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"I'm thankful for that." She replied warmly, before the scribbling resumes.
"I'd be lying if I said the thought hadn't occurred to me, though. Just looking at you in that little chair I couldn't hope to fit in. Sometimes I see you writing in that notepad and I want to just slap it out of your hands. Then maybe try sitting in that chair while you're in it. That probably wouldn't be enough to kill, but it wouldn't be pleasant."
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I may be a bad person, but I'm not unreasonable. So I've decided to give this writing thing a shot. I'm no storyteller, though. This is going to be more like a diary than anything. A way for me to air out any memories that are stuck in my craw.

My name is Ann. The last name doesn't matter. I've gone by many different stage names in the past. Some were silly, like "The Big Purple Machine", or "The Wicked Beast from the East". Others were a hare-brained attempt at being sexy. "Ample Annie" is a name I'd be perfectly fine never hearing again. I'm a professional wrestler. Sort of. My audience probably thinks of me in a way that's different from what I originally intended.



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Both interpretations
are correct.



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"I decided to take your advice, and started writing these things down because of an incident that happened last month." I explained to the doctor.

"I'm glad to hear it. Do you mind sharing it with me?"

"Okay. But it's kind of a long story..."

"Please, feel free to take your time."

She's a real sweet lady.

"Okay, well..."

It began with a meeting. Some shady guy with an obvious voice modulator calls me into an alley one night. This sort of thing happens more than you'd think. Amateurs who've seen too many movies trying to hide themselves when hiring a performer. That kind of thing. He wanted to hire me for a match, though.

Now, these offers aren't exactly super rare. Most just want some erotic girl-on-girl play fighting in a mud pit in exchange for a hundred bucks, and that's not my thing, at least not if they want the other girls to walk away afterwards. I told him that I probably wasn't what he was looking for, but he called me by my last stage name.



Mashing Miranda. Not the most clever of names, and I always thought “mashing” was a weak descriptor for what I do. But the masses love alliteration, and I liked that my real name is sandwiched right in the middle of the name Miranda.

Of course, I no longer went by that name. Those people, or, well, what’s left of them, aren’t exactly fans of mine after I lost my temper one day. Since then I’d been looking for a more permanent place to… ply my trade, to put it nicely. Voice modulator wasn’t offering that, but he did want to throw an absurd amount of money my way for a single match.

Twenty-thousand dollars. For one match. I told him to find someone else, and he offers me 20k. Of course I accepted. He goes on and on about how they reinforced the ring especially for me. That’s good. Then he starts bragging about how all the other people that’ll be there are convicted felons and that nobody's gonna miss them. I don't understand why he feels the need to point that out, but whatever. Twenty-thousand will keep me good for awhile!

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Another night, another seedy underground location. They all start to blend together after a while, but it doesn't matter. All I had to do was get rid of one person, and I'd be walking out of this dingy, grimy shithole a much richer woman. I've done this, what, hundreds of times already? His fuckin' loss if he's willing to pay that much for a single match.

They've given me some custom ring attire. Good. The last people I worked for didn't hold back on the sex appeal of my outfit, and even had a heart pattern cut out on the midriff. Cute, but unnecessary. Now I've got some pads, and the outfit is in two pieces. Simple, but effective. The one downside is the boots. I prefer the feel of canvas and warm flesh under my toes, and not through any kind of footwear.

But for twenty-thousand? I can deal with boots for an entire...

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That's when things go south. I'm standing there waiting for my opponent to be announced when I hear a piece of information that Mr. Voice Modulator conveniently left out. This wasn't going to be a ordinary match. No. This was going to be a rumble. Ten competitors, according to the announcer. A new one every sixty seconds.
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I'm tempted to storm out of the room immediately, but I know it’s pointless. I'm already here, and there's twenty-thousand on the line. The audience is relatively sparse, but have the energy of a much louder group. They’re out for blood, and I need to work out some aggression anyway. If they want to pay me for that, then sure. I’ll give them a show. A short show, because that's what I thought this was going to be, but a show nonetheless.

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Stepping back to the ropes opposite of the entrance ramp, I give a long, loud exhale and crack my knuckles. The sound echoes around the small venue, and lets everyone know that I mean some serious fucking business. I'm eleven feet and twelve hundred pounds of ass kicking giant and I plan on literally tearing through ten people tonight before I'm through.

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The crowd is hot tonight. I get the feeling they've never seen me before, and after that asshole conveniently forgot to mention it was a rumble they probably never will again. Still, I'm sure just the sight of me is enough to make their imaginations run wild with the possibilities.

"Tonight there's going to be an in-CREDIBLE match!"

I hadn't even noticed the commentators. Most matches I do are silent. I've never understood why some like to have commentators on standby. Just makes it harder to hear me, and the things I do. Maybe it's for the audience's sake. Not all ears appreciate flesh and bone being taken apart so easi-



"A R-R-R-R-R-ROYAL RUMBLE!"

Jesus, that dick is loud.

"Our first opponent tonight, standing at just over eleven feet in height, we have the Giantess of Gore, the Titaness of Terror... *Smashing Sofia!*"

There's a good deal of applause, considering the small size of the crowd. That always feels good, though I don't know if they're cheering more for my appearance, or my height. Could they even tell how big I am before that dick announced it?

"New opponents will enter every 60 seconds! You can only be eliminated via ring-out! The last one standing WINS!" He shouts, ratcheting up the volume at least ten times on the last word. If this was going to be a regular thing I'd pay the guy a stern visit for his assault on my ear drums after this, but he's lucked out tonight.

