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So it looks like I'll have to do just that. I can take a walk down memory lane later.

…Except I can't. While she's straight up over my head I can feel my legs buckle. She's not particularly heavy, but the memories are concentrating themselves around my lower belly and pussy. I need to calm down. Count backwards from ten, and…

…Nope. The urges are just too strong. Fuck!

I've been a troublemaker for a long, long time. It only seems natural that someone like me would fall into some unsavory activities after I dropped out of college. You need money to live, and you've gotta make money somehow, right? And if I could make a living using my greatest assets, my size and strength, then all the better, right?

Well, it turns out it's not quite that easy. Luckily, I just kind of fell into a gig. One day a group of assholes wouldn't stop bugging me, so I did what came natural to me, and kicked their asses. Turns out they belonged to a gang, and one of the gang's more.... organized rivals saw me, and offered a position. Well, I say offered, but it was really more of a threat. It's a long story with a lot of blood and even more broken bones, but I accepted.



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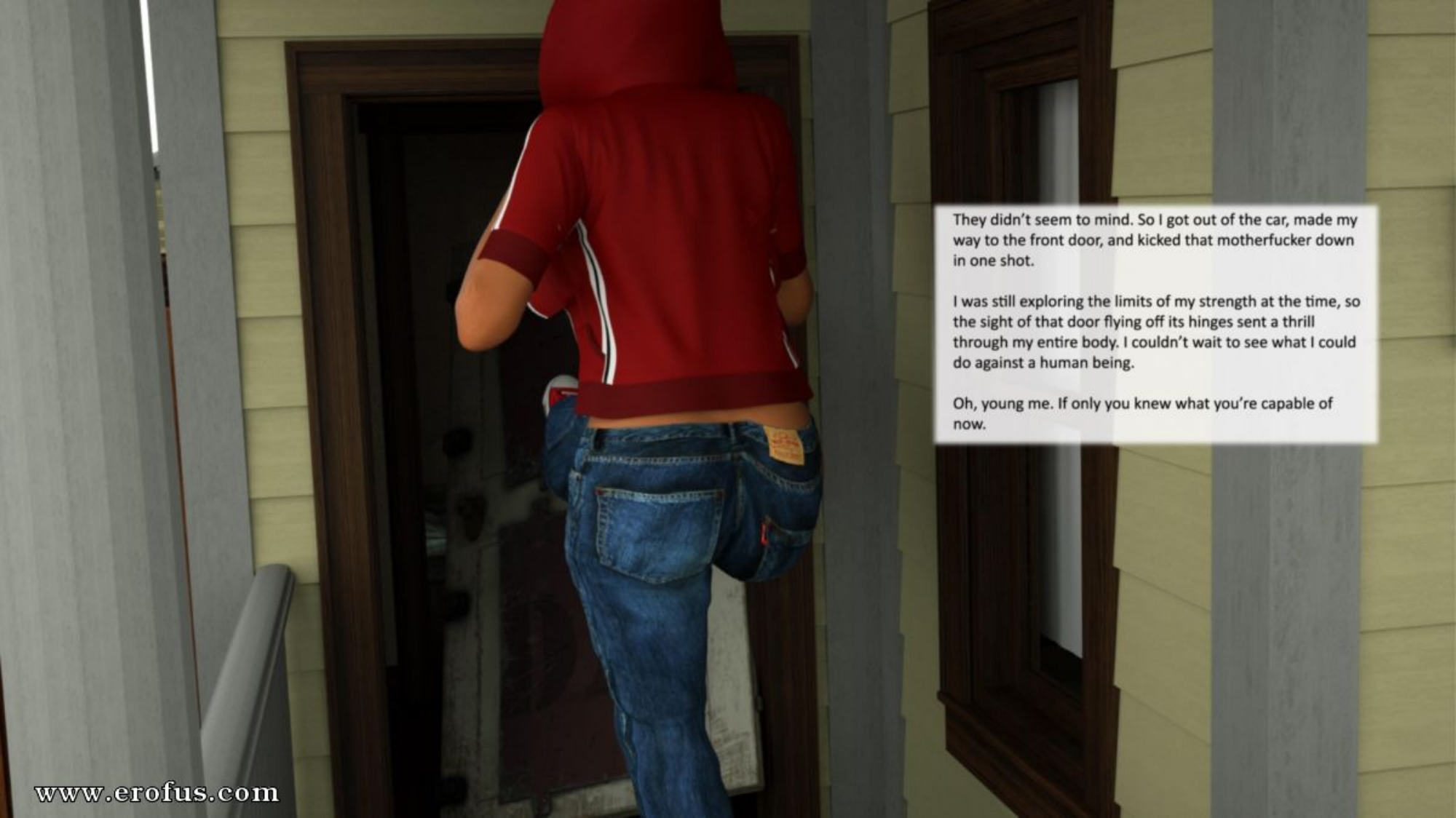
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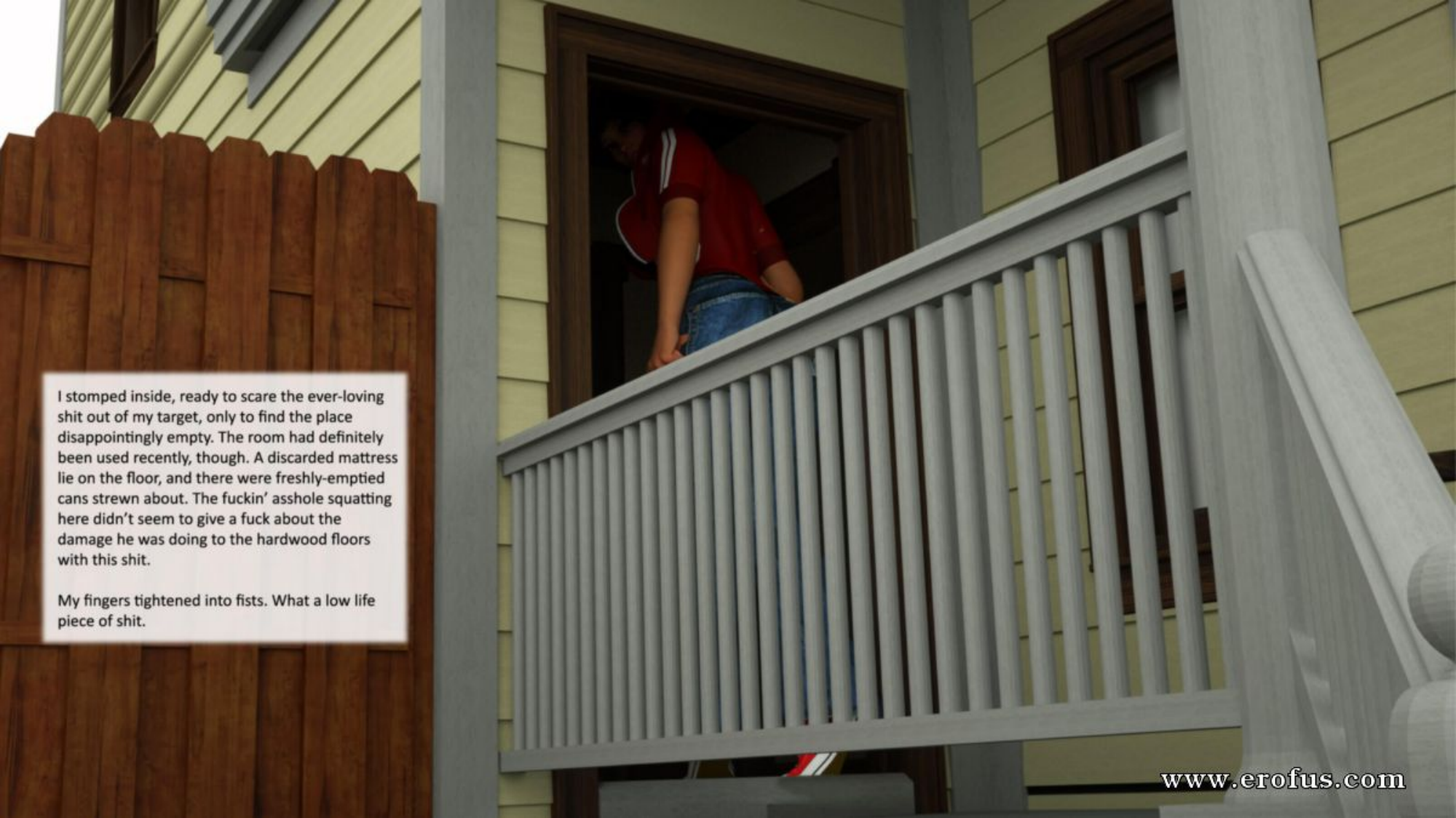
And it all lead up to this. My first assignment.

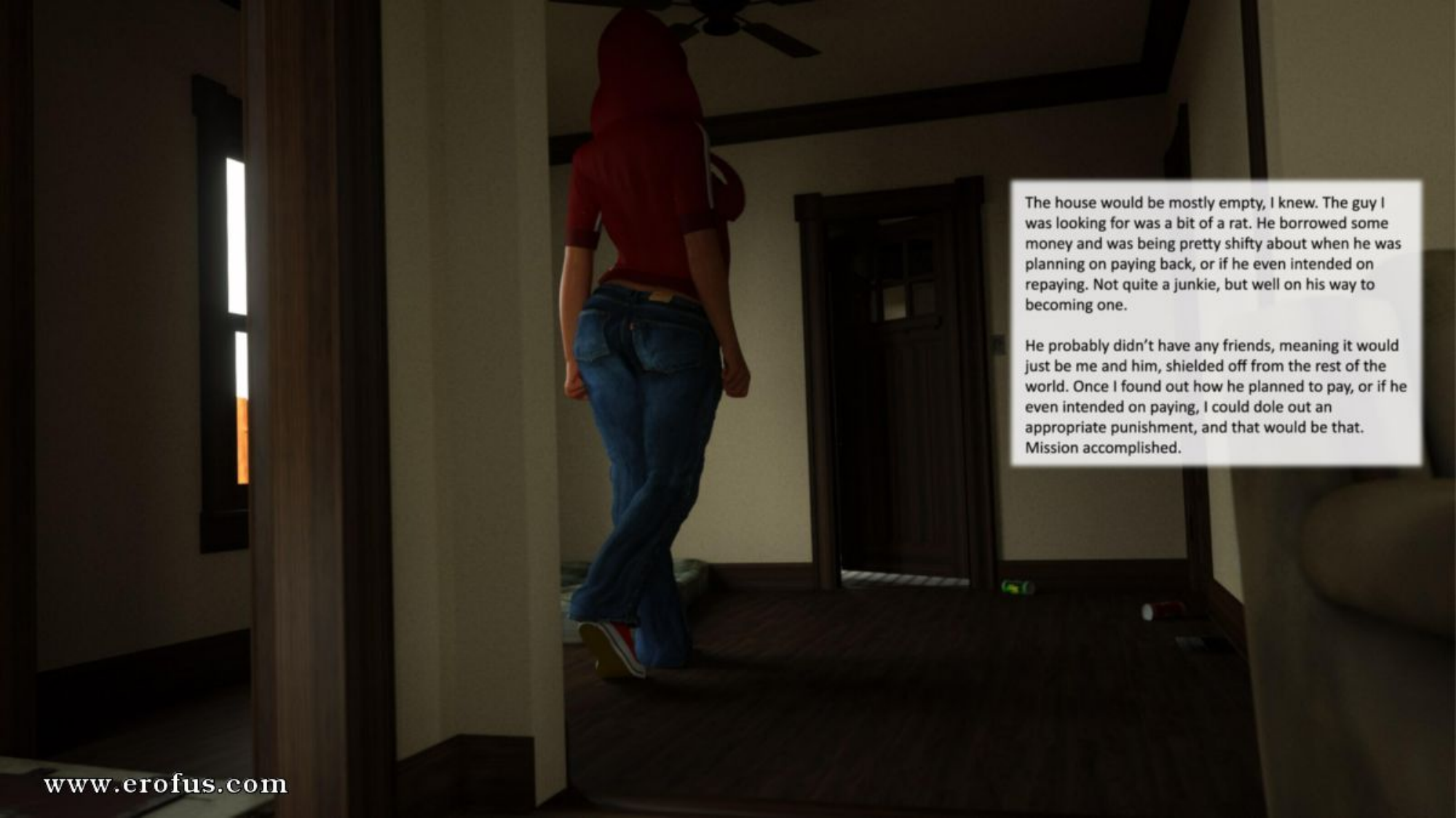
A small crew would be sent to a location, intimidate the target, and we'd walk away with... well, whatever we had came there for. I was going to be the group's enforcer. Since it was still sort of an initiation, I had to go in my normal street clothes, which really bothered me. Both of the guys I was with wore really nicely-pressed suits, and I had been promised a custom-made one if I did a good job.

