
SQUASH MATCH 2
TAG TEAM
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Loud, bassy music thumped through the warehouse. Bright spotlights swept across an empty walkway, careful to stay off of the a barely-visible wrestling ring. A small, subdued crowd milled around randomly-placed seats set up directly short iron barricade. They had all gathered here tonight for one reason. Live entertainment. A private wrestling competition attended in secret by a small crowd of eager fans. There was likely going to be blood spilled tonight, and the excitement in the room was palpable.

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The darkened stage suddenly lit up, illuminating four figures. Each stood in a different corner of the ring, and the spotlights stopped their frantic swirling to focus on each of them. Monitors hovering above the ring flickered on, and the crowd was given a solid close up on all four of the competitors standing at each turnbuckle. Monitors blinked on in other corners of the room while a camera crew scrambled into position. Lights above the crowd were dimmed, and the loud, grinding sound of a heavy steel structure being lowered from the ceiling drew everyone's attention back to the ring. The room was tense as the large structure settled outside of the ring, trapping the four athletes within a steel cell.


For a split second he soared over the ropes and crashed into the cage's steel bars before landing outside of the ring. She smiled at the distance she'd attained with the casual movement before turning back to face her two aggressors. Unfortunately for them, the rules stated that they weren't allowed to attack her at the same time.
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"Ladies and gentlemen, please quiet down..." A calm, authoritative voice ordered.
Excited noises died down to mere whispers, and all lights in the room turned off, save for a spotlight bearing down on each of the competitors. Two wore outfits in the same deep, royal shade of purple, while the other pair was clad in fiery crimson. Those in the red attempted to stare down the pair in purple, and intimidate them, but it only seemed to half work.
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"Tonight's mixed tag-team bout will be a *Tables* match in the Steel Cell of Death! The first team to put one of their opponents through a table will take home the victory!" The voice announced with growing intensity. "Let's meet our challengers! Wearing red, we have a powerful man and woman with lengthy in-ring records! From Alberta, Canada, we have Disciple Onslaught, and his prettier half, Disciple Calamity! Together they are, "*The Disciples of the Apocalypse!*"

A smattering of claps echoed in the quiet room, with a lone audience member attempting to start a chant of, *"D! O! A!"* before realizing he was alone in his excitement. Nevertheless, the man and woman in red both raised their arms overhead, and acknowledged the direction the chant originated in.

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"And in the purple, we have that unstoppable Titaness of Terror! That gorgeous Executing Empress! That beautiful Deadly Destroyer! That 9-foot tall undefeated mountain of a woman, Mashing Miranda!"
A roar of applause erupted in the room, far louder than a group this size had any right to be. Shouts of praise echoed off the walls as the giantess in the ring crossed her arms over her expansive chest, and curled her lips upward into a slight smile.
"And her newest tag team partner! From Glasgow, Scotland, it's that rambunctious Scotsman with an attitude! Kilt! In! Action!"
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The spotlight focused on the considerably smaller man standing in the giantess's shadow. While the crowd's cheering hadn't died down one iota, he was visibly distressed, his eyes darting around the room frantically. His entire body shook, made all the more noticeable when contrasted with his partner's stoic, unmoving form.
A bell clanged. The man and woman in red looked at each other, and nodded silently. Disciple Onslaught, stepped forward into the center of the ring, making sure to keep his guard up against his towering opponent.
On the opposite end, the giantess took one look at her partner, and unfolded her arms.
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"MI-RAN-DA! MI-RAN-DA!"
The crowd's chants egged the colossal woman on, feeding directly into her ego. While her partner backed away slowly, he raised both hands in front of his face. He was clearly beyond intimidated by the woman staring him down, and when she took a step in his direction he completely lost his cool. A shrill, girlish scream echoed in the makeshift arena as he broke into a run, and step
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He didn't get far. A massive, tanned hand grabbed his shoulder from behind, and spun him violently to face the giant woman. Her other hand reached forward, and huge, strong fingers wrapped tightly around his neck. She lifted him easily, his miniature form nothing to her incredible strength, and looked him directly in the eyes. He prayed she would simply toss him to the ground. Maybe choke slam him. It was a move he'd taken dozens of times before in his career. A move that wouldn't end in his death.
Only a few minutes ago backstage he had politely asked her to treat this like a conventional wrestling match, and show off an actual move. The crowd knew she had strength, but could she actually wrestle? She had grunted in response, which wasn't the answer he was looking for.
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Unfortunately, he made the mistake of pressing the issue, and her passiveness flared into full aggression for a split second, before he ran away. He hoped she wasn't still mad.
Now, with her oversized fingers wrapped around his neck, he had a feeling she was. It didn't look like she planned to oblige his request for an actual match either. Her fingers tightened around his skinny neck and the pressure mounted for an instant.
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A sickening snap could be heard over the crowd's chanting, and the subsequent thumping of a dead body hitting the ground brought forth even more cheers.
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The violet-clad woman then lifted a foot backwards, and kicked the unmoving body in the center of the ring. The dead man's ribs caved in around the shape of her foot, and the corpse was quickly launched into the air.
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The other two team looked at one another, and gave a subtle nod. Calamity, the female half of the duo, chose to stay behind while the impressively built Onslaught stepped forward.

