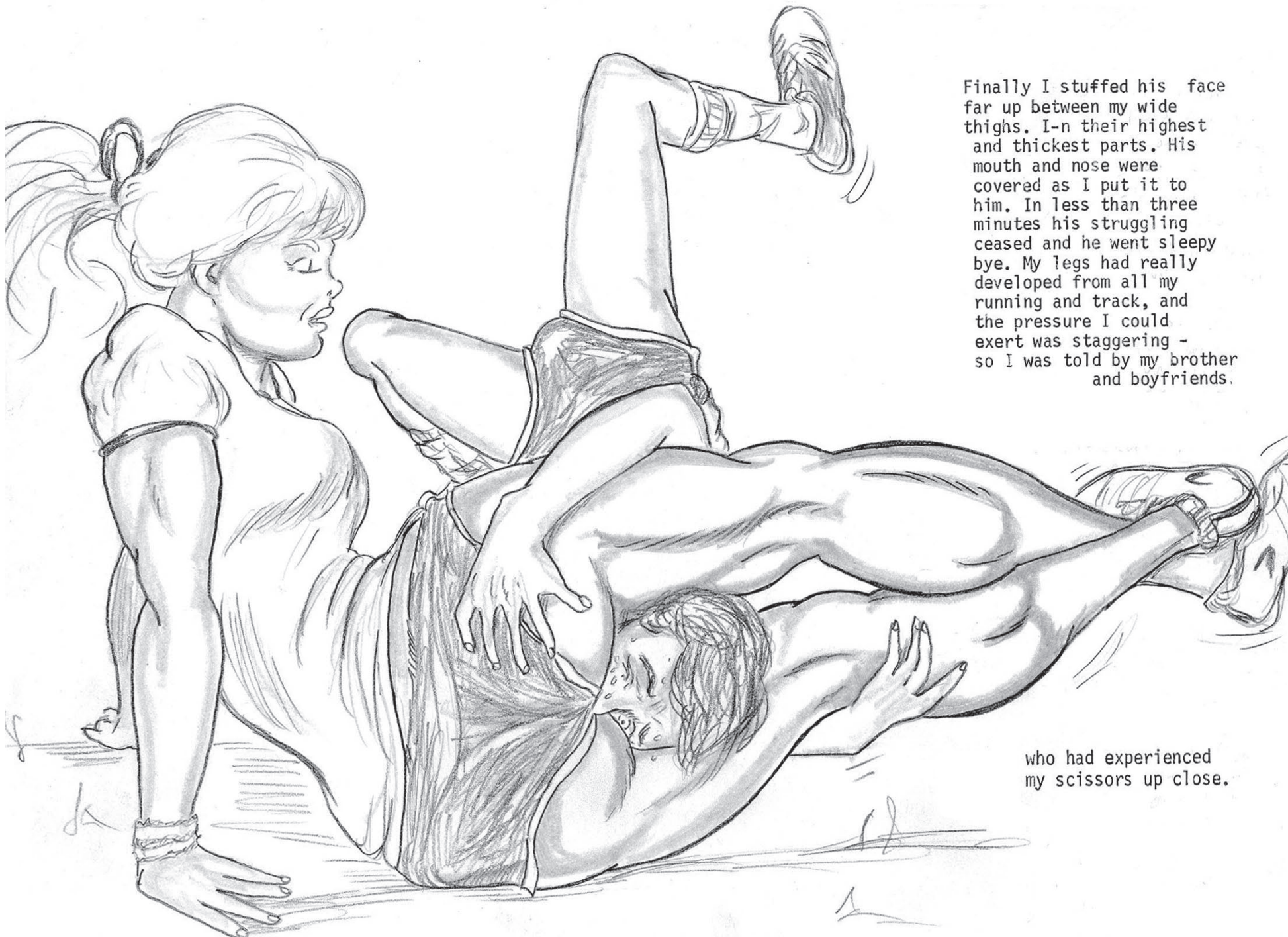
GIVE IT TO HIM GOOD, JUNIE! THE PERVERT. LET'S SQUASH HIS BALLS!

