

# TRISH

(a The Collector Story)

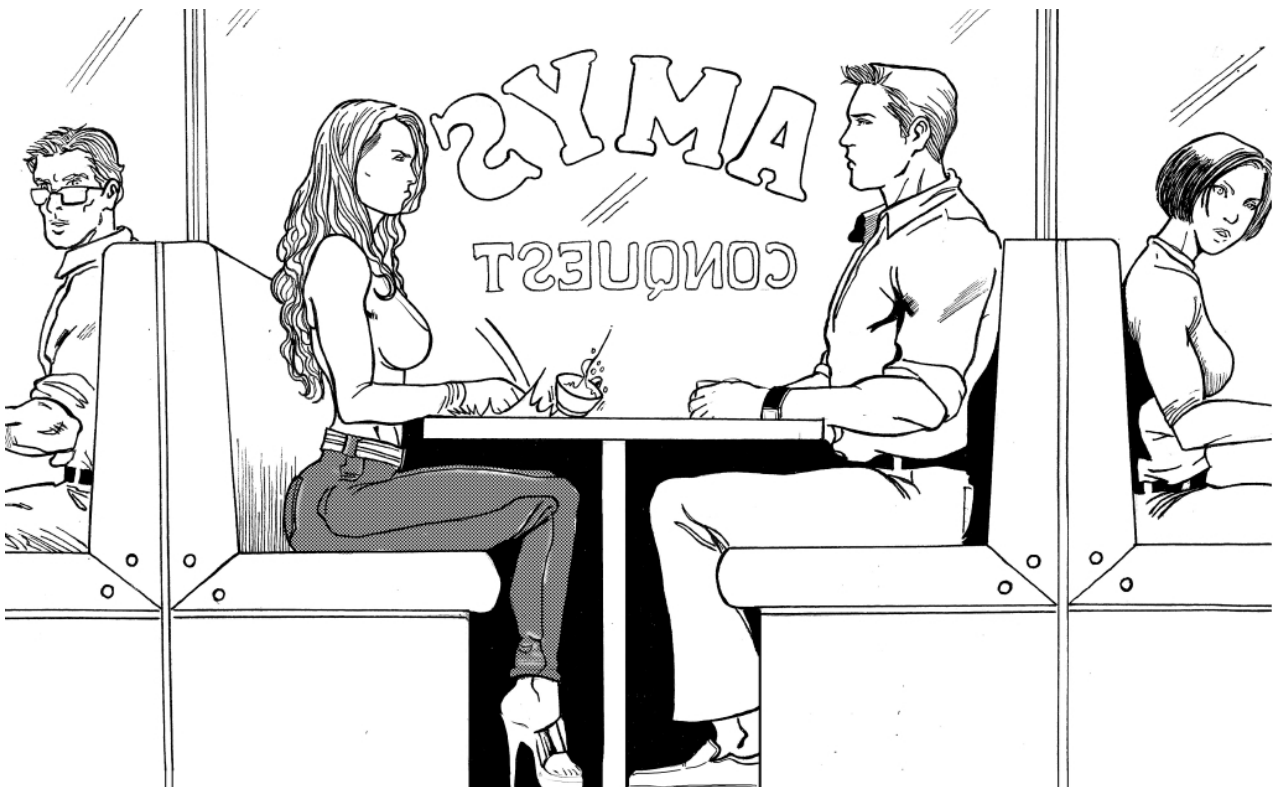
**(amysconquest.com)**

I sat across from Trish over dinner. We were arguing about a necklace she had seen earlier and wanted desperately. With her personality, she was going to brow beat me for it, but I was holding firm and refused to buy it for her. Money was tight for both of us, and better to wait a month. Besides, she'd probably change her mind in the next day or two anyway.

'Andy, I want that necklace,' she said pouting, but with a certain arrogance in her voice.

'No, I told you I can't afford it right now. Let's wait a while you might want something different anyway.'

'Damn it! I want it!' she shouted loud enough for other patrons to hear. Her demeanor was that of a child, yet she still looked sensuous to me. And when she got mad, she was even sexier, and hard to resist.



'Trish, no, I can't swing it right now,' I said appealing to her understanding of finances, or lack of it. She didn't really understand them, nor care; she wanted what she wanted.

'Yes you can. Just put it on your credit card,' she pleaded. But I wasn't budging.

'No! I'm not going to. You'll want something else tomorrow anyway. You know how you are.'

'I won't either; I really like that one. Please, honey, please?' she begged in that little girl voice that I can't resist. But I was going to be firm.

'Trish, no way, I told you I'm maxed out right now.' I said. She looked across at me and a little girl pout came to her face.

'OK honey, whatever you say. I guess we better go,' She said. Now she was going to make me feel guilty. We got up, paid and left the restaurant, and walked through the mall and headed for my car. I put my arm around her to let her know I loved her and looked down into her pretty blue eyes.

Her blonde hair wrapped around a face that could pass for that of a teenager, though she was 25. Her lips were pink, almost red and as always invited me to pleasures only Trish's lips could offer.

She was dressed in black, the color she looked best in. Her breasts were small, but prominent and I could just see the tops of them in the 'V' in her sweater. She usually wore pants, as opposed to a skirt, not that she didn't have the legs for them.

