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SQUASH MATCH 4



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So, what's it like being a ten-foot tall giantess who crushes people for fun? Hell if I know, 'cause I'm twelve-foot four!
Okay, okay. That was cheesy, I know. But I've never written something like this before and I've heard you're supposed to open with a joke. My therapist wanted me to try doing an off-the-cuff, improvisational free-write about myself. That means right here, on-the-spot, no editing, no cleaning up, no nothing. So please excuse me if things get a little sloppy.
But I guess I should just go into it, huh? I mean, my day-to-day life is pretty normal. Or at least it feels that way to me. I mean I've got daily routines just like anyone else. Sure, my size makes a lot of things different from how they'd be for most people, but I got used to that long ago.
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Like, for starters, there's always gonna be problems with a home life. As in, finding a place to live. If I were rich and had a job that wouldn't get me arrested I'd probably have a real fuckin' nice place. Custom-made just for me. Doors that I wouldn't have to duck under to walk into. Floors that didn't creak under every foot step. And stairs that were wide enough to handle my feet. It would be perfect.

But I'm not so great at keeping money. For a LOT of reasons. So that dream life isn't really feasible, ya know? I do have the next best thing though! I rent an apartment for myself! I'm kind of a loner in that regard. Back at my last place, gave the whole "roommate" thing a try. As you can probably imagine, it didn't exactly end well (maybe I'll tell you about that another time,) but after that I found myself a decent one bedroom place to stay at since then. Or, it WOULD be a decent bedroom, if I was half as tall as I actually am.

You see, most places aren't exactly made with... someone of my generous proportions in mind. Especially in the city. A year ago, it was pretty difficult just squeezing under a normal doorway for me. Then I come to find out that I'm actually still growing! Now, I'm only talkin' about six inches or so, but still, that doesn't make it any easier to squeeze through tight spaces. I'm way too tall to limbo underneath doorframes, but if I crouch down, twist sideways and bend as far over as I can, I can make it. Usually. And even then it's hard to squeeze my hips through the doorframe. The wood around my apartment doors bulges out around my waist-level; so that's probably a repair I'm going to need to have done when I inevitably move out.



Anyway, I'm getting off topic here. Like I was saying, the height is half of the issue, and the other half is my weight. The last time I really checked I weighed just under 1400 pounds, but that was almost a year ago. I know I've gotten heavier since then (It's mostly muscle mass… I hope.). I don't know exactly how much, since I broke the last scale I stepped on. It's tough finding a scale that goes above a few hundred pounds. Maybe I'll have to try and find one of those industrial-strength scales one day. Like the ones they use to weigh trucks and stuff.

Have you ever heard the saying, "like a bull in a china shop?" Well the average bull weighs about a thousand pounds. I'm well over that now, so the whole world is sorta my china shop. As you can imagine, it's hard to go long without breaking things at my size. I've got a lot of weight to throw around, and if I'm not careful, things get broken. Couches, beds, cars, people… but enough about that last one for now.

I have to take some things carefully, things that I'm sure most people never even think about. Whenever I sit or lie down I'm throwing around a lot of mass. My last couch broke apart when I fell onto it carelessly the other night. One good plop, that's all it takes. I still sit on it, but it's not much more than a pile of fabric and foam now. I can hear the floorboards creaking under my feet every step I take. If I wanted, one good stomp would make them splinter.

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Beds are even worse. My last bedframe busted the same day I got it. Ditto with my last box spring. So now I just put the mattress on the floor. If I lie diagonally in the fetal position and put my feet on an ottoman, I can sort of fit on a king-size mattress. *Sort of.* Even then, the springs like to give out under my weight, so I have to replace the entire thing every few weeks. I do find ways to get comfortable, though, and most nights I find it fairly easy to fall asleep.

I sleep alone, which is how I prefer it, but it makes sense too. It's not like there's enough room to fit someone else on the bed with me, after all. At least, not someone I'd want to share a bed with.


I will say this about my apartment: the location is good. Which is important, because I do a lot of walking. You see, at my size I can't even fit into a car, let alone drive one. Around town, walking is my only real option for transportation.
Fortunately, at twelve feet I have one hell of a stride. I can walk five miles an hour at a pretty relaxed pace. At a run, I can do almost twenty. Not that running is really my favorite exercise.... As any girl with similar proportions can tell you, there are two big things that get in the way when sprinting, and unlike a "normal" girl I don't have the luxury of buying a sports bra to contain these things. I go through sports bras like candy as it is!
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I try to get out fairly often but I don't actually visit too many different places. Most common is definitely the grocery store nearby. As I'm sure you can tell just by looking at me, I eat a lot. A lot. I eat about as much as your average football team. Okay, okay, that's an exaggeration, but not as much of one as you'd think. I try to eat healthy, but I need to get a fair amount of protein, and that means a lot of meat. Most of the employees are pretty used to me by now, so they're not surprised to see me dragging more than one shopping cart full of beef and chicken around. For the most part the people there are decent enough to me, and I'm nice in return.
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The gym is the only other place I visit with any sort of regularity. The closest one is open 24-hours, which is really convenient if you're trying to avoid people. I'm in pretty good shape even when I don't make an effort, but lately I've been pushing myself to get more fit. I don't really want to lose any weight, because I think I've been pretty blessed with the body I have, but I could always do with some extra muscle.


The dinky weights they have there are pretty light for someone of my size, but it's better than nothing. With enough reps I can still get a decent enough workout. The real issue I have is with the other patrons. I have to try and navigate the place without crushing anybody, which is always easier said than done, especially in a cramped building like this. Doubly so when I'm wearing a push-up bra, since my boobs block my view of the ground right in front of me. I don't notice this blonde girl who was doing crunches on the floor, and I damn near step on the little thing. Which is her fault, really. She should have been looking out for herself, and it wouldn't take a genius to know that my vision for things beneath me is compromised. But, of course, that doesn't stop her from glaring at me while I try to work out.
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It’s tough doing an overhead press without hitting the ceiling. I look back to make sure I didn’t damage the lights with my barbells. It’s then that I notice some muscle-laden gym rat leering at me. I don’t say anything at first, because I wanted to be civil. I just shot him a quick glance to let him know I'd noticed, and hoped he'd get the signal.

To his credit, he looked away, leaving me by myself once again.


I sit down and start doing curls. At least I don't have to worry about hitting the ceiling this time. After 40 or 50 reps, I actually start to sort of feel that familiar tingling in my arms from the exertion. Sort of. That's when I notice that gym rat staring at my ass again. Then, like our earlier encounter never happened, he walks over and starts chatting me up.
"You're quite a specimen," he has the nerve to tell me. "I didn't even know people could be so tall! I have a friend who trains professional athletes. Listen, I know this out of nowhere, but you could be rich. You could be famous. You could--"
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That's it. With a single motion, I take the 500-pound barbell and lean it sideways. With a series of heavy clangs the weights fall and hit hit the floor, before I pull my arm back. Treating the heavy bar like a javelin I throw it at the gym rat with everything I've got. The barbell stabs right through him, and the force sends him flying back. The iron bar shatters the mirror, embeds itself into the brick behind the glass, and impales the motherfucker right against the wall.