Things grew quiet for a second. The audience was watching with bated breath while the two stared each other down and sized each other up. A slight twitch in the eyes of the smaller male betrayed his cool demeanor, and a single bead of sweat dripped down his forehead and into his left eye. His opponent, on the other hand, couldn't have been more casual about how this matchup, and looked down at him with a smirk.


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Onslaught glanced at his partner, and she gave him an assuring nod. Taking a deep breath, he turned back to face the giantess, only to find her oversized foot heading directly for him! In a panic, he quickly raised both of his arms up to cover his face, but it did little to protect him from the impact of that giant kick.


"Ooh, and a big boot to the face knocks down Disciple Onslaught! You've gotta wonder how Disciple Calamity feels about that?"
The crowd was really getting into the fight now. Against any other opponent Onslaught was an intimidating monster of a man, but he was so dwarfed by Miranda that she had simply lifted a foot up and smashed it into his face. More sickening cracks were heard and the audience quickly realized that she'd intended to end his life with the standing stomp!
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Always one to follow through with her moves, Miranda kept plowing her foot forward despite the resistance. Though his arms saved him from a crushed skull, the giantess pressed on with her sole, and forced his entire body onto its back against the ring. Her foot was large enough to extend past both the top and bottom of his face, and she held her position.
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While daydreaming about what she could do she stood still, and waited. Cameras inside switched between shots of her taunting toes extending past the injured man's face, and the worried looks on his tag team partner. Miranda was never one to pass up a chance to further drive in her dominance, and decided she'd play with this little man just a bit more.



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The cameras had stopped switching shots, and were now focused entirely on the huge appendage torturing the man.
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A small part of Miranda admired the woman's courage when facing an obviously superior opponent, but a much bigger part of her psyche wished to see this woman in the exact same position her partner was in.



Turning her head to the side, Miranda stepped off of Onslaught, and revealed the damage she'd inflicted. In his attempt to save himself he'd raised both arms to shield his face, and now they were both a deep, dark purple. Once the weight was released, he lost all semblance of professionalism and rolled from side to side on the canvas, screaming in pain and curling into a ball.

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Tears flowed freely from Onslaught's eyes, staining the dirty canvas with them. During Miranda's brief foray outside of the ring he'd managed to move his arms to the side, and turn himself over so he was on his stomach. Calamity stood at ringside, bending over as far as she could manage, desperate to touch any part of her partner and tag herself in.



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Then, Miranda's left foot stamped directly onto his lifeless left arm. He grimaced in pain, but managed to show incredible fortitude by continuing to kick himself forward anyway!
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His entire body was slowly rotating around the foot that kept him in place, before Miranda's right foot stepped onto his ruined right arm. Again he grit his teeth, trying to fight through the pain, but he was now completely pinned and just out of his partner's reach.
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He screamed, and tried to turn his head up to get an idea of what was about to happen, but Miranda wasn't even looking down at him. Instead, she was staring down his tag team partner, who glared up at the giant woman defiantly. With great deliberation, she crouched a little, and looked Calamity in the eye.

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"I'm not afraid of you, Miranda." She said quietly, never easing up on her intense glare.

Onslaught's sobs faded into background noise like the crowd long ago. Miranda's lips curled up into a wide grin as she gently leaned forward, and planted a soft kiss on Calamity's forehead.

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Her opponent was shocked, and jerked her head to the side so the giantess's lips were only inches away from her ear.
"Call me Ann, sweetie. And you're next." Ann whispered.
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At that moment, Calamity reared back and delivered a powerful slap to the side of Ann's face. It accomplished nothing. The larger woman didn't even budge, and simply stood back up to her full height, drenching the smaller wrestler in her shadow. If there was one thing Ann excelled at it was intimidation, and her simple gesture had cast doubt into her once-confident opponent's psyche. She wondered if she truly had what was needed and required in order to survive in this match.

