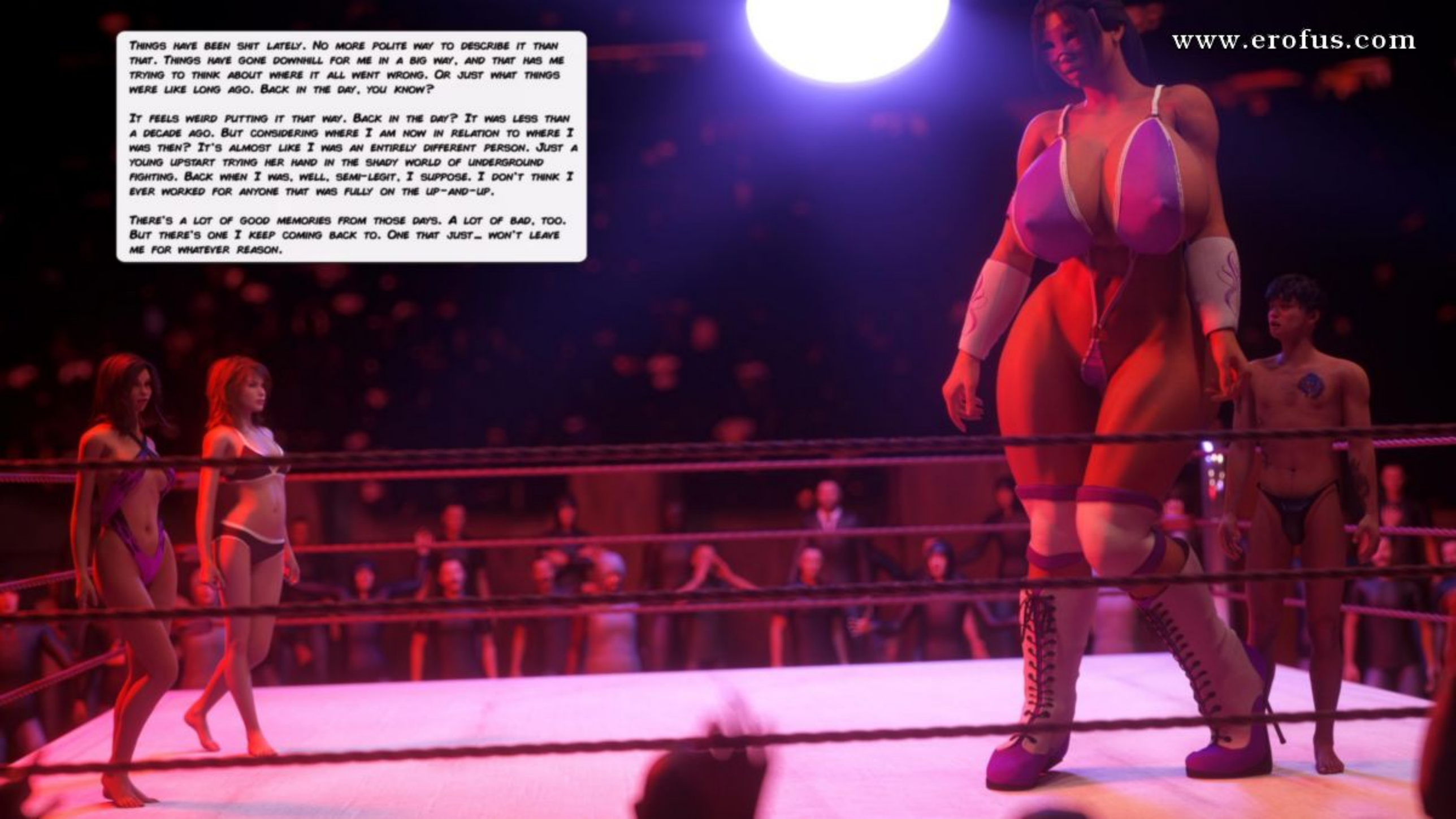

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GRUDGE
MATCH
PART 3

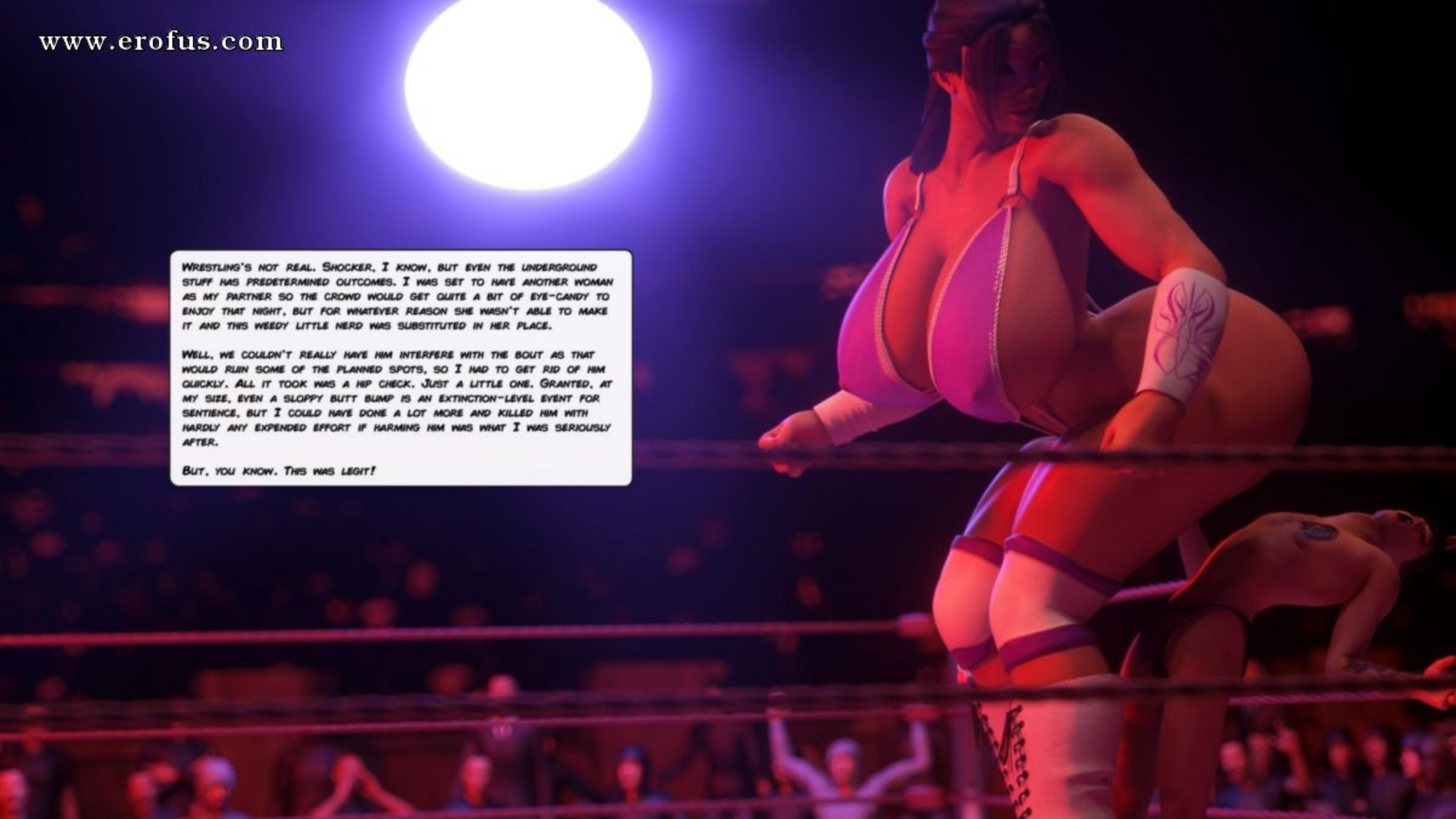

EMMA GEAR
REDFIREDOG
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Things have been shit lately. No more polite way to describe it than that. Things have gone downhill for me in a big way, and that has me trying to think about where it all went wrong. Or just what things were like long ago. Back in the day, you know?
It feels weird putting it that way. Back in the day? It was less than a decade ago. But considering where I am now in relation to where I was then? It's almost like I was an entirely different person. Just a young upstart trying her hand in the shady world of underground fighting. Back when I was, well, semi-legit, I suppose. I don't think I ever worked for anyone that was fully on the up-and-up.
There's a lot of good memories from those days. A lot of bad, too. But there's one I keep coming back to. One that just... won't leave me for whatever reason.
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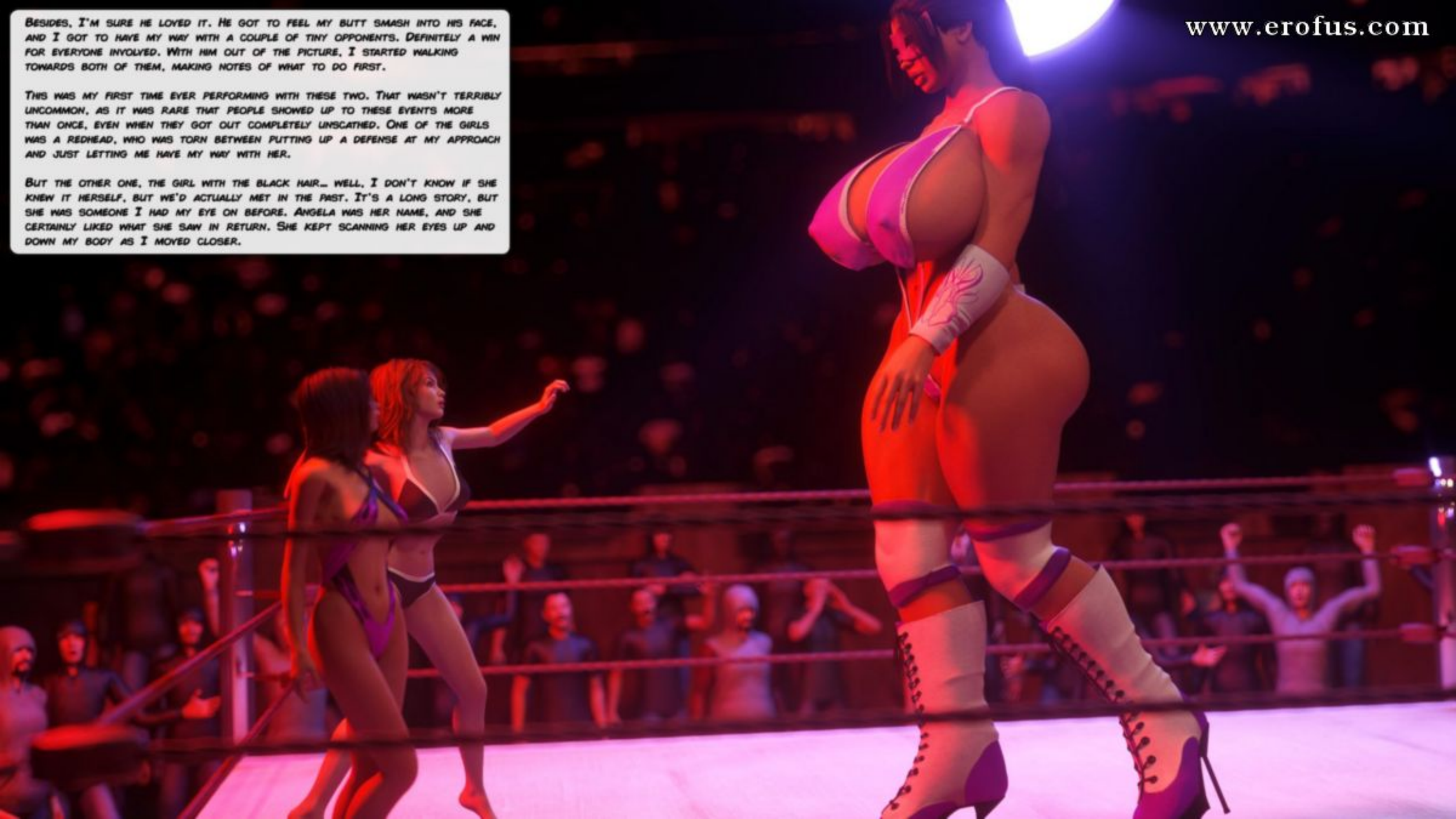
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Wrestling's not real. Shocker, I know, but even the underground stuff has predetermined outcomes. I was set to have another woman as my partner so the crowd would get quite a bit of eye-candy to enjoy that night, but for whatever reason she wasn't able to make it and this weedy little nerd was substituted in her place.

Well, we couldn't really have him interfere with the bout as that would ruin some of the planned spots, so I had to get rid of him quickly. All it took was a hip check. Just a little one. Granted, at my size, even a sloppy butt bump is an extinction-level event for sentience, but I could have done a lot more and killed him with hardly any expended effort if harming him was what I was seriously after.

But, you know. This was legit!


