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Well, now I'm in a bit of a pickle, to put it lightly. With a leash around my neck and a choker that's just a little too tight all I can find myself thinking about is the random advice I've been given over the years. Keep calm, and count down from 100, you know. That kind of stuff.

So I'm following, well, more "being dragged" by the only person I've ever known who is bigger than me. I tried to fight her, and had even managed to surprise her and score a lucky shot. But it wasn't enough. And I suppose I should consider myself lucky that she didn't kill me. I guess they want me for something. Or maybe I'm living out a big budget Hollywood film and I'm special. The fuckin' chosen one so they have to put up with me cause I'm integral to their plans.

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Whatever the case, it's hard to breathe, and I hate every second of this. The only thing keeping me from sinking into the deepest pits of despair right now is the barrage of advice hitting every corner of my mind. Positive affirmations are running on a loop in my head like propaganda, trying to convince me that it's all fine. There's nothing to worry about. They're just going to take me to my welcoming party!

After all, I may not be the biggest fuckin' badass around anymore, but second place isn't...

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Ugh. Who am I kidding. Second place sucks. This sucks. I don't know what's going to happen to me now, and that sucks too. All I know for certain is someone who probably wouldn't hesitate to knock me out once again has wrapped a collar around my neck and attached a leash to it like I'm a fuckin' dog. After a brief ride in a massive vehicle made to contain the both of us, I was dumped out into the desert and am being lead to another fucked-up warehouse in the distance.

And they didn't even have the courtesy to gimme some fuckin' clothes.


After what felt like days, we finally arrived at the warehouse. The door is made big for me to walk inside comfortably, and a cool breeze of wind blows over me as we're standing at the entrance. Guess I don't have to worry about being baked alive in there after all. And since I don't see anywhere else nearby I can retreat to or have any fuckin' idea where I am I figure it's probably the best to go along with whatever they have in mind for me.
But right as I've resigned myself to cooperating I feel a big fuckin' boot slam into me from behind and kick me into the warehouse. I'm still a little sore from the encounter earlier so it hurts more than I'm willing to admit.
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"Do not try to escape." Blondie said. I've decided to start calling her Blondie until I know her actual name. It may just be inside my own head, but it's the only way I can score a win over her at the moment.

"And what if I do?" I spat back, trying to be... I don't know. Just difficult, I guess. I wanted her to know that I was only going to cooperate cause of the immediate danger I'd be placed in if I didn't, not because I wanted to.

She didn't say anything in response. Her eyes just narrowed and focused intently on me with the most humorless expression I've ever seen on another person. Good luck intimidating me. I'll fight a literal fuckin' tornado. I may cooperate cause I'm not interested in dying just yet, but I'm not gonna fuckin' lose any sleep over a dirty look.


I'd like to think she realized her attempt at intimidation wasn't working, but if she did then she made no sign of it as she turned around and left. The shutter door fell behind her and without the sun blinding me I noticed a small guard had been standing watch next to the door. At least I wouldn't be alone in here. I could probably get him to tell me some information about...
And then I spotted the jug.
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It will probably come as no surprise that walking outdoors in temperatures well over one-hundred degrees with a tight collar around your neck can make you parched. So spotting a container made to hold liquids was the best news I'd gotten all day! The only worrying detail was that it was fuckin' opaque, so it may have been filled with... I don't know. Battery acid? Or some other dangerous liquid.
Hopefully it was water cause if it didn't smell like poison I wasn't going to be wasting any time drinking from it.
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I can't think about that now, though. I'm thirsty as a motherfucker and I can't really see the inside of the bottle so my only real option is to just go for it. Ain't nothin' to it but to do it! I tilted the bottle back and felt cool, refreshing water coat the inside of my mouth and slide down my throat.
That's a relief.
Thoughts of rationing some entered my mind, but they were quickly batted away by thoughts of needing to keep my strength up. Who knows what's going to happen from here. If I have to pick another fight with Blondie then I'll at least need some sustenance inside of me.
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It only took a few seconds to completely drain that jug. Once done I wiped my mouth clean, sighed, and tossed it aside. Very refreshing. Hell, they might have even laced it with some suspect shit cause I felt unusually good. Maybe it was just the elation from getting something inside of me, but I felt like I could take on the world!

"Why don't you save some of that water for the rest of us."

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That cutesy remark was followed by one of the most irritating laughs I've ever heard in my entire fuckin' life. I turned to look at the guard, and quickly noticed he was holding a gun in his right hand, finger ready on the trigger. I approached him quickly, but he didn't raise the pistol to stop me. Figures that he'd be carrying that thing around for intimidation, and nothing else.

Of course, the two of us being alone meant that I didn't have to put up with his shitty jokes if I didn't want to. He straightened out like a plank as I closed in on him, and I swore he started to shiver. Good. I liked to intimidate the smart-ass out of people.

"What did you say?"


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"HEY!"
This voice was distant. Shit. I guess I'm not as alone as I thought. I gave the guy a gentle flick on the shoulder to signal that I wasn't finished with him yet, then turned my head.

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Oh hell no. Fuck. It was *her* again. I don't actually have *that* many enemies, cause I tend to make sure anyone who wrongs me doesn't live long enough to do anything about it. But the woman crouching up there is definitely what I would consider a loose end.

She was recently part of a tag team with her twin sister. I thought there could be some potential with the three of us teaming up, but it turns out that management at the last place I worked thought it would tell a better story if the two of them teamed up on and killed me.

*As seen in Squash Match 9 & 10


Obviously that didn't work out. Now she was short a partner, and I had the distinct feeling she wasn't calling out to me with the interest of teaming up.
But I wasn't one to let loose plot threads in the story that is my life go unresolved. I stood up, indignant, and wondered about the best path of attack. She had a very obvious height advantage over me at the moment, but if I charged her location fast enough I may be able to take her off guard. Maybe I should pick up that bottle and throw it up first as a distraction?
My hands inadvertently balled up into fists as I worked out the details of my assault in my head. I think I can make this work.
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Like a coiled spring I launched myself forward!
And almost instantly felt both of my legs give out beneath me. Dammit. I guess my muscles had become accustomed to walking, but a significantly more athletic maneuver was going to need some more time to stretch and get used to moving.
Making matters worse, I heard that awful laughing behind me again. Could this man not shut the fuck up for FIVE SECONDS?
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I whipped my head to look behind me, and I guess the expression on my face shut him up in an instant. He straightened back out, and it looked like he was only just now realizing that he may have made a mistake by laughing at someone capable of murdering him a dozen times over before the former-twin up there could intervene.
Then again, did she shout at me earlier to interrupt me...? Or was it just to get my attention. Let me know that she was still around. My legs are sore from the attempted move earlier and I'm not exactly in peak condition... but I had to find out. Time to see where the line is being drawn in the fuckin' sand.
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"Hey, wait!"
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Turns out his speaking voice is just as irritating as his laugh. My intentions were clear once I brought my ass up to the guy and slowly started backing up. I guess he didn't expect to get an agonizingly slow demise that he could see coming a mile away. And if I wasn't doing this specifically to see how what's-her-tits reacted I probably would have just caved his face in with my index finger by now.
So far she hadn't made any moves in my direction, so it looks like this guy's ass is forfeit beneath mine!


I noticed earlier that he hadn't even attempted to point his gun at me when I glared at him. If he had I probably wouldn't be grinding my ass into his face right now. For whatever reason it seems like he's not supposed to actually shoot me with it. Hell, I wouldn't be surprised if it wasn't even fuckin' loaded.
My rear end made contact with the cold concrete behind him, and he was instantly submerged into a world of ass. There's probably a more poetic way I could have worded that, but who the fuck cares, right? He was buried under an avalanche of booty and it didn't seem like he was going to survive!
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After I had a good angle on him, I simply sat down, and brought him to the floor beneath me. Once again, even in this state I was able to pretty effortlessly crush a fully-grown adult into paste beneath me. And there wasn't a single complaint! Hell, if all she was going to do was observe me then fuck it, let her. I wasn't afraid of her. I might even be able to get used to living like this! She's too fuckin' chicken shit to challenge me again after seeing how it played out last time.
Maybe it's all the positive affirmation still playing in my mind, but I'm starting to become okay with the way things are turning out. I might even come to enjoy this. In fact, I think I'll take a nap I'm so pleased with myself!
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I closed my eyes, raised my arms over my head, and leaned into the wall. Yup. This was going to be alright. Sure, the room was a little messy, but there was plenty of space in here! Air conditioned, and even a bunch of beds set up to lounge around in.
Hell, they knew what kinda stuff I did in the ring. I can't help but wonder if that guard was set there specifically to help me stave off the boredom. This was probably just a housewarming gift! I'd definitely need to tell them I appreciated it the next time they popped up.
Leaning my head back, I closed my eyes, and began to drift into a peaceful nap.
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Well, it turns out I may have misread the situation.

Years of living a rather shady life has lead to me developing quite a good intuition when there's a whole lot of tension in a room and a fight has either broken out or is about to break out. It's saved me quite a few times before, as I've been face to face with trigger-happy cops and speeding vehicles in the past.

But... it turns out that I'm pretty shit at reading any non-combat situation. Only a few minutes after I've sat down for my nap I get jerked out of my rest by Blondie, who wastes no time attaching a leash to me once again and guiding me outside. Then she sprayed my bloodied, sticky ass with a fire hose, and dragged me to a new location.

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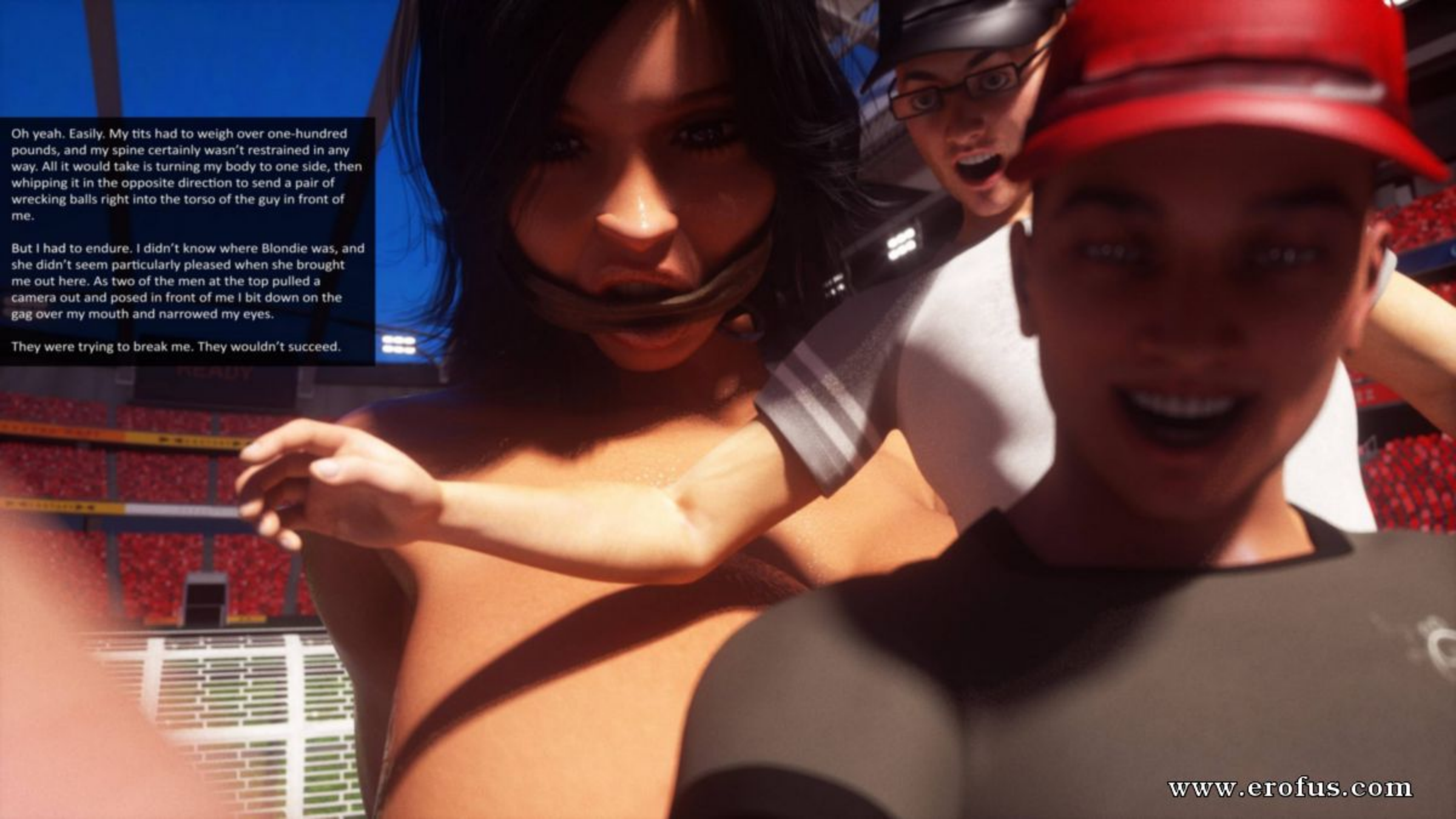


