

Dead Daughter

Part 2

by Kevin Strange

Katrina contorts her face and sighs. No use. She can't bring herself to climax with these memories. They all end in horror and sadness. She rolls over, giving up hope of cumming tonight.

It was the day after the Dennis debacle that the people from The Facility came for her. They brought her to their massive compound and explained that she was different. That her genes acted differently than normal people's, that she was special.

Special. Right. A fucked up freak is all she is.

She sits up in bed, still naked, totally depressed. Nine times out of ten, this is how her nights end. Horny, frustrated, depressed, and wishing she was somebody, *anybody* else.

"I thought you might actually finish tonight."

Katrina spazzes, karate chopping the air as she tumbles backward off the bed, rolling and flailing with a few awkward kicks as she jumps to her feet and backs against the wall, hands held out in front of her ready to knife chop again, should the need arise. "WHO THE FUCK?"

"I watch you in here, trying to get yourself off every night, Dead Daughter. I have to confess, it's become my new favorite kink. Watching you struggle, it..."

The man behind the voice slowly emerges from the shadows on the opposite side of Katrina's room. His big hard dick shows itself first. She doesn't recognize it.

When he fully emerges, stepping completely into the dim moonlight showing in from the window, Katrina sees he's wearing a mask. She has no idea who would be in her room, spying on her masturbating.

The stranger grabs his dick and begins to jack off in earnest.

"... It turns me on."

Katrina left the mental institution with the men from the Facility more than willingly. Mr. Bill and Mr. Scott had entered her room, which by now had been moved to the violent offender ward, and made her a simple choice. Stay there, locked in a straight jacket, doped up on psych drugs for the rest of her life, or join them in a place where she would not be an outcast, not be a freak, not be able to hurt any more boys.

Katrina, half zonked on meds, looked at the sceptically.

Mr. Bill knelt down in front of the restrained woman, getting face to face with her. He took off his large, black sunglasses and looked back at Mr. Scott. The other man hung his hat over the video camera recording Katrina's room from the corner.

“You've got pretty eyes, wanna fuck?” Katrina responded, giggling to herself through a haze of medication.

Suddenly, Mr. Bill's eyes sunk away, replaced by two slimy tentacles, each one covered in eyeballs of its own. He smiled, revealing a tongue covered in eyes as well.

Katrina yelped and fell backwards. “That's fucking cool, maaaaan!”

“We know what you are, Katrina,” Mr. Scott said, as he unbuttoned his shirt. He began to make weird huffing and puffing noises. He tore the shirt open, revealing a red, demonic face. Its eye were where his nipples should have been. Horns protruded from places all across his torso, and its mouth, full of fangs spoke to her from his stomach region. “We're just like you.”

She couldn't sign her paperwork fast enough.

Part of the deal was, Katrina had to be sedated when she was transferred to the Facility. Its location was secret, even to the students and staff. Not that she gave a shit. After the Michael incident, she was just lucky to see the outside of a padded cell. They could have told her she had to ride in a car

full of circus midgets and she would have been game. A nap was exactly what she needed.

And then she woke up naked, strapped to a gurney.

Her first instinct was to panic. She'd been duped. How had the institution let her leave with those strangers? Even if they were freaks like her, that didn't automatically make them *good* freaks.

Images flashed in her mind of being eaten by Mr. Scott's demon face piece by piece while Mr. Bill licked and watched at the same time...

But none of that happened. As Katrina struggled against her gurney straps, a middle aged woman entered the room, quickly shutting the door behind her.

“Oh we're awake! Marvelous!”

“LET ME OUT OF HERE, BITCH!”

“And feisty! Good, good. I was hoping the sedative wouldn't keep you drowsy. We have a lot to get through today.” The woman, dressed in a skin tight latex nurses outfit walked past Katrina's spastic form to a table in the far corner of the room. She filled out the bizarre outfit perfectly, with wide hips and a firm, round ass. She was every bit forty, maybe forty-five, but was in tremendous shape. She was one of those rare creatures who still possessed a youthful vigor even as she marched ever forward toward menopause.

