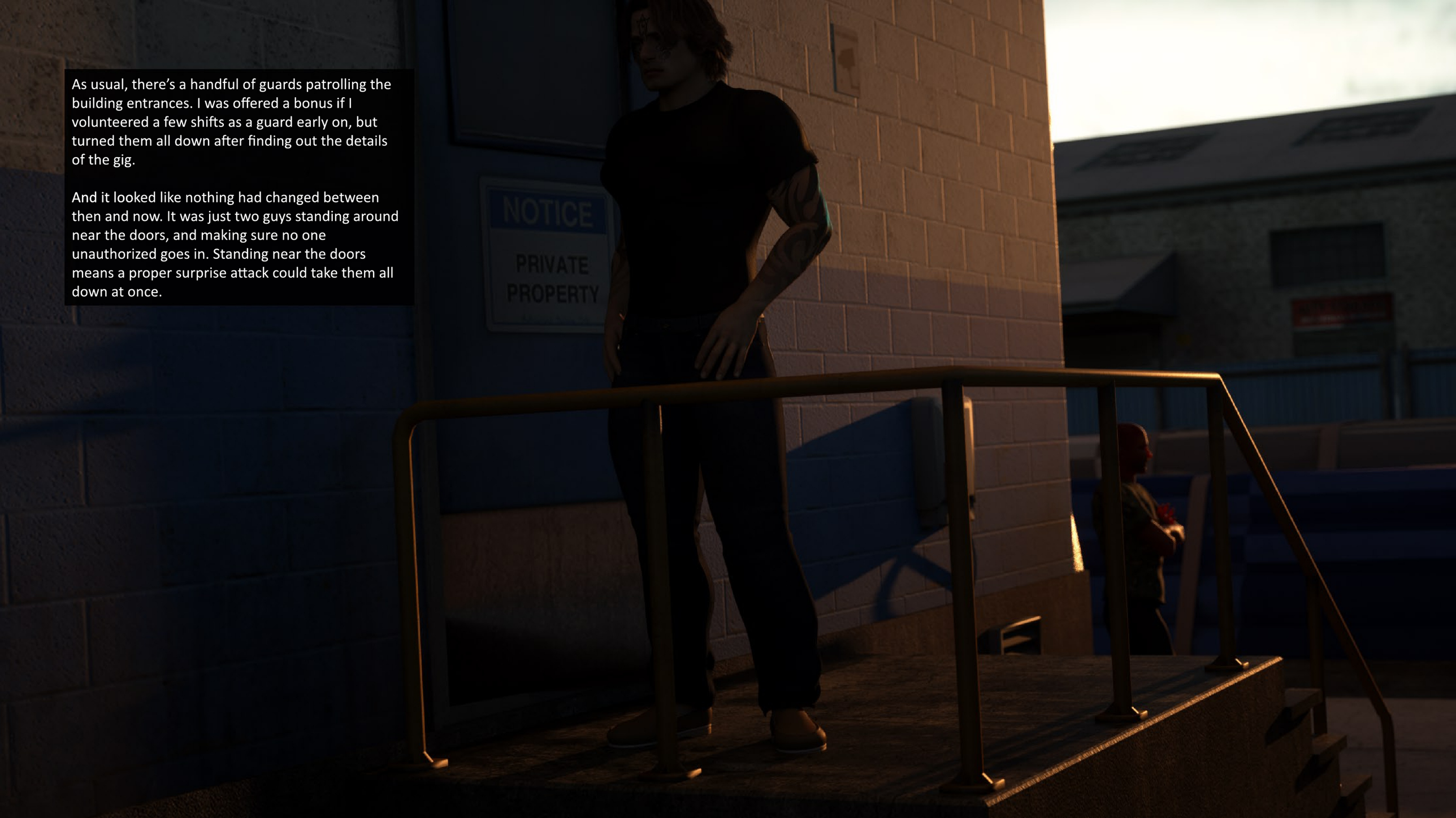
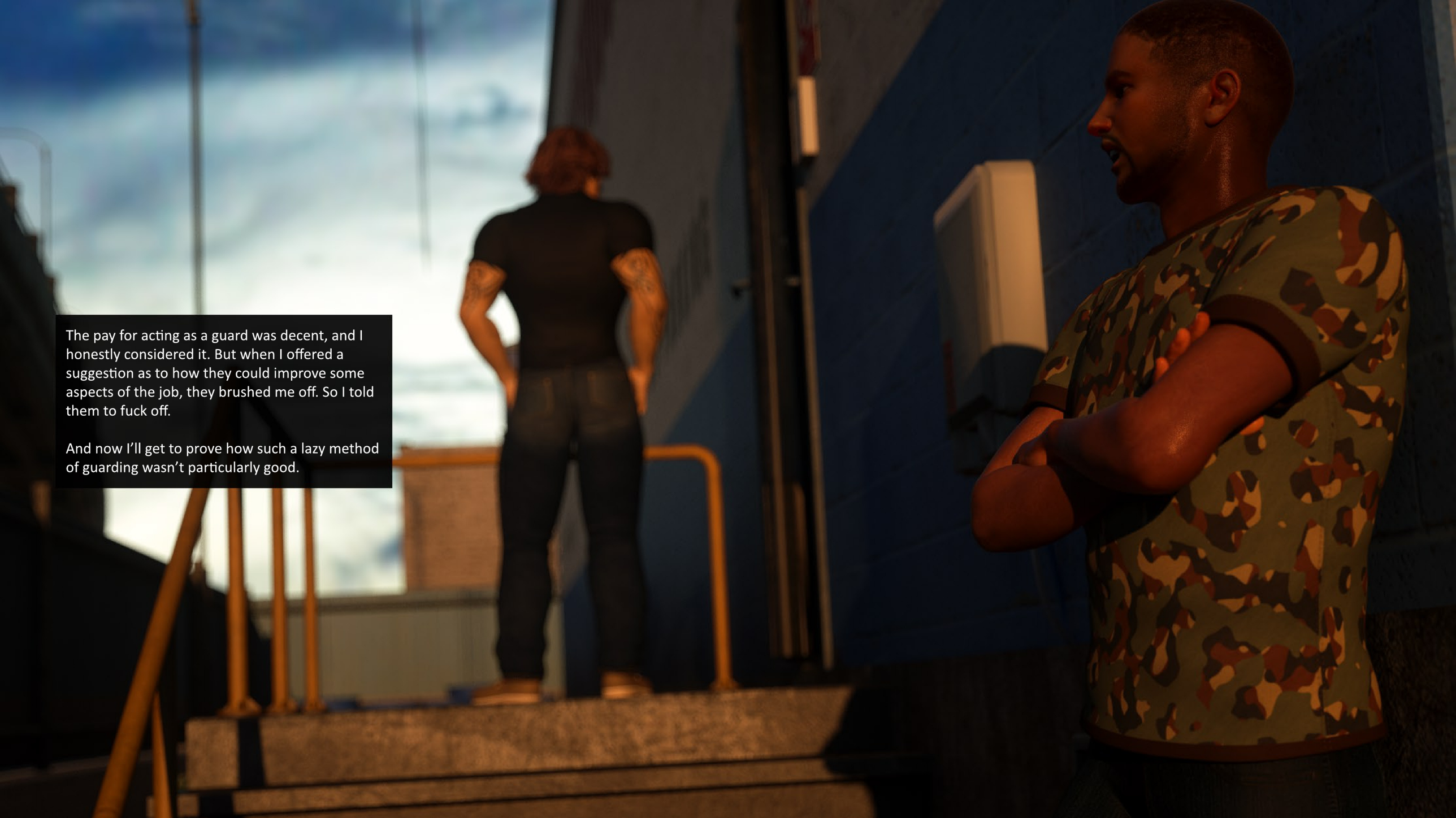



As usual, there's a handful of guards patrolling the building entrances. I was offered a bonus if I volunteered a few shifts as a guard early on, but turned them all down after finding out the details of the gig.

And it looked like nothing had changed between then and now. It was just two guys standing around near the doors, and making sure no one unauthorized goes in. Standing near the doors means a proper surprise attack could take them all down at once.


