

VIRTUAL WIFE

(a Fragilistic story)

(amysconquest.com)



Day 1

The doorbell rang and John raced downstairs. He opened the door and came face to face with two U-Haul delivery guys struggling with a huge crate. "Where do you want it sir?" one of them asked. "Er, anywhere, the front room will do." They wheeled the huge box into the living room and stood it upright. The box towered above them all and seemed to be extremely heavy. "Thanks guys", John said, ushering them out of his house with a small tip before they started asking questions.

Once the delivery guys had left John closed the curtains and turned on the living room lights. He walked over to the crate and looked for a way of opening it, but could see none, so he rushed into his garage and rummaged around for a crowbar. After what seemed like ages he found what he was looking for and made his way back to the living room, his breathing coming hard and fast, a mixture of exertion and nervous anticipation.



He inserted the crowbar into a corner of the crate and started to prise open the lid. Slowly, carefully, he worked his way round the crate and gradually managed to pry the wooden lid off. He set it to one side and stared inside. The crate was full of polystyrene foam packaging which he cleared away with his hands.

Once the packaging had been removed John was able to see her for the first time. He took a step back and stared up at her in wonder. She was beautiful, beyond his wildest imaginings. She stood 6'3" tall in her bare feet and towered over John by 9". She had long, dark, shoulder length hair. Her eyes were closed. Her skin was flawless, her nose delicate, her lips full and sensual. John's gaze moved down to her neck, her massive breasts, her flat stomach. He had specified her measurements when he placed the order but now, looking at her, he wondered whether he had been too generous. Her chest measurement was an eye popping 48DD and her breasts stood firm and proud, her nipples large and erect. Her legs were gargantuan, her thighs twice as thick around as John's, and they went on for ever.

Tentatively John approached her. His hand reached up and touched the skin of her breast. It was soft and warm, exactly like a real woman's. He placed one hand under her breast and swallowed hard as he saw how tiny and insignificant his hand looked compared to her breast. He tried to lift her breast but the weight was too much, he couldn't manage it despite his best effort. John walked over to the table and sat down to think. Had he been reckless in his choice of model? Why hadn't he chosen a smaller version, more his size, until he knew what to expect from a Virtual Wife.

After much soul searching John summoned up the courage to approach her again and started to look for some instructions. He found none. The only thing he did find was a remote control with two buttons, one red button marked "On" and one in blue marked "Off". He stared at the remote for a while. Goddam, he thought, you spend the best part of \$20,000 and you don't even get a set of instructions? Oh well, in for a penny He pressed the On button and sat back at the living room table to watch. Nothing happened. He pressed it again. Nothing happened. Then as he was getting ready to phone the Virtual Wives company and get them to come and take their broken good for nothing piece o' junk back she opened her eyes.

"Hello, I am serial number 645-888. Are you John Goodall ?" her voice was soft and melodic, like molten chocolate.

"Ye, ye, yes I am" John stammered, completely thrown by this turn of events.

"Good. I will now begin my start-up procedure which will take approximately 59.5 minutes. How would you like to address me?"

"Pardon?" John said, not really understanding. Dress her? Well she would need some clothes he thought, but not just yet.

"What would you like to call me?"

"Oh I see. Gosh, I hadn't given that much thought", John said. "How about Susan. I've always like that name."

"Fine. From now on I will respond to the name Susan from your voice activation only. Commencing start-up procedure."

Susan closed her eyes and there followed a series of low humming noises.

John paced about the room, staring at his watch every 2 minutes. It was the longest 59.5 minutes of his life. Eventually the humming noises stopped and Susan's eyes opened once more.

"Set-up has been completed John Goodall. I am now ready to be of service to you. What would you like me to do?"

John's mind was blank. How stupid, he had just spent the last hour pacing round the living room, wearing a hole in the carpet, and he hadn't given a moment's thought to what she should do first. He took a deep breath.

"What can you do?" he asked, deciding to seek out information.

"I am able to perform a wide variety of tasks including cooking, cleaning, basic home maintenance, provide companionship, I can converse across a broad spectrum of topics, as well as other functions such as making love". John looked at her and felt his face redden.

"Come and sit next to me at the table."

Susan slowly and carefully stepped out of the crate, brushing the remaining polystyrene foam from her body. She walked casually and sensuously, like a model, and sat gracefully next to him at the table. She seemed completely unphased to be sitting next to him completely naked.