So, naturally, wanting to make a good first impression, I offered my two accomplices some time off if they let me go in alone.

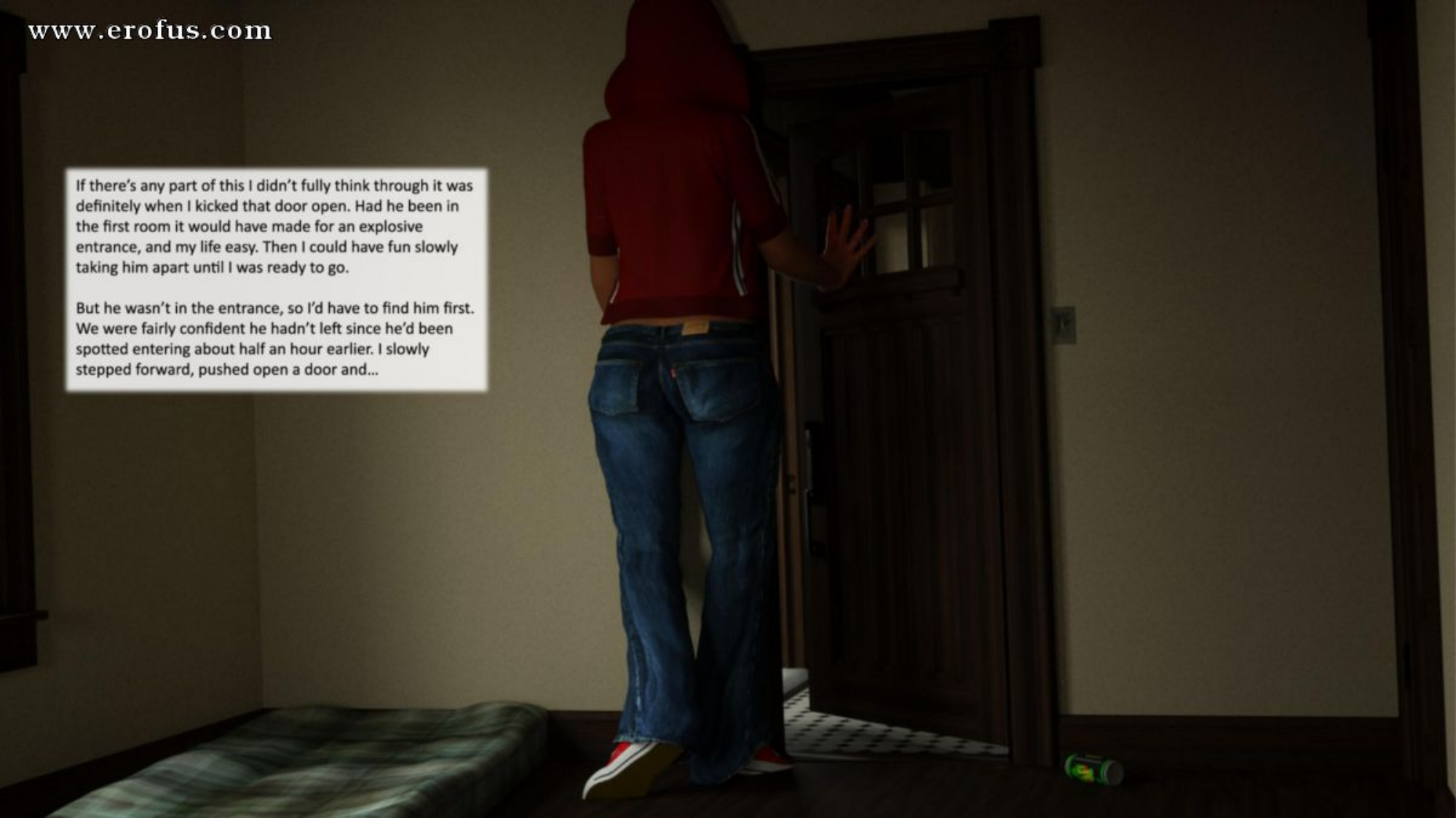


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I stomped inside, ready to scare the ever-loving shit out of my target, only to find the place disappointingly empty. The room had definitely been used recently, though. A discarded mattress lie on the floor, and there were freshly-emptied cans strewn about. The fuckin' asshole squatting here didn't seem to give a fuck about the damage he was doing to the hardwood floors with this shit.
My fingers tightened into fists. What a low life piece of shit.
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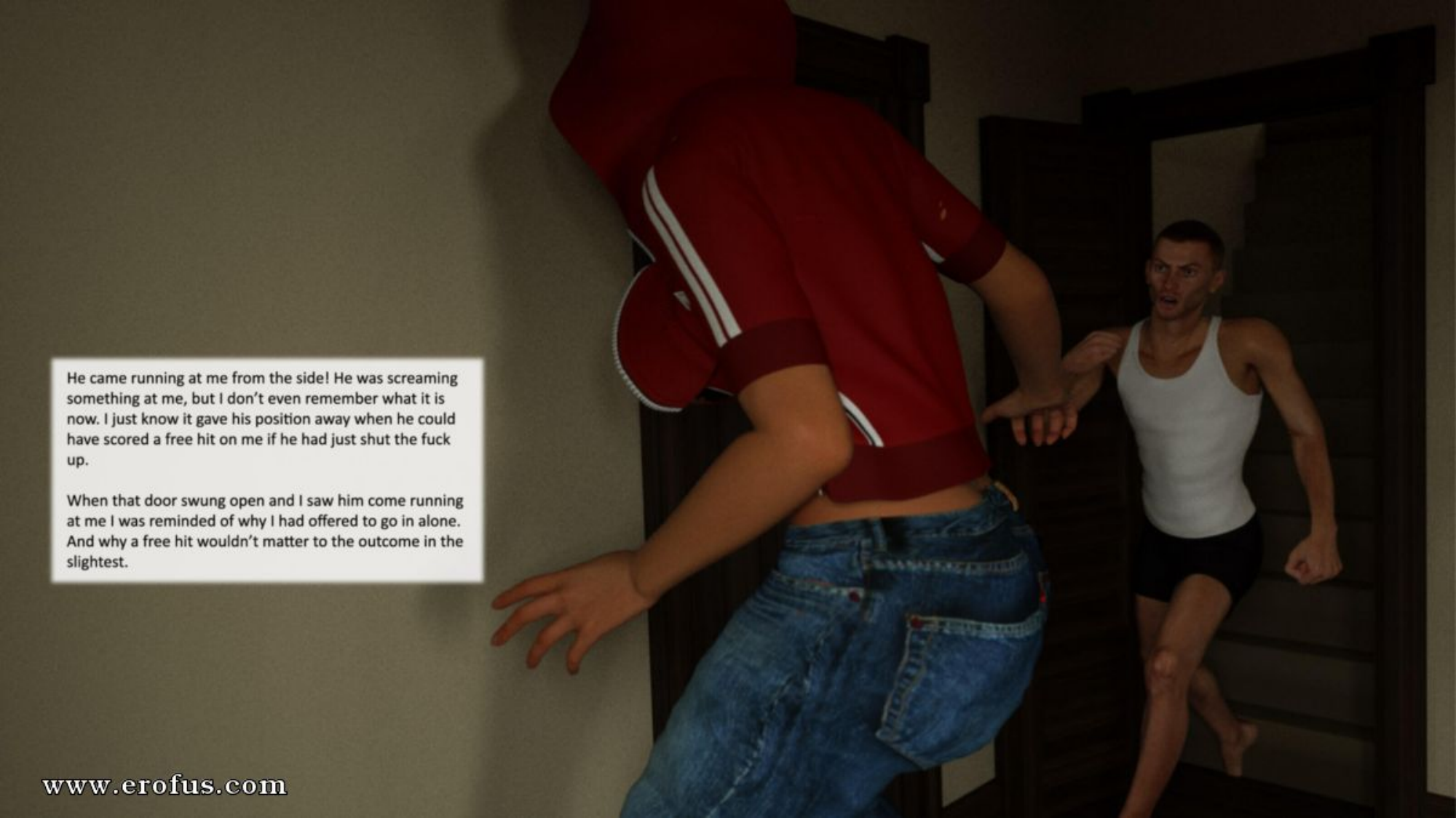