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"I'll take my shish kebab... with extra beef." I say, sliding a pair of sunglasses over my face to punctuate the amazing line people will be quoting for years.
...Or at least that's how it happened in my head. I may commit acts of violence for hefty sums of money, but I don't just go around killing everyone who gets on my nerves. If I did, then the cops would have tried to put me away a long time ago. No, I just bit my lip, shot him another glance, and continued lifting weights. Besides, I'm not sure if that would have worked anyway. I mean, I'd once seen someone throw a steam pipe through solid brick in a movie, but the effect didn't seem particularly realistic.
I made a mental note to try it one of these days. Maybe not here, though. These people were okay and I didn't want for them to have to pay outrageous repair costs from me trying to satisfy my curiosity.
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No, I just told him to fuck off. Just, you know, politely. Thanks.", is all I said. That might sound weak, but I shot him a look that let him know if he didn't step away I'd wrap the bar around his little body and leave him tied up that way.

I can at least confirm that idea is possible.

His face paled at the look I gave him, and he apologized. I would say he walked off... but it was really more of a scurry. Just shameful. Something unfitting for a guy as well built as he was. See, I like attention, but I don't like fame. I like a certain amount of... anonymity between me and my fans. Being famous would ruin all that. Right now, I'm an urban legend. A rumor. And that's how I'd prefer to keep it.

It takes more than a few hours to complete a workout given how substandard the gym's equipment was. After all of that I figured a good way to decompress would be to go and watch a movie. The theater's another one of my frequent visiting spots, since the darkness means it's not likely I'll get a lot of people staring. A new superhero movie just opened up, one I'd been waiting to see for a long time: Gargantua. She's a superheroine who can turn into a giant at will. I know literally nothing else about her, but that's one of my biggest fantasies so there's no way I can miss it.


I bought the most expensive popcorn and soda, since they were the only options that looked even remotely substantial to me. Even so it looked like it would amount to little more than a snack, and not movie-length companion it would be for everyone else.
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Whatever. I got my stuff and found a seat right in the front row. I walked [illegible] carefully. Even when spread out across two seats it was a tight fit for my generously proportioned ass. For my money the front row is always the best seat in the house; I may block the view of a few people directly behind me, but that's not my problem. I sat between two women, and shuffled my ass in the seats until I got comfortable.

The two uptight bitches I sat between both sneered at me, but it's not my fault that I can't fit in a normal seat. As the dark-haired one sat up, she felt the need to make a rude comment: "I paid money to see a movie, not to have your thigh rub against me." Which is a pretty ridiculous statement; I know plenty of people that would pay good money to rub up against one of my thighs, and if they don't like it that's their problem.


Another fantasy: I thought about grabbing her, flipping her over and smashing her face right into my pussy. She'd resist, but it would be hopeless, of course. I'd order her to eat me out, and squeeze my thighs around her head to make sure she was fully aware of the consequences of disobeying. I could feel a slight tingle between my legs, and I exhaled lustily. Because I'm a restrained, reasonable person, I had refrained from doing what I'd just imagined, and simply sat to watch the movie. At least now I was lucky enough to have an empty seat to either side of me.
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She roamed around the city,like a 200-foot tall Superwoman, saving people and stopping criminals. As if the most interesting thing a giantess could do is run around putting out fires. Sometimes literally.
"Greetings, citizens! Worry not, I'll save you from the fire... with my ice breath!"
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Yawn. The good part didn't come until a while after that. You see, Gargantua is usually a girl scout. A goody two-shoes. She defends and saves the lives of the innocent, and wouldn't intentionally hurt a fly. But partway through, she's mind-controlled by an evil scientist. She tries to resist, but she can't overpower the mind-control beam. And then, everything changes.



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And I pictured myself, like Evil Gargantua, walking through the ruins of downtown. Civilians running madly away, trying to escape the carnage. Police aiming up at me, hiding behind their cars, as if it will make a difference. Their hands are trembling in fear. My hand brushes against a building, and more cinder falls onto the ground. The rubble bounces with each footstep, and the pavement cracks below my heel.

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Two steps, and my foot is hovering above a row of cops. I smile down at them, amused by their response. Of course, I have super-sight as well, and I can see how pants-shittingly scared they are.
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I bring my foot down slowly. I don't need to stop; the sheer weight of my body is enough to not only crush the cops flat, but crumple their car into the pavement. The force flips another police car end-over-end, landing on another group of officers. A single step, four casualties minimum. Nothing like being a giantess.
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The stream-of-consciousness fantasies continued. I picture myself crushing a building under my ass, just by sitting down. I picture myself tearing tanks apart with my fingers, and swallowing the soldiers inside. I pictured myself towering over the city like a goddess, one who could destroy everything around her at will. That's when I touched myself.
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That's right. I slipped my hand into my shorts. My fingers glided slowly downward along the contours of my body. Then, slowly at first, I started to pleasure myself. I don't think anyone noticed me doing it, but I almost wished they had. The idea of that kind of limitless power was intoxicating. To be able to crush whole cities beneath you, to have millions stare at you in awe, to be so powerful that no one could stand in your way.... That's what I wanted more than anything.
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I focused on a small group of people who were running away. I slid off from the collapsed building I'd been sitting on, and lunged down at the helpless people. If they were scared before, now they were positively terrified. They were sprinting away for dear life now, not that it would have made a difference. It was almost comically easy catching up to them at my size. With a single outstretched hand, I grabbed all three of them, scooping them up like the frail, beige-colored bugs that they were.
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It was a strange sensation having them land on my tongue. It was such a delightful sensation, having little people writhe around on my tongue, so utterly helpless. It's one thing being able to overpower people with your body, but doing it with your tongue is something else entirely.

They tasted like... well, not much of anything, actually. I'm not sure how you describe the taste of fabric and sweaty skin, but it was basically that. Nothing to write home about, for sure, not that it mattered. I'm sure they would have if I chewed them up, but for now I was content to simply swallow.

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So I did. I felt all three of them going down my mouth. They didn't stop fighting, even as they were flushed down my throat in a torrent of saliva. It tickled a bit, having their little hands and arms flailing around in my throat.
I let out a laugh, which started as a giggle and turned into something more sinister. I'd swallowed three people, and they were food now. It was such an incredibly powerful sensation, to take three lives and use them as food. *As food.* What could be more humiliating for them? And for me, it was just another validation of my power.



My fingers were deep in my pussy now. I was dripping wet, and you could hear the shlick-shlick-shlick an aisle back. I was so caught up in my fantasy, I didn't even notice I was moaning out loud. A warmth was building up inside of me, and I needed to stoke that fire. I finger-fucked myself, and as I did I felt my clothes becoming tighter.

That wasn't a good thing. It probably meant I was leaning too far back, or my shorts were riding down as I shifted in place. This has happened before. Dozens of times, actually, and it ended in ripped clothes more than a few times. I certainly didn't want that to happen now, but I also wasn't about to stop over a potential tear.