Two guys at a time attacked my ass, pushing their hands into the skin as far as they could and watching it spring back every time. I wasn't exactly fond of that shit, but I had more pressing issues to endure at the moment.

Namely, my fuckin' tits. I'm sure there was a nice line of ass-men waiting to grab a handful of the biggest ass they'd probably ever get to see, but the line for my tits was way fuckin' longer. Men were lined up on that miniature staircase one after the other, and once at the top they simply ran their fingers along the curvature of my bust, nudging me gently.

My hands were [illegible] something about this.

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Oh yeah. Easily. My tits had to weigh over one-hundred pounds, and my spine certainly wasn't restrained in any way. All it would take is turning my body to one side, then whipping it in the opposite direction to send a pair of wrecking balls right into the torso of the guy in front of me.
But I had to endure. I didn't know where Blondie was, and she didn't seem particularly pleased when she brought me out here. As two of the men at the top pulled a camera out and posed in front of me I bit down on the gag over my mouth and narrowed my eyes.
They were trying to break me. They wouldn't succeed.
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I just needed to be... anywhere but here right now. Just distract my mind, and envision a different place. I wasn't going to let them break me. Not with something this fuckin' weak, at least.
I loosened the hold on the gag in my mouth, slowed my breathing, and started counting down from ten. Once I reached zero, I started again, trying to blur out the world around me. I held onto a memory. One from long ago. Simpler times. To a time when I was still just starting out in the ring.
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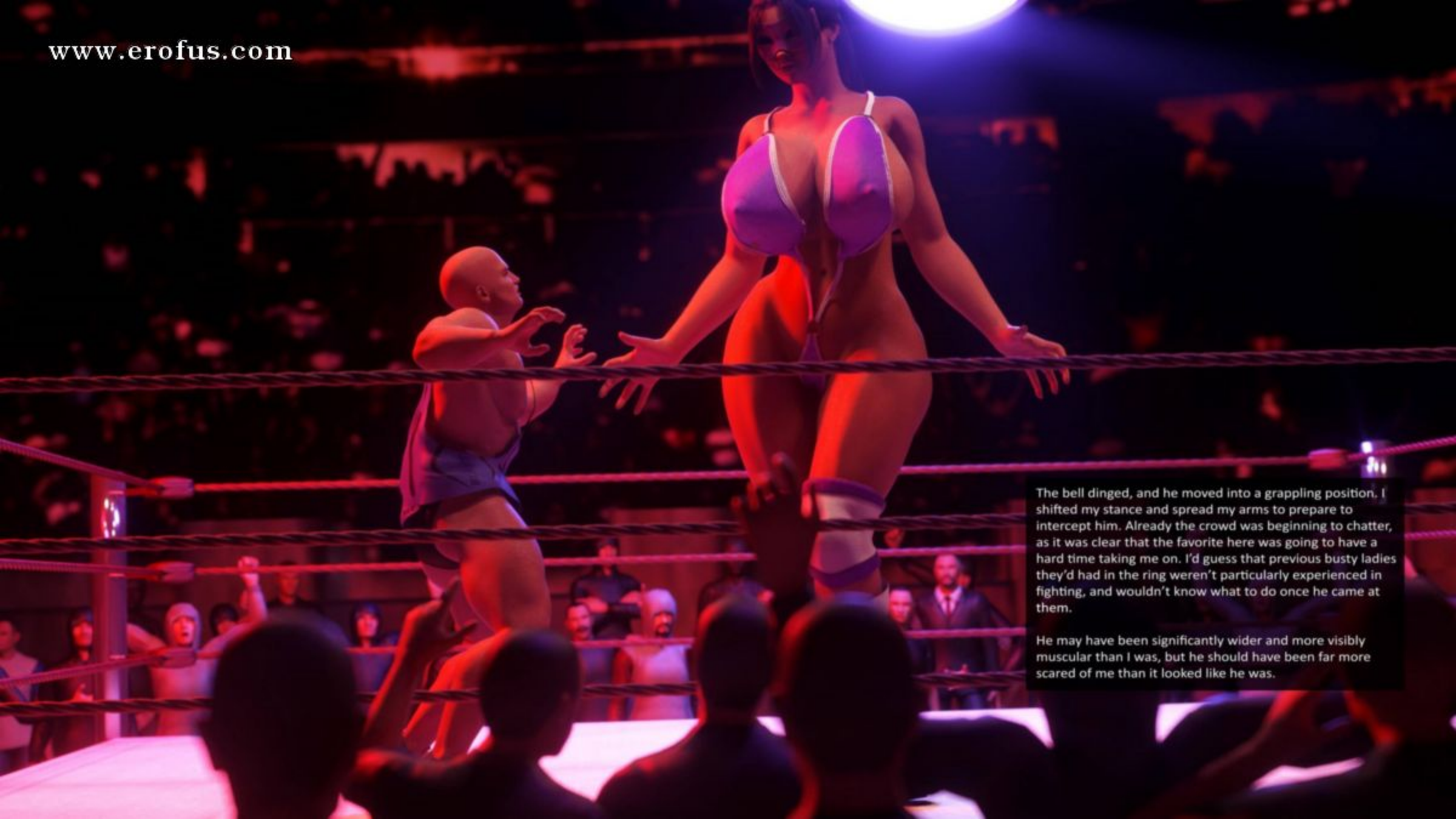
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I had expected a dirty, quiet room with a few silent observers who eagerly watched as I fought another guy in a ridiculously skimpy outfit. I assumed there'd be sparse seating, and more than a few people in the audience would have their hands jammed down their pants.

Instead the crowd, though small, was rowdy. They cheered my opponent on while I got a few scattered whistles from my appearance. I get it. I was the new one here, while this guy was more established. They probably expected him to toss me around, maybe rip my costume off me so I could get exposed to them. Typical adult entertainment nonsense.

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The bell dinged, and he moved into a grappling position. I shifted my stance and spread my arms to prepare to intercept him. Already the crowd was beginning to chatter, as it was clear that the favorite here was going to have a hard time taking me on. I'd guess that previous busty ladies they'd had in the ring weren't particularly experienced in fighting, and wouldn't know what to do once he came at them.

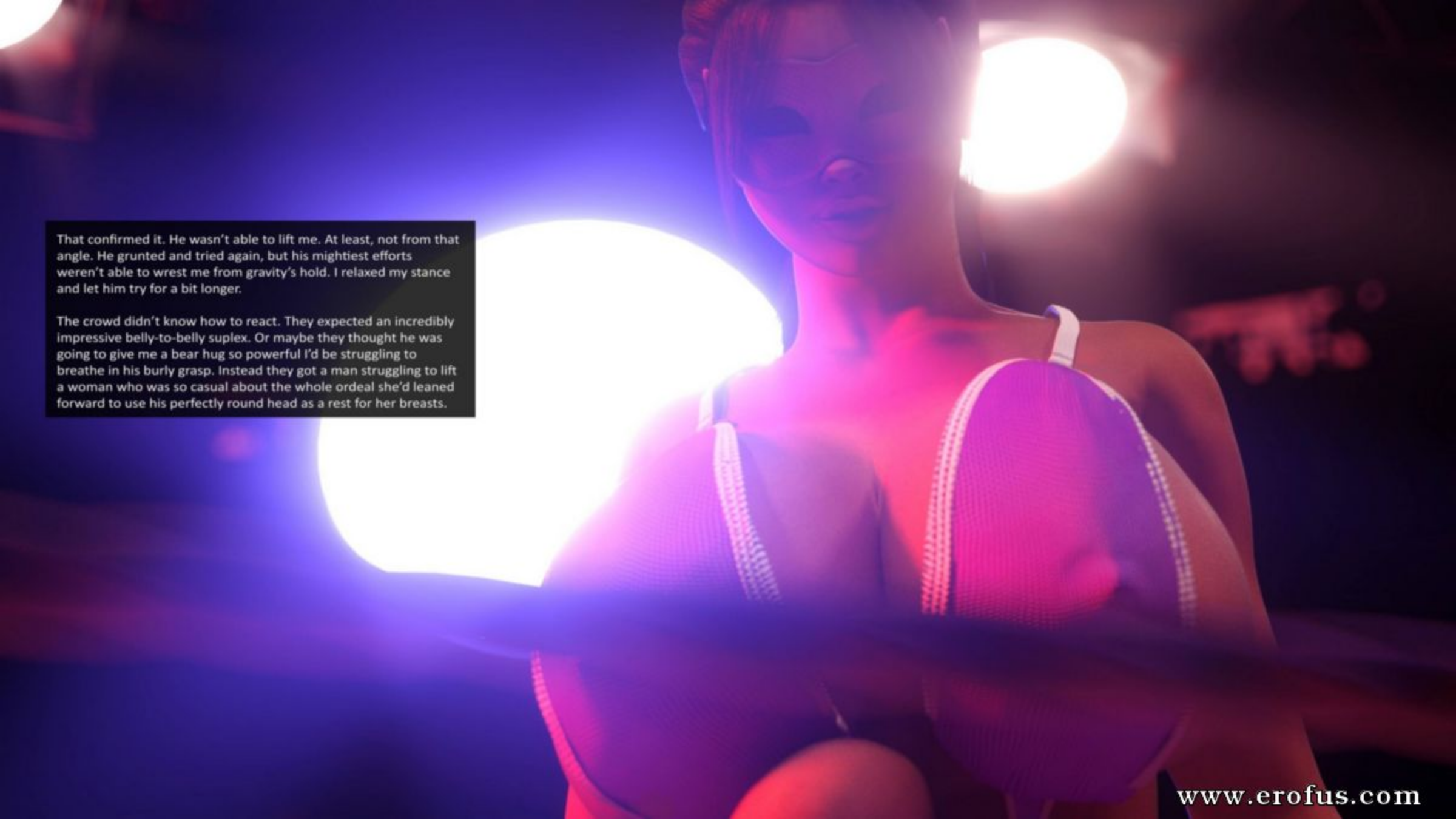
He may have been significantly wider and more visibly muscular than I was, but he should have been far more scared of me than it looked like he was.



