## Denise on a cruise - part 1

Submitted by hero141 on April 29, 2014 - 2:51am

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He had never seen a woman like the one now lying stretched on the wooden chaise longue next to the swimming pool. Quite used to the most exquisite selection of ultra-gorgeous women, he finds this curvaceous über-girl to be outmatching them all--be it in looks, curves, attitude, behavior, you name it. He has been staring at her--and drooling over her spectacular hulking figure just like all other men on board the ship--for the last twenty minutes now. It is obvious from the bulge in the speedos that most men around the swimming pool creamed their pants or are about to. To say that the gorgeous sex-bomb has the differentiated musculature of a professional female bodybuilder would do injustice to her ultra-developed, striated, bulging muscle mass that would easily put the physique of a Mr. Olympia to utter shame. The level of muscularity on this beautiful she-beast is simply unbelievable!

What is even more striking is that despite the huge muscle bulk, she retains the curvy femininity and natural elegance of a professional dancer or stripper. Her ample double-D is hardly contained in a tiny white string bikini, her obviously erect nipples are visible to all. And she does not mind the male attention: when she adjusts the strings riding high on her voluptuous hips she makes sure to open her legs so that her captivated audience can enjoy the sight of the white material slipping between her shiny wet labia of her perfectly shaven pussy. Pop, pop: a couple of other male passenger cum. Combined with her obvious Latina roots, this exotic muscle goddess is exactly what he craves for--and more!

Just as she is about to turn on her belly, lavishly stretching herself in the chaise longue and exposing the already bronzed skin of her monumentally wide back and ballooning bubble-butt to the hot sun, she smiles at him--a radiant smile, a smile that would melt icecaps. He thinks he is hallucinating. But when she makes a 'tata' movement with her fingers showing-off her very long and brightly colored nails, he notices how the perfectly tanned olive-brown skin of her forearms springs to life as a result of the immense muscular development surging beneath it. He reacts kinda sheepishly and waves back--like a child being caught at something he should not do. He immediately stops staring and hides on his patio with the magnificent view over the swimming pool.

- Holy cow! She noticed me...

Ron's holiday on the 'Crystal Symphony' has only just started, the 'Crystal Symphony' being a huge, ultra-modern cruise ship for the ultra-rich. Its original capacity was around 1,000 passengers, but it has been restyled and rebuilt to suit the extravagant purposes and exquisite tastes of some hundred ultra-rich. Ron got on board in San Francisco for a cruise across the Pacific coast--looking forward to the prospect of sunshine and the vast expanse of the ocean. Now he is faced with the prospect of sharing a cruise with his 'walking wet dream': a big-titted ultra-muscular Latina obviously willing to share the stunning results of her hard work in the gym. He cannot stop himself from stealing just one last glance at this extraordinary creature down-below. Ron is captivated--just like the rest of the guys on deck--by the scene developing before his bewildered eyes.

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- Hey you guys, wanna rub me in? I could use some help.

The muscle babe calls the two young dudes on the chairs next to her and they do not have to be asked twice: they gently and sensually begin to apply the slippery oil to her monumental shoulders and broad back--one left and one right. She purrs with pleasure as their hands playfully glide over the shiny, differentiated muscle mass. The men hesitate when they reach her ballooning glutes, two alluring bubbled cheeks, her string playfully situated in her ass crack. They would love to move their hands over her perfectly tanned flesh, rubbing the oil all the way down into her ass crack, moving their fingers close to her inviting slit, but they do not want to make her feel embarrassed or worse: angry. Who knows what this ultra-trained bodybuilder is capable of. And they do not want to upset their wives either...

- It's OK guys. My ass needs worshiping, don't ya think? Hehe... By the way, my name's Denise. What's yours?

Her voice is commanding, powerful, in control; feminine and melodious, yet making clear who is in charge. The two men answer simultaneously which makes her smile. Her thick, full sensually pouted lips generate the wildest blowjob fantasies. The men cannot help but wonder how many lovers these sexy lips have sent into major orgasm, how many cocks they have sucked into states of utter bliss. Every inch of this rampant and pumped-up über-babe oozes sex and she knows it. The guys however have little clue as to whom they got themselves involved with. They are mesmerized as their hands massage her ultra-sexy bulgy butt.

- Hehe, John and Mike, I guess you like what you feel. I'm not your ordinary girl next door, now am I?

The alluringly shiny flesh may feel soft, but the muscular development under the surface is simply mind-blowing. The merest movement causes her awesome musclemass to bulge and flex ominously beneath her flawless, beautifully tanned olive-brown skin. This woman has trained her curvaceous hot-bod to become the ultimate muscle Goddess, the pinnacle of raw sexual dominance! John is so aroused, that he seems to have lost all connection with the world outside Denise's body. He eagerly continues to rub his hands--slick from the tanning oil--over her impressively sexy thighs, hams and calves. His huge erection is all too obvious from the bulge in his speedo, a hard-on he does not even try to conceal any more. John, as if in a trance:

- ... You're gorgeous, ... D... Denise...

- Yeah, John. I know. I'm fuckin' out-of-this-world! Don't forget my feet, baby. You too, Mike. And I might return the favor.

Both are careful not to touch her sexy pair of expensive Louboutin snakeskin platform pumps with 9-inch stiletto heels when they lovingly caress her elegant ankles. She moans in delight as they skillfully glide both hands over her well-defined calves using their thumbs to increase the pressure as they move towards her sexy feet. This is much to the discontent of their wives who are watching the scene with increasing jealousy, disgust and anger. And although both women are good-looking, they look plain and ordinary next to Denise's otherworldly physique. The big-titted bimbo could not care less about other women: she plays in a league of her own. And she just loves the attention she gets and the obvious effects her incredible ultra-body has on her male admirers.

- Time for your treat, sweeties. You can do my tits. Jeez, I'm so freakin' hot!

As she elegantly flips over to her back and exposes her generous curves, an ample double-D, John and Mike's hearts skip a beat. The combination of these gravity-defying mounds of female flesh with the incredibly sexy stomach, her eight-pack cobblestone abs, completely gets the men in the zone. Though their wives look on in growing disbelief, the men gladly glide their hands over her mighty chest. Amazed at the absolute perfection of her protruding breasts--built big and firm--they move their hands time and again over the alluring flesh--certainly more than necessary to apply the tanning oil. Their wives stare in growing astonishment and alarm. Denise is just amused, leans her head back and laughs a deliciously confident laugh. It is the confidence of someone in power, totally in control, someone whose mere presence is enough to being obeyed instantly. The gorgeous amazon goes for the bulge in their shorts and starts rubbing their cocks over the material of their speedos. In front of everyone!

- Your wives are watching and they are looking rather angry. You don't want me to stop now, do you?

The movement of Denise's talented fingers gets John over the edge immediately and he starts to ejaculate uncontrollably into his speedo--a wet stain quickly visible, his body doubling over in a mind-blowing orgasm. The busty pin-up re-positions herself on the chaise longue, her bulging and ballooning curves fully exposed for all to enjoy.

- Oh Gosh, John, No stamina. And no size either. Don't you know big girls like big cock? Fuck, you're pathetic! I want you to crawl like the dog you are, take off my shoes and worship my feet! Lick them--guys like you should know their place.

- ... A... S... Sorry... I'm... so... sorry, Denise...

John receives his public humiliation rather well--actually it is hard to judge whether he really grasped Denise's message, mesmerized as he is by her ludicrously sexy body! Yet, as he gets on his hands and knees and crawls in the direction of her Louboutins, he cannot have lost all sense of reality, or can he? The female muscle freak now turns to Mike and notices to her satisfaction that his 8-inch hard-on is nearly bursting through his speedo.

- See John? That's more my size. Are you ready for this, Mikey?

Mike sizes up the muscular movement in her forearms as she expertly frees his straining erection from its tiny confinement, and he can only gasp in utter amazement and adoration at the extreme definition, vascularity and cartoonish size and proportion of her awesome arm muscles. She is surreal. And her sexual mastery is equally impressive: she devours Mike's cock with incredible skill, gliding her moist and soft lips up and down, taking the whole shaft into her throat--balls and all--only to take it out again while using her expert hands to pump him at the same time. Totally unprepared for that kind of erotic sensation he cums after two seconds in the most explosive orgasm in his life--releasing a massive load which she easily takes and spits back on his purple cock-head.

- Looks like you needed it. Both of you. Thanks for helping me, guys!

Everybody is dead silent on deck and watch the two men awkwardly stumble back to their chairs with a mixture of pity, envy and disgust. Their wives are so amazed and utterly intimidated at what they have just witnessed, that they do not dare to speak up. Meanwhile, Denise gets up and elegantly backflips towards the pool--obviously showing off her unparalleled gymnastic skills and beautifully oiled body. Just before she dives into the refreshing water, she addresses the wives:

- Hey bitches, if you keep men for fucking purposes, make sure they got size and stamina!

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Ron cannot keep his eyes off the stunning Latina who has just made two passengers cum in public, in front of everyone--even their wives--and is now relaxing in the pool, having a little chat with a beautifully bronzed, well-built, somewhat older guy. The crowd around the pool does not notice--this must only be visible from the higher patio's like Ron's--how she pulls the man closer until his shoulder touches her bare breasts and her skilled hands disappear in his swim shorts. Ron cannot make out clearly, but he thinks he can see how one hand starts pumping up and down--slowly at first but increasing the pace--while her other hand performs some kind of magic in his ass. His face betrays the extreme arousal and excitement: his breathing becomes heavier and his heart must be pumping like a maniac--but he keeps a more or less normal composure considering the unusual circumstances. Being jerked off by a busty bodybuilder in a crowded pool on a cruise ship is far from usual.

- Fuck, she does him too! Good lord, this is crazy!

Suddenly Denise looks in Ron's direction again, pouting her ultra-sexy lips, throwing him a kiss. As if to make a statement 'this is how I do my men'. Then he cums. Ron too. Denise grins evilly.

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Text message from Denise to Devon, 10.49pm: "Found target. Kept low profile. Hard to restrain myself though. D"

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The next day Denise is purring like a spoilt cat lazing in the Pacific sunshine. Her intimidatingly beautiful body is the center of attention again. How could it be otherwise? Only three tiny strips of black tape are covering the most intimate parts of her ultra-sexy physique: two for her rock-hard nipples and one for her carefully shaven slit. Then her mobile phone rings.

- ... Yeah? ... I see... What? What do you say? No secrecy needed? ... Oh fuck, Dev. You just made my day: I'm fuckin' wet already. I'm on a ship in the middle of the ocean and I can have my way... What did you say? ... Use my imagination? Hehe, it's already working overtime!

When she puts her mobile back into her purse, a sardonic grin appears on her beautiful face. Without any further delay she grabs her things and elegantly struts towards the bridge, where the captain and his crew members control every part of the ship. When she mounts the stairs, the busty muscle bitch makes sure everybody has full view of her long, well-muscled legs and perfectly sculpted butt, the incredible development in her bulging, sharply cut calves highlighted by her 9-inch stiletto-heeled pumps. She flirtatiously sways her bubbling rock-hard ass, her huge, full, heavy breasts bounce gracefully. This is poetry in motion and she knows it: she oozes sexual confidence! When Denise finally wants to enter the secured elevator giving access to the bridge, the first officer gladly grants her permission and opens the security lock.

- Thanks for letting me in, guys. You know, I really like men in uniform! What do you think about mine?

Although word has gone round about a gorgeous muscle babe on board who is not afraid to show off the goods, the crew members are clearly intimidated by her stunning presence. All eyes remain fixed on the deceptively soft and alluringly shiny flesh of her protruding naked breasts.

- ... Well, I'd say... it's pretty minimal.

The captain's joke releases some of the tension, it neutralizes some of the electricity in the air, as all crew members drool over Denise's spectacular physique. The captain, a gentleman in his fifties, smiles and gives her a warm welcome.

- As captain of the Crystal Symphony I'm happy to welcome you on the bridge. It's an honor to have such a gorgeous woman on board. And to be honest, I've never seen such a gorgeous lady before.

The tanned Latina strikes a double-biceps pose to showcase her 365 pounds and near 7 feet of dangerously bulging female muscle. A lustful grin parts her sultry lips as she is obviously enjoying the crew's unease with handling their contrasting feelings of extreme sexual arousal and gentlemanly chivalry. Denise loves the sheer amazement on their faces when she cups her over-sized chest in her hands: her huge, hulking, pumped-up, shiny meat at full display!

- It's OK to stare, guys. What else can you do? These curves are simply built for staring, don't you think? I wanna have a chat with you, cap. In private if possible?

She towers commandingly over the crew members. The impact of her words and body makes them comply immediately--some to disappear into the toilets to release some of the sexual tension, the others waiting impatiently for the first group to get out to be able to jerk off too... The first officer is the last to leave the bridge but he is stopped by the massive beauty. He smells her delicate perfume. His senses go berserk as she sexily pulls him face-first against the glistening skin of her big tits. The man is intoxicated by her goddess-like presence and the feel of her muscular curves. He is drooling and has all the trouble in the world to suppress the natural urge to start kissing, licking and worshiping her glorious globes. His hands inadvertently touch her smooth skin, the surface hot and wet, oily.

- OK, captain. Let's make things clear. From now on, I own everything on this boat. Passengers and crew included. Disobeying me means nasty shit.

Denise slowly moves the impressive thigh of her left leg upwards between the first officer's legs--he tries to move his pelvis backwards but he is stopped by an immensely powerful hand on his ass making sure his groin touches her bulging quads. She does not even have to work her thigh up and down for him to sport a huge erection. The captain watches in astonishment as the über-babe makes his officer ingloriously blow a huge load in his pants. The guy just cannot help it. And then she tightens her muscular embrace. Wordlessly. Effortlessly. Frighteningly. Her biceps peak at a size easily outmatching any male pro. Her breasts muffle the impending screams as the first officer is close to being crushed, mangled in her arms. The captain tries to save his officer:

- Let him go, I get the point.

As Denise softens her steel grip somewhat, the officer gasps for breath and pleadingly looks up at his female tormentor, his eyes widened in panic. The brawny brunette smiles down at him, almost flirtatiously:

- No, captain. I'm quite sure you did not get the point. Your boy here just wet his pants, didn't you baby?

Without looking at the captain, but looking straight into the first officer's pleading eyes, savoring his fear, she continues:

- Did you just cream your pants, boy?

- ... Euhm... Y...yes. I'm... s... so... sorry.

- You're sorry? You're pathetic! I didn't even jerk you off. You guys have absolutely no idea who you are facing here.

With these words the dominating female tightly grabs both of his shoulders and dramatically throws her long black hair back with an elegant toss of her head. The first officer watches in awe how her forearms ripple with muscular movement, how her ultra-developed and straining biceps and triceps alone carry more muscle mass than his entire body!

- I'm a professional assassin. And as you can see: this body is built, built to kill. But I'm not your ordinary hench-woman. People hire me to make sure their target gets a special treatment before he dies. Needless to say that most jobs involve brutal torture, information retrieval or both.

With the last sentence she seductively wets her thick upper lip, adding with a grin:

- ... And I'm so fuckin' good at it: I make the atrocities in Auschwitz look like child's play.

- ... Oh my God... And it is us that you want?

The captain's face turns white and he starts shaking all over his body. This orgasm-triggering pin-up shakes her head.

- You're just fun.

With an icy smile Denise digs her long-nailed fingers viciously deep into the first officer's flesh. Her thumbs and index--the magnificently skilled instruments in so many male orgasms--encounter no resistance and effortlessly destroy everything on their way in, crushing shoulder muscles, tendons, even bones until with a clean, nasty jerk she rips off both his arms! Just like that. Blood gushes freely from the gaping wounds. The officer screams like a madman, in total agony. Denise roars with laughter and throws the arms in the captain's direction who has to puke immediately, obviously unprepared for this kind of carnage.

- It's like clipping chicken wings, captain. What about clipping his balls next? Or wait...