I start to shift my weight, careful to not lose my rhythm as I did so. Both of the chairs my ass is plopped on start to creak as I do so, and I slide forward to try and get whatever clothes had gotten stuck underneath me out.

That's when I hear it. The unmistakable sound of clothes ripping. Shit.

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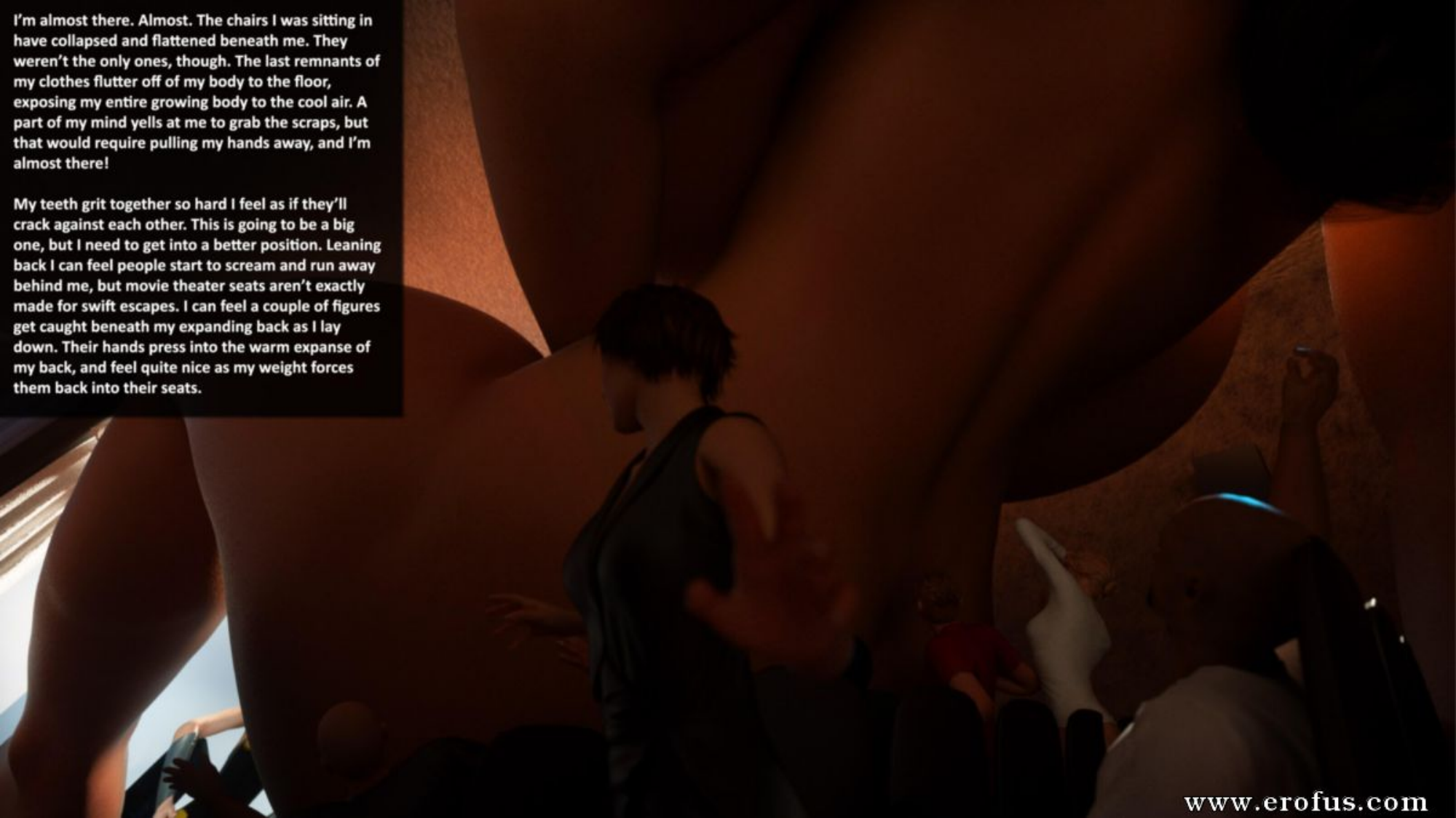


Well. It's going to be an awkward walk out of here later, but it's too late to do anything about it now. Might as well enjoy myself while I can, right? That was my thought at the time, but it didn't take long for that to be proven wrong either. No sooner had I returned my attention to the rising climax between my legs that I felt my clothes tighten around me even more than they already had.

My shoes fall apart quickly, exposing my bare feet to the cool theater air, and it's followed quickly by the rest of my clothes. What began as fabric tearing around the seams began to fall apart all over my body as my poor clothes were ill-suited to the task of containing my quickly-growing form.

Something is definitely wrong. The seats beneath me are making strange noises too, and my eyes open up slightly at this point. Nothing more than thin slits, My heart flutters in my chest at the new, higher heights I've reached suddenly, and my hand starts to rub more furiously.

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I'm almost there. Almost. The chairs I was sitting in have collapsed and flattened beneath me. They weren't the only ones, though. The last remnants of my clothes flutter off of my body to the floor, exposing my entire growing body to the cool air. A part of my mind yells at me to grab the scraps, but that would require pulling my hands away, and I'm almost there!

My teeth grit together so hard I feel as if they'll crack against each other. This is going to be a big one, but I need to get into a better position. Leaning back I can feel people start to scream and run away behind me, but movie theater seats aren't exactly made for swift escapes. I can feel a couple of figures get caught beneath my expanding back as I lay down. Their hands press into the warm expanse of my back, and feel quite nice as my weight forces them back into their seats.

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That's right, I jammed her inside of me like she was a human dildo. I could feel her freaking out in there, writhing and flailing around like crazy. It was the most intensely erotic experience I've had for a long time... but it wasn't enough. So I joined in on the action, and started finger-fucking myself. That's when I started growing even faster.

As I grow, I feel more of the seats beneath me are being crushed, along with their unfortunate occupants. All ideas of modesty have melted away, and I spread my legs wider to help me finish off. It's coming. Any second now. Any second now. Bodies are crunching underneath me, and the sound of a dozen seats falling apart under my weight are going to finish me off!