The pay for acting as a guard was decent, and I honestly considered it. But when I offered a suggestion as to how they could improve some aspects of the job, they brushed me off. So I told them to fuck off.
And now I'll get to prove how such a lazy method of guarding wasn't particularly good.




Being in this situation right now is bringing back memories of when I was younger, and actually able to hold a standard video game controller in my hand. I distinctly remember a scene of sneaking up around a corner and knocking on the wall to lure one guard out of his position.

My fingers twitched at the thought of getting to relive a situation like that right now, just to see how these two would react, but this was no time to play games. Quietly as I could, I held my breath, and moved my right arm past the corner.


I had to guess at where the guy's head was more or less, before I yanked him around the corner. Immediately muffled cries could be heard, but a quick squeeze of my fingers shattered the man's jaw and silenced him.
Fresh blood started to leak between my fingers, and I waited for his struggles to die down.



I hadn't even considered that he might move about so violently that he could accidentally kick the walls and signal something was wrong. If the other guard caught wind of something fishy he could definitely make it inside the building faster than I could.

This on its own would be a problem, sure. But it would be compounded by the fact that the guards were the only people on the premises allowed to carry a phone. All guests were searched before entering, but a guard could get the cops here uncomfortably quickly.


The solution was simple. I hooked the first guard's feet with my fingers and began to bend his entire body backwards over my knee. It was slow, and I'm sure quite torturous, but it was quiet.




Quiet enough that I could hear the other guard turn from where he was standing, and walk back. Jesus. They really did walk back and forth like a bunch of fuckin' video game guards. I'd have at least, I don't know, set up some mirrors so I could see around corners or something.


I didn’t need him to come all the way to the corner. Just far enough to where I could grab and flatten him without any chance of him making it to the door. The first man’s spine turned to shards of broken bone as I bent him completely backwards, and his limbs stopped moving at all.
The sounds were muted, and I wonder what the unsuspecting guard thought as he continued to the corner.


The steps came closer, and once the unique sounds of stepping on metal grates were replaced with the sounds of walking on concrete, I came up with a devious plan. Figuring there was no way he could ascend those stairs again in time, I finished bending the first security guard's body around my thigh, and palmed his head tightly in my fist. Not tightly enough to crush it completely, but firm enough to pitch him like a fastball.


Then, with a flick of my arm I launched his body past the corner and directly into the sheet metal wall surrounding the perimeter. He exploded on impact, and slumped to the floor, while the other guard could only shout in surprise at what he'd just witnessed.




While his brain worked on processing what he'd just seen, I stepped out from around the corner, and hovered my generous ass over him. No sooner had he realized that the blur of color that zoomed past him was the other guard that he found himself covered in shadow.

It's kind of ironic that way. When he looked up his vision was filled with my ass. Every bit of his view was taken up by me. But I couldn't see him at all. Sound alone told me he hadn't moved yet, and I wouldn't need to make any adjustments to my position.


I dropped straight down, and felt his body get pulverized into the metal steps. The handrail supporting them bravely fought against my descending body for a moment, but was quickly overwhelmed and bent into uselessness.

It wasn't a particularly quiet execution, but the thumping music and crowd noises inside told me that the people on the inside probably couldn't hear anything going on out here.




I'd liken the sound to that of a car collision nearby. If there were any guards posted just inside of the door they were probably about to head outside and make sure everything was okay.

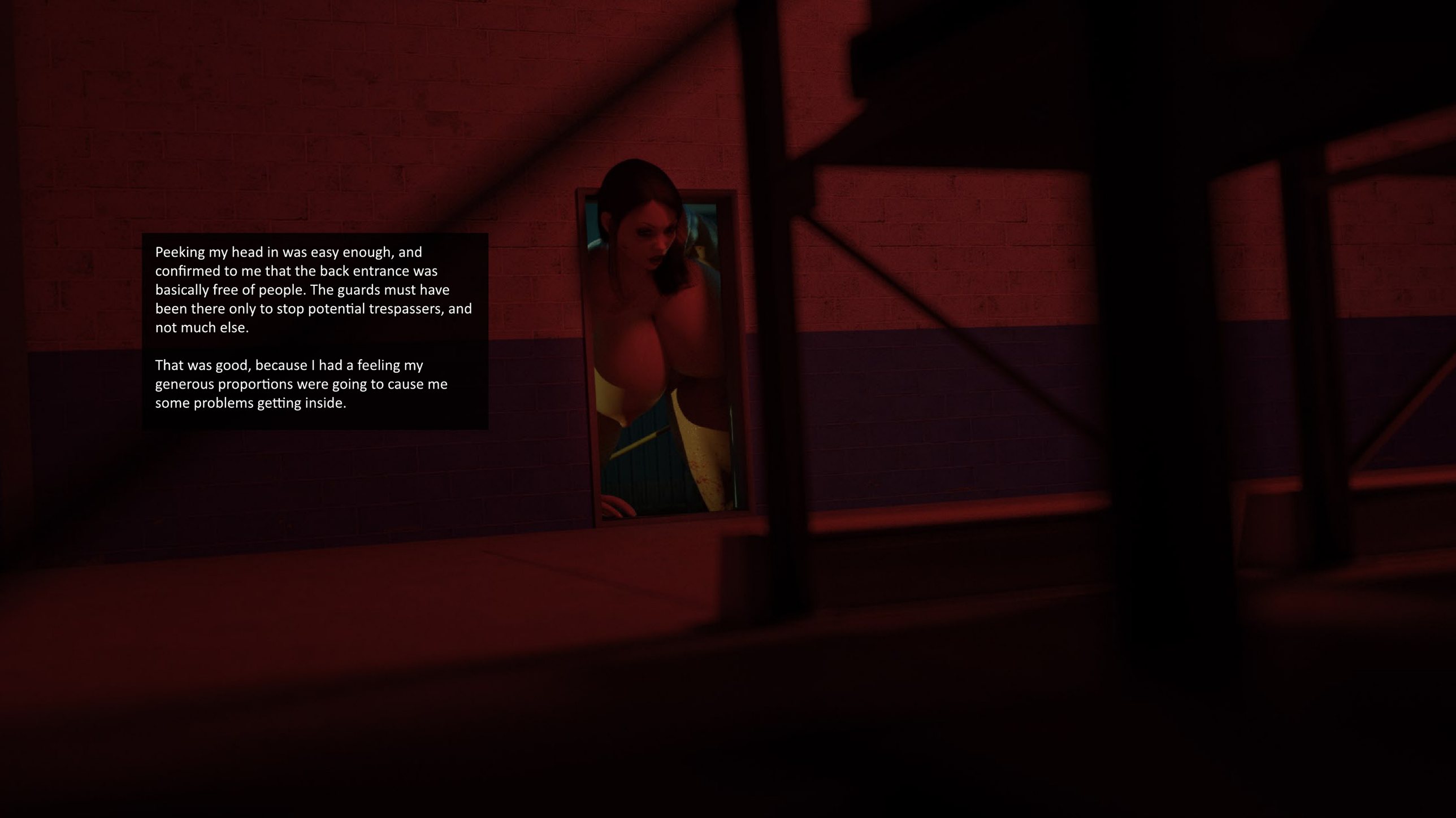
So I would give them ten seconds. Surely even the three stooges-iest of security guards could make it outside within ten seconds if they heard something.



Nobody came.

Feeling somewhat confident now, I sat up, not exactly enjoying the sensation of all that sticky red blood on my ass. Hopefully it would just dry up soon enough, and spare me further discomfort.

With one hand, I gently pulled the door open, unleashing a veritable wall of sound to assault me from inside. Oh yeah, there was NO way anyone inside heard me. So with a quick flex of my wrist, I popped the door off its hinges, and set about a way to get inside.


Peeking my head in was easy enough, and confirmed to me that the back entrance was basically free of people. The guards must have been there only to stop potential trespassers, and not much else.
That was good, because I had a feeling my generous proportions were going to cause me some problems getting inside.