Ann didn't care any longer though. No, her focus was back on the broken man still trying to curl up into a ball at her feet. His skin had torn in a few places on his heavily bruised arms, and blood was now leaking out from underneath her bare feet, staining the ring's canvas.

Stepping off of the injured man, Ann regarded him with a smile. There were so many options. So many ways she could use her giant body to inflict a life-ending punishment onto his meager form. This was the part of a match that never grew old. Whether it was just another squash match to put her over with the crowd, or a "real" bout against someone who was in way over their head. She was always excited for this moment.


Onslaught tried to slide himself away as Ann watched
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proving to be quite the obstacle, and he tearfully
came to the realization that he wasn't going to make
it. There was no way out of this for him.


He could barely move. His arms were ruined. He was trapped in a steel cell with a giant psychopathic maniac intent on ending him. He'd heard stories of her previous bouts, and had seen footage of one of them. She hadn't showed any mercy to a man half her size. What chance did he have?
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He wasn't even surprised when he felt a huge hand wrap around his ankle. With one arm, the giantess lifted his tiny body up, and held him upside down. He was held out at arm's length and studied silently as blood attempted to rush to his head
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His blood would never make the trip, as it had all taken a detour elsewhere. He was treated to a wide, panoramic view of his tormentor. The woman who was going to end his life. The flawless expanse of her tanned skin spread before him like a landscape. Her bountiful curves had been stuffed into an outfit that looked like she was ready to burst out of. She was gorgeous, and he could feel himself grow light-headed at the sight of so much overwhelming femininity at once. It was overloading his brain, and he found it difficult to focus.

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Then, she wrapped her free arm around his back, and pressed his pelvis between her breasts. Before he could do a thing about it, her other arm tightened the hold she had on his small form, hugging him upwards firmly.
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His face was pressed between her legs, and he was allowed to take in her scent for a moment. He was lightheaded before, but now he was really losing it. What purpose could she possibly be holding him in this position?
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Almost instantly all the breath was expelled from his lungs, and his legs kicked against the giant woman's shoulders. He was ignored as she squeezed her prey like an oversized tube of toothpaste, desperate to get the last drop out.



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Onslaught was going insane. In the span of only a second he'd gone from heaven to hell, and his skeleton begin to give under her might. His ribs were the first to go, popping like individual beads of plastic in bubble wrap. Breathing quickly went from painful to completely impossible. In his attempt to breathe he only managed to cough, and spray flecks of blood onto the powerful woman and the canvas.

Then, his legs went numb. This was accompanied by yet another crunch from between her arms, and he knew that she'd just paralyzed him. He knew, but could do nothing about it, which made the entire ordeal so much worse.



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"He's done for. Tag in."

The words were muffled, and Onslaught's vision grew blurry.

Suddenly, he was dropped onto his back. He knew he didn't have much longer to live. He couldn't breathe, or do much of anything with his broken and battered body. He began to count down from ten, waiting for the merciful moment that it would all be over.


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He landed with a dull thud, too worn out and fading fast to even cry out anymore. His head was facing up, and Ann stomped onto it one last time. She let him writhe about underfoot for a few more seconds, enjoying his death throes as he was forced to thrash about like a dying insect. His pitiful breaths were shallow, painful, and filled with her scent.