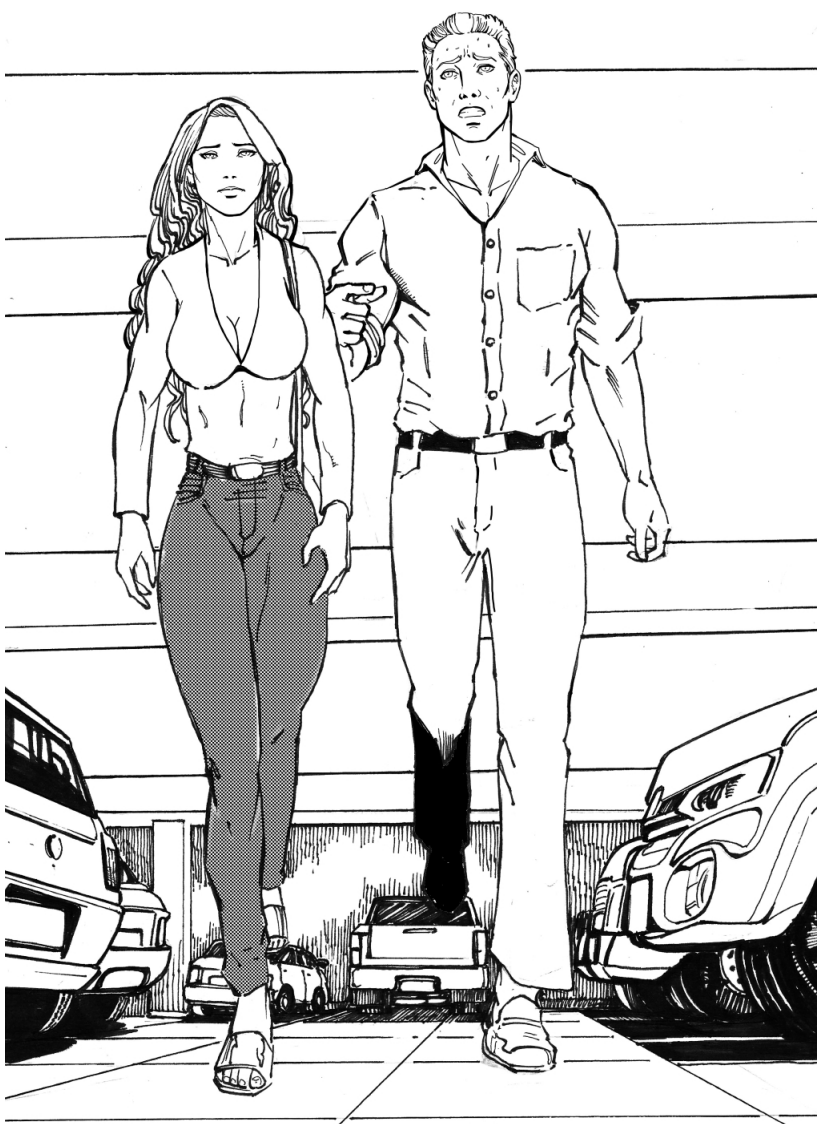
She had legs that made me cry and were so beautiful she attracted looks from both men and women. As we walked, her pretty pink toes would sneak out from under her pants leg, resting in high heeled sandals just to say a teasing 'hi' to me. She dressed conservatively, yet she was the most erotic, most sensuous woman I'd ever known. For a woman only 5'2", she radiated more sexuality than a woman her size should be allowed to, or any woman for that matter. And she knew how to get to me.

I pulled her close, and she looked up and met my eyes with a longing look that seemed to melt me. I slid my hand slowly off her shoulder down to her arm till I felt that sweet bulge in her sleeve. She looked into my eyes and smiled, then moved slightly away from me, only far enough so my arm couldn't reach her.

'Honey' I said. But she sped up as we exited the mall and headed for the car. I had to almost run to keep up with her. For a small woman, she walked quickly, and it was all I could do to keep up with her.

We got to the car. I got in and waited for her. Damn it, she was standing on the other side waiting for me to open the door. I went around, opened the door and let her in. She looked up at me as if asking, 'Why didn't you do that in the first place?' This immediately made me feel bad.

We drove back to her apartment in near silence. She was the talker of the two of us and I felt she was giving me the silent treatment.



I didn't want to bring up the subject of the necklace, but I knew it wasn't a dead issue. I could tell. I was just trying to figure out how she was going to make me get it for her.

As we approached her parking lot, she reached across and took my hand and looked up at me. Then she squeezed it tighter until a slight pain ran through me.

'Ow, honey, that hurts,' I cried, and it did.

'I'm sorry, baby, I didn't mean to hurt you' she said innocently. She looked up at me and smiled, and I knew she did, and there was nothing I could do about it.

She was only 5'2', but she's so strong, so powerful, she has strength I can only dream about that makes her all the more sensuous.

We entered her apartment, flicked on the lights and closed the door. 'Honey, make a fire. I'm going to change into something else,' she said. 'And there's a movie I want to see on Lifetime.' She went into her bedroom and closed the door as I tended the fire, and turned on the TV to ESPN.

She came out a few minutes later, came to the couch, grabbed the remote from me and changed it without a word. She hated ESPN as much as I did that other channel.

'That's better,' she said, and it was—not the TV—her! She had on jean cutoffs that rode high on her pretty slightly muscular thighs and a pink T-shirt tucked in tightly. Her breasts were perfect without a bra with her nipples more than evident. The sleeves of her shirt were rolled up just above the middle of her bicep, on purpose no doubt. She knew how to dress to excite me, and it always did. I was more than ready too.

She sat down on the couch next to me as the movie started. She put her legs up on the coffee table and stretched out, those beautiful legs awaiting my attention. I moved closer to her and put my arm around her as her hand rested on my thigh.

She dimmed the light next to her on the table, the perfect setting for a romantic evening. Just the thought of her sitting next to me was enough to set me off. Inevitably, my right hand moved towards her to that magical place she kept her strength. Her arm was at rest, but Trish's muscle was as prominent at rest, just waiting to show itself off.

I reached my hand gently to her arm. It was an affection I had that she thoroughly enjoyed. She loved showing off her strength as much as I wanted her to. She liked the feeling of physical power that being stronger than I was gave her, the sexual power that being a woman gave her. Combined, the two gave her ultimate power over me that we both knew was there and that she exploited from time to time.

She pushed my hand away gently. 'Not now Andy' she said quietly. But I wasn't to be held back.

I placed my hand on her arm and squeezed it slightly and drew a stern look from her.

'Andy, I said not now' she said pulling her arm away.

'But, honey' I said in retort reaching for her yet again.

She took her left hand, grabbed my right and bent it backwards. My arm bent sideways as my body moved to the edge of the couch.

'Ow, honey, you're hurting me,' I cried. She just looked at me and smiled.

'I told you, Andy, why don't you listen?' she asked quietly smiling.



'You didn't have to hurt me, dammit,' I said, almost in anger. But her strength made her so much more alluring. I was torn between being mad and wanting her all the more.

I moved to the edge of the couch, knelt on the floor and placed my right hand on her right thigh and softly ran it up and down her leg. She looked down at me, unmoved by my attention.