The house would be mostly empty, I knew. The guy I was looking for was a bit of a rat. He borrowed some money and was being pretty shifty about when he was planning on paying back, or if he even intended on repaying. Not quite a junkie, but well on his way to becoming one.
He probably didn't have any friends, meaning it would just be me and him, shielded off from the rest of the world. Once I found out how he planned to pay, or if he even intended on paying, I could dole out an appropriate punishment, and that would be that. Mission accomplished.
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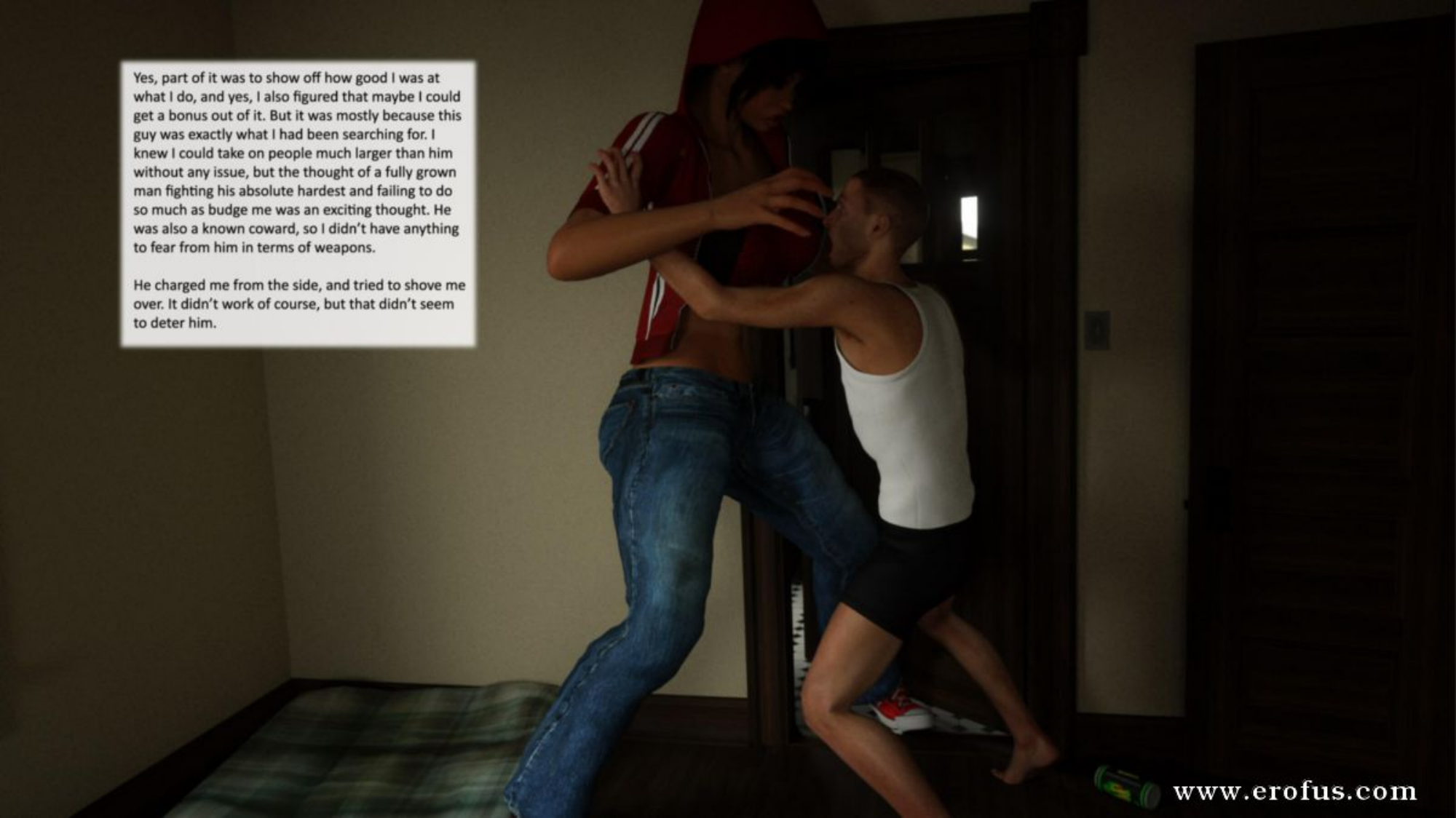
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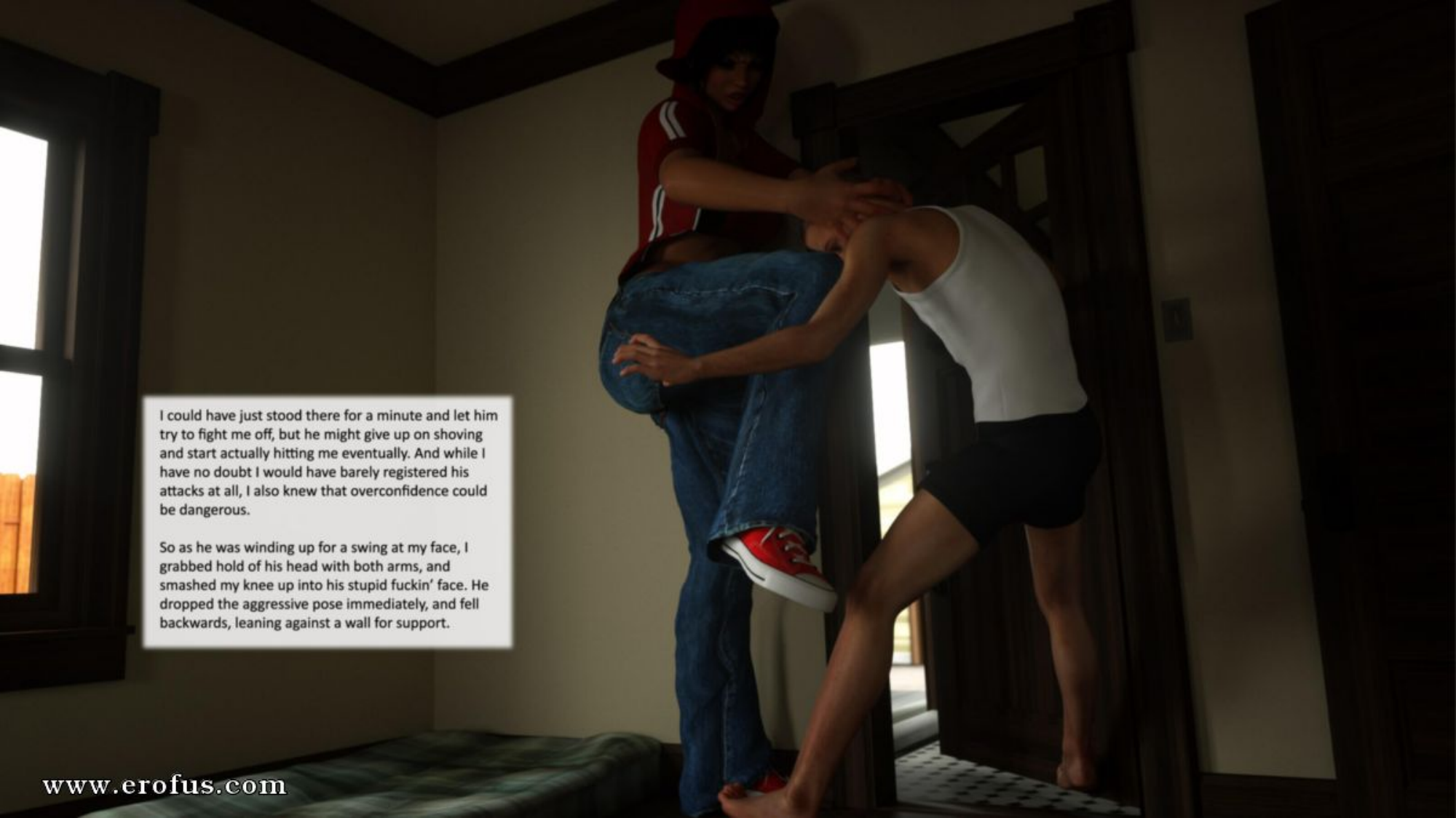


If there's any part of this I didn't fully think through it was definitely when I kicked that door open. Had he been in the first room it would have made for an explosive entrance, and my life easy. Then I could have fun slowly taking him apart until I was ready to go.

But he wasn't in the entrance, so I'd have to find him first. We were fairly confident he hadn't left since he'd been spotted entering about half an hour earlier. I slowly stepped forward, pushed open a door and...

