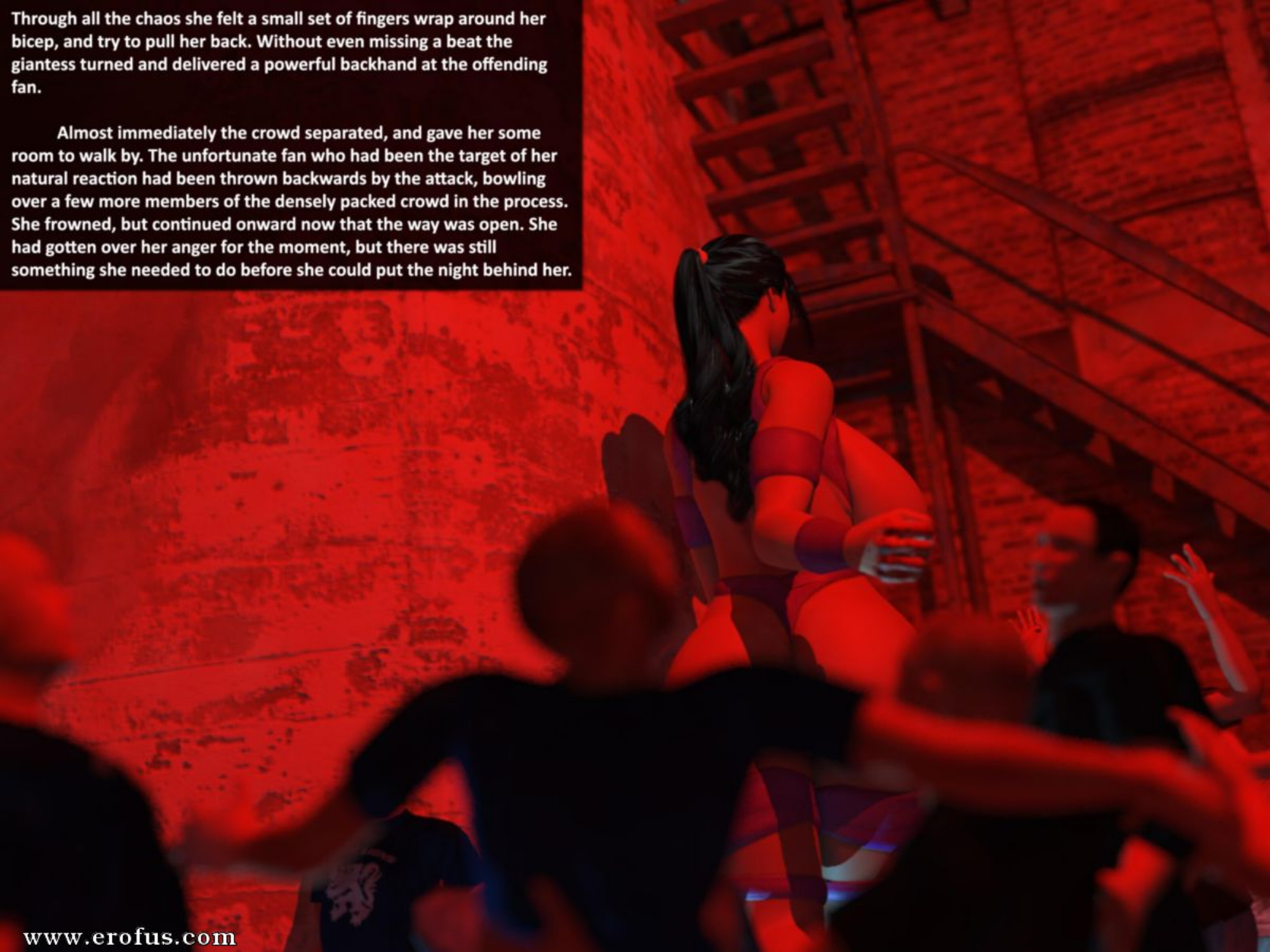
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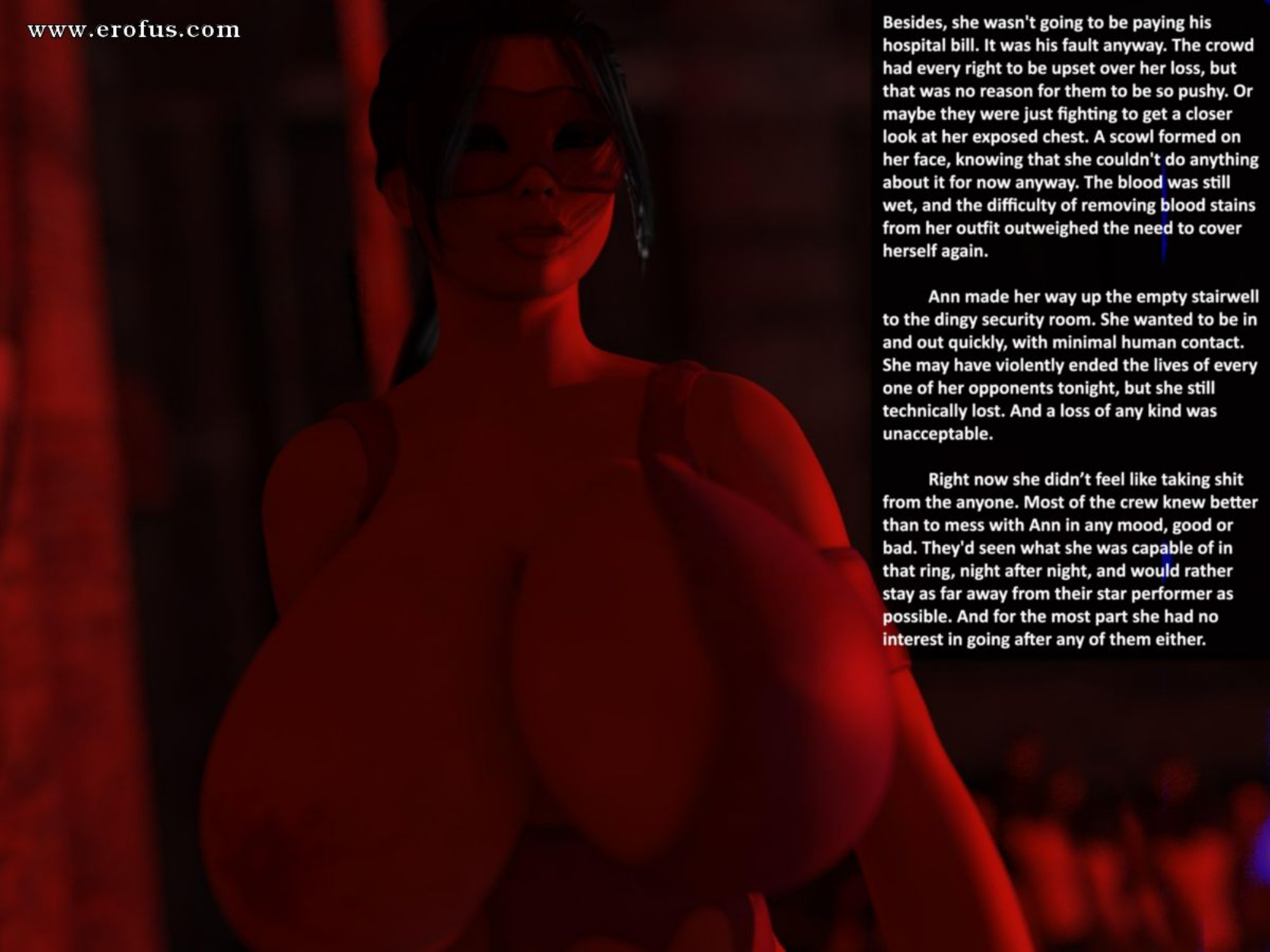



