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"Oh. Hello, Erin." I said, with what I hoped wasn't at all a suspicious smile. I couldn't help but clench my teeth as I said it, and I felt a tiny hand on my knee that made my heart flutter.
But I *probably* didn't look suspicious.
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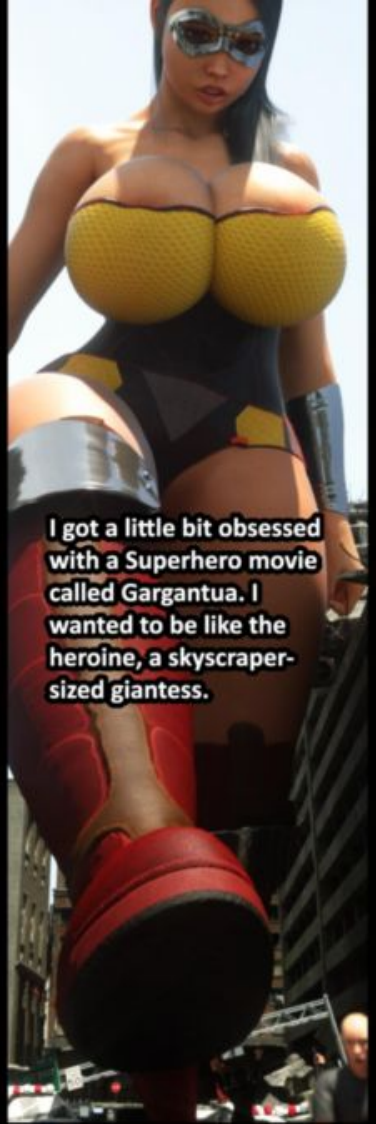
My name is Ann, and let's say I'm an... *underground* wrestler. *Very* underground. When your opponent is as big as I am, stepping into the ring is less of a competition and more of a death sentence. So I suppose it's a good thing there's no one as big as I am, huh?

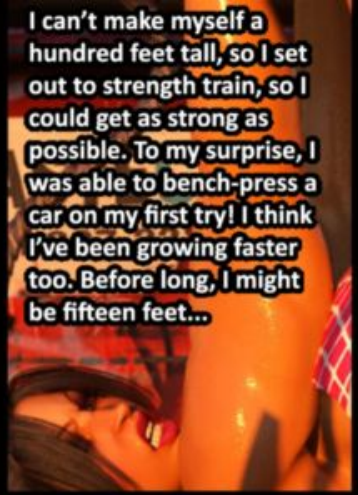
I do my job well, but a long time ago I had a bit of a *falling-out* with my old proprieters.

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.

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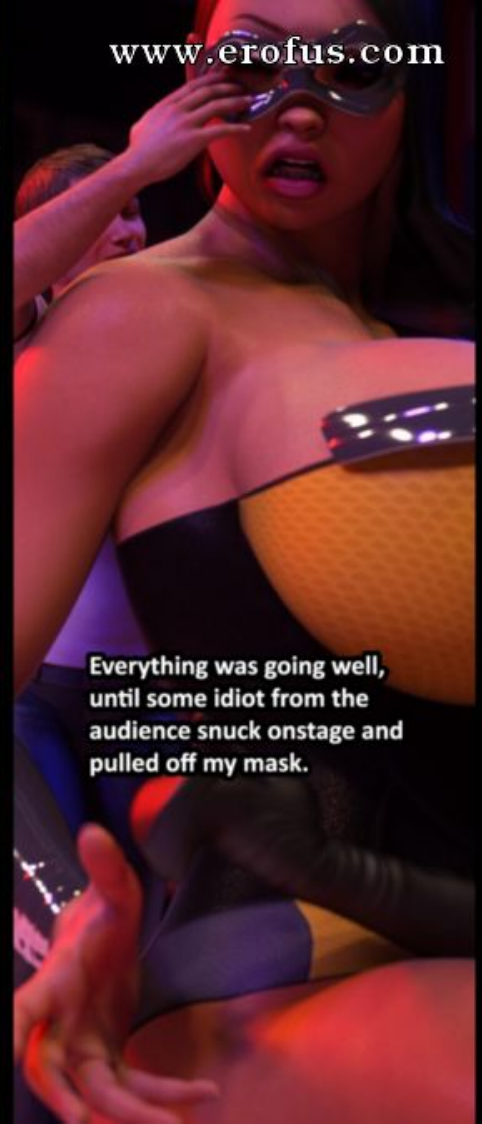




