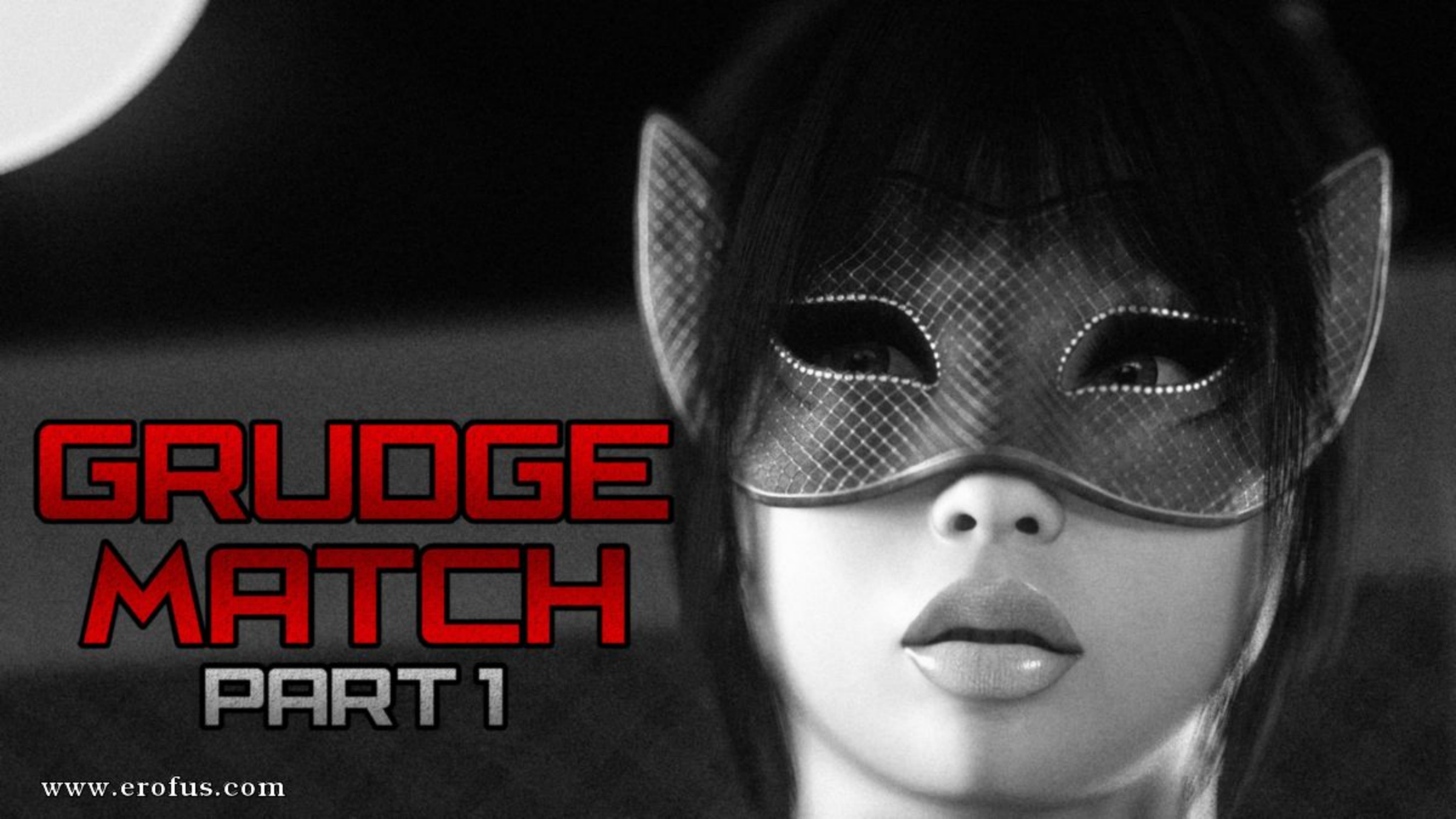

GRUDGE
MATCH
PART 1
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What... where am...
What is that? Plastic bag... filled with... water? I guess. Is that an IV? Did someone take me to a hospital? Fuck, that light is too fuckin' bright. I'd better not be in a fuckin' hos-
Of course I'm in a fuckin hospital. Where else would they hook me up to an IV? Fuck, my head won't stop pounding. Why would they take me to a hospital? What are they gonna do, lock me-
Fuck! My head hurts too much to concentrate. Why are these lights so bright? Ugh, can I turn my head?
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Suddenly I'm no longer in the strange room. I've gone back in time. To an era when hitting ten feet tall seemed like an impossibly lofty goal, and I was still fresh out of college. I'm standing in the middle of a well-lit alleyway with two other people but... I can't seem to focus on them.
God I'd better not be dying right now. You always hear that bit about your flashing before your eyes and I don't want any part of it.
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Wait... I'm remembering some bits now.

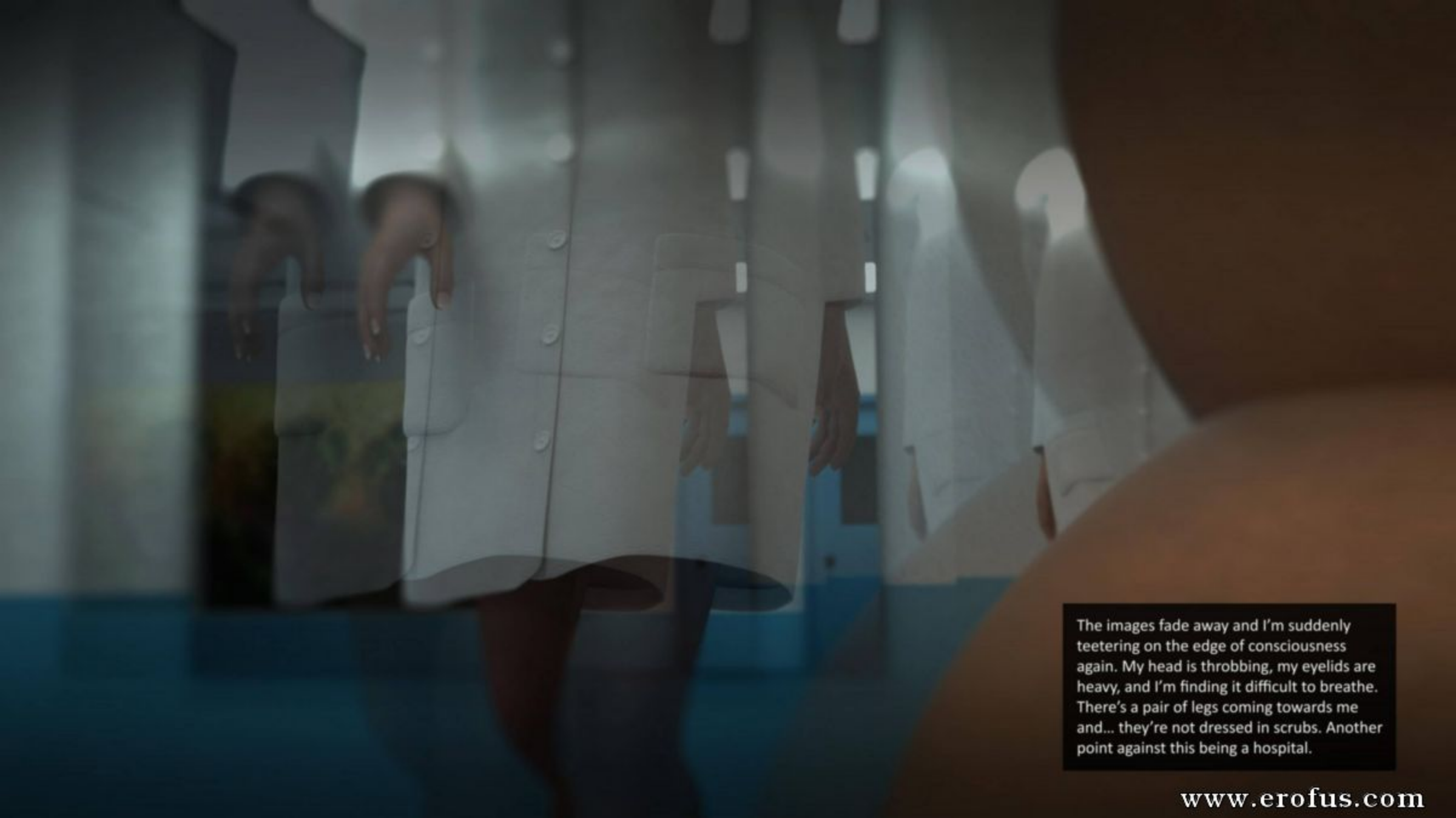
After I dropped out of college, I joined a... well, let's call it what it was. A gang. While it was all fun and games it came with the constant stress and paranoia that I was going to be arrested, cause I wasn't exactly able to blend into a crowd.

So I wanted out. I was gonna turn away and live a clean, honest life. Unfortunately that's not super easy to do when you've already made quite a few enemies after regularly roughing people up for protection money and intimidation. I told everyone that I wanted out, and asked if they could point me in the direction of an honest job someone with my talents could do.

