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SQUASH
MATCH 11

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Wow! That's the best sleep I've been the greatest night of sleep I'd ever had. I was putting my old life behind me, and setting up something new going forward. No more worrying about having to find something to eat at four in the goddamn morning. No more disinfecting every piece of clothing I've ever worn. And no more having to please a fickle audience.

I was more free than I'd ever been, but I was but anxiety is a bitch. Would I be able to adjust to my newfound life? What if I couldn't? What if I was found some day, and had to pick up and leave again?

All the anxiety made me think about the last time I lead anything resembling a "normal" life. Made me think of the first time I ever got to wrestle another person, and how that changed my the path I would take for the rest of my life.

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Not the kind of faux professional wrestling I've been making a living doing, but actual, real, college-styled wrestling. Before I ever stepped into a ring with explicit instructions to show no mercy to my opponent I was a delinquent drop-out roughing up wiry burnout in an empty house. And before that?

I was still attending college, and on the university's wrestling team. I was... gifted, as you can probably imagine. My natural size and strength meant it took little effort for me to outperform during actual exercises, and I couldn't wait to see how I stacked up against my teammates in an opportunity to actually spar.



It was a hot day and the gym wasn't air conditioned, so both of our bodies were glistening with sweat. After we broke free from the starting position I goaded my opponent into a test of strength by spreading my arms apart.

She obliged, and I brought her down so hard she yelped in surprise. I should have stopped holding her down upon making impact, but...

Just seeing her there, with my tits on either side of her little face was filling me with the desire to press down even further. I'd gotten into fights before sure, but they were childish affairs. A single punch would send whoever tried sending against me retreating, or unconscious on the floor. There were no strikes in wrestling, though. She didn't have that luxury of a quick, painless knock out. She had to endure this until she tapped out, or until I was unable to keep her held down any longer.

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I wasn't alone in that gymnasium. I could have been seen at any moment by anyone, and there would be consequences.

But I couldn't help myself.

I leaned forward and buried her face under a rolling avalanche of soft tits. As soon as I made contact she redoubled her efforts to free herself, but it was a doomed effort from the start. Twisting her head from side to side only jiggled my considerable assets within the fabric of my training top.

My fingers started tightening around her little hands, and I pressed down harder. I could feel my heart quicken, and I slid one of my legs between hers.

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I don't remember her name. I just know that a textbook test of strength had swiftly transitioned into me having my way with her pretty, fit form. My fingers squeezed on her wrists, and she tried to scream in protest.

For minutes I locked her in this dance. She tried her best to fight back and make all manner of noise, but my chest absorbed her screams and my pressed on her covered pussy for minutes. I wanted to sit up, take my shorts off, and shove her face between my legs. I wanted to close my legs around her head, and squeeze until...

I don't know. At the time I'd never taken a life. Not even by accident. But I knew I wanted more than obedience could ever give me.


I wanted to go even further. I wanted to rip my top off so I could feel her begging for breath on my naked chest. I wanted to fill her little mouth with my nipple and choke her with my tits. I wanted to do it all right then and there, but I had already gone too far. The rest of my teammates were busy in their own sparring matches, so it was only a matter of time before the coach noticed something out of the ordinary.
I could have thrown her off me when I felt her hands touch my shoulders, but the shock of being caught broke me from my lust-addled daze, and I felt my cheeks burn hot at the realization of that I'd just been caught.
My opponent was fine, and the wrestling team would go on to perform adequately throughout the season.
Without me.
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I'd gone to bed last night with a plan. Upon waking up I was going to clean up, have breakfast, and, finally, quit my fuckin' job.
Before I did any of that I caught a glimpse of the box I'd taken home with me last night. At the rate I was growing it probably wouldn't fit me in a couple of months, so why not try it on and see how it fits? There wasn't a lot of room to maneuver around inside of my place, but I managed to get it on slowly.
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I had turned the TV on for some background noise while I worked my way into the outfit. As expected, it fit rather well. The gauntlets were also made of real metal, which could have made for some interesting scenes in the ring. They were strong enough to not bend when I placed a bit of pressure on them, too. Real fancy stuff!
...But that life was behind me, right?
It was a fun fantasy, though one I was committed to not go through again. I'd been awake for less than five minutes when the local news story on the TV ruined my day.
"...police apprehended a suspect for the triple homicide case earlier this morning. She was in a relationship with one of the victims and her DNA was found at the scene..."
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For minutes I sat there. I couldn't think straight. They didn't say her name, but I knew who it was. It had to be Erin. She was the reason I was going to put my old life behind me. The reason I wanted to settle down and live a peaceful, ordinary life. Should I just head down to the station and see if I could pay her bail? No. That would look incredibly suspicious. I didn't want to just sit around and wait for a sentencing, though! That could take months!

A crazy plan began to form in my head. I couldn't get a fairy tale ending with Erin the way I wanted, but I could probably find some way to get her out of holding. I had a good deal of money stored away in the bank to bail her out with. They had to know that she wasn't involved in this, right? There's no way she could have even done it. This was just a publicity move to ease the public's fears while smearing her.

The thought made my blood boil. Maybe I could just confess, and make a daring escape with Erin at the same time? Yes. That could work! I would just have to play it cool, and not give them any reason to suspect-

"She is being held at the police station without bail. The search is on for an accomplice she may have had. A tall, Hispanic woman with long black hair was described by witnesses and police are on high alert in the area. If you see someone matching this description, please, don't hesitate to call."



"FUCK!" I shouted, far louder than I intended to. If that didn't disturb my neighbors then the sound of me kicking the TV so hard it instantly broke would. So Erin was in a holding cell at the police station. She was being held without bail. Finally, and worst of all, everyone nearby was on the lookout for someone matching my description.

Well... so much for the plan I had been formulating. But maybe this could still work out? This could be my big dirty. The huge, final job a criminal takes on before retiring and living an honest life. I could get my money out of the bank, break Erin out of jail, and we could ride off into the sunset together. Maybe I could get a job at a logging camp out in the middle of nowhere. Erin wouldn't have to work a day in her life, and we'd lead long, happy lives together.

Actually pulling this off was going to be dangerous though.



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Small and quiet, the voice it begged me to just let go. Erin was the one being blamed, not me. I was technically in the clear. I didn't even need to pick up my money from the bank. There was nothing stopping me from just skipping town, and starting a new life elsewhere. There was almost no way Erin would be found guilty anyway, right?
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Love makes you do some really stupid shit.
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I can't think of a place with a more dense population of cops than a police station, so I just had to consign myself to a few facts. There was going to be a body count involved in retrieving Erin, and it was probably going to be mostly cops. That part didn't bother me so much. Fuck cops. They've done nothing but make my life more difficult since I was six feet tall.

I figure I should also try and limit the amount of non-cop related death I dole out today. This may be my big dirty, but the news still exists. When Erin and myself settle down she may want to read about what happened that day, and having a civilian body count will probably not endear myself much to her.

And then? I suppose that was it. The plan had been hastily thought up, but it was thoroughly tested in my head. This was it. It was time to go. If I was lucky maybe some live ammo could strike the metal bits of my costume and protect me. That would have the side effect of making me look like a total badass, and that's always a plus!