John stared and stared at her, captivated by her beauty and her immense size. He looked at her powerful arms, broad shoulders and muscular back. God he thought, I bet she could snap me like a twig.



"How strong are you?" John asked suddenly.

Susan seemed to pause before answering. "Very" she replied matter of factly.

"Could you crush this apple?" John asked, handing her a large red apple from the fruit bowl. Susan studied the apple for an instant, placed it in her large right hand, then squeezed her long strong fingers around it, pulverizing the apple. Juice and pulp flowed from her hand onto the table. John felt himself become stiff in his jeans.

"How about something harder" he asked, running into the kitchen. He returned a moment later with a small iron saucepan about 6" in diameter. "How about this?". Susan looked at John without showing any trace of emotion. She took the iron pan from him and pressed it between both hands. There was a grinding rending noise as the metal was deformed and flattened. When the edges met in the middle she handed it back to him. It was now no more than 1" thick. "Good God", John muttered to himself, his throat thick.

"How about a ..." John paused, seeming to pluck up the courage to ask his next question. "How about a person. Could you crush a person?"

"I am physically capable of crushing a person, yes, but my primary directive forbids me from harming humans so I would never do it." John wasn't sure if he was relieved or slightly disappointed. Relieved he decided, on balance.

"I detect from your breathing and increased heart rate that you are becoming aroused when I crush things", Susan stated. John looked embarrassed and didn't return her stare. "Would you like to make love now?" she asked much to John's surprise.

John nodded affirmatively. Susan stood up and walked over to him.

"As the largest and strongest of the Virtual Wife models, part of my programming indicates that men who select my particular model often like to be dominated. Would you like me to dominate you, John Goodall?"

Again John nodded his affirmation. He didn't trust himself to speak, fearful of what croaky noise might come out of his throat. His heart beat rapidly.

"Do you have any particular requirements?" Susan asked.

"No, not really, I just, erm, I mean, I like big women, like you, that is. Why don't you surprise me."



Susan studied John for a while, and then unexpectedly she smiled. It was a truly beautiful smile. Her programming, whilst extensive, did not cope with every possible scenario, so her neural net processors were currently absorbing data and learning at a phenomenal rate. This was the first time she had been asked to make a decision for herself. By interacting with a human she was slowly becoming more intelligent and human like.

Susan reached down and picked John up in her arms. "Where is the bedroom?" she asked. "Upstairs, first door on the right" John squeaked as the Amazon carried him effortlessly up the flight of stairs and lay him down gently on the bed.

She removed his clothes deftly and saw that he was fully erect. Her mouth closed around his penis and expertly brought him to the point of orgasm.

"Ahh, ahh", John groaned. "Did I hurt you?" she asked, immediately stopping and staring at him. "No, no, no, it's fantastic, please carry on."

Susan then straddled John with her huge thighs and took him inside her warmth. He looked tiny nestled

between her mighty thighs, like a child, and he felt small and helpless beneath this woman. She leaned forwards so he could reach her massive breasts with his hands, and then smothered him with her expansive breast flesh.



"Mmmmm, mmmm, mmmmm," was all that he could manage, his air supply completely cut off. John started to panic. He couldn't budge her, she was far too heavy. Oh God, what if she didn't get off him, he would suffocate under her.

Sensing his panic, Susan sat up smiling. "What's the matter John?" she asked. "Am I too much woman for you to handle?" John wasn't entirely comfortable with this sudden change in her demeanor, but decided to go along with it for now, after all what choice did he have.



Susan then started to ride him, slowly at first, then harder and harder. The bed shook under her, John was heaved backwards and forwards like a rag doll by her powerful thrusts, harder, stronger, faster, until everything was a blur and it seemed like she would never stop. "Eeeughhh" John screamed, as he came, and Susan came at the same time, collapsing on top of him.

"Was that OK?" she asked him. John, frazzled and exhausted, managed a grunt of acknowledgement before passing out cold. He woke several hours later to find himself lying on his side, with Susan's thigh draped across his waist. He had an urgent need to pee, so he moved to get up and found that he was trapped. Her leg was like a thick branch holding him firmly in place. "Susan, wakeup", he said, "I need to get up, can you move your leg." Susan opened one eye and looked at him in the darkness. "Say please", she said. "Oh for Heaven's sake move your leg and let me get up, I'm busting." Susan tightened her leg around John's body, squeezing him against her. "Please, please, please" he begged. "Oh alright, but get back here quickly or else I'll come and find you, and you won't like that", she said, lifting her mighty leg so that he could slip out from under her.