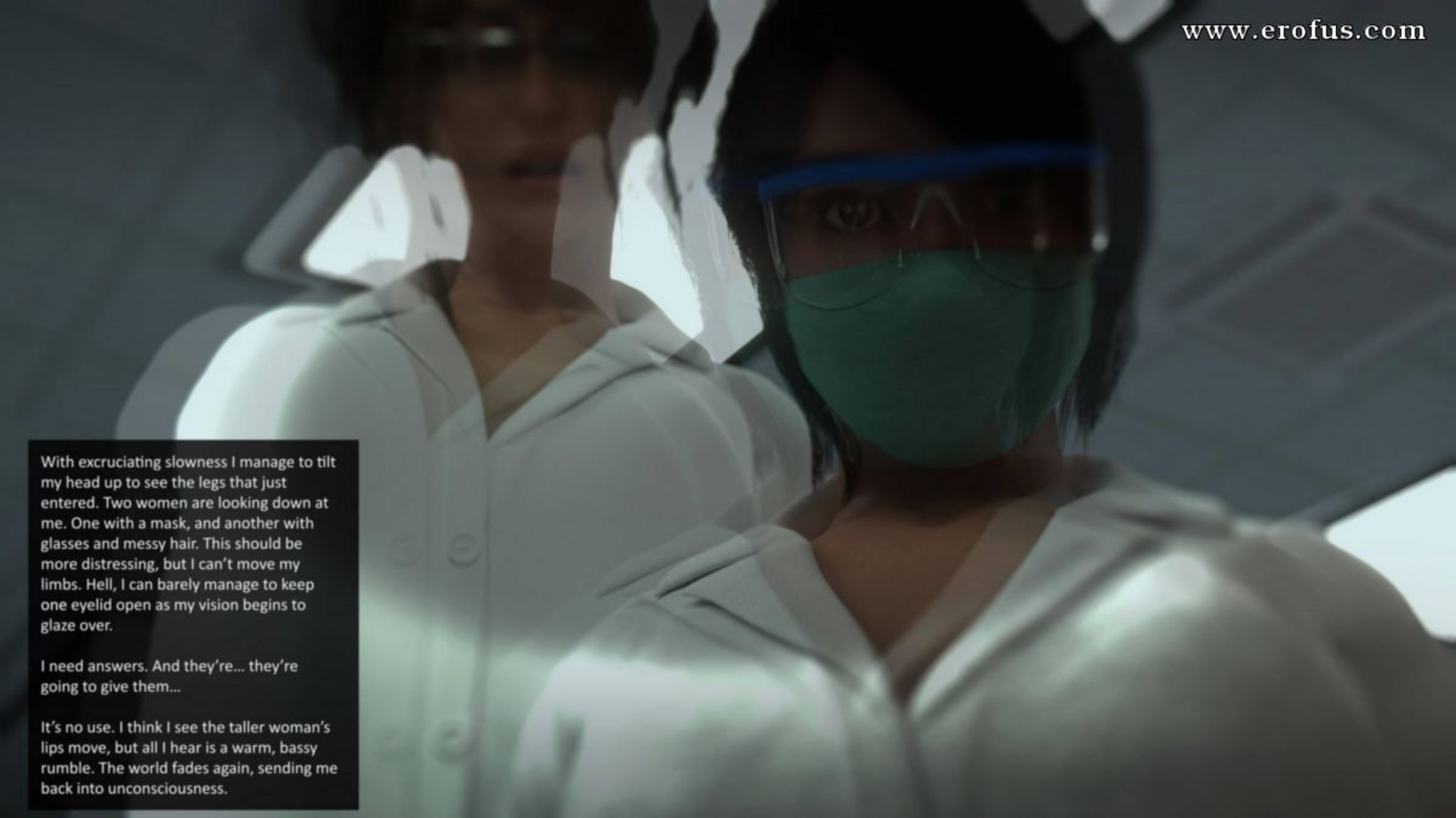
Asking a bunch of gangsters for that kind of advice was either the stupidest or smartest decision I've ever made.

I was given directions to an old abandoned warehouse. Told a guy there ran an underground fight club. Real sketchy, dangerous shit. Injuries were commonplace and anything short of killing your opponent was allowed.

It sounded like it was exactly what I was looking for.



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With excruciating slowness I manage to tilt my head up to see the legs that just entered. Two women are looking down at me. One with a mask, and another with glasses and messy hair. This should be more distressing, but I can't move my limbs. Hell, I can barely manage to keep one eyelid open as my vision begins to glaze over.

I need answers. And they're... they're going to give them...

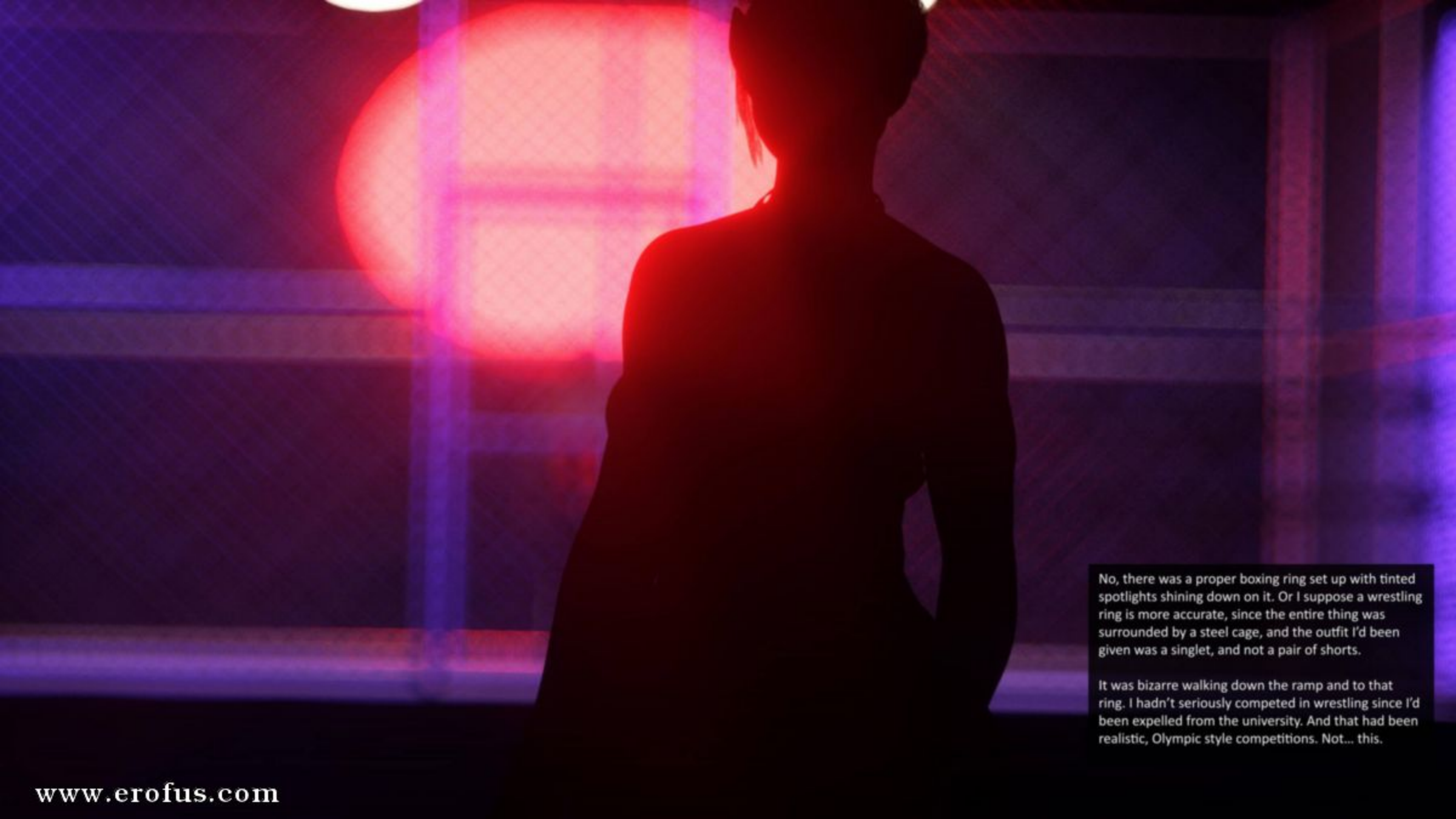
It's no use. I think I see the taller woman's lips move, but all I hear is a warm, bassy rumble. The world fades again, sending me back into unconsciousness.



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I finally reached the building I was meeting my new employer at, and didn't like the look of it one bit. The lighting inside was dim, and there was only a single man standing inside with his arms crossed over his chest. He said nothing as he looked me over, shrugged his shoulders, and tossed an article of clothing at me with the order to get changed.

I guess that was all the confirmation I needed that this was the right place. Though it turns out calling it a fight club wasn't the most accurate description. Yeah, it looked like it was intended to host fights, just not the bare-knuckle street brawls in a chain-link cage I had been expecting.



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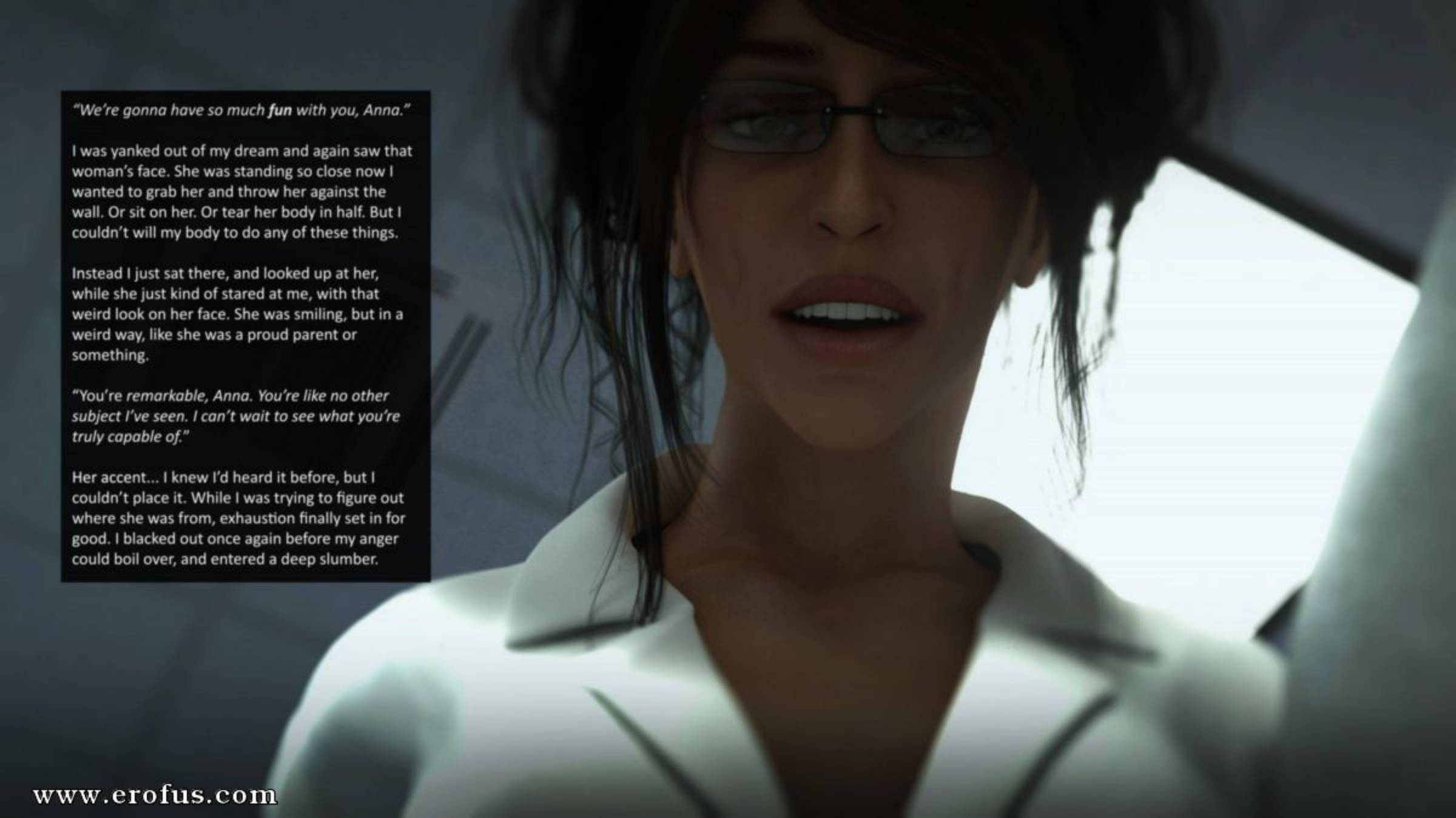
It was exciting more than anything, though. Back in college I hadn't signed up for wrestling because I knew I could dominate all my opponents through size and strength alone. I did it because I'd grown up watching the stuff live every Monday night. This seemed pretty similar on a microcosmic level, and I was already working up names I could go by when performing.