Once in school Track practice, we caught this Jock-type peeping in on us girls as we showered and changed. Lisa held him & I started softening up his belly, with a few good blows.

When suddenly he broke free and started running.

This guy could really run fast. I didn't know who he was, but he had on a boy's track uniform. I ran after him and had to pour on the speed to chase him down and tackle him. I quickly got my legs around him and put on the pressure. He started yelling bloody murder, and I had my hands full trying to keep him quite and apply pressure at the same time.





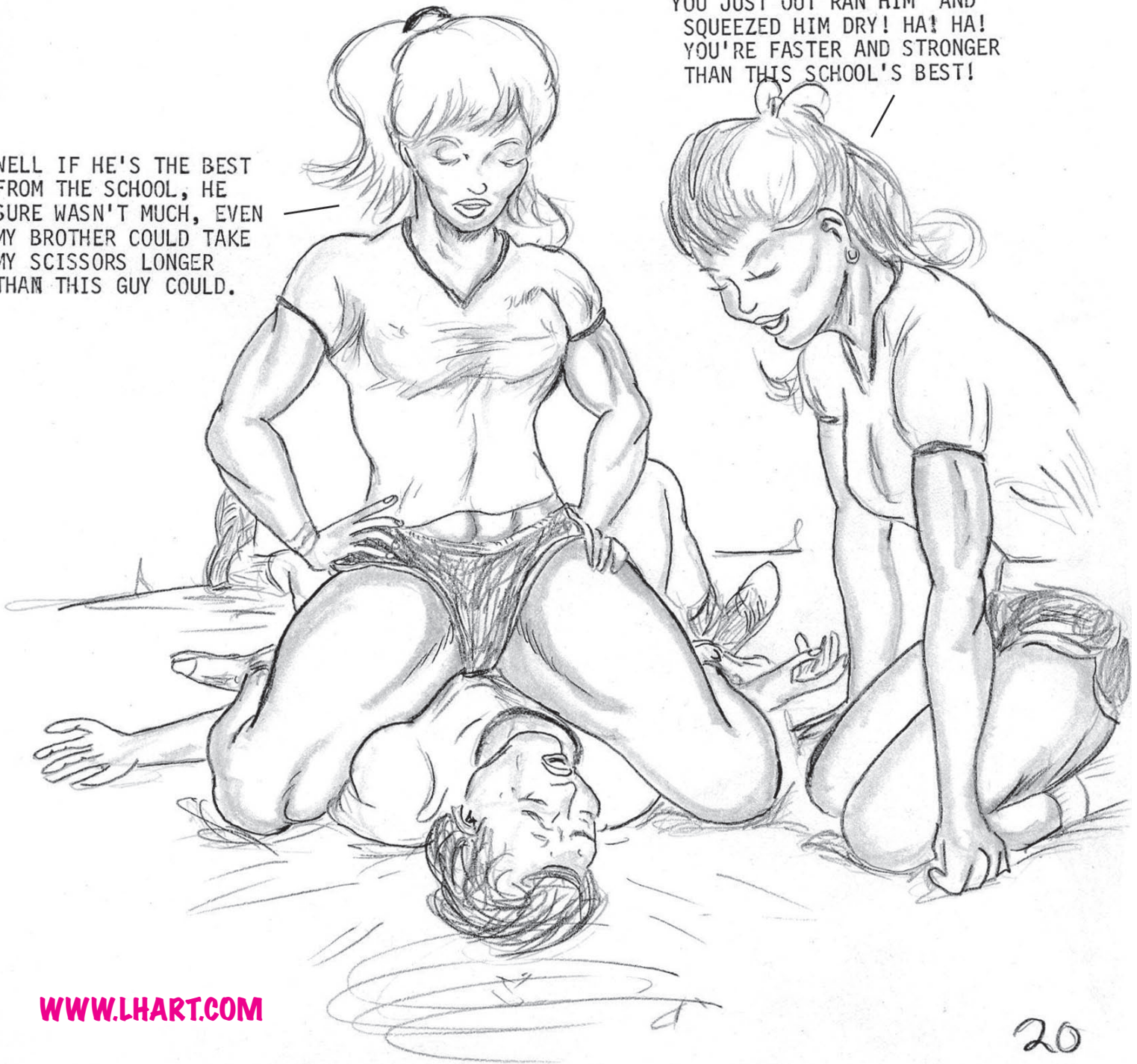
Finally I stuffed his face far up between my wide thighs. I-n their highest and thickest parts. His mouth and nose were covered as I put it to him. In less than three minutes his struggling ceased and he went sleepy bye. My legs had really developed from all my running and track, and the pressure I could exert was staggering - so I was told by my brother and boyfriends.

