Warning: this comic contains blood. Also,
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# Junkyard Girls

Art and story by RedfiredOg


“Hey shug’! Nice little car you got there!”
Dave didn’t know quite what to think, or do. He was lost in an industrial area in a bad part of Richmond, with no reception on his smartphone. He turned around at a random warehouse parking lot, only to find himself in front of… Her. A blonde woman that looked like a cartoon mudflap version of early 2000’s Jessica Simpson, only cranked up to 11, and wearing absurdly tiny cut-off shorts. And to top it all off, she must have been fifteen feet tall. What could possibly be going on?
She didn’t say anything, just stared down at the car with a bemused smile. Not knowing what to do, Dave rolled down the window and asked for directions. “Excuse me, I seem to be lost. I was trying to get onto the Bay Bridge, and—“
“Oh, lemme think,” she said with a thick Southern drawl. “I’m not great with directions, but I think you want to head that way over to Martin Luther King Boulevard and…”
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“Wait a sec!” she said, “You almost had me for a minute. You look Italian!”
Dave didn’t know what to say. “Italian? No, I’m mostly German, a little bit British. So, head over to MLK, you were saying?”
“Nice try. So let me guess, you’re one of Tony’s crew?”
“Tony’s crew? What?”
“It all makes sense now. The Italian accent, the fancy sports car. You’re one of Tony’s boys!”
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She leaned over the car. Normally, it would have been a suggestive post for a woman of her proportions to strike. But her sheer size made it impossible not to read as intimidating. Her mass pushed the car down, making the frame bounce down on the shocks.

Dave fumbled for his keys. “Hey, thanks for the help, ma’am, but I really need to go now…”

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"You're not goin' anywhere. Brandy told me what to do if any of Tony's boys showed up..."

"What the—hey!" Dave was shocked to see his entire view through the front windshield blocked by the woman's huge, wide ass. He put the car in first gear, foot on the clutch, and turned the keys in the ignition.

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The car struggled to start. It puttered and purred for a moment, but wouldn't fully start up. Dave tried again, turning the keys back and forth, but nothing.

"Having a little trouble down there, sugar? Try to get that engine roaring, I want to feel it purr!"

She put more of her weight on the car, effortlessly pressing down with thousands of pounds of force. The hood crumpled beneath her weight like wrapping paper. The passenger-side mirror was knocked out of alignment by her enormous ass. Dave thought he even heard air leaking out of one of the tires.


