
SQUASH
MATCH 8
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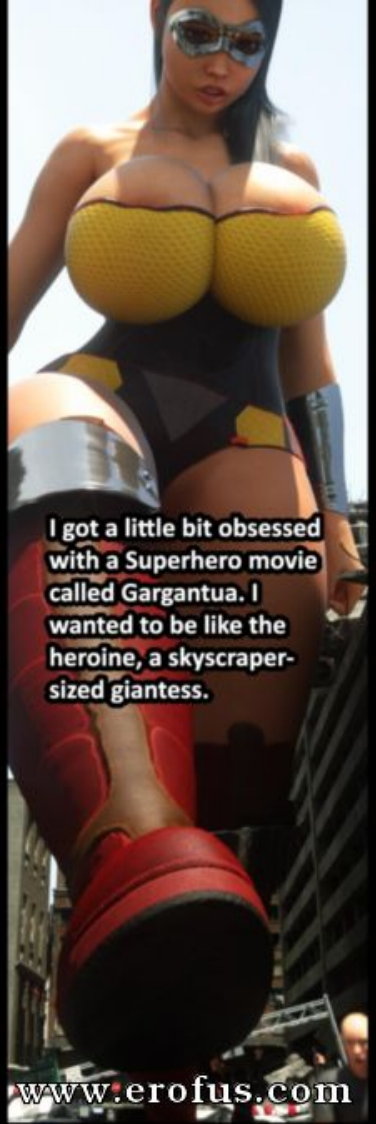


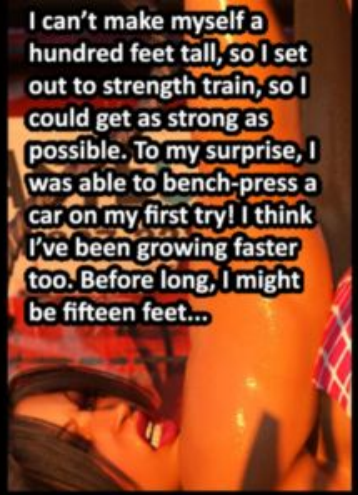
My name is Ann, and let's say I'm an... *underground* wrestler. *Very* underground. When your opponent is as big as I am, stepping into the ring is less of a competition and more of a death sentence. So I suppose it's a good thing there's no one as big as I am, huh?

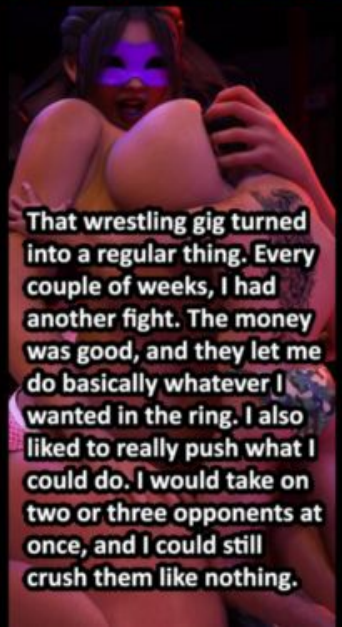
I do my job well, but a long time ago I had a bit of a *falling-out* with my old proprieters.

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.

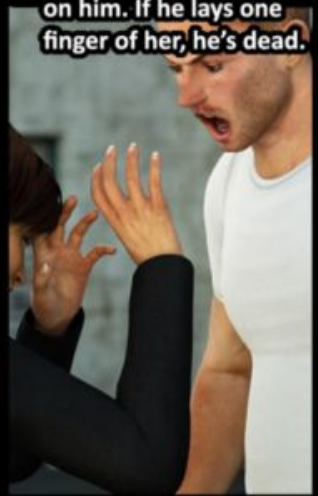
Right around the same time I started seeing a therapist, which is why I'm writing this journal in the first place. Her name is Erin, and she's the first person I've opened up to in a long time.