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DING DING DING

There's the bell. Normally these matches start with two people in the ring, but I guess these guys just feel like breaking all the rules tonight. Well, whatever. I might as well enjoy the actual match, garbage as it seems like it'll be.

A second later, loud, scratchy music comes on over the room's intercom system. I honestly can't believe just how low rent this whole event is. Is this their first time holding a show like this? And why would someone even hold a rumble with only ten competitors?



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"Ohh YEAH! Listen to that crowd!" He's shouting, as he almost dances to the ring. He's wearing a flamboyant pair of tights, and his chest is exposed, doing little to the hide the slight jiggle of his gut as he bounces his way up to the ring. He seems pretty confident. I bet he would have had a bright future in a, well, "real" wrestling promotion.
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I put my foot on his face.

I can do that. He looks to be just a shade under six feet tall, and I'm eleven on a bad day. It's easy, and I'm tired of listening to him. So, I just lift up a foot, and press it against his face.


The impact catches him by surprise, and he stumbles backwards for a step. I'm not even sure if he intended to get away, or if I just pushed him a little too hard so he had to overcompensate to regain balance.
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I'll never know, now. Which is fine with me, cause I don't want to. though. I followed the step all the way through, and with just one booted foot I forced his his entire body horizontal in less than a second. The entire ring shakes when he hits the floor, and his head bounces hard against the canvas. I may have put a bit too much pepper into that one.
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His fighting is useless. The outcome of our encounter was decided before he even suited up. Now that he's in a vulnerable position beneath me, I start to press down. The heel of my boot starts pressing against his chest, and forces all the air from his lungs in an instant. The toe of the boot presses down on his face, and his struggles turn from strained to frantic in an instant. He's realized just how well and truly fucked he is.
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A man's death throes always feel rather nice underneath me, though the sensation is somewhat marred by the boots I'm wearing. The sensations still work though, and I can't stop myself from exhaling loudly to signal to the crowd that his time is done. His breathing under my foot grows sharper as I pour the rest of my weight into my foot. The pressure continues to mount, and I can see fat tears splashing on the canvas around his head. His covered mouth screams for mercy, producing a rather pleasant vibration through the soles of my boot. I don't listen, of course. I've learned to tune those kinds of things out after so many years of experience.


Bringing my finger to my lips, I motion for the crowd to hush for a moment. They listen dutifully, and I finish the job. My foot comes down with all of my weight and power, and his skull buckles. A thin spurt of red shoots out from under my foot, and I offer the crowd a mischievous grin. Then, gritting my teeth, I step down completely.
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The satisfying crunch resounds around the quiet room, and a
staining the mat. The deed is done.
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The crowd goes wild. I twist my heel for good measure, making sure my generous chest jiggles at the same time to keep the audience energy high. That's one guy down.
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I take my foot off the crushed gore of what used to be a human skull, and stick my foot under his dead torso. Another song starts to play over the shitty speakers, and I kick the corpse out of the ring. It's a formality at this point, since I've only ever met one guy shitty enough to declare me a loser after the only guy left in the ring was dead. He joined his prize fighter in the ring afterward, and-
I'm getting off track. Another song comes on, and I kick the broken thing out of the ring too. He's the furthest thing from my mind once she falls out of the ring, and I'm watching my second opponent enter now. He's... he's...
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He's got a fucking boner. I roll my eyes so hard I'm sure the audience could hear it. I mean, normally the guys don't get an erection until I'm already toying with them, and not just from the sight of me. I can see the tip of his dick poking through the top of his speedo. Maybe I should try and rip his dick off. I've always wanted to try something like that, but I don't know if it's possible, and failing to do so after trying would be so *embarrassing!*
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I crouch down and fold my arms over my chest as he approaches with a stumbling gait. Whatever crazy cocktail of drugs he's on right now must have him in some crazy, feral state of arousal. I'm kind of glad it's me facing him down now, and not someone he could actually be a threat to. He stumbles his way through the ropes, and I see a splash of liquid hit the ground.

He's *drooling*. Ugh. Well-



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Then I pull his head away. It wasn't enough to kill him, I made sure of that. But he does look rather dazed, and a small trickle of blood is running down his nose. With some careful maneuvering, I slide him lower down my body, so the top of his head is pressing into the bottom of one of my boobs.
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Now I just want to make sure I impressed one thing onto you earlier: my tits are fucking massive. I don't know exactly how much they weigh, honestly. It's a pain in the ass to put these things in a normal scale. My best guesstimate is that they weight something like 125 pounds. Each. For all I know, though, each of them could weight in at two hundred pounds. Of course, when an announcer asks me for my stats, I always go with the higher estimate.
An average man would have a hard time lifting one of these things up. For me, of course, it's nothing. With one arm wrapped around his back and holding him against me, I lift the tit he was wearing like a hat up.
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Then I SLAM it down onto him. You'd be surprised how much damage something like that can do. I once saw a woman smash through a watermelon by slamming it with her chest a few times. Her tits were huge for her size, but I doubt they weighed even a tenth of what mine do. Of course, a human skull is much harder to crack than a watermelon, so that's not exactly a fair comparison.
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But I think my size and strength make up for that difference. I felt something nasty when my tit came into contact with the poor guy's face, and I regret what I did just a little. I move my mounds of titflesh to the side to get a good look at the guy, and can't help but frown. He's pretty busted up, with blood spurting out of his nose, and his mouth is slightly open, revealing missing teeth he likely swallowed already, and a thin strand of bloody drool coming out of it.

