

IN SEARCH OF A GODDESS (Part 1)

(a SeldomLasts story)

(amysconquest.com)



Every head followed her as she walked down the street, as they always did. Drivers narrowly avoided collisions as they, too, tried to stare at this magnificent creature. She smiled, always enjoying the attention.

And who could not pay attention? Those long, long, well-muscled legs, the two globes of her perfectly sculpted butt, the wide hips, the curve into her narrow waist, the graceful torso, the huge, full, heavy breasts that bounced and swayed with the movements of her hips and legs, wide shoulders, smooth, powerful arms. Her long neck, high cheekbones, perfect moist red lips, cute little upturned nose, emerald green eyes, long straight dark red hair.

At her full muscular height of six foot two, she was huge, powerful, and intimidatingly beautiful. Every man (and some women) instantly desired to caress her perfect form, to kiss that beautiful face and full lips, to stroke those enormous firm breasts.

Alyssa knew it, and loved it. She briskly stepped into the lobby of the upscale Manhattan apartment building. She gave the doorman a bright smile (later he swore to his friends he could have died happy right then) and took the elevator to the thirty-fourth floor. She knocked on her client's door and waited patiently.



She had never thought that at 19 years old she would be a high-class, high-priced prostitute for rich men with a wrestling/domination fetish. She had never really thought about her future at all. She was far too big for modeling (especially in our age of skinny models with fake breasts), had never been much of a student, and when her parents died in a mugging two years ago she was completely lost until eight months ago, when Sam hired her for his "special business".

Her client, one Arthur Mueller, opened the door. He recovered from his initial awe and was about to greet her when, donning a smile of utter contempt, she placed one hand on his chest and firmly shoved him to the floor.

She instantly sized him up: about mid-thirties, fit, not bad-looking, about five-eleven, she'd say. His file said he liked strong, dominant women, and that some of the other girls hadn't been strong enough for him. The other girls who had wrestled Arthur said that he was always gentlemanly, and had offered them drinks afterward. Alyssa liked him from his description, and was going to give him exactly what he wanted. And Alyssa was very, very good at giving clients what they wanted.



Alyssa quickly slid her panties down from under her dress. She dropped to her knees, straddling his chest. She expertly unbuttoned and removed his white shirt. Then, bunching his undershirt in her hands, she simply tore it off. Her long, big arms flexed, soft skin suddenly yielding to huge, unimaginably powerful biceps. She slid her long legs around his middle, pressing her moist pussy into his side.

He was grinning at her and opened his mouth to speak once again when she clamped her thighs firmly around his stomach and quickly squeezed all the air out of him. When he recovered, she said, "Now, worm, I am going to crush you. That is what you paid for, and that's what I'm gonna do. You didn't pay for conversation, so don't speak and I might let you walk away without any busted ribs." Her voice was deep, throaty, sexy.

He was afraid now, and excited, and clearly enjoying himself. Alyssa, of course, knew that she wouldn't break any of his ribs. She had had that problem when she started, but she had learned control and discipline since then. Sam made sure of that.



Alyssa flexed her big legs, and her rock-solid quads pressed painfully into his ribs. She squeezed experimentally a few times, then crushed his ribs just to the breaking point. He gasped and arched his back in pain, tears forming. She slowly slid her dress up her body, revealing every perfect, breathtaking detail. She pulsed her thighs into his ribs rhythmically, making his body spasm in pain. She continued squeezing him dangerously close to the breaking point for nearly fifteen minutes.

She expertly undid and removed his pants and boxers. His boner stuck straight up. She grasped it firmly in her hand and slowly pumped it while she crushed him in her thighs.

He couldn't move, couldn't breathe. Tears streamed down his face. Alyssa never understood why some men loved this, but they did.



Then came her favorite part. She entwined her long, powerful, huge legs around his head, hugging his face firmly into her pussy. Her tawny, trimmed bush scratched softly at his face. "Now lick, worm, and make it good," she commanded.

He did. And how he did! She had never felt so excited by a man's tongue! Arthur enthusiastically licked her clit, stuck his tongue as far as he could into her pussy, licked, sucked, massaged with his lips...Alyssa was ecstatic. For the first time she was lost in ecstasy with a client. Her thighs gripped his skull tighter, muscles bulging and rippling, her powerful legs constricting his skull and trying to shove his whole head into her pussy.