Ann pushed her way through an unruly crowd that barely reached the height of her hips. They clearly enjoyed the show, but even so, Ann wanted to get out of there as soon as possible. Even if she beat her opponents to a literal pulp, she had still technically lost the match. If the crowd started to give her shit for it, well, she wasn't sure what she might end up doing.
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Besides, she wasn't going to be paying his hospital bill. It was his fault anyway. The crowd had every right to be upset over her loss, but that was no reason for them to be so pushy. Or maybe they were just fighting to get a closer look at her exposed chest. A scowl formed on her face, knowing that she couldn't do anything about it for now anyway. The blood was still wet, and the difficulty of removing blood stains from her outfit outweighed the need to cover herself again.

Ann made her way up the empty stairwell to the dingy security room. She wanted to be in and out quickly, with minimal human contact. She may have violently ended the lives of every one of her opponents tonight, but she still technically lost. And a loss of any kind was unacceptable.

Right now she didn’t feel like taking shit from the anyone. Most of the crew knew better than to mess with Ann in any mood, good or bad. They'd seen what she was capable of in that ring, night after night, and would rather stay as far away from their star performer as possible. And for the most part she had no interest in going after any of them either.



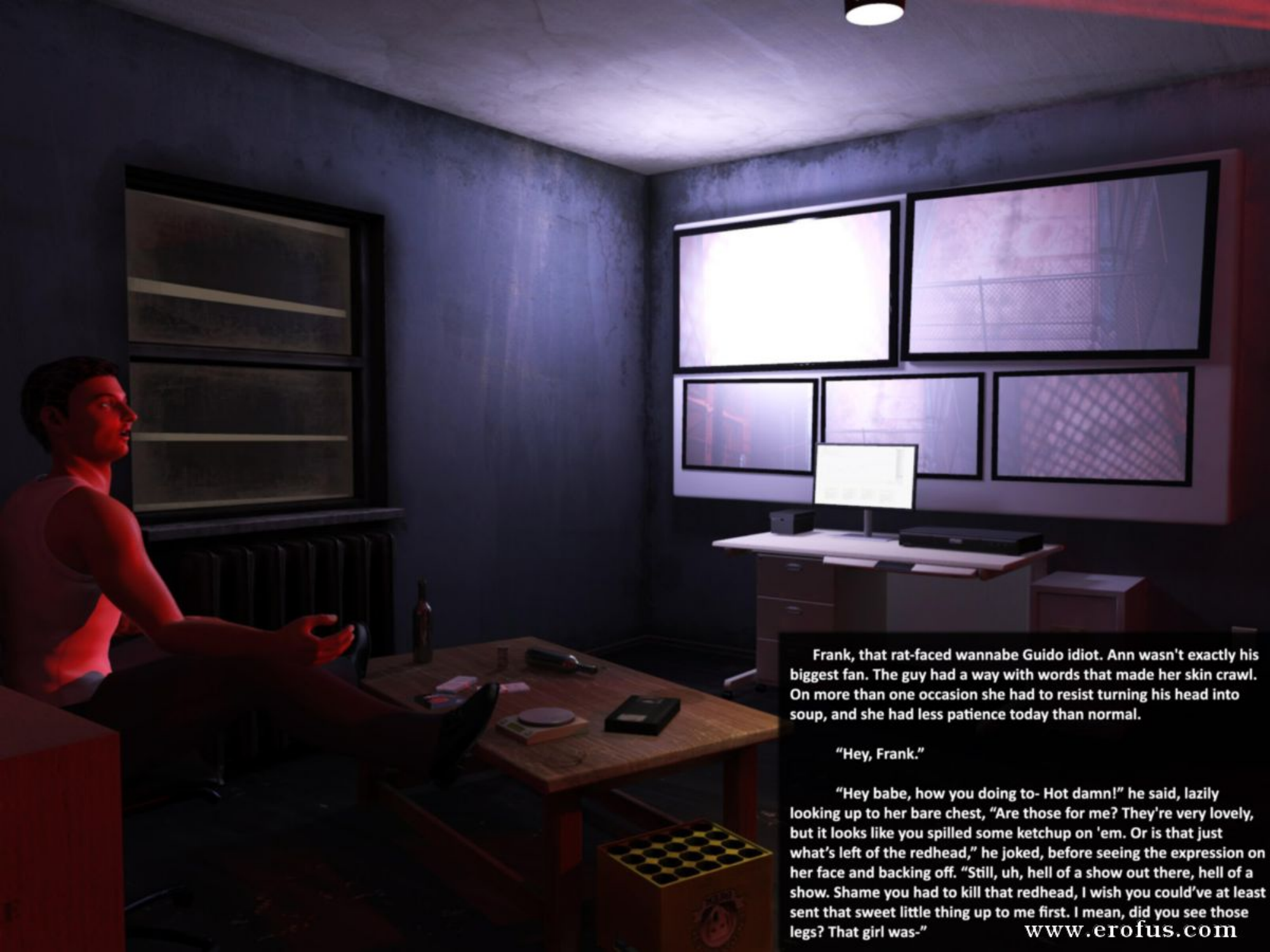
But there were a few workers who liked to push their luck. The kind of person who would tap the glass at a zoo exhibit to piss off the animals inside. The kind who wouldn't last a second if they were on the opposite side of that glass. Some people were afforded special privileges as they were crucial to the entire operation, and enjoyed lording their untouchable status over her at every opportunity.v

The armed guard looked a little too happy when he waved her in. “Right,” she thought, “My tit. God, I hope that was just his pistol.” He was a pretty big guy. Or, at least he was by most normal people's’ standards. The man was built like a weightlifter, and must have been a shade under seven feet. It was a little weird seeing someone who was kind of-sort of her size. On the other hand, he still looked like a child next to her.

With any luck, the only annoying person one she’d have to interact with tonight was Camera-Guy. He was an annoying little bootlick, but at least he was more likely to kiss her ass then give her a hard time. Probably have himself a heart attack if he sees her walk up with her L-cup tit hanging out. As she opened the steel door to the security room, though, she came upon someone else: Frank Anselmi.