His face probably looks like shit now, but I can't see it from here. At least, not without pushing him away for a bit, and while that is certainly an option, I've still got a little bit of fire in my gut over this whole situation. So I do what any well-endowed woman in my situation would do.


I lean back, twist my torso to the side, and my tits go flying out to the right. You can probably guess what's going to happen next.
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He's probably close to brain dead after that one. I could toss him out of the ring, and just wait for the next person. But I'm nothing if not thorough. Even if the fuck who signed me up a rumble without my permission is an asshole, I'm going to give the people a good show.

Taking a deep breath, I slam the hefty weight of my tits against his broken face over and over and over. The second hit makes a familiar crunching sound, and it continues for the next several hits.

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I raise my breast into the air again. This time I tease the audience for a bit, pausing for a minute before bringing my breast down.
SLAM. The familiar feeling of a face getting deformed. Definitely a sensation I'm familiar with.
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The music hits the speakers again, confirming the arrival of someone new. Pulling the guy out from under my chest, I can feel warm blood coating the bottom of my tit as his broken, mutilated face comes into view. My boob caved his entire face in, and a layer of viscera and gore had bubbled up around it, creating a rather grisly sight.
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Anyway, this pretty little thing is running full steam towards the ring only an instant after the next song starts. I'm not sure what her plan was. Maybe she mistakenly thought she could take me down with the element of surprise? It's not really a surprise given the kind of match it is, and the explosion of music before she appeared. Or maybe she simply believed that enough speed would throw me off?
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She's wrong on both accounts. She jumps over the ropes, and immediately leaps towards my midsection. I think she was going for a spear? It was almost cute in how ineffective it wound up being.
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My body might look soft and voluptuous, but beneath that womanly figure is muscle that would put most bodybuilders to shame. All I have to do is flex my stomach, and my abs are like a brick wall. Unfortunately, she didn't crack any bones upon colliding with me, though I'm sure it was similar to running shoulder first into an unyielding wall for her. She just kind of bounced off, and fell onto her back.
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Fighting girls is always different from fighting guys. In my admittedly biased experience, a person who willingly steps into the ring with me wants to prove something. For guys it's usually some stupid machismo bullshit. The thought that it's a woman who's got them in a bear hug so tight their ribs are pressing against their spine drives most of them into a state of desperate rage.
Most women though, they're doing it out of some sort of jealous pride. They look at me, and they see everything they wish they were. A tall, busty, strong woman. In a business like this the women are typically confident, so they feel the need to prove that they're better than me. That despite all the advantages it may look like I have over them, their superior ability, or athleticism will win them the bout.
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It's a childish idea. And one I'm happy to stamp out of them. She's on the ground, lying by the puddle of blood that's left over from my first opponent. While this girl looks up at me with fire in her eyes, I lazily turn my gaze down at her from my lofty position.



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One foot is all it takes. I lift it up and slam it down onto her knee. The crunch was muffled by the sound of my sole on the canvas, but her shrill screams of pain make it clear what just happened. I lift my foot away, and I'll admit, I'm disappointed. Her leg looks fine. It's obviously not fine, given the bones shattering I felt when I stomped, but visually she looks okay.
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I've got other plans though. Looking back at the crowd, I can see a mixed reaction. Some have their hands over their mouths, shocked at the level of violence I've just displayed. Maybe cause they couldn't hear either of my previous victims' screams they were able to more easily process their deaths. Not the case this time, and the pained shrieks make it too real. Some people, though. Some are interested, and sitting on the edge of their seats waiting for more.

It's for those people that I spread my arms out, and look down at my victim. Everyone watches with baited breath, and who am I to deny the crowd what they want? Taking a deep breath, I simply lean forward, and let gravity finish her off.

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I'm sure getting crushed is the kind of fear a normal person would have. The sight of a building collapsing on top of them would drive most people mad with fear, I'm sure. I like to imagine that's what she's feeling, right now. I simply let my body become dead weight as I lean forward, with her directly in my path.
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I'm sure she's cursing her ruined leg right now, and wishing she'd never taken this job. Or maybe she's wishing she'd done better. I don't know. Maybe she's stupid, and thinking of a way to get out of this.



