
SQUASH MATCH 13


STORY BY EMMAGEAR
ART BY REDFIREDOG



It shouldn't bother me this fuckin' much. I know it shouldn't. She means nothing. I don't know who she is, where she's from, what she's done with her life. She could be the sweetest person in the world. She could be a monstrous psychopath. I don't know. I'll never know. And I don't fuckin' care.

I just feel like I can't let this go. There's doubtless been other witnesses during this rampage. Getting rid of her won't endear me to Erin, or anything like that. There was no good reason to ensure she gets converted to a bloody stain.

I just had to. There was a deeply rooted need to do this. She had a small headstart on me and escaped into a small... restaurant? Coffee house? Bar?



I didn’t get a good look before going in. Which is rather unfortunate, because now I was face to face with at least three more witnesses. They mattered exactly as little as the girl with the blonde streaks. I could retreat right now, and nothing would change.

Instead, I added three more faces to the list of people I would need to dispose of. If I had to chase them to the ends of the earth I would. But I was going to go about this in order, which means…



Dammit!

I suppose the shock from my sudden appearance wore off faster than I anticipated. I lunged for the woman with the streaks, but she managed to remain just out of reach.

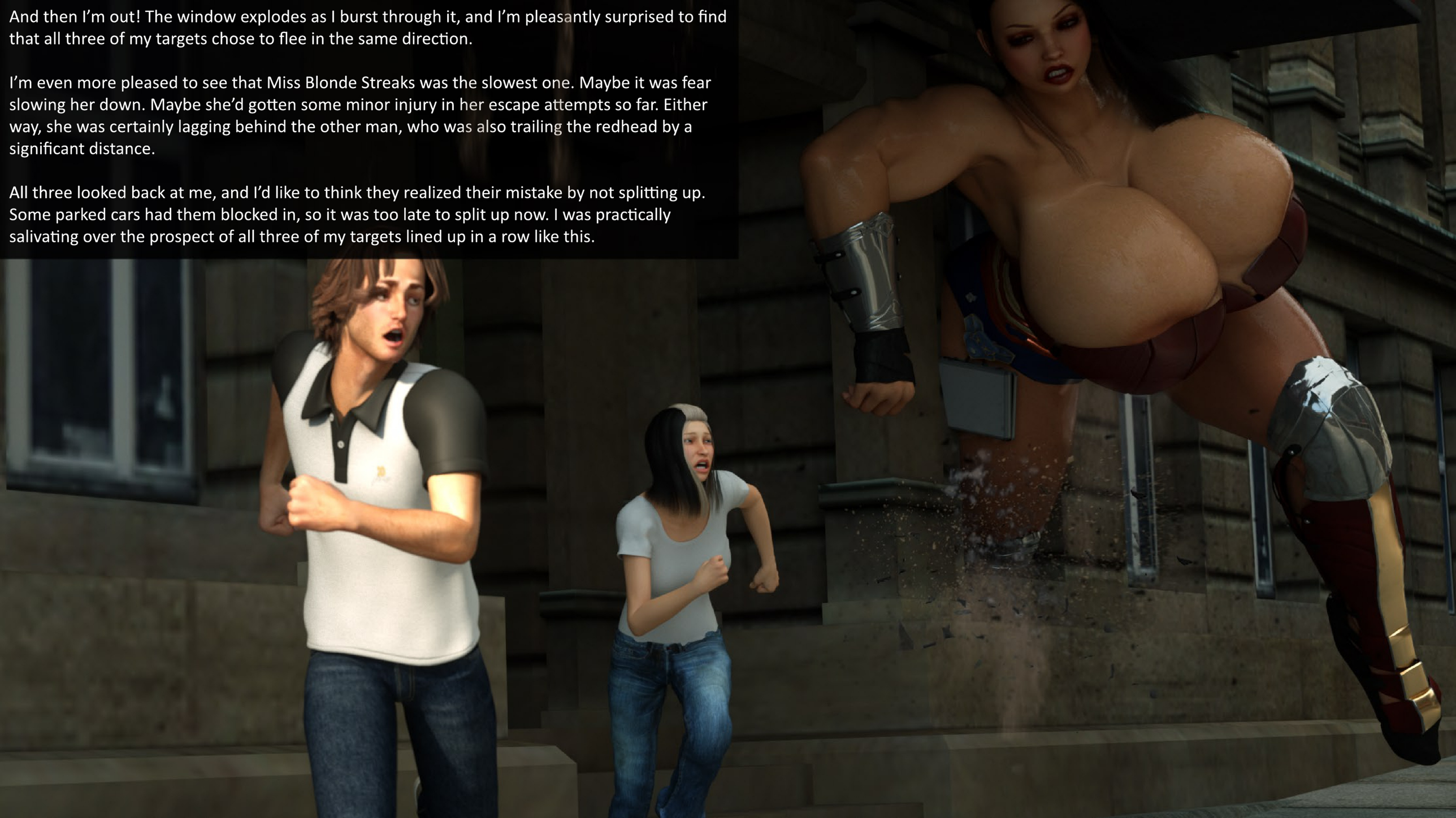
In the meantime, chaos erupted in the dining area. The guy in the suit started to run away, but my tits bowled him over and dropped him directly into my path. The other man and woman present wasted no time breaking into a run straight for the exit as well.



One less person to chase down.

The fastest way out of the building would be through one of the windows. The slight drop after would be trivial, and the danger of rushing through glass was practically nonexistent for me. Unfortunately for one business-suited man, the path I would need to take was currently being occupied.

My boobs knocked him out of his chair and onto the floor initially, but he had a moment to recuperate. I hope he used those final moments well, because a half-second later one of my knees bore down on his chest, crushing his ribcage in one go.



And then I'm out! The window explodes as I burst through it, and I'm pleasantly surprised to find that all three of my targets chose to flee in the same direction.

I'm even more pleased to see that Miss Blonde Streaks was the slowest one. Maybe it was fear slowing her down. Maybe she'd gotten some minor injury in her escape attempts so far. Either way, she was certainly lagging behind the other man, who was also trailing the redhead by a significant distance.

All three looked back at me, and I'd like to think they realized their mistake by not splitting up. Some parked cars had them blocked in, so it was too late to split up now. I was practically salivating over the prospect of all three of my targets lined up in a row like this.


Now that I was back outside though, I got to stretch my legs and really just kind of casually walk it out. My footsteps shook the ground enough to disorient the slow pair just in front of me, and my full stride meant that I was quickly gaining on the pair.
I briefly toyed with the idea of scaring Blonde Streaks further by simply strolling past her, and dismantling the other two. To just sense absolute despair emanating from her when I used these two to get myself off, and came back to crush her just for fun.



As I walked I naturally closed the gap. I could hear her panicked whimpers as I stepped after her. I was upon her right now, even. I wouldn't have to break stride. Just a couple more steps and the toe of my boots would bump into her from behind.

Of course, even a small bump from me would be enough to force her to the ground in a helpless bundle. She would be so beneath me that even though I knew she was there, I would not hesitate. I had to complete my stride, after all.



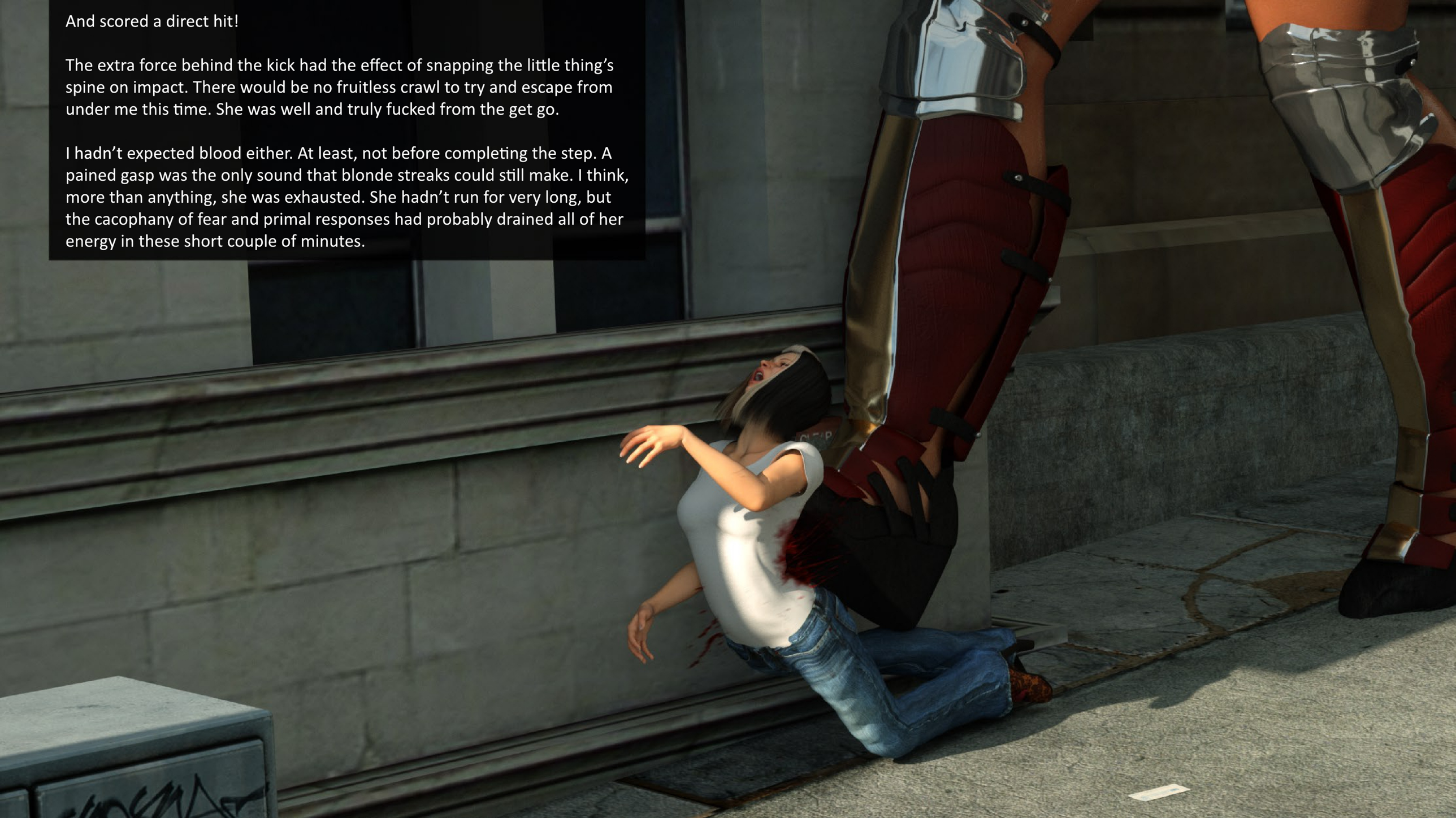
Doing so would bring my entire boot down onto her back. She would reach forward in a desperate bid for survival, and claw at the concrete. Wear her fingernails down trying to escape from the boot that had her pinned to the floor before it was all over.