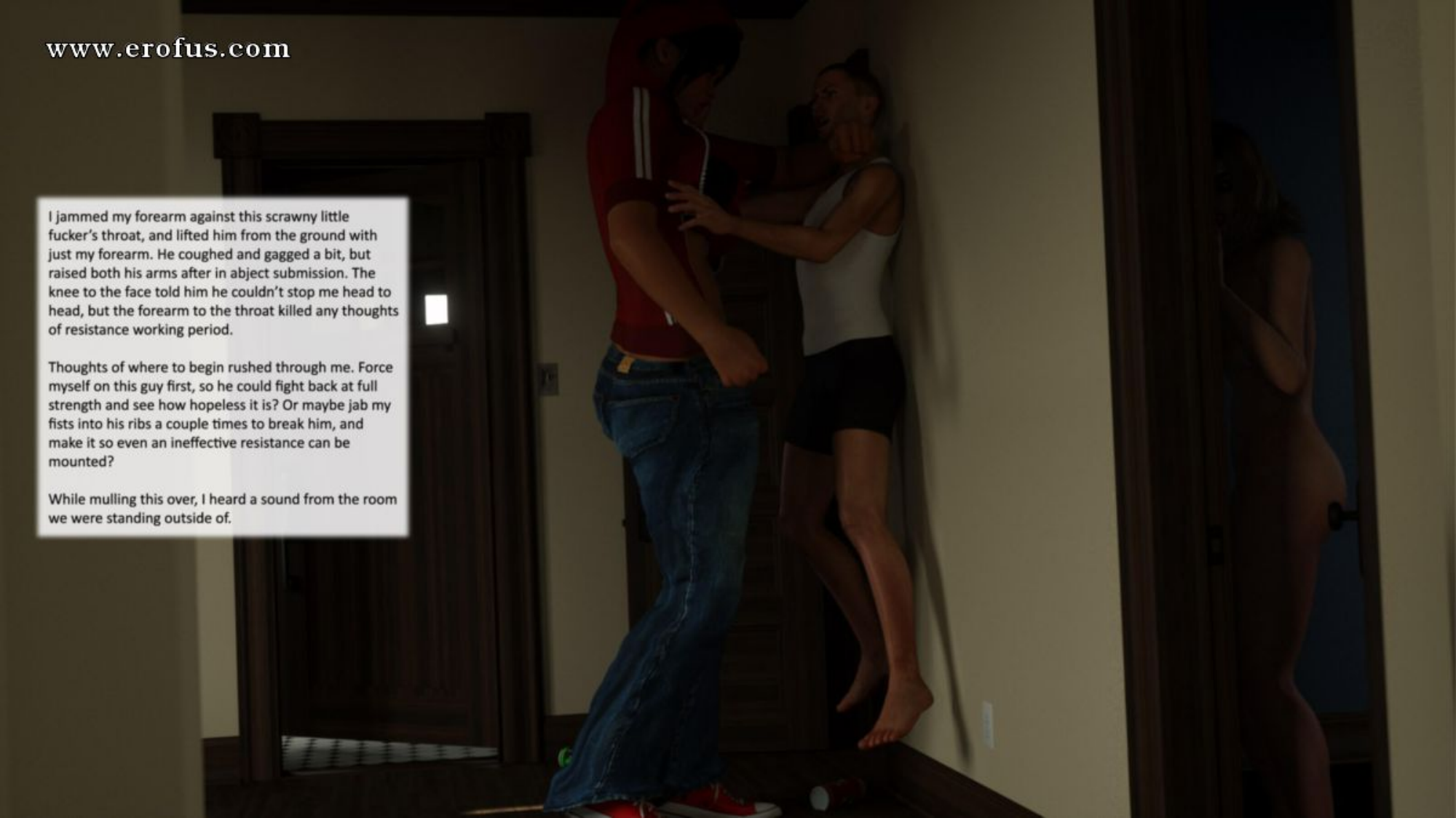

He came running at me from the side! He was screaming something at me, but I don't even remember what it is now. I just know it gave his position away when he could have scored a free hit on me if he had just shut the fuck up.
When that door swung open and I saw him come running at me I was reminded of why I had offered to go in alone. And why a free hit wouldn't matter to the outcome in the slightest.
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Yes, part of it was to show off how good I was at what I do, and yes, I also figured that maybe I could get a bonus out of it. But it was mostly because this guy was exactly what I had been searching for. I knew I could take on people much larger than him without any issue, but the thought of a fully grown man fighting his absolute hardest and failing to do so much as budge me was an exciting thought. He was also a known coward, so I didn't have anything to fear from him in terms of weapons.
He charged me from the side, and tried to shove me over. It didn't work of course, but that didn't seem to deter him.
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I could have just stood there for a minute and let him try to fight me off, but he might give up on shoving and start actually hitting me eventually. And while I have no doubt I would have barely registered his attacks at all, I also knew that overconfidence could be dangerous.
So as he was winding up for a swing at my face, I grabbed hold of his head with both arms, and smashed my knee up into his stupid fuckin' face. He dropped the aggressive pose immediately, and fell backwards, leaning against a wall for support.
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He started begging for mercy immediately, and I stepped up to him. At the time I was disappointed. I really thought I could get more out of him before we reached the begging phase, but I guess he could sense just how strong I was when my fingers had wrapped around his skull.
I was still new to this whole thing, so I adopted a domineering pose, which did make him curl up a little smaller. Yeah. He would talk now. I guess I could rough him up a little bit for fun anyway. He was already late with the payment, after all.
Fuck it. I'll get my info first, and then do things with him.
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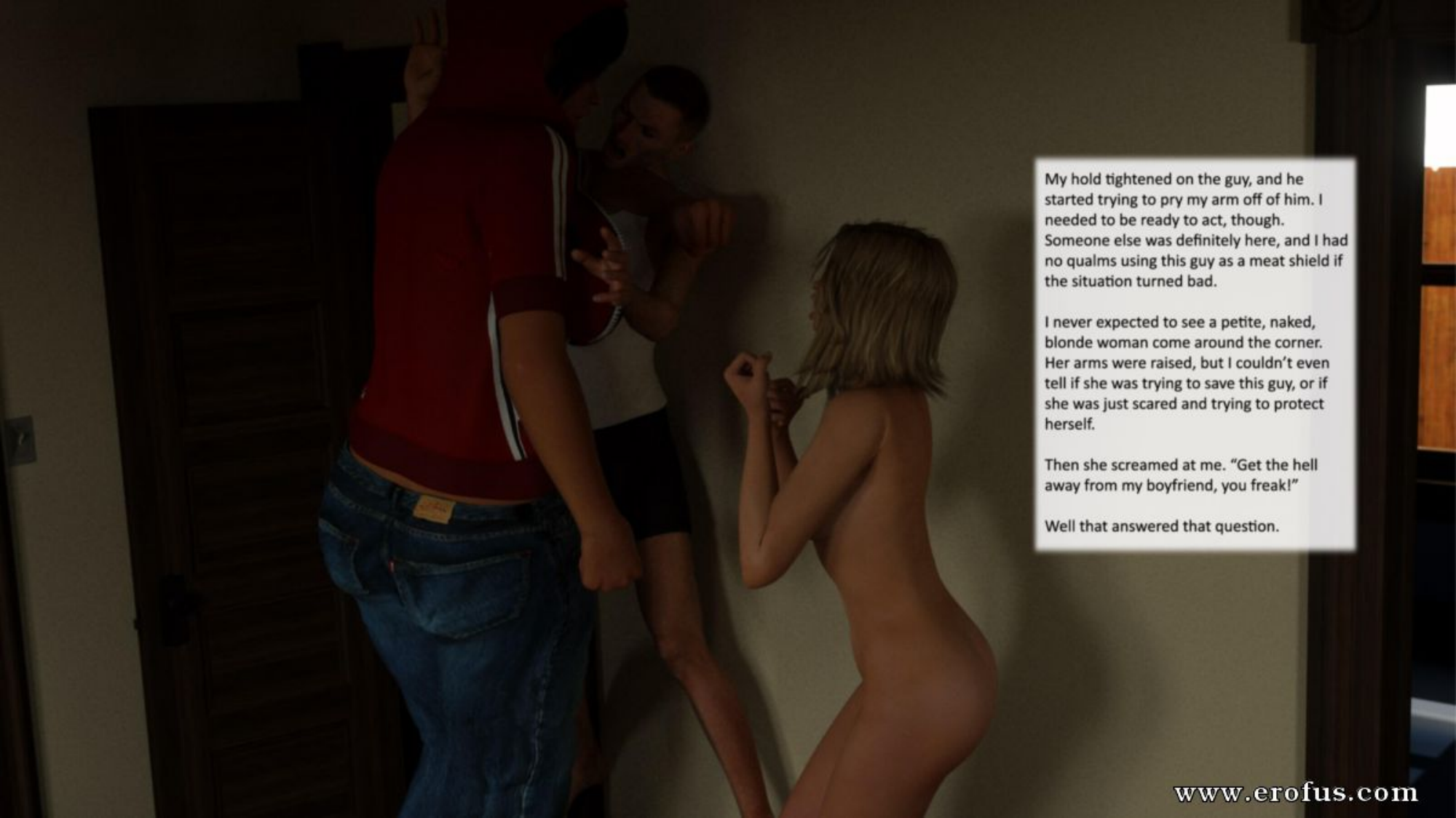
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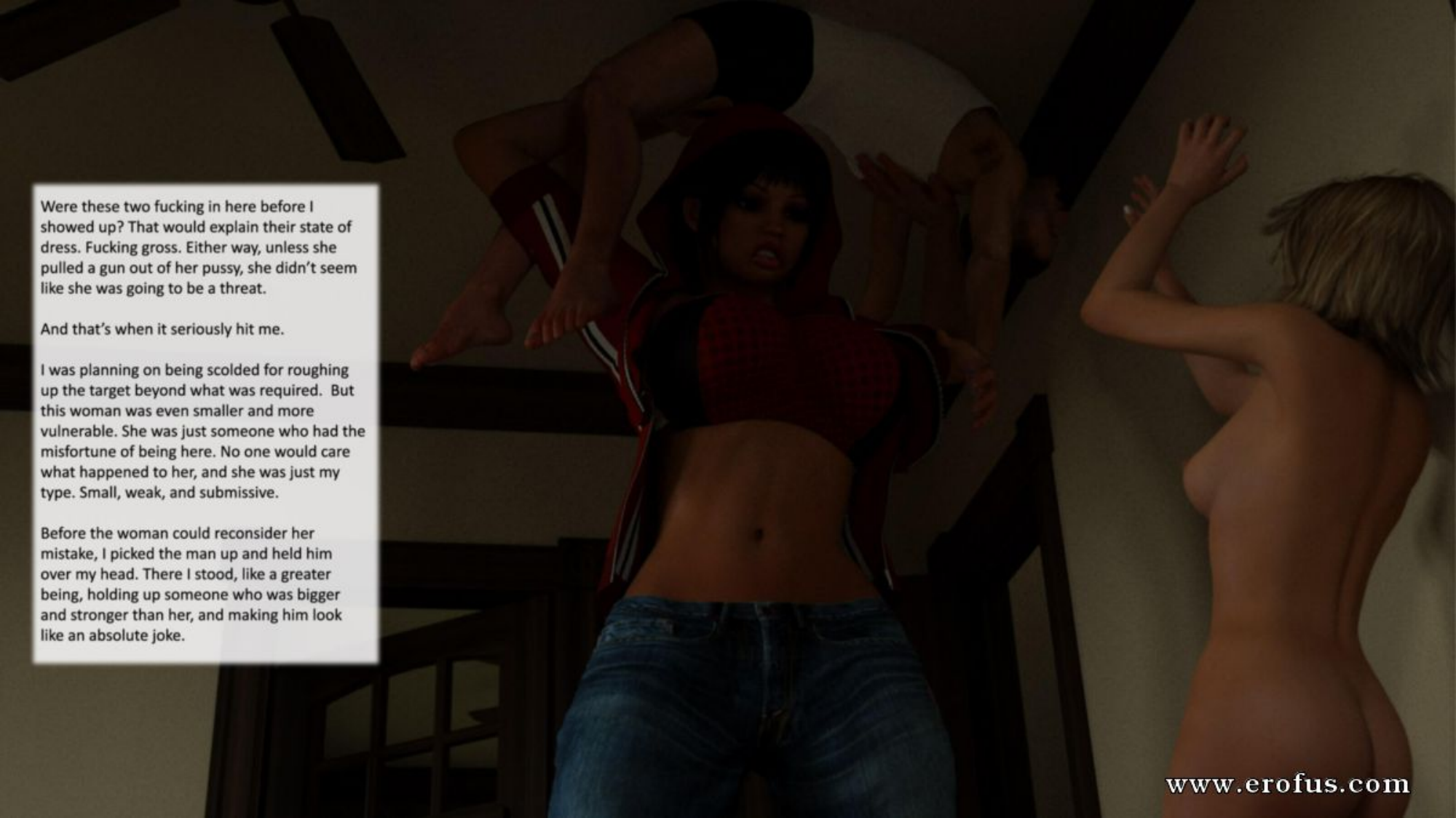
I jammed my forearm against this scrawny little fucker's throat, and lifted him from the ground with just my forearm. He coughed and gagged a bit, but raised both his arms after in abject submission. The knee to the face told him he couldn't stop me head to head, but the forearm to the throat killed any thoughts of resistance working period.

Thoughts of where to begin rushed through me. Force myself on this guy first, so he could fight back at full strength and see how hopeless it is? Or maybe jab my fists into his ribs a couple times to break him, and make it so even an ineffective resistance can be mounted?

While mulling this over, I heard a sound from the room we were standing outside of.



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Were these two fucking in here before I showed up? That would explain their state of dress. Fucking gross. Either way, unless she pulled a gun out of her pussy, she didn't seem like she was going to be a threat.
And that's when it seriously hit me.
I was planning on being scolded for roughing up the target beyond what was required. But this woman was even smaller and more vulnerable. She was just someone who had the misfortune of being here. No one would care what happened to her, and she was just my type. Small, weak, and submissive.
Before the woman could reconsider her mistake, I picked the man up and held him over my head. There I stood, like a greater being, holding up someone who was bigger and stronger than her, and making him look like an absolute joke.
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I may have not been aiming the twin at an even smaller person, but the crowd was working as the surrogate here. The woman I held was a superior specimen to any of them, but she was exhausted, and couldn't hope to do anything against me at this point.
Too bad I'm so much bigger now than I was then. The bigger I am in comparison to my partner the more intense these sensations are. The twin being so big brought the memories back, but I would rather have not remembered if it meant I could have my way with the crowd.
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Like I was throwing the garbage out, I tossed the woman forward. I could have easily thrown her so far she would clear the ropes and landed in the crowd, but I held back. It would be annoying to bring her back up into the ring to have my fun with her if I threw her out, after all.
The instant she left my hands I remembered the warm, humid house. The air in here was tepid, but carried with it the distinct scent of sweat from our combined exertions so far.