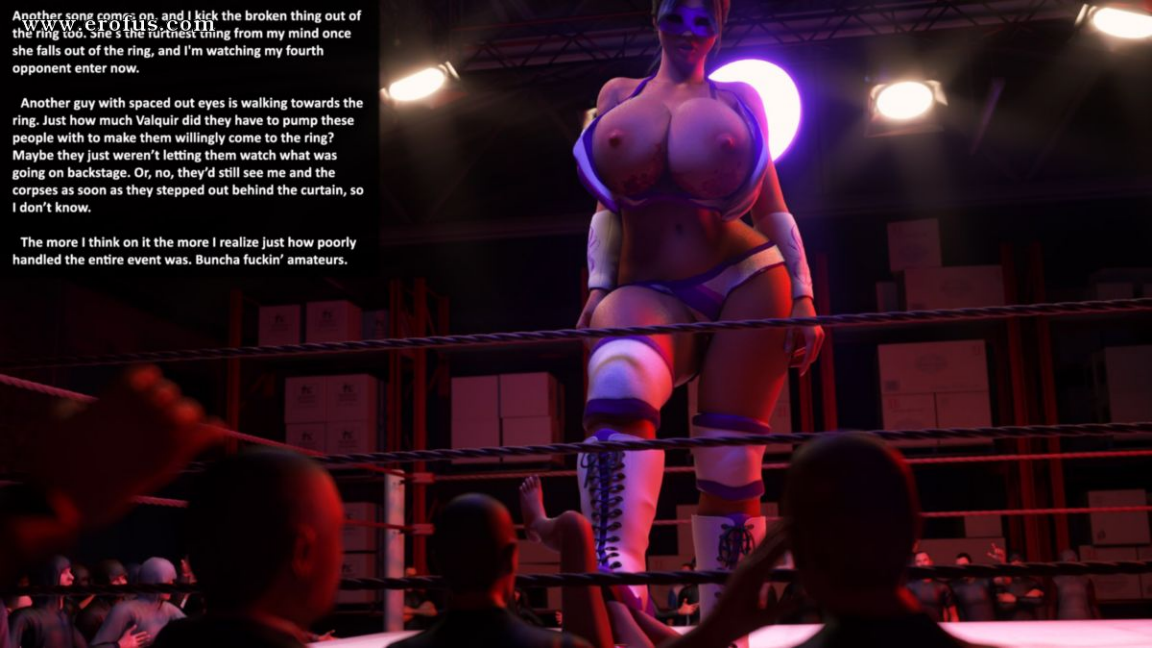
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I felt a slight crack under my nipple that I hadn't expected. She's done for, even if she survived the initial impact. While the rest of her body is broken, the last second movement kept her conscious, if only barely. The rest of my tit pours onto her face though, and her short, sharp gasps for air go unfulfilled. It only takes a few seconds for her to stop moving entirely, thanks to a combination of asphyxiation and her wounds. For the briefest of instants I wonder what it was like. Having to watch a woman who embodied everything you wished you were, crush you with that very same body that drove you so mad with rage.


All I felt was another little thing crunching under me. So I carefully rise to my feet, and look down at what remains. Her limbs are splayed at odd angles, and have sharp, unnatural bends where there shouldn't be. I don't know what position she was in at the last possible second, but she's a completely destroyed mass of humanity now, and I hate looking at her.
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Another song comes on, and I kick the broken thing out of the ring too. She's the furthest thing from my mind once she falls out of the ring, and I'm watching my fourth opponent enter now.

Another guy with spaced out eyes is walking towards the ring. Just how much Valquir did they have to pump these people with to make them willingly come to the ring? Maybe they just weren't letting them watch what was going on backstage. Or, no, they'd still see me and the corpses as soon as they stepped out behind the curtain, so I don't know.

The more I think on it the more I realize just how poorly handled the entire event was. Buncha fuckin' amateurs.
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It was an impressive leap, he even managed to jump clear over the puddle of blood from the first guy. He's handsome, I'll give him that. He stretches his limbs out as he walks towards me, and I decide to let him finish wh

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He walked right up to me, and I think he intended to look me in the eye from his lowly position, but he was too far out of his mind. He instead kept walking forward, and bumped right into my stomach.





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I shrug my shoulders. I tried, you know. I wanted to see what he was capable of. But I guess it just wasn't to be. I haven't gotten to really show off my striking game yet, so I decide to just pivot on a foot, and launch a forward kick to his chest.

His screaming is cut off in an instant, and my foot swishes through the air for a moment before it makes contact. His hard, muscled frame turns into jelly once the top of my foot makes contact. It provides only the barest amount of resistance, before the impact pushes my foot straight through the muscles and my toes touch his ribs. I felt them for the briefest of instants, but they don't even slow my foot down, as one after another they're cracked from the kick.

His entire body starts to bend opposite the direction I kicked him in, as if his upper and lower torso are trying to wrap around my foot. It's a rather amusing effect in my opinion. He doesn't seem to appreciate the humor in it though, as I'm pretty sure the shattered shards of his ribs just punched a dozen holes in his lungs.



