

HANNAH

- a SeldomLasts story -

(amysconquest.com)



I felt the familiar tingling in my crotch. She wanted him bad. I did too. "Patience, little one," I murmured.

"What?" Steve looked up from the menu, smiling. He was so cute! It made my heart skip a beat.

"Nothing, just trying to decide what to order," I said.

"Oh." He looked back down. He was so shy! I sighed. He looked up again.

I decided to play with him. I stretched my arms up behind my head, the straps of my dress disappearing between my bowling-ball shoulders and thick corded neck. He licked his lips, staring at my arms. I knew what he liked. I clasped my hands together and brought them down towards my head, flexing my huge biceps. They expanded, every muscle standing thick and proud, the criss-crossed veins standing out as they delivered blood to my flexed rippling muscles.



He caught me watching him and looked away, embarrassed. "What," I teased.

"You're so pretty," he said in an awed whisper.

My heart melted. "Aww, Steve. You're cute," I said. His face flushed.

I usually wear baggy clothes to school, so not a lot of guys know how muscular I am. I mean, I don't try to hide it, but I don't flaunt it, either. Some girls in the locker room have noticed and commented. None of them want to go to bed with me, though. It's a hard life.

The couple of times I've worn shorts and short-sleeves, or a dress crawls up my leg revealing my thick calves, I've noticed Steve staring at my arms and legs. It's not just that they're muscular, they're also very thick. I'm just built big, and working out has converted some of that bigness into huge, rippling, powerful muscles. Must be the German stock in me.



He came up to me after class and asked me out. He's Steve, so of course it took him a while to get around to the actual asking. He made a valiant effort to look at my face and not my chest, a task I didn't make any easier by deliberately breathing hard. My tits are nothing spectacular, just B-cups, but they're mounted on my over-developed pecs, so they're high and proud and look fantastic. I was wearing a V-neck shirt that day, unusual for me, so my cleavage was visible. At 5'10, he's quite a bit taller than my 5'5, so he got a great shot almost all the way down, which he didn't take advantage of. Such a gentleman! I think that's part of why I like him so much.

He eventually stopped mumbling about whatever it was he thought he was talking about and got to the point. "So, ah, um, there's this new dance club opening downtown this weekend, and, um, I was wondering if you wanted to go."

It's a good thing I like him, or at this point I could have begged out. Instead, I gave him my sweetest puzzled frown. "With you?" I asked. I watched him steel himself for rejection. I liked the way he squirmed, it was adorable. "Like, on a date?" His eyes darted left and right, wondering if anybody was watching us. Finally I had mercy. "Oh Steve, I'd love to!"

"Really?" he asked. I smiled brightly and nodded my head. He looked relieved and pathetically happy, like a dog about to go on a walk. "Great, so, um, I'll pick you up tomorrow, like around seven?" I said sure and he fled. Watching him walk quickly away, I felt my crotch throb. Okay, girl, I told her. We're gonna have fun this weekend.

I was wearing my favorite dress, a sexy black one that bared my arms and shoulders but covered my chest. It flowed down to my heels. Steve and I had ordered our food and he sat staring at his plate, every once in a while glancing at me.



"You can stare. It's okay, I don't mind," I told him. He squirmed, embarrassed. He finally looked at me. I pursed my lips in a sexy pout. He started breathing harder. I inhaled, thrusting my chest out, and flexed my pecs, making my breasts dance up and down under my dress. I flexed my arms, slowly rotating them, letting him stare at every corded muscle. "What do you think, am I strong?" He nodded. "Stronger than you?" I brought my arms to my chest, expanding my biceps to their full flex, the mass of muscle stretching my skin. He nodded again. "I think so, too," I said.

I extended my leg under the table until my foot rubbed against his shin. He jumped, startled, then settled down as my foot crawled higher up his leg. Up over his thigh, then I pointed my toes, pressing my toes firmly into his crotch. I felt what I wanted to feel. "You like my muscles, don't you?" I whispered. He nodded.

"I think you're beautiful, Hannah," he said, looking at me in awe.

She was going to start dripping soon. His lust for me excited her. I flexed my huge thighs, rubbing them together, the friction in my wide rotating hips nearly bringing me to orgasm.



The food arrived, lasagna for me and some sort of weird pasta dish for Steve. She calmed down a bit, letting me think straight. We had usual dinner-time conversation, boring stuff, actually. Steve's a year ahead of me. He's really smart and told me about the colleges he had applied to. Harvard, Yale, MIT, the usual. I told him what a dummy I am, struggling to pass math. He laughed and said he didn't think I was dumb. He told me I was lovely.

