

# 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 you 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. Nearly everyone in school was smaller than 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.



He also can make me very mad at times. Like one time after school I came home to find he'd gone through my dresser looking for money and eating a candy bar. Chocolate on his hands and now on my clothes. I have a quick temper, just like my Mom, and Timmy always manages to set it off.

When he saw the look on my face he knew what was coming. He cowered there in front of me looking pleadingly at me, but I didn't care. When I'm mad I kinda get crazy a little. He was telling me some lame lie. No one else was home, so it was time for little Timmy to get reacquainted with his big sister's favorite past-time.

Timmy gets 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. He looked up at me in abject fear! I was going to be especially hard on the little shrimp today, and he knew it!

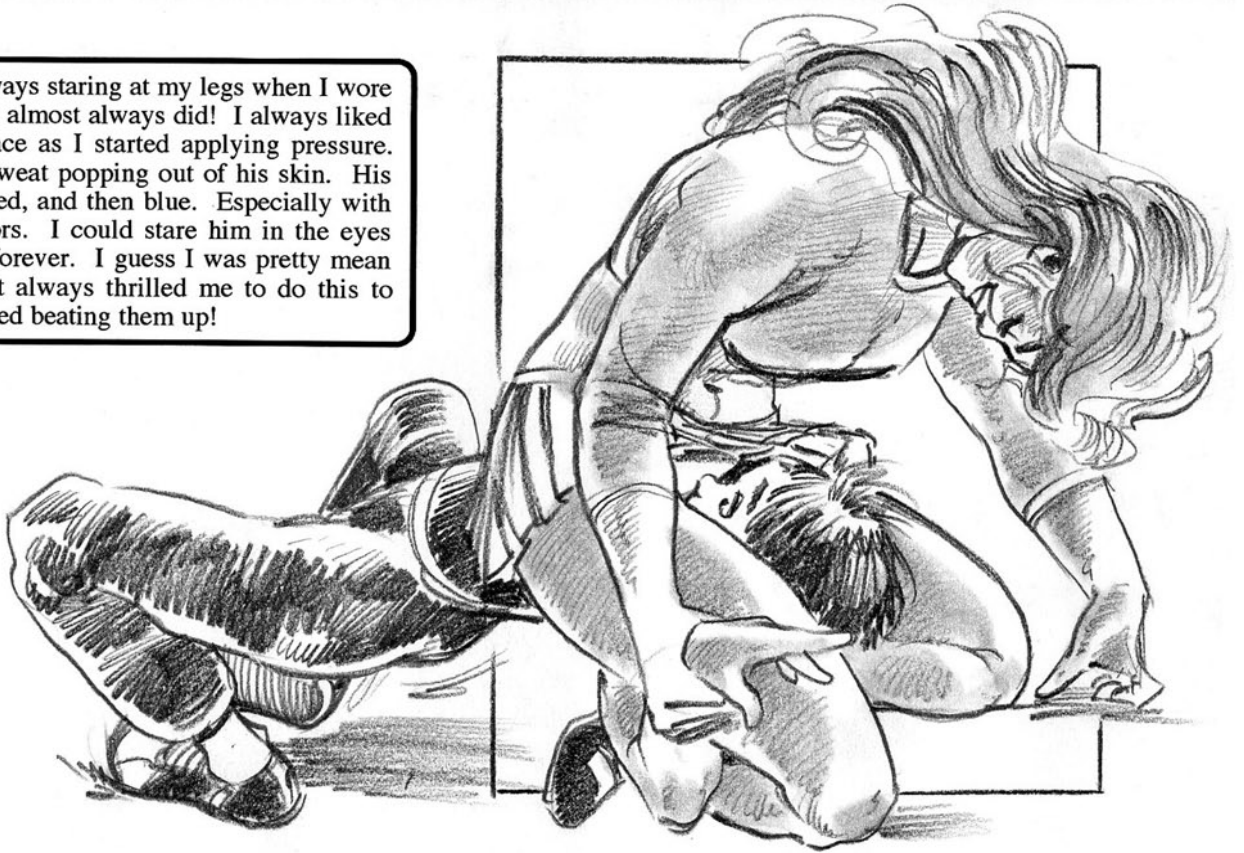
My legs probably looked miles long to Timmy down there on the floor. They are long. I run and ride my bike a lot, and it has helped me develop some really strong legs. My Dad, when he was alive use to watch a lot of wrestling on TV, and me and Timmy would play wrestle after we watched with him. I won, of course, but I also learned about the terrific power of my legs.



