

THE FACILITY (Part One)

- a SeldomLasts story -

(amysconquest.com)



Ever since he'd worked here, Peter had been attracted to his young, beautiful, dangerous ward. He'd been warned many times against getting close enough to touch her, and he could see why. Though she was only five years old, she was five-feet, one hundred and fifty pounds of pure, muscular predator. You could see it in her beautiful, cold, exotic green eyes; the slightly arrogant, taunting parting of the large, soft red lips in the stunning moon face; the massive, rippling biceps and forearms; the ridged, hard abdominals underneath huge, mounded breasts and erect swollen nipples; the crushingly powerful thigh muscles dancing under silky skin; and the diamond-cut, gigantic calves. Every part of her body, the core of her being, emanated easy power and harsh, uncaring cruelty. This was why Peter and all the other guards were never to unlock the thick steel door penning her in, or reach through the slot where they served her meals.



She'd tempted one man before, about a half-year earlier. "Please," she had said, "I just want to feel the touch of another human being. Please just reach your hand through the slot, I will only shake it, I promise." Foolishly, against all rules, he had. She yanked it through by the hand, and with one of her own hands crushed every bone in his right arm, snapping sickeningly through skin and bone easily and with glee, giggling with each nauseating crunch. Then she had reached through, grabbed him by the neck with her other hand, and squeezed until he nearly suffocated. "I'll let you live, fucker," she had hissed, "but only because it amuses me to imagine you living the rest of your life without your right arm." She released him, and he had slumped to the floor, unconscious.

She was an experiment, of course. The CIA genetics labs designed and made her, giving her special growth hormones to realize her enormous genetic potential, and were now trying to figure out how to tame her enough to make an effective weapon, a cold-blooded killer, obedient only to her masters. So far, she recognized no master, and was not yet ready to begin training. The CIA wasn't worried, though. Her projected genetic lifespan was two hundred fifty years, so they had plenty of time. Meanwhile, they were content to sit and wait for this project to come to fruition. Codename: FELICIA. Feminine Elite Licensed Indestructible Controlled (not yet!) Ideal Agent.

Now Peter looked deep into her eyes, shivering, as he often did when he delivered her dinner. How he longed to kiss those sweet lips, to feel her firm body against him, to have those titanic, firm breasts push into his chest with each of her breaths! Usually, she just smiled evilly at him, knowing his fear. Today, though, she pushed her red lips out into a full pout, locked her eyes on him, and reached out lightning-quick and grabbed his arm as it didn't quite make it out the slot in time. His pulse quickened, his eyes closed, and he groaned involuntarily at the thought of losing his arm to this child. Only six months after he'd been chosen for this duty! After a moment, though, he felt warm, soft lips press into his forearm. He opened his eyes to see her lips caress him and her hand rub ever-so-gently along his upper arm.

"I wouldn't want to hurt you, Peter. I like you," she looked up and said. "I know how badly you want me. Why don't you just come in here and we can have a little talk?"



"I-I-I c-c-can't," he stammered out. "It's against the rules, and b-b-besides, how do I know you won't k-k-ki-ki-kill me?"

"Peter, I wouldn't want to kill you. I just want to have a talk, face to face, not through this slot. Do you know how lonely it gets in here?" she implored him.

"You know I can't, Felicia. Why are you doing this to me?" he asked, but he knew it was too late. He could feel himself being pushed over the edge by his desire for her, and his resolve wouldn't hold out much longer, fear or no fear.

Her voice took on a slightly harder edge. "C'mon, Peter. I know you want it. Now are you gonna get your chicken-shit butt in here or am I going to have to break your weak little neck?" She started to pant, kissed his arm again, and rubbed it more vigorously, but still gently.

That was it. He withdrew his arm from her grasp, unlocked the steel door, went in, and locked it behind him. He glanced up at the camera, shrugged, grinned sheepishly, unlocked the door, opened it, locked it, threw the key into the hallway, and shut the door. Then he dared to look at Felicia. She smiled slightly, walked over to her reinforced bed, and patted it. "C'mere, Pete, and have a seat." She grinned at the rhyme.