'Andy,' she said quietly. I knew that tone of voice.

'But, honey, you look so,' I started then reached down and kissed her thigh. No sooner had I put my lips to her than she reached down and grabbed my shirt and quickly pulled me towards her.

'Andy, do I have to hurt you to make you stop?' she asked calmly. I felt my shirt wrapped tight around me, nearly taking the wind from me.

'No, honey, but you look so good,' I pleaded.

'Sit down, Andy; I'm trying to watch this.'

I got back on the couch next to her. I was pouting, but I wasn't giving up. She wouldn't really hurt me anyway, just torment me a little.

I slid a little closer to her. The scent of her perfume permeated all of me, enough to push me over the edge. I moved close to her neck, just to nibble hoping to get her excited and grabbed her arm again.

'Andy, what did I just tell you?' she asked quietly. Then I felt the strength in her arm that I loved so much.

'Huh uh I just,' I said tentatively.

She got up and stood on the coffee table, placed her hands on her hips and looked down at me.

'Andy, what did I tell you?' she asked firmly. Then she rolled up the sleeve of her right arm. If you've never seen a beautiful woman's muscles before, you'd have been in disbelief. Though she's petite, beautiful, feminine and sensuous, Trish's strength isn't something to take lightly, nor is any woman's.

'But, honey,' I said, my voice trembling. Without warning, she reached down, grabbed my shirt, and lifted me off the couch. She pulled me up like a rag doll close to her face and looked into my eyes.

'You don't listen, do you Andy?' she asked. As if by reflex, I reached for her arm again.

'Honey, I was just,' I started. As my hand touched her arm, a knowing smile came to her face.

'Oh, Trish honey,' I trembled.

'What is it, Andy?' she asked innocently, still holding me up.

'Your... your muscles, Trish, they're so, so strong.'

'Do you want my muscles, Andy? Do you want my strong arms around you?'

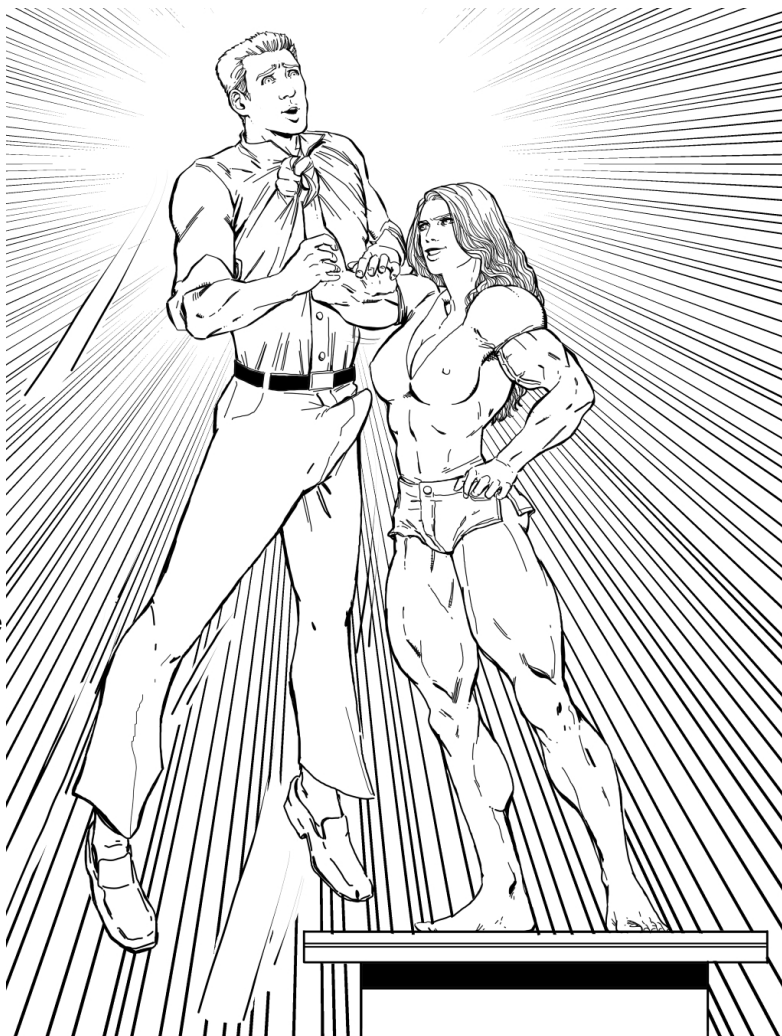
'Yes, Trish, more than anything,' I said. Then she moved me across the coffee table and set me on the floor, then looked at me and pried my hand off her arm.

'Well, you can't have me, Andy,' she said walking to the fireplace.

'Trish, that's not fair' I cried.

'What's not fair Andy?'

'You; I get all worked up, and you won't let me have anything.'



'Well, why should I? You wouldn't buy me that necklace, would you?'

'But that's different.' I said as she picked up the fireplace poker. I backed up slightly.

'Andy, I'd do almost anything for that necklace,' she said walking towards me. 'And if I don't get it, I don't know what I might do.'

'Trish, what are you, honey?' I said swallowing hard.

'Andy, you know how strong I am, don't you baby?' she asked coyly still walking, and now backing me up.

'Y-yes, Trish,' I trembled.

'And you know what my pretty muscles feel like, don't you honey?' I backed up yet further.

Yes, Trish, don't, please honey?' I begged.

'Maybe I should show you what my strength can do if I don't get what I want.'

'Oh no, Trish, please,' I said backing against a wall.