Through careful twisting and maneuvering I managed to slip my upper body into the building. I had to squeeze and flatten my tits out a bit to make it work, but it was relatively painless.

No, it was after my belly made it through the entrance that I knew I was going to have some problems.



All of my recent growth has made it nigh-impossible to get my fuckin' hips through normal-sized doors now. I certainly couldn't crawl in normally, so I had to drop to my side, and shimmy my way in using an elbow to inch forward.

Oh, there were better ways, to be sure. But busting the walls down to step in would create a giant open space for people to escape from while flooding the room with light to give my position away.

Despite my brief foray into tactical espionage action outside, I'm not fuckin' built for stealth at all.


A solid fucking minute of twisting and bending and holding my breath ultimately paid off when I slid into the building and was able to bring my feet inside.
I’m sure I had some minor scrapes over my hips and thighs, but those would fade in time. I was inside the building, and ready to finally get some shit done.




After taking a moment to catch my breath, I stood, dusted myself off, and gingerly stepped to one of the industrial-sized shelves they used to create a makeshift arena inside of the warehouse. There was a show going on live right now, and the audience seemed to love it.

I knew I shouldn’t stare, as it had nothing to do with me, but I couldn’t help myself.



Peeking through a gap in the stacked boxes, I checked out the ongoing match from a point of view I've never experienced. The crowd! It looks like it's two women fighting, and they're both as nude as the day they were born.

I kept watching these two go at it for the entertainment of the small crowd, and had to wonder what anyone saw in this sort of thing. At least when I performed I gave people the kind of show they couldn't just find online for free. Unless this was being recorded for that reason? Shit. I don't know a fuckin' thing about what matches that don't involve me are like here. Maybe it really is just ordinary porn being recorded for the masses.



It probably doesn’t matter, I guess. If it is being recorded for some shitty vanilla porn site it was about to become footage that could only be shared on the dark web.

The more I watch the more I start to feel anger boil up within me. The show is mediocre, but the crowd seems perfectly content. Meanwhile I get boos when I do my thing, while being WAY hotter than these two.

Enough lounging about. This entire building was going down, along with everyone inside.



There was a great big area here in the back that would make an easy escape target for the crowd. So my first priority would be to seal it off as best I can. I don't really have much to work with, but I figure pushing these shelves over and crushing a few members of the crowd would at least send them running as a group in the opposite direction.

It didn't take a lot of effort to tip over the shelves, but the reaction from the crowds was fuckin' beautiful.



With a heavy crash the shelves hit the ground, pinning several people with what I'm sure were painful injuries. A plume of dust rose, then settled, leaving everyone else nearby with a clean view of what would be the end for many of them.

The grim, red lights of the warehouse shone upon my skin, making me look like I'd just exploded through the Earth's crust to reign terror upon the mortals. A demon fresh out of Hell.

I liked the look.


SQUASH MATCH 15



Those directly underneath the shelves were pinned, and I'm sure that more than a few of them had broken bones, but I basically forgot about them the instant the crowd started making noises.

People turned tail and ran away, while I scanned the entire room before me for anything unusual. Anything that looked like a guard coming at me with a weapon, or some skinny sack of shit who gave me my money after every match. I was retroactively horrified to find that everyone looked similar running away in fear at the sight of me.

There weren't any fuckin' security guys rushing me, or anything resembling that. What if the relative of someone I'd killed came to a show for revenge one day? Fuck these guys, I could've been in danger for months!



Whatever. Much as I want to keep fuming about this, I suppose it never actually happened, and I'm still alive today so getting mad won't accomplish much. For now I should continue with my plan, and for that I'd need to get my hands on someone.

Well, the first of many someones, I should say.

With my first step I don't feel the cold concrete floor I'd expected. Some poor sap found his way under my foot, and the hate burning inside of me is cooled ever so slightly when I feel a twitching body crush under me. Anyone else living under these shelves is gonna have to wait until the authorities arrive for rescue.

While I’m carefully plodding after the crowd that had broken out, I hear a shrill squeal to my right. A lazy glance over confirms that two idiots broke away from the crowd, and was attempting to escape by taking a different route by running past me.

They might’ve gotten away with it, but I guess the ease with which I stepped on and crushed the guy behind me broke his fragile psyche, and when I focused my lofty gaze on his minuscule form he reverted to a shrieking, primal state.

Yeah. He’d do nicely.





Soon as I laid hands on him his cries spike in volume, to the point of actually being irritating. I'm always eager to make a noisy shithead shut the fuck up though,.so I wrap one hand over his midsection and the other around his thighs.

Then, like I'm unplugging something from an electrical outlet, I just pulled my arms apart.


It gets easier every time I do this. Not like it was particularly hard the first time… but, you know. it’s nice to have confirmation that all my hard work is paying off. What was once the same amount of effort as pulling a bag of chips open now gets done with all these ease of separating two-ply toilet paper. And with absolutely none of the precision required!
With a howl of rage I throw both halves of him as hard as I can against the back wall. I don't even bother to look back at the splatter. He's gone. He's nothing now. Fuck him.



The people outside of the ring are fleeing, but I've already turned my attention away from them. No, my next targets are the two pretty little things fighting one another in MY ring. The ring that I made special through countless executions and impossible feats of strength.

The only people allowed to step inside were my future opponents, and that was just what these two were about to become. Should I go for the still-disoriented blonde? Or the woman who'd had the upper hand until I showed up?



The brunette took a step back as I approached. It wasn't quite enough to get her out of my range, but the fact she was nearing that limit sealed her fate. The blonde would have a few more moments to catch her breath and maybe even make a break for it, but I was going to play with this skinny little thing for now.

She raised an arm in an absurdly pathetic motion to defend herself. Were I more vindictive I'd crush the arm for daring to rise against me, but I'd make an exception this one time.



Midway into my grab though, the situation changed. I heard an unusual sound above me, and quickly noticed the metal cage that would frequently prevent my prey from escaping was falling right onto me.

It might look silly. I was bigger and stronger than any chain link fence should be, but that was precisely why this was such a big deal. Ordinary fencing wasn't made to contain someone like me. Any of that cheap shit would bounce wildly every time I took a step, so one of the many upgrades this place had made was an extreme upgrade in the density, hardness, and weight of the custom-built cage.



Could I have taken the brunt of that cage falling onto me? Probably. Was I willing to test? Hell no. I stood back up straight and heard a winch snap above and drop the cage into place.

Now that threat of it falling onto me had passed I was sure I could just rip off the door and get at my prey as I had planned, but I decided against it. After all, someone in charge of the cage had just tried to use it against me, and the two pretty little things trapped inside of the ring weren't likely to escape it before I could take care of whoever tried to weaponize the ring's mechanisms like that.