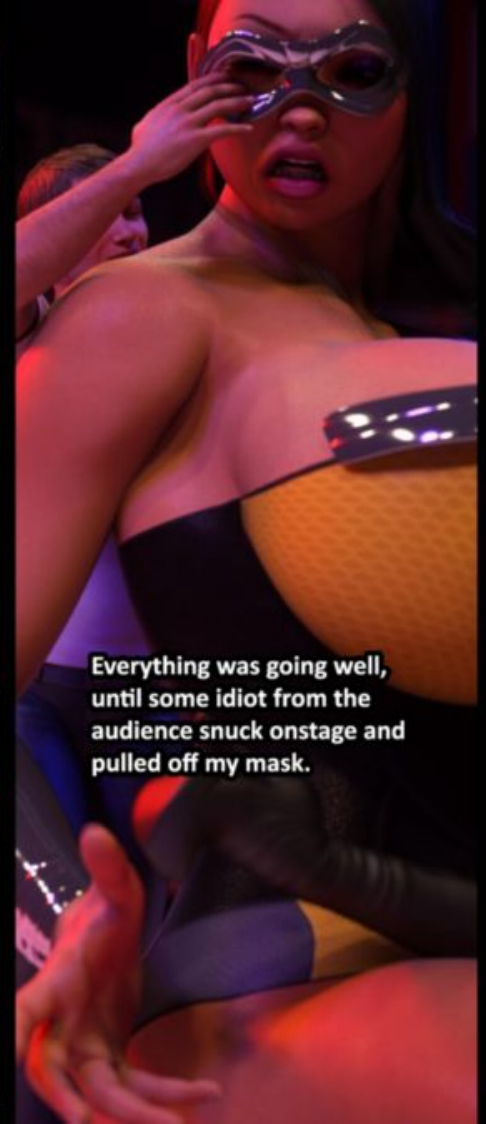












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I stomped the hell out of that prick for stealing my mask, and my real opponent didn't fare much better. Don't worry, I got my mask back.
Now that I had some time off work, I tracked down Erin's abusive boyfriend and warned him what would happen if 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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I didn't know how to respond to Erin's advances. I froze, which she took as a rejection.
I deal with my frustrations in the ring. Suffice to say, I got carried away, and it was sexy as hell.
When I came home, I immediately started watching the tapes from the match. But I was interrupted by a creep who was trying to steal my stash of money.
I decided I may as well put him to use, and so I made him pleasure me while I watched the tapes. That was going pretty well until Erin walked in...
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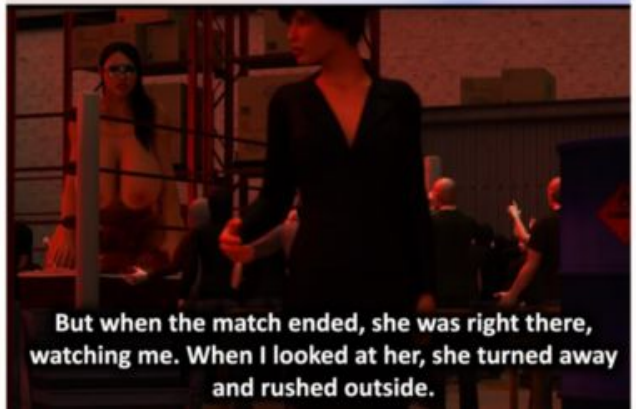