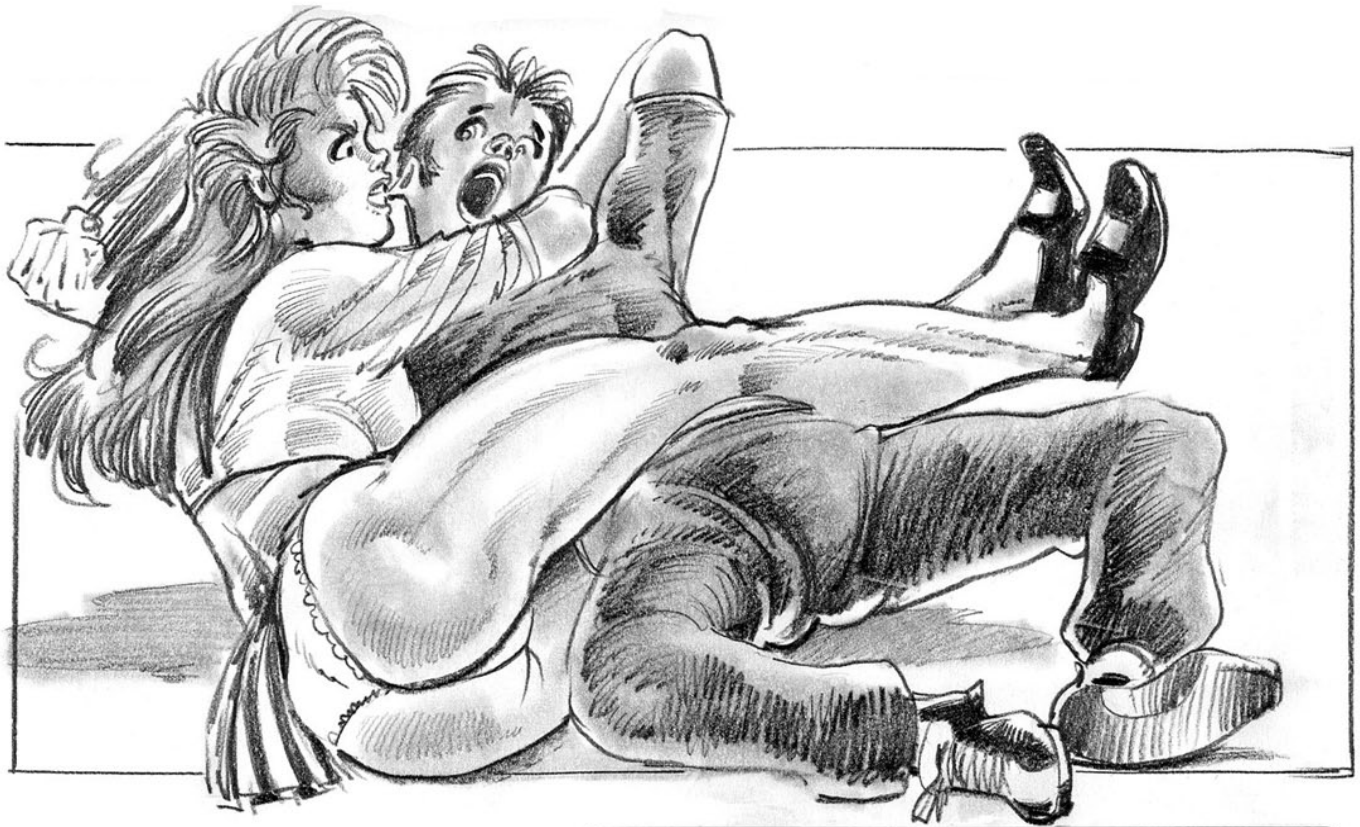
So whenever I wrestled with anyone, I would always wrap them up between my legs and squeeze them to tears. It was always so easy to beat Timmy, so when I wrestled with him I tried to experiment with new scissor-holds and stuff. I guess he was kinda like my practice doll. A live practice dummy!

My legs never failed to paralyze little Timmy with fear and awe.

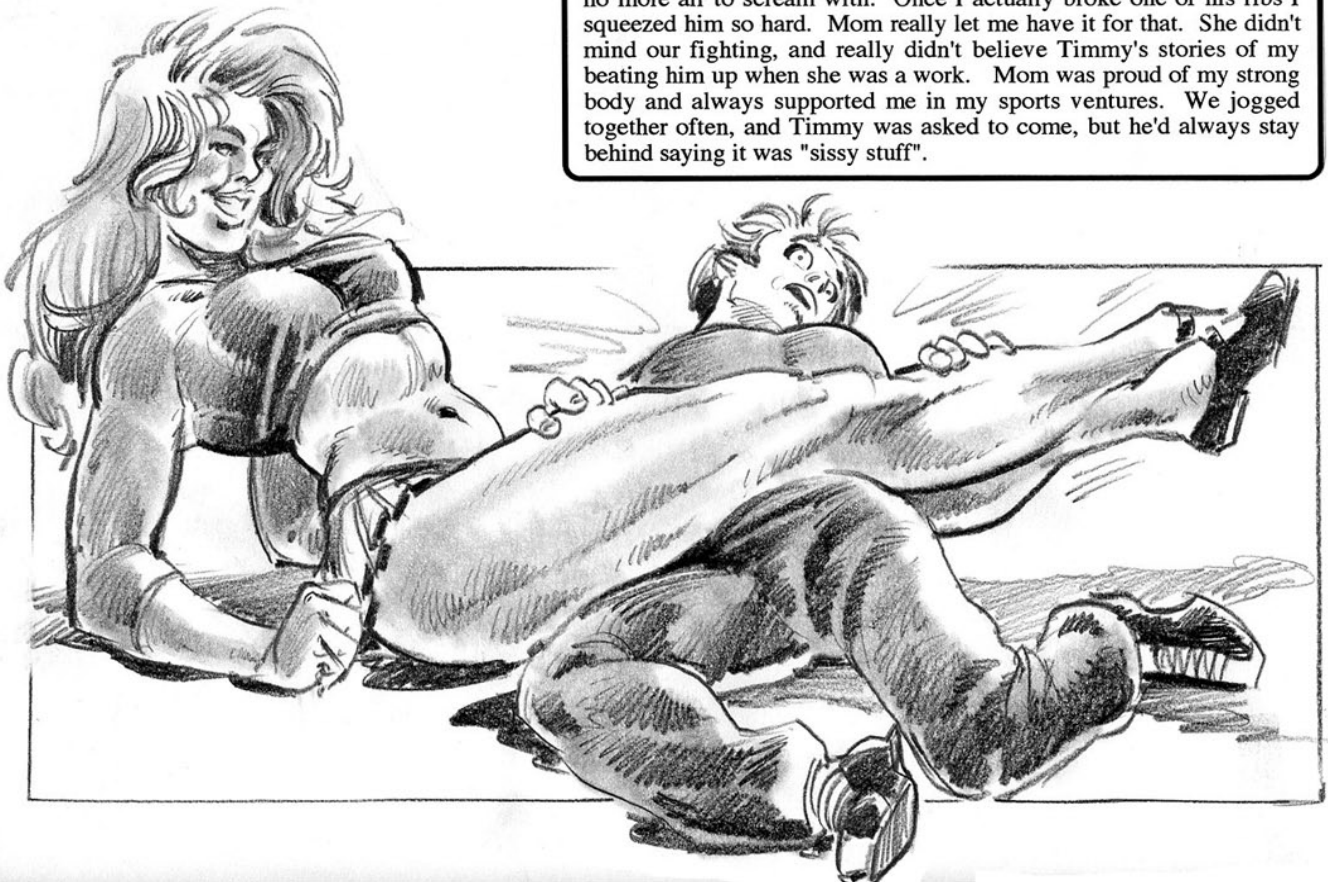
Timmy was always staring at my legs when I wore shorts - which I almost always did! I always liked to watch his face as I started applying pressure. Watching the sweat popping out of his skin. His face turn first red, and then blue. Especially with my head scissors. I could stare him in the eyes and taunt him forever. I guess I was pretty mean this way, but it always thrilled me to do this to boys. I just loved beating them up!