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Frank was the floor supervisor. He oversaw things when the real bosses had other things to do. The matches were only one part of this whole operation, as they also had a “legit” business to run during daylight hours. Frank was sitting leisurely, sprawled off in an office chair in front of the row of security cameras. The top of his suit was unbuttoned, and his tie was halfway undone. A stack of money was on the table to his left, along with a half empty bottle of Grappa. Considering he didn't even seem aware of her presence yet, he’d likely drank most of it himself.
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Frank, that rat-faced wannabe Guido idiot. Ann wasn't exactly his biggest fan. The guy had a way with words that made her skin crawl. On more than one occasion she had to resist turning his head into soup, and she had less patience today than normal.

"Hey, Frank."

"Hey babe, how you doing to- Hot damn!" he said, lazily looking up to her bare chest, "Are those for me? They're very lovely, but it looks like you spilled some ketchup on 'em. Or is that just what's left of the redhead," he joked, before seeing the expression on her face and backing off. "Still, uh, hell of a show out there, hell of a show. Shame you had to kill that redhead, I wish you could've at least sent that sweet little thing up to me first. I mean, did you see those legs? That girl was-"

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“Yeah, anyway. I'm here for the tapes.” Ann interrupted, wanting to end this conversation as quickly as possible.
“What is with you always wanting the tapes? What, caving their heads in wasn’t good enough the first time? Well sweetheart, this event was no different from any other. Your copy will be sent to you personally sometime next week.
“I need the originals. Not a copy.”
“Oh… is that so? Listen, I’d love to tell you where I put those tapes, but I’m afraid I'm losing my voice. Maybe if you come a little closer, and get those titties right up in my face then I'll tell you...”
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Ann's fingers clenched around her thighs, and her entire arm tensed up for just a moment. Just about anyone else would have given her what she asked for, and anyone who wanted what he just asked for would have gotten it in return. She'd share her 'titties' with the ingrate until they'd caved their fucking face in. Just ask what was left of Calamity. But Frank... well, she'd probably lose this gig if she crushed him like the speck of dirt he was.

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Ann slipped off her mask, her hair flying forward as she carefully lifted it up. She told herself that taking it off was a way to show Frank she meant business, as if there was any way to communicate such an idea through that thick skull of his. In reality, it was mostly because the thing was starting to itch. Still, she hoped her bare face might convey a seriousness that the mask didn't.

