

# JANET

- an MC story -

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The large, muscular but strikingly attractive brunette entered the hotel lobby and looked around. She found what she was looking for and began to make her way over to the long table on the opposite side of the room. "Is this the registration desk for the 'Toughest Man in the State' tournament being held here tonight?" she asked the man sitting at the table.

"Why yes it is Miss, and whom did you wish to enter in the contest?"

"Me," she responded, "I want to enter."

The man, who was an official and one of the organizers of the event, looked up at the massive woman standing in front of him. She must have stood well over six feet tall (six foot two actually) and, judging by the way she was built, weighed at least 230 pounds (he was close, she weighed 235). But despite her size she was, nevertheless, a woman; and no matter how big, strong and tough she thought she was, what chance could any female have against some of the biggest and strongest men in the state? It would make a mockery of the event if a woman entered he thought.

"With all due respect Miss, I really don't think this competition is for you," he said as politely as he could.

"But the sign says it's an \*open\* competition, which means that it's open to everyone, doesn't it?"



Realizing his first tactic wasn't very successful in dissuading her from wanting to enter, the official tried another line of reasoning. "There are already eight contestants registered for the contest and that is exactly enough for a quarter-final, semi-final and final round of eliminations. The winner of the elimination rounds will then go on to face last year's champion. So you can see that by adding another contestant now would just foul up the match schedules."

The large woman looked down at the official and understood; not just what he said, but what he actually meant. She thought it over for a minute and then asked, "Suppose one of the contestants were to cancel, leaving only seven? Would I be allowed to compete then?"

"The event is scheduled to begin in less than four hours Miss, so I seriously doubt that there will be a cancellation before then."

"But what if there was? Would I then be able to take his place or wouldn't I?"

The man looked up at her and smiled smugly. "In the unlikely event that one of the contestants should be forced to withdraw before the tournament this evening, then you can replace him."



For the first time since she entered the hotel lobby the woman smiled. "Forced to withdraw, what an interesting choice of words."

As fate would have it, just as she finished this sentence, a big, strong and very handsome man walked up to the registration desk. "What time is my match tonight?" he asked.

The official looked down at the page in front of him and replied, "You're scheduled to fight the first match Roger. It begins at 6:00 P.M.; but I suggest you be down here by 5:45."

"Very well. I'll be in my room until then. Call me if there are any changes in the venue."

"Who was that?" the big brunette asked after he walked off.

"That was Roger Aaron, one of the contestants in tonight's tournament."

The woman gave the official a cryptic smile and said, "I'll be back in a few minutes...and I'm going to hold you to your word." She followed Roger as he walked over to the elevator, and when the doors opened, followed him inside. The doors closed but the elevator stayed on the ground floor - it was as if somebody had pressed the 'emergency stop' button.

Suddenly, strange sounds were heard coming from inside the elevator. POW! SLAP! WHACK! PUNCH! THUD! CRACK! SLAM! This continued for about three minutes before things became quiet; and then the doors opened. The curious crowd that had gathered outside the elevator gasped at what they saw next. For when the doors opened, a very large and muscular woman emerged. But what was even more amazing was that she was dragging an even larger and rather badly beaten man behind her.



The powerful woman dragged the battered man over to the registration table and tossed him down on the floor in front of the stunned official. "I'm afraid that Mr. Aaron here won't be able to participate in the event tonight," she said and added with a wink, "He was 'forced to withdraw'. I guess that means I'm in."

The official looked down at the 250 pound man lying on the carpet in front of him. His nose was bleeding, he had a badly swollen jaw and the makings of at least one black eye while the large woman didn't have a single mark on her (her long, beautiful brown hair was slightly mussed though, but that was about the only sign that she had just been in a fight).

She put her hands on the table, stared the official straight in the eye and in a forceful tone of voice asked, "So, am I in or what?"

Reluctantly forced to honor his word, the official could only respond with a quiet, "yes...I guess this means you're in." With his hands visibly shaking, he crossed out Roger Aaron's name. "And what is your name Miss?"

"Janet, and that's all you need to know for now. So, I'm scheduled to fight at 6:00 P.M.?"

"Yes you are Janet. Since you're replacing Roger, the match he was scheduled for is yours. Here is a list of the rules and I suggest you read them."

While the strong brunette was perusing the rules, Roger Aaron got to his feet and staggered to the elevator without her noticing - well almost without her noticing, she did catch him limping away out of the corner of her eye. "I see last year's champion will only fight in the final round."

"Yes, those are the rules. The first three rounds are elimination rounds to determine who Mark Johnson will fight. He doesn't even have to show up until he fights his match; and, knowing him, he probably won't."

After returning the page to the official, Janet asked, "And can you please tell me which room Mr. Aaron is staying in? I'd like to have a little talk with him."

"Roger Aaron is listed in room 314," the official replied after glancing at the registry.

Janet reached over and pinched his cheek. "Thank you sweetie pie, you've been \*very\* helpful (her sarcasm wasn't lost on him). I'll see you at 5:45 then." It was only after the official watched her enter the elevator and the doors close behind her that he managed to stop shaking.

