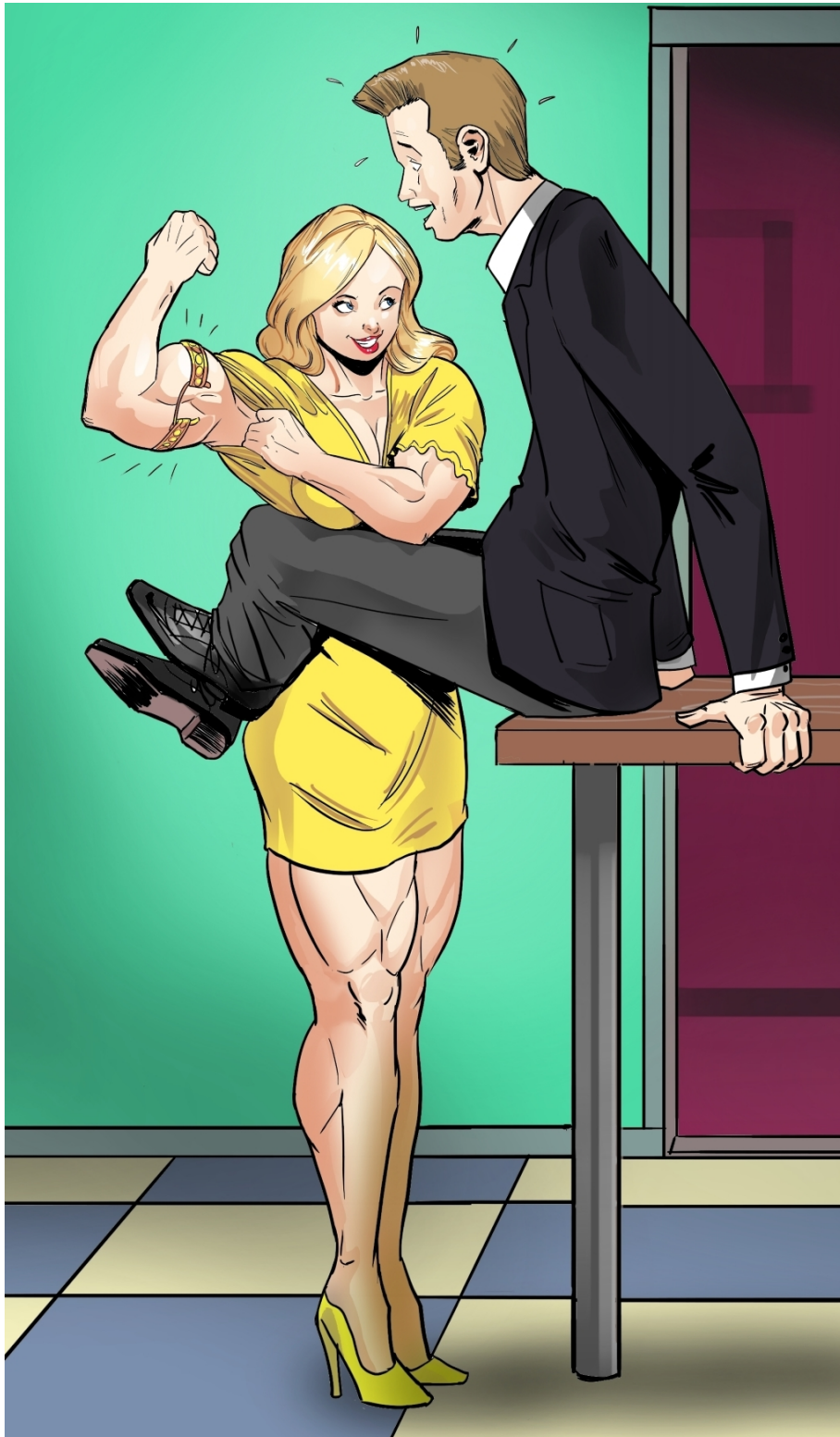


# JANE

- a The Collector story -

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





I arrived at Jane's house shortly after 7. I had seen her at the supermarket several times and had flirted with her on numerous occasions. I finally got my nerve up and talked to her the few times we'd seen each other, building up some level of trust with her, then finally asked her out. I found her to be strong willed, independent, and had some direction about where her life was headed.

As the single mother of two children, she told me up front she was selective about whom she dated, and that I was fortunate to be dating her. I totally agreed with her.