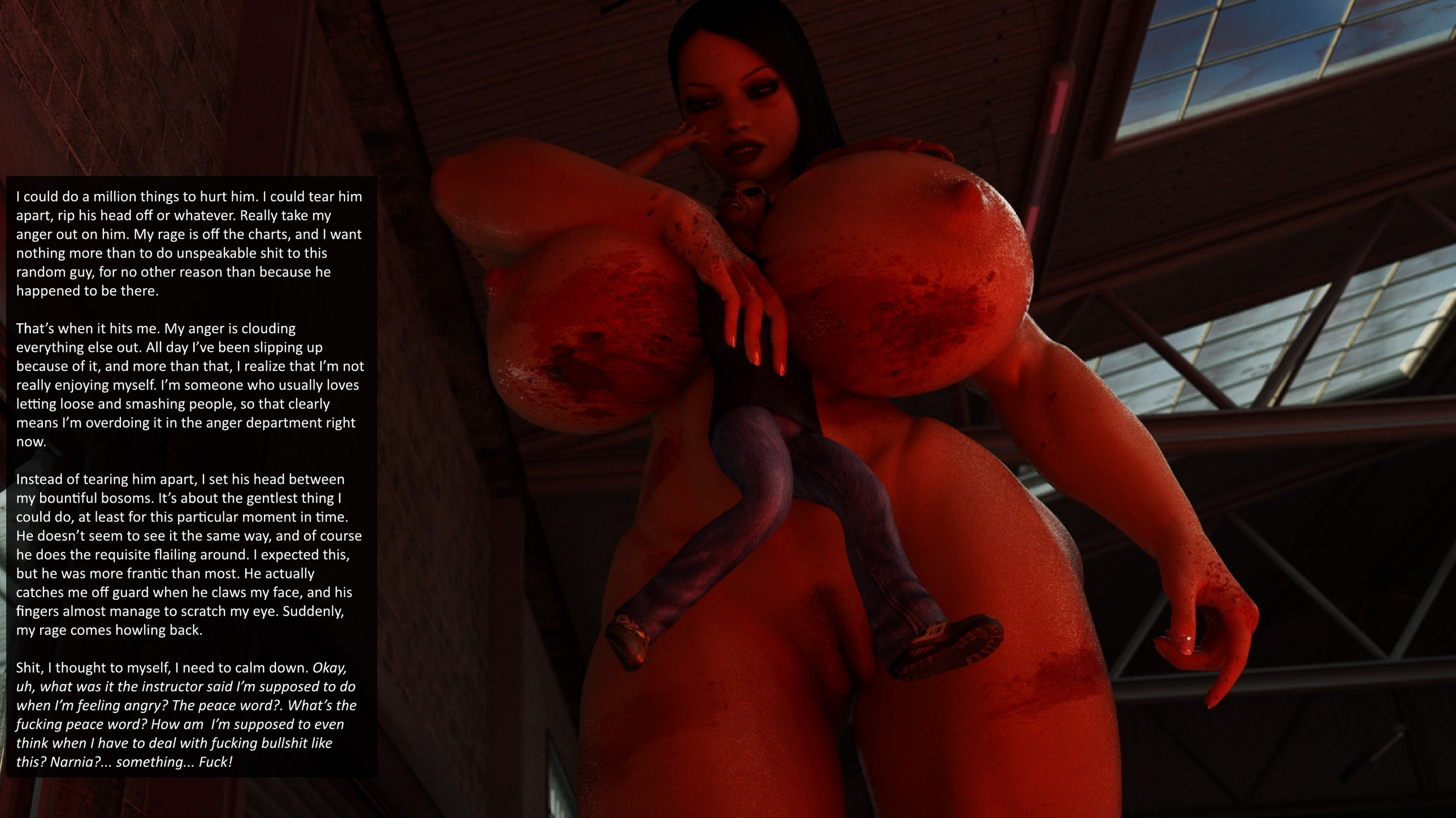


At that moment I'm pure, unadulterated rage. That cage could have broken my neck when it fell! I mean, I've broken a lot of necks in my life, but this is my neck we're talking about! All this anger shifts my attention away from the wrestling girls for a bit. I'm not looking for someone to fuck, I'm looking for someone to tear in half... Again.

I'm almost certain someone triggered the cage drop on purpose. My guess is that the boss had some kind of remote that could trigger it. Well I wouldn't want him to lose something valuable like that, so I wanted to find him as soon as possible and shove it deep into his ass. That way, he wouldn't have to worry about losing it in the future. Unfortunately, I don't have any idea where he is.



Well my first choice was the boss, but unfortunately he’s nowhere to be found. So instead, I default to the poor sap who happens to be closest. It’s just some random schlub with glasses, trying his best to squeeze through the gap in the metal roll-up door. Unfortunately for him, I'm a lot quicker than he is. I put one hand around his torso, and his odds of escaping go to zero.



I could do a million things to hurt him. I could tear him apart, rip his head off or whatever. Really take my anger out on him. My rage is off the charts, and I want nothing more than to do unspeakable shit to this random guy, for no other reason than because he happened to be there.

That's when it hits me. My anger is clouding everything else out. All day I've been slipping up because of it, and more than that, I realize that I'm not really enjoying myself. I'm someone who usually loves letting loose and smashing people, so that clearly means I'm overdoing it in the anger department right now.

Instead of tearing him apart, I set his head between my bountiful bosoms. It's about the gentlest thing I could do, at least for this particular moment in time. He doesn't seem to see it the same way, and of course he does the requisite flailing around. I expected this, but he was more frantic than most. He actually catches me off guard when he claws my face, and his fingers almost manage to scratch my eye. Suddenly, my rage comes howling back.

Shit, I thought to myself, I need to calm down. *Okay, uh, what was it the instructor said I'm supposed to do when I'm feeling angry? The peace word?. What's the fucking peace word? How am  I'm supposed to even think when I have to deal with fucking bullshit like this? Narnia?... something... Fuck!*


A while back, around the same time I met Erin, I started going to a yoga class. I'm not usually into that new age enlightenment shit, but I heard it's a good way to get more flexible, and I figured it might help me pull off some wrestling holds better. Besides, the instructor was a cute little college girl, and she didn't hurt to look at.
And please, don't judge me. This was before Erin and I were… whatever. She was cute, and a big part of why I started going in the first place.


The last ten minutes of every session were reserved for something the teacher called, “Guided Meditation. She said it was supposed to help us find our inner peace or whatever. We’d pick a stretching pose, and then this new-agey music would play, and the teacher would tell us to imagine ourselves in a position that gives us a sense of perfect relaxation.


Now, most people, that's going to be something, well, stupid. Like, I don’t know, fuckin’ lying in bed with a loved one. Maybe  a quiet day at the beach, whatever. But me? I fucking hate the beach. Sand everywhere. Can't stand that shit. Gets in your... you know what, nevermind.


I tried to picture myself on some peaceful, quiet mountain in the Himalayas, but I got so bored I'd just start worrying about shit, which defeats the whole purpose. I thought the whole idea of meditation was pointless. It just didn't work for me. But it turns out, I was just using the wrong imagery.


See, what brings me inner peace isn't a snow-capped mountain or gentle, rocking waves on the beach.. It turns out, what really makes he happy? What really gives me inner peace? It's breakin’ people.


So I would sit there in class, while the boring music droned on, and I'd imagine myself slowly crushing a guy’s head between my fat fucking titties.


Just squeezing and squeezing, while he tries to scream out in pain.
Gradually increasing the tension, until his skull finally....


...*cracks,* like an egg! Right between my tits, sending blood spilling out and pouring over my cleavage.


The best part is, it worked! At the end of the session, the teacher even complimented me on how much I'd improved.


So that actually worked great, until one fateful day. See, that kind of scenario didn't just make me feel relaxed. If I was in the right mood, it also made me, well, let’s not mince words here. It made me fucking horny. And that particular day, I got really into the fantasy. And I made the mistake of not masturbating before I went out, which meant I had a whole bunch of shit pent up inside of me.



I tried doing it the way I normally did, imagining some faceless man or woman trapped in my cleavage and fighting for their lives, but it wasn't doing it for me. Even with both my eyes closed and concentrating on an entirely new setting, I could only envision myself right here in the yoga studio, looming over the little blonde lying down in front of me. I was doing the upward dog pose, stretching my chest into the air, and I was peaceful as fuck.



I got really lost in thought. I was thinking about all these really crazy fantasies. But now the ring had been replaced with a room full of cute young women stretching.. My mind was going wild. They were so hot that I didn't even want to hurt them, I just wanted to fuck them. Just about every conceivable dirty fantasy was running through my head. At least, all the ones where I got to be in control. I thought about taking the yoga instructor and pinning her against the wall with my backside, while she ate out my ass. I've never even tried analingus, but in my mind, it felt incredible.


I remember the last fantasy being especially vivid. I pictured myself squatting down over the instructor, lifting her body off the ground. Then I grabbed her head with one hand and really pressed her head against my pussy. I mean, she was super into it, but I still like to take control, even in my fantasy.


You can probably see where this is going. While I pictured myself shoving the woman's head against my labia, I was pressing my quickly-moistening pussy against the yoga mat. It started as a subtle move, but pretty soon I was putting some force into it, really grinding my pussy against the mat.


Except that wasn’t the mat I was grinding against. It turned out that I’d pushed myself forward without realizing it, and the blonde was trapped between my legs. The only thing separating her face from my labia were my sopping wet workout shorts, and I was riding her face like a fucking stallion.