Sometimes Timmy's friends would come to the front door while I was really getting into the more enjoyable parts of beating him up. To shut up his crys for help or mercy, I started to sit on his head to smother out his yapping. I soon discovered this was especially thrilling to me! Once I had his head so tightly wedged between my legs and crotch that when I applied the smother for a rather long time, Timmy passed out. At first I was really scared, cause I thought I'd killed him. But when I found out he was breathing and had simply passed out I felt proud of my legs and the power they had.



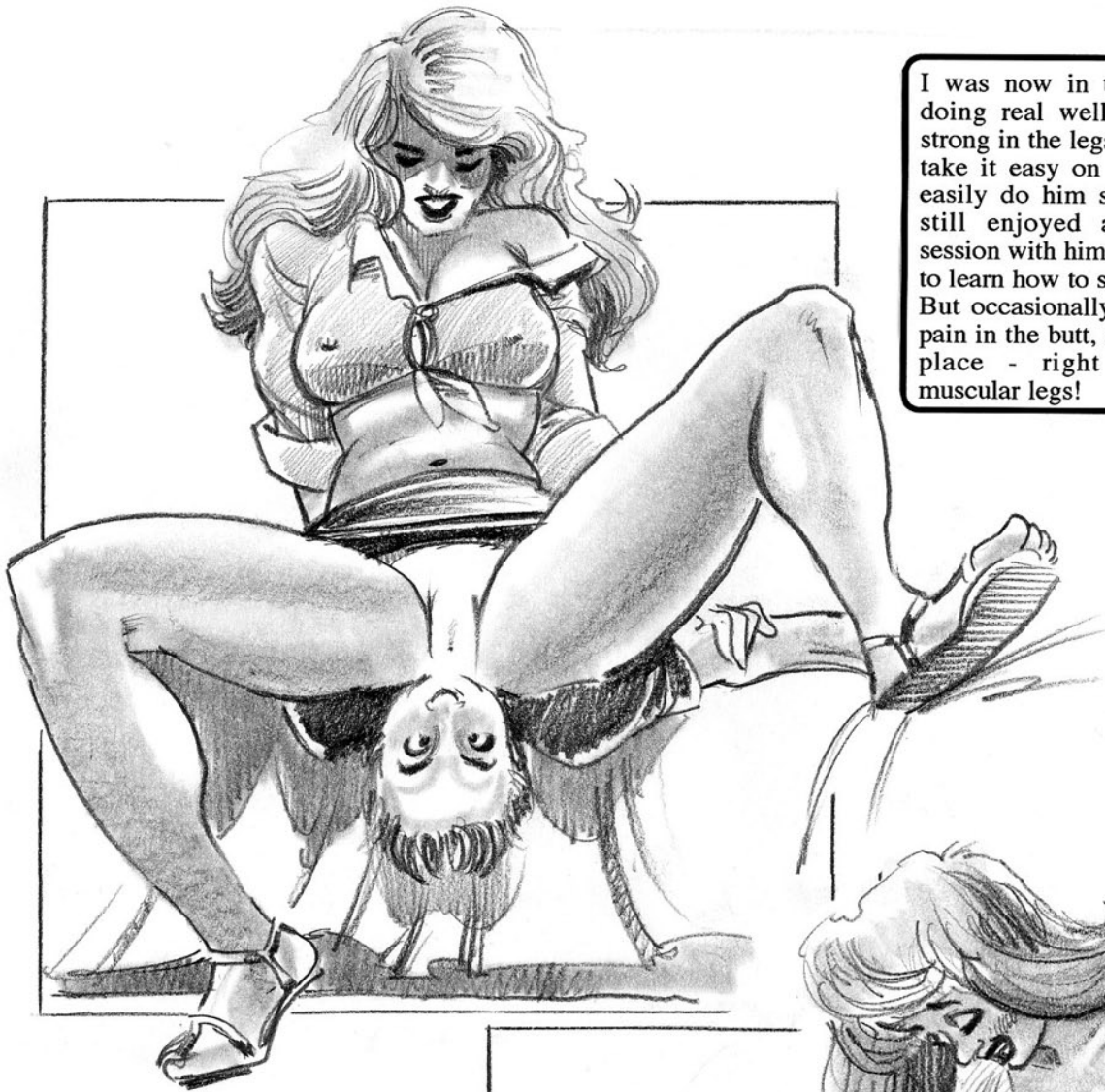
Sometimes I'd start feeling sorry for what I was doing to poor Timmy, and I'd let him go. Then he'd turn around and call me all kinds of dirty names! This just made me madder than ever and then I'd really give it to him! I would really let him have a taste of my legs full strength as I leaned back and poured on the pressure. He would scream out in pain with what air remained in his lungs. But I didn't care who heard him. I'd just keep on squeezing until he had no more air to scream with. Once I actually broke one of his ribs I squeezed him so hard. 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 a work. Mom was proud of my strong body and always supported me in my sports ventures. We jogged together often, and Timmy was asked to come, but he'd always stay behind saying it was "sissy stuff".



As I got further into my teen years and maturing quite nicely, I was always beating up on Timmy who had grown some, but was still below average for his age. I had grown to about 5' 5" and my figure was starting to really fill out. I was secretly dating boys, and kissing and making out with them a little, but still it was more fun beating them up. Which I did, often!



I was now in track at school, and doing real well. I was getting so strong in the legs that I found I had to take it easy on Tim or else I could easily do him serious harm. But I still enjoyed a good face-sitting session with him. And he was starting to learn how to satisfy his big sis best. But occasionally he'd get to being a pain in the butt, and I'd put him in his place - right between my big muscular legs!