As freaked out as Katrina was, she couldn't help but instinctively feel jealous of the beautiful woman. She was still straining against her straps, trying in vain to tap into some un-manifest power that would let her hulk out and rip free even while she stared at the nurse's ass slowly shaking back and forth as the woman hummed a little tune to herself, ignoring Katrina's protests.

The woman spun around, clip board in hand. “Shall we get started, then?”

“Fuck you! I'm not gonna let them eat me!”

“Eat...what?” The woman looked genuinely confused.

“Those two monsters that duped me into coming here! I won't let them eat me! I'm kill you all if you touch me! Seriously! I kill anything I touch!”

The woman just stared at her for a moment, dumbfounded and then broke out laughing. It was a loud, joyous thing, like Katrina's peril was the funniest thing she'd ever seen. "So I've been told," she said between bouts of laughter.

"Psycho bitch! Let me outta here!"

"Girl, girl, calm down," the nurse said, pulling up a stool and sitting down. She started clicking the button on her pen, causing the tip to go in and out. "No one's going to eat you, I promise."

"Lying cunt!"

"That's no way to talk to your elders," the woman said, mocking a look of disapproval. "You're perfectly safe here. You have my word."

"Bullshit! I'm strapped to a goddamn gurney! How is that safe???"

"Well, that's for my safety, not yours, my dear."

Katrina just stared at her, still utterly confused.

"You said it yourself, you kill anything you touch. I can't have you lunging at me in some desperate attempt to escape, now can I?"

"I don't even know who the fuck you are!"

The nurse rolled her eyes at her own forgetfulness. "Oh, of course! I'm sorry, I got wrapped up in your dramatics."

Katrina scowled at her.

"My Name is Ms. Marietta. You're in The Facility for the Unusually Talented. Mr. Scott and Mr. Bill brought you to me for observation and debriefing. I look over every single student upon their arrival." She said the last part beaming with pride.

Katrina was still dumbstruck.

"Think of me as your principal, or dean, although The Facility is no normal school. Here we teach our students to understand the very special gifts they were born with. In your case..." Ms. Marietta looked over the paperwork on her clipboard. "You were born with the... ability to hone in on

and accelerate the genes responsible for aging by merely touching any exposed part of a living cellular organism.”

“I kill shit.”

“Yes, dear. You kill shit. Now, that's a very, very powerful ability. Not something to be taken lightly. I'm surprised we didn't locate you sooner in life. How long have your abilities been manifest?”

“A few months. Look, this sucks. Can you please let me up if you're really not going to try to eat me or fuck me?”

“Oh my, I never said I wasn't going to fuck you,” Ms. Marietta said, her thick lips turning into a mischievous sneer.

Katrina felt her pussy grow moist when her surprised eyes met those of the older woman.

“Kidding! Jokes!” Ms. Marietta said, clicking her pen some more. “You're twenty years old, correct?”

Katrina nodded, finding her eyes drifting to the other woman's cleavage. Joke or not, it didn't take much to get her going, and suddenly all she wanted this bitch to do was shut the fuck up and get naked so Katrina could get a good look at what the forty year old broad's tits looked like outside of that vinyl nurse's outfit. She actually relaxed a bit, now that she was turned on, she didn't mind being tied down to a bed.

God, I'm such a pervert.... she thought. “Yeah, I'm twenty.”

“Interesting. These types of genetic anomalies, gifts we call them at The Facility, typically stay dormant through childhood but usually manifest during or just after adolescence. Were you a late bloomer, sexually?”

Katrina busted out laughing. “Lady, I've been dry humping pillows since I was watching My Little Pony.”

Ms. Marietta clicked her pen and scribbled notes on her pad.

“So this is like... a school for freaks, then? Is it like normal school? Semesters and shit? Do we

get summers off to go home?”

Ms. Marietta looked up, surprised. Her look slowly turned somber. She set the pen and clipboard in her lap. “No, Katrina. I'm afraid you'll never be able to go home again. Now that you've joined The Facility, you've given up your old life, your old friends...”

“My family?”

“I'm sorry. It's just how it is. Regular humans do not accept those born with gifts. What you call freaks, they call monsters. They make stories, fables, myths about the gifted, scaring their children because they themselves are terrified of being different, weaker. That's why we go to such great lengths to shroud the Facility in secrecy. If regular humans discovered our whereabouts, they would annihilate this place and everyone inside.”

