

The New Apartment

Rusty falls in love, but has to protect her man

Rusty Walters paced in front of the entrance to the luxury apartment building. She was dressed in an unusual fashion for her. She was wearing a very conservative blue dress. It was tight in the middle showing off her slim waist, but basically covered up everything else. Her red hair was up in a bun. She wore very flattering makeup, but it did not hide the smattering of freckles across the bridge of her nose. She looked like many of the young upwardly mobile business people who lived in the building. For the first time in her life Rusty was nervous. She wanted to move into this apartment building, and she was actually afraid that she would be turned down. She had listed her occupation on the application as financial consultant. She was actually an enforcer for Vince Castellano's loan sharking business. Vince made sure all the references she had listed checked out. Rusty could easily afford to live there. She had money from a trust fund her parents had left her and Vince paid her very well. Since she had started working for him collections were never late. Word had gotten around very quickly about the beautiful redhead with the lethal fists who would visit any delinquent payers. Rusty had put two men in the hospital and now nobody came close to missing a payment. She now had very little to do, but Vince was happy so he continued to pay her very well. Rusty took a deep breath, squared her shoulders and entered the building.

She had an interview with the manager for the holding company that ran the building and the on site manager as well. The two men immediately perked up as the gorgeous woman entered the office. Soon Rusty, who could be as charming as she could be violent when she wanted to, had the two men eating out of the palm of her hand. The interview went perfectly. When Rusty left forty five minutes later she had signed a lease to move in to a beautiful two bedroom apartment on the tenth floor, with a terrific view of the park from her terrace, and bedroom window. She would move in one month. She would have a lot to do in that time. She owned no furniture, she had been living in a cheap motel room for the last several months, and her wardrobe which consisted mostly of jeans, tee shirts and denim jackets needed to be upgraded. Money and creature comforts had never been important to her, but one of her victims had lived in a similar type building, and she was tired of living in one room and out of a suitcase. She hired a decorator to furnish the apartment, and was pleasantly surprised when she was informed that all her furniture would be delivered on time. Rusty had only one job for Vince while she was

getting ready to move. A small time hustler had missed two payments, so Rusty got the call.

She was happy to have the action. She was getting dressed for her mission in her motel room. Rusty was standing naked in front of the mirror as she laid out her clothes on the bed. She was tall, five feet ten inches to be exact. She weighed one hundred and sixty eight pounds. With her movie star good looks no one noticed how muscular she was because she usually wore clothing that hid her powerful physique until she wanted to show it off.. Rusty was genetically blessed and had a rigorous exercise program. Recently she had finally added weights to her workout and her muscles had grown even bigger and harder. She had wide powerful shoulders that tapered dramatically to a thin, hard waist. If she had measured her biceps they would have stretched the tape to almost nineteen inches. Her thighs would measure twenty eight inches, but that small waist was still only twenty five inches around. She was a fantastic package of beauty, sexuality, and power. The reason she had always held jobs like her current one with Vince was that the darker side of personality seemed to be the dominant side. She took great pleasure in destroying men with her powerful body and fists, therefore she was a perfect match in her current job as Vince's enforcer. Her victims were always fooled by her looks, with that red hair, and just a slight sprinkle of freckles across the bridge of her nose, high cheekbones, and electric blue eyes.

How could anyone who looked like that, be so vicious. Rusty donned her "work" clothes, a pair of tight jeans, a sleeveless tee shirt and a denim jacket. A blue bandanna was used as a headband to hold her long red hair in place. Motorcycle boots completed her outfit. Normally she spent a lot of time setting up her confrontation to make sure that it was not witnessed by anybody, because the delinquent payer were generally legitimate businessmen. In this case, the hustler, Ron Allen she did not need to take such precautions. She mounted her Harley Davidson, and rode to Ron's office. It was a small office suite with only a reception area and one office. As Rusty strode through the door, Ron's bodyguard was sitting in the reception area. Rusty walked right by him in the direction of the office. "Hey, wait a minute, you can't go in there!" The thug shouted to Rusty. She stopped and turned to face him. "I have to see Ron on business," she said. The man's right hand moved toward the pistol in his shoulder holster. "I said you can't go in there. Now get out of here before you get something you don't want." As his hand moved closer to the .357 Magnum in the holster, Rusty's steel toed right boot whipped up and crashed into his knee. As his leg gave way, she took the hand reaching for the gun

and pulled it away with both hands. There was a crack as she broke his wrist. Then she slammed her big right fist into his chin. The man would have fallen but Rusty caught him. She thought he was out cold, but she blasted one more powerful punch to his jaw just to make sure. His head whirled around and he would have fallen again if not for Rusty holding him up. She hauled his unconscious body to the chair he had been sitting in when she came in and propped him up in it. All of this had taken less than one minute. "It's probably just as well that this happened now." Rusty thought. "I would have had to deal with him sooner or later, so now he is out of the way. He should be out for quite a while." Ron's door was closed, so he had not heard any of the scuffle in the reception area. Rusty opened the door and entered the office.