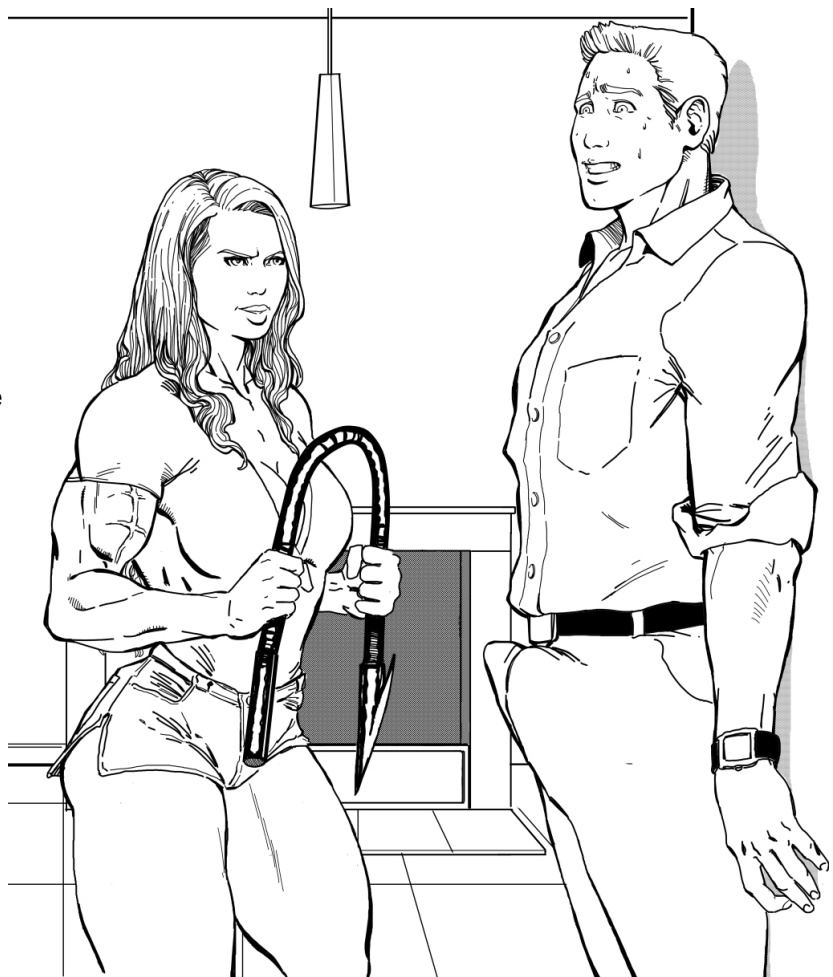
She looked up at me and smiled then took the poker in her hands, one at either end. 'This is what I can do to you Andy,' she said. Then with ease much too easy, she bent the poker slowly, the steel rod bending under her powerful arms, her eyes on mine the whole time. I was mesmerized, yet never more afraid of her, or more cognizant of her power.

She dropped the poker to the floor and stared at me. She put her arms to either side of me, boxing me in. There was no place to go. Then if by design, she moved her face to within an inch of mine. I wanted to kiss her desperately, but she knew I wouldn't.

'Do you know what to do now? Or do I have to convince you?' she asked. I took the hint, slid down the wall and out from under her, and bolted for the door.

'Andy, hurry; I'll be waiting.' She called after me.

My emotions were churning. She was an obsession for me. My wildest fantasies couldn't dream of the pleasures she brought me. A night in Trish's bed was like a thousand with every other woman I'd ever known.



I arrived at the jewellery store in less than 15 minutes, surprising myself, went inside and got help from the sales person. Another salesperson came over. 'Is your name Andy?' she asked. I answered, wondering how she knew. 'I have a call for you' she said.

"Oh oh, now what?" I asked myself going to the phone. 'Hello?'

'Andy, I want that other necklace. You remember the expensive one?' she said.

'Uh, Trish, it'd be better to-'



'Andy, just do it. Don't disappoint me, you know how I get. You don't want to upset me, do you?'

'No Trish, I just don't think-'

'Andy, if you're going to think of something, you can think of how disappointed I'll be, and I don't think you want that, do you? Or you can think of how happy you'll make me. Don't disappoint me Andy. I'll be waiting.'

She hung up leaving me no time to respond, not that it made a difference. We both knew what I was going to do.

I left the store my credit card bill now \$395 richer, worrying about how I was going to pay it. Then I quickly thought of Trish, and my minor financial issue seemed to dissipate.

I made it back to her place faster than I'd left. I walked up to the door, opened it and found it nearly dark inside save the fire burning and two candles on the coffee table. There was soft music playing, just loud enough to hear.

'Trish?' I called but quietly.

'I hope you didn't disappoint me Andy.' She said quietly as I walked into the living room. She was standing by her bedroom door. I gasped slightly, and felt an immediate charge from her.

She was dressed in my favorite dress, all red, sequenced just enough to glimmer from the fireplace. Her hair hung over both shoulders gleaming in what light there was. The top was cut to a sharp 'V' with just enough material to cover half her breasts, her cleavage was more beautiful than any woman deserved. There were slits in her dress up to just above mid thigh. Her left leg was cocked, fully exposed, in 4-inch red sandals. She walked over to me.

'Well Andy?' she asked coming towards me. She stopped just in front of me. In her heels, she was only two inches shorter than I was, but she looked much more intimidating, and so desirable.



'Honey" I started opening the jewellery case. Her eyes caught the necklace.

'Andy!' she shrieked. 'You really got it!'

She turned around, lifted her hair up, and waited for me to place it around her neck. Her biceps exploded as she put her arms up.

'Don't touch them yet, honey, put the necklace on me first.' she said. I did. Then she scooted in her heels to the mirror in the hallway with me close behind.

'Oh, honey, it's gorgeous,' she said. Then she turned around and kissed me passionately, but quickly.

I placed my arms around her waist and held her loosely as her arms rested across my shoulders.

'Do you really like me when I'm a little threatening?' she asked.

'Yeah, I love it when you get like that, honey. It thrills me; it even scares me a little. You're the sexiest woman I know, and these are,' I said moving my hands to her arms.

'I know. You're so weak when I show off my strength, aren't you?'

'Oh, maybe" I said smiling but gripping her arms tightly, feeling her muscles in my hands.

'Those feel good, don't they Andy?' she asked looking down at her powerful arms. She tensed them only slightly and her biceps rose in my hands.

'Trish, oh boy, I love your muscles Trish. You're so sexy, and so strong. I want your strong sexy body next to me honey.'

'Then I guess we'll have to do something, won't me?' she said smiling. I swallowed hard as my mouth went dry.

She moved one arm and placed a single finger under my chin and carefully lifted me off the floor.