We had clicked immediately. We liked the same things, our values were very similar, and we held the same convictions about many things. I knew she could be the one. Having been divorced for a number of years, I was ready to take the plunge again. I had proposed twice and was rejected twice though I hadn't met her kids yet, a boy 16 and a girl 12, though she had told me a great deal about them.

Jane was only 5'4" and maybe 105 pounds, with a lean athletic build. Her hair was blonde, nearly all the way down her back with blue eyes that stole my heart when I looked into them. She looked frail, but I knew she was

probably a bit stronger than her appearance as her body was fairly lean, yet slightly muscular.

After two knocks on the door, a boy answered, about 16.

'Hi, you must be Brad.'

A tall muscular kid at about 5'10", Brad ignored my greeting and asking of his mother, left the door open for me, and I walked in. Wearing gym shorts and a T-shirt, and being very muscular for a high school kid, I assumed he worked some with weights.

Jane was scurrying through the house, dressing herself, and announcing errands for her kids at the same time.

'Hi Mark.' She gave me a peck on the cheek. 'I'll be ready in a few minutes, sorry.'

A moment later, her 12-year-old daughter Carrie came in the room, her face flush with anger. She was the image of her mother, blonde, lean, very attractive, and apparently with her temperament. She barely stood five feet tall, but was extremely attractive for her age, no doubt a woman to be reckoned with when she became one. She had on jean cutoffs cut too short for her age and a white blouse that was much too tight as well. Her bare feet slid gracefully across the carpet, but quickly as she was apparently on a mission.

'Have you seen my brother?' she demanded.

'Um, he just went through he kitchen.' I muttered. 'Hi Carrie', I yelled after her.

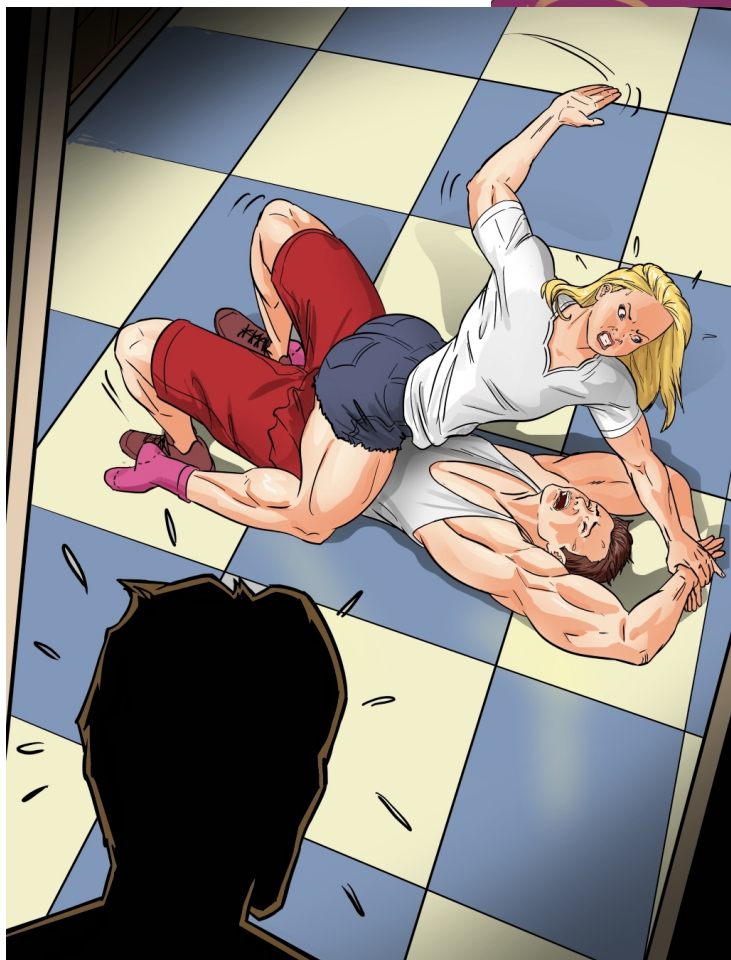
'I'm gonna kill him.' She stormed into the kitchen, looking for Brad. When he heard her voice, I heard the kitchen door open quickly

'Oh shit' I heard Brad say as he left the kitchen, the back door flying shut. I went to the kitchen bay window to satisfy my curiosity.