Since my arms were spread to intercept a grapple I was actually taken off-guard when he ducked underneath and wrapped his arms around my torso. He was just tall enough for my breasts to come to a rest on top of his head, and he couldn't quite reach his arms all the way behind me.

I felt his position shift and though he seemed to have a pretty firm grip around my waist, his arms slid up about an inch.

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That confirmed it. He wasn't able to lift me. At least, not from that angle. He grunted and tried again, but his mightiest efforts weren't able to wrest me from gravity's hold. I relaxed my stance and let him try for a bit longer.
The crowd didn't know how to react. They expected an incredibly impressive belly-to-belly suplex. Or maybe they thought he was going to give me a bear hug so powerful I'd be struggling to breathe in his burly grasp. Instead they got a man struggling to lift a woman who was so casual about the whole ordeal she'd leaned forward to use his perfectly round head as a rest for her breasts.
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The match had to proceed eventually, though. I'm sure he'd spent a whole hell of a long time building up the reputation he had enjoyed so far, but he was unfortunate enough to be squaring up against me in the ring.

The obvious move was to wrench his arms apart to show off my own strength and humiliate him a little bit. But I wanted to make a good first impression, didn't I? So instead, I decided to go with a move that was a little unorthodox, to put it lightly.

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He clearly thought he could lift me. He couldn't, but he was certainly going to keep trying with all his might. If he was having this much trouble though, what was he planning to do once I was off the floor? He couldn't heft me over his head for a fantastic display of those muscles if he couldn't even use momentum to hurl me backwards.

So why not find out what his plan is? And if he didn't have one, he'd be embarrassed in front of everyone, wouldn't he? Just like in regular professional wrestling I leaned into his hold to give him the momentum needed to perform whatever he had in mind. In doing so he quickly became smothered in my tits, but he adjusted his hold once he realized he was making progress.

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And moments later, with a powerful CRASH, the both of us collided with the ground.
The crowd? They went fuckin' nuts. Maybe it's cause I was burying my opponent under my tits and left my ass poking straight up. Or maybe because of the rather brutal sounding impact of the guy slamming into the mat beneath me.
Looking back I wonder which it was... but at the time? I was thoroughly convinced it was because of the violence.
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My opponent wasn't too pleased with what I'd just done to him, though. He was having a hard time recovering from the assault, and having a pair of tits bigger than his head sealing him off from the outside world wasn't going to be making things any easier. But I was probably going to get into serious trouble if I held him down like this until he expired.
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...But that doesn't mean I had to get off of him yet. Sliding forward ever so slightly I [illegible] between my boobs, and lowered my body once again. My fists pinned his own little hands into the ring and his sputtering struggles slowly began to weaken beneath me.

The crowd very much approved. And I'd be lying if I wasn't starting to feel a tingling rush of arousal flow through me as well.

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Sadly, my own fun was cut short when his breathing began to slow. I cursed under my breath, rolling off of him. I would have loved nothing more than to continue lying there and feeling all that he was come to an end under my tits while a crowd of excited onlookers cheered me on.

But pull back I did. I wanted to do well, but I didn't want to end a life to do it. I was so fuckin' naive at the time.



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Sighing loudly enough for the crowd to hear, I [illegible] him gasp for the air he so desperately needed. He coughed violently, sounding hoarse as his face began to return to normal. I had planned on letting him fully recover so we could both resume the fight on equal footing, but there was a growing tension in the room. The crowd wasn't pleased with the lack of action, and wanted for someone to do something.

I had gone too far again! Shit! I wracked my brain trying to come up with ways to keep the crowd on my side without kicking him while he's done. Maybe just pose for the crowd a bit? Or-

Thankfully, I was bailed out of my panic when he climbing to one foot. He didn't seem particularly enthused about what he'd just been through, and stopped to give me a dirty look before standing straight again.

"Shoulda caught me." I offered, helpfully.


He didn't say a word as he hauled ass to the corner of the ring. The good thing was that he clearly realized he wasn't going to be able to do much against me in a contest of pure strength. So he just polished his strategy up and looked like he was going to attempt to knock me off balance.

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And the worst part? It might fuckin' work. Part of my costume at the time was a pair of ridiculous spike heels. In the later years I'd get so much bigger than anyone who tried to stand couldn't hope to knock me even if they tackled me at full speed from a great height.

But at this measly size? With a guy that stout?


...I was still pretty sure I could take it, yeah. A guy that big had no business being on the turnbuckle, but I was still fairly confident I could take the attack without falling over. And he was fairly confident that this was going to the match-ender.
And the crowd? They were just confident that whatever happened over the next few seconds was going to be explosive.
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With a loud grunt, he launched himself off the ring a bit higher than expected, which seemed like a mistake. If he'd launched himself with more forward momentum he may have had a shot at bringing me down. But going for more height? That just gave me more time to intercept and meant I could absorb the attack better.

He was definitely going to regret that decision.

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The instant I wasn't falling backwards he knew he was in trouble. That was only compounded when I started marching around with him on my shoulders as if he were an elaborate fashion accessory. Sure, the power of gravity and the heft of his own body not being enough to even tip me over had to be emasculating. But to then be paraded around for all to see?

Well, I'm not surprised he raised his own fists and started raining blows on my head.



I could kill the guy in half a fuckin' second if I'd wanted. I was stronger than him and could absolutely withstand more abuse than him, but he was still pretty strong for a guy his size so those punches were starting to hurt. I'd given him enough of a free ride. It was time to drop him off. If he weren't trying his absolute hardest to knock me out with those measly fists of his I might have been able to hoist him off my shoulders and powerbomb him into the canvas so hard he broke straight through.

I'm sure it would've been pretty ballistic. Sadly, he was being uncooperative, so I had to drop to my back with him still on my shoulders.

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To ease him further into the attack I grabbed hold of his arms at the last moment and helped guide him face-first into the floor. The entire ring shuddered mightily beneath the impact, but managed to hold its shape. The guy who'd so eagerly been punching the shit out of me didn't seem to be with us anymore, though.

So I think it was safe to say I won?

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DING DING DING DING

That was the signal. At the time I thought I'd killed him. He landed basically face first from a height of about 9 feet onto an unyielding surface. Then there was the extra force I made sure to put into it when forcing him down. His head had turned to the side and he didn't make a sound as when I pushed him off of me.

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A nagging feeling in the back of my mind told me I should check up on him. It's not like I was unaware of how much damage could have been done to the guy from the attack. I couldn't bring myself to really care about his plight, though. In the darkest recesses of my mind I was already accepting of the thought that I had killed him. Just forcibly ejected his soul out of his physical form when I drove his face into the ring.

But instead I was already justifying it in my head. Maybe if he hadn't started punching me I wouldn't have had to do such a dangerous move to him. Hell, maybe he had it coming for punching me in the head like he did. And if he'd drawn blood I'd have done a lot more than just drive his face into the canvas. Yeah. This was okay with me.

In fact, the thought even excited me a little.

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He wasn't actually dead. Just knocked out, got a few teeth loosened, and would have a few facial fractures. Nothing major. I probably could have figured out he was still breathing if I'd taken even a second to check on him afterward.

But I was completely absorbed in the sounds of the crowd. They were going completely fuckin ballistic over the violence they'd just seen play out before them. Praise was being thrown my way and I even did a lap around the ring to further celebrate.

The sounds of an excited crowd gave a unique energy to the situation. One I could almost feel right now just reminiscing about that moment. I held onto that feeling of being celebrated for so quickly ending a man's life. The audience's enthusiasm fed directly into me.

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-THUNK-

What?

What the fuck?

The image around me dissolves, but the sounds of the crowd remain. Suddenly I'm out of the place my mind has retreated to and back into the real world. I'm still tied up, gagged, and completely fuckin' nude as patrons line up to cop a feel.

And now they're throwing things at me.


It only takes a moment to absorb the changes in my situation. There's a guy laying underneath my chest. What the fuck is he even trying to do? Is he going to hump upwards and drive his dinky fuckin' cock into the bottom of my tits? And then there's another guy reaching straight for my face. For what purpose I'm not sure, but I'm not about to find out.
Cause I don't have to put up with this bullshit. And I'm not going to for one second longer.
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A boiling-hot fury is building up within me. I swear it feels like actual fuckin' steam is coming out of my nose and ears right now. I'm so fuckin' pissed I can hardly see straight. I may be chained up, but I've still got a couple hundred pounds of blunt trauma hanging from my chest and I plan on using them.

Taking a deep breath, I lean forward quickly, dropping my tits onto the guy trying to get his jollies underneath me. It's not the most damaging maneuver I can pull off with my limited range of motion, but the shock is enough to make the other guy reaching for me begin to lose his balance.

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The impact makes the entire structure shudder, and I hear a pained gasp from the guy underneath me. But what's better is the line of guys immediately beginning to lose their balance. I guess they hadn't expected the impact of me dropping my chest onto the steps to shake the entire thing so much.
Like a bunch of fuckin' dominoes they started falling over, and the guy who'd been reaching for me just falls completely off the platform. I was a little annoyed thinking that he'd probably be fine, since I'd been wishing he'd land on his neck, shattering it on impact.
But, sadly, wishful thinking wasn't going to break me free.
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A concentrated dose of adrenaline was going to be what did that.

With a flex of my arms and a quick yank the chain keeping me secured broke apart like it was made of paper. I had honestly known I could do that the entire time, but wanting to avoid another pacification session from Blondie kept me from doing so. It was easier to endure whatever they forced upon me when I knew it was being done intentionally to try and break my will, so I went along with it.

But getting balls kicked in my face was over the fuckin' line.


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Once my arms were free I could see the guys still on the staircase begin to panic and escape. None were quite fast enough when I shoved both my arms forward, sending the entire steel structure toppling over.
I was so angry I swear I could feel the sweat on my body began to boil away. So fuckin' pissed I could feel my blood boiling in every single one of my fuckin' veins. So furious I felt like the only way I could calm down was to start smashing things until I ran out of energy. And breaking through those restraints hadn't used one fuckin' iota of it, so there was plenty more to come.

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There were sounds of shuffling underneath me. Not sure what the source was. Maybe someone had been sitting under my ass like the guy under my tits just now. Or maybe it was someone who'd fallen over from my brief outburst and was trying to escape.

I didn't care. I stretched my legs apart, stretching the links in the chain tying them together stretch for only a moment before snapping apart. The shuffling underneath me sped up, clearly panicking. They probably thought they were real fuckin' smart, sliding between my legs to escape like that.

Too bad for them I would just need to sit down to interrupt their escape.

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And with a pleased huff, I did exactly that. Hell, my legs were even a little sore from kneeling so long, and I felt like I deserved to stretch them a bit! In the process of doing so I really gave the crowd in front of me a nice view of everything I had to offer, eliciting small gasps and scattered applause. Was that the best they could do from such a good view? I couldn't help but roll my eyes in annoyance.

They can fuck right off with that lack of energy.