I'd have to get a real costume made too! This makeshift thing was... okay, I guess. It made me look like a fuckin' jobber about to be sent out to a squash match though. No, if I was entering the ring I was going to be the one on top. Even if I had to pay out of my own pocket to get something form-fitting, custom made, and sexy. It may have been sketchy shit, but I'm sure there was still wiggle room to develop a character, establish myself as a face or a heel, and-

Well, first I'd have to defeat my opponent, right? Work the crowd up into a frenzy, win, and come back every week. Or however often these fights are held.



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*"We're gonna have so much **fun** with you, Anna."*

I was yanked out of my dream and again saw that woman's face. She was standing so close now I wanted to grab her and throw her against the wall. Or sit on her. Or tear her body in half. But I couldn't will my body to do any of these things.

Instead I just sat there, and looked up at her, while she just kind of stared at me, with that weird look on her face. She was smiling, but in a weird way, like she was a proud parent or something.

"You're *remarkable, Anna. You're like no other subject I've seen. I can't wait to see what you're truly capable of."*

Her accent... I knew I'd heard it before, but I couldn't place it. While I was trying to figure out where she was from, exhaustion finally set in for good. I blacked out once again before my anger could boil over, and entered a deep slumber.

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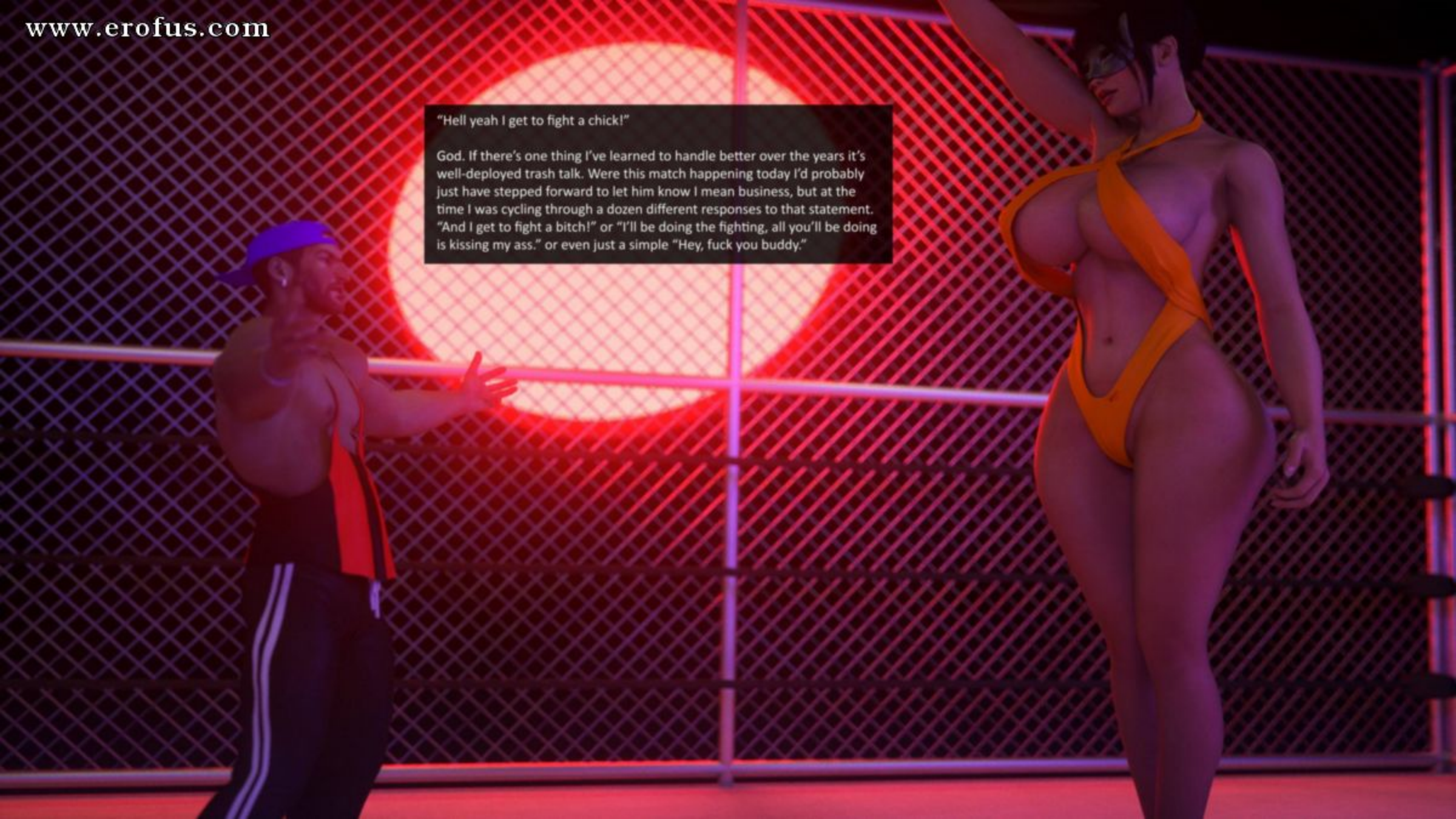


I was back in the dream. Back in the ring facing off against my opponent.

The room around us was dark, and eerily quiet. Where were the crowds? I get that it's my first time competing, but even in the big leagues the newcomers perform to warm the crowd up. There was nobody here. Only myself, an empty room...


And my opponent. Who looked like a stereotypical frat boy who'd stumbled into a crate full of anabolic steroids. I'm sure he was more monster than man to most people, but I still had a solid foot and change on him.
I didn't appreciate the differences in our costumes, though. He was wearing an awkward singlet too, but at least got to wear pants. I didn't mind showing off my body if there was a crowd to pander to, but this empty room was really killing the vibe.
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"Hell yeah I get to fight a chick!"

God. If there's one thing I've learned to handle better over the years it's well-deployed trash talk. Were this match happening today I'd probably just have stepped forward to let him know I mean business, but at the time I was cycling through a dozen different responses to that statement. "And I get to fight a bitch!" or "I'll be doing the fighting, all you'll be doing is kissing my ass." or even just a simple "Hey, fuck you buddy."

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I was definitely more of a firecracker during those days, but I ultimately saved the response. Not like there was a crowd to appreciate it. Hell, I'm not sure if anyone was watching us right now.

"Nothin' easier than beatin' a bitch. Even a huge, overgrown bitch."

He fired that one off and ended with a grin so smug it was all I could do to not knock every one of his teeth out where he stood.



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That is, our height difference was even greater than I had realized. I lowered my aggressive stance as I watched the guy approach. I thought he was just short of shoulder height earlier but now that we were standing directly in front of one another…

Damn. It really hit home. At the time I remember thinking he must be having second thoughts about accepting this fight. I probably wasn't going to be another easy win like he'd expected.


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Turns out I was wrong in my assessment. My fight instincts weren't quite as razor sharp then as they are now, so I was genuinely caught off guard when he pulled back on the punch he was going for and simply thrust his foot into my unguarded torso.
As a side effect of that my tits also popped free of their flimsy bindings. Something about that made it sting just a little bit more. Oh this guy was gonna pay for that shit.

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But for such a bulky motherfucker he could move pretty quick. I'd only just hit the floor and begun the process of climbing back to my feet when he was standing over me again. I was at the perfect angle to see him form a fist with his right hand, and I had a feeling I knew exactly what was coming.

He wouldn't dare. Surely he could see that his kick didn't have too much of an effect on me. Logic would dictate that anything he does to me is going to get paid back ten times harder.


He decided to try and prove me wrong. With devastating quickness his fist connected right with my jaw.
Ten seconds into my first real fight and I was the one taking all the hits. Worse, I was getting beaten by some jacked up frat boy who was probably going to get hammered on cheap beer and pass out after this. The second attack certainly fueled my anger, but I wasn't able to do a whole lot against it. I may have held the advantage in size and certainly strength, but a punch that solid also reset my progress in standing up.
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"You like that, bitch?" He spat, holding down my shoulder with one arm and pressing his forearm against my throat. A properly applied choke could be dangerous even if he was much weaker than I, so I suppose it's a good thing that...

I couldn't actually feel anything!

Oh his eyes showed me he was putting a good deal of muscle into it, but it wasn't having the desired effect. My guess is he's used to fighting much smaller, probably female opponents. He may well have the strength necessary to choke me from this position, but it was going to take a lot more strength than he was putting into it right now.

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What a useless fuckin' idiot.

I suppose hamming it up and over-selling his offense was a moot point without an audience to feed into when I turned things around. I wanted to see if he had any more impressive moves than basic strikes and a choke, but it looked like he was planning on ending the match here.

What a disappointment.


Don't get me wrong. That asshole could hit like a fuckin' truck. I certainly felt both of his attacks, and I'm certain if he had like... I dunno, maybe six hours to spare he could probably take me out using his raw strength. Provided he didn't get tired and I didn't fight back, of course.
But the thing is, even then, it would take a lot more than a fuckin' truck to bring me down. He'd need to strike like a goddamn meteor if he planned on doing anything substantial.
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With practiced ease I wrapped one hand around his throat and was in awe at the size of it. How the fuck does someone even get a neck this thick? I've got some pretty big hands and I wasn't even close to going all the way around his stupid bull neck.
Regardless, I could see a shift in his face when I pulled his entire body off me without even sitting up. Suddenly his eyes were wide and he became much more animated. Oh, he definitely didn't like that I was in control now.
Good.
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There's always something so enjoyable about your opponent looking to you for mercy. Mercy you could give if you're so inclined, but under absolutely no obligation to.

