

POWER WORSHIP

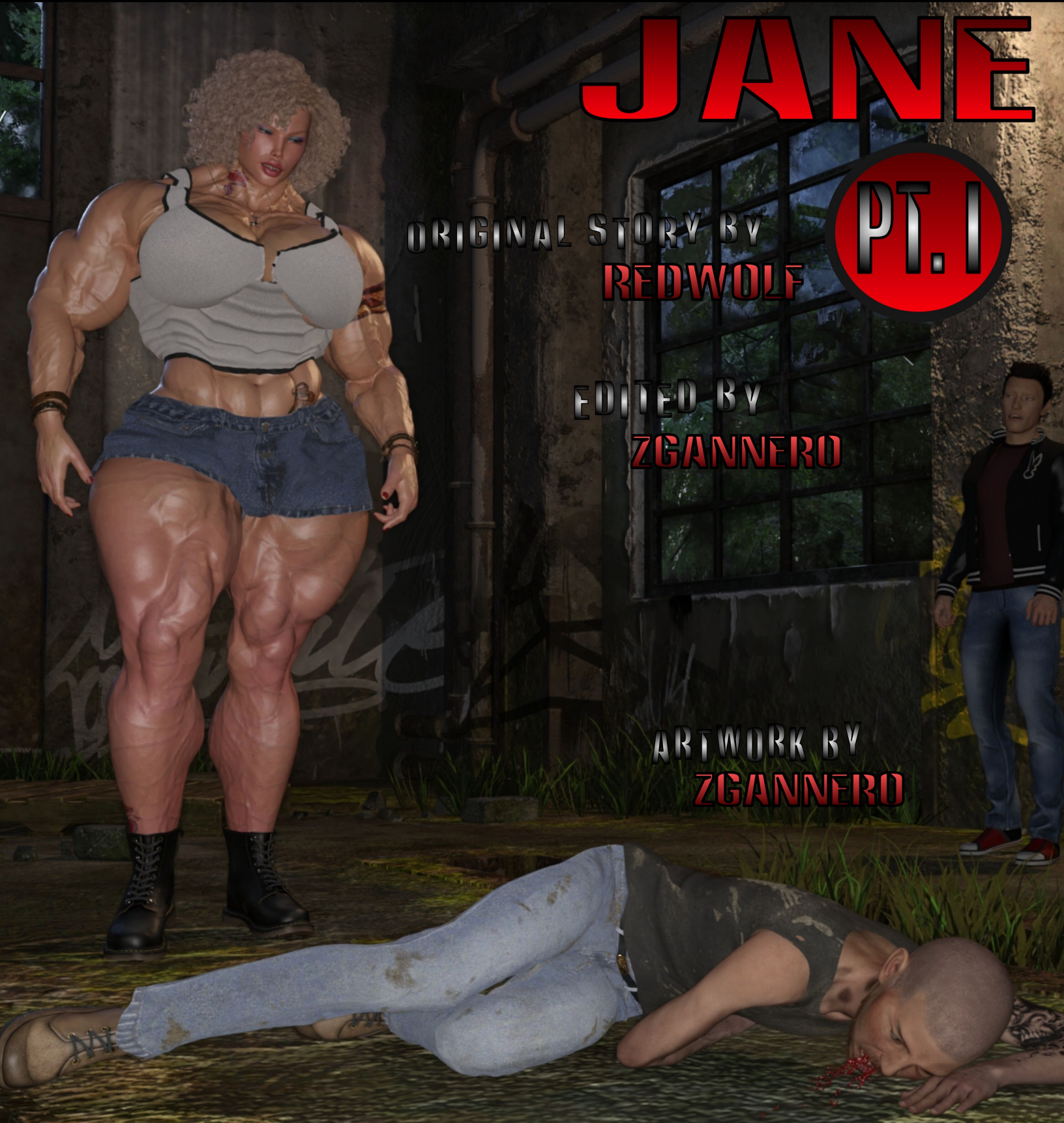
JANE

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PT. I

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The door on the old warehouse slammed open with a loud bang. I stood behind Jane as she shoved the guy through the doorway, slamming him into the floor inside. I stepped in behind Jane, closing the door. The room was dark, my eyes adjusting to the moonlight streaming in through the dirty broken windows. In the corner was a bare lightbulb on a cord - one of those things that a mechanic might use when working on a car or that someone would use crawling underneath a house to check the plumbing. I reached over and turned on the thing, the light almost blinding at first, but rather dim as our eyes adjusted. I hung the light on an exposed nail in a corner of the space.