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REC
Thankfully, there wasn't any law enforcement waiting for me en route to the bank. My money was my only real non-clothing possession, so I'd just abandoned my apartment. If any of my neighbors want to walk inside and steal some of my bottles or a broken TV, then they could have it. I was on a mission.
The alleyway outside of the bank was eerily quiet. The calm before the storm, I suppose, as there's no way things were going to stay this quiet once I got inside. I ran over the route in my head again and again, hoping to work them into my muscle memory.
A quiet whirring sound in the alley made it hard to think, though. Looking for the source, I quickly spotted, at about head-level, a security camera following my movements.
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REC
Can’t have that now. A quick jab crumpled the machine in on itself. I should have been paying more attention. Losing focus like that once things go south could easily lead to me getting seriously injured. For all I know, the cops had already been notified, and I wouldn’t even have time to escape the bank unscathed.
I stopped at the edge of the alleyway. The streets were still quiet at this hour. It was getting a little hard to breathe. I was nervous and excited all at once. I don’t think I’ve ever really gotten a chance to let loose outside of the ring. Fantasized about it a lot, sure, but actually done it?
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SIGNAL LOST

By that same token, that also meant the rules were different. In the ring my opponent's physical prowess was the only danger, if it could even be called that for the majority of them. But today? Outside? There were firearms and other methods of takedown I would have to endure if this plan was going to work.

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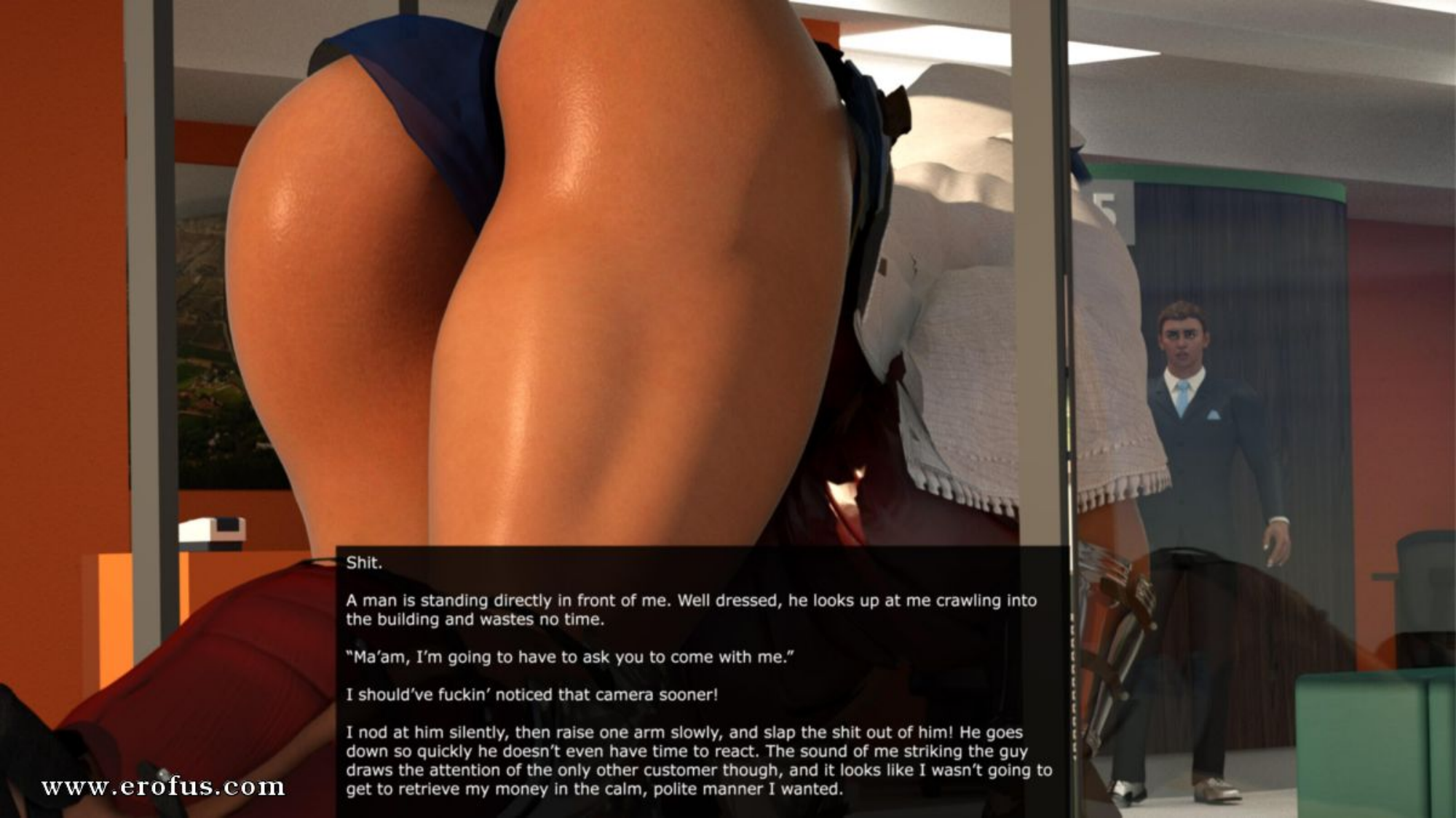


I haven't set foot inside of a church since I was a child, and I wasn't particularly into it even then, but this felt like a dangerous moment that would be important to the story that is my life. I'd always been scolded for wearing hats in the sanctuary so I pulled my hood down, and said a quiet prayer. I didn't direct it at anyone specific. I don't have the knowledge to feel comfortable doing that. I just couldn't push away the feelings that what I was trying to do was more dangerous than I could even fathom. I wanted to make it through this alright and in one piece. For both my own sake and Erin's.

The quiet moment lasted only a second. I didn't feel any better, but if there was a greater being out there I hope my acknowledgment would bring me luck today.

Then I pulled my hood back up, clenched my fingers into fists so tight I could have pulverized a bowling ball, and inhaled. Then, I stepped out of the alley and dropped to my knees to crawl into the bank.

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Shit.

A man is standing directly in front of me. Well dressed, he looks up at me crawling into the building and wastes no time.

"Ma'am, I'm going to have to ask you to come with me."

I should've fuckin' noticed that camera sooner!

I nod at him silently, then raise one arm slowly, and slap the shit out of him! He goes down so quickly he doesn't even have time to react. The sound of me striking the guy draws the attention of the only other customer though, and it looks like I wasn't going to get to retrieve my money in the calm, polite manner I wanted.

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AY BANKING
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3
I crawl forward and the other customer freaks out. She looks up at me in a panic, seemingly unsure about whether she wants to try and make a break for the exit, or stay in case I was going to issue some orders.
The bank teller isn't quite so lucky. The amount of time it would take her to climb the desk made escape impossible. She's trapped, and can only shield herself as I move closer, hoping that I wasn't going to hurt her.
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Well too bad for her! I wasn't going to hurt her, but I couldn't guarantee that she would be escaping this unscathed. I needed to bring her with me in case there were any complications, and she sure as shit wasn't prepared to follow me of her own free will.

I bring my arm up to grab hold of her head, and she finally finds the strength in her to turn and run. Too little too late though, and I manage to grab a fistful of her hair, keeping her pinned to her current location. I would love to stay and toy with her right now as her scared whimpering is honestly getting me a bit heated, but I have a mission to accomplish first.



A flick of the hand holding her hair jerks her entire body backwards, and I drag her over the counter with ease. I actually recognize this woman. She's the same one who helped me put my money in a storage box in the first place. I'd have loved to talk with her and reminisce about what a fun coincidence this is, but time is of the essence!