While sitting up I kept him at arm's reach as he moved to try and free himself. His hands clamped onto my elbow to try and loosen my grip, but it was no use. My grip was locked in like the world's sturdiest crane game and he was my prize.


Of course, using only one arm to hold him up meant my other arm was unoccupied, and itching for action. I should probably do something about that.
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CRACK

His head snapped back so fast his stupid hat tumbled to the floor. For a split-second I was mortified. Had I just snapped his neck? But it was so fuckin' thick! Surely it would take more than a single punch to kill the guy! Or would it? I don't think I'd ever hit *anything* quite that hard. Maybe I was just that powerful now. That dominating. That fuckin' invincible.

Before I could get too carried away with praising myself he grunted in pain, letting me know he was alive. A foreign tinge of disappointment hit the pit of my stomach while I outwardly thanked the stupid gorilla for surviving.


"Aw, can't get up after just one hit?"
He kept shaking his head, undoubtedly trying to clear his vision as I slowly stood over him. I had this match won already as far as I was concerned, but I wasn't sure how to signal that the match was over? What good is a submission hold without a referee? Or at least a crowd to pander to? I can't exactly pin him without someone to count it, either.
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He was probably bringing his hands down to cradle his nuts after the kick grazed them, but I walked right onto his chest to interrupt him. Almost immediately I felt part of his chest cave in, and nearly jumped off in surprise. I'd learned during CPR classes ages ago just how easy it is to break the sternum and ribs, and probably should have placed my foot lower on his body to prevent that.

Oh well. He could probably survive a couple of broken ribs. He may be clenching his teeth in an effort to hold back what I'm sure is a howl of pain, but it's rare that a broken rib or two kills anyone.




And since I had already placed all my weight onto his chest, I figured why not take it a step further. Careful balance was required, but I managed to move my other bare foot up and pinned the side of his head to the canvas with my toes.
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His arms moved like they were trying to throw me off, but I guess he was still reeling enough from both the punch and the shot between his legs to even grab my legs. The entire world must have been spinning from his point of view.

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I wasn't sure what to do from here, though. From my lofty perspective I looked down on him, like a Queen might look upon a peasant who had prostrated himself before her. He was a pitiable figure now, of no danger to myself, or likely anyone else until he healed up.

While I stood there thinking I could hear him whimper wordlessly beneath me. He was struggling to breathe, so I moved my foot over his mouth to make it ever so slightly more difficult.



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A warm sensation was quickly forming in the pit of my stomach as I lorded over his pitiable form. It begged me to be more violent with him.
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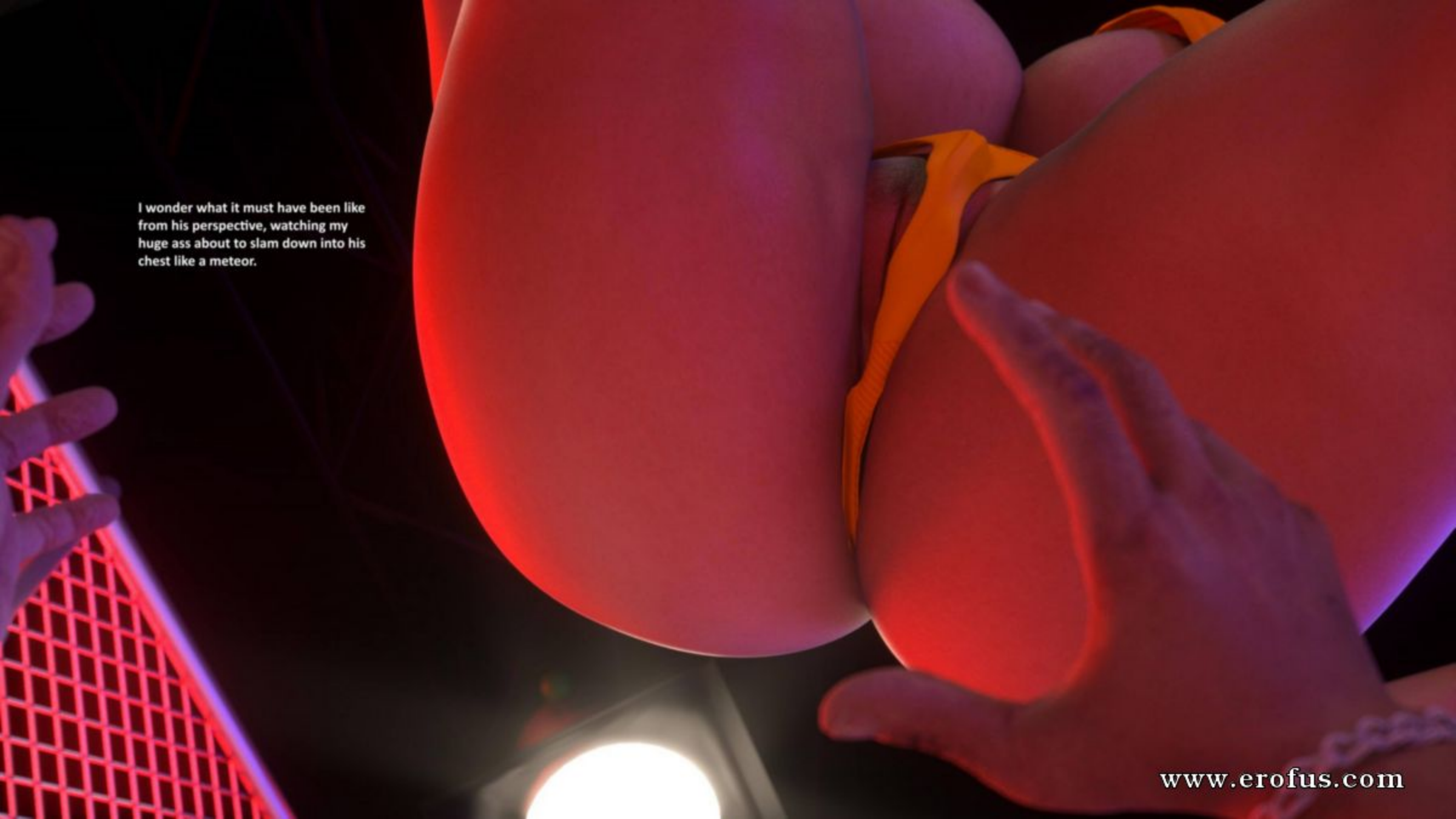

To raise my foot and stamp on his face until there was more of it adhered to my sole than attached to his skull.
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I had to end the match somehow, and I still wanted it to end with a band. I turned and looked behind me, and realized there was a way I could get my revenge without finishing him off for good.
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I still don't know if I was giving in to those desires or resisting when I did what I did next. In terms of sheer brutality jumping into the air landing on him ass first was obviously the less bloody response. On the other hand...
I had to have known that the majority of his torso would crumble under the meteoric impact.
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I wonder what it must have been like from his perspective, watching my huge ass about to slam down into his chest like a meteor.
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His body held its shape for a split-second when I landed. Then, all at once, I felt the rest of his ribcage collapse, driving any remaining fight out of the man in the blink of an eye. I'd almost expected a geyser of blood to explode from his mouth on impact like a rocket, but there was no visible sign I'd just dealt an incredible blow.
My blood ran cold again, wondering if I'd gone too far.
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"Alright! Break it up!"
The guy who'd greeted me at the abandoned warehouse called out to me, but his voice was distorted, and melted away as the white noise of an air conditioner filled the room. Though my eyes were closed the overbearing fluorescents of that clinic tried to force me back into full-on consciousness.
Ugh. I didn't want to wake up. Just let me sleep and dream in peace, for fuck's sake.
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Footsteps.
Fuck! I was just on the verge of remembering... something. I suppose. It probably doesn't actually matter since that was a long time ago, but I hate being interrupted when I'm-
Wait, shit. Footsteps! Okay, what do I know about my situation? I'm hooked up to an IV, being drip fed some unknown shit. If there's any chance my vitals are being monitored then waking up just now and trying to force myself back to sleep probably sent a spike of activity they noticed and are coming to check out. If the circumstances were different I'd have welcomed someone coming in knowing I could interrogate them for more fuckin' info.
But for all I know these... science women I've been seeing are carrying syringes full of horrible poison to stab into me the instant I threaten their lives. So I've got to play it safe, and pretend like I'm still asleep. Luckily there doesn't seem to be any sophisticated equipment in this actual room, so I don't think they're aware of how hard my heart is pounding when they come near.
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"Are we sure these restraints are sufficient?" The woman further away from my face asks. "She's so big I can't help but feel like she could break these chains."
"When she was first admitted? Not a chance." The closer woman says, as I hear her move directly in front of my face. "She'd have busted out of her restraints in the blink of an eye. But she's been out so long she's become a bit emaciated, and her musculature has atrophied quite a bit. If she tried now she'd just tire herself out."
Well that's just fuckin' rude.
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"Doesn't look like she's moved much to me." The scientist further away comments, and I feel her tiny hand nudge me on the thigh. "Think it's just another sleep spasm?"

"Probably." The other woman replies after sighing in annoyance. "She's had quite a few of those since we brought her in, but we're getting paid good money to do a proper check-up every time."

That explains why they're here, but it leaves me with one big fuckin' question. What exactly does she mean by "a proper check-up?" Keeping my breathing still and steady right now is one of the hardest things I've ever fuckin' done, and if they're going to do more than just observe me visually...

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"It's kind of crazy how big she is, isn't it?" The other scientist asks, walking closer. The one holding my eye open let go after the question, and I thank every deity I can name. I wasn't sure I could've remained unfocused even a second longer.

"She's very impressive. Certainly on the upper end of things."

What does that mean? Is this a facility to house people like me? Are the twins here? Are there any others?

Eh, I suppose I don't care, really. Once I'm sure the coast is clear I'm fuckin' bookin' it out of here. Anyone else they've got captured can figure out how to escape on their own.



"Are you almost done? I don't like being in here. It gives me the heebie jeebies."

"Just need to check one more thing! Besides, there's nothing to worry about. With the combination of the chains and her condition there'll be plenty of time for us to escape if something comes up. And security isn't far away."

"Security should be closer. There should be someone stationed in this room at all times."

"They tried that, remember? The guy who got caught touching himself a dozen times? Apparently getting a blanket to cover her is asking for too much around here, so they just started stationing them outside." The scientist closer to my head explained, as I felt her slip her hand between my slightly parted lips.

"Everything around here is run by idiots. There's so many inefficiencies. Like, I can't fathom any reason they've kept the diagnostic equipment in the next room. What's wrong with leaving it here?"