And it would be for nothing. It wasn't up to her whether she lived or died, after all. It was my decision, and I couldn't be bothered to spare a thought for those beneath me.

The thought of playing the domineering Goddess turned me on so much I even slowed down. I wanted to keep this game going, at least for a little bit longer. Blonde streaks looked back at me as she continued running. I don't know if she was aware I had allowed her a few moments longer to survive or not. She could just give up at any time and let me claim my reward, but still she ran.

She ran until I couldn't hold back anymore. I needed to exert my power over someone else. Taking a deep breath, I stomped forward with my left foot one final time, and kicked forward my right with purpose.





And scored a direct hit!

The extra force behind the kick had the effect of snapping the little thing's spine on impact. There would be no fruitless crawl to try and escape from under me this time. She was well and truly fucked from the get go.

I hadn't expected blood either. At least, not before completing the step. A pained gasp was the only sound that blonde streaks could still make. I think, more than anything, she was exhausted. She hadn't run for very long, but the cacophany of fear and primal responses had probably drained all of her energy in these short couple of minutes.



FUCK!

Every so often it really hits me just how big I fuckin am. My foot was longer than most of her body. I felt her little cranium crunch under my toes, and the the entire upper half of her body fell under my sole. Her legs found their way under my heel, and, I don't fuckin know.

Just that that her little foot was probably smaller than any of my toes set me off almost as much as crushing her with a single step did.

I made sure to twist my foot in place as I walked, and I felt her limbs separate from the body as I did so. It was probably a horrifying sight to behold to anyone coming after me, but I didn't care. I was through looking behind me. There was only disappointment and regret back there. I had to keep moving forward.


Every innocent person I crushed into goo took me further away from Erin, both literally and emotionally. It should have bothered me, but at some point it just didn’t anymore. Hell, I wanted to go faster.
Which was bad news for the guy in front of me. He had initially only been about half a foostep ahead of blonde streaks, but I had slowed down on that last step. He tried to capitalize on my distraction, but he’d need a lot more than two seconds of leeway to cover a meaningful amount of space.



One more big step and I was within striking range. My foot was raised and ready to strike. I figure just my immense presence being that close to someone is impossible to ignore, since he chose to spend his final moments the same way that blonde streaks did.

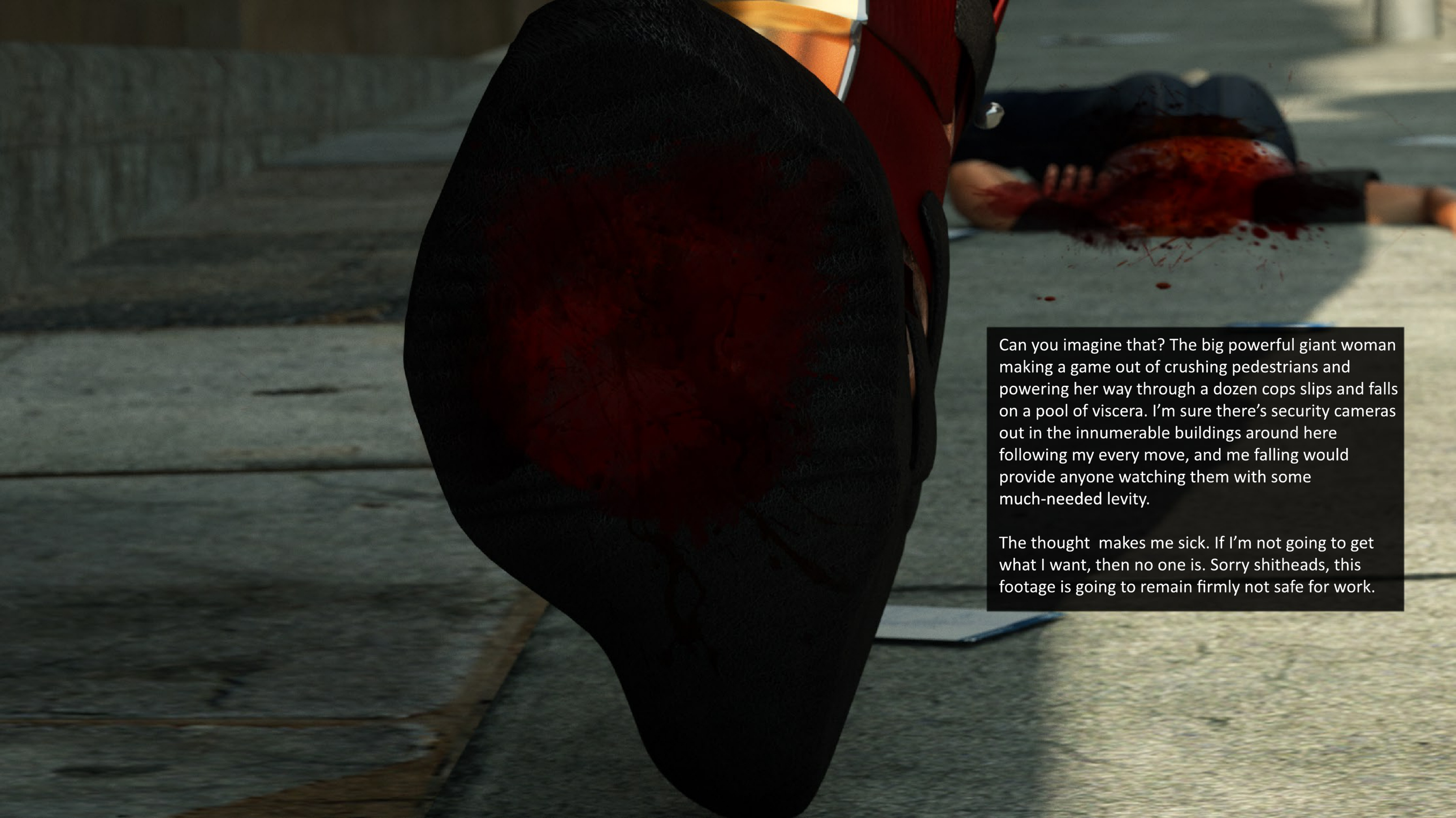
The ol' turn around and make sure he was still ahead of me mid-run move. I wonder if he could even see my boot from that angle? It was directly behind him, after all. He might only see my left leg and think he's still got a shot.



Too bad for him.

He crumples under a single step like the last one. It had been slightly awkward extending my foot the way I needed to in order to catch him mid-sprint, but an awkard step from me is an extinction level event for spinal fluid. And a spine. And I guess every part of him, really.

Afterwards I twist my foot on the remains. Not to drive my destructive power home or anything, but simply to adjust my posture. I don’t want to slip on all these slick remains.



Can you imagine that? The big powerful giant woman making a game out of crushing pedestrians and powering her way through a dozen cops slips and falls on a pool of viscera. I'm sure there's security cameras out in the innumerable buildings around here following my every move, and me falling would provide anyone watching them with some much-needed levity.

The thought makes me sick. If I'm not going to get what I want, then no one is. Sorry shitheads, this footage is going to remain firmly not safe for work.



The redhead had disappeared from view while I was angling my foot over the guy, but there was only one place she could have gone. The streets were empty, with no notable hiding spots, and I was coming up on a small alleyway.

Well, small for me, that is. Once I stepped up to the edge I took a look inside, and confirmed the obvious. A tiny, quivering redhead looked up at me, seemingly surprised that I'd discovered her hiding spot.



There wasn’t anyone else I could see at the moment. That left me with a few options on how to handle her. My first intention was to simply scare her, and keep this chase going. Follow her down alleyways until she inevitably lead me to a new crowd of people, at which point the chase would resume.

But… well… I was also really fucking horny. She was about the same size as one of my in-ring opponents. I bet I could shove a nipple into her mouth to really get things going. There was, after all, nobody else around to intervene.



I smashed her face against my tit to test the waters. As expected, I couldn't feel a whole lot with this top on, but her cries of pain from what I could assume was at least a broken nose were nice to listen to. And I wasn't even using any real force yet.

I've done something like this once before. It's been awhile, so I'm having trouble remembering all the details, but I know I was significantly smaller than I am now. A small, redheaded woman was facing me down in the ring, and I crushed her face into my nipple to finish her off.



Nostalgia is a powerful thing. I don't remember how long ago the match I'm thinking of even took place, but I know it was from before I even met Erin.

And now I was thinking about Erin again, shit.

Her tiny arms came up and pulled at my fingers in an attempt to free herself. Even her entire open hand would be a bit smaller than any of my fingernails, and I could see blood pouring from her nose and onto the sides of my finger. She was a pitiable figure now, but she would live.