Climax hits me like a bolt of lightning. Powerful, fast, and the sensation courses through my entire gigantic form in the blink of an eye. My eyes shoot open as does my mouth to scream in

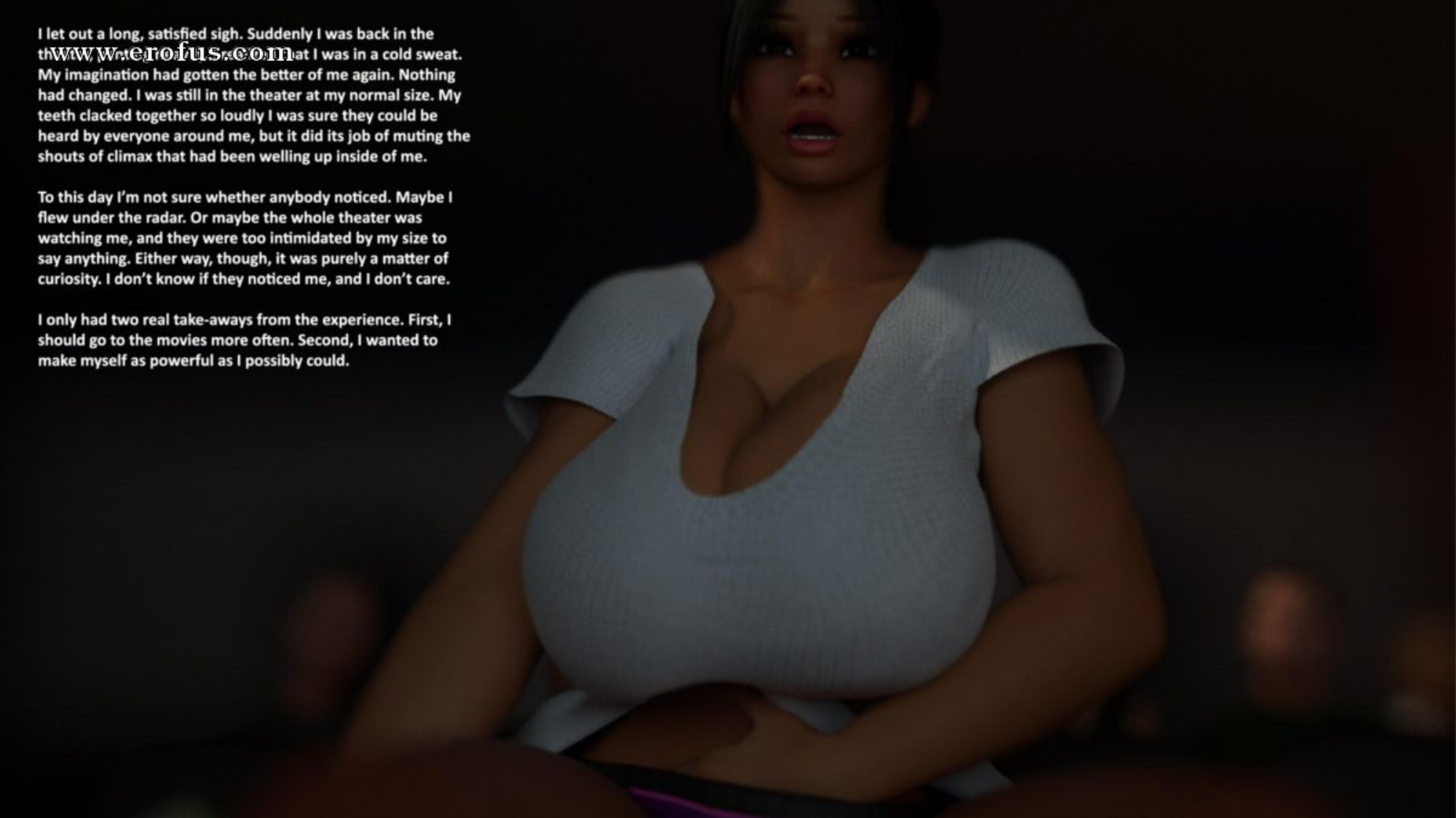
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I let out a long, satisfied sigh. Suddenly I was back in the th[illegible] that I was in a cold sweat. My imagination had gotten the better of me again. Nothing had changed. I was still in the theater at my normal size. My teeth clacked together so loudly I was sure they could be heard by everyone around me, but it did its job of muting the shouts of climax that had been welling up inside of me.

To this day I'm not sure whether anybody noticed. Maybe I flew under the radar. Or maybe the whole theater was watching me, and they were too intimidated by my size to say anything. Either way, though, it was purely a matter of curiosity. I don't know if they noticed me, and I don't care.

I only had two real take-aways from the experience. First, I should go to the movies more often. Second, I wanted to make myself as powerful as I possibly could.




Inspired by the movie, I decided to really kick up my workout routine. When the sun rose the next morning had already decided that I was going to make myself as powerful as I could. Of course, I couldn't make myself as tall as a skyscraper, but I had an idea of something that seemed like it would be impossible.
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That newfound strength gave me some ideas for later that night. The warehouse arena gig had turned into a fairly steady job. Every couple weeks Francis had another match for me, and that next weekend I had another match. This time Francis knew better than to spring a Battle Royale on me, but he did give me the option of a 2-on-1 for an extra $1,000. I accepted, and while I gladly took the extra money, I probably would have accepted even if he hadn't offered anything extra.

It was “topless night,” which was a stupid promotion considering I usually took my top off anyway, but that didn’t matter. I had something I wanted to try. My opponents were a guy and girl, neither of whom looked like they would be especially interesting to fight. The girl was practically a twig. There really wasn’t much point in her being topless either, considering my nipples alone are about the size of her entire breasts, but whatever.


I toyed with them for a while, killing time before the big finale I had planned. I had the girl pinned below me, trapped under my legs and ass, and the guy was in a choke-hold. He was definitely a squirmy little thing, but my grip was unyielding.
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I sat back and grabbed both of the wrestlers, positioning them between my legs. That's when I put them in a scissorhold. That's right, both of them at once. You see, for the last couple weeks I'd focused on working out my abductors. I'd gotten to where I could almost crush a car frame between my thighs. Now I wanted to see how that kind of power would translate to a pair of human beings.
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It was pretty easy just holding them there. I kept them trapped there for a minute, while they fought to escape. They never had a chance, but it was fun watching them wriggle around between my massive thighs. Their little hands slapped pitifully against them, and I wasn't entirely sure if they were trying to tap or hoping the attacks would do something.
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I was in awe of my own strength. I realized that I could have done the same thing with four or five people at once, and still not really exerted myself. I felt like a fucking goddess.


As if I needed any more convincing, I kept up with my workout regimen. Now and again I'd go back to the gym to relax, but really I'd moved past that. Instead, I went back to that lot by the river, and lifted that old car some more. Before long that car didn't feel so heavy anymore. When I first started, I could only lift the old sedan once. A few weeks later, I could do a dozen reps, no sweat. I'd be a shoe-in for Olympic Weightlifting Champion. Maybe I'd actually think about doing that if it didn't mean going on TV, and being stared at by the entire world at once. That was a level of fame I wasn't interested in dealing with at all.
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The warehouse gigs turned into a regular thing. They learned that as long as they were upfront, I was generally pretty open to things. Every couple weeks they'd try a new gimmick. One week it was the world's shortest ladder match, the next I was fighting three guys in some cage I could barely fit inside of. Two-on-one pretty quickly became the default, which was okay with me. Two opponents gives me a bit more leeway to be really brutal, without having to worry about the match ending too soon.