"If the patient were to wake up in a rage, as the reports suggested she might, then she could up destroying it. And that equipment is very expensive." The woman who was touching my bottom lip explained patiently. I have no idea what test she was running by shoving her hand in my mouth, but at least this was easier to handle than keeping a dead eye staring at nothing.

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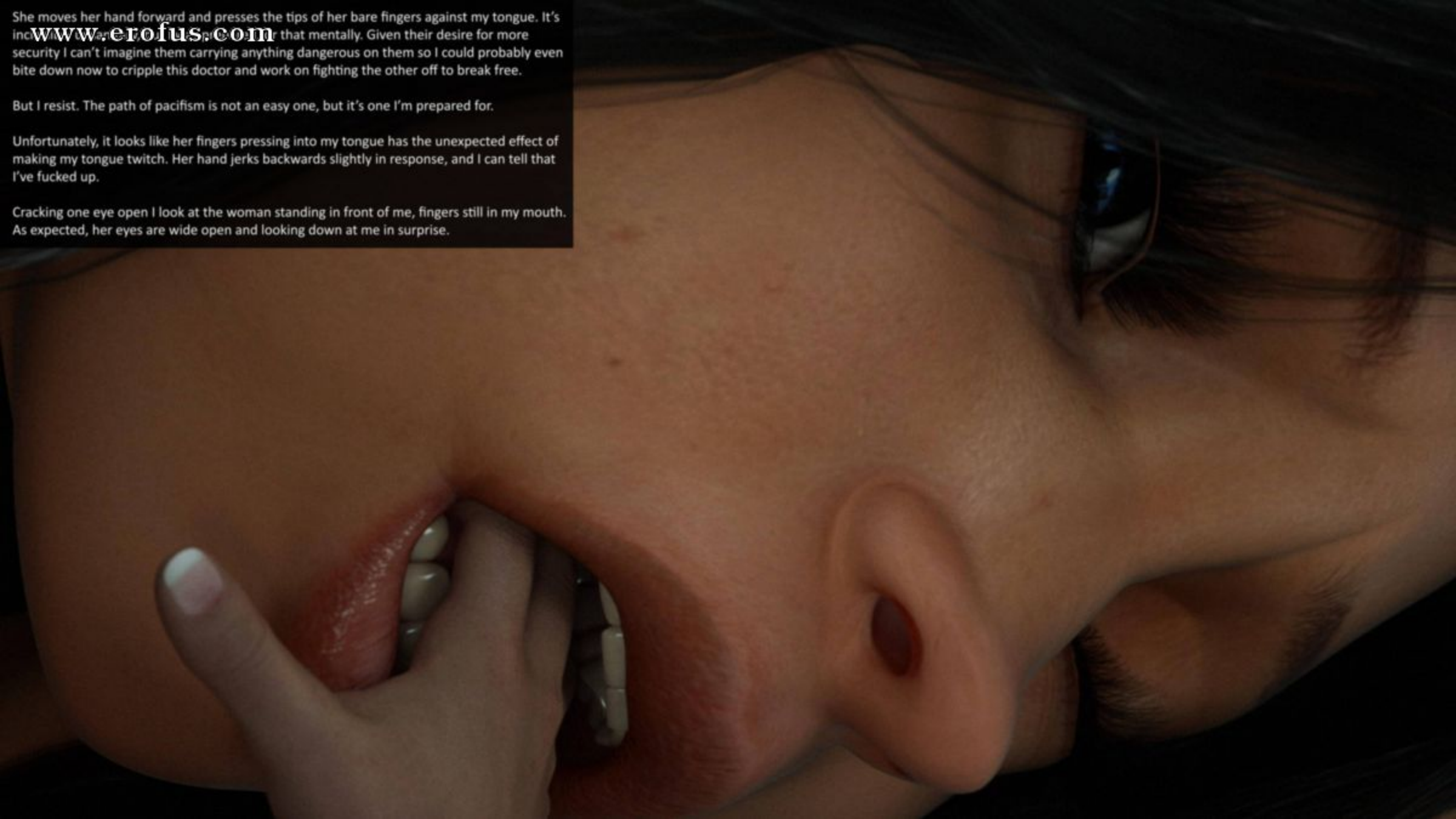
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She moves her hand forward and presses the tips of her bare fingers against my tongue. It's incl[illegible] that mentally. Given their desire for more security I can't imagine them carrying anything dangerous on them so I could probably even bite down now to cripple this doctor and work on fighting the other off to break free.

But I resist. The path of pacifism is not an easy one, but it's one I'm prepared for.

Unfortunately, it looks like her fingers pressing into my tongue has the unexpected effect of making my tongue twitch. Her hand jerks backwards slightly in response, and I can tell that I've fucked up.

Cracking one eye open I look at the woman standing in front of me, fingers still in my mouth. As expected, her eyes are wide open and looking down at me in surprise.



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I bite down in an effort to keep her locked in position, but she pulls her hand back just a second too quickly. Damn, so I don't even get revenge on her sticking disgusting, ungloved hand into my mouth? This breakout isn't off to the best start.

Naturally, my sudden movement isn't lost on the other scientist, and they both yelp in surprise as I've come to life before them.

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I've gotta act fast. If either of them gets out then a guard will be sure to follow. They've clearly spent a lot of time and effort keeping me alive, but I can't know for certain that they won't put a bullet in my skull if I cause a ruckus.

My sudden movements scared the scientist closer to me so much she fell onto her backside. She's no longer a risk. I look at the other woman still backing away. She hasn't gathered herself enough to turn tail and run, but she probably won't be in shock much longer.

Quickly as I can, I raise one arm and try to grab her!


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CLANG
Only to be met with the rather-short limits of the chains attached to my wrists and ankles. That's not good. These links don't look particularly thick, or reinforced. I should have been able to bust out of them with just the strength I put into that lunge, but they managed to hold strong.



I yank again, and they continue to hold. They must have been made out of something stronger than normal steel. I'm sure I could have snapped them before, but being in a coma didn't exactly make me any stronger.

Then I spot movement directly in front of me. The scientist who'd fallen over is climbing back to her feet! No. That's not good. I needed to react fast, and my arms probably weren't going to be of any use.

Luckily, I'm (INSERT HEIGHT CURRENT HERE) goddamn feet tall. Even if my arms are chained up, I've got quite a bit of wiggle room using the rest of my body. And I'm going to [illegible] needed to perform with my limbs restricted.

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Turning myself as much as I can manage I close the gap between myself and the scientist nearer to me in the blink of an eye, and an idea hits me. With a little more maneuvering I manage to wobble my huge fuckin' tits enough to raise them off the ground a bit, and move myself over the scientist who'd fallen on her backside again.
With a satisfying PLOP I feel a little body get pinned under my chest with the successful movement!
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Ooh. There's that feeling again. That rush of having someone at my complete and utter mercy. Or... I think so, anyway. While I've no doubt the weight of my boob is enough to keep this scientist pinned, I'm suddenly having second thoughts on whether or not I can actually end her life with it.
Shit. You fail to break one fuckin' chain and suddenly everything you thought you can handle is cast in doubt!
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Things weren't all bad, though. I had only intended to keep the woman beneath me in check and use her life as a bargaining tool. But it looks like I was having an unintended effect of making the other scientist second guess her own plans for escape. She's probably not willing to leave her partner here in this precarious position.
Noble of her, and good as hell for me. Anything that keeps them both in the same room for now.

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"She'll survive."

The other woman looks shocked, and comes closer. I don't know if my words reassured or frightened her, but I had her attention now. An electric sensation was forming in the pit of my stomach as I contemplated using her to get myself off. I'm sure I could convince her it'd be in her best interest to do so, since I can't shove her down there with my own hands.


"First off, where the fuck am I?"
Immediately after I asked this I could feel the woman pinned beneath me grab hold of the immense curvature of my tit and start trying to lift it off herself. She was making progress, but it was slow going. Slow enough I felt like she'd tire herself out and abandon before she could free herself.
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"I..."
"We're not authorized to reveal that!" The woman beneath me shouted, before her arms gave out and my big fuckin' boob dropped back onto her face. She seemed to be having trouble breathing afterward, likely thanks to the mask she was wearing and the weight pinning her to the floor.
Too bad for her I wasn't going to let her slide for trying to intimidate my source like that.
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"Excuse me." I began, turning my body back quickly to remove my chest from her entirely. She realizes she's free, and seems to consider running away, but quickly realizes that gravity means she's about to hammered with an avalanche of the biggest fuckin' tits on the planet.

Her hands go up pathetically to brace herself.