The sexy beast rests her hands on the remains of his shoulders and in an explosion of brutal force moves her knee straight up into his unprotected crotch. The impact of her heavily muscled leg is simply devastating: her knee makes its bloody way up to his midriff, his torso and ribcage are pushed upwards but stopped by her powerful hands. His upper-body caves in, doubles over and is crushed--all at the same time. The officer's body is no match for the ultra-fit hyper-muscular physique of this gorgeous dominatrix. Broken and splintered ribs come out at all impossible angles, his fluidy intestines and perforated lungs gush out in a horrific explosion of slimy and bloody goo.

- Do you get the point now, cap? And I'm not even horny. It tends to get messier when I'm horny.

The captain is in a state of shock. He sits quietly in his chair, his eyes staring in the distance. He is not even aware that Denise undresses him, gets him hard and swiftly positions her pussy over his cock and starts riding him amazon-style: rough and hard. When the chair collapses under the unrelenting force of her powerful pelvic thrusts, Denise showcases her flexibility by spreading her legs in an almost 180° split and moving the captain's cock in and out her wet slit using her vaginal muscles only. She milks him until his balls hurt too much for yet another orgasm. She makes him cum seven times!

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One hour later.

- This is your captain speaking from the bridge. I got a very important message for all crew and passengers. We have a huge problem that needs our close attention and I want all crew members to assist all passengers to the Big Movie Theater. There is plenty of space there to get things organized. There is no need to panic, but I must stress that this is an order: everyone must be in the Big Movie Theater within ten minutes, no exceptions!

The captain obediently puts down the microphone and turns to the woman standing behind him. Denise nods. His look betrays a mortal fear about how she will proceed now. He has never encountered anybody who emanates more natural authority and power than the gorgeous bodybuilder. From her expensive D&G purse, the busty sex-bomb produces five tiny wireless state-of-the-art spy-cameras capable of producing razor-sharp images of pellicule quality--a little present form one of Denise's CIA-contacts, presents worth 10K each.

- Well done, cap. I need a couple of more messages from you, but I'll tape them so I can broadcast them whenever I need to. Don't worry, baby. You're doing just fine.

She carefully positions the digital camcorders around the control panel so they capture every movement of the captain. Ten minutes later:

- Thanks, captain. Any thoughts or questions?

- What are you going to do now? ... I mean with me... and the passengers?

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## Denise on a cruise - part 2

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Submitted by [hero141](file:///D:\users\hero141) on December 27, 2014 - 4:46am

Ron is excited. He is amidst the crowd making its way to the Big Movie Theater. Everybody is anxious to know what is happening and why they have to gather at the Theater. The members of the crew are anxious too, but they act professionally and make sure everything goes smoothly. Suddenly the big screen shows the captain talking from the bridge--everybody is interested to know what he has to say. Dead silence.

- This is your captain again. I assure you: there is no need to panic. I have to initiate the ordinary evacuation procedure because toxic materials have been found in the machine room. There is no danger for you, but the ship must be evacuated within three hours. I need ten crew members--the names will appear on the screen--and Ron Deyger as well as George DeLallo to report to the gym. A number of things will be coordinated from there. The rest of the passengers must follow the orders of the crew and go to the life boats as quickly as possible--no time to pack any luggage. Let's get to it!

Ron Deyger cannot believe what he has just heard: the captain asking him to stay on board? Why would the captain need him? His well-earned cruise over the pacific is turning into something different and he is not the man whose priorities have been with serving the community--and he has no intention whatsoever to change that... So, he decides to ignore the captain's command and proceed like everybody else to the lifeboats. Life-jackets are distributed among crew and passengers and they easily reach the lifeboats: ultra-modern, totally enclosed safety boats that are able to carry up to 120 passengers each. The boats are fully equipped with state-of-the-art navigation technology and provided with ample food supplies. Crew and passengers fit into two boats. It is obvious from the nervousness of the crew and their goal-oriented, disciplined behavior that this is not a drill or an exercise. The heavy davits full-automatically lower the life boats. Suddenly a heavy thud can be heard overhead on the steel roof of one of the vessels.

- Shit, what's happening? ... That's not part of the procedure...

One of the crew members opens the heavy security door to have a look. To everyone's astonishment the man is stopped by two impossibly muscular legs swinging inside with the elegance of an Olympic gymnast and brutally snaking around his neck, pushing his face into a perfectly groomed female crotch. And oh my God, is she horny: her pussy is dripping wet! The inviting smell of her wet pussy makes him giddy with arousal. Her sexy assets immediately take control of his body: his cock grows hard in his pants instantly, a throbbing erection fully at her command, but it is obvious that this kinky gym babe could do anything with him--anything! He is completely at the mercy of this female fucking machine! The long, sleek, sexy and outrageously muscular legs belong to a beauty of the kind you only encounter once or twice in a lifetime--if you are lucky. And she knows how to show off the goods: totally naked, shiny with oil, pumped-up to the max! Her bulging quads and beautifully diamond-shaped calves ominously envelop his neck which looks sickly white and frail compared to her ultra-athletic, tanned physique, the apex of female superiority.

She effortlessly uses the horizontal steel bar above the entrance to swing back and forth with the skill and power of a gymnast champ, her victim firmly captured in her leggy embrace. He wails in horror as he feels the razor-sharp stiletto heels of a pair of Louboutin black leather heel boots being forced into his back and anchored between his ribs. The gorgeous brunette parts her lush lips in a sadistic grin, simply enjoying the agony of her victim: she brutally pushes the man's nose and mouth further against her shaven pussy, his uncontrollable urge to scream his lungs out stimulates her already blood-engorged clit. Despite the situation and the excruciating pain, he continues to be enchanted by the inviting smell of her moist pussy ready to devour dick. Her clit pulsing with blood demands instant satisfaction. This mighty she-beast craves for cock... and carnage!

The terrified audience in the lifeboat is privileged to see how the bare-chested bodybuilding bitch continues to swing back and forth clinging to the high horizontal bar, keeping her squirming prey tightly between her massive legs. This gymnastic movement normally requires stretched arms, but she deliberately bends her arms here, obviously showing-off her otherworldly strength and gymnastic talent: the enormous, coconut-sized biceps swell--explode actually--with each movement, her broad shoulders dance with muscular activity. Her equally impressive forearms show unimaginably muscular differentiation! This woman has a body engineered to perfection and loves to show it off. Fit as fuck. Hot as hell.

- Wanna know something? I'm gonna rip this guy apart: crush every bone in his fucking body and tear him to pieces.

She arches her wide back obviously making sure everyone has perfect view of her busty chest with the rock-hard nips and elegantly swings back onto the roof of the life boat, her prey squirming between her legs. The passage of this stunning beauty causes an ominous silence among the passengers--and the usual dozen of spontaneous male orgasms... Suddenly everybody hears harrowing screams coming from the roof. Upsetting, disturbing screams. A man is obviously begging for his life. He is pleading, crying, and sobbing uncontrollably. Now and then the melodious mocking voice of a woman is heard. And every time as you expect the screaming to end, it increases in intensity and pitch. For those situated near the door and when the sea-breeze carries the sound waves well, agonizing crushing and horrifying squashing sounds can be discerned, always followed by more horrendous screaming and wailing, no doubt indicators for the excruciating tortures she is putting him through. What actually happens on the roof is left to the imagination of mentally unprepared men and women. After fifteen minutes the volume of the screaming decreases, the words become incomprehensible. Another ten minutes later all is silent again.

She swings back in, only one hand holding the horizontal bar: a gorgeous bodybuilder red with the blood and viscera of her victim. She carries a heavy machine gun obviously meant to be positioned on a bipod, but here effortlessly hand-carried by Denise.

- He asked me to be gentle--well actually, he begged me on his knees because I had ripped off his lower legs. I know you won't believe me, but I was. Hahaha!

The beautiful behemoth roars with laughter as she addresses her terrified audience.

- OK, gents. There is only one way to save your life and that is: size! Guys with a cock bigger than 8 inches may step forward and come to me.

Denise's beautiful brown eyes scan the passengers and then remain fixed on one dude who puts up his hand. He is literally shaking with fear, horrified to step forward and face the gorgeous musculatrix before him.

- Never buy unseen. Show me cock and make sure it's erect.

The man awkwardly shows his penis, a sizable specimen, but he fails to get a hard-on, much to the discontent of Denise. Without any more words, she aims her huge machine gun and with accuracy of a sniper pumps his unprotected crotch full of lead! Firing more than 100 bullets she transforms his pelvis into bloody paste, the huge firing power simply ripping off his legs, his guts gushing over the floor of the life boat.

- Anyone else? No porn-size cock around? Too bad. Enjoy!

The broad-shouldered babe starts wielding her machine gun. Despite the heavy fire and serious recoil the accuracy of her attack is phenomenal. She aims for the lower body: legs, knees, crotch. Damage permanent, death still a long way to go. She continues her heavy fire for minutes on end--using several rounds of bullets. Bodies are literally pumped full of lead. The harrowing cries of agony, excruciating pain are mixed with the uncanny rattling of her gun. The heavy fire makes her pumped-up body and ballooning boobs shake sexily--what a sight! The carnage is complete. The lifeboat is filled with ripped-off meat, splintered, shattered bones, smelling disgustingly of piss, shit and guts. She leaves the boat and calls the captain.

- OK, cap, you can drop boat one. It's leaden.

Her sultry lips part in a mischievous, lustful grin when she thinks about a lifeboat full of slowly dying people floating on the pacific. What a joke!

- ... What? ... Ron Deyger did not report to the gym? ... Where is he then? ... In the second lifeboat you say? ...

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The captain of the 'Crystal Symphony' is sitting on the bridge, engrossed in scanning the computer screens and controlling the data the ship's navigation system generates--like any captain of a large vessel would do. But his apparent careful attention on the ship's navigation data is misleading: the man is merely playing 'captain', having regressed into a mental state which allows only superficial involvement in action--doing things he is used to doing without really being mentally involved. His brains are devoted to registering fear. Mortal fear for the divinely muscular brown-haired Valkyrie who took over his ship and who took him--hard and rough. She simply raped him, using him as a mere sex toy, a living dildo, humiliating him if he came too quickly or mocking him if he came too slowly.

There was no way he could keep up with the outrageous sex-drive of the busty nympho. She continually worked his cock: expertly jerking it, sucking it, grinding it, squeezing it, licking it, biting it, riding it--her sexual skill and expertise blew his mind, an overwhelming erotic experience! At some point the captain thought the cock-crazed beauty would simply rip it off--which is not so strange an idea by the way: ripping off the penis is standard procedure during the thousands of interrogations Denise performs, whether the guy talks or not... (words cannot save a man's cock during interrogation, only size can. Biggest porn-size!) With a body outclassing the captain a billion times, she milked him dry until he was totally spent. Every muscular inch of her body breathes power and sex.

He has all the trouble in the world not to collapse mentally and not to simply jump into the cold sea. Indeed, the dilemma he is trying to cope with is inhumane: being responsible for the death of his crew and passengers or being tortured to death by the most gorgeous woman he has ever seen. This is a choice between Scylla or Charibdis. And he opted for his own survival, making him an accomplice in the atrocities he sees developing on the computer screens showing footage of the ship's surveillance cameras.

- Fuck, what have I done? This woman is crazy! Will no-one stop her?

The captain knows that nobody--not even an entire army--can stop this female predator. What he does not know is that there have been attempts all right: experienced assassins have been paid hundred thousands of dollars to eliminate her. All in vain... These attempts had two things in common: (1) the death of all those involved, assassins, accomplices as well as the high-ranked people who ordered for her death; (2) the radical redefinition of the concept 'ultra-sadism': she took them on a week-long journey of excruciating pain and extreme humiliation eventually leading to their inhumane death. Already after fifteen minutes of torture--Denise had only just started testing out her paraphernalia for working their feet, toes and toenails--needles, iron sticks, tweezers, pincers, tongs and a variety of nasty chemicals--they offered her huge amounts of cash to let it stop. By the time she started 'working' their cocks they offered even higher amounts of money to ... ... kill them quickly. She gladly cashed the dollars--instantly making her a multi-billionnaire--and simply increased the intensity of the tortures to pain-levels barely but just supportable. There is no fun in a victim going unconscious or catatonic. Beastly! She takes whatever she wants whenever she wants it.

The captain is not totally unaware of her favorite pass-time. He remembers her 'sweet-talking' to him while she was pushing her orgasmic double-D in his face, jerking him off, her fingers performing their sexual magic. He was totally overwhelmed, completely dominated and controlled by this voluptuous vixen. And although he was well past his fifth orgasm, Denise had him rock-hard again, easily keeping him on the verge for what seemed to him like ages, all the while boasting about how she would slaughter him if he contacted the police or coastal authorities. Her words still haunt his mind: the idea of cock and ass insertions or having your guts filled up ass-wise with boiling chemicals while slowly being ripped to shreds prevent him from informing the authorities there and then. Suddenly his mobile rings.

- Hello? ... Coast guard? ... Yes? ... Something wrong? No, why?

The captain's heart skips a beat. It is the coastal guard. They probably must have noticed that the ship's life-boats have been used.

- ... No... The owner of Crystal Symphony Cruises? ... Yes, pass him through. Yes Sir? ... Someone asked you a huge amount of money to get your ship back? Oh fuck...

The captain is quite used and trained to deal with emergency situations, but this situation is of a totally different order. He mentally breaks, starts crying and tells everything to the owner of his ship--a desparate plea for help and support. The owner of Crystal Symphony Cruises tries to calm him down and assures he will do everything to get them out alive and well. When the cap puts down the phone he notices he has pissed his pants. He is shaking uncontrollably. When she finds out, he is not only dead, he is doomed to hell!

All of a sudden his phone rings again. It is her again! Her voice is husky, erotic.

- ... ? The ten crew members and George DeLallo? Yes... They wait in the gym for further orders. ... OK, I'll play the tape. ... ... Yes, Ron Deyger is still in the second boat.

The captain knows what will be screened: he will order the chef de cuisine, two sous-chefs, the head waiter, and the three chief masseurs from the wellness-center to their positions--asking them to be ready to serve him in the captain's suite. The three remaining crew members with Ron Deyger and George DeLallo will be informed to search the ship for terrorist explosives with the warning that the terrorists are still on board and heavily armed. At first, the captain did not understand why she ordered him to tape this, but she turned to him with an evil smirk: "Ever seen the movie 'Predator', captain? I like to hunt for humans too. But I'm a female predator hunting for male prey. See how that gender-thing adds a little extra to the game? I play with them, toy with them, arouse them, fuck them before I slaughter them. Usually keep the cock and testicles as a trophy. Then I crave for delicious food and a good massage. And my physique is used to the highest quality treatments. I hope your staff is up to the task. If not, they'll be turned into trophies too... Hehe."

--

When Denise enters the second life-boat, there is panic among its passengers. The terrifying noise of the machine gun together with the agonizing cries and screams of the other passengers have not missed their effect. It is chaos, people running around aimlessly, trying to look for cover that is not there... Despite the chaos her gorgeous eagle eyes immediately locate her target: Ron Deyger. A wicked smile crosses her sexy lips and she calmly positions the enormous gun against the wall. Her ultra-fit body bristles with unabashed power, the alluring flesh of her naked big boobs demands to be worshiped. Still standing in the door opening Denise sensually brings up her fists in a massive double biceps pose. Her gigantic biceps pop up showing an obscene excess of muscle! The people in the life-boat shudder with fear and horror.

- What do you want me use? My gun? My guns?

The big-titted killing machine notices Mike and John, the guys who had the pleasure of rubbing her in and got dumped by their wives for doing so. They are sitting sheepishly and meek in the corner next to the entrance, awaiting their fate. The second rendez-vous with Denise proves to be totally different from Mike's first encounter. A perfectly executed high kick is poetry in motion in terms of speed, elegance and accuracy, but utterly devastating for the guy at the receiving end of the bargain. He has his throat ripped open by her razor-sharp stiletto heel--he is bleeding profusely and desperately gasping for breadth.

- How do you find my Louboutins? Breathtaking, aren't they?

The ultra-dominant psycho-bitch smilingly turns to John who is totally petrified.

- Eat me.

John gets on his knees and puts his head between her impossibly muscular pumped-up thighs. She pushes his skull uncaringly hard against her crotch. Her hairless perfect pink pussy is invitingly wet and his tongue is eager to please the moody musculatrix. He licks for all he is worth, his tongue snaking out, sucking and licking frantically for his life. Her sexy moaning encourages him to go deeper and try even harder. Denise grabs his upper arms, her fingers digging deep into his frail flesh, probably crushing some muscle and bone. John wails in pain.