who had experienced my scissors up close.

My team mate caught up to us and cheered my easy victory over the guy. As I pinned him beneath me waiting for him to wake up for some questions and answers, she got excited, telling me . . .

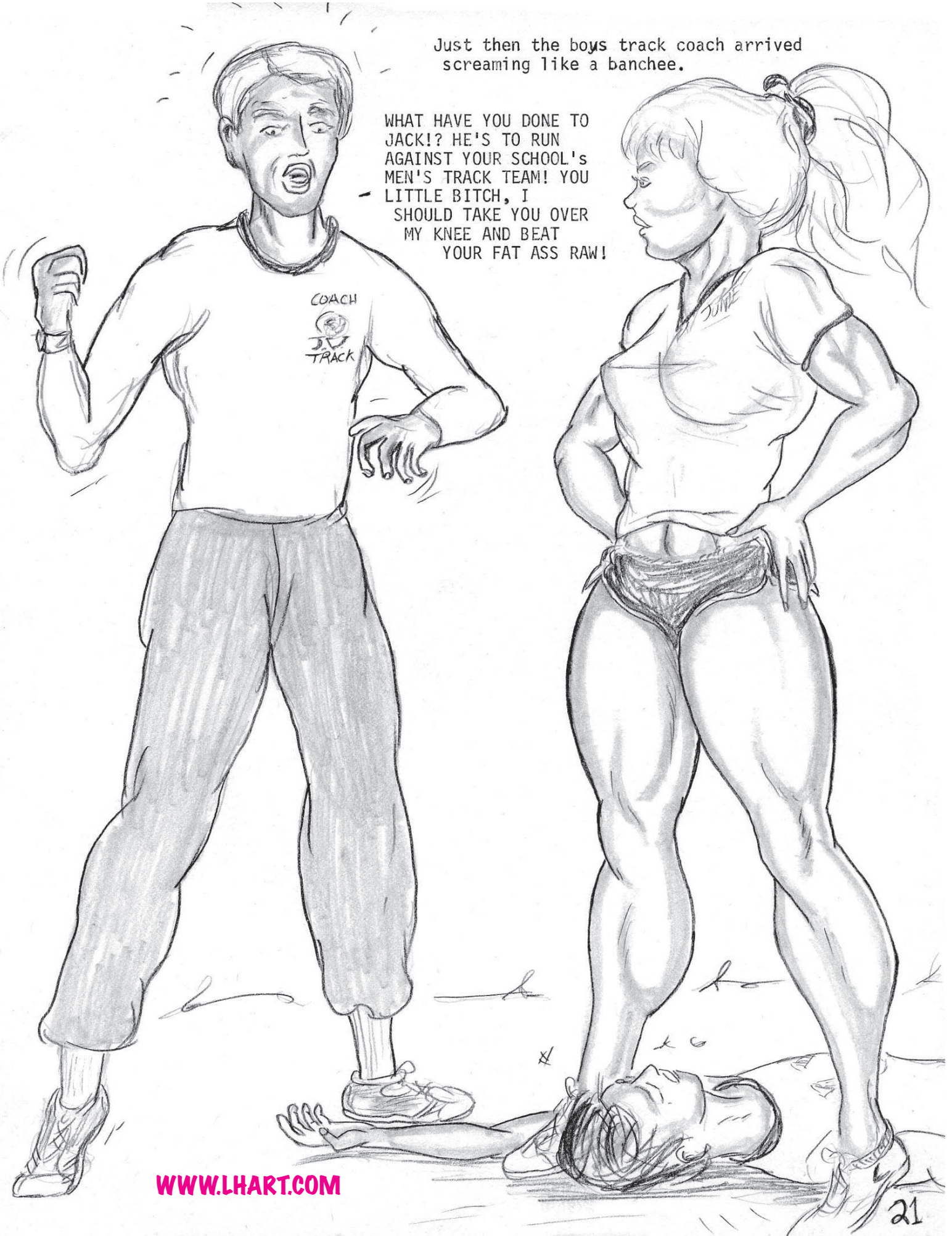
JUNIE! DO YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS! IT'S JACK DANIELS THE SCHOOL'S LEADING TRACK STAR! YOU JUST OUT RAN HIM AND SQUEEZED HIM DRY! HA! HA! YOU'RE FASTER AND STRONGER THAN THIS SCHOOL'S BEST!