If I wanted her to live, that is. And frankly I didn't give a fuck. In homage to the younger me, I open-palm slammed her face into my tits and exploded her cranium in one smooth motion. Over the years all my matches in the ring have kinded of blended together, but I distinctly remember each life I took.

Does that make me a good person?

Either way, I remember the other redhead took more than one slam. At least two. Maybe as many as three or four, before I had caved in her head. I used to have so much trouble breaking skulls! They're so durable!



Shit. Now my mind's wandering again. The younger me wouldn't stand a chance in the ring against the current me. It's a fun thought experiment, though. Just sneaking up on a much-smaller version of myself and crushing her head between my tits.

Shit, that's good stuff.

The redhead has served her purpose of giving me one orgasm. A small one, of course, and it was more the events she made me fantasize about that gave me the orgasm, but she contributed. Sort of. I guess.


But now that she was gone… what was I supposed to do? Since leaving the police station I had been following a trail of distractions that lead me to where I am now. But there wasn't anywhere else to go from here. No new cops had arrived. Not even sirens. The streets were empty too, so I couldn't just keep chasing people down and crushing them.
Making matters worse, I was still really fuckin' horny. I was wiping the blood off my chestplate, when I noticed something. My top felt way too tight. My tits couldn't have grown that much just now, could they?


Fuck it. At this point the cups on this costume are more of an annoyance than anything. A quick yank down frees my nipples, and the fresh air immediately sends chills down my spine. Guess they can add “Public exposure” the lengthy list of crimes I’ve committed today.
Whatever. Fuck them. If they want me to cover up they’re going to have to make me.


Ugh. Why did I smash the redhead. I should have choked her with my nipples like I wanted to earlier. Now how am I supposed to take care of this?
I can’t… I can’t just get naked and masturbate right here in the middle of the street, can I? If someone tries to stop me, then they’ll get to become part of the fun.
Shit. I’m starting to soak through the crotch of my fuckin’ outfit.



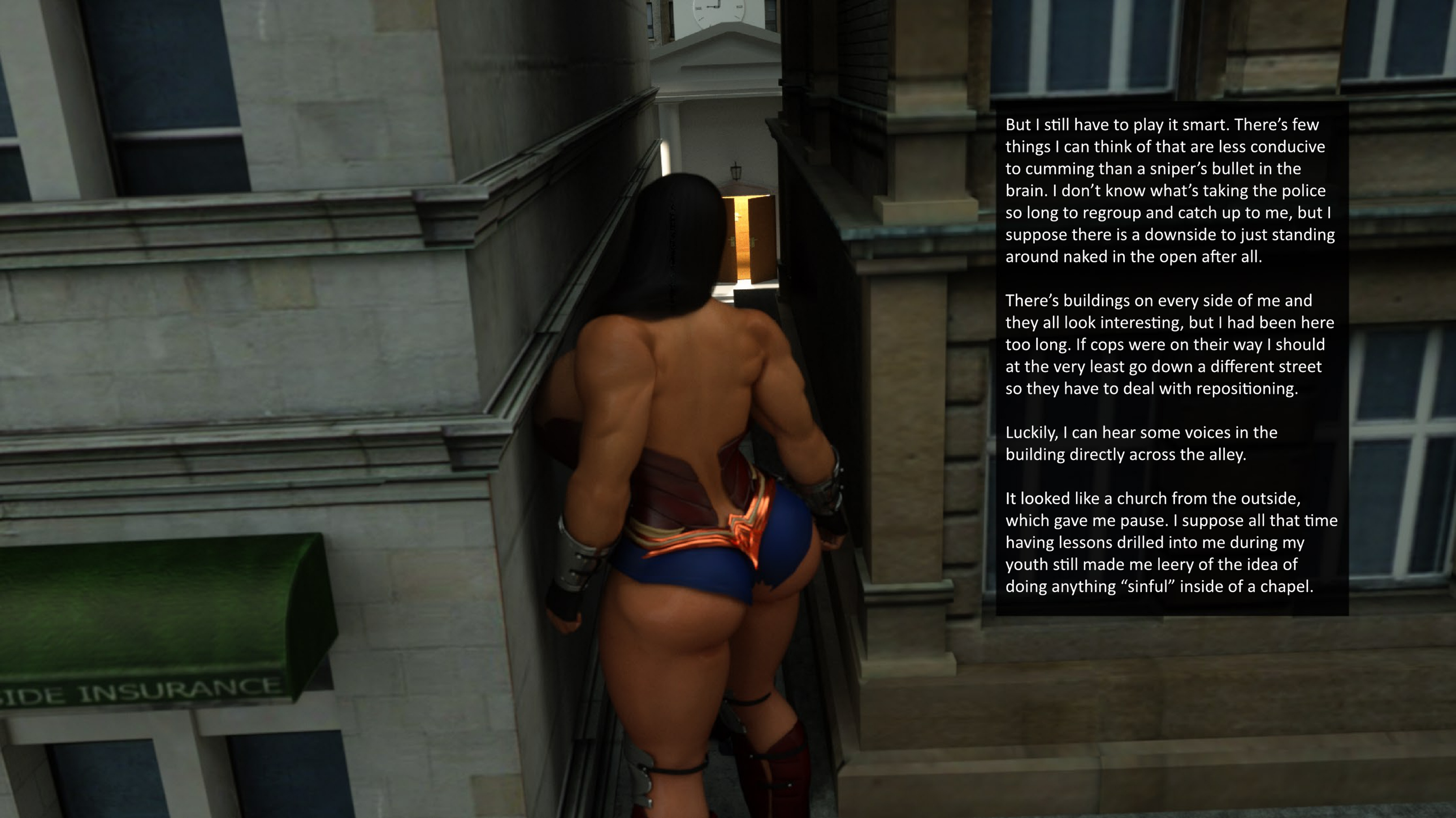
Stupid! Stupid! Stupid!

If I still had the redhead I could just shove her fuckin' face right into my pussy. Hell, she was so small if I really wanted to I could have probably gotten her entire face inside. And then… shit. Did I have enough power in my pussy to crush a skull?

Wait, what the hell am I saying? Of course I did. I crushed a dude's head with my pussy like a week ago!


Mother fuck! I have to stop thinking such sexy thoughts! I mean, realistically she probably wouldn't have even fit so it's a moot point, right? Right?!
I wasn't so convinced anymore. I was only sure of one thing.
ERIAL


That being, my pussy is hungry for stimulation, and this outfit is getting in the fuckin' way. So long as I've got the belt intact I can keep my case on me at all times, so it doesn't really matter what happens to the rest of this outfit. It's not like it was any use anyway.
Fuck it. I can do what I want! I can come up with a plan later!
And with that thought, it's pathetically easy for me to rip the crotch out from my costume, exposing my hungry pussy to fresh air.
IMPERIAL



But I still have to play it smart. There's few things I can think of that are less conducive to cumming than a sniper's bullet in the brain. I don't know what's taking the police so long to regroup and catch up to me, but I suppose there is a downside to just standing around naked in the open after all.

There's buildings on every side of me and they all look interesting, but I had been here too long. If cops were on their way I should at the very least go down a different street so they have to deal with repositioning.

Luckily, I can hear some voices in the building directly across the alley.

It looked like a church from the outside, which gave me pause. I suppose all that time having lessons drilled into me during my youth still made me leery of the idea of doing anything "sinful" inside of a chapel.


Then I figured that if I was going to spend an eternity burning in hell it was probably all of the murders that would get me there. Desecrating a place of worship was just one of many bad things I'd done today.
Besides, now that I think about it, an eternity in hell might not be so bad for someone like me. There'd be plenty of people to crush and fuck, and I think I'd look good with horns.


I'd make one hell of a demon. Fuck, I'm such a badass that if I do go to Hell, I'll probably end up running the place within a week!


The desire to cum outweighed any potential theological consequences, so I made my move, and charged right through those front doors like they weren’t even there.



It’s one thing to make the conscious choice to head into a church with the intent of using anything and everything within my reach to achieve orgasm.

But it’s another to actually do it. To crash through the doors and find three young bridesmaids looking up at me in fear while I rubbed my pussy. This was my last chance to turn back.

Of course I didn’t fuckin’ take it. This had taken on a new aspect since I broke through those doors. It wouldn’t do for someone of my stature to be uncomfortable around a building. I needed to be egalitarian when looking for places to fuck, and these three were going to help me get over that hurdle.

I was crashing the pretty rich girls’ perfect, pretty little precious little party. Their wedding rehersal was now facing a hostile takeover from the Giantess Genatalia Tactile Appreciation Society. They probably didn’t deserve what was about to happen. But if life was fair, I’d be walking happily into the sunset with Erin draped over my shoulder. If my life was going to be a series of painful humiliations, why should theirs be any different? They were about to become playthings for my pussy, and there was nothing they could do about it.


My armor was uncomfortable, but I didn't have the patience to take it off. I needed my thirst quenched as soon as possible. While they stared up at me in fear I stamped down on the ground and spread my legs over them. The floor shook as I did so, which had the desired effect of knocking them off balance, and allowing me access to do with them as I pleased. One fell completely onto her back, and I crouched over her, while grabbing at the one woman who managed to stay standing.
For her sure-footedness, she would be the first to tend to my pussy!



Naturally, she wasn't as into it as I was. But that's understandable. Who doesn't have some jitters before a wedding? And I knew just the thing to help her get over her cold feet.

Things turned awkward pretty much immediately. Leaning back for easier access to my pussy nearly made me lose balance completely and fall onto the woman I was hovering over. I'm sure she was very grateful that I managed to avoid doing exactly that, but the woman in my grasp wasn't relieved by this.

Tempting as it was to lower my ass anyway, I managed to withstand the urge. Tiny hands started beating at my naked thighs as I brought the body closer to my pussy, nearly making me cum again right then and there.