Running her hands down her body, Ann decided it was time to end this segment of the match. She arched her foot over his head, dangling it ominously as she teased the execution out for the crowd. She paused for a moment, wanting to savor every last second of it. Fingers gently slipped between her legs as she rubbed herself through her outfit.
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Raising the foot resting on his face up to her knee, she gave him one last look at her body. He drank it in, thankful that this living, breathing Goddess had blessed him with a final view of her perfect form.
Then her foot slammed into his face.
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If any questions remained about Ann's power before, they had been answered enthusiastically. In the blink of an eye her oversized foot pressed flat his skin, cranium, and everything inside. Blood and viscera splashed outward in every direction, and pooled between her happy wriggling toes.
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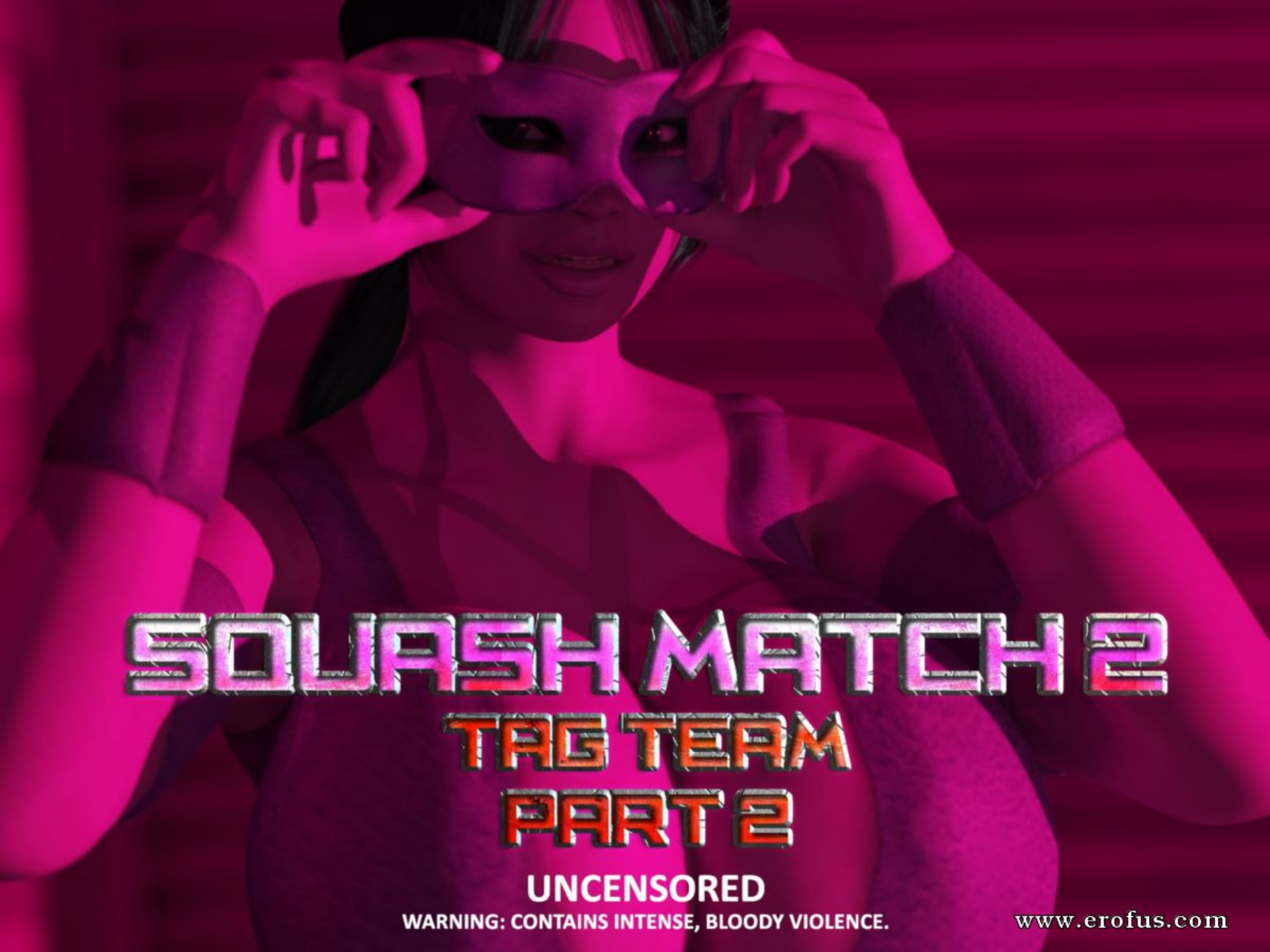
Ann lifted her foot into the air, taking a moment to examine her brutal handiwork. Onslaught's head had been thoroughly obliterated. There was nothing below her foot she would have recognized as being a head, or a face, or anything, really, except for chunks of bone and blood.


Ann lifted her foot into the air, taking a moment to examine her brutal handiwork. Her opponent had been thoroughly obliterated. There was nothing below her foot she would have recognized as being a head, or a face, or anything, really, except for chunks of bone and blood.
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Calamity somehow managed to hold on to her consciousness as she stared at the scene. The mountain of a woman seemed to be pleasuring herself as she ran her foot through the remains of what had once been her former tag partner.
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Ann reluctantly removed her hand from between her legs. She basked in Onslaught's death for a moment longer before stepping to the corpse's side, and shoving him out of the ring with a swift kick.
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To be continued...
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SQUASH MATCH 2
TAG TEAM
PART 2
UNCENSORED
WARNING: CONTAINS INTENSE, BLOODY VIOLENCE.
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Exhaling pleasurably, Ann brushed the excited sweat that had formed on her forehead away, and smiled down at her opponent. She was just a touch smaller than Onslaught had been, which only accentuated their size difference all the more. On top of that, Calamity, like Ann, was a woman. Every curve looked magnified on the significantly larger specimen, and considering she'd slaughtered two men in the last couple of minutes, it was safe to assume that she was quite a bit stronger.


