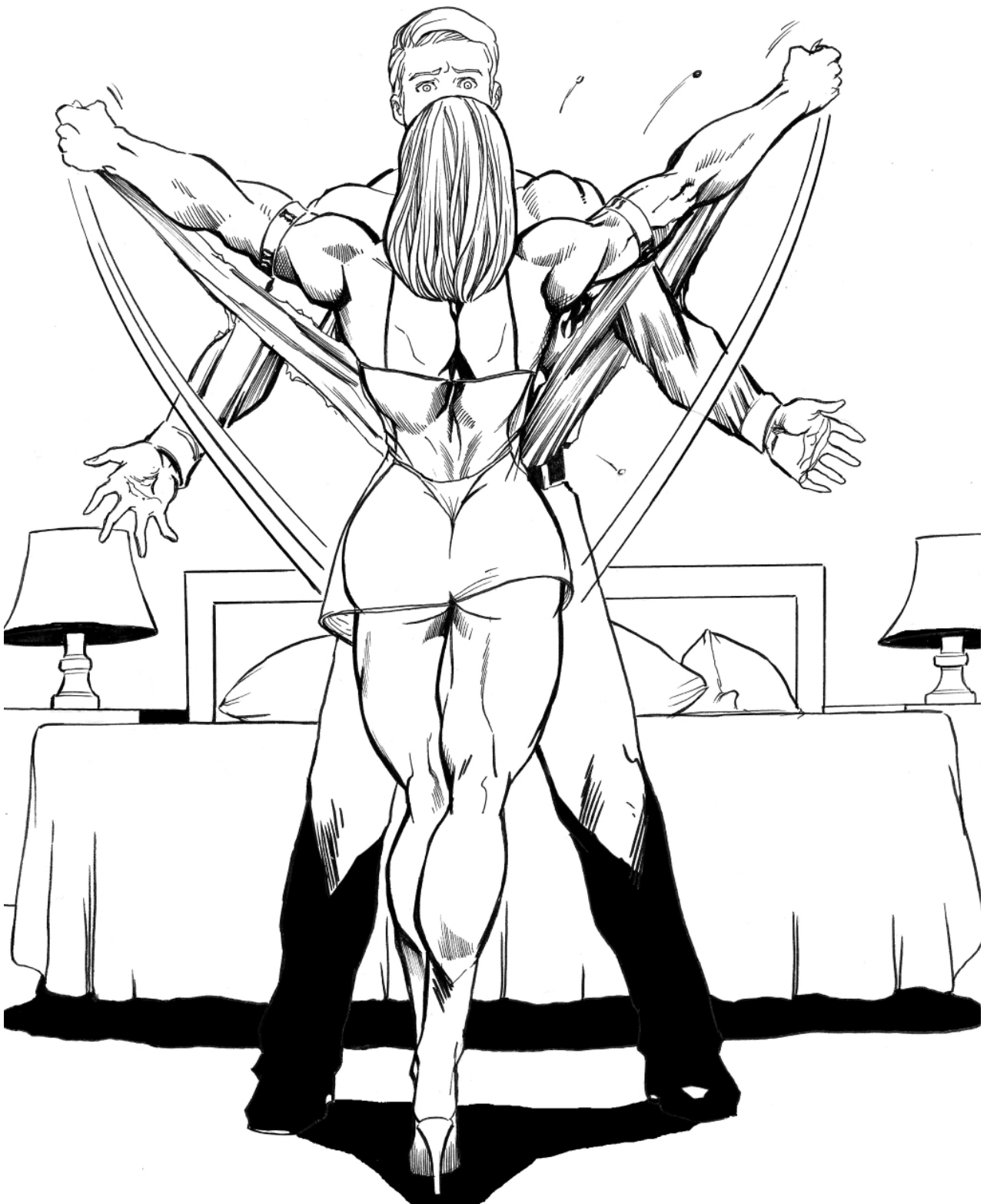


KERRY (Parts 1 & 2)

(a The Collector Story)

amysconquest.com





It was a night out I looked forward to and that had the results I least expected, but more than satisfied my deepest desires.

It was the first night out Kerry and I had had in over three weeks. We had both been too busy with work to make our schedules fit. But it was worth waiting for.

As we entered the bar/restaurant, every man and woman turned to stare at her. I don't blame them. Kerry was more beautiful than any woman deserved to be.

Kerry's 5'3", and 112 pounds, and all woman. At 34C-22-35, she has more curves than any woman deserves with a body that keeps me awake at night. Her blonde hair drifted across her shoulders, the perfect accompaniment to her black dress that seemed painted on her. It had slits on the side that revealed thighs that were wonderfully shaped, slightly muscular, and in whose grasp I had yet to find a way to escape from.

Most women had lower body strength greater than men, but Kerry's legs were incredibly strong, not to mention they were the most beautiful legs I'd ever seen. I knew most in the room, especially the women, knew the same thing I did as every eye that turned to her ultimately turned their eyes to her legs. She wore 4-inch black sandals that fit snugly around her small feet, highlighted by her sweet toenails painted a pretty pink. She was the most desirable woman I'd ever met.

We enjoyed dinner and were engaged in conversation when her eyes drifted over my left shoulder, seemingly fixed on something. A smile came to her face, and then she looked at me, apparently looking inside me for something. I wasn't sure what, but her eyes turned back over my shoulder.

"Look over there," she said.

I turned around to see a beautiful brunette sitting across the table from a larger man. They were in a heated discussion or at least an argument of some kind. The waitress approached our table.

"What's with them?" Kerry asked her.

"They're always in here, and this always happens: always," she said.

"What do you mean?" Kerry asked.

"She always embarrasses him. I think she enjoys it. She goads him into an argument, then she challenges him. He sees everyone looking, and can't help but feel bad," she said.

"He was doing some strange things earlier; he crawled under the table a few minutes ago," Kerry said.