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Ann glared at the rat-faced little man. “Frank, just give me the goddamn tapes.”

“Aww, now what happened to my sweet, civil little Ann? Such aggression, I thought you would’ve gotten it out in the ring...”

“I’m not joking. Give me the tapes.”

“Or what,’ you’ll smash my head in?” He asked with a hearty laugh. “You and I both know you’d never lay a hand on me. But hey, for a girl with an ass like that, I’ll do what I can to help you out. The tape is still in the security console. You know, I’m surprised you’re so eager to rewatch this match in particular, considering...”

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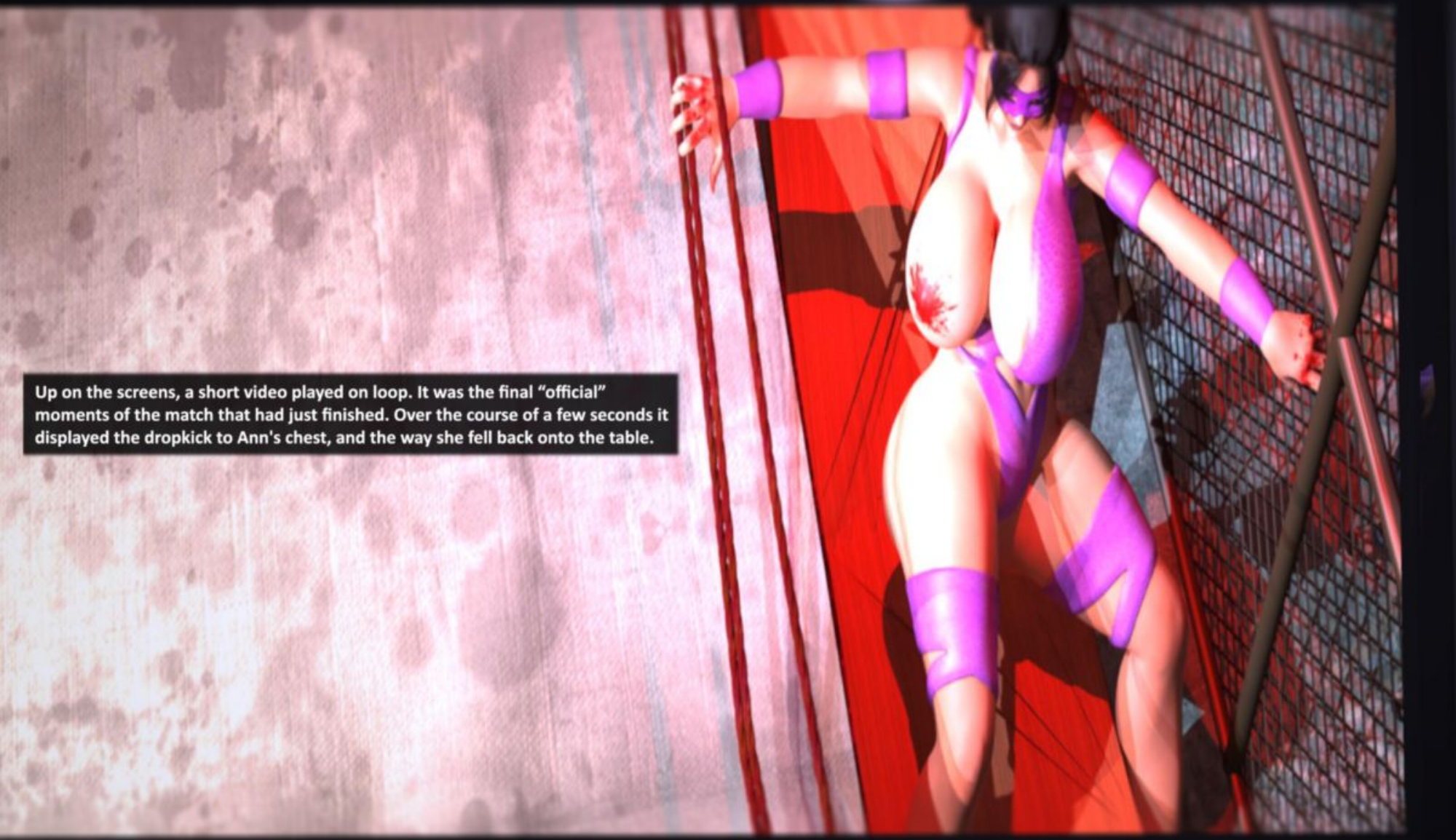



Ann glared. She could easily reduce this pathetic man to an unidentifiable pile of gore on her worst day, but that didn't matter. There was nothing she could do right now but play nice. She hated nothing more than feeling impotent, and she was already weighing the pros and cons of actually going through with the violent fantasies playing out in her mind right now.
Ann grabbed her right breasts, a piece of fatty tissue that had been a serviceable murder weapon not an hour earlier. Her areala was still covered in blood and gore. She wiped off some of the blood that had caked around her nipple. *At least I don't have bits of my brain matter on another woman's tit.*
Finally, dejected, she sighed. "Just give me the tape."
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Frank sprawled out on his office chair, crossing his arms as he luxuriated in Ann's impotent rage. "Hey, guess what. That's not even the best part! This new security system? It's all digital, and it makes copies! Handed a couple DVD's to some of the guys earlier. Thought they'd get a good laugh out of it!"
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Ann couldn't take it. She slammed the security console with her fist, smashing through the protective steel case with her fist. The screens went blank, and Frank looked stunned. "Jesus, Ann, what's wrong, you can't take a joke?"
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Ann turned towards Frank, staring down at him with fury in her eyes. She slowly made her way towards him, her gaze unrelenting. For the first time that night, Frank looked like he actually might be intimidated by Ann.
"Hey, hey, Ann, babe, you've got me all wrong. I was just giving you a bit of a hard time, okay? No need for things to get..."

