

Jessica was an unhappy woman. Her husband was a raving alcoholic and physically assaulted her and their 8 year old son John. She hated him more than anything. She had already thought of escaping with John from the horrors they faced everyday but could not. What could she do?

It was a Sunday. Jessica had just stepped out of the shower and had just put on blue shorts and her bra when she heard John screaming in his room at the top of his lung. She hurried to his room and what she saw made her blood boil. John was lying face down on his bed and her husband Anthony was beating him mercilessly with his belt.

"This is it," she thought to herself. "I'll have to do something about it."

Jessica leapt at her husband and caught the belt in her hands and snatched it in her hands.

"Why are you hitting him," she demanded. "What has he done?"

She could smell alcohol in his breath.

Anthony looked at her and rolled his eyes.

"First go and put a dress on. Show some respect to me woman."

Jessica looked at her son and saw that he had lost consciousness. This was the last straw as far as she was concerned. Her right hand shot up and grabbed Anthony by the throat. She shook him violently and pushed him to the ground. She adjusted her grip on his throat and placed her left hand on his throat and sat heavily on his chest.

"Big mistake Anthony. You shouldn't have hit my son. Now I'll make sure you don't ever do it."

Jessica began choking him with all her strength. Her thumbs placed just on top of his Adam's apple. Anthony's hands clawed at her hands desperately trying to pry them away from his neck but try as he might he couldn't budge them. His eyes became round in amazement and fear. This made Jessica feel happy. She felt dominant over him and all those years of assaults came flooding back to her.

"How does it feel to be at the receiving end of the stick, huh Anthony?" hissed Jessica and continued strangling him.

By now, Anthony was on his last legs. He couldn't breathe anymore and his eyes started popping out of their sockets. He died in exactly 45 seconds. Jessica was exhausted. She lay back and thought about what she had done. Her hatred for men had grown manifold. What next?

She had a revelation. She would be a professional hit woman. That was her calling. She would kill men for a living. A sex she hated with all her heart. Yes that is what she would do. She smiled to herself. She looked at Her son and saw him stirring. He was probably the only male person on the face of the earth she really cared about and loved. She picked him up in her arms and said softly,

"It's O.K. baby. Daddy will not hurt you anymore. We will go away." She carried him out of the room.

5 months later

Jessica was with her handler Dick Moran. She was now a professional hit woman and tonight was to be her first hit. She had trained for the last 4 months using varied weapons and was ready. At 29 this blond woman was drop dead gorgeous and had a toned body. She was an exceptionally strong woman and knew she could take on any man if needed with her bare hands. Wearing a white top which revealed her toned abs and deep navel and black leather pants they were in Dick's office talking about the work that night.

"Have you received the photograph and address of the victim? His personal details should be memorized. You should not keep any witnesses." said Dick.

"O.K. no problem. I will do it."

"What weapons will you be using?"

"These," said Jessica lifting up her hands and waving her fingers.

"What!" exclaimed Dick. "Are you joking? You'll use your hands to kill men. You think you can do it?"

"Want a demonstration?"

"Certainly. Come try it on me," challenged Dick.

"O.K. but you might regret that," said Jessica.

Jessica stood up and advanced towards Dick. She stopped right in front of him and smiled. Dick was ready. Jessica's hands were a flash. Before Dick could realize what was happening her fingers were wrapped around his throat. She slammed him against the back wall and lifted his body off the ground 2 feet in the air.

"See how I can kill you right now. You will not be able to do anything understand."

She let him go.

Dick was amazed and impressed. He was certain Jessica would be successful.

"Just be careful. You should know that your victims might be armed."

"Thanks for the concern," smiled Jessica.

Jessica surveyed the building. It was a 3 storied building with no apparent entry point other than the main door. She would have to enter the house through that. She had information that her victim Tom Jones would be alone. She could see 2 security guards, both unarmed. She knew she had to lure them away from the building. She thought of a plan. Jessica hid

behind a over grown bush and took of her dress and rolled them into a ball and threw it on the ground with enough force to make a loud thud. The guards looked up and one of them came to investigate. He was momentarily hidden from sight of the other guard as he came behind the bush and saw Jessica. He was speechless for a moment as he saw the topless woman in front of him. This was her chance. She quickly leapt to her feet and her left hand shot up and clamped on the guard's mouth. Jessica pushed the guard on the ground and sat on his chest straddling him.

"Sorry but I have to do this."

As soon as she said it, Jessica's right hand grabbed the guard by the throat and she started choking him. The guard desperately wanted to cry out for help but her left hand clamped on his mouth prevented it. She strangled him to death with just one hand. One down. One to go.

Not bothering to put her dress on, Jessica approached the other guard. He was getting worried about his partner until his eyes fell on Jessica. Those rounded breasts, that deep navel. His eyes began to water.

Jessica stopped in front of him and began rubbing her breasts. She asked him if he could follow her behind the bush for a moment. Sensing that he may get lucky. He agreed readily and followed her. As they reached the bush, Jessica told the guard to walk in front of her.

"There is a surprise for you," she smiled as soon as the guard rounded the bush, he saw the dead body of his colleague and spun around to face Jessica. In no time, Jessica's right hand shot up and grabbed him by the throat. She lifted the guard off the ground just with her grip on his neck. The guard was helpless. She looked down at Jessica. This beautiful naked woman was killing him with ease and what's more she picked him up with one hand. With a flick of her wrists Jessica broke his neck and threw the body on the ground. She picked up her dress and entered the building.

She had specific information that Tom would be in his bedroom. She entered and saw Tom on his bed reading. He looked up and saw Jessica. A naked woman standing in his doorway.

Jessica smiled at him and walked up to him.

"I want to make this night a memorable one for you."

Who are you? Didn't the guards stop you?"

"Yeah they tried but failed." Jessica lied.

Tom was getting concerned. Who was this woman? Jessica pounced on Tom and started kissing him passionately. At this point Tom could not hold himself back. He kissed her back. She slid her hands up his chest and reached his throat, still kissing him. She grabbed Tom's throat and withdrew.

"You know what I am going to do now?" she asked.

Tom was scared. He could not get words out of his mouth.

"I am going to strangle you to death," she answered her own question.

Saying so, she gritted her teeth and started squeezing Tom's neck. Her thumbs placed directly on top of his Adam's apple. Tom's eyes came nearly out of their sockets. Jessica bore down with all her strength cutting off the air. She was crushing his windpipe.

"Please leave me. I can't breathe. I'll give you anything you want," croaked the man.

"Sorry honey got to do this."

Tom realized he had no escape. He tried desperately to jerk her hands away from his throat but could not budge them. He resigned to his fate and lost consciousness.

Jessica released her grip and let him regain consciousness. She went to the bathroom and took some water in her hands and sprinkled them on his face. As soon as he was conscious, she jumped on his chest and grabbed his throat again with both her hands.

"I like playing games, but this time you die," she hissed.

It took her 3 minutes to kill Tom. She kept her death grip on his throat for another 2 minutes before releasing. He was dead and she felt good. She had strangled 3 men to death and nobody could fight back. She thought about the day she had killed her husband and chuckled to herself.

"Maybe my nickname should be The Death Strangleress," she thought to herself.

She dressed herself and left the building. Her son was alone at home and it was getting late.