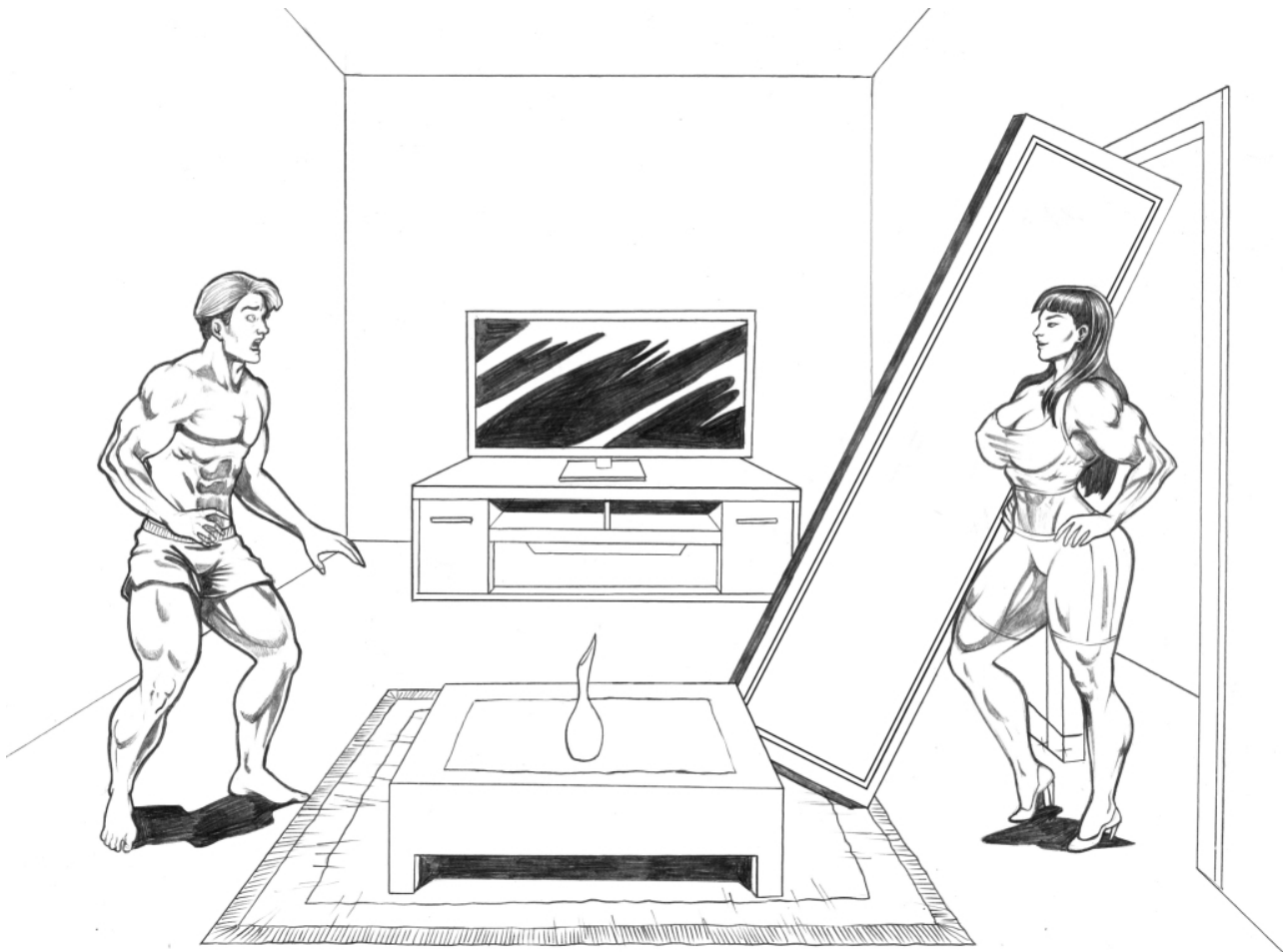
Roger Aaron sat dejectedly at the edge of his bed, fighting unsuccessfully to hold back his tears. A star lineman in college, he had hoped that by winning this 'tough man' contest it would give him another chance to fulfill his lifelong dream of playing in the N.F.L. - something that was denied him when he failed to be drafted by any N.F.L. team. But now his dream lay in tatters, destroyed by a woman who battered him senseless in the elevator. What was he to do now? He did have a B.A. in business administration, but what he really wanted to do was play professional football. As Roger pondered what he should do next, he heard a knock on the door.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"It's me, the woman you \*met\* in the elevator." (Although Roger couldn't see the grin on Janet's face when she said this, he could certainly feel it).

"Go away and leave me the HELL alone!" he shouted angrily.

Janet had just about reached her breaking point by now. First, she had to drive over 300 miles to make it to the event in time to register. Then she had to deal with that chauvanistic official in the lobby. And now, some whinning tough-man-wanna-be, whom she pounded without hardly even messing up her hair, was swearing at her when all she wanted to do was apologise for the beating she gave him. The next thing Roger knew, the door to his room burst open and the woman who destroyed his dream was glaring down at him with her hands on her hips. Roger began to shake uncontrollably. "Wha...what do you want?" he asked.



Janet looked down at the pathetic form trembling before her and her heart softened. Roger wasn't her \*target\* this night. He was just someone who - through no fault of his own - was simply in the wrong place at the wrong time; and paid a price for it. She sat down next to him and, in a soft tone of voice, said, "Roger, there's something I feel you should know about why I did what I did to you a few minutes ago." Seeing that Roger was still shaking, Janet decided on a different tactic in order to calm him down. She put her large, muscular arms around him and gave the handsome man a long and passionate kiss. Not surprisingly, that seemed to do the trick.

"O.K. then," she began, "This is why I beat you up. For reasons which I can't explain to you right now, I \*had\* to enter the tournament this evening. That whimpy official said that I would only be allowed to enter if someone had cancelled and it was at that precise moment that you happened to come along. I'm sorry about the beating I gave you, I truly am. But you must understand how important it is that I be in this tournament." Janet paused for a moment, then continued. "And if you hang around until the end, I promise I'll tell you why it was so important for me to fight tonight. But I can only tell you that \*after\* the tournament is over; not now. This will no doubt strike you as very strange, but it has nothing to do with money or glory - my reasons are strictly personal." After another long pause the beautiful woman added, "And to prove that to you Roger, if you stay with me until the tournament ends, I'll give you my entire winner's purse - all \$10,000 of it." Janet made a fist and playfully punched Roger on his swollen jaw. "So, what do you say to that big guy?"