Katrina thought about her parents. They were loving, if foolish people who had never quite understood the handful they were dealt with their only daughter. She cringed now, thinking about their faces when they'd learned of what she'd done at summer camp. The only reason they'd sent her at all was because she'd been getting into so much trouble around town. They'd hoped that a new environment and a positive social climate might straighten her out.

They'd never been the kind of people to punish. No matter how much she'd fucked up, they always loved her unconditionally, which is why the prospect of never seeing them again made her sad. Not for herself, but for them. What would they do without her around always causing problems? Probably treat the cat like a princess. They'd be fine. They were strong people.

“So. Now that we have the matter of your powers straightened out. We need to suit you up and name you.”

“Uh... ok?”

“Every student gets a codename here. We find that the celebration of one's powers helps our students more easily gain control and confidence over their extraordinary, and often dangerous abilities. What shall we call you?”

“Katrina works.”

“Oh, don't be so unoriginal! I was thinking, The Wilter! Or... The Kiss of Death!”

Katrina just looked at Ms. Marietta and wrinkled her nose.

“Ok. What about... Princess Pestilence! Now THAT'S got a ring to it!”

Katrina thought about her parents again. “Dead Daughter.”

“Dead—oh sweetheart, that's too depressing.”

“That's my name. Call me Dead Daughter.”

The woman tisked dramatically, but scribbled down the name on her clip board.

“Whatever you say, Dead Daughter. Now we need to find you a suitable costume that won't have you running around murdering poor kitty cats or castrating the cute male students when they whip their peckers out at you in the dormitories.”

“Yeah... about that. I get why I'm tied down. But why am I naked?”

Ms. Marietta put down her pen and clip board. “Because I wanted to see your tits and cunt.”

Ugh, that was all Katrina needed to hear to be soaking wet all over again. “Ummm, jokes?”

Ms. Marietta unzipped the front of her tight latex nurse's uniform, revealing a purple see-through bra underneath. Her gigantic boobs were beautiful, and her nipples were pierced. “Do these look like jokes to you?”

Katrina sighed. “You can't fuck me, so, as much as I like the kink of being tied up, if you let me use at least one of my hands, I'll watch you finger yourself while I do myself. That's the best I can offer.” She rolled her eyes. “My gifts and all.”

Ms. Marietta didn't say anything. She walked over to the corner and stripped off the rest of her clothes. She wore a matching purple thong, also see through, that allowed Katrina a preview of the older woman's hairless pussy, also adorned with several rings. She smirked at the wide-eyed girl as she removed a black and pink latex outfit from a cabinet.

She walked back over to where Katrina lay. Katrina could smell her own sex wafting up from

between her legs, made worse by the smell of Ms. Marietta's own musk rising out from her now naked vagina. Both women were soaking wet and they'd yet to even touch themselves. The sexual tension from their conversation had blasted their pussies into hyperdrive.

This is state-of-the-art fabric designed to conform to the shape of the body of the person wearing it. It is bullet proof, fire resistant, and, most importantly..."

Ms. Marietta stuck her hand into the lump of latex-ish material. It slid around her hand, creating a skin tight glove. She pulled the material up around her forearm, past the elbow, giving her entire arm protection before she reached down and plunged two fingers inside Katrina's drenched pussy.

The younger woman squealed, not in pain—she could have taken a freight train inside of her with how turned on she was—but rather in surprise. "You can't do that! I-I-my powers!"

Ms. Marietta pulled her fingers out and showed them to the bewildered girl. "See? Protection from your powers. Wearing this suit, you won't harm anyone."

"Wow, that's—"

Before she could finish her thought, Ms. Marietta shoved her fingers into Katrina's mouth, forcing her to taste her own pussy juices.

Katrina's eyes rolled into the back of her head and, unbelievably, she came just from that simple degrading act.

Ms. Marietta continued to gag fuck Katrina with the hand she'd used to violate the younger woman, while she slid her free hand into the complex bodysuit, creating a second skin-tight glove. She used this hand to slide back down Katrina's body, finding her clitoris plump and wet.

Katrina went cross eyed, cumming again, so hard that she nearly choked on the other woman's hand, still three fingers deep in her throat. She could still taste her own pussy on the gloved fingers, along with a hint of latex. It was as though Ms. Marietta had donned a full body condom.

