

BEFORE HE CHEATS

- a SeldomLasts story -

(amysconquest.com)



Her long blonde hair pulled back into a ponytail and tucked under a baseball cap, fire in her ice-blue eyes and a determined, dangerous, don't-fuck-with-me set to her lips. A head taller than the other pedestrians and freakishly, terrifyingly built. White running shoes pounded hard against the pavement under her bulk, tube socks stretched to the limit around diamond-cut, excessively large calves. Mind-blowing bulky thighs cut with deep separations, great slabs of thick hard muscle balling and tensing with each step. Rugged cut-off jean shorts stretched to the limit, struggling to contain hard round glutes pushing against the overwhelmed fabric with each sway of her broad hips.

A red midriff tank top revealed the pulsing billiard balls of her ripped stomach, abs developed to a frightening brick-hard extreme. Massive fake breasts straining the front of the tank top, pushing out into two firm round mounds, deep tan cleavage with a hint of jiggle, capped with thick nipples hard with anger and the rub of fabric against bare flesh, each behemoth tit bigger than her head and supported by a thick slab of overly-developed pectoral, brutishly powerful muscles with their own cleavage contributing to the depth of her colossal chest.

A thick bull neck snaked with angry blue veins started at her jaw and broadened to enormous shoulders, vast boulderous deltoids extending to titanic arms, outrageous slabs of ultra-developed beefy biceps and triceps exploding from the sleeveless top in an excessive display of unparalleled upper-body brawn. Bulky vein-streaked forearms pulsed and flexed as she pumped colossal fists in barely-controlled rage.

Well-dressed businessmen and women obsessed with their cell phones squawked in surprise as they bounced off her unyielding bulk, their protests dying as they caught her hulking size and expression, her mood almost a visible black cloud. Her scantily-clad juggernaut body cut a swath through the crowded afternoon banking district, bee-lining for a specific downtown garage.

Luis considered himself lucky to have an almost legitimate job. He didn't take many risks, rarely had to do anything illegal, and made a decent under-the-table wage. He parked hot cars and could fantasize about owning them. The majority of his day he watched soaps and read men's magazines. America was a great country; parking sweet rides and dealing to well-connected businessmen beat the hell out of dealing on the street or, God forbid, farming the drugs. He looked up and swallowed hard at the immense contradictory vision of female voluptuousness and hard strength stalking towards him like an angry predator.



"Good day, ma'am. Can I help you?"

"Thaddeus Jackington," she growled.

"I'm sorry, and you are?"

She glared at him. "Thaddeus Philip Jackington the Third, now."

Luis pretended to consult his chart. "Yes, well, I still need to see your identification, ma'am," he said, clearing his throat.

The woman pulled back her brawny arm and punched straight through the plastic shield separating them. Her fingers clenched around his throat in an iron grip. "I'm the woman who's going to snap your neck in ten seconds if you don't tell me what level Tad's car is on," she hissed angrily. Luis' eyes bulged as he struggled for breath, barely able to comprehend the size and strength of her vascular pumped arm, heavy with dense dangerous muscles ready to snuff the life out of him in a moment.



"T-top level," he gasped out. The colossal musculawoman released his throat, only to rip away the plastic separator. Her massive hand closed around his shoulder in a crushing painful grip and she yanked him out of the attendant box with one arm, easily holding his slight frame in the air. "Let go of me!" He struggled to free himself so she simply crushed his shoulder until she felt bones pop and then snap in her brawny fingers.