Roger Aaron was stunned. This powerful brunette, who had so easily beaten him up in the elevator only a few minutes before, was now offering to give him her entire prize \*when\* (not if, but when) she wins the 'Toughest Man in the State' contest. What the hell was she fighting for then? At this moment it was not so much the money, but Roger's curiosity to find out the answer to that question that prompted him to say, "O.K. If it really means that much to you, then I'll stay with for the duration of the tournament."



The next thing Roger felt were Janet's strong, muscular arms wrap around him again and he was squeezed tightly into her large breasts. "That was a very wise decision handsome," she said, "And one you will not regret. Now, we still have about three hours before my first match so how about letting me tend to those bruises I gave you and then we engage in some serious cuddling." It was an offer Roger couldn't refuse.

Two and a half hours later...

Janet and Roger rose from the bed when the alarm sounded. It was 5:30 P.M. and Janet's first fight would begin in just 30 minutes. As she got up, Janet smiled at Roger and said, "That was nice Rogie; VERY nice. Now, be a dear and brush my pretty hair so I can look my best for my fight; I have my pride too you know." Roger took Janet's hairbrush, sat behind her on the bed and began to gently stroke her long, beautiful brown hair. "I guess I should probably get dressed too," she giggled, "What a shame."

"Yes. It would be more appropriate considering you're participating in a 'Toughest Man' competition," Roger replied. Janet, her hair neatly brushed, stood up and dressed herself in what she called her 'fighting outfit' - a sexy one-piece pink bathing suit that accentuated her large breasts and powerful thighs.

"You're going to fight in that?" Roger asked with a surprised look on his face.



"Why yes I am. I read the entire list of rules and there was absolutely nothing in them which forbade fighting in a pink bathing suit. Which means that if a man wants to, he can too (giggles)." Janet stood next to the bathroom mirror and flexed her awesome biceps, and when she did so Roger's eyes widened considerably.

"Your arms must measure 18 inches around!" he exclaimed.

"Eighteen and a half actually, but who's going to argue over a measly half an inch. Now, before we go down to the lobby, there's one more thing I'd like you to do for me honeybunch."

"What?"

"Tie my hair into a ponytail so that it doesn't get in the way while I fight."

Seemingly completely under the control of this amazing woman, Roger did as he was told. Then they embraced in another long kiss before leaving the room. Together, they went down to the hotel lobby and entered the near-by auditorium where the tournament was being staged. "Wish me luck sweetie pie," Janet winked at him as she climbed into the ring.

Roger found himself a seat in one of the first rows and prepared to do what only a few hours ago he would have thought impossible, root for a woman to win a fight in the 'Toughest Man in the State' contest - a contest he should have been participating in had this gorgeous woman not kicked his ass in the elevator. But as he watched the beautiful, six foot-two inch, 235 pound brunette dressed in her sexy pink bathing suit go through her warm-up exercises before facing her first opponent - a very tough looking, powerfully built 270 pound man - Roger couldn't help himself from shouting out, "Good luck Janet!" The beautiful smile she flashed him in response nearly gave him an erection.

The first fight of the tournament could be summed up in one brief phrase, it was a massacre! Moving with the speed of a gazelle and striking with the strength of an elephant, Janet easily battered the larger - but much slower - man around the ring while the crowd in the half-filled auditorium cheered her on. Janet so completely outclassed her opponent that she could playfully toy with him in the ring and joke with the audience at the same time.



POW! POW! POW! "I wonder if this guy's health insurance covers things like this," Janet laughed as she slammed three solid punches into his face. POW! POW! POW! "I hope he has health insurance for that matter," she said as she slammed three more. Towards the end of the second round her opponent's face was a bloody mess. Janet could have toyed with him longer but decided he had had enough, so - WHAM! - with a solid right hook, the beautiful brunette sent the large man into dreamland; bringing the one-sided contest to an end.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," the announcer (who, ironically, was also the official at the registration desk) called out as he raised the victorious woman's arm above her head, "The winner of the first match tonight by a clean knockout in the second round is Janet!" As she climbed out of the ring, the crowd cheered wildly at this unexpected outcome.

"You were amazing in there Janet!" Roger exclaimed as she embraced him afterwards, "Totally awesome!"

"Thank you sweetie pie," she replied, then added with a grin, "What say we go back up to your room and cuddle some more until my next match. We'll have a bit of time until the second round begins."

"But aren't you interested in seeing who your next opponent will be Janet?"

"Not really honey-bunch; I'll meet him in the ring when it's my turn to fight again." She grabbed Roger firmly by the hand and smiled, "Unless, of course, you'd rather watch men fight for the next hour or so rather than cuddle in bed with me." Needless to say, Roger followed Janet back up to his room and into the bed (Janet made a point of telling the official to ring Roger's room 15 minutes before her next fight so she could get ready in time).

Ring! Ring!

"Hello."

"Hello Janet. I just called to tell you that the first rounds have been completed and your scheduled to fight again in 15 minutes."



"Very well sweetie, I'll be there; and thanks." Janet reached over and pulled the man lying in bed next to her firmly into her strong body. "How about a little huggie before my next fight handsome? And then you can brush my hair." Roger complied without question. He then watched as she got into her sexy bathing suit before accompanying her down to the arena - a nearly filled arena this time (when word spread that there was a beautiful woman competing in the 'Tough Man' competition tickets began to sell like hotcakes).