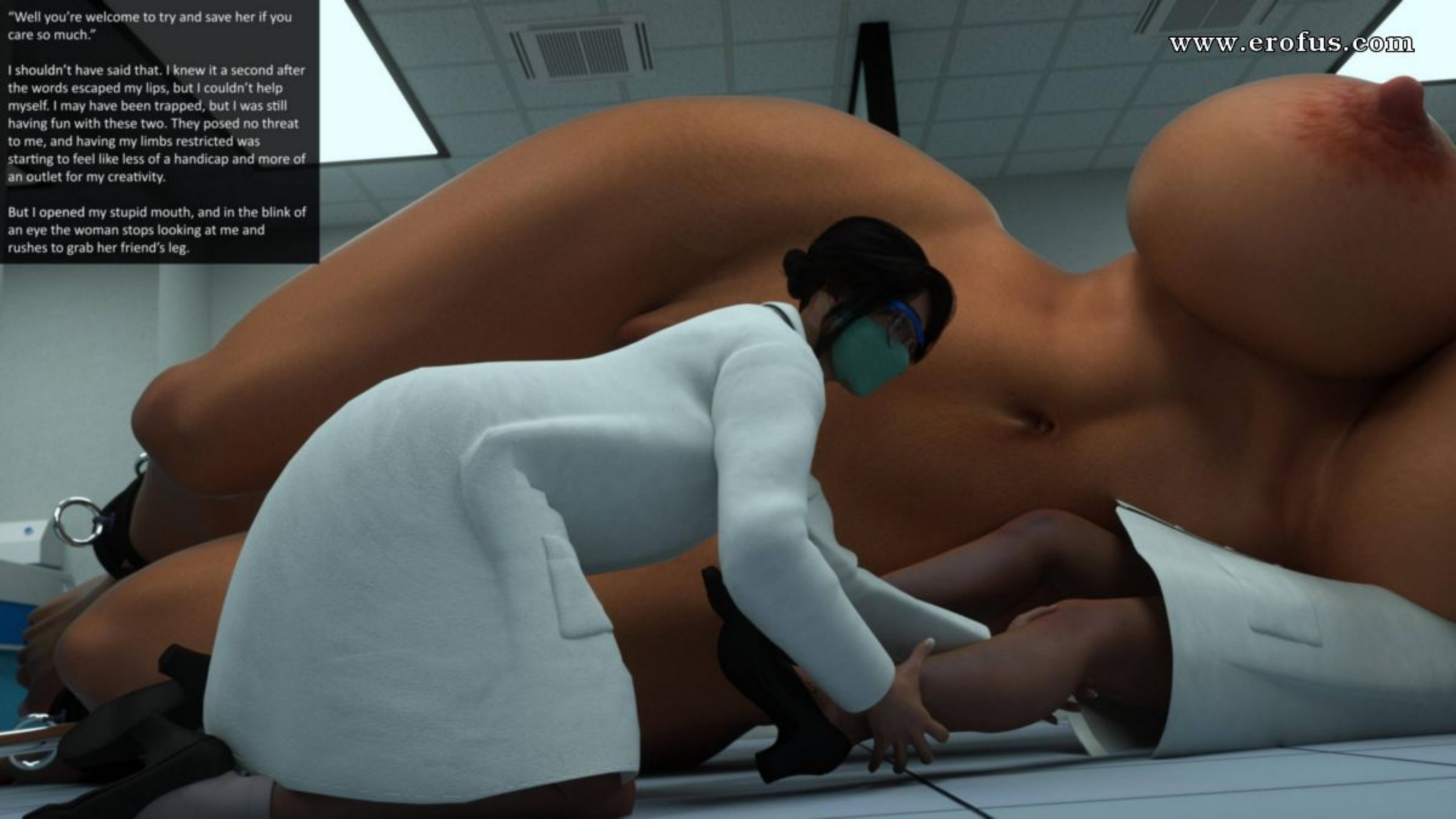


"I'm trying to have a conversation here!" I conclude, after my boob drops like a hydraulic press to keep her pinned to the floor. A grunt of pain escapes and her hands fall down with it, but she's once again trapped, much to the distress of the other woman watching uselessly from the side.

"S-Stop it! You're going to seriously hurt her!!"

I probably shouldn't have responded to that. I had the situation under control, and I'm sure I could have gotten any answers I was looking for from the woman with limited resistance. Then I'd get her to free h

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"Well you're welcome to try and save her if you care so much."
I shouldn't have said that. I knew it a second after the words escaped my lips, but I couldn't help myself. I may have been trapped, but I was still having fun with these two. They posed no threat to me, and having my limbs restricted was starting to feel like less of a handicap and more of an outlet for my creativity.
But I opened my stupid mouth, and in the blink of an eye the woman stops looking at me and rushes to grab her friend's leg.
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As expected, it's as useless an endeavor as the pinned scientist's attempt to lift my chest was. I watched in dismay (And, admittedly, a little bit of excitement) as the woman trotted off and vanished under the shelf of my tits. A moment later I felt a small bit of pressure as I assumed she'd begun pulling the other scientist's leg. A slight, but nevertheless enjoyable sensation.
Until I felt the body shift.
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I probably should have expected this. Though I certainly held quite a few advantages in this scenario, there was one I really couldn't contend with.

Physics. She had a good deal more leverage since only the upper half of the scientist was trapped. Making things worse, I'm sure the trapped woman was actively helping her partner by lifting as much of my tit as she could manage to slowly eke out inch after inch of progress.

To compensate, I leaned to the side a bit more, and let more of my body weight rest on the scientist being dragged free. I couldn't do much as the chains holding me soon reached their limit, so I would need to formulate a new plan soon.

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Or... the chains could just snap!
I suppose moving all of my body's weight to the outstretched limits of the chains and my own strength were finally enough to snap the accursed things, and finally set me free! Or... my legs at least. But that was good! With freed legs I could easily grab hold of the other scientist and lock her between my thighs for some enhanced interrogation techniques. Things were looking up!
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She screamed, and kicked a foot up in self-defense. After I'd busted my arm out of the chains she fell over and was now desperate to avoid my grasp so I'm guessing that was the only thing she could come up with for self-defense.

It was cute. I figured I'd let it slide.


It would've been oh-so easy to grab her foot and lift her up. She jerked her leg back suddenly upon realizing just how easy that would have been for me, but a simple shift of my arm's position would have left her just as caught as ever.
But her eyes went so wide when my hand narrowly missed her. And then her skinny legs flailed in such a silly way when I audibly growled in response. I may have been unconscious for who knows how long but a need for pleasure was quickly becoming overwhelming and she would do nicely.
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I'd have liked to continue toying with her but I was curious what she'd feel like pinned beneath my leg. As with the other scientist, it only took resting a part of my body on her to prevent her escape entirely. I'd have liked to find a way to mash her against my pussy at the same time, but lying on my side meant there was quite a bit of leg to ascend before she could reach me.

Still, having two fully grown people trapped with effortlessly was working for me. Slowly, but surely.


I'm not a particularly patient person, though.
"You doin' alright down there?"
I think she appreciates that I haven't forgotten about her. She'd probably be less relieved if she knew I only cared for the purposes of getting myself off more efficiently, but I could let her have this. I cupped the tit keeping her pinned with one hand as best I could, and found it quite difficult even for me. Not because of its weight, but for its size and... I don't know. Squishiness? I lifted part of it away, only to have some excess tit spill out the sides of my fingers and come back down on her. It was an awkward moment to lift it away completely, and give my little captive some air.
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I waited for her to try and rip her mask off so she could breathe more, but I guess she knew what was going to come as soon as I was sure she'd recovered. So instead of taking a moment to gather herself and catch her breath, she figured she could lie down with her arms raised and look up at me in terror. So long as she never recovered, she would be spared the inevitable.
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"Please stop! We'll do whatever you want!"

Technically, that's not what I was looking for. I didn't need a pledge to do as I asked. If I wanted them to do something I was certainly capable of making them do it myself. No, what I needed was information. Reliable information, and in a timely manner. I had half a mind to scold her on why word choice matters in a situation like this, but the hunger between my legs was reaching critical mass.


"She needs to be shown that her allegiance means nothing to me. She needs to understand that if I want something, I'll take it for my own damn self regardless of their pissing and moaning about it."
That was how I justified leaning further and further to the right, trapping the both of them under more of my immense tonnage in the process. In truth I'd already surrendered myself to my more base desires, and I couldn't help but mash my tit against the helpless scientist trapped beneath me as I rolled onto my stomach.
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The process of rolling over put a good deal more weight on my chest than I expected, and the scientist grew increasingly frantic as my boob went from something resembling an enormous water balloon, to a squishy layer of fat separating herself from the cold, crushing efficiency of a hydraulic press.

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Finally, I manage to get into an entirely new position. Painful tingles run up and down all four of my limbs as I can tell I'd been stuck in that position for quite some time. I'd need time and a regular exercise routine to work that out and stop any potential blood clots.

But for now, I was on my knees, hanging my tits over the scientist. She was dazed from her latest encounter, but was otherwise helpless. In my head I could hear the crowds again, begging me to finish her off.

Well, at least I can say my mental faculties have returned to normal. I'm back to considering going back into the ring instead of staying retired. Ugh, I was going to need a strong drink after all this.


But for now, I dropped from my pushup position and let my entire body rest on the scientist. I immediately heard a crack as I did so, and a muffled scream. I don't know what I broke, but I could tell from the sound that it probably wasn't going to be fatal. It wasn't loud or meaty, and it was just one. Not a series of cracks more akin to stepping onto a sheet of bubble wrap.
That was an acceptable level of collateral damage. She should be good for plenty more toying beneath me.
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More importantly, in my new position I'd trapped the other scientist between my legs, and she finally seems to have gathered up the courage to try and escape from her precarious position. As she slides back using only her elbows I can feel the top of her head brush against my naked pussy, and completely fail to stifle a moan.
In response, she panics further, and accidentally backs up onto my thigh, wrapping an arm around it and hugging it closer for safety. Bad move for her, but one that sets my pussy aflame.
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Using my right leg I scoop her up as best I can without seeing her, and start to move her entire body back the way it came. In the process she fishtails out from under me with flailing legs as she begs not to go where I'm obviously sending her.

"Shut the fuck up." I gasp between breaths. I meant it to sound meaner, but the obvious lust in my voice may have been even more effective at filling her with terror.

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"W-Wait! I'll do whatever you want! I'll-"
I probably should have answered her. I was, after all, justifying my assault with the idea that I was proving to her I could get whatever I wanted for free, but informing her of my reasons just didn't seem like a good enough reason to speak up. We'd already come this far, what's to stop us from just finishing this ride?
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I'd already reached my limit anyway. There was nothing more I could gleam out of simply resting here and holding them in position. I needed to actively work myself up if I was going to reach climax, so I did exactly that.
My right foot bobbed back and forth to keep the little scientist's face mashed around my pussy and active, while I slid my upper body back and forth over the other trapped scientist. God their struggles were fuckin' hot. Maybe I'm just extra sensitive cause it's been awhile, though.
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The pleasure kept rising and soon I lost control of my own body. My mouth opened in a silent scream of orgasmic bliss as both of my partners lost their will to continue fighting at once. From between my legs a near-constant fight turned into bubbly cries of defeat, while a sticky sensation on my tit signified... well, I don't know what yet. It felt too warm to be tears, so maybe I'd just busted her nose and she bled through the face mask.
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Sadly, before I could drift off, I heard the unmistakable sound of someone sprinting from outside. Lazily lifting my head and opening my eyes, I tensed my right arm up and watched the doors.

Sure enough, a second later the door swung open violently, and a man holding a pistol entered. He stopped and looked the situation over, before raising his pistol suddenly. I'd guess it took him a second to realize that he couldn't spot the scientists because they were trapped underneath me right now.

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Not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, I took full advantage of my unexpected level of reach, and slammed his stupid fuckin' face into the floor. I'm not sure if the crack I hear is one of his bones or just the sound of his body hitting the floor, but it sure as shit isn't going to matter in about two seconds.

Carefully moving my hand up I wrap my fingers around his neck from behind. There's a nice big mirror behind me that could use some decoration, and I've got just the thing for it.