WELL IF HE'S THE BEST FROM THE SCHOOL, HE SURE WASN'T MUCH, EVEN MY BROTHER COULD TAKE MY SCISSORS LONGER THAN THIS GUY COULD.

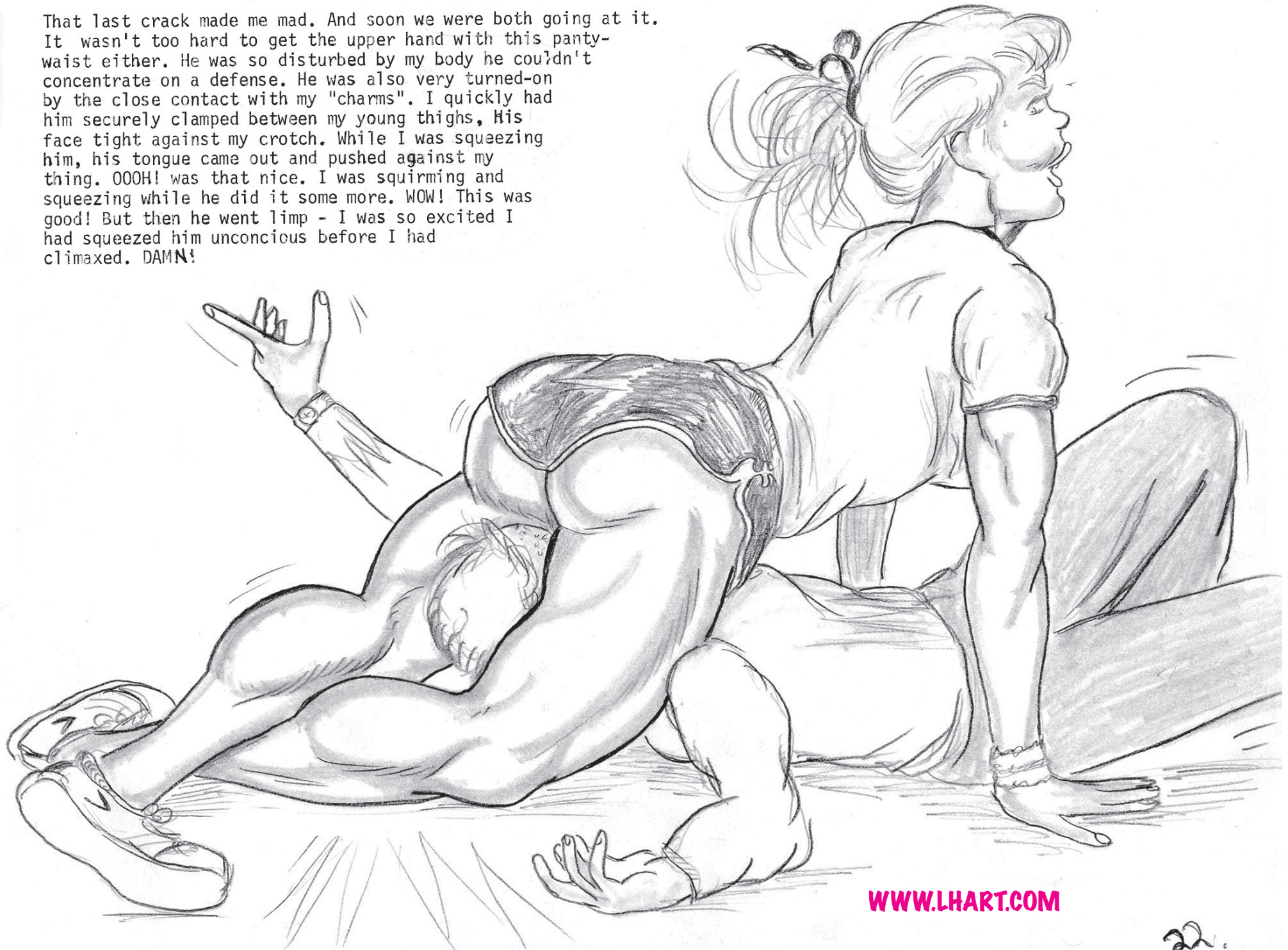


Just then the boys track coach arrived screaming like a banshee.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO JACK!? HE'S TO RUN AGAINST YOUR SCHOOL'S MEN'S TRACK TEAM! YOU LITTLE BITCH, I SHOULD TAKE YOU OVER MY KNEE AND BEAT YOUR FAT ASS RAW!



That last crack made me mad. And soon we were both going at it. It wasn't too hard to get the upper hand with this panty-waist either. He was so disturbed by my body he couldn't concentrate on a defense. He was also very turned-on by the close contact with my "charms". I quickly had him securely clamped between my young thighs, His face tight against my crotch. While I was squeezing him, his tongue came out and pushed against my thing. OOOH! was that nice. I was squirming and squeezing while he did it some more. WOW! This was good! But then he went limp - I was so excited I had squeezed him unconscious before I had climaxed. DAMN!



Later after Hi-school, as I was starting college, I started to notice that I had been neglecting my upper body. My legs were tremendously well developed, but compared to my arms (which weren't really that weak.) they looked disporportioned. I decided then to start on a full weight training program. I was so proud of my strong shapely legs, and I wanted all the rest of my body to match them.