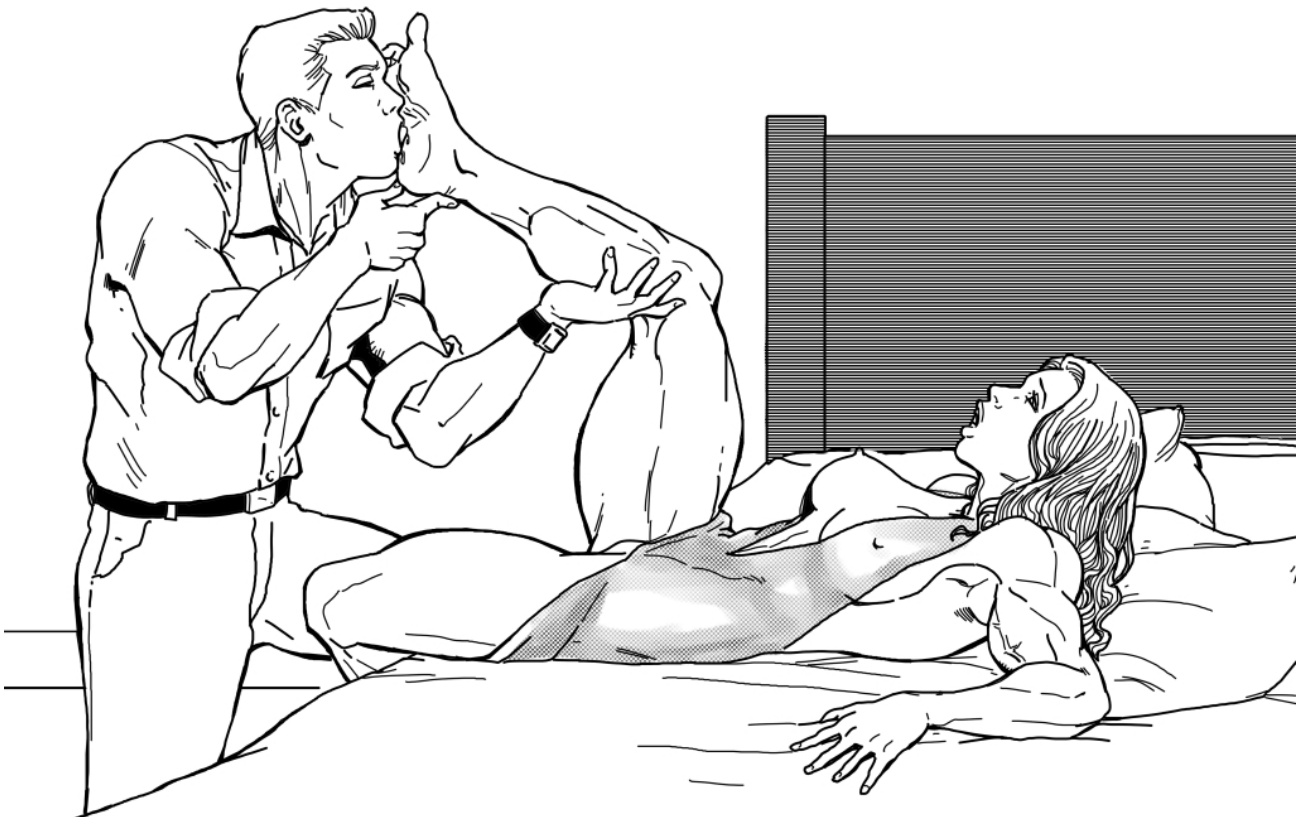
I was grinning ear to ear. She smiled up at me as she carried me into her bedroom and set me down at the foot of her bed.

She quickly took off her shoes, jumped on the middle of the bed, and put a pillow behind her. She placed one foot on my chest and looked up at me, her blonde hair spread across the pillow. She was a present waiting to be opened.

I took her foot in my hand and gently kissed it, then she spoke.

'Andy,' she said very quietly, very coyly, 'Don't disappoint me, Andy, You know how I get when you disappoint me.'

I did know, and I made sure she was never, ever disappointed again.



# LISA

(a The Collector Story)

([amysconquest.com](http://amysconquest.com))

"Honey...I said no," she said emphatically.

"But Lisa...why not?" I asked in perhaps a too-childish voice.

"You know why...I've told you that before."

"But it won't make any difference. Nobody'll care...and I'll love it...I promise."

"But I might not like it. I don't want to be a freak or something."

"You won't be...you'll still be sexy as hell...even sexier," I said appealing to her vanity.

"You think so? Really?" she asked.

"Honest Lisa...."

"Oh bull...you just want to play with them," she said.

"Well...so what? You like it don't you?"

"Yes...but you want me to do it just for you. And it's a lot of work...you don't have to do anything"

"I know but...."

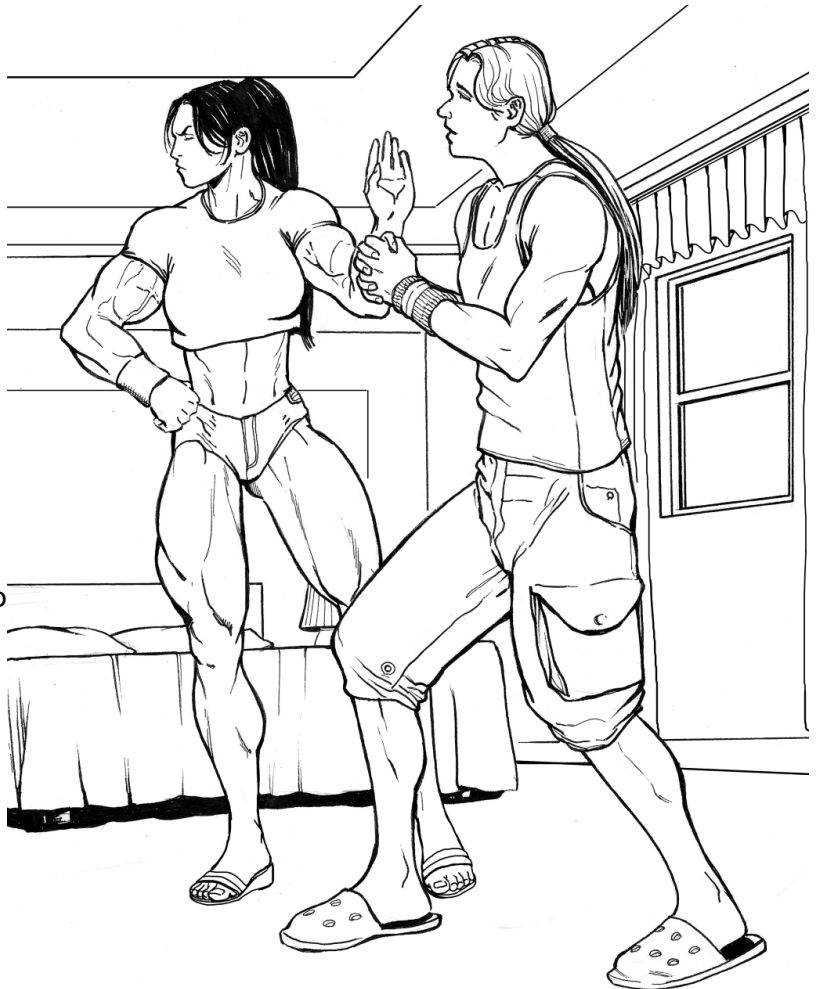
"But nothing! If I'm going to do that, you have to do something too" she said.