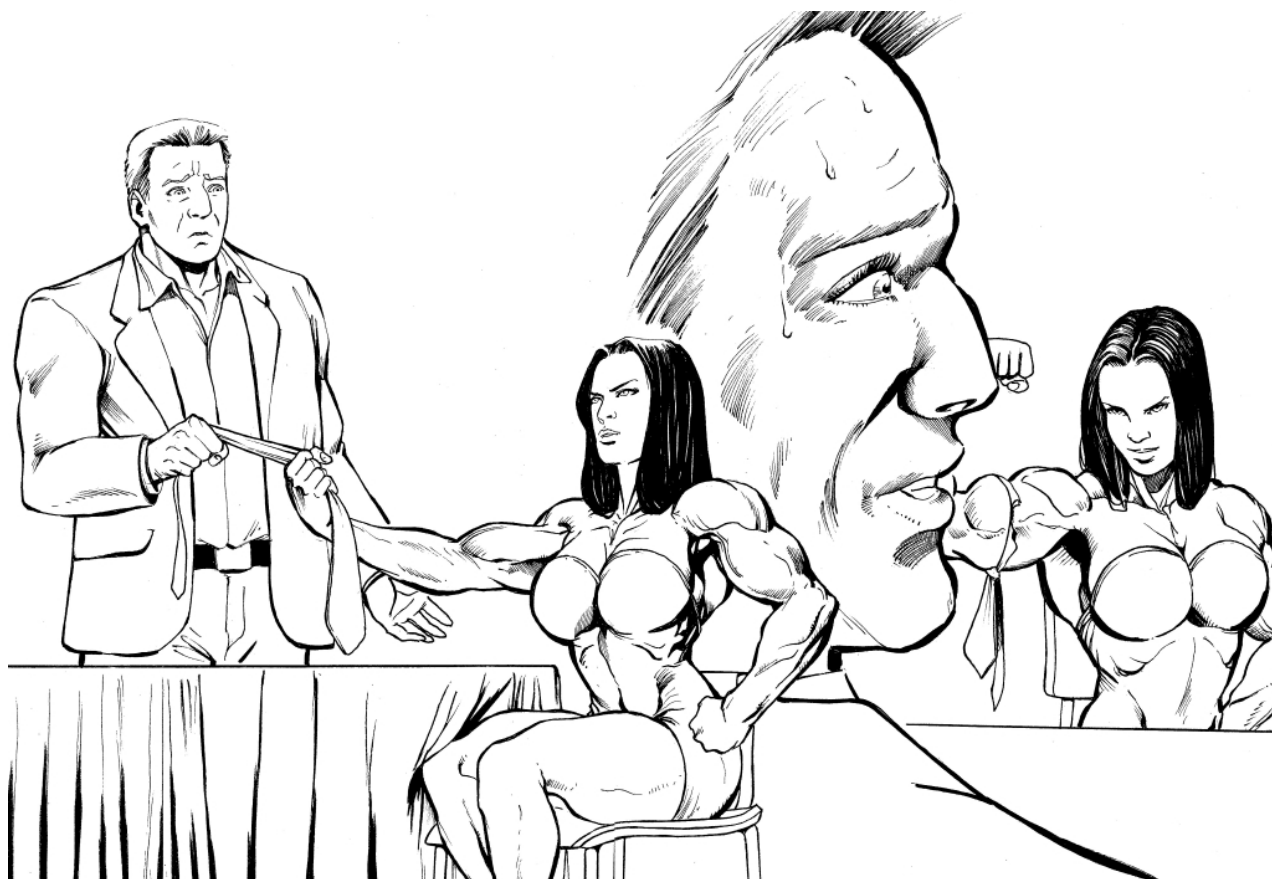
"She's not done with him yet," she said.

"Look at her!" Kerry exclaimed.

I turned around to see the girl's hand holding his tie; she was still sitting, but had pulled him halfway across the table to her. He was out of his seat, clearly off balance. She was staring at him, talking to him in a loud voice, though I couldn't hear her.

"What's she doing?" Kerry asked.

"Just watch," the waitress said.



She held him a few more moments, then let him sit back in his chair. He then took off his tie and handed it to her. She rolled up her sleeve, tied it around her upper arm then looked back at him.

I excused myself to the men's room, in a hallway located behind their table, out of sight from Kerry, and partially hidden from the dining area by a waist high rail with greenery adorning it. I walked into the hallway and stayed behind it, out of their sight, for the most part. I wanted to hear what was going on.

"Ted, is this what you want?" she asked as she finished tying the tie around her arm.

"Honey, come on; that's my favorite tie" he pled.

"You better worry about more than just your tie," she said. I caught sight of her eyes; they were a beautiful green, to match her luxuriant brown hair. Her lips were full and painted a subtle pink.

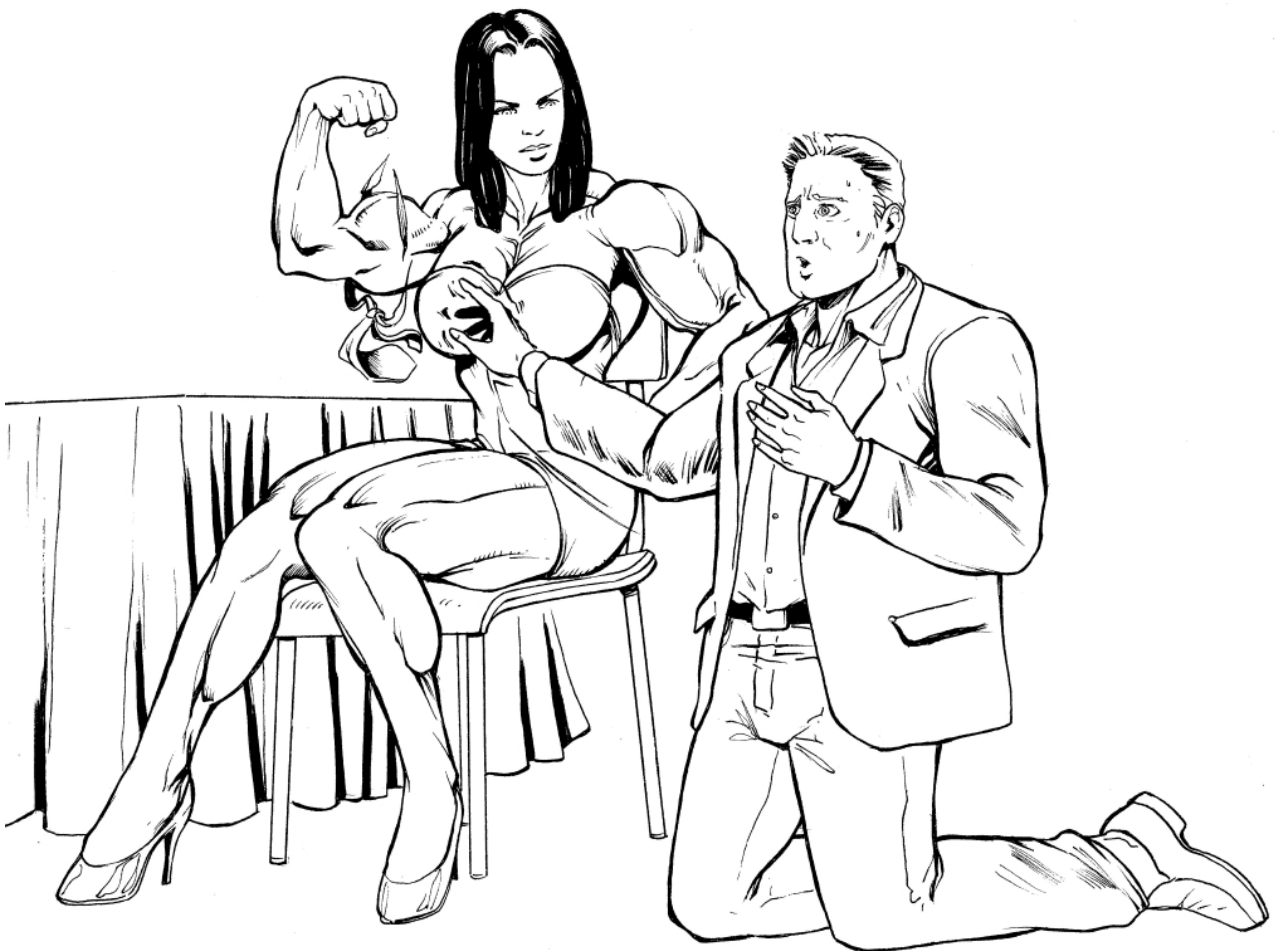
"Jill, come on," he pled again.