Besides, I'm sure he loved it. He got to feel my butt smash into his face, and I got to have my way with a couple of tiny opponents. Definitely a win for everyone involved. With him out of the picture, I started walking towards both of them, making notes of what to do first.
This was my first time ever performing with these two. That wasn't terribly uncommon, as it was rare that people showed up to these events more than once, even when they got out completely unscathed. One of the girls was a redhead, who was torn between putting up a defense at my approach and just letting me have my way with her.
But the other one, the girl with the black hair... well, I don't know if she knew it herself, but we'd actually met in the past. It's a long story, but she was someone I had my eye on before. Angela was her name, and she certainly liked what she saw in return. She kept scanning her eyes up and down my body as I moved closer.
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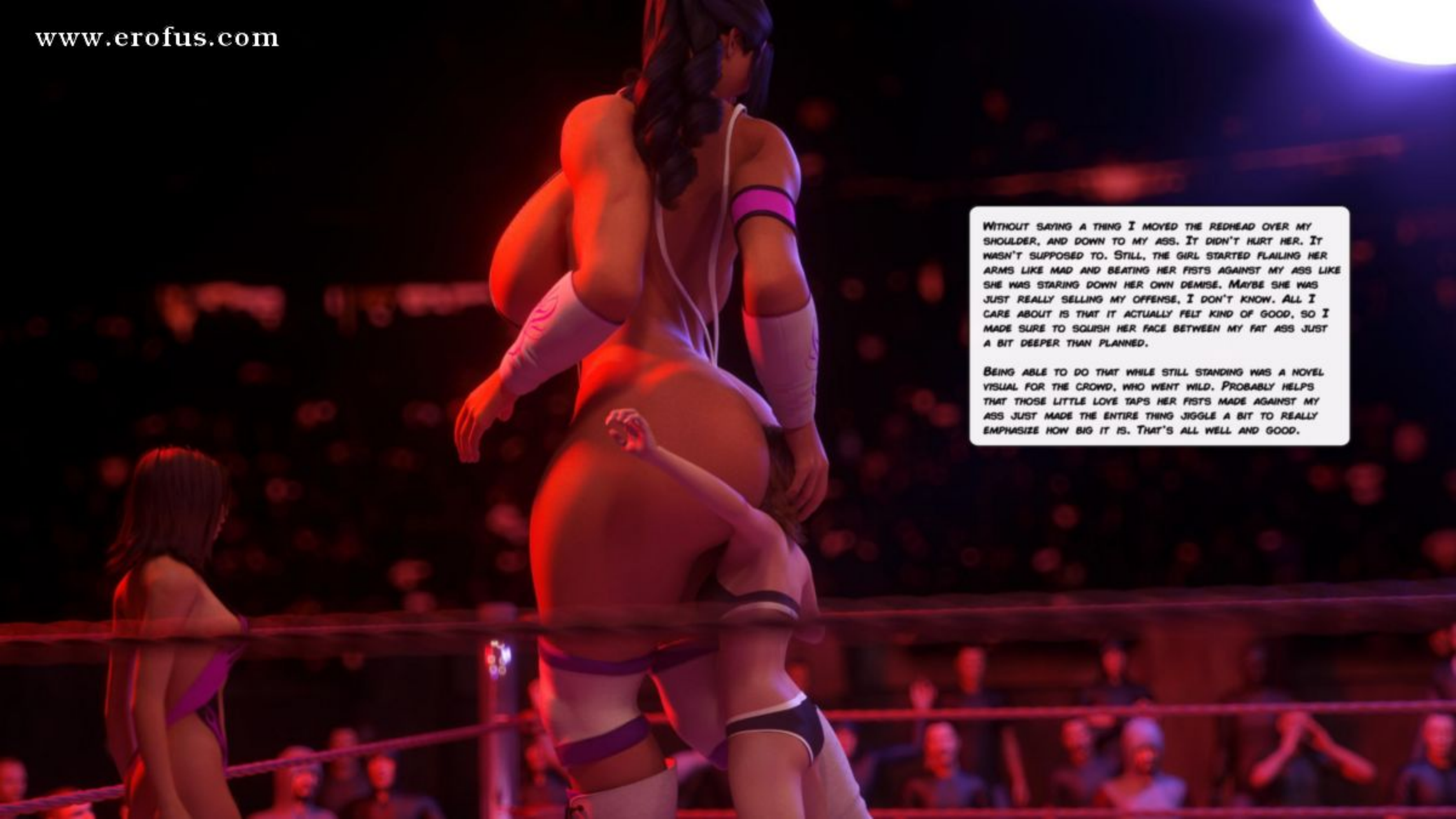
So that gave me an idea.

With one movement I palmed the redhead's face, picking her up from the canvas with just one hand. This wasn't exactly what we planned, but that's okay. So long as I don't pop her skull the audience is none the wiser, and the sketchy promoters don't give a fuck about the specifics as long as we put on a good show.

And while I was picking up that redhead, I turned to look at her partner. She just stared back at me, her jaw slowly beginning to drop at the casual display. She looked positively enamored. Something about her immediate infatuation with me made my own heart flutter in response.

What can I say? I've always been a heartbreaker. Especially towards cute brunettes.

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Without saying a thing I moved the redhead over my shoulder, and down to my ass. It didn't hurt her. It wasn't supposed to. Still, the girl started flailing her arms like mad and beating her fists against my ass like she was staring down her own demise. Maybe she was just really selling my offense, I don't know. All I care about is that it actually felt kind of good, so I made sure to squish her face between my fat ass just a bit deeper than planned.

Being able to do that while still standing was a novel visual for the crowd, who went wild. Probably helps that those little love taps her fists made against my ass just made the entire thing jiggle a bit to really emphasize how big it is. That's all well and good.


But my attention was split for the most part. The girl suffocating behind me was all well and good, and the crowd being on board certainly helped for my pay day, but I was more curious about Angela. Would she try to execute one of the planned spots for the night? Where she'd grab the front of my outfit and try to pull me down so my tits would "accidentally" be exposed?
I waited... but it looked like she wasn't doing a whole lot of anything. Her fingertips slowly slid up and down her body, making it look like she was having a hard time remembering what was supposed to come next. I practically had her in the palm of my hand, and she was eager to see what I would do with such effortless control over her.
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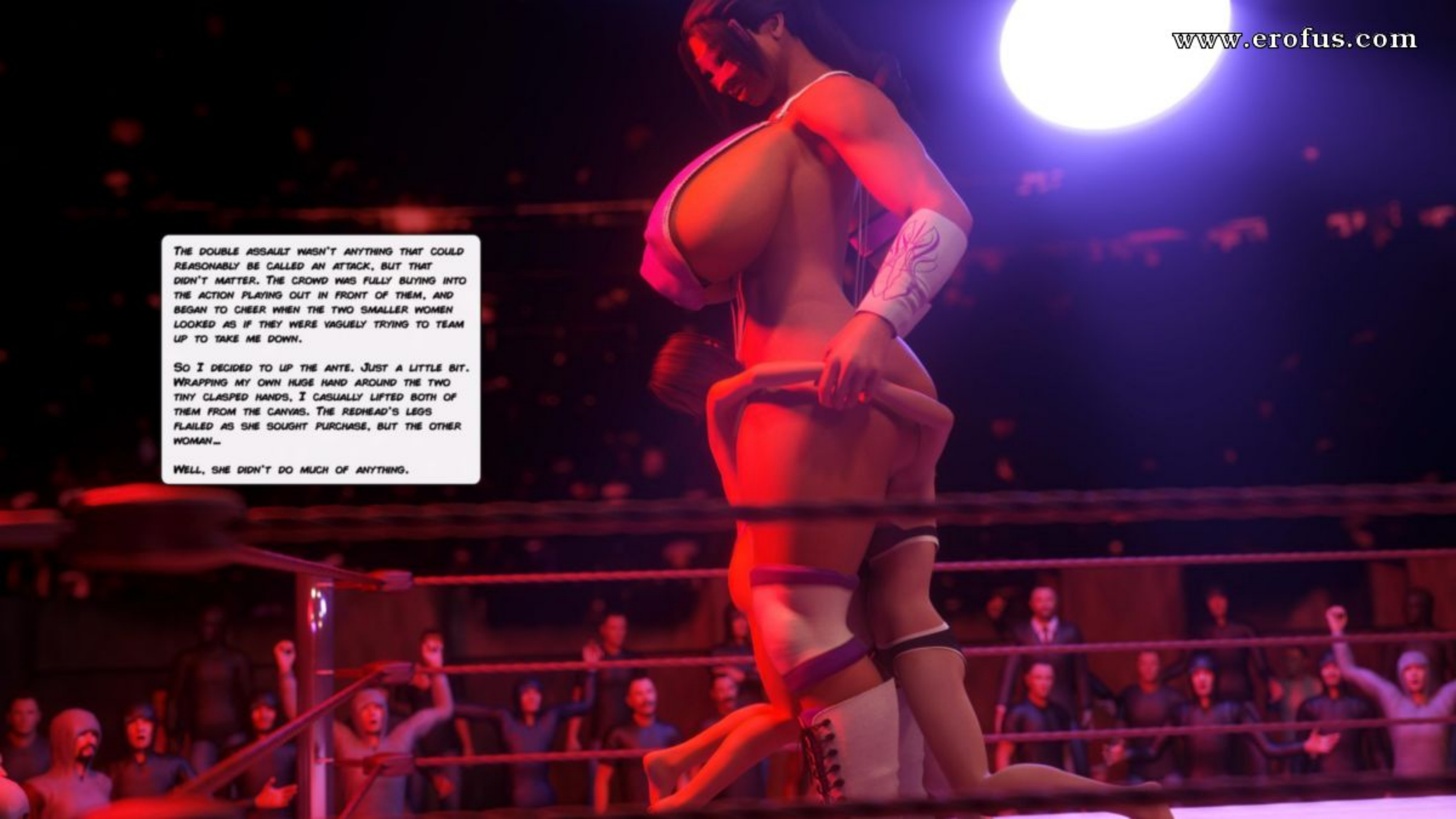
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She looked me up and down, seemingly remembering the plans for the night. She moved to the front and placed both hands onto my costume... but I stopped her. Running my fingers down the side of her face I could feel her physically shiver, legs practically turning to jelly where she stood, while I gently guided her left hand around my thigh and into her partner's hand.

She seemed to have some idea of what to do, and quickly followed suit with the left hand, fishing around for the redhead's flailing arm so that both of them were able to hug each other tightly, and bury their faces into my ass and pussy at the same time. She was definitely eager, I can tell you that much.


The double assault wasn't anything that could reasonably be called an attack, but that didn't matter. The crowd was fully buying into the action playing out in front of them, and began to cheer when the two smaller women looked as if they were vaguely trying to team up to take me down.
So I decided to up the ante. Just a little bit. Wrapping my own huge hand around the two tiny clasped hands, I casually lifted both of them from the canvas. The redhead's legs flailed as she sought purchase, but the other woman...
Well, she didn't do much of anything.
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I could only barely see her between my tits, but I could tell she was having a hard time keeping herself composed from the casual show of strength. From the mountains of femininity she was inches from burying her face into. Her heart was beating so fast I could feel it against my thighs, She looked like she was having the time of her life.
I had to take advantage of her. Just a little.
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"Hold on tight there. Wouldn't want you to fall over." I whispered. Her grip faltered on her partner for a moment, but I had them both secured in the palm of my hand so she wasn't going anywhere.
Which made it all the easier for me to ever so slightly lift both of them up just a bit higher... and lean forward. My tits were barely constrained in the costume I was wearing so they swung forward freely, battering the sides of the woman's face as she yelped in surprise, before they rested on top of her.
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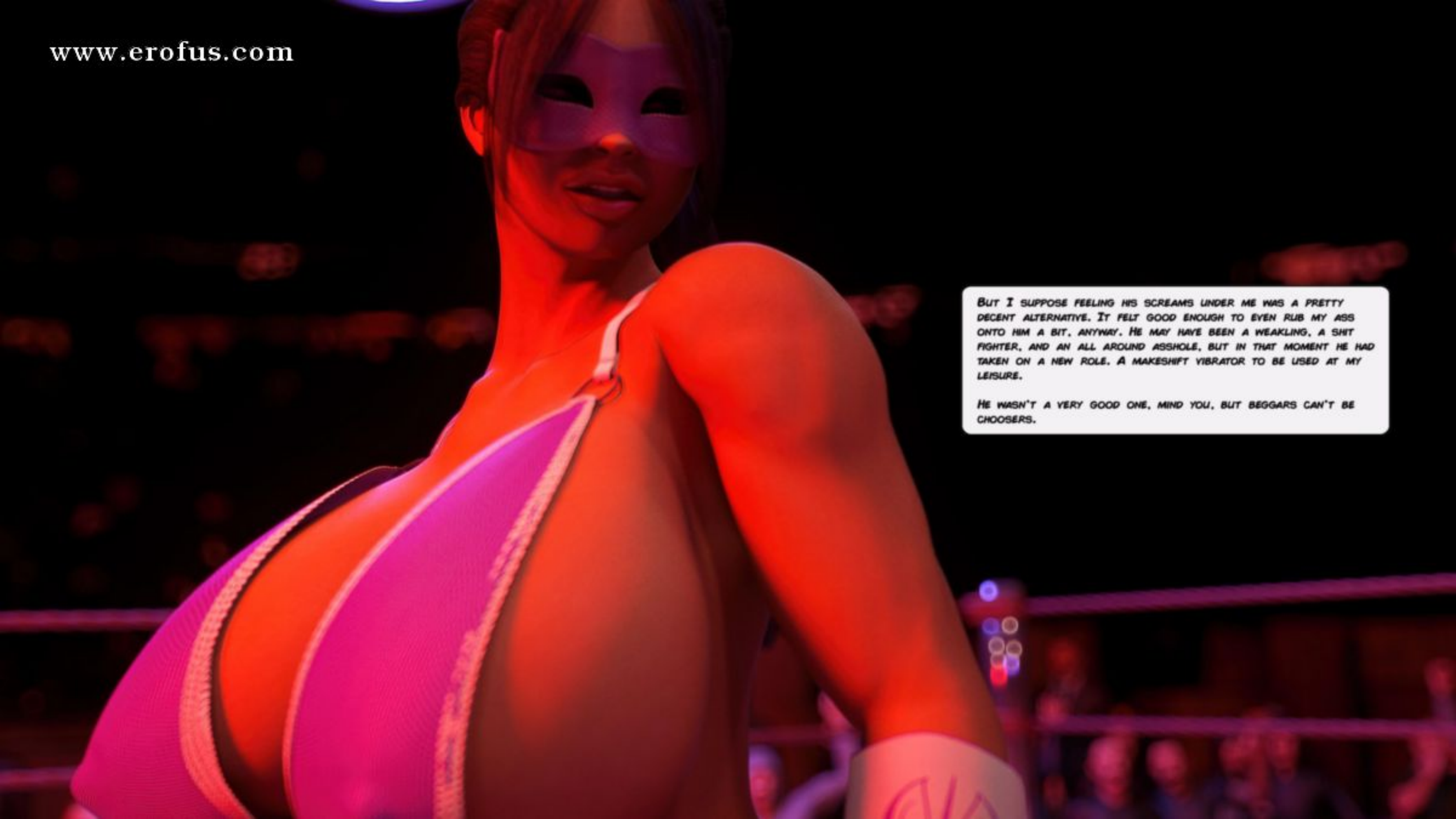

In my defense, annoying as he may have been, I hadn't intentionally snapped his knee like it was a stalk of celery. But I guess intentions don't matter all that much when the result is what it was. I couldn't see him too well after he collapsed, but I was just thankful that the leg wound didn't look super gnarly. I knew I'd just broken something, but if the crowd couldn't see the obvious damage they'd probably just think he's reacting to getting hit in general.
Although... he was screaming really loud. And it got worse when the redhead started to audibly panic much harder as well. I guess she might have heard his bone crack from the kick, and wanted out from under me.
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But I'm a professional. I may have caused this problem by being a bit too enthusiastic, but it wouldn't be a hard fix. All I had to do was sit down.
No, literally. That's all it took. She was kind of trapped between my legs with no easy way out. It would have taken her a solid minute or so to break free, so getting her to shut up was pretty easy. As soon as my ass started to lower she seemed to realize what was coming and redoubled her efforts, but in order to do that she sat up herself, burying her face into my ass once again.
It felt nice.
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I SUPPOSE I WAS TOO BUSY PAYING ATTENTION AND MAKING SURE THAT HE WAS SETTLED NICE AND DEEP UNDER MY ASS TO PAY MUCH ATTENTION TO THE REDHEAD I'D ALSO TURNED INTO A SEAT. I COULD FEEL HER MOVING AROUND AS I SETTLED IN, BUT I WAS DEFINITELY TAKEN ABACK WHEN I HEARD SUDDEN, SHARP GASPS FOR AIR.
SHE'D ACTUALLY MANAGED TO GET OUT FROM UNDER ME! I WAS JUST ABOUT A HALF-SECOND AWAY FROM PALMING HER HEAD LIKE A BASEBALL AND SHOVING HER BACK UNDER THERE... WHEN HER SUPPOSED TEAMMATE WALKED CLOSER TO HER.
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I say supposed because it didn't take a genius to realize what she had planned with the look she was giving her partner. The two locked eyes for a moment, the redhead panting her lungs out, when Angela betrayed her.