In these cramped quarters I had a hell of a time positioning this properly, but when I felt like I was ready, I went for it. Taking a deep breath, I thrust the small woman forward, and mashed her face into my pussy. The immediate sensation was electric, and I fell back further from my leaning position.


Sadly, it was not accompanied with the crunchy sounds of the woman underneath me flattening. Seems she managed to just barely avoid taking the brunt of my weight, though she was pinned completely while I ran one of the bridesmaids up and down my pussy.



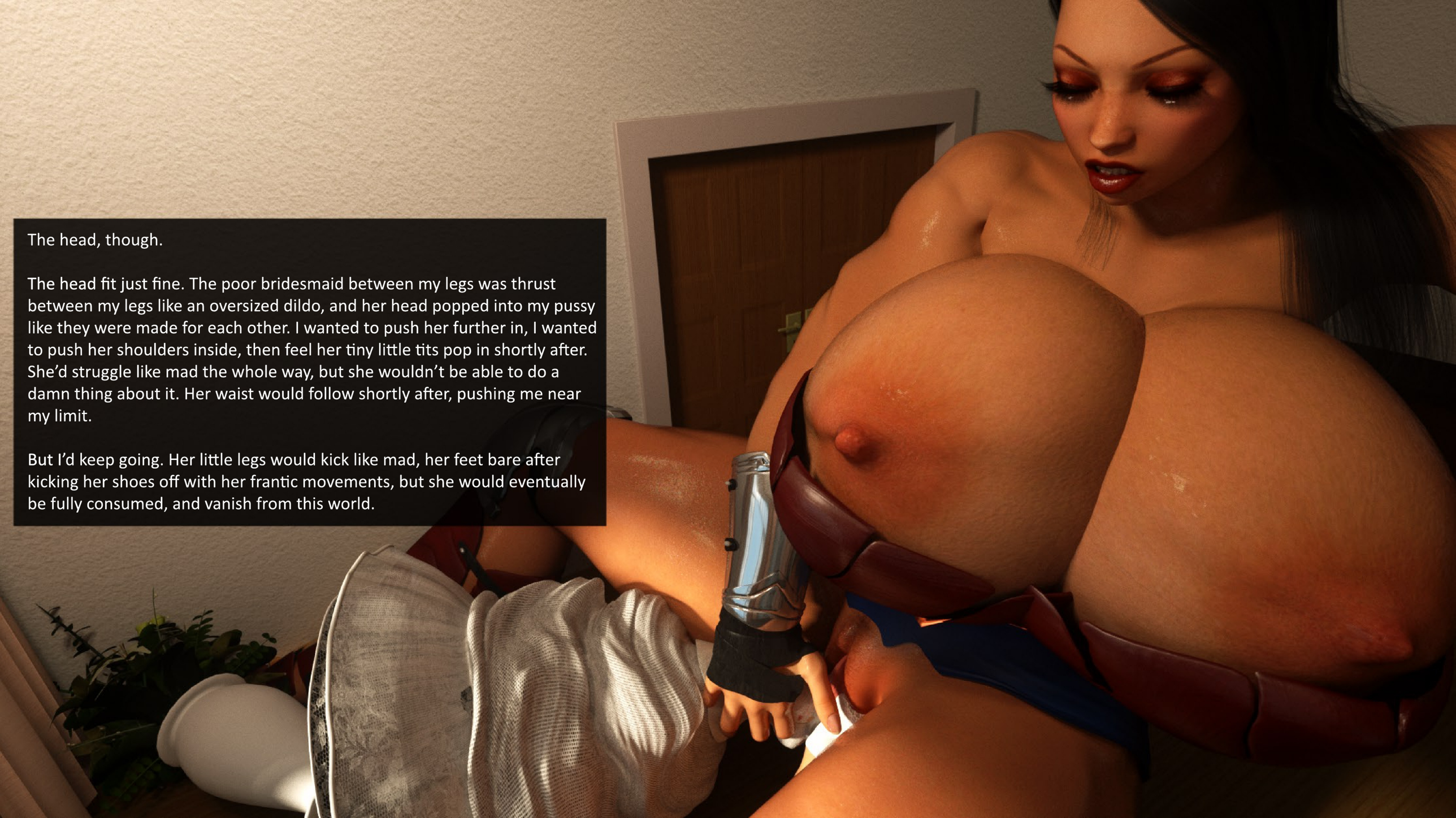
After almost a minute of this I pulled the one I was rubbing into my pussy away. I was ready for more, but I wasn't sure how to take care of it. Well, I knew how to take care of it, I just didn't know how to accomplish that.

I *needed* something inside of me right now. Normally this would be accomplished by forcing a tiny limb inside of me, but I had my fingers wrapped around her head. And since my other arm was keeping myself balanced, my options were limited.

I couldn't drop her and hope I grabbed hold of an arm or leg to force into me. In the state I was in I was likely to crush the entire limb in my fist just trying to maneuver her back to me.

My mind kept going back to one particular solution, though. One I'd often considered, but had never been able to do before. What if… I just kind of… shoved her into my pussy?

Sadly, it looked like I still wasn't big enough to shove an entire fully-grown adult up my pussy yet.


The head, though.
The head fit just fine. The poor bridesmaid between my legs was thrust between my legs like an oversized dildo, and her head popped into my pussy like they were made for each other. I wanted to push her further in, I wanted to push her shoulders inside, then feel her tiny little tits pop in shortly after. She'd struggle like mad the whole way, but she wouldn't be able to do a damn thing about it. Her waist would follow shortly after, pushing me near my limit.
But I'd keep going. Her little legs would kick like mad, her feet bare after kicking her shoes off with her frantic movements, but she would eventually be fully consumed, and vanish from this world.



Sadly, I didn't seem to be big enough to pull that one off. At least, not yet. Her head slid in easily enough, but the shoulders were an impassable obstacle that simply could not be overcome.

Well, I mean they could be overcome, if I really wanted to. But that would involve folding her little body up until it fit. And the whole appeal of shoving her entire body up there would have come from doing so without resorting to such extreme methods.

C'est la vie.



That’s not to say I was ungrateful.

To the contrary. As soon as her head popped inside I felt another powerful orgasm rock my body, and it finally sent me falling over completely. Both of the other bridesmaids were trapped under a single leg, while I worked the third one into my pussy as best I could manage. Tiny arms came up and tried to fight at my thighs to free the one I was using, but all it took was two fingers to keep her in place.

Nobody was moving until I finished, and there was still plenty of fuel left in this tank.


Three orgasms later, and I could feel the level of enthusiasm beginning to drop for the lucky bridesmaid inside of me. It seemed the other two had given up physically beating on my legs too. It’s always amazing how long it takes a person to realize that their pathetic little strikes can’t do a thing to me, but the peace is appreciated.
It gives me a moment to catch my breath, after all.



I could go for a few more rounds, but it seems like my pussy prisoner is going to let me down. I don't know if she's alive or not, but she's certainly not moving. Maybe she asphyxiated inside my pussy. Maybe squeezing her skull while she was inside of me knocked her out. Maybe she was just fuckin' dead, and I was sugar coating things to make myself feel better considering what a good job she'd done.

Whatever the case, it didn't seem like she was going to be helping me much more.


Sitting back up, I was careful to avoid crushing my other two bridesmaids, and started trying to pull the trapped one out of my pussy. I could have just yanked her out, but that may have injured her further, and I was trying to be nice.
I’m going to feel really fuckin’ silly if she died, though.


Dead or not, the sensation of something rubbing along the inside of my pussy is doing its own things. It doesn't seem like my pussy wants to let go of its little plaything, but it's no match for the strength in my arm.
A few seconds of struggling are followed by a moist pop, and the bridesmaid is freed from her confines.



Now that she’s actually out I can finally check on her status. As expected, her eyes are closed, and she is definitely at the very least unconscious. I move a thumb over her chest and press down gently, waiting for a heartbeat. As luck would have it, she was still clinging to life. I could even hear her faintly breathing.

So, what do with her now? Most days I would have shoved her head back in my pussy, but something made me stop.

Whatever it was that gave me pause, it sure as hell wasn't a deep sympathy for her wellbeing.

Without giving it another thought I shrugged my shoulders and tossed her behind me like yesterday's garbage.

So why didn't I shove her head back in and fuck her until she was done for good? Boredom. What fun is it aspyxiating someone in your pussy if they're not even awake to experience it? And besides, I had two other beautiful bridesmaides to pleasure myself with. Why limit myself to one?

Then she hit the ground. I could tell from the sound of her body impacting the floor that she landed on her head. I didn't do that on purpose, I just didn't give it any thought one way or another.

Odds are she'll survive that too. Worst case scenario she has to spend a few months in a neck brace. So what? She still got off easier than almost everyone else I encountered today. I had more important matters on my mind, like face-fucking another cute little bridesmaid.





That left me with two more bridesmaids I could do whatever I wanted with, and both were within my reach. The redhead was under my thigh, and a blonde was under my calf.

Call me picky, but I really liked the idea that I was doing what I wanted with, well, bridesmaids. Young pretty women who were here to attend an event for someone they loved while dressed in fancy, matching garments. I knew that all three of them were bridesmaids, but in her struggles to escape, the one trapped beneath my thigh had ridden her dress all the way up and kicked off her shoes.

From my point of view, she was just a pair of naked legs. No different from numerous women I've done what I wanted with in the ring.


And so it was the blonde, whose dress could still be seen from my seated positioned that was selected. She seemed to have generally accepted her fate when she was lying underneath my leg, but now that I had pulled her free she became much more animated, and beat at my legs futilely.
I had to resist the urge to close my fingers around her head and crush it out of habit. I was looking for a plaything right now, not taking someone out.