"Ted, don't you wish you were this strong?" she asked. As soon as the words left her mouth, she curled her arm. Her bicep flared as the tie tightened then began to stretch as her muscle pushed it upwards.

It stretched even further as she looked at him with a smile. Her bicep raised itself higher as the fabric stretched, then even higher as suddenly the fabric snapped and her glistening muscle was on display for me.

"How's that for strength, Ted?" she asked.

"Do ... do I have to honey? Here?" he asked.



"Ted, you know you do. You have to do everything I tell you. You know that. You know what can happen if you don't," she said.

"I...I know honey," he said as he rose from his chair. He walked to the other side of the table and knelt down next to her.

"Ted, what is it about me that's so special to you - that you worship?" she asked.

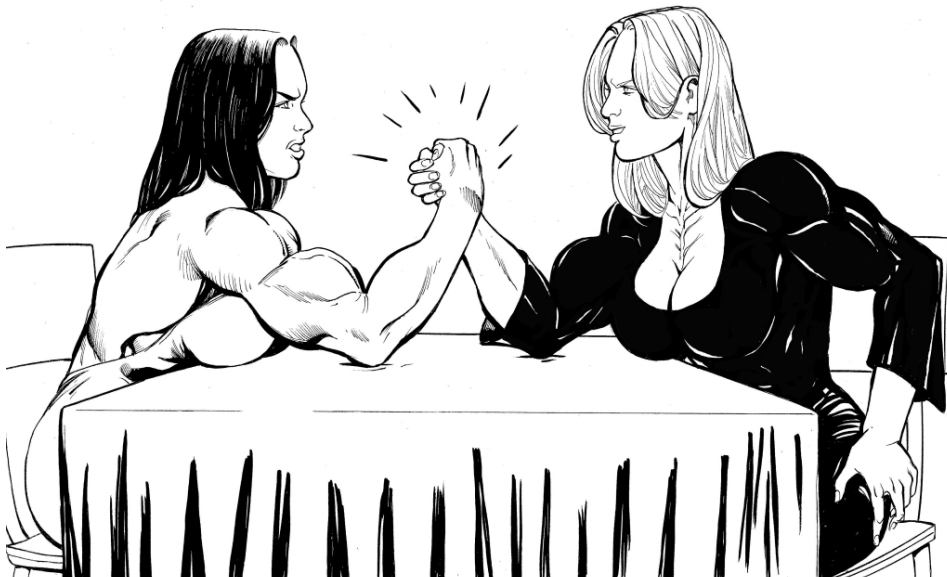
"Your - your strength, Jill, you're so powerful honey," he said with a quiver in his voice. He reached up to place his hand on her arm.

"Ted, I didn't say you could yet," she said looking down at him.

"Please, honey, I need your muscles, Jill, please," he pled.

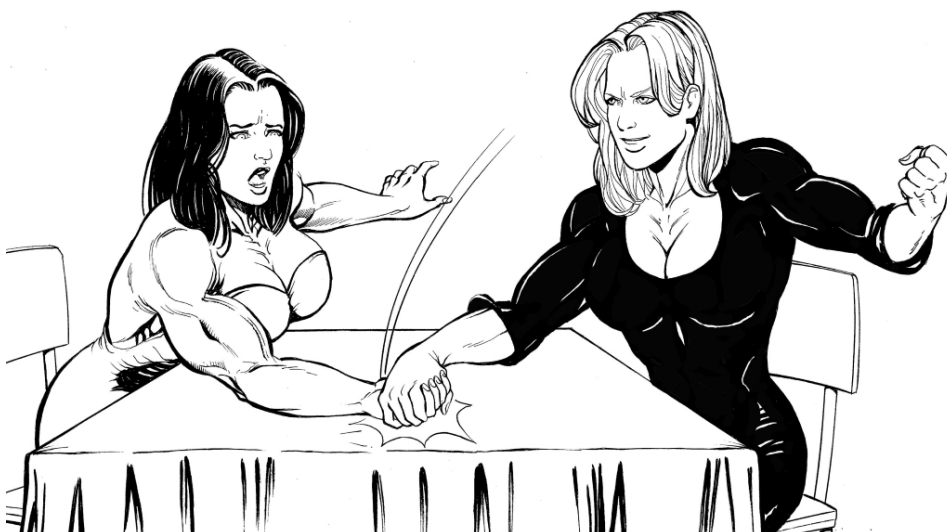
"You can't live without me can you Ted?"

"N-no, Jill, please baby?" he pled further. She lowered her arm and stood up.



"Take me home Ted, and hurry," she said. The guy got up fast, grabbed the coat from the back of her chair and helped her into it. Their eyes never left each other's. More than anything right then I wanted to be Ted. I slipped in to the men's room and came out a couple minutes later having splashed water on my face to cool off.

As I stepped into the hallway, I noticed Ted paying the cashier, and Kerry was talking to Jill. I returned to my chair and waited while they spoke a few minutes, wondering what they were saying.



A minute later they grabbed a table and sat down across from each other. They talked a few more minutes, and then I saw them both raise their arms to the table, much to my surprise. They looked at each other, and then I saw energy being exerted on both sides.

Kerry's back was to me, but I saw the expression on the girl's face. The smile she had given Kerry suddenly turned to anguish as I saw Kerry's arm push hers to the table. Not easily, but in a manner of seconds, Kerry had beaten her. I had never seen this side of Kerry, nor had I ever suspected anything.

The girls rose and Jill took Kerry's hand in hers and kissed it.

A moment later, they left and Kerry returned and sat down. As she walked across the room, eyes watched her as though beauty like hers had never been seen before. To me it hadn't. And she was stronger than I had ever thought she could be.

"What was that all about?" I asked.

"Nothing - just girl talk - one strong girl to another," she said.

"What do you mean?" I asked more than curious.

"She's a very strong woman," she said.

"I know. I saw her back there. I've never seen a girl with muscles like hers," I said.

"But I'm stronger," she said.

"I-I know. I saw you beat her. I didn't think you had strength like that," I said.

"You know what she said?" she asked.