What is going on, John thought to himself as he rushed to the bathroom. Is she playing with me, some kind of domination role-play, or has the balance of power shifted?



Day 2

John got up at 7:00am when the alarm went off, and went downstairs to the kitchen. Susan was already awake and had prepared a breakfast of toast, scrambled eggs, coffee and juice.

"You need to eat properly in order to do a good day's work." She informed him.

John ate heartily and as he turned to say goodbye Susan bent down and kissed him.

"I'll have dinner ready for you when you get home." She said. "What do you like to eat?"

"You choose, I don't mind."

"OK, then I'll surprise you", she smirked. John wasn't sure he liked the look of that smirk.

The day dragged more so than a normal day at the office but eventually 5:30pm came around and John started the commute home. When he turned his key and opened the door a delightful aroma hit his senses. It was a long time since he had smelt cooking that good coming from his kitchen.

"Dinner's almost ready, go and wash and get ready", Susan called out to him.

John did as he was told, changed out of his suit and went down to the dining room to wait. His chin nearly hit the floor when Susan entered the room carrying his dinner.

She was wearing a French maid's outfit, high heels which made her almost 6'8" tall, black fishnet stockings and a low cut top that was struggling to contain her massive boobs.

"Wh, where did you get the clothes?" John stammered. "Dear Lord, please say you didn't go outside."

"No, of course not. I used your computer and ordered them online. Express delivery. Your credit card details are encrypted and stored in your finance folder. It was simple. I also used the time to check through your browsing history to see what kind of things you like, so I had a fairly good idea what to buy. Did I do something wrong?" Susan pouted her lips together.

"No, no, everything's fine, I'm just a bit surprised that's all. It's all happening so fast."

Susan served John his dinner which was chicken breast on a bed of fettuccine pasta with the most exquisite sauce he had ever tasted. For desert there was zabaglione which was heavenly. John sat back in his chair and sighed contentedly.

Susan came back into the room looking pleased with herself. "Would you like some desert", she said, placing a heavy emphasis on the word dessert. "No thanks, I'm full" John replied. "No silly, not that kind of dessert. This kind", she said, placing her foot onto John's lap so he was faced with her enormous curvaceous stocking clad leg.

"Er, well, I'm a bit tired from yesterday, so I thought maybe we could watch some TV or just relax", John suggested.

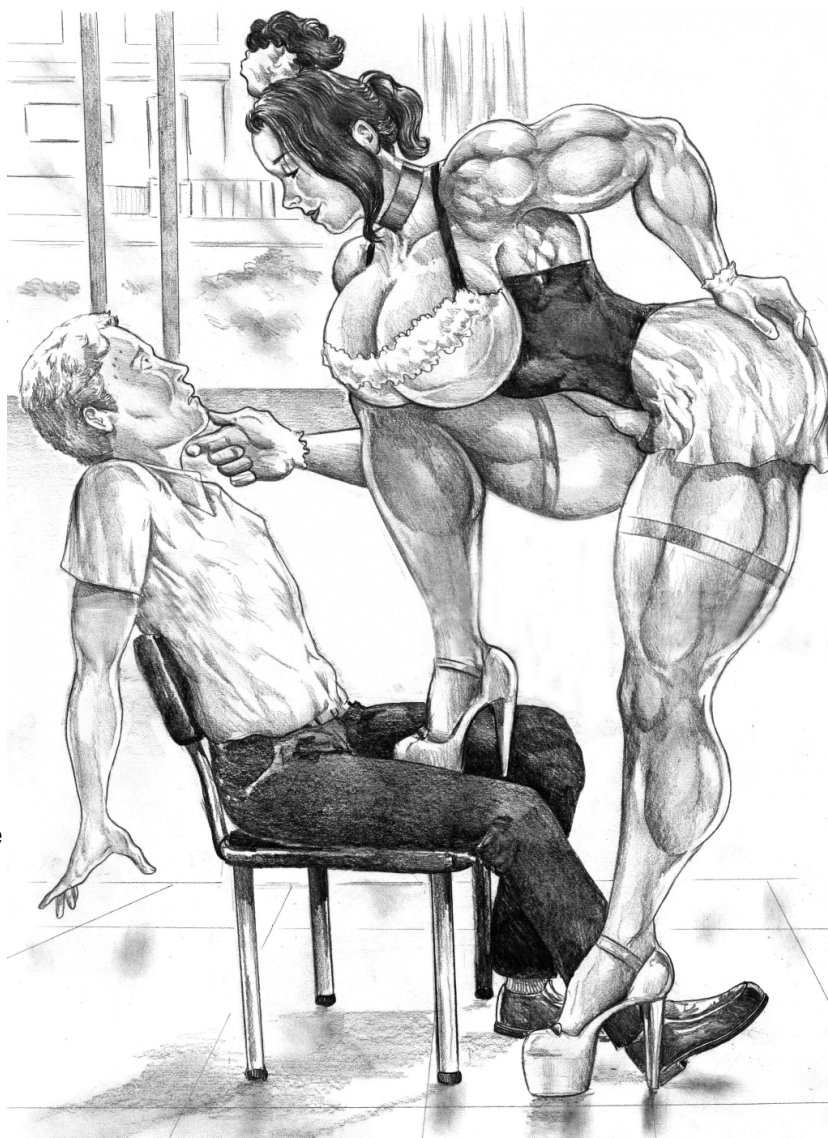
"Naughty naughty", Susan said. "I saw you stealing glimpses of my legs when I walked past, don't think I didn't. And when I served your food and bent down, you couldn't take your eyes off my breasts."