Now I know what you're thinking. And yes, I swear to God this was an accident. That's how lost I was in thought. Then the Yoga teacher shook me back to reality. Literally.


At first, I was a little upset. Here she was going on and on about attaining inner peace, then she comes and violently shakes me out of my dream? I had no idea what she was pissed about and it took me a little while to catch onto what was going on below.


Now if I deserve blame, it’s for not being a bit faster to react. It probably took me a good thirty seconds to realize she was even down there. But stopping, and getting off of her? Well... that might have taken just a little while longer. Like… I dunno. A  solid minute? Or two?. Or longer.


Eventually I realized that I wasn’t going to be able to get off with the instructor yelling at me the way she was, so I had to give it up. All of that effort and I was only halfway to cumming!


Once I'd gathered the self-control to get off of her I lifted my hips up and let her go free. The blonde immediately started throwing a fit, but she was fine. She didn't even have so much as a nose bleed! The instructor really got all worked up over nothing, while the blonde really tried to sell her trauma.


She looked so pathetic as she crawled away., exhausted and gasping for air, her perky little tits falling out of her sports bra. Clearly I'd been a little more rough than she was used to, But I wanted to be so much rougher! Looking at her crawling away, part of me wanted to grab her and shove her back against my pussy. *All of me, really.*


My mind was running wild, I couldn't help but picture what it would be like to feel her face against my pussy one more time. She'd already been pressed against my pussy for a few minutes. What's a couple minutes longer? Only this time, there wouldn't be a bikini bottom to separate us! I bet she'd be into it too, if I was allowed a bit more time to break her in. At least, she looks like the type.
I pictured myself grabbing both of her arms and pulling her between my crotch. I can imagine the look of shock on the yoga instructor's face. That position requires her to bend her head forward, but I'm sure she'd be more than willing to oblige.


And if not… well, all I'd have to do is drop my ass to the ground, but she might not like that quite as much. Either way, though, I'd get what I needed. All I had to do was reach out and take what was mine...


There was the issue of the law, though, and this is back when I still cared about that kind of thing. So instead, I just watched her tight little ass as she crawled away. So slowly, and still within arm's reach...


I managed to resist the urge to continue using the blonde like a sex toy. Who says I don't have self-control? In that moment I was fucking Mother Teresa. The blonde was smart enough to get away instead of confronting me. She got up and wiped off her glistening face, which was covered in what I'm guessing was 50% sweat and 50% pussy juice.


I enjoyed the sight, but my attention was rudely torn away by the instructor. Usually she's all relaxed, but right now she's in mega-bitch mode. She had her reasons, I guess, but it still seemed a little excessive. The blonde has already left the room by now, but she's still going on and on about 'possible charges,' 'restraining orders,' 'lifetime bans...' And I tell her it was an accident, but she's not fucking listening.
And then, she says, "are you seriously fucking masturbating right now?"


Fine, so I guess I was. I didn't even realize I was touching myself until she pointed it out, but I didn't stop. I couldn't. I had my needs. The rest of the class had already left by that point, so it was just me and her.


I just kept touching myself while I stared at her. I wasn’t trying to be a creep or anything, but she was hot, I was fucking horny, and she’d just ruined the orgasm I was already building towards..


I still wanted to feel her face against my pussy lips. If I did grab her, would she try to resist, or would she just go along with it? My fantasy in that moment was gentler than most. I pictured her on all fours, sprawled out in front of me, gently lapping her tongue against my pussy. Of course, my hand was still holding her in place, but you can't fault me for wanting a little control. It would feel so perfect, for both of us.


All I had to do was make the first move.
Just grab her hair, and pull her in...


I didn’t actually do it, of course. But I knew I could have done it, and she probably knew too. What she didn’t know was the incredible amount of restraint it took me to stop myself from grabbing her right then, that very second. I’d done it a hundred times in the ring. It was muscle memory by now.


I shove her down between my legs and grind her face against my pussy. She resists, at first, but it doesn't take her long to give in. The sheer, overwhelming power of my sexuality is irresistible, and it quickly pulls her in.


Instead, I stared longingly into the instructor’s eyes, and she just stared right back. I’m not sure if part of her was as turned on as I was, or if she was just too shocked or scared to look away.


What I do know is that I finger-fucked myself until I fucking finished, and I never looked away. I wasn't quiet about it, either. And you know what? Even if my hand didn’t feel as good as her face would have, it still felt incredible.


She agreed not to press charges if I agreed not to return to that gym again. I agreed, although I'm sure I would have won if the case ever went to court. The thing with that blonde girl was just an honest mistake, after all. And maybe I was kind of touching muself in front of the instructor, too, but whatever. It’s not like I showed her my pussy or anything. If your hands are in your pants, you can do whatever the hell you want. At least, I'm pretty sure that's how the law works. Anyway, though, fuck the law. What matters is it felt great, and for a moment, I was at fucking peace.



Shit, I recite the whole story to myself and I still can't remember the peace word. But then I realize something else. If this were a movie, it would be the part where the inspirational music plays: I don't need the peace word, because peace was inside of me all along.

I've got some poor mother fucker trapped between my tits. All I needed to do to relax was focus on the scene at hand. If only I could remember the word for that...

*Mindfulness!* That word I fucking remember. It means you're supposed to focus all your thoughts on what's happening right around you. Really live in the moment.



I focus. The world consists of my hands, some guy's head, and two very enormous tits. Focus on the guy, fighting as hard as he can but still powerless against my fucking tits, of all things. Focus on his glasses, bent and broken from being squished between my cleavage.

My breasts are soft and malleable, the head is hard and unyielding. but in the end, much like a river can overcome a mountain, the soft fat of my tits will crush his skull. With a little assist from my hands, of course.



I press harder. I hear the sound of breaking glass as his glasses shatter. I hear his screams grow more muffled, as my gigantic fucking tits envelop his head. The instructor, she recommended that I come up with something called a mantra. A series of words, something that gives you peace. For some, it's "God," or "Buddha." Something symbolic of peace, or power. For others, it's... *whatever the hell the peace word is. Fuck. Forget it for now.*

But for me, in that moment. There's only one mantra I need. I whisper it to myself, ever-changing, yet somehow still the same. *Huge tits. Giant fucking tits. Skull-crushing tits. Fucking huge titties. So fucking big...*



*Oh wait, it's on the tip of my tongue, the peace word... Fucking nama... What is it again?*

I press harder. The pressure hurts my tits a bit, but suffering is part of life. All things are transient. Our lives... especially the lives of people around me. I see to that.



He’s no longer fighting. Maybe he, too, has found enlightenment. Not that it matters much either way, because in a few seconds, enlightened or not, his mind is going to be splattered all these tits. I do my best to savor it. Every last sensation. I savor my pleasure, and savor his pain. Because none of it will last, as much as I try to make it…

*Big fucking titties, face-crushing titties...* Repeating my mantra, I try to savor every delicate little sensation, as his skull finally gives.



# “Namaste.”

I say to myself, as the blood squirts up between my cleavage.



Shit, I hope no one heard me say that. It was quiet enough that I doubt anyone did, although part of me is curious what they'd think of the rampaging twenty-foot latina muttering fucking "Namaste" to herself. Just in case anyone thinks I'm going soft, I slowly pull my breasts apart, revealing what's left of his face to the terrified onlookers who are trapped in the warehouse with me.

I look down to marvel at my handiwork. His head is a destroyed, bloody mess. And it's not just his head, either. I didn't even realize it until just now, but his whole rib cage is totally collapsed! My tits really have grown substantially since those days in the yoga studio, and especially in the past few weeks. Maybe even from earlier today, if I'm being honest. Who can keep track anyway? It's been a busy day.

The point is, the bigger my muscles, my tits, and, well, me grow, the more damage I can do. And I can already do a hell of a lot of damage. I've always dreamed about getting so big I can crush someone's entire body in my cleavage. Someone fully grown, that is. Starting out I tended to favor smaller, more pathetic opponents, but fitting a full-grown six-foot man between my tits would be an incredible achievement. But you know what, being this big ain't half bad either. There's something to be said for the intimacy.