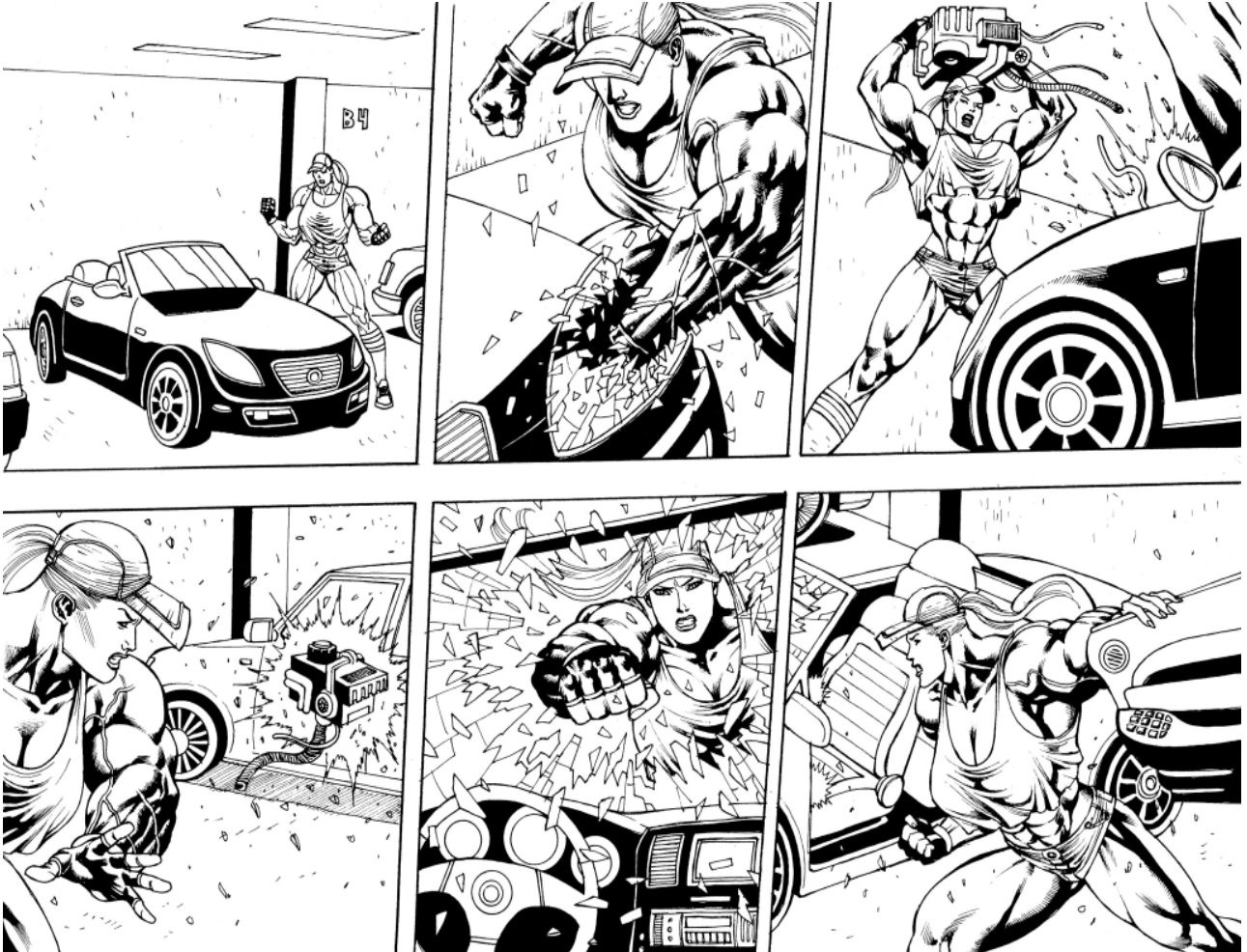
"Stop struggling and shut up." She tossed him over her oversize shoulder like a sack of potatoes and headed for the stairwell. Massive thighs propelled her up ten flights with little effort. Luis' face bounced painfully against the hard muscles of her back but he gritted his teeth against the pain, remembering how easily the psycho muscle bitch had broken into his box and crushed his shoulder.



At the top of the stairwell rather than open the door she angrily kicked it, the heavy metal door wrenched off its hinges and flew twenty feet to smash into a Miata. She had to enter sideways to fit her beefy shoulders through the door frame, bashing Luis' head against the metal as she did so. Luis was under the distinct impression she didn't care.

The woman spotted the metallic blue Lexus SC coupe she was looking for and gave a low grunt of satisfaction. She stalked over to it and shrugged Luis off her shoulder, casually holding him in the air with her long hefty fingers clutching his skull. "Please, ma'am, can you let me go now?" Luis asked, choking back a sob. He clawed futilely at her steely forearm. The woman glanced at the annoying attendant struggling in her grip and slammed his face into a concrete pillar. His jaw broke sickeningly against the cement, spraying blood and teeth. She then exerted little effort in pushing her palm into his skull, powered by those insanely thick and striated biceps and triceps bulging with ripped vascularity, Luis' bones giving with a wet crunch. She let go of the deformed half-skull and Luis fell to the ground with a gory splat.

The woman turned to the coupe with her eyes blazing, the butchered attendant already forgotten. She clenched her fist, bent down, and smashed the driver-side headlights. A trickle of blood ran down her fist where the glass sliced her. She pulled a pair of heavy gloves out of her pocket and pulled them onto her large hands. One blow from her massive fist smashed the passenger headlights. She drove her hands into the crack where the hood met the frame and violently tore the metal from its hinges. Four hard blows cracked the engine and rendered the sporty car undrivable. She gave it one last double-fisted sledgehammer and the engine chassis ripped free from the frame and collapsed to the ground with a heavy metallic clunk. "Don't need a fucking bat," she growled.



