

# NEW CHAPTER IN MY LIFE

- a Muscle Fan story -

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I had a good life, a comfortable life, a life in which I was in control. As a muscle dominatrix, I catered to men and women with, shall I say, a particular taste in women. But all of that was about to change, which sent me into a new chapter in my life.

"So, baby," I said softly in Tom's ear as he ran his large cock into my wet pussy, "Did Mistress Alex fulfil your heart's desire?" "Hmm," he moaned as he pistoned his hips, "Yes, mistress." I had warned him not to climax before me, but of course, I knew he would, 'they all did,' I thought.



I clamped my vaginal muscles down on his shaft and Tom's body tensed against mine. Tom was just under six-foot tall with an athletic build and a decent size penis. Not the largest of my 'slaves' but certainly not the smallest. "P-please, mistress," he said through gritted teeth, "not so hard." 'Not so hard,' I thought, 'I need to find a man who can take a little pain.' I loosened my grip on his shaft and drew him in as deep as I could, milking him.

"Ahh," he sighed, reaching his climax. "That's it, baby," I whispered again, "Let Mistress Alex milk you." I rhythmically massaged his penis with my vaginal muscles 'milking' him, as I called it. Once I had drained him he fell limp against my chest. I could feel his heart beating quickly as he got his breathing under control.

I put my arms behind my head and he put his hands on my nineteen inch biceps. "Do I still please you my pet?" I asked. Tom had been a client of mine for nearly two years now. He laughed and his flaccid penis slipped from my pussy. I didn't care. "More than the first time I met you," he said.

Tom was into muscle worship. He got off on oiling my body or simply feeling my muscles. The first time I met Tom, he nearly came in his pants when he saw me, now at least he could prolong his orgasm until I 'milked' him.

I put a hand on each side of his rib cage and carefully lifted him off of me, placing him beside me on the bed. I sat on the edge of the bed and stretched. "Your back is massive," he said, "and so defined." I looked over my shoulder, "Thank you, baby, that's so sweet," I said, "but our session is over, so I have to leave." He nodded.



I got to my feet and put on the lightweight cotton dress and slipped into my pumps. The dress fit snug on my chest, my hard nipples making small mountains in the fabric. The sleeveless dress gave a nice view of my heavily muscled arms, while the hem fell only inches below my crotch, revealing my thirty inch thighs with their thick veins.

"Good bye, Tom," I said as I opened the door to his suite. "Good bye, mistress," he said, still naked on the bed.

I took the elevator to the lobby and walked to the parking structure. I had found a place on the ground floor and was nearly to my car when a figure dressed in black stepped from between two cars.

"Where you going, baby?" the man said. He was broad shouldered and in excess of six-feet tall. I looked around and didn't see anyone else. "Look, I don't want any trouble," I said as I slowed my pace. He laughed and said, "And I don't want any trouble either, so just let me have your purse."



I stopped and looked at my tote bag. 'If he knew what was in it, he'd be surprised,' I thought. True, I did have a wallet in the tote, but there was a bottle of oil, a twelve-inch vibrating dildo, a butt plug, a tube of lubricant and several other items. My wallet had my driver's license, several credit cards and about \$1,200 in cash.

"I don't think so," I said. The man, who was dressed entirely in black, stopped not ten feet away and studied me. "You're a call girl, right," he asked. I shook my head. "Dominatrix," I said. He hesitated. "Uh-huh," he finally said, "so you have a lot of money in your purse." I smiled and said, "Yes, and I'm not giving it to you."



He pulled a knife from his pocket, the blade springing from the handle with a metallic click. "I think you will," he said, taking a step in my direction. I swung my tote back and connected with his hand sending the knife skidding along the pavement under a car.

He sneered at me and lunged. I side stepped him and brought a fist down on his back in a hammer motion. He went sprawling. He turned and looked up at me. "Tough girl, huh?" he asked. I let him get to his feet. He took a boxing stance and threw a jab at my midsection. I let it connect as I knew any blow he would throw at my body wouldn't do any damage.

I swung open handed knocking his hands away that were protecting his face. With my other hand I quickly slapped him across the jaw. "I'm warning you, stay away," I said, "You'll just get hurt." The sneer was back and he said, "Yea, but not by a girl." I smiled at him and said, "But you've never been in a fight with a girl like me, asshole."

Calling him an 'asshole' was meant to provoke him and it did. He charged forward, his head down and I let him hit me with his shoulder. My abs are hard as rock and his shoulder took the impact. When he stood up, he put a hand on his shoulder. "Did that hurt?" I asked, smiling. I knew it did as he massaged his shoulder.