That three-way cage match was entertaining. The rules were standard. First one to leave the cage and put both feet outside the ring wins. Only I had no intention of leaving the cage. Which is probably for the best, as I'm not sure the chain link could withstand my weight.At first I toyed with the guys. letting them climb near the top before I yanked them back down. They'd climb up again, and guess what, as soon as they got close I'd pull them down and drop them 10 feet onto the reinforced wrestling mat. After a while it got annoying swatting down all three, so I pinned one under my foot.

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When I got bored with that, I grabbed them again, only this time I didn't just throw them back on the ground. Instead, I grabbed them by the heads and smashed them together like it was a three stooges routine. Not hard enough that it smashed their heads open or anything, but hard enough to knock both of them out.
They looked so pathetic, lying there on the ground, that I didn't even finish them off. That's right, I let all three of them go in one piece. I'm even guessing that all of them were able to walk home that night. Who says I don't have a soft side?
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I saw Gargantua again at the theater, for the second of what would probably be four or five times. I just couldn't get enough of that movie. Sometimes I just watched it normally and enjoyed the story. Other times I pictured myself as Gargantua the whole way through, and slipped my hand under my skirt. Either way, it was one hell of an experience. There was something so intoxicating about the idea of being so huge, so powerful.
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That was the subject of my next therapy appointment. The next day, I saw my therapist again. (I know you were there for this part, but it's probably better if I write it down so I don't forget any details) Her name is Dr. Clarke, but she's said it's okay for me to call her Erin. She's only a few years older than me, I discovered, as we've been having a lot of conversations recently..
I'm not usually the type to open up to people, but Erin is different. There's something about her that's kind of just... comforting. In a way. At least more so than previous therapists I've visited. She started off the appointment in a typically friendly way.
"How are you today, Ann? You seem to be in good spirits. I'm sorry again for the doorway, I'm afraid this office wasn't built with someone of your stature in mind..."
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"You know," I said, "that doorway seems to get smaller every time I come here, and the couch isn't getting any bigger either. Most people stop growing around the time they're eighteen. I didn't. I've been just short of eleven feet for quite awhile now. A year ago, I was 10'8". Six months ago, I was 11'3". I've been having to get new clothes custom made every few months in order to keep up. When I was measured last month they told me I had finally broken twelve feet by four inches. I feel like I've grown even more since then."

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"Judging by how tight you clothes are, you very well may have. From what you say, your growth doesn't seem to be slowing down at all. Aren't you concerned about any difficulties that may arise if you keep growing like this?"
"No, not particularly. I know it would make a lot of things difficult, but truth be told I fantasize about being even bigger. Have you gotten the chance to see Gargantua yet?"
"Is that the new one? The one with, um..."
"The giant girl movie, yes. I saw it..." I said. I paused slightly right here, 'cause I wasn't sure what to say next. I'm a little embarrassed to say out loud how many times I've gone to see it and didn't want you to think I had some weird obsession. But you said to write things as they happened so I'm going to just drop the number right here. Twelve. Twelve times. That's how many times I've been back to that theater, bought tickets, and sat through the superhero movie.

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"...Last week. I saw it last week." I said. My heart was pounding in my chest for a moment there, but I don't know if the quick pause was noticed. I didn't see any sudden changes in expression, so I figured I'd gotten away with it. "Ever since then," I continued, "I've wanted to grow bigger. So big that my body would fill up this entire room. So big that I could pick you up in the palm of my hand. So big that I could do... anything."

"I see." Erin says, looking up at me with that familiar, warm smile that seems almost permanently etched onto her face. I imagined her sitting on my lap like a little pet. "You know, power fantasies are quite normal, even healthy. Sometimes it's comforting to picture yourself as the hero. The unstoppable force for whom nothing is impossible. I have similar fantasies from time to time, truth be told. What's interesting is that the people who are most often drawn to power fantasies are those who feel weak, or powerless in their day-to-day life. Is there some way you think you could be feeling weak or restrained in your life? Because I think it's safe to say we can rule out being physically weak for you." She said, finishing her assessment with a playful laugh.

There's a mirror in the office, but it's too low for me to see myself in when I'm sitting down. It's not normally a detail I focus on but after that giggle I felt like my entire face lit up from blushing. I looked away from a moment, but didn't want to look suspicious either. I don't even know how obvious it was, thanks to that mirror.

P.S. Now you know why I asked you to to consider moving it to a different location after that session. Anyway, I'm off track. I'm sorry.


"That's just the thing," I told her. "I know I'm... different from other people. I can bench press a car. I can--I mean, I could--crush somebody into a pulp with my bare hands. But even then, I have to put up with shit like everybody else. It's like there are all these little people running around like bugs, and yet they treat me like I'm the freak. And I still have to obey their laws. Do as I'm told. And just pretend like there's no difference between us, you know?"
"I can only imagine, being one of the little people, what it's like to be you."
"I didn't mean you, you're--"
"That's okay," she said. "You're different. It's okay to admit that. That power you're talking about, you already radiate it. I can feel it even now, just being in your presence. Remember, Ann, you're not just another person. You're an individual, and you deserve to get whatever you desire. And on that note, I think this is a good place to end this session."
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A quick look at the clock told me there was still a few minutes to spare, which seemed odd to me, truth be told. I mean, it's not like I don't have other things to do, but if the time is listed as 5:00 then it should end at 5:00.
"Actually," I said, "If you have a minute, there was one thing I wanted to talk about."
"I'm truly sorry Ann, but it will have to wait until next time. I have to be going somewhere. My husband is here..." She abruptly got up and walked towards the door. That was weird. I figured maybe there was some other unavoidable obligation, but what difference would walking out of your own office make versus running like that?
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"Is something wrong?" I asked, as she hurriedly walked down the hallway. I'm not usually one to get concerned about that kind of thing, but something was off. Like the situation had changed in the last minute.
"N-no. It's just, my husband, he doesn't like me to be late..."
Husband? Really? I had no idea. She'd never once mentioned her husband before. To the point where I'd just assumed she was single this whole time. I don't recall her ever wearing a ring, either. This was weird. I wanted to ask some questions, but before I had a chance she rounded the corner, and disappeared from view. Was she just not going to lock her office?
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I want to catch up with her, but there's immediately an obstacle in the way. My growth over the past year had been slow enough that it sometimes feels like it's just in my head, but if there's one thing that reminds me I've gotten bigger, it's doorways. Erin's office has to have the smallest doorway of any place I've been. Just a few weeks earlier, I got through her doorway easily enough. Earlier today, it took me half a minute to squeeze through. And of course, now that I was in a hurry, I wouldn't be able to get through at all. At least, not without smashing it to splinters. I considered that, but I could only envision a look of disappointment if she were to return later and see the destroyed frame.
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Now if I was thinking, I probably would have turned sideways. But I wasn't thinking. And so, like the three stooges all trying to fit through a doorway at the same time, I tried to squeeze my triple-wide ass through that narrow doorway. (Come to think of it, my butt is probably about as massive as Curly Moe, and the other one put together!)
So I tried to force my way through without really forcing my way through. In other words, I ended up knocking the door off its hinges anyway. Like I said, my mind immediately filled with visions of disappointment upon returning to see a broken frame. Oh well, I guess I can always pay Erin back for the repairs.
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Oof. After a minute of struggling, I fell through the doorway. Not my proudest moment (I end up saying that a lot, don't I?) but I'm glad the floorboards didn't splinter from the impact. That's happened before, but that's all incidental. What matters is that I had managed to get to the hallway window, which gives me a view of her parking lot. I'm not normally one for spying. Normally because I'm not exactly built for stealth, but also because I don't often find myself in the need for information. I'm more of a shoot first and ask questions later, ya know?
But that's when things got weird.
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From my position I was looking down on Erin, and a fat, slobbish man in a white T-shirt. I assume he must have been her husband. Yeech, she could really do better. She was standing in a submissive posture, and he looked like he was pissed. They were arguing about something, but through the glass I couldn't quite make out what they were saying.