Taking a deep breath, I leaned back and mashed her against my pussy much the same way I did the previous bridesmaid. And also much like the first one, it felt absolutely incredible.
But could I do better? I hadn't spent much time looking for alternate ways to fuck around with the bridesmaids while fucking the first one because any careless movement could have crushed one of the others. Now I only had one to account for, which likely opened my options up a bit.


Keeping the blonde engufled in my pussy with my right hand, I looked around the limited space for something interesting. I had an idea that could be accomplished with innumerable objects. Were I more flexible, I probably could have even used the floor.
Reaching around blindly wasn't finding me anything, though. After pushing one finger on the back of the blonde's head until it threatened to pop inside of my pussy I finally found a moment to myself to look for a prop.


And sure enough, there it was!
I would have preferred a table, but I could make do with what I had. A pew! I don’t know why there was a pew here or what its purpose was, but I knew what I was about to use it for. And I hoped it was sturdy enough to survive that plan.


The fact that I was more concerned for the table than the bridesmaid was not lost on me, and for a second I felt like a bad person. But today was definitely one of those “do whatever I wanna do without worrying about the consequences” kind of days. All of the doubt over going through with the idea didn’t stop me from dropping the table in front of me, slapping the blonde on top, and mounting the entire thing.
And really, once I’ve done all the set up it’s basically a waste if I don’t follow through.


So in order to feel like a good person all over again, I was careful to pull the redhead out of the blast zone.
Not out of reach entirely, no. God no. I was still going to use her in some way after this and would probably cum feeling her body turn to mush under me. I just didn't want that to happen prematurely. I'm not a crazy person!


Finally, it was time for the moment of truth. The blonde was laid upon the back of the pew like a lamb upon the altar, and I was going to be the dagger that slit its throat. Or crushed it flat. That metaphor kinda fell apart once my pussy mashed against the blonde's face, but the end result was that she got to feel my entire enormity rest upon her face, threatening to crush her at any moment.
And I wasn't even applying any pressure yet.


When I came down I came down hard. The cold wood of the pew sent a shiver down my spine, but the body in-between prevented my pussy from slamming down onto hard wood. The second bridesmaid's tiny blonde form flailed uselessly, lost in the shadows beneath my tits.
But, it wasn't quite enough. One arm beat uselessly at my thigh, and I knew I had to do more. If she was able to resist, no matter how minute or ineffective it may be, she had too much freedom.



Inhaling deeply, my chest swelled and I gripped the edges of the pew. The screams beneath me rose a pitch in surprise while I mashed her little body into my pussy. I've had to improvise with sexual toys in the past, but this was a new one even for me. A makeshift textured substance to grind against probably wasn't going to set the world of sex toys on fire anytime soon, though.

Especially not if they required a living thing to grind against.



It was their fuckin' loss. Getting a head actually inside of my pussy had been an intense, otherworldly experience, but feeling a good portion of the blonde's upper body get smothered as I slid back and forth over her might have been even better.

Might have. I would need to run some more tests before I could conclusively say so.


Despite more of my body being placed directly against the blonde, it also felt a good deal safer than the insertion. I was worried the whole time first bridesmaid's head had been inside of me that I would crush her skull with my pussy.
And that turned me on so fuckin' much that I'm positive I broke her fuckin nose at the very least.



But if I had crushed the first bridesmaid's head then my fun would have ended then and there. That's it. Not much more I can do if there's no movement.

Not so with the blonde. I could feel her bones bend and break with every pass under my pussy, but she still had fight within her. It lessened with every new grind, sure, but it was still there. I just hoped that she would be adventurous enough to grab hold of my lips and try to free her face. That alone would probably make me explode all over her little fuckin face.


Shit. I wish I could see what she's doing from here. I can navigate okay just by feeling, but it's getting harder. My fingers are starting to shake from the feelings of this girl ever so slowly getting squeezed like a tube of toothpaste underneath me.
I just need to hold out a little bit longer. My fingers tighten around the edges of the pew, and it starts to bend in my grip. This isn't the most flexible wood around, though.



That’s adding an interesting new dimension to all of this. Which is going to ultimately fall apart underneath me. The sturdy wooden pew? Or the blonde’s fragile body, but will to live?

A new cracking sound, unique from the crunching of bone can be heard as I push down further and bury the blonde under the presence of my pussy. I had expected the pew to crack in half all at once, but it looks like the thing is better constructed than I thought it would be.


Or maybe it’s just my fingers gripping the sides of it too hard. Either way, the blonde is reduced to a weak thrashing now that she’d been buried beneath me. Oh she was still screaming, sure, but the minute vibrations of her vocal chords were being applied to my pussy now, and not the useless task of annoying me.


The pew was still bending and the useless fighting was just building me ever close to orgasm. With one hand I held onto the pew, and closed my legs ever so slightly. Outwardly I kept my composure, but my fingers shook as I tried to concentrate on bending the pew.
CRACK
Shit!


For ten seconds the world around me ceased to exist. A small voice in the back of my head demanded I try to process the source of the cracking sound, but it was thoroughly drowned out by a chorus of angels celebrating the apocalyptic orgasm wracking my entire body.
Both my hands balled into fists as spasms sent electric pulses through all my muscles at once. For ten long, glorious seconds I was in another world.
Then my legs snapped shut, and I was struck by a second, even more powerful wave.

For thirty more seconds I knelt there on the floor.

Then, I lost my balance and fell forward. A flood of information assaulted me all at once and overwhelmed me. For five seconds I knelt there to catch my breath and work through everything.

The pew gave in first. The blonde survived until I orgasmed, when the pew beneath her snapped in half. Unfortunately, while my body was being wracked with spasms I had closed my legs together too hard and crushed her between my them. The room was thick with the scent of sex and sweat, despite the open window.

And I still had one… more…?

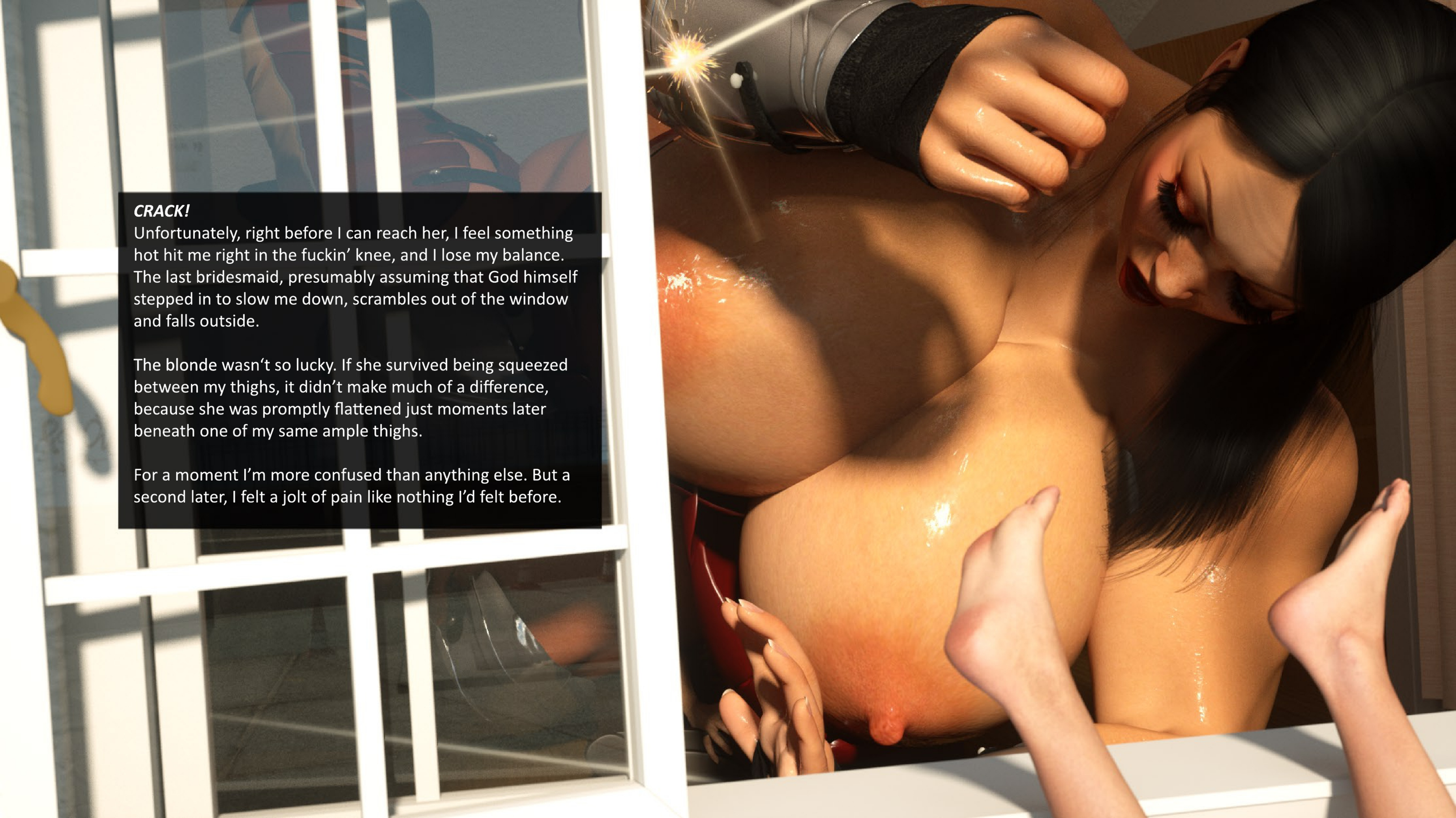




MOTHER FUCKER!

I guess the last bridesmaid was smart enough to recognize a pattern forming between the other two's fates. Not wanting to become a statistic, she's making her way straight for the window, as if she can get away. Maybe she thought I'd be distracted riding a wave of pleasure for so long that she could get out, or maybe she's just stupid, and genuinely believes that she can escape.