It must be weird going through life, not being able to do shit like this. What would I even do for fun? I guess I'd try to find porn where people pretend to do shit like this. I wonder if that kind of stuff even exists? Fuck, it's the internet, so probably. I wish I had a fucking computer right now. It hadn't been particularly difficult for me to find work doing this same thing after moving out here. I bet there's lots of people who also do this for a living just like me!


Then I let go of my tits completely, and his remains plop to the ground. The crowd is really terrified now. Why would they be scared of me, when I’m so calm? Who knows?


I’ve never been able to understand people who are under seven feet tall. And honestly, I’m fine with that. Who cares? As far as I’m concerned, the only purpose for the vast majority of people is to be the subjects my personal ongoing game of “Fuck, Marry, Kill...” minus the marry!

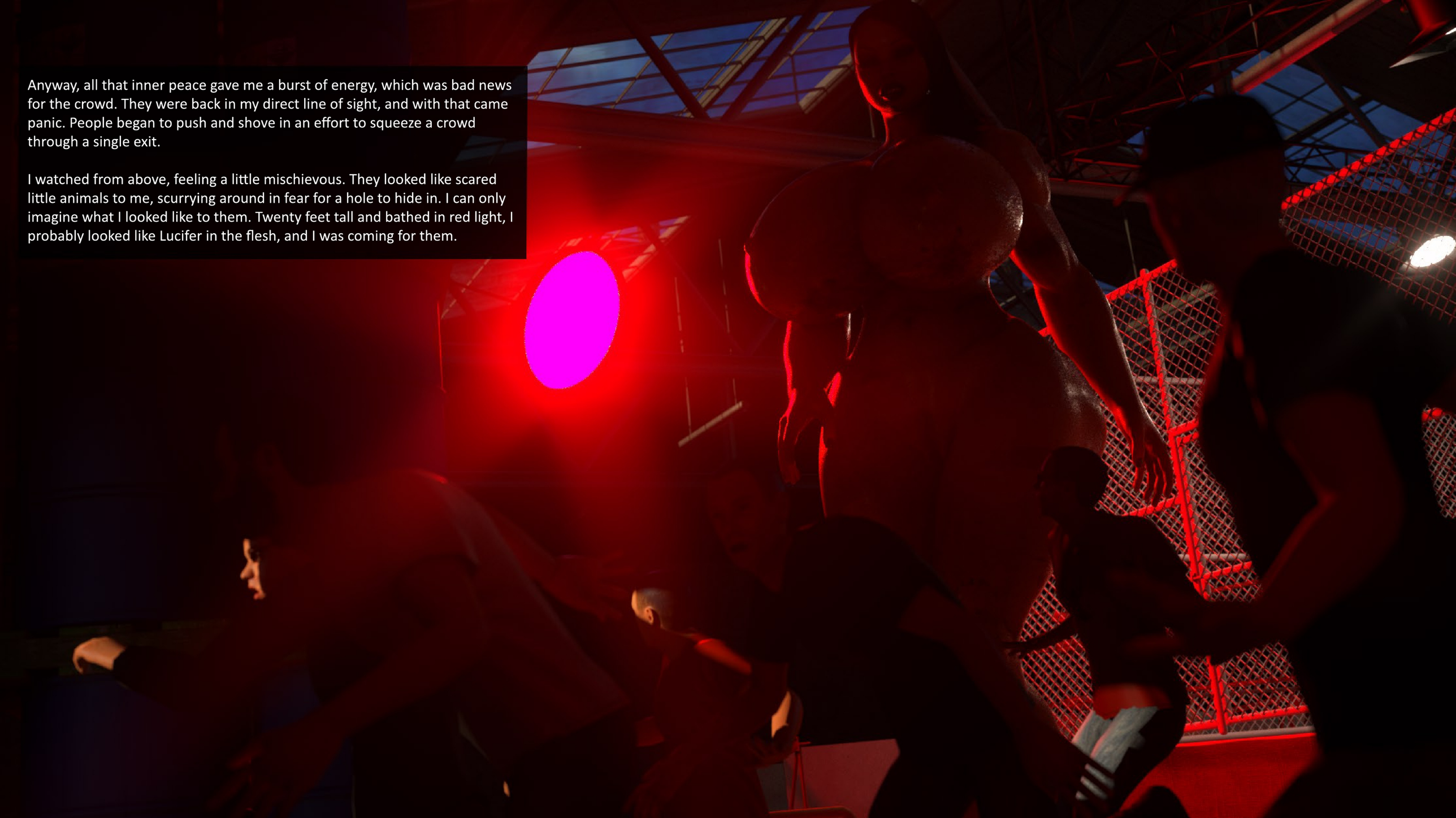

Well, I have no intentions of fucking or marrying what's left of the guy I just tossed on the floor, so I unceremoniously kick him through the hole in the steel door, proving that there is a way out of the warehouse. It acts as a kind of wordless invitation to the crowd of people. You want to escape? Let's see if you can make it past me!


it turned out, though, that there was a minor downside to having such big tits. They're hard to clean! I've got chunks of something that used to be inside the guy's head all over my cleavage. Blood I can live with, but there's a gritty texture to this stuff that I find super gross, and it's hard to get off! Hell, it's hard to even get my hands into my cleavage, as big as my tits are. I have to use a weird angle and everything. *Busty giant girl problems!*


I thought about what it would be like if I could go back in time to about a year ago, back when I fought in this warehouse for the first time. That was back when they sprung the “battle royale” nonsense on me. Looking back it was kind of fun, but I was furious at the time. I thought I was tough back then, but compared to now, I was a short, scrawny little thing.


That younger version of me would have looked absolutely pathetic in comparison to how massive I've gotten. Not only am I taller, but I'm way more buff, and my tits are absolutely gigantic. I'd have to bend down for her to even come up to my cleavage. I could sandwich her entire head between my huge fucking titties... and if I squeezed, I mean, *really* squeezed, I could crush her like anyone else! These huge biceps aren't just for show.
DANGER
FORKLIFT OPERATING AREA


I pictured myself really going wild and squeezing my tits as hard as I could. Her head would probaly crack like an egg, same as every other chump I've tried that move on. It would be a shame, though, smashing someone so sexy.
If that ever actually happened, somehow, I'd probably just have her go down on me... But it's still fun to think about smashing her! *Err, me?*