The pressure was too much. Arthur's skull was pounding and he started trying to pry her legs apart, but his hands could find no purchase on the huge muscles bulging out of her thighs. She was lost in ecstasy, not conscious of his dilemma, his screams vibrating into her pussy only increased the incredible pleasure she was feeling.

He couldn't breathe, and her powerful thighs began to fracture his skull. He lost consciousness, and a few moments later, his life.

Raw power surged into Alyssa. Every muscle flared into life, her body grew rigid, pure pleasure coursed into her brain. She could see every detail down to the microscopic, hear conversations that took place a block away. For one awesome, orgasmic moment, she felt like a god.



The power left. Static electricity popped and crackled where her exhausted, nearly unconscious body hit the floor. The gory remains of Arthur's brains dripped off her thighs, staining the carpet. Alyssa looked at her bloody thighs, bits of stringy brain and hard bone still sticking, and promptly vomited.

She shakily got up and wiped her thighs clean. She was trembling all over. She had killed a client. Killed him! What happened? What was that power, that orgasmic pleasure? WHAT KIND OF SICK MONSTER AM I? kept ringing around in her brain. She still felt sick. Dry heaves doubled her over. Eventually she stood up and forced herself to look at the remains of Arthur's headless body.

Frantic, panicked thoughts raced around her brain. What was she going to do? She couldn't believe she had killed someone. She never wanted that! What the hell happened?! What was going to happen to her? And poor Arthur, so sweet to the girls, he was dead! She killed him!

She did the only thing that she could think of, the only logical thought that crossed her panicked mind. She called Sam.



"Yeah, babe, I know, shit happens. Listen, it wasn't your fault, okay? These things happen. I need you to be calm for me, babe. Can you do that? Calm. Alright, Lyss, here's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna send some guys over and they'll take good care of you, fix everything up... I know everything's not gonna be okay, but we'll get through this... Yeah, babe, I'm here, I'm going to hang up now so I can help ya, okay? Okay? Hang in there, girl." Sam hung up the phone and stared at his desk.

"Shit." He stared at his desk some more. "Shit," he said again. This wasn't the first time one of his girls had hurt a guy, but it was usually some busted ribs, maybe a crushed pelvis. But Alyssa, experienced, beautiful, wonderful Alyssa, the best girl he had, had killed a client. That was really bad. She was great for business, big, powerful, utterly gorgeous... and now she was useless. She was a wreck, he could hear that. She might never be able to have sex again, much less wrestle clients anymore. He felt sorry for her, and even more sorry for the business the agency would lose.

Time to clean up, though, and hope for the best. "Yeah, listen Gino, I got a problem..."

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The two Mafia guys were almost done. They made it look like a suicide, of course; old tricks are the best tricks. They figured a .44 slug might make that much guacamole out of his head. They were fast, efficient, and courteous. When they were done, the bigger one turned to Alyssa with a sympathetic smile. Poor girl, she looked so forlorn and innocent.

"Hey, listen Miss Connor, shit happens, ya know? You'll be okay sweetheart?" She just looked at him numbly. He put a meaty arm around her; the top of his head was level with hers. His partner pulled out his wallet and thumbed out five thousand dollars in hundred dollar bills, which he gave to Alyssa.

"You just take yourself a break, okay? We take care of our own. If you come back, that's great, right Frank? If not, hey, fuhgeddaboutit. Don't worry about the apartment, neither, there's plenty of time to talk business later; you and Sam can work it out." He saw that she was hardly hearing him. He took her home, and as she left the car asked, "You gonna be okay, doll?" She stared blankly at him. "You want some company?" She shook her head. "Alright, you take care, and don't go worrying, everything's taken care of."

Alyssa Connor, 19, murderess, walked into her apartment. Everything was bland, colorless, numb. She looked around at her life, this nice big apartment paid for by the agency, that she would have to leave soon. The five thousand dollars, blood money, weighed heavily in her purse. She dropped her purse onto a chair, not even shocked by the hugely muscled, ripped woman sitting in her couch.