Despite the fact that her next opponent weighed 290 muscular pounds, Janet had little trouble beating him to a pulp. In fact, all his huge body did was provide the incredible woman with target practice for her fists. After battering him around the ring for the better part of three rounds, Janet knocked him out with an awesome uppercut to the jaw (there were people in the crowd that swore her punch lifted him completely off the floor). It took four strong men to carry the hapless fighter out of the ring on a stretcher. "Me and my honey will be up in his room," Janet winked at the stunned official as she left the arena. "So please give me another call about 15 minutes before it's my turn to fight again." Janet then led Roger back upstairs.

"I can't believe how easily you're beating these guys Janet!" Roger said when they returned to his room. "That last guy was huge, but you used him for a punching bag. How do you do it?"

The beautiful brunette laughed and flexed her awesome 18 1/2 inch biceps again. "I guess it's just a combination of my unique genetics and years of hard work; I'm a farm girl you know. Both my parents are extremely large also, as is my older brother. And even my 18 year-old sister Jennifer is six feet tall, weighs around 200 pounds and is quite muscular; we all call her \*Little\* Jenn. But I'm the strongest one in the family."

Janet paused and smiled to herself. "Like you Roger, my brother was star lineman on his high school football team. He and I used to fight a lot when we were kids and even though he was two years older, he could never beat me (smirk). And whenever he'd bring some of his big, strong teammates home, I'd challenge them to a wrestling match; and I always won. You wouldn't believe how embarrassed my brother was when he saw his biggest and strongest friends getting tossed around by his little sister (giggles). I don't think he ever forgot it...nor forgave me for it either."

"And where is he now?" Roger asked.



Janet sighed. "About six years ago, shortly after he graduated from high school, my brother left the farm and we haven't heard anything from him since." Janet bent down and lifted Roger up off the floor in her powerful arms and tossed him onto the bed, then leaped on top of him. "But enough about me honeybunch, what's your story?" Roger told Janet about his life, his football experience in college and his dream of playing in the N.F.L. - a dream that was, ironically, all but shattered by the very woman that was now lying on top of him.

Janet wrapped her powerful arms around the man in bed with her. "Rog," she began softly, "I'm sorry to be the one to have to tell you this but someone has to so it might as well be me. I think that the reason you weren't drafted into the N.F.L. is because, quite simply, you weren't good enough to play at the pro level. You were good enough for college, but that's as far as your abilities would take you; at least you have a business degree to show for it. And even if I hadn't beaten you up in the elevator, I'd have done it in the ring - either me or someone else. Do you really think you could have beaten that last guy I fought? You're 22 years old now Roger; just like me. I think it's about time you put this football fantasy of yours to rest and began to think seriously about which direction you should take in your life - and in that area I might be able to offer you some assistance."

"What do you mean Janet?"

"Well, as I mentioned before, I grew up on a farm. But many years ago my parents started a 'Feed and Grain' operation which has since become one of the largest in the Mid-West. My parents are moving on in years and would very much like me to take over the business. I can handle the day-to-day operations, I've been doing it for the past year. But since I never went to college, I don't have the business smarts that you probably have and I could really use your help. Therefore, I'd like you to consider coming to work with me to help manage the company. Notice Roger, I said *\*with\** me and not *\*for\** me. The difference is more than semantics if you catch my drift (wink)."



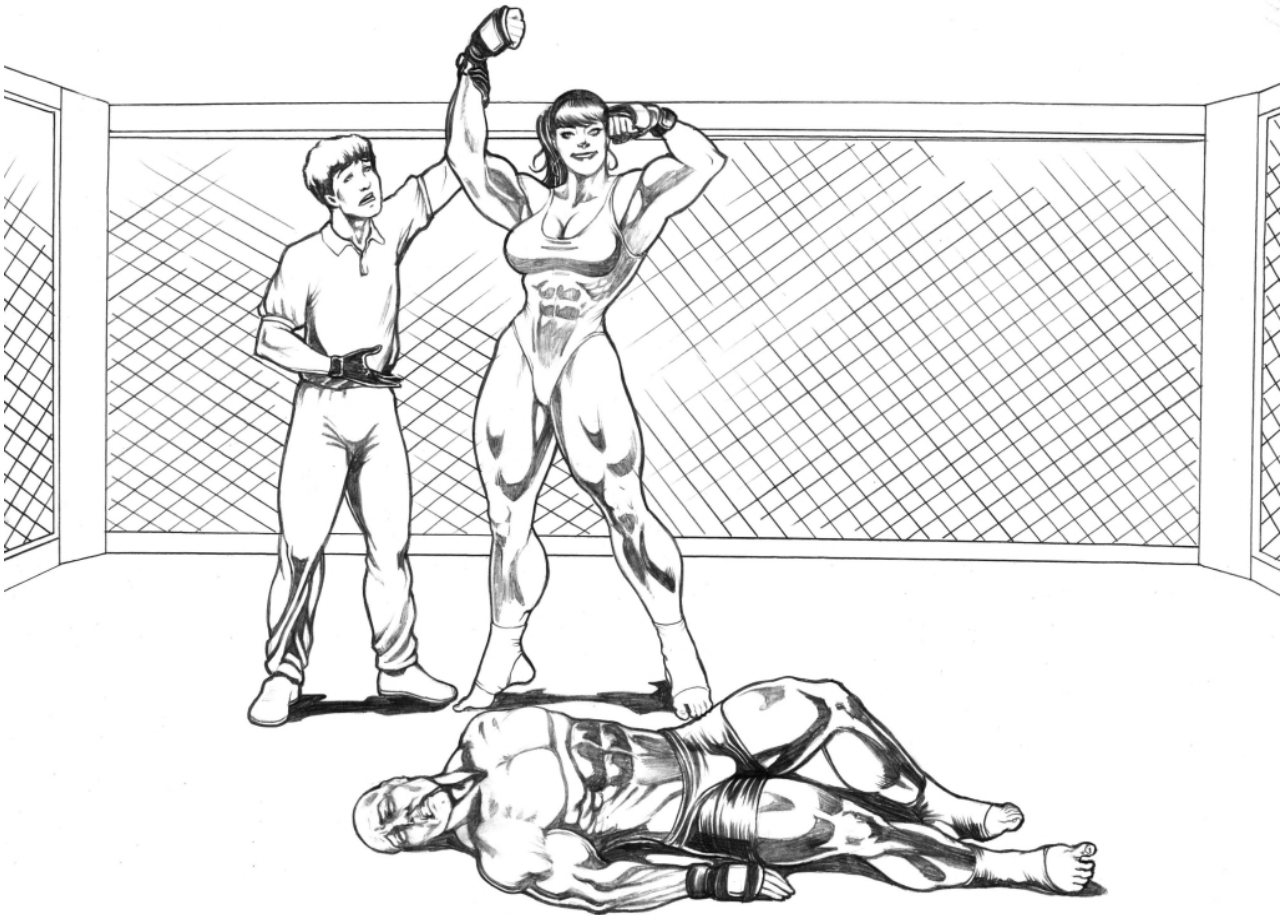
Roger thought for a few minutes about this. Finally, he said, "I...I don't know Janet; I really don't know. This offer of yours came right out of the blue; it caught me totally off guard. I'll really have to think about it some more. I'll have to..." RING! RING!