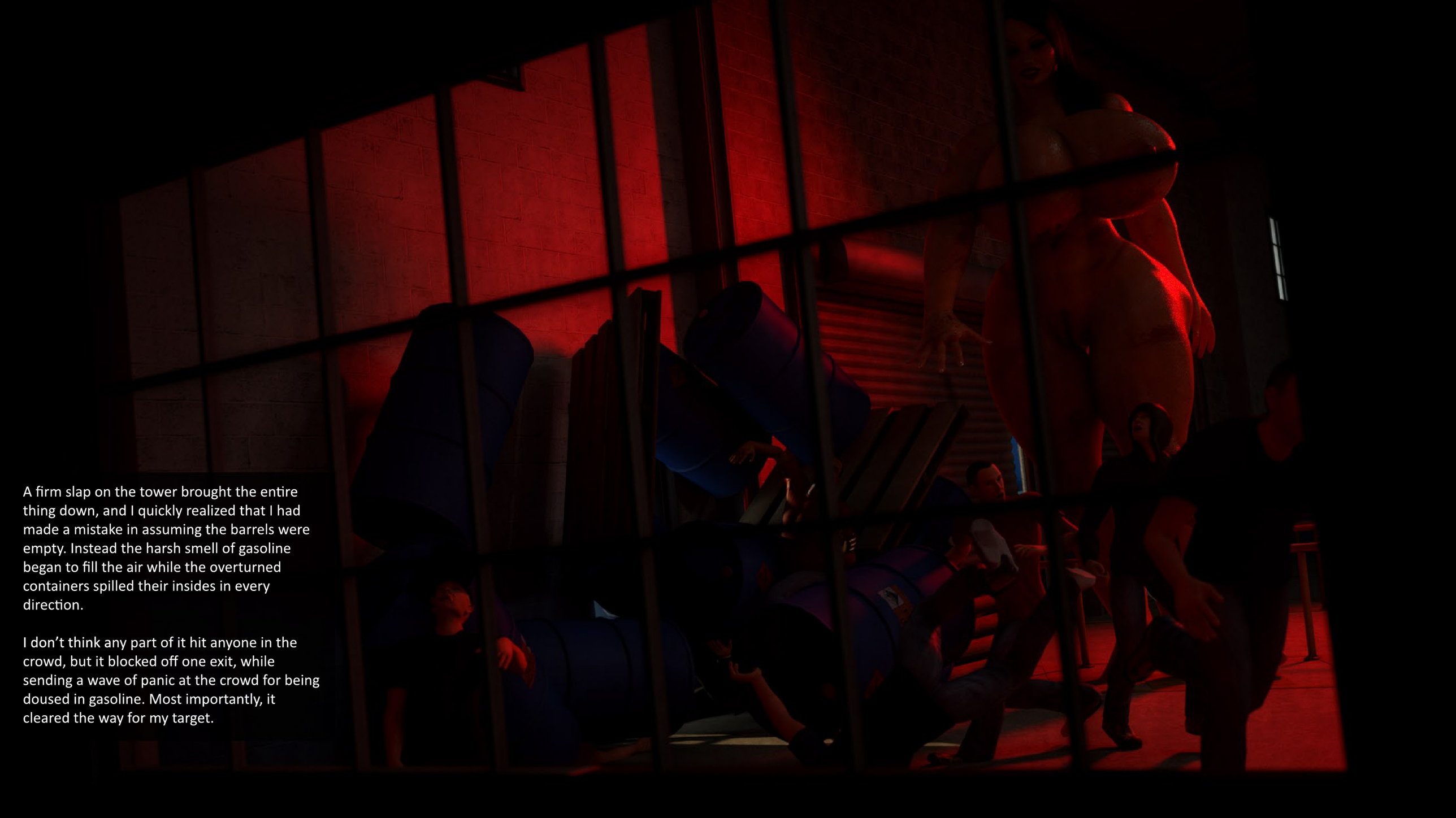
Anyway, all that inner peace gave me a burst of energy, which was bad news for the crowd. They were back in my direct line of sight, and with that came panic. People began to push and shove in an effort to squeeze a crowd through a single exit.

I watched from above, feeling a little mischievous. They looked like scared little animals to me, scurrying around in fear for a hole to hide in. I can only imagine what I looked like to them. Twenty feet tall and bathed in red light, I probably looked like Lucifer in the flesh, and I was coming for them.



The crowd may not have been my target when the night started, but there was simply too much enjoyment to be had basking the chaos they created among themselves. There were only a few rays of outside light visible and it seemed like absolutely everyone was flooding through the same exit.

An exit that just so happened to be next to several stacked barrels.



A firm slap on the tower brought the entire thing down, and I quickly realized that I had made a mistake in assuming the barrels were empty. Instead the harsh smell of gasoline began to fill the air while the overturned containers spilled their insides in every direction.

I don’t think any part of it hit anyone in the crowd, but it blocked off one exit, while sending a wave of panic at the crowd for being doused in gasoline. Most importantly, it cleared the way for my target.


This small room was where all the ring and lighting controls were. The reason for the cage mysteriously falling was thanks to this shithead, and it would be irritating trying to crush the crowd if the lights all suddenly went out
Though it now presented me with a new problem. The inside of the warehouse was nice and spacious, with a ceiling I couldn't hope to reach on my own. But the room I was looking at was a small, sturdy office that would be difficult to enter.




Kneeling before the window, I considered breaking it apart and just peering inside…. But if the guy inside was armed, I don't know if I could take a couple bullets directly to the face and live to tell about it. Same issue if I tried to come in through the door.

Of course… if he wasn't armed, I was just wasting time.



Fuck it. I was going to risk putting my face right up to that window and focusing on the inside. There wasn't a whole lot to go on, and it took me a few seconds to even make out the man inside.

It looked like he had flattened himself against a wall, and was focusing on me intently. He didn't look like he was trying to make a move, but just watch me closely. He looked like he was on the verge of shitting himself, not that I could blame him. I'm sure he could hear every beat of his little heart right now, and just hoped that it would calm down so he could remain unseen.



Too bad his body language gave him away. I don’t care how scared he was, I just needed to know if he had a gun. And he didn’t appear to, so one window-shattering punch later he’s squealing like a piglet while my arm comes straight for him. Like the woman in the ring before him he raises an arm in protest, and I’m through showing any amount of generosity.

With a bone-separating yank, I force him out of the office and into the gasoline-tinged air of the rest of the warehouse.

Now that he’s been forced into the light like a fuckin… something that likes to live its life in the darkness, I suppose. Look, I’m not a fuckin’ animalologist here. I’m the muscle in every situation, not the brains. I’ve come to terms with that fact. It doesn’t bother me anymore.

The point is that now that he’s forced from his pitch-black hiding spot I can study this little asshole to try and gleam some information from him. It’s not exactly easy. The red lights bathing the entire inside of the warehouse aren’t the best at actually illuminating things.

Nothing. Fuckin’… nothing.

A quick scan of his body confirmed he didn’t have anything of note on him. There was no headset, no ring of keys, and not even a walkie-talkie used to communicate with those in the back.

It’s not like I really needed an excuse to kill him, I just wanted to gain something out of it before I did so. Instead I was going to leave this encounter empty-handed and with no further leads as to where I could find the shithead in charge. What a fuckin’ waste.

Oh well. I was here for revenge, as much as anything. Even if I wasn’t getting anything concrete out of it, I could at least make him suffer. And speaking of concrete...

You know, there‘s something I’ve always wanted to try. I‘ve got what you might call washboard abs. I could just flex my abs and mash his face into my stomach. Then just grind it up, down, left, right, in any direction I fuckin’ wanted. I could easily press down with enough force to use the fucking abdominals like a cheese grater, until there‘s nothing left but a…

Shit. My head was going into some dark places right now, and I don’t even feel weird about it.





Tempting as the thought of shredding his face was, I didn’t want to kill him just yet. Instead clenched my fingers, pulverizing his arm in the process. He’s screaming like mad, but I’m not done yet. Like a vice, I gradually increase the pressure until I felt the bones and tendons in his arm snapping. Then I squeezed a little harder.



Then I hear a sound above all the panicked cries of people realizing they were trapped in a room with a killing machine. A loud pop several feet to my side.

I was wondering about how I could explode this guy's entire chest cavity in one stunning punch, when I felt the searing hot pain in my right arm. It lasted for only a split second, but was intense enough for my fingers to inadvertently spasm, and drop the guy I'd been holding.



It was honestly a bit of a wake up call. It’s easy to talk a big game when you’ve dealt with nothing but trigger-happy low-skill cops all day. Those useless pig fuckers would fail to hit the broad side of a barn if it had a mean face painted on it.

And maybe I’m giving this security guy too much credit. He did, after all, catch me off guard. The scent of gas in the air, the sound of people running away, and my intense focus on the guy in front of me meant every chance I had at sensing his approach was occupied.

Whatever the fuckin’ reason, he had drilled a bullet right into my arm, and he was undoubtedly lining up for a few more rounds.


I wish I could replay the moments that followed in slow motion. Disgusting as the details may actually be, I'd like to know whether or not he voided his bowels when I closed half the distance between us simply by turning around. The bullet in my right arm may have surprised me, but it was far from a crippling wound. I could fight through it so long as I didn't try to use it too much.
And as for gun asshole? Well, he was well within fuckin' lunging distance even with only one arm.



He seemed to realize this, and took a half-step backwards to create some distance between the two of us. It was an absolutely pathetic attempt to save himself, and I let him know by reaching forward and swatting his pistol out of his hands.