Peter had never before been in the same room as Felicia. The first thing that struck him was the overpowering, musky scent. He caught whiffs of it through the slot, but in here the pheromones were almost concentrated enough to make him cum in his pants. He looked at her immensely vascular, sweating body and heaving chest and knew that she had just been working out.

She was naked, of course; she always was. The idea of clothing hadn't caught on with her. Every muscle stood out visibly against her velvet skin, and that was a hell of a lot of muscle. She had an incredibly muscular physique which her enormous breasts and beautiful moon face only helped to emphasize.

All of these thoughts ran through Pete's mind as he went over to the bed and sat down beside her. "I don't really want to talk, you know," she said. "We can do that easily enough through the intercom. But I do get lonely, and I thought you might, well, you know, help me to be...not lonely." She gently closed her hand around his wrist and brought his hand over to push slightly against one heaving breast. He gave a slight squeeze, but the breast didn't give at all. She grinned slightly, and with her other hand opened up his pants. Her already swollen nipples pushed out even more, until they looked like little torpedoes ready to launch from her cantelope-sized breasts.



She easily pushed him back onto the bed and stripped off all his clothing. She crawled up his body, slowly dragging her nipples up across his stomach and chest. She planted a wet, deep kiss directly on his mouth with her red, warm, moist lips. Her tongue stabbed far into his mouth and her hand gripped the back of his skull so tightly he thought she might crush his skull then and there. The kiss lasted a long time. He tried to gasp for breath, but her mouth still covered his and her tongue blocked his air passages.



He started to struggle, but it was about as effective as flying a kite in a hurricane. Before he lost consciousness, he felt her nipples dig painfully hard into his chest. The last thing he felt was her thighs wrapping gently around his middle, then blackness descended.

He awoke to find his head nestled on her gently heaving breasts, just above the swollen nipples. Her left hand slowly stroked up and down along his stomach while her right moved between her thighs, pulsing in and out of her pussy. She looked down when she felt him move and smiled, revealing perfect white teeth between luscious red lips. She bent her head down to kiss him once again, far more gently than before. Her right hand travelled farther down his stomach into his genital region, where it closed in a firm grasp on his throbbing erection. She pumped it up and down, and before long was rewarded with a spray of sticky white fluid. She collected it all in her hand, then brought it over his body to join her right hand between her thighs. She rubbed it over her thighs, which were becoming increasingly broad and tight as she became more aroused.