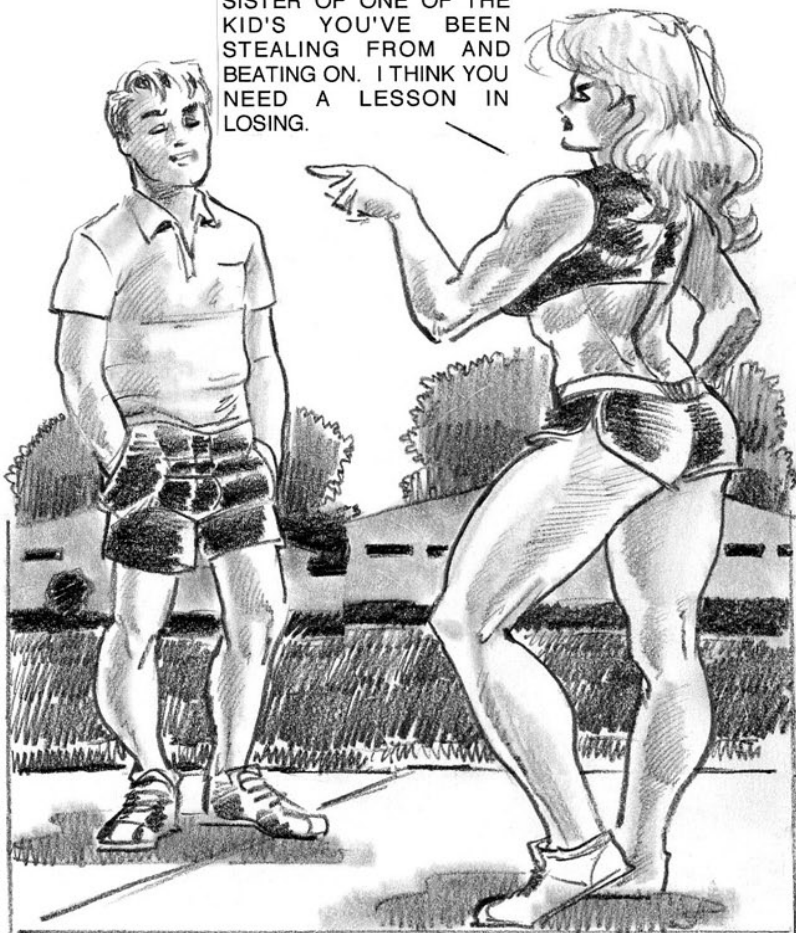


I think he now secretly enjoyed my getting him between my legs. He always felt them when I flexed their big muscles, and he even began complimenting me on their tremendous strength. He was now proud of his big sis and her dangerous legs!

Once this new kid at my brothers school was stealing Tim's lunch money and beating up on him and the other kids. When I heard about this I had Timmy point him out to me. Then 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 AND  
BEATING ON. I THINK YOU  
NEED A LESSON IN  
LOSING.



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



It was so easy, this kid had no strength. He was all hot air. Before long he was giving me the wide eyes of fear as I gave him a taste of my thigh power. One squeeze and he was scared. Two squeezes and he started crying. What a panzy. This was going to be a no-competition fight all the way.



I decided since I wasn't going to get any fight out of this guy, I might as well get some pleasure. When I told him I was going to sit on his face he started to struggle harder than before, but it was no problem controlling him. A hard squeeze from my big thighs to his chest quieted him as I moved steadily up towards his face.



I had been teaching some of the other girls on our track team the joys of facesitting a boy. Some were trying it out on their wimp boyfriends and loving it. But the best sitting was always on a boy you felt nothing but contempt for. Especially if you know he deserved it. As I knew this punk did.

He was almost unconscious when I climaxed a real good one with him. I heard a car break with a scream of its tires, but I didn't bother to look around. I didn't care who saw us at that point. I was floating in a sea of pleasure so great that I didn't notice him go to sleep beneath me there in the mid-afternoon sun.

Needless to say, Timmy and the other kids had no more trouble from this twerp from then on!



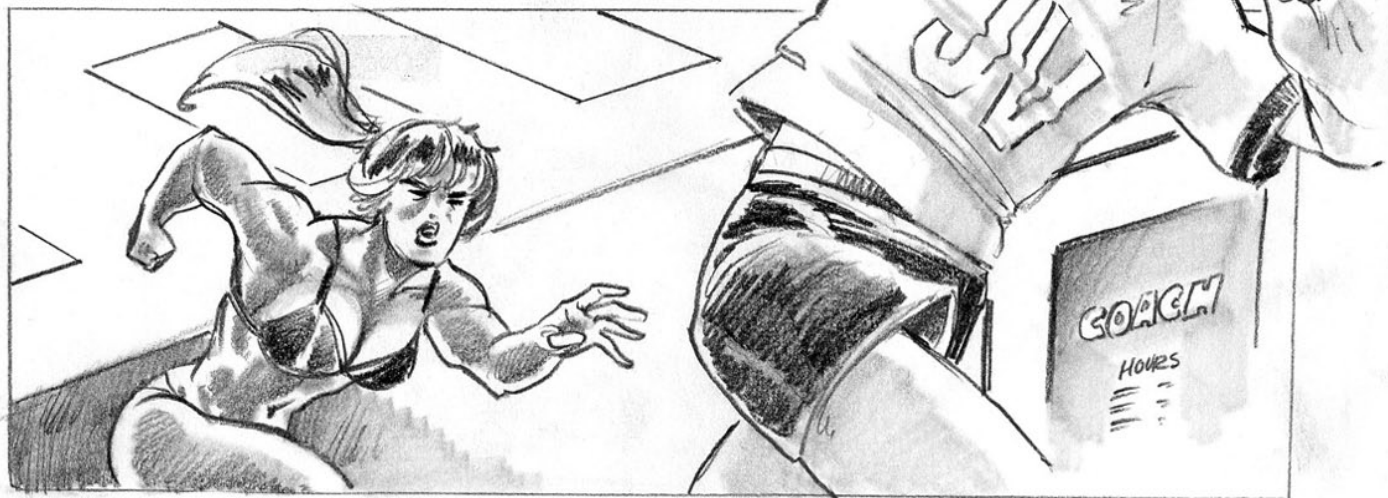
Once after track practice at school, we caught this jock-type peeping in on us in the girls showers. Lisa snuck up on him and grabbed him from behind. As she held him I started softening him up with a few good belly punches.

He looked pretty skinny, but he surprised us and broke away and started off running. This guy could really run fast. I didn't know who he was, but he had on a boys track uniform. I ran after him and had to pour on the speed to catch up and tackle him.



GIVE IT TO HIM  
GOOD, JUNIE!