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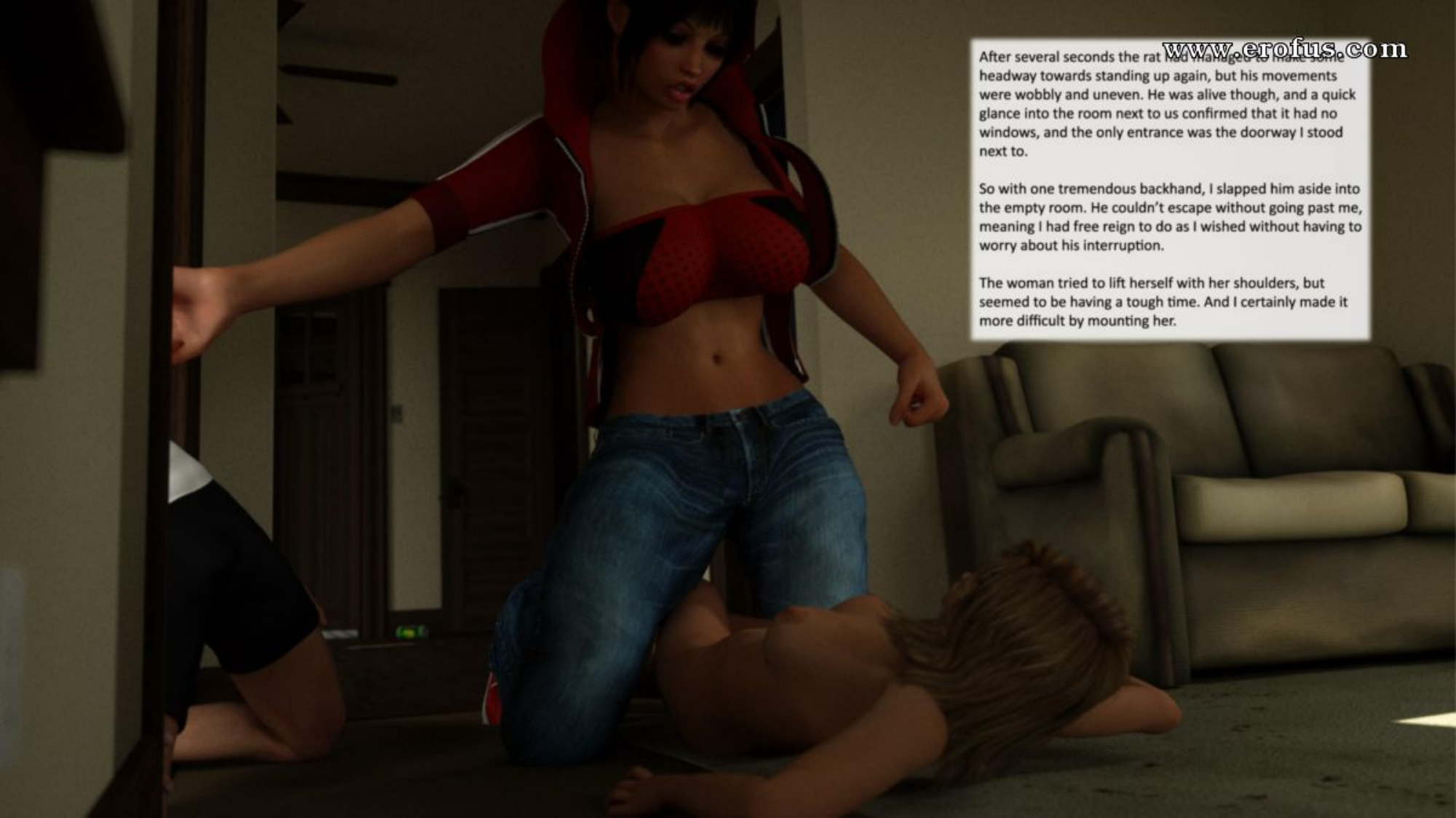


With a loud THUMP I watched my inexperience have very real effects. I mean, at this point I'd killed people with my strength before, but it had always been on accident. This was a very deliberate attack, and when I watched the guy's head bounce off the floor like it was made of rubber, I had the distinct feeling I had just killed him.

His partner though, seemed fine. She was groaning in pain, having taken a big attack to her midsection and landed on her back. I could have just had my way with her right then and there, but I was too busy trying to think of ways to explain to the guys waiting outside that the target cracked his skull.

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It was almost like history was repeating itself. Almost. The difference is I've since learned just how strong the human cranium is. The guy had survived the throw, and struggled to climb to his feet, but was too shell-shocked to do so on his own. And he would need several minutes to properly recover.
And if a normal-sized person could survive such an attack, then I had no doubt my current target would survive. She shook her head to clear the butterflies from her vision, but didn't bother standing up as I moved in on her.
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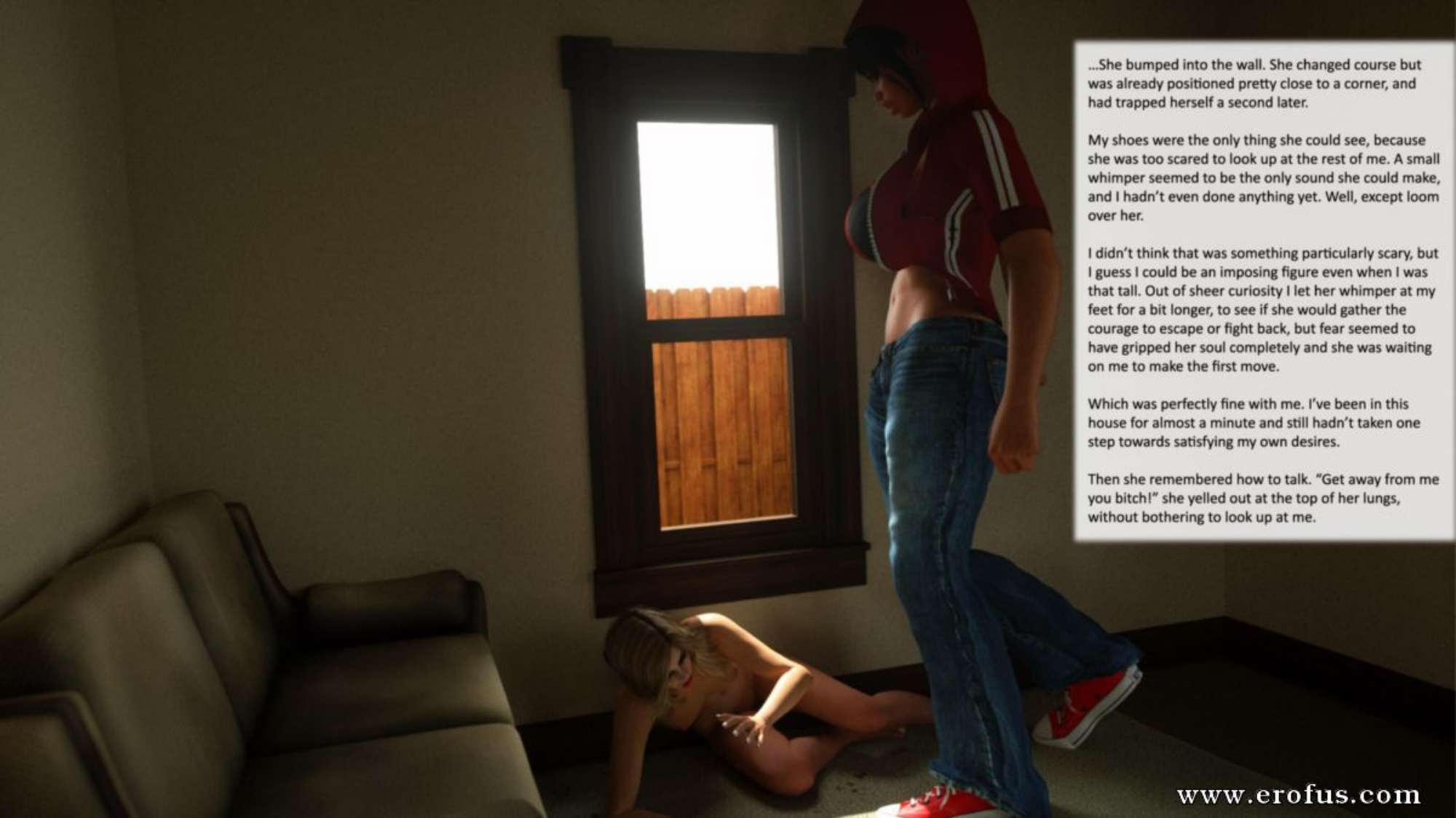
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Seeing that lifting me wasn't going to work, she started pushing herself back as quickly as she could, and actually managed to pull away.

But that was fine with me. It's not like she could have hoped to escape. I was like a lioness toying with her prey at this point. My steps were heavy, and ponderous, while she kept trying to pull back, but she had a limited amount of space to work with.

And, before she knew it...



...She bumped into the wall. She changed course but was already positioned pretty close to a corner, and had trapped herself a second later.

My shoes were the only thing she could see, because she was too scared to look up at the rest of me. A small whimper seemed to be the only sound she could make, and I hadn't even done anything yet. Well, except loom over her.

I didn't think that was something particularly scary, but I guess I could be an imposing figure even when I was that tall. Out of sheer curiosity I let her whimper at my feet for a bit longer, to see if she would gather the courage to escape or fight back, but fear seemed to have gripped her soul completely and she was waiting on me to make the first move.

Which was perfectly fine with me. I've been in this house for almost a minute and still hadn't taken one step towards satisfying my own desires.

Then she remembered how to talk. "Get away from me you bitch!" she yelled out at the top of her lungs, without bothering to look up at me.

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Any sympathy I might have had for her vanished in an instant. My fingers dug into her hair and I pulled her up to her feet. She raised her arms and turned her head to the side, probably because she expected me to backhand her like I had the little rat fuck a few seconds ago.
And because she wasn't looking, she was totally unaware of what I was actually getting ready to do. I pulled my shirt up, exposing my tits to the musty air. This was back when I could actually find clothes that would fit me in stores so my choice of going without a bra was deliberate.
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The woman was so intent on hiding from me that she never saw it coming. When I grabbed the back of her head and mashed it into my chest she was taken completely off guard. She started to scream and beg for mercy immediately, but her mouth was filled with my nipple as soon as she opened it. Every so often I would pull her head back for some air, before forcing my naked boob back into her mouth.
When she screamed her tongue would move about, which was pretty close to licking, and an acceptable substitute. I knew I would have to use this move again in the future. It just felt so much more devious knowing that the pleasure I was getting wasn't even intended.
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I didn't have a particularly good grip on the woman at the time, since I was still unused to taking advantage of people in this kind of way. As a result my pleasure was cut short when her mouth slipped off of my nipple, and her face sank between my breasts.

For a moment I considered pressing my tits together, and smothering the life out of her. It would probably feel wonderful and would mark the first time I'd ever taken a life intentionally if I'd gone through with it. But her squirrely movements soon proved to be too much for my awkward grip, and she fell to the floor.