Sensation gradually returned to my legs, and I stood back up once again. The game that had been playing out had stopped as all the players watched what appeared to just be me showing my pussy to the crowd great interest. That was good. It meant that the targets of my ire weren't attempting an escape just yet, so I could draw this out a bit.
One hand grabbed the gag they'd wrapped around my head, and I yanked it off easily. The nearest player watched my approach with wide eyes, confirming my suspicions.
These guys weren't watching me out of awe. They thought the entertainment on the sidelines was heading out on the field to spend some time with them. Some of those fuckers were even walking towards me from the other end of the field!
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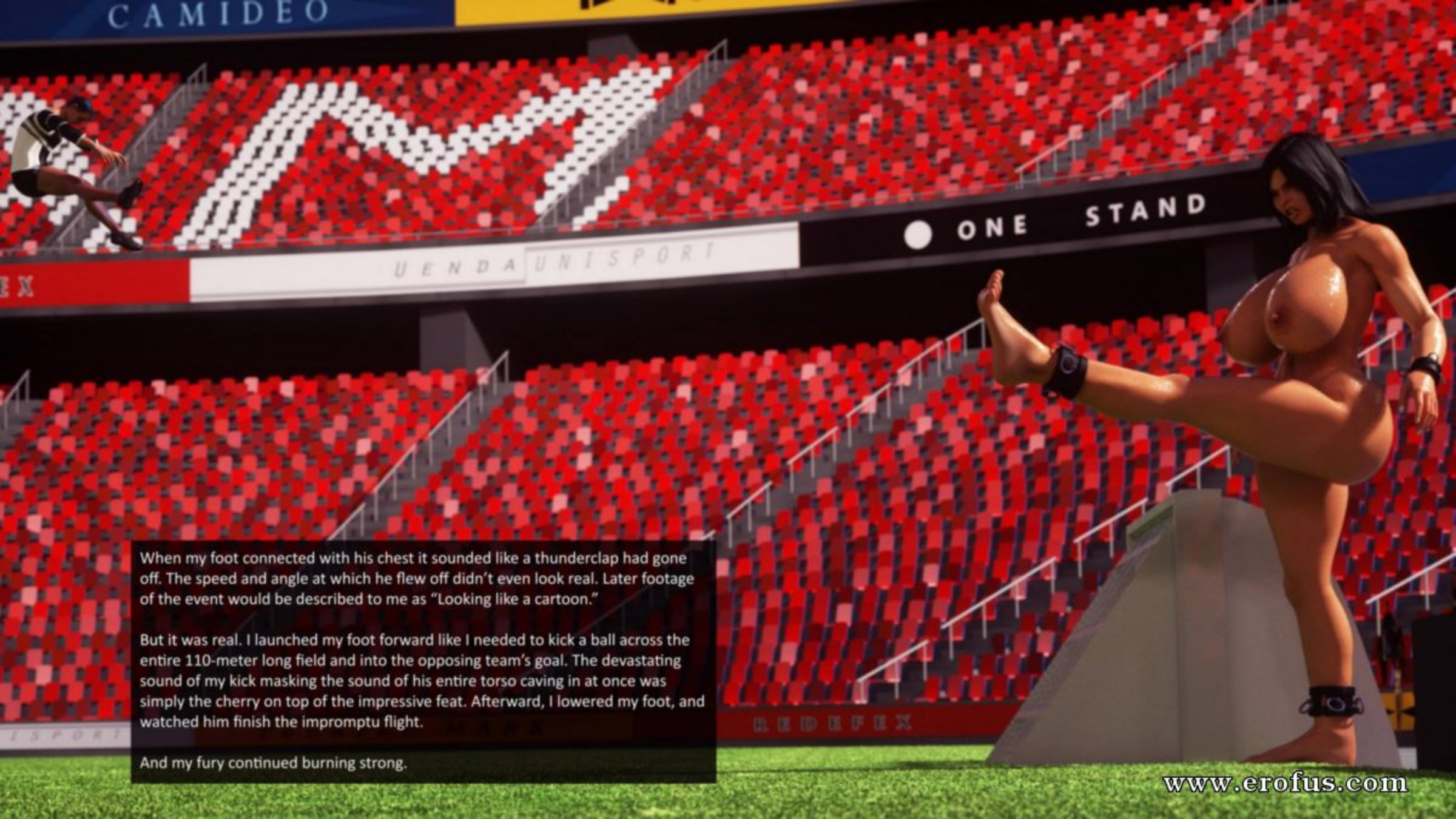
That probably would have made me angrier. If not for the fact that I was already as angry as I could possibly manage without blacking out. I kept walking out onto the field, feeling that cool turf crunch under my feet as I got closer to my first target.

His eyes were locked onto my tits, and I made sure to step extra hard as I approached to keep them jiggling. The less aware he was of what was about to happen the better I would feel about inflicting life-ending injuries to his puny form.

Step. Jiggle. Stomp. Wobble. He was mesmerized.


And when I finally stood directly in front of him...
He still had no idea what was going on, the dense fuck. He backed up of course, but only so he could get a better view of my tits. Being huge may be fuckin great, but directly underneath me is not a particularly good angle to view me from. And he clearly wanted to take in the whole package at once.
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I watched him move, and wondered just how fuckin' focused he was. Surely if he looked a few inches higher he could see the only thing I was wearing at the moment. A completely humorless expression that would scare the shit out of even the toughest son of a bitch on the planet.
But he was dedicated. His hands even began to rise up slowly, seemingly imagining himself carrying my tits around like a bundle of firewood.
He never even noticed that I was drawing my leg back, determined to show off the potency of my own kicks compared to these so-called "professionals."
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When my foot connected with his chest it sounded like a thunderclap had gone off. The speed and angle at which he flew off didn't even look real. Later footage of the event would be described to me as "Looking like a cartoon."
But it was real. I launched my foot forward like I needed to kick a ball across the entire 110-meter long field and into the opposing team's goal. The devastating sound of my kick masking the sound of his entire torso caving in at once was simply the cherry on top of the impressive feat. Afterward, I lowered my foot, and watched him finish the impromptu flight.
And my fury continued burning strong.
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CRUNCH

My kick only masked the sound of his bones succumbing to the takeoff. Once he landed on his spine everyone present could sense that his life had been wrenched from its physical form. Almost like it continued soaring into the air after the rest of him succumbed to gravity's pull and landed.

The crowd must have thought what happened to the guy's lining up was a mistake, because they were only now wising up to my intentions. The other players were too shocked at their teammate's fate to react. That's good, because I was already on the move again.

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The next closest player watched me approach deliberately. The look of fear on his face quickly turned into outright despair as he finally took notice of the pile of bodies I'd left behind only a minute ago. I guess he had still been playing when that happened.

He took a step backwards. He needed to speed up if he hoped to escape. Each of my strides were a dozen times longer than his. If he kept walking I would be trampling upon his body in half a dozen steps.

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Finally gaining some semblance of a brain he turned and ran. The other players followed suit, but I would be after them soon enough. Logically the one I'd just kicked was probably the one who'd nailed me with the ball. But I couldn't really be sure, could I? I wasn't facing the field when it happened, after all.

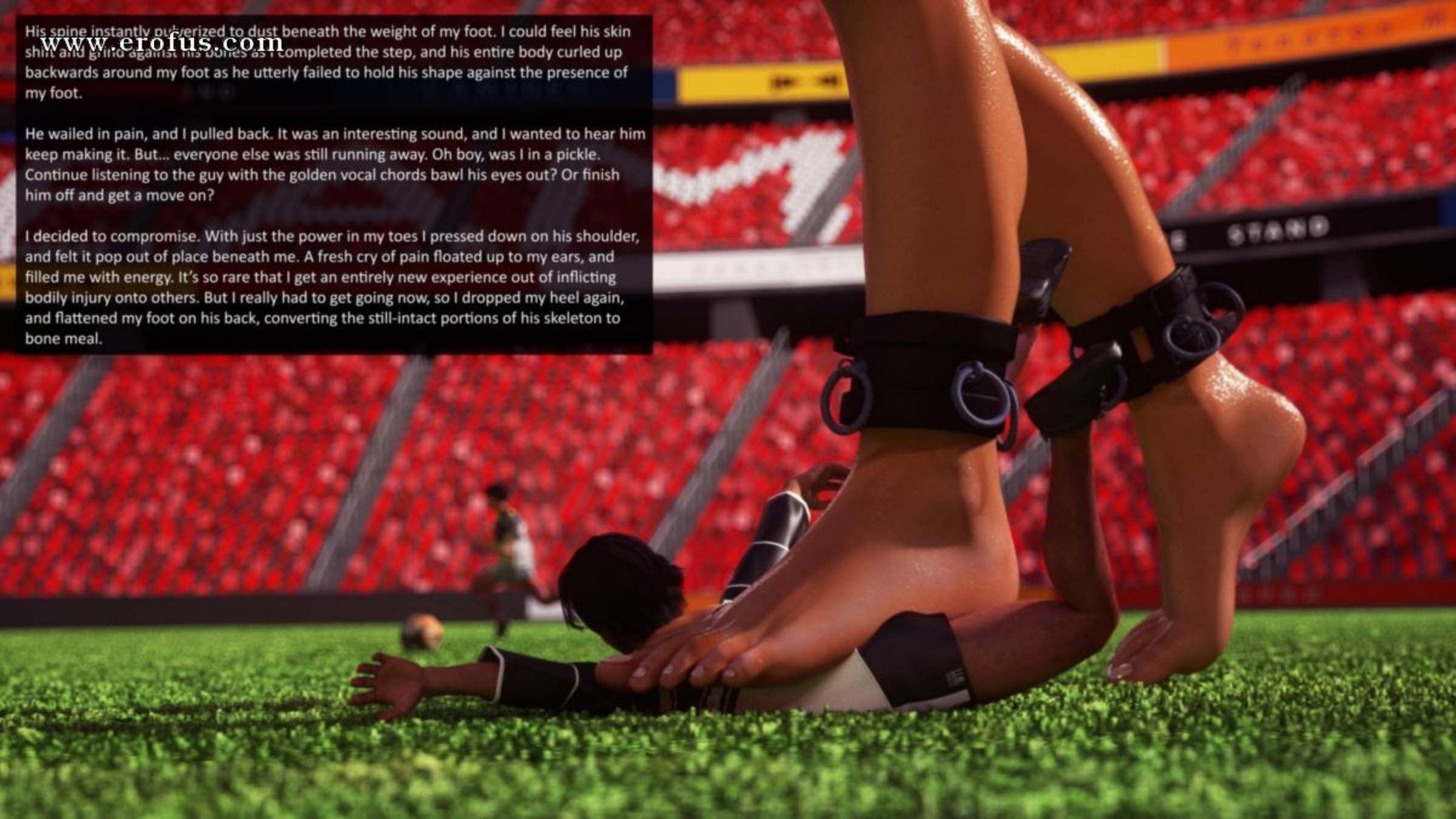
Yeah… I guess I should just kill them all to be sure, shouldn't I? I come up with the best plans when I'm blinded by rage.