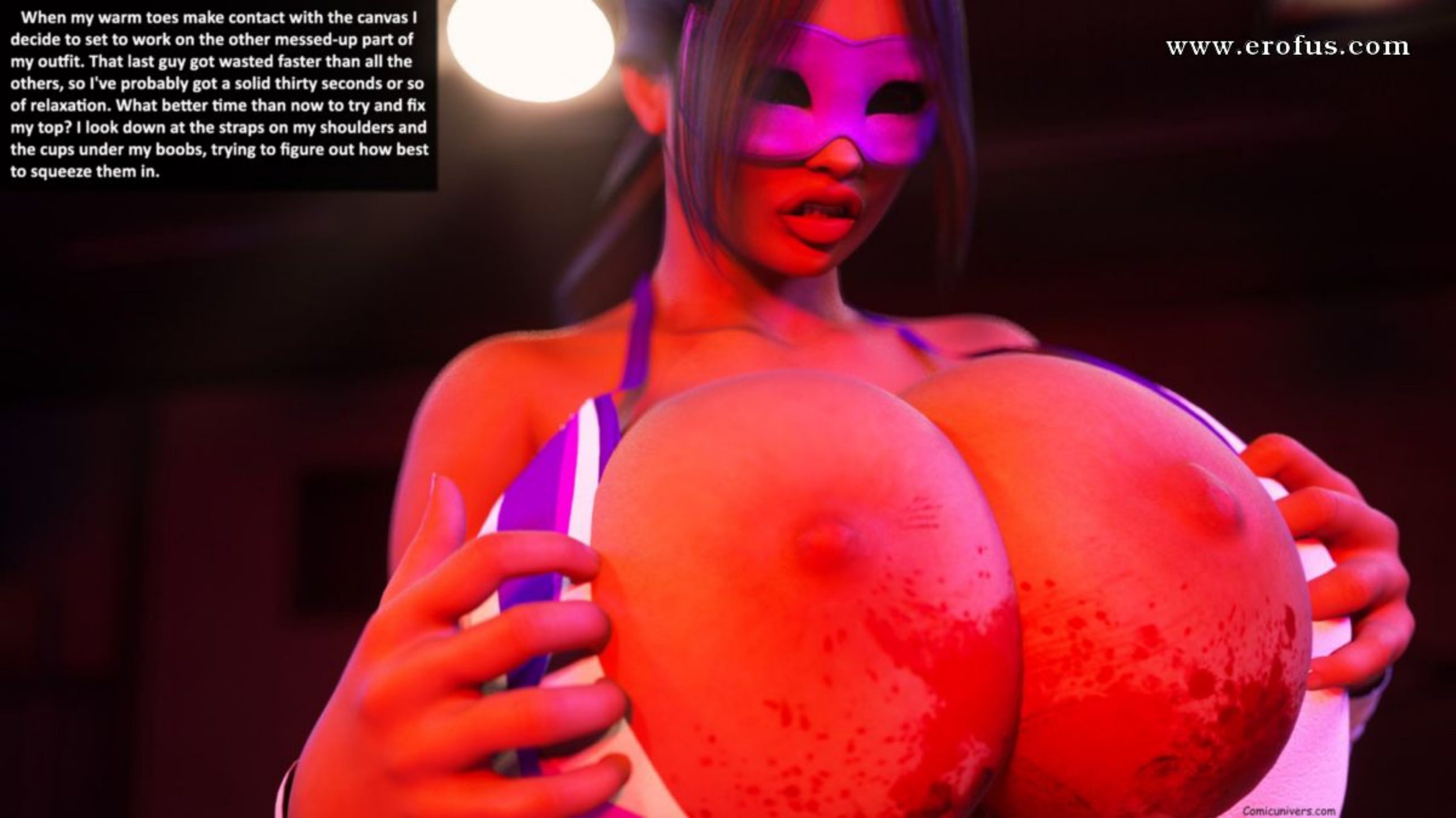
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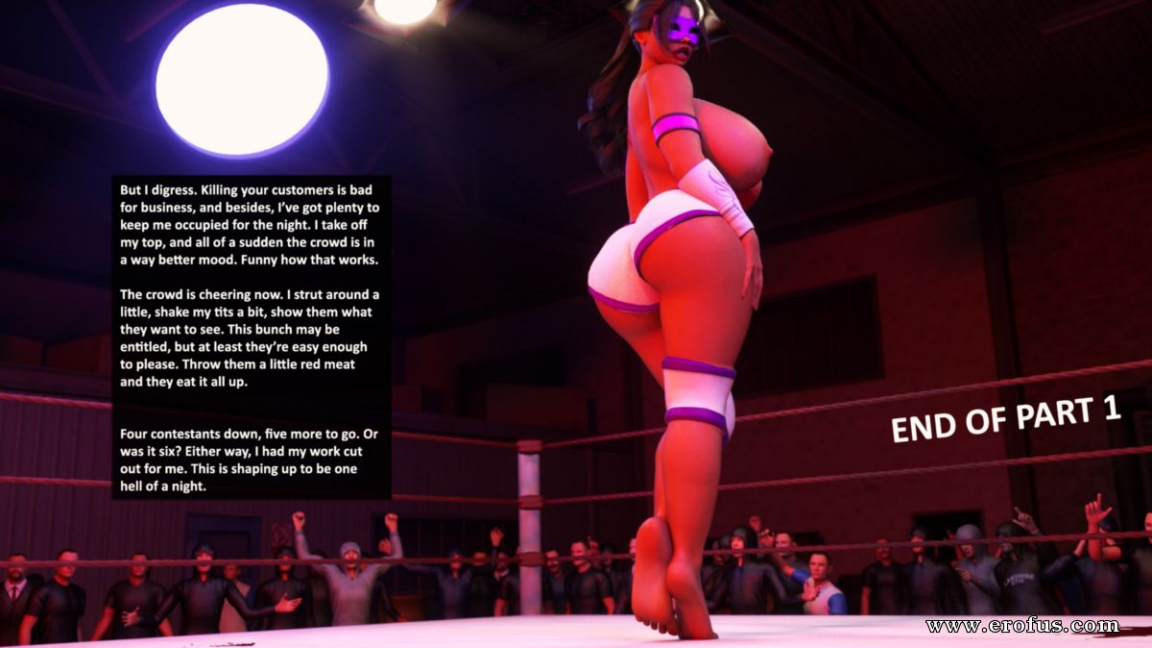
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When my warm toes make contact with the canvas I decide to set to work on the other messed-up part of my outfit. That last guy got wasted faster than all the others, so I've probably got a solid thirty seconds or so of relaxation. What better time than now to try and fix my top? I look down at the straps on my shoulders and the cups under my boobs, trying to figure out how best to squeeze them in.
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Suddenly, the audience is booing. I stop what I'm doing and fold my arms over my chest, looking back at the booing crowd. They were loving everything I was doing before, but I guess thought of me covering myself up has worked them into a negative frenzy. The next song starts over the loudspeakers, and I let go of my top. I might as well stay topless, then. What a fuckin' hassle.
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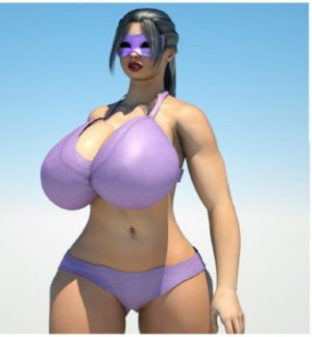

