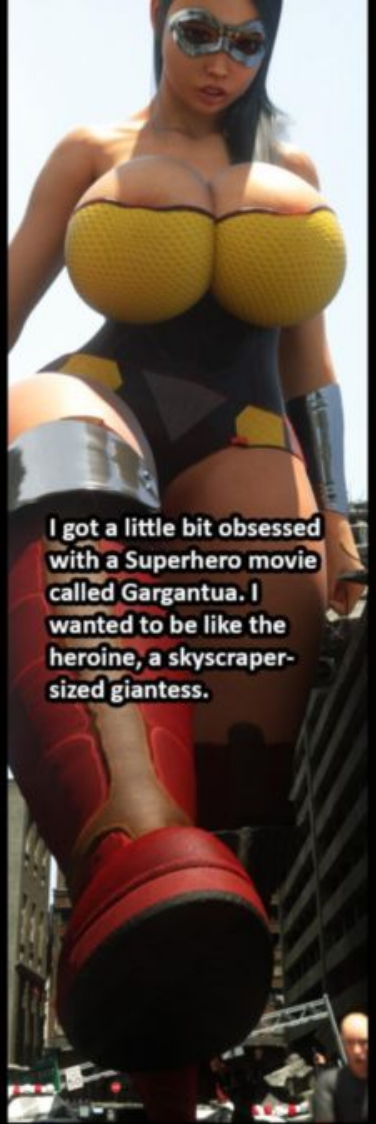

SQUASH
MATCH 5
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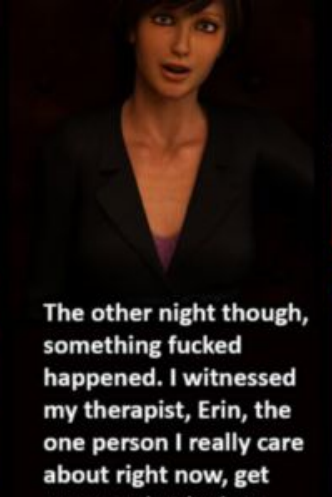

Okay, so picking up where I left off on the journal. My name is Ann, and I'm a 13- foot tall underground wrestler. Let's see, I fight in illegal arena death matches, I like to kill people with my tits and ass for fun. Otherwise, I'm fairly normal, and my life is pretty boring.
Let's see, what's happened last time...
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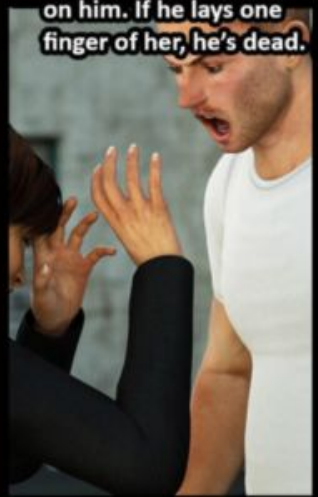
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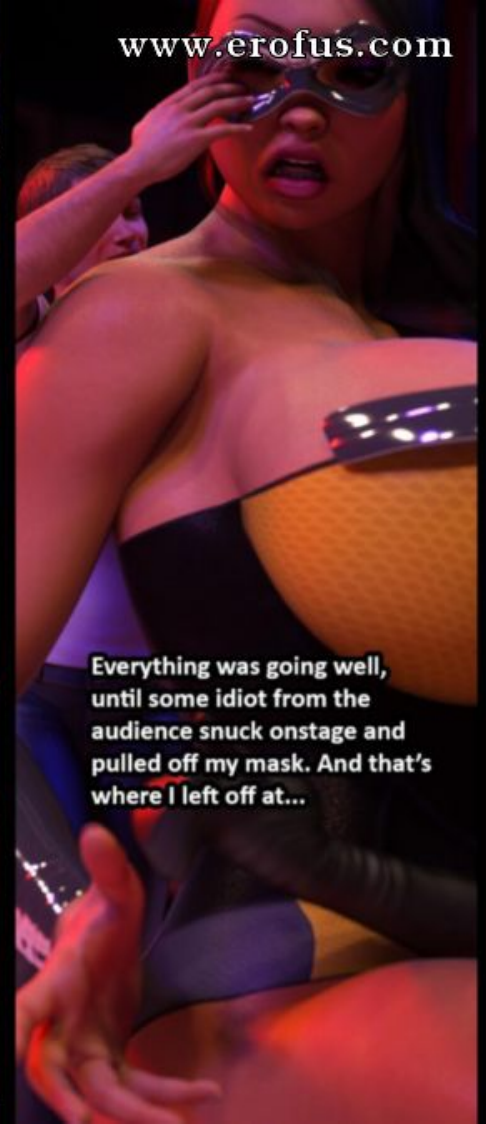













So I was staring down the idiot that tore my mask off. I was pissed already, but then he has the stones to brag about it. Spreads his arms wide to bask in the crowd's reaction to his daring, idiotic stunt. That was more than I was willing to take. I gave up on hiding my face, and rose up. The smile faded from his face as he turned to see me, towering over him.
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My hands wrap around his wrists, and I start to pull back. This lasts for all of a second, before I realize that there's no way I can get enough backwards momentum to do anything by holding him here. So I just slide along his arms until my fingers are tightly wrapped around the joint in his elbow. A quick flick backwards is all it takes to confirm that I've got the proper amount resistance.

So I start to pull his arms back. Or maybe wrench, is more appropriate? I'm trying to increase my vocabulary little by little, and wrench is a word I'm rather fond of. Lemme try that again.

I wrench his arms back, dragging his body with it. He disappears from sight at the exact same instant I feel the top of his little head press against the bottom of my chest. I know I've said it before, but I'm pretty big, you know? Big enough that each of my tits probably weighs roughly the same amount as the guy I'm pressing into them right now.

So they're not moving. Not for him, at least. His legs start to flop around as he realizes exactly what sort of danger he's in. I don't quite remember what my intent was at the time. I was more angry than I'd been in a long time. It almost feels a little silly, looking back.

