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SQUASH MATCH 6




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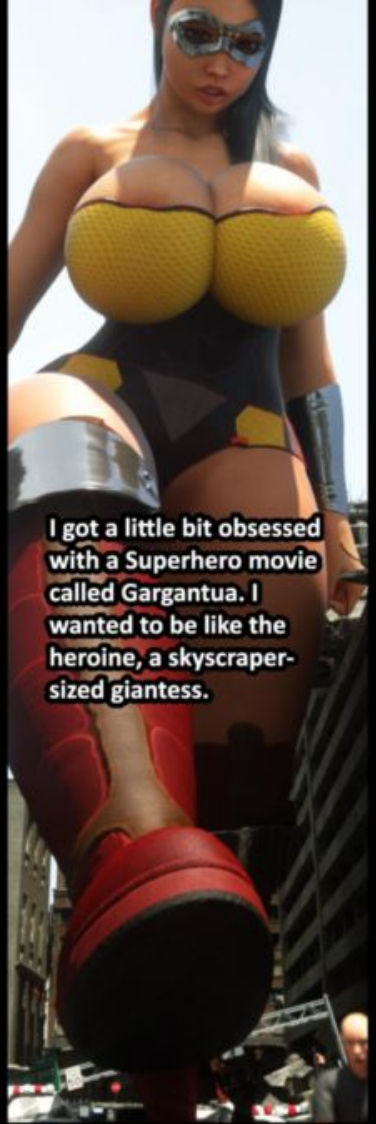


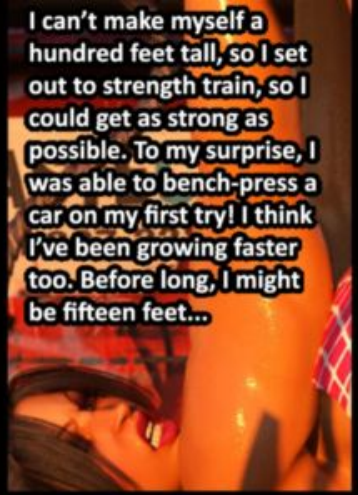
My name is [illegible], and I'm a... an... *underground* wrestler. *Very* underground. When your opponent is as big as I am, stepping into the ring is less of a competition and more of a death sentence. So I suppose it's a good thing there's no one as big as I am, huh?

I do my job well, but a long time ago I had a bit of a *falling-out* with my old proprieters.

It didn't end well. So I packed up, moved to a new city, and before long I was sought out by a stranger who wanted to hire me for a wrestling gig. Naturally, I said yes.

Right around the same time I started seeing a therapist, which is why I'm writing this journal in the first place. Her name is Erin, and she's the first person I've opened up to in a long time.

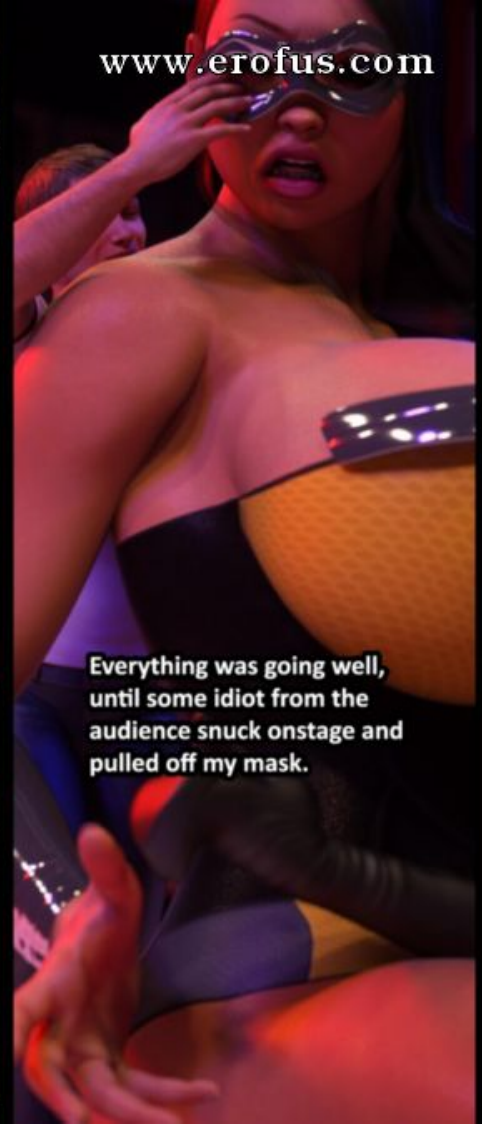

I got a little bit obsessed with a Superhero movie called Gargantua. I wanted to be like the heroine, a skyscraper-sized giantess.


I can't make myself a hundred feet tall, so I set out to strength train, so I could get as strong as possible. To my surprise, I was able to bench-press a car on my first try! I think I've been growing faster too. Before long, I might be fifteen feet...


That wrestling gig turned into a regular thing. Every couple of weeks, I had another fight. The money was good, and they let me do basically whatever I wanted in the ring. I also liked to really push what I could do. I would take on two or three opponents at once, and I could still crush them like nothing.


The other night though, something fucked happened. I witnessed my therapist, Erin, the one person I really care about right now, get screamed at by her boyfriend. He seems like an abusive creep, and I'm keeping an eye on him. If he lays one finger of her, he's dead.


That same night I had another match. This time I wore a an amazing custom-made Gargantua costume. My opponent wasn't putting up much of a fight.


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Everything was going well, until some idiot from the audience snuck onstage and pulled off my mask.