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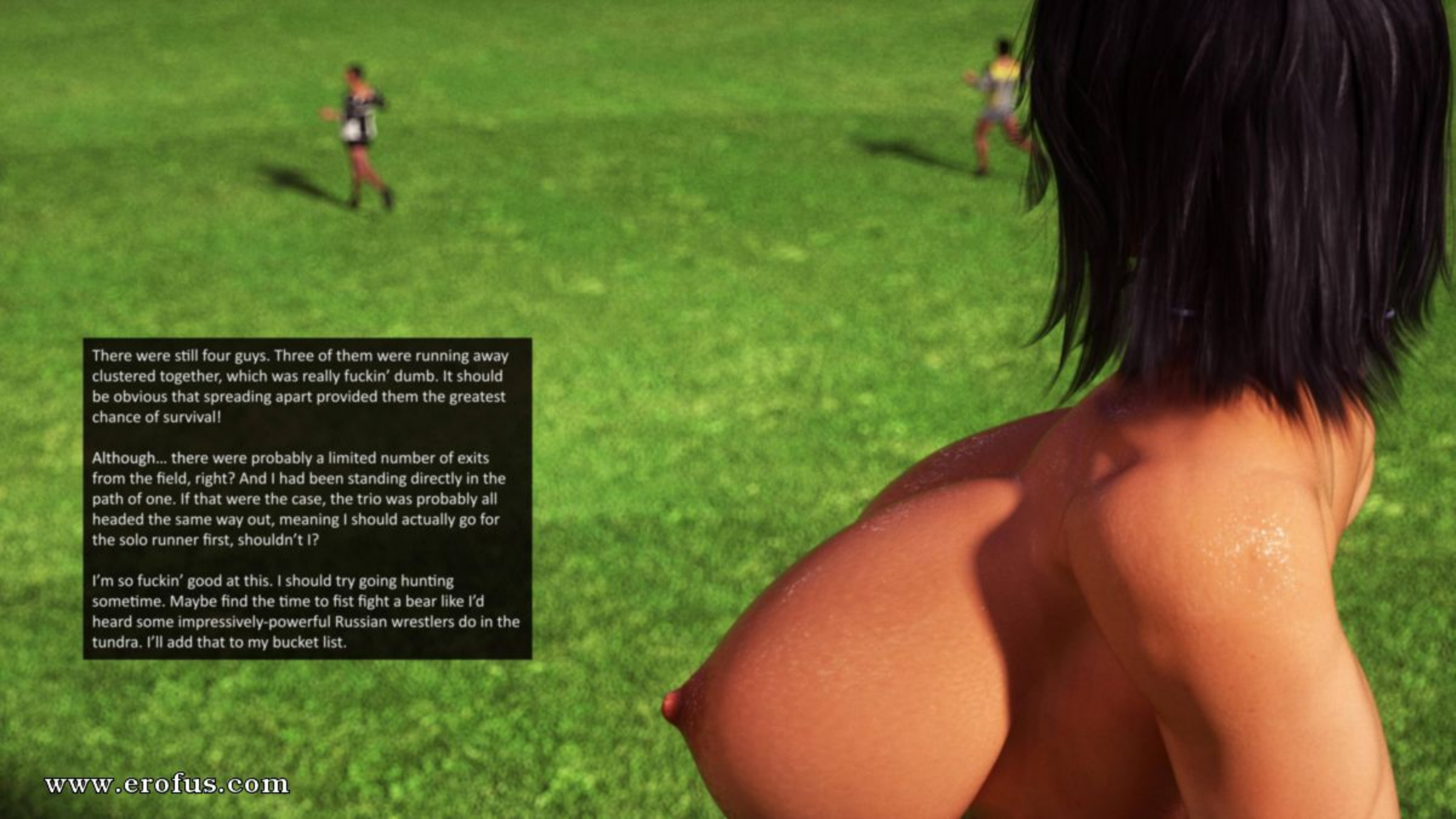


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His spine instantly pulverized to dust beneath the weight of my foot. I could feel his skin shift and grind against his bones as I completed the step, and his entire body curled up backwards around my foot as he utterly failed to hold his shape against the presence of my foot.

He wailed in pain, and I pulled back. It was an interesting sound, and I wanted to hear him keep making it. But... everyone else was still running away. Oh boy, was I in a pickle. Continue listening to the guy with the golden vocal chords bawl his eyes out? Or finish him off and get a move on?

I decided to compromise. With just the power in my toes I pressed down on his shoulder, and felt it pop out of place beneath me. A fresh cry of pain floated up to my ears, and filled me with energy. It's so rare that I get an entirely new experience out of inflicting bodily injury onto others. But I really had to get going now, so I dropped my heel again, and flattened my foot on his back, converting the still-intact portions of his skeleton to bone meal.



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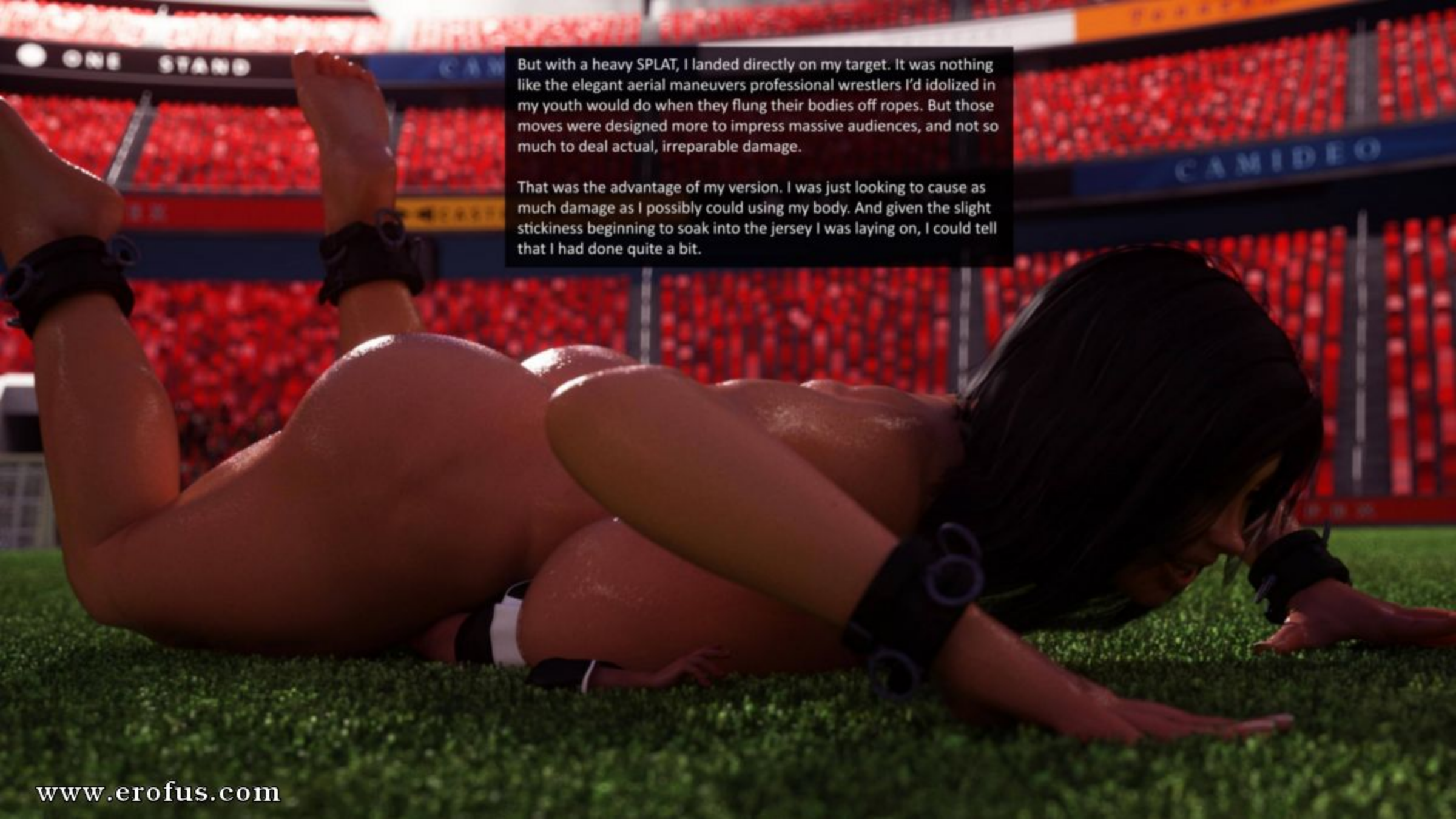
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Then I went for the move I'd tried in the warehouse once again. This time it worked, and I launched myself forward. He was still in the process of turning around now that he was in my shadow, and his mouth dropped open the instant he saw that my feet were no longer on the floor.

His head tilted up. His jaw dropped. He attempted to pick up the pace.

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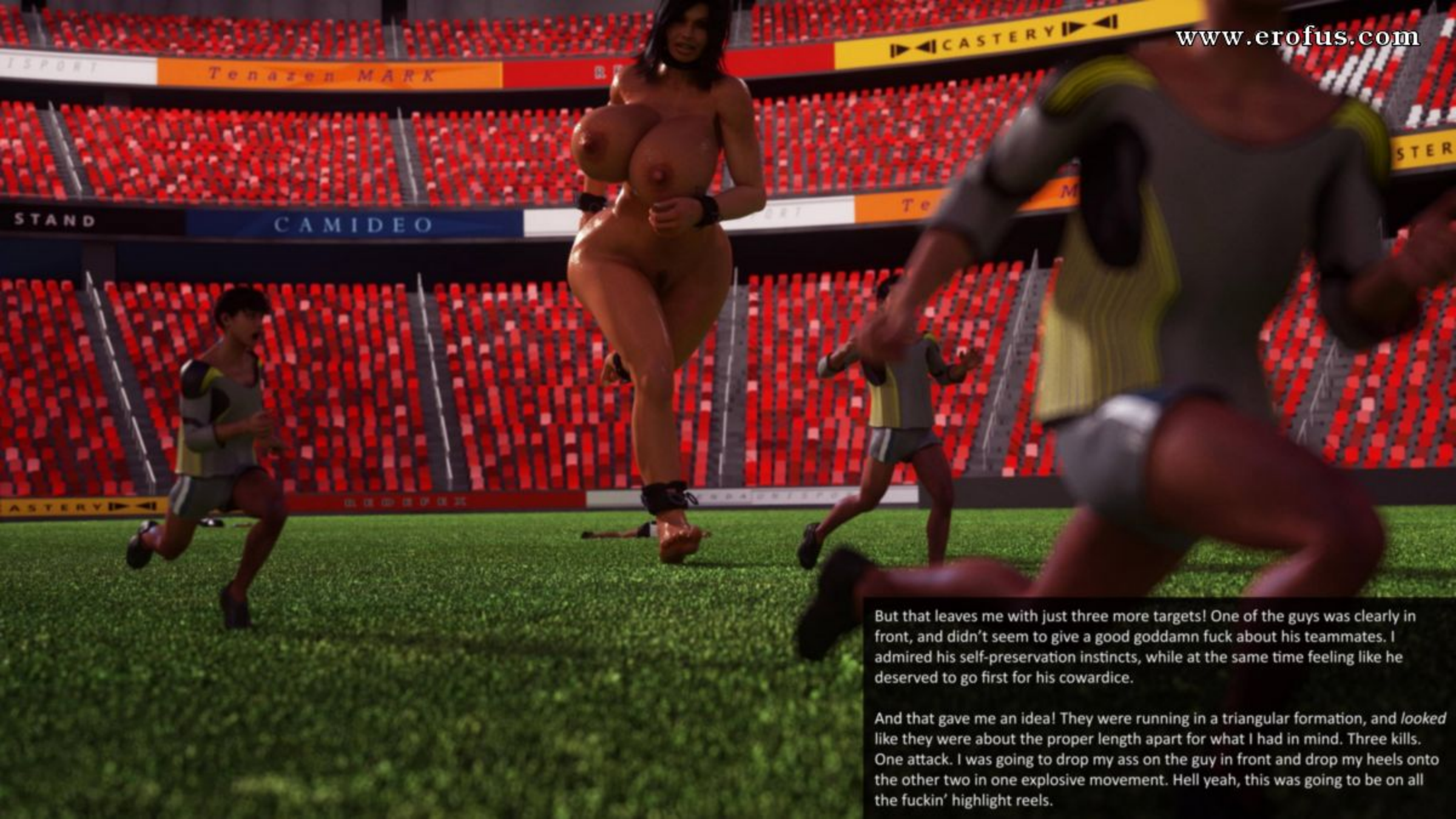
But with a heavy SPLAT, I landed directly on my target. It was nothing like the elegant aerial maneuvers professional wrestlers I'd idolized in my youth would do when they flung their bodies off ropes. But those moves were designed more to impress massive audiences, and not so much to deal actual, irreparable damage.