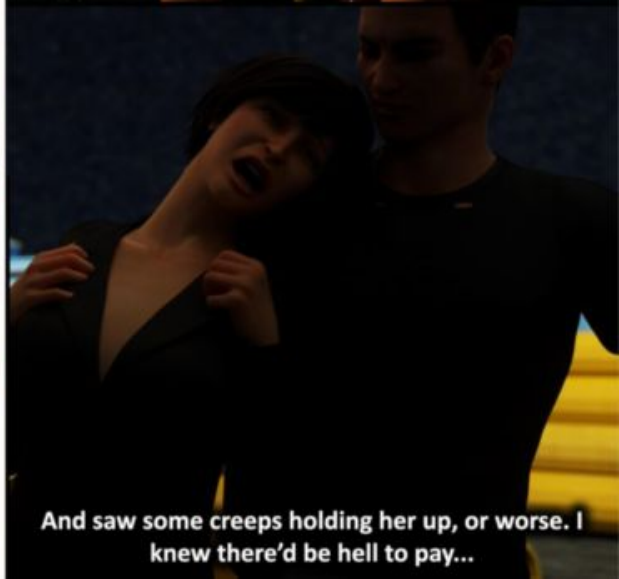


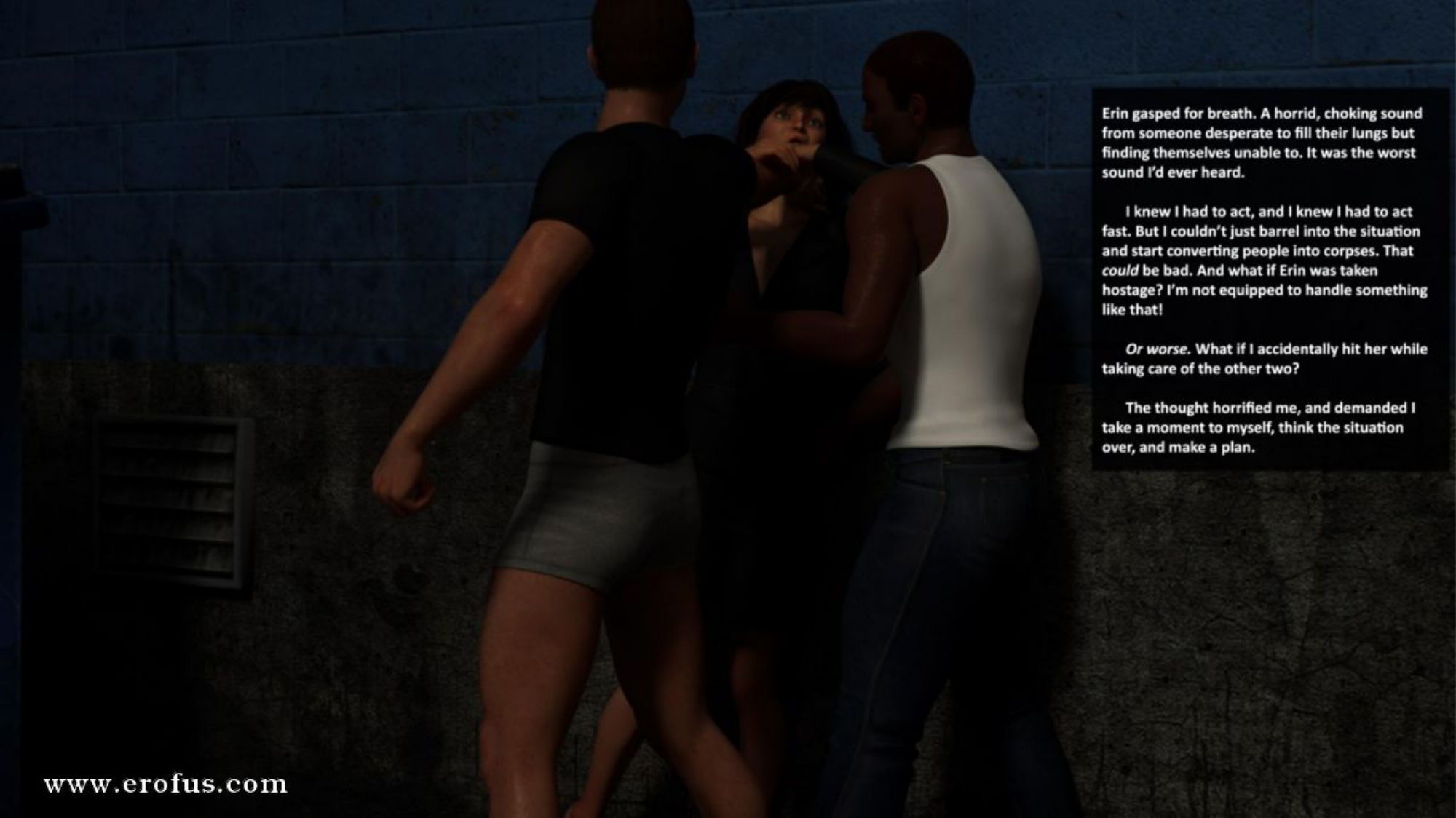












Erin gasped for breath. A horrid, choking sound from someone desperate to fill their lungs but finding themselves unable to. It was the worst sound I'd ever heard.

I knew I had to act, and I knew I had to act fast. But I couldn't just barrel into the situation and start converting people into corpses. That *could* be bad. And what if Erin was taken hostage? I'm not equipped to handle something like that!

Or worse. What if I accidentally hit her while taking care of the other two?

The thought horrified me, and demanded I take a moment to myself, think the situation over, and make a plan.

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But sometimes the body doesn't want to listen to the brain. Sometimes the body acts on its own, and while thinking of all the ways this could go wrong I felt my legs start moving forward. I didn't run. That would draw too much attention. I walked. I felt like there shouldn't be anything to worry about, but when it comes to keeping Erin safe I couldn't help myself.
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He tried to fight back. I think. I'm sure there was a shitload of adrenaline started coursing through his body once the world went dark, and he raised his arms in what was likely an attempt to pull my fingers off his face.
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It should come as no surprise that his attempts to fight back were ultimately meaningless. Before his hands could even reach my fingers I was able to pop his skull like a little blood-filled balloon. It felt real fuckin' good. In a different situation I'd likely have stopped to paint a smiley face on the wall with his blood, but time was not on my side.
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There were *two* dead little fucks in front of me, after all. From my position at the doorway I assumed this was an ordinary mugging, but now that I now had a clear, unobstructed view of this other guy. And his flimsy little cock. What they were actually planning was sickening, and this vile piece of trash needed to be disciplined.
I opened my fist, dropping his dead friend to the ground with a meaty thump.
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The future corpse didn't try to run. I appreciated that. It made him easier to kill. His arms raised into a defensive position as if I couldn't drive my a fist through both of his arms and still cave his chest in. The little piece of shit was probably still in shock, and just reacting from what I'd done to his buddy.