I stomped the hell out of that prick for stealing my mask, and my real opponent didn't fare much better. Don't worry, I got my mask back.
Now that I had some time off work, I tracked down Erin's abusive boyfriend and warned him what would happen if he mistreated her again. I wanted to kil him but I ended up letting him off with a some bruises, and a wrecked car.
Then I met with Erin. I expected her to be thankful, but she came onto me. Holy shit, I can't believe that just happened...
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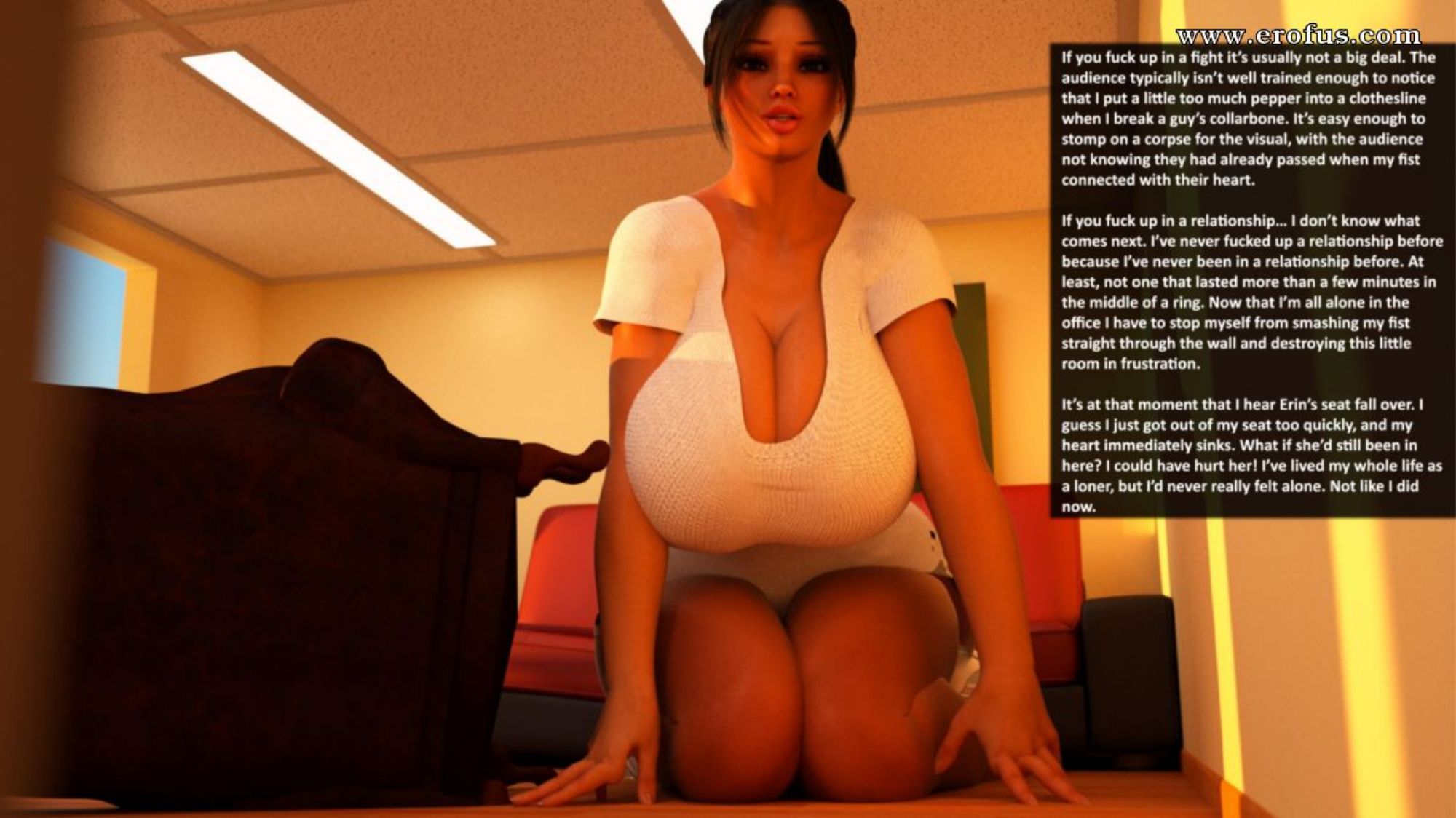
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I have to imagine getting rejected sucks. It's never happened to me personally, but that's probably more 'cause no one's ever approached me first. No one except for... well...

Yup. I fucked up. In the moments immediately after I froze up I tried justifying what I'd just done. I was doing it for her own good, I told myself. The cynical part of my brain told me she'd be extra baggage, but it wasn't working. I heard her footsteps slow down outside, probably as she was turning around the corner, but I couldn't bring myself to look through the door.



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If you fuck up in a fight it's usually not a big deal. The audience typically isn't well trained enough to notice that I put a little too much pepper into a clothesline when I break a guy's collarbone. It's easy enough to stomp on a corpse for the visual, with the audience not knowing they had already passed when my fist connected with their heart.

If you fuck up in a relationship... I don't know what comes next. I've never fucked up a relationship before because I've never been in a relationship before. At least, not one that lasted more than a few minutes in the middle of a ring. Now that I'm all alone in the office I have to stop myself from smashing my fist straight through the wall and destroying this little room in frustration.

It's at that moment that I hear Erin's seat fall over. I guess I just got out of my seat too quickly, and my heart immediately sinks. What if she'd still been in here? I could have hurt her! I've lived my whole life as a loner, but I'd never really felt alone. Not like I did now.



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This, as it turned out, also wouldn't be working out. This more recent number looked like it still fit in my hands, but these cups were overflowing and couldn't hope to contain all the mass I was pouring into them. A minute of fighting with the material passed, but I had no luck.


I was determined, though. After taking a second to catch my breath, I tried forcing my tit inside. Holding them both up with one arm while trying to press the cups on top of my enormous chest was a fruitless endeavor, even though I didn't want to admit.
There didn't appear to be any other option.
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I've wrestled nude before. Dozens of times, even. But it had always been something agreed upon beforehand. Not something that was being forced on me in the spur of the moment. If I were in a more normal mood this would have been a breaking point between me and these assholes. They don't treat me with respect, I don't treat them with respect. And they should consider themselves lucky if the only bad thing that comes to them is a few dirty looks and property damage.
But my head wasn't clear. I'd left the office hours ago, but thoughts continued to swirl in my head, making everything a little hazy, or something. I'm not quite sure how to describe it. But I was out of it. My whole body felt hot, and beads of sweat formed on my entire body. It certainly wasn't helped by the hot, overbearing lights that made my body shine like I'd been freshly oiled.
I wasn't astute enough at the time to question why my opponents were also naked. It should have been obvious that my lack of clothing was intentional, but eh, what are you gonna do?
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It seemed to take ages for the match to start, and my mind continued to wander. I bet those fuckers wanted me to get a little more shiny under those heated lamps for the camera, but my head was in the clouds at the moment.

I thought about Erin, as much as I tried not to. Was it too late to reach out to her? I wanted to make up to her more than anything else. I knew I could fix things, somehow.

I pictured her nude in my bedroom. Both of us were bathed in warm, soft light like a love scene from a sappy romance film. The ring, my opponents, the crowds, and even the building around me melted away. My vision swirled for a split second, before the colors reconstituted themselves, and formed a new image.

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The bell clanged, and I moved forward. I felt like I was going through the motions, until I was right on top of one of my two future victims for the night. I feel like I'm just making a whole lot of excuses at this point, but it's the only way I can really process what had happened.

From my lofty advantage I looked down at the shivering woman below me. She lost her resolve as I closed the gap and I'm not sure which part of me she was most terrified of. Was it my thighs, which were bigger around than her entire body? Was it my naked, exposed pussy? Big enough to swallow her head whole, and probably powerful enough to remove it. Maybe it was my boobs. Each roughly the size of her entire torso, and there were two of them on top of my chest, being held effortlessly. Or, furthest of all, beyond the valley of my cleavage, maybe it was my face that drove the most fear into her heart. Staring down at her, humorless, and distracted.