Ron had a surprised look on his face as he saw the big redhead standing in front of his desk. "How did you get in here? Where's Marv?" he asked. "If Marv is the big guy out there he is taking a nap. He won't disturb us. Do you know what I'm here for?" Rusty said to Ron. "You must be the girl who works for Vince. I've heard about you." Ron was starting to shake just a little. "Then you know I want Vince's money. If you give it to me, I'll be on my way. If you don't have it, we have a real problem." Rusty moved closer to the desk and stared right into Ron's eyes. "I, I er I have it all right over here in the safe." Ron said. "If you pull one of those guns you have in either the desk or the safe, I'll make you eat it.", Rusty warned him. When Ron went to the safe in the wall behind the desk, Rusty removed her jacket, folded it carefully and placed it on the desk. Ron gasped in amazement when he saw her as she stood there, muscles rippling with a big smile on her face. "I-It is all here," Ron said. "There's even a little something for you". He placed an extra two thousand dollars on the desk. "You saved yourself a lot of pain by having the money ready for me." Rusty told him. She counted it and he was right, it was all there. She picked up the money and put it in a bag. Still smiling she moved over close to Ron. She put her arm around his shoulder. "As I said, you saved yourself a lot of pain." Rusty told him again. Then she ripped her right fist deep into his unprepared belly. Ron's eyes got big as saucers and he fought to get his breath. Twice more Rusty buried that hard fist deep in his stomach. Ron collapsed to the floor.

"However, you were late and I had to come over here to get this money, so you don't get off scot-free, just less pain than you would have had if you had not paid up." Rusty pulled him to his feet. Her left fist smashed into his nose. It started to bleed. Again her fist slammed into his nose mashing it flat as blood began to pour down his face. Now she held him up with her left hand and her right fist crashed hard against the flesh

surrounding his left eye. It would be swollen shut in a few minutes. "Let's see, a broken nose and a black eye. That sounds about right for what you've done. You are lucky I have something very important to do today, or this might have been much worse." Rusty was lifting Ron back to his feet while speaking to him. Her strong left fist blasted his jaw, and Ron slumped to the floor, out cold. Rusty put on her jacket, picked up the bag of money and exited the office. The so-called bodyguard was just getting to his feet as she came through the door. Before he could do anything Rusty's fist collided with his chin as she stepped toward him and took a big swing with her right fist. He fell right back in the chair he had just vacated, but this time the chair tipped over and both the man and the chair were lying on the floor. "You are lucky too", she said. "If I had time I would really have liked to stay and play with you." As she got to the parking lot, Rusty checked the time. The whole event from the time she got there until now had only taken forty three minutes. In that time she had gotten the payment, knocked out the bodyguard twice, and given Ron a little message before also knocking him out. "I really love my work" she said laughing as she rode away.

Rusty stopped by Vince Castellano's office to drop off the money she had collected. She gave Vince a rundown on what had occurred at Ron's office and a grin spread across Vince's face.

"I'm going to have to go along to see you in action one of the days." Vince said. "You have become a legend in this business. Nobody misses payments any more. This little punk was the exception, and it sounds like you handled it well." As Rusty turned to go, one of the men deliberately brushed against her butt. "Touch me again, and I'll break your jaw," Rusty snarled at him. No one laughed. The man backed away quickly. "She can do it too, I've seen the results of her work. They all wound up in the hospital" Vince told him. "Sorry, Rusty, it was an accident." the man said. She gave him her 1000 watt smile, and said "Apology accepted." Rusty told Vince that today was her moving day so she would need a couple of days off. "Take all the time you need" Vince told her. "You've got everything under control. When word gets around about today, the money will come rolling in." Rusty left his office, got on her Harley and rode back to her motel.