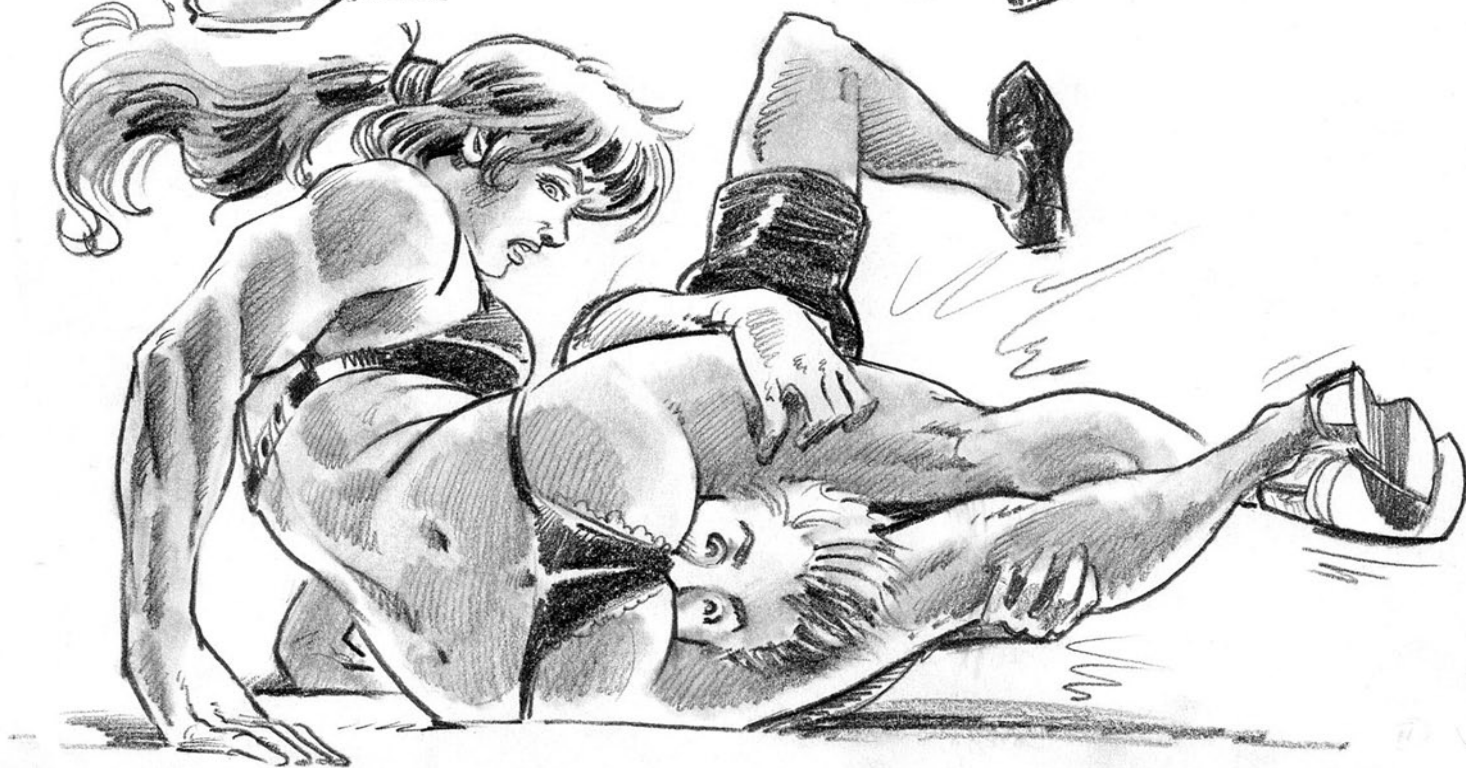
SQUASH HIS  
BALLS!





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 quiet and apply pressure at the same time.

Finally I just stuffed his face far up between my wide thighs and put it to him. In less than two minutes his struggles ceased and he went sleepy-bye. My legs had really developed from all my track work, and the pressure I could exert was staggering. Or so I was told by my brother and boyfriends who had experienced my scissors up close like this guy just had.



Lisa caught up to us and cheered my easy victory over the guy. Then as she knelled down to get a better look at him she exclaimed... "JUNIE! DO YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS? IT'S JAKE DANIELS J.V.'S LEADING TRACK STAR! AND YOU JUST RAN HIM DOWN AND SQUEEZED HIM DRY! HA! HA! YOU'RE FASTER AND STRONGER THAN THE SCHOOL'S BEST!"

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

WHAT THE HELL HAVE YOU DONE TO JAKE!? HE'S GOT TO RUN TODAY! YOU LITTLE BITCH! I GOT A MIND TO TAKE YOU OVER MY KNEE AND BEAT YOUR FAT ASS RAW!

Just then the boys track coach showed up screaming like a banshee. The old ass hole had really had it in for me since I had started to break some of his precious boys track records at the recent meets we'd been having. I tried to maintain, but that last crack of his made me mad. And you know what happens then.

