

Excerpt from coming story...

By Shadar

In the spirit of lessening the pain of losing WW, here's a brief excerpt from the story I'm writing for the May contest... the picture came from the recent posts of athletic women on this group:

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Sergeant Nick Alvarez was not one of them. His brother had been taken out by the Sinaloa Cartel, and he was damned if he was going to run from them now. He'd heard rumors about some kind of muscular super-chick who was working for the cartel. This had to be her based on how everyone else was panicking. He held his position and centered his cross-hairs on the woman's heart and slowly squeezed the trigger, determined to make his first shot count. His M107A1 Barrett sniper rifle was chambered for the massive .50 caliber BMG round. It could turn a man's head into pink mist, or tear a man's body in half at a thousand yards. His crosshairs hovered over the inside of her oversized breast as he controlled his breathing and slowed his heart rate, slipping into the Zen of the moment as he calmed himself. His sight picture settled down, his crosshairs just left of center on her chest, directly over her heart. He slowly pulled the trigger through the rest of the way.

Captain Spragg saw the impact lift the Mexican woman off the ground before he heard the report. She flew twenty feet backward to crash into a car, setting off the alarm. Her left boob undulated wildly as a blazing red spot appeared just inside her nipple. She staggered against the car, nearly falling to her knees before regaining her balance. Then she reached up to brush the residue of the hard-cast bullet from her skin, leaving no mark behind. She began walking forward again, a funny smile on her lips.



“Cease fire, cease fire,” Spragg shouted. He turned to Gibbons: “Who the fuck took that shot?”

“Sniper. In the store to the right. Not one of ours.”

Spragg turned back to see the woman staring directly at the store front where the sniper was hiding. She was still smiling as she reached down to grab one of the parking meters, and slowly ripped it out of the concrete in a screech of tortured steel. Before Spragg could open his mouth to yell a warning, she leaned back and launched the meter like a javelin. It impacted the sniper’s body to send his arms and legs flying straight out, the powerful impact driving the meter and its steel pipe through his chest. Her crude spear impacted the concrete wall behind the sniper, blood and guts flying everywhere.

“They need you back at precinct, Captain,” Lieutenant Gibbons shouted. “I’ll try to slow her down until you get clear.”

Spragg ran for his vehicle as he heard Gibbons firing his 10mm Glock. He was firing slowly and carefully. Given he was an expert marksman, Spragg had no doubt he was placing every shot in the kill zone on the woman’s chest. Once he had his car running, he pulled out into the street and stopped with the door open, giving Gibbons a change to run for it.

He was shocked to see Gibbons standing barely ten feet from the Mexican girl. She just stood there, her hands resting on her hips, smiling as she waited for him to reload his Glock. Her green leotard was half blasted away, one side hanging from her waist, baring a flawless breast. Shockingly, her dark nipple looked engorged. The other side of her leotard was full of holes and nearly ready to fall off. There were several holes in her shattered sunglasses, which were sitting crookedly on her nose.

Terrifyingly, she was smiling at Gibbons, seemingly waiting for him to finish reloading. He slammed the magazine into his Glock and resumed firing on her, backing away as he did. Spragg could see the impact of his big 10mm

rounds dimpling her breasts or pinging off her hard muscles. Gibbons was trying to plug her from head to toe, looking for a weak spot. He aimed his last rounds at her eyes, blasting the remains of her sunglasses away. His Glock locked open again, empty.

Seemingly tired of teasing him, the girl leaped forward to grab the Glock from his hand. Shockingly, she pressed the hot gun against her bared breast. Tendons rose powerfully across her hand and wrist as she squeezed the gun into her soft flesh, slowly mangling it into the approximate shape of her boob.

Gibbons turned and ran as a dozen other cops began firing on the woman with assault rifles, the front of her body dimpling like a puddle in the rain as a maelstrom of bullets bounced off her.

Spragg had seen enough. They weren't going to stop her with sidearms or even assault rifles. He floored the cruiser and turned to head toward Precinct. He needed to rally the men and break out the heavy weapons.

He screeched to a stop in front of the Precinct and rushed up the stairs into the lobby, barking orders. A Sergeant blocked his way, his eyes wild with panic. "Did you see what that bitch just did to Lieutenant Gibbons? You should have stayed. We gotta stick together, Captain."

"I thought he'd gotten clear of her?"

"She leaped over the cruisers and grabbed him. That was after crushing his fucking Glock like it was some kind of sponge and throwing it right through the back of our truck. Took Anderson's head clean off."

"And Gibbons?" Spragg asked. He knew this wasn't going to be good.

"Jesus, Captain, she wrapped her arms around him like she was going to kiss him. Then, just when I thought that's what was really going down, blood started spurting out of his ears and mouth." The Sergeant was almost in tears now. "Then she bent him in half, Captain, backward, all the way, literally breaking him in two before slamming her fucking fists down on him, shatter-

ing every bone in his body as she pounded him down against the grate of a storm sewer. Then... then she stomped her feet on him, squishing what was left of him right through the grate."

The Sergeant turned to the side and vomited on his shoes.