That was the advantage of my version. I was just looking to cause as much damage as I possibly could using my body. And given the slight stickiness beginning to soak into the jersey I was laying on, I could tell that I had done quite a bit.

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I climbed up onto my elbows to look at the results and yup, he was definitely fuckin' dead. His head had been twisted into a gnarly fuckin 180 after I'd landed on him and bits of his spine had been so shaken by my impact that they were poking against his skin. A pink foam was dripping from his mouth onto the turf and his blood looked like it was eager to start spread out onto the turf.
Definitely not a pretty sight. I'm kinda glad no one but me was able to see it. It will absolutely be traumatizing to the person tasked with cleaning this up later, though.
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But that leaves me with just three more targets! One of the guys was clearly in front, and didn't seem to give a good goddamn fuck about his teammates. I admired his self-preservation instincts, while at the same time feeling like he deserved to go first for his cowardice.

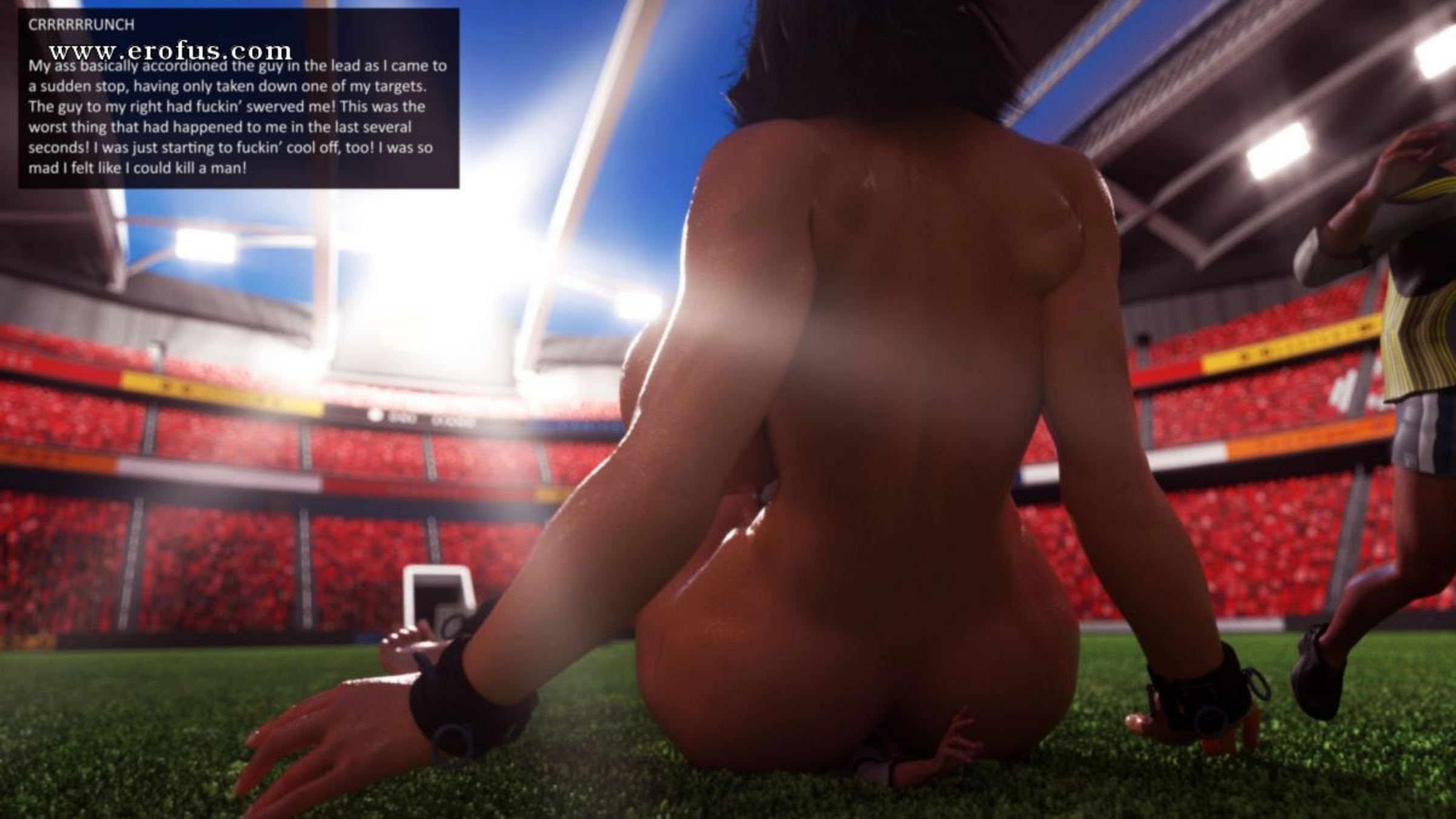
And that gave me an idea! They were running in a triangular formation, and *looked* like they were about the proper length apart for what I had in mind. Three kills. One attack. I was going to drop my ass on the guy in front and drop my heels onto the other two in one explosive movement. Hell yeah, this was going to be on all the fuckin' highlight reels.



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CRRRRRRUNCH
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My ass basically accordioned the guy in the lead as I came to a sudden stop, having only taken down one of my targets. The guy to my right had fuckin' swerved me! This was the worst thing that had happened to me in the last several seconds! I was just starting to fuckin' cool off, too! I was so mad I felt like I could kill a man!

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So it's a good thing that there was one still within my reach! I'd landed on the guy in the lead. The second one escaped. And while I did not crush the third one either, he found himself trapped between a pair of legs that were intent on ending his little soccer-y existence.

I clamped my thighs shut, and he instantly began to wheeze. The swiftness of my strike had forced all the air from his lungs, and the slight pressure I was applying kept him from breathing. Desperation formed on his face and his tiny little hands began to claw at my thighs in an effort to bring himself some precious oxygen.

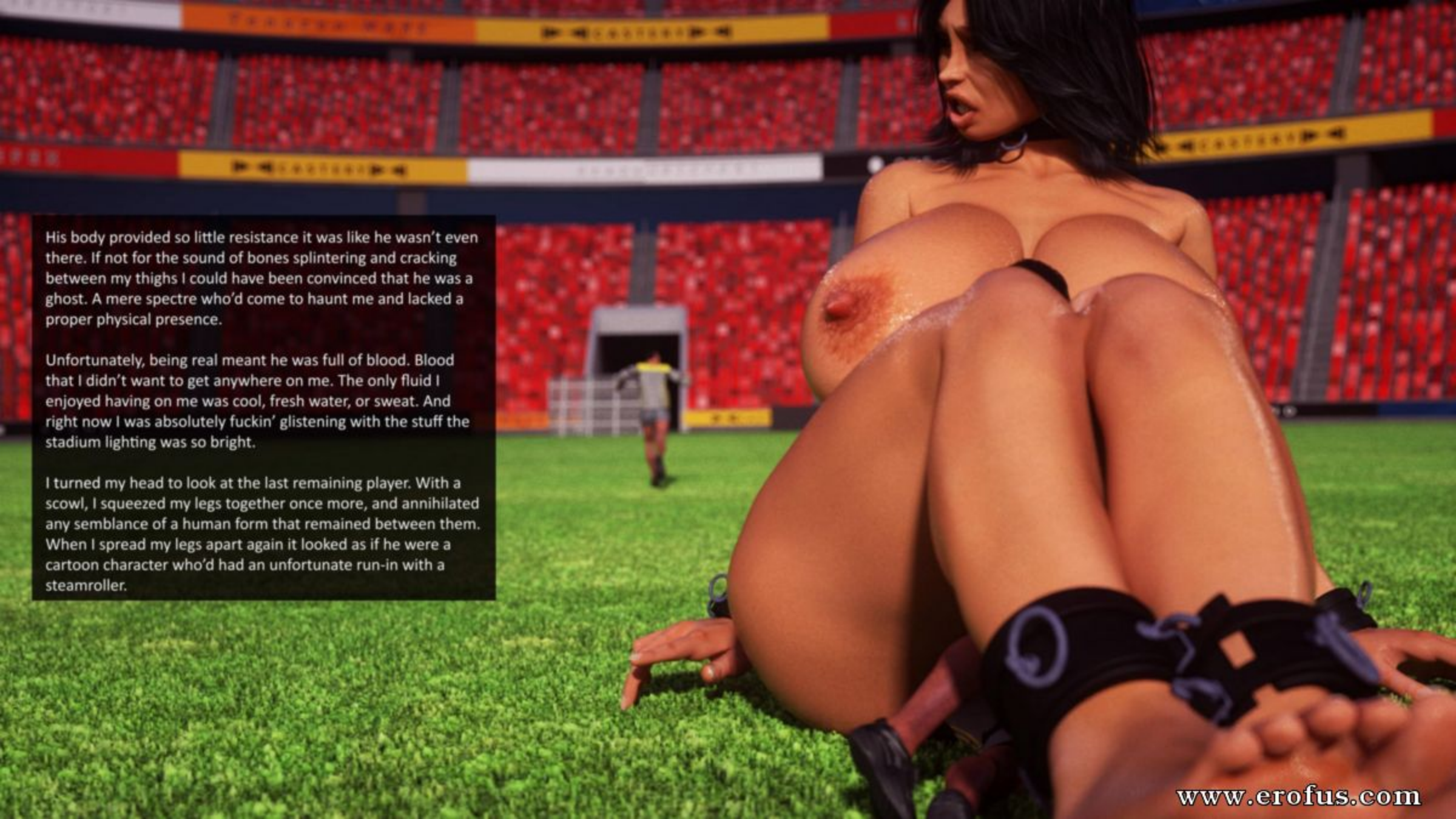
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Oh how I would have loved to simply sit there and watch him suffocate. Each of my thighs was as big around as his entire torso, and could have crushed his puny, bony form with little effort. He might as well have been sandwiched between two hydraulic presses, though I'd like to think I'm more capable than one.

His mouth opened up, his eyes went wide, and his fingers began to twitch. He wasn't dead yet, and likely would not be for a couple more minutes. And therein lied the problem with this most enjoyable method of execution. While I'd have loved to sit here and enjoy the front-row seats to his demise, there were other things that needed to be taken care of. One more man on the field who was probably thinking he was about to get away unscathed, meaning I didn't have a whole lot of time.

I ruffled his hair, gave him a kind look, then clenched my teeth. At the same time I snapped my legs together in one movement.