"So?" Ann asked, breaking the tension between the two of them. "Do you really think you can do this?" She continued, cracking her knuckles and motioning for the woman to enter the ring.
Calamity tried her best to look strong, but her unerring confidence had taken more than a few hits since the match began. Quick glances to the left and right didn't go unnoticed by Ann, and the way she shifted her weight back and forth ever so slightly clued the giantess into her opponent's true mindset.
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Ann stepped forward, shaking the entire ring with the weight of her step as she lowered her head next to the smaller girl's ear.

"I like your confidence." She whispered, making Calamity flinch in surprise. "I'm a big fan of the fact that you're not pissing yourself like your worthless partner did. You let me put you through the table nice and easy, and you'll walk out of this alive. Sound good?"

In a second Calamity lost all the tension in her stance. She took on an exhausted look, as if the entire weight of the world had been lifted from her shoulders at once. A rapid nod of the head confirmed she'd accepted Ann's generous suggestion, and she offered the large woman a weak smile in lieu of a verbal thank you.


Ann read her intent loud and clear, and turned away from the woman. She'd still need to make this believable for the crowd, so there was no way Calamity would be escaping with all her bones intact, but she was fairly confident in her ability to pull her punches enough to make them non-life threatening.
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Casually climbing over the ropes and out of the ring, she raised both of her arms over her head, whipping the crowd into a frenzy again as she signaled the end of the match coming soon.


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The comparatively fragile wooden table was waiting just in front of her, and would need to be carried back inside the ring for the maneuver she had in mind.


Once the crowd was significantly worked up, Ann turned around to see how Calamity was reacting to this. Naturally, she was surprised to see the smaller woman running at her at top speed. Before the giantess could properly process what exactly was going on, the smaller woman launched herself forward with the ropes, and delivered a devastating dropkick to Ann's chest.
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Ann would never say such a blasphemous thing out loud, but it was the truth. That attack had actually hurt. Well, it hurt a little. And of course it was absolutely nothing compared to the moves she had been doling out this entire embarrassingly easy match. Unfortunately, Ann's height gave her a single disadvantage over any of her smaller opponents. If hit high enough with enough force, she was rather easy to be set off balance.
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Any normal attacks beneath her breasts would simply bounce off of her tremendous form, giving her an opportunity to degrade them by laughing at their pitiable offense. This dropkick had come at full speed, and looked like it would be enough.
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Ann took a step back in an attempt to correct her balance, but it did little to help. She was going to fall on her back in front of everyone.


Making matters worse, halfway through the fall she felt her bottom rub up against something cold, and hard. Hatred flared in her eyes as she realized what it was, and that it was far too late to catch herself.
"OH MY GOD!"
It felt like waking up from a dream. Everything had moved in slow motion for the last second, and the screaming announcer forced her back to reality. She had felt and heard every second of that table cracking and splintering beneath her weight as she sat on it. Thankfully, she'd managed to spare herself the indignity of falling completely on her back, but it did little to calm her rage.
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"DISCIPLE CALAMITY HAS DONE IT! MIRANDA'S STREAK HAS FINALLY ENDED! D.O.A. ARE OUR WINNERS!!!"
The crowd didn't share the commentator's excitement, and exploded into loud boos. Ann quickly stood, and heard the sound of machinery whirring to life to lift the steel cage. A quick scan of the ring revealed Calamity at the complete opposite side of the entrapment, impatiently waiting for it to rise enough for her escape.


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Ann was too angry for words. She stomped deliberately after the smaller woman briefly feeling one of her feet smash through a broken corpse left outside. The sheer hatred radiating off of her was felt by Calamity long before the girl actually turned around and saw her. A single hand lashed out, and grabbed the smaller woman by the throat just as the cage had risen to a suitable height.