One punch shattered the windshield. Her knee, propelled by her keg-size super-powered thigh, crumpled the flimsy driver side door. With a brief flexing of her enormous biceps she ripped the door free from its hinges and tossed it through the windshield of another luxury car. She tore the driver seat free from the frame and flexing her concrete slabs of pec muscles she crushed it into a tiny ball of plastic and fabric. She slammed her gargantuan ass into what was left of the coupe's sidewall, sending the car screeching several feet to slam into the SUV parked next to it. Her steely fingers made short work of the tires. For her finale, she squatted down, braced herself, and flexing every muscle in her impossibly muscle-bloated body she lifted the tiny car over her shoulders, then threw it across the lot. With a lusty sigh she blew a strand of sweaty blonde hair out of her eyes and gazed with satisfaction at her handiwork, unconsciously posing with her left hand caressing her flexed billiard-ball abs and her right hand holding the back of her head in a mind-blowing bicep flex.

"What the hell? Carrie?" Thaddeus exited the elevator and looked in shock from his destroyed car to his girlfriend's bloated, sweat-soaked body to the dead parking attendant with his smushed head spilling blood and brains onto the concrete. His chest constricted in fear. "What's going on?" he gulped. She turned to him with murder in her eyes. He finally found his feet and high-tailed it for the elevator.



A low growl emanating from her thick throat, Carrie slowly lumbered over to the elevator doors, but not before taking out her cell phone and snapping a few quick pictures of the carnage, the destroyed cars and the dead attendant. She found it darkly amusing that Tad thought he could escape her. Not content simply to pry the doors open, she sank her fists into the metal on either side of the door frame and with a tremendous flex of her mighty back and arm muscles she crunched the metal and tore the doors from the frame with a horrific metallic shrieking. Thaddeus heard the noise from the elevator car and shivered, knowing he was doomed; there was no escape from his pissed-off homicidal psycho girlfriend.

The car shuddered at the impact of her excessive weight slamming onto the roof. She slammed her fists through the roof and ripped the metal back. She dropped into the car and casually put her fist through the control panel. The elevator lurched to a stop. Carrie turned to her boyfriend, quivering in the corner. She wrinkled her nose at the sight of his wet pants.

"You're pathetic, you two-timing shithead," she spat without preamble.

"Carrie, please, you're angry, I can see that, what happened..."



"Save it, asshole," she cut him off with a growl. "How fucking stupid do you have to be to cheat on me? You must have figured out what I do for a living. You think the fact we were fucking is gonna save you?" She cracked her knuckles with an evil grin. "It just means I'm going to enjoy this more."

She advanced on the quivering businessman with a slow sadistic pace, feeding off his fear. "Oh god please no please Carrie don't hurt me..." he babbled. She caught his hand almost gently and pushed it against hers, the comparison laughable, her long, thick, strong fingers more than twice the length and breadth of his. Just her palm nearly spanned the length of his whole hand. She slowly, cruelly enveloped his hand in her fist and squeezed, feeling the bones shift under the skin to accommodate the pressure, finally reaching the breaking point as she used a small fraction of her unimaginable strength to crush her boyfriend's fist. He screamed in pain as his fist crunched in her grip, the bones smashing and jagged fragments tearing through his skin, a squelching sound coming from the useless pulp as Carrie's forearms bulged with crushing power, blood leaking between her fingers. She smothered his cries in her enormous chest, long nipples tenting her top as she got off on torturing the helpless man.

Carrie released Tad's mangled fist and licked the blood from her fingers. She gently caressed his sobbing face with one hand and leaned down to kiss him softly. Her other hand went down his pants, easily tearing the weak wool and cotton fabric, and fondled his dick until her ministrations dulled the pain and he grew hard in her grip. "Carrie, I'm sorry, please forgive me," he sobbed. She shushed him with a playful peck on the forehead. She clutched his crotch in her huge powerful hand and slowly lifted him up to eye level by his balls. He cried in new torment.



She looked him in the eyes and shook her head slowly. "I think you've used this enough," she whispered.

"OH GOD NO PLEASE DON'T DO IT OH SHIT OH SHIT" *Squelch* his balls burst in a bloody implosion, followed quickly by his dick, blood and flesh oozing from her fingers in a horrific gory paste. Carrie laughed and slammed her gigantic firm tits into his face, slamming his head against the wall and smothering him in her cleavage. She pushed his head down into her sweaty flesh and kept him trapped there, suffocating him.