His body provided so little resistance it was like he wasn't even there. If not for the sound of bones splintering and cracking between my thighs I could have been convinced that he was a ghost. A mere spectre who'd come to haunt me and lacked a proper physical presence.
Unfortunately, being real meant he was full of blood. Blood that I didn't want to get anywhere on me. The only fluid I enjoyed having on me was cool, fresh water, or sweat. And right now I was absolutely fuckin' glistening with the stuff the stadium lighting was so bright.
I turned my head to look at the last remaining player. With a scowl, I squeezed my legs together once more, and annihilated any semblance of a human form that remained between them. When I spread my legs apart again it looked as if he were a cartoon character who'd had an unfortunate run-in with a steamroller.
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Unfortunately, I wasn't allowed to admire the handiwork I'd inflicted. A mental snapshot was all I could do, and I'm sure a future therapist would be hearing about that one.
I was back on the run in a flash, and easily caught up to the final remaining player. He had to know what was coming. He could see me closing in on him when he turned his head back, and he was certainly aware that I could outrun him.
But he never gave up. Once again, cowardice? Or bravery? I don't fuckin know, and since he's about to be fuckin' mulch it doesn't matter. Hell, I bet he's the one who fuckin' kicked that fuckin' ball. Fuck him.
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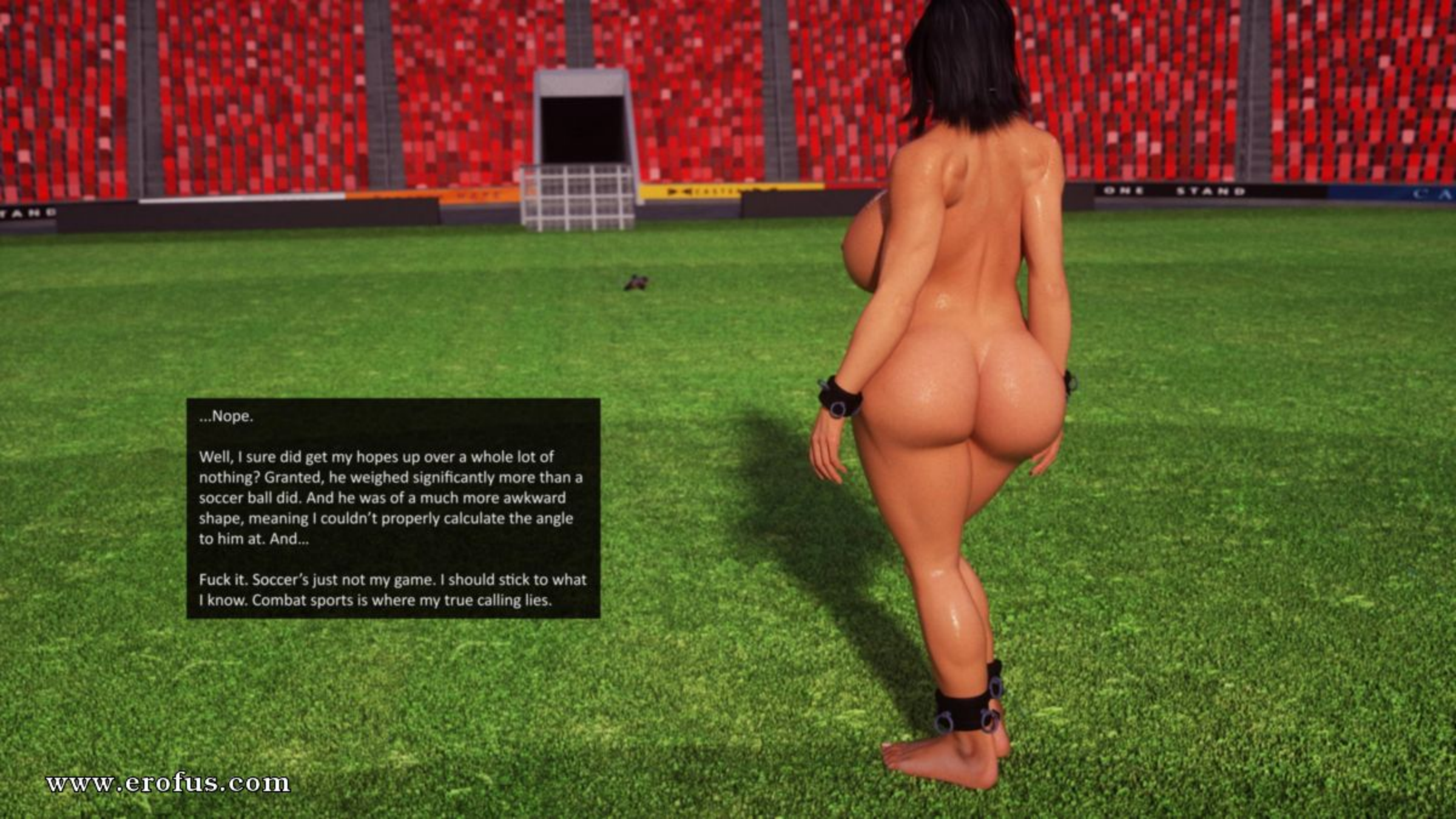


Well if he kicks me, then I'm gonna kick his fuckin' ass! The first guy on the field had been done with more of a punt. Almost like American football. He was being held in a position by someone else and I launched a kick into his body to send him flying. It was clean, and probably would have counted as a field goal in a real game.

This guy I was hitting mid-stride, more like international football. One wrong move and I'd trample on his back, sending a geyser of blood out his mouth in the process. I almost wish that was exactly what had happened. Almost.



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On the bright side, my brief moment of excitement had washed away all the rage I'd felt. Just in time, too. The only other people I could take my rage out on were the people in the audience, and I didn't want to have to run all the way across the field again to reach them. I mean, I could, and I'd certainly be able to take my rage out on almost all of them before they got away.

But I just wasn't feeling too angry anymore. No, I was beginning to feel a strange sense of... pride?



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Turning back to the face the crowd I raised one arm into the air and gave them a friendly wave. After all, with both teams dead and gone someone had to be declared a winner of this game. And my almost-goal had to be worth something.

So, by my logic, I'd fuckin' won this game as the last person standing. I lavished in the crowd's mixed shouts of fear and applause while casually strolling my way back across the field. Surely someone there carried a phone on them. If I could get ahold of one I could probably find out where I was, and how to get out of here!

All in all, this adventure had been an interesting side-story in the book that is my life, but I was glad it would be coming to an end now. And if there was any justice in the world, I'd never have to see anyone from around here again. Especially not Blondie, or the girl with the dead twin.



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I had a pretty significant headstart on her, though! All I had to do was make it to the exit on the opposite end of the field! In the blink of an eye I turned and sprinted towards the opposite entrance. From behind I could hear the distinct sound of booted feet pounding the ground as they chased after me. My brain begged me to turn and look to gauge how far away she still was, while common sense told me that seeing her again would only psyche me out.
Step after step I continued sprinting. After only a couple of seconds I had reached the edge of the field. I was going to fuckin' make it! I may have been pretty fuckin' huge, but I could definitely maneuver the backstage area faster. I was going to escape! Ha! Fuck you Blondie! You ain't shit!
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SLAM!

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Nope. Nope nope nope nope nope.

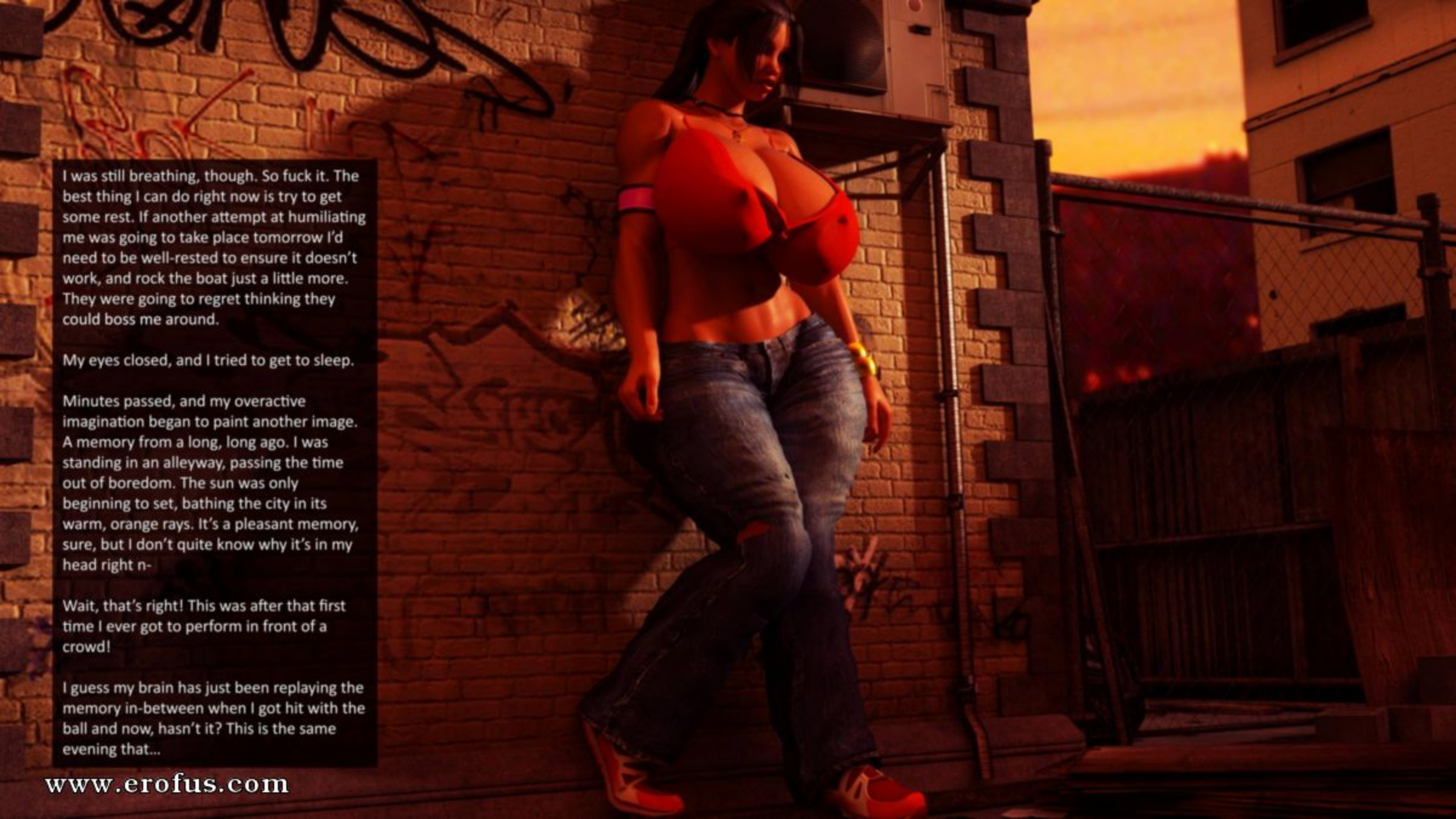
I did not escape. I came really fuckin' close, but a big fuckin' boot nicked me in the middle of the sprint. After that a hand grabbed me by the wrist, and I was quite literally dragged across the entire field. So in addition to the lingering pain in my spine my ass burned something fierce from rubbing across all that turf. I was brought back to the warehouse, and the very angry woman slammed the sliding door down behind her as she left.