It wasn't much of a fight. Getting my ass dropped onto the redhead was enough to take pretty much all the fight out of her. When she was betrayed she didn't do much more than moan in defiance, and flop over in defeat.


But the other woman was definitely making a show of the whole thing. It wasn't enough to definitively pin her own partner to the canvas. She pulled her into a chokehold. One that the redhead couldn't break out of, even if it was a pretty sloppy one. And watching it all kind of...
Well, it turned me on, if I'm being honest. This girl was actively putting on a show specifically for me, not caring at all how it affected the continuity of the match that was supposed to be playing out. I had a distinct feeling that it was just to give her an excuse to lay her hands all over someone she could actually handle.
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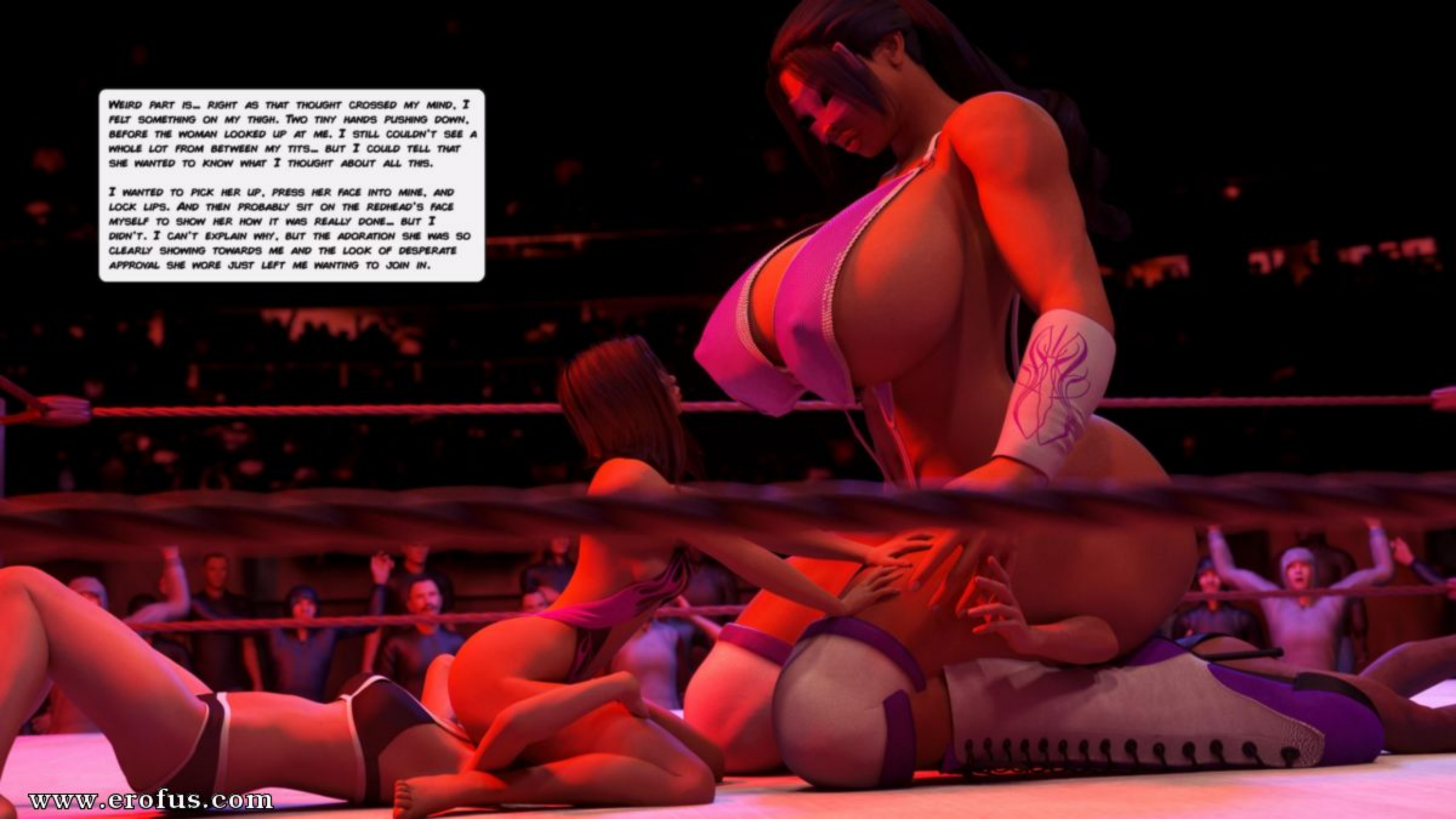


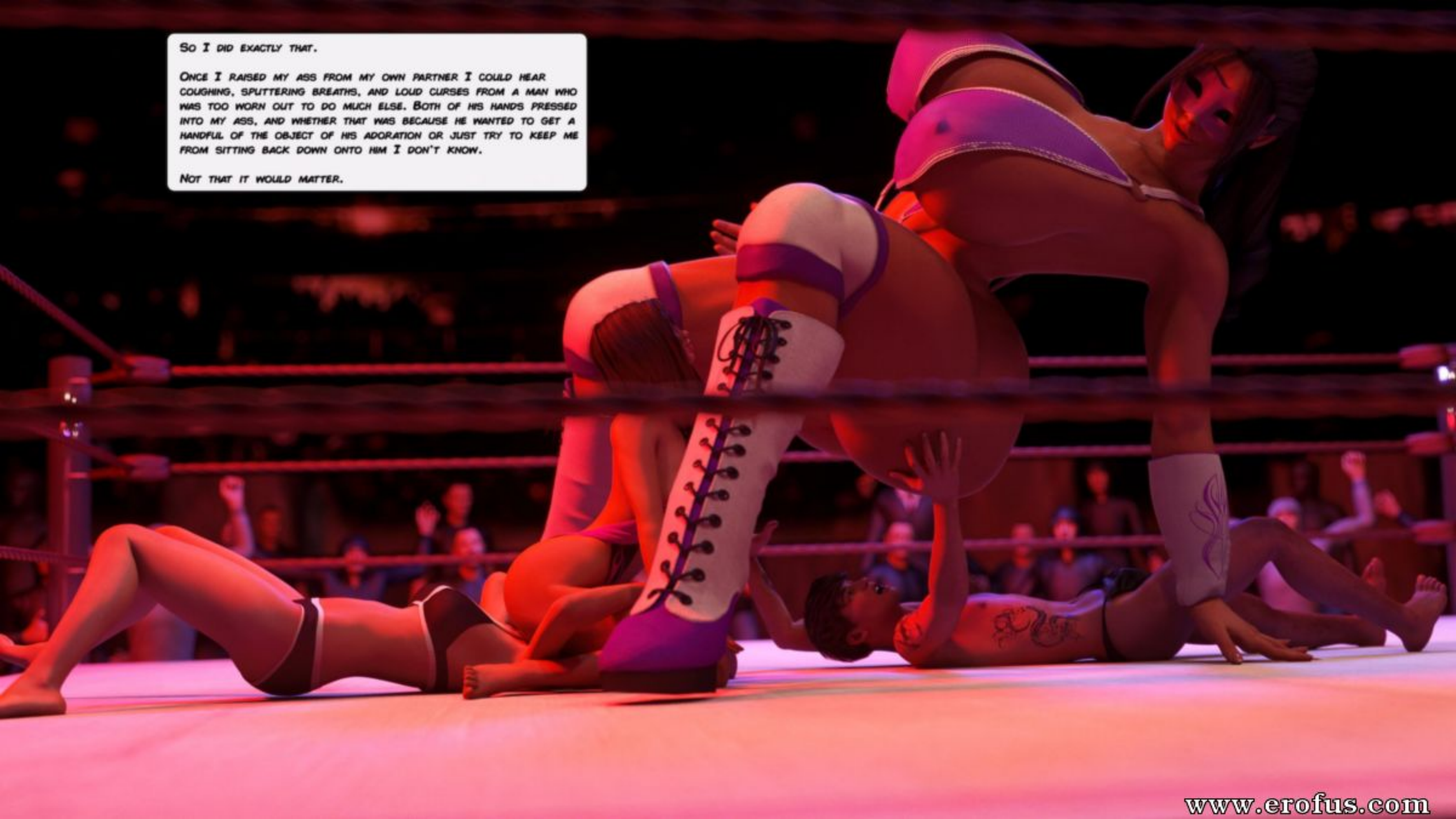
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So long as the audience liked what they were seeing, his complaints were likely to be ignored. And once the woman in front of me crawled forward so she could rub her pussy over her own tag-team partner's face I knew that the crowd wasn't going to be complaining any time soon. I count as part of the crowd in that statement, right? I wasn't involved, but with my nipples getting hard and the guy in my crotch moments away from suffocating I think it's safe to say I was enjoying it too.

Even if I could have done a much better job.


Weird part is... right as that thought crossed my mind, I felt something on my thigh. Two tiny hands pushing down, before the woman looked up at me. I still couldn't see a whole lot from between my tits... but I could tell that she wanted to know what I thought about all this.
I wanted to pick her up, press her face into mine, and lock lips. And then probably sit on the redhead's face myself to show her how it was really done... but I didn't. I can't explain why, but the adoration she was so clearly showing towards me and the look of desperate approval she wore just left me wanting to join in.
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A second later he groaned in pain as I dropped my prodigious ass back onto him. The entire ring shook from the impact, and the woman sitting directly in front of me lost her balance.
A smile formed on my face. I remember that moment well. I'm not a fucking physicist or anything fancy like that, but having as much wrestling experience as I do has taught me a lot. Mostly about how to keep someone from moving, but also quite a bit about leverage. And if someone is sitting on their knees, and the ground shakes hard enough...
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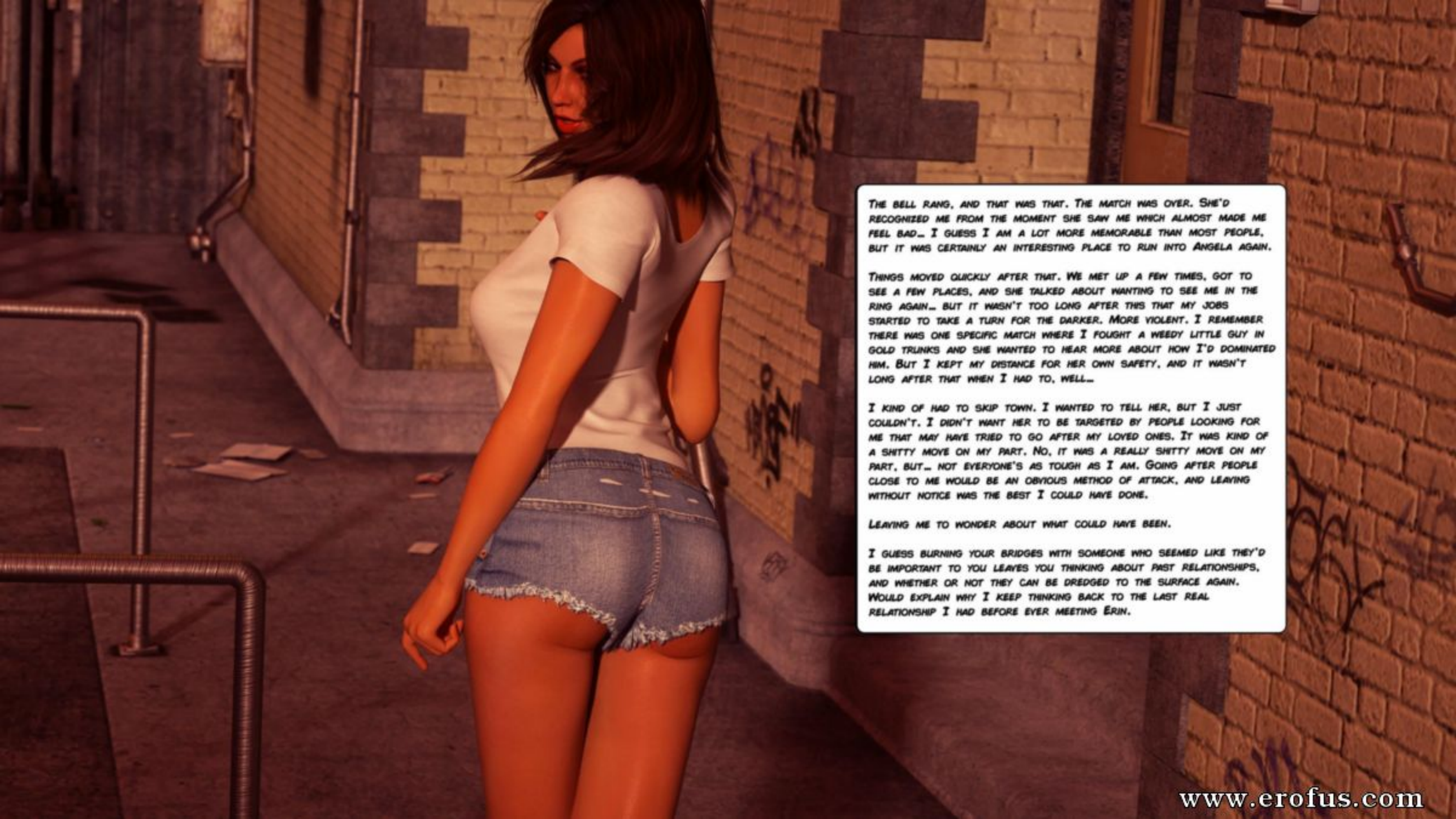




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The bell rang, and that was that. The match was over. She'd recognized me from the moment she saw me which almost made me feel bad... I guess I am a lot more memorable than most people, but it was certainly an interesting place to run into Angela again.

Things moved quickly after that. We met up a few times, got to see a few places, and she talked about wanting to see me in the ring again... but it wasn't too long after this that my jobs started to take a turn for the darker. More violent. I remember there was one specific match where I fought a weedy little guy in gold trunks and she wanted to hear more about how I'd dominated him. But I kept my distance for her own safety, and it wasn't long after that when I had to, well...

I kind of had to skip town. I wanted to tell her, but I just couldn't. I didn't want her to be targeted by people looking for me that may have tried to go after my loved ones. It was kind of a shitty move on my part. No, it was a really shitty move on my part, but... not everyone's as tough as I am. Going after people close to me would be an obvious method of attack, and leaving without notice was the best I could have done.

Leaving me to wonder about what could have been.

I guess burning your bridges with someone who seemed like they'd be important to you leaves you thinking about past relationships, and whether or not they can be dredged to the surface again. Would explain why I keep thinking back to the last real relationship I had before ever meeting Erin.