That's when he stepped towards her. I could make out a few words here and there. It sounded like Erin wanted to do something that her husband wasn't such a big fan of. Actually that's an understatement, he was clearly steaming. Erin yelled, "No,Barry!" loud enough that I could hear her clearly.

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Only a few minutes ago I had been asked if I ever felt restrained in life. Truth is I do, but this was a whole new level of it. I wanted to bring down the entire building around me I was so upset. I fantasized about stomping that motherfucker flat. I would have loved nothing more than to suddenly appear right in front of that bastard, 200-feet tall I'd flatten his whole body with one fucking stomp. I'd pound my foot down so fast that the only thing that was left of him would be a red splatter on the cracked pavement. Unfortunately, this was reality, and I was stuck inside an office building as he sped off.
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If that had happened within arm's reach that guy would've been turned into a fine, bloody mist in the blink of an eye. It's probably for the best that it didn't, though. After all, he was her husband. That added a terrible, terrible wrinkle to any thoughts of enacting justice.

I suppose I'd just have to watch things closely. If he ever laid a hand on her, even for a moment, I didn't want to justify his actions, but I had to. He hadn't laid a hand on her, and maybe there was some unknowable context to all this. Maybe he was just having a bad day, I told myself.

But it wasn't working. There was no excuse.

Over the next few hours, I tried to call Erin. All I got was her voicemail. I kept having to tell myself that she was fine, if only to keep myself sane. At the session she'd mentioned feeling powerless, and this was an altogether new emotion for me. Having to rely on hope, and faith, instead of direction action?

I didn't like it.

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I had another job that night, and knowing I'd be back in the ring put me in better spirits. Sometimes the ring is just a job, but other times it was an escape. Tonight, after an anxious evening, I needed some escape, and it was a relief to go back in the ring and forget myself. I could take out my anger on whatever poor saps they pitted me against. On top of that, there was something extra-special about the match that night.

You see, I had told Francis a few weeks ago that I wanted a Gargantua costume. My other costumes were getting a bit tight anyway. He raised an eyebrow at my suggestion, but before I could even finish hardening my own face into a glare he relented, and said he'd be happy to oblige. To my surprise, a few days ago they gave me a damn near perfect replica. It was surprisingly high-quality, and it fit me perfectly.

To mix things up a bit I actually did a set in costume. I gave a whole speech in-character and everything. "I am Gargantua, defender of the innocent! Evil will cower before me!"

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She's backed up against the ropes, staring up at me with her mouth open wide. I look back down at her with a smile, and I feel like I'm a hundred feet tall. The costume adds something. New costumes always do, but this one is something special. I feel like I'm a goddess, and the person before me is a speck of dust. A breakable little plaything, ready for me to torment. That's when I start moving up on her.
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My legs are on either side of her now, and I squeeze them together nice and slowly, until I'm holding her so tight that I can lift her off the ground with my thighs. I could finish her like this, just by squeezing my thighs together as tight as I can, but I'm not ready to end things just yet. Instead, I reach down and pick her up in my hands.
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But after a brief moment to consider my options I pull my arms away from a hug and instead decide to lift her over my head. When other people do a move like this they tend to add something to it. After all, simply hoisting someone over your head and dropping them isn't exactly effective. It'd be impressive for a six foot guy to lift another six foot guy that way, but it's far less impressive when I do it.
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But my height has other advantages. What this move fails to show off in terms of physical prowess it more than makes up for in effectiveness. Being dropped by a six foot tall guy hurts, being dropped by a twelve-foot tall woman? Well that really hurts.
No pomp. No circumstance. I could have spiked her into the floor to finish this match, but I...
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Another couple of seconds pass. Her small chest rises and lowers quickly. She's conscious, but not moving too much. She'll be fine!
Probably.
I very, very carefully move around and sit on her back. The part of her that's not smothered under my enormous ass arches up to protest, but that's none of my concern. No, her squirming legs are my target now, and it was way harder to grab hold of one than I expected. Trying to see past my own chest, combined with how skinny her limbs are when framed against my own made things more difficult than they should have been.
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But I do manage to grab one. Only one though. Since I'll be reading this aloud I guess I should explain it a little, but the move is called a Boston Crab. You grab both of the opponent's legs and pull them backwards. It's quite painful, but given my size it's an instant match ender if I wrench both legs back at the same time. An entire body is pretty easy to fold that way, and it's much easier to shatter a pelvis than you'd think.

So I go for the lighter version. A half-Boston Crab. It's the same move, but with only one leg, instead of both. Her constant movement kind of made it so I was holding her ankle at a bad angle, though. The instant I pull back her leg snaps in what feels like half a dozen places at once.

It surprised me. I don't know if anyone noticed, but I actually let go of the leg for a split second after it surprised me so much. I managed to catch it before it hit the ground though, and kept her locked up. Since I've already gone this far, though, I wonder just how far back a single leg can be pulled?



I mean, obviously I've tested out things like both legs at once. Who wouldn't? But when you do that your angle, position, all that sort of thing is different. I want to see how far one leg can be pulled. I pull back further, and there's more snaps, but that wasn't all.

I felt it more than I heard it. The sensation of flesh pulling away from bone as her leg gets pulled back so far I can almost start to wrap it around one of my thighs. Her exposed legs instantly turn purple, and look kind of gross. It's that weird in-between kind of violence. Elongated limbs stretched too far, but not far enough to completely separate.

But at the same time, I wonder if I can completely wrap her leg around my thigh. I look back and see her trying to crawl out from underneath me. Would it be possible to pull her leg so far that the sole of her boot taps the top of her head before the skin tears? Only time would tell!