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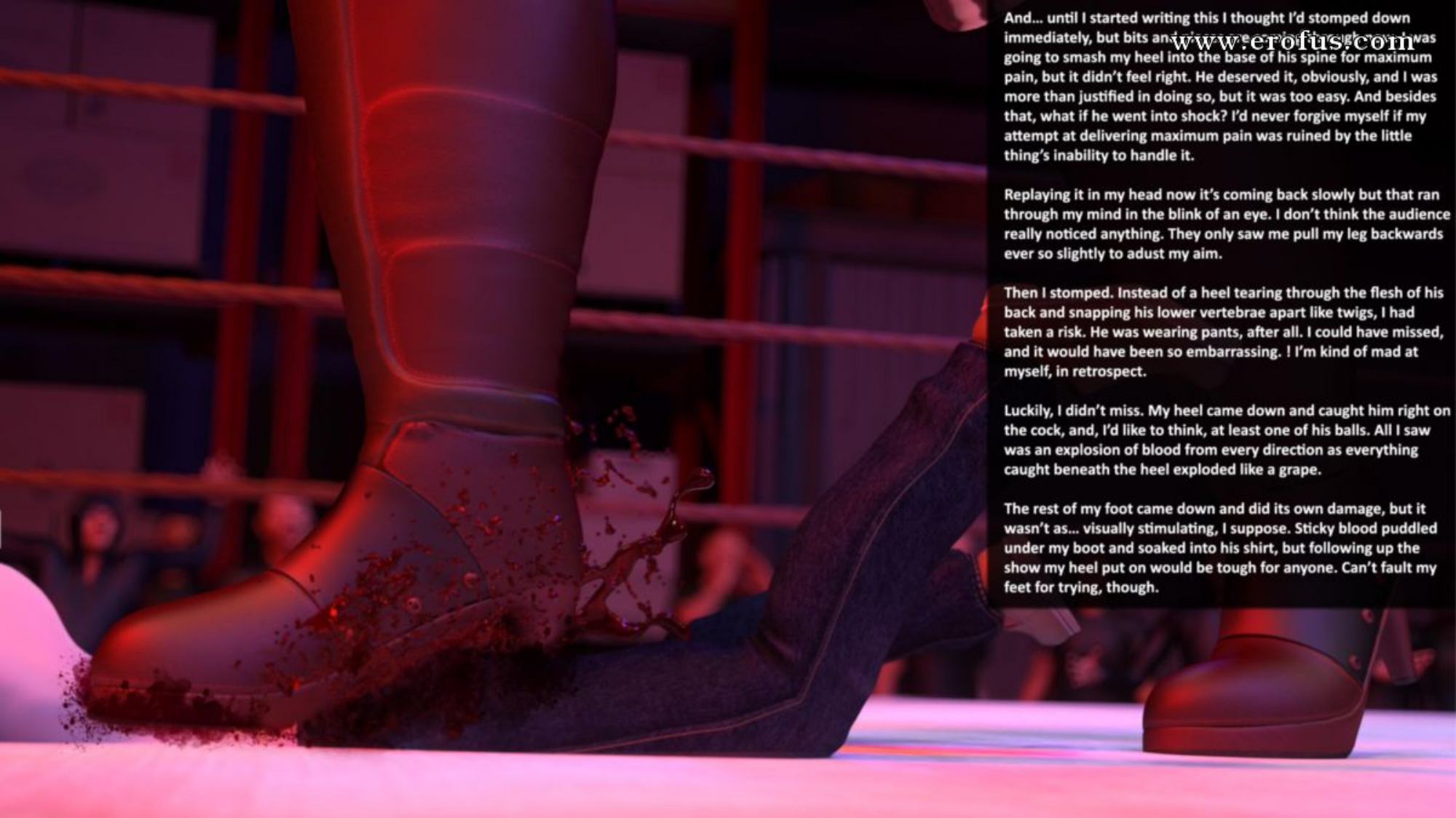
What I intended doesn't matter, I suppose. What wound up happening was his little arms giving out where I had ahold of him. I don't think that's what I meant to do. I think I was going to return the favor. He tears my mask off my face and tosses it into the crowd, I tear his arms off at the shoulder to throw them into the crowd after. Karma.

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Instead I guess I squeezed his elbows a bit too hard, and his arms separated there, leaving me holding a pair of stretched, grotesque forearms. Thinking back on this in a clear state of mind there was so much I could have done with that. I could have slapped him around with his own hands after. I could have snapped them in two like a couple sticks in front of his face, just to see how he reacted. Or, hell, I could have just crumpled them up like pieces of paper and hit him in the head with them.


Anger's a powerful emotion, though. I don't even know what I did with the severed limbs. It's kinda all a blank what happened to them after I pulled them out. All I can clearly remember is standing up.
LIfting a boot over him.
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And... until I started writing this I thought I'd stomped down immediately, but bits and pieces of the sight were coming back. I was going to smash my heel into the base of his spine for maximum pain, but it didn't feel right. He deserved it, obviously, and I was more than justified in doing so, but it was too easy. And besides that, what if he went into shock? I'd never forgive myself if my attempt at delivering maximum pain was ruined by the little thing's inability to handle it.

Replaying it in my head now it's coming back slowly but that ran through my mind in the blink of an eye. I don't think the audience really noticed anything. They only saw me pull my leg backwards ever so slightly to adust my aim.

Then I stomped. Instead of a heel tearing through the flesh of his back and snapping his lower vertebrae apart like twigs, I had taken a risk. He was wearing pants, after all. I could have missed, and it would have been so embarrassing. ! I'm kind of mad at myself, in retrospect.

Luckily, I didn't miss. My heel came down and caught him right on the cock, and, I'd like to think, at least one of his balls. All I saw was an explosion of blood from every direction as everything caught beneath the heel exploded like a grape.

The rest of my foot came down and did its own damage, but it wasn't as... visually stimulating, I suppose. Sticky blood puddled under my boot and soaked into his shirt, but following up the show my heel put on would be tough for anyone. Can't fault my feet for trying, though.

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Especially after that whole bit with his arms. But there's no kill like overkill, right? That's a saying? I think it is. If it's not then I'm taking credit for coming up with it.

A thin strand of red liquid connects the sole and heel of my footwear to the guy for a bit, and the top of his body arches up in pain from the separation. It only lasts a second though, before he falls back to the canvas and we're no longer connected, save for a few lingering drops falling from my sole onto his back.




I get this cool idea to try and sever his spine perfectly down the center of his back while my head pushes his head into a pancake. I know I just bragged about how cool I was to land my heel square on his cock earlier, but let's be real here. Aiming stomps is hard work. Especially with these giant fucking tits obscuring my view.
I'm just saying all of this to justify the fact that I completely missed the target the second time. I had my heel lined up over his back, but I veered a touch to the left I guess. THe end result isn't the perfectly vertical spinal crush I'd wanted, and is instead my heel awkwardly driving straight into the guy's scapula. The rest of my boot hits the target, but it just feels wrong. Not even twisting my heel around to completely shatter the bone makes me feel any better.
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I'm scowling harder than I have in a long time, by this point. I guess emotions were just running high, or something. I don't know, but I had never felt so dissatisfied when finishing someone off before. Like this guy just got the last laugh, or something. I hated it, and wanted the feeling to go away, so I raised my boot again.
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I must have driven my foot into him a dozen times, and the feeling never subsided. My fingers clenched into a fist so hard I felt like I was going to draw blood as my foot came all the way to knee height. I drove it down harder than any of the others one final time.
And his fucking head burst like a watermelon. I probably overdid it, considering I can clearly remember my heel passing straight through him and embedding itself into the canvas. I can't tell if the crowd is stunned into silence, or watching the display in shock and awe given the hushed whispers reaching me.
My head whips to look back at the crowd.
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"So whoever has the mask, do you want to give it to me, or do you want me to go one-by-one and do to you what I did to him?"
Luckily for everyone else in that room, one of the people in the audience was decent enough to toss my mask back to me.
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I put my mask back on, and decided that was enough of a show for these hooligans. I was ready to call it a night after that shit.
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I kneel down next to her. She looks pretty pathetic, crawling along the ground like that. Even now, with me right behind her, she's still trying to crawl away. I almost feel sorry for her, but I'm not going to join in her little pity party. It's time to wrap this up.
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Too bad for her I don't want to. It'd probably be a fairly easy way to go, after all. She'd have only a few moments of unbearable pain before her brain would be pouring out from between my fingers. She'd go instantly. No, I have a different idea I want to test out.
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But I have a new costume tonight, and I might as well make use of it. I decided to go with a classic breast crush. I've ended lives this way before. It's not exactly something new in my playbook, but this time there's a bit of a spin to the execution. This Garganta outfit was impressively authentic, and it had a chest piece made of real chrome-plated steel that lined the top of my incredible cleavage.
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Taking a deep breath I thrust my chest out a little bit more, and slammed her into my tit. It shines under the intense lights of the ring, and I'm sure she can catch a quick glimpse of her own face in its reflection before her face crunches into the metal strip.
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I'd planned on drawing it out, but I guess I don't know my own strength. She wasn't going to survive a second one, at this rate. So I slam her face into the metal strip a second time, snuffing her life out in the blink of an eye. The force shattered her skull and caved her whole goddamn face in.