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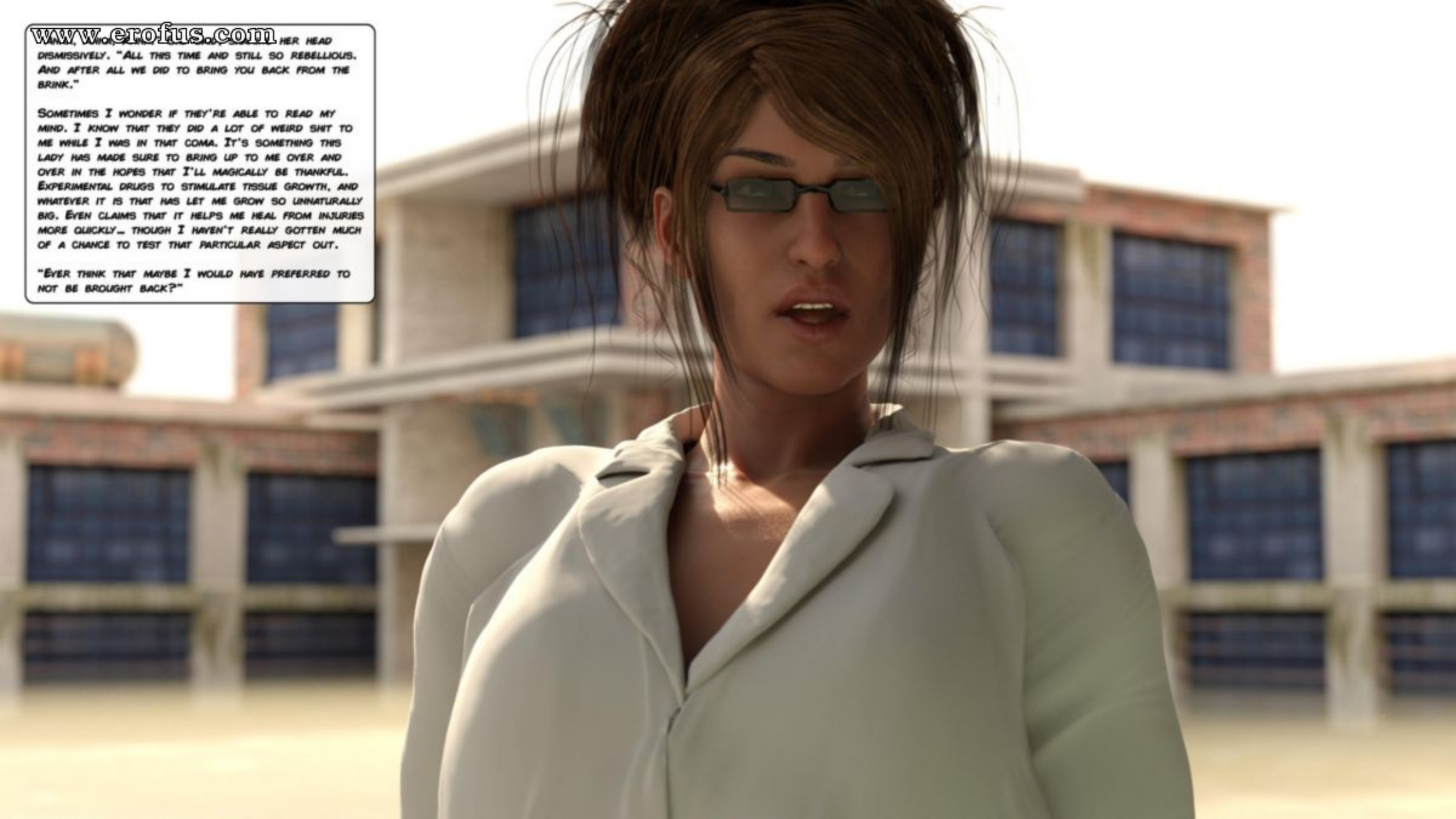


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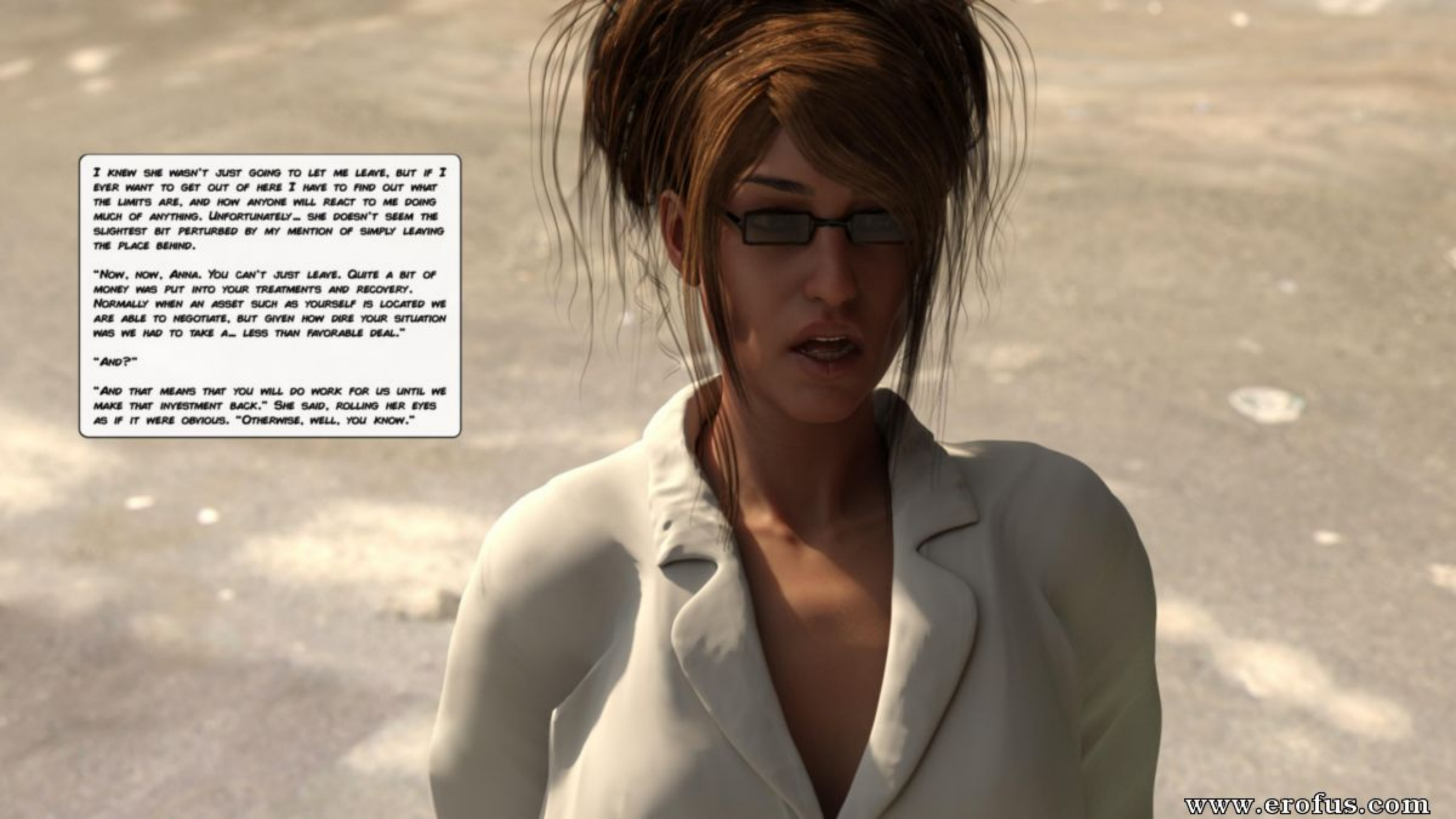
Kind of a dark thought, but it was true. I'd accepted the end of my life in that warehouse. I was ready for it all to end. Coming to in an entirely new place was certainly a big surprise. And not an especially pleasant one, if it means that I'm going to be spending the rest of my life in an even shittier warehouse.

"Hmph." She scoffed. "We all have thoughts of ending it all occasionally. It's part of being human, Anna. Whatever it is that made you go on such a rampage ultimately doesn't matter. Time heals all wounds. You may have put yourself into an unfortunate position back in your old home, but none of that matters here! You've got a new lease on life, the police and military will never find you, and we will take care of all your needs."

If there's one thing I'm thankful for... it's that they never found out about why I did what I did to wind up here. If I ever did one good thing for Erin it's make sure that shady fucks like this know nothing of our relationship. I hope she, at least, is doing well out there.

"Now get up. We need you." The woman suddenly said, narrowing her eyes at me.


"Again with this 'we' shit." I spat, crawling closer to her. "How about you just tell me who I'm working for sometime. Maybe then I'd be more willing to help out."
She simply smiled before shaking her head.
"I am afraid I cannot tell you that." She said. "What we do isn't exactly... well, legal. As such, any information beyond what you immediately need for your job is given on a strictly need to know basis. Maybe if you can show your loyalty to us sometime we'll let you know more. Maybe we can give you a lot more than just some information. But, until then, you are only told what you need to know."
"Great. Glad to hear it. I'm leaving now."
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"I don't think I do." I answered, moving forward a bit more. "I didn't agree to anything, and there's nothing you can do to keep me here."

That seemed to shake her confidence. She took a step back, looking me up and down as if she were only now realizing just how fucking big I am. It lasted for only a moment though, before she adjusted her glasses and recomposed herself.

"You would be dead were it not for us, Anna. Immolated in a blaze you yourself stupidly started. You are only talking to me right now thanks to our efforts, so you will hold up your end of the bargain until your debts are fully repaid."

"And what do I have to do?"

"Fight." She said, straightening up. "A woman of your size and strength is useful for situations that require a more... direct form of intervention. If you do as you're told your debts will be repaid faster, and we can talk about new opportunities for you."

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"T-That would be a poor decision, Anna! I am a very important person, and-"
"Important to who?" I interrupted, feeling my rage build up. Could they really have been so stupid that they would bring her here alone to deliver this news to me? Maybe they intended for me to kill her? Well, I suppose I shouldn't let them down in that case!
"A-Anna! Let's not be hasty now! You will only add more time onto your sentence if you lay a hand on me-"
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"If I lay a hand on you, I can guarantee you won't be around to complain!" I shouted so loudly that she actually covered her ears with her hands. "Let me explain something to you. I'm not agreeing to your stupid fucking plan, and it doesn't look like you have the ability to force me to do anything."
"I-I don't. You're right, Anna. I don't have that ability, but-"
"But nothing! I'm fucking leaving, and if that means making you into an example of what happens to anyone who comes after me, then that's something I'm completely fine with!"
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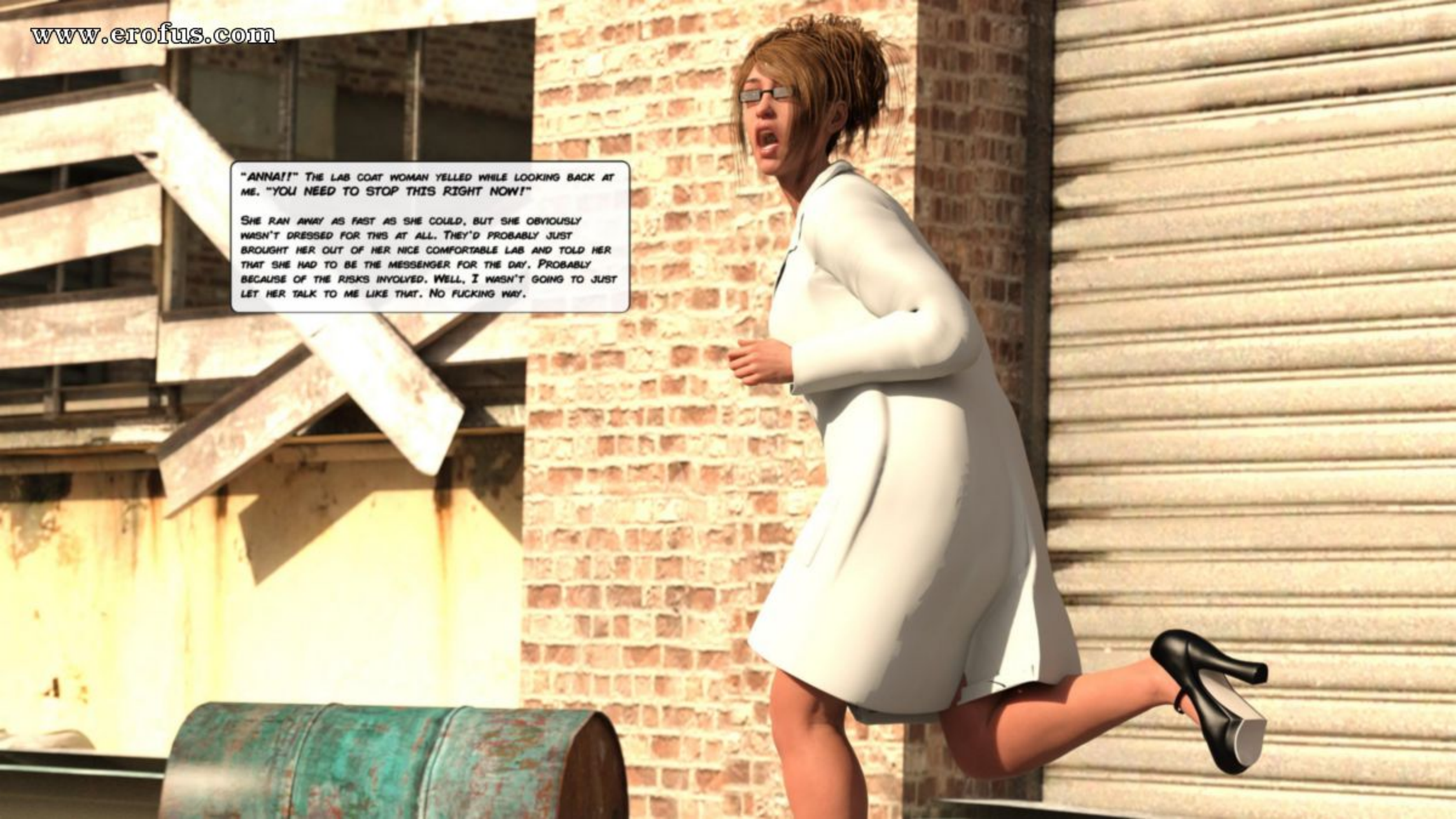


Fury boiling over, I stood up once again. Intimidating as I was trying to be, I had to admit that I was in far from the best shape of my life. It felt like my bones were creaking as I stood up again and all of my limbs were sore.

Not that it would matter. On my worst day I could still tear a fully-grown person in half. I could break a spine over my knee without any effort. Hell, I'm sure my weight alone meant I could step onto someone and crush them like a bug. I may have not been at my full strength, but it was more than enough to do something about her.

Taking that first step felt exhilarating though. The feeling of someone running away from me in abject terror was intoxicating once again. It reminded me of why my rampage before all of this went on as long as it did. Letting loose like this just felt right!