"Whaddya mean?" I asked.

"I know...while I'm doing that, you can get another job...to buy me a bigger ring," she said. Oh oh.

"Huh? But I already work 60 hours a week!"

"Then I guess I'll find out how bad you want them...and how much you care about me...won't I?"



"OK...OK...I'll do it if you want me to," I said.

"Well I do...so start looking for another job"

"But...you're really gonna do it?" I asked.

"Yes...I said I would...didn't I?"

"I mean...how strong...are you gonna get?" I asked.

How strong do you want me to be? Once I start lifting weights again...you know what happens," she said. And I did very well...Lisa could gain strength almost by just looking at weights—and muscle just as fast. I wanted her muscles bigger...she was worried about getting too big and bulky...like she was on steroids or something. But as strong as she is, she's never looked that way, even when she flexes her pretty biceps.



"You're already strong enough...I just want your muscles bigger," I said.

"Honey...I'm only 5'4"...and they're already big for my size. Get the tape Out." she said. I ran to the kitchen and got it. It had the mark on it from the last time I measured her at 15 inches. For a girl of only 110 pounds, she had muscles enough for a guy twice her size. But Lisa was easily stronger than any guy I knew...any two guys actually. She was strong enough to bend my tire iron in half without breaking a sweat. "Can I?" I asked.

"You're such a kid sometimes," she said. As far as I was concerned, Lisa's strength...and her muscles...were serious stuff—nuthin' child-like about it.

"Do it honey...show me your muscles," I said.

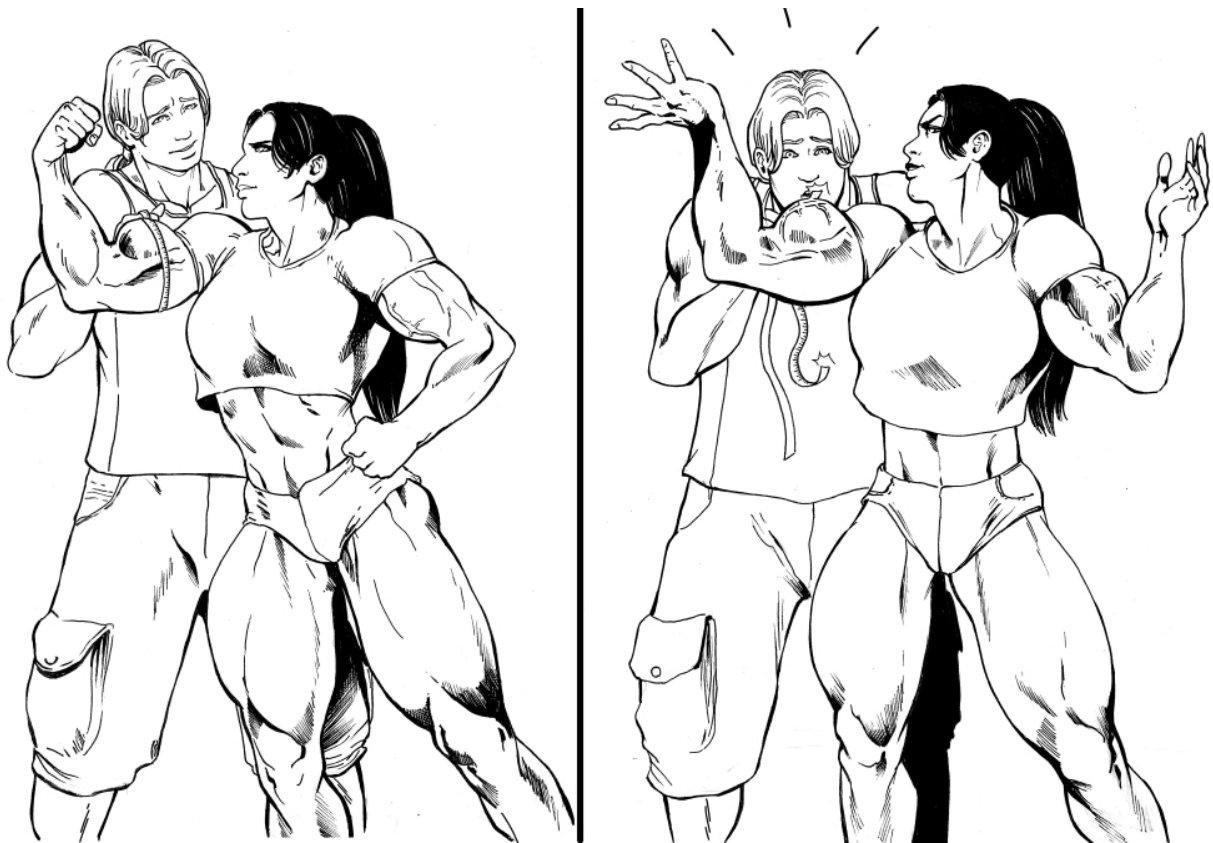
She raised her arm...the anticipation always killed me. She did it slowly as she stared into my eyes, knowing full well what her strength and her

muscles did to me. I'd do anything for her and she knew it. And she loved that about me too.