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Ann turned towards Frank, staring down at him with fury in her eyes. She slowly made her way towards him, her gaze unrelenting. For the first time that night, Frank looked like he actually might be intimidated by Ann.

"Hey, hey, Ann, babe, you've got me all wrong. I was just giving you a bit of a hard time, okay? No need for things to get..."

To Frank's surprise, Ann turned around and shook her ass just in front of Frank's face.

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"Now that's what I'm talkin' about," Frank said to himself. "That booty, oh man! I could just--ummph!"


Frank went silent as Ann's ass slammed into his face. His office chair slid backwards and crashed against the wall. Frank was always making comments about her ass. Now he was going to get a mouthful. To her disappointment, Frank didn't seem to be resisting. He was probably getting off on this, the perv. No problem, Ann thought, I'll just give him more than he can handle.
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"You enjoying this?" Ann asked. "You won't for long. I hope for your sake there's a master tape somewhere!"
Ann let up off his face for just a second. Catching his breath, Frank sputtered out, "I... let me take another look, I think it was right up--mmph!"
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Ann slammed her ass back against Frank's face again, pressing his head against the concrete wall behind him. While she would have loved to use her fists or feet on his scrawny form, she didn't want to leave any visible bruises on the piece of shit.
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If it came down to her word against his then she was sure the people afraid of her outnumbered Frank and his friends. She didn't need the real bosses giving her shit because she beat the crap out of the floor supervisor.
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Frank started rubbing Ann's ass with his hands, which may have actually been a better method to get her to stop than trying to fight her off. But Ann just pressed harder, grinding his face against the wall for a full minute or two, until Frank started actually trying to push her away. That's when she smiled, and really made sure to hold him down.
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"Do you have any idea how stupid it is giving shit to someone who literally beats people to death for a living?" Ann said. Frank was really fighting now if his struggles could even be called that. Currently he was alternating between trying to push Ann away and tapping on her thighs as if this was a wrestling match. "I've put up with way more from you than I ever should have. You're not going to disrespect me ever again, you've got it?"
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Then Frank started digging his fingernails into her thighs. A pathetically ineffective form of offense from a defeated man, Ann thought to herself. He must really be dying back there. Maybe she should let him catch his breath? After a few more seconds, of course.
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After another minute or so of desperate clawing, Ann leaned forward a few inches, just enough to let Frank catch his breath. He gasped wildly, sucking in every molecule he could of the stale air from behind Ann's sweaty ass.
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"Now say it. Come on. Say you're sorry."
"You... you are one sick bitch..."
"That doesn't like an apology."
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Ann swung her ass back, slamming the comparatively small head pressed against it into the wall. Now lost in the dark canyon between Ann's immense ass cheeks, Frank found himself fighting for his very life. If she had wanted him dead then he had no doubt in his mind that the smooth flesh entombing him could have easily turned his head into a bloody smear. But it looked like she intended to spare him, not that it made things any easier. Even if she weren't trying to kill him, there was a severe lack of air in his current position, and any small gasps he could acquire were heavy with the
thick, cloying sweat.
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"Frank just *loves* to pick the worst possible times to fuck with me. Maybe I should just do myself and everyone else a favor by putting him out of his misery for real this time?" Ann grinded her ass up and down against Frank's face, intent on denying him a full gasp of life-giving air he so desperately needed.
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"You know what I could do to you with my ass, right Frankie? The same thing I did to Calamity with my tits, but ten times easier. I could smash your little rat skull like a grape, you Ted Cruz-looking motherfucker. Killing with my tits, that actually takes some work. But as soft and... ample as this ass might be, I have some killer fucking glutes under there. I've got more muscles in my ass than you've got in your whole body."
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"All I'd have to do is just slam my ass back again. Except, you know, I wouldn't hold back this time. Hell, that would probably even be overkill you're so fuckin' weak. I could probably just stand here and flex *really* hard, I'm pretty sure that's all it'd take to crush your little skull in my ass. Then all of your stupid little thoughts and clever little quips would come pouring out of that pea brain of yours. But, then you wouldn't be able to tell me where the master tape is, would you? So I'm going to be nice and give you another chance."
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Ann clenched her cheeks together for a split second to scare her prey, before finally releasing him. Maybe now, after all of that, he would finally tell her? Frank, on the other hand, panted for air desperately, before managing to utter out a response.
"Blow me."
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Screw not bruising him, Ann thought. She squatted over Frank, positioning her hips just above him. Frank, uneasy, started to edge away from underneath her, as he sputtered nervously. “Th-That was just a joke! I can tell you where the tape is! We’re cool, right?”
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Ann said nothing. Instead, she let herself slowly fall back, dropping her weight onto Frank. As she fell back, the office chair collapsed under her weight, bringing Frank down with it. Her immense ass landed like a meteor, bringing a half-ton of bone-crushing weight directly onto Frank's pelvis. There was a split second of resistance, and a quick sharp crack before Frank's screams overpowered any other sounds.