Lovely! I love you, Steve.

I grabbed his hand and pulled him out of his chair. He was surprised by my strength. I guess I'm stronger than I look, and I look very strong. I led him to the dance floor.

"I don't really know how to dance," he said.

I grinned at him. "You don't have to. You just move sexy." I started swaying, rocking my hips back and forth, slowly approaching him. I extended my arms around his neck and looked up into his eyes.

"I think you've got the sexy part down," he said.



"I know," I told him. I entwined my body around his, pulling him in close to me, thrusting my hips against his pelvis. We looked like we were having sex on the dance floor.

In short, we looked like all the other "dancing" couples.

My body guided him, dominating him, pushing him around the dance floor. His slender frame was agile, easily bending to my demands. My arms slid lower, embracing his ribs. I started to flex, pulling him in closer, feeling his ribs bend to my will. I could easily crush him right here. How little effort it would take to simply squeeze him to death, his back yielding to my superior arms, snapping his ribs like kindling against my chest...I was breathing hard and dripping, now.

"Can't...breathe..." Steve whispered into my ear. Oops! I hadn't even noticed how much I was hurting him. It was so easy for me. I'd better be careful. I didn't want to break him. Not yet.

"Sorry, honey, I just love feeling you against me so much. Let me know when I get carried away," I whispered into his ear. I nibbled at his lobe, pulling him down to me, gnawing on his ear. I stuck my tongue in, giving his ear a slow erotic tongue wash. His hardness poked against my hip and I smiled, my soft lips plush against his ear. My hard sensitive nipples dug into his chest.



"I love how strong you are, I had no idea," he moaned into my ear. He ran his hands over my huge biceps, feebly trying to squeeze them, not able to make a dent.

"I know," I whispered back. "I have to make an effort not to squeeze you too hard. You're just so cute!" I longed to feel my arms slicing through his middle, breaking his ribs, squishing his organs, blood erupting from his mouth onto my shoulder...Break him! she demanded. Not now, I told her firmly.

We danced like that for hours, occasionally taking a break. My panties were thoroughly soaked. My pussy wanted him so much! I ground down on his thighs and hips all the time we danced, stimulating my clit against him, bringing myself to small orgasms. I teased him the whole time, keeping him hard, rubbing his erection against my hips and cupping it in my hands.

"I didn't know you were so...sexual," he said when it was almost time for the club to close. The clock read 1:50. We had danced for four hours! I lost track of how many orgasms I had.