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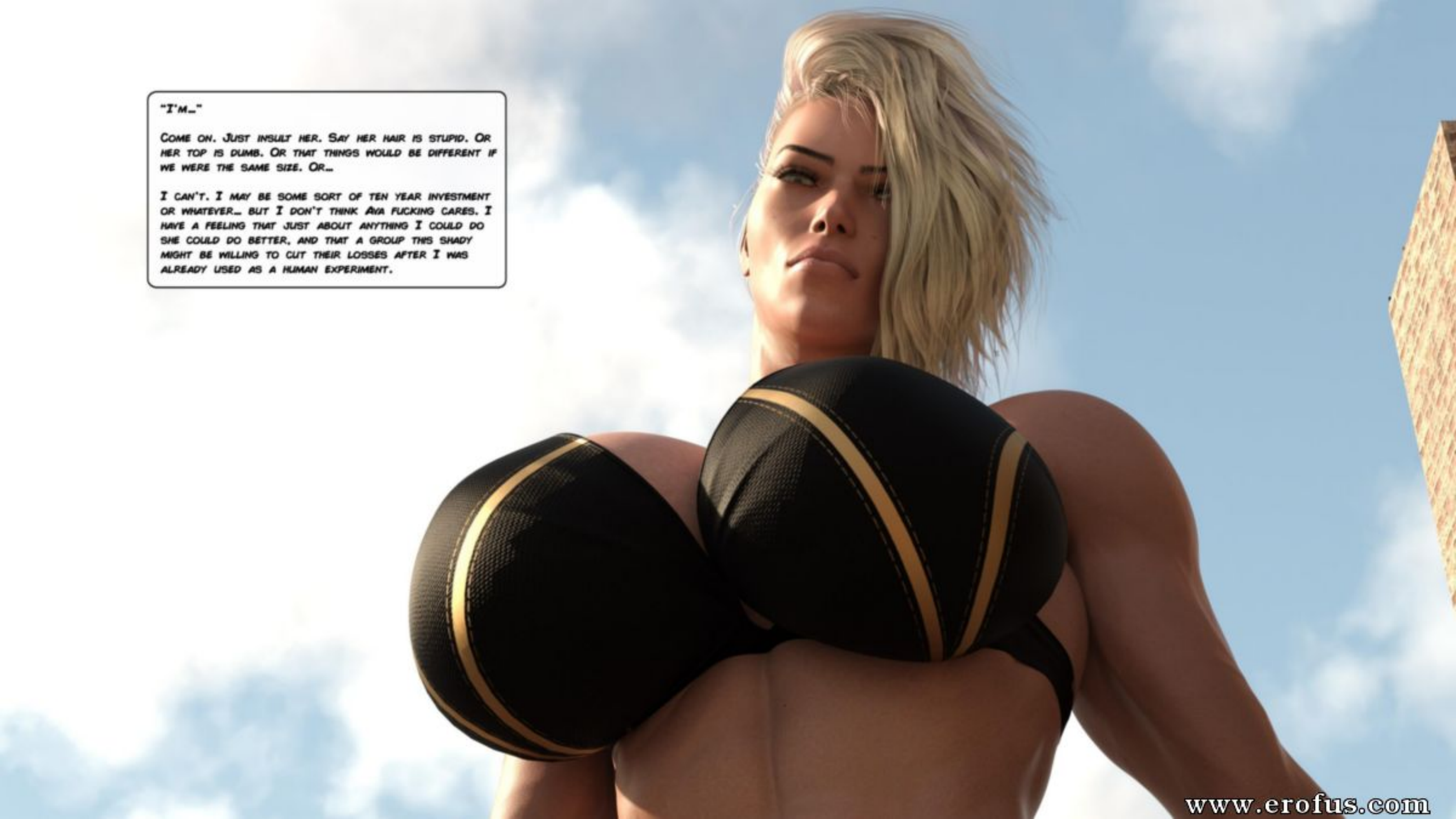
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"Aya?" I asked, memories suddenly flooding back into my head.
I should have known that it wouldn't just be this easy. Maybe I just really, really wanted it to be. Wanted to think that whoever was able to orchestrate capturing and detaining me was actually stupid. Like I was living in an action movie where I was the main character and everyone else was an idiot.
And maybe I just forgot why they've been able to keep me this long in the first place. Maybe I got fucking brain damage after the last fight I got into that I definitely didn't win.
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Either way, I forgot that I'm not the biggest fish in the pond anymore.
I felt her before I saw her. For as big as I am now, she's more than twice my size. The top of her head just barely reaches past the roof of this entire warehouse. And for as unnaturally strong as I am, there's no way I'd be able to do much against her if she tried throwing a punch in my direction.
"Is there problem?" She asked, stepping around the corner and locking eyes with me. Her thick Russian accent somehow just made her more intimidating. Like the guy from that movie with the boxer.
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"You." She said, stopping in front of me. "You are coming with? Or will you fight?"
Gotta admit. On some level I was tempted to kill the lab coat lady anyway. Really test how valuable they think I am. I was within reach. I could just stretch an arm out and oops, there she'd go. Simple and easy. Maybe I could even frame it as an accident. She seems like a dumb bruiser, right? Or am I just assuming that because her English isn't super good? Fuck. I don't know what to do.
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"Well?" She asked, lowering herself onto one knee. "You are coming, yes?"
Again there was that urge. Just fucking hit her square in the fucking jaw. Try and rip her nose right off her face. Anything!
She smiled, noting how I wasn't doing much of anything.
"Not big surprise." She laughed. "No one runs away. Was mistake from beginning, and not just because I come along." After saying this she raised a hand and tapped me on the side of the side of the head, reinforcing just how fucking big she was. "All thanks to this." She said, smiling at me before lowering her hand again.
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"GPS tracking chip." She said, smiling back at me. "It was installed while you were under the knife. Wired directly into your brain and everything. If you've had any problems with memory lately that could be the reason, but the side effects should otherwise be minimal."

I felt anger flare up in me, but I guess Ava noticed my body tense up. One big hand on my shoulder was enough to stop me from doing anything at the news.

"The batteries are powered organically as well." She continued, grinning smugly at me. "Of course, like any battery, its efficiency will fade over time. But it should last a solid... ten years. If you escape at any point before your service is up, then we, or should I say, Ava will be able to find you anywhere in the world."


I sighed, and relaxed.
This wasn't an opponent I could overpower physically. I'd been fucking defeated.
"Now, are you going to cooperate, Anna?"
I grunted. I didn't want to say yes, and acknowledge that I'd lost. I didn't want to say no, and risk further harm to my own well-being.
"I'll consider that a yes." She said, looking up at me again. "So that brings us to your first job. You weren't the only person we recovered from the warehouse that night. There was another woman much like yourself, though much smaller. Records indicate she had a twin sister, but she was unable to be located. You wouldn't happen to know anything about that, would you?"
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I balled my hands into fists, not wanting to admit it, but...
She's right. She's fucking right. After this whole... new part of my life began I remember seeing her again and actually being worried for my own safety. In a fair fight I knew, hands down, I'd be able to rid myself of her for good. But if she were ever to sneak up on me, or come at me while I was sleeping... she may have been able to use that advantage to overpower me.
I want to say no because honestly, fuck these guys. But...
"I'll do it."
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And then there's this fucking sandstorm. It set in a few hours ago, but it hasn't really bothered me much. I can feel grains of sand hitting my face, but as long as I squint, my eyelashes are long enough to mostly protect my eyes... mostly. Whatever they did to me makes it easier for me to push through pain, and I'm able to see well enough to do the job.

Not perfectly, of course. But being able to see a solid hundred feet around me in every direction is a lot better than what I'd assume in the middle of a storm like this. I took the opportunity to check the GPS I'd brought along for the ride. The batteries were still full after all this time, and...



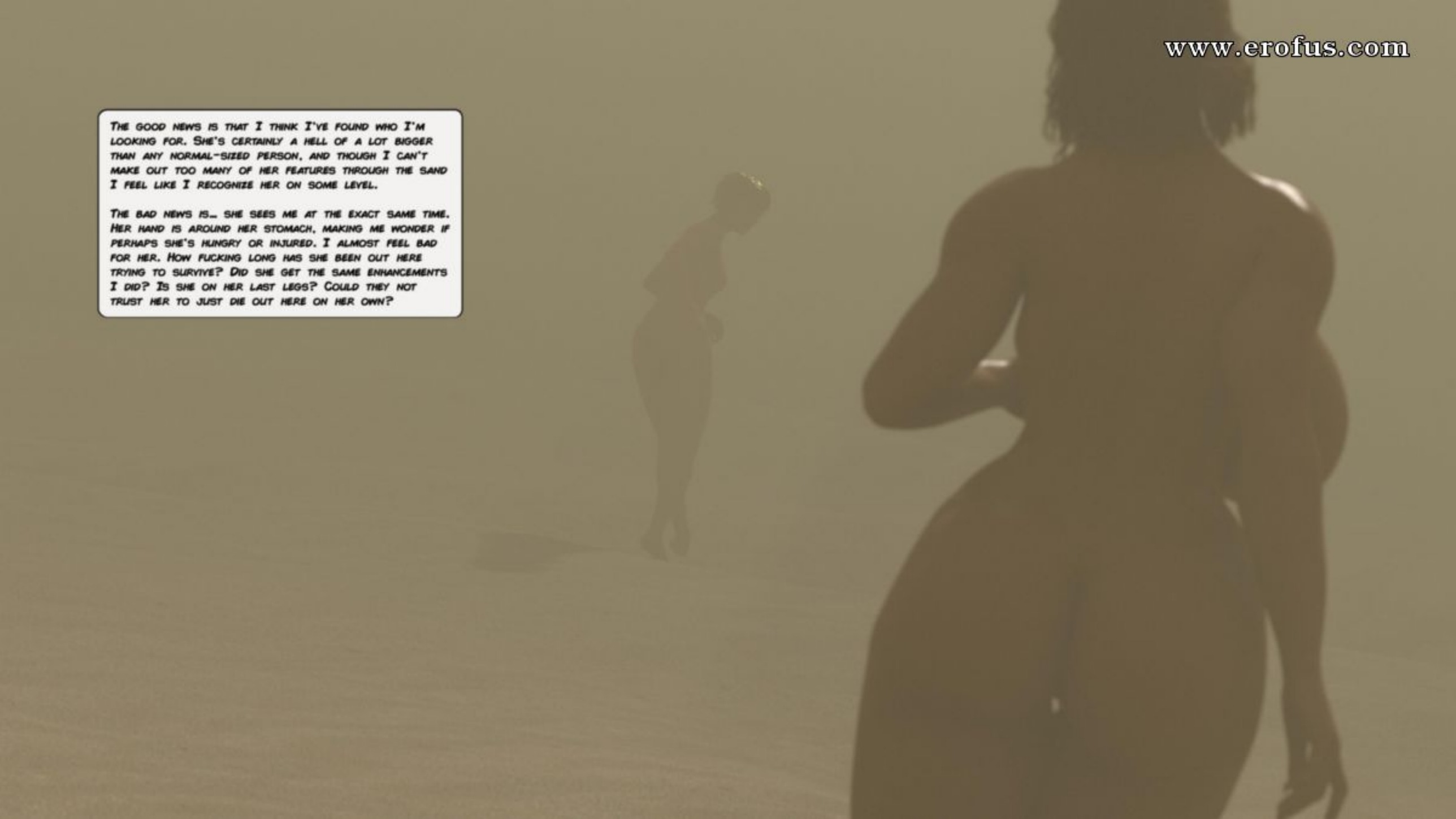
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The good news is that I think I've found who I'm looking for. She's certainly a hell of a lot bigger than any normal-sized person, and though I can't make out too many of her features through the sand I feel like I recognize her on some level.
The bad news is... she sees me at the exact same time. Her hand is around her stomach, making me wonder if perhaps she's hungry or injured. I almost feel bad for her. How fucking long has she been out here trying to survive? Did she get the same enhancements I did? Is she on her last legs? Could they not trust her to just die out here on her own?
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I pursued, moving after her as quickly as I could. On some level I hated that I was getting so much enjoyment out of this. These people who claim they control me now clearly want me to do as they say, and here I am following their orders to the letter.

But I honestly could not give less of a fuck at the moment. This is something that's been a long time coming, and it's not long at all before she looks back and sees that I'm moving far more quickly than she is.

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I want to tell her to slow down, but I've never never been much of a talker. Not when I'm just trying to get rid of someone for good. It's obvious she's far from full strength as well with how she's running awkwardly. The heat is getting to her, and the look on her face, hard as it is to make out, tells me that not even she's sure if she'll get away in time.

Which sucks for her. In no time at all I'm already upon her, and stretch out both of my arms.



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With a powerful thud she slams into the soft sand, kicking up a huge amount of it in every direction. She tries to push me away... but she can't. Whether it's the elements or just her lack of strength I don't know, but I'm overcome with those feelings of power again. So long it's been since I had complete control over another person I almost want to just sit there and ride her until she expires in the middle of this fucking sandstorm.
It's an exciting thought. My nipples get harder, and all I'd have to do is slide forward on top of her while she's prone, and rest my pussy over her face. She's probably the closest thing to a decently-sized partner I'll get for some time. But...
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And it's another entirely to get taken by complete surprise.
With a resounding CRACK my fist makes contact with the side of her face, forcing it to bounce off the ground. I know I broke something with that hit, and I want to sit there and relish in it... but it's been too long since I got to truly fight anyone. Fact of the matter is I hit her too hard. If the actual punch didn't knock her out, I get the feeling that bouncing her head against the sand did the job.
A bit too quick for my liking... but oddly satisfying nonetheless.
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I take a moment to catch my breath, and she doesn't move. She's still breathing, but her body is limp. That desire to dominate and take advantage of her in this state returns... but I have to resist.

Let's just end this now, once and for all.Taking a deep breath, I stand back up, and raise a foot over her head. She's a lot bigger than a normal-sized person, but I get the distinct feeling that I'll be able to pop her head just as easily. Because I'm bigger than she is, and my foot is about the same size as her fucking head. I'll just play the role of a hydraulic press, while she's whatever is unfortunate enough to be underneath me.

And for just a moment, I can see her raise both of her hands into the air.



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The sand must have been a more yielding surface than I expected. If she was knocked out it wasn't for very long, and she seemed to realize the precarious situation she'd been put in at the last possible moment.

So that made stomping my foot down like a bolt of lightning way more satisfying than I expected. That flash of realization I caught between my toes as she woke up from her stupor, and the realization of what was about to happen when she saw my foot above her face.

I'd have liked to draw it out, but I was getting tired of this sandstorm. I hardly felt her skull buckle against my sole for a fraction of a second before it exploded, spraying remains all over the sand around her. The raised hands dropped to the ground at the exact same moment, and she fell still.

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I looked around me all again. Visibility was still incredibly low. They said they were going to come for me... right? Had the signal gotten out before the tablet broke? If it did, how long would it take? I can't just sit around here in the middle of a sandstorm. It probably won't kill me, but it sounds wildly unpleasant. Maybe... I could find some sort of shelter?

Shit. What the fuck do I do now? I should have asked more questions before going out on this stupid mission.

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Not wanting to wait around and not sure of what else to do I just start walking further ahead. Who knows. Maybe I'll get lucky and that whole tracking thing was a bluff. If I eventually find civilization, what's the worst that could happen? I can get away from this once and for all, and nobody will ever bother me again.