I sat my tote bag on the hood of a car and said, "If you want it, come and get it." He looked from me to the tote and back again at me. He made a quick grab for my bag and as he did, I chopped his arm. It fractured and he let out a yell and clutched his broken radius.



I could hear footsteps, coming fast. I made the mistake of turning to look and the man was on me, hands around my throat. 'How can he choke me with a broken arm,' I thought. I pried his hands from my throat and twisted his unbroken arm behind his back, pulling up. I felt rather than heard his shoulder dislocate. He went down to his knees. "Pl-please, no more," he pleaded, "I give up."

Without thinking I straddled the man's head and pulled up on his arm, the back of his head against my crotch. He screamed as I tightened my quads, trapping his head between them.

"Hey, what's going on here," a man yelled at me from several cars away. It was obvious he wasn't coming to the mugger's defense. "Nothing," I said, "get out of here." The man looked around and then back at me and said, "I've called the police, they're on their way." I looked down at the man I held between my thighs, while I still held his arm. I pulled up on his arm and I felt the shoulder give, the bone slipping from its socket. The mugger didn't respond, let out a cry; he was out cold.

I applied more pressure to his skull which was trapped between my vise-like thighs. I felt the skull give. "Freeze, don't move," a man's voice boomed behind me. I relaxed my thighs and the mugger dropped to the pavement with a thud. I looked over my shoulder to find a man wearing a suit pointing a gun at me. His suit jacket was open, a badge clipped to his belt.

I glanced at the man who had called the police and a woman detective in a pants suit was talking to the man. I couldn't hear what they were saying.

"Turn around and lace your fingers behind your head and kneel on the ground," the detective commanded. "But officer, he attacked ..." I started to say, but he interrupted and repeated himself. "Turn around slowly and lace your fingers behind your head and get on your knees," he said. I did as he asked.

By this time, the female detective came over and fastened a pair of handcuffs on me behind my back. "OK, get on your feet," she said, lifting the short chain between the cuffs. I stood up and looked down at the detective. She was pretty, with jet black hair pulled back in a ponytail and a trim built, she stood a little over five feet tall. Her partner on the other hand was six-foot with sandy brown hair and an athletic build.

Other police units arrived as well as paramedics. Uniformed officers cordoned off the body. The parking structure was a beehive of activity.

The detectives led me away as the paramedics examined the mugger. I knew there was nothing that could be done for the man. 'Good,' I thought stealing a look at the dead man, 'one last asshole in the world.' I had no remorse.

We made introductions although they kept the handcuffs on me. The male detective was Dan Johnson, the female detective, Rachel Allen.

"So, what happened here," the male detective asked. "That man assaulted me," I said, "he tried to steal my tote bag." "Mind if I have a look," the female detective asked referring to my bag. "Go ahead," I said, "Knock yourself out." She sat the bag on the trunk of a car and began to examine the contents. She removed my wallet and cell phone, sitting them on the car.

"You look like you can take care of yourself," the male detective said looking at me from head to toe, "did he have a weapon?" "A knife," I said, "It's under the blue car over there." He didn't bother to turn around to look. "Jenkins," he yelled, "Get the knife under the blue car."

A uniformed officer looked around and then under the blue car. With a rubber glove, he retrieved the knife. He walked it to the detective. The detective took it by the rubber glove and looked at the knife and then put it in a clear evidence bag. "If your fingerprints are on it, you may be in trouble, Alex." "They're not," I said, "How about taking the cuffs off of me." He glanced at his partner who held up my vibrating dildo.

"No law against having a dildo is there, Detective Johnson?" I asked. He looked flustered as Detective Allen held up my body oil and a tube of vaginal lube. Clearly she was enjoying herself; however, her male partner wasn't sure what was going on.



He shook his head and said, "No, not illegal to have a dildo." He stepped behind me and unlocked the handcuffs. I massaged my wrists. "Thank you, detective," I said. "Sure," he replied, glancing at his partner. She held up a pair of handcuffs in one hand and two lengths of nylon rope in the other. As Detective Johnson and I watched, Rachel found a butt plug, ball gag, a small crop and four silk ties. "What's all that?" he asked. "Tools," I said, and he starred at me, cleared his throat and then nodded.

Rachel began putting my things back in my tote bag. She smiled and said, "Looks like you come well supplied." I smiled back at her and said, "My travel bag; just some odds and ends." She handed the bag back to me.

"So you overpowered the mugger?" Dan asked. "Yes," I said. "And you killed him?" Rachel asked. I nodded and said, "Yes, I crushed his skull." The detectives looked at each other and Rachel said, "Excuse me?" "I crushed his skull. I had to defend myself," I told them. "How?" Dan asked. "With my legs," I told him, "I had his head between my thighs and I simply flexed my quads."