A big, menacing step forward closed the gap, and he was cornered. To his right, a heavy, steel, immovable (For him, that is.) dumpster. To the left, a hard, unyielding (Again, for him) stone wall.

And directly in front? I was practically salivating.



"It's time to take out the trash." I announced, picking up the piece of shit.

I still can't believe these words left my mouth, but they did. Was I just trying to show off for Erin's sake? Or was the fact I had a rare opportunity to inflict violence outside of a ring influencing me? The future corpse didn't seem to enjoy this line, which just made things even as far as I was concerned, cause I certainly didn't like feeling his disgusting little pecker press into my palm.

I was very careful not to injure him while picking him up. He needed to be fully aware of the torture I was about to inflict on him, and an early injury would be distracting. Seconds ago he thought he had all the power. And now here I was, delivering a reminder.



There's always someone higher up on the food chain.

His mouth opened wide when I pulled his body in two with a quick flick of my hands. I have to say, it was pretty clean. I've done this a couple times before, and it's always a bit of a mood killer to have stretched, warped skin hanging off the edges of my fingers with organs and viscera spilling out onto the floor.

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Maybe it was focused rage that controlled my movements, or maybe it's just my recently-increased workout load that enabled this. Either way, he was completely and utterly fucked. And he would spend his last few seconds fully aware of what I'd just done to him.
As the separate halves of his body dropped to the floor, a generous splash of red decorated myself and the wall beside me.
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I couldn't just sit around, though. I held my breath, hoping what I was about to do was the right thing, and dropped to my knees as quietly as I could manage. Moving slowly so as not to alarm her, I gently placed a hand on her side. She flinched and looked up, eyes full of fear, before her expression softened. Luckily the two assholes were long dead, so there wasn't any pained groans ruining the moment.