Exhaling, I dropped her body, and folded my arms under my chest. She wasn't moving anymore, and had thankfully landed face down. One thing i've learned is that the audience loves violence, but don't like looking at the aftermath so much . There's a small bonus in it for me if I can minimize audience exposure to that sort of thing, and it looked like I'd be going home with it.
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Dusting my hands off, I turned around and caught sight of the guy who'd stolen my mask earlier. Whoops. Maybe I wouldn't be getting that bonus after all.
Whatever. The audience was hollering, they clearly enjoyed it. Good. They'd better fucking cheer after what happened earlier, unless they want to end up like that asshole did.

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For a moment I fantasized about doing just that. Diving into the audience, and tearing every last one of them limb-from-limb with my bare hands. I could do it. Hell, I don't think it would be that much of a challenge. I could bring this whole fucking place down if I wanted to, and every person here knew it. That's real power. But I can be a merciful goddess. I'll let them live tonight. And next game... well, they better hope I don't change my mind.



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I called again, and that time I actually heard her voice.

"Hello?"

I should have thought this through better. I didn't want to come off as a creepy obsessive stalker… even though that's kind of what I was doing. But I didn't want to just play it off and have a normal conversation either. There were some serious things we needed to discuss! I couldn't just stand by and wait while someone I cared about is potentially in a dangerous situation. I mean-

"Is someone there?"

"H-Hi!" Shit. I spent too long thinking silently and made it awkward. "Hello, Erin. How are you today?" Were the only words I can think of. Why was I so flustered about this?

"Ann? Is there something I can help you with?"

"N-No. I just called you last night, and you didn't answer, so I was worried! Haha but I guess you're okay, right?"

Jesus Christ I wanted to put my own head through a wall at how badly I was handling this.

The phone was quiet. My heart pounded in my chest and m fingers tightened around the small phone in anxiety, cracking it. Shit.





"Erin?"

"I'm okay." Finally, a response. Not the one I'd wanted, but it was something. Anyone can just say they're okay, but something about the way it was said made me feel a tightness in my chest. Was I just reading too much into her response? Why was it worded that way, anyways? Normally she'd give me one of those soft, pleasant giggles, and say something complimentary. "I'm okay" was not the sort of response I expected.

"Are you sure?"

I tried to come off as casual, but I don't think I was able to mask the concern in my voice.

"For now, yes. Don't worry about it. I'll be fine at the apartments by Greenwood Auto.

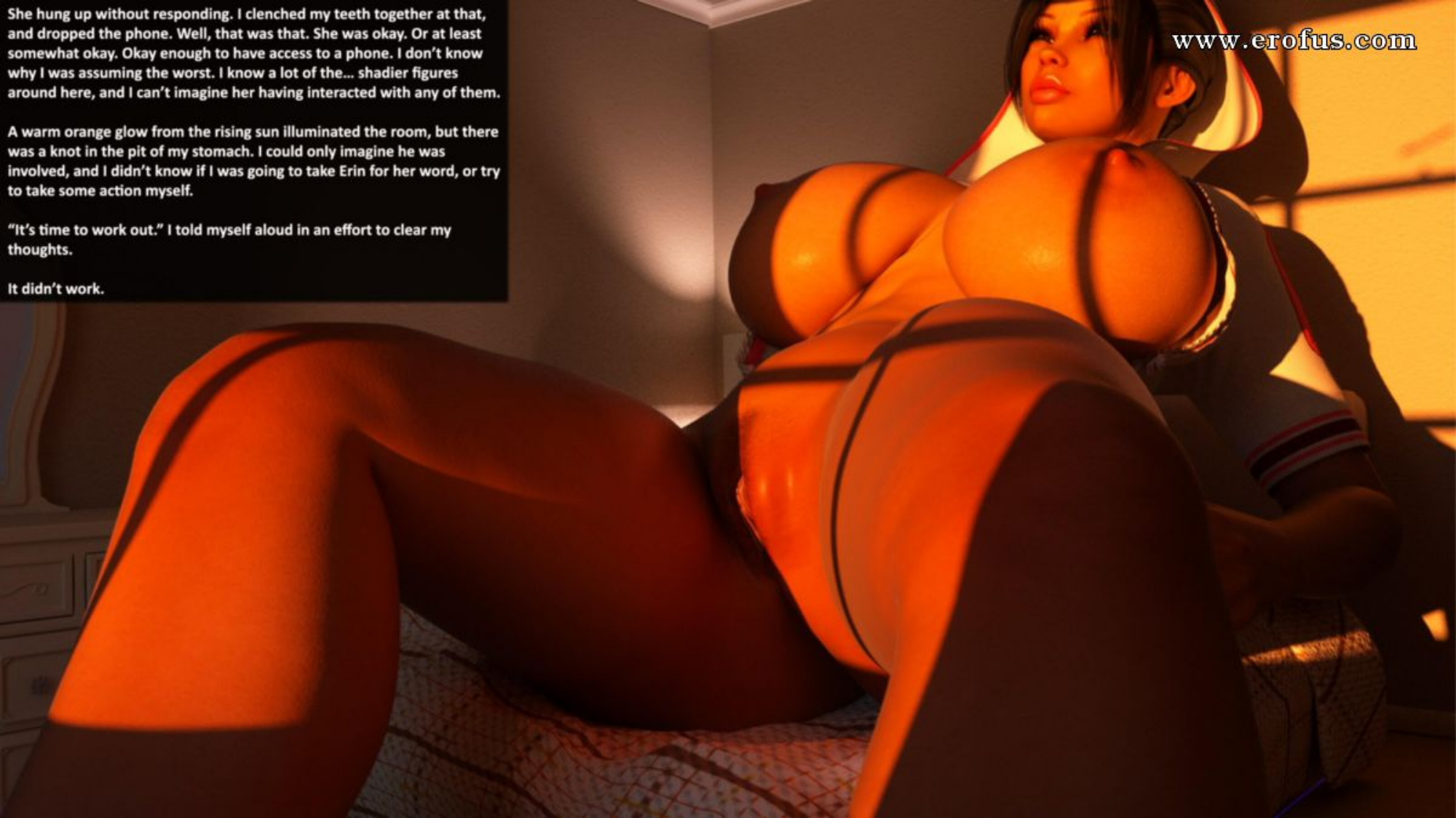
She stopped the conversation suddenly, as if she'd said something she shouldn't have. And what kind of a response is, "For now, yes"? Something was up. I knew Greenwood auto though. Never been myself, cause cars aren't exactly intended for someone my size, but I'm familiar with the general area.