Rusty took only a few minutes to pack. All of her new clothes were being delivered to her new apartment. She put on the one good blue dress that she had there and threw the few things she had left in a suitcase. She took one last look around the small room that had been home for over a year, and quickly walked out the door. She took a taxi to her

new address, leaving the Harley to be picked up later. Arriving at the apartment building, she took the elevator up to her new apartment. The furniture was already there, the delivery crew was setting it up. Rusty directed their efforts in arranging it the way she and the decorator had planned. It was perfect. She tipped the crew and they left. Rusty was alone at last in her beautiful new apartment. The door bell rang and it was the clothing store delivering her new outfits. Rusty hung them in the huge closet in the master bedroom. She headed down to the office, when she bumped into a young man getting out of the elevator. He stared at her for a second, then recovered his composure. "Hi, I'm Danny Edwards, your next door neighbor. Welcome to the building." He held out his hand. Rusty introduced herself and shook the outstretched hand. Danny continued. "Moving days are very tough. You must be tired. Why don't you join me for dinner? I have a couple of steaks I can throw on the grill. You can relax for a few minutes before you get back to unpacking." Usually Rusty would have had nothing to do with him, but since it was her new home and he was her neighbor, and she was hungry, she accepted Danny's invitation. As he prepared the meal, they got to know each other better. Rusty told him she was a financial consultant. Danny she found out had been a whiz kid investment banker. He burned out at the age of thirty, and took his money and opened a small coffee shop. That had grown into a very successful restaurant, and now he had opened two more. He was working harder than he had in banking, but he enjoyed it a whole lot more. Rusty observed him more closely. Danny was only an inch taller than Rusty and weighed about one hundred seventy pounds. He was a nice looking young man with dark brown hair and green eyes. He seemed to have a perpetual smile on his face. Rusty thought he was the nicest man she had met in a long time. After dinner Rusty thanked him for his hospitality and went back to her apartment. She was very tired from her actions at Ron Allen's office and moving. All that activity made for a very long day. Rusty showered and went to bed. She awoke early the next morning and dressed in sweats to go to the fitness center in the building. She had added a weight routine to her exercise program. She did a series of bench presses with 250 pounds. She worked systematically through her program and finished with dumbbell curls of seventy pounds. Danny entered the fitness center as Rusty was finishing. They chatted for a minute then he began to work out. Rusty noticed that he was using much less weight than she had. She waved at him and returned to her apartment. She showered, dressed, and had breakfast. Since she had the day off she planned to spend the day, settling in and doing some shopping. She was determined to make her lifestyle change a successful one. The day flew by. Before she knew it the clock read three o'clock in the afternoon. At that time the doorbell chimed. Rusty opened the door, and a delivery man from a florist

stood there with two dozen roses. She tipped him and after he left, she read the card. The flowers were from Danny inviting her to dinner at his restaurant tonight. Rusty decided to accept, and donned one of her new outfits to wear. Danny rang the bell at exactly seven o'clock. He was overwhelmed by the beauty of the woman who answered the door. They drove to Danny's Grill, his personal favorite of the three restaurants. They got along famously and the evening seemed to be over in the blink of an eye. As they were preparing to leave two men approached Danny and he spoke to them privately. Rusty recognized the two men. They were Lou Palmero and Rocco Pendola. They worked for Charlie Vetto, the crime boss for the area in which the restaurants were located. Danny had a very troubled expression on his face when he returned. Rusty tried to find out what was bothering him. Finally, Danny told her. The two men were involved in a protection scheme. They wanted to charge Danny a large sum of money to "protect" his businesses from potential trouble. Danny had refused, and now they were making thinly veiled threats. "I thought all this Godfather stuff was just in the movies." Danny concluded. "They work for some mobster named Charlie Vetto. I guess this is in his so-called territory. Anyway, I'm not going to pay them one penny. I've worked too hard to give away money." Rusty seemed concerned. "I hope this all will blow over." She said. Rusty excused herself to go to the bathroom. She saw the two gangsters still hanging out in the restaurant. She told them that Danny was under the protection of Vince Castellano and they should leave him alone. They just glared at her and did not reply. Rusty went to the phone and called Vince. She asked him to call Charlie Vetto and take care of the situation. Vince only too happy to accommodate Rusty, said he would take care of it. She returned to the table and Danny. They drove back home having put the protection threat out of their mind. When they got to Rusty's door, Danny gave her a peck on the cheek and started to his apartment. He felt her hand on his arm. "Is that the best you can do?" came the question. Rusty spun him around and covered his lips with hers in a long, lingering kiss. She kept the kiss going while pulling him into her apartment. She broke the kiss and said, "You're not getting off that easy." Her throaty voice seemed to drop an octave.

"You're too tense. The stress from this protection business has you all tensed up. Dr. Rusty has the cure for that." She kissed him again, her tongue hungrily forcing its way into his mouth. Danny had been overwhelmed from the start. He started to respond. She could feel his erection start to grow. Rusty took his hand and lead him to the bedroom. She pushed Danny back on the bed and began unbuttoning his shirt. Now she was nuzzling his earlobes. Danny thought "This must be a dream. A woman like this doesn't

make a pass at somebody like me." But that was exactly what Rusty had done. Danny was the first man in a long time who had treated her with respect, and had not tried to get her into bed from the first moment. She was falling for him.