To my surprise, Carrie was stalking Brad, walking towards him slowly as he backed away from her. There was genuine fear in his eyes, but from what I couldn't tell.

'PI-please Carrie, not again.' The older boy pleaded.

'I told you to stay out of my room. I think you need another lesson.'



With that, Carrie jumped at her much bigger brother, her fists flying, her seemingly frail body attacking the muscular boy, pushing him at will as though he were a child. At first I thought he was toying with her.

Then I realized he was unable to stop her. The little girl I had just seen was out-muscling her older brother, and with relative ease. I had seen girls and boys fight before, but I had never seen a girl so petite dominate a much larger boy as I was seeing now.

Brad had fallen to the ground with Carrie on top. Their hands were locked in each other's, seemingly wrestling for control. Then Carrie grabbed Brad's hands in one of hers, holding him at bay, and began slapping his face. I could see from the windows the tears in his eyes. I couldn't believe what I was seeing!

'Say it Brad. Or I'll hurt you.'

'Oww, Mom, Mom, help.' Brad yelled.

'Oh, that's right, call for mommy.' She taunted.

'Carrie, you-you're hurting me. I'm sorry Carrie, please stop.' And then Brad started crying.

'I can hurt you more if I want to, and you know it don't you crybaby?'

'Carrie, stop it, you're hurting me, I'm so sorry Carrie, I won't do it again.' Brad's cries fell on Carrie's deaf ears as she continued tormenting him.

Just then, Jane came to the window.

'Oh, not again. I wish she'd quit picking on him. She humiliates him so much but sometimes he just asks for it. She just goes way too far.'

'How-how can she do that? She's so much smaller than him.'

'Oh, you haven't seen anything yet. She's capable of much more than this. I'll have her show you when she comes in.'

I looked at her, raised my eyebrows, and was speechless.

Jane looked out the window. 'Carrie, let your brother up.'

'Oh Mom, it was just starting to get fun.'



'Just do it Carrie.'

'Oh, alright.' Carrie said. She then stepped off Brad and stood up, looking down at him. She reached her hand down to help him up, taking it in hers.

As he began to rise, she squeezed it and I watched his mouth open, but not uttering a sound, then the tears began flowing again.

Carrie said, 'How's that you big crybaby? Does it hurt? Maybe I'll squeeze it harder' like this!

'Ow, Carrie' please stop' it hurts so bad Carrie' please.' He was whimpering now, unable to stop his sister. I felt sorry for him, for being punished so badly by not just a girl, but a younger, apparently much stronger girl. And it being his sister, a humiliation he would have to live with each day.

Jane looked out the window again, yelling at Carrie. 'Carrie, quit hurting him. How many times do I have to tell you?'



'OK, I heard you.' She let Brad up, then whispered something in his ear. I saw Brad look back at her, shaking his head.

'Just go get it' now, or else.' I heard Carrie say. Brad started towards the garage, his head hung, not wanting to do what she had told him. He walked back a few moments later carrying a long black object, apparently a tire iron, in his hands and handed it to Carrie.

He held out his hands and, to my shock, Carrie twisted it around his wrists! It was as though it were a piece of licorice in her hands.

I looked at Jane. 'How could she do that?'

'She's just very strong, and she knows it.' She looked out the window. 'Come in here, both of you' now!

Brad walked in first, dejected, his hands tied by the iron.

'Mom, she hurt me again, why won't she stop?' And the tears began to flow from Brad.



Jane placed her hands on the iron bar, and twisted it off Brad as easily as Carrie had placed it there, as though it was nothing, then handed it to me as she took her son in her arms. I tried to bend the bar, thinking it couldn't be what it looked like, but it was solid iron. The beautiful woman I thought I was in love with was stronger than I could ever hope to be.

'It's OK baby, there was nothing you could do.'

'But, Mom, she's so strong, she always hurts me and I can't stop her.' I thought I was dreaming. This big muscular kid crying over something his little sister had done to him. I genuinely felt sorry for him, and Jane's affection for him was touching.

'I know, go in your room and clean up. I'll talk to her.' She kissed him on the cheek, and then he left for his room. I patted his back gently, letting him know he didn't have to be embarrassed around me.

Then Carrie walked in, a smug look on her face.

'Are you proud of yourself now?' Jane asked as Carrie walked in.

'Yes, why shouldn't I be?'

