

As I mentioned, I had become a bit infatuated with my buddy's little sister Megan. She had these super strong legs, biceps and was tall. Megan also had long blonde hair that she constantly wore in a ponytail. In addition to being on the track team, I was also a photographer for the yearbook. Knowing Megan was now on the Freshman soccer team, I volunteered to go shoot the event. It had been a bit of a cold fall and winter, so although I had been around her and her brother at their house, he mostly liked coming to my house, probably to get away from his bratty little sister. So I really hadn't seen her in anything but warm clothes for the past six months.

Anyway, I show up to the game and spot her immediately. She was warming up on this cold, blustery day with a teammate. But she was different. What I hadn't seen in six months had certainly developed. She had these gorgeous, muscular legs with what I would consider huge quads for a girl. Hell, she probably had bigger leg muscles than 80% of the guys at my high school. In addition to that, her butt had filled in greatly and its round, hard surface was stretching her white soccer shorts to the limit. I couldn't believe the additional muscle she had put on and was having a hard time containing my excitement. Their uniforms were long-sleeved so I couldn't see her upper body, but she looked ridiculously athletic. Her wide shoulders gave her waist an even smaller appearance and then her muscle-bound legs finished the look of a damn pro-athlete. Her physique was pretty much "Next Level" and I started shooting some pics of her.

After shooting just her for a couple of minutes, she turned and noticed I was there. She got a huge smile on her face and came jogging over. As she got closer, I could see the separated muscles flex greatly with each stride. The sides of her thighs jumped out greatly, while the inner thigh muscles, down by her kneecap also bulged tremendously. My jaw was agape at the site of her perfectly formed leg muscles as she approached. Like I mentioned, she had a huge smile on her face as she came up and when she arrived, she gave me a huge hug. She was like hugging a tree and she damn near squeezed the breath out of me with her every developing body. Megan then kind of let me go and now stood just a few inches from me. "What are you doing here?" she asked. It's not normal for students to attend a Freshman girls soccer game, especially as a Junior, which I now was. "Oh, I heard you were on the team and I joined yearbook this year. So I figured I'd try to get you in the Annual, ya know." I answered. She was immediately grateful and said, "Oh my God, that's so awesome, thank you!" she said as she leaned in and gave me another big hug. This time squeezing me even harder. I wasn't ready for the second hug and my arms were down at my sides when she gripped me. The strength she had easily overpowered me and I was unable to even budge my arms to return the grasp. I immediately realized that this 13-year-old Freshman she was easily stronger than me, a 16-year-old Junior.

As she released her paralyzing grip and again slightly backed up, I realized that I was also looking up at her. "Damn Megan!" I exclaimed, "Did you grow some more?" As she peered down at least an inch and maybe two, she said, "A little bit for sure, but the cleats help too ya know." "Oh." I responded, like she didn't actually grow an inch or two taller than me as I looked down at her cleats and glared at her gorgeous, muscle-laden legs. Just then, we heard a piercing "Tweet-Tweet" as the coach blew his whistle and summoned the team over to the bench. "Oh...gotta go! Thanks again for coming!" she said

as she started to turn and jog over to the coach. “Have a good game!” I yelled back as I watched her long, buff calf muscles bulge with each stride she took away from me.

Luckily, the school had really good camera equipment and the zoom lens I utilized made me feel like I was right next to Megan the entire game. Megan was a defender and was constantly sliding across the wet, grassy field as she kicked the ball away from onrushing forwards. Her beautifully muscled legs were wet and covered with little pieces of green grass and I was really becoming more and more infatuated with Megan’s body with each minute she played. She was fast, strong, skilled and her wet, grass covered physique was sending some very strong natural impulses through my body. I probably snapped 100+ pictures of her and all of “zero”, of anyone else on the field. “TweeeeeeeeeT TweeeeeeeT” sounded loudly as the ref blew the half-time whistle.

Megan finally was able to stop running around and strutted over to the bench area for water and oranges. I meandered over as well and decided to actually do my job and took some candid shots of her coach and teammates as they spoke, drank water and rested. I was a Junior and had never even gone to a single girls’ soccer game at high school. I was quickly realizing I should attend more and it was awesome to be surrounded by a bunch of hot, athletic, sweaty, girls. As I took a few more shots, Megan instinctively walked up to me and asked, “Did you get any good pics?” “Of course!” I replied with a big grin, “But I forgot to take even one of you.” She instinctively punched me in the arm hard, with a laugh. “Ahhh!” I accidentally blurted out as a shooting sense of pain ripped through my entire body with the blow. I grabbed my arm where she hit it and said, “Damn Megan! I was just kidding.” “Oh my god, quit clowning around, I barely hit you.” She responded quickly. “Holy Shit!” I thought as it felt like my arm had been hit by a MAC truck and she thinks she barely hit me. Just how fucking strong was she now I wondered. “Ya, OK, OK.” I responded, acting like it didn’t really hurt that bad, as Megan made a pouty face with her lower lip and then laughed. I fake laughed along with her to make her think I was just kidding as I really stood there, looking up at her, wondering if I’d ever have use of my left arm again.

Megan had a blade of grass on her left cheek and for some reason, I reached out and softly brushed it from her face. Our eyes met softly for a moment as the coach yelled out and called the girls together for a quick meeting before the second half started. Megan said, “Oh shoot.” and reached down into her sports bag and pulled out a clean jersey. She handed it to me and I held it for her as she pulled the wet jersey over her head and off. As she did, she kind of shook her beautiful face and whipped her pony-tail to the side. My jaw dropped again as I was staring at an unreal set of six-pack abs. She was only wearing a white sports bra and her torso was absolutely ripped. “Holy Shit!” I exclaimed at the site of them and I finished with “Damn Megan...somebody’s been doing some sit-ups”. She just grinned from ear to ear and blushed in embarrassment while nabbing the dry jersey from my hands. She quickly pulled it over her head to go back out. I just shook my head in admiration at the still smiling, new girl of my dreams. We just kind of stared at each other for another moment, then she turned and ran to the coach to get her second half instructions.

The game continued on and Megan was running and sliding her muscular body all over the pitch. Her buff legs and rounded rear end again completely wet and covered in blades of grass. During moments of pause, she constantly looked over in my direction with a smile or a laugh. It was obvious that we were connecting like never before and I knew I wanted to ask her out. At the end of the game, Megan did the normal high-fives and celebrating with her teammates after their 2-0 win. I patiently waited for her celebrating to stop and then walked up for a post-game celebration high-five. Instead of the high-five, she just kind of ran up and again grabbed me in a massive bear hug. The connection was immense and as she squeezed me forcefully, she kind of leaned back and easily hoisted my smaller frame into the air. My feet were a foot off the ground and Megan smiled widely as she held me in her powerful arms. We kind of stared at each other face to face and the feeling of admiration was immense. At that moment, I desperately wanted to lean in for a kiss, but for some stupid reason held back. I think Megan wanted it too, but she didn't know what to do either. She slowly put me back down and as we felt that incredible connection, I knew I wanted to make her mine!!!