The ringing of the phone stopped Roger in mid-sentence. "Your next fight is in 15 minutes Janet," the official said. "And I remind you that this is the final of the qualifying rounds. The winner will face Mark Johnson - last year's champion - for the title."

"O.K. I'll be there...and thanks." Janet and Roger rose from the bed and the large woman smiled at her new friend. "Please do try to consider my offer while I'm fighting Roger." She gave him a strong hug and whispered, "I really hope you'll make the right decision." Roger brushed her hair again, put it back into a ponytail and then they went back to the arena. "Well I guess it's showtime again Rogie," Janet smiled as she climbed into the ring.

It wasn't a very long show. Just like her previous opponents, this one - a 280 pound bar room bouncer who was a finalist the previous year - also proved to be nothing more than cannon fodder for the mighty woman's fists. Much faster, stronger and - quite simply - tougher than he was, Janet pounded the large man around for three rounds before, mercifully, the referee stepped in to stop the fight before he was injured seriously.

The official (yes, \*that\* official) then entered the ring and took the microphone. "And the winner of the final qualifying round to determine who will face Mark Johnson for the title of the 'Toughest Man in the State' is....Janet!" The capacity crowd roared their approval as the official raised Janet's muscular right arm above her head. "The final battle to determine who is the toughest man - err make that \*person\* - in the state will commence in exactly 30 minutes."



"Congratulations Janet, you're in the final," Roger said as they returned to his hotel room. "Can you tell me now why you're fighting in this tournament if it isn't for the money or the prestige?"

"I'm afraid not sweetie pie; but you'll know soon enough."

"Why are you being so evasive about this?"

The beautiful brunette thought for a moment before answering. "Because I want it to be a surprise sweetie pie, that's why. Now, have you given any thought to my job offer?"

"Well you didn't give me too much time to think about it during your last fight. Tell me, are there any perks that come with this job?" Roger's answer came in the form of a pair of muscular female arms that wrapped themselves around him and forced his 250 pound, strong, athletic male body into her even stronger female one. Pressed from behind by Janet's powerful arms, and in front by her massive breasts, Roger was as helpless as a kitten in the clutches of this Amazon.

Following a passionate kiss from the long haired brunette which left him breathless, Roger heard Janet giggle and ask, "Is that enough of a perk for you honeybunch?" Before he managed to answer, the phone rang - her championship fight would begin in 15 minutes. In what had by now become a ritual between them, Roger brushed Janet's long, beautiful brown hair and tied it into a ponytail. They then embraced before starting down to the arena for the final bout. "I can't wait to see the look on Mark's face when he sees who he'll be fighting for the title," Janet laughed as she and Roger approached the entrance.



"What do you mean Janet? You know Mark Johnson?"

"Hmmm...I guess you could say that. As a matter of fact, we know each other quite well. He's the reason I'm here tonight."

"I don't understand," a very perplexed Roger said.

"I don't have time to explain it to you now Rogie; but I promise you that before this night is over you'll understand everything; and I mean *\*everything\**. In the meantime, you can be my cornerman." She kissed him again and they entered the arena. As soon as they did, all the spectators in the now standing-room-only house began to cheer; the gorgeous woman was clearly the crowd favorite. Janet smiled and waved to them as she and Roger walked down to the ring. Before climbing in, the muscular brunette flexed her awesome muscles for her fans, eliciting even more cheers from the enthusiastic crowd.

When Janet climbed into the ring, she was confronted by a very familiar face. "YOU?" Mark Johnson shouted. "I'm fighting YOU for the title of the 'Toughest Man in the State?'"

"That's right sweetie pie, you're fighting me. Small world isn't it?"

Furious, the powerfully built six foot-four inch, 275 pound man screamed, "I'll kill you for this Janet! I mean it; I'll kill you!!!"