"You finish getting ready while I change" Rusty whispered. As Danny fumbled with his pants, Rusty went into the bathroom. She came out stark naked. When Danny saw her his jaw dropped in amazement. Her flaming red hair and gorgeous face sat atop a mind-blowing body. Rusty's pumped up muscles flexed and rippled with every step. Danny could have never imagined such a combination of beauty and power as he was seeing now. He never suspected that a body like this had been disguised by her clothing. "I hope muscular women don't turn you off." Rusty smiled at him and flexed her biceps. Huge balls of muscle that must be at least nineteen inches around sprang up on each arm. Danny was speechless, but his cock let her know how he felt. It was the biggest hard-on he had ever had in his life. "You're incredible. You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and your muscles are definitely not a turn-off as you can plainly see." Rusty pushed him back on the bed and mounted him. "Dr. Rusty will take care of everything. You just sit back and enjoy the ride. She took his fully erect penis in her wet and ready pussy. Slowly she began to move up and down. Her vaginal muscles clenched and unclenched on his cock. Danny had never experienced a sensation like this in his life. Rusty's movement began to pick up speed. Both of their climaxes were rapidly approaching. They exploded together in the wildest orgasm that Danny had ever had. When it was over Rusty leaned over and kissed him tenderly, then got up off the bed. Danny had to pinch himself to be sure this was not a dream. He shook his head in wonder as he viewed that magnificent body again. Rusty climbed back on the bed and snuggled up next to him and whispered in his ear. "This is going to be a long night, I hope you're up to it." She was manipulating his cock and balls with her hand as she spoke. Danny was ready again, and that is how the next several hours passed. Finally both of them tired and exhausted dropped off to sleep. Danny awoke with a start, realizing he had to go to work. Rusty was still asleep as he got up and put on his clothes. He woke her up with a kiss, and told her he must go to his apartment and get ready for work. "I'll come back before I leave." Danny said. "I'll fix us some coffee." Rusty promised. Danny went out the door and to his apartment. Rusty put on coffee and showered. She dressed in a sweatshirt and a pair of shorts that showed off her tremendous legs.

She poured a cup of coffee and sat down to wait for Danny. Thirty minutes went by and still he had not arrived. Rusty shrugged and thought "Men take longer than women to

dress." Another fifteen minutes passed. Rusty decided to check to see what was delaying Danny. She went down the hall to his apartment. The door was open. Rusty stuck her head inside and looked around. No sign of Danny. Then she heard a faint moan from the living room. She found Danny on the floor, unconscious. He had obviously suffered a terrible beating. Rusty rushed to the phone and called 911. Danny looked awful. Both of his legs appeared to be broken. His face was a mess. Blood was everywhere. His left arm stuck out at a funny angle. Rusty knelt down beside him. His eyes fluttered open for a brief few seconds. "Who did this?" She asked. Danny mumbled something. Rusty placed her ear right next to his busted mouth. "Protection." Was the faint response she heard. "Did those two gorillas we saw at the restaurant do this?" Rusty asked gently. Danny nodded his head. Rusty's eyes narrowed. The paramedics arrived to transport Danny to the hospital. "Is he going to be alright?" Rusty wanted to know. "Are you his wife?" the paramedic asked. "I'm his next door neighbor, I found him and called you." Rusty replied. "He's in bad shape. It is impossible to tell if he is going to make it or not. The next few minutes are critical, so stay back and let us do our job." he said to her. They got IV lines hooked up and moved Danny to the ambulance. Rusty rode to the emergency room with him. When Danny was taken in, Rusty called Vince and told him what happened. "I want those two bastards!" she said to Vince. "Let me call Charlie and find out what happened. Sit tight, I'll call you back." Vince said. Rusty sat by the phone and waited. No word on Danny yet. The phone rang and she jumped up to answer it. It was Vince. "I talked to Charlie. He told them I had requested they lay off. However he left it up to them. I told him you wanted vengeance. He OK'ed it, but he said you can't kill them, unless the boy dies. If this is limited to just those two, it will be cool, no problems. Just remember what he said. No guns or knives. Do you need any help?" "I want to take care of this myself." Rusty replied. "Thanks for your help Vince, You've done more than enough already. I'm going to stay here until I hear about Danny's condition, then I will see about our two friends." Rusty hung up the phone. Several minutes later, a doctor emerged from the surgery suite. "Are you with Danny Edwards?" he asked. Rusty nodded. "He is a very lucky young man. He has had extensive injuries and broken bones but he will pull through. He is pretty sedated right now, but you can see him for a minute. He will need a lot of rehabilitation to get back to normal, but he will make it in time."