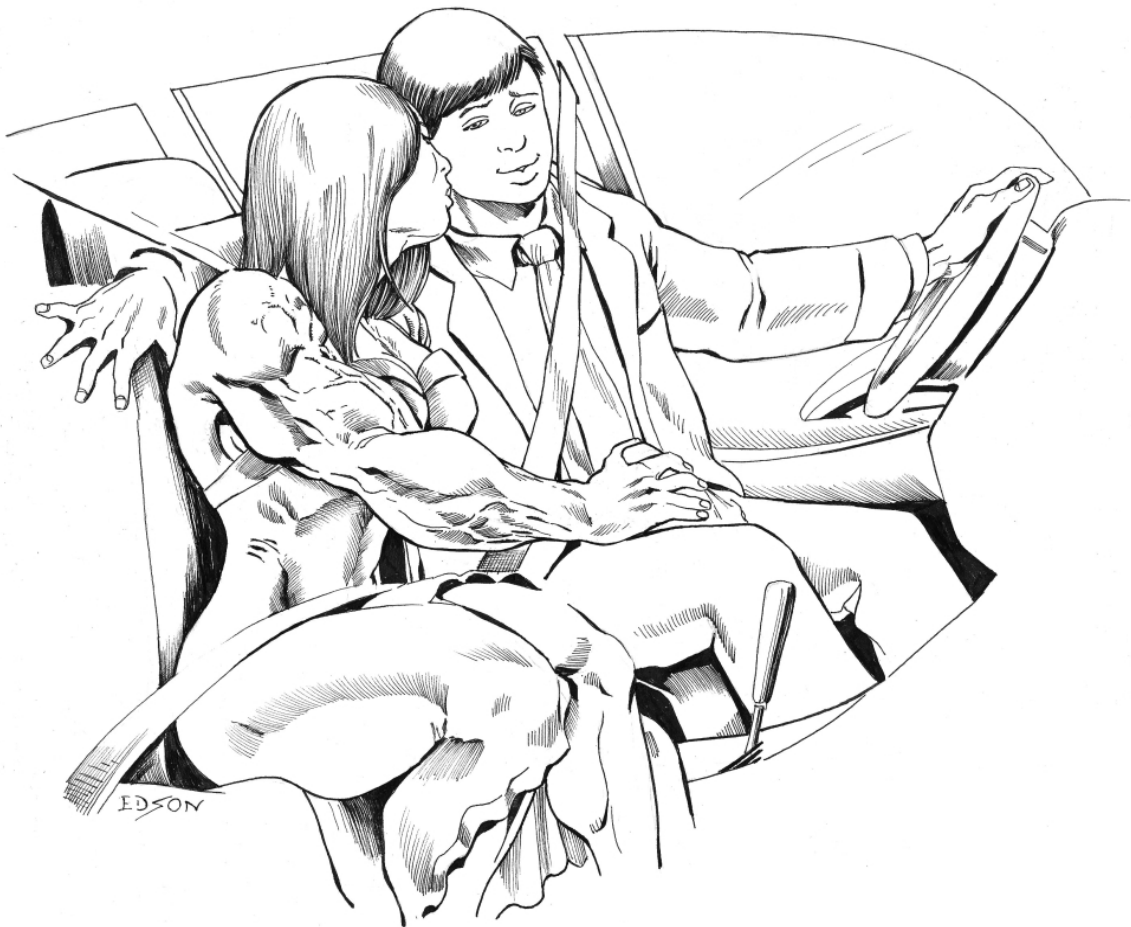
"You're so handsome," I moaned into his ear. "I love feeling your soft weak little body against me, so frail. My huge muscles could break you so easily. Would you like that?"

"What?" He looked scared. It was cute.

"I want you, Steve!" I told him. I pushed my crotch into his. "She wants you, too."

He still wasn't expecting me to be so overtly sexual. I was blowing him away. This was not the Hannah he knew from school! He liked it, though, I could tell he did. He liked me.

I kissed him, a deep, dominant kiss. I pulled his head down, easily overcoming his puny resistance. I thrust my tongue deep into his mouth. I chewed on his lips.



"Wow," he said when I finally broke off the kiss. He gasped for air. No! I told her. It was an effort not to drag him to the floor and fuck him brainless right then. I gripped him firmly around the waist and nearly dragged him to his car, a nice blue Ford Probe.

Once we were in the car I stroked his bulging crotch. He caught my hand in his and brought it up to his mouth. He kissed it. He reached over and stroked my cheek. I leaned in close to him and kissed his lips, sucking on them, raw animal passion in my eyes. He didn't push me away, he just resisted. Slow down, girl, I told myself. I pulled away slowly.

"You are the most beautiful girl I've ever seen," he whispered. Tears of happiness filled my eyes. "And I love your muscles. I'm in awe of your body. You're so perfect! I think you're the strongest person I've ever met, guy or girl. I want you." I was so hot and horny, very ready for him. He could have taken me to the back seat at any point. I fantasized about it, about holding his pelvis in my big legs, feeling his bones snap in my thighs...I pulled myself back to the present.

"But I don't just think you're pretty. I don't just want your body. You're so sexy and wonderful and sweet...I've thought about you every day since sophomore year, thought about what it would be like to be with you, to touch you, just to watch you. Your strength and beauty captivate me. I want to spend every moment with you." Tell me you wouldn't do anything for him after that! I told you he was sweet. It wasn't just a line, either, I know how he is with his girlfriends.



We pulled up to my house. "Come in," I told him. He looked apprehensively at the dark house. I slid my hand along his thigh. "My parents are gone until Wednesday, some sort of business trip. Please come in."

I let him into the house, turning on the lights as we made our way to the kitchen. "You want something to drink?" I asked.

"Some water would be great. I'm thirsty," he said. I was, too; we sweated a lot at the club.

I hopped onto the counter and sipped. I watched him. He looked around, at the refrigerator, the door, the counter...at everything but me. I slowly licked the rim of my glass. That got his attention. I flexed my arms, veins sticking out on bulging muscles. I extended my legs, hooking my feet around his backside, drawing him in to me. I put down my glass and licked my lips, grinning at him beneath my light brown hair.

"You're aggressive," he said.