- Stupid fuck! Did I tell you to stop licking?

In spite of her long-nailed fingers digging deeper into his upper arms, the poor man gathers all his will power and continues to eat her out. The pain in his arms is unbearable. Yet, he does a good job: Denise is moaning in delight, building to orgasmic bliss and when she finally reaches the apex of pleasure she spreads her muscular arms and simply rips off both John's arms, tearing them out of their shoulder joints! A vicious kick from her knee makes sure his blood does not wet her long, sleek, massive legs. The man is bleeding profusely and crying like a pig. Seconds later he is lying in a pool of his own blood. Denise disdainfully throws his useless limbs in his direction.

- Did I tell ya to stop licking? Lick your fuckin' blood off my shoes!

John is in no position to obey her command, but terrified as he is and despite his bloodloss, he awkwardly crawls towards the sadistic über-babe to lick her expensive Louboutins clean. The beautiful bodybuilder is obviously toying with him--like a cat with a mouse--or better: an insect.  
With visible pleasure she carefully positions a stiletto heel on his spinal cord and pushes down her foot. Then John's world explodes: the pain he experiences is beyond telling: it shoots from his spinal nerves and catches his whole body. He convulses and shakes uncontrollably, screams at the top of his lungs, and starts to vomits blood.

- I'm a registered sociopath and ultra-sadist. For your information: I'm an outlier even on the most extreme scales measuring ultra-sadism. Your pain is my gain, hehe. And as you can also see, I'm a bodybuilder, a muscle bitch with the level of muscularity even roid-addicted pro males are incapable of attaining. And these muscles aren't just for show, they're every bit as strong as they look.

Between the waves of pain, he feels how an impossibly strong arm picks him up and throws him on the bench, his ass up in the air.

- Ever had a heavy machine gun shoved up your ass? Try to relax: it'll be less painful.

She rips off his clothes; they are soaking with blood. The poor guy makes loud, gurgling, incoherent noises holding the middle between wailing and crying.

- ... Aaarruoooa...! Ouaaaaaahhh...

Denise disdainfully looks at his flabby, frail and white body contrasting sharply with her ultra-muscular deeply tanned hotbod, thinking how utterly inferior all these men really are when you compare them with her blazingly pumped-up over-sized hotbod. It will come as no surprise to say that by now every man in the life-boat is looking at this hot-blooded bodybuilding babe, drooling over her fantastic feminine curves, fantasizing about how utterly mind-blowing this über-Latina must be in the sack. Denise arrogantly shows off her sexy assets and moves more like a voluptuous stripper pleasing an audience of horny males than like the ultra-sadistic assassin she really is.

- Or do you want me to use something else to fill up his ass with? I often push my arm in, but as you can see, it's way too muscular. Even my underarm is too big and it destroys a man's fuckin' hole much too quickly. By the time I get to pushing in my upper-arm, even un-flexed, things get too messy: guts gushing out, lower-body completely teared apart...

When she cups her firm breasts and sensually licks her rock-hard nipples, a lot of guys in the life-boat are losing all sense of reality: they see how her ungodly huge, muscular upper-arms nearly double in size when she flexes them. Imagine what happens if these babies get pumped inside a man's ass... His abdomen would simply explode, her flexed muscles would burst him open from behind, his pelvic bones would be no match at all for her giant pumped-up boulders ripping him apart! Everyone's eyes stare in awe at her lethal limbs peaking at an amazing 28 inches!

- ... I see you got the message. Love to make my men explode!

Denise is so smokin' hot she has all men aroused to the max--her ample porn-star curves fully at public display, her over-sized body while at the same time they piss their pants from mortal fear of falling into her lethal hands...

- Come on, guys. No suggestions on how to fill up his ass? No crazy sadistic perverted brains down here?

Meanwhile the muscle bitch is preparing his virgin asshole for the big intrusion--the huge machine gun is ominously positioned against the wall, its over-sized barrel only matched by Denise's ultra-bod. She almost tenderly inserts her long-nailed index finger and while she is at it, she expertly massages his prostate, getting him aroused in spite of everything. John gasps and is amazed at the ease with which her index finger gets him a straining hard-on. She smiles arrogantly, enjoying her total control over men, in pain and in pleasure.

- Your 'on'-switch still works, pathetic fuck!

Then a second, third and fourth finger enter stretching his asshole to the max. It is when she puts her thumb in and savagely shoves her clenched fist deeper into his anus that his world explodes again. The terribly painful and awkward feeling of being filled-up ass-wise, that your ass is about to burst open is overwhelming him.

- Don't panic, John. This is routine treatment before pegging a man with a thing as huge as this gun barrel here. You'll thank me afterwards.

The huge über-babe pulls out her fist and mockingly watches John gasp in relief. In wicked delight and in outright addiction to inflicting maximum pain, her long-nailed fingers explore the crack of his ass again, painfully stretching it, quasi carelessly filling him up again, enjoying his pleading cries as she rams her fist into his bleeding anus time and again. The horny muscle bitch notices that the guy sitting next to John is about to cum in his pants.

- What do we have here? Enjoying yourself?

- ... Euhm... Hmm... Yes... N... Hmmm... No...

- No? You're about to wet your fuckin' pants! You like dominant muscle women, don't you?

The man is astonished, overwhelmed by her authority and charisma.

- Don't cum.

The guy pleadingly looks up into the busty brunette's gorgeous eyes. Suddenly, quicker than lightning, her long, elegant leg lashes out, driving her high heel straight into his skull: the tip of her stiletto heel sticks out at the back of his head! The gorgeous powerhouse then swiftly lifts her leg into an impressive standing split, the man dangling from her high heel. He is shaking like a maniac, brain damage being obvious. What a sight! His blood trickles sensually down her sleek suberbly muscular leg, the differentiation and development in her calves all too obvious as she playfully wiggles her foot.

- It's great to be a musculatrix!

She grabs him by the waist with both hands and pulls him down with a clean jerk, simply scalping him, part of his skull still pinned on her stiletto. His body drops to the floor in mortal agony. It is shocking to see that it takes more than five minutes for his body to stop spasming, while the remains of his brains ooze on the floor, bathing in a large pool of blood. Her audience is captivated by her sadistic actions. She effortlessly picks up the huge gun and pushes the four inch wide barrel up John's ass. Not deep at first so that he fully experiences the agony of something too big entering his virgin asshole again, but then thrusting it two feet up his ass. He is squirming and convulsing heavily as far as his mutilated body still allows him to, but Denise smilingly keeps him pinned with the heavy gun. Blood gushes from his deformed and traumatized anus.

- Any thoughts?

And then Denise picks up the huge machine gun and keeps John impaled on the barrel, like a puppet-on-a-stick. The poor armless guy is in shock, but still able to experience how the cold steel of the barrel slowly moves upward inside his abdomen. He is delirious with pain--unimaginable, unendurable pain. A loud, hideous, endless cry escapes from his mouth, which is unnaturally stretched open, every muscle in his face drawn from the inhumane torture she puts him through. His brutalized body goes cataleptic, spasmically tightening around the gun, much to the undisguised pleasure of the gorgeous female hulk. John is beyond screaming now and regresses into the state Denise enjoys so much: past intelligible language, past prayers for divine intervention to remove him out of this living nightmare, past everything. Only pain. Excruciating pain. And her outrageously trained muscular body of course, cause of the pain. She flirtatiously addresses her captivated audience:

- Oooh, my cock in your ass feels so good, John. You're so deliciously tight... Are you still a virgin? Hahaha!

For Denise this is just ordinary play. It is just another useless prick who falls victim to her sadistic whims. It is poetry in motion to watch the ultra-feminine lines of her perfectly round, melon-sized boobs move along the pumped-up curves of her over-sized musculature as she rams the barrel further into his body. The rippling muscles in her huge arms bulge obscenely, veins snaking wildly under the perfectly tanned skin, her movements pushing the ultra-pumped mounds even higher. Her cannonball glutes shine magnificently in the dim light of the lifeboat, giving way to gorgeously stretched hamstrings and neatly cut diamond-shaped calves ending in the high and razor-sharp stiletto heel of her custom-made Louboutin ankle boots. A celebration, an explosion of orgasmic female muscle!

- Oooh John, I'm gonna cum... Can't hold it out any more... Gonna shoot...

Her long-nailed finger cunningly pulls the trigger and pumps two or three bullets in his ass. Despite there is only a couple of bullets fired, the damage to his body is devastating. No wonder: the machine gun Denise here practically uses as a handgun, is designed to protect ships from attacks from airplanes and battle ships--its firing power is tremendous! John's torso is simply ripped off from the waist on and blown to pieces in an explosion of blood and gore.

- Quite an explosive orgasm, wouldn't you think?

And then for the second time hell breaks loose. The loud rattling of her heavy machine gun starts off the brutal mass slaughter. Without mercy and with obvious pleasure--her beautiful nipples are hard as steel and blatantly erect--Denise fires thousands of rounds. There seems to come no end to her firing power and the heavy recoil is quite easily managed by the busty über-babe--the gun looks like a mere toy in her hands. This only shows how extremely powerful this female predator really is. With a body like this you own the world. Suddenly the rattling stops: it is the safety mechanism to prevent the gun's metal from melting, that puts an end to her vicious attack. From Denise's reaction you can see that this is not the first time the safety mechanism hampers the fun.

- This army shit is fuckin' useless! Colonel Marwick assured me it wouldn't fail. I'll feed him my clit. And then his fuckin' balls. Fuck, I'll make him suffer!

Meanwhile, the lifeboat is transformed into a sea of blood, limbs all over the place, bodies ripped and torn to gory pieces and destroyed completely. The busty bodybuilder has the reputation of spilling lots of blood before snuffing out her victims, but this is simply outrageous: the lifeboat is like a can of mangled human meat, the remains and blood of the passengers being scattered all over the lifeboat in a sea of blood 'n' guts. And within this red hell one man is still alive--covered in blood, traumatized, in shock, but very much alive: Ron Deyger. He cannot believe it himself--the level of accuracy and marksmanship necessary to single out one individual in this mass slaughter with a heavy machine gun is extraordinary at least.

- Hi Ron, I'm Denise. Nice to meet you again. If you wanna live, please come with me.

--

He is totally baffled and scared shitless. His face shows signs of the panic that is overwhelming him, but he obeys her command. They step out of the lifeboat and as they stand on the deck of the cruise-ship again, Denise calls the captain to order him to lower the lifeboat into the ocean. That is the moment when Ron sees his chance and dashes away, his heart racing like a maniac, his legs carrying him as quickly as possible. It is not a conscious attempt to escape--if he was fully rational he would never dare to disobey a woman like Denise--, but this attempt merely signals the presence of some deeply engrained, unconscious instinct for survival. When he looks back over his shoulder, he sees how the curvy powerhouse is doing a series of back handsprings combined with aerial cartwheels at a speed that would put any Olympic gymnast to shame. And although Ron is not a bad runner himself, he proves to be no competition at all to Denise's sensational gymnastic skills backed up by her ludicrously muscular body. In no time the gorgeous bodybuilder is on top of him, keeping his arms pinned above his head, pushing her perfect tits into his face, wiggling her bubble-butt into his crotch. It gets him hard immediately.

- Oh my God! ... My almighty God... ... Who... What... are you?

Denise grins, her thick sensual lips parting in a confident smile. She really looks sensational.

- It does not matter what I am. You're the stupid fuck who is going to experience how good I am in my job. Someone paid an astronomic amount of money to kill you. And to make you suffer big time.

Denise dominantly pushes her left nipple close to his lips, touching his lips, teasing him. Ron can feel her arousal--her nipple is hard as nails!

- ... Oh please... No... Please... I'll... I'll... double the amount they paid you.

The gorgeous ultra-woman roars with laughter making her boobs shake sexily and showing off her impressive cobblestone six-pack.

- Oh Ron, don't be stupid. Do you really think it is about the money? At A.N.G.E.L. corporation we own more than half the world's economy. In the U.S. we own nearly 80 per cent. You think I care about a couple of million dollars--if that's what you are offering me?

The hope that lighted up in his face disappears as quickly as it appeared.

- You're pathetic, you know that? It's your wife.

Ron looks puzzled.

- My wife? ... What about my wife? ...

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## The old man and Denise

Submitted by [hero141](file:///D:\users\hero141) on February 15, 2011 - 5:24am

A hot summer night. It is one of those nights in which Warren usually has some difficulty to get asleep. Last week he celebrated his sixtieth birthday and the passing of time has not been too kind to him. Old age has become the better of him, and all kinds of symptoms and little afflictions have entered his daily life. His once youthful appearance has languished into a bald-headed and lumping old man. And now he lies awake, brooding over this encounter with Maria last week, a rather attractive elderly woman also living in the old people's home. It all started with a nice conversation last month, a spark of affection that set in motion a courteous and platonic relationship lasting till today. His old heart has found its youthful and joyful beating again...

Suddenly he hears a sound at the door. The sound of someone slowly pushing the door ajar. His heart leaps. Could that be Maria, secretly entering his room, wanting to see him again and enjoy the earthly pleasures? Could that be it? How romantic. His face brightens. His eyes cheer up, regaining their youthful expression.

– Maria? Is that you?

A dark silhouette silently enters the room and cautiously closes the door, turning the key in the lock. Like a cat, this figure elegantly steals through the room and takes place on the bed next to the excited old man. A soft hushing sound escapes from its pouted lips. Sensual, full red lips. Lips you would want to kiss. Lips you would want to kiss you. In the dim moonshine Warren catches a glimpse of a pair of magnificent breasts, hardly covered by a one-piece latex costume unzipped to the abs. He gasps as his eyes stay fixed on the impressive cleavage, the lush curves of an athletic feminine body. His awe increases when the woman brings her torso closer and he notices that her lush curves are formed of awesome muscles, trained to perfection, well-defined, vascular as hell, pumped-up... Removing the sheets, stripping him naked, she seductively purs into his ear:

– Hush, baby. I'm Denise. I'm going to fucking kill you. But not just kill you. I'm going to make it slow and painful. Very painful. You'll eventually beg me to finish you off, if you're still able to beg of course.

She pauses for a moment to let the words seep through. Sexy Denise catches his eye with a sly grin, checking him out, looking him up and down. He looks disconcerted, confused, embarrassed. He does not know what to think... Could she mean that? Why? Why would she want to kill him? He did not do anything wrong... His musings are interrupted when she arrogantly pushes her huge breasts in his face. He smells Denise's delicate perfume, he smells her husky bodily scent, the scent of a woman who breathes sex and passion. She gets up and puts on the light at his desk. When his innocent eyes are accustomed to the light, Warren gazes in absolute awe at a spectacular appearance. An apparition really.

He looks at a gorgeous female bodybuilder dressed in a black latex suit, fitting her muscular physique like a second skin, wearing latex gloves and leather ankle boots with towering spiked stiletto heels. Her face resembles the face of a supermodel's. This is a real and dripping hot muscle diva! Denise flexes her mighty arms and sensually licks her glorious biceps: 24 inches of raw female power! Totally in love with her own body, carressing herown brawny arms, she approaches the old man. Denise just loves the desparate look in his eyes. She is very aware of the kind of effect her pumped-up body has on men.

– Let's get to business, old man.

Warren is completely surprised when Denise's fingers slide under his chin in a loving carress. She lovingly lifts up his chin with the long nail of her index finger, making her awesome biceps swell with muscular motion. A grin crosses her as she watches how this vascular muscle transforms into a spectacular mound of raw power. The old man looks straight into her beautiful predatory eyes, her eyelids slightly lowered. Her smoldering glare makes him wince in terror. He opens his mouth without uttering a sound, gasping for breath... He is getting overmastered by panic, overpowered by terror. Warren has never seen a such a ravishing woman with a lavishly feminine, yet immensely muscular physique like this. When the super sexy muscle babe cups his crotch in her hand, he starts flailing his arms in panic, trying to push Denise away. The old man shoves and punches at her wildly, but Warren's hands only encounter huge, rock-hard muscle, trained to kill. His fingers accidentally rip open the latex suit that has a very difficult time restraining her wonderful, voluptuous breasts. And then he sees what lies beneath: a spectacular body bulging with muscles, muscles he has never dreamed feasible on any man, let alone on a gorgeous babe like this! His futile struggles make her wet. Her pussy tingles in anticipation and aches for action...