"Okay. Glad to hear it." I responded, wanting more than anything to break the awkward silence. "I have a session scheduled for tonight, right?"

"Um." There it was again. That weird, uncertain way she was talking. "Yes, but I may not be able to make it today. We can just meet next week, okay?"

"Okay, sure. Glad you're okay."

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She hung up without responding. I clenched my teeth together at that, and dropped the phone. Well, that was that. She was okay. Or at least somewhat okay. Okay enough to have access to a phone. I don't know why I was assuming the worst. I know a lot of the... shadier figures around here, and I can't imagine her having interacted with any of them.
A warm orange glow from the rising sun illuminated the room, but there was a knot in the pit of my stomach. I could only imagine he was involved, and I didn't know if I was going to take Erin for her word, or try to take some action myself.
"It's time to work out." I told myself aloud in an effort to clear my thoughts.
It didn't work.
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I've heard it called many things. "The Shower Principle", "The Eureka effect" and the "Aha! Moment" for starters. The idea that when you distract your mind from whatever problem you're focused on on the more likely you are to suddenly come up with a solution for it. Some people decompress in the shower, letting their mind wander and open up more. Others, with a small meal.
I do it by lifting cars.
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Of course, I don't exactly approach things the way most people do. That's why I see a therapist, after all. While others might come up with a new flavor of ice cream in the shower, I can only devise increasingly elaborate ways to end a man's life. Especially when I can see them so clearly in my mind. The adult thing to do would be to confront Erin about my concerns, and try to work things out.

All I could think of was approaching her boyfriend. I can see him standing in front of me, looking and worried. Erin is behind me, watching apprehensively. I bend over and unlace my shoes. Erin sticks her arms out to hold them for me, and I drop the huge pair for her to hold. My socks follow shortly after, leaving my feet bare on the hot tarmac.

Then I pull my shirt over my head, freeing my boobs. The cool air tingles on my hot flesh, but I have work to do. I finish the job by bending over again, and stepping out of my shorts. Both articles of clothing are tossed aside, and Erin scurries to retrieve them for me. Fully exposed in the sun, I step up to that man.

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I wiggle my foot just above his body, then bring it down slowly. His skin is hot, but considerably less so than the ground, as well as much softer. It's just me and him now. My toes grip his head, and my heel raises to put all the pressure onto the sole of my foot. He starts making an unearthly, desperate sound as his ribs are forced apart by the pressure my foot is bearing down on him.

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My arms extended fully, pushing the car I'd carefully been lifting all the way above my head when inspiration strikes. In one smooth movement I drop the car, and it makes an incredible sound. It's a good things cars don't have feelings. And that's what I was going to use to my advantage!
CHARLIE'S GAR
FOREIGN & DOMEST
4415
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I had time, so I decided to make a quick stop home and change back into something more presentable. Not nice, exactly, but it'd probably be convenient if I wasn't drenched in sweat when I confronted the asshole. The more put-together I look, the more intimidating I am, I figure. After all, anyone who looks like they just got done lifting a bunch of weights is bound to look impressive.

It wasn't a long walk to where I needed to be. Well, it wasn't a long walk *for me*. I got to the corner of the alleyway I needed to be at, and peeked around the corner. One of the many, many good things about my height is being able to peek around a corner without being seen. After all, people who are on the lookout expect a face near their level, and not one nearly twice as high up! I mean, it's not like someone was there watching out for people, but, you know, what if someone *was!*

A quick peek around the corner confirmed what I wanted. That same car I'd seen only a few days ago. I'm pretty sure it belonged to him, and not Erin. If I'm wrong then I can just pay her back, since the message will be sent all the same.

I hear some footsteps, and hold my breath. A quick look around confirms the street I'm on is still empty, so I lean against the wall, trying to look casual. If the person I just heard is who I'm waiting for then i'll have my confirmation in a moment. And if it's someone else, then I don't want to look out of place! At least, not any more out of place than someone of my stature would appear naturally.

Then I hear it. The sound of a car door opening. Then closing. And finally the sound of the engine revving up. Now's the time to strike!

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And time was definitely something I wound up needing. I lowered myself over the front of the car so I was completely hiding the outside world from is view… but then I didn't know what to do. The roof of the car certainly wouldn't hold if I tried to lift it from this angle, and I was already too far down to reach through the windshield and grab him.

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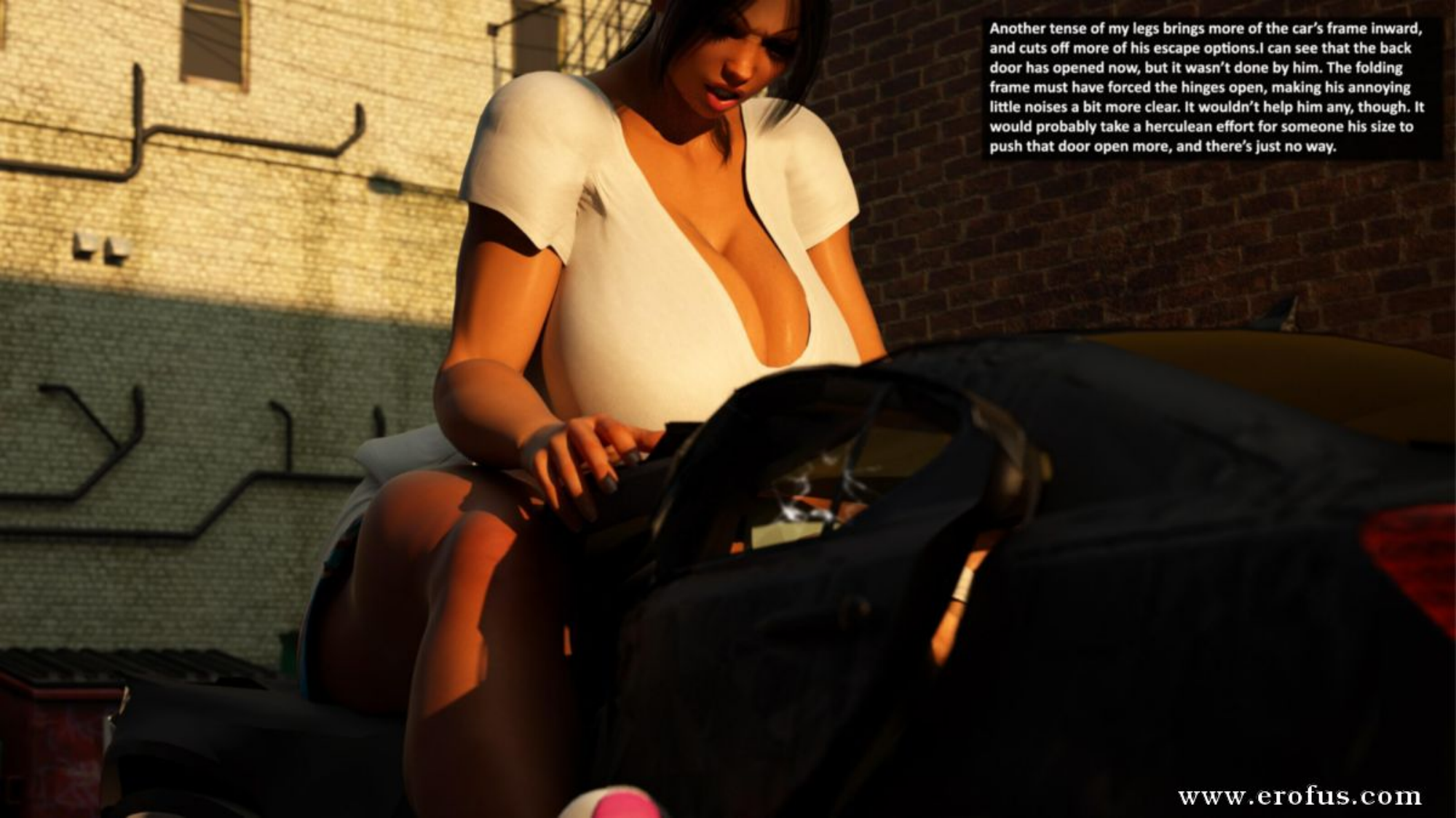
My embarrassment didn't last long though, as I felt the entire vehicle lurch underneath me, and realized he was trying to speed away. Only he couldn't, cause I was keeping it firmly in place. Bits of the windshield were dimpling beneath me, but I started to wonder if there wasn't another option available to me.