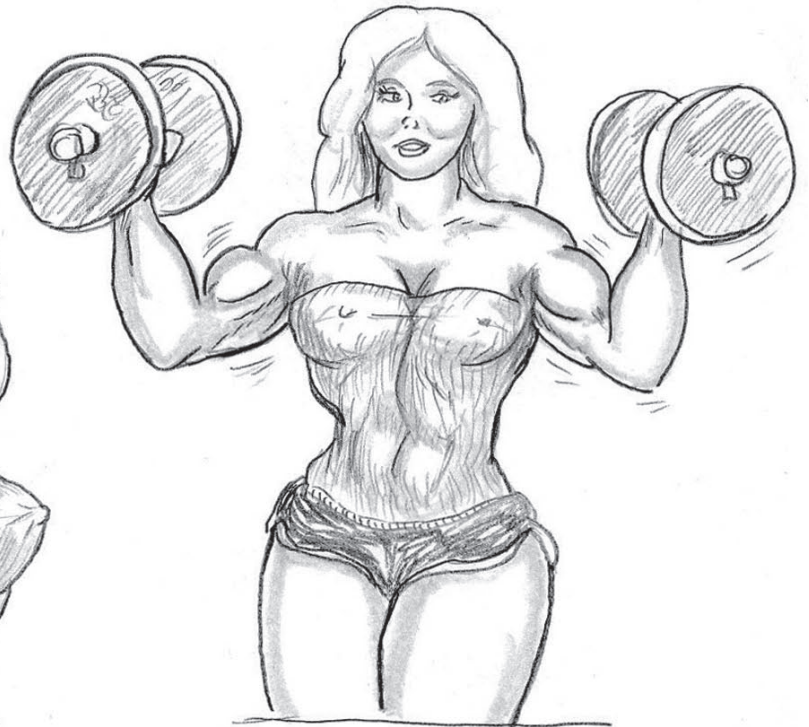




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