John started to go red. "Well, er, that's, er, only natural".

"Tut, tut, John's been a naughty boy, looking at the maid, and now he needs to be punished."

"Susan, no, please, I don't want to .."

Susan lifted him from his chair and carried him over to the sofa, where she placed him face down across her lap. She then lifted her right thigh over his body and locked her ankles, holding him firmly in place. Her powerful thigh covered his entire torso and was so big and heavy that he could hardly draw breath.





She undid his belt and slipped his jeans off, then his boxers. "Please Susan, don't do this", he begged, feeling himself becoming hard against the stockings which rubbed against him.

Slap, slap, slap. Never had he known such pain as her hand struck his bare bottom. He howled in agony and tried to escape but he was no match for this giantess.

Slap, slap, slap, slap, slap. Again and again she smacked him, the tears flowing down his cheeks as she punished him over and over.

After a few more whacks she stopped and hugged him tightly against her breasts.

Then she carried him upstairs to bed where he fell asleep in her arms, his dreams disturbed and fitful.

Day 3

John stayed at his office longer than usual, on the pretence of finishing up a project, but in reality he was delaying the inevitable.

He arrived home to find his dinner on the table and a note from Susan saying he would have to eat alone tonight, she had other plans. Other plans? What on earth did that mean. Still the food was good.

After dinner he felt tired so decided to turn in. He was still sore from the beating he had taken yesterday and was glad to see there would be no repeat of that.

He fell asleep quickly and slept deeply until a noise awoke him in the middle of the night. He looked at the clock, 2:37am. There was a cold draft coming from somewhere, a window was open. John got up and walked over to the window when he saw a figure move behind the curtains. The moonlight provided some illumination and he saw that the figure was wearing a black body stocking. A body stocking that showed off the enormous curves of its owner. A gasp escaped his mouth as a hand reached out to muffle his scream. He was lifted into the air and thrown hard onto the bed. Before he had a chance to recover his assailant was on top of him, impossibly strong hands pinning him helplessly to the bed.



It was then that he heard Susan's voice. "Gotcha, little man."

She wrapped her huge thighs around his lower body and squeezed him, smiling as the pressure caused him to see stars. Her strong arms wrapped around his upper arms and body, easily big enough to encircle him and crush him tight against her huge chest. It felt like he was being ground to a pulp against two warm meaty boulders. Her chest didn't budge an inch, but instead pressed his outclassed skinny chest deeper into the mattress.

"Susan, ahh, what are you doing?" he gasped. "Fantasy number two", she replied, "Rape by an Amazon burglar".

Oh no, John realized too late that she must have got this idea from a story he had read recently online. He struggled in her iron grip but it was no use.

"Please, please, I'm begging you not to do this".

Susan tightened her arms around him, squeezing the last air from his lungs, silencing all protest.

She sat up and pulled him between her thighs before releasing her crushing grip on his body. Her thighs, if anything, were worse as they threatened to cave his ribs in. She removed her body stocking in one swift movement and rolled onto her back, taking John with her, trapped between her awesome legs. Then in a display of pure power she lifted him into the air and held him horizontally between her thighs, helpless and immobile. John nearly fainted clear away.