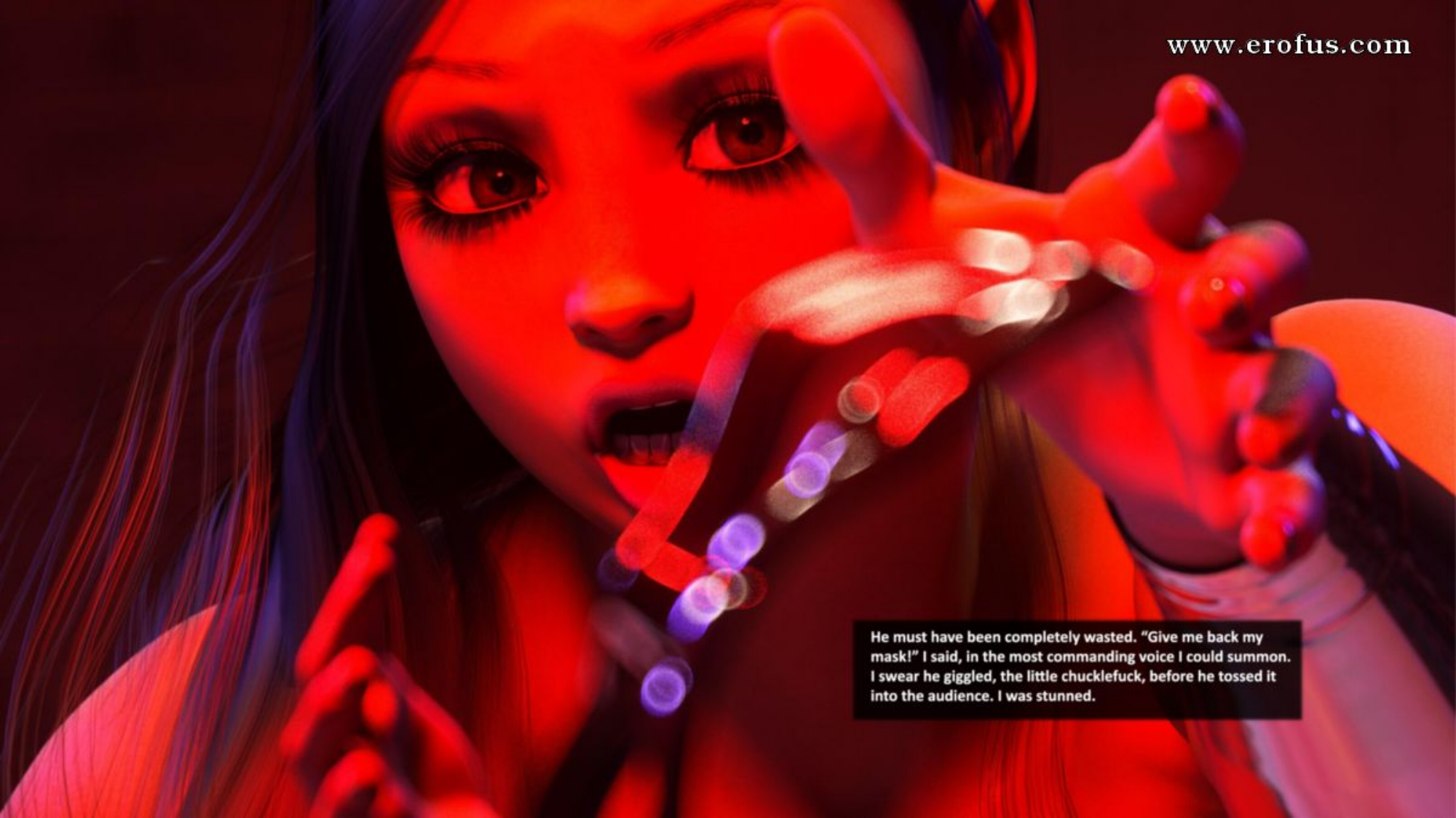
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That's about when things started to go south. I had my opponent in a choke-hold. The crowd started cheering, I assumed, because of me, but it was so loud I couldn't hear anything. That's when some fucking idiot from the audience managed to sneak up behind me. Before I could do anything, the drunken yahoo tears my mask off.