Her muscle was defined as it rose slowly off her pretty arm. It presented itself slowly as though making a subtle entrance into my libido...teasing me with thoughts of her feminine power as it glistened in the dim light of our bedroom.

"See honey? See how pretty it is?" she asked as it rose further into a perfectly round ball that kept growing. She stared at it, then back to me.

"Do you wanna touch it, baby? You wanna feel how strong I am?" she asked.



"Oh Lisa..." I stuttered as I placed my hand on her arm. I threw the tape around it and held it at 15 inches and watched it grow towards it.

"I'm so strong baby...look how big my muscles are." she said. She kept her arm rising until her bicep hit the mark.

"Tie it," she said.

"Huh?"

"Tie it around my arm...right there," she said.

"Ok," I said, which I did, into a knot with a bow...my own sense of poetry about her. Then she looked at me.

"Happy anniversary baby" she said. Then a determined look came across her face. She moved her arm from the 90-degree angle it was at...and her muscle jumped! The tape snapped off her arm as her bicep ripped through it...and her beautiful muscle got bigger! And not just a little bigger. Her arm filled out and I knew right away she'd gotten stronger, which I honestly thought wasn't possible.

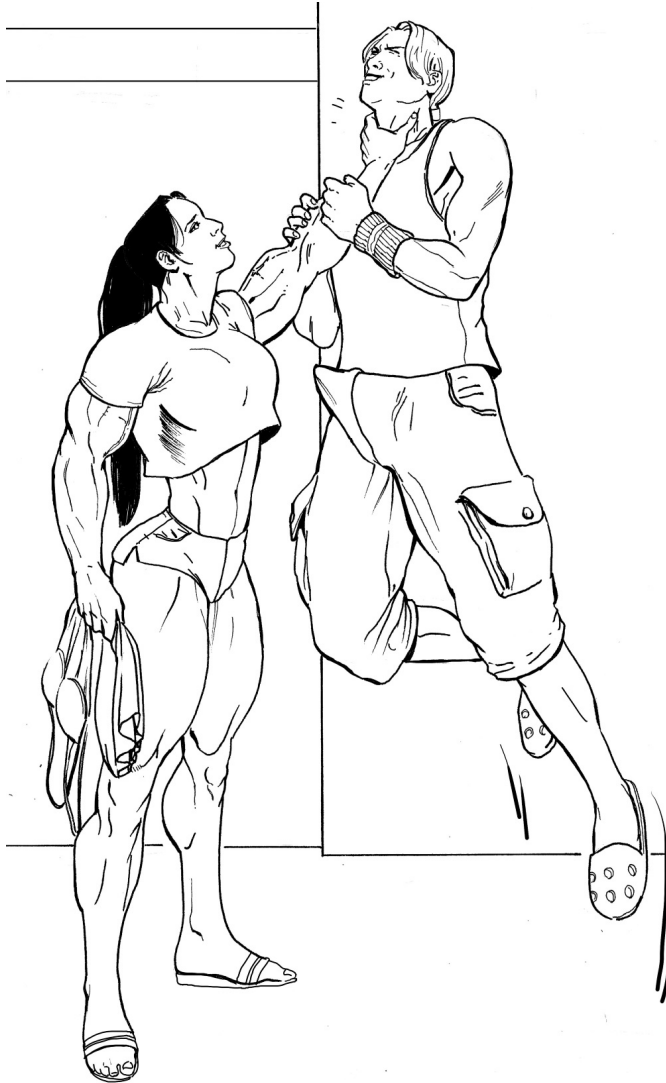
"Oh man...Lisa...my strong girl!" I exclaimed. I grabbed her bicep and held it in my hands as I would a precious diamond...it was as hard as one, and even more beautiful. Then I placed a gentle kiss on it.

She lowered her arm and I put my arms around her. I felt hers embrace me as she looked up into my eyes. Then she squeezed me enough so that I grimaced slightly. It was her way of subtly letting me know she was in total control of me and she also wanted to get a more subtle reaction to her strength.

"I love you honey," I said.

"I love you too baby...and I have something else for you too" she said walking to the dresser. She opened a drawer and pulled out a red garment. She held up a red teddy...one I'd seen in a catalog and begged her to order. Lisa had a better body than the model who wore it in the catalog...and I knew what it'd look like on her.

"Honey...do you think you can handle a strong, sexy girl like me?" she asked innocently. I loved it when she got this way. I walked to her needing her... wanting her...worse than I can remember.



When I got to her, she stuck out her hand, grabbed my shirt, and pulled me to her quickly, almost violently. She looked at me seriously, and then she showed me something else she hadn't done before. She gripped my shirt even tighter, and then she moved her arm upwards. My feet left the floor slowly.

"Lisa...you're not...you can't be..." I muttered.

"And why can't I? I'm a girl aren't I?"

"But...your strength Lisa...nobody's this..." I started. She kept pushing me upward with nothing more than the strength in her pretty arm.

"Well I am John...you should know that...shouldn't you? Don't you have any appreciation for my strength?"

"I do...honey...I do..." I said. She still looked at me with a serious look in her eye...one I'd rarely seen, and that I never wanted to be around.

"You're afraid of me...aren't you?" Afraid of what I can do to you...aren't you?"

"Y...yes...Lisa," I said in genuine fear.

"You should be, John. You can't...can you?" she asked.

"C...can't what?"

"You can't handle me...can you? You can't handle my strength...or my beauty? I'm too much for you aren't I?"

"Y...yes," I said. Then she slowly let me down.

"We better re-think our relationship, John. I need to be alone now," she said. She walked to the door and opened it as I stood there. She looked at me, waiting for me to move.

"John... go...now!" she exclaimed. I jumped and moved towards the door.

"But Lisa...."

"Go John...wait for me in the living room. I'll bring your things out," she said. Oh man...she was dumping me...just like that.

I went into the living room and looked around. I'd spent the better part of two years here...and it was gone...just like that. And I felt myself falling apart inside...I was gonna crash and burn...I knew it.