A display of confidence would have likely brought her to her knees, but sheer terror was evident on her face as she realized I wasn't even paying that much attention to the fight.

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But the arena felt distant, and a moment later I had checked out completely. I was hopelessly lost in my thoughts, and in my fantasy I was looking down at someone else, now. Erin. She's looking up at me, and my hand is on her waist. We're in my apartment, and we're both as naked as the day we were born. My breath catches in my throat, and a warmth begins to spread between my legs.

She leans back, and the heat between my thighs explodes into a roaring fire. My body suddenly feels like it was moving on its own. Like I had left it and was now merely an observer to what was going on. I watched as I dropped to my knees wordlessly. My head is almost as big as her entire torso, and the thickest parts of her thighs are still considerably thinner than my arms.

I take the initiative this time, to make up for my previous mistakes. From my new position between her legs I move my eyes up, and see her looking back down at me. She didn't say anything, because nothing needed to be said.



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Someone taking one look at me probably wouldn't think I'm much of a creative. After all, why would I be using my considerable talents the way I do if I had an active imagination? I'm sure there's some sort of insane art someone like me could make by stacking cars into weird shapes. Like a dollar sign. Or twisting people into pretzels. Something, I don't know.

But I have a very active imagination, and I genuinely do not remember any of what actually happened after this. Had it not been for the recording I collected later that night then what actually went down would have forever been a mystery to me. I watched myself later, and saw my fingers wrap around the wrist of the woman in the ring with me. She screamed as I did, but I couldn't hear any bones breaking in the footage, so I think she was overreacting.

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Next I saw myself guide her hand forward. My eyes were closed, lost in the memory of myself in a warm, cozy bedroom, while I forced her little hand between my thighs, and up inside of my pussy.


I remember thinking I was masturbating, at the time. I mean, I kind of was, since I don't think this woman offered much input of her own towards my activities, but I don't know if that counts as masturbation. It'd be more like she was finge-, well, fisting me. Right?
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Then it hit me. She hadn't fallen over, no. She was trying to escape. Her small feet were sliding helplessly on the canvas as they sought purchase to help herself pull out. I couldn't see her face in the footage, but could tell she was looking up at me. The camera zoomed in, and I could tell my eyes were half-open, but none of this footage was familiar to me in the slightest.
She was hoping for mercy, but I wasn't even aware she was there.
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I mean, really, I might as well have not even been in the ring at all. In my mind, I was back in my apartment. I'd firmly buried my face between a smooth pair of legs, and pressed my lips inbetween them. The other woman was leaning back, her mouth wide open and her eyes closed. I remembered my own breath picking up at this point, and stuck my tongue out ever so slightly. My tongue touched down, and I felt as if I was going to swoon. And that's not a phrase I use lightly.

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Out in reality, though, I'd let the little woman's arm pop out of my pussy. She fell back suddenly, but I caught her by the back of the head, giving the camera operators a clear shot I'm sure they loved. Even thinking about it myself is making me a little hot. A solid 80% of the frame is just my pussy from below, glistening and hungry.

Above that my boobs are barely squeezed in frame, with the barest hint of my face looking down. It's so fuckin' sexy and I think it's kind of weird to look at a pic of yourself and get aroused, but...
Well, I'm me.

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Jesus. I-I should just stop talking about this.

It's only on screen for a few frames anyway, so it's not a huge deal. I don't think the woman appreciated the shot as much as she should have, if you ask me, given how her arms began to flail immediately after being released. I guess not everyone is an appreciator of art.


Luckily, even with my mind in another place, I had the instincts to lift her by her tiny little head, and mash her face into my pussy. Her arms are forced apart by my legs, and I can tell the camera operator was scrambling to back up. The first time I watched this I thought it was a little strange, until they finally settled down.
I was holding her up by her head, and mashing her face between my legs. I knew going in that my legs were taller than she was... but to see it in that way was just. It was just something else, you know?
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She raised an arm and tried to wrap it around my wrist after a few seconds. I assume she was trying to get some leverage to pull out, but that was clearly not going to happen. Maybe it was the lack of air that made her think this was a viable tactic.

Her arm doesn't hold onto this position for too long, though. Maybe she's in a lot of pain from the position she's being forced into, but it doesn't take long for her to lose all energy, and sort of accept what's happening to her. I've suffocated people on many an occasion before, but that seemed a little fast, if you ask me. Even given how much energy she was wasting flailing about the way she was.

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At this point in my dreams I was in a similar situation. Only the positions were reversed. Though I was still on top, so to say. It's kinda my thing. Even when kneeling with my head between a pair of legs I could feel my immensity overpowering the little woman beneath me. I could tell she was a little uneasy with the difference in our sizes becoming so much more pronounced, but she didn't fight it.
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FInally, I hear it. Her voice is familiar, but it's a sound I've never heard her make. A low, throaty moan of pleasure. More of a soft hum, really. She gasps ever so slightly, and I can feel the puff of air on top of my head. My tits are rubbing against the floor from this position, and the coolness of the floor brought my nipples to a firm point.



It felt so real at the time I don't even know how to explain it. But it wasn't. The footage proved it, along with, I suppose, all the laws of nature and science. It's not like I could have just teleported somewhere else and had sex instead of competing in the ring.

I don't mind so much, though. Watching the footage back I got to see myself mash the little woman's face back against my sopping pussy, and experience it for the first time. My own pusy tingled just watching myself play out these actions back home.