I expected a brilliant explosion of blood as I hurled the man behind me with all the strength I could manage. Just a gnarly cracking as the massive pane of glass shatters and a severely deformed body slopping onto the ground in a messy pile.
Instead, his body soars straight through the mirror, revealing a secret I was unaware of this entire time.
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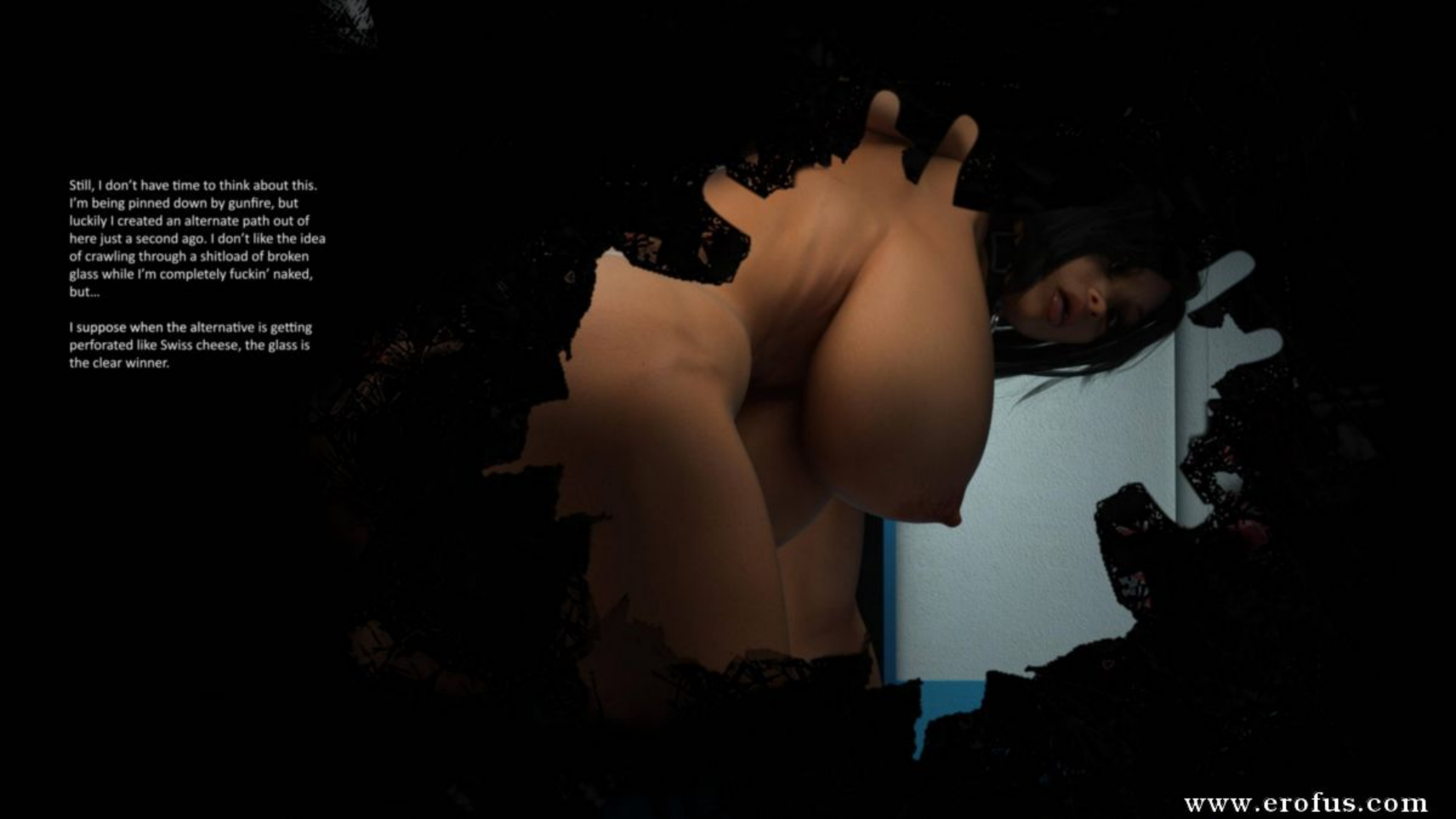


I wanted to investigate, but there was more movement in front of me. A bright red flash seared my eye for a split-second in a way I would recognize anywhere. That was definitely a laser, and it probably wasn't just some jackass playing with a toy.

As my vision cleared I caught sight of the source. Another guard was out in the hallway now. His gun held a laser sight. No problem.

Then another sight appeared. And a third. The instant I saw a fourth I knew that I was definitely not going to be getting out of the room this way.


And of course they're gutless cowards.
With all the strength I can muster, I tear my left arm free. The chains shatter, and in the same motion I slam the door shut. Probably won't do much against bullets, but it can't hurt.
My top priority is rising up so they can't hit my head from outside the room. Once my head is above the doorway the only way to hit it would be to step inside and none of these assholes wants to be the first one to enter.
So they just start firing from outside! I probably should have expected that, but I thought they'd go for an easy kill if they're so eager to take me down. Unless they're not actually trying to kill me? That's the thing about guns. You can't tell what they're firing based off sound alone. Or, at least, I can't.
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Upon passing through the broken mirror, I spot a lone figure sprinting down an otherwise-empty hallway. I guess these assholes had better tactics than I expected. Keep me pinned down in the room while another guy sneaks around from behind and takes piss-easy shots at me from behind a one-way mirror.

I almost feel bad for the guy who took the “safe” job of plinking away at me from behind.


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Not bad enough to spare him, though.
What do I look like, a saint?


He's within grabbing range now, but I let him pull ahead some. I can clearly see what look like a couple of elevators at the end of the hallway, and know that's what he's running for. Yes, I could easily trample him and squeeze into one of these elevators myself to escape, but if there's even one layer of added security to working them then I'd be fucked. Better to let him handle it by driving the fear of God into his little form.
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I'm honestly disappointed.
I thought I was so big. So tough. SO invincible that the only way I could be detained was through a fuckin' bleeding edge scientific facility. And yet here we are, at the end of the hallway. No number pad to input a password. No fingerprint, or retinal scanner. Not even a slot for a key card.
Just a simple up and down button that he was frantically reaching for.
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The doors opened immediately and he hurried inside. Only once he turned around to close the doors did he realize just how close I was. He opened his mouth and let out a scream that was unbecoming of a man who pointed a gun around so casually.
I swiped my hand into the elevator to stop the doors from closing, and turned myself around.
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I sure fuckin' hoped this thing would accept my weight. Working carefully I backed up into the elevator, making sure to pin the other occupant against the wall with my ass in the process. While grinding my ass against the wall I took a look at the floor options and was once again disappointed.
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"You guys aren't even running a massive military complex here? What the fuck is this place?" I asked him, while adjusting my ass to engulf more of his face than before. He was definitely answering my question with words. I don't know what they were, but he certainly was rather spirited in trying to say something.

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I had expected to be on... I don't know. The eighth floor of a huge complex. Or maybe the fourth basement in a massive underground lair. Instead there was only two floors for selection. The one I was currently on, and the ground level.

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Then the elevator door opened, and I got my first indication that something was wrong. The elevator didn't open into some glossy facility interior, but a derelict room. The walls were covered in Spanish graffiti, but it didn't look like it was from any gangs that I recognized.


Hello, world! It's time to welcome...
I was in an abandoned warehouse. I suppose that's a good way to hide a secret underground lab, but it really stifled the explosive entrance I was planning. So with a heavy sigh I start to crawl out and into some good old fashioned natural daylight.
That bright, searing, ***hot*** natural daylight.
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Shit. I don't like the look of this.
The building I just walked out of isn't the only one around for miles... but it's the biggest one for sure. An abandoned warehouse caked with graffiti and with more windows broken than intact. A real shithole yeah, but the only other things in sight were abandoned hovels or equally abandoned buildings. This place was a fuckin' ghost town, situated at the edge of what looked like a desert.
I guess this is just the start of my escape.
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Alright. I've got to remain calm. I've been in what feels like dozens of life-threatening situations in the past. This is just one of a different nature. Instead of guns staring me down, it was exposure to the elements, starvation, and dehydration.
Simple enough.
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Luckily, I heard a heavy thud from behind me. Any sign of movement out here was welcome as far as I was concerned. Especially if it was coming from some kind of vehicle! Doubly so if it's a big one capable of carrying me around, as this one sounded.

Breathing a sigh of silent relief, I turned to face my savior from my fate, and found something just a bit bigger than I expected.



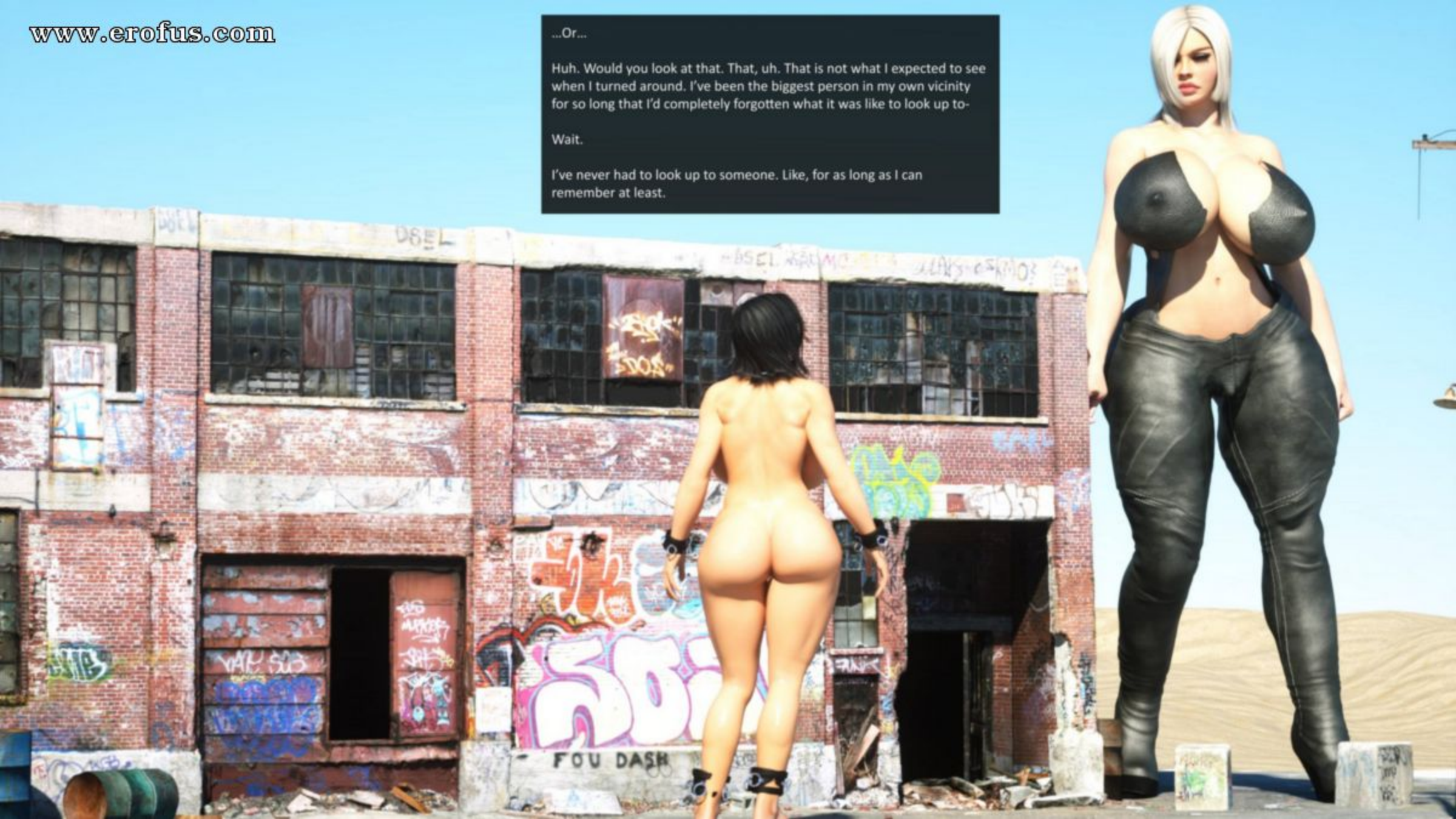
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...Or...