Either way, I'm ready to collect on what she owes.


CRACK!
Unfortunately, right before I can reach her, I feel something hot hit me right in the fuckin' knee, and I lose my balance. The last bridesmaid, presumably assuming that God himself stepped in to slow me down, scrambles out of the window and falls outside.
The blonde wasn't so lucky. If she survived being squeezed between my thighs, it didn't make much of a difference, because she was promptly flattened just moments later beneath one of my same ample thighs.
For a moment I'm more confused than anything else. But a second later, I felt a jolt of pain like nothing I'd felt before.



But when I stretch my leg out, I can see the small hole, and the cracks radiating out of it. Just moving my leg sends pain running through my entire leg, but it's a very manageable degree.

No doubt about it. I'd been shot.

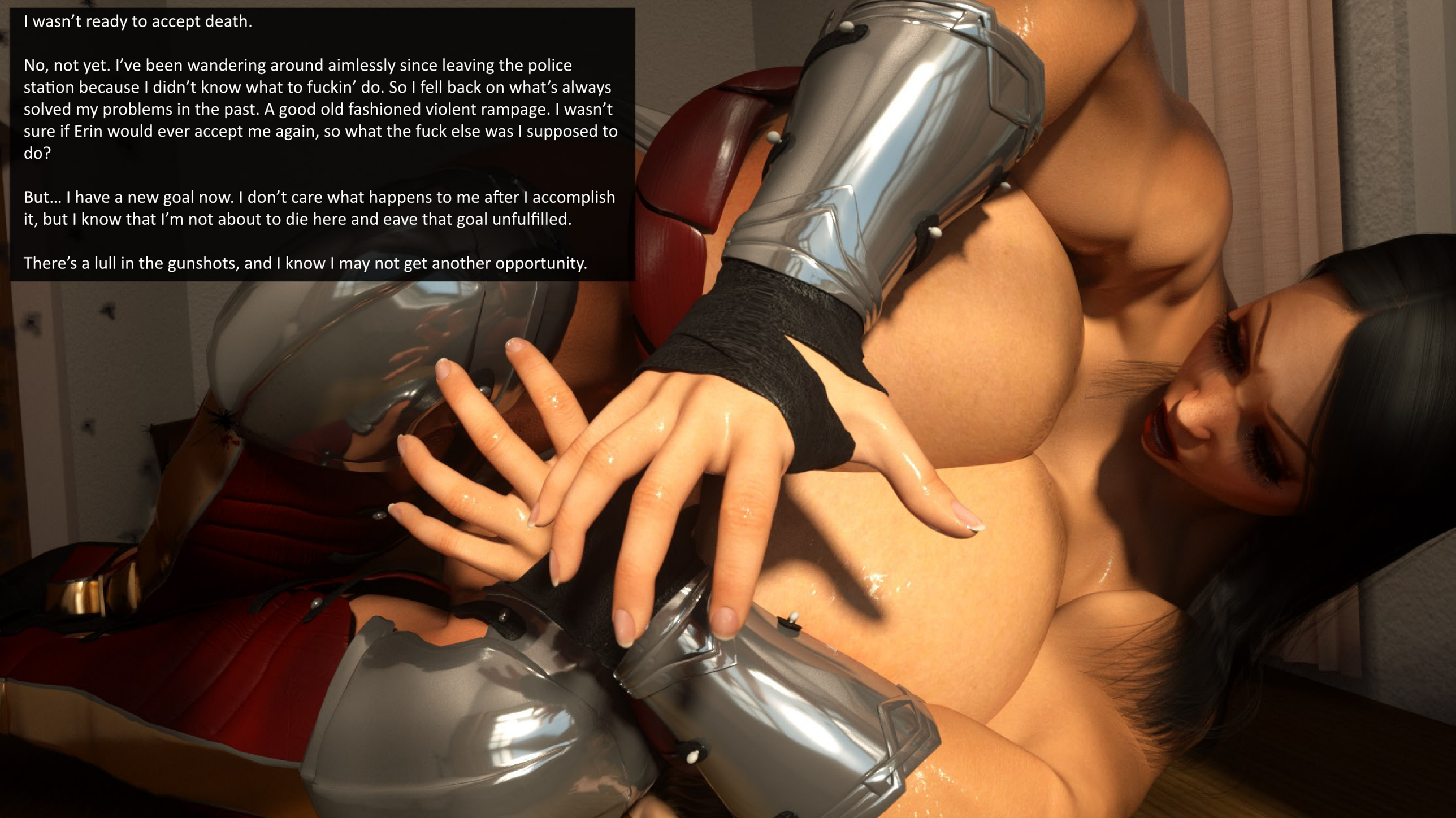
Making matters worse, I didn't have nearly enough information to do anything about it at the moment. How many people were shooting at me? What were they shooting at me with? The only info I could gleam was that they had likely shot me through the wall, considering the hole in my kneepad.

Even worse, I made a mistake. After getting hit I lost my balance and fell over. I guessed whoever was on the other side was shooting blind, but the vibrations through the floor helped them to pinpoint my location.

Sure enough, the very next instant was filled with a hail of bullets through the walls in every direction. The only good thing about all this was that passing through the walls seemed to slow the bullets by quite a bit, leading only a few of them to actually penetrate my skin.

I shielded myself as best I could with my arms and slid along the floor to try and keep my head protected. As I neared the window I could hear the bridesmaid stand to her feet, and run away screaming outside. I briefly entertained the thought of using her as a human shield in some manner, but the continued whizzing of bullets reminded me to stay as small of a target as I possibly could.




I wasn’t ready to accept death.
No, not yet. I’ve been wandering around aimlessly since leaving the police station because I didn’t know what to fuckin’ do. So I fell back on what’s always solved my problems in the past. A good old fashioned violent rampage. I wasn’t sure if Erin would ever accept me again, so what the fuck else was I supposed to do?
But… I have a new goal now. I don’t care what happens to me after I accomplish it, but I know that I’m not about to die here and eave that goal unfulfilled.
There’s a lull in the gunshots, and I know I may not get another opportunity.







I knew that standing up would help them sense where I am, so I needed to throw them off a little bit first. What to them was likely the sound of a giant woman forcing her way out the front entrance of the building in a fit of explosive rage was really just me tossing the broken pew pieces around and snapping them even further.

It was still a huge risk. I assumed that they were exhaling a long-held breath now. After all, if I left the building, then I was no longer their problem. Whatever defenses were set up and ready outside would have to deal with me now.



Well SURPRISE MOTHERFUCKERS!

As I'd been hoping, they were in fact not prepared to take a sudden appearance from me. They all took a step back at once. The one in front looked the most prepared as he fumbled with his gun, but the cop directly behind him actually dropped his.


I was more pissed than I'd been in a long time, and every one of those cops looked to be reconsidering their life's choices when they saw me. I felt bigger and badder than I ever had before, to the point where I could actually parts of my costume come apart around me.
I'm not sure of the specifics of how or why, but the gloves and gauntlets were the first to go, shredding apart around me. I balled my fingers into fists afterwards, and had to decide on who the fuck was going to get converted into a corpse first.



A lot of things could have gone poorly when I broke through the wall. They could have simply been trying to bait me out, and opened fire all at once when I was revealed. They could have had some stronger ordinance, waiting for me to step through. There could have been snipers lined up, ready to shoot on the first thing that came through.

I just made a bet that the cops were too fuckin' stupid to come up with any sort of a plan, and assumed that the lull was due to reloading. And when I kicked the closest cop forward, shredding my boot apart in the process, I was glad that I was right.



The cups of my top started to fall as my tits rose above them, creating a giant new vulnerable point for the cops to strike. Good thing my explosive entrance seems to have paralyzed them with fear.

With an angry snarl, I grabbed hold of the pew nearest to me and pulled up. Unlike those in the hall, this one seemed screwed to the floor, and wasn't intended to be moved. Of course, to me the hardware keeping the pew in place was more of a suggestion, and I ripped it from its base in the blink of an eye.

One cop tried to line up a shot, so I rolled the pew at him. He never managed to pull the trigger, but if he had I'm sure the bullet wouldn't have been able to pass through the sturdy pew to even get me.


I don’t know what’s going on anymore, I just know that these boots are starting to get in the fuckin’ way. Losing them is no big deal to me anymore.
Hell, I was looking forward to it. I had a fresh carpet of cops laid out for me, and I could flatten them all with my bare feet while I walked. Whoops, there I go again! Getting all turned on about killing a bunch of pieces of shit!



Oh well. A nice prize awaited me at the end of the room. It was beginning to feel almost like a challenge from a fuckin' video game or something. I had to get from one end of the room to the other to collect a prize. In my path? A group of armed cops.

And I've never been one to go easy on an opponent.


The cop in my path seemed to realize long ago that he was my first obstacle. While scoping the room out he had plenty of time to slide back a couple more feet, but instead seemed content to scream in terror and shield his face.