"What are you doing in here?" she asked dully. She didn't feel like it was her talking, asking, but rather like she was watching a movie.

The huge woman smiled and settled back into the couch. Her massive arms rippled and bulged with each movement, her enormous thighs crackled with raw muscular power. "I'm here to explain some things to you, Alyssa Connor. Some things you might have questions about. No doubt it's been quite a day for you, dear."

Alyssa sat and numbly took in everything the large woman said. Helen was her name, and she was over one hundred years old. She explained that they were both Daughters of Athena, the greek goddess of war, who died over a millenia and a half ago with the other ancient gods. That they were immortal, immune to aging and disease, superior to and far more powerful than mere mortals.

"Of course, not truly immortal, we are still flesh and blood!" Helen said. "We can be killed, we still have to be careful, but we can grow more powerful by killing mortals. That's what we have to do, you see. Once you've killed a mortal, you need to kill one between every full moon or you lose your immortality. You die. But for every mortal you kill, you become stronger. That's the way Athena's magic works for Her Daughters." Helen's huge muscles flexed and flowed, bulging to unbelievable proportions as she spoke. "I've killed thousands. I've lost track of how many. It's fun, you'll learn to enjoy it. They're so soft and weak, they're pathetic, they deserve to be killed. You'll see."



Helen's words finally penetrated Alyssa's grief. "You, I, we... we're monsters!" she cried out.

Helen's face darkened and her words grew stern. "We're immortals. We're better than them. We deserve to live and they don't. You'll learn, dear, you'll learn, because of course you don't want to die!" She got up angrily and moved to the door.

"Wait," Alyssa said. Helen paused. "Is.. is there any way to stop it? To not die and not kill? I don't want to kill anybody!"

Helen chuckled. "Oh, but you will, and you'll learn to like it. As for the Amulet, well, nobody really knows if it even exists."

"What Amulet?" This was all so strange, the only reason Alyssa was buying any of this was shock.

"The Amulet of Athena, dear. The legend goes that before Athena died, she locked her remaining magic into her Amulet. There is the power of the Goddess in that Amulet." Helen's eyes were lost as she spoke, greed evident in her voice. Then she shook her head. "But nobody's seen the Amulet for a thousand years. It's possible it never even existed; you know how legends are. Mostly wishful thinking. Like it or not, dear, you're a Daughter of War, a killer." And with that, Helen walked out the door and was gone.



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Ryan pounded furiously at his keyboard, raining death and destruction upon those who dared challenge him. He was a Quake God, and invincible.

He finished another match. His score was very nearly the score of the other seven players combined. His position as number one on the Quake Board remained unchallenged.

He looked around his spacious East-side apartment, his actual life (or lack thereof), seeing the mess of cables and hardware, the well-loved computers of yesterday salvaged for spare parts. He blinked rapidly, opened a can of Mountain Dew, and reluctantly logged off. He was twenty-seven years old, and he had work to do.

He heard conversation from the apartment next door, the one that big drop-dead gorgeous redhead Alyssa lived in. He grew sad whenever he thought about her, about the many boyfriends she probably had, all of them big investment bankers, or worse, gym hunks, no doubt. She was without doubt the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, or could ever hope to see, and she lived right next door, but the most he had ever exchanged with her was a hello in the elevator.



Ryan had long ago accepted that he was good with computers, not girls. He wished he could speak to them without stuttering or blushing, he wished he was taller and more muscular, but wishing didn't make it so. He was rich now, too, or well-off at least, and still he couldn't manage to look a woman in the eye. He wanted to date, but he had never even gone on one, and he wasn't very good at making friends; he was too shy.

"I don't want to kill anybody!" Ryan was trying not to listen, but with the thin walls... and this stuck out. It set his thoughts whirling. What did that mean? He knew it was none of his business, but he couldn't stop thinking about it. Was she in trouble?

He heard the apartment door close, and heavy footsteps walk down the hall. Maybe she needed help... He screwed up his courage and walked over to her apartment. He hesitated with his hand poised to knock. His heart raced at the thought of seeing Alyssa, actually speaking to her. Would she think he was an asshole for eavesdropping? He hadn't meant to. Maybe he shouldn't knock at all.