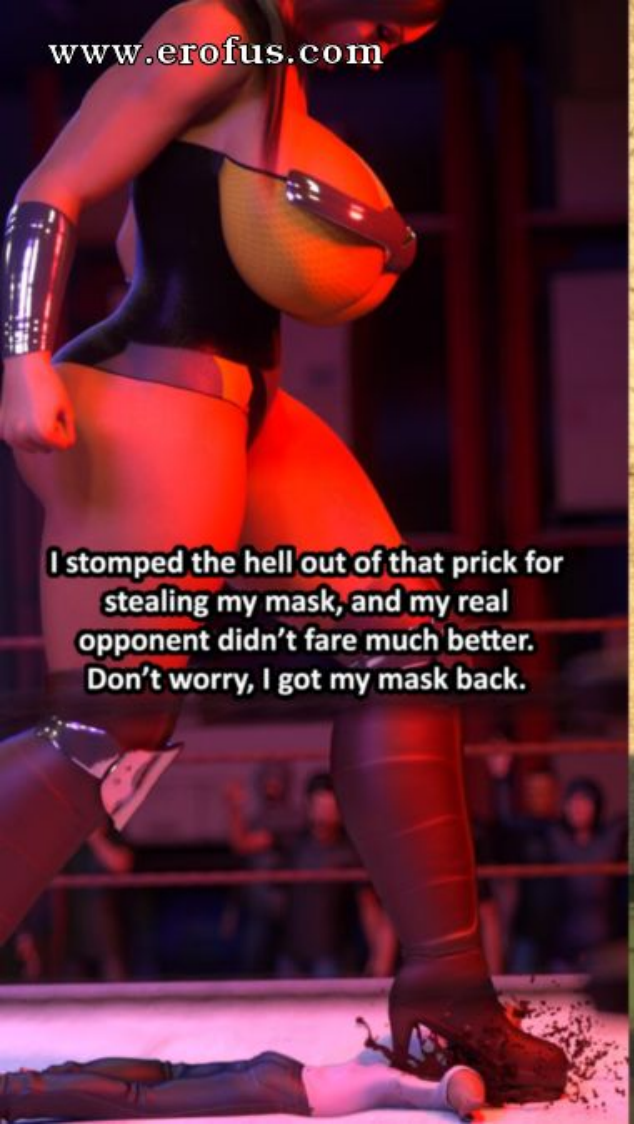


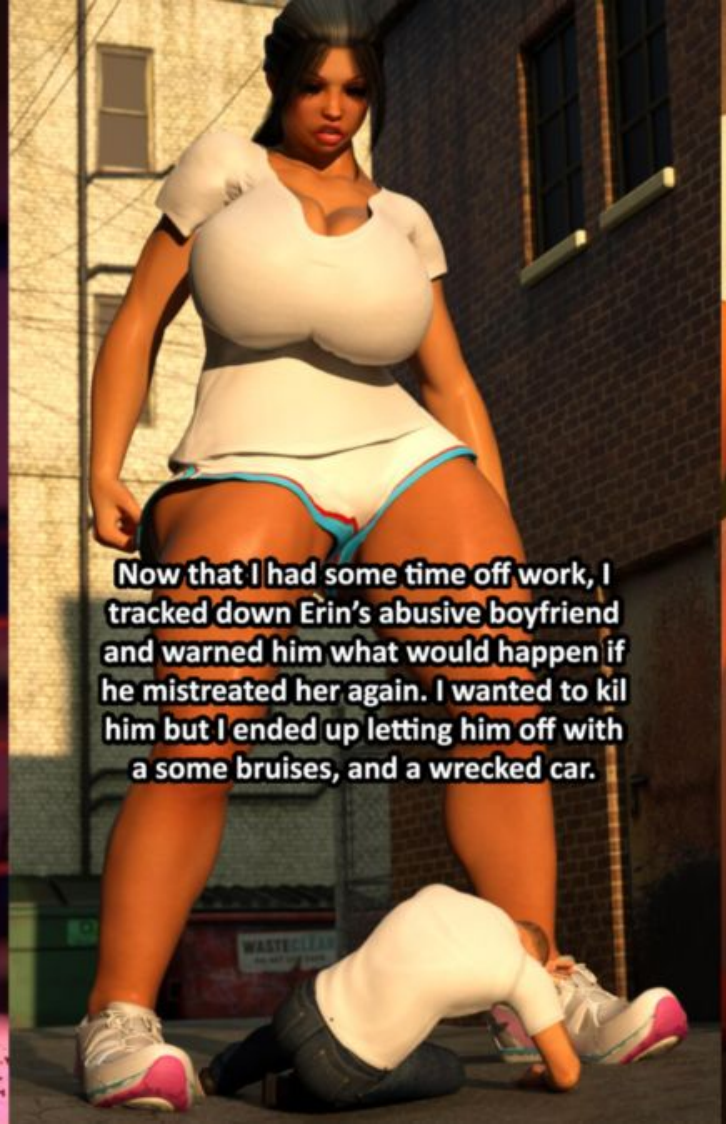






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"So, um, this is my place! I keep it pretty sparse, as you can see."

I'm close to fourteen feet tall. I can lift a car with my bare hands. I can, and have ripped people in half. My sheer size allows me to dominate most any conversation I ever have.

But physical strength isn't going to help me out of this one. And, as a result, maintaining this conversation is possibly the most difficult thing I've ever had to do. Before Erin stepped inside my biggest issue was the possibility of my... erm, captive being seen or heard. And while that's certainly still a problem, there's a significantly more pressing issue I hadn't even considered.

Before she'd entered I had been re-watching some footage of my last match. And it was still playing. This was a disaster. If I wasn't currently rubbing my generous posterior all over a stranger I could lean over, grab the remote, and stop the video. It'd probably be suspicious, but the alternative is so much worse. On the other hand, if the video wasn't playing then I'd just sidle to the side, and use these woefully inadequate blankets to better cover the guy from view. Having both of these problems at the same time seemed like an impossible scenario to overcome. Bending over would free the guy, and keeping him pinned wouldn't stop the video.

This all took place in the span of about a second. I turned back to look at Erin, and found her smiling. Her presence was as therapeutic as ever.


"I hope I'm not interrupting anything?" She asked, walking to the wall opposite me. Thankfully there was a lot of static, and that part of the video was... well, it was showing a closeup of my pussy as she walked past. The shot was tight enough that I'm sure the quick glimpse she undoubtedly got of it wasn't enough to arouse any interests.
She turned back around to face me, and leaned against the wall. I looked down at her, and from the corner of my eye saw the footage on the video change to a significantly more explicit shot.
That was fuckin' close.
"For the most part!" I responded, though my voice started out rather squeaky. Surprised at myself, I cleared my throat, and continued. "Single life, you know."
That came out way too forward. Fuck.
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"Is something wrong?" She asked.

Shit shit shit shit!

"No!" I replied, a touch more forcefully than I intended. Fuck. "Just… you know. I'm not decent, as you can tell." I said, hoping that my implied embarrassment would chase her off, if only for a minute. I didn't want to squander this opportunity to talk to her, but if she discovered what I was doing here then… no. I didn't even want to think about that.

"Oh. I hardly noticed."

The way she said that made my breath catch in my chest. I just wanted to lean forward, scoop her up, and drop her in my lap like a doll. I wanted to rub a finger under her chin, and treat her as if she was my new pet. I wanted to carry her over my shoulder and into my bedroom. A quickly growing part of me had a feeling she not only wouldn't object to this, but that she'd welcome it.

I smiled back at her in response, while inching my leg closer to the table the DVD player rested on.

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"So, um, what can I do for you?"

I don't know if she responded. I was too focused on hitting a button on the remote. Almost any one would do. Luckily this room wasn't made for someone of my size, so the opposite end was well within my reach while seated. I tried to remain casual, and aloof about this, but I don't know how convincing it actually was. Back and forth my eyes went, swapping from her and my toes.

This wasn't going to be easy, but it didn't seem impossible. This was a manageable task. I inhaled sharply, tensed my body up, and pushed my big toe down. The sudden pressure failed to press any of the buttons I needed, and instead flipped the entire remote over. It handed on top of my foot, where I immediately jiggled my foot to prevent it from landing on the floor and drawing Erin's attention.

If the situation wasn't so dire it would have been comical how badly I'd failed.



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Curiosity got the better of her. I mean, why wouldn't it? I'm not exactly a sparkling conversationalist but even I know that, "What are you watching?" is a good conversational icebreaker.
I reached forward to collect the remote control, but she turned back to glance at the T.V. My blood turned to ice while some small part of my body screamed at me to grab the device out of her hand and shut it off. Or maybe I could just kick the screen and shatter it. Or maybe I could just scoop her up from her feet, and force her eyes to meet mine.
Just like earlier though, I didn't do any of these things. Mental images of myself grabbing her wrist too hard and dislocating her entire arm prevented me from even the most tame of solutions.
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Erin cleared her throat. She sounded like the sight had taken [illegible] was it. This was the end. She was going to find an excuse out of here, and I'd never see her again.

"Oh my." She said. It wasn't the kind of tone I had expected. It almost sounded like she was trying to hold back her enthusiasm. But maybe that was just my overactive imagination.

All I know is that my reaction was wholly physical. My eyes were wide, and I was too stunned to act. The video was thankfully muted, so she hadn't heard the begs for mercy from my little "partner" in that footage. And as long as she wasn't watching, then she didn't know what was going to happen. This was going to work out! I'd defied the odds and accomplished the impossible.