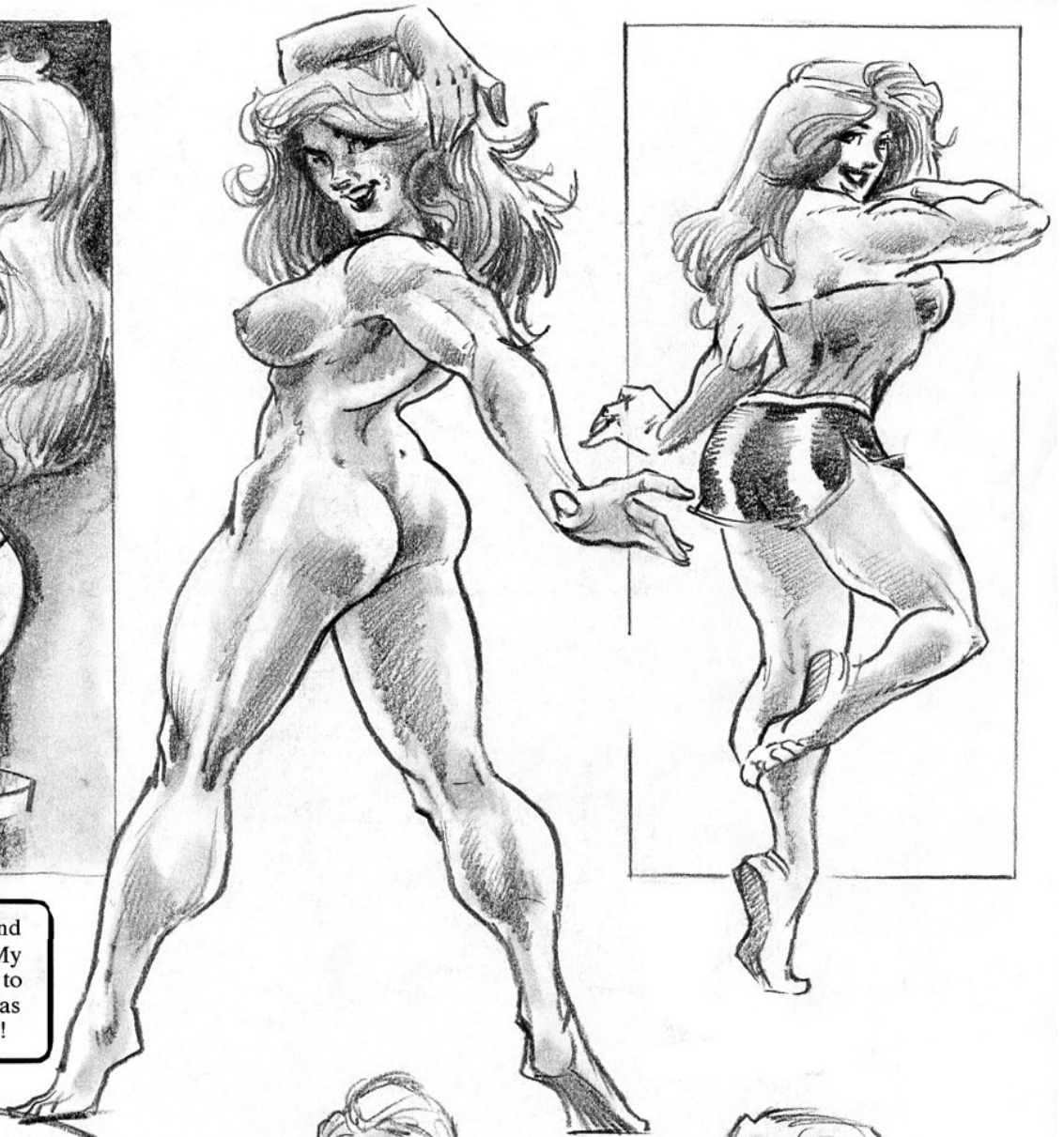


Soon we were both going at it. It wasn't too hard to get the upper hand with this aged old blow-hard either. He was so flustered and disturbed by my fast maturing young body that he couldn't concentrate on a defense. And I soon had him in a similar position that his star-boy had just been in. His balding head clamped securely between my strong young thighs. Face tight to my now quite moist crotch. All this squeezing was really getting me hot! And as I started rocking with him there he stopped struggling and started using his tongue. OOH! that felt nice! I kept squirming and squeezing as he tried to keep his tongue busy, but I guess I was squeezing a bit too hard as he went limp on me, out cold. Damn! I'd squeezed him out before I had a chance to climax. But it was all for the better, as by that time a real big crowd had gathered to watch!

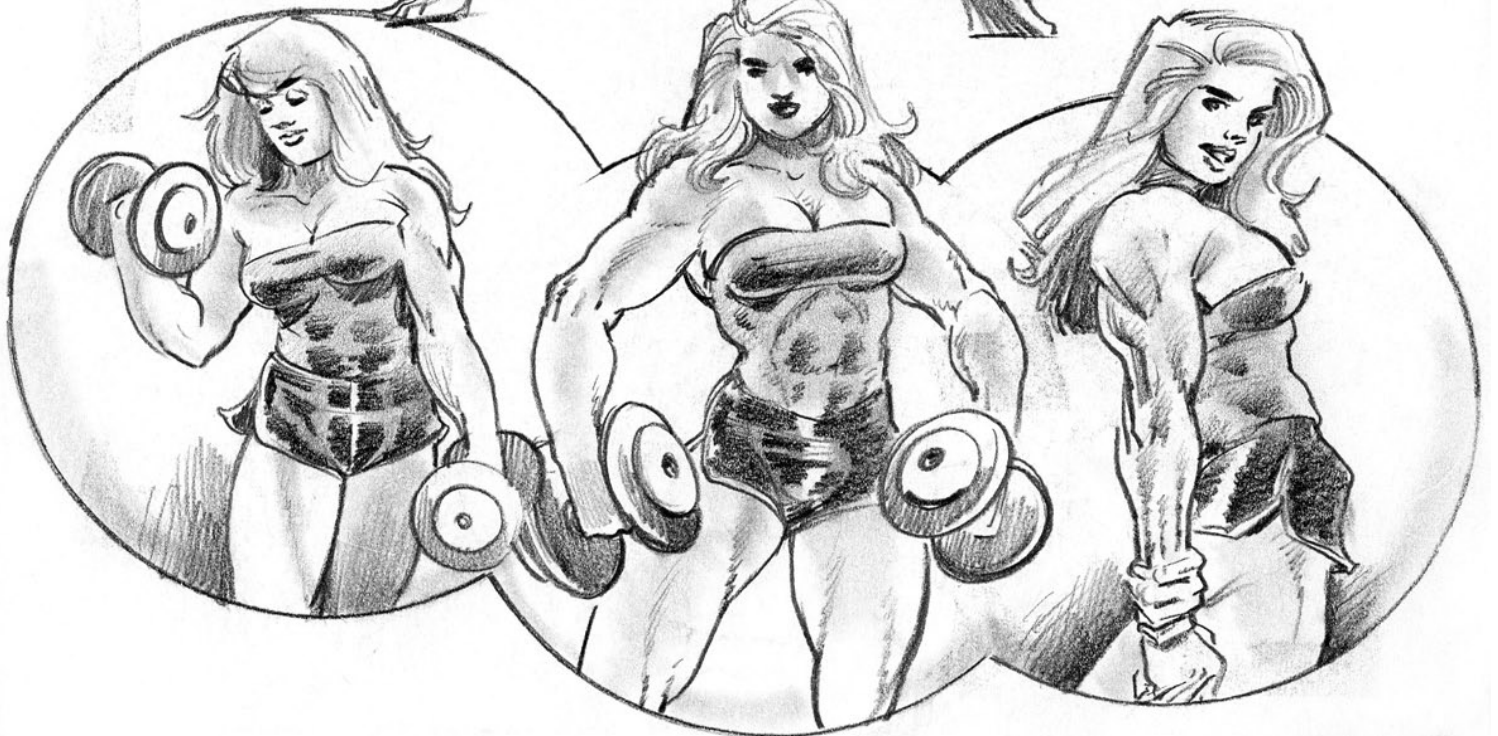
Luckily, the coach was too embarrassed to press charges, and Jake was like an adoring puppy to me after that.