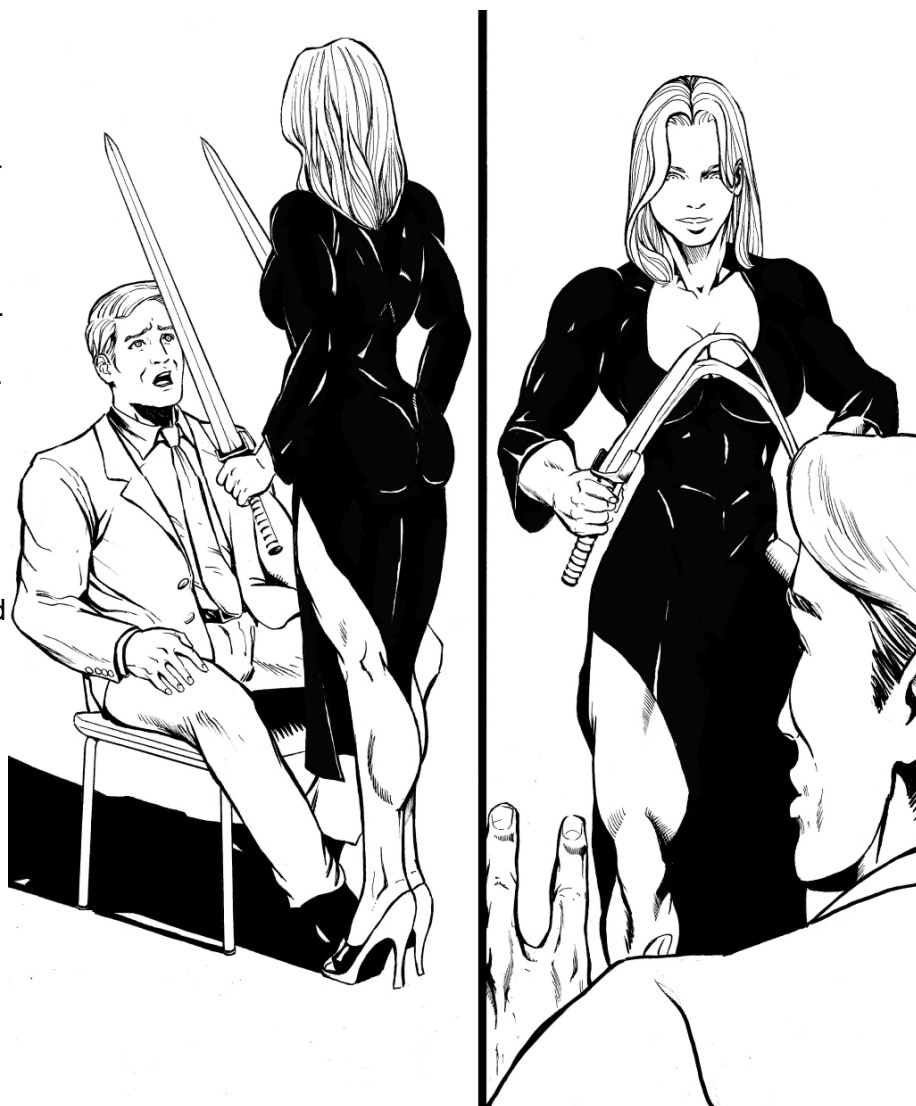
"She told me he'd do anything - anything - for her strength," she said. I swallowed hard knowing we were entering territory from which I would never escape. She was slowly reeling me in, even if she didn't know it. My face turned red, my insides were churning, and I was getting lost within myself just thinking about what my baby's strength had done to a girl I thought was as strong as a girl could be.

"Tom? Are you listening to me?" she asked.

"I'm sorry, honey. Yes, I was, honey." I said.

"I'm stronger than you Tom. Did you know that?" she asked.

"N-no, honey; how - how strong?"



She looked around the room, then caught site of the fireplace in a corner by itself. She walked to it amidst the gaze of everyone in the room. Her heels clicked on the hardwood floor as silence fell across the room.

She grabbed a chair and stood on it, then pulled the two crossed swords from above the mantle. She stepped from the chair, and walked back to me. She arranged the swords so the handles were opposite each other, and then held her hands at either end.

“This strong, Tom,” she said.

She moved her hands and the swords started to bend. She stared into my eyes, her face deadpan as though awaiting a reaction from me. The steel blades bent further as I saw a rise in her upper arms. She looked down at her right arm only briefly, then back at me, this time smiling, totally aware she was doing something probably very few people could actually do. And with her show of strength, Kerry had suddenly become sexier than I thought she could be. I stared at her, not knowing what to say.

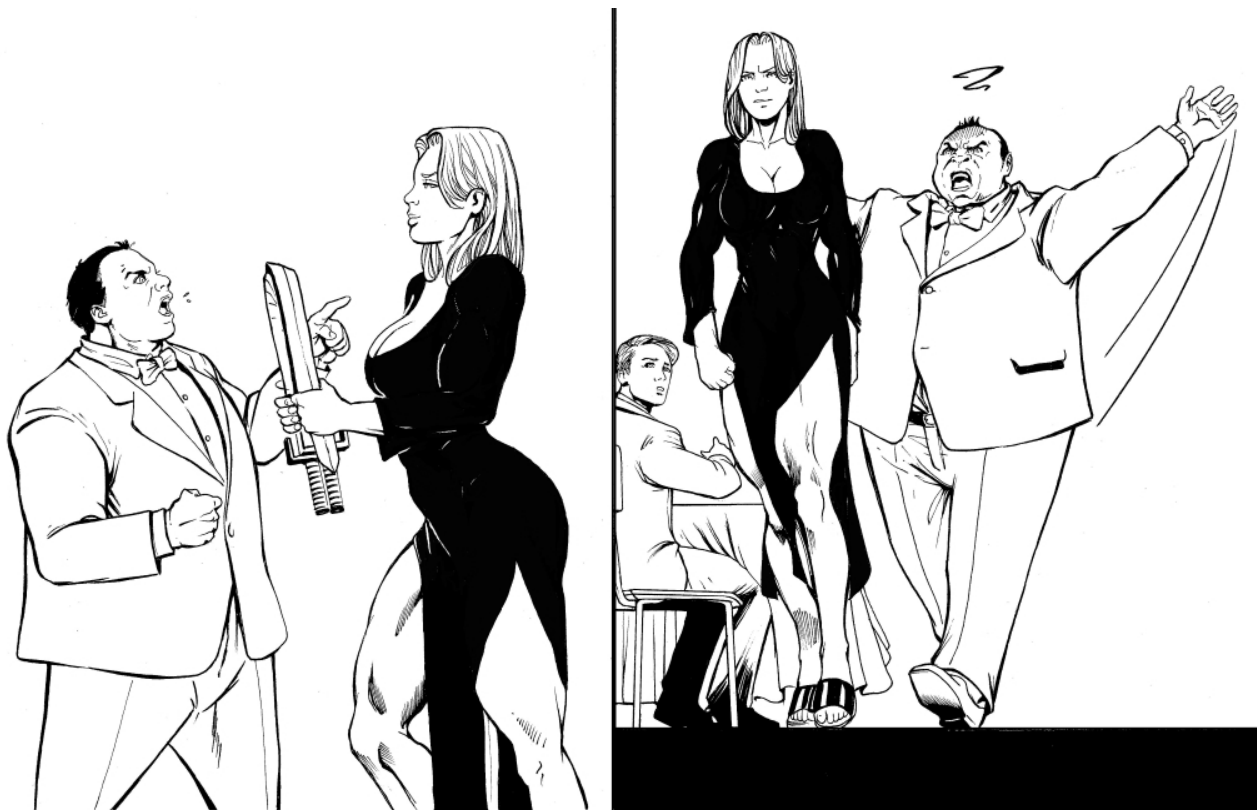
“Honey, you’re, you’re so strong, Kerry,” I whispered.