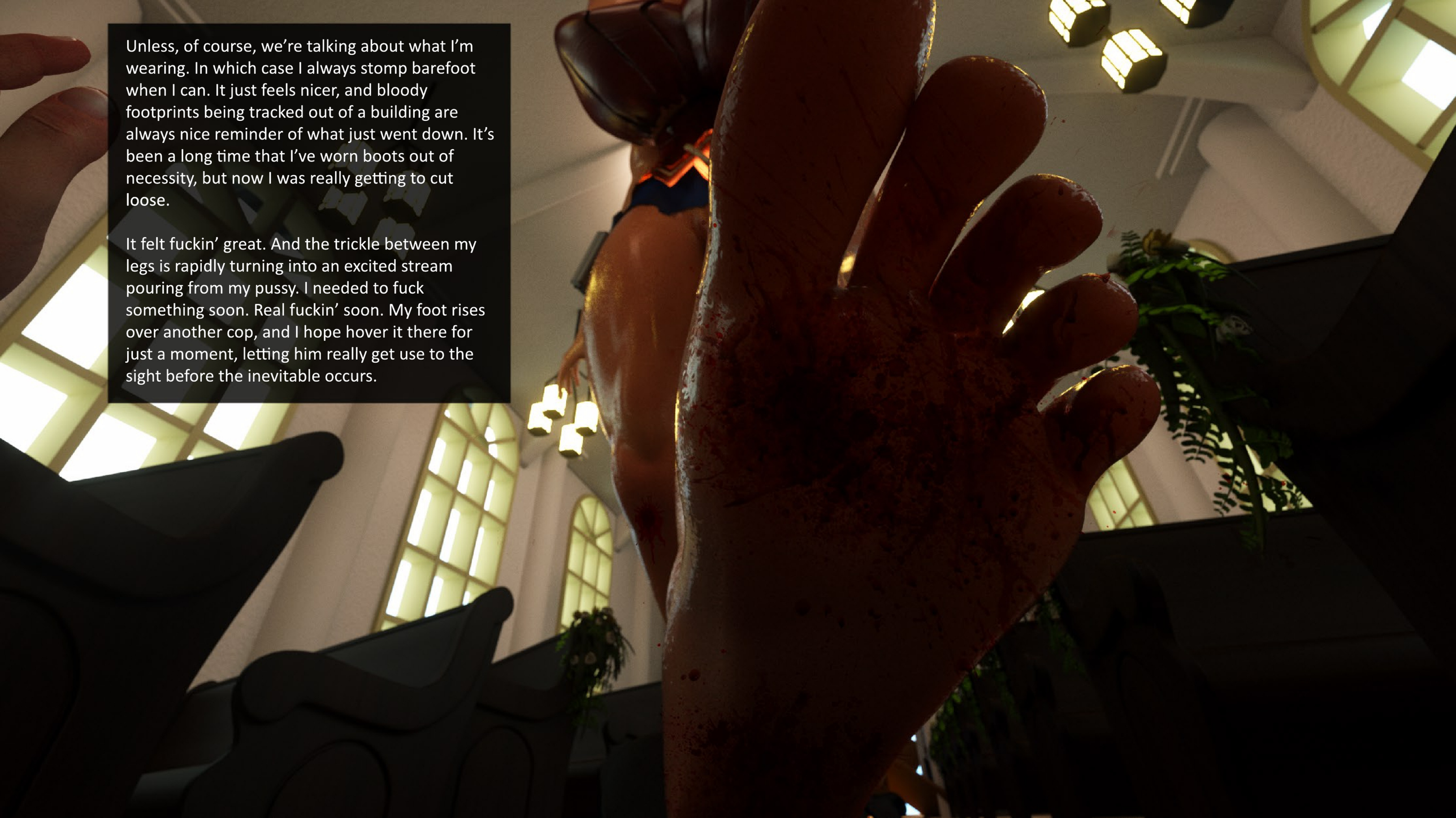
One might assume that this made his execution less fun, or exciting. Truth is that no, it fuckin' didn't. Pleading for mercy or forgiveness can get grating after a while, so I can appreciate a simple, animalistic terror-filled shriek.

Besides, a stomp felt exactly the same regardless of what the victim was doing before my foot made contact. A fearless, determined fighter's bones crush the same as a weepy coward's.



Well, if I’m being nitpicky, I suppose there are some factors that could change how caving someone’s fuckin chest in with my foot felt. Are they thin? Louder, and crunchier. Fat? Squishy, and more slippery. Muscular? Kind of gross, really. Like stepping on a side of beef, but not a sensation I’d recommend.

Don’t even get me started on clothing!



Unless, of course, we're talking about what I'm wearing. In which case I always stomp barefoot when I can. It just feels nicer, and bloody footprints being tracked out of a building are always nice reminder of what just went down. It's been a long time that I've worn boots out of necessity, but now I was really getting to cut loose.

It felt fuckin' great. And the trickle between my legs is rapidly turning into an excited stream pouring from my pussy. I needed to fuck something soon. Real fuckin' soon. My foot rises over another cop, and I hope hover it there for just a moment, letting him really get use to the sight before the inevitable occurs.



A second later and another splat fills the echoey room. Another deep vibration prevents the final cop in my path from standing to his feet and making an escape attempt. With both my soles completely drenched in the red stuff, I'm feeling like mixing things up.

Cop doesn't know, though. He's still trying to slide backwards, and is keeping his eyes on my toes. I almost want to crush him with my foot anyway just because he's so focused on them, but I needed to scare my future sexual partners into servitude.


It’s probably a waste. You know, taking a life just to prove a point. I could probably just scream at them to do as I want and they’d listen. I could also attack something inanimate. Rip an entire wall down, or crack some of these big pews in half with my bare hands. Anything that would demonstrate my strength and willingness to injure, or even murder my target so they listened.
But I liked the mess using another person made. Sometimes it spills on my target, and that’s a lot harder to ignore or forget.



So I made sure that the last cop was facing my targets when I picked him up. I wouldn't get to see his face in his final moments, which was definitely disappointing, but I suppose it wouldn't really matter all that much.

I wrapped both my hands around his midsection, then tightened my grip. I felt at least one rib pop from that, but he wouldn't have to worry about that pain for much longer. I could tell from his movements that he thought I was going to simply compress his midsection until the life was drained out of him, and he was desperate to avoid that fate.

That wouldn't be very messy though.


Now pulling this guy apart like he’s made of paper? That’s extremely my shit. Though not the greatest metaphor, probably. Pulling him apart like I’m doing a cross-section on a calzone? And all the bloody bits connecting his halves are like the cheese inside?
Fuck it. That’s too complicated to say all at once. I tore the guy in half in front of the lovely couple preparing to get married, and that was all I had to do to put the fear of God into them.



Remarkably, I managed to keep myself relatively clean of all the blood and viscera that sprayed over the scene when I tore the guy in half. It was a real moment of triumph for me, so it kind of sucks that it was immediately ruined by a sudden realization.

Back at the entranceway, the woman with the black hair and the bigger dress… she was the bride. Not this other woman here. It feels so obvious now that I'm actually paying attention, but I guess the haze of arousal prevented me from noticing and made an assumption.

Whatever. These two are still a couple as far as I'm concerned.


Just a couple minutes ago I’m sure this scene had been completely different to the young couple. They had undoubtedly heard me having my way with their bridesmaids the next room over. Why didn’t they flee? I don’t know. Maybe the shithead cops assured them they would be fine. Maybe they didn’t want to make any excess noise to let me know there were people in the next room.
Whatever lead to this situation has put them both in my sights. And I’ve got some bad news for the wannabe bride-to-be. I had two lovely young women before entering this room, and while it stings losing the third one, I am also in the mood for something a little… different.



Fingers speckled with blood grab hold of the woman's head and thrust her between my gargantuan tits. The man panics and looks up at me, too paralyzed with fear to do anything about it. Chivalry is dead, I suppose. He can't even summon the stones to give me a dirty look. Though to be fair, I suppose the stuff he's seen so far is a bit more than most significant others ever wouldn't

It probably doesn't help that I decide to drop an ultimatum while he's staring up at me.


It’s simple. I’m horny, and crushing the woman between my tits would turn me on. But! She can be saved!
If the man was just as horny as I was, and could prove it by stripping in… let’s say, twenty seconds? Then I’d spare her. He does not seem to take it very well. His fingers start fidgeting with the front of his jacket, while I’m counting down silently in my head and I can tell he’s not going to make it.



Or maybe he was just distracted. Since I had already slid the woman's tiny, fragile little head between my all-encompassing tits he may have already given up in his mind. And if that were the case, why not enjoy the view?

To tease him further I began to roll my tits back and forth with the tiny head between them. Her shrill screams were distorted as I moved around her, which had the unfortunate side effect of shocking the guy into action. I suppose even the biggest tits on the planet would have a hard time fighting off the screams of a loved one.



Twenty seconds sounded a lot longer in my head. The guy was furiously unbuttoning his jacket for the first few seconds, then struggled to pull his arms out from the sleeves. Of course, the shirt underneath had just as many buttons on it, and in an impressive display of strength he just ripped the entire thing open, exposing his chest in the process.

Unfortunately, time ran out before he could even begin on his pants. I could have counted out loud to watch his terrified movements grow more frantic and scared as I counted down, but then I would have missed his great reaction when his girlfriend’s head exploded like she’d just swallowed a grenade.


And the look of defeat when she fell from between my tits? Priceless!
I've been through a lot in my life, but one of the most difficult things I've ever done was resist the urge to trample on her body as I stepped closer to my future prey. Just finish converting the love of his life to a red patch on the carpet in the span of about ten seconds. Maybe then someone would get to experience an inkling of what I've been through today.


But whatever. When I stepped closer to him he backed up, but found himself standing against the wall. Slumping his shoulder in defeat, he looked up at my pussy from underneath me, and seemed to have lost all will to fight. Were I not so horny I'd have enjoyed dismantling him slowly and torturously. Just going to town until he showed some more fighting spirit so I could crush it out of him again.
It turns out I was misreading his signals.



I don’t know whether it was the smell of my arousal filling his entire body with pheromones or just the sight of my nude, towering form closing in on him. Either one I’m sure could have driven a normal man mad with lust, but I suppose there’s always the possibility that the combination of the two was what had taken him over.

When I picked him up he began to shake. And when he started fidgeting his legs around uncomfortably, I spotted some movement through his pants.


He looked down at the growing bulge, and lowered his hands to try and cover it. Or maybe he was trying to draw my attention to it, since he didn't seem to be trying particularly hard to hide the ever-growing bulge down there.
All the blood covering my hands didn't seem to bother him. He looked almost like a zombie as he looked up at me, allowing the bulge in his pants to surge forth. There's no doubt about it. He was proud of what was taking place inside of there, and wanted me to take a look for myself.