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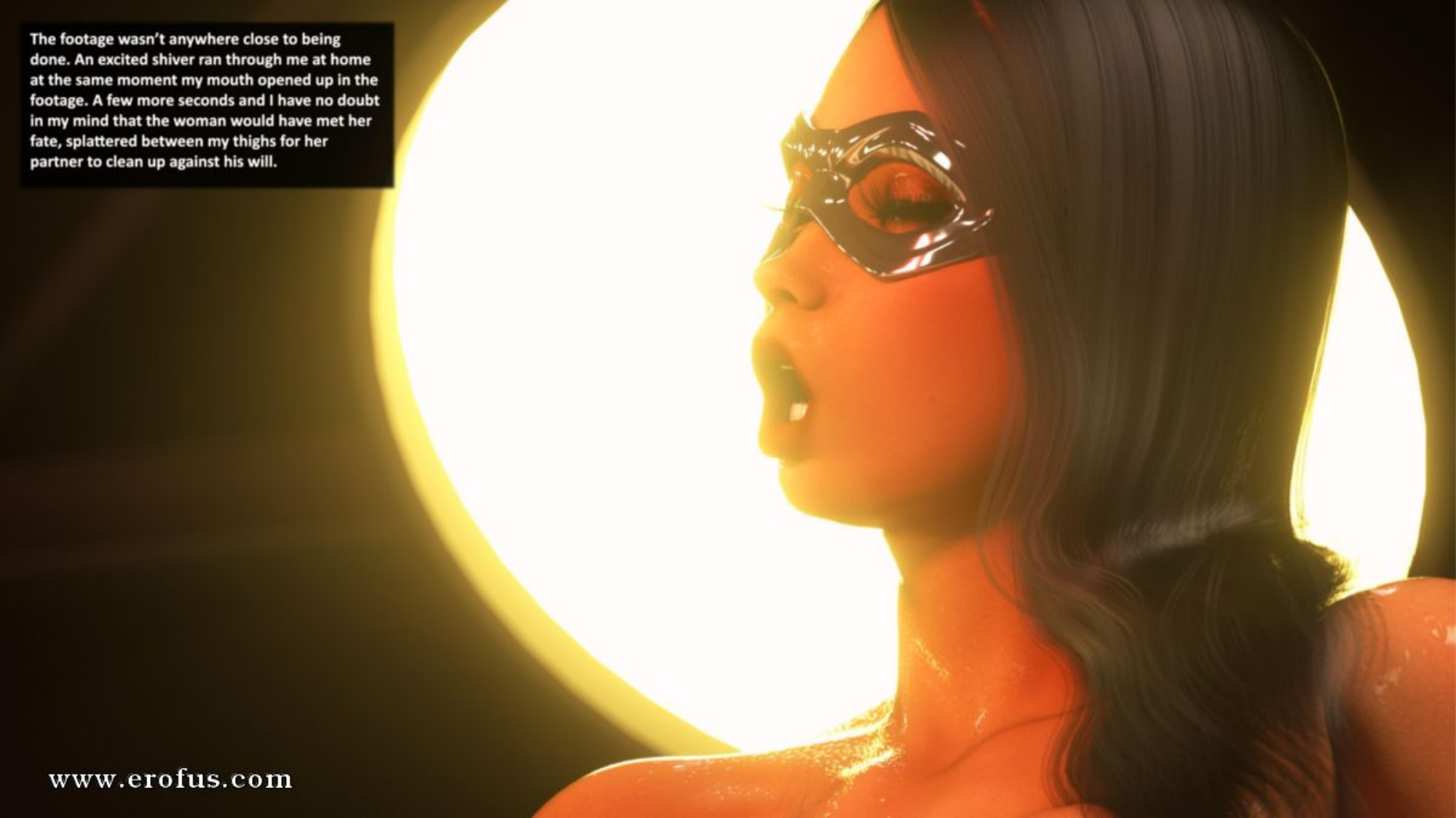

She's a fighter, though. Her entire body is only as thick around as my calf, but those rail-thin arms of her wrap around my thigh in an attempt to pull herself free. The crowd around me cheers and loves it. I don't know if any of them can tell that I'm not even there mentally, but why would they care? They don't care about being entertained, and nothing else. If it was feasible they'd probably be cheering just as loud to see me getting slaughtered out there.
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I suppose it's a good thing that's not likely to happen anytime soon, then. This woman is clearly doing a solid job of working me over, though it doesn't seem like she's super into it from what I can tell. What with her torso being held up by my thighs and her head being so casually palmed the way it was.

When I watched the footage back I actually had to stop, and bring up the progress bar. I didn't want it to end here. I wanted to keep watching this play out, but my thighs were relentless. I could see the muscles in my legs tense and her skinny limbs beat at my glistening skin.

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The footage wasn't anywhere close to being done. An excited shiver ran through me at home at the same moment my mouth opened up in the footage. A few more seconds and I have no doubt in my mind that the woman would have met her fate, splattered between my thighs for her partner to clean up against his will.
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But I wasn't kidding when I said the footage wasn't anywhere close to finished. I couldn't believe my eyes as I watched myself, still lost in my fantasies, reach down and pick this woman up by the thigh. She popped out from between my legs, sputtering for air and waving her arms helplessly as she was effortlessly manipulated.
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The wrestler flared up in me as I watched myself put her into position for a piledriver. Or, sort of. I don't know, I think a piledriver like this would get you banned from competing ever again. Then again, you kinda have to be as big as me in order to hold someone's face between your legs upside down, and keep their legs from kicking around by squeezing them in your tits. Her little arms and hands grabbed handfuls of my thighs in a desperate bid to pull herself free, but she failed to mount an offense against my loose hold.
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In response, I just mashed her face deeper between my legs. Her arms gave up the fight at that point, and her legs began to kick like she was swimming, but the effect was clearly not phasing me. And given the fact that my eyes were still closed it wasn't even enough to knock me out of my pleasant dream.
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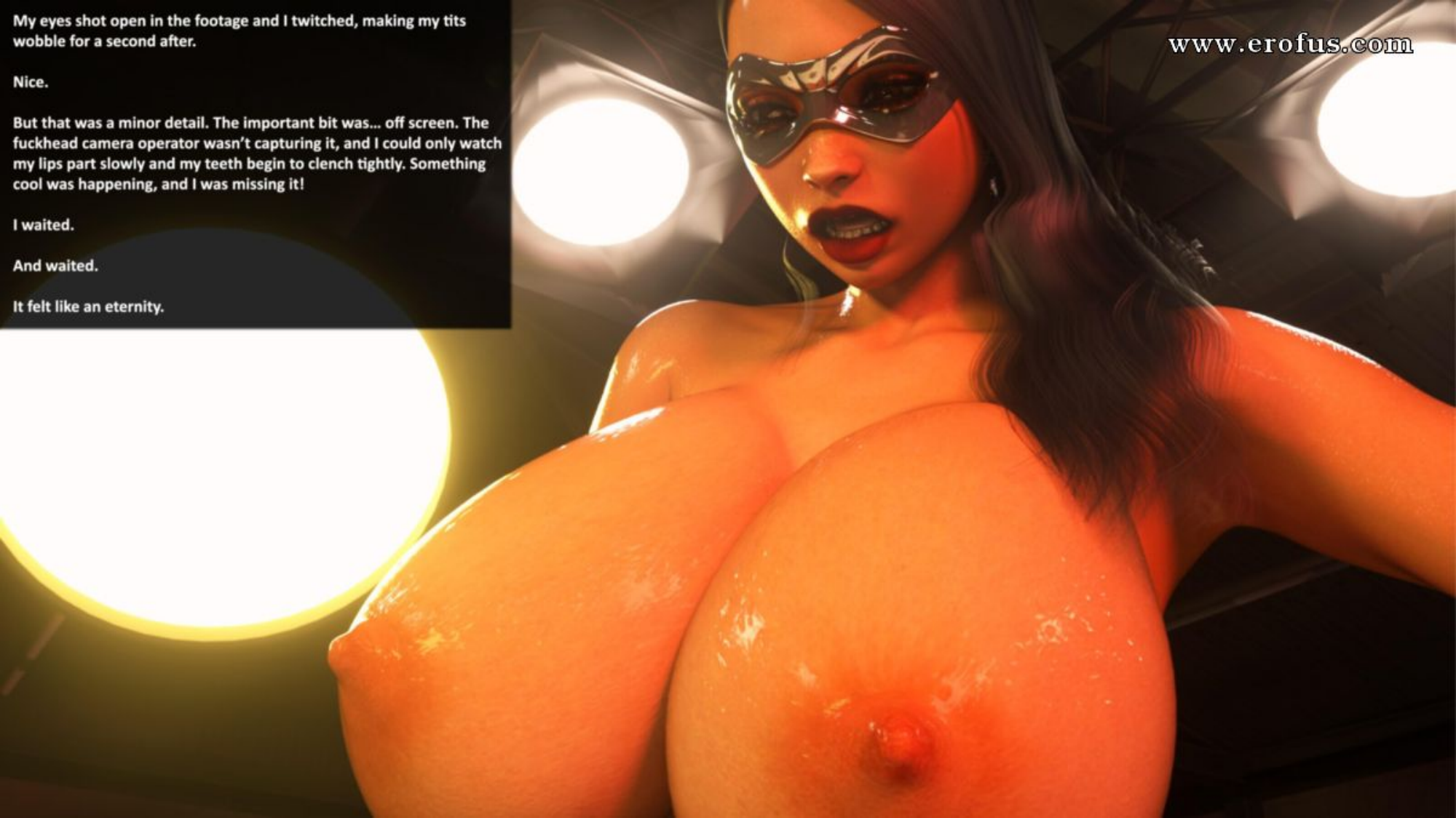