Just then, the engine started. Dave put the car in first gear and stepped on the gas. And... nothing. The engine roared, but the car didn't budge. Could she really be so heavy that the car just couldn't lift her? Or had her weight forced something out of place?
After fighting with the gear stick, Dave managed to force it into reverse. He let go of the clutch and stepped on the gas. The car moved backwards, if only a few inches. For a moment, he thought he was getting away. But then, with a single motion, the woman leaned back slightly and put her entire weight on the car.
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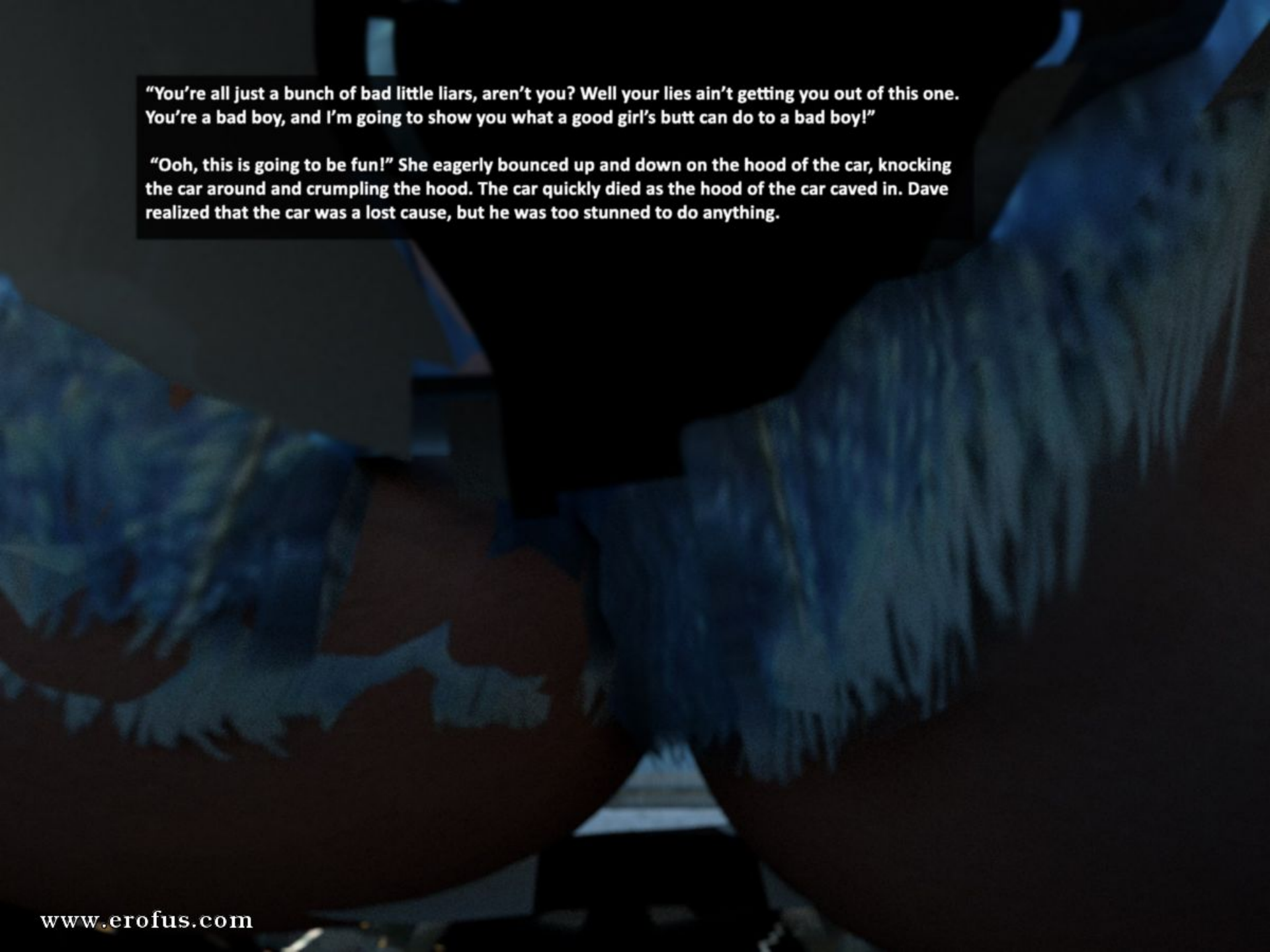
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Just like that, the car stopped moving. The front of the car's frame started to bend and crumple, as cracks slowly weaved through the driver's side door.

Dave slammed once more on the gas. The engine roared, but the car didn't budge. Dave was starting to panic. "Ooh, just like that. This baby can really purr!" She moaned, as the ran her fingers through her hair. "Shame it won't be purrin' for very long. Brandy told me what to do to Tony's boys if they showed up."

"I swear, lady, I'm not one of 'Tony's boys!'"


“You’re all just a bunch of bad little liars, aren’t you? Well your lies ain’t getting you out of this one. You’re a bad boy, and I’m going to show you what a good girl’s butt can do to a bad boy!”
“Ooh, this is going to be fun!” She eagerly bounced up and down on the hood of the car, knocking the car around and crumpling the hood. The car quickly died as the hood of the car caved in. Dave realized that the car was a lost cause, but he was too stunned to do anything.
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"Mmm, shug. That car of yours just doesn't look so good anymore. It's a shame, but sports cars are just so much fun to squish, especially when there's a no-good gang-banger inside..."
Dave was terrified. His hands were shaking so much he could barely undo his seatbelt. He tried to force his way out of the driver's side door, only to find out that it was jammed shut. He shook the door, trying to jar it with his shoulder, but it was no use.
"Trying to get out of your punishment? I'll tell you what, I'll give you until the count of five before I squish you and that cute little car of yours with my butt. One, two... threefourfive!"
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Dave saw the woman's huge ass coming down, thousands of pounds of weight that would surely crush the car with its impact. He never thought he would see a woman's ass and think 'impending doom,' but here he was. Or could he still escape?