I pulsed my thighs around his waist. "Is that bad?" I asked.

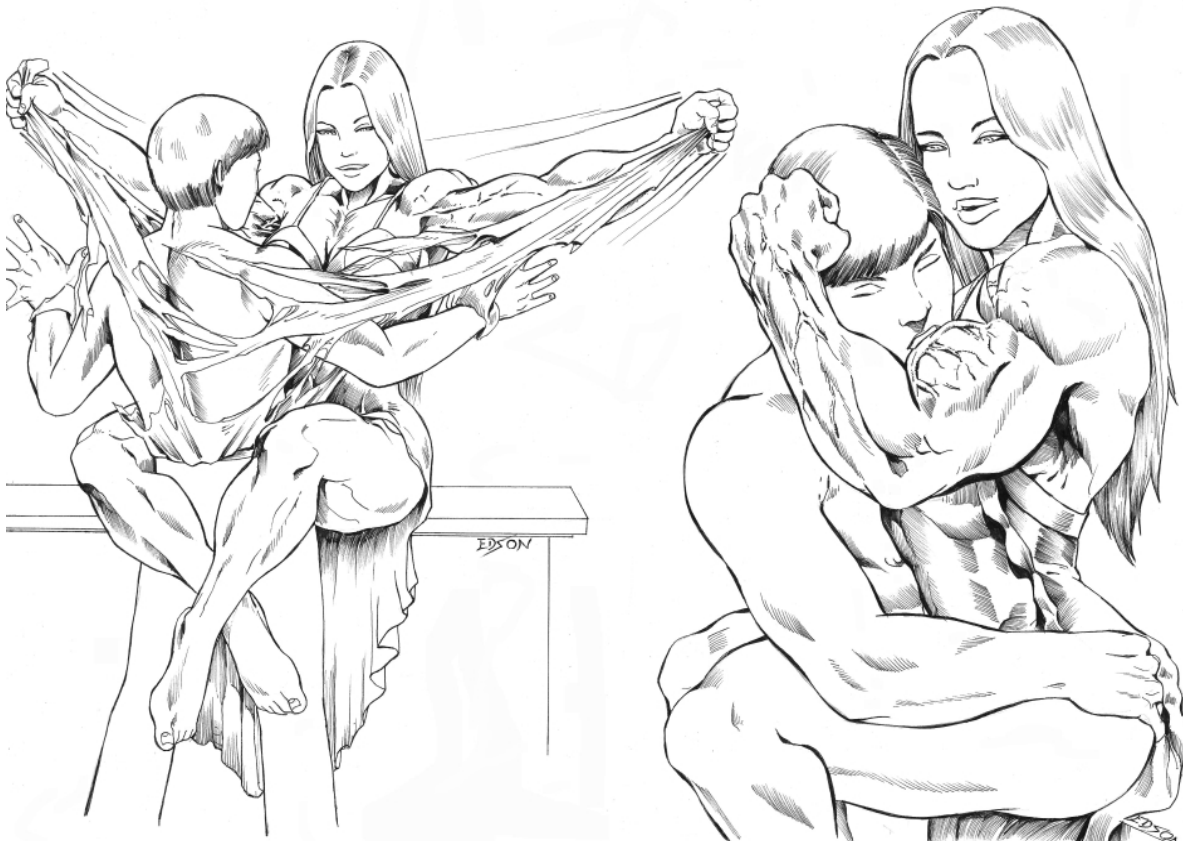
"No, it definitely isn't," he said. His hands roamed over my dress, feeling the thick bulges of my thighs. I wrapped my arms around him, drawing him close. I kissed him again. I tried to break it off, but he suddenly grabbed the back of my head and kissed me back, sticking his tongue into my mouth. I accepted, sucking and licking his tongue.

"So you wanna play rough, eh?" I said when he pulled out.

"I don't think I could compete," he laughed.

"No, you couldn't," I said. "I would snap you in two!"

"I'll bet," he agreed.



I grabbed the folds of his shirt and pulled, my big arms flexing, every striated muscle straining against my skin. The fabric tore easily in my grip and I flung the shredded remains of his shirt and undershirt to the floor.

"Wow," he breathed. He lowered his head to my shoulders and licked and caressed my biceps. I loved the feeling of his soft warm lips on my hard muscles. I moaned and squirmed erotically, flexing my huge thighs, squeezing them into his hips. My hands roamed over his back, squeezing him, dominating him. He yelped as I squeezed. I ignored his pain, molding his soft body like putty in my strong hands.