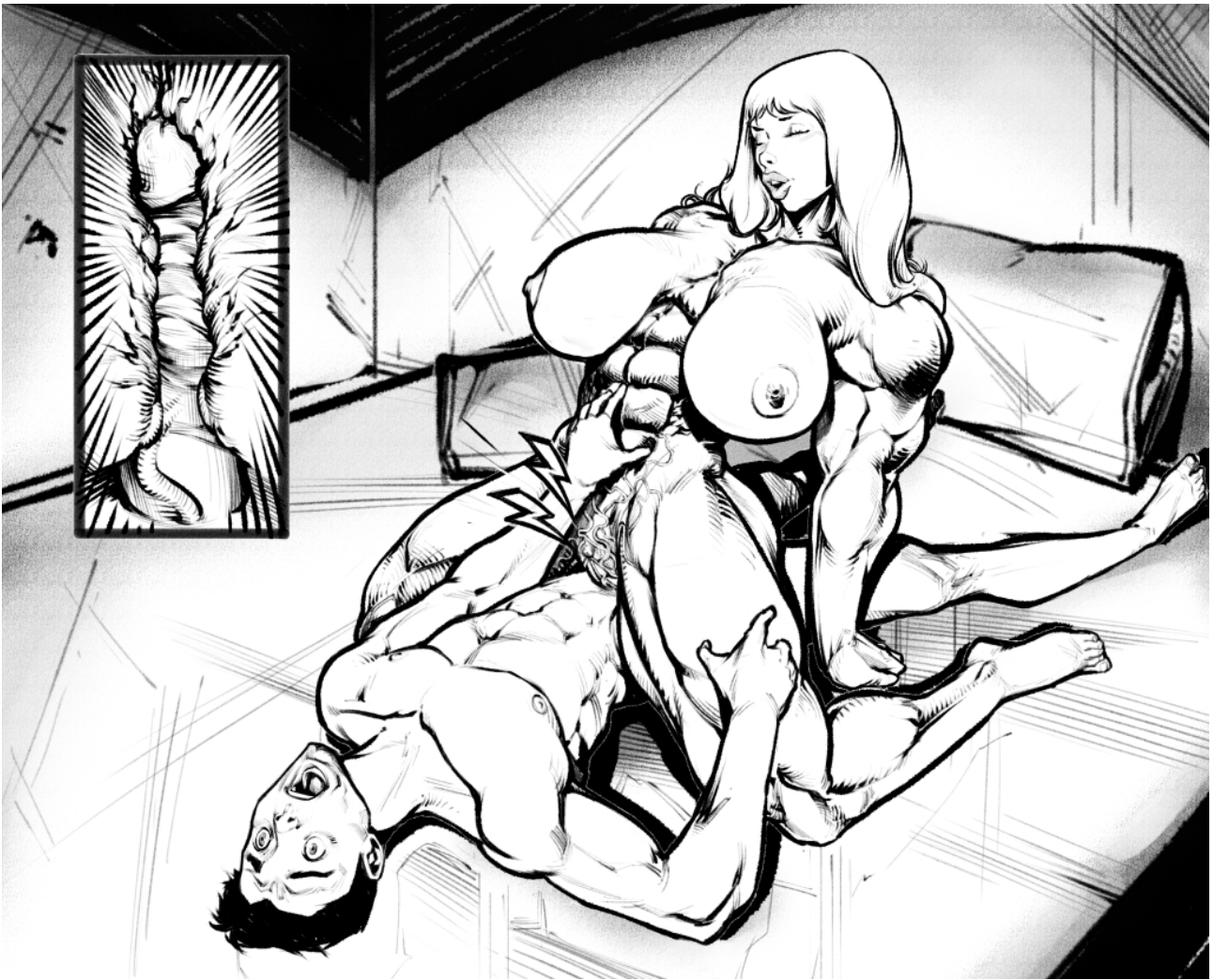


Easily lifting his body and turning it over with her thick, muscular arms, she brought his cock up to rest between her huge breasts. She grabbed his buttocks, one in each hand, and rubbed his cock increasingly vigorously against her tit flesh until he unloaded, again and again. Then, ignoring his gasps of pain, she lifted his body completely into the air and brought it up her body, until his cock was level with her open, inviting mouth. She shoved it far in, completely enveloping his cock in her inferno-like mouth. She pushed in and pulled out until he came once more. She sucked, gently at first, then harder, and then finally until he screamed in pain as the suction force of her mouth threatened to tear off his cock and balls. Satisfied that she had milked every last drop, she easily tossed him aside to rub his cum over her massive biceps and forearms.

She turned towards him then and gave her accustomed predatory smile. "You know, I really liked you," she said. "Nothing personal, but it just wouldn't do to let you live now. It would spoil my reputation." He stared at her in terror, realizing that now came the moment that had been inevitable since the first time he came to work here, the moment when she snuffed out his life as easily and carelessly as he would an ant's. "Unless..." she began. "Do you think you could become hard again?" The smile became wider and softer, and she kissed him again, her cum-soaked tongue spearing into the back of his throat even farther than before.