Anxiously, I bit my bottom lip lowered a hand to wrap behind her. My heart pounded as my eyes scanned her intently, reading her expression and looking for any change. If I was going too far I'd pull back immediately, and make like I was just helping her to her feet. If she didn't want me anywhere near her right now then I had to respect that.

Thankfully, it didn't seem like she was upset at my touch.

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As gently as I could manage I scooped her up from the ground, and lifted her closer to my face. It was at this moment that I became acutely aware of the sweaty sheen covering my entire body, and how I was pressing her against my nude form. I found myself wondering if I was going to accidentally ruin her nice clothing like this.
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She didn't seem so worried.
She craned her neck up, and placed her arm on mine for leverage. Her lips were pursed, and I moved her slightly higher, so she could reach my face. She moved in, and I could feel the warmth of her breath on my lips. I inhaled sharply by surprise, filling my lungs with her scent thanks to my little mistake.
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After a minute of bliss our faces separated, and she looked at me wordlessly. Her hand ran up and down the length of my arm, and her eyes were full of need. She knew what she wanted. I knew what she wanted.
But we couldn't do it here. It was too open, and the smell of blood still hung in the air. But... I also couldn't take her home. It was too far. By the time I arrive the moment will have passed, and I don't want to risk that.
I won't risk that.
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So I scooped her up into one arm, and walked to the nearest safe place I knew of. The building we were just standing outside of! The crowds were in the front, still making their way out, and the back rooms were off limits to anyone who isn't a performer. And after the show I'd just finished putting on there certainly isn't going to be anyone around to bother us.
I made a pit stop in the showers along the way. At first I was afraid I'd lose all the momentum from the moment by doing so, but Erin found the strength to stand and watched, mesmerized by the sight of me rinsing all the red stuff off of me.
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I carried Erin over to one of the benches and cradled her onto it as gently as I could manage. It took her a moment to adjust to the width of the cushiony seat, and her arms reached blindly for something to stabilize her on the seat.
Looks like I would need to help with that.
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I straddled the bench she was laying on, and she looked up at me with eyes full of wonder. I had to wonder what I looked like from this angle. From her point of view. What could she even see of me from there? Was it all just my chest?

Either way, I could tell she liked he what she saw, and her hand again rubbed against my naked leg slowly. But this time I returned the favor, running the tips of my fingers across her lower chest, and squeezed the small mounds of her breasts.

She was so delicate. For an instant I was reminded of my mask, something I normally wore to commit acts of violence. I started to take it off, before I heard a single word escape her lips.

"No."

I left it on.


Her hands came up to help me. If she were a stranger I'd picked up to help me get off I'd have ripped her clothes clean from her body and had my way with her. Delicacy is not my forte, and I was scared I would fuck something up when I felt her soft little hands guide my fingers. She didn't do it for me. She wanted me to do it myself.
I held my breath as she guided my hands, helping to pull the jacket open, and I got to see more of her than I'd ever seen so far.
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But I wasn't here just to get a peek. She sat up, and helped me slide the entire thing down her petite frame. I'd already exposed her chest, and her cute little breasts were actually a little bigger than they looked covered up. Her belly came next, flat and without definition. Then her thighs. Neither was as thick as one of my palms, and I could feel more sweat visibly form on my forehead as her clothing continued to slide inexorably down her body.
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There she was. The figure I had dreamed of. She was looking up at me, drinking in the sights while I did the same back. I moved forward, and felt her hands again, rubbing my arms. My tits rubbed her entire body from the sides as I slid forward, and I kept going until I could feel her knees pressing against my thighs.

Then, I stopped. We hadn't done much of anything yet, but simply feeling our disparate forms rub against one another had been all the foreplay we needed. She began to squeeze her legs together, hoping to eke some pleasure without using her hands, but she wouldn't have to do this for long.