Huh. Would you look at that. That, uh. That is not what I expected to see when I turned around. I've been the biggest person in my own vicinity for so long that I'd completely forgotten what it was like to look up to-

Wait.

I've never had to look up to someone. Like, for as long as I can remember at least.





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"What do you think you're doing?" She asks, balling her hands into fists. I don't know if she's looking for a fight, but I have a feeling she'll regret trying to pick one with me. I may be only about half her height, but I'm still pretty fuckin' strong even for my size, and I've spent enough time in the ring to be able to defend myself.

"Just getting some fresh air." I replied, unable to hold back a smirk in the process.


She doesn't return the sentiment.
"Are you sure, little one? Cause it looks like you were trying to escape."
I just learned something about myself. Turns out that I don't like being condescended towards. Literally no one in my life has ever tried to pull that shit on me, so I can be excused for being unaware of that until just now.
"Now I'll have to ask you to come with me. And don't bother resisting. It'll just be a waste of both our time." She said, crouching so we were more or less of equal height.
Being called little just lit the fuse to my temper. Given a few minutes to cool off I'd have probably let it slide... but then she just had to go and pour a hell of a lot of gasoline on the fire.
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"If you want me, then you're gonna have to take me!" I shouted, and raised a fist. I'd spent the last few moments eyeing her over and trying to decide on a good place to attack if I needed to. Once she'd crouched the answer became clear.
Her dress was holding her tits apart and providing a clear shot at her sternum. One solid straight punch there and she's probably down for the fuckin' count. So as quickly as I could manage I reared back and rocketed my fist straight for her chest!
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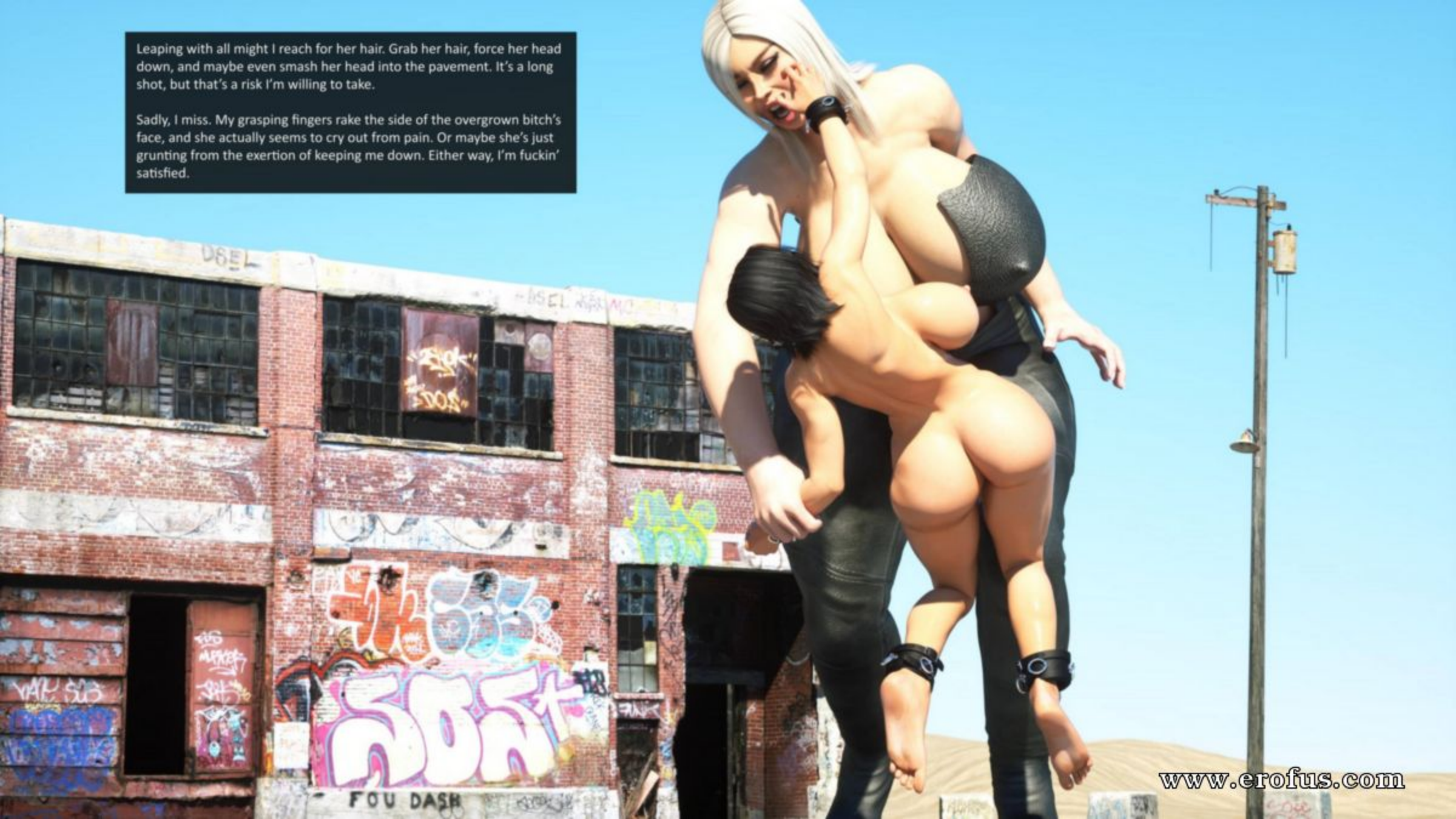
Taking a page right out of my own book the unknown woman began to rise to her full height once again. I've never wondered what it was like to be on the opposite side when I pull this exact same move on some unfortunate soul, but now I knew.

The rebellious part of my mind is going insane right now. The woman I used to be back in my college years wants to take over right now. I can envision myself delivering a powerful kick to her pussy, and bringing her down. Launching a devastating low kick right to her knee, breaking it instantly. To use the basic principles of judo to flip her over onto her backside.


But basic survival wins out. I can feel her strength through those fingers, and given our size difference I had serious doubts as to whether or not I could break the sturdier bones in her body. Especially not in this condition. I needed a lot more... everything. I've lost a good deal of muscle mass, and my limbs are still tingling with every movement after so much time spent on my back.
I can hear my younger self taunting me as I decide not to fight back. Calling me soft. Telling me it's better to die free than to live in bondage.
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I feel like something inside me snaps, and I suddenly jerk my entire arm back. Then I pull my body down, to let this overgrown bitch know that if she is going to take me it's either going to be dead, or with as much resistance as I can muster.
A surge of adrenaline fills my body as I can see my resistance have an effect. She's forced to bend over to compensate. Who knows. Maybe at full strength this could have been a fair fight even given our size difference.
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I can tell this is a losing endeavor though.
Caught off guard, she starts trying to pull me back up, but I think that I've made her bend over enough to do what I intended all along. Her expression hardens as I feel her fingers tighten around my wrist, and I know I'm not going to get a second shot at this.


Leaping with all might I reach for her hair. Grab her hair, force her head down, and maybe even smash her head into the pavement. It's a long shot, but that's a risk I'm willing to take.
Sadly, I miss. My grasping fingers rake the side of the overgrown bitch's face, and she actually seems to cry out from pain. Or maybe she's just grunting from the exertion of keeping me down. Either way, I'm fuckin' satisfied.
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My good spirits are thrashed in an instant when she does exactly that. With an almost effortless turn of her upper body she throws me into the brick facade of the warehouse we've been standing outside of this whole time. I expected it to crumble from the impact, but it completely manages to hold up, reminding me that it's cover for an underground facility. Of course it's reinforced.

Luckily, I don't feel like I've broken anything from the impact.



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Not that it matters when all the oxygen exits your lungs in one quick burst. She stands there for a moment and watches me lie on the ground, catching my breath. I don't know what she's waiting for. Does she want me to stand up and attack her again? Or is she just going to wait for me to stand so she can knock me down again.
Well the jokes on her, I've got no more fight left in me. I slowly manage to crawl to my knees, and I see her take a step forward. If she goes for a kick I might be able to catch it and knock her over as she tries to stand on just one booted heel.
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"Are you ready to cooperate, little one?"

I think she's trying to get me to say that I give up. It's clear that she's won this fuckin' fight, and I no longer have it within me to mount an offense. She holds all the cards and could probably fuckin' kill me if she wanted.

But it's clear that's not what she wants. She wants me to humiliate myself. To declare out loud that I can do nothing against her. I get the feeling that I'm going to be seeing a lot of this woman if I make it out of this situation with my life, so it would be smart to try and mend this relationship in its earliest stages.

"Hmph. Stupid girl." She mutters, tapping her boot against

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I've managed to get to my hands and knees now. I'd made my decision the instant the question was asked, but I wanted to make sure she understood it as well.

Turning my head to the side I looked up at her, lifted my left arm from the hot asphalt, and raised my middle finger.

"Fu-"

I didn't even get to finish when the boot shot forward and kicked me in the side of the head.


What was I going to see when I woke up? Would I be abandoned here? Naked, unconscious, and in the middle of the desert? Or was I simply being recaptured, so they could... huh. I never found out what they were doing with me. It couldn't have been good, right?
There was enough time for my brain to produce one final coherent thought. Darkness had already gripped me and was sweeping across my vision when the edges of my lips turned up as I tried to smile in my final moment of consciousness.
"Worth it."
END OF PART 1
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GRUDGE MATCH

PART 1

EMMAGEAR
REDFIREDOG


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