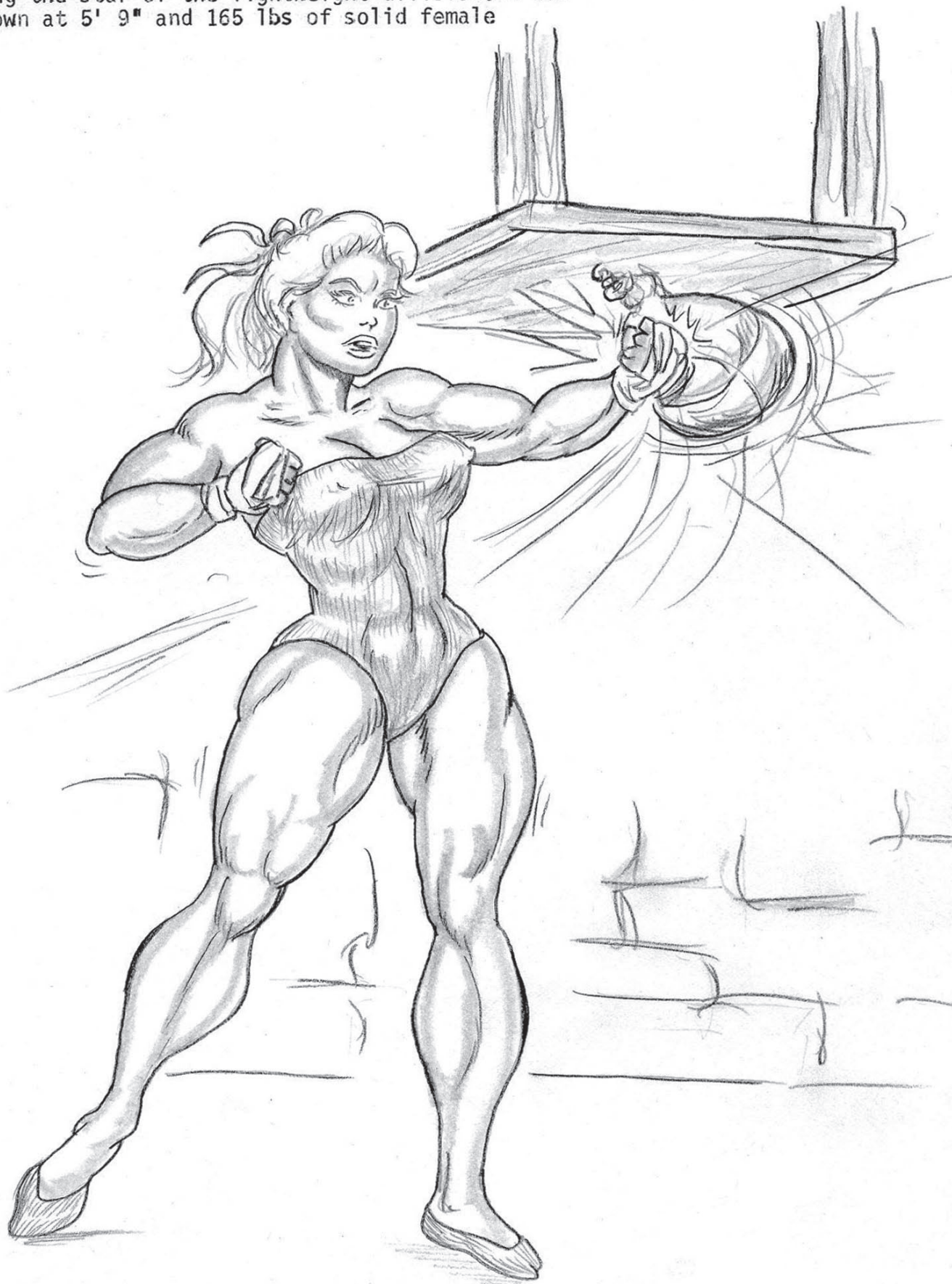
I wanted to see just how strong I could get.