'Because you have a gift, and it shouldn't be abused. Just because you're stronger than other people is no reason to abuse them.'

'I know, but I like being strong, and having people do whatever I want, especially boys.'

'Does that mean I should make you do what I want because I'm stronger than you?'

'But you're stronger than I am, that wouldn't be fair.' And a light clicked on in Carrie's eyes.

'Then don't any more. Is that clear?'

'Yes, I'm sorry.'

'Mark wanted to know how you did that. I don't think he's seen a strong girl before. Have you Mark?' She looked at me, a somewhat taunting look in her eye.

Carrie said, 'Can I show him my muscles?'

'I think so honey.' I looked at them both, my eyes wide, not knowing what to expect, or where this conversation came from. I had just seen a 12 year old girl do things I could never imagine doing.

She had strength I wouldn't expect in even the strongest man, and now she says she has muscles as well. I had expected her to have arms somewhat bigger than most girls, but I hadn't expected what came next.



Carrie pushed up the sleeves of her blouse and I immediately noticed her upper arms were larger than I would expect. As she raised her arms, two little balls appeared, perfectly round, and continued to rise from her little arm, with little beads of perspiration rolling off from her encounter with Brad. She looked up at me, with a confident look, yet seeking approval.

'See how strong I am Mark?'

Jane reached over and touched her daughters arm. As her hand reached it, Carrie flexed even harder, causing her bicep to rise to what I guessed was 13 or 14 inches, incredibly large for her size. I looked at her and smiled my approval as Jane squeezed her daughters arm.

Jane said, 'Honey, they're even bigger than before. I think you're getting even stronger.'

'I feel a lot stronger too. Do you think I could arm wrestle Mark?'

I looked at Jane in shock. 'I-I'm not sure that's a good idea.' I said. Seeing what she just did to her brother, I had no illusions about being a match for her strength.

Jane said, 'I think that's a very good idea' nudging me slightly.

'Cool' Carrie exclaimed, and quickly sat at the kitchen table. I resignedly sat across from her, my eyes on Jane the whole time as if to ask 'Why are you doing this to me?'



I placed my hand in Carrie's, her eyes looking directly into mine. I thought maybe if I got a good start on her, I could win. As Jane said 'GO', I thrust my arm against Carrie's, hoping to catch her off guard. My arm went against hers, and felt as though I was pushing against a wall of steel. It didn't seem possible that my much larger arm couldn't budge hers the slightest. She held firm, her eyes looking at me, a smile on her face no doubt due to the havoc she knew she was creating in me.

Sweat began to roll off my brow as she began toying with me, moving her arm back to where I thought I could pin her, then watching the strength rise in her arm as she brought it back up. She was totally controlling me and there was nothing I could do. She twirled her hair in her fingers, sang lyrics to a popular song she liked, acted nonchalant as though this wasn't a contest at all. She was enjoying taunting me. She knew how powerful she was. And so did Jane. Yet I was the entertainment for them both.

'Honey, I think you've had your fun.' Jane said.

'Just a little longer? Please?'

'No, I think it's time.' Then looking at me she said, 'She's such a show-off sometimes.'

'Oh, OK.' Carrie then raised her left arm, and her bicep leaped off it. I looked at that little ball of strength, then felt the full breadth of her strength push my arm down hard, as though I were a child. I looked up at Jane and asked, 'Does she do this to you too?'

They looked at each other and laughed puzzling me.

'What's so funny?' I asked.

Carrie replied, 'What you just said. I'm strong, but Mommy's super strong. I want to be just like her someday. And I want to have muscles like hers too.'

I looked up at Jane, asking but not saying anything.

'Better go get cleaned up Honey' Jane said to Carrie. .

As Carrie left, I stood up to face Jane, her beautiful eyes capturing me yet again. As I looked at her, she sensed a weakness in me, a longing for her. I was nearly shaking at the thought of how powerful she must be. If what Carrie said was right, Jane's strength must be more than I could fathom, more than I deserved.

'Is it true?' I asked her.

She looked at me innocently, her head nodding slightly. She ran her finger down my shirt, a sign of affection I relished.

'Would you like to see?' she asked.

Trying to contain myself, I looked at her. 'Y-yes, Jane, please.'

She placed her hands on my hips and lifted me up as though I were a feather and set me on the table. She moved close to me, wrapped my legs around her, then looked at me.