Rusty rushed into the room. Danny lay on the hospital bed with tubes seeming to be everywhere. his head was covered in cloth. His eyelids fluttered and he tried a weak smile. Rusty took his hand. He immediately fell asleep. The doctor tapped her on the

shoulder and lead her from the room. "You can see him tomorrow." he told her. Rusty called a taxi and went home.

Rusty was determined to avenge the terrible beating that had been inflicted on Danny. She knew the bar where the two hoodlums hung out. She would go there and confront them. Rusty looked down at the sweatshirt she had been wearing all morning. It was stained with Danny's blood. She removed it, and the shorts she had on. Looking at her body in the mirror, she saw how it fooled most people. She was tall at five-ten. Her skin was smooth, not real vascular. Her breasts were in proportion to her size and looked bigger than they were because they sat atop her huge pectoral muscles. Rusty stepped on her bathroom scales. one hundred and seventy four pounds. She had gained six pounds of muscle since starting her weight program. At first glance she was just a tall, athletic, well proportioned woman. When she flexed, that was a different story. Rusty decided to measure her biceps. She got a measuring tape and flexed her right bicep. It began to grow and looked like it would never stop. It was a large, hard, cantaloupe sized ball of muscle. Her left hand wrapped the tape around that bicep. Nineteen and one quarter inches. She repeated the process with her left arm. Unlike many body builders and weight lifters Rusty did not have a real dominant side. Her left bicep also stretched the tape at nineteen and one quarter inches. Her thighs now measured twenty nine inches, also a gain since she started weight training. She balled up her hands into big hard fists. They looked like mallets, with prominent knuckles sticking out. Rusty thought, "I'm glad that guns and knives are not allowed. These will be weapons enough."

Her thoughts continued "I don't know if I will be able to take both of them or not, but I have to try. If I can I will make what they did to Danny look insignificant.". Taking one last look at her powerful body in the mirror, she went back to the bedroom to dress. She carefully laid out her "work" clothes, the outfit she wore when pounding other men into oblivion. The skin tight jeans, the sleeveless tee shirt, and the denim jacket. She wound a blue bandanna around her head to hold her hair in place. As she was leaving, Rusty picked up a 9mm automatic pistol she kept locked in a drawer and stuck it in the back of her jeans in case the situation really turned bad. She went to the parking garage, got her Harley and rode to the bar where Lou and Rocco were. She spotted them immediately sitting at a table in the back. Rusty knew them slightly and had spoken to them at Danny's restaurant. She approached their table. "Hi ya babe! You here to see us?" Lou asked. "I really would like to talk to you. Is there someplace more private that we could go?" Rusty smiled sweetly. "Sure, there's a back room we use. We can go there." said

Rocco. As they stood up, Rusty took a good look at the two of them. Lou was short, and heavy. He had a big neck, thick chest, and large arms. He also had a big stomach which he had always had. He had a reputation as a brawler in his younger days. Rocco was six feet two, and about one-ninety and considered himself a real ladies' man. The room was fairly large and sparsely furnished with a table, four chairs, a sofa and television set. The first person to speak was Rusty. "I want to know why you went after Danny Edwards after I told you he was already taken care of by Vince Castellano. Vince is pissed off about that and he and Charlie have already come to an agreement about it." The two thugs looked at each other. Neither of them said anything. Lou finally answered, "He didn't give us proper respect. We only wanted what we usually get from businesses in the area and he laughed at us. If Vince is protecting him, he did a terrible job. Basically we worked him over because we wanted to." Rusty reached behind her and pulled out the pistol. The two men had very surprised looks on their faces. "Very slowly, reach in and remove your guns." she said. "One funny move and I will blast both of you. All I want is an excuse. You see, Danny was my responsibility and I thought Charlie called you dogs off. Now you are going to have to pay for what you did." Lou and Rocco removed their weapons and placed them on the table. "Now back away." Rusty ordered. Lou and Rocco complied. Lou's weapon was an automatic. Rusty picked it up, saw that there was no round in the chamber, and ejected the clip. Rocco's was a revolver. She emptied each cylinder. Then she tossed the pistols in the trash can and put the ammunition in the table drawer. Still holding the men at gunpoint, she removed her jacket and placed it on the table. Her next move shocked both of them. She held up her 9mm and ejected the clip from it as well. She walked over in front of the two thugs. "Now I'm unarmed just like Danny was. Let's see you try to do the same thing to me." "What the hell are you talking about?" Lou asked. "I thought you were a couple of tough guys. Can't the two of you take one little woman? I'm here to get even for Danny". Rocco had gotten a good look at her arms while she was talking, and was concerned that taking her out would not be as easy as Danny had been. He also knew her reputation as Vince's enforcer. As if reading his mind Rusty flexed her right bicep slightly while she was speaking and a large ball of hard muscle jumped out from her arm. "Let me make this simple," Rusty continued, "I'm here to get revenge for Danny. If Charlie hadn't forbidden it, you would already be dead. All I can do is bust you up and that is what I intend to do!" Rusty was almost shouting now. "Alright bitch, this is your funeral.". Lou looked at Rocco and they split apart. "You are going to wish you had used that gun when you had the chance." Lou continued.