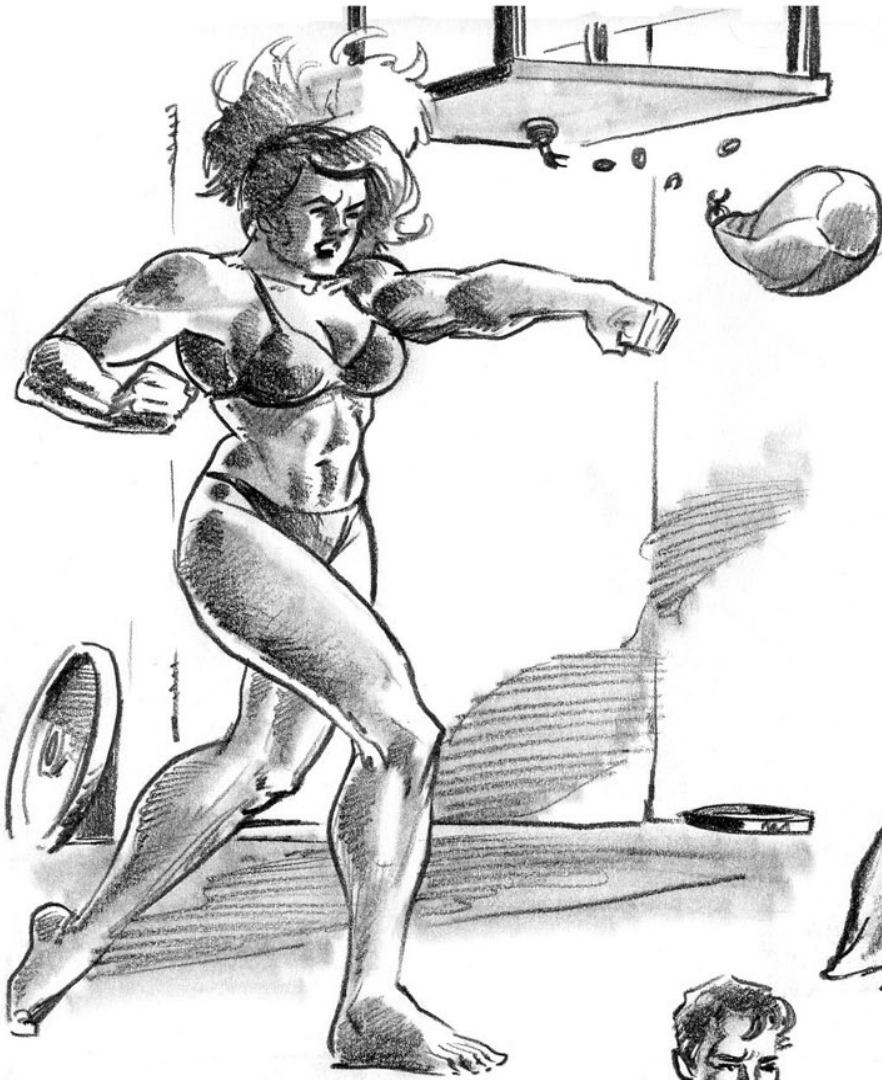
Later, as I was starting college I noticed that I had been neglecting my upper body. My legs were tremendously well developed, but in comparison to my arms they looked disproportionately large. I decided then to start on a full weight training program. I was so proud of my strong, shapely legs and I wanted all the rest of my body to match them.





Every day I worked out and quickly began seeing results. My biceps grew from around 15" to nearly 17"! Pumping iron was even more addictive than jogging!





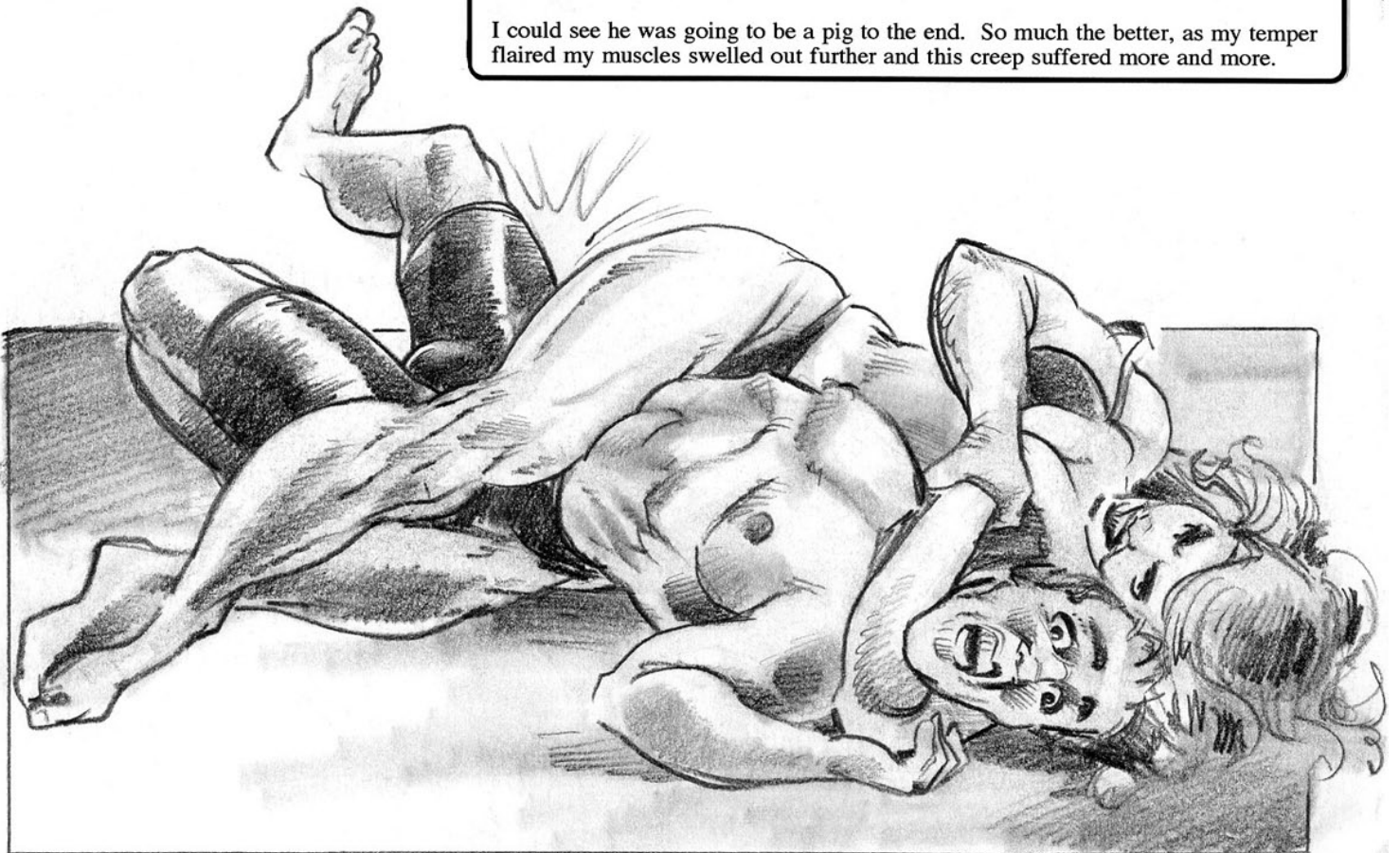
In college, the other girls looked up to me as their leader in sports. I wanted to get on the men's wrestling team, but it was impossible. So I did the next best thing, I started dating the star of mid-weight division. I was now fully grown at 5' 10" and 170 pounds of solid female muscle! It wasn't until the spring when I finally got the thick headed egotist to take my challenges to wrestle him seriously. He couldn't begin to believe I might actually be stronger than he was. Showing this muscle head up was indeed going to be a pleasure. Besides, he was a rotten lover anyway.