'Roll up my sleeves.' She said.

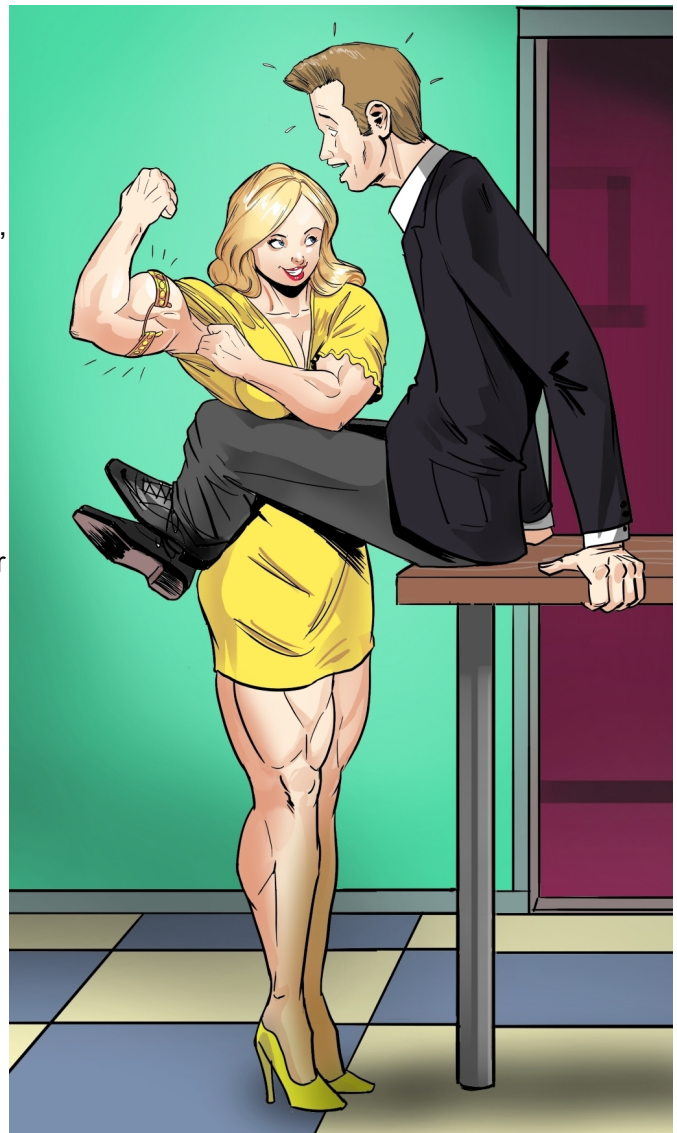
I did as she asked, my hands gliding across her silky smooth skin, her arms thin, yet wiry. Then I remembered Carrie's being the same. As my hands moved up her arms, pushing the fabric back, I felt a mass in her upper arm, firm yet soft as silk.

'You handled yourself with Carrie very well.' She said.

'I didn't have much of a choice. Why'd you do that to me?'

'Just a little test, to see how you'd react.'

'Let's make this interesting', she said.



She took her left hand and slid her bracelet up across her bicep, fitting it snug to her arm.

'Oh no Jane, you can't be that strong.'