The ends of the swords came together as the owner came towards us, a burly man of about 35.

“Hey! Those are antiques! Gimme those!” he exclaimed.

“Sure; here you are,” she said smiling handing him the swords.

“Now what am I supposed to do?” he asked looking at Kerry’s handiwork.



“When that girl, you know, the strong one, comes in next time, maybe she’ll fix them for you.” Kerry said stepping off the chair. She started back towards our table, with the owner following.

“Look, lady, you’re gonna pay for these,” he shouted, dropping them on the floor. He went around Kerry, and stood in her face, his hands on his hips.

"Now what're you gonna do about payin' me for those?" he asked. Kerry walked away, back towards the fireplace.

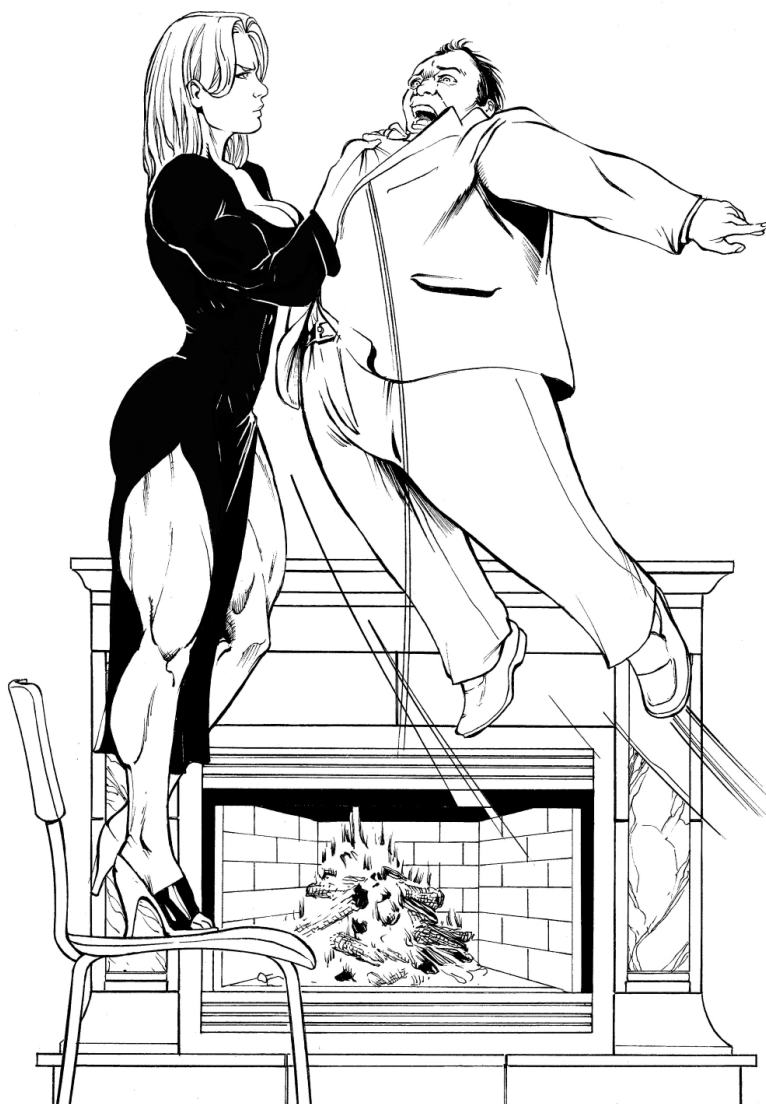
"I'm talkin' to you!" he shouted, following her.

At the fireplace, she stood back up on the chair as he approached her.

"You're not going to like what I'm going to do," she said. As he approached her, she reached down and grabbed his shirt.

"Lady, what?" he started.

With a quick movement of her hand, she lifted him easily off the floor and brought him to eye level with her. I watched her, totally beside myself; totally unaware she was capable of such a demonstration of strength.



"Now, what were you saying?" she asked quietly.

He struggled, hanging in the air defenseless, his face white as a sheet. "Lady, you can't!"

"Of course I can. I'm a girl aren't I?"

"But you - you're stronger than . . ." his voice quivered as she raised him up.

"Stronger than you? Why would you even question a girl being stronger than you?" she asked. She held him at eye level and looked into his eyes. I could see the fear in his eyes. He was afraid of Kerry and her strength, and I loved it.

"Lady, I didn't mean nuthin', honest," he pled, clearly afraid of her.

"I could hurt you if I wanted to; you were mean to me," she said.

"No, lady, I didn't mean to be; please don't, please, lady?" he begged.

"Then what do you say?" she asked.

"I-I'm sorry, lady, honest" he pled.

She smiled at him, then set him back on the floor. She stood on the chair looking at me.

"Come here Tom," she said quietly. I walked to her slowly, then stood in front of her and looked up at her.

"Honey, the way you handled him was . . . so sexy . . . so strong," I said.

"Were you impressed Tom? Impressed enough to want to see more?" she said looking down at me.

"Kerry, more than anything - I never knew a girl could, could have strength like yours. I've never wanted you more honey."

"Prove it Tom; show me how much you want my strength," she said.

I took her hand and softly kissed it, and looked up at her.

"You can do better than that Tom," she said.

I knelt down and placed a kiss on each ankle. Her legs were never more beautiful. As my lips touched her ankles, I couldn't help but wonder how strong her legs really were. She had wrapped me inside them before and held me - even made me beg her to let me go. I knew now I only felt a whisper of her strength then, and I wanted all of Kerry surrounding me.

I looked up at her as she smiled.

"That's better baby," she said softly as she stroked her hand across my face.

"Tom? Are you going to let me just stand here?" she asked. I had forgot my manly responsibilities. I put my hands to her waist, and gently lifted her off and set her on the floor.

"Let's go home Tom. I think maybe we ought to get to know each other better," she said.