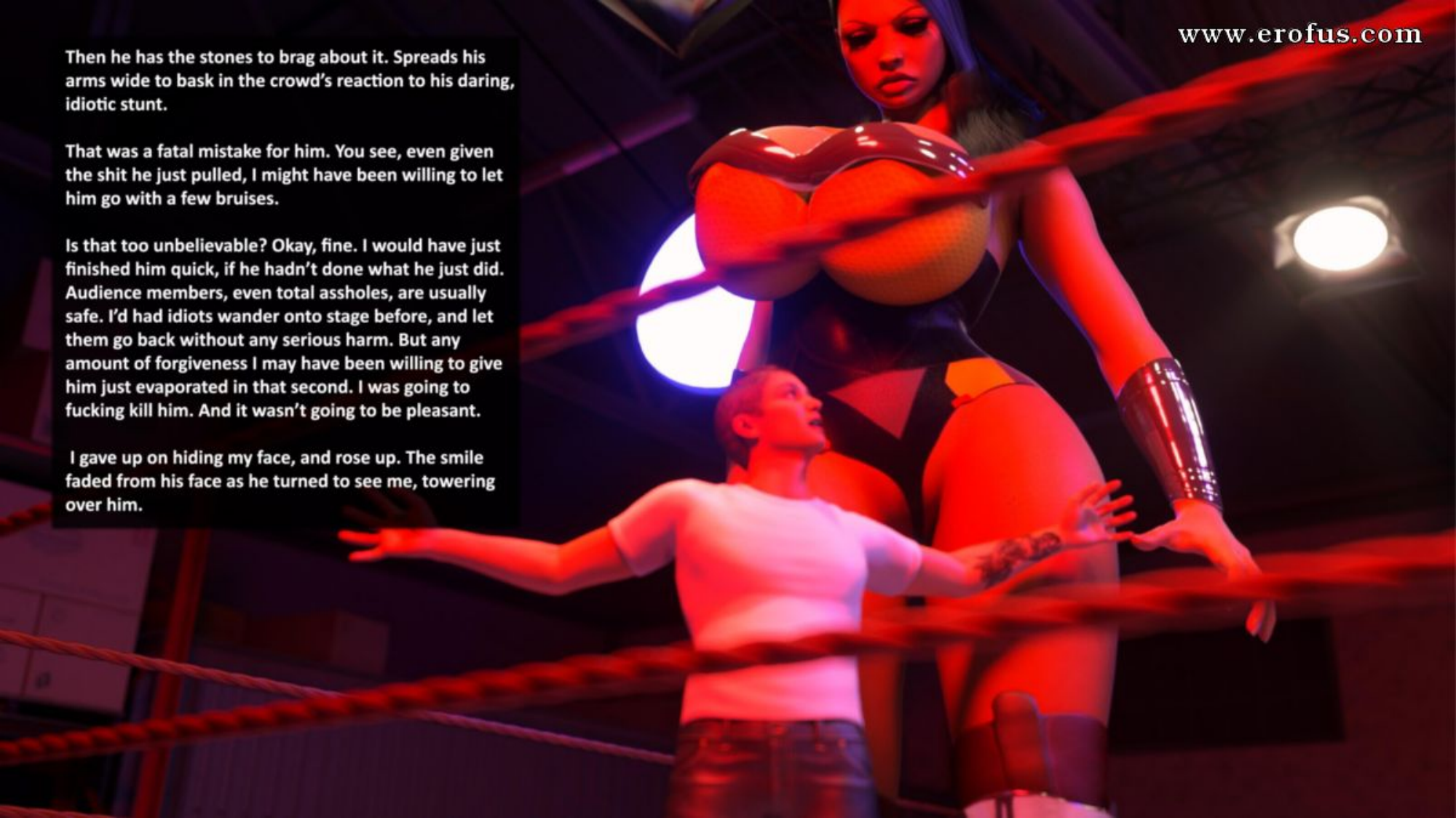

That's a big deal to me. Maybe it's silly, because as far as I know I'm the only eleven twelve-tall woman in the entire world, let alone the city, and I'm perfectly fine with the rest of me being stark-naked. I'm guessing that everybody in the room would have very little trouble picking me out of a line-up, mask or no mask. But that mask, to me, feels like security.
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All of a sudden, as I turned back and let go of my opponent, I felt naked in a way that I hadn't since the tag-team incident. And the little bastard who tore my mask off was about to see what a stark naked 12-foot tall woman can do.
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It was gone. Out there, somewhere in the crowd. I tried to hide my face, before realizing how pointless it was. They could see me. They could all see me.
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Then he has the stones to brag about it. Spreads his arms wide to bask in the crowd's reaction to his daring, idiotic stunt.
That was a fatal mistake for him. You see, even given the shit he just pulled, I might have been willing to let him go with a few bruises.
Is that too unbelievable? Okay, fine. I would have just finished him quick, if he hadn't done what he just did. Audience members, even total assholes, are usually safe. I'd had idiots wander onto stage before, and let them go back without any serious harm. But any amount of forgiveness I may have been willing to give him just evaporated in that second. I was going to fucking kill him. And it wasn't going to be pleasant.
I gave up on hiding my face, and rose up. The smile faded from his face as he turned to see me, towering over him.
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SQUASH
MATCH 4
EMMAGEAR
REDFIREDOG
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DELETED AND ALTERNATE RENDERS



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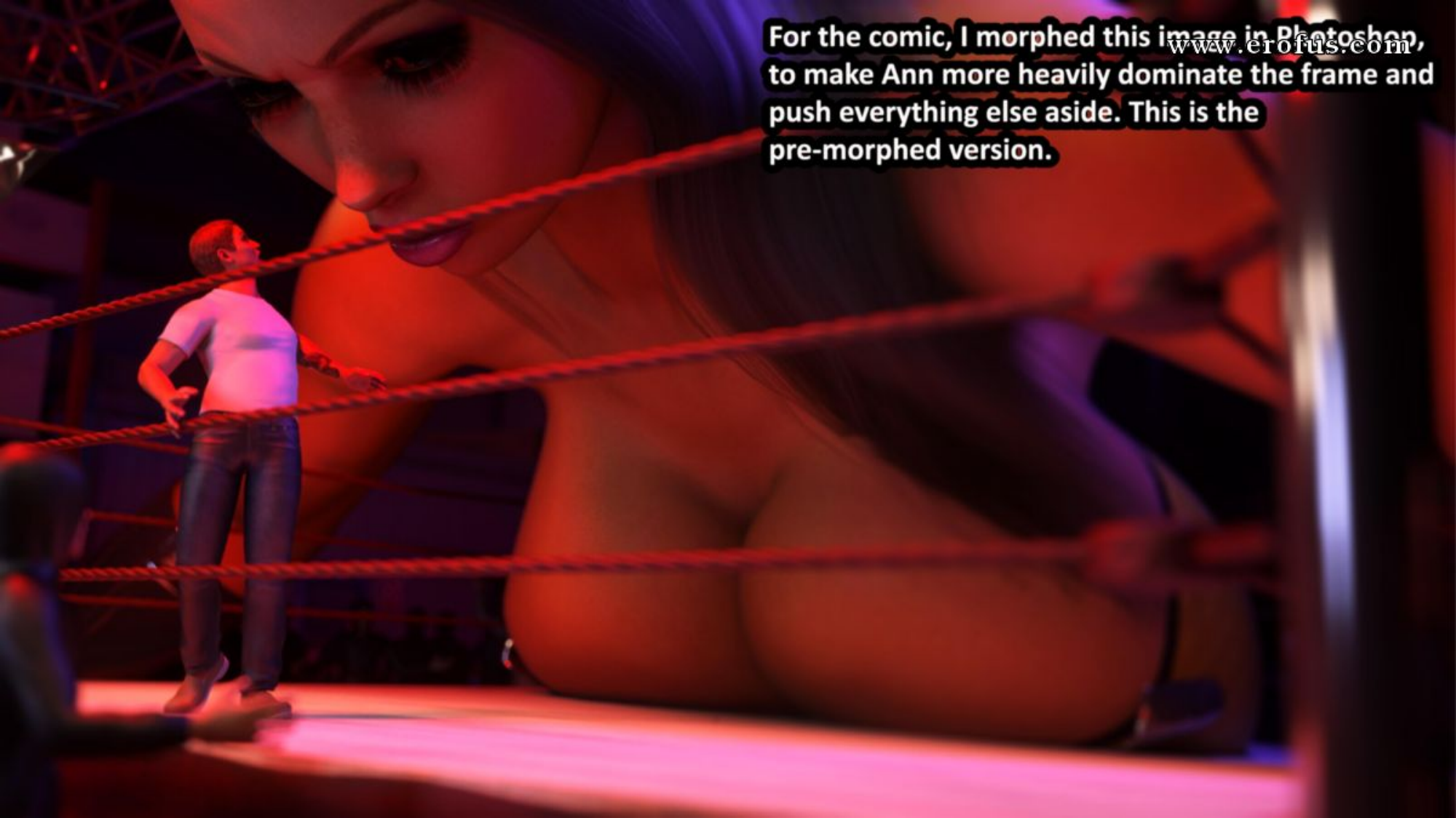

Alternate version of Ann holding her first opponent. In this version she's almost cradling the woman.
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Another pic of Ann trying to get her mask back. I cut this because the pose was unnatural, and I had enough images for this sequence already.
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In a fantasy sequence, Ann bends the woman backwards and shoves her head into the toilet. See, gross, right?
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The jerk who steals Ann's mask?
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I made sure...
that if you payed attention...
you could see him...
sneaking up on her!


Squash Match 4 Ann
Height: 12'4"
Weight: 1770 lbs
Measurements:
7'4" - 5'0" - 7'11"
Breasts weigh 100 lbs
Can lift 2 tons, 1770 lbs
Squash Match 2 Ann
Height: 10'8"
Weight: 1145 lbs
Measurements:
6'4"-4'4"-6'10"
Squash Match 3 Ann
Height: 11'3"
Weight: 1343 lbs
Measurements:
6'9"-4'7"-7'3"
Breast weigh 80 lbs
Can lift 1791 lbs
Typical female opponent
Height: 5',9"
Weight: 125 lbs
Measurements:
36" - 25" - 36"
To Ann (circa SM4,)
she would look 2'5" tall and
weigh 12 pounds
Size Comparison
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SQUASH MATCH 5
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