I can't help myself completely, though. Before I leave I make sure to throw a grunt at the other woman in the bank, who appears to have lost her shoes in her mindless panic. She screams when I direct my attention to her, and drops prone to her belly.

God doing this shit outside of the ring is so fulfilling.

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I bring the redhead with me to the back of the bank, and she escorts me to the vault door.

I forgot how absolutely fuckin' massive this thing is! It's almost as big as I am when crawling! The whole way there she kept saying something about not knowing how to open it by herself, but that didn't matter. I would just have to open the vault. The handles and everything were made for a much smaller person after all. I should have no issue opening this without whatever key and electronic system I had taken her away from.



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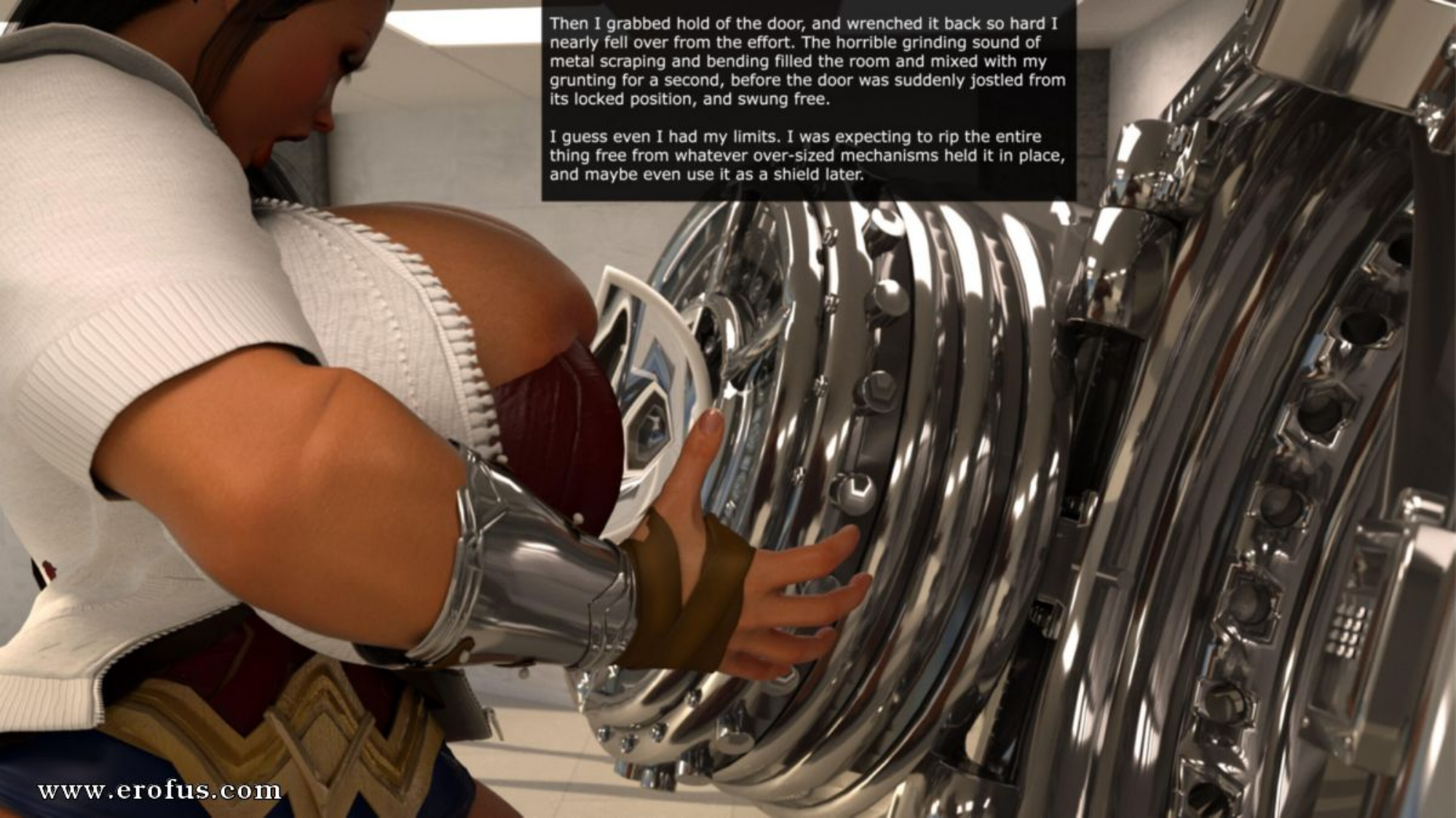


Is this where it all ends? Am I going to be defeated by a fucking door? It's a good thing this costume came with some gloves, as I'm sure the palms of my hands would be sore from all the effort I'm putting into this otherwise.

No. A goddamn door isn't going to defeat me.

I released the handles, and wiggled my fingers to relieve some of the pain. I just needed to focus. I know I can do this. If slowly pouring strength into my hands wasn't loosening it, then maybe attacking it with all my strength in one instant would. Like a fucking bomb!

I took a deep breath, and silently counted down from five.