The sheer size difference between us was hypnotic. It's weird to bring up now of all times, but... some angles just get it, you know? The camera panned slightly to the side, framing my head in front of those bright, hot lights. My skin glowed like I was some all-important deity, having my way with a puny mortal.
God, I just wanted to be bigger. It didn't feel like it was enough. Each of my boobs probably weighed more than this entire puny, pathetic blonde. Each of my thighs was bigger around than her entire weak, helpless form. Her attacks were less than nothing to me.
But I still wanted more.
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My eyes shot open in the footage and I twitched, making my tits wobble for a second after.
Nice.
But that was a minor detail. The important bit was... off screen. The fuckhead camera operator wasn't capturing it, and I could only watch my lips part slowly and my teeth begin to clench tightly. Something cool was happening, and I was missing it!
I waited.
And waited.
It felt like an eternity.
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If it had taken much longer, I think I might have officially added "scold the cameraman" to my list of things to do next time I'm at the venue. Luckily, it didn't come to that, as he finally managed to back up and show off what was going on below my waist.

Even I was a little bit surprised at the sight. My opponent was flipped upside down, and I was scrubbing her pussy against mine. The 'proper' term for that would be tribadism, but I'm not sure if... the way we were doing it would be considered that. Like, technically. For starters, I've never seen it be done with one of the women standing up.

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It was almost hypnotic, in a way. The way she tried to kick her legs out of my grip was exciting to watch. I knew she couldn't get out. The crowd probably knew she couldn't get out. But she believed she could, and God dammit, she was going to try! Of course, that didn't stop me from using her like a human-sized piece of floss between my legs. Back and forth she slid, in an unnervingly rhythmic way. Like there was some silent metronome guiding me in this moment.


One of her legs audibly snaps suddenly. I know this because I heard it on the video, and it's a lot louder than I had expected it to be. my side career as a hypnotist was short-lived, I suppose.
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What it lacked in repetition it more than made up for as porn, though. You can't fake the look on my face as the speed she's being rocked increases. Loud grunts from the depths of my throat match her screams of pain, but I'm still firmly locked in dreamland at this point.

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The cameraman suddenly breaks into a run, ruining the shot for a second which... well, It pissed me off, if I'm being perfectly honest.

It doesn't last too long though. I guess he noticed a bit too late that something was going on behind me, and knew he just had to get a shot of it. Like I said, it bothered me until I actually got to see what all the hubbub was about. There I was, lowering myself to new depths of depravity. I guess I wasn't particularly satisfied with just rubbing this woman upside down between my legs. So I had carefully positioned her broken leg up between my butt cheeks, and held it in place. It's not a super tight grip, but I mean, she's a weakling, right? On my worst day my ass has more than enough strength to pulverize both her legs at once, much less hold it in place.



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I'm nearing climax at this point. Both in the video and while I'm at home sitting on my couch watching the video. And if I'm being honest, I'm creeping up on it right now as I take the time to write this down. This is probably going to read a little disjointed, but I have a healthy sex drive and sometimes I have to stop to, you know, finish myself off.
Right, so, the woman's legs are spread unnaturally far apart in the video. I hadn't heard any new snapping yet, but I've learned a lot about anatomy thanks to my job. It was a bit surprising it hadn't happened yet, but I could tell that as long as she was in this position something of hers was going to break.
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While most of the in-betweens are a bit blurry, I can clearly remember the first climax that night. Almost like I was there, which is kind of spooky. Dreams aren't normally that vivid.
But I can envision it clearly in my head. I was lying on my side with my legs spread. And she... she was straddling one of my legs. Our sizes weren't quite right, either. I was bigger than normal. A lot bigger. Like, fit about four of her side to side between my thighs bigger. This didn't seem to bother her as she leaned back onto her hands to grind her pussy against mine. I was letting her do all the work, since even closing my legs would have had devastating effects.
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It took more self control than I had to keep them spread the entire time, though. When she wrapped one of her arms around a thigh she couldn't hope to encircle, I gave in a little bit. Not enough to crush her, thankfully, but enough to have her bend backwards, and catch herself with her free hand. She was a little machine though, and didn't slow down one iota as she nuzzled her face into my naked thigh.
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In the footage my climax was powerful, but silent. My mouth dropped open, my eyes closed, and my fingers squeezed so tightly around my opponent's shins I know I heard them snap.
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Then, I dropped her. She screeched in pain when she landed, which kind of had a negative effect on the mood in the room. I'd be willing to bet that's what made the climax quite a bit less powerful in reality than it was in my head. In my dream it was a life-changing glass-shattering explosive experience
But in the footage... I didn't look too different from normal. My legs didn't wobble, much less turn to jello. I didn't fall onto my ass in a desperate bid to catch my breath. The dissonance was freaky.
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and walk to the other side of the ring. It was kinda surreal how almost... robotic it was. Apparently the woman was no longer worth spending any attention on, so I just left her there. The camera doesn't show what I'm looking at, but I figure it's gotta be my other opponent. All I could see was me, towering over the audience. My eyes were open for once, but they were glazed over. I definitely hadn't come out of my dream just yet.