"Honey, that girl, she had muscles," I drifted. She looked up at me and smiled, then raised her eyebrows twice quickly.



"I guess you'll have to wait till you get me home, won't you?" she asked.

I beamed inside as I took her hand and escorted her to the door. Every eye was on us, every woman was jealous of her. I could feel it. And every guy wished he were me.

I escorted her to my car, opened the door and watched her get in. A thousand thoughts ran through me as I saw her legs slide into the car so softly, so femininely. I looked down into her eyes, and caught the top of her cleavage as I closed the door.

I didn't see how it was possible that this petite, beautiful woman I had at my side could possibly possess the strength of . . . four men? Five men? It seemed impossible that any woman could be so strong, yet possess the feminine wiles that Kerry did. She was a contradiction, an enigma that I wanted to explore so much further. What else was inside her I hadn't yet known or experienced?

And what about her? She had hidden her power from me for a reason, yet I could tell she relished the power she had over other people. She was incredibly powerful and she knew it. She had the confidence that only comes with knowing you're one of the best, which meant she had a base of knowledge I didn't.

She had no reservations about arm wrestling the other girl. I had seen her strength, her muscles, and I wouldn't have challenged her. I put the thoughts away. I was driving myself nuts; my libido was raging like an inferno over Kerry. I got in the car, started it, and drove off.

"I was pretty good wasn't I?" she asked.

"What are you thinking about?" I asked, teasing her. She looked at me and smiled.

"You loved it, didn't you? Admit it," she said.



I looked at her and smiled, not knowing the right words to serve justice to my feelings.

She slipped off her shoes and rubbed her feet on the carpet, then slid close to me. Her hand rested on my thigh as I pressed the accelerator just a bit harder. I wanted to get her home. She was in the mood, and I absolutely had to have her. I wanted her, but I needed her even more. She must have sensed something.

"Honey...what's wrong?" she asked, with concern in her voice.



"It's nothing really, Kerry," I said.

"Yes there is; I know that look. That's your horny look," she said as she gripped my thigh. I laughed out loud and caught her smiling at me.

"Well, it's your fault Kerry. If you weren't so sexy and so . . . strong, I wouldn't get like this."

Suddenly I felt her hand between my legs as she grabbed me.

"Want me to break it in half?" she asked.

I looked at her as though she meant it. I didn't want the jewels harmed. She roared with laughter just from the look on my face. A little embarrassment never hurt anyone.

“Oh honey, I was only teasing,” she said. She reached up and placed a kiss on my cheek, soothing the damage to my ego, and I calmed down immediately.

“At least until we get home. Then I’ll teach you a lesson you’ll never forget. I’d be worried if I was you,” she added smiling at me.

“Wanna feel my muscle?” she asked. I didn’t answer. I took my right hand from the wheel and grabbed her upper left arm.

She looked at me mischievously then curled her arm. Through the sleeve of her dress, her muscle erupted in my hand. A ball of Kerry’s strength filled my hand through the sleeve of her dress only long enough for me to taste it then she uncurled her arm.

“You’ll get the rest later, if you’re a good boy,” she said.

She squeezed my thigh just hard enough for it to hurt, and then we finished the drive home in silence.



We walked up to my door. As I put the key into the lock, she pulled my hand back.

“If you were as strong as I am, you could do this’ she said. She grabbed the doorknob in her hand then looked into my eyes. She grimaced slightly, then I heard metal crunching, and she pushed the door open.

She walked in quickly while I stood there a moment and just looked at the door.

“Oh man, Kerry, how’d you do that?” I asked.

“Are you surprised at my strength Tom?” she asked.

“But!”

“Tom, I’m strong enough to do anything I want, for you and to you, now get in here,” she said. She was standing in front of me, her hands on her hips, her legs slightly wider than her shoulders. I had never seen this demeanor from her before, but I loved it.

I walked in; she smiled at me, then turned around quickly and walked away, deliberately swaying her tush from side to side. She looked back once and smiled, then kept walking until I heard the bedroom door open.

"Tom, you're never going to forget tonight," she called back. The door shut, and I hadn't a clue what she had in mind. I was just glad I was part of it.

I stoked a fire and grabbed a beer and a glass of wine for her. I caught the scores on ESPN then clicked off the TV just before she came out.

"Oh my," I thought quietly when I saw her. She couldn't have been more beautiful.

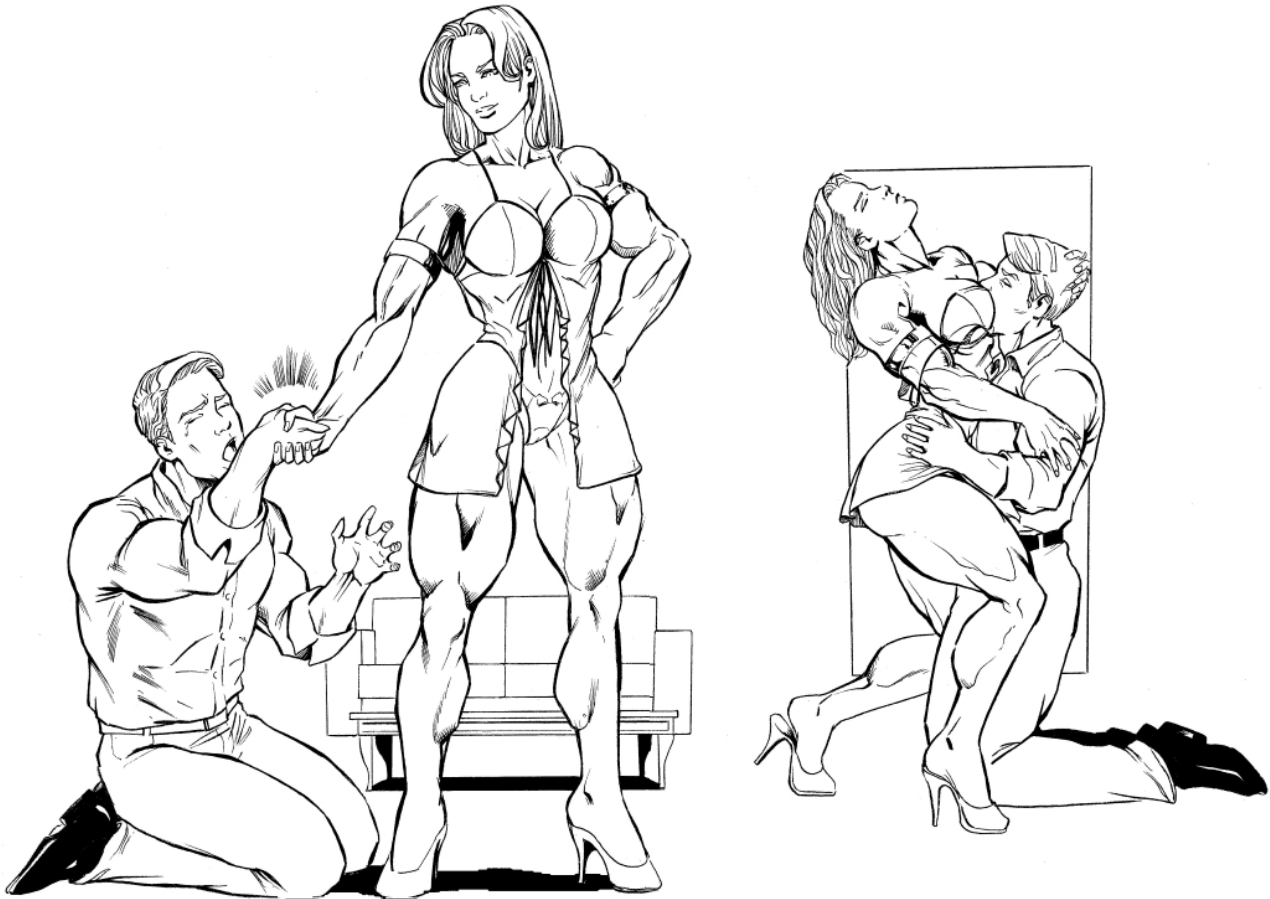
She wore a black see-through negligee with red panties and a red lace bra. Her hair was draped gently around her face and her legs - those wonderful legs - the red slip-on sandals she wore made every muscle in her legs appear powerful, yet so feminine.