Both detectives looked down at my legs and I lifted the hem of my dress, revealing my massive thighs. I tensed my legs, the thick veins stood out as my muscles popped.

I smiled at the two detectives. "Would you like to feel them?" I asked. Rachel shook her head but Dan bent and ran a hand over my quadriceps. "Hard, isn't it," I asked. He slowly took his hand away and said, "Uh-huh." I laughed, "Have you ever seen or felt muscles this strong?" I prodded. "No," he said, shaking his head and then said, "It's up to the District Attorney as to whether charges will need to be brought against you, Alex, but you're free to go."

I looked from Rachel to Dan and said, "Alright," and took a business card from my wallet and handed it to Dan, "If you need me, you know where to find me." The card only had 'Mistress Alex' embossed on it and a phone number. I put my wallet back in the bag and walked off. By this time the coroner's van had pulled in and they were zipping the body of the mugger, or would-be mugger, into a body bag.

Two weeks passed and I hadn't heard anything from the police or the district attorney's office. I continued serving my clients. One afternoon I was lounging by the pool when my phone rang. "Yes," I said. "Alex, this is Rachel Allen, Detective Allen." "Yes, Rachel, how may I help you?" I asked. "I, ah, I would like to meet you," she said, "Would you have time for me?" "Now?" I asked. "Well, ah, I could be there in about a half hour," she said. "Fine," I told her, "Come through the side gate, I'll be in the back yard by the pool," and I ended the call.

I had no idea what she wanted, but I closed my eyes and thought about the petite detective.

"H-hello," she said as she stepped into the back yard. I turned and watched her walk across the patio. I rose up on my elbows. Ten feet from my chaise, she stopped and said, "Oh, ah, I didn't realize, ah, I didn't ..." I interrupted, looking down at my body and said, "What that I was naked?" I ran one hand over my abs, "It doesn't bother you does it?" I looked at her. She wore a gray skirt and jacket over a simple cotton blouse.



"Ah, err, no," she said, "It doesn't bother me." I smiled and swung my legs off the lounge, straddling it and padded to her. I stopped in front of her, feet slightly apart and put my hands on my hips. "What did you want to see me about, Detective Allen?" I asked. She looked up at me.

For a moment I didn't think she heard me. She simply stood there looking up at me, but then said softly, "I-I wanted to, ah, tell you that the District Attorney has decided not to pursue criminal proceedings against you." I nodded and said, "Good. I was in my rights to defend myself." She hesitated and then said, "But you killed that man. The coroner's report said he had several contusions and his shoulder was severely separated, pulled out of its socket. He couldn't have hurt you." I smiled at her and said, "No, he had passed out from the pain, you're right, he couldn't have hurt me, even if he were conscious." "But, then, ahh, why?" she asked, "Why kill him?"

I chuckled and said, "You won't understand, but the simple answer is, I killed him because I could." There was a prolonged silence and then she asked, "Because you could?" I smiled and said, "Yes, he had attacked me. He could have run away, I gave him that opportunity, but he continued to threaten me, pulling a knife. He thought he was in control, but he wasn't, not even close, stupid man."



She slowly looked down, her gaze lingering on my pubis, before travelling on to my quads. "But you crushed his skull," she said studying the pool deck. I chuckled and said, "Yes, I did. It was easy. It felt good to have the back of his head against my pussy and crush his head with my legs. Have you ever seen legs like mine?" I flexed my quads and followed her gaze. My dark skin covered the rippled muscles beneath. Thick veins criss-crossed the muscles.

"No," she said, "I've never seen legs as big as yours on a man or a woman." I chuckled and said, "I train every day, lifting heavy weights; do I turn you on?" She quickly looked up into my eyes. "What?" she asked. "I asked if my muscles turned you on," I repeated and then flexed my arm. Her eyes shifted to my bicep, inches from her face, its huge muscle dark and hard.



"Feel it, Rachel, feel how hard it is," I told her. Slowly she put a hand on my arm, her touch light and soft. "Squeeze it," I said, "use both hands." She did, but was unable to squeeze my arm.

Putting my hands back on my hips I asked, "So why did you come here today? You could have just told me over the phone about the district attorney not pressing charges." She looked at the ground again. "I, ah, I need your help," she said, and then corrected herself, "Well, not me so much, but my sister. She's married to a real bastard that beats her, but my sister refuses to leave and I can't do anything to help, well, not legally anyway." "And, what," I asked, "You want me to kill your brother-in-law?" This was met with a long silence. Finally, she said with a sob, "Yes, I don't know. I'm just sick of Karen getting beat up. As a police officer I can't do anything unless Karen presses charges and she won't and she won't leave him, I just don't know what to do."