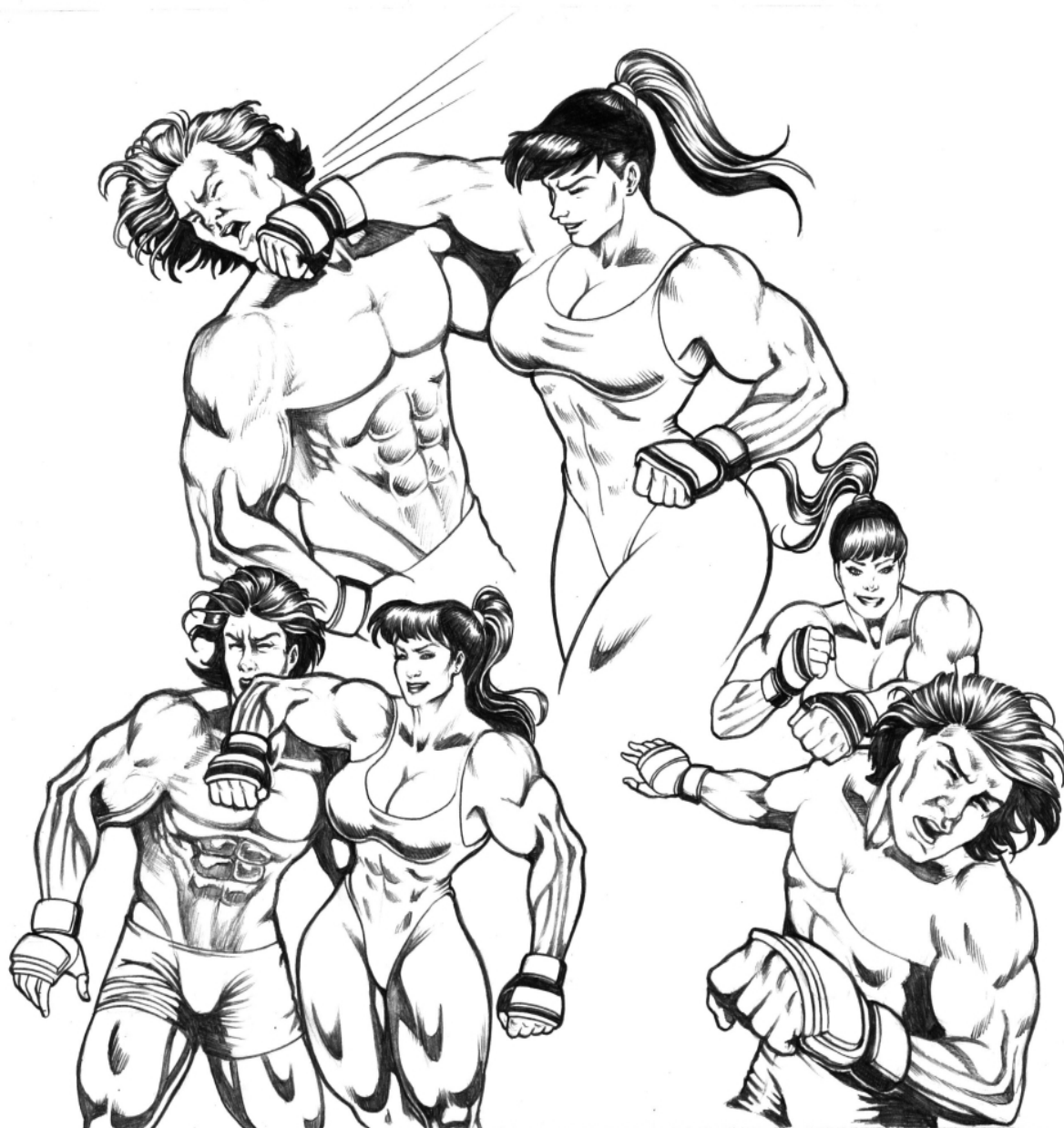


"Ooooh, tough words there big boy. Now let's see if you can back them up." With that, the two large, muscular finalists - one a man and the other a woman - squared off to fight for the title of the Toughest \*Man\* of the State; with an added twist though, it was also a 'battle of the sexes'.

Mark began the fight by hurling himself at the smaller woman (Janet was two inches shorter and 40 pounds lighter than he was), throwing wild punches at her as he did. The wily brunette seemed content to battle on the defensive for the time being. She danced around the ring with a grace that one would never expect from a woman her size, expertly avoiding or blocking most of Mark's punches. The few that he did manage to land were merely glancing blows which seemed to bounce off Janet's strong female body not causing her any harm.

Furious at Janet for some reason - a reason which only the two of them seemed to know - Mark was out-of-sorts from the beginning of their fight while Janet, in contrast, appeared to be surprisingly calm. Every once in a while when an opportunity arose, the sexy woman in the pink bathing suit would dart in close and nail Mark with a quick jab or two, then retreat out of range before he could retaliate. Used to fighting large, strong - and slow - men who preferred to stand in one place and just slug it out, Mark seemed unable to adjust his style to this amazingly fast and agile female. And to make matters worse, she seemed to anticipate his every move. So as the round wore on, Janet's superior mobility and fighting skills - not to mention her rock-hard fists - began to take their toll.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! Three lightning quick jabs to his face and Mark's nose began to bleed. POW! POW! POW! Three more and his lower lip started bleeding too. Seconds before the end of the first round, Janet hit Mark with with her first really hard punch, a solid right cross to the jaw which staggered the larger man. As the bell sounded, the beautiful brunette smiled and said, "Rest up Mark, I'm not through with you yet."



Roger put out a stool and Janet sat down, then he handed her a bottle of water. "Thank you sweetie pie." She took a sip and winked down at her new friend. "Well Rogie, I thought that first round went rather well, don't you think?" Roger noticed that although Janet was a bit sweaty, she wasn't even breathing hard. Looking across the ring he saw Mark breathing heavily while a friend tried to stop the bleeding from his nose and lip. "That's what happens when you don't stay in shape," Janet giggled. She took another gulp of water and handed the bottle back to Roger. "O.K. honey, time for some more fun."