– What's the matter, pops? You don't like what you see? Hahaha! Has old age made you blind? Any normal man would get wild with lust. Some even cum at the sight of my heavenly physique... And then I don't even touch their penis.

Her touch is indeed heavenly. His cock slowly starts to rise to its full erect size. Lust now intermingles with fear. He hasn't been touched like this since... In fact, he has never been touched like this before. Warren's heart is pounding madly, aroused as he is. Denise moves her sexy round ass over his legs and sits on top of him. Her fingers continue to move up and down his erect shaft, turning him on incredibly. The beautiful bodybuilder thrusts her gravity defying tits forward, clearly showing who is in control. She controls his body, his lust, his cock, his life... She hisses:

– Even your cock is old and wrinkled, you pathetic fuck!

She disdainfully squeezes his genitalia a bit harder. Her fingers could easily crush his manhood to a bloody pulp, but she wants him to suffer. This old fuck deserves to be tortured to a gruesome death. He starts to cry. Tears roll over his wrinkled face. He knows that he is in serious trouble. His eyes look for an escape, but where could he go? Denise loves every moment of this. Her victim starts to realize that this muscular body will be the last thing he will ever behold. Denise rubs her crotch over his legs, pushing the old man hard on the mattress. Warren feels her round hard glutes on his knees, nearly crushing them.

The sexy Musculatrix stops jacking him off. She does not want him to cum. Not yet. Absorbed by the the beauty of her own gorgeous body, Denise absent-mindedly – not even listening to the agonizing pleas of the terrified old man – runs her fingers along the silky smooth skin of her throat and neck.Warren is desparate and aroused. Aroused as a young stud. She obscenely massages her huge bust in front of his eyes wide with lust and terror. With eyes closed, her one hand continues to rub her voluptuous assets while the other slowly travels all the way down her steel-hard abdomen towards her dripping pussy.

– Yeaaahh. I'm going to destroy you. It'll be so fucking painful, baby. I'll make it so painful that you'll beg me to finish you off. Maybe I will listen to you. Maybe I won't...

Her huge physique involuntarily relaxes, the muscles on her awesome body receding slightly, her full weight pressing on the man's knees. Her fingernails glide up and down her hard extended clit. The nipples on her huge bosom become hard as nails. He feels how his legs give in to the force of superior female on top of him. Denise is seething hot and dripping wet by now, grinding her moist pussy over his frail knees.

– Oh please, Denise. Don't kill me. What have I done wrong? Let me go, please... I beg you...

Totally overpowered by this muscled-up bimbo, he can do nothing but to submit to her brutal sexual fury. Her glorious body outmatches his in every possible aspect. His pleadings only make her grin in sadistic satisfaction. Denise slowly moves her body upwards, skin rubbing over skin, until she is able to lower her juicy pussy over Warren's still hard cock. The mighty muscles in her arched back, traps and delts expand to huge proportions, veins pop out... Her brawny arms flex and relax... An incredible sight to behold! The sexy bodybuilder stretches his arms above his head and dreadfully slow she lowers her slit over his rod. In and out. Up and down. Slowly. Thoughtfully. Keeping absolute control. Warren sighs. She kisses the lips of his open mouth – open in astonishment and sheer arousal. His heart races. She savors his fear and terror, but also his sexual arousal. Warren's excitement only increases when  
Denise playfully pushes her perfect tits in his face, rubbing her pierced nipples over his wet lips. She wiggles her fit ass, pressing his cock harder into her seething vagina.

– How does that feel, horny motherfucker?

Warren moans softly, close to an unbelievable orgasm. Her pussy simply milks his dick. A loud shriek of ecstasy parts from his mouth as he violently thrusts his cock upward reaching a powerful orgasm, erupting his creamy seed into her dripping slit. Warren's body shakes, one spasm after another, heaving heavily.

– Oooooaaahhh! ...

– This is not funny, old man. You cum before the lady cums... Don't you have any manners? I'll teach you manners, baby...

The breathtaking wonderwoman gets off him and hits him in the face. She savagely turns him round exposing his white ass, an inferior specimen compared to her round, sculpted glutes. Denise massages his shriveled ass cheeks, her tanned, thickly corded forearms exploding with muscular activity. His limp and useless penis hangs between his legs, but he slowly feels the blood rush again. The ultra-hot muscle Goddess amusedly rubs her talented fingernails between the crack of his ass, making him relaxed and aroused. Suddenly Denise giggles and savagely sticks her index finger in his exposed asshole. Before he realizes what is happening, a second, third and fourth finger enter his ass. She grins as she opens up her hand, wiggling her fingers, squashing his intestines, slowly but surely ripping apart his virgin asshole. Sloshy, crunchy and mashing sounds escape from his ass. Blood dribbles down. Her pumped arm muscles bristle with awesome power. She gloriously flexes her biceps.

– You see these muscles? Oh boy, how beautiful my muscles are! Watch these  
biceps!

But Warren does not watch. He only screams, wails and swears like a beast. The pain is simply excruciating. His eyes widen in panic now. Absolute horror is written in them. He tries to move away but Denise is too strong.

– Does that feel good? Yeeeaaah. I like the sound this makes! Yeeeaah... I think I'm gonna cum...

She pulls out her hand and moves two fingers over her drenched labia. Her swollen clit yearns for her touch. Warren is still crying and screaming his lungs out, struggling against the pain. Peering down through half-lidded eyes she enjoys every moment of his futile struggle... Then she closes her eyes and starts cumming, a deep sensation of orgasmic ecstacy, surge after surge... Precious minutes of sheer pleasure... Denise is so caught up in her own private musings that she did not notice that – despite his awkward situation – the old man managed to get a dagger from under his pillow. Realizing that this is his only chance, he puts all his strength old age still allows him to draw on, into a fierce and furious attack. His hand however, is caught in midair. He tries hard and struggles for all he is worth. A smile appears on Denise's beautiful face.

– Oooh, you naughty boy... Think you can fight me? Don't try, old man.

And then...

– Fuck, you broke my nail! You broke my fucking nail!

In his struggle for life Warren unfortunately has broken one of her perfectly manicured long nails. In a mocking appreciative tone she cooes seductively:

– Oh look... Hahaha! Your tiny prick is stiff again. Let's see...

Indeed, despite his pain, the sight of the most sensual woman on earth has made him horny again. Unable to do something, his voice drawn in a mask of terror, Warren is about to scream again. Quick as lightning, Denise thrusts her sensual lips unto his and probes her strong tongue deep into his mouth, muffling the impendent scream. With a sharp snap, she bites off his tongue. Blood first seeps and then flows from his mouth. Using the dagger – her biceps swelling to humongous proportions – Denise totally mutilates his larynx, boring and turning the knife deep into his mouth, cutting out muscle and flesh, even crushing bones! She is careful not to hit anything vital. Otherwise he would miss all the fun... He starts heaving up, especially blood. Gurgling sounds escape from his mouth, mute air trying to produce noise...

Denise looks down on him, arrogantly and defyingly, her curvaceous body shining in the dim light of the nightlamp. His frightened eyes turn her on. Her pussy craves for her touch again... Any touch. The bleeding mouth and the gurgling sounds are music to her delicate ears... She leans towards him, spitting his blood back in his face. His old body spasms... His arms flail. She hushes him like you would a child.

– Sssshhh, baby. You're doing all right... Hush... Ever tasted your own mashed balls in cockskin, baby? I just wonder, because now you'll get the chance... A pity your tongue is gone... Hahaha!

The horny muscle babe crawls on top of him again, her gorgeous ass all over his bleeding face, takes the knife and starts skinning his cock. First she very slowly removes the foreskin from his stiff penis. The frantic movements of his head against her ass turn her on immensely. His hot breath close to her crotch wets her sizzling pussy. Then the gorgeous female predator continues peeling off the skin, slowly, her talented fingers delicately ripping off more and more skin.

– I own a couple of exclusive lampshades... Exclusively made of cockskin. The less cocks you need, the more exclusive they are. I own one only made of two cocks... With the likes of your dick, you'd need twenty! Hahaha!

Warren only gurgles some more, his nervous system simply overwhelmed by registering pain. The sound coming from his mouth is out of this world: a ghastly, howling, shrieking noise muffled against her glorious glutes... Psycho-bitch Denise carves some more, enjoying every moment of his agony, his cock transformed into a bloody rod... With a childish delight the magnificently titted bodybuilder continues ripping off skin, carving into his scrotum, opening up his bag. Blood gushes from the gash... Her eager fingers take one ball and slowly crush it to pulp. Hot cum oozes from her pussy as orgasm strikes her time and again. Her fabulous d-cup elegantly jiggles as she roars of laughter.

– Oh God, how beautiful I am!

The second is quickly mangled in her grip, squashed like an overripe grape. Blood, cum, tissue, ... all squeezed into a bloody bruised mess. As Denise lifts her beautiful butt from his head, his face is drawn in a death mask. Warren is coughing up blood, convulsing and spasming like a madman. But sexy Denise is used to this kind of situation. She has seen and done it all before...

– Sit still, old fuck! And taste this!

Denise brutally shoves his crushed nuts into his deformed mouth and forces him to swallow. The feeling of his own mutilated genitals in his mouth sends electric shocks through all of his nerves. He starts gagging terribly. His body reacts repulsive and rejects the absurd objects in his mouth.

– Swallow, baby. Yeeeaaahh... Swallow... Hahaha! You're fucking eating your own cock, asshole! Hahaha!

He nearly chokes. His eyes widen in cataleptic shock, the remains of his tongue lolling out. Still Denise is not satisfied with the sorry state her defenseless victim is in. Her glorious muscles crave for more. More slaughtering, more carnage. The fabulous muscle babe takes the old, defenceless man into her unstoppable hands, her mighty arms swelling to humongous proportions. Her vascular biceps are ready to break some more. There is only thought passing through his delirious brain: 'Oh God, help me! Please God, help!'. Denise grabs a handful of Warren's hair and savagely pushes him onto the table in the middle of the room, his white wrinkled ass fully exposed. The gory wounds in his scrotum and abdomen leave terrible blood clots in his asscrack... He does not even feel how her perfectly manicured fingernails draw deep cuts in his ass cheeks. The pain he experiences is so ghastly, so out of this world...

– You realize what you're facing, aren't you old fuck?

Suddenly he feels a hard object entering his ass. It feels huge inside him! She watches amusedly how the strap-on dildo stretches his ass wider than humanely possible. The muscular beauty is simply fucking him in the ass, transforming it into a bleeding, gaping hole! The terrible friction makes his agony complete. His ass is about to explode. The movement of her sexy wide hips becomes more brutal, holding his frail hips for support. Warren now enters a new level of pain, a level that isn't supposed to exist. A level that Denise loves! She is now actually using force that would mangle steel. Her thrusts break his pelvis, crushing bones, mangling his body.

– Look who's here, Warren. You know her?

And then, just before he is about to faint from the severe punishment, Maria enters the room. She is obediently followed by a good-looking young man, a real muscle stud.

– Denise, you are worth every dollar! Great idea to tape everything. I enjoyed every moment of it. I came four times! What a woman you are! Warren, old bastard. You thought I loved you, or cared for you? Hahaha! Worthless piece of old shit. My money can afford other things...

She playfully winks at the young man, who's really intimidated by both women. Maria spits in Warren's deformed face and grabs the young man's crotch.

– That's a cock, Warren! Let's play, baby! Dispose of this old fuck Denise. I know you like this. I'm gonna fuck this gentleman here.

Sexy Denise licks her sensual lips, looking straight into the terrified face of the young man, who immediately averts his eyes.

– Yeah, Maria. Have fun! We're going to play some more, aren't we, Warren...

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## **The Genesis Project Part 1**

Submitted by [Kimmolito](file:///D:\users\kimmolito) on October 11, 2014 - 7:14pm

<file:///D:/Driver%20installs/p4c800e-deluxe/Hotrat/Stories/BrawnaStoriesHTML/genesis-project/genesis-project-part-1.html>

Dr. Richard Friess was looking over the progress reports in his office. He had checked them several times already, but he just wanted to be sure that everything was in order. These were the final reports before the Genesis project would be activated and he wanted everything to be perfect. His entire scientific career had been building up to this point, the success of the Genesis project would see him go down in history.

His communicator beeped and his assistant Yeesha Williams’s voice came out of it.  
“We’re ready to begin, Doctor Friess. We’re just waiting for the subject to be brought up and for you to get down here.”

“Excellent.” Richard answered. “I’ll come down at once.”  
He adjusted his lab coat and glasses, making sure nothing was out of order and then left his office.

He had been working on this project for nearly twenty years now. The space station he was working on had been specifically constructed to house his Genesis project after he presented it to the military’s Experimental Science Division, a fact he was quite proud of. After the station had been constructed he had free hands when picking his team, as a result, he was working with some of the best minds that humanity had to offer. Twenty years of hard work, and today it would finally pay off.

The goal of the Genesis project was to create a genetically modified super soldier. The serum which Richard had been working on would trigger intense muscle and bone growth, both in size and density. Injected, the subject would experience a great increase in height and muscle mass. Then, to ensure complete obedience, a device would be implanted at the base of their neck which would, through a connection to the brain, be programed to make the soldier obey any order issued by a superior officer. Because of this one could safely use any man or woman for the treatment since their loyalty would be completely ensured by the device.

The subject they had gotten for the first test was a woman named Mira Gev, she was a small time criminal who had been arrested on Solaris III after she had been caught stealing from government supply storages. She had been picked for the procedure because she had no recorded family and thus wouldn’t be missed.

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Mira didn’t know why she had been transferred, or where, only that it was off world. The guards had just showed up at her cell one day and said she was being transferred, then she was hauled away to a space shuttle and as soon as they were in the air they had injected her with something and she passed out.

When she woke up, she was in a different cell, nothing but a single cot, a toilet and a door. She had tried asking the guard who delivered her food where she was, and why she had been transferred, but he didn’t answer. She was never even let out of her cell, two times a day they put a tray of food in and came and picked it up an hour later, but apart from that, the cell door never opened.

She had always been a runty kid, 160cm tall and very scrawny, because of that she had never been part of any gang or anything like that, instead getting by on her own. She had only been in prison because she got caught stealing food from a government storehouse. She had been so damn hungry and her ration coupons had been stolen, so she didn’t see any other way.The security guards had not seen her side of the story, obviously, so when they found her with a bunch of stolen food, she was beaten to within an inch of her life and then hauled off to prison.

As she was sitting there, thinking about how she ended up in this mess, the door opened and two armed guards in full body armor were standing outside.  
“Prisoner 001, step out of the cell.” One of them said, his voice sounding eerily mechanical through the helmet filter.  
Mira carefully stepped out of the cell. She was in a long cellblock corridor with several doors on either side, and looking up she saw that there were three floors above her with walkways along either side and doors lining the walls.  
“Alright, come with us, no sudden movements.” The guard said and they started leading her down the corridor.

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Richard had just ordered the subject to be brought up to the Genesis chamber. He had checked all of the instruments and everything was good to go. He thought back on the twenty years he had worked on this project, all the sleepless nights spent in the laboratory, all of it had been leading to this moment.

At the center of the room stood the injection capsule, the procedure would require multiple simultaneous injections all over the body, because of this the entire injection process would be carried out automatically to make sure the injections would all be simultaneous. He had designed the chamber himself and now, with its use so close at hand he felt his chest swelling with pride at the genius of the design.

As he was admiring the capsule he heard his assistant over the comm-system.  
“Doctor, the subject has been brought up and is waiting in the preparation room.”  
He felt his heartbeat quicken.  
“Excellent! Have her brought in.”

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Mira had been taken into a room that looked like an airlock. The two guards were still flanking her.  
“Hey… where are you taking me?” She asked, now starting to feel really nervous.  
“Shut up prisoner.” The guard said.