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The next guy is working his way up the ramp now. Some light-skinned guy with long hair, a douchey combination if there ever was one. This guy's nose is bleeding already. Jesus. I can't help but wonder if the guys backstage are giving them more Valquir in an attempt to actually take me down, or if they think this will improve their performance.
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The end result is sure to be the same. This guy slides in under the ropes, and immediately wraps his arms around one of my thighs. Not even gonna lie, it feels kinda good. Like a nice, gentle massage. Of course, that's cause he's trying to lift me up. But... well, I'm a heavy girl. So all his efforts are amounting to is a rather nice hug directly to my leg.
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He's gritting his teeth, and I can see sweat start to form all over his face with the effort. He's really giving it his all. If I were in the audience I'd probably be rooting for him with that underdog image he's cultivating right now. Of course, I'm not in the audience, I'm in the ring. And no matter how hilariously ineffective he is at doing so, his intention is to cause me harm.


So I lift a leg up, and pry him off with one hand. I didn't mean to do it to show off, but it kind of hits me all at once that I completely emasculated him with only one arm. Feeling a bit giddy about that, I push him to the canvas, and bend over to grab him by the leg.
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There's something I want to try though. I saw this in a movie once, and made a mental note to try it out the next time I stepped into a ring. Now seems like as good a time as any! Holding my breath, I tighten my grip around his ankle, raise the arm holding him over my head, and swing him down.
That's a really casual way to describe what I did, but it's accurate. From my perspective at least. I swung him to the floor like he was a sledgehammer and there was a big, invisible rail spike that needed to be driven into the earth. I'm sure he viewed things rather differently though.
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One second he was hanging upside-down a few feet above the ground. The next he was lifted up the rest of my massive body, then swung down. His neck snapped back suddenly, undoubtedly giving him a killer case of whiplash he'd need to see a hospital about.
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Or, he would. If not for the very next second when he made contact. I didn't feel much, holding onto his ankle, but I heard it. I must have turned every bone on the man's back into powder with that move, and his eyes bulged out of his head on impact. All the air was expelled from his lungs in an instant, along with a thick, foamy liquid. In the movies the big green guy did this about five or six times, but it looks like one was enough for this little guy.
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Shrugging my shoulders, I figure it's now time to end him. Peeling him up off of the canvas, I can hear his low, guttural moans of pain as I readjust him and slide his head between my boobs. I could crush him with them, but I've already turned his head into an impossible to reconstruct sack of bone and goo. Why not finish the job?
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His ribs buckle easily as I press him into my vastly superior form, and after just a few more seconds he's through.

I've become familiar with death rattles as a sound a person can make. As soon as I hear it, I know he is done, as am I. There's no more fun to be gleamed out of a corpse, and he won't get to spend any more time hanging out with my boobs. Truly a terrible loss for everyone involved.


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Music comes on again, and I toss the corpse out of the ring with barely a flick of the wrist. I should be paying more attention to the match as a whole. How many people are still left? What's the situation like backstage? Is anyone trying to escape?

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A small woman comes out of the back now. Well, smaller than the others. She's a bit more like the kind of opponent I'm normally pitted against. A small, pale girl in a gaudy, golden bikini. A good number of my previous bookers have had a thing for contrasts, and showing off the extremes of the human scale. She looks to be around five and a half feet tall though, so she's still a whole helluva lot bigger than the really small ones.

No less scared, though. She's trembling with every step she takes until she reaches the ring. For whatever reason she still climbed in, and I had a thought. What if she wasn't on... whatever drug it is they've been using?



At this moment I really take stock of what everything looks like. Bodies littered the plastic mats surrounding the ring while great crimson streaks had painted the canvas underneath us. I usually do a pretty good job of keeping myself relatively clean from blood because of a little thing called diseases but the bottoms of my feet have been painted a dark, murky red. Flecks of red are speckled across my tits, and the rest of my body, lending me a look that I'm sure would strike fear into the heart of any normal man.

She may not look quite as drugged up as the others, but the fact that she is standing before me in the ring despite everything speaks volumes.

"Come on, buddy." I say, finally breaking the silence and speaking. If the only thing standing between me and another body is a little bit of coaxing, then I don't mind addressing them directly. "Don't worry, it'll all be okay."