"I've always been curious what it looked like for you to do your job. I suppose your size is very handy in your line of work." She said, with the occasional glance down at my naked chest. I'm not sure she was even aware of it herself, but her fingers idly moved to the blanket I was covering up with, and she caressed it gently.

"Y-Ye" I began, wracking my brain to try and get my story straight in my head. I've been keeping two sets of journals because, well, Erin awakened a new desire in me to do so! I'd been feeding her a... censored version of my life in the essays she's asked me to write.

Now I was being put to the test. My relationship with Erin depended on me keeping the story straight. I was a dominatrix, not a wrestler. What she'd seen on the video had been a client, and so long as she never saw the woman's ultimate fate, I could get away with this.

No. I *will* get away with this.


"Yes..." I continued, repeating the details in my head to ensure they were all straight. "Wrestling is a rather common fetish."
It was Erin's turn to fail at paying attention now. She had looked me in the eyes for all of five seconds, before her gaze drifted down to my chest. I wasn't doing a particularly good job of covering myself up, and I'm sure each of my tits weighed more than her entire body. It's only natural for someone to be enticed, no, enamored with the pair the moment they lay eyes on them. So, I took a risk. A daring step forward in our relationship.
I dropped the blanket.
It may have been doing a grossly inadequate job of covering me up, but it was doing something. Now, it was gone, leaving two enormous tear-shaped orbs to jut naked proudly from my chest. Erin inhaled sharply, and I felt my nipples stiffen up in response. I moved my left arm ever so slightly, giving my left tit a nice jiggle for her to ogle at, and I watched her entire body lurch forward, as if in a trance.
This was the moment of truth. A tightness formed in my chest, and I felt as if my heart was going to burst.
A sharp squeal broke the moment, followed by a loud, Oh my God!" from Erin.
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So.
I forgot about the guy I was sitting on when I dropped the blanket.
"Is he..." Erin asked, taking a small step forward to look at the guy with his face completely mashed into my pussy.
"A client?" I interjected suddenly, bringing a hand down to ensure he kept quiet. "Yes. He is. His session was actually just ending when you knocked."
It was bullshit, but she believed it.
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"Feel free to leave when you're ready, Mr. Smith." I said gradually lifting myself from the couch. I hoped beyond hope that he wasn't visibly deformed, or a mess of blood and gore. For a split second I could feel him stick to my sweaty skin, and I had to shake my hips to knock him free, where he fell onto the couch with a soft thud.

"So sorry to interrupt!" Erin said to the guy whose body I'd been crushing underneath me for the past half hour. He was unconscious, so he didn't respond. That was fine with me, really. Hell, it was ideal. I only needed about a minute alone with him to make sure he stayed out of the way permanently, and the less conscious he is the better.

"Um, I hate to be a bother, but do you mind if I go freshen up?" Erin asked, as if on queue.

Perfect.

"Sure." I replied, leaning closer into her. Even kneeling I had to bend my head down to avoid hitting the ceiling. As I loomed over Erin I saw her flinch ever so slightly. I guess my presence was much more intimidating in such tight quarters. "I need to take care of something in my bedroom, so we'll leave Mr. Smith to his own devices.

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Then, I went for it. There wasn't going to be some ill-timed internal panic attack this time. I wrapped my fingers around the back of Erin's head, and ran them through her hair. Even running my fingers through her hair felt nice, and I began to carefully bring her closer to me.
She didn't resist. Her head rested into my fingers, as she took a shaky step forward. All I had to do now was push her a little closer, and envelop her completely. She was entranced. But I still had something to take care of. So this was just a sample for her.
"If I'm not finished by the time you are, then you can join me in bed." I whispered, running my fingers along the side of her face. She nuzzled her cheek against me ever so slightly, before seemingly realizing what she was doing, and blushing a bright red.
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I practically dove across the living room and into my bedroom. He used his fraction of a head start to good use though, and narrowly dodged my reaching fingers. I had the last laugh though, as the floor shaking from my attempt to grab him tripped him up, and he began to wheeze. I guess his time underneath me had dealt a bit more damage than he expected.
At least that'll make this simple.
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I'm not particularly good at squeezing through the doorways of my place, so he had a bit of time to put some more distance between us. He actually did manage to successfully reach my window during that time, though he did so through more a stumbling, shambling gait and not a real sprint. His hands were on the glass, ready to try and pull it up when I finally cornered him.
He craned his head back and above, meeting my eyes. I needed to think of a way to do this as quickly and quietly as possible, and the position he held his arms in gave me an idea.
His head would obviously need to be crushed. It wouldn't take much for me to coil my fingers around his fragile fuckin' skull and close them into a fist. I'd have to restrain myself, though. Yes, I could crack his skull into a million little pieces, but having to explain why my hands were covered in blood and gray matter would probably complicate things. I should only apply enough to crack it, and send him into shock. That didn't seem too hard.
After that I suppose I could just shove him under the bed until later.
That's when he started banging on the window.
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I had to act fast. I guess he was hoping to get the attention of anyone who may be outside, so I had to shut him up. With a nimbleness that shocked even me, I grabbed both of his forearms, and snapped them. That wasn't going to kill him, of course. But that wasn't the goal. If I could just drive his body into shock, he would knock himself out, and then I could silently snap his neck, or bite his head off, or *something*!
He groaned in pain. That was too much noise for my taste, so I followed up on snapping his forearms by twisting them out of their sockets. His mouth opened in pain suddenly, before he lost consciousness.
What a fuckin' mess. At least I'd kept that quiet, and I'm sure Erin wouldn't ask any further questions about him.
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Well, she wouldn't have asked if she hadn't chosen that exact moment to walk up. The guy was unconscious now, but the way his arms were twisted and bent unnaturally made it clear that I wasn't just holding him up.
I didn't know what to do. My immediate thought was to just force my hands together, and crumple this guy into a bloody ball of meat. Maybe if I did it fast enough she wouldn't notice!
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Sadly, life is not a sitcom. She'd seen me, and there wasn't really anything I could do about that anymore. Well, not anything I was willing to do anyway. As her mouth gradually opened I tried to find the magic combination of words that would make this all right. This entire relationship was built on a bedrock of lies, what harm would one more cause? I just had to come up with one!
"I..."
My heart pounded in my chest so hard I could swear the entire room was shaking.
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Erin stepped forward. I smiled back weakly and slid my hand down my little victim's arm. If nothing else I could at least cover up the misshapen part of his arm. My lips parted as I tried to find the magic word that would explain everything away.
"Uhm" Was the only sound that escaped my lips as Erin took another step forward.
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As she entered my bedroom she stopped, and turned to look around.
My desk was a mess, but more than that, the case of cash I'd caught the guy rifling through earlier was still open and exposed freely.
Again my heart froze as her gaze naturally settled upon this.
She didn't seem to care about that, though.
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Erin took another step towards me. I couldn't believe it! I was going to get to bring her into this part of my life! Someone I could talk to about my matches. Someone who would enjoy my stories! Someone who would care!