"We're going to fuck you silly after we kick your ass. If you think because you are a broad we will cut you any slack, you don't know us very well." Rusty had a plan. She thought Lou would be the most dangerous so she wanted to put him down quickly if possible, concentrate on Rocco, then come back to Lou. They were all circling slowly around the room. Rusty feinted toward Rocco, then sprang at Lou. She drove the steel capped toe of her motorcycle boot into his shin about eight inches below the knee. The pain was excruciating. Lou was immobilized. Rusty pounded her big right fist into his fat belly as hard as she could swing. Lou's face turned pale and he wanted to throw up. Before he could do anything at all that big fist crashed under the point of his chin, and Lou toppled to the floor out cold. Rocco had watched in a state of disbelief. The man he had considered invincible in a fight had been knocked out in a matter of seconds by this woman. He had seen the huge bicep in her right arm bulge to a nearly inhuman proportion as it had driven her fist upward to smash under Lou's chin. Already an angry bruise could be seen forming there as he lay motionless on his back. Rusty turned to Rocco. "It seems that your friend wants to sleep for quite a while, so he won't disturb us. Now it's your turn." Rocco took another look at Lou sprawled out on his back, and felt a little pang of fear for the first time. "It was Lou's idea to mess up the kid," Rocco said. "I tried to talk him out of it. Why don't we go get a drink and talk this over." Rusty replied, "There's a television cop show where the quote every week is don't do the crime if you can't do the time. You did the crime so you are about to do the time. Starting now." Rocco made a break for the door. He took Rusty by surprise so she didn't react immediately. Rocco turned the knob when he remembered he and Lou had locked the door to keep the woman in the room in case they wanted to do her. He almost had the door unlocked when he felt a strong hand grasp his collar and jerk him back in to the center of the room. He lost his balance and fell. "Get up and fight!" Rusty snarled at him. Rocco stayed on the floor. Rusty kicked him in the ribs with her left foot. The steel toed boot cracked his ribs. Rocco cried out in pain. Rusty reached down and grabbed him by the ears and lifted him to his feet. The pain in his ears nearly made him forget the pain in his ribs. Rusty released him and he staggered around. She stepped in front of him and rattled his teeth with a tremendous left hook to his jaw. Rocco spun around and fell to the floor again. Rusty pulled him up and held him steady with her left hand. She sent her hard right fist smashing deep in his belly. Rocco was having trouble breathing. Rusty sent that big fist crashing straight into his open mouth. Rocco could feel his lips being crushed against his teeth. Another big right hand smashed his mouth. Now Rocco's front teeth buckled under those iron hard knuckles. A third time that same fist was sent powering into his mouth. This time the teeth gave way totally to that battering-ram fist. Rocco was