Every day I worked out. And I quickly began to see results. My body was always quick to respond to exercise. My biceps grew from 13" to nearly 16" in one summer of intense workouts.



Pumping Iron was even more addictive than jogging. Boyfriends either accepted this main part of my life, or they didn't. If so I usually got a good workout beating the crap out of their hides. 24.

In college, the other girls looked up to me as their leader in sports. I wanted to get on the men's wrestling team, but it was impossible. So as the next best thing, I started dating the star of the lightweight division. I was now fully grown at 5' 9" and 165 lbs of solid female muscle!



We had dated in the winter, and when I finally had gotten him to take my challenge seriously, he had not yet really seen my whole body revealed in a tight bathing suit. He was truly amazed, but he was such thick headed male egotist, he couldn't begin to accept the idea that I might actually be stronger than he was. Showing this muscle head up was indeed going to be a pleasure. He was a rotten Lover anyway.



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I came on strong and fast and threw the turkey to the mat, with so much power the floor shook.



He was dazed and I moved in quickly with my ole' favorite, the body-scissors . My legs were bigger than his and when I tensed them as I squeezed his guts, they swelled up to amazing size and densiness. He was shocked still by the pain and pressure I brought to bear on him. This was going to be another easy fight.

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HEY SUCKER! NOT
DOING SO HOT ARE
YOU. WHAT'S THAT?
HERE LET ME LOOSEN
UP A BIT.
TALK CREEP!

GACK! COUGH!
STOP! JUNE,
OUCH, OH! YOUR LEGS ARE CRUSHING MY RIBS!
CHOKE! YOU KUNT! WHEN I GET LOOSE . . .

He was going to be a pig to the end. So much the better, as my temper flaired my muscles swelled and this creep suffered more and more.

WHEN YOU GET FREE! HA!
LISSEN TO YOU! YOU, SHIT
FACE, AIN'T GOING TO GET
FREE PERIOD!



GROAN...

THE ONLY FREEDOM YOU'RE GOING
TO GET IS THE FREEDOM I
GIVE YOU. WHEN I LET YOU
PASS OUT! AND THAT WON'T BE
FOR A LONG
WHILE!



MUFF!
MOAN!
PLE... I... UH

I twisted and bent that poor sucker all over the place. Bringing him to the brink of unconsciousness only to ease up and bring him back to suffer some more. He was begging for mercy, but I paid him no mind. Finally I put him in a neck scissors like I'd never put anyone in before. Tucked his neck and head so tight between my calve and thigh that even the pumping of blood through my swelled massive muscles could make his eye's and tongue pop out further. If I wanted, I could have easily snapped his neck. I would have enjoyed it, but I controlled my massive muscles as tightly as I controlled him, until, finally I added a bit more pressure and sent him out!

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That was one of the greater moments in mixed-wrestling for me. I got up off the jerk all my marvelous muscles pumped out like crazy! I looked **AWESOME!**

That was a word they used in the school paper under this photo. Seems some photog had witnessed the whole fight!



After all that press, and celebrity making huplaa, I got to compete on the men's wrestling team, and won a state championship!

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EPILOGUE:

Now at age 24, I've become very interested in modern dance and ballet. Funny, but I just can't seem to leave my wrestling roots behind (And I really don't want to!), as my instructor here fines out.

SOME
KIND OF
DANCE IN-
STRUCTOR
YOU ARE!
CAN'T EVEN
DEFEND
YOUR
PRINCIPLES!
WELL, TRY
THIS STEP ON
FOR SIZE!

HYEEEEE!!!