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She was probably a year or two older than I was then, but so small and delicate-looking. She kept coughing, and looking up at me nervously. My immediate thought was to pick her back up and reapply her to my tits, but the warm room had lead a good deal of excited sweat to form on my naked chest. No, I needed to apply her elsewhere while I was still riding this high.

The sound of me pulling the zipper down on my jeans rang through the quiet room, but it was nothing compared to how loudly I could feel my heart beating in my chest. I could still decide not to go through with this. I was only supposed to get money out of the unconscious asshole in the other room. She had nothing to do with this.

She had nothing to do with this. I kept repeating the phrase, and wound up convincing myself of one simple truth.


What happened to her didn't matter. That was what ultimately pushed me over the edge. I didn't even have the patience to pull my jeans all the way down. Once my pussy was exposed I bent over and slammed her face between my legs so hard she yelped.

Not to say she wasn't into it. I mean, of course, she was fighting. But something told me part of her was as turned on by this as I was.

Her little hands grabbed at my thighs and tried to pull herself away, but I ignored her completely. She wasn't being held up awkwardly anymore so there was no chance of an escape so long as I kept my grip tight on the back of her head.

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...But just to be certain, I mashed her face even harder between my legs. Her little facial features were basically turned into a textured surface for me to rub my pussy over, and I'm certain that if I had gone just a bit harder, her nose would have broken almost immediately.

Naturally, that idea turned me on a whole hell of a lot more. And something tells me it turned her on too.

I could only imagine what things were like from her point of view. Most women are submissive: they crave someone stronger who can overpower them. Someone who can tear their bodice open and give them what they need, even if they didn't think they wanted it.

That's what I gave her. I think.

Not only were her weak attempts to resist me fruitless and doomed from the start, but every attempt she made to resist would make things harder for her. That power was intoxicating for me. Every ounce of resistance was like a drop of gasoline added to the raging furnace between my legs, and I would not stop until it was naturally extinguished.



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In professional wrestling terminology this is what would be referred to as a “rest hold”. Such a long contest of strength will drain a performer’s stamina, so the competitors put each other into hold that requires little energy to maintain, and will hold it until they’ve recovered a little bit.

Of course, since we’re both completely fuckin’ nude, it looks more like a loving embrace than an actual wrestling hold. I’ve probably spent far too long reminiscing about the old days at this point. I should move on, and it should be pretty easy to highlight the biggest difference between myself and the twin from here.



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She may have almost matched me in height, but her chest was positively puny next to mine. I mean, I guess I am a lot thicker all over than she was, but my tits are easily my most biggest asset. I stopped what I was doing to look over the both of us, and I think she used that moment to try and recover. 'Cause as soon as I resumed moving her arms shot up and her eyes went wide.

That couldn't have felt good. All the sweat on her head was streaking her facepaint and dripped right into her eyes, blinding her for a moment.


She clenched her teeth and starting blinking from the irritation. Too bad for her that I had just come to the conclusion that letting her head sink between my boobs from behind wasn't going to cut it.
When we're both lying on our sides we're essentially equals, and I didn't want that to be the image of us that the crowd, or what's left of it anyway, would remember.
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So I rolled her over [illegible] directly onto her face. Both her hands stopped trying to push me away and moved to try and lift the boobs from her face. An average person I'm sure would have a lot of trouble doing this. After all, each of my tits weighed over two-hundred pounds at this point. That's a lot of weight to try and push away, even if it was soft.

But she seemed to be having issues as well. The combination of my tits being so soft and so big meant she couldn't really find purchase on either one. Her fingers just grabbed over and over, hoping to establish a grip, but it never really worked.

It sure did feel fuckin' nice though.


I had to give her credit, though. She was definitely clever. Her arms rose above above her head, and I, like an idiot, assumed she was going to try and strike my face. So I reacted the appropriate way, and pinned her arms to the canvas so she couldn't move them.
Except she wasn't trying to attack me. With a loud grunt she started lifting us both up using her pinned arms for leverage. It was wobbly, sure, but I had to respect the ability to keep a cool head despite it all.
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Tactics alone won't win you a competition, though. Yes she had successfully broken from my hold, and yes, she quickly took advantage by wrapping her legs around one of mine. If she could flip me over by one leg she would break free and we'd be on equal footing once again.

So it's a good thing that she wasn't able to flip me over. She definitely surprised me by having the strength to lift me with her legs, but balancing on just one proved to be more difficult than she had expected. She could probably flip a truck pretty easily with all the power she had in her thin limbs, but she wasn't able to dislodge me while balancing on one foot.

What a shame.

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Once I was sure she couldn't do much from her position, I figured it would be more fun to wait it out. And, as expected, she ran out of energy herself, and collapsed onto her back.
She looked up at me from her position while I continued to hold her arms down. She had interrupted me earlier, so we could continue now. Her eyes stared up at me with wonder and confusion, but she wouldn't be seeing much of anything soon.
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Full-weight facesitting was something I haven't experienced for a long, long time. I mean, in the years since that day at the house I've sat my naked pussy onto more faces than I can count, but I was almost always holding some of my weight back. Because when I didn't hold back? Well, an actual, literal ton of female flesh is more than capable of pulverizing a human cranium. For years I've had to weigh the advantages of snuffing a life out with my weight against the continued sensations a living cushion could provide.

So finally getting to sit unrestrained on someone took me right back to that day. Yes I could feel her struggle to breathe under my ass when I settled my weight upon her, and yes, I knew that if I sat on her for too long she would undoubtedly suffocate.

So it was really just a race against time and whether or not she could get me off in time.





Inch by inch I slid forward, grinding my pussy against her sternum, between her shoulders, past her chin, and I finally came to a rest while sitting on her face. Her arms had been caught above her head while I slid forward, so she couldn't hope to summon enough leverage to remove me.

My pussy was firmly cemented onto her face, and there was nothing she could do about it. I was a whole lot heavier now than I was back then, but my plaything was significantly bigger, and more durable too. I suppose it all evened out in the end.

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I felt the shift in attitude underneath me too. Of course, I couldn't confirm without actually seeing her, but the way her arms moved now, her weaker bucking underneath me, and the way she'd taken to just trying to catch her breath over fighting back.

An inexperienced person might assume she was using this as another rest hold opportunity. But I had a distinct feeling that she'd just given up. She knew this was hopeless. At her absolute peak performance she still wouldn't be able to take me down, and keeping herself tensed up waiting for an opening would only exhaust her further.

She had been defeated. I was the victor.


Sensing abject submission beneath you is something I doubt many people can say they've experienced. When I got my first taste of it I knew I had to have more. Before then I thought I wanted to lord over someone who was much smaller and weaker than me as some sort of kink. Sure, I could have probably utterly dominated a six and a half foot musclebound man if I was so inclined, but I was attracted to maximizing the size disparity.
At the time I remember hoping that I would keep growing. I didn't know when the growth was going to stop, but I hoped it wouldn't be for a while. I still don't know when or if my growth will ever end, but I knew then and there that I wanted to do this to more people. I wanted to be big enough to do it to anyone I ever met.
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Well.
Wish fuckin' granted, I suppose.
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For the most part, anyway. While I was now big enough that I can toss around this twelve-foot woman as easily as I could the blonde, I was still relegated to the darkness. I haven't tried, but I'm fairly confident I could take a few shots from a pistol with relative ease, but larger weaponry was still a threat. I couldn't exert my dominance in public like I wanted. Shady venues, greasy patrons, and locked-down warehouses were the only places I could cut loose.
And I was still going to miss it when it was all over.
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Of course, I can't just feed on feelings of dominance and pleasant thoughts to climax. My little cushion had played her own part in the festivities, and was beginning to asphyxiate. Again that forbidden thought had entered my mind. What if I just didn't let up? What if I kept my position until she perished underneath me, and her last thoughts were of my pussy? The thought was intensely arousing, and I clenched my teeth as I considered it.

At the time I hadn't ever taken a life intentionally. The embers of the blonde woman's life were fading underneath me... but I was so close!

And in the end, I chose to be selfish. A choice I continue to honor to this day.

If I had cum a minute later, she would have perished between my legs.Fortunately for her, she got me off before she ran out of air. I now had no use for her, and I rolled off of her as she caught her breath.

But that's enough reminiscing for now.


Of course, I wouldn't consider it being selfish nowadays. I had a desire to get off, and when someone got into the ring with me they had to have known how it would end. I'd view it more as collecting what I'm owed nowadays. The woman beneath me now had come at me with the intent of ending my life.
It didn't matter that she couldn't possibly have done it. The intent was there, so I had to protect myself. And if that meant forcing her broken face against my pussy and ordering her to lick, then that's what I had to do to stay safe. Self-defense, right?
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Though I could toss the twin around and dominate her as easily as I could the girl in that house, she was, in reality, much more durable. Her lungs had a much greater capacity than anyone I've encountered for awhile, and her desire to avoid getting her head pulped kept her efficient.
It all built up to a powerful, explosive climax right there in the middle of the ring. I've cum during matches before. It's not new, but it somehow felt so much more obscene, and dirty this time.
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I'd guess it's probably because of our relative sizes. When I'm cumming on a much-smaller person's face it's usually, quite literally, an act of violence. But with this woman being nearly my height, it's less like I was inflicting violence onto the helpless, and more like we just straight up fucked in the middle of the ring.

And she didn't seem like she wanted to stop licking, so, let's see if we can keep this going for a second round! It didn't seem fair that only I had gotten to cum so far, though.

With that in mind, I thought I should return the favor.

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But I didn't really feel like moving my pussy off her face and asking for permission. So I just went ahead and assumed she'd be into it. And if she wasn't?

Oh. Fucking. Well.

I wasn't particularly gentle when I rose my hand and slapped it directly over her pussy. She flinched, but not very much. Then I began running my hand over her pussy, and her legs started moving. I don't know if she did so because she was into it, or if she was trying to resist me, but was unable to.

I was only planning on rubbing her pussy a bit to see if I could get her to cum for the crowd, but I was genuinely curious if she was trying to get away, or trying to reach more. So, I slid two fingers inside, and she immediately planted both feet on the floor and tried to push me up.

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Her resistance only turned me on more, though. While she fought beneath me and tried to buck me off, I just buried my fingers even further inside of her.

I imagine what she felt was a great deal of pain mixed with a great deal of pleasure. I imagine some part of her enjoyed it. She definitely seemed like she was fighting. But hey, maybe that's just her kink?

Not that it mattered. She was still trying to escape. She was fighting blindly now, since her vision was still entirely taken up by my pussy, but her hands were flailing around and looking for something to attack.

Too bad her face was shielding my pussy, and my tits, big as they are, were just out of her range. She would simply have to lie here and take this, while I used her writhing to get myself off a second time.

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She started bucking harder underneath me, and actually managed to bounce us a couple of times in the process. She has to be like, 80% adrenaline right now!

If she'd just laid there and taken it I would have been content rubbing her until she reached a climax of her own. She might have even gotten into it if she hadn't fought back. But she had, and I wasn't going to let her bounce around like that.