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Ann grinned, and shifted position slightly to force all her weight onto Frank's hips.
As she'd expected, he emitted another high-pitched scream.
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"Is something wrong?" Ann taunted, "Did you break something? Because I'm not doing my job properly if you haven't..."
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"You... b-bitch..." Frank managed to say through brief, hazy moments of clarity. Ann was disappointed. She always considered herself rather effective at teaching lessons. *Especially* when she was permitted to use force! But here was Frank. As fuckin' stupid as ever, and practically signing his own death certificate.

Arching her back, Ann thrust her hips upward, rising from the destroyed seat like a tanned mountain on the horizon. Once she reached her target several feet above Frank, she slammed her weight directly onto his stomach.

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The devastating blow knocked the wind out of his chest and then some. More than a few of his ribs cracked, utterly failing to withstand the blow, and a fine red mist exploded from his mouth onto Ann's back. With the wind knocked out of him, Frank tried to gasp for air, but could only produce a wheezy, rattling sound from his chest.

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Then Ann raised her hips again. Not a single person in the world saw the face Frank made upon realizing the giant woman was going to drop on him again. Again, Ann slammed her ass down on a badly beaten Frank.


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"So," Ann began, "I keep hearing you talk about how much you wanna fuck me. Well, how is it?" Before Frank could hack out an answer, Ann repeated the hip drop she'd used to torture him so effectively thus far.

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The effects were beginning to add up, as it didn't seem like Frank had the ability to even scream in pain anymore."Surely you're enjoying this, right? I mean, you wanted me to fuck you. You wanted to stick that rotten little pecker in me, right?" Ann grunted out between slams.



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"This piece of..." Ann grunted, getting into position over the injured man. She'd cracked more than a few floors in her day with only her hefty steps, so she was genuinely curious about an answer. Were they hiding things in the space between floors? She'd used her powerful, enormous frame to ruin floors in simple shows of power before, but this was a real mystery.

"Oh well." She thought. Whatever the reason it meant more pain for Frank to absorb, and that was everything she wanted out of life at the moment.



Well, not *everything*, she reminded herself.

Shifting focus back to the tape she'd come here for, Ann dropped from her crouched position directly onto Frank again. She thought she heard the faintest gasp. A raspy, sharp inhale to prove that her target was conscious and sentient this entire time.

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"I'm glad we had this talk, Frank." Ann began, finding it a little hard to speak through the thick haze of arousal forming on her. "It might be our last conversation, but Itried to make it work. You just couldn't keep it in your pants, could you."
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"One more good drop should do it..." Ann contorted her back, thrusting her hips high into the air like a yoga stretch. There were probably easier ways to do this, but they were all less entertaining. Beating him not with brute strength, but with her impressive flexibility.
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Then, with her hips nearly five feet into the air above him, she dropped onto Frank one final time. Her colossal ass fell down towards Frank, as he braced ineffectually for the impact.


Frank let out a hideous, high-pitched scream, and for good reason. Ann felt bones crunch as she landed, as his already broken pelvis completely shattered into a soupy mess.
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"You...you broke my fucking..."

"Shut the fuck up Frank. Just tell me where the tape is." Ann interrupted, having had quite enough of him.

Frank, his entire face bleeding, looked up at her with as much contempt as he could manage through pained winces. "It's... cabinet... corner. Top shelf. And it's not a tape, it's a fucking DVD..." He spat.



"Was that so hard?" Ann politely asked while gingerly retrieving the video. "And my payment?"

Frank motioned towards the stack of money on the table. It seemed like speaking was a bit beyond his capabilities currently as he lie in place, nursing his wounds.

"Thanks for being so cooperative, Frank!" Ann said cheerfully, and blew the injured man a kiss as she stepped over him.