She looked frightened. I smiled uneasily, trying to lighten the mood, and for a second I almost thought she smiled back.

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Then this asshole swung at Erin. I know I'd broken both of his arms earlier. I knew that what he'd just done was impossible, but I was too blinded by rage to process that. When his arm shot forward Erin yelped, and shielded her face.

A fresh level of hatred I had never felt before flared up in me, and I yanked this motherfucker's head back. I was firm, but didn't snap his neck. No, he wasn't going to get off that easily. My movement was precise, and he immediately knew if I pulled back even a centimeter further that his spine would turn to dust..



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"He's not a client, is he."

The answer to this was obvious. Of course he wasn't. But I don't think that was her point. I think she wanted to hear it from me. This was the moment of truth. I had to either come clean, or I had to play it off. I looked her directly in the eye, and turned the intruder around so I could mash his face into my nipple.

"No, he's not." His arms that I swear I'd broken twice now came to beat feebly at my own arms. "He's just some guy who broke in. I was planning on-"

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"Smothering him?"

I'm glad she interrupted me. Mashing the guy into my tit was only intended to shut him up, and I was feeling a little too confident in my answer for a moment there. I wanted to detail all the ways I was going to punish him. How I was curious about folding him up and seeing if I could stuff him into the couch cushions as a permanent seat. Or how I thought it would be interesting to see if I could crack his neck using only two fingers.

But with the interruption, I began to wonder if maybe Erin was interesting in joining me. I wanted to ask her how she'd feel about watching me try to slide this guy's head into my pussy. I was fairly confident it would fit, and I think she'd be interested in helping me force him in. As I've gotten bigger I've wanted to try this out, and see if my pussy was strong enough to crack a skull. Her job could be holding him in position, and confirming to me if he stopped moving as my pussy muscles overpowered his skull.

I was probably being too hopeful, though.

"Yes. Yes I was planning on smother him." I finally responded. It wasn't really a lie, was it? It may not have been my original intention, but times change. If she wanted him to be smothered, then he would be smothered.


A lie probably would have worked better.
She didn't scream, or shriek in terror. She didn't pull out a phone and rush to call the police on me. She simply left. Walked away hurriedly and closed the door to my place behind her. It was surreal in its own way. She'd taken it much better than I expected. Maybe she'd had a reason to suspect that I hadn't been entirely truthful all along.
Was I really so easy to read?
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She left.

I knew that. She was so surprised, scared, and confused all at once that she didn't know what else to do. I knew that, but my brain wholly rejected this idea, and presented to me a new one.

In my mind, she came back. Her demeanor changed suddenly, and she carefully walked in, eyes wide with wonder. The surprise and fear had evaporated completely, and her lips turned up into a gentle smile. A sense of relief washed over me, and I let her approach me and my future victim.

"Can I... Can I help?"

That's what I pictured her saying. Wish fulfilment.

She took a step forward, and gently rested her left arm on the tit I was pushing this guy into. Her right hand shakily moved to the wrist that held him, and she pressed her palm into my skin. Her delicate fingers sank into my wrist, and she gasped suddenly.

Her eyes looked back up at me for approval, and she found it. Her hand stopped shaking, and, filled with confidence, she pushed.

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I applied a touch more pressure myself, since she wouldn't have been able to force my hand down on her own. Looking down at her I watched her lips curl up into a smile. She certainly felt like she was pushing him down, which was my intent. Her expression changed as she looked at me, into one of curiosity. I nodded back, silently letting her know that she was doing fine.

Well, turns out I'm not as good at reading expressions as I'd thought. She wasn't seeking approval at all. Instead, she leaned forward, and brought her face right up to mine.


She caught me off guard, but I wasn't going to fuck up this time. It wasn't easy, but I had to repeat those words to myself over and over to keep my nerves steady.
She leaned in closer, and I managed to force myself to close my eyes. Erin got so close that I could feel her breath as she exhaled. Then, she made contact.
Her tiny lips made contact with mine, and I responded as best I could. It was probably closer to sucking on her face, but I don't think she minded.
A moment later, we separated, and she began to unbutton her blouse.
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"I've been naked this whole time, so it's only fair that you take your clothes off too!" is the kind of "clever" line I probably would have tried if I hadn't been so entranced with the sight of Erin exposing herself. She was thinner than I thought she was, now that I'd finally seen her outside of professional wear. The kind of waif I'd snap in half for a thousand bucks on a slow night.

But that didn't matter to me. I mean, I know I just harped on it for a bit, but it really was what ran through my mind at the time. I was entranced with her every movement, as she gave me that familiar, warm smile I loved so much.


Once fully nude, she made her move. Just feeling her small, naked thighs rub between mine as she crawled forward was enough to start a furnace between my legs. She seemed hesitant at first, not sure if she should reach for the back of the guy's head to help me smother him, or if she should try and grope a handful of my incredible chest.
I mean, I don't wanna brag, but I think she made the choice most people would have made.
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The guy managed to pull his head up some to get some air, but not enough to make much noise. At the same time, Erin was sliding up his back to reach the grand prize.
Her hand was cool, and the giant masses of flesh on my chest wobbled as a shiver coursed through me. Erin noticed, and slid her hand down the curvature for a moment, before turning her lips up into a mischievous smile.
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I was holding his arms down so she had nothing to fear. With utmost confidence and a hazy look of arousal on her face, she straddled up this guy's back, and held both her hands behind his head. He tried to move as she did so, but Erin kept him in place easily. I was, dare I say, proud of her and how easily she handled this.
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I don't know if she had something against this guy, or if she was just really into this, but she continued pouring strength into smothering this guy against my breast. Even better, it was having an effect, as I could feel his attempts to break free weaken. Was she really prepared to go all the way?

The thought made me want to grab her little head and lock lips all over again.


She continued to increase the pressure far beyond what I thought she was capable of, and I closed my eyes to enjoy. I didn't even know where to begin with this. Should I start by telling her how I got into this business? Or maybe give her the unfiltered versions of the stories I've been telling at our sessions? Hell, what if she wanted to join me in the ring! I bet I could get her a spot working with me. No would dare lay a finger on her with me to face, so she'd be perfectly safe! They could call her... Energetic Erin! She'd be spry, and spritely, and contrast great against me in the footage.
This was the start of a whole *new* chapter in my life!
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I lie there for a moment, keeping this guy pinned in place as I felt Erin's hands melt away, and vanish. Entirely.
I was alone again. Everything felt a little colder.
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This *would* have been the start of a new chapter. Had any of it been real.

The gentle whirring of the air conditioning unit in the distance mingled with the guy's labored breaths for a quiet, lonely ambiance. Erin had left. Again. And I was, yet again, alone with my thoughts now that I'd finally broken out of my silly daydream.

Erin had left the moment she'd seen me holding the guy's arms. I had known it deep down, but I couldn't stop my imagination from filling the blanks in, leading me to where I am now.

I sighed, and looked at the doorway. That's where I'd last seen her, and where she'd last seen me.