Before Mira could say anything else a green light lit up over the other door and the guards led her through.

On the other side was some kind of laboratory, at the center was some weird capsule thing with lots of needles along the walls, and Mira really started to get worried. Were they going to do some sort of experiment on her?!  
Behind a control panel was a man in his fifties dressed in a labcoat.

“Strap her in and we can begin.” The man said and the guards started leading her towards the capsule.

Mira tried to fight back and resist, who knew what that thing was, and what they planned to do to her! But the guards were much too strong for her and they strapped her into the capsule. They then closed the door and Mira felt the panic rising in her chest.

The capsule began to hum and the hundreds of needles began to close in on her. She screamed for them to stop and to let her go, but it was pointless. Then she felt pain like she had never felt before as the needles pierced her skin and burrowing deep into her muscles, and some even piercing the bone. The pain almost made her black out, but something in the stuff they were injecting was keeping her awake. She wasn’t sure how long they were pumping this stuff into her, but it felt like forever, constantly in terrible pain.  
When the needles suddenly pulled out, she was too shocked to even be able to appreciate it. But then she felt something else, a burning inside of her and then, again, pain but this time it was a thousand fold worse. Her muscles and bones burned with agonizing pain and she tried to scream but she couldn’t even muster a whimper. The drugs apparently weren’t powerful enough anymore however and she blacked out.

When she came too she was in a cell, it was bigger than the last one. She stood up from the cot and she realized that she felt taller… a lot taller. As she began to look herself over she noticed several things, one, she was indeed taller, about 100cm taller… two, she was buff… no, buff was an understatement, her body was packed with huge, rippling muscles. Her biceps were the size of basketballs and she wasn’t even flexing, her legs were like a pair of tree trunks and she sported a set of rock hard washboard abs. And finally, she had breasts, a huge pair of E-cup breasts.

She flexed her right arm and it swelled to almost twice the size. She could feel her entire being just oozing with power. She ran her left hand over her new breasts and was amazed with how soft they were, and how unbelievably good they felt. Her hand soon found itself between her legs and she started fingering herself as she fondled her breasts. When she finally came it was the most intense orgasm she had ever had and she slumped down with her back against the wall.

Suddenly she heard a voice from a loudspeaker, she realized it was the same man from before who had told the guards to put her in the capsule.

“Subject Zero, stand up and face the door.”

Without even thinking she stood up and faced the door. A chute opened in the door and what looked like a black leotard was passed in on a metal tray.

“Pick it up.” Once again without even thinking she walked up and picked up the leotard. “Put it on.” She did so and she was starting to get a bit worried, this was different from when she’d do what the guards told her, like she didn’t have a choice.

The door opened.

“Step out into the corridor.” She walked out into the corridor and found it to be completely featureless and bare, with a set of large blast doors in one end. “Follow the corridor to the blast doors.” She started walking down the corridor and by now she was sure that something was forcing her to obey the voice on the loudspeaker.

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Richard watched Subject Zero as she walked down the corridor. The results of the treatment had been even more spectacular than they had thought. If he hadn’t witnessed the transformation himself he wouldn’t have believed it was the same woman he was watching now. The obedience module seemed to be working as well, or she was just surprisingly compliant.

She walked up to the blast doors leading to the testing chamber and Richard was just about to push the button to open them when he stopped and instead turned on the loudspeakers again.

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“Force the doors open.”  
Mira walked up to the huge armored blast doors and brought back her fist. Then she punched as hard as she could making a huge dent in the doors. She shoved her fingers into the gap between the two door halves that had formed because of the dent her punch left and started to push them apart. The entire corridor was filled with the sound of groaning, screeching metal and she felt her muscles expand as she pushed with more force. With a mighty snapping sound the doors were forced open, bent and twisted beyond repair.

She felt a rush of ecstasy was over her, the sensation of power was almost overwhelming. It hadn’t even been hard to force the doors open, she couldn’t believe how strong she was.

“Step inside the room.”

Her automatic response soured her mood somewhat, she didn’t like not having control over her actions.

The room she stepped into was huge and featureless just like the corridor had been. She could see another door at the opposite wall, and high up, almost by the ceiling, was a set of windows that overlooked the entire room.

“Stand in the middle of the room facing the opposite door.”

She did as commanded and her dislike for the voice grew by the second.

As she stood facing the door, it opened and five men in prison overalls walked in. They were all big guys, at least two meters and muscular, but compared to Mira they looked tiny. They all held stun batons like the kind the guards would have and they were staring at her with nervous eyes.

“Prisoners, you are to kill this woman, if you do, you will be let free. Subject Zero, you are free to defend yourself.”  
Mira raised an eyebrow curiously, she was ‘free to’ defend herself, not ordered to.

Before she could contemplate it any further one of the men let out a loud shout and charged her, slamming the stun baton into her chest full force. She hardly even felt it.

She looked down at the man who was blinking in disbelief. She’d seen his type before, when she lived on the street men like him used to bully her around. She felt anger flush up as she remembered all the times she’d been beaten and had her food or money stolen. The man whacked her again with the baton, doing no more damage this time than the last.

She grabbed onto his arm and started lifting him up, there was a loud snap as his arm broke and he let out a loud scream. She held him up so that they were face to face, his feet dangling in the air.

“You bitch! You broke my fucking arm! I’ll fucking kill you!”  
He shouted at her, trying in vain to pry open her vice like grip on his arm.

She brought back her fist and slammed it into his stomach sending blood spurting violently from his mouth. She brought back her fist again and slammed it into his face. Her fist was covered in blood and his face had completely caved in. She flung him aside and looked at the remaining four men.

“Nobody is going to hurt me any more.”

Before any of them could react she closed the distance and grabbed one of them by the throat. The other three frantically started to whale on her with their batons but it had no more effect than before.

Mira paid them no mind and instead stared into the eyes of the man she was holding. So big and strong, but fragile like a twig in her hands. She tightened her grip on his throat and the man wheezed as he tried to escape her grip. Clenching her fist she completely crushed his throat, dropping his body to the ground and his head tumbling after it.

She backhanded one of the other men, sending him flying across the room before he impacted hard with the floor. The two remaining men started to run for the door they had come in through. Mira picked up the severed head of the man she had killed before and threw it hard into one of the men’s backs. He went flying to the floor with a cry of pain as the head hit him and before he could even try to get up Mira was standing in front of him. She lifted her foot and stomped down hard on his chest, the sound of cracking ribs filling the room. The last man was frantically banging on the door shouting for the guards to let him out, but he stopped as a large shadow fell over him.

He turned around and fell down on his knees begging her for mercy. He was completely at her mercy, powerless to stop her, she loved it. She lifted him up and wrapped both of her huge arms around him, pressing him against her body, his head jammed between her large breasts. Then she started to slowly squeeze her arms together. At first he screamed for her to stop, then he only screamed. Soon the sound of cracking bones was heard and with a final mighty squeeze the man was utterly crushed.

She looked at the carnage she had caused and once again a rush of ecstasy through her body, but many times stronger than when she had forced open the doors. She ran her hands over her body which was now covered with blood. But her sense of power was soon broken.

“Return to your cell.”  
She immediately began walking back to her cell and in her mind she pictured herself ripping the scientist apart, piece by piece.

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## **The Genesis Project part 2**

Submitted by [Kimmolito](file:///D:\users\kimmolito) on October 19, 2014 - 1:45pm

<file:///D:/Driver%20installs/p4c800e-deluxe/Hotrat/Stories/BrawnaStoriesHTML/genesis-project/genesis-project-part-2%20-%20Copy.html>

Normally Richard would have been elated at the success of the Genesis Project, but his recent orders from the military had soured his mood considerably. He had asked them to approve another test subject, but they had denied the proposal. Instead they wanted more tests to be done on Subject Zero, as well as studying weather there would be any long term effects of the treatment.

Still, the procedure worked, that was what was most important, and he did admit that further tests to determine Subject Zero’s capabilities would certainly be interesting. One week had passed since the first test and he still remembered it as if it were yesterday, the ease with which she had killed the prisoners. She had torn through them as though they were made of paper.

Just then his computer chimed, informing him that the test chamber had been configured for the next test. Richard responded that he would be on his way and left for the observation room, it would certainly be interesting to see how she would fare this time.

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Mira was laying on her cot, looking up into the ceiling. She had considered trying to escape, but when she approached the doors, a voice over the loudspeakers had ordered her to stand back. She was wrestling with how she felt about all of this, while she loved her new body and the power she had, she hated the fact that she was unable to disobey their orders.

She thought back to when she had fought the five prisoners… though fought was not really the right word, she’d destroyed them. She didn’t know how much time had passed, a week she thought, based on how often they had brought her food. It had become hard to keep track of time, she didn’t seem to get tired so she didn’t really sleep. She was also hungrier than usual, something they seemed to have noticed because her meals were twice as large now.

As she lay there, thinking about her current situation, the loudspeakers sounded up again.  
“Subject Zero, stand by the door.” It was the same voice as last time, the scientist.

She stood up and walked over to the door. Part of her was pissed at being ordered about, but mostly she was glad to be doing something instead of just looking at the ceiling.

Like the first time, she was ordered out into the corridor and to follow it to the blast doors. She noted that there was a new pair installed and she smirked to herself. She remembered the rush as she pushed the doors open and realized how insanely strong she was. This time however they opened on their own. Instead of opening up into the large room she had seen before, she saw what appeared to be a city back alley. She was ordered to step inside and the doors closed behind her.

“Attention, a woman has been released into the room. You are to kill her, if you succeed, you are all free.” The voice announced over the loudspeakers.

Mira grinned and cracked her knuckles. So, it was the same deal as last time, kill everyone in the room. She felt her pulse rising and a tingle in her crotch, she was looking forward to this. She walked out of the alley and into the street. It’s now she realizes just how real this place feels, there’s a breeze and she can see what looked like the sky up above. She didn’t let it distract her for long though and instead walked down the street.

She turned onto an alley a bit down the street and found herself facing a man. He wore a ballistic vest and was holding an assault rifle. His eyes were wide with shock and Mira stopped as she saw the gun. She could tear him apart in seconds, she knew that, but he could likely shoot her before she’d get to him. Before she could decide what to do, the man brought up the rifle and fired a burst into her chest and abdomen.

To his shock and horror, and Mira’s delight, the bullets flattened against her body and harmlessly fell to the ground. Mira closed the gap between herself and the man and snatched the rifle from his hands. She held rifle between each hand and started pressing it together, effortlessly crushing it within seconds. She tossed the mangled remains of the gun aside, the man was staring at her with his mouth hanging open. She cupped her right hand under his chin and forced his mouth shut.

“You think you’re tough with your weapons?”  
She flexed her right arm, letting her biceps swell to its full imposing size. His eyes widened and she could see fear in his gaze.  
“I don’t need any weapons, I AM a fucking weapon. I could crush you like a bug right here and now.”  
She gripped the man by the throat and pinned him against the wall.  
“Just a bit of pressure and you’d be nothing but a pile of guts and bones.”  
She leaned in close, her face directly in front of his.  
“But that’d be too easy. I think I’ll save you till last.”  
She gave him a very forceful kiss and she felt him squirming under her lips. After she pulled away she smirked and looked him in the eyes.  
“See you when I’m done with the others.”  
She dropped him to the ground and slowly walked down the alley, leaving the man slumped against the wall. She grinned as she left the alley, no doubt that guy was pissing himself right now. She really hoped he would see her take care of some of the others, though it would be far more likely that he’d hide somewhere.

She didn’t have to look far for her next targets. Four guys with the same kind of ballistic vests and guns as the first one were moving down the street, probably drawn there by the gunfire from before. She started walking slowly towards them, they immediately opened fire. The bullets were bouncing off her harmlessly and she could see them panicking as they realized their weapons were useless.

Suddenly Mira dashed towards them with impossible speed, grabbed the closest one by the head and slammed it into the ground, it burst like a ripe melon. The men had all stopped firing, trying to process what had just happened. Before they could regain their senses, Mira turned to the closest of the remaining gunmen and slugged him hard in the stomach causing him to let out a pained gasp and cough up a considerable amount of blood before he stumbled backwards revealing the cracked and bloody ballistic vest. He collapsed onto his knees, still coughing blood, barely even conscious. Mira locked her hands together and slammed her fists down him, crushing him into the ground. She then looked at the other two with a predatory grin.

“Who’s next?”  
The two men immediately started running as fast as they could towards the building across the street.

Mira watched them run and her first impulse was to immediately chase after them and tear them apart, but instead she let them run into the building. She grinned wickedly, let them think they would be safe, she’d show them just how wrong they were.

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Dax shut the door behind them and followed Zev into one of the back rooms. The building was an apartment complex so they ran into one of the apartments on the ground floor before they stopped. Dax was still trying to make sense of that… thing outside… it looked like a woman, only built like a fucking tank. It crushed Xander and Flint like it was nothing and shooting it just seemed to piss it off.

“What the hell was that thing?!”  
Zev said, looking just as terrified as Dax felt.

“I don’t know man…”  
Dax shook his head.

“What the fuck do we do?!”  
Zev said.

“We… we stay put, and we stay quiet… barricade the door… maybe it won’t find us and just leave…”  
It wasn’t much of a plan, but the only thing on his mind right now was putting something between him and that monster.

The two of them pushed a couch in front of the door and just as they finished pushing it into place they heard a loud crashing sound from the hallway. They knew it had broken through the front door.

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Mira was impressed with how easy it had been for her to just smash through the concrete wall. She looked around, it was an apartment building, the low class kind you’d find in the slums. The guys were probably hiding in one of the apartments, she grinned, this would be fun. She heard scurrying footsteps from the apartment at the end of the corridor and she started running towards it.

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They heard a thundering noise from the corridor and before they could think anything else the wall around the door exploded as the massive thing plowed through it as if it had been made of paper. Zev didn’t have time to get out of the way and the thing smashed into him, sending him flying across the room and into the opposite wall. The excruciating screams of pain and snapping sounds made it quite obvious that the impact had broken more than a few bones.

Dax started screaming and opened fire despite know just how futile that would be. The thing didn’t even look at him as it tore the refrigerator from the wall and hurled it at Zev. Then it turned towards him. Dax dropped his gun and backed up against the wall.

“Please… don’t kill me!”  
He shouted as the thing walked towards him, flexing its fingers. As soon as he had said that it stopped and looked at him.

“Why not?”  
It laughed.  
“Are you going to stop me?”

“Please…”  
Dax could feel his knees growing weaker.

The thing walked up closer, grabbed his vest and lifted him up so he came face to face with it.

“I asked you a question, are you going to stop me?”  
It looked him straight in the eyes.

“Don’t…”  
He whimpered.

It slammed him back into the wall, knocking the air out of him.

“Insect…”  
It growled before hurling him across the room and into the other wall.  
“You’re pathetic! If you want to live you stop me. If you can’t, then you didn’t deserve to live anyway.”  
It walked up to him as he lay coughing. It grabbed both his arms, lifted him up and started pulling in opposite directions.

He started to scream as he felt his arms slowly being torn off. Then, with one tug, his arms were ripped away and he was sent sprawling onto the floor, screaming. The thing was standing over him, looking down. It lifted its foot and stomped down violently on his head.

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Richard was watching the camera feeds as Subject Zero crushed the prisoner’s head. He wondered if the sadistic attitude was a side effect of the treatment or just a response to a powerless runt suddenly finding herself with unimaginable power. It didn’t really matter however, the obedience module meant that the soldier would obey orders, regardless of their own thoughts.

“Quite the sadist, isn’t she?” General Victor Beck said, smirking slightly.

The General was the military representative that was there to observe the tests. He was a tall well built man in his late forties.

“Shall I order her to stop toying with them?”  
Richard asked.

“No.”  
Beck chuckled and shook his head.  
“Let her have her fun.”

“As you wish.”  
Richard nodded.

“Just that one guy left now, isn’t it?”  
Beck asked, grinning.

“Yes, there is just one prisoner left… why?”

“Tell her.”

“General?”

“She did say she’d save him for last didn’t she? Let her know.”  
Beck grinned wide.

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Mira heard the loudspeakers again.

“Attention Subject Zero, only one prisoner remains.”  
The scientist announced.