Everything in Ann's mind told her to break the woman's neck here and now. It was simple. Her neck was smaller than her deceased partner's had been, and there was no doubt in her mind that she could do it. But, somehow, that didn't feel undignified enough. No, every other opponent she'd ended had merely tried to defeat her. This little thing had actually betrayed her, and broken her undefeated streak!
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Calamity hadn't taken the trip too well, and was holding the base of her spine in pain as she watched those two oversized feet stomp after her. She hadn't trusted the giantess to not kill her, and, in doing so, had sealed her fate. She knew it was a risky move, but she believed the steel cage would rise fast enough!
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Ann dropped onto her opponent. Ribs were cracked and splintered beneath two soft cheeks bigger than Calamity's entire torso, as she struggled to withstand the weight of the colossal woman.
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"FUCKING!" Ann screamed, leaning forward and slamming a fist into the side of the other woman's face.
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Crimson spray shot from her mouth after the punch, and she began to choke on a cocktail of blood and teeth that had been knocked loose.
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"ASSHOLE!" Ann added, only growing angrier.
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Another punch was fired from her left hand, breaking the smaller woman's nose, and causing more than a few cuts to form on her skin from the sheer force behind the second blow.
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Standing up, Ann looked at the gurgling woman convulsing again, and felt nothing but repulsion. Not for what she'd done, but for what the woman had done to her. She balled her fists up again, but resisted the urge to throw another punch. There was no way the fragile thing would survive a third attack like that, and she still wanted to inflict more pain on this pitiful specimen.


Bending over, Ann grabbed the woman by the chin, and held her up to her face once again. Calamity was delirious, and one of her eyes had swollen shut from the brutal beating she'd received.
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Ann needed answers though. Bringing her face closer to the battered woman's she found herself cycling through everything she could ask right now. Why did she throw her life away like that? Was it worth it? Maybe-
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In a final act of defiance Calamity pursed her lips, wheezed painfully, and spit directly onto the giant woman's face. It was mostly blood, with a hard tooth in the center that bounced off the larger woman's forehead and clacked on the canvas far below. Satisfied with herself, Calamity's lips turned up in the closest thing to a smile her face could form as those oversized fingers tightened their grip on her.
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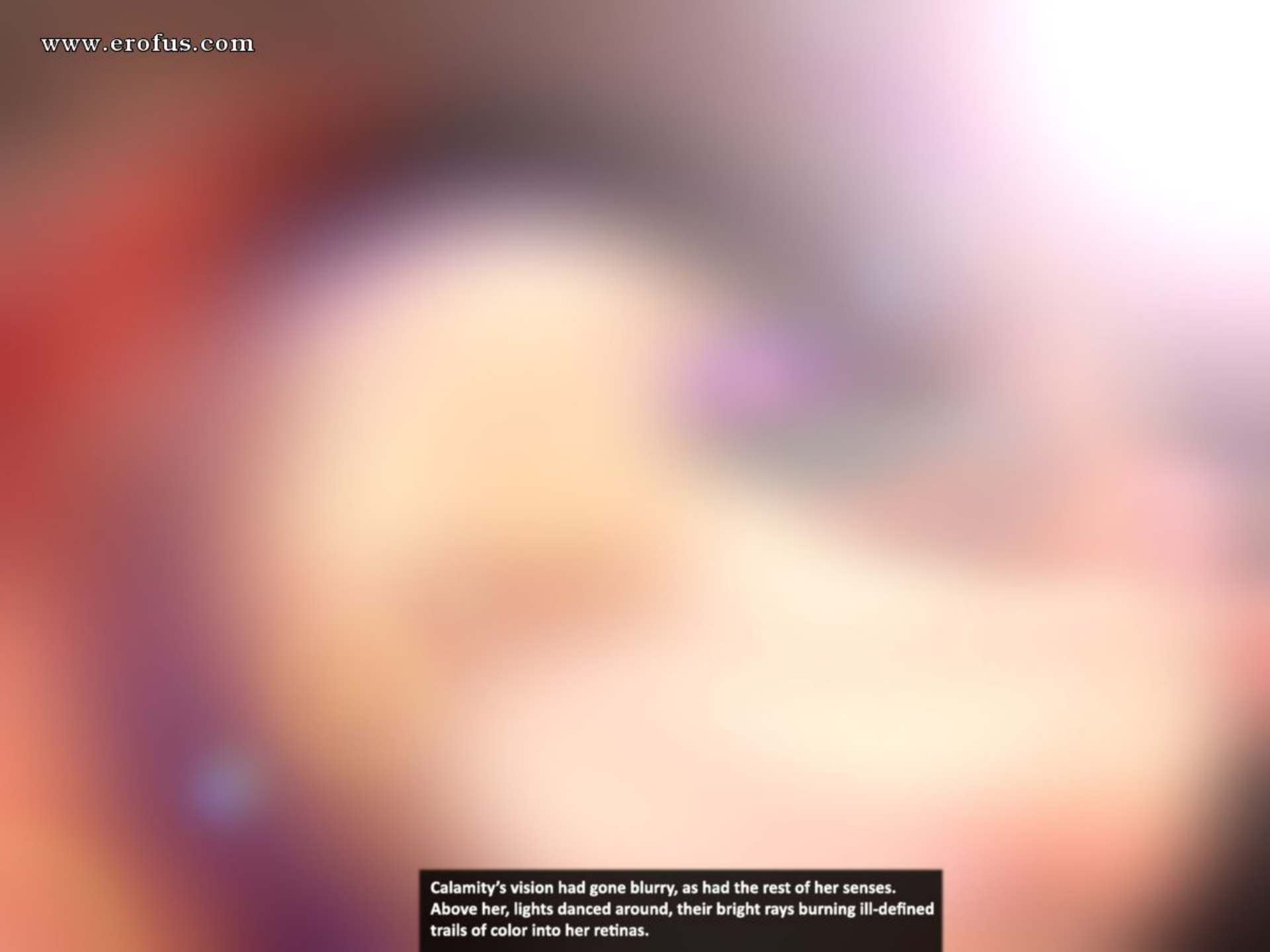