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*WHAM!*
She made contact. At once, a powerful force rippled through the car. The metal of the frame gave way to her ass, crumpling like tinfoil. The glass of the windows shattered on impact, showering the interior with shards of broken glass. The axels gave way, wheels twisting out of their wells as the car's frame pressed against the pavement. Even the engine shattered, the V-8's pistons and valves smashing into twisted metal.
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Tiffany savored the feeling, the raw power that came with such destruction. The car gave way below her like it was made out of tissue paper. Some gangster's brand-new sports car, smashed into nothing with her ass. $80,000 crushed into nothing just like that. Some gangster smashed along with the car, crushed between the metal like a little bug. And the best part? This time, she didn't have to feel bad about it. This time, the guy deserved it.




Tiffany felt a slight tingle between her legs. She wanted more. That was the problem with crushing someone inside of their car; you could never really feel it, not in the way that Tiffany liked. As good as it had felt, as powerful as the destruction made her feel, it left her wanting more.

Just then, Tiffany heard the sound of the garage door rolling up. She turned back to see her big sister doing her best to fit under the garage door "Hey Brandy!" Tiffany called out.

Brandy was too big for most things, and garage doors were no exception. She had to crawl low to the ground to fit through, but her massive breasts always seemed to get in the way. "Hey little sister! I heard some commotion. Whose car is it that you're sitting on? Did you catch on of Tony's boys?!"

A proud smile crept across Tiffany's face. "Yeah Brandy, smashed 'em up real good too!"

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Brandy smiled back as she made her way onto her feet, her gigantic breasts swinging wildly with every movement. “All on your own. I’m proud of you, Tiff’! Way to show Tony what he gets for messing with us!”

“Oh, I showed ‘em alright. My ass was like a freaking wreckin’ ball!”

“Sure, ‘Miley Cyrus.’ Say, do keep an eye out, if any more of his boys come over, do the same to them too. I need to get back and politely ask the boys in the warehouse some questions, okay. I’ll be using some… enhanced interrogation techniques.”

“Yeah,” Tiffany joked, “what ‘techniques’ will you be using this time, your boobs or your butt?”

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Before Brandy could respond, she noticed something. A man was crawling out from under the car.
"Hey! Tiff, looks like you didn't finish him off!"
"Help... me..." He said, barely managing to get the words out as he struggled to crawl forward.
Tiffany looked down at the man hungrily. She might have her chance to do a proper crush after all. "Hey Brandy, mind if I finish the little guy off?"
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Let me interrogate him first. Brandy effortlessly grabbed him by the leg, swinging him forcefully into the air. Panicked, he spouted off as much as he could manage.

"My… name is… Dave… I—"

"Quiet, Dave." Tiffany scowled as she looked the man over. "Hey Tiffany, does this look like one of Tony's boys to you? This scrawny little geek? Looks like he's straight out of Silicon Valley!"
"Oh shit," Tiffany said. "You mean I almost squished a random bystander?" Tiffany felt a sudden pang of guilt. "Say, Brandy. You're going to let him go, right?"


"Oh, Tiff. That's the first thing I learned working for Big Gina," Brandy said as she dropped him onto the ground. "No witnesses, no bodies. If anyone sees anything, you smash them until there's nothing left. This one's seen too much, so he's got to go. And besides," Brandy said with a wicked smile, "I could use a good crush right about now. Oh, I mean, unless you wanted to finish him off?"
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"Hmm. Well..." Tiffany was tempted. A part of her really did want to smash him, even knowing that he was innocent. It would feel so good, to crush him under her ass like the little bug he was. But no, those days were behind her. She didn't want to live with the guilt. She had enough of that already, from her days as a junkyard girl. "Nah, Brandy. I'll let you finish him off."
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"I was hoping you'd say that." As Dave pleaded, Brandy got in position, raising her massive breasts into the air. "Ooh, you're going to be a squishy little one, aren't you Dave? These babies weigh two tons. Each. In a couple seconds, you're going to be a stain on the cement."

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"Brandy smiled wildly as she heaved her enormous breasts into the air. "I'm gonna crush you like a bug!"

No, no, please!" Dave screamed, but it was too late. He was hurt too badly to get away, so he simply looked up in terror at his impending doom.


Brandy's enormous breasts smashed down against the pavement, sending cracks through the cement. The force was more than enough to shatter a person's bones. Just before they made contact, though, Tiffany grabbed Dave's arm, yanking him out of the way.
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“What the—the hell?” Brandy looked down between her breasts. The pavement was cracked, an empty barrel had been smashed like a beer can. But there was no blood, no viscera, no broken bones. For Brandy, that meant no satisfaction. And she needed satisfaction.
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Brandy stared her sister down. “You… little… brat! Give him to me right now!”