She pulled her fist away, tearing his privates off in a bloody spray. She pushed her blood-soaked fingers into her shorts and masturbated as she destroyed the pathetic eunuch who used to be her boyfriend. When his struggles ceased she reluctantly released him. He fell to the floor, unconscious. She pulled her hand from her sizzling hot juicy pussy and licked the girl cream from her fingers.

Her shorts dropped to the ground, revealing her pink hairless pussy in its pristine perfection. She pulled his head into her crotch and rubbed herself on his face, pushing her thick pink clit against his nose, slick wet labia coating his chin with sticky white strands. Eventually she grew bored and slapped him awake, each thunderous blow cracking bones in his jaw. He looked up at her in glazed, painful terror. "Eat me," she commanded simply, engulfing his neck in her enormous thighs, holding him in place.



His tongue snaked out and began licking her frantically. She moaned in pleasure. Her steely fingers reached behind to grab his shoulders and pinched in, puncturing skin and bone as easily as tissue paper. "Continue!" she commanded when he stopped licking to scream, the vibrations lost in the undulating sea of thigh muscle. She came violently, clenching her fists, tearing through his shoulders. She brought her fists up in a massive double biceps flex, still gripping his severed arms. Blood poured out of the wounds and spilled onto her magnificent chest and mammoth biceps, pooling on the elevator floor. Her thighs bloated with muscle, instantly crushing him unconscious again.

Carrie's chest heaved as she slowly came down from her orgasmic high. She tossed his useless arms away and squatted, letting his body slip out of her thighs. She checked his pulse and debated whether to pluck out his eyes and tongue and rip off his legs, but decided she rather liked the thought of him walking around armless, able to see his disfigurement. She reached into his mouth, knocking loose most of his teeth with her massive hand, and grabbed his tongue. She pulled it out, his mouth quickly filling with blood. She gazed at the fleshy tongue in her fist. "Well, I guess I'm the last girl you'll ever pleasure," she said, gently patting his bloody face. "Poor baby." She lifted him by one leg and used electrical wiring to hang him upside down. His blood wouldn't choke him, but if he wasn't rescued soon he would die of blood loss.

Carrie pulled her blood-soaked shorts on and took out her cell phone. She snapped a few pictures of him as his blood dripped to the floor. She grabbed the back of his head and roughly kissed his bloody lips. "You're getting off lucky," she reassured the unconscious, nearly dead man.



She sent the pictures off to her friend Lori for her own amusement. Moments later a text message came back, "Dam grl u r 2 xtreme lol! luv and kisses". Carrie laughed.

She punched her way out of the elevator, ending up on the seventh level. She placed a quick emergency call telling the operator where to find Tad, then ripped the public phone from the wall just for fun. She looked down at her gore-splattered body and blood-soaked clothes and grimaced. Not very inconspicuous. Just then a small young man came huffing out of the stairwell near Carrie, muttering "Damn broken elevator." He stopped short at the sight of the dripping red muscle giant.

"What the..." he started to back away but Carrie quickly threw a friendly arm over his shoulder.

"Transportation problem solved," she announced cheerfully. "What's your name, sweetheart?"

"Um, uh, Neil," the small, slender, nerdy-looking man stammered, heart racing. What was going on? Was that blood dripping from her? Whose?



"I tell you what, Neil. You seem like a nice guy and all, and I'm in a bit of a hurry, so how about I ride with you? I can be very grateful," she purred, rubbing a huge fist over his swelling crotch. The guy liked muscles, convenient for her. Feeling like he was in a dream, he walked the hulking blonde muscle beauty to his car, her gigantic arm warm and reassuringly hard around him. She slid into the passenger seat, pushing it all the way back to accommodate her height and bulk. There was barely room in the car for him, but he squeezed in next to her, her giant boobs in his face. Before he started the car she wrapped her thick arm around his head and drew him to her lips, kissing him playfully. "So Neil, what do you do?" she whispered.

"Um, I'm an IT guy. Banking networks mostly."

Carrie smiled. "Sounds perfect." She shifted her enormous mass around so she could lower her head between his stomach and the steering wheel. She would be invisible to anyone casually glancing in, but if they looked down they would see a gore-streaked sea of bulky, bulging muscle woman. "I told you I can be grateful. Why don't you just drive us back to your place?" she murmured gently, pulling his pants open. Her tongue teased the tip of his swollen dick.



"Just drive, baby, just drive." Her mouth enveloped his dick in liquid fire as he started the car. He couldn't believe this was happening, it was too much like a dream, so he went with it, pulling out of the parking garage as an ambulance went screaming in.

Carrie gave him the best two blowjobs of his life as he drove home in an orgasmic daze. She would probably kill him once they reached his apartment, but maybe not. Her moods were fickle, and she found him kind of cute. Who knows, maybe...

THE END

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