It felt glorious. No one had ever fingered her before. Even the slick texture of the suit turned her on. It was already apparent that her skin nor her bodily juices were harming the older woman. This

allowed Katrina to relax and enjoy the moment, causing her body to leap to pleasurable heights she'd never achieved with her own solitary masturbation, no matter how kinky her fantasies became.

Her third orgasm began before her second had even finished its course. By now, Ms. Marietta had removed her gloved hand from Katrina's mouth and moved it down to her tits. Using Katrina's own saliva, she began to pinch and roll Katrina's nipples. Alternating between that and full on squeezes of her's D-cup breasts, Katrina felt like the older woman was playing her like an instrument.

After the fourth and fifth orgasms, Ms. Marietta began to toy with her new student. She held her hand over Katrina's mouth and nose while fingering her, curling her digits up inside the young woman until she hit her G spot. As Katrina would start to cum, Ms. Marietta would release her grip, allowing the other a chance to breath, but also stopped stimulating her pleasure center.

Katrina would beg her to continue, only to have her ability to breathe removed again. Pleasure and punishment, Katrina decided, were her two new favorite combined activities.

It was somewhere between the ninth and tenth orgasms that a thought somehow appeared inside the cum fog that clouded Katrina's brain. When her elder removed her hand from Katrina's mouth, she asked, panting and out of breath, "M-Ms. Marietta? Are you.... gifted, too?"

The older woman smiled wide. "I run the Facility, Katrina. Do you think they'd leave something as important as that in the hands of a human?"

Before Katrina could answer, she felt two more hands cup and squeeze her breasts. She was startled at first, thinking someone else had come into the room while she was deep in the midst of an orgasm. But when she looked down, she saw that Ms. Marietta had grown two more arms. Her new hands had slipped into the costume material and developed gloves of their own.

Now Katrina was being finger fucked, smothered and having her tits molested at the same time. Her heart was beating so fast from all of the stimulation, she thought she was going to have an aneurysm.

She lost count of her orgasms at that point, totally losing consciousness several times, only to

wake up in a stupor to find her Dean of Students still hard at work on her. Being unconscious, it seemed, didn't stop her pussy from gushing copious amounts of sex juices while her entire body quivered and spasmed from Ms. Marietta's expert touch.

There is no way in hell, Katrina thought, I'll ever have sex this good again.

And then it was all over. One second Katrina was in cum fueled nirvana, and the next she heard a *clink* sound. Her restraints opened. She was free. Ms. Marietta stood across the room humming a tune while washing her hands. All four of them.

Katrina sat up on the bed, catching her breath. Suddenly she felt self conscious, sitting on the cold metal hospital bed, butt naked. She covered her breasts and shivered.

“Do you not want me to do you next?” she asked the older woman, trying and failing to not sound as pathetic as she did.

“Heavens no!” the other exclaimed, causing Katrina to flinch. “I'm the Dean of Students. What kind of tart school do you think this is? I can't let students go around fucking faculty members!”

Katrina looked utterly dumbfounded. “O-ok.”

Ms. Marietta walked over and nearly put a bare hand on the naked girl's shoulder, before thinking better of it. “Lighten up Dead Daughter. I'm only joking.”

Katrina smiled when her new name was used. It made her sound like a bad ass super villain from a comic book. She loved it.

“You don't have enough control over your powers yet to trust you in that way. But I promise you,” Ms. Marietta said, looking the young woman directly in her eyes. “When the time is right, we're going to do some serious lesbo fuck gymnastics. Alright?”

Katrina couldn't help but blush and smile. “Alright.”

“Now,” Ms. Marietta said clapping her hands, “Let's get you in your uniform and off to your dorm room. You'll meet with your counselor in the afternoon to go over your list of classes, and you'll start your training first thing in the morning. How does that sound?”

Katrina hopped off the table and slipped into her ultra-sleek, form fitting vinyl-like red and black costume. Just like what happened with Ms. Marietta's hands, the suit conformed to every curve and shape of Katrina's body. She looked like a space vixen, ready to fuck and kill anything in sight.

“That sounds fucking rad!”