Then I grabbed hold of the door, and wrenched it back so hard I nearly fell over from the effort. The horrible grinding sound of metal scraping and bending filled the room and mixed with my grunting for a second, before the door was suddenly jostled from its locked position, and swung free.
I guess even I had my limits. I was expecting to rip the entire thing free from whatever over-sized mechanisms held it in place, and maybe even use it as a shield later.
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Though the thing stubbornly remained stuck in the wall, it was visibly lopsided, and I had pulled it open hard enough to crack the cement wall in the process. My little redheaded accomplice cowered at the sight of what I'd just done. I wanted to reassure her and let her know she would be let go after I got my money, but I didn't wanna lie to her. I can't tell the fuckin' future.
I motioned to the inside of the vault, and she looked back the way we came, then at me. I motioned my head towards the crack in the wall, and she got the implication and followed after me.
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I forgot just how many fuckin' lock boxes there were in this room. Part of me wants to just dig my fingers into the wall and see what I can get for some extra slush funds, but I resisted the urge. I don't wanna get bloodied, cut up hands before I even leave the bank.
Still… it's all so fucking tempting! Surely the master key the teller is carrying could be used on more than one box?
Fuck it. I'll check out the ones nearby while I'm here.
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I'm kind of falling in love with my size all over again. Most of my days recently have been spent working out, in the ring, or staying at home. Interacting with these lockboxes that I can barely squeeze my hand into is doing wonders for my excitement.
And even better, I've struck gold! Literally! The nutjob in the box right next to my own was storing a fuckin' gold bar. Is that even legal? I suppose it doesn't matter cause stealing it was certainly not legal and I'm not about to let this opportunity pass.
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I'm collecting my brand new gold bar when I hear running from behind me. It's hard to see while crawling, but I spot the same guy from the entrance running into the vault. I had assumed he was a manager so I held back initially, but the way he moved suggested otherwise. Security? If cops in the area were on high alert he may be something beyond that, even.
I should've checked after knocking him out! Shit! I think it's unlikely he's carrying a firearm, but I'm not looking to get a couple thousand volts through me either. And since I'm crawling I can't turn around quickly to assess the situation better before he gets here. Fuck!
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I have no idea exactly how much that solid gold ingot was worth. I'll never know, now. The situation was too dire to save it, though. I was holding an extended vacation in the form of a small metal bar that would double as an excellent projectile. And since it was the only weapon I had on me, and the stupid fuckin' vault was too cramped for me to defend myself in properly...
I never even got to say goodbye to the thing. With great distress I just launched it straight backwards, right at the guy who'd just entered. The instant it left my hand I was filled with regret. I could have aimed better! If I had aimed for his hand I could have broken it, and stopped him from using a weapon against me. Then I could retrieve the bar, and...|
Well. It doesn't matter. At the time I could only think of disposing of him, so I aimed a bit higher than his hand.
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With a loud CLANG the bar smashed into the guy's head, forced him backwards, and bounced off the steel wall behind him.
Regret washed over me. He was dead. That wasn't the problem. The problem was that now the bar was drenched in blood, making carrying the thing around on my person a fuckin' liability. I'd have to pull it out of his broken fuckin' face to carry it anyway, and the last thing I needed was for someone to spray the thing with luminol when I try to pawn it off somewhere.
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I guess I'll just have to be happy with just my case. It's disappointing considering I got to hold such a valuable item in my hands for awhile, but it's my own fault for fucking up. Oh well. It's a learning experience for me. If I ever find myself robbing a bank again I'll make sure to carry something on me so I can bring more valuables.
While I'm pulling out the case I can hear sirens outside, and I know that things are about to fuckin' go down around here soon. The redhead whimpers, but I'm just glad I spent extra on such a premium case. The metal bits of this costume don't amount to much, but it's the best I can do for protection on such short notice. But this case? Bulletproof, baby!
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The clasps around my waist weren't really intended for anything specific when this costume was conceived, but they're going to be pulling their weight now. A nice big square of bulletproof metal hanging around my waist. Statistically I was likely to still get hit because this didn't amount to much, but it gave me a lot more confidence.
I looked wistfully back at the rows and rows of lock boxes. Any of them could be housing more valuables, but I didn't have time to search them now. I had to get a move on.
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When I had thrown the gold bar earlier it was a bit awkward and now that I'm leaving the vault I'm kind of disappointed at just how bad of a throw it really was. Yes I had put enough force into it to embed the bar in the guy's skull, but there wasn't a single dent in the wall behind him. There wasn't even any glimmering gold poking out the back of his skull.

The big streak leading to his now-seated position was nice though. Really impressive looking, if I say so myself. The redhead didn't seem so pleased, though. I think she was trying to suppress tears as she followed me through the door. I almost felt bad for her.

I noticed that he actually wasn't armed. He didn't even have a cellphone or radio, so he couldn't have been trying to call the cops. Now that I think about it, he may have not even been security. Maybe he was just a bank manager. Hell, for all I know maybe he was there to give me the key to my safe deposit box. Oh well. If he didn't want to get a gold bar through his skull, he shouldn't have snuck up on me.

After crawling out of the vault I knew I should to check how I was doing in terms of putting distance between myself and the police. I'm sure they had considered the fact that I could go out the building through the back on their way here. So for all I knew, escaping through the front may actually be a smarter decision! They'd be fortifying their defenses in the back and I'd just charge through the front with minimal resistance!

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The redhead thought I forgot about her for all of about five seconds, before I reached back and dragged her out the back door with me. She yelped at the sudden movement, but it was completely drowned out by the sound of me exploding out the back exit.

If nothing else, the redhead would serve as a good hostage. I had already considered the possibility I'd need to escape through the back before going into the bank, so I had considered this as a necessary option as well.


I had briefly considered leaving the redhead behind on my way out. I was skeptical that she'd be of any use once I got outside. But upon seeing what was waiting for me outside, I think I made the right choice in bringing her along. She'd better be prepared to pull her weight now.
I had fully expected for a cop to be waiting for me outside. Maybe even two. One I could take my time with. Two would still be fun. But three would be a little awkward. Or it would have been, had I not brought a hostage with me.
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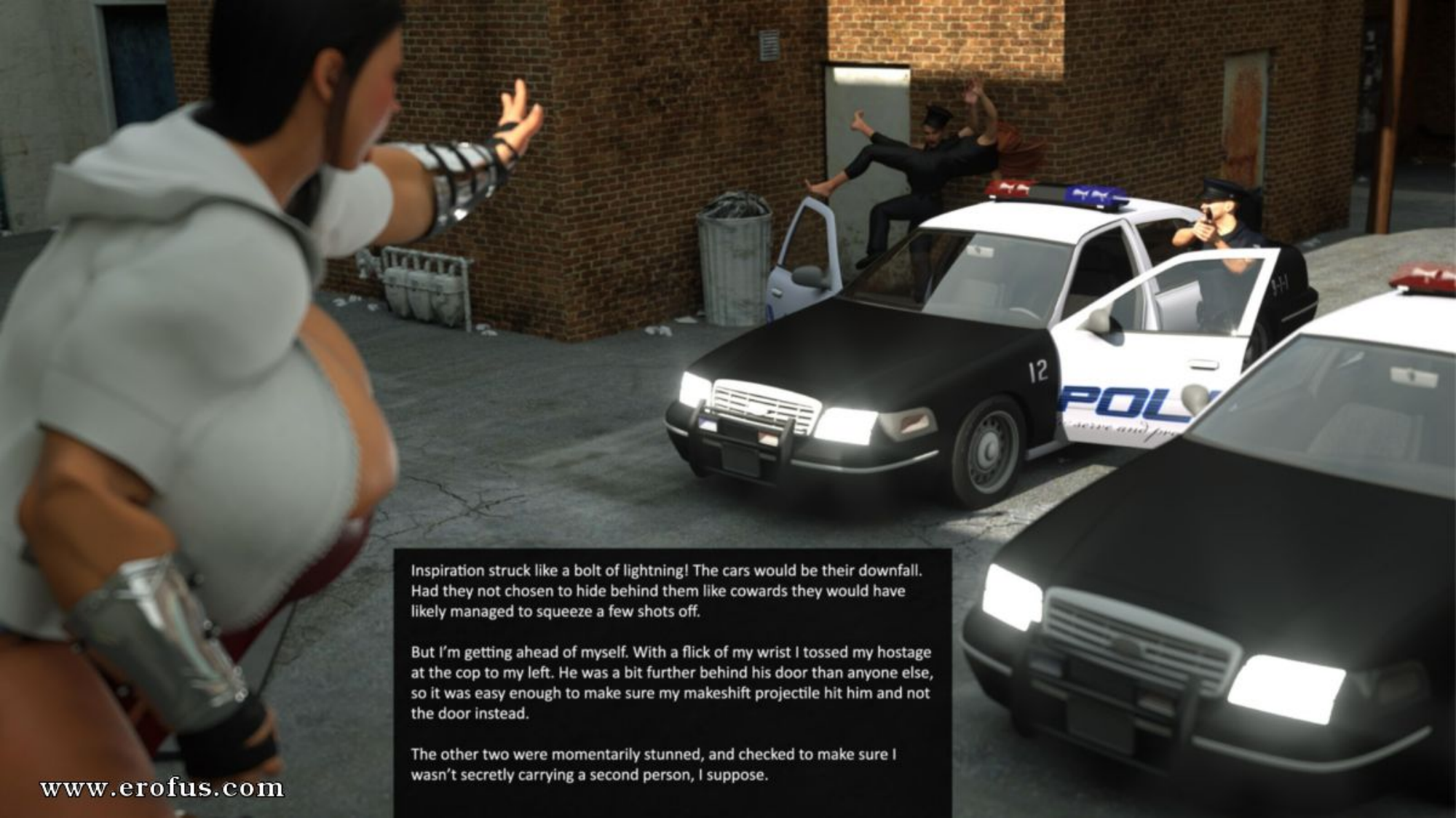
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I'm sure they would have loved nothing more than to open fire on me right then and there, but when I moved the redhead in front of me by her hair, it officially became too risky to do anything. One of the fuckers shouted at me to drop her and put my hands up. I don't know if he was saying that because he had to, or if he thought I would actually do that.