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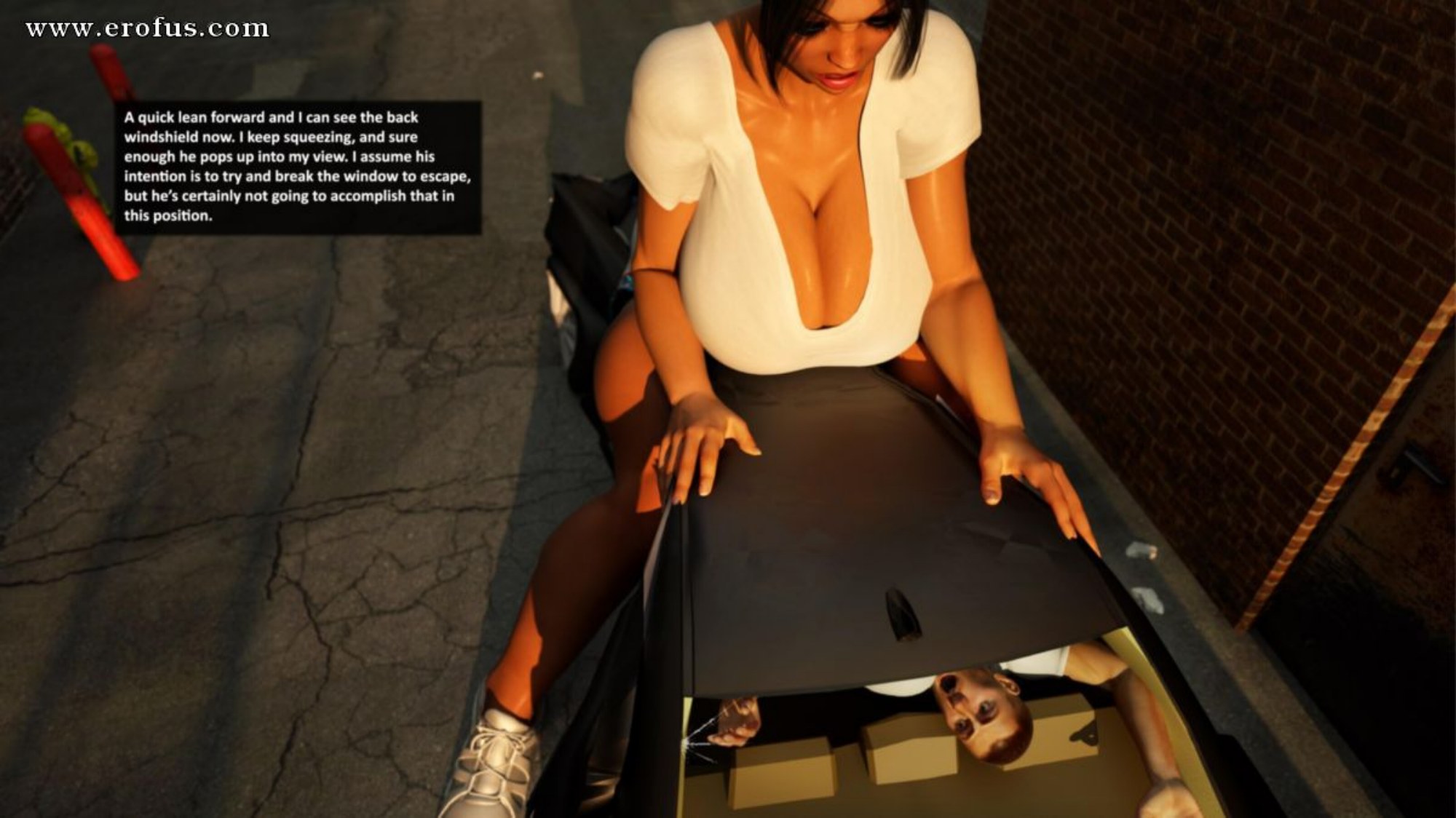



Well I'm not about to let that happen. I move my legs forward a little bit so I can reach the doors now, and continue to squeeze. As expected the doors follow suit with the rest of the little vehicle, and crumple inwards from the pressure I'm applying with my legs.
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I squeeze my thighs tighter, and I heard another panicked scream from inside the car. I can't see him from this angle, but I can hear him and hear his panicked movements. He's desperate to escape, and it feels like he's abandoning the front seat in order to do so.
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Another tense of my legs brings more of the car's frame inward, and cuts off more of his escape options.I can see that the back door has opened now, but it wasn't done by him. The folding frame must have forced the hinges open, making his annoying little noises a bit more clear. It wouldn't help him any, though. It would probably take a herculean effort for someone his size to push that door open more, and there's just no way.
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I lean forward some more, until I can feel my boobs press against the hot roof of the car. He sees my face closing in on him and starts screaming like a child at this point. He's terrified, and I haven't even laid a finger on him yet! Normally you don't hear those kinds of sounds until I've pulled a few fingers of, or something. So much for supposedly being a tough guy.


He’s being too noisy, though. My legs have ruined the front half of his car by now, and I’m ready for something else. I’ve never tried punching through a windshield before, but I know they’re tougher than they look. Not so tough that I don't have the utmost confidence in my abilities though.
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As expected, my fist crashes through the window with little effort. I can feel shards of broken glass scrape my hand, but i doesn't feel like there's been any blood drawn. Which is helpful, since my other hand plunges into the glass as well, and rips the entire thing apart.
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He tries one last time to escape, but it's beyond hopeless now. He's completely and utterly fucked. Both of his measly little fists pound against my arm as I slowly wrap my fingers around his throat, but he can't even slow me down. I have to be careful not to break his neck as I pull him out of the vehicle, since I don't exactly have a lot of practice in keeping someone intact. He seems compliant now that he's realized the futility of it all though, and watches me with big, frightened eyes.