Of course, the door opened at this exact moment in his thought processes. Alyssa stood there, towering over his tiny five foot five frame, all big, powerful six-two of her. His face was level with her large, full breasts. She looked down at him expressionlessly. Dark circles framed her eyes and tear trails still showed on her cheeks. She was still stunning.

Ryan's face instantly turned bright red. "I, ah," he stuttered.

"What is it?" she asked tonelessly.



Ryan could shiver from the total lack of emotion in her voice. He felt like he was an ant she was talking to, the effect magnified by her intimidating height and powerful musculature. "I heard, I mean, um, I was wondering, I'm just next door, and, uh, is something wrong? I mean, um..." There, he had said it. Had totally blown it, in fact. Had admitted he was listening.

"I'm fine, thanks," she said without changing tone or expression. He stood there for a moment.

"Um yeah, okay, good, well, just being neighbourly and all..." He was spluttering, completely red-faced and humiliated. Tears threatened to fall, and he turned and fled down the hall, escaping into his apartment.

He heard her choking back sobs as she walked down the hallway, staggering to the elevator. He forgot his own humiliation in his sorrow for her; he wanted to do something to help, but he had already blown it. He told himself he probably even made whatever it was worse with his prying.

He fiddled at his keyboard, trying to finish his consulting project, but he didn't see the screen. All he saw was her beautiful face completely devoid of expression, her blank, dead eyes. He heard her sobbing down the hallway over and over again, replaying the whole encounter in his mind. He wondered what could possibly have hurt such a beautiful, normally animated and smiling woman so?



He ached to make her feel better, and it hurt him to know he couldn't help her. How could such an insignificant tiny little man, a hacker/consultant with no life save his on-line life, possibly help a tall, powerful, beautiful goddess?

His misery was broken by footsteps outside his door. He heard sniffing, then a pause. He didn't dare breathe. She was pausing outside his apartment! Maybe he could help. Or maybe she was just lost. Then he heard a soft hesitant knocking. He could hardly move and was surprised to find himself at the door, opening it. There she was, one hand poised to knock again, one hand wiping tears away from her gorgeous green eyes.

Her beauty was surreal, and the combination of her exaggeratedly proportioned, powerfully muscled body and the helpless look of terror and exhaustion on her sweet face would have made Scrooge's cold heart pause.

He couldn't speak. He tried, but all that came out was a squeak, so he gave up. She did not have the same problem. She gave him a sad half-smile (she wasn't dumb; she knew the effect she had on men, even geeks) and said, "I'm sorry for the way I acted earlier. Please forgive me. It's just been a rough day, you know?" He nodded dumbly, his whole face scarlet. She took a deep breath and offered him a more sincere attempt at a smile. "It was really sweet of you to worry about me. I just wanted to apologize for the way I treated you."



Words wouldn't form in his brain, only syllables that got lost in the transit to his mouth. He wanted to ask her what was wrong, if he could help; he could almost cry from the frustration of not being able to talk to her.

This was his big chance, and more than anything right now he wanted to be the kind of man able to invite her in. Alyssa knew it, and she really was a sweet girl trapped in a transcendently beautiful body. She didn't enjoy watching his humiliation. "May I come in?" she asked.

He almost fainted. The most beautiful woman in his world wanted to come in! Alyssa didn't wait for his reply. She stepped in and looked around; she had, of course, never been in his apartment before. She had never hung out with geeks, either, so the mass of computer equipment was completely incomprehensible to her. She headed to his couch, carefully cleared off the stack of computer magazines, and sat down heavily, dropping her purse to the side.



Ryan recovered enough to ask her if she wanted something to drink. She gratefully asked him for a beer. While he was in the kitchen he wondered what he was going to say to her. When he brought a bottle of beer into the living room, she was sprawled on the couch, breathing gently, fast asleep.

He didn't know what to do. She outweighed him by at least fifty pounds, probably more, and he didn't want to wake her. So he got her a pillow, laid her out properly, and covered her with a blanket. He sat down and watched her sleeping form with awe, the gentle rise and fall of her chest, her moist red lips slightly parted, her slight twitches. He watched her, hypnotized, until he finally fell asleep.

THE END
(Parts 2 & 3 Coming Soon!)

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