Making matters worse, I knew if I didn't finish this quickly the cops in the front would probably realize I wasn't coming through the front doors and rush at me from behind. If I didn't want to get caught in a pincer attack I had to move quickly.

Okay. Remain calm. There's three cops and two cars in front of me. The officers were spread apart and all had their guns trained on me. The cars meant I couldn't just dive forward to take two of them out at a time, but...



Inspiration struck like a bolt of lightning! The cars would be their downfall. Had they not chosen to hide behind them like cowards they would have likely managed to squeeze a few shots off.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. With a flick of my wrist I tossed my hostage at the cop to my left. He was a bit further behind his door than anyone else, so it was easy enough to make sure my makeshift projectile hit him and not the door instead.

The other two were momentarily stunned, and checked to make sure I wasn't secretly carrying a second person, I suppose.

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I lunged forward, and shoved the car to the right with one hand, knocking the cop behind it down in the process. It wasn't as clean as I'd have liked, as there was no way in hell I'd killed the officer with the move and permanently removed him from the equation.
So that just meant I'd have to take care of the officer still standing before he could recover!
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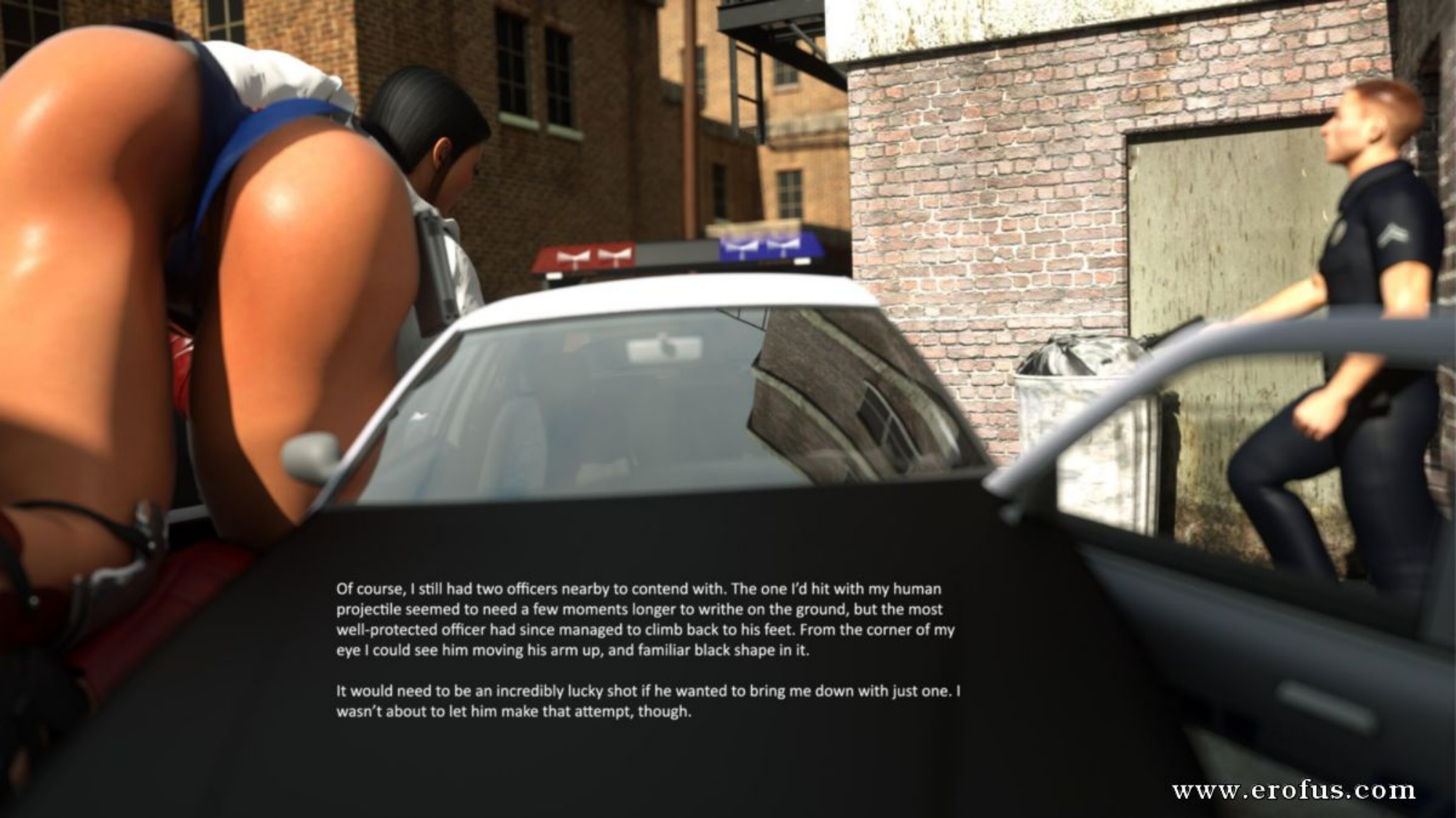




Like a blacksmith's hammer striking an anvil I brought my fist down and smashed the officer into the pavement so hard that cracks spidered out underneath my fist.

A geyser of blood shot up around the front of my arm in the process, and his entire body cartoonishly flopped backwards as if he had attempted to catch a cannon ball. He was the first of what I can only assume was going to be many dead cops today.

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Of course, I still had two officers nearby to contend with. The one I'd hit with my human projectile seemed to need a few moments longer to writhe on the ground, but the most well-protected officer had since managed to climb back to his feet. From the corner of my eye I could see him moving his arm up, and familiar black shape in it.

It would need to be an incredibly lucky shot if he wanted to bring me down with just one. I wasn't about to let him make that attempt, though.

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The smug bastard probably thought he still had the upper hand. There's no way I could have turned around, reached for him, and disarmed him before he could squeeze off one, or, more likely, several shots.

So it's a good thing that my ass could do all the work. All it took was a little bit of backing up for me. The brakes kept the vehicle from moving, and the entire thing tipped over, crushing him into the wall he was already pressed against. He shouted in surprise, and dropped his weapon.

Not that it would have made a difference.

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Really that just meant I got to tease my ass against the police car for a bit. The stupid little mirror got caught between my cheeks as I did so, and a quick twist of my hips broke it off the door entirely. It's the kind of casual movement that would have made a man realize just how much of a powerhouse he was dealing with, but...

I guess the pressure of the car might have crushed the guy's lungs or something. His mouth was open, but he wasn't making any sound. So I guess I could officially mark him as another dead pig.