Oh who the fuck am I kidding. I'm probably putting my own skin at risk just walking like this, but I'm not interested in catching something so I'll walk wherever I damn well please.

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That was the thought process at first, anyway.

I've got to commend them. Whatever those freak scientists did to my body definitely seems to have made me a lot more capable in all kinds of ways. I doubt that even at my strongest before being abducted I could have just walked through the desert for multiple days on end without being particularly bothered by the heat or finished off by hunger.

But, sadly, they did not make me invincible.





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If I had seen any sign of civilization. Anything to indicate I was any closer to getting out of this fucking desert I would have probably been reenergized. Had myself renewed and willing to forge on ahead until I reached something resembling security.

But... nothing. It's hard to look on the bright side of things when you're out lost like this, and that's when it fucking hit me. This must have been fucking planned. They must have suspected I wouldn't cooperate, so they gave me this bogus mission to get rid of another thorn in their sides, while leaving me to die as well. Two fucking birds with one stone. I almost have to admire the simplicity. I'm just mad I didn't see it sooner.

Regardless... I've been defeated. I can go no further. Maybe I'll get some energy back when the sun sets and it cools down, but for now I just have to lie down, wait, and hope that I can make it through this just fine.



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I'd like to recount what happened next, but truth be told I don't remember much. The next several hours were a blur. The main thing I remember is how it all ended, with me being tossed onto hard concrete. I groan in pain, shaken awake from what I've just been through, and look up. The sun makes it hard to see, but I can recognize a shape much bigger than myself that I'm assuming has to be Aya.
"You did job." She says, her tone indicating she was not happy. "But then you run away. Even after you make example of other who does the same."
I wanted to protest. I wasn't running away! I just didn't want to wait in the middle of a fucking sandstorm for who knows how fucking long! The stupid fucking tablet broke! The...
Shit. I'd left it behind. The proof that I wasn't just trying to escape.
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That's a fucking ultimatum. Much as I think I've just been left there to lie around and die... I hadn't been. There's a whole bunch of water set out for me, as well as some... stuff that can barely be called food. It tastes funny, but it's better than nothing. There's also a working TV here, even if it is way fucking smaller than the one I had back home. It's enough to let me know they don't want me to die... and not much else.

After a day I'm back to full health, and I assume that they'll be coming to collect me any moment now...

That turns out to be wrong.


Oh I get visits occasionally. Usually to drop off food so I don't die in this miserable warehouse, but not much more than that. There's plenty of food, if you can call it that. "Slop" is probably more accurate. Gallons and gallons of the stuff. It must be nutritious, whatever it is, because I don't need to eat much to feel full. There's usually more of it than I can bring myself to eat. It's kind of like a gross protein milkshake, the kind where you can feel the powder grit in your teeth like sand after you drink it.
Most of the time, I'm left to my own devices with nothing to do. The TV gets one channel. The channel shows nothing but old black and white movies. Usually about war, and other stuff that is incredibly boring.
But, when it's all you have, you learn to live with it.
Days pass. Weeks. I don't know how long exactly. I'm not interested in keeping track, and if not for the regular deliveries of just enough to keep me alive I'd think they forgot about me entirely. I'm guessing this is their version of keeping me prisoner, even though the only thing keeping me from escaping is the supposed chip they've got in me.
But... there is one thing I notice.
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See, as I've gotten bigger, the protein mix they give me isn't always enough to keep me full... and besides, it gets pretty old eating nothing but chalky white protein mix all the time.
Sometimes, I want another kind of protein. And besides, eating people alive is a hell of a lot more fun than watching war movies. It's a little bit like being back in the ring, only I'm not a wrestler. I'm a hunter, and she's my prey.
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With one hand Ava grabs hold of the bottom of the garage door, and pulls it up. Big whoop. I could
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how big she is, whether she's been growing like me, and if I could take her now, but... I don't have a lot of confidence that I can win this fight.
Not yet.
"Your time has come." She says, narrowing her eyes as she looks at me. "New task. More muscle needed. You will follow orders, or you will die."


"Does that mean I'm allowed to leave? Or will I be doing this mission from inside of here?" I asked sarcastically.
Ava did not seem amused.
"You can not go on mission without leaving building." She said, stepping away from the entrance and allowing me the room to leave. "But if you try and run, you will be in big trouble."
"Yeah, yeah..."
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ONE YEAR LATER

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Well, I still fucking hate my employer. I still fucking hate Ava. I still want to rip the lab coat lady in two. I still want to go home. I still miss my old life.
But this job...? It's not the worst thing.
"Enforcer" is what they called me. I've been called it before, though I was never quite this big in the past. Walking into the square of a run-down city after some crowds that aren't necessarily my target, but making the masses panic tends to make things run more smoothly. And the occasional collateral damage from an idiot who doesn't realize I'm not going to go out of my way to avoid stepping on him is kind of nice.
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And from having done this who knows how many times by now I've learned a few things. Like how to spot people who are going to prove troublesome in the future. They tend to hang out on rooftops, and are in constant communication with others. It might seem obvious, but when the person they're looking for is as big as I am it's the best way to spot me from a distance.

So this guy screaming in a panicked tone is making himself pretty obvious, yeah. And it seems like he's noticing just a bit too late that I'm headed directly for him.



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Not that I'll be needing much time.
The man throws his walkie talkie at me, and it bounces off of my face. It doesn't hurt, but the audacity of it just kind of pisses me off, and I rip him from the rooftop in one quick motion.
The movement is enough to make the roof I'm standing on shake, and I actually lose my hold on him as I reposition myself to avoid falling over entirely.
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"N-NOBODY! I SWEAR!"

I NARROWED MY EYES. HE VISIBLY PANICKED, BEFORE STUTTERING

"O-OKAY! I WAS JUST WARNING MY FAMILY! WE'RE VERY POOR! YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE ME!"

I DON'T BELIEVE HIM. NOT FOR A SECOND. IT'S THE MOST COMMON EXCUSE IN THE BOOK. IF HE WERE TELLING THE TRUTH HE'D BE LIKE ALL THE PEOPLE AT STREET-LEVEL RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES. THERE'S A REASON I IGNORED THEM ON MY WAY HERE. THEY DON'T OBVIOUSLY PLAY LOOKOUT FOR SOMEONE WAITING TO ASSAULT ME.


"TELL ME THE TRUTH!" I SHOUTED AT HIM AGAIN.
"I AM! I SWEAR!"
I BROUGHT MY OTHER HAND UP, AND GRABBED HOLD OF HIS LEGS. IF I HAD ALL DAY I'D PROBABLY BE ABLE TO GET SOME ACTUAL USEFUL INFORMATION OUT OF HIM, BUT... I DON'T. THE MOMENT HE'S UNWILLING TO SPILL THE BEANS IS THE MOMENT HE'S OUTLIVED HIS USEFULNESS... SO I SPILL HIS BEANS FOR HIM.
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"Useless." I said, tossing both halves of him aside. They splatter onto the ground messily, occasionally twitching as what little brain activity remains continues firing off until it'll eventually stop completely. Jumping from the roof back to the ground I can feel the street crack under me, and for a moment I'm tempted to go crush his remains so things look less... messy.
But intimidation is an important part of this job. Better that the assholes I'm actually here for have a reminder of just who the fuck they're dealing with.
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The guy's running away pick up the pace. They know they've lost, and I can hear them telling each other to move more quickly. Whatever. I'll catch up to them later. I should probably collect what they were going for though. If only to destroy it myself. Claim it was an accident. One small act of rebellion towards whoever it is that's keeping me around so I can feel like I still have some semblance of control over my life.
With one hand, I pick up the pallet, and move it away.
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...No fucking way.
It's a fucking IED. Or an Improvised Explosive Device, for the uninitiated. Hard to recognize at first glance because, well, they're improvised. They can be made out of anything. But I only have about a half-second to process what I'm looking at before I hear one of the guys, who is now conveniently a safe distance away, shout "DO IT!"
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I'm dazed... but alive.
Which is more than I can say for who knows how fucking many of the people inside of that building. A building that was brought down by my body when I flew through the air. They turned me into a fucking projectile.
Look, I may be a killer. I may take pleasure in crushing bodies into bloody stains, and crushing swathes of people like they were insects when I walk through a crowd of gangsters. But I try. I try to avoid needlessly killing random people these days... usually. This didn't need to happen, and as the smoke clears and I can see the bodies strewn about the wreckage I can only think one thing.
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Dammit, I'm all covered in dirt! And even worse, I've got other peoples' blood all over my butt!

I hate this feeling now. It's one I've felt before, but it's just so... different since I've grown so much. Used to be if I had to wipe the remains of a body off of my ass they were this big, soupy mess clinging to my skin and threatening to dry up and get all sticky.

Now? It's like when sand sticks to your skin. If they were people who had it coming I'd be more fine with it. It'd be a great time, actually being able to compare it to something as inconsequential as grains of sand. But under the circumstances, I'm naturally a little less than enthused.

Someone is going to fucking pay.

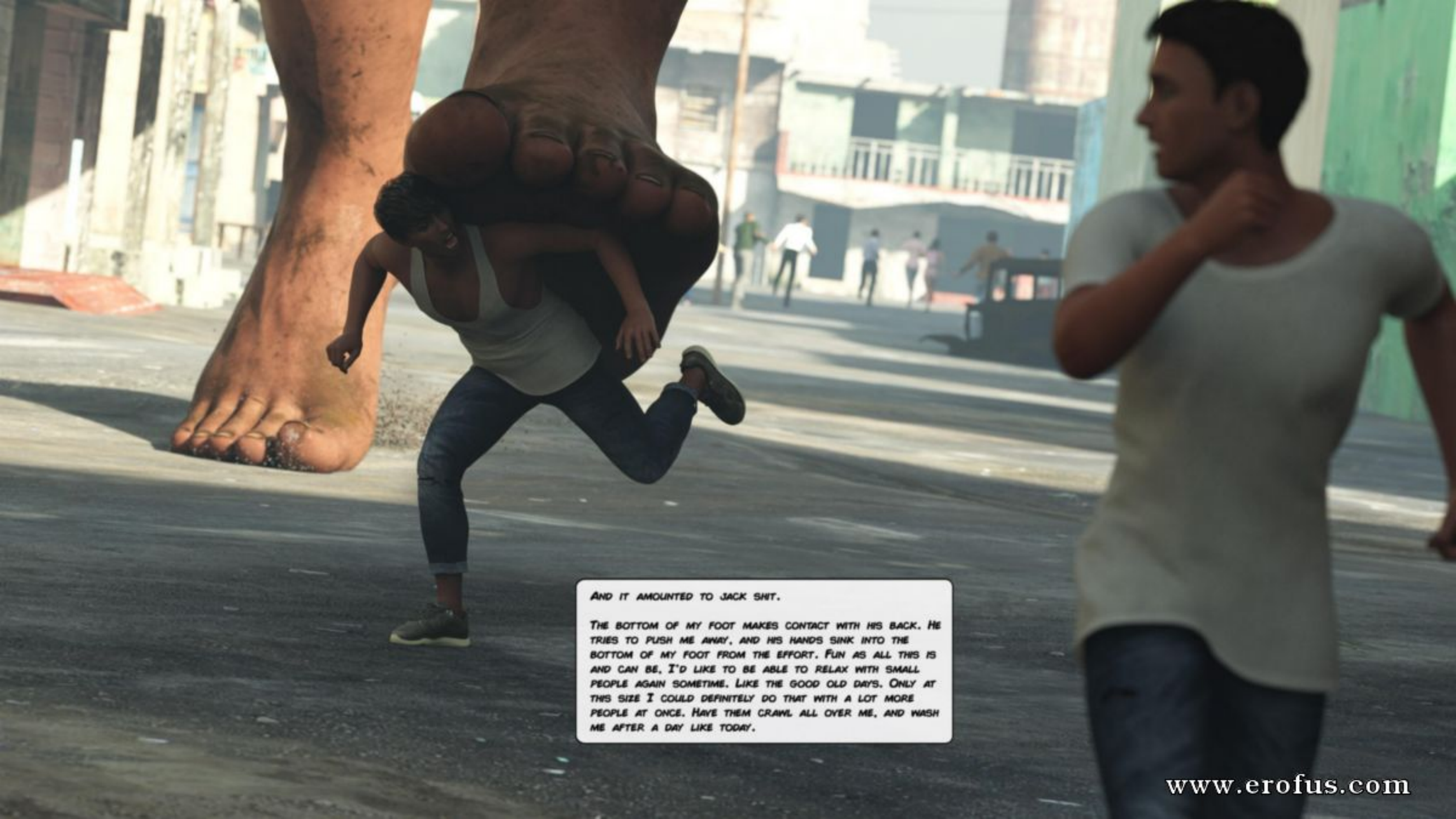

The good news is, aside from being really fucking dirty, I'm not particularly hurt by the bomb. It's only about a minute after it goes off that I'm back on my feet, and looking for the guys responsible.
There were a lot of people nearby, but I distinctly remember two of them in white directly messing with it. That's all I have to go on for now, but I get the feeling more of them will make themselves obvious very quickly.
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I haven't even caught up to the assholes responsible for the bomb before I see more people ahead of me pull out guns and start pointing them at me.
This is the part where I get to really see how much things have changed. How much all of this growth, and the enhancements I've gotten have really improved me. Before getting into all of this I was sure I could take a few bullets. Enough to at least reach and take out whoever it was that was shooting at me before they could get enough rounds in me to finish me off.
Now? I guess bigger guns are still a threat, but these little peashooters aren't even enough to break my skin anymore. They hardly even sting.
MARJANE
www.erofus.com


So, of course, they don't slow me down in the slightest. Which means one of the guys responsible for the bomb, the one who had the unfortunate distinction of being the least capable runner of the group, has met his time.
My left foot swings forward, and moves directly over him. He keeps looking back, and gets a good look at my sole for just a moment. He screams for help one last time, begging his partners to do something to help him, but they've done all they can.
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And hey, if he's going to be scared enough to watch his friend's death... why not give him a little bit of an extra spook.

A twist of the heel does the job nicely enough. Though crushed flat, his friend's body was still somewhat recognizable up until that point. A grotesque reminder of who he once was. But after twisting my foot onto the ground his remains are just ground up, shredded, and smeared all over the ground. Now there's probably more of him stuck between my toes than there is on the street.

And that's a good thing.