I pushed him upright and hopped to the floor. I scratched his chest and bit his nipples.

"I think you are getting rough," he laughed.

"You have no idea," I growled. "I want you!"

"What, right here?" he teased. He backed away playfully. I stalked closer.

"You want to see something? It might scare you," I said.

"Okay," he said.



I stood in the middle of the kitchen, concentrating. I flexed and flexed, willing my muscles to expand, breathing deeply in, flexing my biceps, my forearms, my bulging neck, my solid pecs, pushing my firm tits against the thin black fabric of my dress. My abs firmed up and developed deep striations, balling into eggs of muscle, the ridges strong enough to crush fingers. I should know, I've listened to many men scream as I've pulverized his hand in my abs.

My incredibly powerful body expanded, muscles popping out of muscles. Slowly the tight fabric ripped, splitting down the back. I held my breath and focused, pushing, more, more, more! The dress was no match for my body. I let it fall to the floor.

I stood before Steve in only my pumps and lacy white underwear. My huge upper-body was pulsing and rippling with power. I looked at him from lowered lids and smiled, a terrifying feral smile. He backed away, frightened.

"Mine!" I growled and pounced. I wrapped my huge arms around him and easily held him in the air. He squirmed and whimpered, trying to escape my grip. He pounded on my huge biceps. I simply squeezed until he lost his breath. I felt my rippling biceps bend his ribs. "It would be so easy to break you," I said in a low, sexy voice. "I would just squeeze with a fraction of my strength. I'd enjoy listening to every rib crack." I let go with my right arm, holding him in the air with only my left bicep crushing into him. I lowered my hand to my panties, sliding them off, releasing her. My hard nipples pushed into his chest.



"It's such a turn-on to hold you like this. You're helpless. I can do anything I want to you. What should I do? My nipples would love to feel your ribs snap under them. Oh, yessss, struggle, mmm, I love it when men do that." I bit my lip. "But I have to wait. She wants you, Steve. She wants you, and I'm going to feed you to her. Slowly. Painfully. I love listening to your screams. Scream!" I sent a jolt of power through my arm, almost snapping a rib. He tried to scream but didn't have enough air.

I undid his pants, sliding them to the floor. I released his dick from his boxers. It stood at attention. It was huge! I had never seen such a monster. And it throbbed, waiting for me. All for me. He was scared shitless by me, but excited, too. I rubbed his tremendous cock over my muscle-engorged upper body. "You like this, don't you, like being controlled by a girl, like knowing I could break you at any moment. Could your big-titted Shannon do this?" I pulled his body all the way up, trapping his dick in my pecs and flexing them, squeezing his erection between my rock-solid muscles and firm breasts.

"No," he gasped. I let him regain his breath, easily holding him aloft. He stroked my big arms and soft hair. "I had no idea you were so big, and so strong. You're huge!" He continued stroking me. I moaned. "I really like this, but you're not really going to hurt me, are you? I mean, break anything."

I smiled up at him. "Fooled you, huh? I like this too, it's so easy. You feel light to me! I could hurt you really easily, couldn't I?"



He nodded. "Yeah, be careful, please."

I shifted my hands and slowly pressed him over my head with one hand on his chest, the other firmly gripping one of his legs. I pressed him up and down countless times. He looked down at the mountainous peaks of my biceps in awe.

"Holy shit," he breathed. "How strong are you?"

"Strong enough to break you. Strong enough to do whatever I want to your wimpy little body," I said huskily. I lowered him and put my mouth on his swollen dick. I gently sucked on the large head, feeling it throb in my soft lips. I slowly lowered him, bathing his enormous cock with my tongue. I lowered until I felt the tip bump into the back of my throat. I had a little over half his cock in my mouth. It must have been almost a foot long, and thick and meaty, too.

I arched my neck, creating a tunnel with my throat. I lowered him until he was all the way in, the huge throbbing tip lodged deep in my bulging muscular neck.

"Oh my God," he moaned. I swallowed, contracting my neck, pulsing the wall around the tip of his head. I felt it spasm in my throat, so close to releasing. I sucked painfully hard on his cock, squeezing the tip with my throat, pulsing my tongue along the shaft.

"Noo I can't sstop..." he struggled to get free, but where could he go? I held him firmly in place and swallowed again. He released into me, the giant cock spasming uncontrollably as it released his hot fluid deep in my throat. I felt the slimy substance burn its way down to my stomach. Spurt after spurt blasted in the hot, tight confines of my throat.