She looked up at me clearly distraught. I said, "If I do this for you, it comes at a cost." She furrowed her brow and asked, "What?" "I want you to be my bitch," I told her, "I want you to worship my body, service my clit, attend to me and call me Mistress Alex, do you understand?"

She hesitated and then said softly, "Yes." I took her chin between my thumb and forefinger and said, "Yes, who?" "Yes, Mistress Alex," she said, fear on her face.

I smiled and said, "Good, now let's go inside and you can write down this asshole's address. Do he and Karen have children?" We walked to the house, "Yes, mistress, a little boy and a girl," she told me. I nodded. "OK, I'll need the address of where he works then. I don't want the kids to see their father get roughed up." She looked at me out of the corner of her eye, but didn't say anything.

Karen's husband and Rachel's brother-in-law's name was Ron Turner. He owned his own business, a garage in an industrial area of the city. I sat in my truck watching. It was close to six o'clock when a woman pulled up. A man got out of the passenger side and went into the garage office.

At six o'clock the street was deserted. A few minutes past the hour, the man backed a late model sedan out of one of the garage bays and drove off, the woman following. Minutes later, the roll up doors were lowered on the three garage bays. I waited for a minute and got out of my truck.

The door to the office was still unlocked and as I stepped through into a small waiting area, I threw the deadbolt and turned the 'Open' sign around to read 'Closed'. I wore soft leather gloves and was dressed in a black leather 'cat' suit. "Sorry, we're closed," Ron called from somewhere in the garage. I followed the sound of his voice.

"Ron Turner," I asked as I stepped into the garage. "Yes," he said, his back to me, leaning over a tool box. He turned to face me in his chair, a large wrench in his hand. His breath caught as he saw me. I smiled and said, "Your wife, Karen, sent me." He looked at me trying to process what I had just said.



"Karen?" he asked. "Yes, you know, the woman you beat up, the woman you demean in front of your children, that Karen," I said. "Look, I don't know who you are, but you better get out of here," he said, pointing the wrench at me. "Or what, you're going to hit me with that wrench?" I asked. I took a step forward and he backed up into a work bench.



He raised his hand up with the wrench threateningly as I stepped even closer. He brought the wrench down quickly, but not quickly enough. I caught his wrist and snatched the wrench from his fist. "Stupid man," I said, taking a step back. Taking the wrench by each end, I bent it forming a letter 'L'. Ron's eyes opened wide. I smiled and said, "This is going to be fun," and tossed the bent wrench onto the work bench.

"Wh-what do you mean, this is going to be fun?" he asked. "Just that I'm going to enjoy beating you the way you enjoy beating Karen," I said, "But first, I want you to hit me. Hit me like you would Karen." He hesitated looking at me. "Come on," I taunted, "hit me you little bitch." He slapped my jaw. I took the hit and said, "That's it? Is that all you got? You hit like a sissy. Here," I said, placing my hands on my hips, "hit me in the stomach. Make a fist and hit me."

Ron Turner balled his right fist and gave me a short jab to the abs. "Pansy ass," I said, and he quickly hit me again. I chuckled as he shook his hand. "Ahh, what's the matter Ronny, did you hurt your hand?" I asked. Balling both fists he pounded on my chest. I imagine it was as if he was hitting granite because he soon gave up.

I stared at him and could see fear in his eyes. I slapped him across the jaw, lightly but hard enough that he fell back against the edge of his work bench. Picking up a screwdriver he turned and I knocked it out of his hand. The screwdriver landed twenty feet away.

I stepped closer and pinned his body against the bench. I bent and whispered in his ear, "I'd really like to take my time and make you suffer, but I want to go see Rachel and have her service my clit." I chuckled and stepped back. I drove a fist into his gut and Ron doubled over trying to catch his breath. I knew I had broken a rib or two as he held on to the edge of his workbench for support.

With my right, I hit him in the jaw, breaking it. His eyes rolled back and he slumped to the ground. It was over as quick as it began. I looked around the garage and at the far end in the last service bay was an 'A' frame with an engine block held by a block and tackle from its apex.

I looped my fingers through Ron's belt and lifted him with one arm. I carried him as if he were a bag of groceries and placed his chest under the engine block. I found the release and allowed the engine to fall on the man's chest. It landed with a thud. A trickle of blood began to creep from the corner of his mouth.