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A human shield only works if I care enough to spare someone, though.
Call me hypocritical, but I only really care about avoiding casualties when they're not in the direct line of sight. This woman sees a bunch of guys pointing guns and firing them at me and she still heads off in this same direction? I wouldn't be surprised if she's helping them out on some level.
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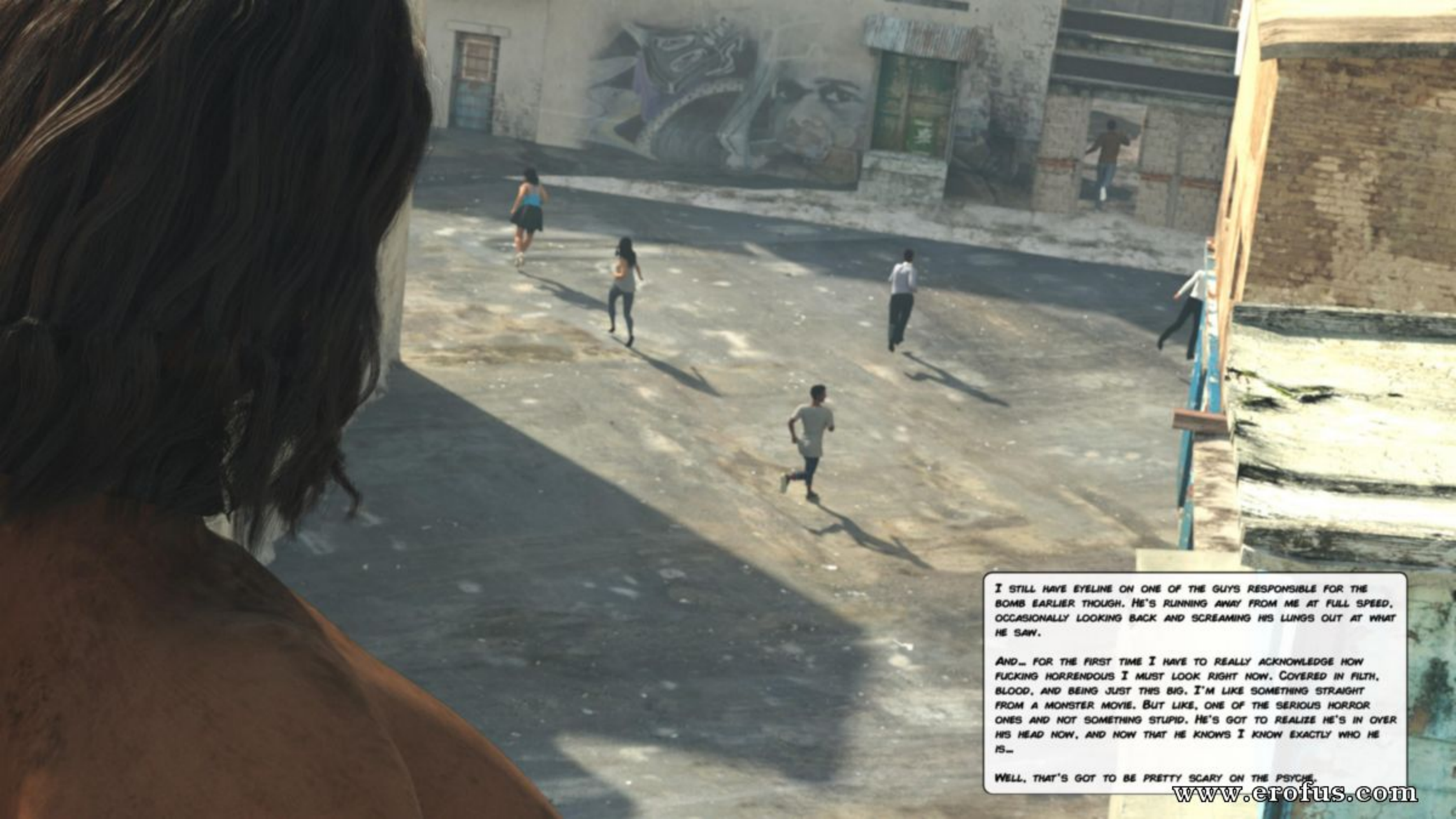

For a moment it's a question of who I want to go after first. The guy with the gun could lose his nerve and run away, and since he's further he could be harder to track down later. While the other two-
As I'm thinking, a miracle occurs. Both of the other guys made the decision for me. Not wanting to lose sight of me all three of them had watched me as they ran backwards, but it was the two closest who managed to lose their balance and fall over. If that's not a sign then I don't know what is.
MARJANE
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While picking them up from the ground I realize that I don't really have any ideas for what to do with them. It doesn't actually matter a lot since I'm sure I could kill them if I so much as breathed too hard on them... but having fun on a mission is also what keeps this job from getting too repetitive.
Whatever. I picked them both up with one hand, and crouching over like this only focused more weight onto my toes, further pulverizing the bodies that I was still stepping on. I even saw some of the arms pop back up through the force. It was kinda funny.
MARIJUANE
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But I couldn't dwell on that for now. I had two more people on my list to interrogate. Maybe getting a direct view of what I'm capable of and how little I give a fuck right now is what it's going to take to get some decent information out of them.
"How many of you are there in the city?!" I shouted, not realizing myself just how fucking pissed I was at the time. I'd been holding it back for a bit but getting an explosion right onto me certainly made it harder to keep my cool. And when they didn't answer immediately, I gave them a squeeze, feeling bones creak in my fingers as they came dangerously close to expiring on the spot.
"Well?!"
MARJANE
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I've got five dead bodies around me. Three under my feet, two in my hands. Would have been nice if he was considerate enough to stay close so I could make that six, but I guess they can't all be winners. Still, it feels strange for him to be doing this. He keeps looking back at me as if I'm magically going to change my mind about going after him or do something else.
I could just run after him and catch him in a second flat, but... this is too suspicious. I already had a fucking bomb explode on me today. It's probably better I approach this a bit more tactically.
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A roof.
These guys are different. It makes sense, given that the guns most normal street-level gangsters are carrying on them can hardly be felt, much less break my skin anymore. And while it would take a storm of bullets like these to actually bring me down, it is at the very least enough to register as pain. It's almost not even a surprise to see the guys aiming these weapons at me dressed like actual soldiers taking tactical positions.
Unfortunately for them, mercy isn't particularly high on my priority list right now... and conventional tactics won't work on me.
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And moving through a building is a lot slower than moving through empty air, it turns out. I have to stomp and push my weight down and feel things crumble and snap underneath me while I'm moving. It's not hard, but it takes time, and these assholes are taking advantage of these last few seconds to spray me with as many bullets as they can manage in that time. All the bullets hurt, but not so much that I can't endure it for a bit longer.
Because then I move my right foot forward, press into the last standing wall, and-
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Time for plan B
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Spreading my arms wide, I lean over the building as best I can without falling onto it. The guys finally seem to realize they're not going to be able to stop me before I get them, and start to lower their weapons... but it's too slow. Swinging my hands together I collect three of them in one movement, breaking limbs and making them cry out in pain while I plan to clap them all at once.
Except, you know, literally.
One lucky guy gets a different experience though. Standing too far away from any of his companions, he winds up directly under my tit when I start to lean forward. He drops his weapon after my hands start moving and tries to push my tit away, which actually makes my nipple just a little bit harder. I almost consider falling onto the building to feel him crush under my boob like that.

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But at the same time...

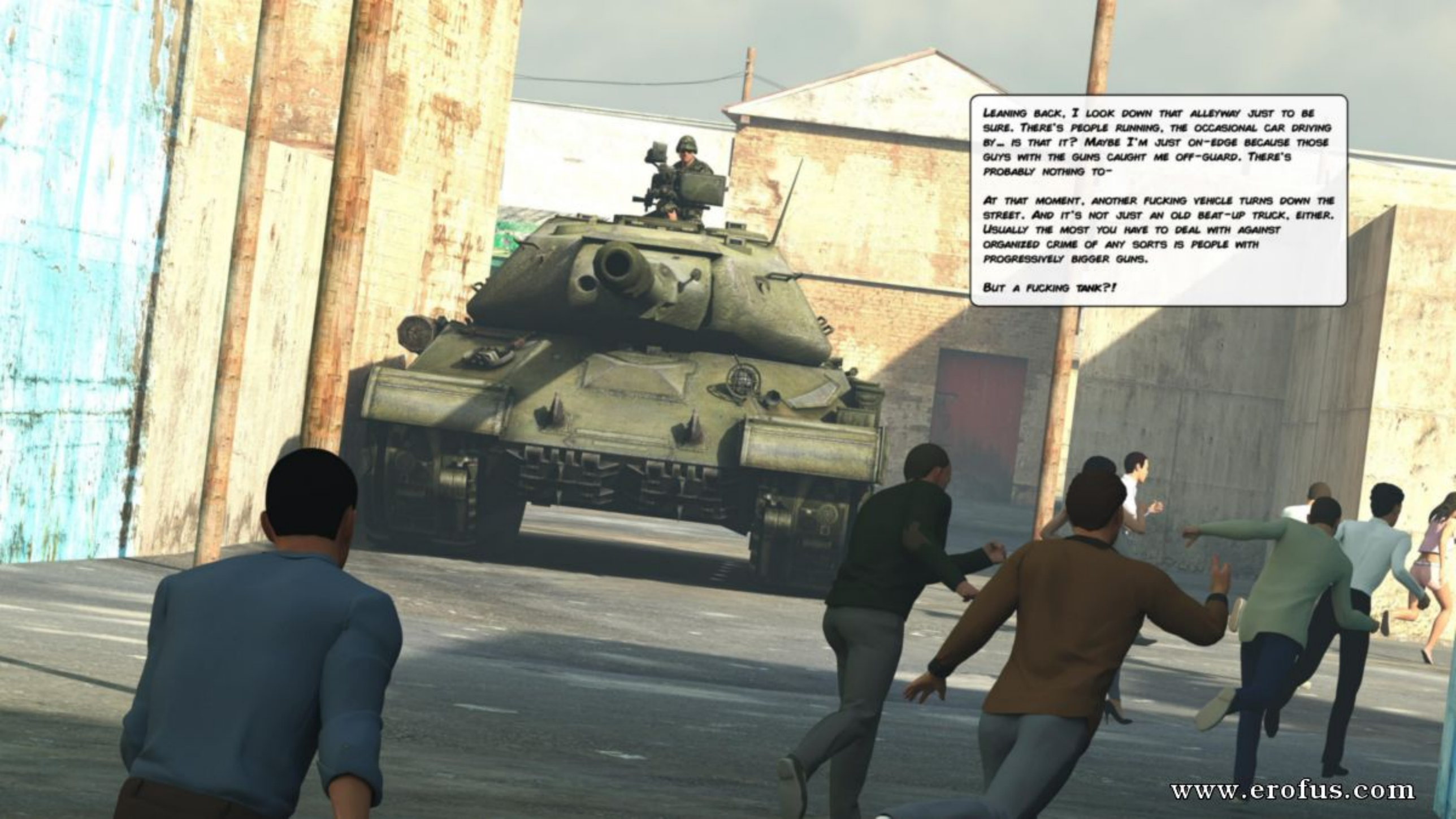
Those bullets were really uncomfortable.

"FUCK OFF!" I shouted, letting my real feelings be known over what's happening. In response I get a slight wail of terror, before it all vanishes. A slight adjustment is all it takes to make sure that I don't accidentally slap my tits with both hands, and he finds his way into the massive human pancaking machine I'm currently operating. Four bodies are instantly smashed together with all the strength I can muster while a human slurry is ejected out from my fingers and drips onto the roof above.

Once was a time I tried yoga to really work out some of my problems. Now? I guess this will suffice.


With the deed done, I slowly pull my hands apart to get a good look at the aftermath. To say that it's messy would be the understatement of a lifetime. I've got a strong stomach. You kind of have to in my line of work, and I've pulled people apart with little effort but...
Goddamn.
Four broken, twisted bodies mashed together like this. Nah. That's... not a pretty sight. I can't even bear to look at it anymore. What really matters is they won't be shooting at me much anymore, so with a roll of the eyes I throw them behind my back, not caring where they land, and wipe my hands off on a rooftop.
D.M.C
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Good as new!
Or... at least as good as I can be when still covered in soot, dust, and other people's blood. So maybe more... good as I can get for now. I'd better be getting a fucking shower after this. Maybe a nice rubdown, really get all this fucking shit off me, and-
Wait... is that...?
Shit. There's too many fucking people screaming around me to be sure. I swear I can hear something rumbling. Something making the ground shake. Sounds like it could be a vehicle of some kind? Is that something I should be worried about?
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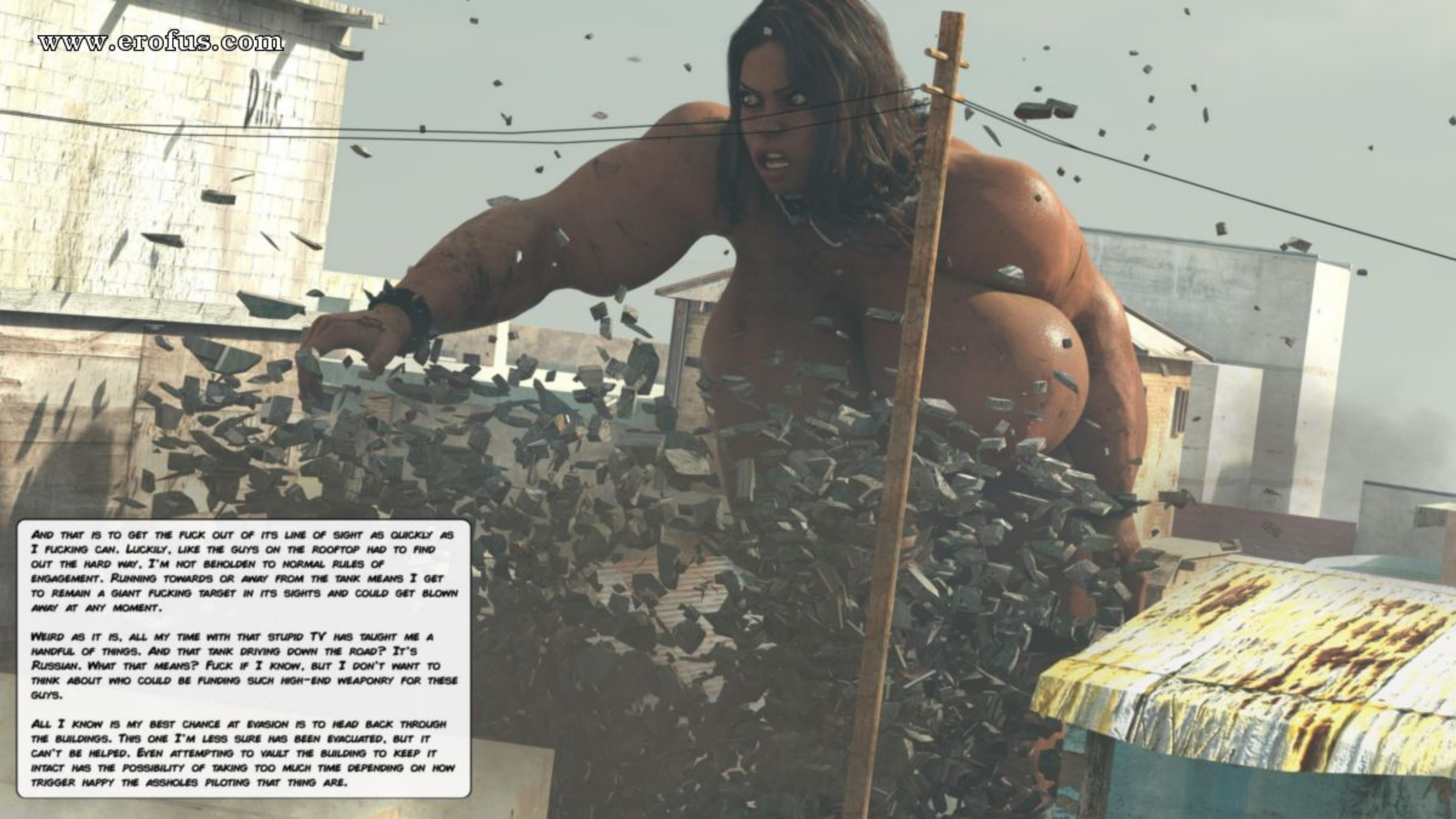


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And that is to get the fuck out of its line of sight as quickly as I fucking can. Luckily, like the guys on the rooftop had to find out the hard way, I'm not beholden to normal rules of engagement. Running towards or away from the tank means I get to remain a giant fucking target in its sights and could get blown away at any moment.