I moved back, and lowered my face between her legs.
Erin gasped, purely out of anticipation.
I hadn't even done anything yet. I just wanted to study her just studied her little body for a moment, wondering how I was going to do this. Another problem I've never really had to deal with is, well, caring about another person's pleasure. Usually my partner was only there to serve me, regardless of how it would turn out for them. I've never had to worry about another person gleaming
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Her expression melted into one of pure ecstasy. I barely knew what I was doing, but it looked like it was working. She closed her eyes, and parted her lips in enjoyment. I lifted her up further, and mashed my face deeper into the hungry crevice between her legs, and she started to squeeze my wrist with one of her hands. Loose strands of my hair started to fall over her legs, and I think they were tickling her, as her lips turned up into a pleasure-filled smile.

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I lifted her up [illegible], arching her back as far as her spine would allow. I almost pulled her back down, but quickly learned that an expression of pleasure looks very similar to one of pain.

Like I said, seeing this whole thing on someone else's face is a new experience for me.

My tongue ran circles around her miniature pussy, and I could feel a growing wetness begin to form between my own legs as the act continued to play out. She started to scream, and her entire body writhed in ecstasy in my hand.

I kept her like this until she stopped writhing, and carefully placed her back onto the seat.


"Was that okay?"
Here we are, in a locker room, completely nude, with me having just finished eating her out. And that was all I could think of to break the silence? Fuck I'm so fuckin' stupid.
Despite all this, she answered. Nonverbally, but an answer is an answer. A warm smile of acknowledgment, then she sat up to get a better look at me.
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"The mask... do you mind?" She asked, reaching for it with one hand. I jerked back instinctively, before blushing furiously, embarrassed at my reaction.
"I'd... um. I'd prefer to keep it on." I replied. Then winked, feigning confidence.
I think she knew I was faking it. If she did then she didn't admit it, and accepted my answer without question.
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I rose higher above her, so my mask was far out of reach from her little grabby hands. I could tell she liked the effect, as she leaned back onto her own hands to look up at me in awe. I wrapped my fingers around her skinny legs, and started pulling them up towards my pussy, before stopping.
No. I needed to learn to be more considerate of my partner's feelings. Learning experience!
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Instead of shoving Erin's legs up into my pussy, I leaned back, and sat onto the floor with a heavy thud. Then, steeling my nerves, I spread my legs open. It was a bizarre sensation, opening myself up like this to another person, but Erin took the hint, dropped to her knees, and began to crawl forward. A lump caught in my throat as I saw her look up at me for approval as she crawled past my feet, and I nodded silently.
She didn't say anything as she continued crawling, and made her way into the valley between my legs.
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I was like a living playground for her, I quickly surmised. She could have made a beeline straight to my pussy and assaulted it at her own leisure, but she wanted to have fun, I suppose. She practically dropped to her belly, and inched forward, making her way under the arch of my knees like I was an alien structure she'd never laid eyes on before.

If I'm being honest it was kind of exciting seeing someone look at me with eyes full of wonder, and not terror or lust.


Eventually she stopped playing around. I don't know whether it was because lust had finally consumed her, or if she just didn't want to leave me waiting anymore. Whatever the reason I quickly lost sight of her as the top of her body vanished under the shelf of my chest, and I could only wait with baited breath for her to make contact.
I grabbed hold of the tiled pillars behind me, and braced for impact.
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I turned slightly to the side to get a better view of her, and shocked even myself at the sight. Her entire body was so small, and framed by every thing that made me big. I was suddenly acutely aware of every movement my muscles made. I've never been in a situation where I cared about the soul who found themselves between my legs.
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With Erin, though. I wasn't able to turn my brain off and enjoy the worship. I had to remain keenly aware of where she was even when my eyes were closed, and I had to actively stop myself from closing my legs to squeeze more performance out of the woman.
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It was a war that it looked like I was ultimately set to lose. As I leaned back further I could feel my knees start to move closer to my little partner. One of her hands came up and tried to wrap around my thigh, presumably in an effort to pull herself free.
I concentrated as best I could to avoid endangering her, but it felt like it was a losing battle.
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I gritted my teeth, and managed to force my legs apart once more. At least a little bit. But the loss of sensation was quickly overpowering, and I had to help her along. It's not her fault. She's probably never been with someone as big, or as insatiable as me. She needed the help, and I didn't mind providing it for her.