He tried to pull out after he blew his load, but I wouldn't release him. I kept sucking on his great cock. He yelped and writhed in pain; his cock was sensitive after its release and he didn't want me touching it. Too bad, I was the one holding him five feet off the ground. After a few minutes of pulsing my throat around the sensitive head, his refraction ended and he was hard again. Only then did I release him from my mouth, slowly raising him higher into the air. My slimy saliva coated his fat cock.

"Mmm, you have such a wonderful dick. I had no idea it was so big," I moaned. I lowered him to my chest, cradling his naked body lovingly in my thick arms. His cock poked at my chest, leaving slime trails over my high firm tits.

He looked embarrassed. "Well I don't exactly advertise it."

I kissed the hard tip, letting my lips linger. "Why the big secret?" I asked.

He laughed. "I'm nothing special, you know. I do okay. It's just when I make love I want to know you like me and not my little dude."

So sweet! So adorable. "Aww," I breathed. "You are special, Steve, you have no idea."

He stroked my cheek, smiling up at me. His other hand roamed my huge forearms and biceps, tracing over the veins and finally along my thick pecs and over my soft, sensitive breasts. "Well, thanks. You're not so bad yourself, Hannah."

I grinned. "Oh, I'm pretty naughty. You really don't know how bad I am. I don't think you'd like it."

"Try me," he said. I laughingly shook my head.

"Can I ask a favor?" he said hesitantly. I nodded. "I hate asking this, since you just gave me the most fantastic blowjob I've ever had." I grinned. "It's just that I've never seen biceps like yours. They're so solid and big and smooth. I want to, well, it's a little embarrassing."



I shifted his body so his lips were in reach of mine. I kissed him, a long, slow, lingering kiss. "Of course I'll give you a 'cepjob." He looked surprised. I laughed. "I know you like my muscles. You haven't exactly been subtle. You think you're the only one?"

He frowned, looking hurt. "I'm sorry," I said. "You're the most wonderful man I've ever been with. I really do like you." I lowered him to the floor and knelt in front of him. I released a huge gob of spit into my hand and rubbed along my massive right bicep and forearm.

I slowly brought my arm up, flexing. The huge, hard peaks of my bicep almost met my thick vascular forearms. He pushed his fat head into the small space between my thick, corded biceps and striated forearms. He thrust, slowly at first, then faster as lust overtook him. I smiled up at him and saw his tongue hanging out, eyes rolled back into his head. I giggled. I flexed, squeezing his shaft tight, then relaxed. I repeated this flexing, gratified by his hard thrusting and moans of pleasure.



His cock began to jerk and his thrusts became irregular. I reached over and firmly pressed the tip, forcing him to stop and wait. He moaned and struggled. I danced the muscles of my biceps while holding the tip. I realized from his uncontrollable thrashing that he was having an orgasm without cumming. I did that to him! It was so cool!

I flexed hard, bringing my bicep and forearm together. He yelped in pain, begging me to stop. I ignored him, rolling his great fat cock between my bicep and forearm. It was getting all purplish and icky, so I stopped. I stood up. He collapsed into me. I easily supported his weight with my powerful arms. Now! she said. Now, I agreed.

He looked at me. I gave him a savage, terrifying grin and dominantly kissed him, thrusting my tongue deep into his mouth. "I've been nice," I said. "Now it's time for me to be naughty." He grinned weakly, not knowing what I had in store.

I tightened my arms around him. The rush started, the feeling of incredible power I get whenever I'm about to break a man. The knowledge that he can't escape, that I can do whatever I want to him and he can't stop me, it's such a turn-on. I was ready to hear Steve scream in pain now, to hear his begs for mercy as I crushed his puny body. Tonight would be extra special because Steve was special, so sweet and wonderful. It would be fun breaking him, crushing the perfect gentleman.

I squeezed my arms around him, a python tightening her grip around her prey. Yes! she cried. She wanted to hear him break, to hear me crush him easily in my powerful, inescapable embrace.

Steve was frightened by the look in my eyes and the increasing pressure of my arms. "Um, Hannah?" he said. "Hannah, this is starting to hurt. What are you doing? Hannah!!!"

I jolted my arms, pulling my hands toward my chest with only his weak little body in the way, really nothing at all.