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I can feel the blood pumping through his veins through his neck. He's trying to put on a brave face, but is so far out of his league he doesn't know how to react. I narrow my eyes ever so slightly, and apply a bit more pressure on his throat to really drive the fear of God into him.



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That's what I like to hear. So I do just that, and I drop him. Carefully, of course. The less injured he is after this the less likely he is to immediately run to the cops about what happened. Just one of the many, many things I've noticed from doing a whole lot of interrogating over the years.
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I've got eyes locked with him the entire time. Then all it takes is a quick push forward to release the car, and watch it fall straight for the guy. He panics at the sight of it falling right towards him, and crawls backwards in a panic. He didn't need to, I was certain it wouldn't hit, but judging by the dark spot forming on his pants I was having exactly the kind of effect I wanted.
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I stepped forward. The ground shakes beneath my heavy tread again as I look down on him from above. Like the mighty Tyrannosaurus that has finally reached its prey. I could stomp onto his chest and send all his organs shooting out the top and bottom half of him in an instant. But I don't. I move a foot over one of his outstretched hands as he looks up at me with the most panic I've ever seen etched onto someone's face.

My shoe makes contact with his hand, and pins it in place instantly. He Tries to pull away, but quickly sees that will do no good as he looks up at me again. His fear was gone, replaced with worry that he was about to lose the use of one of his hands for whatever reason I was visiting him.

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I look down at him, and finally give him an answer.

"Leave Erin alone."

Three words, and I step off of his hand. He's thanking me profusely at this point, and I think I can hear his voice crack. Whatever, I'm sure I got the message across, if only because he'll have to walk home now, giving me plenty of time to do anything else.


My phone comes out of my pocket and I make another call. This time I get an answer relatively quickly, though Erin still sounds a bit worried. I don't know what to tell her immediately, and can feel myself kind of freezing up. I've told her so many things in the past, but letting her know that I intervened into her personal life just feels kind of...
No. I'm going to be honest. Like she told me I should be.
"So, I just paid a visit to your boyfriend..."
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I turned my head around, and looked back at him, lying on the ground. Pathetic. I could feel a heat welling up in my loins, demanding I finish the job. She probably thinks that's what I did anyway. Where's the harm in it?
I bit my bottom lip, and waited for a response.
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I wasn't sure if I'd overdone it, but figured my response was measured and appropriate, given the circumstances. I've thought about it a lot since then, and my new metric for determining if I went too far is whether or not I had to change out of my clothes. There wasn't any giant streaks of blood sprayed all over my clothes or skin, so I had held back sufficiently.

I mean, it's certainly not difficult for me to have ended him without a big mess, but that's besides the point. I did what needed to be done, and I came clean to Erin on the walk home.

She seemed to take it okay. I think, anyway. I couldn't see her in person so I didn't have the slightest idea if she was fine with it or not. I could only assume based off how she sounded. Which was... well, terrified at first. I suppose she was worried about retribution, or some sort of rage-fueled revenge driving him back in her direction. I explained about three separate times the way he'd been crying and bawling earlier, but I suppose she needed some time to digest what had just happened.

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Me, I could do with some digesting too. After she'd calmed down some I ordered some food to be delivered back home, and go to eating. Folding that car into a boulder for fun had worked up a bit more of a sweat than I expected, and my stomach was waiting to be filled.

I feel like I've been eating more than I used to. It feels like just a year ago that a couple family sized portions of food would sate me for a few hours, but now? It's humiliating to consistently receive a call five minutes after an order is placed to confirm it wasn't a prank. But that's just one of the things I have to deal with now, and it's getting real expensive. Spending more on food means I have to take on more work, but things in the ring are getting increasingly bizarre. It's like everyone in charge is intent on making me lose a match, so weirder stipulations are being concocted every week to put me at a disadvantage.

None of them have worked, of course.

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But Francis seemed bent on disempowering me. The next day we had what was my least-favorite gimmick match so far. A literal handicap match, Francis had personally tied me up with thick nylon rope right before the match. Francis was probably getting off on it, the perv.
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Which I guess is fair. Pervs seem to be among the biggest groups of people at the arena. I'm not complaining, as long as they help me get paid, but every so often I notice one of the audience members with their hands in their pockets, quietly wanking off in their pants. That's not to say that they weren't wrestling fans too, of course. The crowd always cheered when I pulled off an especially impressive move. They enjoyed the skill and strength that I displayed, but most of them also enjoyed the show in... less savory ways. Guys don't go to a strip club because they appreciate the art of dancing, after all.

Then there were the gamblers, a small, insular group that mostly consisted of older East Asian men. I have a feeling that they're the real reason Francis was able to pay me $15,000 a night. Of course there was no doubt who would win a given match, but as I understood it they bet on other things: the techniques I would use, which opponent would go down first, and other stuff along those lines.

Of course the gambling was all illegal, but then again I was onstage committing first-degree murder every night. Merely watching was probably a felony, Aiding and Abetting a Murder or something, but that worked out to our favor. As long as everyone who knew about the place was scared of getting caught, no one would dare to tell the cops.

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I was jarred back to reality by the ear-splitting squeal of the mic. The announcer was on, and it was time for the match to begin.

"We have in the middle of the ring, our returning champion. A beast, barely contained within the ropes that bind her! Can she defeat her opponents, even without the use of her arms and legs? Are the men a match for her, even now?"

Francis knew I was strong enough to break free at any time, so he made me swear I wouldn't break out until after I take one of them down. I agreed to it at the time, but the ropes held me tighter than I expected. How was I supposed to catch one of them, let alone beat them, when I could barely move?



"Begin!"

The match started. The guys didn't move at first, so I came towards them, worming my way along the ground like a sea lion.I wasn't exactly a speed demon. It was painfully slow, not to mention humiliating. The audience laughed as I hopped towards my opponents, at a speed that would barely outrun a turtle.

My opponents, though, took it more seriously. Maybe they'd heard stories, or maybe my sheer size made it clear I was nobody to fuck with. But when I started to get closer to them, they got out of the way. One of them jumped back. The other bolted past me. His arm came close to my face, and I actually considered trying to bite him as he passed by.