That was probably my last chance, I thought. First I accidentally rejected her, and now she'd rejected me. There was no foundation for our relationship anymore.
I sat up, and felt the unconscious piece of shit roll off of my belly and onto the floor. I barely noticed.
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At least, I barely noticed until he, seemingly powered by a cocktail of adrenaline and testosterone, made yet another break for it.
I didn't have time for this, I wanted to tell him. I wanted a moment to lie down, and think about what had happened, and what could be done. I didn't want to have to worry about some guy getting away. This making an already-ruined mood significantly worse!
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He couldn't run well. It figures, given what he's been through. But his hobbling gait was covering ground fairly well, and I knew I couldn't spend any more time thinking about what had happened. With a lunge I dove after him, knocking aside more furniture in my bedroom as I squeezed through the doorway to reach for him.
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I reached his foot easily enough, and he fell to the floor with a loud cry of pain. Turning himself around, he kicked his free leg at me, but I just grabbed hold of that one instead. The look of terror on his face was...

Well, I'm not gonna lie. It raised my spirits quite a bit. He knew he was fucked. He'd been through so much since I initially caught him. His breathing was labored, and wheezy. Even if he escaped he'd probably collapse in the street and pass on his own once the adrenaline wore off.

But why take the risk?

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A thought entered my head. I could try something out with this guy, since he was my captive target. It was certainly something I hadn't gotten the chance to try out yet, so this thieving asshole probably has no idea what's coming. Not that it mattered. I'm sure the thought of me crushing his skull in my fingers was every bit as terrifying as what I *actually* had planned.
And I'm not even sure what I was planning would work. He was going to be my guinea pig!


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I can't stand up all the way when I'm inside of my place. It's just one of the downsides of having to keep a low profile and live like a normal person, I suppose. This was the first time I ever found the low ceilings to be advantageous, though. Being forced to lean forward gave me a great view of this fuckin' asshole as he gazed up at me with an inhuman level of fear on his face.
Too bad I wouldn't see that expression for much longer.

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A quick flick of my wrist spun the guy around, and I jammed his little head into my pussy. I've long thought that shoving a person inside of me, whole and alive would be an interesting way to finish them off. To test out the strength of some of my lesser used muscles for a change.

But a fantasy is just a fantasy. Much as it interests me, there was no way I could fit a fully grown person inside of me, as much as I wanted to.

His head was a nice compromise though.




Once inside he started to scream. Like, a lot. Where was all this energy earlier? I'm sure some of my neighbors would have heard, if he wasn't buried in pussy from his head down to his throat.
It felt *really* nice, all things considered. His voice may have worked like the world's worst vibrator, but it wasn't *just* the internal stimulation that defined it. It was his flailing arms slapping against my thighs. .His kicking feet scuffing the floor. The knowledge that a full grown man fighting for his life couldn't hope to overpower what I would consider a rather restrained hold.
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I closed my legs around the fucked guy, locking him in in place. My thighs were as long as his entire form from the knees up. And probably way, way thicker.

"You're doing a good job." I whispered. For a moment I wished I'd said it louder, but his legs began to kick in genuine terror again, so I know he'd heard me. Good. Fuck him. Fuck him for ruining this night.


But were my internal muscles powerful enough for what I had in mind?
I exhaled, and began to clench as tightly as I could. I couldn't tell if I was doing anything, so I repositioned myself, and sat on my knees. I suppose if I wasn't able to do this I could always pop his head and crush it in my thighs. I've got loads of experience doing that, at least.
His fingers stretched out weakly, and I could feel every detail of his face rub against the inside of my pussy. It provided a bit of extra texture that felt positively exquisite.
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Unfortunately, since the sun was going to rise soon, I needed to get my morning routine going. I should also look into a way to curb all these attempted robberies.
Disposing of the body was... well, it wasn't my most subtle effort. But one I had faith wouldn't be traced back to me. My old couch made an acceptable makeshift coffin, and I think I'd rather like picking up some new furniture anyway.
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I carried the old couch out into the alleyway myself and deposited it into a dumpster. Only half of it fit, with the rest sticking out the top, but the city could take care of that. No one would ever know. The cushions may have been molded into the shape of my sizable ass, but as far as I know ass prints aren't a forensic science. Sure, the size of it would have drawn some eyes, but that could be anything!
And since I'm still around to write this, I'm pretty sure I'm in the clear. But now I had to
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I have a little bit of a temper, I'll admit, and I'm prone to making some rash decisions. Given everything that had happened the night before, I had a creeping feeling that, if I were able to just pick up my case of money and leave town, I'd be tempted to. And as poorly as the night before went, I still had a rather nice thing going for the moment. So I needed some insurance, to keep my own emotions in check. And, hell, if having the cash deposited in a bank meant I'd be less likely to get it stolen, all the better for me.

I try to limit the number of times I walk into single-story buildings. It feel like it gets harder every time since I'm still growing, but sometimes it's unavoidable. I had to try really hard not to break all of the glass doors as I basically crawled into the bank with a steel case full of money.



The customers couldn't help but gawk, but none of the tellers seemed too perturbed by my appearance. I mean, I could tell they were shocked, but at least they did their best to hide it. I appreciate that level of professionalism. If this building were to turn into a warzone I like to think I'd go out of my way to rescue them.

I gave the teller my information, and showed her the case. She looked at it, then back to me.

"It's a birthday present for a very nosy family member." I lied. She didn't seem to care, and began to type away at her computer. It wasn't a particularly good lie, and I suppose I could have tried coming in with a more innocuous container wouldn't have hurt.

After a minute I wasn't sure what was taking so long, and my patience was wearing thing. I don't often do this kind of thing, but, well, sometimes you have to throw your weight around to get things done.


I thrust the container at her, making sure to push the monitor off of her desk as I did so.
"Please take good care of it." I told her plainly.
She was surprised by my sudden movement, but not nearly as much as I felt she should have been. I suppose the daily grind of work was really getting to her. She barely flinched at the sight of a woman well over ten feet tall, drenched with sweat entering the bank and handing her an item to store in a safety deposit box.
Like I said, I appreciate the professionalism.
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I was going to leave after that. I had other things to do, but I was insistent that she let me actually deposit it myself. That way, I would know exactly where my money was, and I could make sure the teller didn't try to open the case.

It took so LONG!

I wanted to pry the door to the vault off and step inside myself to make it all go by more quickly. Come to think of it, I'm not sure if I'm even strong enough to pull a door like that open... More importantly, that would cause a scene. And if I caused a scene I'd have no choice but to abandon the new life I'd made for myself here.

So I waited, and when the vault was finally opened I crawled inside. It wasn't easy, but I made it. I'm guessing this isn't a thing they do for every customer, and it probably had a lot more to do with my impatience than anything else..

Being this big holds plenty of advantages, but it really feels like I shot myself in the foot on this one.

The redhead turned to me, and gave me that annoying look people always give me before they ask a question they know you won't like.

"Now bank policy requires that I ask you this, is there's any cash in your container?