I was careful enough, I suppose. I didn't pop her entire head into my pussy like it was a dildo, but I did mash her face against it. Gently, though. I didn't want her coming out from between my legs with something even as minor as a bloodied nose
I'm pretty sure we managed to strike a happy medium, though. Her hand slipped down from my thigh, as if she no longer felt she were in danger, and instead started to rub against my naked flesh slowly. It was working for me, as I started to feel a rapid ascent towards climax overcome me.
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Erin squeaked, but it was one of surprise, not pain. I shoved her face against my pussy slightly harder. Her arms and legs jerked up in surprise, but again there was no attempt to pull herself free.

Instead, she began to work my pussy with everything she had. My toes curled and an explosive climax floored me, nearly causing me to black out.

Then, a few seconds later, a second one hit.

I had to intervene before a third could strike, and felt a warm wave of relief wash over me. Stopping myself from closing my legs around Erin just then had been the hardest thing I'd ever done, but I managed it. And a few seconds later, after a couple sputtering coughs, Erin resurfaced.

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Erin's face was wet, glistening, and somehow even prettier than normal, it seemed. She radiated with a health glow, even as the time between my legs had left her looking more like a glazed pastry. She seemed to be in good spirits, though.

As a show of appreciation for what she'd done, I decided to overcome my own hand-ups, and pull the mask from my face. Erin didn't view it as a very big deal, but for me it was huge. I had always put the mask on in private, and taken it off in private. I know it's silly, given how easy I'd be to pick out of a lineup even with it on, but symbolically it felt huge. She was seeing the transformation between my in-ring persona, and the real me.

I did my best to hide my disappointment when all of that was lost on her, though.


She had other ways of showing affection, though. When I saw her start to crawl again I watched what she was doing curiously. I didn't feel like I was quite ready for another round... but I also didn't feel like I *wasn't* ready.
So naturally it was pretty surprising to me when she changed direction, and hugged me. Sort of.
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She h[illegible] could manage, I'm sure. I was undoubtedly too big for her to small arms to encircle any part of my chest. My belly was just as impossible, and since I'd just had a chance to compare them directly a minute ago, I even knew my thighs were too big.

The one thing she could manage to embrace was my foot, and it was *adorable*.



She alternated between nuzzling the side of her face against my big toe and looking up at me dreamily in a way that just melted my heart. Even now I couldn't help but compare our sizes, though. Her hands looked like they weren't even able to wrap around one of my toes, and my foot was almost three quarters the size of her entire body.

It was cute. And that's not a word I get to say often.

I lost track of time after that, and simply let the feeling of the little woman's loving embrace of my foot take me to another world.

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I don't know how long it ultimately lasted. I just know that when we stopped and she moved to retrieve her clothes, the building was silent save for the hum of the lights above us. It was still dark outside, which was a relief. I didn't want to have to walk outside in the daylight to go back home.

I picked Erin up once she was dressed, and put my mask back on. It was basically habit at this point, and I didn't want to leave without it. Once fully dressed I offered to escort her back to her car. She graciously accepted, and I gave her the most comfortable seat I could find on my person. It was warm, cushioned, and most importantly, I was able to put up the blinders as we walked past certain scenes she probably didn't want to relive tonight.


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For a long time I just stood, and watched as she drove off. I didn't feel safe until she was out of sight. Even then I felt a twinge of worry, but I had to put it aside. She was a grown woman, and it was only sheer happenstance that she found herself in a bad situation tonight. She can take care of herself.
There's nothing to worry about. I knew that, but I still had trouble accepting it.