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My more courageous opponent took my brief distraction as an opportunity to put me in a headlock of sorts. Or at least I think that's what he had in mind. Instead of putting his hand around my neck, he put it around my face, like he was trying to choke-hold my nose.
Clearly he wasn't a student of anatomy, but it got on my nerves for three reasons. First, it was humiliating to have someone put me in a headlock without being able to do anything about it. Second, he was pushing my nose up, which was uncomfortable. And third, he was dangerously close to messing up my mask, and I didn't have any free hands to readjust it right now.
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He must have realized his mistake, because he moved his arm downward towards my neck. For a second, his arm was right in front of my mouth. That's when I decided to say goodbye to dignity. Taking advantage of the opportunity, I snapped out and bit his arm. He howled out in pain.
Not my proudest moment, I know. That's one move that wouldn't be allowed in any "real" wrestling. I didn't bite as hard as I could have; if I wanted to I'm pretty sure I could have bit his arm off with a single chomp. But I dug in and held on hard enough that he didn't have a prayer of escaping. They say he jaw is the strongest part of the body, and as the biggest person in the world that makes my bite something to be reckoned with.
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Believe it or not, I had a plan, and not one that involved biting him to death. His arm tasted sweaty enough as-is, I didn't need to sample the rest of him. But I used my grip on him to wrestle him onto his knees. I had him good. He couldn't pull away, at least not without injuring himself further. That meant he'd go where I pulled him, and willingly.
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By just moving my head a bit, I could make him contort into more and more uncomfortable positions. Pretty soon he was prone on the ground, his arm reaching up into the air. His head was pressed up against my cleavage, and his other arm was under my breasts. That's when my plan came into play.


I shifted my weight onto his other arm, pinning him with my boob. It wasn't the most advanced pin, but the sheer weight was enough to hold him steady. Once I was sure that I had him, I let go of his arm. It tasted bad, and I didn't need it anyway.
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He tried to pull his arm out, but I was just too heavy. While he was held still by the weight of my upper body, I crept forward slightly, careful not to fully lift my weight off of his trapped arm. It wasn't exactly the most majestic movement, and it certainly wasn't the fastest. Still, before long, his face was buried under my breasts. I'm not great at math, but even with just my upper body I'm guessing there was at least 500 pounds of weight pushing down on him. It was basically like having a really fat guy sit on your face, only a whole lot sexier. I probably could have suffocated him right there, given a little time, but this guy seemed resilient and I didn't want to leave anything to chance.

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Again, all I could really do was wobble back and forth like an especially awkward sea lion. But slowly, I wormed my way forward, trapping more and more of him under my weight.Pretty soon my midsection was pushing down on his head. While the other guy just stood and watched, I wiggled my body forward with speed that rivaled the fastest Zamboni.


Pretty soon the bulk of my weight was on the poor little guy. He'd basically given up on fighting at this point, not that he could really do much of anything anyway. It was a foregone conclusion, but I would still have to scoot up farther to finish him off.
Keep in mind, it had probably been at least a couple of minutes already. The whole process was excruciatingly slow for me, and I can only imagine what it was like for the poor bastard underneath. Not that I felt sorry for him; that's what he gets for messing with my mask.
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I wormed my way up a little further. I heard some cracking and popping sounds, that I can only imagine were some of his ribs breaking. I continued forward, and in a while I was completely on top of him. Now the bulk of my weight was pushing down onto him.
His head was between my legs now, and he was probably suffocating under there. Even if he could get some air, it would be the hot stale air of my crotch, and I didn't shower before the match. It took less than a minute before he stopped moving completely. I laid on him a bit longer to be sure, but I knew he was taken care of.
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One down, one to go. I remembered the guy behind me: he had watched the whole thing, and he was shaking in his boots. He wasn't likely to pose much of a challenge, but before I could take care of him I had to deal with these ropes.
The ropes were thick and strong. Someone my size with normal strength couldn't have possibly hoped to break free of them. But in so many ways, I was greater than normal.
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I flexed my muscles, and with all my strength I pushed my hands and legs outward. With more force than I should have been capable of, my hands and legs shot outward, tearing through the thick nylon ropes. They split instantly, snapping in several places at once. I slid the rest off, and they fell loosely to the floor.
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I felt like a beast now, standing on all fours surrounded by tattered ropes. I turned back behind me and looked at that poor bastard, ready to tear him limb-from-limb. I could have done it too. His bones were probably weaker than the ropes I'd just torn apart.
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He looked so pathetic there, like prey. I could almost smell his fear. I felt like a fucking tigress. Hell, I could probably tear a tiger in half too. Any 12-foot Latina can take on any animal out there, and this bitch is at the top of the food chain. And... okay, maybe I was getting a little bit carried away. Point is, I realized how much of a badass I was.

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I reared up onto two legs and scooted towards him, pushing him farther back onto the ropes. He was stuck now, trapped between two huge, soft breasts that were nearly as big as he was.

He was still begging to me. After a while you get a knack for tuning it out. Most of it was barely coherent sputtering, anyway. I do have a compassionate side though, and I decided to show it.



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I leaned forward, burying his face in my cleavage. With his head trapped between my breasts and against the ropes, there was nowhere for him to go. Nowhere but deeper inside, of course.
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With my right hand I shove his head in, deeper between my tits. I doubt he can breathe right now. Then I shove him just a little further for good measure, until his nose is pushing up against my ribcage. It's probably hard for him to breathe, which is how I like it.
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My hands grab the sides of my tits, and I can feel bits of them squishing between my fingers. Why the hell isln't he enjoying this? My tits are primo! Just holding them like this feels nice in my hands. What kind of jackass wouldn't at least go down with a smile?
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My hands squeeze a little harder, and begin to push my tits together. As expected, there's a sizable amount of give before the pressure is anything near painful. And here this guy is, screaming for fuckin' mercy even now. I wanted to just stop this and wring his fuckin' neck. Show him something he should really be scared of.
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I've done this before, and I'm sure I'll do it again, but I think I"m letting my emotions get me worked up again. I mean, normally I'm not clenching my teeth so hard my jaw goes sore when I'm pushing my tits together. Normally it's a slow, leisurely affair. One that could almost be timed with how efficient I"ve gotten at it. But not this time. This time it's going to be a spectacle.
Every muscle in my arms sings at once, and I flatten the head between my tits. His pathetic mewlings are replaced by a loud, gnarly crack as his entire skull gives way at once.
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I've made jets of blood squirt out from various parts of my physique before, but between my breasts is a fairly new one. I think I landed a bunch into the audience, but they don't seem to care. They're too busy cheering as I keep pressing together as if it'll make the blood spray further, and more powerfully into the crowd.

It doesn't. All it does is rub the gore and viscera deeper into my skin, and soak every square inch between my boobs with his stupid idiot brain. THat's all I can think of right now, cause I can feel it. The crowd, on the other hand, is reaching a fever pitch and chanting something I can't quite make out. It sounded like "Crush! Crush!" but it could have also just been "Rush! Rush!" since that's what I'm feeling right now.

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I release my boobs, and the once-living man falls out from my cleavage and onto the canvas. He looks to be twitching, but not in the way a living man would. Just some of his nerves and muscles contracting from beyond the grave, I suppose. Death by severe head trauma tends to do that kind of thing to people.
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I know the crowd likes it, but using my boobs to crush someone's skull into paste is really starting to wear on me. Not like physically, of course. I could do that for days, just popping heads left and right until my arms get tired. Which, given my stamina, would probably be somewhere in the… hundreds? I wanna say thousands, but that seems absurd, even for me.

No, the reason it's annoying is cleaning up afterwards. When you've got as much on the chest as I do it takes a lot of time to fully clean these things off. I wouldn't mind so much if someone could just take care of it for me while I got to lay around and relax, but the people here aren't exactly what I'd call hospitable. Especially not after what they just had me go through.