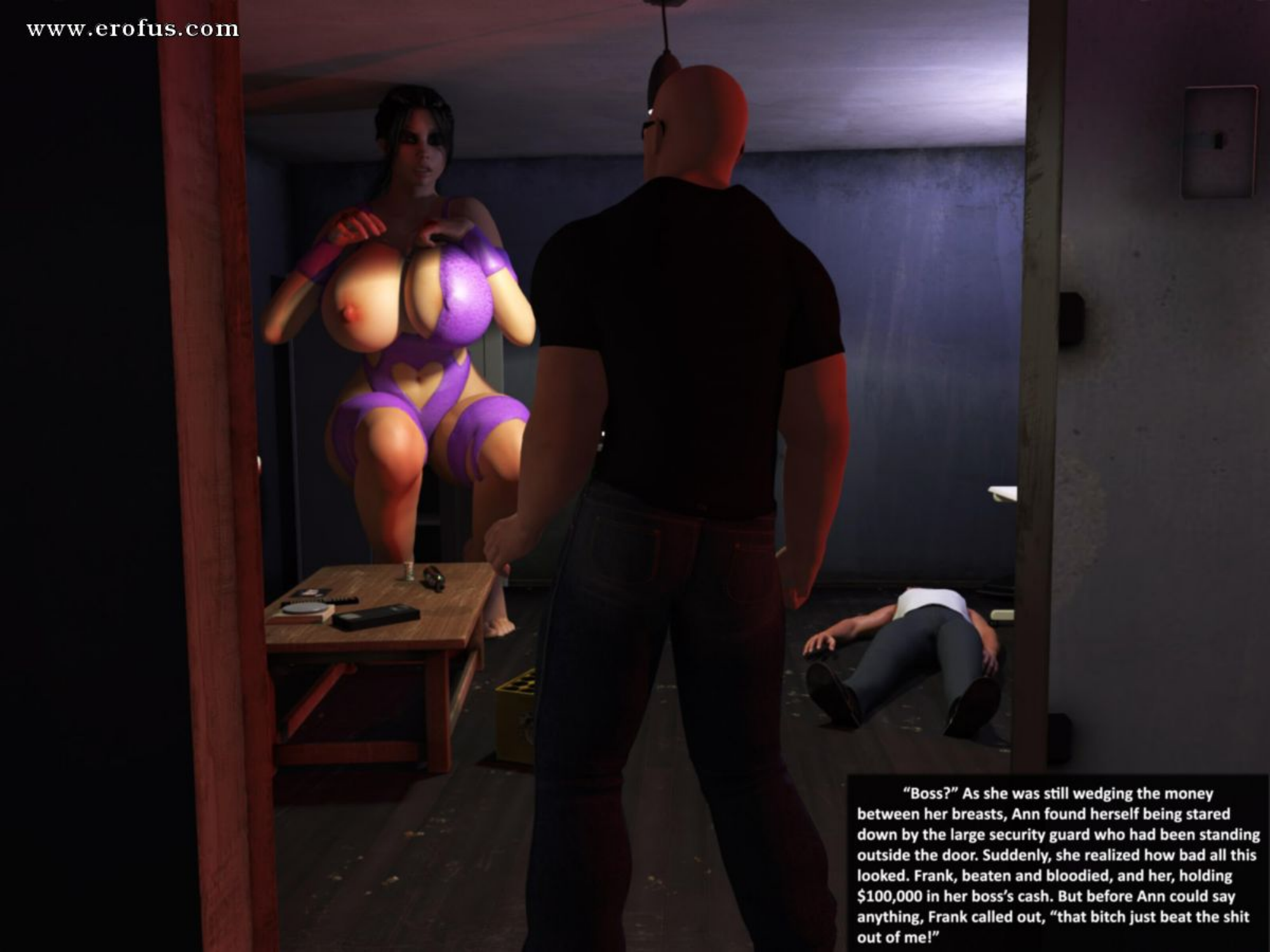
"When I... When I tell them... what you did..." Frank managed to say.

"Oh fuck the bosses. I'm harder to replace than you are anyway." Besides, she thought, if the bosses ever wanted me dead, who the hell are they going to send to take me out? Godzilla?

Ann took the stack of hundreds. Combined, there must have been upwards of a hundred thousand, easy. As much as she was tempted to just run off with the whole thing, Ann was honest. She counted out what she was owed for the night. "One thousand, two thousand, three thousand..." Ann counted the amount she was owed, and slipped it between her cleavage.

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"Boss?" As she was still wedging the money between her breasts, Ann found herself being stared down by the large security guard who had been standing outside the door. Suddenly, she realized how bad all this looked. Frank, beaten and bloodied, and her, holding $100,000 in her boss's cash. But before Ann could say anything, Frank called out, "that bitch just beat the shit out of me!"


The guard reached for his holster. Ann, who wasn't used to feeling threatened, felt a genuine moment of fear. It didn't matter if you were nine feet tall, bullets could still do a lot of damage.
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"You fucking drew on me!" Ann yelled.

She charged towards the guard, grabbing his arm and twisting it around. The gun fell onto the floor, and Ann kicked it away. She didn't do guns, not when there were so many other ways to kill people that were far more fun.

Ann was used to being able to throw opponents around like ragdolls, but for once she was facing off against someone who weighed more than half her weight.She couldn't just grab him by his arms and force him to the ground. Instead, she lunged at him again, this time tackling him with her full weight.