I growled. "It's time to break you. I like you so much, this is going to be really fun." He started to thrash in my grip. "Struggle, try to escape. You can't." I felt his ribs bend against my firm tits. My aroused nipples dug into his stomach. She started dripping. The hot liquids felt so good against my inner thighs. Soon, you can feed soon, I told her.

Snap! One of his ribs broke against my chest. He cried out. I laughed, swaying slightly, aroused by his cries of pain. I steadily increased the pressure, feeling two more ribs crunch against my mighty breasts. I pulsed my arms, toying with him.

"I came so many times tonight, dancing with you, rubbing against you. You really are handsome. So sweet, too. I think I love you." He groaned in agony. I giggled, a carefree girlish laugh.

I released him, letting him fall to the floor clutching his broken ribs. I kicked him so he was on his back, looking up at me in pain and fear. The terror in his eyes excited us. She rewarded me with a burst of raw pleasure.

"W-why are you doing this?" he gasped out. "You don't have to. I'll do anything you want."

I knelt next to him and stroked his body with my thick powerful fingers. "I know you'll do whatever I want. But what I want is to feel you break, to hear your screams of agony. It turns us on more than anything. I don't think you'll freely give that. Fortunately I'm strong enough to take what I want from you."



"Us?" he asked. He looked around, terrified.

"My pussy," I said, stroking her. "We really like you. We want to feel you in her. She wants you to cum in her while I tear you apart."

"You're crazy. You're a psychopath. Help! Help!" he cried out.

I smiled sadly down at him. Why could they never understand? What she wants she gets. "You don't understand. The nearest house is a half-mile away, and they're gone, too. This will be fun. We'll enjoy it a lot."

"What about me?" he asked.

I paused, then reached up and cradled his pretty face. "Oh, you'll die, of course. But first we'll give you lots of pain. We like your pain. Men's screams excite us. Your death spasms, too. Oh, crushing you will be such a rush. Thank you!"

"Oh God," he whispered, tears rolling down his cheeks.

I nodded in approval, gasping slightly. "That's good. She likes your fear."

"Why me?" he asked.

"I like you, Steve," I said. "I like you a lot. You're so handsome and sweet."

He wept, finally understanding. He knew struggling was useless. I had already demonstrated my complete physical superiority over him. I was done intimidating him; it was time for pain. I knelt on his broken ribcage. He howled, sending a fresh jolt of pleasure through my body.

I held his genitals in my hand. He was still erect at the sight of my incredible body. It always amazes me how involuntary the male erection is. At this point I usually simply squeeze his cock and balls until they explode in a slimy gory mess that runs between my powerful clutching fingers. But his huge dick was wonderful; it would be a shame to ruin it like that. She wanted me to feed it to her so that she could mangle it. Okay, I told her.

I lay down next to him, pressing my lips into his ear. "Good news," I whispered. "I've decided to lose my virginity to you." He didn't respond. That was no fun! I lifted his body off the floor with one hand and thrust my giant left leg under his midsection. I looped my right leg over his abdomen and hooked my ankles, grinding my thick, rock-hard thighs into his soft stomach. I stroked my own ridged abs. I bit his ear. He cried out. That was more like it!

"Do you like me, Steve? Do you like my big muscles, my pretty face?"

"Yes," he gasped out.

I squeezed him in my deadly scissors. I wasn't even trying yet, just flexing my thick quads. Two more ribs crackled. I moaned. "You shouldn't, you know. I'm a baaaad girl. Do you like me?"

"No," he whispered.

"What?" I screamed at him. I clamped my legs higher on his body and nearly squeezed him in two. Four ribs crunched this time. He started coughing up blood. I watched him jerk and squirm as I crushed him, biting my lip, smiling. Oh yes, she liked this. I massaged my hard nipples, gasping slightly.

I love this game. No matter what answer they give, it's always wrong, and I punish them. I remember breaking one man's back when he said he didn't want to eat me. Then he said he did, so I snuggled him against her and simply squeezed his skull in my thighs until it cracked, his oozing blood and brains tickling her and stimulating my clit.



I slid my body around, mounting his huge pole. I felt it slide into me, then she grasped it, yanking it hard into her. Oooh, it felt so good. It filled her, pushing far into my body. Mmmm, I moaned. "I think you do like me. At least, little dude does," I teased him. His eyes were glassy and he started thrusting into me, each movement painful for him. Poor guy! Trying to fuck me after I broke his ribs. I squealed in delight at his gasps of pain.