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The rest of the day passed without incident, and once the sun set I checked the info for my next match. At the moment I remember getting suddenly depressed by what I was doing. I felt so boring. Was my life really so uninteresting and structured now? Maybe I should go on an extended vacation, and try to have some adventures for a time. It'd also give me time to think about other things, and keep my mind away from shittier thoughts.

But, for now, it was time for another match.

I've had my ups and downs with this management, but I figured this was a bridge I wasn't going to burn. At least not yet. People like this aren't a fan of you announcing your intention to go on an extended vacation and miss a ton of work, though. So I'll take care of that after I get paid tonight.

At least this would be a hell of a match to end on. Once again I was in the middle of the ring, completely nude. It feels like so long since I got to don an elaborate costume, even though it's only been a couple of matches, really. Then again, I suppose the whole point of this match was putting clothes *on*.

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My opponents were allowed to wear clothes, though. That didn't seem fair, so I figure the woman will just let me try her outfit on, right? I'm sure she wouldn't mind me doing so.

And if she did mind, so what? She couldn't stop me. Fuck her. I ignored my other opponent and closed in on the quivering little woman.


The bell had rung maybe 3-4 seconds ago, and already I had this pretty little thing into a painful stretch. I'll never know where they get all these volunteers for these damn matches, but that's not particularly my problem. The point is that I guess she somehow hadn't been expecting this. She gasped in surprise and her legs started to thrash when this result should have been more than obvious.
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The gasp quickly transitioned into a screech as I pulled her arms backward. I feel like I've been breaking a lot of arms recently. I wonder if I can try to work that into a future gimmick match?
All I know is that bending her arms back and snapping them at the elbow was required for what I intended to use her for. And she would have to endure it all under the shadow of my tits.


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I think this match was set up as an apology after some *complaints* I've had with management recently. I wasn't a very big fan of being tied up and having to do a match bound like in some kind of kinky porn shoot.
So I was given control of the ropes this time. And in order to use them I was going to need to force this little woman's arms into position. I was kind of guessing that her position was accurate, really. I couldn't exactly see her under my tits, after all.


Sadly, these ropes were not at all like the ones that had been used to bind me. They were smaller, thinner, and felt like they were made from nylon, and not the heavy layers of thick fiber that were needed to keep me tied.
Luckily, being as tall as I am has given me quite a bit of experience in putting bikini tops on by myself. This woman couldn't hope to contain my chest, but the principles were the same. So securing the ropes wrapped around this woman's wrists was pretty easy, all things considered.
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The legs were a bit more of an issue, though. Really, I should have tried to pull those up first, and left her hanging under my pussy upside-down so she could try and fight at my thighs. I suppose hindsight is 20/20 and all.
It was a bit of work to bend over enough to pull her legs up between mine, but I managed to get it done on like, the second try. She wouldn't stop shrieking every time I moved, but come on. Getting it done that quickly was pretty impressive if you ask me.
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Another quick tie and she was locked into position. My pussy and ass were no longer exposed to the crowd. My boobs were, though. And really, considering how big they are, I'd say that's a much bigger problem to address.
Luckily, this was a handicap match, and I had been provided two opponents. So the dumbstruck guy who'd just been watching this whole thing play out didn't go out of his way to avoid. So I grabbed his arm.
That seemed to wake him up to the danger he was in, and he instantly broke into a run. Of course that wasn't going to work, and he was probably kicking himself for not hauling ass sooner.
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I picked him up and bent him backwards over my tits. I've used my boobs for all kinds of things in the past. Anything from smothering the life out of an opponent, to swinging them as hefty clubs to bludgeon and crack skulls.

I'd never used them as part of a submission hold, though. And that was kind of exciting. I couldn't stop a smile from forming on my face as one of my nipples burrowed into his back, and the other poked between his legs. He was definitely feeling a bit of discomfort already, even though I could see a bulge in his pants. Amazing how even in this situation his weak brain can get distracted by the feeling of my big breasts pushing against him.


Here's a fun fact. I didn't have to torture these two. I wasn't getting paid anything extra for it, and, really, all the other noise in the room did a pretty good job of drowning out their cries. It would have taken exactly the same amount of effort to have flipped these two around so their faces were buried into the endless expanses of my flesh.
But I'd been having a bad couple of days, so it was very therapeutic to take my frustrations out this way. This is how I used to do it. Before I had someone I could talk to. It wasn't particularly effective, but the screams were lovely.
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The ropes were brought out again, and so it was time to finish converting this little man into a makeshift top. Given the size of my tits he was forced to bend pretty far back, which was really only a problem for him, since his survival wasn't exactly at the top of my priorities.

So I just bent his arms and legs back until I could fasten them together with the rope. I could feel bits of his skeleton snap and vibrate through my chest as I did so. It was an interesting sensation, when it was only being done by the weight of my chest, and not through the use of my own hands. Maybe one day I'll be big enough to crush someone simply by resting my chest on them. That would be fun.

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But that was all I had to do! I had turned my opponents into clothing, and the bell rang to confirm my victory. The hot lights of the room made my skin glow as I strutted around the ring, showing off my fresh new organic attire to the crowd.
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Of course, I pride myself on my ability to deliver a good show, even despite the audience's reactions. I don't rip people off. At least not intentionally. These people paid for a show, and by God they will get a show. I bent over, showing my expansive ass off to everyone behind me, and sending fresh waves of torturous pain down to the woman between my legs.
The crowd approved, though. And what the crowd wanted, the crowd got!
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Sex sells, and I am just an actual, literal mountain of it at times. I fell onto my back, and looked back at a section of the crowd seductively. I'm not sure how well it translated given the mask, but it was all I could do.

My clothing wasn't faring so well though. My laying down had lowered the pressure forced upon both of them, and allowing them a moment to catch their breath. If you ignore the position of their arms and legs, it would look almost like we were relaxing after an extensive sexual bout. My breasts were like a pair of massive cushions for my male companion, while my female companion was enveloped in a prison of soft, smooth thighs.

Good fuckin' lord. I can't wait 'til I get the footage back from this one. For a minute I just lie there, soaking in the adoration of my lowly subjects.

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Then I flipped over, and started to crawl. Like a cat, specifically. It's a move I've seen lesser women do in order to drive their miniature johns wild. Most of those women aren't quite as well endowed as myself though. What was supposed to be a series of lithe, slinky movements across the canvas turned into more of a wriggling writhing slither.
But that's what my partners were in this match for! While my tits scrubbing the floor made my own movements awkward, they paid off in my bra's suffering. He fought and squirmed to get air once my boobs were rolling over him and his little kicking feet brought a nice jiggle to my chest aside from that.
And of course, having hundreds of pounds of my breasts resting on his already powdered spine couldn't have been pleasant.
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Eventually though, thanks to my extremely authentic crawling, he managed to free his face from the oppressive weight of my tit and get some precious air. And by precious, of course, I meant sweaty, humid air.