In the second round Janet hardly threw any punches; she just danced around the ring and teased her larger opponent while he tried desperately to hit her. "Come on Mark, surely you can do better than that," she laughed after he missed badly with a wild right hook, "After all, I'm just a girl." Unfortunately for him, he didn't seem to be able to. Roger, watching from Janet's corner, couldn't help but be awed by what he was witnessing. For despite her six foot-two inch, 235 pound muscular body, Janet moved around the ring with the grace of a ballet dancer; and, as she did so, her long, beautiful brown ponytail bounced up and down and from side-to-side. (Like the author of this story, Roger has a fetish for long, beautiful hair as well as strong, muscular women. The tough, macho football player had managed to keep these feelings suppressed for a long time. But as he watched this powerful female battering the toughest man in the state around the ring, he could suppress them no longer).



After dodging most of Mark's punches for almost the entire second round (again, he managed to land only a few glancing blows which Janet easily shook off), the large woman hit him a few times in the jaw just before the bell sounded, then calmly returned to her stool and drank some more water. "Janet," Roger said, "You're amazing! Totally awesome!"

She reached over and playfully tweaked his nose. "Why thank you sweetie pie; what a lovely thing to say." Then, after another drink of water, added, "Have you made a decision about my job offer yet?"

Mesmerized by the gorgeous, long-haired brunette sitting on the stool above him, Roger shouted, "YES! Yes Janet, I'll take the job!"

Janet flashed the handsome man a wide, beautiful smile. "Good for you. I promise you won't regret it Roger. Now let me take care of some personal business I have with Mr. Mark Johnson over there and we can discuss the details of my offer."

The bell to begin the third round sounded and the powerful woman rose from her stool and walked directly over to where her opponent stood. He tried to hit her but the amazing woman caught his fist in mid-air. "O.K. big boy, you had your fun, now it's time for me to have mine." With her free hand Janet punched Mark hard in the stomach. Then she landed a series of solid jabs to his face, driving the larger man back.

Just as she had done in her previous three matches (as well as Roger in the elevator), Janet now began to pound Mark Johnson around and he seemed unable to do anything about it. Her fists flew at him so fast that he couldn't block them all; and when the muscular 235 pound woman hit him, it hurt. The entire crowd was on it's feet now, cheering wildly for the incredible Amazon. Janet gave Mark a bloody nose again and reopened the cut on his lip. Then, not wanting to damage him too severely, she switched her attack to his mid-section.

She slammed several hard punches into his stomach, forcing the larger man to keel over. "Had enough yet Mark?" Janet asked as she stood over him with her hands on her hips. Battered and humiliated, Mark saw one last chance to redeem himself. Summoning all of his remaining strength, the 275 pound man sent his right fist hard into Janet's abs. THUD! Gasps were heard throughout the audience, gasps and looks of disbelief. For there was Janet, standing exactly as she was before (she didn't even flinch), and there was Mark, lying on the canvess holding his badly sprained right wrist. "I knew you were going to do that Mark," Janet smiled down at him, "That's why I let you. You never learn, do you?"



It was at this point that the referee stepped in to end the fight. Mark Johnson was lying on his back - battered and beaten - holding his right hand in pain while the beautiful woman stood over him without so much as a scratch on her. The official, who only a few short hours before had tried to prevent the mighty woman from entering the tournament, now held her mighty right arm high above her head and proclaimed Janet winner of the 'Toughest \*Person\* in the State' contest while practically all of the spectators (a few male chauvanists being the exception) stood and cheered.

Roger entered the ring and gave Janet a long, loving kiss. "You were wonderful," he said, "TOTALLY AWESOME!!!"

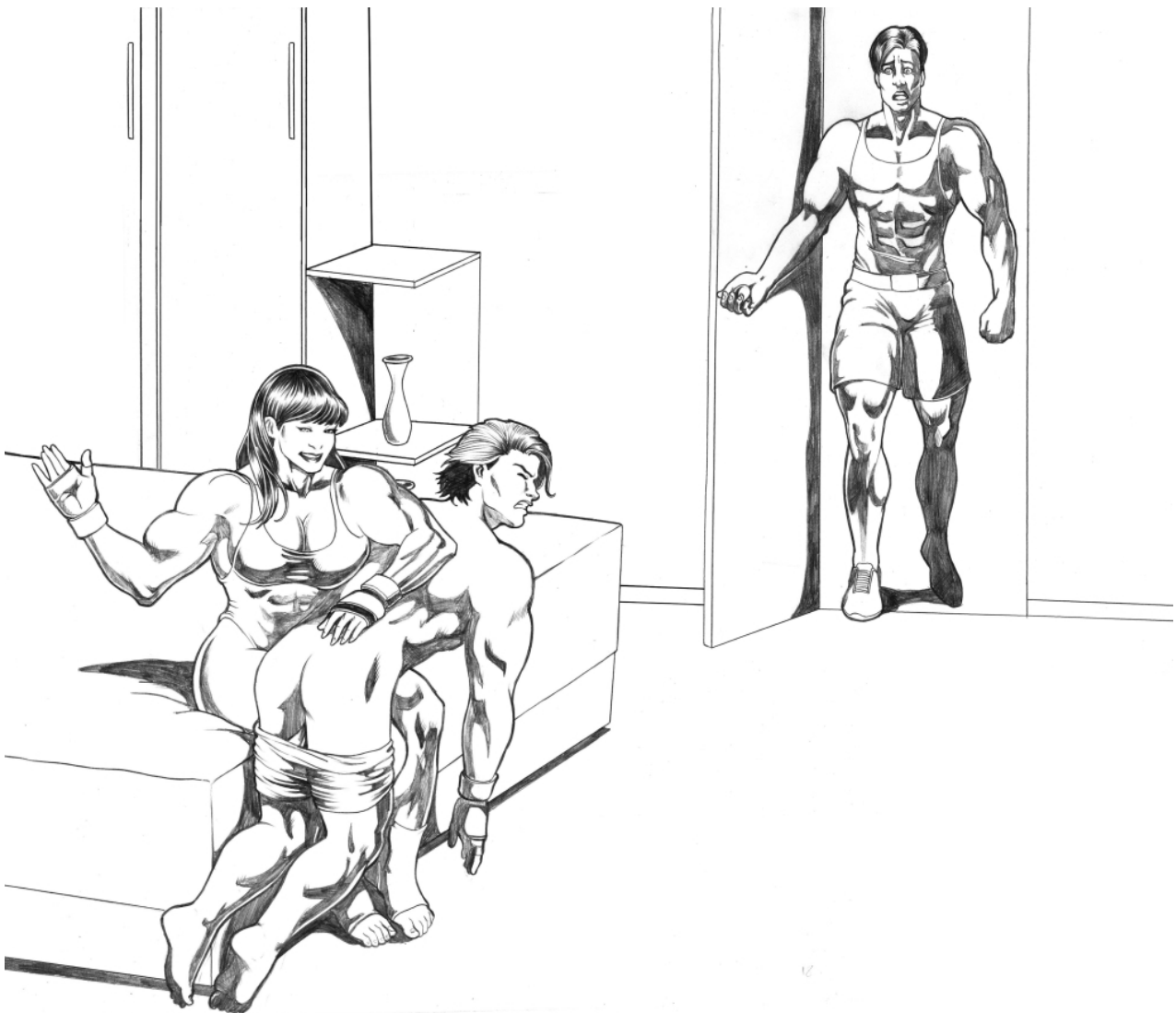
"Thanks sweetie pie. Now please do me a small favor. Go to the officials and collect my trophy and \*your\* prize money. Mark and I will meet you back in the hotel room."