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The security guard fell instantly to the floor, with Ann on top of him. Ann wasted no time taking control. She promptly mounted the guard, grabbing his right arm and establishing wrist control. To her surprise, though, the guard pulled his arm away and twisted out of the hold.
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On the ground, Ann tumbled around with the security guard for a while. The guard put up a decent fight, but it was clear from the beginning who the winner would be. Ann managed to get her legs around the guard's chest. A perfect scissor hold. The guard didn't have a prayer.
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The guard had an expression of pure, unadulterated agony on his face. If Ann didn't know any better, she would have thought his eyes were about to pop out.
Of course they weren't going to pop out. Not just yet, anyway.
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Ann strained her muscles, squeezing her thighs together with all her might. The guard's skull was thick, but so were Ann's meaty thighs. Little by little, she felt his skull give way.
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Then, all at once, the whole thing caved in like a watermelon. Her thighs clapped together, as the bodyguard's head was squeezed flat between her thick legs. Blood and brain matter sprayed all over Ann. To her dismay, she found her leotard splattered with blood.
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Ann wondered for a minute if his eyes had popped out, but she didn't feel like digging through the mess to find out. Instead, she got up, wiped her bloody hands on Frank's suit, and finished counting the money.
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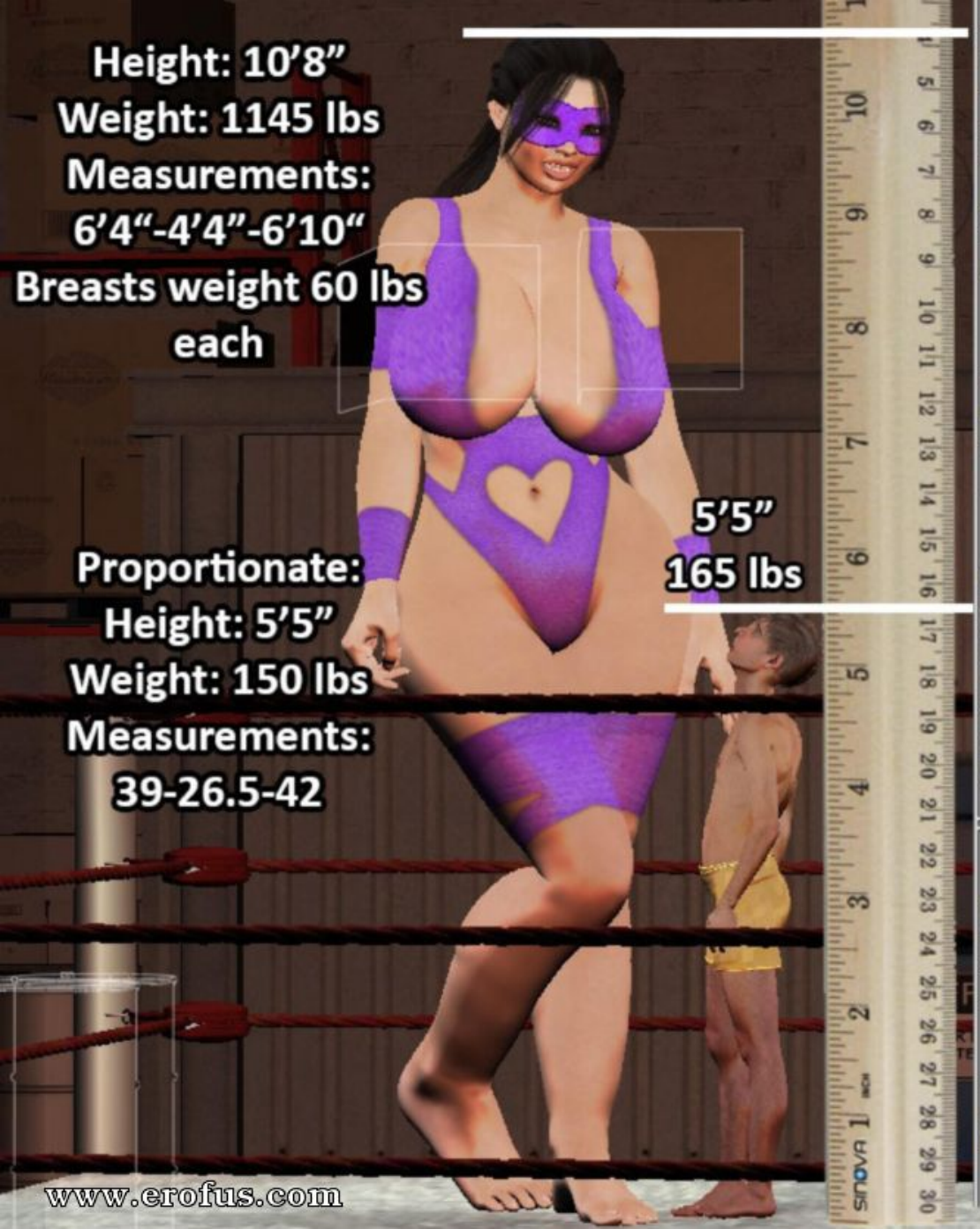
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As she opened the door, Ann turned to look back at Frank. He looked pathetic, splayed out across the floor, bruised and battered. Then again, he probably deserved worse. “So, I trust you learned your lesson?”
Frank, barely clinging to consciousness, spat out two words. “Fuck. You.” And another: “Bitch.”
Ann stopped in her tracks. Clearly, he hadn’t learned shit. She slammed the steel door, making sure to lock it this time.
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Frank opened his eyes to the sight of Ann's tremendous body looming over him. "You really don't learn, do you?"
End of Chapter


Bonus deleted images:
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She stands	0	mi,	10	ft,	8	in	tall
Her shoulders are	0	mi,	2	ft,	11	in	wide
Her hips are	0	mi,	2	ft,	6	in	wide
She weighs	0			tons,	1145	pounds	
And can lift	0			tons,	763	pounds	

To her, a 6', 180 pound man would:
look 3 feet, 0.56 inches tall and
weigh 23 pounds, 9.14 ounces

Measurements

Bust:	0	miles,	6	feet,	4	inches
Waist:	0	miles,	4	feet,	4	inches
Hips:	0	miles,	6	feet,	10	inches

Height of Key Points

0	mi,	0	ft,	6	in	to her **ankle**
0	mi,	2	ft,	10.2	in	to her **knee**
0	mi,	5	ft,	4	in	to her **crotch**
0	mi,	6	ft,	1.1	in	to her **hip**
0	mi,	6	ft,	11.9	in	to the cusp of her **breasts**
0	mi,	8	ft,	9.1	in	to the base of her **neck**
0	mi,	9	ft,	1.7	in	to her **chin**

Movement

Her walking stride is	0	mi	4	ft	1	in long
Her running stride is	0	mi	10	ft	4	in long
She walks at	5.6	mph				
She runs at	18.8	mph				

Her steps produce	351	joules
Her stomp produces	2,941	joules
Her hop produces	4,316	joules

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Usually I make characters bigger, not smaller over time, but the smaller size was a better fit for the character. That said, Ann may get slightly bigger as the story goes on...