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Maybe I should do a little more to scare the cops who happen upon this scene. Sure, the guy I'd pounded into a red mist was dead as shit, but the part of him that hadn't been attacked directly seemed to remain intact. The other guy was pinned between a wall and a car. It wasn't particularly bloody, but I'm sure the sight was spooky enough to these guys.
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But I could do more. I would do more.
So while closing in on the last two targets, I made sure to place the heel of my boot in front of the remainder of that cop's body. His entire torso was covered beneath the heel of my boot, and I pressed down on him with my foot.
For a moment his body resisted, before the rib cage suddenly collapsed and sprayed a modest jet of the red stuff out the top of his body. I guess the few seconds I was busy with the other guy had already considerably drained his body of blood, but I had done a good job of making the scene look slightly more
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The sound of a body being converted to paste under my feet was enough to stir my target from his rest, and in a daze he reached for his handgun. Surely he would've realized by now that I wasn't going to just let him point that thing up at me and fire?
I waited a second, just to see if he could figure out he was about to make a big mistake. The redhead meat shield underneath me was steadily climbing to her feet while the cop shakily made an attempt to point his gun up at me.
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What a fuckin' idiot.
He put on the most menacing face he could manage, and tried to move his shaky fingers to pull the trigger. If he weren't so close to actually doing it I'd have loved to just sit there and goad him into pulling it. Just watch him feebly try and stop me for what I'm sure could amount to minutes of helpless shaky aiming.
He was so intent on shooting me that he didn't notice my hand coming for him until it was too late.
ONE WAY
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My fingers wrapped around his little hand slowly and subtly. By the time he realized what was about to happen it was far too late. I had wrapped my fingers around his hand and gun both, and he couldn't break free for the life of him.

He had to feel his fingers grind against the metal of the gun for seconds, while the pistol bent apart and was misshapen by the strength in my fingers. The bones in his hand quickly followed suit, turning to powder as I squeezed the gun and his hand both beyond recognition.

When I released my hold, his hand clacked on the ground uselessly. He tried to separate his gun from his fingers, but bone and metal had been bent and fused with each other in my palm. It was no use. He couldn't let go of the gun even though he desperately wanted to.

Shit. I was going to miss doing things like this.

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With his hand out of the way I had a moment to myself with a guy who was now defenseless before me. He was still winded from the blow earlier, so his non-lethal means of taking me down, if they would even be effective, weren't going to be a factor.

He looked up at me while I picked him up by the arms and pinned him against the wall of the building we were outside of. His little legs kicked at me feebly, but they didn't even make contact. From this height I kind of wanted to just lean forward and let my tits splatter him into the wall, but I probably didn't have the time for that.

I leaned forward just enough to pin him against the wall with my tits, though. And then I started to pull his arms in opposite directions.

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It all happened really fast. His eyes went wide in surprise and his mouth opened, but before he could process what was happening to him it was over. With a meaty snap I pulled his arms away from his torso, and was mildly disappointed to see them separate at the elbow. Twin jets of blood spewed from both ends of the severed limbs as the life began to fade from his eyes.
Such a shame. I really wanted them to come apart at the shoulder. Really would have made for a more interesting sight, I'd think. But I really had to to get going. He wasn't likely to survive this anyway and I've pulled arms off before. His shock as he passed would be nothing new for me.
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Tossing his arms aside I let him fall onto the streets in a bloody pile, before turning my attention back to my lovely hostage slash meat shield. She was cowering in front of me again, and her eyes darted between my foot, which was in the process of crushing the roof of the cop car in. My face, or what she could see of it while in the shadow of my tits. And of course, the freshly executed, disarmed cop.
Heh. Disarmed.
I don't know which of the three scared her most.
She wasn't moving, which would make it easy to collect and continue using her.
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On the plus side, not having to worry about a miniature companion meant I could really cut loose. My hoodie had served its purpose well, but my identity was out there and there wasn't a whole lot I could do to conceal myself now.
So to ensure absolute freedom of movement, it had to go. No big deal. Plus it meant I got to show some more skin. You never know when a last second erection will stop someone in their tracks.
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I've got my belongings, so I suppose all the work I absolutely had to do was done. If something were to go poorly at this point and I had to make a run for it then I could do so. I could start a new life until the heat died down, and come back for Erin later.

I was going to do **absolutely everything** I could to make sure that didn't happen, though. And that began with not running down the alleyway packed with cops heading for me. The alley was too long, too open. I could see three cop cars minimum, but it sounded like there were more of them not far behind. This wasn't the time or place to stand my ground. I would need to take an improvised exit.



The only other exit was blocked by a big fuckin' eighteen-wheeler, which presented a conundrum for me. It took up too much of the alleyway for me to knock it over, and it was too long to realistically pick up and try to hurl out of the way.

That left climbing over it as my only option. I say only, because it may come as a surprise, given how strong I am and all, but...

Climbing is ROUGH. Holy shit.

I guess when you focus all your workout regimens on being able to lift greater weights or feats of strength the muscles required simply to lift your own body like this get underutilized. It doesn't help that the heaviest weights I lifted weighed less than my own body. A car might seem impossibly hard to lift by a normal person's standards, but the sedans I bench pressed weighed around a ton, and I was significantly heavier than that by now.

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The faster I moved the less likely the truck was to fold in on itself underneath me. So I took off! The cops certainly couldn't chase me down this route, allowing me to maximize the distance between us. I was already going over the optimal routes I'd need to take from here to get to the jail. Ha! This was barely even a set back!
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Then a police car screeched down the alley and stopped in front of the truck. Three officers exploded out of the vehicle and moved into position behind opened doors again. Why? I don't know. It wouldn't do much against an opponent at a higher vantage point, and I had way so many options from up here!
All three of them pulled their guns at once, and I had to stop myself from laughing at the sight. But okay. Sure. If they wanted to think they had the upper hand they could stay entrenched in their current position and wait for me to strike. I've been in more dangerous positions before, I'm sure.

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With all the power I could muster I leaped off the truck, and let loose a war cry as I soared through the air. It might have looked goofy, but it had the desired effect of shaking the cop's resolve. This was followed immediately by the three of them seemingly realizing how easily I could have reached any of them from their current position, and they took a step backwards in unison.

Too little, too late.



My arm came down like the hammer of God, striking one of the officers with so much force his insides were briefly outside. The rest of my body plummeted like a meteor and crumpled the roof of the car in the blink of an eye.

And while I didn't touch either of them myself, the sheer impact of my body devastating the car knocked both of the other cops aside. Little fucks probably weren't expecting that.

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That last move was big. Too big for me, even. It didn't quite knock me over completely, but it did bring me to my knees.

I mean, that's absolutely nothing compared to what the three cops went through, but I deserve some sympathy too!

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Unfortunately, one of these little fuckers seemed to have more resolve than I expected. While I pushed myself up I could see the guy to my right scrambling to grab his gun. In another situation I would have thrown his gun away, and carried him off with me to put to good use. Any man with that much willpower would certainly be fun to toy with. Someone to break down slowly, and force all the fight out of. Mmm.

Shit. It's probably not good to be so horny during all this.