I was kind of hoping it would go off and shoot him in the cock or something similarly cartoonish to fully vindicate me. The real world doesn't operate based on what I think would be hilarious though, as much as I would like it to. So instead the useless firearm skidded away, leaving him unarmed before a very big, very angry woman he'd just attempted to murder.


Ooh he was lined up so perfectly. I was going to accordion this mother fucker right where he stands. It's one of those things I've oft-fantasized about, but have never gotten the chance to do. Mostly because I wasn't exactly big enough until recently. But even aside from that people tend to be squirrely, and refuse to stand in place.
This guy though. The fuckin' stars were aligned, and he seemed frozen in terror. Just drive his bald fuckin' head into the pavement through his body like a nail through wood.
Gods. Tearing these people apart is so fuckin' exhilarating.


I’m not even mad when he practically falls over himself backwards to run away from me. Well, not *that* mad. The maneuver may have been some weird combination of a dive for safety and fleeing for his life, but I only saw a pair of squirming legs that couldn’t hope to get out of range.
A small panicked squeal rang through the much-quieter warehouse when my fingers wrapped around his shin and pulled him from his feet. He knows he’s dead. The only question that remains is if he’ll have time to say his prayers before it all goes dark.

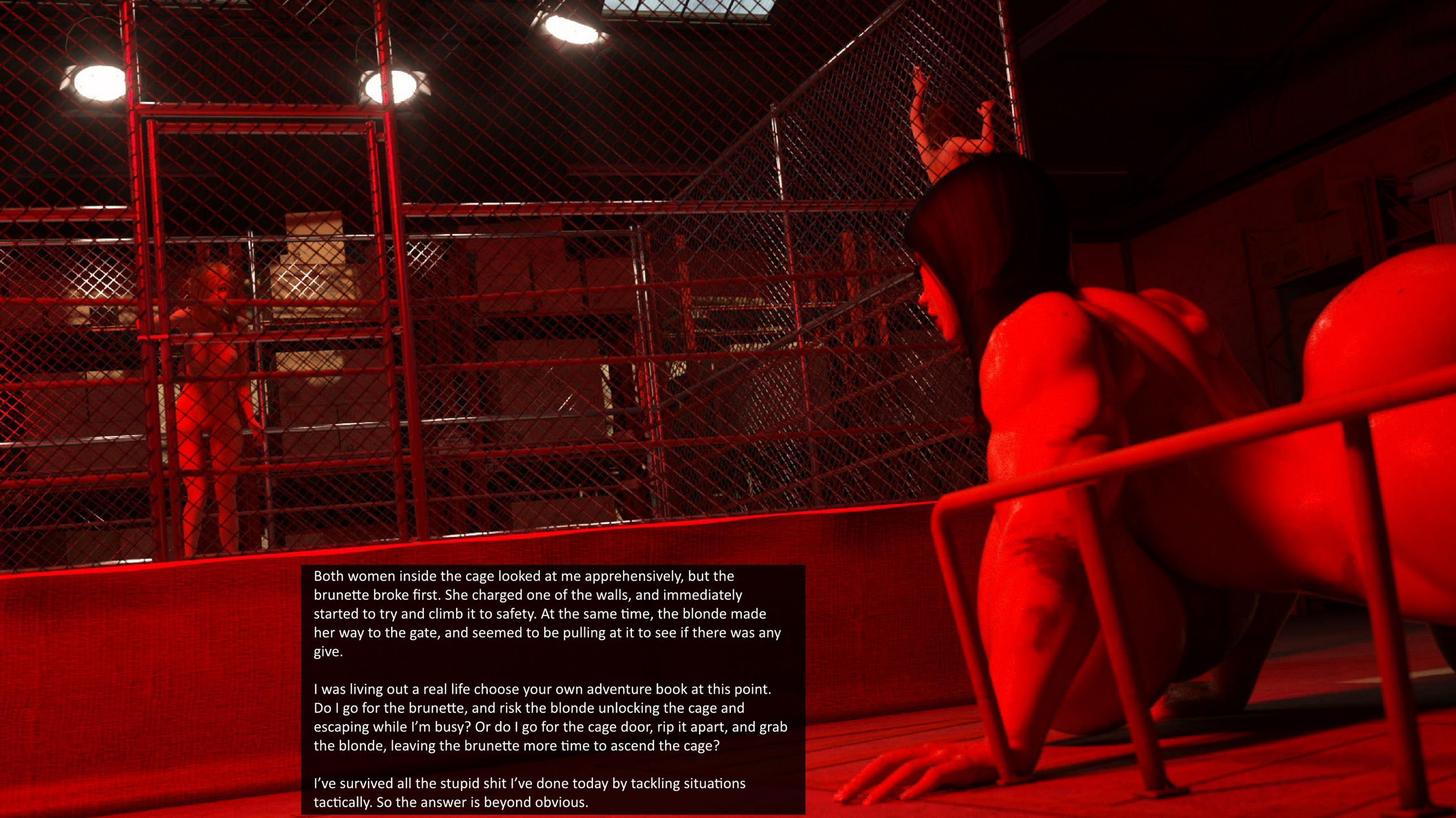


The answer, of course, is no. With a furious whip I fling the guy behind me. I wanted the scene from the outside of this building to look like a scene out of an old fuckin' popeye cartoon. Just bodies flying out of every opening until I walk out squinting with a pipe sticking out of my mouth and itching for a fight.

Alas, I am again denied. Due to a lack of my own skill in the art of flinging humans I instead send the bulky guy soaring face first into the warehouse's brick facade, and not through the windows a good five to six feet feet higher.

The explosion is nice though. Would definitely like a framed pic of that on the wall of my next bedroom... or jail cell.


The pain in my right arm is starting to go subside, though I can still feel a bit of numbness when I turn to reexamine the situation. People are still fleeing. The cage is still lowered. There was no way in hell anyone was coming for the exit I was still blocking. And my nipples felt lovely as they brushed against the cool, hard cement.



Both women inside the cage looked at me apprehensively, but the brunette broke first. She charged one of the walls, and immediately started to try and climb it to safety. At the same time, the blonde made her way to the gate, and seemed to be pulling at it to see if there was any give.

I was living out a real life choose your own adventure book at this point. Do I go for the brunette, and risk the blonde unlocking the cage and escaping while I'm busy? Or do I go for the cage door, rip it apart, and grab the blonde, leaving the brunette more time to ascend the cage?

I've survived all the stupid shit I've done today by tackling situations tactically. So the answer is beyond obvious.


They’re both naked. If the blonde had a key to escape then I suspected she’d need a minute to fish it out of whatever orifice she’s kept it stored in this whole time. No, the brunette needed to be intervened on first, and the other woman fell to her back from my earth-shaking tread on my way to the brunette.
Of course there was also another consideration, which was vastly more important: brunettes are way hotter. I don’t care what anyone says, blondes are overrated.
I was just tall enough to be able to reach over the top of the cage, and pluck the blonde out of her slow climb. I realized this before I had even moved in front of her, and I expected her to have some kind of reaction to that.
She didn’t. I don’t wanna play off any stereotypes here, but you know what they say about blondes…


In all honesty I didn't want to deal with either of them right now. I wanted to catch up to the crowd, and  maybe find some more people in management to fuck with. The brunette had a survivor's spirit though, so I guess I'd just have to bring her with me for a bit.

She wasn't going to like this one bit, but it's her fault. She had plenty of time to stop climbing and retreat to the center of the ring. She'd just signed her own death warrant, as far as I was concerned.



Leaning forward enough to pull her up by the arm meant my tits pressed against the cool metal of the ring, and for the briefest of moments my mind flitted towards alternate uses for the little thing. I could mash her face into my nipple poking through the gaps in the cage. But instead, I took a moment to appreciate waht I had in my hand.

All day I'd been smashing my way through sweaty dudes, but this was something different. Here was a sexy little brunette, dangling stark naked in front of me. Her hair looked almost auburn in the red light, which made her even hotter. My mind was racing with all kinds of filthy ideas for moves that I wanted to try out on her, most of which she wouldn't survive. I didn't want to repeat my mistakes and kill her before she got me off, so I decided to do everything in my power to keep her alive until I was done with her.