I saw a flash of light then caught the two gold bands wrapped around her upper arms as she started walking towards me.

"So, how do you like your muscle bitch now?" she asked.

"Honey! Don't call yourself that!" I said, my voice slightly raised. I was too prudish to let her berate herself, even if only in jest. She came to me, and took my hands in hers.

"You're so protective of me," she said. As she held my hands, she moved close and touched her lips to mine - locked on mine was more like it. As I tasted her lips, I felt a pain in my hands that got greater the longer she kissed me. When the pain got too great to stand, I pulled away as the strength of her hands was pushing me to the floor.



I looked at her and saw her smiling, a smile that told me she just wanted to get my reaction. She wanted to see how impressed I was that she could overpower me so easily.

"Kerry, you're . . . why are you hurting me?" I asked, begged as I moved closer to the floor.

"Because I can Tom. Don't you know how strong I am?"

"But, honey, ow!" I said as my knees moved closer.

"Oh, poor baby, is your strong girl hurting you?" she asked.

"Y-yes, Kerry, it hurts," I said. Then she let my hands go.

"Tom, isn't that where you belong? On your knees, looking up to me?" she asked.

I didn't answer; she didn't expect one.

"You mean worshipping you like a goddess?" I asked. I could play the game too.

"Yes, a goddess of beauty and strength...and power, like me," she said matter of factly.

"Worship me, Tom, show me how much you love me," she said.

"My strong sweet baby," I whispered as I knelt down and kissed the top of her toes on her right foot.

"That's so sweet, Tom. You love your strong girl don't you?"

"More than anything, Kerry, I love your strength, honey" I said as I kissed her other foot.

I rose slowly, kissing my way up her wondrous legs, my hands holding on to her tightly, wanting nothing more than to feel Kerry's power in my hands. She had always been the perfect woman to me. But knowing what I knew about her now, and the kind of exceptional woman she was had driven my libido to someplace I would have thought forbidden before. I didn't think myself capable of feeling so strongly about a woman before.

As I worked my way up her legs, with each kiss I heard a silent sigh that meant she was enjoying herself. Not as much as I was, but I knew she was. I had the body of a beautiful, powerful woman - a woman whose strength was beyond most people's comprehension - in my hands and I was never going to let her go.

I moved up to her waist then my hands roamed across her breasts firing me inside. I kissed each one then looked up into her eyes. She pulled away slightly then moved around me to the coffee table.

"Come here, baby," she said as she stepped up on the table. I started to join her, but she pushed me away. She looked down at me then curled her right index finger to me. I moved to her slowly and looked up at her, a wanton look in my eyes.

"Kerry, you're so gorgeous," I whispered.

She ran her right hand down my face slowly then placed her finger under my chin. She smiled then I felt my head move. I stilled it then my feet left the floor easily as she lifted me as easily as she would a feather.

"Oh, honey, only you could be this strong," I said as I moved upwards.

She kept pulling me upwards until my eyes were even with hers. Then she pulled me close and touched her lips to mine and held me there. I was entranced, paralyzed by the sweetness of her lips, the strength of her body.

Then she looked at me again, this time not smiling. It was the look she gave me when she wanted it just as much as I did.

She set me down slowly, then stepped off the coffee table, and took my hand.

“Come on,” she said taking my hand. She led me to the bedroom and closed the door behind her.

“I’ve always wanted to do something,” she said putting her hands to my shirt.

“What’s that honey?” I asked.

“Just this,” she said. She grasped my shirt with her hands, then pulled her hands apart, tearing my shirt from me in an instant.



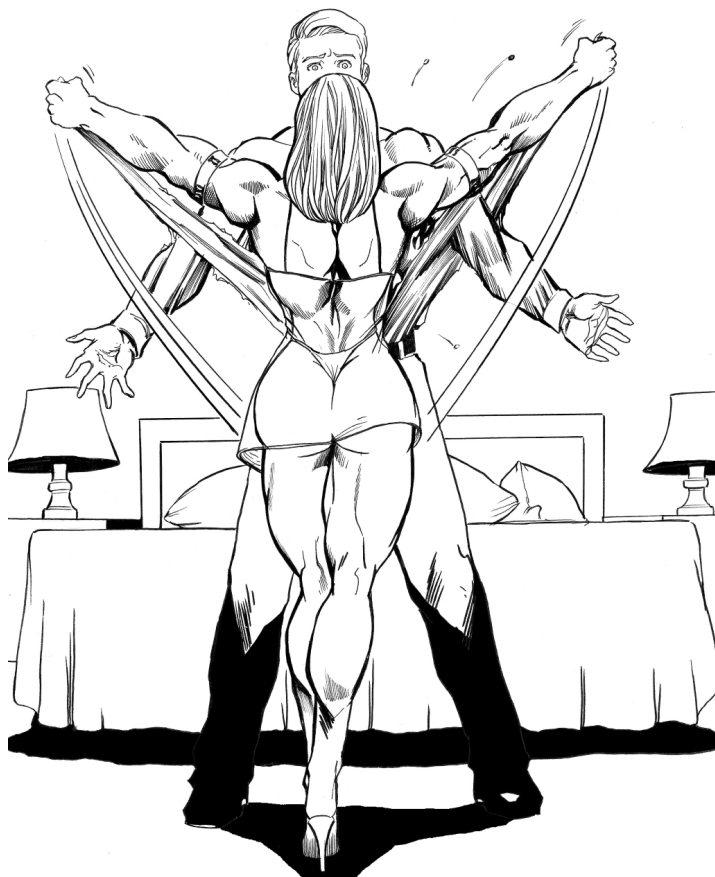
Buttons flew everywhere as she tore my shirt from me in a flash. She burst out laughing, probably from the look on my face.