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...Because in this one his face gets converted to mist. And the wall behind him leaves a well-defined print in the shape of my fist, commemorating his fate.
NO PARKING
www.erofus.com


That left one cop. Of all the officers I've met today, he might very well have been the first smart one. Rather than raise a gun in my direction, he'd chosen to escape. The way he'd entered the alley was officially blocked by me and my big ass, so his options for escape were limited. He backed away slowly as I turned to face him, and raised both his arms up.
I could probably spare a couple extra seconds for him.
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Truth be told, I considered sparing him. He no longer had any fight in him, and alleviating my boredom with this whole cop fighting routine was only going to increase the likelihood that I put myself in a dangerous position. But, at the same time, I couldn't trust the guy. Who knows what kind of information he could have on me that would make it to others if he survived?
Besides, I've already disposed of a few cops. If you kill one cop, you may as well kill a hundred. What's the difference? They can only execute you once.
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He couldn't have possibly escaped my reach down the alleyway. I had him cornered, but I suppose he still wanted to try. It didn't amount to much when I yanked him off his feet and slammed his body onto the hood of the truck in front of me.

From this close angle I couldn't really see him thanks to the shelf of my tits. I could definitely hear him though. And he was not pleased with his predicament.

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Were this in the ring I would have drawn it out for much, much longer. I would have wiggled my chest from side to side and brushed my nipples against his little face so he got to really appreciate just how big my tits were before they came down on him and ended him.

Surprisingly, even without all the pomp and circumstance I felt just as excited as I would have in the ring. It felt exhilarating to be doing this sort of thing out in the open. For years my prey has been delivered to me in conditions where they couldn't hope to escape. Finally getting to cut loose on my own and use more of my long-dormant real-world experience was making for an unforgettable experience.


And I still managed to find a way to steamroll my tits over some helpless motherfucker. That's what I call a win/win! As I pushed my chest forward I swear I could feel everything caught underneath get flattened and the rest of his body stretch forward like I was a rolling pin and he was a lump of dough.
His face froze in terror in his final moments, before the noises stopped once and for all.
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Rest in peace buddy. I've got a prison to get to. I don't know how long it'll take them to locate me and resume the chase. Maybe it could be a couple of minutes or maybe it would only be a few seconds.

But I'm hoping the sight of what happened in that alley will make them think twice before coming after me. It's a slight tradeoff, really. If they get spooked enough then I can put more distance between us, but they'll probably upgrade their arsenal and make future engagements more risky.

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Of course, that assumes that they're thinking about this even a little bit tactically. They could always just keep doing what they've been doing and hope for different results. I wouldn't call it a particularly smart strategy, but that's just me. If they weren't going to level up their weaponry then I wouldn't have much of an issue continuing to take them out as they come to me.
I thought I had lost them. The stupid assholes weren't putting any thought into this chase.
NO PARKING ANY TIME
www.erofus.com



Just then, another squad of cops swerved around the corner. They had left their sirens off, so they didn't announce themselves. Maybe they weren't quite as stupid as I thought. That's when I realized I was headed for an intersection. They could come at me from all directions.

Well, maybe I underestimated them. If they come at me from both sides then I can't exactly do much against that. Rush the ones to my right and the left can unload on me for several seconds. Rushing the left won't change the outcome either. I looked around in every direction, hoping to see some kind of choke point I could retreat to, but the streets were wide open.

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A couple of the cars that swerved to avoid me had just crashed into some barricades. I was hoping the truck would do the obvious thing and slam on his brakes, blocking the intersection, but he didn't make things that easy for me.
The driver probably thought he was in the middle of his own personal action movie. He was going to plow through the intersection and keep hauling ass to make his important delivery on time. The life of a noble truck driver. After all, the country would grind to a halt if that delivery he was carrying wasn't made.
The good news is he would in fact save the day. The bad news is... well, there wasn't any. It was bad for the cops, but it would completely play out in my favor.
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MAIN ST
CRESCENT ST
MAIN ST

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As soon as the truck's cab passed me I started moving. I'd like to think the driver managed to figure out what was happening right then and there, but the vehicle was too big to stop easily so he couldn't do a thing about it. Once the back of the truck was blocking off the entire street I launched myself forward, and he raised both his hands in an effort to shield himself from the inside of the cab.

I guess. I don't know what he was doing. My imagination was just finding ways to make this more interesting.

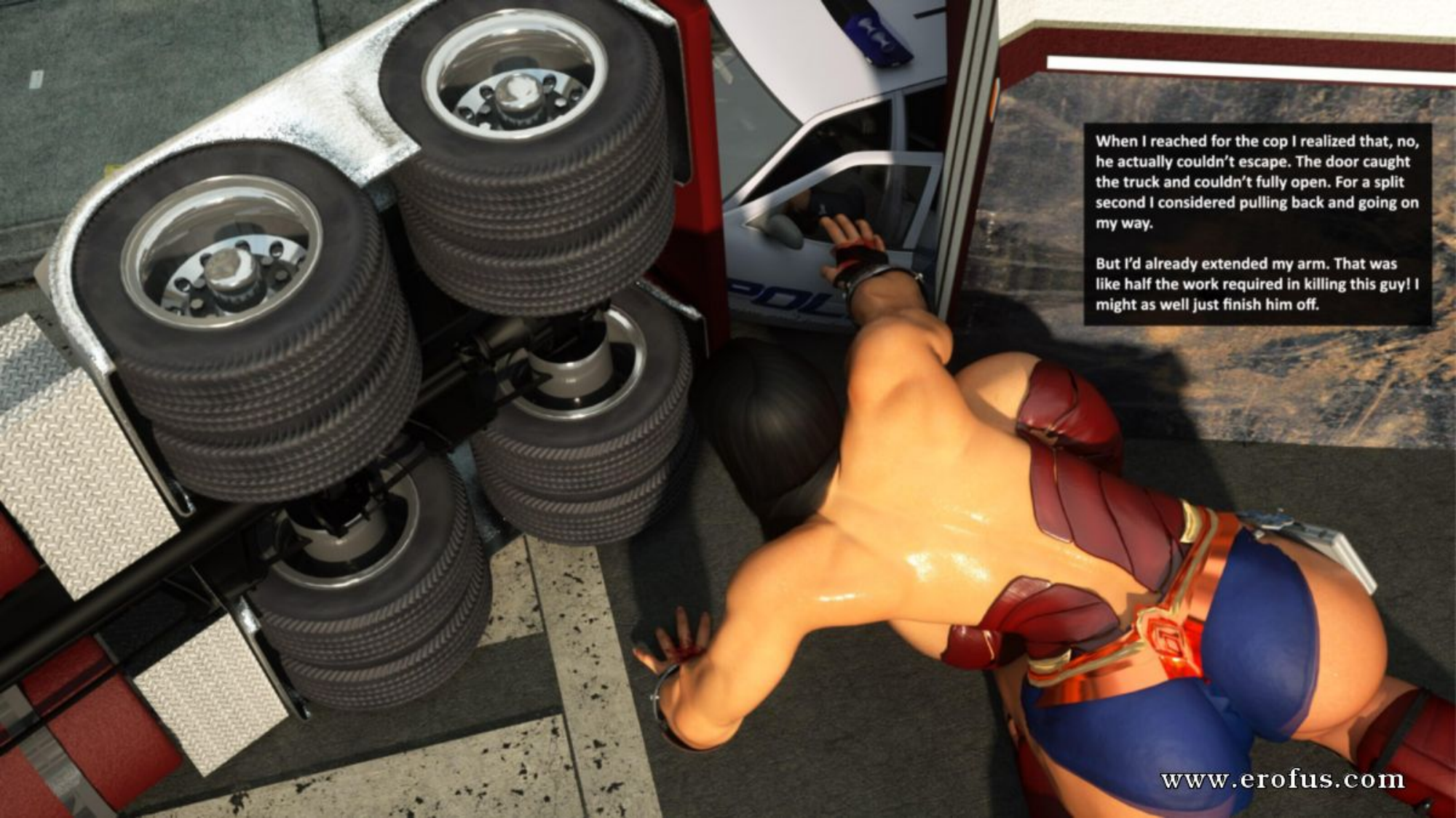

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The shoulder tackle was probably the hardest I've ever attacked anything. I wanted to think it would knock the entire truck off its wheels and send it careening down the street to crush everything in its path. Or that it would at least make the truck flip a few times before skidding to a stop.
But, alas, even with all my size and strength I managed to do little more than tip the vehicle far enough to knock it onto its side.