Mira grinned wide, it was time to find her little friend. She left the building and walked back to the alley where she had left him. He was gone of course, but she was fairly certain he hadn’t gone out into the street she’d destroyed the others in, she would have noticed. That only left the street she had first stepped out in when she entered the room. She walked out into the street and looked in either direction, no sign of him.

“Hey! The others are all dead! Just you and me now!”

She saw movement in one of the building windows and she smirked. She started walking that way, as she got closer she could feel her pulse rising again. She ripped the door apart and stepped inside. She could hear whimpering from one of the back rooms and she slowly walked over. She smashed the door open and the terrified man inside let out a loud scream.

She looked down on him.  
“Did you watch? Did you see me crush those insects?”  
She ran her right hand over her breast and the left across her pussy. She then reached down and ripped off the bottom part of the man’s prison overalls and his underwear. Mira smirked, the guy was pretty hung, she’d made a good choice.

“I’m gonna make you a deal, I fuck you, and if you don’t break before I’m done, I let you live.”

She closed her hand around his dick and started pumping up and down. The man felt a mixture of pleasure and pain from her incredibly hard grip, but it didn’t take long before he started to get hard. She then lifted him up and put his dick in her mouth and started sucking and licking. Soon he was completely hard and she dropped him down on the floor.  
She straddled him, pinning him in place with each of her massive thighs. She pulled the black leotard away from her pussy and started to lower herself towards his dick.

Mira was already dripping so the prisoner’s dick slid in without any problem. She moaned loudly and fondled her breasts. She started to slowly move her hips up and down. Under her the prisoner was also moaning with pleasure as her powerful vaginal muscles were squeezing in on his dick.

Mira started to speed up the bucking off her hips and the prisoner was actually starting to feel pain as she brought her hips down. He also noticed that the pressure on his dick inside her pussy was starting to get painfully strong. Mira sped up further and slammed her hips down against his pelvis, followed by a cracking sound and the prisoner screaming out in pain. Mira kept going faster and faster as she felt herself getting closer to an orgasm.

Apart from the bone shattering impacts of Mira’s hips, her pussy was now painfully crushing the prisoner’s dick. The man screamed and tried in vain to free himself, Mira seemingly oblivious to his struggle. As she finally reached climax she threw her head back and let out a scream of ecstasy, clenching her thighs together, completely crushing the man beneath her.

She looked down on the mangled remains of her lover and she felt another tingle of arousal. She had just fucked a man to death.

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The general chuckled.  
“Well, that’s one hell of a way to go.”

Richard looked at the screen, shocked. He had intended to stop Subject Zero when he understood what she was going to go, but the general had told him not to. Whilst part of him had felt it was a vulgar display, he couldn’t help but feel aroused by the sheer power her body now held.

“I believe we should send her back to her cell…”  
Richard said.

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## The Genesis Project Part 3

Submitted by [Kimmolito](file:///D:\users\kimmolito) on November 12, 2014 - 5:54am

file:///D:/Driver%20installs/p4c800e-deluxe/Hotrat/Stories/BrawnaStoriesHTML/genesis-project/genesis-project-part-3.html

Weeks passed, filled with more tests like the previous ones. She would be sent into the test chamber, every time it was arranged in different environments. The more Mira discovered about her new body, the more she reveled in it. But the orders, and her inability to disobey them, served as a constant reminder that she was still being pushed against her will, despite her power.

The latest test had been different though, she had been taken to a lab where scientists had taken a lot of readings and other stuff she didn’t understand.

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Mira watched the scientists tapping away at consoles and checking monitors filled with text and numbers that she wasn’t even going to try and make sense of. Most of her attention however was focused on one man, the scientist who had been there when she was first injected, the one who had been giving her orders over the loudspeakers. She’d learned his name was Dr. Richard Friess, and she’d quickly gathered that he was the one in charge.

He was standing in a room adjacent to the lab, talking to another man, a soldier by the looks of him, and an important one judging by the amount of medals that hung from his uniform. She couldn’t hear what they were saying due to the thick glass, but Friess didn’t look happy, and that brought a smirk to her lips.

She was brought out of her thoughts by one of the scientists speaking up.  
“Ah, Subject Zero.”  
Mira looked down and saw a short black haired woman with a tan complexion, wearing a labcoat.  
“Please take this.”  
The woman handed her a strange ball like thing.  
“Squeeze that, as hard as you can.”

Mira squeezed and easily crushed the ball in a matter of seconds. The woman’s eyes widened as she looked at the display in her hand. Then she quickly started walking over to the side room where Friess and the soldier were talking.

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“This is a mistake general…” Richard said, trying to keep his irritation from showing.

“The military disagrees, and so do I.” General Beck grinned.

“It’s too soon for us to even consider a field test.”

“Doctor, if this field test is successful, the military is going to approve a second test subject.”

Richard fell silent for a few seconds, then nodded.  
“Alright, as soon as the laboratory tests are finished here, you can conduct your field test.”

Before the general could answer, the door opened and Yeesha stepped inside holding a display pad.

“Yes, Dr. Williams?”  
Richard had told Yeesha to start the tests without him and that he would be along shortly, for her to come in like this, it had to be something important.

“Please take a look at the readings from the pressure measurement.”  
She handed him the display pad.

“It’s reading one hundred tons. I admit that is very impressive and far above our estimates, but this is hardly something you needed to show me right away.”  
Richard said as he looked over the readings.

“One hundred tons is the maximum amount of pressure the device can measure, she completely crushed it.”

Richard’s eyes went wide.  
“Incredible…”  
He handed the display pad back.  
“Continue the tests, I’ll be right out.”

Yeesha nodded and left the room and Richard turned back to General Beck.

“Tell your colleagues you can conduct your field test, General. If there was nothing else, I must get back to work.”

Beck nodded.  
“By all means Doctor. I’ll be sure to be ready by the time you’re done here.”

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For several hours the scientists kept poking and prodding Mira, conducting their tests. They’d tried to take a tissue and blood sample but they couldn’t pierce her skin until they used a diamond drill. Even then, Mira hardly felt a thing, she was mostly just annoyed by their scurrying about.

When they were finally done Mira expected they would order her back to her cell, but instead, Dr. Friess said something she did not expect.

“Subject Zero, you are to follow me to the hangar bay.”

She started to follow him as he left the room. She walked silent, trying to figure out why they would be taking her to the hangar bay. Was she leaving? Were they done testing? She’d already figured out she was probably meant as some sort of super soldier for the military, so maybe that’s where she was going.

Finally, she decided to just ask instead.  
“Where are we going?”

Friess seemed a bit startled at her suddenly speaking, but he didn’t answer. Mira furrowed her brow in annoyance. She hated the fact that he was so close, close enough that she could just reach out and break every bone in his body, but the damn inhibitor meant she couldn’t even touch him.

When they finally entered the hangar bay she saw a large military shuttle waiting. There were soldiers lined up and at the front was the important looking one she’d seen talking to Friess earlier.

Friess walked up to him.  
“Subject Zero is ready to go, but I want to stress that I’m only agreeing to a field test. It’s too soon to consider full active duty…”

The soldier nodded.  
“Of course, Doctor. The top brass just wants to see how she handles herself outside of a lab.”

Friess turned to her.  
“Subject Zero, for the duration of this field test, you are under the command of General Beck. You are to obey his orders, understood?”

“Not like I have a choice.”  
Mira shrugged.

Friess glared at her then nodded to the soldier, whom she guessed was Beck.  
“She’s all yours, General.”

Beck nodded.  
“Alright, get on the ship and walk up to the rear doors.”

Mira did as she was ordered and the general followed after her. She stepped into the cargo hold of the ship and walked up to the rear doors. The boarding ramp closed and General Beck walked up beside her and put his hand against a palm scanner next to the door. Inside was what looked like a holding cell, only instead of a cot there was a proper bed, and there was a shower in the corner.

“Your quarters for the duration of this trip.” Beck said. “Step inside.”

Mira did so and looked around. It was still obviously a holding cell, but compared to what she had grown used to, it was almost luxurious. The General left and Mira laid down on the bed, it was the first time she’d lain on an actual bed. But, far more tempting was the shower. They’d hosed her off after the tests when she was covered in blood and guts, but she had never taken an actual shower before.

She got inside and turned on the water. She just let it wash over her, she felt the water running down her body, slipping in between the grooves and ridges of her huge muscles and washing over her massive breasts. Then she turned up the temperature, first a little, but then she turned it all the way and moaned as the now scalding water was washing over her.

She didn’t know how long she was in there but when she stepped out, a young soldier was standing in the room, looking a bit embarrassed.

“Uhm… ah, I’m sorry for not saying anything… I didn’t want to interrupt…”

Mira had long since gotten used to being naked in front of people from all the times they washed her off after the tests. In fact, she’d started to like it, showing off her super body in all its glory. She could tell the young soldier was staring, both at her huge breasts and muscular body and she smirked.

“Really? Looks to me you just wanted to look a little longer.”

The soldier blushed and looked away.  
“Ah! No! I didn’t mean to stare! Sorry!”

“By all means, stare.”  
She cooed.

He gulped and peaked a bit from the corner of his eye.  
“I’ll let you get dressed and then come back.”

“I don’t mind, really. Besides, why would I want to cover up something as perfect as this?”  
She flexed both her arms to their full enormous size. The soldier’s eyes went wide and he turned his eyes back to her, staring at her massive arms.  
“So, what did you come here for?” She looked him in the eyes.  
“I… ah, the General told me to brief you on what you’ll be doing for the field test.”  
He stammered.

She put her hands on her hips.  
“Well, go ahead then.”

He cleared his throat and pushed some buttons on a device on his wrist which brought up a holographic map of a small city.

“Command chose Geron Prime as the location for this test. The Dominion has been having problems with separatist insurgents there for some time. This is the planetary capitol, New Haven.”  
He pushed another button and several parts of the city lit up red.  
“All these red zones are under separatist control.”  
The view zoomed in on one of the lit up zones.  
“This is the city garrison, we believe this is where the separatist leaders are coordinating from. Your field test will be to neutralize all separatist forces inside the garrison. I will be accompanying you on the surface to monitor your performance. Any questions?”

Mira looked over the holographic map in front of her and then at the soldier.  
“What’s your name?”

The man blinked, surprised.  
“What?”

“Your name, if you’re going down there with me, I need to know your name.”

“Ah, yes… sorry, Captain Zev Malone.”  
He blushed a bit.

“Well, Zev, I’m looking forward to giving you a show down there.”  
She smirked and leaned in a bit closer, making him really feel how much larger she was.  
“I’d suggest keeping some distance though, it’s going to get messy.”

Zev’s blush deepened.  
“W… well, if there are no more questions, I have to report to the General!”

He left quickly and Mira smiled to herself. She didn’t like being forced to do the Dominion’s dirty work, but she had to admit, she was looking forward to showing Zev that her muscles wasn’t just for show. She also realized that he was the first person she’d seen since her arrest on Solaris III that hadn’t treated her like just a lab experiment.

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Richard was anxiously preparing the Genesis chamber just like he had three weeks ago. The second test subject was a man named Jann Cobb. Cobb was scum, a violent convicted murderer with no living family, in other words, the perfect test subject, Subject One.

Yeesha’s voice came out over the comm system.  
“Doctor Friess, the subject is in the preparation room ready for the procedure.”

Richard nodded.  
“Good, send him in.”

The doors opened and Subject One was lead in. He was a large man, about two meters tall and powerfully built. He was struggling with the guards and they had to more or less drag him over to the injection capsule. After a few hits with the stun batons they managed to strap him in and Richard started the procedure.

The capsule closed and Subject One started screaming inside. Unlike Subject Zero, One didn’t stop screaming. Richard hypothesised that it was due to a higher pain tolerance on One’s part. He had to consider adding an anesthetic to knock the next subject out because the screaming was really starting to become annoying.

“Doctor, his heart rate is climbing dramatically.” Yeesha said.

“What?!” Richard rushed over.

The man’s heart rate was climbing extremely fast and before Richard could do anything he suddenly flatlined.

“Open the capsule!” Richard shouted and the lab techs frantically worked to open the capsule.

When the capsule opened the man that had been Subject One, Jann Cobb, was hardly recognizable. He was covered in large red swellings, his face twisted into an expression of agony and his eyes lifeless.

“What happened?!” Richard demanded. “We conducted the procedure exactly like last time, so what caused this?!”

He was fuming, finally the military allow him a second test subject and it failed! It should have worked, they did everything exactly like the first test. He started looking over all of the preparation logs, trying to find some fault, something to explain these results.

“We used a man.” Yeesha said.

“What?” Richard looked up.

“One was male, Zero is female. That might be an explanation for One’s reaction to the serum.”

“We can’t jump to conclusions, I want a full review of all the preparation logs. If you don’t find any fault, then we’ll have to consider that the serum is lethal to males.” Richard rubbed the bridge of his nose in frustration. If Yeesha turned out to be right, that would almost certainly upset some people in the military.

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Mira was laying on the bed in her cell. They had given her a “uniform” but she hadn’t bothered to put it on yet. The “uniform” was just another black leotard like the one she’d worn during the tests, but with the Dominion insignia on the left side of the chest, as well as a pair of huge heavy looking army boots.

Zev had been the one to deliver the uniform to her, and she’d been surprised when he had suggested she put it on rather than outright ordered her. When she’d asked him why he bothered suggesting since he could just order her to put it on he’d been quiet for a few seconds and then simply said that he’d prefer to let her make the decision herself rather than him forcing the issue.

She looked over at the uniform laying on a chair at the end of the bed. She sighed, got up and started to put it on. Zev had been considerate enough not to force her, so she might as well play nice and get dressed. She realized it was the first time someone had really given her a choice since her change, sure they might not have ordered her to kill the other prisoners in the test chamber, but she doubted they would have let her just ignore them.

“Subject Zero, step up to the doors.” General Beck’s voice came out of the intercomm.

Mira stepped up to the doors and she felt the flash of rage at the automated response. She thought she’d gotten used to it by now, and she hadn’t felt this agitated at it for a long time, but for some reason the anger and resentment was back with a fury.

The doors opened and Beck stood outside. Next to him was Zev wearing combat gear instead of his regular uniform.

“We’re going to be putting down in a few minutes. Get out into the cargo bay and face the ramp.” Beck said.

She walked out of her cell and into the cargo bay, facing the ramp.

“Captain, your mission is to monitor her and to issue orders to keep her within the confines of this test. Once the garrison is cleared out you radio us for extraction. Understood?” Beck said.

“Yes sir, understood.” Zev answered.

“Good.” Beck nodded. “We’re putting down in ten minutes, good luck Captain.”

Zev saluted and Beck returned it before leaving.

Zev walked up next to Mira.  
“We’ll be putting down about a few blocks away from the garrison, we’ll have to get there on foot. We’re operating in enemy territory so we should keep our eyes open for separatist patrols along the way.”

Mira cracked her neck and shoulders.  
“Good, I could use a little warm up.”

Zev chuckled.  
“You certainly don’t lack for confidence.”

She looked over and shot him a wicked grin.  
“I’m a bulletproof fucking killing machine, confidence comes easy.”

Before Zev could answer they felt the thud of the ship hitting the ground and the ramp dropped. The ship had landed in a plaza surrounded by stores. They all looked abandoned and looted. It reminded her of the shopping districts back on Solaris III where she’d go to buy food when she was lucky enough to get her hands on some money. She clenched her fists remembering the person she used to be, the runt who would get beat up and robbed because she was too weak to fight back.

The ship lifted off behind them and Zev spoke up.  
“We should get out of this plaza, someone is bound to have seen the ship.”

Mira was shook out of her thoughts and shot Zev a grin.  
“Or we stay and I get that warm up.”

“The longer we can avoid them the better, we don’t want them to alert the garrison.”

Mira laughed.  
“Why not? It’s not like knowing I’m coming is going to help them.” Zev sighed and she shrugged. “Fine, fine. I guess bursting in there and scaring the shit out of them will be fun too.”  
The two of them quickly moved down one of the alleys and started moving towards the target.

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After having conducted another two tests on male subjects, both with fatal outcomes, Richard was fairly convinced that his assistant’s suggestion had been right, the serum only worked on females. They would of course have to test the procedure on another female subject first to be sure.

