

Jessica Sinclair just finished her grueling 2 hour morning workout when she heard a car screech to a stop just outside her home. She went to the window to investigate and saw a couple of men in business suits approaching the front door and ring the bell.

“What do they want?” she asked herself and started drying herself.

Within a few minutes she heard a piercing scream. The voice of her 9 year old son John. Jessica threw away the towel and hurried downstairs just as the 2 men were carrying John out of the door and pushed him into the car in which they came. She didn't have a moment to lose. Her car was parked on the porch. She took the keys and ran outside to her car still wearing her workout clothes, a white sports bra and blue shorts and sneakers. She opened the door of her car and jumped inside. Started the engine and raced behind the abductors' car.

She followed for 2 hours and finally saw the black SUV slow down and finally stop in front of a rundown building. They were on the outskirts of the city and she could not lay eyes on anyone else. The other houses in the vicinity seemed to be uninhabited. But she had other pressing matters to think about, she had to save her son and she concentrated on what to do. Jessica exited her car and entered the building.

The first thing she saw as she entered was 2 guards a few paces away from her. She quickly thought of a plan to neutralize them. She was not carrying any weapons and she didn't need any. Her physical strength was unparalleled and she knew it. The only thing she had to worry about was whether the guards were armed. She knew in a hand to hand combat she could take on any man. She slowly approached the guards and stood in front of them hands on her hips. As soon as the guards' eyes lay on her, they were mesmerized. They had never seen such a beautiful woman before and she had physical assets. What's more, she was flaunting them. She slowly raised her hand and with her right index finger first pointed at the guard on the right.

“Come here baby and you will be satisfied,” she said in the most sexy voice heard by anyone.

The guard was already drooling. He handed his gun to the other guard and followed her into a side room a little further away from where they were. As soon as both of them entered the room. Jessica turned around and faced the guard. She was so quick that the guard's mouth flew open. Her right hand flashed out and grabbed the guard by the throat. She used her physical strength to lift the 200 pound man off the ground with just one hand.

She smiled up at him and in her sexy voice said, “Before I crush your throat, why don't you be a good boy and tell me where they are keeping my son. If you comply, I assure you that your death will be as painless as possible.”

By now the guard was having trouble breathing. He started kicking her in the stomach connecting right below the belly button. The kicks did not seem to have any effect on her. She kept on smiling and tightened her already vice like grip on his throat even tighter.

“As you wish, asshole,” she snarled and kept on choking him until he died 20 seconds later. She threw the limp body on the ground and came out of the room. She saw the other guard was looking the other way and approached her like a cat. She did not even notice even when she was standing right behind him. She could see that his guns were in his hands. She grabbed them and snatched them away. The guard spun around just as she destroyed the guns with her bare hands.

“See what I did to the guns with my bare hands. Now imagine what I can do to your throat.”

She gently placed her right hand on his throat, her fingers wrapping around them but she did not apply any pressure. Not yet.

“Tell me where they are keeping my son and maybe I'll let you live.”

“They are keeping him on the first floor. Second door from the stairs,” he whimpered.

“Thanks for the information,” Jessica smiled at him and tightened her grip on the man's neck.

His throat was crushed. Jessica smiled. She loved killing men this way. Strangling, choking, throttling them with her bare hands. Matter of fact, this was the only way she killed her victims and all her victims were male. She quite enjoyed her physical domination over her male victims.

She reached the first floor and quickly came across a man cleaning the floor. She walked up to him just as he looked up. Without saying a word, she flashed out both her hands and grabbed the man around the throat. Her thumbs placed over his Adam's apple. The man's hands flew upwards and grabbed both her wrists trying to wrench them away from his neck. No such luck. Jessica squeezed with all her strength. The man's death came after a while.

Jessica had by now killed three men and enjoyed it. Now for the others. A door opened and one of the men who had abducted John came out. He was wearing a business attire and looked tense. He did not see Jessica but she saw him. Her eyes flashed with rage. She quickly darted towards him and was onto him at the landing. She tackled him to the floor with a vicious punch to the stomach and sat heavily on his chest.

“Do you know what I did to my husband when I found out he was beating my son one day?” Her voice was vicious.

“No,” the man was crying from pain in his stomach.

“I strangled him to death with my bare hands and that is exactly what I am going to do to you. But before you die, Answer my question. How many more men are there in the room where you are holding my son?”

“2,” he was barely audible.

Jessica was satisfied. She placed her right hand on the man's neck and started choking him. He was already in trouble from the punch to the stomach. At first he did not notice his windpipe constricting. But pretty soon he was having trouble breathing. His eyes flew open and he desperately tried to gulp in more air. This was getting impossible. Jessica's fingers

kept on tightening around his throat and at one point he could not breathe at all. He died. Jessica was not satisfied. She kept on choking him and finally released her grip after making doubly sure he was dead.

She got up and noticed a big rip on her bra and one of her nipples showing. She swore under her breath. Her bra and shorts were wet with sweat and the exposed parts of her body were covered in them. She needed a shower quickly. She tore off her sports bra and wiped her body with it. Now she was topless. Her breasts the size of melons. She slowly opened the door and entered the room. It was dimly lit and the first thing she saw was two men sleeping on two beds in the middle of the room. She saw her son tied to the bed post and crying. She went over to him and shook him gently. John looked up and saw his mother. He was overjoyed as well as a little astonished to see her topless. He was about to speak when his mother asked him to be quiet. She snapped the ropes and felt his hands. They were beet red and swollen. She asked him to stand in the far corner of the room and got up. She walked over to the men, still sleeping like babies and shook them awake. The 2 men blinked and saw her standing over them.

"I'll give you three options. You choose one. First I snap your neck like a twig. Second I hang both of you with my bare hands or third I strangle you both. What is it going to be?"

"You bitch."

"Sorry wrong answer."

As soon as the words were out of her mouth she grabbed both the men by their throats and shook them violently. She pushed both of them towards the back wall and slammed them against it. She used all her strength to lift their bodies off the ground. Soon their feet had left the ground and in the air.

"You shouldn't have touched my son. It was the biggest mistake of your lives. Now you pay with them." Jessica was livid. She strangled them senseless and kept on strangling them. Their eyes nearly popped out of their sockets. At last their bodies heaved forward and she knew they were both dead. She released her grip and let the bodies fall to the floor.

Jessica looked over towards her son and saw him watching her with round eyes. She wanted to tell him the truth. About how his father died. About what she really did for a living but did not.

"He's too young to understand. I'll tell him everything once he gets a little older," she thought to herself.

She walked over to him and took him in her arms.

"Are you alright honey?" she asked in the most soothing voice.

"It hurts here," said John pointing at his arms.

"Don't worry baby. It'll be alright. Can I borrow your jacket for a little while?"

John took his jacket off and handed it over to his mother. She put it on but it was a few sizes too small. She couldn't button it up and it ended well above her navel. She sighed. John looked at the dead men and then looked at his mom.

"Are these people dead?" he asked her innocently.

"No dear, they are just sleeping," she lied.

She picked him up in her arms as gently as she could and took him to the car. She placed him in the rear passenger seat and secured his seat belt. She took the driver's seat and started the engine.

"How did you pick up both of them off the ground at the same time?" he was still amazed.

"Don't know. They were not heavy at all," Jessica said suppressing a smile.

"Mom, thanks for saving me."

"No problem kid. That was what I was supposed to do."

They drove off.