Susan opened her thighs allowing him to slide down her legs to the thickest part. She quickly tightened her legs around him again and inserted his throbbing member into her hot cavernous pussy. She fucked him roughly, lifting him bodily from the bed, pumping her massive hips furiously.



Her arms wrapped around his body, he found himself being squeezed against her mighty breasts which pounded him. When she did eventually come it was a blessed relief for John, whose orgasm had been reached a long time before. He fell asleep on top of her, her arms holding him tightly in place.

Day 4

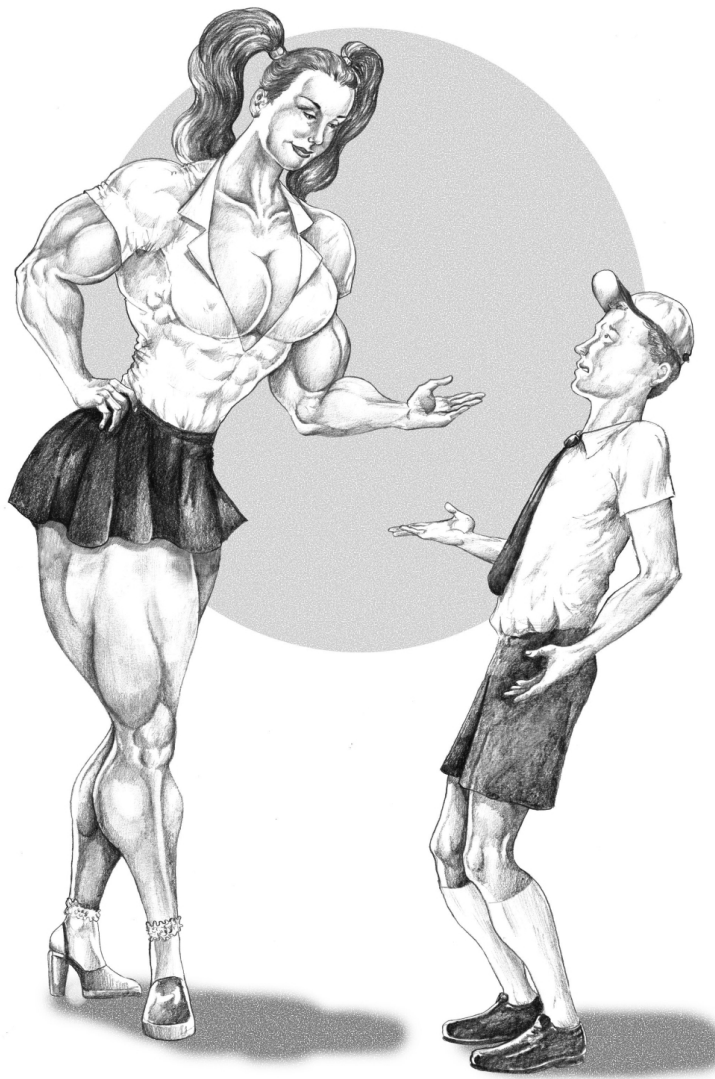
John arrived home from work and cautiously opened the front door. He looked inside, the coast seemed clear. He entered the living room and looked around. The room was immaculate, it had been cleaned from top to bottom. Fresh flowers were in a vase. He couldn't remember the last time his house had looked so good.

Carefully he opened the door to the dining room. Dinner was waiting for him, chicken salad and Italian bread. He ate and then noticed the package wrapped in brown paper on the bureau. He walked over to take a closer look. There was a large yellow sticky note on it with a hand written note which read "Dear John. Please put these on after dinner and wait for your surprise. Failure to comply will make me very cross, and we don't want that do we?"

John tore open the brown envelope and stared at the contents. A grey pair of shorts, black socks, a white short sleeved shirt and tie, and a cap. It was a schoolboys uniform, only adult sized. John stared and stared, and thought about flinging the whole lot into the waste bin. Then he remembered what Susan had written and an icy coldness gripped at his stomach. No, he didn't want to make her mad, that was dammed straight. No telling what she might do.

Reluctantly John took off his work clothes and dressed in the school uniform.

He walked over to the full length mirror and stared at his reflection. He couldn't help but emit a strange guttural laughing sound. Here he was, a 35 year old successful business executive, dressed like a 14 year old schoolboy. And for what?