He was looking through the logs of the several female prisoners who had been brought to the station when Yeesha entered the room.

“Ah, Dr. Williams, come in. I’m looking over the list of our female convicts to choose our next test subject.”

“Actually, Doctor, that’s what I wanted to talk to you about. I have a suggestion for a candidate I think would be ideal.” She passed him a datapad.

Richard looked it over. The prisoner she was suggesting was a woman named Rhona Kinzey, convicted for multiple murders and with a history of violence, no recorded family. Her physical records showed her as being 200cm tall and weighing 100kg.

“I agree that she’s a suitable candidate, but why her in particular?” Richard asked.

“I thought it would be interesting to observe the serum’s effect on a subject already possessing above average height and muscle mass.”

Richard nodded.  
“Good thinking. Start preparing the Genesis chamber and bring up Subject Four to the preparation room.”

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## The Genesis Project Part 4

Submitted by [Kimmolito](file:///D:\users\kimmolito) on December 11, 2014 - 11:14am

<file:///D:/Driver%20installs/p4c800e-deluxe/Hotrat/Stories/BrawnaStoriesHTML/genesis-project/genesis-project-part-4.html>

Mark was scanning the plaza, his rifle at the ready. This was the only place that ship could have put down, but it looked to be empty.

“Whatever that ship dropped off, it’s not here anymore.” He sighed.

“Maybe it picked something up.” Keith said, lighting a cigarette.

“Doesn’t matter, it’s not here any more. I’ll radio back to base.” Mark flicked on his helmet radio. “Home Base, this is Dingo One, we’ve swept the plaza and found nothing, how copy?”

“Solid copy Dingo One.” The base operator answered. “Return to base and conduct a sweep along the way.”

“Roger that, heading back, Dingo One out.”

He turned to Keith and whistled.  
“We’re leaving.”

They got into the Dingo Scout Car, Mark at the wheel and Keith on the gun, then started driving back towards the base.

After driving for a few minutes, Keith spoke up.  
“Movement to the left! In the alley.”  
Mark stopped the car and Keith continued..  
“Saw someone slip into one of the buildings back there, didn’t get a good look, but it wasn’t one of ours.”

Mark looked down the alley.  
“Too narrow to take the car down there… I’m calling this in.”  
He opened up a chanel back to base.  
“Home Base, this is Dingo One, we’ve got possible movement out here, too narrow to pursue with the car, how should we proceed?”

“Copy that Dingo One, we can’t send any scout patrols to back you up, you’ll have to pursue on foot.”

“Roger that, Dingo One out.”  
Mark closed the channel and turned to Keith.  
“We’re pursuing on foot.”  
They got out of the Dingo and moved slowly towards the alley.

They stepped into the alley and moved towards towards the other end. This used to be a residential district, so houses were packed tight on either side of the road with narrow alleys forming a veritable maze. It was a good place for an ambush, the rebels had used them for just that during the fighting in this part of the city. They stacked up on either side of the door Keith had seen the person slip into.

“Alright, move in, I’ll cover your back.” Mark said.

Keith nodded and moved in through the door with his rifle at the ready, Mark following after him, covering backwards.

The room they were in was the lobby of an apartment building, though it was obvious that nobody had been living there for some time, not since before the insurrection. They carefully swept the corners for any sign of movement.

“I’ll sweep the other floors, you stay down here and cover the stairs incase they manage to slip past me and try to get out.” Mark said.

“Alright, just don’t let them get the drop on you.”

“Don’t worry, they won’t.” Mark gave him a cocky grin and Keith nodded back.

Mark slowly crept up the stairs and into the corridor on the first floor.

Each floor looked the same, one central corridor lined with apartments and a staircase in either end. He started to move down the corridor, checking each apartment as he passed them, they were small one room apartments so he was making fast progress.

As he approached one of the doors on the second floor he heard something, very faint, the scrape of a boot against the floor on the other side of the door. He approached it carefully and then kicked the door in.

Inside he saw a man dressed in black combat gear, holding an assault rifle.

“Drop it!” Mark shouted and the man complied, slowly putting down his weapon.

Mark approached him carefully.

“You’re a long way from your friends, Dominion.”

The man didn’t answer, just cooly staring at him. His eyes were ice blue which gave him a really piercing stare.

Mark walked up to the man to restrain him when in a burst of motion he rammed his elbow into Mark’s face and with a sweeping kick sent him tumbling to the floor. Mark tried to bring his gun to bear, but the man kicked it out of his hands and before he could do anything else he had a combat knife against his throat.

“Mark, what’s going on up there? Sounded like a struggle.” Keith’s voice came out of his radio.

The man motioned for Mark to answer.

“Nothing, I just tripped over some garbage, Dingo One out.” He said.

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Keith’s eyes widened. Mark had used his call sign, that meant he was in trouble, and he’d ended the call saying “out”, meaning he should get back to the Dingo and call HQ. It was a code the two of them had worked out should either of them get captured.

Keith bit his lip.

“Roger that, Mark, over and out.” He answered.

He didn’t like the thought of leaving Mark behind, but he was right, HQ needed to know.

Keith started to run back towards the Dingo, but just as he cleared the alley this weird shadow appeared and before he could react, something huge slammed into the ground in front of him. He stumbled backwards and as the dust settled he could hardly believe the sight in front of him. A woman at least two and a half meters tall and packed with muscles larger than anything he’d ever seen.

She grinned savagely at him.  
“You’re not going anywhere.”

Keith brought up his rifle and opened fire, shooting her straight in the chest and stomach, but to his horror, the bullets just bounced off her.

“My turn.” She growled and charged towards him.

Keith managed to dodge out of the way as she slammed her fist into the ground where he had just stood. She’d smashed apart the ground with her bare hands, he didn’t even want to imagine what would happen if she’d hit him.

She glared at him.  
“Stay still!”

Keith bolted towards the Dingo and managed to get inside before she could catch up with him. He scrambled for the radio but he heard a groaning metal sound outside followed by the sound of sparks. He tried to turn on the radio but it was like he suspected, she’d wrecked the radio antenna.

“Did I break something?” He heard the woman laugh outside.

He cursed and glanced towards the machine gun hatch. His rifle hadn’t even bothered her, but that thing was loaded with .50 cal armor piercing rounds, it was worth a shot. He flung the hatch open, grabbed the machine gun, pointed it towards her and pulled the trigger.

The barrage of bullets slammed into her and it actually looked like it hurt her. She stumbled backwards and covered her face with her arms. Keith kept the trigger pushed down until the magazine ran dry.

His heart sank as he realized that while it did indeed look like she’d been hurt, she still didn’t so much as bleed. She slowly brought her arms down and she gave him a look of pure rage.

“THAT FUCKING HURT!” She shouted and the utter fury in her voice sent him scrambling back down into the Dingo, slamming the hatch close.

Before he could think of what to do he felt something impact with the car and a huge dent forming on the wall.

“I’LL FUCKING RIP YOU APART!” The metal was groaning and he could see it warping where she was grabbing it.

The entire side of the car was torn off and he was now face to face with the furious gigantic woman. She grabbed hold of him and pulled him out and slammed him into the ground, knocking the air out of him.

She then grabbed his arms and started pulling in either direction and he started screaming.

“That’s right! Scream!” She started laughing.

With a final tug she ripped his arms clean off, dropping him to the ground, howling in pain. She then lifted him up with one hand on either side of his head and pushed her hands together, squashing his head like a melon.

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Zev hadn’t learned anything he didn’t already know before the separatist expired, he hadn’t expected him to know anything useful, but it was better to be safe than sorry.

“I’m done with this one, how about you?”  
Mira spoke up over the radio.

“Same here, didn’t get anything useful out of him though.”  
Zev answered.  
“You should wait in the alley, outside the building.”

“Allright.”

Zev turned to the dead separatist and shot him twice in the face, better to be safe than sorry.

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It didn’t take long before Mira saw Zev coming out of the door.

“Alright, we should move.”  
He said and Mira nodded.

They kept moving through the maze of alleys until they came to another plaza. In the middle was the garrison. It was made up of two buildings, a barracks and a command center, and surrounded by concrete walls.

“That’s the place. Our intel suggests that the separatist leader is in the command center, that’s the bigger building.”  
Zev brought up a holographic picture of a man in his mid forties.  
“This is him, Corvo Zax. He’s a priority, but the mission is to kill everyone inside.”

“Yeah, yeah, I know.”  
Mira said impatiently.

“I’ll be at the top of this building, observing you. I figured it would be best to stay out of your way and let you handle things your way.”  
Zev said.

Mira grinned and cracked her knuckles.  
“I’ll be sure to give you a good show then.”

Zev nodded.  
“Alright, I’ll get into position, you should wait for my mark before you attack.”

Mira sighed.  
“Fine, fine. Just hurry up, I can feel the blood starting to pump already.”

Zev moved into the building and after a few minutes, Mira heard him over the radio.  
“I’m in position, you can go when ready.”

Mira cracked her neck and growled.  
“Let’s do this.”

She charged out of the alley towards the garrison with a wide grin on her face.

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Rhona was pacing back and forth in her cell. She didn’t know why she had been transferred, or where. The guards had just showed up one day and told her she was getting transferred, she’d fought back when they tried to inject her with something, knocking down one of the guards before they managed to subdue her. She’d woken up in this cell, she wasn’t sure how long she’d been here but it felt like a couple of day at least.

Suddenly the door opened and two men in body armor stepped inside.

“Prisoner 436, step outside.”  
One of them said, his voice garbled by the mask.

Rhona crossed her arms and glared at the guard. She was a good twenty centimeters taller than him and even with the thick armor she could tell she was more built as well.

“Make me.”  
She said and flashed a cocky smile.

Both of the guards lit up their stun batons.

“Outside, now!”  
The guard growled.

Rhona beckoned them to come get her.

One of the guards moved to strike her, but Rhona caught his wrist and with a swift tug broke his arm with a loud snap.

She picked up the stun baton and glanced at the other guard.  
“You’re next.”

Before she could do anything else however, the cell door closed and the room was filled with some kind of gas. Rhona started coughing and she started to feel faint, she tried to get at the guard, but she fell unconscious before she could get to him.

When she woke up she found that she had been strapped into some sort of capsule with needles covering the walls. She struggled against the restraints but they wouldn’t budge. Then the machine started humming and the needles started to move closer.

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Richard held his breath as he observed the procedure, fearing that it might end in another fatality, that the first test was simply a stroke of luck. But, to his relief there didn’t seem to be any complications and before long the procedure was complete.

“Take her to the reinforced cells quickly, he growth should set in soon.”  
Richard ordered the guards who immediately wheeled the unconscious woman to the elevator.

Now he just had to wait for the serum to take and the growth to set in, If everything went as it should then it would seem Williams’ theory was correct and the serum only worked on female subjects. That would no doubt upset some people in the military, but so long as the serum worked he was sure they’d look past that minor flaw.

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Mira thundered across the plaza towards the concrete walls of the garrison, the alarms had been sounded and she’d been shot a couple of times by snipers in the watchtowers, she’d hardly even felt it.

She considered jumping over the wall but decided she’d rather just burst through it. She impacted with the wall and it exploded inwards as she plowed through. She was hit with a hail of bullets as the separatists inside frantically opened fire. The bullets just bounced off her and she let out a mocking laugh.

She picked up a large piece of concrete and hurled it at the closest three separatists, crushing them instantly. She charged the next person and rammed her fist straight through his abdomen. She ripped the lifeless body off her arm and hurled it at one of the others. The separatists stopped shooting and instead started to run.

Mira grinned savagely.  
“Yes, run you shits, try to get away.”  
She growled low and set off after them.

She caught up with them easily enough and grabbed one of them and proceed to throw him as hard as she could towards the command center. He hit the wall with such force that he practically exploded on impact.

The three remaining separatists didn’t stop, running as fast as they could towards the command center. Mira was just about to resume the chase when she felt someone shooting her in the back.

She turned around and saw about ten separatists over by the barracks. She glanced at the three running towards the command center and grinned.

“Looks like you guys will have to wait.”

She charged towards the separatists by the barracks and punched the first one in the face with such force that his head completely exploded. She then swiftly grabbed the next one by the leg and slammed him into the ground, leaving nothing but a red paste. Before the others could react she grabbed two of the separatists heads, lifted them off the ground and slowly squeezed until their heads caved in with a fountain of gore.

The last separatist threw down his weapon and raised his hands.

“I surrender! I surrender!”  
He shouted.

Mira looked him in the eyes and flashed a predatory grin.  
“No prisoners.”

She quickly grabbed his wrists and lifted him up, then she grabbed his ankles, hefted him over her shoulders and stretched him over her back.

“Don’t! Please! Let me down!”  
He pleaded.

“No.”  
She growled.

She started pushing her arms together and the separatist was being pulled in both directions. He started screaming and pleading but Mira kept pushing. Soon snaps and crackles were heard and his screams grew louder, then with one mighty push, the man was ripped in two. She threw the mutilated remains away, turned towards the command center and grinned.

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## The Genesis Project part 5

Submitted by [Kimmolito](file:///D:\users\kimmolito) on January 3, 2015 - 8:00pm

// Stories/BrawnaStoriesHTML/genesis-project/genesis-project-part-5.html

Corvo was looking at the security footage, scarcely believing what was going on outside. A woman built like a goddamn tank, tearing his men apart like wet paper. She had just completely destroyed a group of soldiers outside the barracks and turned towards the command center.

“Get everyone to the lobby. We need to stop her at the doors.” He told the officer next to him who nodded and hurried off.

Corvo took another look at the security footage and he felt a shiver up his spine. It was hard to imagine what they could possibly hope to accomplish against that behemoth. He then hurried down to the armory, grabbed a rifle and headed towards the lobby.

The soldiers had already started setting up improvised barricades to use as cover when the woman broke through the door. He looked at his men, they were scared and he didn’t blame them, that woman out there was a monster. He didn’t know what the Dominion had done to her to make her that way, but if they had more soldiers like that, resistance would be all but impossible.

He was shaken from his thoughts as a loud bang filled the lobby and a huge dent formed in the thick steel doors. It was followed by several more bangs and dents before the the door started groaning as it started to get forced open.

The door exploded open with a horrible screech of metal. Everyone immediately opened fire on the gigantic woman who simply shrugged it off like nothing. She charged the closest barricade and broke through it as if it were made of cardboard. She immediately slammed her fists down on one of the men, crushing him almost completely, then grabbed the next by the ankle and swung him so hard against the wall that he practically exploded.

She then started towards the next barricade, jumped over it, landing on top of one of the men with a sickening crunch. She swatted aside the other two, sending them crashing into the walls and set her sights on the next barricade, grinning.

“Pull back! Follow me!” Corvo shouted.

The men didn’t need any more motivation and quickly followed him down the corridor towards the central command room.

“Close the blast doors as we pass them, we’ll get to the command room and make our stand there!” He shouted to the nearest soldier who nodded in response.

The woman wasn’t running after them, instead walking at a leisurely pace with a smirk on her face.

‘She’s toying with us… we’re trapped and she knows it...’  
Corvo thought.

As they ran they closed the blast doors behind them, three in total, and set up in the command room. Corvo and the eleven surviving soldiers took cover behind whatever they could and aimed for the door.

They heard a loud bang and the groan of metal, then another, she was through the blast doors, only the last one standing between them and her.

“Alright men… concentrate your fire, it might be enough to at the very least hurt her…”  
Corvo said with a steady voice.

A loud bang and a dent formed along the center of the door, then a pair of fingers pushing the metal aside until the doors flew open. The woman slowly walked in, unfazed by their concentrated fire.

Corvo stood up.  
“Wait ceasefire!”  
He ordered his men, then turned to the woman.  
“It’s me you want! I’m the leader! That’s why you’re here, isn’t it? To kill me?”

She eyed him and smirked wickedly.  
“Yeah, I’m here to kill you.”

“Then let these men go! I’m the one who started this whole uprising, I’m willing to die for it.”  
He looked her straight in the eyes.

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Mira paused and looked at Corvo in front of her. Her first thought was that he was planning something… but, no, it really seemed like he was being sincere, he really would give his life for these men. She felt a sense of admiration for the man.