From his position there was no other option. The bright lights covered me in a very attractive sheen of dewy sweat, if I say so myself, but it couldn't have been easy to breathe air that thick and heavy with my perspiration with his injured chest.

At some point though, he seemed to realize he was doomed. And then he just, kinda stopped.

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What little fight my clothing had been putting up vanished into thin air, and he hung there limply. I could feel his little chest expand and contract from his breathing, so I knew he was still alive. He had just resigned himself to his fate.

The crowd counted to one, and I think they assumed I was trying for a push-up. And honestly I found that a little fuckin' offensive. I can do real push-ups, you know. I wasn't in position for a real one. There was no reason to count.

I almost dropped my plan and started doing push-ups right then and there. Just to show off. Maybe I'd do them one-handed and flip off the people with the other.


I'm still mad about that.

But I kept to my game plan. What I had in mind was considerably more casual than a display of push-up prowess. I flopped my entire self back onto the canvas, and every ounce of my tits began to settle onto him. I suppose he'd been expecting a quick, decisive finale, and the thought of being compacted into a pancake by my tits definitely brought him back to life.

But he wasn't the only one involved in this match, was he? The last move was spent entirely on fucking with him, so I'd forgotten about the pretty little thing bound between my legs. She was putting up her own fight, but it was having quite a different effect on me. Every struggle and cry for mercy reverberated all around my pussy rather nicely.

I could have laid there for hours. And if I didn't have any other commitments for the day, I very well might have.

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But, alas, all good relaxation sessions must come to an end. All I had to do was cross my legs and fold my arms over my chest to end this all. Hell, the crowd might have even approved of that ending if I did it right. But if I was going to take some time off after this, I needed to have an explosive climax.

I climbed to my knees slowly, sensually, just really showing my ass off out there. A fresh snap came from between my legs, reviving the woman sandwiched between thighs bigger than her entire body. I wonder what it was like for her during all that. While all the weight was obviously on my chest, she was still stretched beyond the breaking point in service of a woman more than twice as big as she was. The light-warmed canvas inches from her face, she must have been praying I didn't stretch out onto the floor, and press my belly onto her.

I hope the anticipation was torturous.



My movements were slow, measured, and deliberate. The build up had to be excruciating if the people were going to be satisfied. And I don't intentionally give poor performances.

I took deep, long breaths, so the simple act of my lungs expanding would push my chest forward enough to make my wimpy top writhe in agony. My bottom didn't fare much better as I held an intentionally awkward position mid-rising to my feet. It stretched her out terribly, and she squirmed vigorously to try and ease the tension.



Finally, I was back on two feet. I could have moved into the finale from here.

Hell, a big part of me really wanted to move into the finale right now.

But the best part of a wrestling competition is the showmanship. The pageantry of it all. Ending it quickly would do all of the buildup a disservice. Standing up straight was really not that bad for my organic clothing, all things considered.

I closed my eyes, and began to breathe heavily. I inhaled, and exhaled. Inhaled. Exhaled. Inhaled. Exhaled.

Then I started to arch my back.

Instantly the two of them sprang to life as the stretch pulled their already destroyed limbs apart even further. All at once I felt what I could only describe as their skeletons... loosening up, I suppose. Not a sensation I'm used to, but one I recognize. Though their limbs remained intact and attached, their bones had separated at the joints, leading to a wonderful crescendo from their shrieky cries.

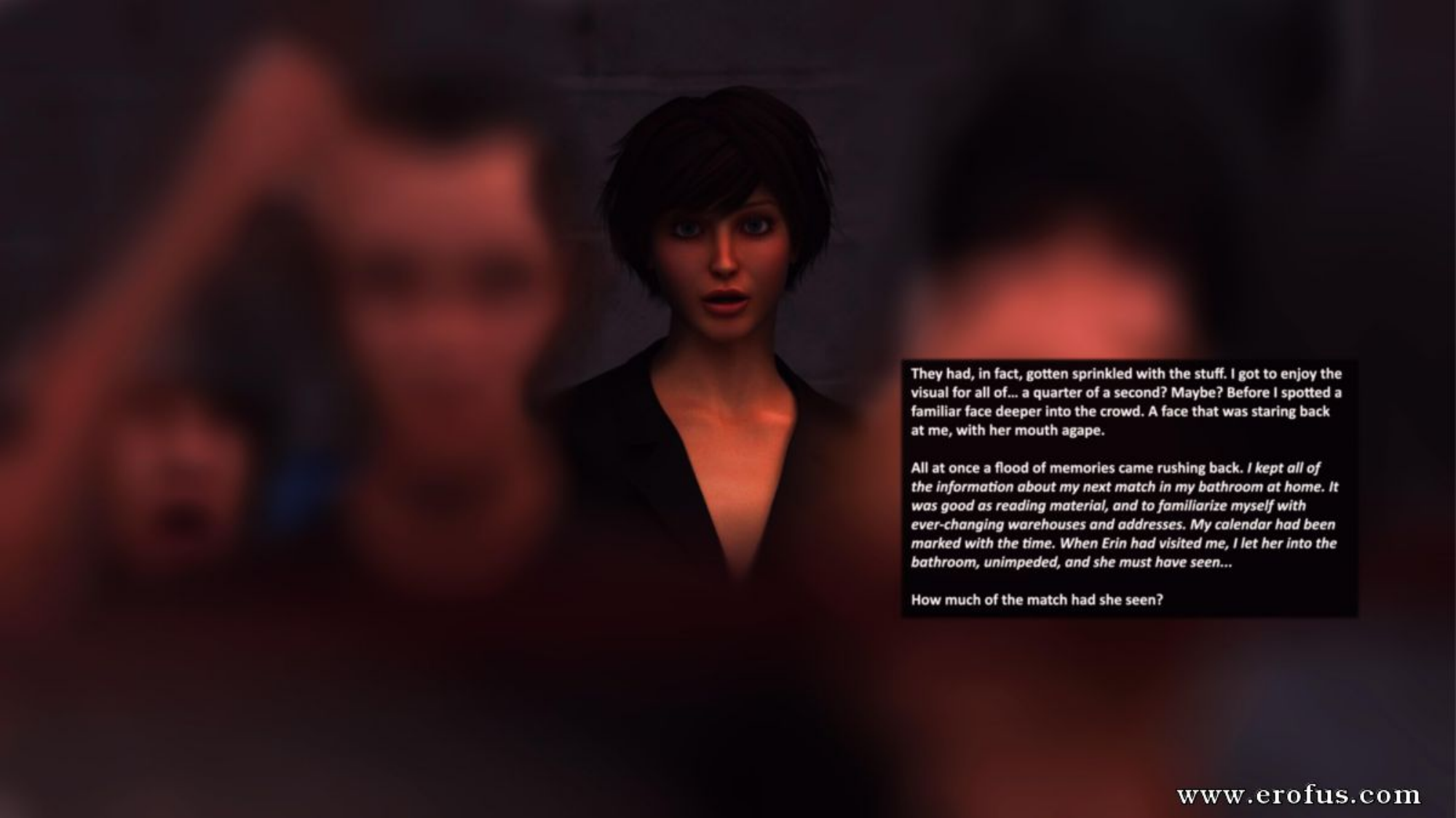
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Okay. Finally. It was time. I straightened back up, and smiled down to those in the crowd that were closest to the ring. I normally ignore them completely, but this finale was a little special. There was probably going to be some splash damage for those in the front, and I wanted to let them know I was thinking of them. Even if I sincerely hoped to never meet any of them again.