Planting both feet firmly on the canvas, I grabbed the back of her head with one hand, and held it between my legs. Then, I hooked two fingers into her pussy, and lifted her up. With no solid surface to rebound from her movements became more erratic and desperate. Her muffled screams rang out from between my legs, and the vibrations of her throat tickled my pussy.

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When a second climax hit my entire body twitched, and I loosened my grip on the back of her head. Precariously perched as she was she immediately began to fall, while the fingers I had shoved inside of her pussy did their best to support her entire body.

But worst of all was the fact that I lost my source of stimulation at the most important moment. I mean, I still came, but it didn't feel as nice as it could have. It should have felt like a fucking dam was bursting and a tidal wave of pleasure had taken me to a whole other world. Instead it was more like a small explosion that had been smothered moment later.


The twin, I'm sure, was relieved. Even if it was only for a moment, she got to see something other than a close-up of my pussy. In the brief moment where we both were falling she managed to open her mouth wide to catch her breath. I guess that was her highest priority, while I had the foresight to stretch an arm out and break my fall.
She wasn't too smart, since she collapsed onto the canvas in a pained lump a second later, and rolled onto her back to clutch her chest in pain. And since she wasn't paying much attention, she wound up rolling onto my naked thigh. The perfect position for my absolute favorite hold of them all, and the cure for an unsatisfying orgasm.
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A good old fashioned leg-scissor hold.

While it's not the same as having a love slave's face forcibly mashed into my pussy, having anything at all between my thighs meant that I got at least a little something out of it. I could barely see her from where I was, what with my tits in the way and all, but I could definitely feel an exhausted arm hook around my thigh. Whether it was to try and break free or just to rest I don't even know.

But I was missing something. Since she'd just caught her breath I was expecting a specific sound to come out of her pretty little lips, but the only thing she did was growl in anger at me. And that just wouldn't do at all.



I've got enough power in my legs to flatten an engine block. I don't care how big she is, I have no doubt in my mind that I could pop her skull like a grape if I so desired, but she didn't seem to appreciate that fact. Maybe she'd come to the conclusion that I wasn't going to kill her tonight, but just use her as a sexual plaything?



I could see why she'd think that, but the jokes on her, 'cause the jury's still fuckin' out on her ultimate fate. I would love to paint the inside of my thighs with her blood and gray matter. I'd love to feel her cranium crack under the pressure my thighs could exert, and listen to her screams continually rise in volume and tone until they reached a fever pitch. To feel the delicious sounds of a strong, sturdy skull give in and fall apart between my legs.

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Fuck. I'm lost in my imagination again. Just thinking about it is really getting me going. I'd start by lessening up the pressure on her just a little bit. She'd be thankful at first, but wary. Why did I release her?

Because I want for her to enjoy her last breath of air, of course.

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There would be no slow, painful squeeze. I wouldn't wait to feel her bones snap between my thighs and slowly deform her skull until it cracked. One minute she would be lying there taking in the precious, life-extending air she'd been denied.

And the next instant, my legs would snap together like a bear trap. It wouldn't be a complete crush though. More like an exercise in squeezing my legs together and letting [illegible] at her ruined, mangled face while a fountain of her own blood painted a ring around us.

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Once I'd had my fill, I'd close again. This time doing the proper, slow crush to ensure her demise. I'd eke some more blood out of her at this point, of course, but it would be much less. Almost all of stuff came out during the first snap, of course.

In a last ditch effort she'd move her arm to wrap around my thigh, but she would lose consciousness once and for all before she could even try.

Fuck. Am I really going through with this? It may have just been a dream but, it was so vivid. So clear in my head.

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I wouldn't regret it at all, and, hell, just thinking about it makes me want to do it more. Especially because I'm now realizing that I didn't have a good grip on her head. Crushing a skull would be immensely satisfying, but would instantly kill her. It's hard to stay alive when the insides of your skull are spilling onto my pussy.

But crushing her neck? That'd be a different story entirely.

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A head is just some skin and hair wrapped around the strongest bone in the body. The only bones in the neck are from the spine, and I don't think the power in my legs would be focused enough to turn the spine into powder. Instead she'd just get her throat crushed, which would fuck up her windpipe, vocal chords, and throat.

If she survived, she wouldn't have much of a life anymore. She wouldn't be able to breathe without the aid of a machine. She couldn't speak anymore, and she probably wouldn't be able to eat either. And that's if she gets lucky and retains feeling below the neck.

Of course, my thighs aren't exactly known for their mercy. The more likely outcome would be my big, strong thighs closing around her neck like a vice and crushing it completely. She'd drown in her own blood, while the only sound that could escape from her lips would be a wet, gurgling sound.

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Or I could let her live. I'd had my fun tonight testing my strength against someone nearly my own size. It was really more of a sample, than a full-on taste, though. The stakes had been high, so I didn't take as much time with it as I would have liked. Now I had all the time in the world, and what else could I even do with her? Coax a couple more orgasms out of her, then…?

Yeah. Fuck it. I'm ending her tonight. It's my last match, after all. I get to do whatever I want, and I don't have to do anything I don't want to. And all I want to do right now is take this woman apart completely.

Those cameras better still be rolling, cause it's about to get messy.


I wouldn't really consider myself a big believer in things like fate. Still don't.
But the twin who I'd just sentenced to death 'cause I thought it would make me cum a little bit harder? I bet she became a firm believer right then and there. While I was considering if I should kill her now, or release the hold so I could reapply it later after having more fun, someone else walked into the ring.
And he brought someone with him.
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I've gone through so many tag partners I honestly didn't even recognize her at first. You've seen one person fighting for their lives while restrained you've seen them all. But right then and there, in the middle of me doing my own thing, one of the fuckhead security guys runs up with her hooked around his arm, and starts screaming at me.

Time for some background. When I first got into this profession they actually wanted to do this like real professional wrestling, with a script and predetermined winners and all that stuff. But after I had piled up about five corpses things were changed to an "always let me win" kind of plan. To the best of my knowledge this had never changed, but I guess I had fucked up tonight.

They didn't care what happened to me, but the twins were supposed to leave the arena tonight. And apparently, by taking one of them out completely and teetering on the edge of killing the second I had gone too far off script. I was being ordered to release the woman between my legs, and take my frustrations out on my partner.

How was I going to respond?


Well, I decided to behave like a rational adult. I released the twin from the prison of my thighs, and sat up. My tag-team partner seemed absolutely hysterical at this, but, well, rules are rules. She was going to die to save the other woman. The security guy seemed to be reassured after I apologized, and he apologized for yelling. Apparently he's been going through a lot in his private life, and took it out on me.
The twin was angry, of course, but she was thankful to have a moment to catch her breath. So the match would proceed as it was supposed to. I would kill my partner, and then be declared the winner. I placed a hand on the security man's shoulder, and asked him to hand over my partner.
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Nah. **FUCK THAT!**

None of that shit happened. I was fuckin' pissed, and released the woman between my legs to lull him into a false sense of security. But this was my last match, and the stupid mother-fucker just interrupted me. So someone was going to die, yes, but it sure as shit wasn't going to be myself or my partner.

I thrust my palm forward directly into his chest, and sent him flying backwards. The sudden attack made him lose hold of my partner, who crumpled up just next to my legs. As an act of rebellion I wasn't going to kill her intentionally. But if she didn't get the fuck out of the way then these shitheads would get what they wanted anyway.


While standing I felt her small body roll off of my toes and again heard that familiar scurrying as she moved to escape. That's twice now she's been on the chopping block in my vicinity and managed to survive. I almost wanted to stamp on her before she left the ring as a matter of consistency. I'd never had a tag partner survive to the end, after all.
But I refused. My pride and rebellious nature were battling it out in my head, and in the end my desire to burn all my bridges here won out as I scooped up the exhausted twin from the canvas.
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I can't help but wonder what was going through her head when I picked her up. She probably assumed I was going to carry her out of there, or something. I mean, it was obvious that she was no longer the target of my ire, so maybe I'd had a change of heart.

She would be right on one account. She was indeed no longer where I would be focusing all my anger.



But that just meant I'd use her to fight him. I pressed her over my head so high she was almost bumping into the lighting setup they have up there. For a moment I stood, and waited for the guy to recover. He was lying on his back, dazed out of his mind, but I wanted him to see this coming. He needed to see the twelve-foot tall woman falling from the heavens directly onto him and his six-foot ass.

He shook his head back and forth to regain his bearings, when he focused his vision up at me. His eyes went wide, and he raised an arm to defend against what we all knew was coming.



I didn't place my opponent onto this guy. I didn't set her down, and let her lie on top of him, nor did I drop her and let gravity do the work. I threw her down using every ounce of power I could muster. I slammed her into the unforgiving canvas like I was trying to carve a woman-shaped hole into the earth.

The entire ring shook from the impact, and she groaned in pain. I guess that she was able to take the attack pretty well, all things considered. The security man, though? He coughed up some blood when the body hit him, but didn't seem to be moving anymore.

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Not the explosively gory climax I had been looking for, but if it works it works, I suppose. One presumably dead guy stuck underneath a woman who certainly looked, at the very least, unconscious. If he had somehow survived he definitely didn't do so with the majority of his skeleton intact. A skeleton that would be required if he hoped to move the unconscious woman.
So yeah. Best case scenario, he died on impact. Worst case he was drowning in his own blood right now with no hope of escape.
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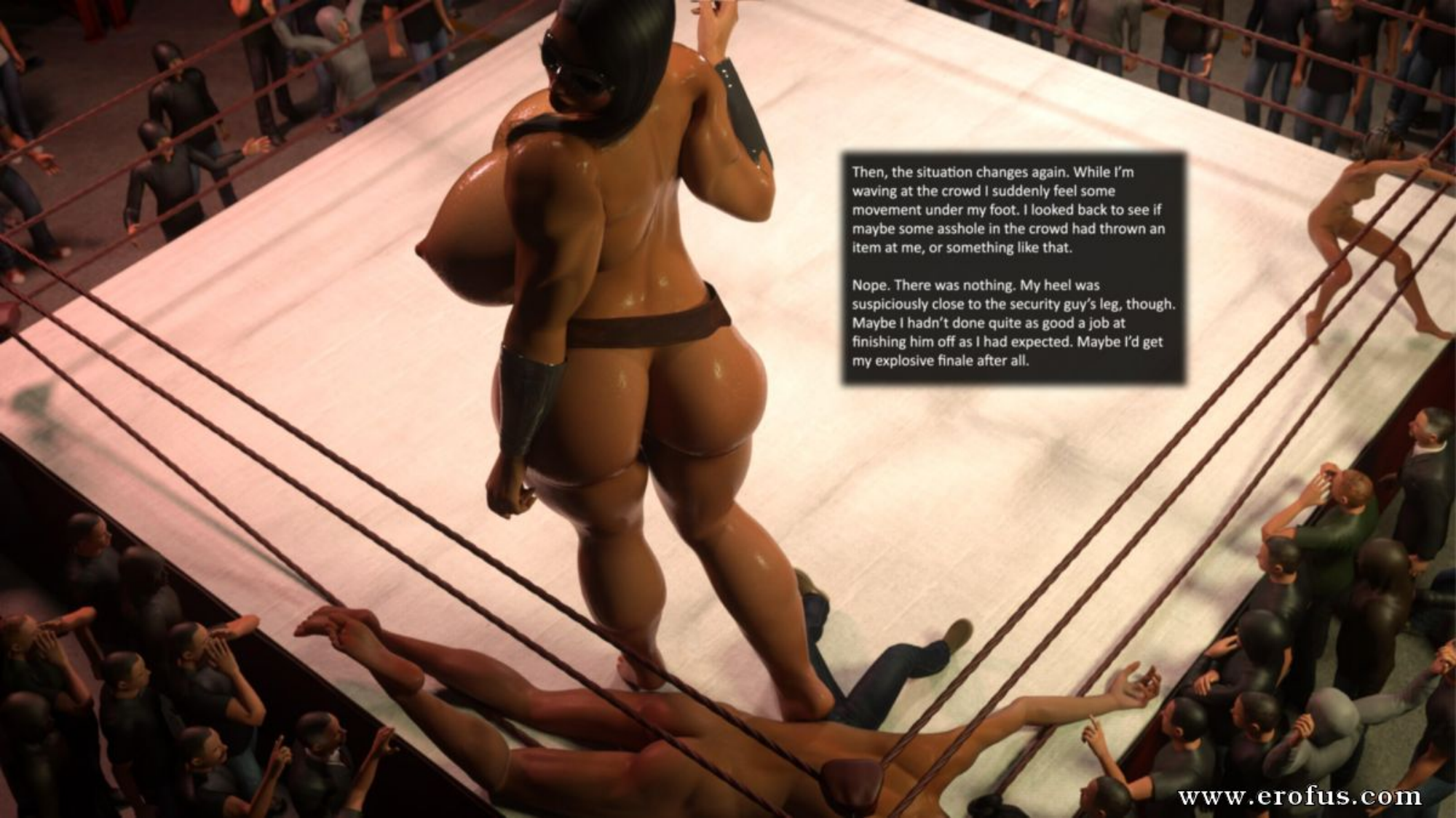