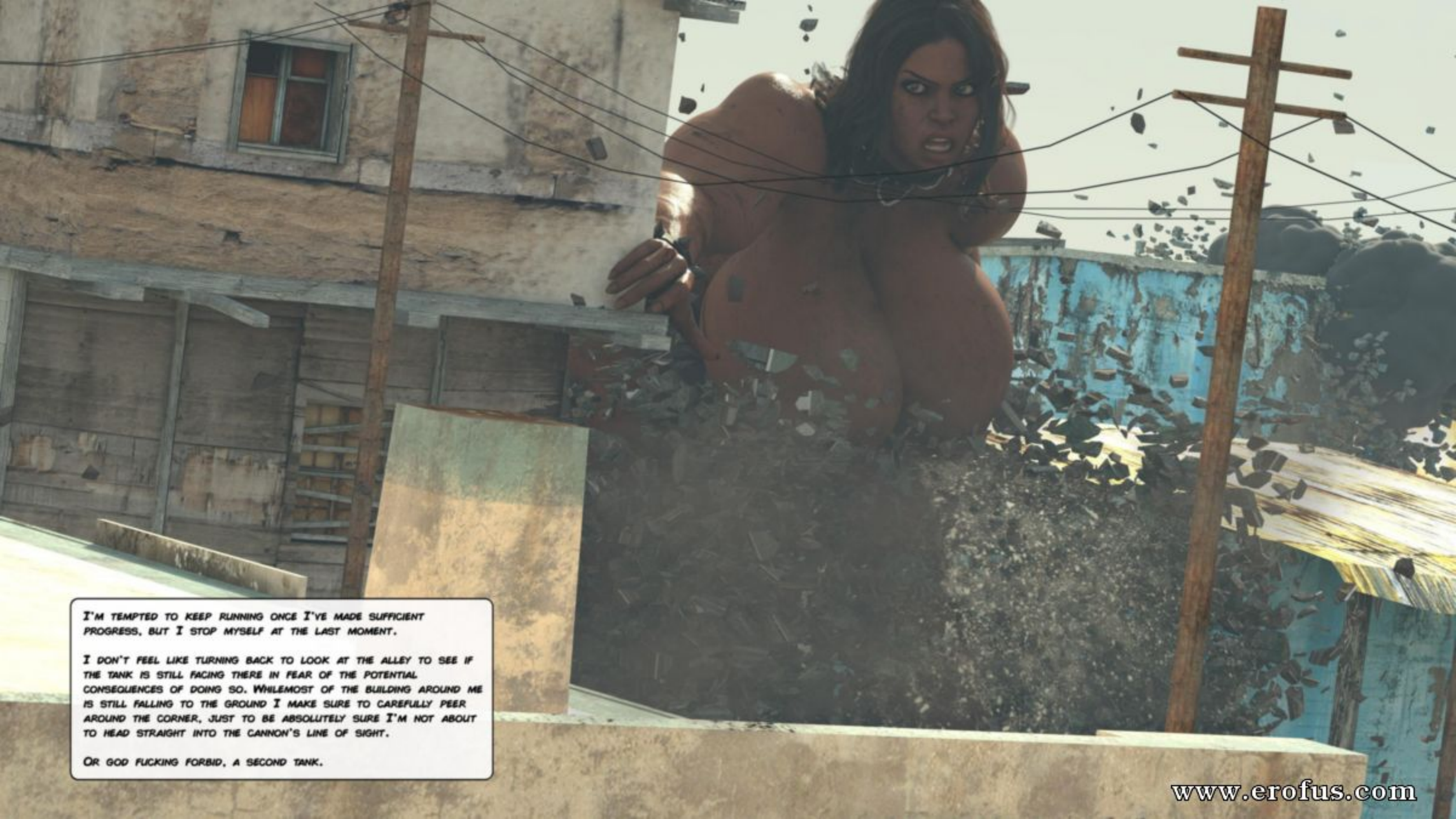
Weird as it is, all my time with that stupid TV has taught me a handful of things. And that tank driving down the road? It's Russian. What that means? Fuck if I know, but I don't want to think about who could be funding such high-end weaponry for these guys.

All I know is my best chance at evasion is to head back through the buildings. This one I'm less sure has been evacuated, but it can't be helped. Even attempting to vault the building to keep it intact has the possibility of taking too much time depending on how trigger happy the assholes piloting that thing are.


BOOM!
The sound of the cannon firing actually makes my heart jump. I keep moving, hoping that I wasn't hit, and can only breathe a sigh of relief when I hear an explosion nearby, and feel a huge blast of heat all over my ass and the back of my legs. The force generated is enough to nearly throw me over itself, but I manage to stay standing.
While the debris from the explosion rains back to the ground, I feel like I'm finally safely out of range. Not that it makes me feel much better.
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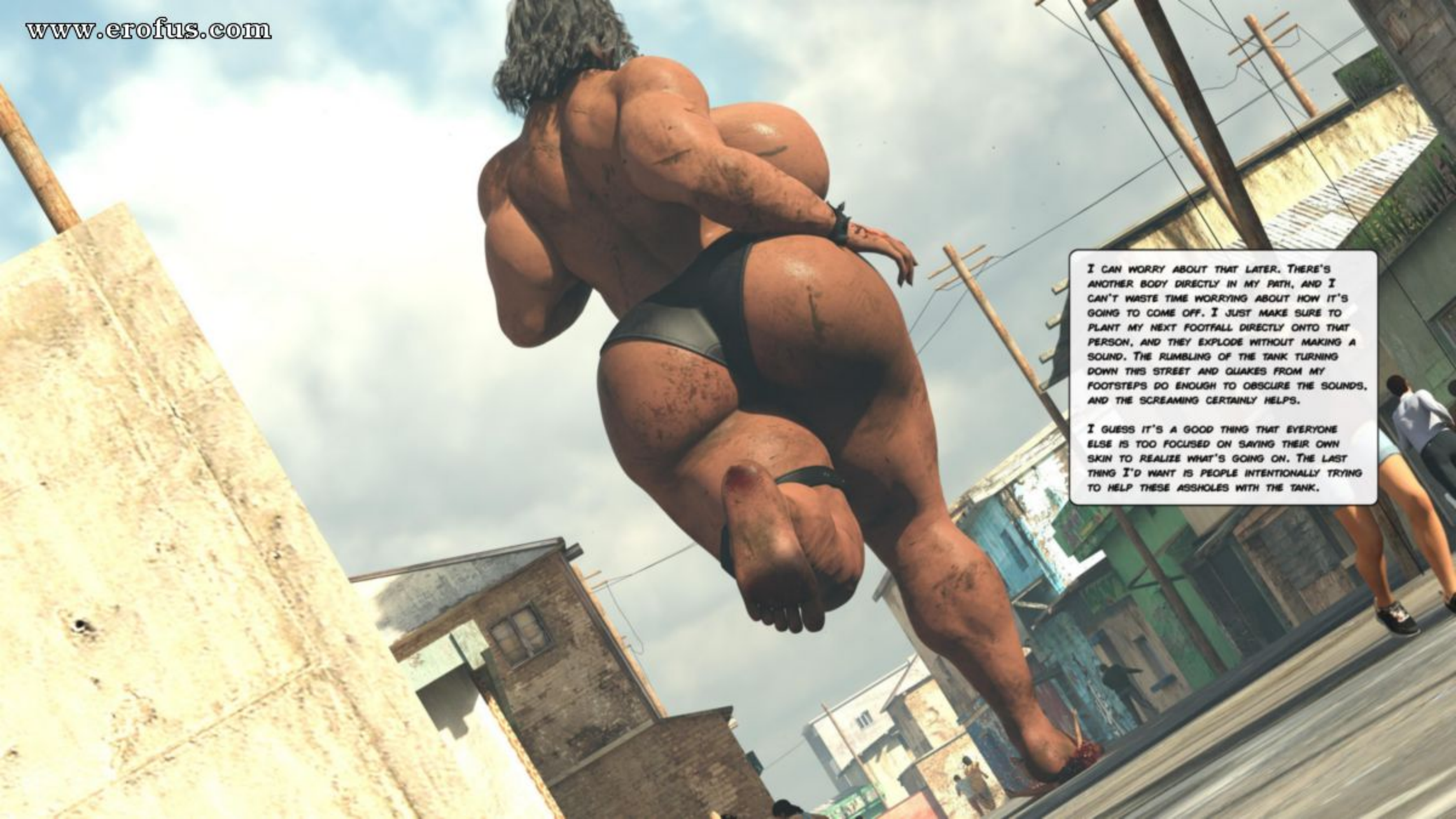


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There's been a lot of good things that have come about because of all this growth. Always getting to test how fucking strong I am has been a major fucking improvement in general, and is always fun to find out. But... it comes with a weakness.
Being this big... this fucking heavy... I may be significantly more nimble than a tank, but I'm still less so than someone a lot lighter. And that also means in the rare occasions I do have to actually run my knees don't take the impact well since I don't exactly wear shoes.
Luckily, there's a few people directly in my path that will be doing an excellent job of absorbing the impact from me running. Avoiding casualties is hard enough normally, but making sure I can actually make it there in time is important.
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Human bodies provide a good amount of cushioning, and more importantly, aren't particularly slippery. I could run through entire crowds of people in the middle of a snowstorm and not have to worry about slipping and falling over.
I mean, the people who find their way under me would certainly protest, but that's besides the point. What matters is that this is an efficient, if messy way to keep moving without fucking up my mobility. I can just keep going by justifying it in my mind as doing everyone else a favor. Even if every time I do one of these jobs it gets a little bit harder.
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Luckily, they didn't think to have a guy standing up and using it that entire time. He only comes out from the hatch when I'm more than halfway there, and by the time he gets into position it's too late. My foot is raised over him, and the bottom of my bloodied sole is all he can see. He doesn't even get the chance to swivel the gun up before he's falling back to try and get out of range in time.

Sucks to suck, I guess!



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The cannon was still trying to turn in it's final moments. The man who was abandoning his post was doing so with his own weapon in hand, hoping that it would help. The world seemed to stand still as if this was the single instant in which everyone's fates would be decided...
Except, I've completely got the upper hand here. My fist pulls back, I flex my arm to make sure I pack as much power into this blow as humanly possible given that it might be the only one I get, and-
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D.M.C
No response.
Even the streets themselves are getting quiet. The screams are still there, but most people aren't stupid. They know to get the fuck away as fast as possible, and it's not too long before they're just a distant murmur. Breathing a sigh of relief, I relax, and let my arms drop to my sides.
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"EVERYONE! GET THE FUCK OUT OF YOUR HOMES RIGHT FU
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IN THE NEWFOUND SILENCE MY VOICE ECHOES AROUND THE STREETS. EVEN THE DIRT AT MY TOES SHAKES FROM THE POWER, AND I PUT MY HANDS ONTO MY HIPS TO EMPHASIZE HOW FUCKING SERIOUS I AM.
A FEW MORE HEADS PEEK OUT OF WINDOWS. OUT OF DOORWAYS. THEY LOOK TO ONE ANOTHER, THEN BACK OUTSIDE, AS IF WEIGHING THEIR OPTIONS.
"IF YOU DON'T COME OUT I'M GOING TO START SMASHING HOUSES AND WON'T STOP UNTIL THIS ENTIRE FUCKING TOWN IS A CRATER IN THE GROUND!"

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That got their attention. Not all at once, mind. They know that I'm entirely capable of fucking up this entire neighborhood if I felt like it, but they don't know that I don't really feel like it at this point. It's kind of a recurring thing in these jobs. Bluffing, lying, threats. It's all just a way to get people to get in line without having to go after them physically.

And it's working. They may not want to come out of the safety of their homes, but they've also got to know that they definitely wouldn't survive their home collapsing around them. One by one they start to file out of the doors, coming closer to me, trying to divert their eyes away from my chest.

All in all, outside of the tanks, a relatively simple mission.



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I SUDDENLY FELT VERY EMBARRASSED ABOUT MY APPEARANCE. I WAS TOPLESS, COVERED IN DIRT, AND SHE'D UNDOUBTEDLY JUST SEEN ME MASSACRE ABOUT A DOZEN PEOPLE IN MY TASK OF DESTROYING A COUPLE OF TANKS. I WAS THE EXACT OPPOSITE OF PRESENTABLE, BUT...
"ANGELA..." I WHISPERED, HARDLY ABLE TO BELIEVE IT.
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My legs turned to jelly. With a heavy thud I simply let go, allowing myself to drop to my knees. She seemed to take this as an invitation, and proceeded to move forward.
People around us just watched silently, unsure of what to think. Were they about to witness another murder? Or something else? The tension in the air was so thick it could be cut with a knife... but I feel like most of it was from me. It had been so long... What would she think of me now?
"It's... it's you, isn't it?"
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My heart sank.

It's strange. I don't mind this part of my life. Never have. It's always been something I kind of just accepted, and even learned to like on some level. But... I also knew it was the kind of thing that would get me ostracized from, well, just about everyone. I always tried to keep the more grisly details out of my personal relationships. The idea that I'd just been seen doing what I just did was almost too much to bear.

"What?" She asked, taking a step back so I could actually see her from under my tits. "Aren't you going to pick me up just like old times?"

Almost robotically I leaned forward, and picked her up. I was intensely aware of the blood all over my hand as I did so, only thankful that a good bit of it had dried at this point so she would not be covered in it.

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"And?" I asked, needing to know what she thought. How she felt about what she'd just seen. If I had to, I would put her down, forget I ever saw her again, and leave this place, never to return> I didn't want to deal with her disapproval.

But, to my relief, a slow smile began to form on her face. She ran her tiny fingers along the side of my hand, before looking up at me, a dreamy expression on her face.

"I kind of liked it..."

Instantly it felt as if a huge weight was lifted from my shoulders.

"I'm... glad to hear that." I said, nodding. "We've... um, got a lot of catching up to do. Sorry I look like shit."



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GRUDGE MATCH

PART 3

SIZE COMPRISON