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The wrestling I do may not be... well, wrestling at all, if I'm being perfectly honest with myself. But that doesn't mean I don't know any moves.
For the grand finale I decided to show off one with an appropriate name, given what the end result would be. In wrestling terminology it's simply called a "splash". Or a body press, if you want to be a traditionalist.
I liked the sound of splash, though.


If my life were to ever be made into a movie I'd insist they put a cartoony splash sound effect over the sound of me hitting the canvas. Both of the human bodies attached to my person exploded like gore-filled water balloons under the immense pressure.
It was fuckin' awesome. I mean, it didn't feel awesome. It never feels awesome. Blood is hot, sticky, and has too strong a smell for me to really enjoy being coated in the stuff. Not to say I didn't enjoy forcing it out of someone!
But forcing it out of two people at once using only my weight and gravity? Well that was something special.
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Sadly, that marked the end of this match. Though they were now bloodied sacks of shattered bone fragments and crushed organs, my two opponents were still mostly intact. I mean they'd obviously lost a lot of blood, but that's besides the point.
I lay there for a moment, taking in the crowd's cheers, before I got the sudden idea to check out my handiwork. Had I actually pressed down with enough force to spray those nearest the ring?
My eyes opened lazily, and a smile crossed my face. I wanted them to know, even if they were *disgusted*, that I had *loved* doing it.
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The crowd cleared out of my way as I walked through. I didn't want to alarm her so I walked slowly, and placed my feet down quietly as I could. I was several seconds behind her, but once I reached the exit I knew I could more easily close the gap in a safe place, away from the crowds.

Once she stepped outside I began to worry. Not just for how she would react to me trying to talk to her, but because it was dangerous! I've heard that more than a few times someone leaving the show would be held up by some unscrupulous people looking for a quick buck. It had never happened to me for, well, obvious reasons, but Erin? In that nice jacket? With her thoroughly unintimidating size? She needed an escort if she didn't want to effectively walk around with a giant bullseye painted on her.

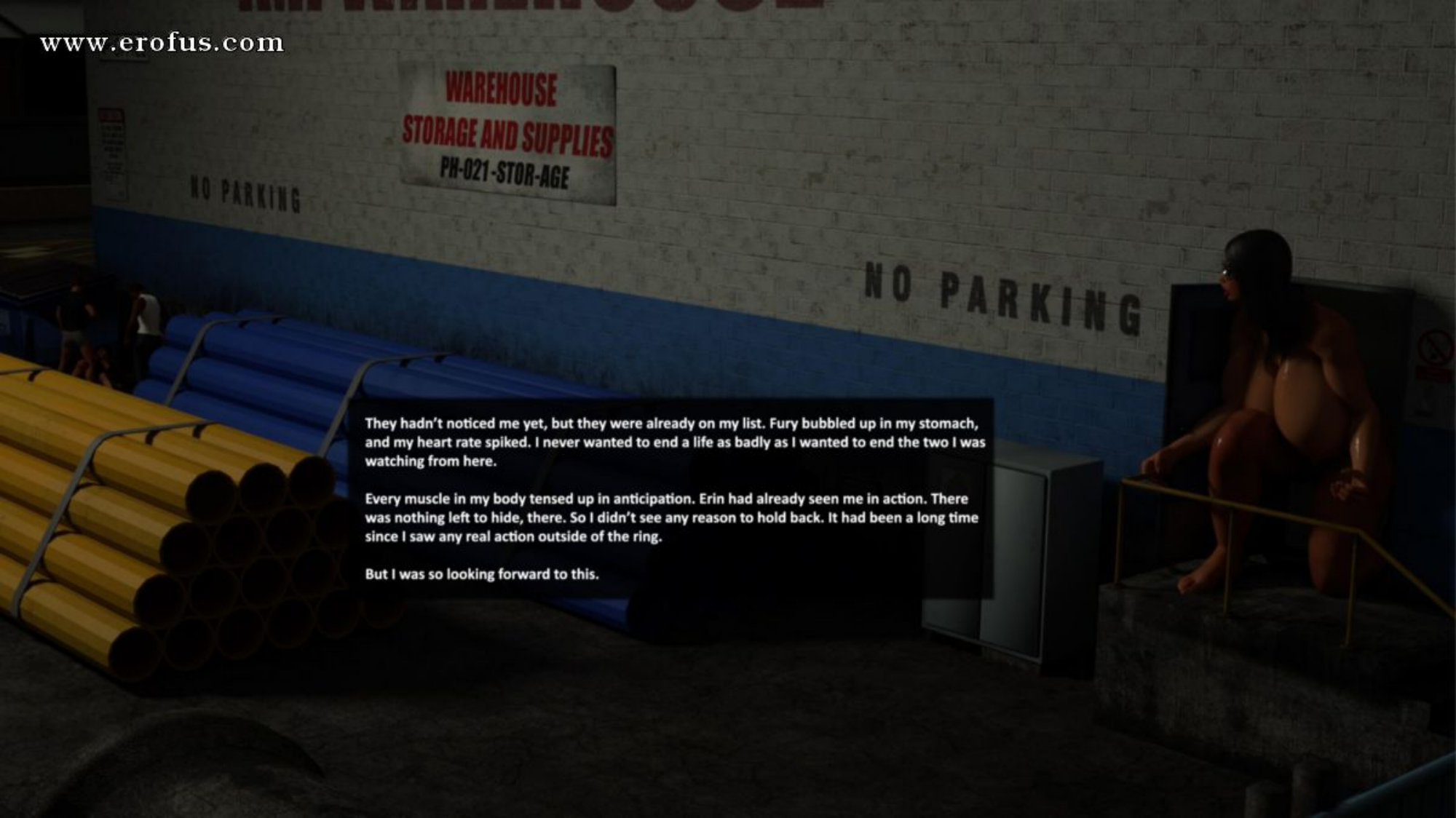
Then I heard her voice. But it wasn't that soft, warm voice I'm used to. The calm, measured tone was gone. It was a cry for help. If she was in danger, I... I...

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They hadn't noticed me yet, but they were already on my list. Fury bubbled up in my stomach, and my heart rate spiked. I never wanted to end a life as badly as I wanted to end the two I was watching from here.

Every muscle in my body tensed up in anticipation. Erin had already seen me in action. There was nothing left to hide, there. So I didn't see any reason to hold back. It had been a long time since I saw any real action outside of the ring.

But I was so looking forward to this.



Fun Fact:

I thought about adding an “Evil Ann” character to the series, but then I realized Evil Ann is just Ann

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