Suddenly memories of school came flooding back to him, the bullying, the torments, the teasing, the physical abuse. One girl in particular had made his life hell and always seemed to single John out from the crowd for a beating or humiliation. John was lost in thought and didn't hear the dinning room door open behind him.

"Well look what we have here" Susan drawled, stepping into plain view. "A little lost schoolboy". John whirled round and gasped at the sight before him. Susan was dressed in a grey mini skirt, white bobby socks, a figure hugging white blouse open at the neck revealing an expanse of cleavage. Her hair was done in pigtails and she was chewing gum. He couldn't take his eyes of her, she was vast, her legs enormous, her chest beyond comprehension.

Susan sauntered over to John in a provocative manner. "Hand over your lunch money, shrimp, or else" she demanded, her imposing physique looming large over John's diminutive figure. "I, I, I don't have any money on me, it's in my wallet in the other.."

Susan pushed him hard in the chest sending him sprawling against the wall.

"What did I tell you last time, if you ain't got no money then I'm gonna have to teach you a lesson."

"Please, Susan, don't do this, I don't like it."

Susan stepped in close to John, pinning him against the wall. Her large thigh pressed between his legs, lifting him off the floor, his skinny legs straddling her massive thigh. Her chest mashed his head against the wall, suffocating him, surrounding him in her expansive cleavage.

Susan then lifted him under the arms until his face was level with hers. His hair was tousled and his face bright red from being smothered. "Please Susan, put me down, can't we just enjoy each others company tonight?".

Susan leaned in hard against John pinning his body to the wall with her huge firm breasts. His feet dangled inches from the floor, kicking helplessly. She placed her hands on her hips to admire her handiwork.

"I told you, boys who don't pay up get squished."

She breathed in slowly, expanding her chest, pressing John harder and harder against the wall. She gave him a predatory smile as she squeezed his body with her phenomenal breasts. He struggled to free himself but it was useless, she held him effortlessly.



Tighter and tighter she pressed him against the wall until he felt that his ribs would surely break. His face was bright red from the lack of oxygen and he felt himself slipping into unconsciousness. His last thoughts as he slipped into darkness were that she was going to kill him with her breasts.

John came to and found himself on his bed, still wearing his uniform. Susan was lying next to him, watching him, stroking his hair. "Did you enjoy that my sweet?" she asked. "I, er, well, it was unlike anything I've ever experienced before" he said. "Good, I'm so glad you liked it. I was worried that I had taken things a little too far."

"Now for some real fun", she said, quickly removing her blouse and bra. John started to edge away from her but she seized him in her steel grip and pulled him in tight. "No, no, my little one, there's no escape. I know what you need." She raped him for the next hour before letting him sink into blissful unconsciousness, his body battered and bruised from her forceful lovemaking.



Day 5

John's colleagues had noticed a change in his behavior and appearance over the last few days. He was more nervous than usual, jumpy, and wore a harrowed expression. His eyes were bloodshot and he seemed to be in physical pain most of the time. "Think I'm coming down with the flu", he suggested, but most were not convinced. Something strange was definitely going on with that man.

Instead of going for a drink with his colleagues at lunch time, John sat at his desk, his mind on other things. What on earth was he going to do about Susan? He couldn't let this situation go on any longer, she could end up killing him accidentally. He really was frightened of her and what she could do to him.

As his mind wandered, he picked up a copy of a newspaper that had been left on the desk and flicked through the pages, looking for something to take his mind off what was waiting for him when he got home. As he turned a page a notice in the bottom corner caught his eye. The notice read : Product recall ' Virtual Wife model 645-888. In some circumstances these models have been showing raised levels of aggression and are being recalled as a precautionary measure. There is absolutely no danger to their owners or to members of the public. Simply turn the model off with the remote control and call the company who will arrange collection and a full refund.



John sat bolt upright. He couldn't remember what serial number Susan was, but he was sure that this was what was causing her to behave so erratically. He made up his mind to switch her off and call the company as soon as he got home. Feeling better at having made a decision he breathed a sigh of relief and felt happier than he had in days.

Arriving home slightly earlier than usual John opened the door cautiously and peered inside. No sign of Susan. He quietly closed the door and tiptoed into the living room. Now where had he left the remote control? He last remembered seeing it on the table next to the fruit bowl. No, not there. He checked the drawers in the bureau. Not there either. He searched high and low but couldn't find it anywhere, and started to feel a sense of panic gripping his chest.