My hands closed on his butt, pulling him off the ground, up into my pussy, allowing me to close my huge thighs around his hips. We coordinated. When she crushed his dick, I would slowly squeeze his pelvis flat. I love being so strong! I can do whatever I want. Who's going to stop me?



She pulsed against his dick, swallowing his greatness, engulfing it, squeezing it so hard it hurt him. I grasped his head and pulled his head up to my chest, enjoying his screams of pain. She enjoyed his pain, too; she was dripping on him, marking his crotch as hers until he died, hours from now.

"Lick my nipples," I demanded. "Make me cum or I'll crush your skull in my bare hands." I once tried that to see if I could actually do it. I could, but it was slow and painful. The guy had jerked and spasmed quite charmingly. It took me almost fifteen minutes to squash his head flat between my hands. I'm guessing he was in pain the whole time. At least, that's what I imagine when I remember it.

Steve licked and sucked on my nipples. Every once in a while I'd squeeze my thighs together until I heard something crackle. He would gasp into my nipple, vibrating it, lighting my brain on fire with pleasure. I crushed him for hours, my pussy crushing his dick whenever he was close to release. His pelvis was getting soft and squishy. She was close now, so close.



He bit my nipple. I gasped, then my world exploded. She yanked his dick so hard she almost tore it off, squeezing and crushing it until his beautiful cock was a pulpy mess. He came in her, the semen forcing its painful way out. The hot load added to her pleasure and mine. I involuntarily flexed my massive quads, squashing what was left of his pelvis. She spurted onto him, a filmy clear liquid. Female ejaculation it's called; I looked it up. Not all women can do it. I'm so proud of her!

I fell down on top of him, moaning. Oh my God! That was incredible! I looked down at my legs. His pelvis was a pulpy, purplish-red bleeding mess. My thighs were covered in gore and bits of what I guessed had been his hip-bones. She spit him out, and I saw the damage she had done to his member. I winced. That's gotta hurt! Mmmmm, she agreed, sending me another jolt of pleasure. His huge gorgeous cock was just a purple bleeding mess like the rest of his middle. I stroked my thighs in admiration and pleasure. I'm really strong! It always amazes me how much stronger I am than the men I kill.

My fingers moved to her demanding lips, stroking her. I sucked in my breath, writhing on top of his broken body. I felt so powerful and so tremendously sexy! I plunged a few fingers in, feeling her pulse against them, teasing me, letting me know she could and would crush my own fingers.

I brought my cum-soaked fingers to my lips and thoughtfully sucked on them as I looked down at his barely-conscious form. I trailed a couple of slimy fingers over his lips and nose.



My nipples wanted more. I wrapped my arms around him, squeezing him tight against me. Squish him flat! my nipples and pussy demanded. I hugged him tighter and tighter, my huge lats flaring along my back, broad shoulders and massive biceps working together to appease my sex drive. My nipples dug into his chest, pleasure singing along my nerves. I pulled, squashing him.

"You're dying," I whispered in his ear. "There's not a hospital in the world that could keep you alive now. I took you over the edge, baby." I squeezed, feeling his breastbone slowly collapse. I bit his lips, savoring the taste of his blood. I grunted and pulled, compressing his chest, squeezing him, feeling what was left of his skeleton crackle against me. My hands snapped his spine, my powerful chest drove right through his weak front. I pulled until I could fondle my own chest with only his pulpy blood and skin in between. My blood-soaked fingers stroked my nipples through the remains of his chest.



It was done; he was dead. I looked into his lifeless eyes and giggled. I leaned down and kissed him, slowly and tenderly. "Mmmm, that was wonderful, lover," I said. I was glad I lost my virginity to him tonight. This morning, actually, the sun was coming up.

He could feel no more pain. There was no more pleasure to take from him. I stretched my huge gory limbs, watching the muscles dance under the stained-red skin. I felt sated, content, happy.

I'll have to clean up now, of course, make sure there's no evidence of what I did to him. There will be stories to make up about how he dropped me off and I didn't see him again. His car to dispose of. I think I'll push it into the river, just to be melodramatic. Maybe I'll leave his corpse in there.

"What do you think, Steve?" I asked him. I stroked his pretty cheek, cleaning away the blood. "Is it a good plan?" I can almost hear him say yes.

"I think that no matter how many men I crush, you'll always be my favorite". She agrees.

"You're so wonderful, Steve. I love you. I really enjoyed it. If you weren't dead, I could marry you. Will you marry me, Steve?"

THE END

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