“No! C’mon Sis’… You don’t have to kill him!”

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"Yes. I. Do." There was a fire in Brandy's eyes. "I'm in charge of this job. Your job is to do what I say. Big Gina said no witnesses, and now I'm telling you no witnesses. So give me the little nerd, and let's get this over with!"

"But, but..." Tiffany was at a loss for words. She had never stood up to her sister before. Not like this, anyway. TIffany had seen what happened to people who stood up to Brandy. It could get messy. After a moment, though, something came to mind.

"Brandy? Sis? What if I kept him? As a... pet?"


"A pet?" Brandy asked. "What the hell do you mean a 'pet'?"
"Just, Ya' know, a pet. Like, for lovin' and sexin'. Like you did with all those girls you snatched from that strip club a while back. That way I can keep an eye on him, make sure he doesn't go anywhere, you know—"
"Tiffany. This is a job, not a dive bar. You're not here to look for boys. I'm telling you one. Last. Time. Give him to me. Now." Brandy grabbed Tiffany's arm. Her grip was strong, far too strong for Tiffany to escape.
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Tiffany used her best sad puppy-dog face. "'Sis, please, don't hurt him. I really, really like this one. C'mon, pul-leeze, let me keep 'em?"
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"Too late, Tiffany. You already said he was mine." Brandy spun Tiffany around forcefully, [illegible] leg with her other hand. Tiffany grabbed his arm, tugging as hard as she could without ripping his arm out of its socket.
Brandy eyed Dave hungrily as she pulled him away from her sister. But as they were fighting, Brandy heard the sound of bare feet scuttling behind her.
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Brandy quickly turned around, carelessly letting Dave go in the process. One of the Tony's men was trying to escape. Brandy, of course, wasn't about to let him get away.

"Hey!" she yelled, "Come back here!"


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As Dave fell unceremoniously to the ground, the brown-skinned man stood there like a deer in the headlights.
"If you even think about running, there's gonna be hell to pay!"
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Brandy started towards him, her breasts bouncing wildly with each step. In an instant, the man started away, running as fast as his little legs could take him. But each of Brandy's steps could cover ten of his, and she quickly caught up to him.
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"So, little guy," Brandy said, towering over the little man, "you thought you could get away from me? Well I'll show you what happens when you disrespect me."

"Please," he said, "I'll tell you everything I know."

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Brandy plucked him up from the ground and raised him up to her face. She seemed amused. “Fine. I’ll let you go, if you tell me where Tony’s hideout is.”
“Tony’s hideout?” he asked, “I’m not sure if Tony’s top guys even know where he is now. Me and the other guys in the warehouse here, we’re just low-level soldiers. I don’t know—“
“Wrong answer.”
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Brandy dropped him between her cleavage. She pressed her breasts together with her hands, so that the pressure between her breasts trapped the man between her vast cleavage.
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"What the hell are you doing?" he said with forced laughter, "I mean, heh, I like tits as much as the next guy, but—"
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Brandy stared at him lustily. “What I’m going to do, is crush your little body between my fucking tits.” She pressed her breasts together harder.
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“Hey, this is fucked up. Hey, come on, let me go—ugh!“
The huge, firm breasts exerted a growing pressure upon the man, forcing the air out of his lungs.
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Brandy squeezed tighter. “Aww yeah, how like that you little fucker! I’m going to squish you like a bug!”
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Brandy stared down at him, as aroused by his suffering as by her own absurd power. "This is what you get for running away. I'm crushing the life out of you right now. For fun. Real slowly. Between my fucking tits. And there's nothing you can do to stop me."
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Brandy was in a moment of overpowering ecstasy. She could feel his body starting to give way, his organs compressing as more of his ribs cracked. She savored every little bit of pain, and the power that it made her feel. This was it. She could wait any longer. She needed to finish it off all at once, with one big crush. She would press her tits together as hard as she could, and—
"Hey, Sis!"
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Tiffany pulled on her sister's arm. Brandy let go of her breasts, and the man between them was suddenly able to breathe.

"C'mon, Sis!"

"Tiff, give me one fucking second, okay?"

Tiffany kept yanking at her sister's arm. "Wait, sis, come on! Stop that for a sec!"

Brandy flashed an expression of pure rage. "WHAT. THE FUCK. IS. IT?"