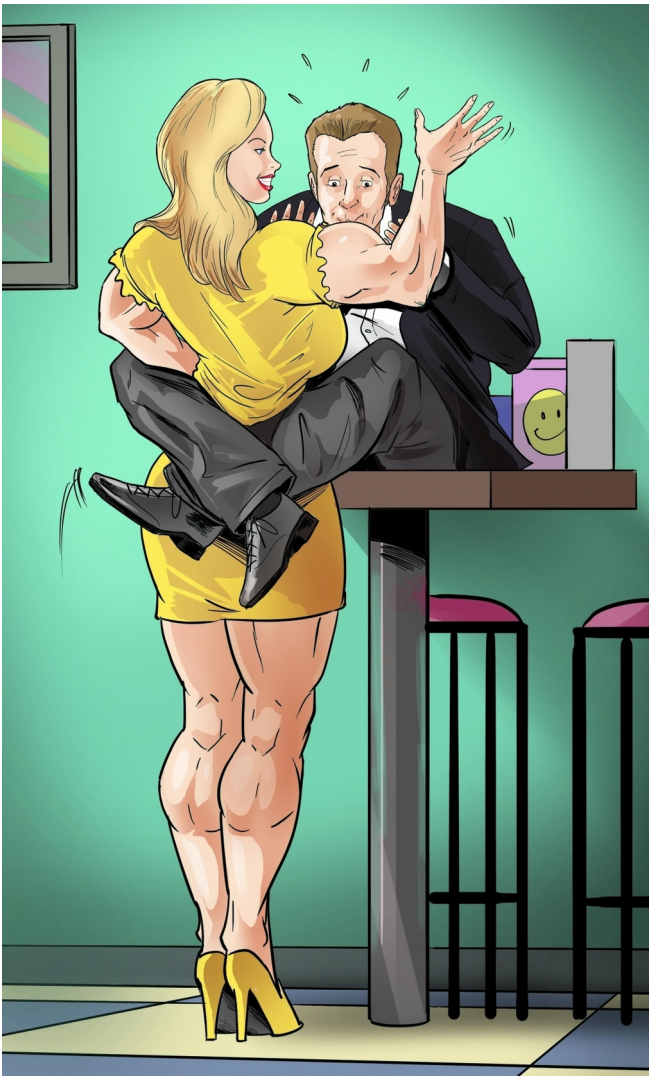
She smiled at me, 'Are you sure?'

As Jane raised her right arm, her bicep immediately swelled against the bracelet. The bracelet began to expand, the metal stretching, as her strength rose, her bicep looming larger.

'Jane, your strength, you're so strong, so beautiful, you never told me.'

'I wasn't sure how you'd react.'

'Watch this honey.' She curled her arm further, watching me, and then she smiled as the bracelet was torn from her arm, her muscular arm now rising further into a milky white mass of feminine muscle. I placed my hand on it, touching this beautiful woman's strength for the first time, her bicep easily now 15'. It's rise continued as I massaged it, it's developed peak teasing me, I unable to conceive of the amazing strength hidden inside.



'Baby, you're so strong, so beautiful'

'Kiss my bicep Mark. Show me how much you love it.'

I reached down and kissed it softly, and she flexed it further. I felt her peak rise to my lips, and I grasped it in my hand, gently caressing it. I rose from her arm and looked into her eyes.

'I didn't think anyone could be so strong, and so beautiful.' I was nearly shaking, wanting her so, and she knew it.

'You want my strength, don't you honey? You want to feel each how strong I am, and you wonder how someone so petite and feminine can be so strong, don't you?'

'Jane, you're teasing me'

'I know, but you love my strength don't you?'

'Almost as much as, I love you.'

'We don't have to go out. The kids are going to a movie tonight. We could stay in. If you'd like that.' She smiled at me, softly licking her lips.

I looked at her, my face perking up as she spoke.

'I thought so' she replied, as she smacked the side of my leg. She reached up and kissed me quickly on the lips, then turned towards the living room. She stood in the doorway, her back to me.

'Kids, time to go to the movies' she called.

I just looked at her, taking in her beauty. Her bright yellow dress clung to her slim body, her yellow heels accentuating the tan on her long, slender legs. She held her right arm up against the wall inside the doorway. She flexed it slightly as her bicep rose again. She looked back at me, then twisted her wrist letting it fall. She raised her eyebrows twice quickly, then flexed it again and I watched it rise.

I smiled at her, then watched a girlish grin come from her. She was enjoying showing off, and I loved watching her.

I went to her left, wrapping my arm around her, finding the source of her strength again in my hand, resting it on her arm as she played with me.

The kids came out from their rooms. 'You guys ready?' she asked. 'There's a double feature if you'd like to see it.'

'Cool, yes' Carrie replied.

'But first, I want you two to make up.'

'Aw, Mom' Brad said, 'She's just going to hurt me again when you're not around. She's just mean to me.'

Surprisingly, this touched a chord with Carrie. Carrie looked up at her mother and asked, 'Mom, I'm not mean am I?'

Jane looked at Carrie, saying as delicately as possible, 'I'm sorry honey, but you're very mean to Brad. I told you that.'

Carrie's face twisted slightly, and then tears began to roll down. She was hurt, more than she had hurt Brad. She walked to Brad, put her arms around him, burying her head in his chest, now crying.

'I'm sorry Brad, I didn't mean to hurt you, I really didn't mean it, I'm so sorry.'