Very real fear returned when I tore his pants completely from his waist, but his erection was already pointing straight up and eager to greet me. He calmed down shortly after, and his vision fell onto my wobbling tits, but he was nervous now. Twitchy, and kept looking around for a way to escape.

The sad thing is it’s been so long since I’ve been with a regular size guy I can’t even remember if this was supposed to be an impressive cock or not. It’s a little longer than one of my fingernails so I’m inclined to disagree, but I vaguely remember something about a cock reaching the bellybutton being notable?


Then again, from my point of view it was all dwarfed by my nipple. I feel like that was a new milestone I should have celebrated at some point in time. The point I grew big enough for my nipple to outsize most men's dicks, at least when it came to girth. I should get a plaque made for that, or something.
Shit, I've been staring at this guy's cock for like a minute now. He's probably getting a real fuckin' swollen ego about it too. I'll have to show him and his stupid little cock how much I care for them. Or big. Or maybe just average.


Whatever. All cocks fuck the same to me. If it is impressive to him and his fiance- sorry, former fiance, then it doesn't amount to a whole lot to me.
But I suppose there's always the possibility that he wasn't yet at full mast. Just to make sure, I rubbed the tip of his little dong against my nipple for a bit. Back and forth the little appendage bobbed, occasionally leading him to clench his legs together.
I suppose that was all I was going to get out of him.


If nothing else, he should consider himself lucky I was so horny. A feather could have tickled my pussy right now and I probably would have collapsed into an orgasmic pile. Though he didn't make it very far inside of me, my sheer sensitivity meant that I pushed him as hard against my pussy as I could in the hopes of squeezing more out of him.
Regardless of how nice I felt, I held back, though.


Something in the back of mind begged me to crush him between my thighs. To clench my pussy around his puny cock so hard it liquefied. To place his head between my tits and squeeze until it popped. To slide his entire little body between my butt cheeks and crush him by flexing.
But fear of the unknown kept me pushing his little cock in and out of me for the moment. Cops had undoubtedly set up something for me outside and were waiting for my exit from this building. I didn't know what would happen, so this was a moment that was all for me. I was going to take my time with this guy and his shrimpy little cock.


If this was where my story ended then I planned to make sure it ended with a bang. If my destiny was to get shot as soon as I step out of this building, then I wasn't going to die horny.

Fuck. The only thing I don't like is this guy probably thinks he's King Sexico of Fuck Mountain right now. The situation, my size, and my power over him were what was turning me on most at the moment, not his cock. But I'm sure from his point of view he was just sliding his puny little pecker in and out of a woman four times his size and getting her off.


It was a situation I'd probably fabricated entirely myself, but it made me want to snap my thighs shut like a bear trap and smash him to smithereens. I wanted to tear his head clean off his neck and squeeze his skull until his brains squished out from between my fingers. I wanted to just pound his fuckin' body until what was left couldn't even be described as a corpse.
And just thinking of new and inventive ways to brutalize the guy only got me more turned on.



I eventually lost control for a fraction of a second. Only a small amount of time, but I closed my thighs enough to make him groan in discomfort before I regained control and prevented his skeleton from turning to goop.

It’s amazing how fuckin’ turned on this loser was by my body. My tits were covered in the blood of that woman he was standing with when I entered, and he’s still mashing his face into clean areas on them like they were the greatest thing he’s ever seen.

Well, I’m sure they still were. But it’s pretty pathetic to worship them after they’ve taken so much. Or maybe I just smashed his face into my tits on accident. I guess that would explain his nosebleed. Well, whatever. Doesn’t matter either way. That’s the nice thing about being as bigt and strong as I am: what other people want doesn’t matter for shit, so I don’t gotta worry about it.


Sadly, our size difference meant I probably couldn't crush his cock with my pussy. As exciting as the idea sounded, there simply wasn't a whole lot for me to grab onto even when he was fully inserted. I was going to need to mix things up soon enough though. I was tired of looking at his face from this angle. I didn't like how pleased he looked with all of this. When fucking a stranger it just felt… wrong for them to enjoy it. I don't know, maybe I'm a selfish lover.


Just… a couple…
FUUUUUCK!
My hand spasms when I cum and I knock the guy's face against my tit so hard he looks dazed when he leans back into my palm. He's definitely still alive, although there's a good deal of blood on his face afterward. I guess the spasm was enough to break his nose, even when pressing against the cushion of my tit.
And that was all it took for me to cum a second time, and pull him away from me afterward.


Not because I was done, of course. But because I wanted to mix things up a little bit. They say variety is the spice of life, and there's only so much that this little guy's micro dong can do for me. So he'll be relocated somewhere else… assuming he survives the trip.
Just sliding him around behind me is real tough. I want so badly to slap my ass while still holding onto him and flatten his entire body.



Fortunately for him, he survives the trip without any problems. Unfortunately for him, I was sending him to mine the depths of my ass with his tiny pickaxe. He easily slides between the enormous mounds of flesh, and wraps his arms around them in an attempt to keep himself from falling to the ground.

As if I'd let him fuckin' fall. If he falls then I don't get to cum again, and I will cum again even if he loses his life helping me do so. Hell, he probably will do exactly that, but I've got shit to do.



I bend over a little further and his arms start to slip from their precarious perch atop my ass. For a moment it seems as if he's going to fall over, and I wonder if that's of any relief to him. The thought that he could finally end it all, even if it meant certain death. I don't think about it for very long though, cause it's all too easy to grab hold of his little hands, and keep him suspended behind my ass.

He's thrusting forward as hard as he can, but I'm honestly not getting much out of him. There's just too much ass between him and his target.


But where there's a will there's a way! With one quick movement I spin around and plant my ass against the brick wall behind me, pinning him in place. It seems to do an okay job of forcing his hips forward as hell, leading to a light tickling sensation.
But it's still nothing to write home about.


At least… that’s how I feel about it. Pencildick Johnson here seems to think he’s on set of his own personal porno with all the sounds he’s making. Or… well, I suppose it’s possible those aren’t sounds of pleasure. He could be moaning in distress or pain. I don’t think I’m pressing down so hard that I’ve shattered his pelvis... yet.


I’ll give him something to moan about though. Rising up onto my toes I adjust the angle slightly to see if I can get anything out of this loser from behind.
Annoyance is creeping in. I’m considering just flattening my ass against the wall and crushing him.


Then, it hits!
A feather-light touch since he can't go deep enough to even penetrate really, but it still feels rather nice. I could probably lean a bit further in too. I shouldn't, but he's officially teased me and I'm going to do it.


There were a lot of warning signs that something was going wrong that I probably should have paid more attention too. As I kept leaning in I sore I could feel the wall behind me bend to accept the pressure, but I pulled back ever so slightly when I did.
I didn’t want the whole thing to come falling down before I could climax again!



But the wheels were already turning and it seemed my fate was set in motion. I started leaning back once again, and this time the sensation of the wall moving behind me came sooner. It was officially compromised, and rocking back and forth was only going to bring it down on its own eventually.

So fuck it.

Taking a deep breath, I leaned back further until I could feel the minuscule head of a cock kiss the depths of my ass and...


CRASH
And honestly I was fuckin' pissed all over again. What kind of cheap fuckin' brickwork just falls apart like this in the shape of my ass? These things are supposed to be bonded together as a cohestive unit! The entire wall should be coming down so I can fall backwards onto my plaything and splatter him under the vast tonnage of my ass.
This just makes me look stupid!



I pulled forward again, regretting my decision to let the wall fall almost immediately. But the wheels were already in motion, and I could hear the individual bricks collapsing behind me.

And that wasn’t even the worst of it.


No, the worst part of all this was that it finally felt fuckin’ incredible. There wasn’t any of that pain I normally hear is associated with anal, and it’s probably all due to our difference in size. It just felt pleasant having something go that deeply into me.
And like most good things in life, it lasts for only a brief, fleeting moment…


…Before the cops got involved again.
I don’t want to get too angry right now, though. I need to keep a cool head. So my ass is poking out of the wall, a big clear target to anyone outside. So what? There’s still a human shield blocking a good portion of it. And he…
I stop and listen closely. I can’t hear anything behind me anymore. No moans, no choking for air, no nothing. I don’t know what did him in. maybe I clenched my cheeks when I broke down a portion of the wall. Maybe too much of me just sat on him.



Fuck it.

There's more vehicles outside driving by. I'd compliment them for their quick reactions, but they were probably well on their way to cover the entire building ages ago. In fact…

I bet they don't even know about the wall yet. They're probably circling around to cover the front entrance. I don't know how many times I've rolled the dice today in making assumptions about the idiot tactics used by the fuckin cops, but I've won every time. It's time to roll again.


If my little sex partner is still around, then my grand escape is going to kill him off for certain. Oh well, it's not likely I'd be able to recreate the moments we shared together anytime soon, so he was dead weight to me.
And with a quick backwards thrust of my hips, I carved a bigger hole out of the wall, and silenced him once and for all. I really fuckin' hope I'm right, though. If there were any cops watching the wall they were getting a prime view of my pussy and ass right now.



I’ve spent enough time masturbating in there and any cops who are still around are undoubtedly waiting for me to pop out the front entrance. So I’ve got an easy escape plan too.

A goal in mind and several orgasms have reinvigorated me. I’m going to visit my former employers and make sure not a single motherfucker leaves that building alive. I’m going to bring every single last one of them to heel.

And as for what happens after that? Fuck if I know. Maybe I’ll run off to the countryside and live a life of peace among people who don’t know me. Or maybe I’ll drop dead. Who’s to fuckin’ say?


END OF PART 13


UNITED STATES ARMY
COMING NEXT TIME

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