Some of the more adventurous members of the audience moved closer to the ring and checked out the unconscious woman. This was likely the closest they'd ever get to her without getting their spines ripped out, but it did annoy me a little bit.
I mean, here I am, the superior specimen in every way, but they were more curious to see what was going on with her? What kind of dumb shit is that?
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Whatever. I was getting tired anyway. I would have liked to send more gallons of the red stuff all over everyone, but everyone that I was supposed to leave alone was now incapacitated. And the one person I was ordered to kill seemed to be operating under the assumption that the match was over and she could leave now.

She's lucky. If I ever meet her again I'll probably collect on my unpaid debt, and finish her off. For now, though, she can leave.


Then, the situation changes again. While I'm waving at the crowd I suddenly feel some movement under my foot. I looked back to see if maybe some asshole in the crowd had thrown an item at me, or something like that.
Nope. There was nothing. My heel was suspiciously close to the security guy's leg, though. Maybe I hadn't done quite as good a job at finishing him off as I had expected. Maybe I'd get my explosive finale after all.
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The instant my ass met flesh there were three casualties. First, there was the twin's spine and rib cage, which I'm fairly certain I converted to a fine powder on impact. I definitely felt a lot of crunching, but considering there was a second body underneath I could be making an incorrect assumption. Either way, if the woman wasn't dead, she was certainly more than incapacitated and would need extensive medical care.
The guy though. Well, I can confirm with absolute certainty that he met his demise at that moment. Flattened ribs wouldn't cause a bloody explosion like that. At least not without the entire thing flattening underneath me, which definitely didn't happen. Fuck that guy though, he's certainly gone.
And I'm not gonna be cute and say my tailbone was the third victim. I mean, it hurt like a bitch, yes, but the ring was the one who truly felt the pressure of my ass drop. The entire corner of the ring shuddered for a split second, then collapsed so hard the turnbuckle popped out of the canvas. It felt like a fitting end to my life here. Leave the ring in ruins behind me as I go. That kind of thing.
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The crowd erupted in cheers behind me, and I basked in their praise for a moment. I guess they had been wanting an explosive finish too. If nothing else, I suppose I could at least be happy that I ended my career on a high note.
I rode that high for a long, long time. Until finally, I felt it was time to make my exit. To leave the arena for the last time. First thing tomorrow I'd call them up, and tell them I was ending this. For good.
But right now I needed a goddamn shower and a fuckin' good night's sleep.

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The locker room felt unusually quiet. I was sure it was no different from any other time I had ever been in there, but I guess the knowledge that this was the last time I would crawl through that doorway was getting to me. The brain is fucked up liked that. I know the bad times outweighed the good by a significant margin, but the good times were all I could think about right now. I've been through several of these stupid underground arenas before, but this was the first time I would ever quit of my own accord.

Then, I spotted something out of the ordinary. What looked like the back of a head poking over the frosted glass portion of the wall.

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I wasn't alone in here tonight.

All I could remember now was how I had thought to myself that the next time I saw my partner I would definitely end her. I didn't have to do it. I hadn't said the thought out loud earlier, so no one could hold me to it. But if she was lucky enough to scrape by in two encounters with me, I wasn't going to give her the privilege of a third.

Maybe I had enough time to make one more memory before I left for good.


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She started babbling
incredible size was apparent to her. I mean, she had stood next to me in the ring obviously, but that was a big, wide open area with little in the way of reference points besides each other.

Here, in a locker room built for people on her scale, she could feel at home. And I would look every part the massive invader I was, intruding on her realm. She kept her hands close to her chest when stood up and looked at me, and I casually slid one of my feet under her arms. The pads of my toes pressed into her little boobs, and she tried to dodge to the side.


Well, I certainly wasn't about to let her escape. So I pushed my foot forward quickly enough to slam the side of her head into the hard bricks of the locker room, but not quite hard enough to crush her. Not yet at least.
I was going to enjoy this for a while.
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It hasn't even been that long since I got to compare my foot directly with someone else, but the size difference was still striking. If she were to lie on the floor my foot alone could have covered almost her entire body, and she most definitely would not be able to stand up to my tread.

Her little hands wrapped around my foot, reminding me of Erin, and the night we shared together recently. I think this woman is just a little smaller than her though, so the petite little hands could probably not even fully wrap around any of my toes.

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I can't go through with this. I can't stop envisioning Erin stuck under my foot. They say being in a relationship changes you, and I guess they may have a fucking point. Any time before the night with Erin and I'd be wiggling my toes against a bloodied wall right now. I hope I'm not losing my edge over shit like this.

My former tag partner slides down the wall when I pull my foot back, and starts trying to catch her breath. She'll be fine. I pussied out so early that I didn't even feel a single bone crack, so at most she probably just had the wind knocked out of her.

Dammit. Even seeing her so vulnerable in the shadow of my foot I just want to slide it forward and finish her off anyway. But hearing her cough and try to catch her breath makes me feel uneasy. It's so easy for me to hurt someone this small.



Well, what the fuck ever. Thinking of Erin may have saved this little woman's life, but in exchange it's bringing out a different desire in me. All I really want right now is for someone to attend to the fire burning between my legs, and I just so happen to have someone who should consider herself grateful that she's not already splattered all over the walls.

After a few seconds to catch her breath, she looks back at me in confusion, and I'm pretty sure she gets the hint. She's trapped, and there isn't anything else she can do for me.

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She seems unsure what to do, and starts crawling between my legs, before stopping. She bites her bottom lip, and looks up at me for approval. I don't know why. I'm sure the sounds of me breathing heavier are all she can hear right now, but maybe she's afraid I'm still going to crush her.
I offer her a reassuring nod in return, and she keeps crawling forward.
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I slid my hips forward slightly to mash her face against my pussy and get more stimulation out of it, and that seemed to help. She's on all fours now lapping at my labia like a dog drinking out of a bowl, and twitches every time my legs move slightly. She must be scared out of her wits.

And she absolutely should be. She's almost completely obscured under the shelf of my tits. I can't really see much of anything from my point of view. I can feel her, but if she were to approach me at an awkward angle I'm sure I could shift my position slightly and cause some damage.


She seems to keep her guard up, though. Her face presses deeper into my pussy while I take the opportunity to relax some. The level of enjoyment may not be ideal, but I'd be lying if I said it wasn't working for me.
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It takes a few minutes but once I get going I really get into it. On second thought this may be the better way to end my career. A tiny little servant working me over as I lie down and just enjoy it. It may be a dingy locker room in a shady building in the middle of the night, but I still somehow felt like royalty. Like the queen in a castle, as the world around me melted into obscurity.
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Besides, I was almost done with her anyway. I tensed my legs up as much as I dared, and felt her squirming turn from mild concern into full-on panic. I could have told her that I'd done this before, and was really just using her as an excuse to practice having a much-smaller lover without crushing them, but that would ruin the moment. If she wasn't fighting for her life then she wasn't operating at maximum efficiency.

When I finally did climax I intentionally fought to keep my legs from squeezing together. It would have been so gratifying to crush her anyway, but a small part of me demanded I not tempt fate by tasting what it was like to crush someone mid-orgasm like this again.




Her tiny little fists beat at my thighs until I released her, and she collapsed in front of me. She started making some horrible sound that seemed like a blend of hacking, coughing, and whimpering all at once. She really isn't being as grateful as she should be, considering she hasn't broken any bones and is still breathing.
But, oh fuckin' well. I needed a fuckin' nap right about now. And I probably shouldn't just grab this girl and go home with her, even though I really want to. What if I were to get interrupted while playing with her?
Fuck. Look at me gettin' all sentimental. But I'm going straight after this. Just a life of peaceful life, full of bliss, and...
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Huh? Was this box always here? I didn't hear anyone else enter while I was busy just now. Maybe I just overlooked it? It should be common knowledge by now that the only person really hanging around here after a show is me, so this has to be for me, right?
Fuck it. If It's not for me then I'm quitting anyway, right? What are they gonna do? Dock my pay? Fuck them.
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What the fuck.
Sure would've been nice if this had been finished before the fucking show tonight.
...
Fuck it. I'm keeping it. Consider it a memento of my time here and the life I'm leaving behind. For what I assume to be the final time, I heard the pitter-patter of my tag partner's scampering feet as she takes this opportunity to get away. I'd think she should know by now I was letting her go, but maybe she's just stupid.
Or maybe I'm the stupid one. I am bringing the box home with me, after all. If this is no longer going to be part of my life why would I keep this?
I guess sentimentality makes you do stupid things.
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Speaking of sentimentality, the blonde girl was fine, by the way. She wasn't even injured. I imagine the worst part for her was the awkward silence after I finished. Neither of us said a word. We were completely silent as I zipped up my pants, and she wiped the pussy juice off her face.
I'm not entirely sure what was going through her head in that moment. She mostly just looked exhauted. But whether or not she knew it, she was extraordinarily lucky. She was one of a very small number of people who had the privilege of fucking me and lived to tell about it.
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As I found out not long after, I was wrong.
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END OF PART 10



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Think the box came out of nowhere?
Think again...

DELETED RENDERS



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