It was too much for Brad to take. He burst into tears and embraced his little sister. 'It's OK, I know you didn't mean it'and I'm sorry too.'

They were both crying a storm when I heard a sniffle from Jane. Not her too!

Jane went to her kids and put both arms around them, holding them close, and I could hear only whispers. Then she said, 'OK, guys, crying party's over. Now let's get going.' She kissed them both and we headed for the door.

Brad said, 'Mom, can I just take the car? Then you guys can go where you're going and not have to worry about us.'



Jane replied, 'Honey, I don't trust the car anywhere. I'd rather you not get stuck without me around.'

I reached in my pocket and pulled out my keys, raising my eyebrows to Jane. She smiled and nodded back.

'Here Brad, but be careful.' I tossed my keys to him and watched his face light up.

'Cool, thanks.'

'You guys have fun.' I said.

'And be careful' Jane called back as only a mother can.

Carrie asked, 'What're you guys going to do tonight?'

Jane said, 'Oh, we'll find something to do. And we'll have something to tell you when you get back too.'

I looked at Jane wondering what she meant, then waved to the kids as they drove off.

'What did that mean?' I asked.

'Well, you remember I said I'd never sleep with you unless we got married?'

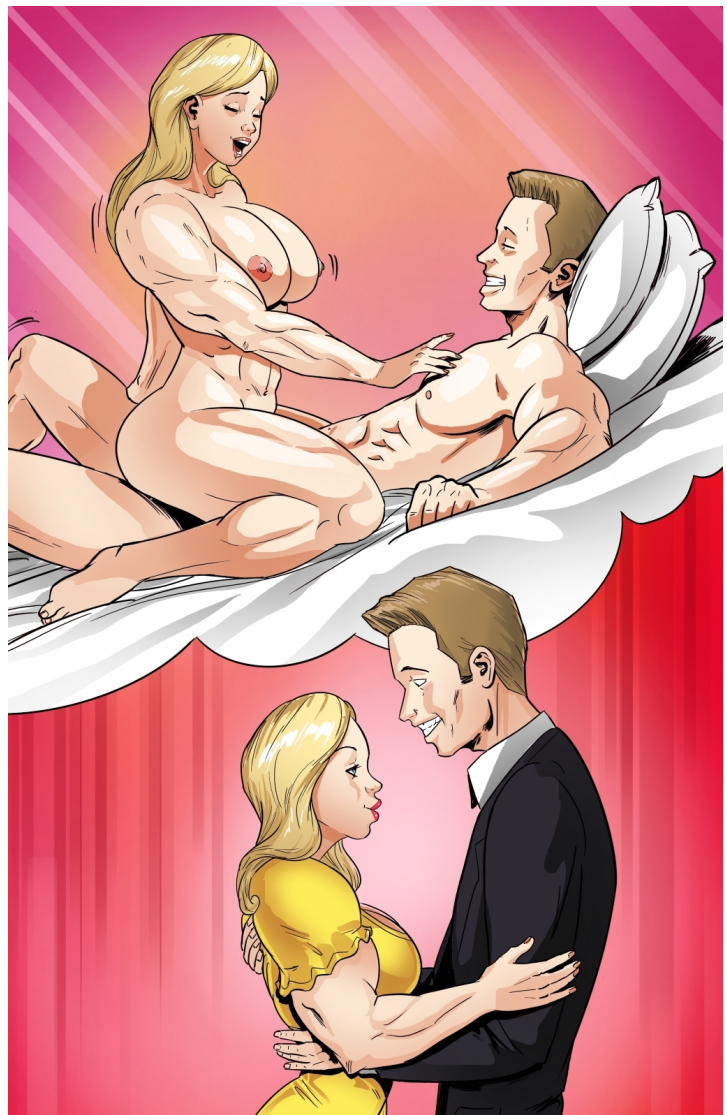
'Yea, I remember.' I said.

She looked at me, and then a slow smile came to her. 'Well, then let's go to bed, I'll show you what real muscles are.'

She placed her hand inside her arm, and I felt her bicep explode into my hand, sending me into orbit.

'My god, I'm so lucky.' I said looking at her, my emotions stronger for her at that moment than they had ever been. I knew then how much I loved her.

'We're both lucky honey' and she reached up and kissed me, and she led me to the back of the house, holding each other close, not wanting to let go.



## THE END

Copyright 2018 Amy's Conquest (amysconquest.com)