"Mark and you? What...what do you mean Janet?"

"You'll find out when you get there Roger. I told you I'd explain everything after the tournament, didn't I?" Janet then looked down at her battered opponent and shook her head from side-to-side. "Get up Mark, you and I need to have a talk." When he didn't move, the mighty woman reached down and yanked him to his feet by the hair. "Don't make me repeat myself again Mark, or else!" She smacked her right fist hard into her left palm (the sound was heard all over the arena), "Now forward march!" A very confused Roger watched as the beautiful brunette led the large, beaten man out of the arena and into the elevator.

About ten minutes later Roger returned to his room and was greeted by a very strange sight. Janet was sitting on the edge of the bed with the huge form of Mark Johnson draped across her massive thighs. His pants had been pulled down below his knees and Janet was in the process of giving him a good, hard spanking with her right hand. Mark was in tears. "Hi sweetie pie," she said in a soft, cute voice. "I'm just giving my big brother a spanking; he was a very naughty boy."

"Your...your brother? Mark Johnson is your brother Janet? What did he do?"



"Like I told you earlier. Six years ago Mark left home without any explanation. He just up and left us without so much as a good-bye; and he never called or wrote either. My parents, Jennifer and I were all very worried about him. We love him and Mark had no right to make us worry like that. So when I read in the newspaper yesterday that he was last year's 'Tough Man' champion and would be here tonight to defend his title, I decided to drive here and enter the contest myself. I wanted to punish Mark for the way he left us and bring him back to the farm. My brother's got some explaining to do. So, there you have it Roger - the mystery as to why I entered this tournament."

"I left because you were always humiliating me Janet!" Mark cried. "Like tonight. You beat me up in front of everybody, just like you used to pound me and my friends when we were in high school. I couldn't take it anymore. I was a star lineman on the football team but everybody in school said, 'He's not so tough, his little sister beats him up all the time'. Do you know what it's like to be humiliated by your little sister? That's why I left. I just couldn't take it anymore."



Janet stopped spanking her brother and reflected on what he just said. Then she began to pat his sore rear end gently. "Perhaps," she began after a long pause, "I was a bit too rough on you and your friends. You guys all thought you were so strong and tough, I enjoyed proving to you that me, a girl, was a lot tougher...I guess I overdid it though. But I still loved you Mark, we all did. You had no right to leave us without so much as saying good-bye or an occasional call or letter letting us know how you were doing. We've all been worried sick about you for six years now. It wasn't only inconsiderate of you Mark, it was just plain wrong and you shouldn't have done it."

"I'm going to take you back home to the farm where you can apologise and explain your side of the story to Mom, Dad and little Jenn. After you've done that, you're free to do whatever you like. But just remember this Mark, I'm now officially the toughest \*man\* in this state - and I have every intention of defending my title next year. So, if you ever want to hold that title again big brother, I suggest you move to different state (giggles). Now big brother, get up and give your little sister a hug; I haven't seen you in nearly six years."

Meekly, the large man did as he was told. Then the mighty Alpha-female smiled at the two men standing before her; the two men who were most dear to her. "O.K. boys, let's all pack up our things. We've got a long drive ahead of us and tomorrow is a work day." Janet looked at Roger and winked, "And I have to begin to show you the ropes of our business." (Doesn't this woman ever tire? Roger thought to himself).

Half an hour later they were in Janet's car, speeding down the highway that would take them across the state to the farm. As Mark slept in the back seat, Roger, sitting in the passenger side of the front, turned to Janet and said, "Interesting isn't it? Technically, your brother can still call himself the toughest \*man\* in the state; even though he's only the second toughest person in your family."



When she heard him say this, Janet began to laugh.

"What's so funny?" Roger asked.

With her left hand firmly on the steering wheel, the beautiful brunette reached over and put her right into Roger's pants and playfully began to fondle his penis. As she did so, Janet slowed down to a comfortable 75 miles an hour. "I was laughing at what you just said Roger. You see, in our family Mark is only the \*fourth\* toughest person; after me, my mom and little Jenn."

## THE END

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