slumped over. He would have long since fallen if not held up by Rusty's left hand. That brutal fist sought out another target. It detonated like a bomb just under his left eye. Rusty could feel the bone and the zygomatic arch begin to give way. A second vicious smash to the same place and the bone and arch shattered. Rocco was barely conscious. The agony in his face was so severe he felt like it was being torn off. Only Rusty's strong left arm and hand were supporting him. "Every time I think you have had enough, I think of Danny lying there in the hospital hanging between life and death. You deserve more." With that she changed hands and now held him up with her right. She cocked her left back and drove it viciously into his right eye. Three more times she did this. Her fist bruised and pulped the flesh surrounding his eye. He would need reconstructive surgery to rebuild the bones of his face and several of his teeth were either broken or knocked completely out. Rusty paused when she heard Lou beginning to moan and move around on the floor. She ended Rocco's misery with a brain jarring left to his jaw rendering him unconscious. She still had not let his body hit the floor. Rusty carried Rocco over to the sofa and placed his inert body in a sitting position facing Lou. As Lou began to fully regain consciousness, he saw what appeared to be Rocco sitting on the sofa. "Wh-What's going on," Lou said, rubbing the bruise under his chin. "Rocco? Rocco? Dammit answer me!". Lou moved slowly over toward where Rocco was on the sofa. Then he got a good look at Rocco's face. "My God, Rocco what the hell happened to you?". Rusty's voice came from behind him. "I'm afraid he can't answer you right now. He seems to have replaced you as the sleeping beauty. Actually I took it easy on him because he told me you were mostly responsible for what happened to Danny. You won't get off nearly as easy. Take one more look at his face. It will look like the Mona Lisa compared to yours when I'm through." Lou glanced down at Rocco's face again. It was a real mess. Lou started to move away from Rocco when he felt the severe pain in his leg that Rusty had kicked with her steel toed boot. It must be broken he thought. His chin was throbbing where her big fist has landed the punch that had knocked him out. "Take your time, Lou. We've got all night. Why don't you take off your jacket and get comfortable. I can wait." Lou removed his jacket and his shirt. His neck and shoulders were huge. So were his arms and chest. He was a barrel of a man. His stomach was swollen from too much good food and booze, but he would be a much tougher opponent than Rocco. The broken leg would slow him down, however. He checked out Rusty while he removed his jacket and shirt. He had not seen many men as muscular as this redhead. Wide powerful shoulders, biceps like boulders, small, muscled waist, big legs. She had clenched her fists while she waited for him. They looked like big, hard, wrecking balls attached to the end of her arms. Her tee shirt had been torn during her bout with Rocco so she ripped it off. Lou

gasped again. With her fair, white skin and hard bulging muscles she seemed to be carved out of marble. Lou felt doubt regarding his chances to defeat her for the first time. He seemed to be mesmerized by her breasts as she advanced on him. They jutted straight out from her powerful pectoral muscles and had large prominent nipples. Lou was overwhelmed by her combination of beauty, sexuality, and power. Rusty could feel her muscles quiver with anticipation. She could also feel the wetness that was developing between her legs as she thought about what she was going to do to Lou. Time seemed to stand still as they faced each other with each waiting for the other to make the first move. There was a noise behind Rusty as Rocco's limp form moaned and slid from the sofa to the floor in an involuntary reaction. He was still out cold. When Rusty turned her head toward the sound, and was momentarily distracted, Lou attacked. Before Rusty could refocus his ham-like fist smashed into her jaw. Rusty went sailing backward and landed on the floor, stunned. Lou tried to kick her but his injured leg would not support him and he slipped. Rusty scrambled to her feet only to be met by Lou's big fist slamming into her face again. Down she went again. Blood was flowing from her mouth. As Lou stood over her as her head was spinning. Lou grabbed her hair and jerked Rusty to her feet. She was semi-conscious. "Well whore, you wanted this now you got it. I'm going to fuck you up even worse than we did your wimp boyfriend. I really enjoyed that. Then after I get tired of beating on you, I will fuck your brains out.". Lou proceeded to take the next few minutes to tell Rusty in great detail exactly what he intended to do to her. Had he gone ahead and finished her off when he first picked her up, the fight would have been over. As he taunted her, Rusty's powerful body began to recover from the effects of Lou's punches. "Now here comes the crusher, whore." . Lou finished his speech and drew back that concrete block fist to blast Rusty into oblivion. The blow never landed. Before he could launch it, Rusty managed to drive her boot with the steel toe into Lou's injured leg. He screamed in pain. and released his grip on her hair. The mighty punch halted in mid-swing and he collapsed to the floor. Rusty staggered away from him, and propped herself up against the wall. Lou rolled on the floor holding his damaged leg. Rusty was trying to recover from the punishment she had received from his fists. Her left eye was closing, and blood was running down her face. The question was who would recover first because that is who would win.

Rusty was taking deep breaths in the beginning. Slowly her breathing returned to normal and the pain in her face began to subside. She moved over to where Lou was still on the floor holding his leg. "I don't think I have ever tried to lift this much weight before, but here goes." Rusty said. She wrapped her strong hands in Lou's armpits, and hauled him

to his feet. "I'm not going to make the same mistake you made, fatso. I'm not going to talk myself in to trouble. This is time for action, we'll talk later." Rusty drove her right fist up to the wrist in Lou's large stomach. His feet lifted off the floor from the power of the punch. Almost before he could react to the punch she duplicated it with her left fist. Again his feet lifted off the floor. Lou's knees gave way and he started to slump to the floor. His descent was interrupted by that vicious right fist driving upward to his stomach again. Lou could taste the bile in his throat and suddenly he heaved the contents of his stomach out of his mouth. Rusty leaped back to keep it from getting on her as Lou fell to the floor in his own vomit. Lou lay on the floor making grunting sounds. Rusty spotted a coat rack in one corner of the room and it gave her an idea. She brought it over near where Lou was trying to regain his breath. Rusty raised him to his feet again. She placed the coat rack behind Lou and hooked his belt over the lower part of the rack and pulled up his undershirt and wrapped it around the top part of the rack. Lou was essentially being held upright by his belt and undershirt. Rusty stepped around in front of him. "Of all the things I love to do to punks like you, my favorite is to smash my fists into your fat belly. To feel my hard fists sink deep into your soft gut really gets me hot. Feeling your flabby belly give in to my fists always makes me cum." Rusty said to Lou.