It was a large almost empty warehouse space, unused for some years. There were old wooden crates and trash everywhere, but it was mostly a big open space with a concrete floor and some exposed iron beams that would be perfect for Jane's job this evening. More importantly, it was right next to the lake - the very reason the warehouse was chosen in the first place. There would be "evidence" to get rid of later in the evening.

The man lay crumpled on the floor. In the car, on the way there, Jane had given him a few well placed punches in the gut to soften him up a bit. The man coughed up a bit of blood, his breathing was heavy. Perhaps Jane had done some damage already. He probably realized by now that Jane would inflict even more.



Jane's a huge Woman - 6'7", probably 400 pounds and 28" arms. She just towered over my 5'4", 140 pound frame like some muscled goddess - I knew perfectly well what she could do with her fists, arms, chest, legs or feet. Jane had both the immense physical power to bend men to her will and the skill and knowledge to inflict pain and incredible damage.

Jane along could decide how and when she would use her power - who would live, who would die, who would suffer immense pain - and it was such an incredible turn on to me.

I felt honored that she allowed my presence as she went about her daily business.

I knew that, at any moment, I might be turned into one of her victims, rather than a voyeur, getting off her shows of strength and power. It was at Jane's discretion that I witnessed these events or that I would survive to live and tell about them or become just another victim to her force of power and will.



Jane used her meaty hand to grab the man by the back of the neck, forcing him to his feet. The man was only a little taller than me - maybe 5'7" - but his was thin and weak, probably weighing in less than me. With only the force of her right hand, Jane spun him around by the back of his neck, forcing him to face the powerful being that would form his last impressions of this life.

I watched as Jane flexed her left bicep and forced the man to worship her muscle. She flexed hard, pushing the man's face into the mass of muscle that would be his doom.

"Lick it, punk," Jane said.



When the guy didn't comply in a timely fashion, Jane grabbed him hard by the back of his neck and shook the man's head with an incredible force. She placed her beefy palm on the back of the man's head, pushing the man's face against her flexed bicep.



The man, already in pain from the roughing up he received in the car, trembled. I could tell from the look in his eyes that he was repulsed by the thought of worshipping this powerful muscled mistress, but he complied, running his tongue over Jane's iron-hard arms.

But Jane had something else in mind. After a few moments, she extended her arm and flexed her immense forearm. Then, as if to fake the guy out, quickly wrapped it around the man's neck. Jane held his neck in an iron grip as he struggled - the man flailed against Jane's immense chest and arms, but they were unweildig. I could tell she was only playing with her victim. The man remained conscious through this part of the ordeal.



As she held the man's neck between her bicep and forearm, Jane gave him a swift punch in his side. The power of Jane's fist, bruising and crushing the man's internal organs, made the man left out of puff of air from his lungs and groan with pain.

My cock was starting to get hard, forming a buldge in my jeans. I felt hot and took off my leather jacket as I quietly watched in the corner. Jane, this 6'7", 400 lbs slab of power, was such an immense turn-on, just with her imposing physical presence. Realizing she had the skills to use that power in destructive ways made me even more sexually hyper-aware, watching every subtle move of her body, listening to each sound, inhaling the stale air in the old warehouse, waiting for the one indescribable scent I knew I would sense tonight - the smell of fear and terror.



Jane let the man's body fall to the floor. He was limp, barely moving, but still conscious. Jane walked around him, examining her victim. She stopped and removed her shirt, revealing her massive arms and chest in all their glory.

The man tried feebly to rise up. Jane planted her huge foot firmly against the man's back, easily pushing him back to the ground. She leaned forward and spit on her victim.

Her foot on the man's back, Jane did a double biceps pose. My cock ached at the site of her thick muscled arms. She looked me, squarely in the eyes.



Her piercing, serious gaze communicated all that I needed to know. Jane didn't have to say a word. I walked to the Mistress and got down on my knees. I licked Jane's size fifteen boots, realizing how much damage she could do with these huge feet. I reached up my hands and felt her muscled calf and thigh. I saw the buldge in her pants and the massive chest of her upper body. Jane stared down at me, her cock growing harder - the blank look in her eyes made me realize she had reached a strange, almost hypnotic state where her power and desire took over.



Jane planted her foot against the man's shoulder blade. She pressed harder, the man writhed in pain. I heard the bones in the man's shoulder blade begin to crack as I massaged Jane's massive thigh and ran my small hands over the bulge in her pants.

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Jane moved her tree-trunk legs, planting her huge feet on either side of the man's back. She lifted the man like a rag doll, placing her hands on his underarms.

"Take his clothes off," Jane commanded.

END OF PART I.