Incredibly, his cock became engorged with blood once more, perhaps buying him a few more minutes of life. "That's a good boy," she said, and brought her hips over his. Her cum-shined thighs wrapped around his hips and her unbelievably tight vagina worked its way over his throbbing cock. She straightened her back and flexed her biceps in total domination of him. He reached his arms up to run his hands over the cum-slicked, eighteen inch biceps.





He screamed in pain as she suddenly speared his cock deeper into her tight vagina, rupturing her still-intact hymen. She moaned in pleasure, her mouth assuming its standard slightly parted, cruel, arrogant taunting position in her staggeringly gorgeous face. The brown hair framing it made it seem even more pale and beautiful. But all of this failed to register to Peter. His cock was being ground to mush in the pulsing constrictions of her vaginal canal. Her dense pussy muscles hammered mercilessly into his cock, and she started to giggle girlishly as she felt his cock begin to ooze like paste in her pussy.

His screams reached a terrifying crescendo that only served to increase her feeling of pleasurable domination. Her pulsing constrictions sucked up his balls to join his bloody, mangled cock in her pussy as she stopped riding for one intense, squeezing orgasm. She quickly flipped onto her back, supporting his body as if it weighed no more than a matchstick between her twenty-eight inch thighs. Her pussy ground into him, mashing his balls and cock into one bloody, disgusting concoction as she came in a torrent of scalding-hot cream.

But that was as nothing compared to the pressure her thighs pounded against his hips. Her gigantic, superhumanly strong thighs ground his pelvis to a bloody paste between them, which she rubbed back and forth, drenching her entire lower body in his blood. Several ribs and both femurs snapped like twigs from their proximity to the pulsing, deadly thighs that ground his middle harder into her sopping pussy. She had truly scissored him in half, his body dead from the waist down.



"God, that was fantastic," she breathed as she released his body from her deadly embrace. He was still breathing, she saw, but barely. Anyway, there was no medical treatment that could save him now. The most she could give him was a quick death. For a moment, sympathy almost won out in her as she considered simply crushing his skull in her powerful hands. But a sadistic grin spread across her face and she thought, "Wait, there's still one thing left to do."

Peter came to, pain too intense to bear somehow becoming bearable. He realized that Felicia's huge, firm breasts were rubbing gently against his face. He moaned, not even able to scream in pain any more. Every breath hurt tremendously. Even though his lungs were still intact, his crushed ribcage still exerted a painful pressure against them. She smiled as he moaned, and kissed him for the last time. "The next kiss I give you, baby, will be with my cunt lips. You'll lick them for me, won't you, Peter? You have no idea how much pleasure this brings to me, feeling your weak body break and bend and tear in mine, hearing your agonized screams and knowing that I caused them. I think I love you, Peter. And I promise, I won't hurt you too much this time." It was true. She intended to grind his skull between her thighs the same way she had his pelvis. Only this time, he wouldn't survive or even be conscious for very long.

She brought her huge, cum-soaked thighs up to wrap around his head and began to squeeze rhythmically. His mouth found her sopping-wet, cream-soaked pussy and he licked and drank as eagerly as he could. Soon, his tongue apparently gave her the release she sought, for she came again, drowning him in scalding fluid, quelling his screams as it burned down his throat.



Her thighs expanded against his skull as she scissored down with more than human force. His cranium began to grind in her thighs, making the stream of her cunt cream begin to come out in a flood. She stopped the pulsing of her thighs and hammered down with hundreds of pounds of force directly into his skull, grinding it flat and causing his brains to ooze out on either side, slowly trickling out from between her vascular thighs.

She sighed at his dead body as she slowly unhinged her legs. Pieces of flesh, blood and bone stuck to her thighs, and she scraped them off with a sigh. All that was left of Peter was a pulpy carcass, to be cleaned up by the next person brave enough, or stupid enough, to enter her room. Maybe they would do so alone. If so...Felicia smiled at the thought of yet another man to play with, her muscles dancing under her skin as erotic, torturous thoughts crossed her sick mind.

THE END

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