I know this because I can remember exactly where my mind was at the time. The vague memory of me standing there was enough to transport me back to that vivid fantasy, like how an peculiar scent can bring old memories flooding back.

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While I was moving around in total autonomy in reality, my fantasy was tackling things differently. The dream bedroom dissolved and reconstituted right in front of my eyes. I was still the same enhanced size as before, but in a new position. With my back leaned against a wall I was sitting, and my big legs were spread apart. Erin was on her hands and knees now, crawling with her head down subserviently.

It should have been a massive turn on. My brain demanded I find such an eager show of total submission arousing, but apprehension gripped my heart. She was moving agonizingly slowly. Every second that passed just made me more anxious.

I'd gotten off earlier. One orgasm isn't nearly enough for someone of my size, though. I mean, really, why would anyone ever assume that? I did write earlier that this was the first climax for a reason.


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I was giving myself over to her again. The dimensions of the room shifted to allow me more room to lie down. I couldn't see her anymore, but I could sense her. The way the floor beneath me vibrated ever so slightly when she moved. The way my hair stood on end when her soft, quiet breaths caressed my pussy. I was so eager I thought I would climax again just from anticipation.

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And when she finally touched down?
It was indescribable.

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I regularly watch my old matches for many reasons. Sometimes I just want to live vicariously through my past actions when I'm in a particularly destructive mood with no outlet. Sometimes it's to see if I can come up with new ideas, based on things I wish I'd done differently.

This was the first time I'd ever rewatched just to find out what happened in a match. It was bizarre watching myself do things I don't remember. Even in the footage my eyes were glazed over, and having used up all the value the little woman had, I had switched targets to the man.


He was walking backwards in a vain effort to put distance between me and him. Then he fell over, cementing his status as useless in my book. He didn't even try to raise some sort of an offense against me, and just watched as I stepped up to him and crouched.
He probably thought he was the luckiest man in the world. At least, I like to think so. Cause like, guys like big boobs, right? Most do anyway, and as I crouched over his naked crotch I'm sure mine filled his view and then some.
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It only took settling a little bit of weight on the fucker to make him give up. I'd like to think it was because he was overtaken by a pleasure so indescribable it literally broke his brain. Like his little dick sliding into me launched him into such mind-blowing ecstasy all his limbs turned to jelly and he laid on his back to enjoy the greatest lay of his life.

But really it's probably more because of my weight. I can't completely rule out the alternative though...

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He looked up, watching as I tried to get into a comfortable position. It didn't look like it was a particularly easy task, considering my legs were about as long as his entire body and several times thicker. My head may have been angled downward, but I can tell from experience that there's no way he'd be visible underneath my tits at this angle.


I sure as shit could feel him, though. Once my pussy found its target I dropped like a ton of bricks, and his arms shot up in protest. He should consider himself lucky I was hovering only a few inches above the floor when I dropped. It was still probably enough to shatter his pelvis, taking into account how much I weigh, but it could have been so much worse!
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My hand descends from above and wraps completely around his little head. If I wanted I probably could have squeezed my fingers into a fist and cracked his skull completely. I knew that wasn't going to happen, but, God. Just looking at the size of my hand was doing things to me.
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The camera shifted, and caught the bottom of my foot in frame for a moment. Reminds me that I haven't gotten to use my feet enough since I started at this new gig. My old boss definitely had a thing for feet, and didn't hide this fact too well. Definitely gotta remember to ask about that when I get the chance. I can see how big my sole is with his head in the distance, and I know it would make for a spectacular comparison given how much bigger I am these days.
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The situation changed in the blink of an eye, though. I guess he wasn't performing adequately enough for my tastes, so I rose slightly, holding him by the arm, and pulled him up. He screamed. They always scream. It wasn't out of fear, though. This was definitely a pained scream.
No doubt about it. I'd definitely crushed his pelvis earlier.

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I was really invested in the tape by this point. It's like re-watching a movie with a big twist at the end. I know what shape the guy was in when this match was over, so I was curious about how that happened to him. I held my breath, waiting for it.


But he wasn't going to meet his end just yet. Like he was a fuckin' credit card I slowly brought his skinny little form between my legs and slid him in deep. It was almost kind of cute the way his arms reached up while I was doing this. Like he wanted to grab a double handful of my tits. I almost rooted for him to make it.
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All hope was not lost, though. Once he was in position I began to pull him up inside me, using his cock like it was a little dildo, and his hands again moved into position. I still don't know if that was his intent, or just the way his body tried to move to lessen the extreme stress placed upon it.
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Right. So I guess what I had him in was a uh... what is that, a bearhug? Yeah! I mean we were both nude, and his little cock had found its way inside of me... I think. The footage wasn't entirely clear 'cause my thighs are so much fuckin' bigger than this miniature man, but I'm pretty sure he eventually found his mark. And the way I cradled him is probably closest to a bear hug, because this was a serious wrestling match. NOT a public display of pornography.


And then I transferred him from the powerful bear hug into a new, incredible move. A devastating torture rack! Only he was between my legs, instead of being held over my head. And I was bending him up so he could slide into me more. And his limbs weren't being stretched into a particularly painful position.
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Look, I can't even defend what happened next. There is no wrestling move for holding someone up between your thighs. Probably mostly because there's no other wrestler strong enough, and, well, *big* enough to pull it off. And probably because it'd make for a terrible hold. I mean, his arms were free and if I were a normal wrestler he could have dealt quite a bit of damage from that position.

Context is everything though, so he was helpless. His eyes were bulging and his mouth was open, but the combination of a shattered pelvis and the feeling of my hot thighs completely encasing his crotch were probably *a little* too much for the guy.




He started to arch his back upwards, but it looks like I anticipated that move and cradled my hand underneath him. Damn, I have some fantastic instincts in times like these. I mean, with my eyes closed I probably only had the feeling of him trying to lift himself up to go by, and I still pulled it off flawlessly! I'm the best, aren't I?
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I'm so proud of that last moment because I can kind of remember coming in and out of the real world when this was happening. I fought it, though. Cause in the dark recesses of my mind I was so turned on I wanted... no, needed to get off. I'm mostly saying this to try and justify the clearly aroused expression I had on the footage.