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She frantically nodded her head, and lied down.
The crowd instantly erupts in boos. They couldn't hear me, but they know there's some shenanigans going on, and they want no part of this. The fact that they still haven't learned to trust my judgment does bother me a little bit. They've seen what I've done to everyone else who's stepped into the ring. Why would they think that I've suddenly developed a conscience?
Cause they're stupid. I guess. They're idiots, the lot of 'em. If they're going to be like that, then maybe I'll just let her go anyway. I had a great routine planned out where I'd bite her fingers off and rip her arms clean from their sockets, but now the audience has to be punished. So I'm going to kick her. I'm not even going to do it that hard. It'll be more of a nudge.
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What happens next makes me wonder about the existence of a higher power. If God, or some other sort of all-knowing entity is real, then I have to assume they assume they enjoy a show as much as the stupid audience. While casually strolling back and forth over my prone foe, I mysteriously lose my balance. It takes a lot for a lady of my size to fall. But if things go wrong, and I lean back just one degree too far then...
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Of course, when I feel a tiny face get pressed between my ass cheeks, I realize that there's someone else involved in this. Her face gets buried in a mountain of ass cheeks, and for a second it feels like she's actually going to hold her shape under my entire body. That turns into high-fantasy almost immediately, when I enjoy the rarely-felt sensation of a skull caving in from all twelve hundred pounds of me being dropped onto someone's face.

Almost immediately even that falls apart and changes to a broken, shattered cranium pushing up against the soft flesh of my ass. All of this happens in less than a second, as the head underneath me bends inward ever so slightly, then seems to shatter into a hundred pieces at once. The girl's body twitches violently, and blood spurts out from under me a split second before I even hit the canvas.





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Whatever. My ass hurts now, and it's sticky with this girl's grey matter. This is the worst. I don't even want to continue competing in this state. Well, maybe competing is the wrong word. Something like slaughtering would be more appropriate, maybe? Regardless, spattered blood is easy to wipe off, and a minor annoyance. Being soaked in the red stuff is a whole other story. Especially in... these areas. I probably won't be able to salvage this outfit after that one. Dammit.

But, whatever. I'll just take it off for now. I don't fucking care that the audience can see all of me. I'm annoyed now, so fuck them. I'm tempted to just tear this thing off. It'd be faster than trying to slip out of it normally.

What happened next was just embarrassing. When you're in the ring, even if it's relatively quiet, you start to tune things out. That commentator's probably been screaming after every time I take someone out, but I haven't heard a thing since the match started. It's not something that is important to me, you know? So while I'm busy trying to slip out of this suit and not fall over again, another guy's entrance theme is queued up. I don't hear it for some reason. I should have. That's the kind of sound I know is important. But I don't.



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I didn't get a good look at this guy, but he must have felt pretty confident, given what he did. Since I never got a look at his expression running into the ring, I'll never know. Later I'd find out that the inept camera crew didn't catch it either. It was too focused on getting a prime view of what I was getting ready to show off to everyone in the room.
This guy enters the ring and he's either extremely crafty, or extremely stupid. I think it's kind of interesting that such radically different levels of intelligence would lead to him doing the same thing. I don't even notice the little guy as he runs in, and that's probably what he was hoping for. He carefully sneaks up behind me, and in the blink of an eye he's on the canvas.
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He raises one arm up from this position, and jams it right against my pussy. It's not a sensation I expected since, as I've said, I wasn't even aware of his presence. Then he presses against it with all his strength, and starts to move his arm up between my legs to the same level as my hips.

He was going for one of two things, near as I can tell. If he wasn't stupid, then he was trying to cop a feel. He knew what was coming. He knew he was fucked. He saw what I was doing. He decided he wanted in. He copped a handful of pussy with one arm,and groped me from there up to my lower stomach. In this scenario, he's a stupid fucking perv getting his jollies before I tear him in half.

Or, he was cunning. He could have been going for a school boy, the most basic of wrestling pins. From that position with he'd use the leverage of his entire body to force me back, pin me, and hold me in a position that's difficult for most people to escape from. Against almost anyone else, the maneuver would've worked. He seemed like a strong, fit guy. He might have thought he genuinely had me, and was hoping to score a quick victory.



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Despite what would happen later, I also don't regret that the fountain of blood erupting from between my hands sprayed directly onto a well-dressed man in one of the seats closest to the ring. No, feeling his skull buckle under my fingers until it shattered and his entire face fell apart was cathartic. I just don't like being groped by surprise.
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No, my regret is that I didn't ask him if he was trying to pin me or not before I did that. Dead men tell no tales, and I'll never know for sure what his intent was.
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Oh, right. The next opponent is on her way at this point. I'm fully nude, enjoying the slight difference it makes in the stale air of the sealed up room. This makes... what. Seven? Already? I'll need to pay attention to the announcer when the next guy shows up. Unless this is the last one? Could it... no. There's no way she's is the last opponent.
But what if she is, though? Well, at this point I'm just paralyzed with indecision. I should enjoy myself with her for a bit, and find out if she's the last victim or not before I enact a little revenge on the asshole that recruited me for a match like this.
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I barely give this little lady more than a passing glance before I put my hand on the top of her head and shove her hard. She falls over like a pile of bricks, and I kneel before she can even think of getting back up. That doesn't mean she doesn't try, though. Out of what I assume is instinct she tries to spring to her feet a second after I'm kneeling, and only succeeds in mashing her face between my legs.

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Good, that saves me a step. I lock my legs together the instant she made contact and that's it. She's fucked. Or maybe it's me who's fucked, given where she's trapped!


I don't care if that joke was cheesy. I'm not going to erase it! Anyway, each of my thighs seems to be about as big around as this woman's entire upper body, so she's in no position to fight back or escape. Her tiny arms push against my butt, but it's no use. She's stuck eating my pussy. And if she doesn't? Then I guess my pussy will eat her!
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Ha, no. She seems to be enjoying it on some level, to be honest. So I apply a little more pressure with my thighs, because this is supposed to be a wrestling match dammit. She's allowed to enjoy herself, but there should still be a healthy amount of pain.
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It feels okay, I guess. I prefer something with a little more power, if you know what I mean. The only thing I can do to enhance the effect is keep grinding my legs against her face.