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It's at that moment that the door opens up and someone walks in. He doesn't seem to care that I'm in the middle of a shower and cleaning a whole bunch of blood off of me. He just strutted on it like he owned the place, and watched me for a moment. Just enjoyed the show, the fucking bastard.

"What is it?" In the blink of an eye all of my patience had evaporated, and I would rather crush a dozen more heads between my tits and have to wash off between each one than be in this conversation.


"You did good out there, but I've got some bad news."
"What?" My teeth clenched after I finished saying the word. I wanted to reach over for this guy, grab him around the neck and throw him into the shower with me. Then before he can stand back up I'd step on the back of his head, and let him drown in the water coming off of me. It would be cathartic, like back when I...
Sorry, almost went off reminiscing about my previous employer again. You know how it is.
"That match was over in fifteen minutes. We had some people asking for their money back. Forget what I said earlier. No bonus, and if you have any more matches like that I'm going to cut your pay."
"No." Is what I wanted to say.
"I need that money. I put on a good show, despite that stupid handicap." Is what I actually said. I'm not sure it was any better.
"Stupid? We spend half a fuckin' hour getting the right thickness of rope to tie you up and make sure it's all good, and you call us stupid? You know who you're fuckin' talkin' to here?"
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"Do you?" was my response. I'll admit, I felt tremendously fuckin' badass at that moment, and a little aroused, if I'm being honest. He was giving me a dozen reasons to crack his fuckin skull all over the shower floor right now, and the image of him face down in the puddle underneath me flashed in my head again.
"You're treading on thin ice. Fine, you can have your bonus this time," He said, handing me the money. Then he stormed out. I suppose that little threat is all he needed to tell me, but based on how his little feet shuffle as he scurries away I think I won our little exchange. He survived this time, but the way things are going I can't be sure it'll stay that way forever. He'd officially made my shit list, and if I'm not treated like the star I am then all my dirty little fantasies involving him are going to be coming true.
Although... I'm not sure if that's so wise. If I take that sort of action I typically have to move afterward, and, well, there's at least one reason I think I need to stay here. At least until I see how things unfold.
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When I got home that night I went straight for the ol' pile. That's what I call my cash stash. I've been meaning to invest in a safe, but every time I go shopping for one I'm paralyzed with indecision. I need to be able to get up and leave at a moment's notice, and carrying around an oversized hundred-pound hunk of steel would make doing so a bit more tedious than I'd like.
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I did, however, invest in a money box. At first I kept everything neatly locked up in a small metal box, but now it's gotten way too big to be manageable. I had double counted the amount I got paid tonight before leaving, because at the time I was ready to skip town. I had enough money to last me awhile. I could drop a stack in the doorway for the landlord when they realized I was gone, and be in another state before anyone knew.
As I thumbed through the bills though my mind began to wander. Bundle after bundle of neatly grouped paper that all fit into a box I could easily store on me without drawing any attention. Well, any more attention than I get normally, that is.
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But as is often the case, as time continued to pass my anger began to recede, and I was left wondering what I was even doing. All of this had left a bad taste in my mouth, and I put the money away. I told myself that I was still ready to go at a moment's notice, but I knew it wasn't true.
I keep my belongings sparse so I can leave when I need to, but I'd made a different kind of connection this time. An emotional one. And that's why I knew, deep down, I wasn't ready to just pack up and go. There's at least one reason I think I need to stay here. And I need to see how things unfold there, first.
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I probably don't have to write down how these sessions go from my point of view, since you're there for them too. But it feels like it could be interesting too, you know? I'm doing as told and being more honest and forthcoming with information, but there's still some things that are hard to talk about, and much easier to write about.

I had a feeling down in the pit of my stomach that I'd show up to the office and find it empty. That I'd inadvertently burned a bridge in such a way that the relationship could never be repaired. It was all for naught, though, as I was happy to see that warm face greet me.



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Like, maybe it's just me getting bigger, but it also felt like our seats were a little closer together than normal. And when I got positive affirmations they were now accompanied by a playful rub on my knee. The air feels a little more tense than normal... I think. I feel that way, but Erin seems emboldened, and eager.
Every time she leans forward I can feel my heart seize up. I don't know why. I live my life in a way that has me nude in front of large crowds of people and beating other, less fortunate people to death. But this was a whole new challenge I didn't know how to contend with. It seemed gentle, and like her actions were full of adoration, or lust.
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You can beat danger to death easily enough, but attraction is a whole other beast entirely.

"It looks like we're out of time."

"S-Seems that way. Haha." I replied, feeling a lump in my throat. Jesus, what was wrong with me right now?

"Unless you'd like to stay a little longer?"

At this moment she stands, and closes the gap between us. She drops to her knees between my legs, and I lose sight of her under my tits. I can feel her, though. Feel those small, silky smooth hands rub against my thigh. Why oh why did I have to wear such short shorts?

I backed up a bit to regain site of her, and saw her smiling up at me. It was a look I"d never seen on her before. I felt a gradual warmth between my legs expand into a full on furnace at her expression, and felt my legs twitch slightly in anxiety.

"Um..." I said. I didn't want to say that, but it's what I said. I'm not used to being the one who's not in control of a situation. And I clearly wasn't here. She held all the cards, and for as big and unstoppable as I am, I can't do a thing if injuring her is out of the question.

And it is. Completely.

She stepped forward again, bringing her face inches away from my chest. I can feel her breath through the thin material of my shirt, and feel my big nipples stiffen up in response. Her arms wrap around my stomach, as if she's bringing me closer for a hug. Of course, for as much as she's in control of the situation, she can't exactly make me do anything I don't want to. My mind screamed at me to lean forward into her hug, to accept her amorous signals and move forward, but I'd frozen up.



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Match 6...
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ANN

SERIES: SQUASH MATCH

AGE: 25
BIRTHPLACE: UNKNOWN
HEIGHT: 13'1" (AND GROWING)
WEIGHT: 1 TON, 252 LBS
ETHNICITY: HISPANIC
EYE COLOR: BROWN
HAIR COLOR: BLACK
BREAST SIZE: J-CUP (PROPORTIONATELY)
BREAST WEIGHT=115 LBS
MEASUREMENTS: 8'5" - 5'4" - 8'10"
CAN LIFT: 1 TON, 1522 LBS
OCCUPATION: UNDERGROUND WRESTLER
ENJOYS: WRESTLING, WEIGHTLIFTING, KILLING PEOPLE WITH HER BARE HANDS, WATCHING MOVIES
SPECIAL ABILITIES: NEAR-SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH (EVEN FOR HER SIZE)
FAVORITE SUPERHERO: GARGANTUA
ESTIMATED BODY COUNT: OVER 100 OPPONENTS
FUN FACT: BANNED FROM EVERY ALL YOU CAN EAT BUFFET SHE'S EVER BEEN TO

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Squash Match 2 Ann
Height: 10'8"
Weight: 1145 lbs
Measurements:
6'4"-4'4"-6'10"
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
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
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 5 Ann
Height: 13'1"
Weight: 1 ton, 252 lbs
Measurements:
8'5"-5'4"-8'10"
Breast weigh 115 lbs
Can lift 1 ton, 1522 lbs
Proportionate:
Height: 5'5"
Weight: 150 lbs
Measurements:
39-26.5-42
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