Erin had taken up a new position in my dream. I had steadily been growing even bigger the entire time she was rubbing herself against my pussy. Eventually though, I was simply too big for that to be a suitable source of enjoyment. So she graduated, and got to move up to my face. Her legs straddled my chin now, which was conveniently within reach of my tongue. Funny how that works out, isn't it?
I would have given anything to see what I looked like from her point of view at that moment. My head was more than half her size, and my mighty tongue had more in common with a seat for her than a sex toy.
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She may have just been a figment of my imagination, but I felt a quiet sense of pride when she cried out in pleasure too. To stop herself from falling over she'd placed an arm on a boob that had to be as big as her entire body, and my own hand came up to stop her from falling over. Protecting her was my top priority, and and I didn't want her to feel anything resembling fear when around me. I wanted her to feel safe, because I knew I could provide her with a sense of security. No one would dare mess with her when I'
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SNAP

A couple of lumbar readjustments later, and the spine had snapped completely. I'm not sure if I'd make a great chiropractor or a terrible one, but I could definitely crack a back when I needed to.

Earlier I mentioned having seen the end of this encounter. Once regular consciousness returned to me I vividly remember what the guy looked when I was back into a normal state of mind, and had been wondering how he got into that condition.

Now I know. In my drive to slake my lust I had decided to craft him into a dildo. Reshaping the materials was immensely satisfying, and even watching it on screen sent a fresh electric tingle through every part of me.

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There wasn't any resistance as he was pulled into me. I mean, most people slide easily into me. I'm a big girl. I can't help it!

But judging by my reaction I could clearly feel him better now than I could before. It helped that he was fairly well-endowed, but there was more to it than that. Turns out when a man's legs are bent completely backwards you can eke an extra inch or two out of him. You'll certainly kill him at the same time, but you can't build an ivory tower without killing a few elephants.

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What you didn't see was about a 20 minute break between that last sentence and this one. It was a nice little, um, 'workout'. But I still wasn't done on screen. My teeth were clenched as I tried to force even more of this already spent guy into me, but it didn't look like I was going to get what I needed out of him.
As a side note, it's interesting seeing your masturbation habits played out on video. Watching my teeth clench is making me realize my jaw is fuckin' sore right now. I don't think there's any disorders you can get from clenching your jaw too much, is there?
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Jesus Christ. The view changes to a full frontal one, and really lets me soak in the entire situation at once. I'm bent over, straining every muscle in my body to hold this position. My arms are squeezing my tits together naturally, and the light is bouncing off of them beautifully, if I may say so. I'm like a fucking work of art as I'm forcing this shattered husk of a man inside of me. A subtle detail I hadn't even realized was just how deeply my thumbs were pressing into this guy's chest.
Apparently I was gripping him so hard I'd broken a rib or two just from squeezing. The realization is getting me hot again. Fuck. I *just* finished!
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Way too hot. The fantasy I was reliving in real time took a sudden, exciting turn. My fragile, diminutive lover was no more. Now, she was my equal. Or, her height matched mine, at least. She was still a slender, skinny thing after all. Her face came right up to mine, and I swear I could feel a pair of lips every bit as big as my own press against me.
Things weren't done changing, though.
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Writing all of this out has made me realize that maybe my trance's dream did have a bigger meaning. Like at the time it was a bit of a surprise to no longer be the bigger one in the relationship. It was scary, but it kind of put me at ease too. But since I've been... well, following Erin's advice, I can clearly remember writing out that I was weirded out by the idea of someone taking else taking control.
This is a fuckin' epiphany.
Erin was standing over me, and I was on my knees. She couldn't stand up all the way. She was too big. I mean, I was still really big, but I couldn't compare. She placed her arm on my shoulder softly, reassuring me. It was a really nice special moment. I wish I could return to it, and see how it would continue to play out.


Unfortunately, it was around this point that my partner went completely limp.
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I was pissed. I remember that much. I was just *so, so* close. You know? Maybe you don't. It's not exactly a relatable situation.
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My heart rate was elevated, fresh beads of sweat had formed over every square inch of my body, and my pussy was aching to be touched. But my partner had certainly breathed his last, and would no longer be able to contribute to the fun.
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I was kind of hoping that maybe inflicting some destruction would help push me over the edge. I stood over my defeated former lover, picked him up, and folded him even further backwards. The rush of blood to his extremities brought his cock back to full mast. For a fraction of a second I thought of putting him to use, but I knew it wouldn't last.
I wouldn't need it to last, though. I wasn't going to bother with him anymore. He was fucked.
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I loved rewatching this bit. I remember it clear as day, but seeing it from another angle was so exciting. My hands were as big as his torso, and I just squeezed his entire body. He was already folded in half backwards so a lot more pieces of his skeleton had to give in to my strength. Blood spurted out of his mouth as a cacophony of snaps and pops could both be heard and felt as his bones were converted to powder.

I wasn't going to just bend him all the way back, though. For failing me the way he did he didn't deserve something so... I don't know. Dignified isn't the word I'm looking for. Respectable? I don't know. I just didn't want him to even be recognizable as a person when I was done with him. So I kept folding his body like it was an origami project. It was easy, and it made me feel so fuckin' powerful.

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While twisting him I wound up turning his face back to look at me. Past the shelf of my boobs I could see him and his frozen expression. It was exactly the kind of face you'd expect to see on a mass of misshapen ruined limbs balled up like trash.
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There was no trash can nearby, though. This wasn't a weapon's match with wacky props provided for the crowd's entertainment. The only garbage receptacle in the entire room stood at the far end of the wall away from me. The top was open, as if it was daring me to try and make the shot.

And I'm not one to back down from a challenge.


Luckily, a balled-up person has significantly different physics from a basketball. The shot I made would have sent a basketball bouncing off the far wall, and flying back in my direction. This fleshy mass wasn't exactly made to bounce, though. When he soared over the crowd (Leaving a big trail of blood in the process I should add. Management wasn't happy about that!) he splatted against the wall, leaving a nice, big, splattery stain (That management wasn't also happy about!)
But then he plummeted straight into the trash. It was fuckin' incredible, if I say so myself. Well worth the tongue lashing I got after.
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For a short time I had actually forgotten that the crumpled up ball of limbs wasn't my only opponent in that match. I had just spent so much time fading in and out of reality that I was actually surprised to see the blondie lying on the floor there. For a moment I wondered why she hadn't tried to flee, before remembering the shattered legs. It was such an eventful match that it's kind of amazing it slipped my mind. Her legs being broken were a big deal for her. They guaranteed she wouldn't be making it out of here alive and had ultimately sealed her fate.
She didn't have the luxury of forgetting what had happened to her, while it was so unnotable I had actually forgotten!
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Of course it didn't do her any good. My eyes may have been closed but I was certainly not in a dream this time. I was drawing her leg further into me, while she clawed at the canvas in a frenzied attempt to get away. I'm sure that a cocktail of adrenaline and fear made her temporarily forget about the pain, as I didn't make too much of an effort to treat her leg with care.
As she slid in I could feel her wiggling toes tickle my insides, and I silently marveled at how easy this all had been. I could probably draw her in at least up to her knees if I really wanted.
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My climax hit like an atomic bomb, and I squeezed the leg I was holding so tightly I felt another minuscule snap in my fingers. I couldn't see at the time, but now that I had a different in the footage, I could feel myself getting a little excited all over again at the look of absolute despair on her face. While an impossibly powerful bliss rocked my entire body, she seemed to have given up on the idea of actually escaping.