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"HERE COMES OUR LAST OPPONENT, MINI MAC!!!"
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Jesus, that was fucking loud! God damn. I was just... I was. There's no way to justify it. I was fucking myself against this little woman's face. I feel kinda gross about that one, in retrospect. The announcer confirmed to me that this next guy is the last one, though. So I lean back slightly, and squeeze my thighs together.
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Her face scrunches up in a grotesque manner for all of a second, before the unstoppable walls of my thighs close in, hiding the gore from view and muting the crunching of her skull.
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No matter. I had my confirmation. This was the last guy. I stood back up, and kicked the headless corpse out of the ring. I was covered in blood now, an absolute mess. I was going to need someone to clean me up personally after this. For now, though. I crossed my arms under my chest, and stood with my legs spread. I wanted this guy to know what awaited him.

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I'm sure seeing someone a solid three to four feet taller than you covered with the blood of multiple people is an intimidating sight. I wouldn't know. I've never had to look at such a thing. But this guy looked like he had tears in his eyes as he approached the ring, and climbed inside with shaking hands.

I stared him down, from between my blood-speckled breasts. He was shivering, and scared.

Good.

He should be.

I take a heavy step forward, and really let the entire ring shake from the weight of my step. He gulps, and takes a step back, only to have three ropes press into his back. He looks up at me as I'm close enough to him now to feel his breath on me.

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I slowly, casually, slide a hand up his bare chest, and brush the tips of my fingers along his neck. His eyes dart back and forth. He looks up at me again then back towards the ropes pressing against his back. I think he's getting an idea.

It wasn't a bad plan. As far as I can tell he was going to turn around quickly, and jump over the ring ropes himself. He'd lose, but he'd spare himself whatever indignities I had planned for him. So it's unfortunate that I'm just a bit faster than he expected, and have my fingers around his throat before he's even fully turned around.



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I'm still just a touch too quick for the guy, though. A fact he discovers when he stands, and feels the sides of his head brush between my knees.
I'll give him credit. He had to know there was no use, but he makes a last ditch effort to escape, and leaps forward like he's some sort of ninja frog. Sadly, he fails to pull through, and finds himself stuck. The part of his head that brushed against my knees is now being squeezed between them, and he's being held in place. It's not a very good hold though, so he immediately sets to work on wriggling out.
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I pull him back just a bit more. I've always been curious about what it'd look like if a guy bent his body so far back that his torso could rest on the back of his legs, and run parallel with them. Turns out that yes, it's technically possible, but not without a lot of resistance. I'm no quitter though, and after a couple of strong pulls, and some readjustment on my end, the deed is done.

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With my foot. Then I lift it up, and stamp down with all the power that I can muster. In an instant his entire skull is pulverized. Gone like it was never there to begin with.The resulting explosion of skull shards, brain, and viscera is entertaining, sure. But that's not why I did it.





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Finally, on the ninth stomp, my foot breaks through the canvas, and I have to wave my arms a moment to keep from falling over. I once looked into the costs of getting a wrestling ring of my own. I know that fixing a huge, foot shaped hole wasn't going to be cheap. But that's his problem now. I just want to get paid, and get out of here.
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I lift my foot out of the fresh hole, and can't stop myself from smiling. Blood is dripping down it, and I almost consider sliding the rest of the guy's corpse into the hole. It's a weird thought, knowing that my foot is big enough for his entire body to fall in a hole left by it, but it's irrelevant now. I don't want any reasons for this guy to try and stiff me on my money. Losing because a corpse technically never put both its feet outside of the ring wouldn't even be the most ridiculous reason I've been given for trying to not pay me.

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Once I'm backstage I see that same guy, still hiding in a poorly lit corner of the room, holding a check. There are no pleasantries exchanged. He knows he did wrong by me, and that if he says anything about my performance that he's just as fucked as the other nine were.
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No. I'm not a monster. Were we in the ring, sure. But he already needs to pay an exorbitant amount to make up for what I did in that ring. And some small part of this is my fault, in the end.
I fold the check in half, ball my empty hand into a fist, and punch the wall next to the guy's face. It hurts, I'm not going to lie, but the plume of smoke that rises around my fist and the cracks spidering around the concrete wall make my point for me.
"Don't ever try to pull some shit like that again." I say, hoping that my theatrics drive the fear of everything that is holy into his heart. He doesn't say anything, and leaves with a waddle that tells me I did a good job at scaring him.
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Hell, I'm even a little proud of my work if I'm being honest. I move my arm forward to hand it to her, and she flinches. Given what she just listened to I'm sure she expected something horrific to happen to her.
She's cute like that.
Afterwards she apologizes, and takes the folder filled with neatly printed pages. She opens it up, and browses them, even though I'd just read them aloud to her. I don't know if she's being overly thorough, or is just interested in rereading it, but her face doesn't change for what feels like a really long time.
"This is very well written. You may have a future in this sort of thing." She says, thin lips curling upwards into a smile.
"Really?" I can't help but ask. It's not often I get a compliment that isn't centered around my body, or how efficiently I took a life.
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Height: 11'3"
Weight: 1220 lbs
Measurements:
6'6"-4'8"-7'0"
Breast weight: 120 lbs EACH

previously, in part 2:



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