"So that's how it's going to be? Okay. Two can play at this game."
Ann said, barely containing the fury bubbling up inside of her.
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"Fu-"
"No." Ann interrupted, squeezing her fingers tighter so the words died in her miniature opponent's throat. "No more words from you today. You've said enough." She added, raising a bloodied fist up to head height.
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Ann pulled back her fist.
"I am SICK AND TIRED-"
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"OF YOU INTERRUPTING ME!"
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Ann's fist slammed forward into Calamity's face with the force of a freight train. Ann's hand still held Calamity's neck in place, but her head snapped backwards from the impact.

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Calamity's vision had gone blurry, as had the rest of her senses. Above her, lights danced around, their bright rays burning ill-defined trails of color into her retinas.

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A breast as big as an average person's torso was exposed, tipped with a large caramel nipple. The crowd's response was ignored as Ann simply moved the broken woman's face over the exposed flesh, and slammed her into it.
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Warm blood caked Ann's chest immediately, and she shivered in arousal. She loved that each of her powerful boobs were far bigger than the little woman's head. She was glad to know that Calamity's life would be snuffed out pressed against her most obvious symbol of femininity. Of course, Ann's breasts weren't quite firm enough to simply crush a skull against, a fact she noted when the added pressure only made the small woman's face sink deeper into the endless flesh. A shiver went through Ann's body, and more than that through Calamity's.
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Blood began to drip from the bottom curve of her chest, and Ann wondered if she could suffocate the woman against herself. It was a pleasant thought, but she doubted that it work out. The defeated thing could well die before suffocation could occur. And besides, simply slamming the woman against her tit was so much more fun.

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Without any fanfare, Ann slammed the small woman's skull against her breast again, and shivered in arousal. She didn't wait this time, and pulled the damaged head away, before slamming it again. It didn't hurt the giant woman in the slightest, and really only served to feed her growing arousal.


Blood continued to trickle down from Calamity's bruised face. If not for the fact that she could still feel weak, gurgling breaths on the hand that held her, Ann would have assumed she was already dead.
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For Ann, though, this was pure catharsis. Her pathetic, cheating opponent was getting beaten to a pulp by the softest part of her anatomy. Ann slammed her once more against her chest, smashing in the girl's already broken nose as fresh blood splattered her areola.
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Dizzy with pleasure, Ann pulled the girl back, lifting her by her hair. She'd already been thoroughly beaten, but there was more to do. Somehow, she was still clinging to life. She was proving more resilient than Ann expected.
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Ann pounded the girl's face once more into her chest, mashing the little face against her enormous tit. The girl's face sunk deep into her tit flesh, and for a moment, Ann savored the feeling of suffocating the little wretch.
She pulled the girl away and slammed her once more against her breast. Then she slammed the girl against her again, and again, pulling the girl back and slamming the girl against her chest, each blow flattening the girl's face slightly more. She reveled in the power she felt, that even the most seemingly harmless part of her body could maim and kill.
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Exhaling softly, Ann pulled the broken, battered, mess of a woman away from her breast, and took stock of her opponent. Dangling the defeated thing by her hair, it was clear to all that Calamity's face had practically caved in. The pliable cartilage of her nose had been all but flattened against Ann's breast. She was all but done for now; one good slam against Ann's breast, and Calamity's skull would crack open like an egg. Ann smirked with pleasure at her unlikely weapon. Even her soft, pillowy breasts could be deadly with her power behind them. Yet another part of her perfect body that was capable of taking a life.
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Inspiration struck. Erasing thoughts of tearing the girl's skull in half and stomping her remains flat, she instead turned a different, more *humiliating* finish. What if she just crushed Calamity's little head in her cleavage? She had experience crushing a human skull with her bare hands before, so this probably wouldn't be *too* different. Her astounding chest would cushion the force a little, but she had a feeling her strength would compensate for the difference..