But other than that? I was doing pretty well, all things considered.




Which… didn't make sense to me. I'd always done what I wanted when working for people in the past, but that was because they couldn't do a fuckin' thing about it. I'm sure whoever was in charge around here wasn't too happy with my recent… actions, to put it bluntly. As much as I didn't want to think about it, I'm sure that Blondie could have inflicted serious injury to me if she really wanted to.
But she hadn't. Even today, there wasn't any fighting back, really. She just dragged me off the field, and here I am now. Hurting, sure, but it wasn't anything serious.
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Uncertainty is the worst. Sure, I could come up with a hundred different reasons they may want to keep me around. And ninety-five of them are probably because of how fuckin' sexy I am.
But I somehow doubt that's the actual reason. They weren't sending me out to do heavy lifting with manual labor. And today they'd just treated me like a sideshow attraction, which clearly was an attempt to break my will, and not my body. It hadn't fuckin' worked, though. And now they were out an entire fuckin' soccer team because of their poor judgment.
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I was still breathing, though. So fuck it. The best thing I can do right now is try to get some rest. If another attempt at humiliating me was going to take place tomorrow I'd need to be well-rested to ensure it doesn't work, and rock the boat just a little more. They were going to regret thinking they could boss me around.
My eyes closed, and I tried to get to sleep.
Minutes passed, and my overactive imagination began to paint another image. A memory from a long, long ago. I was standing in an alleyway, passing the time out of boredom. The sun was only beginning to set, bathing the city in its warm, orange rays. It's a pleasant memory, sure, but I don't quite know why it's in my head right n-
Wait, that's right! This was after that first time I ever got to perform in front of a crowd!
I guess my brain has just been replaying the memory in-between when I got hit with the ball and now, hasn't it? This is the same evening that...
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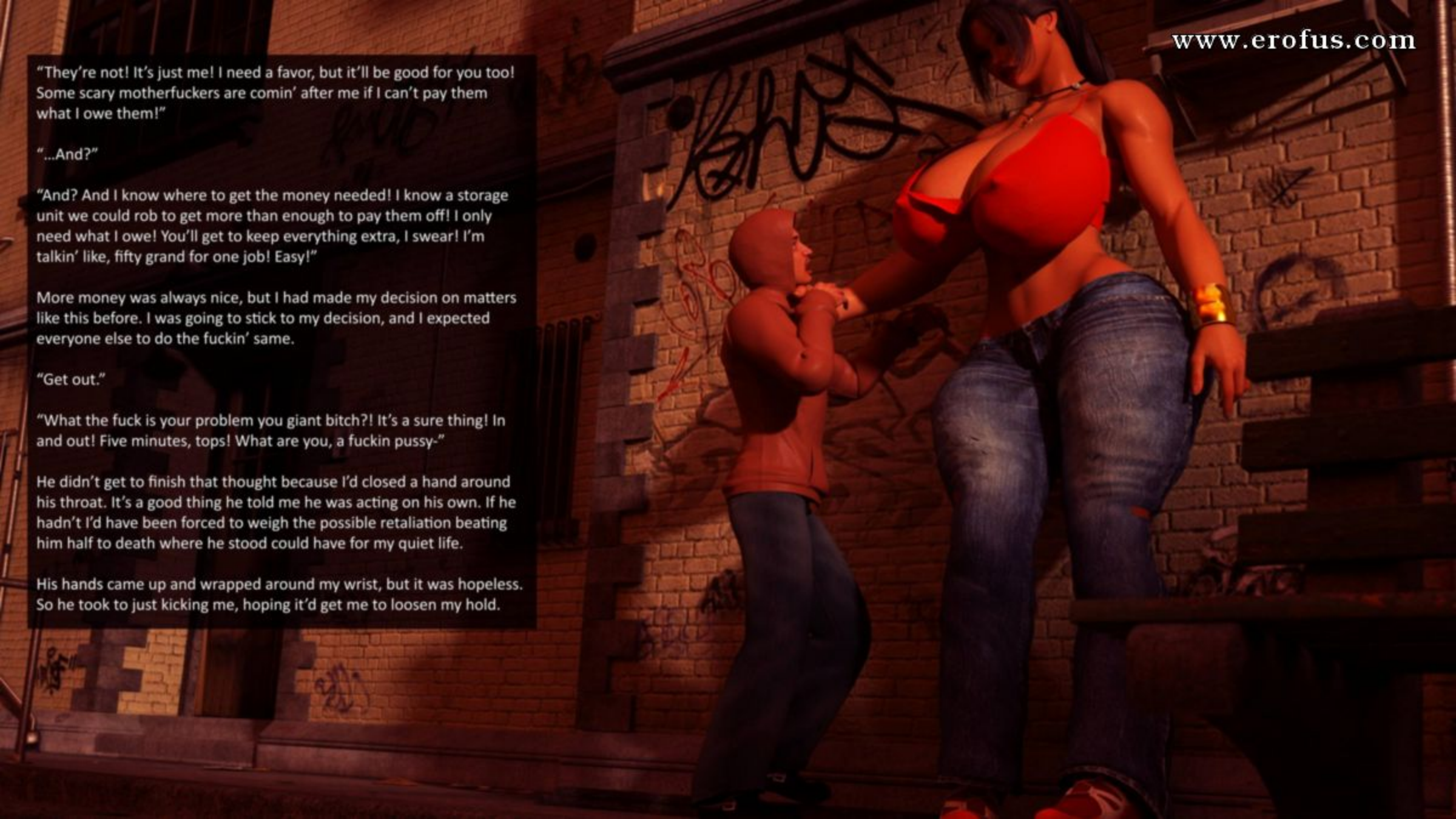


I was never a great student. I'd started attending a university on a sports scholarship, but dropped out relatively quickly. There were a few years between then and the underground wrestling gigs that would become the closest thing I'd ever have to a career. But in-between those two time periods I got involved with some... illicit activities, to put it nicely. Some guys had approached me wanting me to join their crew. I said no. Things got violent, and I wound up doing quite a bit of damage to the trio.

They had a rival group who asked me to join after seeing what I'd done. And they offered me a whole shitload of money. I took it primarily to spite the first group, but the pay was nice too. I was to be their muscle, and used my size and strength to intimidate many, many people. One in particular I remember was a fucked-up junkie who owed a whole lot of money and was squatting with his girlfriend in an empty house.

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*As seen in Squash Match 10!


"Hey."
I eventually left that lifestyle, finding it too boring. Once people knew you weren't fucking around and could bring their entire home down by breaking the supports with your bare hands, they tended to fall in line. During my time there I worked with a lot of sketchy guys. I never bothered asking any of them for their names, including this little fucker.
"What."
When I left I told them that I wanted to lead a clean life. I promised I wouldn't do a thing to endanger their business so long as they never tried to contact me again. They agreed, and yet, here was Hoodie, contacting me again.
"Listen, you gotta help me. I fucked up big time. I owe a shitload of money, and I can't pay it all back."
Figures. Hoodie was never particularly responsible. He tended to hear a lot of good information since he spent so much of his time in shady places, though. He was offered protection from other groups so long as he supplied us with good information, and that was the extent of our relationship.
"I told all of you to never contact me again after I left."
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"They're not! It's just me! I need a favor, but it'll be good for you too! Some scary motherfuckers are comin' after me if I can't pay them what I owe them!"

"...And?"

"And? And I know where to get the money needed! I know a storage unit we could rob to get more than enough to pay them off! I only need what I owe! You'll get to keep everything extra, I swear! I'm talkin' like, fifty grand for one job! Easy!"

More money was always nice, but I had made my decision on matters like this before. I was going to stick to my decision, and I expected everyone else to do the fuckin' same.

"Get out."

"What the fuck is your problem you giant bitch?! It's a sure thing! In and out! Five minutes, tops! What are you, a fuckin pussy-"

He didn't get to finish that thought because I'd closed a hand around his throat. It's a good thing he told me he was acting on his own. If he hadn't I'd have been forced to weigh the possible retaliation beating him half to death where he stood could have for my quiet life.

His hands came up and wrapped around my wrist, but it was hopeless. So he took to just kicking me, hoping it'd get me to loosen my hold.



So I disabled his legs.

Holding him at arms length a couple feet off the ground meant he was completely helpless. I could snap his neck by squeezing my fingers. I could slam him into the wall so hard his skull exploded. I could even just start punching him with my free hand until his face resembled an uncooked hamburger.

“I said get out.”

I was not in the mood for Hoodie’s shit right now. I wasn’t interested in the job, and my pleasant evening was actively being soured by his presence. If not for the fact that we were outdoors I’d have more seriously considered follow[illegible] thoughts on how to handle him.

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And then... she strolled up. I remember now, but at the time I didn't know who she was. She wasn't screaming, or panicking at the scene playing out before her, though. She walked slowly, and didn't seem too bothered by the fact that I was holding a fully-grown man by the throat the way I was.

"Sorry about this. Do you mind putting him down?" She asked. "I told him not to come bother you about this shit, but he didn't listen."

She had a bit of an accent. It was cute. She wasn't asking me to put him down in a threatening manner, but just said it rather matter-of-factly. In fact, I could feel my day brighten just a little bit with her presence. Was she dating Hoodie? How the fuck do these idiots keep attracting... anyone? Like, at all. I didn't understand what she could possibly see in this loser.

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"You lucked out." I told him, then tossed him at the woman's feet. She looked surprised with how roughly he landed, but his groans of pain confirmed he was okay. Might have a new rip in his clothes, and his ass was going to be sore from landing on it, but he'd live.

"Thank you." She said, respectfully.

Hoodie climbed to his feet, gave me a dirty look, and began to walk off.


But... the woman stayed.
I'd later discover that the feisty little woman was, in fact, his girlfriend. They'd met only a month or so prior thanks to his less-than-legal lifestyle. She'd told him not to even try coming to me after finding out how I'd left the group, but he was apparently super fuckin' desperate for my help.
Sometimes I wonder if I could have retired early if I'd gone along with him. I wonder how things could have gone differently.
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I could be living in a lavish mansion. I could have the finest food delivered to me daily, prepared by the finest chefs. I could have a veritable army of servants waiting on me hand and foot. It would have been very easy for me to punch through a storage unit's steel door and rip it apart to get inside. No lengthy process of cutting it open with powered torches, or any other heavy equipment necessary.

I didn't, though. Which is probably for the best. Hoodie's girlfriend still hasn't left when he turned the corner at the end of the alley. At least, not immediately. She looked up me, and I quickly realized I was kind of just staring back at her. She was exactly my type, even. Cute, plucky, and brunette. She didn't seem even a little remotely intimidated by me, which made feel like I could be more natural around her, I suppose.

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It's a shame she was taken.



I guess I may have been pushing some of her buttons as well. She finally broke the stare, and started to walk off.

...But not before pulling her shorts up to accentuate her ass even further. The teasing wasn't lost on me one bit, and after a few more steps she turned around and gave me one last lust-filled look. Hoodie had really lucked out with her, and I was already beginning to formulate schemes in my head to steal her away from him. It might be messy, though. I had no idea what their relationship was like, or how long it'd take to coerce into spending time with me behind his back.

So I guess it was lucky that his planned robbery ultimately failed, and he would be dead within a week. His body would be discovered in a dumpster another state over, and she got over him fairly quickly. Suspiciously quickly, even.

Angela, as I later discovered was her name, was officially single.

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END OF PART 2