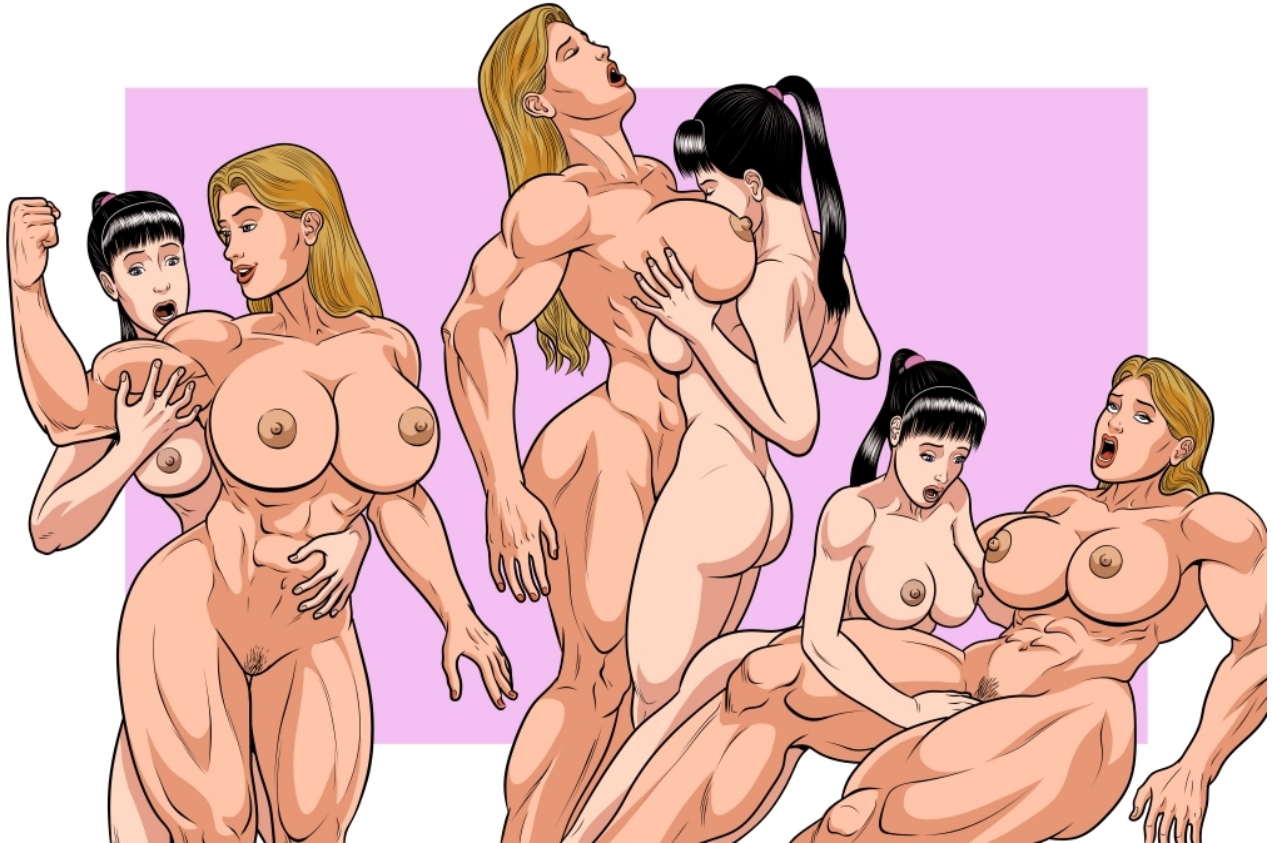
Taking a minute to glance around the shop, I picked up the screwdriver and put it back on the workbench. 'Everything looks as it did when I came in,' I thought. I exited through the waiting room door the same way I had come in.



A half hour later I was at Rachel's apartment telling her that her sister, Karen, was now a widow. She would never be hurt by Ron Turner again. "Thank you, thank you," Rachel said, "How can I ever repay you?"

I smiled and said, "Remember our agreement, now I want you to suck my clit, baby." Rachel's eyes widened as I unzipped my cat suit revealing my swollen clit.

For the next couple of hours I had my way with Detective Rachel Allen. She brought me to multiple orgasms and, in turned, I treated her to a massive muscle show.



At nine o'clock, I said, "I have to be going, baby. You did well," and ran a finger along her jaw line. She truly looked disappointed and said, "When will I see you again?" I chuckled and said, "Whenever I want to see you. You're my bitch now. Be ready to pleasure your mistress." "Yes, mistress," she said, "and thank you for taking care of Karen's problem." I sneered, "I expected more from that worthless piece of crap, but he's gone now, your sister won't have a problem with him any more."

**THE END**

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