"It's nothing big," Tiffany said, "I was just—"

"WHY THE FUCK DID YOU INTERRUPT ME JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO CRUSH SOMEONE?"



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"Okay then... let's do this," Brandy said as she knelt down and got in position. "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"
"I think I am," Tiffany said with a mischievous smile.
The man flailed around wildly. "Hey, you crazy giant bitch, I already broke a few ribs, let me go—"
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"Nnnope," Tiffany said flippantly. "You did the crime, you... get squished by my booty. My big ol' lil' booty." She thrusted her hips forward in preparation.
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*SMACK!* Tiffany threw her ass back, smashing into her sister's tits with a booty clap that could set off car alarms a block away.
Tiffany's ass slammed back against the little man's body, which was trapped between the sisters' enormous assets.
"Help," he said, struggling to move.
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“Mmm that felt good! What’s wrong, shugga’,” said Tiffany, “did we break a few of your little bones?”
Brandy didn’t say much of anything, aside from a few low moans. She was too taken by the ecstasy of the moment.
“Let’s really smash ‘em!” Tiffany said, before ramming her ass back again even harder. Brandy’s immense, firm breasts gave way to the sheer muscular power of Tiffany’s massive ass, with the little man trapped between them.
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"Mrrph! Mrrrph!" The man called out in pain, but the thick fabric of Tiffany's jeans made it difficult for him to speak.

"Did we get 'em?" Tiffany asked.

"No, he's still breathing. You know what, though? Let him fall to the ground. I'll let you finish him off."

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Tiffany leaned forward, letting the man fall down onto the pavement.

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"YES. I. CAN!" Tiffany said with a joyous smile. She leapt back, kicking out her feet and dropping onto him with her full weight.
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*BOOOOOM!!!* Tiffany's massive booty slammed hard against the pavement, hitting the ground with the force of her immense six ton body. Blood squirted like ketchup as the impact sent shockwaves through the cement. Tiffany's massive breasts bounced wildly, breaking through the already torn fabric of her shirt.
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"I got him good," Tiffany said, looking at the red stain on the pavement. How's my ass look?"
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"...But," Brandy continued, "you're my... sister. I'm sorry. I just—"
"It's okay, Sis," Tiffany said as she put her hand on Brandy's gigantic breast. "Why do you think I got into butt-crushin' guys in the first place? Because when I was younger, I saw you smash Jeremy Benson with your tits, and it was the hottest thing I'd ever seen."
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"You saw that? I didn't think—oh!"

Brandy was startled to feel Tiffany's hand, gently caressing her leg as Tiff made her way up Brandy's upper thigh.

"We're sisters," Brandy said. "That doesn't mean we can't have a little fun. The way I see it... Sisters should share everything, right?"

"Everything," Brandy repeated.

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"You know Tiff, if you want, this could be a regular thing. Big Gina's always got plenty of work for girls like us. Plenty of her enemies... bad guys... who need to be squished. And that ass is perfect for squishing."

"Squee! You mean we'd get to work together, just you and me?"

"Yep. I'll still be in charge, so you'll have to follow orders. But we can have fun with each other. So no need for boys. Speaking of which, we could smash that one together, if he didn't run off already..."

"Dave? Na, he's a good guy. Hey Dave, come over here!"

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"Ugh... One second..." Dave, who was all but passed out on the hood of his smashed car, got up and made his way towards the girls.

"Dave," said Tiffany, "you're coming with us, okay?"

"Oh, wow. I mean, I still have a lot of broken bones, and—"

"Oh shug', bless your little heart. I wasn't askin'. Let me put that another way—either you'll be my cute little fucktoy, or I'll smash you with my booty!"

"Oh. Well when you put it like that..."

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"So," Brandy said, sounds like you're finally learning how to stand up to men!"

"They've always been my weakness," Tiffany said as she plucked Dave off the ground. She carefully placed him between her and her sisters' cleavage. "Now let's show this one a good time. And this time, be gentle, Brandy."

"Gentle? Fine. I won't squish him... much."

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"How you doin' in there, shug'?"

"This... isn't so bad," Dave said. "Just... don't squish me. Please."

"I won't," said Tiffany, "as long as you're good. Besides, we've got plenty of goons to squish, haven't we?"

"We sure have, Sis.' Speaking of which, we should get to work pretty soon."

"This," said Dave, "This is something I could get used to."

**The End** - but go to the next page for bonus deleted pics!


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