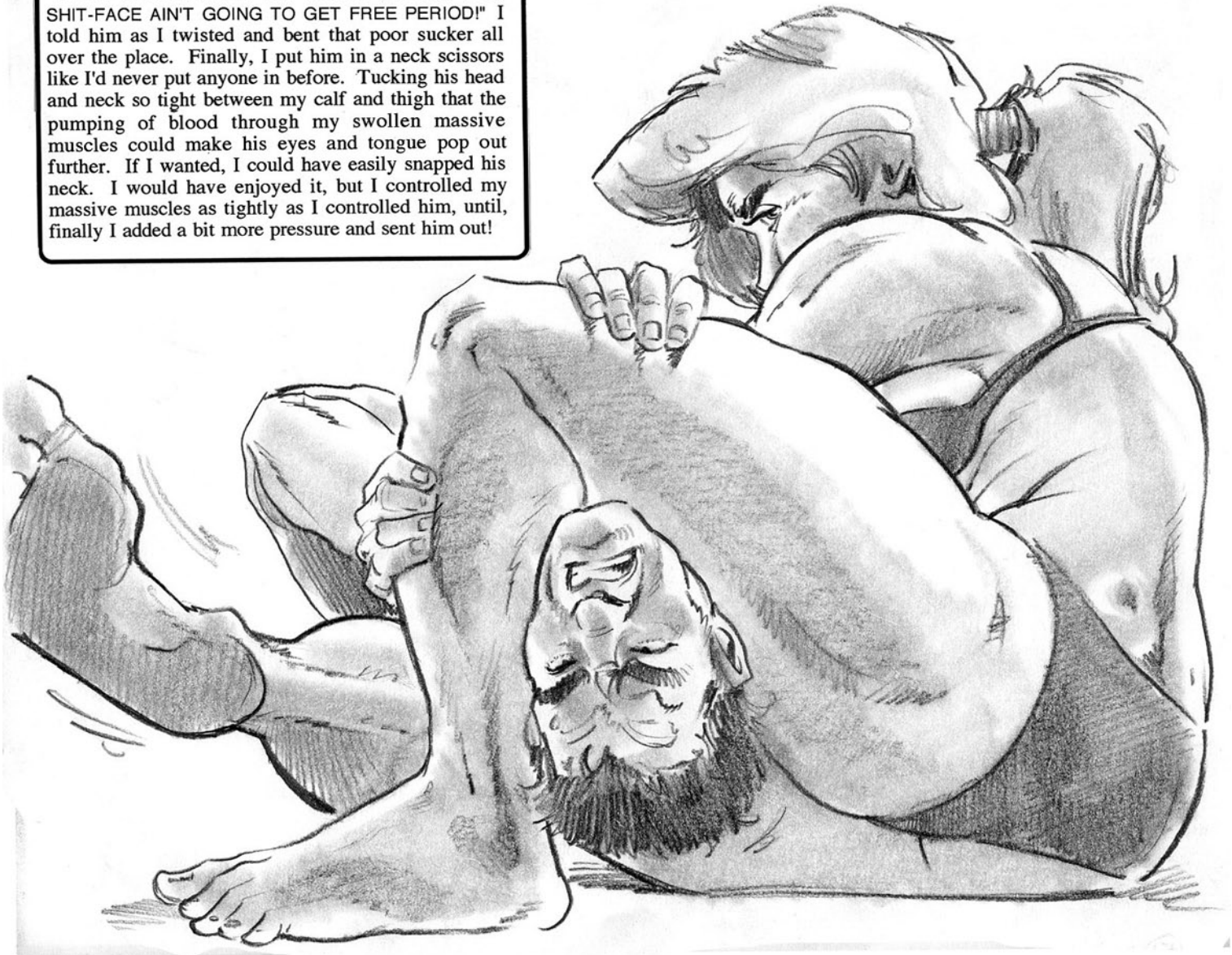
I came on strong and fast throwing the turkey to the mat with so much force the floor shook. He was dazed and I moved in quickly with my old favorite the bodyscissors. My legs grew to be as big as his when I tensed them and squeezed in jolts of peak power in quick succession. I yanked his head close to mine and whispered in his ear, "HEY SUCKER! NOT DOING SO HOT ARE YOU. WHAT'S THAT? HERE, LET ME LOOSEN UP A BIT. TALK CREEP!" Which he did after assorted coughs and gacks. "OUCH! STOP! JUNE, OH! YOUR LEGS ARE HURTING ME DOWN THERE. YOU CUNT! WHEN I GET LOOSE, I'LL ---"

I could see he was going to be a pig to the end. So much the better, as my temper flaired my muscles swelled out further 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!" I told him as I twisted and bent that poor sucker all over the place. Finally, I put him in a neck scissors like I'd never put anyone in before. Tucking his head and neck so tight between my calf and thigh that the pumping of blood through my swollen massive muscles could make his eyes 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!



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! Or at least that was the word they used in the campus paper under this photo. Seems some student photog had witnessed the whole fight.

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