Then she grabbed the top of my pants and quickly pulled them down. I stepped out of them as hurriedly as I could while she watched.

“You must want something terribly bad to be in such a hurry,” she said.

“Just . . . just you, and your strength and your muscles,” I said.

“But Tom, I’m a girl; I don’t have muscles. I’m just a weak little girl,” she said teasing me. She again put her finger under my chin, lifted me up, and threw me gently on the bed, but hard enough to fall on my back. My head found the pillow, seeming by her design.

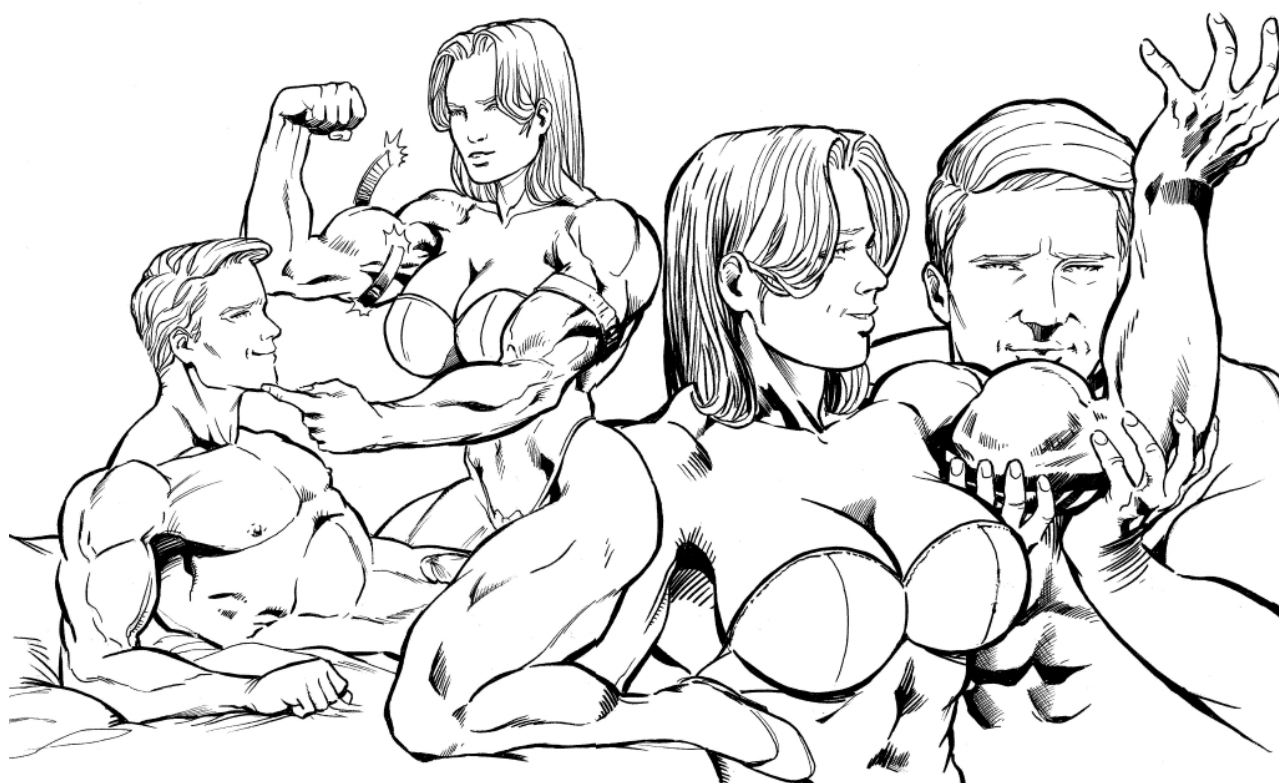




She jumped on top of me and quickly grabbed my hands and pinned them to the bed.

“Think you’re man enough to handle a girl and her muscles?” she asked.

“What muscles?” I asked teasing her.



“Oh, I guess I should show you, shouldn't I?”

She let my hands go, then rested on her elbows. I could see the gold bands to either side of my face, the only distraction as her hair hung in my eyes and her sweet lips were too close to be ignored.

She tipped my head with her finger directing my attention to her right arm.

“Watch this Tom,” she said.

I saw her arm tighten, then the muscle in her right arm started growing. Then the gold band started stretching. Oh my, the band was being pushed outward in every direction by the strength of her pretty arm.

“Oh, Kerry, my muscle girl,” I whispered.

“I like it when you call me that,” she said.

Her arm swelled further as the band expanded even further. Her arm was swelling into what I thought every girl's muscle should be - beautiful, powerful, sensuous - until the band broke and her muscle grew even bigger. I wouldn't have believed a girl, let alone one Kerry's size, could have muscles like she did.

She did the same with her left until it too had burst the gold band. I reached both hands up to her arms and felt her strength in my hands.



“You like those baby? You like my pretty muscles?” she asked. I couldn't speak; my lips were preoccupied worshipping the beautiful, powerful arms of the woman I loved.

Suddenly she rose from the bed and went to the bathroom.

“I'll be back in a minute, you know what for,” she said.

I finished undressing and slipped under the covers and waited for her. It didn't take her but two minutes. The door opened. She turned out the bedroom light, but left a small one on in the bathroom.

She walked slowly to the bed, her silhouette the only part of her I could see. She stopped at the edge of the bed.

“All this, just for you, baby,” she said. She flexed her arms quickly as her muscles came to life. Turned slightly sideways, the outline of her body, her breasts, every curve, was calling to me.

She jumped inside the covers with me and ran her hand up my chest. I was beside myself.

"Honey, you're stronger than any other girl, stronger than anyone, aren't you?" I asked.

"I guess I'll just have to convince you or hurt you," she said laughingly.

She moved her body on top of mine, and she convinced me, more times than I can count. She hurt me too - a consequence of more pleasure than one man should be allowed to have.



I awoke the next morning to find her packing her clothes.

"Hurry up, Tom, we have a plane to catch," she said.

"Huh? What plane?" I asked.

"I had a brainstorm," she said.

"Uh oh, what?" I asked.

She came to the bed and jumped on me, straddling me.

"We're going to Vegas," she said.

"Now? Today?"

"Yes, there's this little white chapel you're going to take me to, and you're going to marry the girl, the strong girl, of your dreams.

And my muscles and my body will be yours forever. Is that OK?"

"You-you'd marry me?" I asked.

She slammed my arms back to the bed and held me, and looked down into my eyes. "If you don't, you'll never touch my muscles again," she said. The way she said it, I knew she meant it. I knew I was in for the ride of my life. I'm just glad it was with Kerry.

THE END

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