Instead she sat there, mouth open in pain while I just fucked her leg from the knee down to get myself off.

But that's it. When that was done with she had served her use, and her legs slid out of my pussy and gently onto the floor as I climbed to my feet. Even after that I know I could still have used her a bit more, but this match had gone on long enough.

It was time to end it.

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I moved in front of her and bent my legs slightly, and let my big, full ass hang out over her head. She looked like she was trying to turn herself around and crawl away, but I guess any movement she made forced splintered bone fragments to grind against each other and kept her locked in place.
She had to know what was coming. Given how much agony she had to have been in, I'm sure she felt a small sense of relief at the thought it would all be over soon.
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I don't normally do this, but after experiencing it I had to see it happen again in a way that was new, and exciting to me. I paused the video, and let it advance frame by frame. I watched my feet leave the ground, and saw how she raised an arm in protest. Accepting her fate didn't mean she was able to resist her body's natural survival instincts. My ass froze in the air on video, and my legs had extended so that as much impact as possible could be focused on my target. I'm feeling a little warm just thinking about it, if I'm being honest..

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One frame later I made contact. My huge ass came down on her, and forced her neck down violently. I don't think it snapped, thankfully, and her other hand moved up to try and stop the inevitable. Of course, even if it had been possible, it was far too late now.

My hands were shaking as I pressed the advance frame button on my remote control. This hadn't been filmed with a high speed camera. This was probably the last shot of her alive, and the next frame was going to be impact.

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Warm blood pooled underneath me in a slowly expanding puddle. In the footage my eyes were closed, and I knew exactly why. It wasn't the explosive climax I'd been wanting and building towards while using the little guy. Hell, it wasn't even enough to really sate my thirst for pleasure.
But it took the edge off. I lay there for a moment, enjoying the feeling in front of everyone. Leaning back on full display, I could see some people gawking, but most had gotten their fill and were beginning to mill out, leaving me be.
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And that was the video. I had to stay late to let it finish transferring to disk before going home. Normally they would give it to me so I could add it to my belongings before the start of the next show, so there was a heavy tension in the air as I stood next to them and waited for the video right then and there.

I admit I toyed with the tech guy a little. I sighed in exasperation, tapped my foot, and kept looking at my wrist even though I wasn't wearing a watch. I even made some comments about how he would be perfect to test some moves out on. His fingers were trembling when he'd handed me the disk, and I walked out.

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My night wasn't over yet, though. I wanted to write all this down cause I think it'd be cool to relive these moments in the future. Live vicariously through my actions that night and remember all that went down. I wanted to write all this down while it was most fresh in my mind. And, well, I figured things may get a little... heated while I watched the footage back, so I was naked.
It's my apartment! I can be naked inside if I want!
But the rest of the night was a bit more interesting. And it would definitely stick with me for a longer time than any of my matches.
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This has happened before. I don't live in a particularly great neighborhood because, well, I need to keep a low profile. I'm certainly an amazing sight when I walk outdoors and into the streets, but there's a lot fewer people around and they care a lot less in this neighborhood than somewhere closer to downtown. But some people assume (correctly, I might add) that being able to simply live at my size requires quite a bit of cash, despite the quality of my living situation.
So they try and break in, to get some of that for themselves.
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This guy was my first break-in culprit since I moved to this city. It didn't take him long to find my money, but, well, it didn't take me long to find him.
He looked up at me and started begging. I'm a little offended that was the only reaction he was able to have, though. I mean, here I was, completely naked, huge tits hanging out and directly in his view, but the only sound he can make is a pathetic squeal and beg.
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So I had a little help while watching the video. I was already so excited I didn't want to delay the video by disposing of him before sitting down, but I also didn't want to create a situation wherein he could scream and cry the whole time and ruin the carefully crafted ambience.
We came to a compromise. I plopped him into the couch, and sat down on him. All the air shot out of his lungs in one pained gasp, and it tickled my pussy a little bit. That was all the confirmation I needed that he would perfectly suited to serving as my viewing partner. To keep him quiet I just lifted one hand, and mashed his face between my legs so he was muted.
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For however long that match was he lay underneath me, helping me get off on multiple occasions. When it was all said and done, I started the video over, and watched it again.
The third viewing became a problem though. This guy was still sputtering after I gave him a break after my last orgasm, but he shut up after I pushed him back into me. I started the video again, and...
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The doorknob to my apartment began to turn.

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My nudity was the furthest thing from my mind. No, it was the possibility of whoever was on the other side of that door seeing this guy that concerned me so much.

In times of crisis the mind goes to some crazy places. There were three people I expected to see behind that door.

1. The landlord. She's the nosy type, and has a key to my place. If it were her she would have seen me naked,scowled, cursed at me in that thick Irish accent of hers, and then told me whatever it was she needed to tell me. Maybe hand me some mail, or something else menial. There is no way she would have cared enough to notice this guy.

2. My neighbor. Mr. Nicely is an old man. He has dementia. These apartments are the only place he can afford, and my size doesn't even phase the guy. If it were him, he'd apologize, and probably scurry back home before the guy could be noticed.

3. I had to deal with breakin attempts back in my old place. Some people are smarter, and come as a group. Without the guy I'm sitting on reporting for some time, I wouldn't be surprised to have seen someone bust down my door hoping to retrieve their partner and whatever money they could get their hands on. This was the person I expected most, truthfully, and had already extended my arm to wrap my fingers around the little skull that would pop around the corner if it looked hostile.

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Instead, it was Erin.

Erin looked at me, surprised to see me naked, but not concerned by it. I opened my mouth to speak, but a lump caught in my throat. I pushed my little partner more firmly between my legs to stop him from making any noise. This could go one of two ways. Either she apologizes, closes the door and allows me a chance to make myself decent. I'd probably do something about my little intruder, and start a conversation with her from the other side of the door.

Or she could walk inside. I didn't want her to walk inside. If she walked inside there would be no way I could hide my little visitor from her. If she didn't walk inside, then I would be safe.


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Her heels clacked against the hard floor, and she stepped inside.
END OF PART 6

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