It would prove to be more than enough, though. The cops certainly didn't see it coming, and I could clearly hear the sound of the truck's big fuckin' cab come down onto part of the lead cop's car. The telltale sounds of a body being crushed were sadly missing, but it did mean at least one of the cops was grounded, and the rest certainly couldn't get past my new roadblock.

Then I heard the sound of a car door opening. Shit. The gap between the cab and the cargo was probably just big enough for the guy driving the car nearest the gap to reach me.

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When I reached for the cop I realized that, no, he actually couldn't escape. The door caught the truck and couldn't fully open. For a split second I considered pulling back and going on my way.
But I'd already extended my arm. That was like half the work required in killing this guy! I might as well just finish him off.
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My fingers wrapped around his throat and pulled him out of the car in the blink of an eye. In the same instant both of his hands came up and started swinging at my arm. It's easy to be brave when you're not being suspended by your throat and completely at another person's mercy.
Maybe I'll be nice. I'll just place him back on the ground gently.
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Oh no. I squished him by accident. I accidentally splatted him so hard that his upper body exploded and sprayed blood all over my hands. That definitely wasn't intentional. I certainly didn't mean to choke slam the little fucker into the pavement.
I am disappointed I didn't leave a nice hand print behind, though. I'll definitely need to slam the next one way harder.
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I cut off one street the police were traveling down, and the sight of me tipping that truck over seems to have scared a lot of the drivers nearby. The average civilian has more brainpower than all the cops it seems, with how quickly they realized that their cars were a liability when I'm around.
They couldn't have known that they weren't who I was targeting today, so they did their best to escape via other means. They didn't even try to arrange their cars in a way to block me or something. Just abandoned them where they stood. They knew better than to challenge me.
Good.
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But I didn't want to leave anything to chance.

I crawled around the truck to see how the other cops were doing. That's when one of them decided it would be a good idea to step on the gas and try to ram me with his police car.

What was the cop here even going for? I suppose he might have been working under the assumption that I wasn't paying any attention so he could ram into me to incapacitate me. Then I'd be vulnerable to... well, everything he carried on him.

So it's a shame that he was either lacking the necessary speed, or the testicular fortitude to follow through with his plan. The front hood did hit me, but it wasn't with a particularly notable amount of force or anything.

Sucks for him.


Weak as the impact was it seemed to have stunned the driver, so I was going to have some fun with this one. I'd just spent the past several months making use of cars similar in size and shape to this one for a casual workout routine. I was also confident I could crumple the entire thing by just laying on top of it, so why not make a game out of it?
Could I reach the driver before the car was flattened?
www.erofus.com
12
9-1-1


Early tests do not look good. Leaning forward slightly made the roof of the car sag. It probably didn't help that I intentionally helped it along by pressing the doors inward, but that's irrelevant. The cop seems to have recovered from his low speed collision too, but couldn't do much in response. I'd imagine it's hard when your world is closing in around you by a malevolent force ready to end you.
9-1-1
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The car is doing a terrible job of holding up underneath me! I almost wish the guy had hit me with a good deal more speed. I'm positive I could take it, and probably not even be knocked over. I could already feel the engine block underneath me. A hard lump of steel that I probably wouldn't be able to crush simply by laying on it.

So that just means I'll have to crawl a little bit more forward. I hope the cop can keep up.

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More and more of the roof fails to retain its shape against the weight of my invasive tits. I can hear a screaming little cop scrambling underneath me, reminding me of the game I was trying to play in the first place.
The front seat was long gone, but I could probably reach through the misshapen back windows now.
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His screams rose to a fever pitch when both of my arms appeared to his sides. I'm sure it was probably a horrifying, torturous experience. The car I'm sure was a symbol of safety for him. Able to withstand all sorts of things, and if he's anything like the rest of the cops I've ended today, he was probably trained to use it to defend himself in a shootout.

Well I was a bit more dangerous than bullets, so he was trapped while his bastion of safety threatened to crush him. At some point his legs were trapped and he couldn't keep moving backwards. When my hands came in they made a beeline for his head, and then…!

I don't know how he passed ultimately. Maybe he felt his body crumple beneath me and suffered multiple organ failure before my hands reached him. Or maybe he was still relatively unscathed beneath me, and my fists came together on his head anyway.

Either way, the end result was his melon splitting open like a grape and a ruined, crumpled body. Maybe an autopsy would be able to determine which method killed him first.


Laying down like this felt really nice, actually. I knew I couldn't nap, but I wanted to at least lay down for like, a minute, before I moved on. I was only a few seconds into my rest when I heard some frantic movement to my right.
Why do these fuckers always come in threes?
POLICE
9-1-1
9-1-1
DPM 863
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Well I wasn't going to wait for him to start shooting at my shins from inside the car. So his car will be taking the brunt of the punishment. With a well placed stomp I dented the passenger side of the car, as a final warning to the guy. If he escaped I would be able to kill him faster. If he insisted on staying, then I would just have to crush the car with him inside.
I couldn't see him from my lofty vantage, but I could hear his erratic movements. It didn't sound like he was trying to open the door, though. Then I heard his voice.
"OFFICER DOWN! OFFICER DOWN! WE NEED BACKUP!
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Wrong answer.
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A second later the screams resumed, answering my question. So I still had work to do. He couldn't escape through the passenger door, nor could he climb through to the back with how much of the roof I'd effortlessly caved in.

He was a cornered little piglet due for the slaughter, and I was through playing games. My booted foot rose over the still-intact portion of the car slowly. If he could see me from down there I wanted him to feel it coming for him.


With finality I directed another stomp at the driver's side of the car. No warning, no fanfare. Just a brutally efficient stomp to execute a driver. It's kind of incredible how much blood I managed to kick up after that first explosion. I just thought there'd be a couple little squirts, not this magnificent geyser.
More importantly, while I finished the guy off I could feel the wheels of the car bend from the sudden uninvited pressure. If I kept this up I could probably total the car just from this one fuckin stomp.
9-1-1
12
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His crumpled body could be made out through the glimpses into the driver's seat I still had. Overall it was just a real fuckin' mess though. Only made worse by the fact that my foot was stuck. I don't know how I managed to do that. Maybe I'd twisted it around too much while grinding the toe of my boot into the car, but when I tried to pull back I felt a good deal of resistance.
Shit! All this blood can't be good for the boot. I should've just killed this loser with my hands or something.
9-1-1
12

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Gods, though. I felt so fuckin' powerful right now. I felt fuckin' invincible. Ten dead cops and I wasn't even at the jail yet. I thought I'd go through two or three at best, but this had gone on for maybe half an hour so far and I already had ten.

That was more than I'd ever gotten to kill in a single match!

That thought kicked my imagination into overdrive.

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