Twenty minutes passed...it seemed like twenty hours...waiting for her. For one last look at her before she cast me out. It was depressing. I'd never meet another girl like Lisa...at least not one as strong as she was.

"John...turn around...I don't want to see your face" she called from the bedroom.

"But Lisa...."

"Do it John...or else," she called. The 'or else' was a no option statement, and we both knew it. So I complied.

I heard the bedroom door open, and I sensed her walking towards me.

"Don't move John...I'm only warning you once...and you know what I mean...don't you?" she asked.

"Yes...Lisa" I said meekly.

"Close your eyes...I don't want you to see me...ever again John...ever. But...I'll give you one last thrill John...to remember me by."

I sensed her walking in front of me.

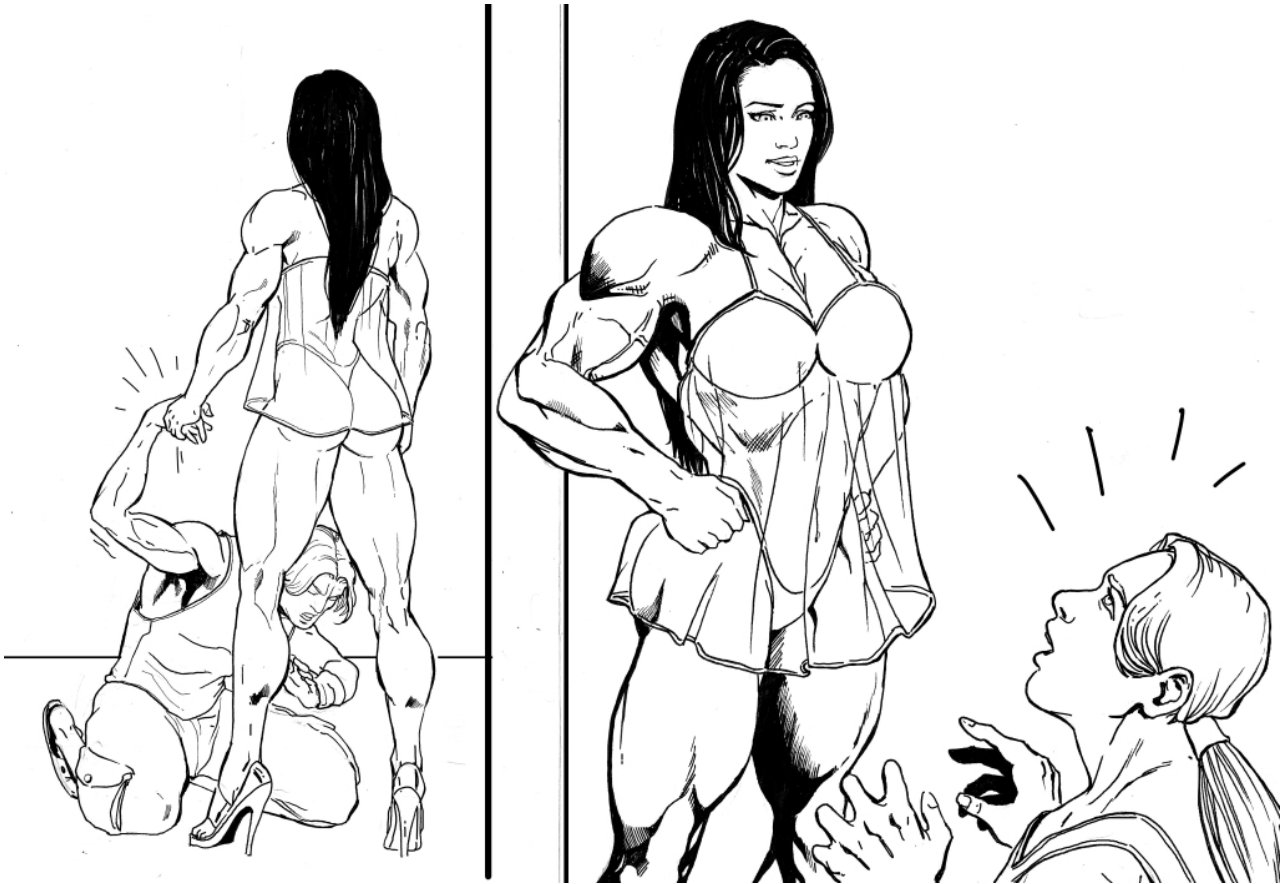
"Give me your hand...your strong one" she said. I held up my right hand. She took it in her left. She pushed down and I found myself being forced to the floor. I could imagine the look on her face. The look of conquest...the look of power...of strength she could summon at will. Enough strength that Lisa knew she could do whatever she wanted to whomever she wanted. The pain in my hand lasted only as long as I fought her and I found my knees touching the floor in seconds.

"Did you like that John? And don't tell me no...I know you did," she asked.

"Yes Lisa...couldn't we at least..."

"No John...didn't you hear me?" she asked.





"But Lisa..." I said. I was on the verge of a collapse. I didn't want her to see it, but I'm not sure I was that good.

"Open your eyes John," she said. My eyes were oriented towards the floor.

I saw her wearing red heels; her toes painted a bright red. Her legs were parted. I looked up and saw her with her hands on her hips, the red teddy being graced by her wonderful body, and her face wrapped in her luxuriant hair. And she was smiling.

"Hi baby," she said quietly.

"Lisa..."

"Did I scare you honey?" she asked.

"Um...yeah...a little" I said shyly.

"Well...I guess I better make it up to you" she said. She held her hand out for me. I took it then held back.

"I need to kiss those first," I said, looking down at her toes.

"Later...and if you don't...I'll make you," she said.

I rose, and she cradled me in her powerful arms as she carried me back towards the bedroom.

"You're so weak John," she said.

"I know...but you love that about me don't you?" I asked.

"Yes...as much as you love my strength...and my pretty muscles," she said.

We went into the bedroom and closed the door behind us.

I loved it when she got like that. It was an outlet she needed that made her feel so guilty afterward for scaring the hell out of me. And her sense of guilt made Lisa the most erotic, beautiful woman I could ever dream of. All that...and muscles too.



**THE END**

**Copyright 2018 Amy's Conquest (amysconquest.com)**