Ann eased Calamity's head up into the valley of her cleavage. Her gigantic breasts enveloped the tiny woman's head, almost completely hiding it from view. It would have been all too easy to smother Calamity in her cleavage, but the circumstances demanded something bigger, and more visually spectacular.
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Careful not to let the small head slip out of position, Ann let go of Calamity's hair, holding her head in place with pressure and friction. It didn't take much force to hold her comparatively minuscule opponent up. Her head was wedged tightly, and the rest of her body dangled lifelessly below. Calamity's newly concave head filled with soft tit flesh, the pressure all but crushing her little face. Ann felt the girl try to breathe once more, an effort that materialized as nothing more than an almost imperceptible breeze against her skin.
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Calamity sputtered back to consciousness, suddenly aware of her inability to breathe. Something was covering her face, pressing hard against it. Something big and warm, something soft. The wrestler, Ann... Where is she? Why is everything black? She wasn't blind, she could just make out a hint of red-tinted light, or maybe the pressure pressing against her was just messing with her eyes... She couldn't piece together what was happening. Everything felt vague, fuzzy from the lack of oxygen and the injuries she'd sustained. Then, for a moment, the pressure let up. Calamity caught a short breath, and with it a cascade of bright light. She saw a huge, fleshy mound in front of her, and above it, a hint of Ann's face, before her vision turned black once more...
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Ann pressed together harder, her hands sinking into the soft flesh of her breasts. Calamity no longer struggled in the slightest, if not for the faint, muffled breaths against her right breast Ann would have assumed she had already passed. She may well have been unconscious by now, a faint mercy that had come much too late. At any rate, Calamity wouldn't be alive for long, not with her mouth enveloped by Ann's immense tits.
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Ann wanted to crush her skull while she was still alive. Enamored with her vulgar of display of power, she poured more strength into her yielding, fleshy breasts. As she strained to squeeze tighter, the hardness of her victim's cranium started to hurt Ann's sensitive breasts, but it did nothing to deter her. Any pain was dulled by the excitement from the approaching climax.
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Aroused at the thought of what she was about to do, what she alone was *capable* of doing, Ann pressed with all her strength, squeezing her breasts together with superhuman power. Her breasts poured over her hands now, flowing upwards and all but covering Calamity's head. Ann felt herself overcome with arousal, at the adrenaline pumping through her veins as she used her incredible power to claim another victim.
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Intent on riding her climax to the end, Ann grit her teeth and pressed her breasts tighter even tighter with every remaining drop of strength in her body. Sure enough, she felt the even Calamity's sturdy cranium begin to crack, and her short, pink hair turned dark with an explosion of blood. The grand finale didn't happen all at once, but in slow motion, as bits of gore began to leak from the shattered skull, and scraps of skin slopped free from the powerful grip she held on her former opponent

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It was over. Blood was splattered across Ann's chest, along with bits of brain and bone. Calamity's head had been caved in between Ann's massive tits, all but imploded by Ann's powerful hands.
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Squinting her eyes shut, Ann felt her climax ebb away, and opened her mouth. An uncharacteristically girlish giggle slipped from between her lips as she released the corpse, finally revealing the completely caved in face to the world.
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Bits of pink gore mixed floated in the shallow crimson puddle, and the camera crew on the ledge above rushed to to zoom in on it.
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She stompled once more for good measure, sure to not leave anything behind. Another spray of splatter rained onto the wrestling mat.
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Ann was taking slow, labored breaths after her excitement. She decided to put off the laborious task of fitting her breast back into her top. Ann made a mental note to buy a new outfit, right as she twisted her toes into the remains once more.
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Releasing the breath she held in her chest, she smiled widely, and walked away, leaving a single bloody footprint with every other step. Remembering the audience, she rotely made one of her standard victorious poses, before she promptly stepped over the net.



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Calamity watched the whole thing, but kept a close eye on Ann as well. All it had taken was a moment of distraction for that to happen to her partner. She had always been the superior athlete of the duo though, and she was positive she'd win this. She had agility, and that was what would be needed to put the giantess through a table against her will, as she obviously held the advantage in a contest of brute strength.
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