“Fine.”  
She said.  
“They drop their weapons and leave, I won’t go after them, but you die.”

Corvo nodded.

“Men, I’m hereby relieving you of your duty, lay down your arms and leave.”  
He said, his voice steady.

“But sir!”  
One of the men said.

“Go, I’ll not have any more die for me.”

The soldier nodded and they all complied, dropping their weapons and then ran out of the room and down the corridor.

“Get it over with then…”  
His voice was no longer as steady.

Mira walked up to him and with one swift motion, ripped his head from his shoulders.

Ever since Zev had shown her the picture she’d wanted nothing but to kill this man as slowly and brutally as she could, but she’d settled for quick and painless. She toyed with the thought of going after the others, but decided not to, she had promised after all.

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Zev was speechless, he had heard about how she had performed during the tests, but to actually see it first hand was something else. She tore the separatist soldiers apart like it was nothing. He started to understand just where her huge confidence was coming from, she was unstoppable.

After she had charged into the command center he saw a group of unarmed separatist soldiers running outside a couple of minutes later. He lined up the shot, but decided against it, so long as Mira took out Zax, the rest of the rebellion would crumble.

“I’m done here.”  
He heard Mira’s voice over the radio.

“Alright, I’ll meet you outside the command center as soon as I’ve informed command.”

“Right, I’ll be outside.”

Zev switched his radio over to long range transmission and contacted the ship.

“This is Captain Zev Malone, the mission has been a success and we are awaiting pick up.”

“We read you Captain, we’re twenty minutes out, we’ll put down in the garrison courtyard.”

“Roger that, we’ll be waiting, Malone out.”  
He then made his way towards the garrison.

He stepped through the hole in the wall that Mira had made and found her leaning against the command center wall. He saw her smile slyly as he approached and she stepped away from the wall.

“Did you enjoy the show?”  
She smirked.

“It was certainly… impressive.”  
Zev answered.

She flexed her right arm to its full massive size.  
“I do aim to impress.”

Zev gulped at the sight of the the massive biceps and found his mouth was getting a bit dry.  
“Impressive… indeed.”

She suddenly wrapped her arms around him, placed her hands on his butt and pulled him up close, pressing him against her voluminous breasts. Zev gasped in surprise and tried to free himself, though he knew that was completely futile.

“You’re cute you know.”  
She cooed.  
“And you’re the first one who hasn’t ordered me around, even though you could.”

Part of him was terrified, knowing that she could crush him like a bug with little to no effort, but another part of him couldn’t help feeling aroused by her impossible power. His face reddened.  
“M… Mira, the ship is on the way… we shouldn’t...”

She tightened her embrace, not enough to hurt him, but he could feel her muscles harden and he knew that he wouldn’t be able to force himself out of her grip. She then lifted him up, bringing his face level with hers.

“Do you really want me to let go? Looks to me like you enjoy it.”  
She smirked.

Zev’s face reddened even more.  
“I’m not saying it’s… unpleasant… but the ship... “  
He fumbled over his words.

Mira smiled and suddenly gave him a rather forceful kiss. It was unexpected, and rather relentless, but not unpleasant. She then let him down, but not before giving his but a playful squeeze.

“Too bad we don’t have more time.”  
Mira gave him a sly smirk.

Zev was unsure what to think of her advances, he would be lying if he said he wasn’t attracted to her, but he was also a bit frightened. The power and ferocity he had seen her display as she attack the garrison was completely mindblowing. He decided to put the matter aside for the time being, even if he was to act on his attraction, now was not the time.

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The ship soon arrived and the two of them got on. Zev was called to a debriefing and Mira was ordered back to her cell.

She immediately stripped out of the uniform and got into the shower. Just like last time she left the water at a scalding temperature, but it hardly even bothered her. She let the water flow over her and her hands soon found themselves stroking her breasts and pussy.

She wasn’t sure how long she’d been fondling herself when she heard the doors open. She looked over her shoulder and saw Zev walking in. He immediately looked away as he saw her.

“Sorry… just wanted to check in on you…”

Mira turned off the shower and stepped out.

“You keep walking in on me when I’m in the shower. You sure you’re not watching some camera feed to get the timing right?”  
She smirked.

“No, of course not! There’s not even a camera in here!”  
Zev insisted.

“No camera, huh?”  
She slowly walked up to him.  
“That means we’re private, doesn’t it?”

Zev gulped.

“I… yes, I suppose…”

Mira ran her hands over her breasts and let them continue trailing down her body and over her hips. She looked Zev straight in the eyes with a predatory gaze.

“You want to touch me, don’t you?”  
She said in a low voice.

“W… what?”  
Zev stammered nervously.

“I know you do. It’s fine, you can touch me all you want.”  
She flexed both of her enormous arms.

After hesitating for a second, Zev carefully placed his hand on her huge biceps and ran his hand along it. It was like someone had stretched leather over a ball of steel.

He then moved his hands up to her massive breasts. They were soft, but still firm and Mira moaned with pleasure as he ran his hands over them. He started moving downwards tracing the shape of her steel hard abs and then her bulging thighs. He felt the unbelievable power in every millimeter of her body.

Mira wrapped her huge arms around him, lifted him up and pressed him against her naked breasts.

“So, you like my body?”  
She said in a low sultry voice.

“Yeah…”  
He couldn’t muster any more of a response.

“I’m glad you’re honest.”  
She gave him a sly grin.

Much as Zev would have liked to stay, they would start wondering where he went up on the bridge.

“Uh… I, well… they’ll be looking for me on the bridge… so…”  
He stammered.

Mira nodded.  
“Say no more, probably won’t looks good for you getting all sweaty with me.”  
She smirked.

He nodded.  
“Yeah…”

Mira kissed him suddenly, then let him go.  
“We should do this again some time.”

Zev just nodded again.  
“Yeah…”

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The door to Richard’s office opened and Yeesha stepped inside.

“Dr. Friess, we just got a transmission from General Beck, the field test was a success and they are on their way back.”

Richard nodded.  
“Good, good, that should boost the military’s interest.” He looked over at the footage from Subject Four’s latest round of tests and grinned. “Yeesha, have Four brought up to the testing chamber and instruct them to do the same with Zero. I think it’s time they got acquainted.”

He wondered how the meeting would develop. Considering the obvious feeling of superiority Zero had been displaying, this should serve as quite the wakeup call.

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## The Genesis Project part 6

Submitted by [Kimmolito](file:///D:\users\kimmolito) on January 14, 2015 - 1:18pm

/ /Stories/BrawnaStoriesHTML/genesis-project/genesis-project-part-6.html

When the ship landed and Mira was ordered into the hangar she was surprised to hear them say she was to be taken to the test chamber. She had assumed that she would be sent back to her cell, but apparently they had something else in mind. She wondered just what kind of test they were going to perform, considering she had only just gotten back from her field test. Then again she didn’t particularly care, the tests so far had mostly been her killing people in different simulated environments and she certainly wouldn’t mind a bit of entertainment.

She was brought up to the familiar entrance room and she cracked her neck as she waited for the doors to open. They soon slid open with a hiss and she found that the room this time was simply a large wide open space with another door at the opposite end.

“Subject Zero, step up to the middle of the room.”  
The aggravatingly familiar voice of Doctor Friess spoke up and she obeyed.

Then the opposite door began to open. As it slid open, Mira’s eyes widened. Stepping out of the door was a woman, at least three and a half meters tall and with easily twice the bulk of Mira. She was absolutely enormous.

“Subject Four, step up to the middle of the room.”  
Friess said and the titanic woman slowly walked up.

As she got closer it became even more obvious just how much larger she was then Mira.

“You are not kill each other, beyond that, do what you will.”  
Friess said.

The woman looked down at Mira with a cocky smirk.

“So, you’re Zero, huh? I’ve heard a lot about you. I’m Rhona, and I assume your name ain’t really Zero, right?”

“Mira.”  
She answered, watching carefully for any sign that Rhona might attack.

“Well, Mira, I think we both know that we’re going to have to determine who’s in charge here.” She cracked her knuckles.

Mira nodded, feeling a flush of anger at being challenged so brazenly. Sure Rhona might be bigger, but Mira wasn’t going to back down from this.

“Good.”  
Rhona said and before Mira could react Rhona slugged her in the stomach, knocking the air out of her lungs.

The force of the punch was unreal,she was coughing wildly and trying to get back on her feet when she was sent flying backwards by an uppercut. She hit the floor hard and her vision was a bit blurry.

Mira managed to get to her feet just in time to see Rhona charge at her and deliver another impossibly powerful punch to her stomach, sending her to the floor, coughing and spitting as she tried to regain her breath.

Rhona laughed.  
“You know, I expected a bit more. No fun if I’m just pummeling you around. You can do better than this!”

Mira got to her feet once again and glared at Rhona, wiping the spit from her face.

Rhona didn’t move, she was giving Mira a chance to fight back. Mira growled and clenched her fists, Rhona was blatantly taunting her. She charged forward roaring with fury as she threw a punch as hard as she could at Rhona’s stomach.

As her fist connected with Rhona’s abs a shock of pain spread up her arm. Rhona was pushed back a few steps but Mira had clearly taken more damage from her own punch than Rhona had.

Rhona scoffed.  
“That’s it?”

She quickly grabbed Mira in a bearhug and hoisted her off the floor, bringing the face to face. Mira tried to force her grip open but she didn’t even manage to budge Rhona’s enormous arms. Rhona squeezed and Mira felt the impossible pressure crushing in on her from all sides.

“Don’t worry, I can’t kill you. Those scientist fucks and their inhibitor made sure of that, but I hope you learned who’s in charge here now.”  
Rhona chuckled as she kept slowly crushing in on her.

“I’m… a bad… learner!”  
Mira shouted, brought back her head and smacked it right into Rhona’s nose.

The sudden headbutt took Rhona off guard and she dropped Mira as she stumbled backwards, clutching her nose.

Before she could regain her composure, Mira charged at her and tackled her to the ground. She then started wailing on Rhona’s face, landing punch after punch. It almost felt as if the station shook under the furious assault.

Mira brought both her fists up, ready to smash them down when Friess’s voice interrupted.

“Subject Zero, stop!”  
Mira stopped.  
“Step away from Subject Four.”

Mira stepped back from Rhona’s battered from.

“Subject Four, stand up.”  
Friess said.

Rhona rose, her face a bloody mess. She looked at Mira and started laughing.  
“Guess… I spoke too soon… you’re one hell of a fighter...”

Mira smirked.  
“You’re... not too shabby either… you’re a lot stronger than me… that’s for sure…”

Rhona laughed again.  
“Didn’t… matter in the end though… did it? You’ll get… no trouble from me… boss.”  
Rhona extended her hand and Mira took it. The two titanic women exchanged what would most likely have been a bone shattering handshake to anyone else.

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Richard had to admit that he was surprised. He had expected the two of them to come to blows trying to establish some sort of pecking order, but he had definitely expected Four to be the winner. She had displayed strength and durability several times that of Zero, but it seemed he had misjudged Zero’s tenacity and ferocity.

What surprised him most however was that the two of them actually seemed to have reached an accord. He would have expected some lingering resentment between the two, but it seemed like Four really was ready to submit to Zero.

“Are you sure it’s a good idea to let them form a hierarchy like that? You don’t think that could be a problem?”  
Yeesha asked.

“Why would it be? They have the inhibitor so they can’t disobey orders, it won’t make any difference if one of them considers the other to be their superior. We’re in complete control.”

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Mira and Rhona had been ordered back to their cells after their fight.

Mira sat laid down on the cot and thought back on the fight with Rhona. She had definitely been a beast. There was no doubt Rhona was stronger than her, a lot stronger, if Mira hadn’t been able to surprise her with that headbutt she would definitely have lost.

Part of her was a bit pissed off that she wasn’t the strongest one around any more, but it did feel good to have a challenge for once. Fighting against Rhona hadn’t been like when she fought other people, she’d had to push herself to the limit.

Besides, they really weren’t enemies, they were both being used and Rhona didn’t seem to like it any more than she did. She also seemed like the kind of person to keep their word, so she wasn’t worried about Rhona turning on her.

As she was lying there, thinking, the door opened.

“Stand up.”  
It was clear by the mechanical sound that it was one of the guards.

Mira stood up and there was indeed a guard standing in the door.

“Follow me.”  
The guard said and walked out into the corridor.

Mira followed the guard and they started walking down the corridor. However, they weren’t walking in the direction of the testing chambers.

“Where are we going?”  
Mira asked.

“Cell change.”  
The guard answered.

She’d been in that same cell since they injected her, so why would they be changing the cell now all of a sudden?

She considered asking the guard, but decided not to. He most likely didn’t know, and if he did he probably wouldn’t answer. She would just have to see when she got there.

When they got to the cell in question, the guard opened the door and Mira saw a much larger cell with two proper beds and a shower. Sitting on one of the beds was Rhona.

“Step inside.”  
The guard said and Mira did as she was told.

Rhona got up as the door closed behind Mira.

“Guess we’re cell mates.”  
She grinned.

Mira nodded.  
“Yeah… wonder why though.”

Rhona shrugged.  
“I don’t know, probably some experiment or something.”

Looking at Rhona, Mira was once again taken with just how absolutely huge she was. She was amazed that she had been able to take her back there, it really had come down to sheer luck. Her eyes also wandered to her rather impressive rack and she noted with a bit of satisfaction that at least in the chest department Mira had her beat.

“Like what you see?”  
Rhona said coyly.

“Well, what’s not to like?”  
Mira said, a bit embarrassed that she had been caught staring so blatantly.

“You know, I used to be pretty big before, but I was like a twig compared to this.”  
Rhona flexed both of her monstrous arms to their full gargantuan size and let out a lustful moan.

“You should have seen it when they let me in that test chamber the first time. They sent in five guys with stun batons and told them to kill me. They had to mop up what was left of them when I was done.”

Mira chuckled.  
“Yeah, they had me do the same.”

“Did they put you up against guys with guns?”  
Rhona asked.

Mira nodded.  
“Still remember that feeling when I realized the bullets were just bouncing off me.”

Rhona laughed.  
“Oh yeah, and the look on their faces… that utter terror when it sank in just how powerless they were.”

“I fucked one of them to death.”  
Mira said.

“What?”  
Rhona raised an eyebrow.

“Yeah, first guy I ran into, I took his gun and crushed it in front of his eyes then told him I’d save him for last. When I found him I was just so god damn horny that I decided to fuck him right there. When I came, I crushed him between my legs.”

Rhona blinked and bit her lip.  
“Oh fuck that’s hot… you really fucked a guy to death.”  
She started to slowly finger herself.

Mira walked up, grabbed Rhona’s hand and started to move with her. Mira ran her other hand up Rhona’s rock hard abs and then started slowly fondling her breasts.

“You look like you could blow off some steam.”  
Mira cooed.

Rhona slipped her free hand in between Mira’s legs and slowly started to finger her pussy.

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Richard was watching the video feed from the cell.

He had suspected this would happen when the two of them were placed together. It seemed the serum increased the subject’s sexdrive considerably.

The two women were vigorously pleasing each other letting out loud, lustful moans. The display was making Richard feel quite flustered, despite his expectations.

“Subject Zero, Subject Four, desist immediately.”  
He said over the loudspeaker.

The two women stopped, but they looked none too pleased at being interrupted.

“Well, it certainly looks like we were right about the increased sexdrive.”  
Yeesha said.

“Yes, an unfortunate side effect… but no matter. Subject Four was a clear success, we should recommend it to the military to use physically fit subjects for the best effect.”  
Richard looked over at the screen again.  
“I think we should use a test subject with above average intelligence next, see if the serum has any noticeable effect.”

“Most of the prisoners the Dominion sent us are small time criminals and vagrants, I’m not so sure it will be easy finding one that fit those criteria.”  
Yeesha said and started looking through the list of prisoners.

“Oh, not to worry, I know just the one.”  
Richard said.

Before Yeesha could answer she felt a strong electric shock through her entire body and then, blackness.

Richard looked down on his unconscious assistant.  
“Have her prepped for the procedure.”  
He said to a pair of nearby security guards who picked up the unconscious Yeesha and carried her off.

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