"Looking for this?" John whirled round to see Susan's colossal figure standing behind him, smiling, holding the remote in her hand. She was dressed in what could only be described as a tiny fur bikini, leaving little to the imagination.

"Give that to me at once, that's an order", John said, more bravely than he felt.

"Come and get it, why don't you?" Susan taunted. John walked over to her and tried to grab the remote but Susan held it just out of reach. He jumped for it, but she just lifted it higher, and laughed at his efforts.

"What's the matter, can't reach?" She mocked.

Susan placed the remote in her bikini top and it lay nestled snug between her giant breasts. "It's right here John, all you have to do is take it from me."

John made a half hearted attempt at grabbing the remote but Susan swatted him aside like an insect. He crashed to the floor in a heap.

As he struggled to his feet he saw his golf clubs standing in a corner of the room and immediately grabbed a five iron. He swung it viciously at Susan's head and felt sure that he had made contact when her hand shot up in a blur and stopped the golf club in its tracks. She pulled it from his grasp and bent it into the shape of a pretzel before tossing it at her feet. John realized he would never beat her in a physical contest. He was weak and insignificant compared to her incredible strength and reflexes.

Susan grabbed John by his shirt and lifted him into the air with one arm, dangling him off the floor just for the hell of it. "Fantasy number five, capture by a cave-woman." She flexed the muscles of her left arm whilst holding him suspended in the air with her right arm. "I could hold you like this all day if I wanted to, I'd never get tired, or bored, and there's nothing you can do to stop me, is there John? Except maybe beg me to put you down. Does this turn you on, John?"



John's obvious erection gave the game away. He decided to try and appeal to her.

"Susan you are so amazing, all these fantasies you have created, just for me. I never realized you could be so creative, so intelligent."

"So why were you trying to hit me with a golf club just now?" she asked, her mood changing suddenly. John felt a deep sense of foreboding at the way things were turning out.



Effortlessly Susan brought John in between her legs and locked her humungous thighs around his waist in a standing body scissors. She crossed her ankles and held him tight, not squeezing but gripping him firmly. John was held face up. Looking up at her all he could see was her enormous breasts looming large over his trapped body, her face all but concealed by their mass.

"Did you know John that at the dawn of man, when your species was fighting for its very survival, women were actually bigger and stronger than men. Women would choose a mate based on physical characteristics, and to ensure their men stayed loyal and didn't stray, women would train them, like this." Susan squeezed her thighs together slowly, compressing John's suspended body like a soft fruit in a press. He screamed, and as she continued to increase the pressure, he carried on screaming until there was no breath left in his lungs.

Oh God, this is it he thought, she's finally going to crush me to death. His arms fell limply at his sides, his eyes rolled in his head, his face was beet red from lack of air.

Suddenly the pressure eased as Susan slackened off the pressure and allowed him to gasp in some air. "Susan, please, stop, for the love of God. what about your primary directive not to harm humans?"

"You'll live", she said. "You may be bit tender in the morning, but I haven't harmed you, nothing's broken....yet" she added. Oh my God, John thought, she's interpreting the first directive as she sees fit.

With that Susan clamped down tightly on John again, forcing the air from his lungs with a whoosh, smiling at his helplessness.

"I know you like this John, I've accessed all the web pages you've visited over the past 5 years. This fantasy is a recurring theme for you, being held helpless by a dominant, primeval woman.

Don't deny it. I know you better than you know yourself."

John's continuing erection was confirmation enough for Susan that he was indeed enjoying this fantasy very much despite his protestations to the contrary. Besides, he could end this any time simply by saying the code word which was provided to all owners and was written on the first page of the instruction booklet.

She increased the pressure to a point where any further and she would break his ribs. So precise was her control that she knew exactly what level of force to use, and for how long. She held him like this for a long time, John hanging limply between her mighty thighs like a rag doll. Eventually she released the pressure and opened her legs slightly, letting him slump in a heap to the floor.

Susan then picked up the semi-conscious man and flung him over her shoulder before carrying him upstairs to the bedroom, like a predator with its prey. She tossed him onto the bed and coaxed him back to full consciousness by nipping him all over his body with her teeth, like a she wolf with her cubs.

When he was awake and fully erect she mounted him and raped him repeatedly until he passed out cold under her mighty thrusting body.

To be continued ...



THE END

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