He glared at her. He resolved that he would take his beating like a man. That was what he had always told his victims to do. He promised himself that no matter how bad it hurt he would not beg, plead or cry. His thoughts were interrupted by her fist sinking deep into his belly. The other punches came too fast to count. Vicious, ripping blows driving deeper and deeper into his soft belly. He could see the huge muscles of her shoulders and arms writhing and flexing as she pounded fist after fist to his poor battered gut. Lou was in agony. He was sure something was ruptured as pain and nausea racked his battered body. Still Rusty kept up her barrage of brutal belly punches. Her fists looked massive to Lou as she kept hammering and hammering. Even after he was unconscious she kept it up. Finally Rusty stopped the assault and stepped back. Blood was running from both sides of Lou's mouth. Rusty realized that she had experienced a very intense orgasm as she had continued to rip away at the now pillow soft belly of her victim. Lou was still hanging from the coat rack. Rusty waited for him to wake up for several minutes. She quickly checked Rocco, but he had shown no signs of coming around. Lou was just waking up as she returned to him. Despite his earlier resolve, overcome with pain and nausea he began to beg this powerful woman not to hurt him anymore. Rusty asked him, "What did you do when Danny pleaded with you to stop." Lou started blubbering like a baby. "You've been a very naughty boy. Mommy has to spank you

some more." Rusty said. She smashed her left fist straight in to the center of his face. Her right followed faster than the eye could follow. Her fists were like a category 5 hurricane, destroying everything in their path. There was no part of Lou's face that did not bear the mark of her fists. Lou's head whipped back and forth from side to side in cadence with her punches. Her big, hard knuckled fists were turning his face to a red colored jelly. Finally Rusty stopped her assault. Lou's face was smashed beyond recognition. He was still clinging to consciousness by a thread, Rusty had deliberately not knocked him out, wanting to prolong his punishment. She set herself and drove her left fist deep into his battered belly again. as his body reacted to the punch and his head moved, his down-dropping jaw met a sledgehammer disguised as Rusty's massive right fist rising from the floor to smash into the underside of his jaw. Rusty had turned her body to get every ounce of power she had left concentrated into that vicious punch. A loud, horrible sounding crack filled the room as his jawbone broke like a twig from the force of her brutal fist. Lou was lifted off the coat rack by the ferocious punch and just before everything went black he could feel his mouth filling up with blood and parts of teeth. His now unconscious body sailed clear of the rack and landed with a thump face down some six feet away. Her second orgasm had exploded as she delivered the last, monstrous punch that shattered Lou's jawbone. Rusty stood looking at the bodies of the two unconscious thugs. Danny had been avenged. They were both battered even worse than Danny had been. Rusty realized she had blood all over her. The good news was than almost none of it was hers, it belonged to Lou and Rocco. Her eye was closed, and her lip was swollen, but she was otherwise unhurt. That could not be said for her victims. She had heeded the warning from Charlie and not killed them, but they were both injured very badly. A slight smile crossed her lips as she looked at the bleeding knuckles of her big fists and surveyed the damage they had done to the faces and bodies of the two hoods.

She picked up the remnants of her tee shirt and stuck it in her jacket pocket. She donned the denim jacket and zipped it up to cover her naked breasts. She would go home, Call Vince and tell him where to find what was left of Lou and Rocco, shower, and hurry to the hospital to visit Danny.

The next morning she picked up the newspaper and saw the article in the local section. "Gang war erupts. Last night in what was described as an episode in the war between rival factions of the mob, Two mobsters affiliated with the family of crime boss Charlie Vetto were severely beaten. In the hospital, one of the mobsters, Rocco Pendola was

able to tell police that he and Lou Palmero were attacked by several men armed with lead pipes and clubs and beaten. The two men suffered severe injuries both internal and to their heads and faces. They could not identify any of the attackers. The police suspect they were from a rival family headed by Vince Castellano.

Witnesses did see an attractive red haired woman enter a room with the two victims shortly before the attack presumably occurred. They would like to talk to her regarding this case. If anyone knows her identity, or if she reads this article the police would appreciate it if she would contact them."