When I finally felt like I was up to the task of returning home, I did just that. I tried to sleep that night, I really did. But I couldn't. I was a real genuine whirlwind of emotions about everything that had happened. Were Erin and I officially an item now? Or was that just a one-night-stand? I would prefer the former but even if it was the latter it was still something I didn't want to forget.

For hours I lay in bed, looking up at the ceiling. Everything seemed just perfect. And, convinced that it was, I gradually slipped into unconsciousness at some point in time.

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I may have been operating under the assumption that everything was perfect in my head, but my subconscious told a different story. In my dreams I felt myself consumed by rage, and grew out of my clothes. As I did so my skin and hair turned a dazzling shade of emerald. I looked just like a comic book character as I could feel anger bubble up from within me and it was all focused on one man.
I couldn't see his face in the dream, but I somehow knew exactly who he was. He was someone whose very existence continued to bother me, and my future prospects with Erin. In my dream I sent him flying simply by growing near him, and had overturned his vehicle in a fit of powerful rage.
Then I advanced upon him. Every step I took cracked the pavement under my toes, and he began to squeal for mercy. But I was big, green, and unstoppable. Fueled entirely by emotion I couldn't slow down even if I wanted. I closed in on him, raised a fist to punch his little head into the pavement, and...
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And then the sounds of police sirens woke up.

I'm no expert at interpreting dreams, but this one seemed like a cinch to me. I clearly had some lingering feelings about Erin's ex. I tried to put him out of my mind, but every time he entered it I only thought of crushing him like a bug. Even getting out of bed, and glancing out of my window at all the noise I could only think of was paying him another visit and crushing his head like a sparrow's egg.

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And that was its own problem, as the matters playing out outside seemed like they were pretty important. I watched as a couple of police officers were investigating the blood-stained couch I'd dropped off in the dumpster recently, complete with a body stuffed under the cushions. I tried to focus on this, what it meant, and what I should be doing about it.

But focusing was impossible. I needed something to take the edge off.


And hell *yes* that's exactly what I did. I spent a pretty sizable portion of my payment from the last match on a *shitload* of wine. I decided to make a night of it. After all, I wasn't just trying to push bad thoughts out of my head.

I was also celebrating! *Hell yeah!* Me and Erin fuckin' did it last night! If that wasn't an occasion worth celebrating then... I don't fuckin' know what is! I bought a shitload of wine cause I was planning on calling a *bunch* of people over to celebrate, before I realized the folly of my ways.

I... don't really have any other friends. Erin was the reason I was celebrating so I couldn't call her, and I don't think that too many of the people who clean up after my matches would be willing to hang out... so where did that leave me?
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It meant I didn't have to share is what it *fuckin'* meant! I could just kick back in my fuckin' birthday suit, get absolutely sloshed, and watch old matches back at my leisure. The problem with drinking from a sedentary position alone is that you kind of uh, don't realize just how much all of the alcohol is affecting you.

I mean, I saw the images on the screen star to blur into one another as I downed bottle after consecutive bottle, but that's also not unlike the kind of thing I see when I'm getting sleepy. The bigger signal was a sense of warmth coming over me, but considering the excellent, if I may say so, content playing out on screen in front of me I just assumed it was more of a deep arousal coming over me, and not an excessive amount of alcohol affecting my system.


So convinced was I of this that I shoved one of the unopened bottles inside of me. I could barely remember the match that was playing out on the screen as I slid the makeshift glass dildo in and out of my pussy. Why in the *fuck* hadn't I re-watched this match more often? It was pretty fuckin' *choice*, if I say so myself.
I remember the costume, though. That costume was hot as hell.
Past-me was really toyin' with this guy in front of his partner a lot. It was fuckin' great. The lights were a bit too bright in this arena though. I looked positively pale!
Not that it mattered. Each move I made in that footage would splash a little bit of red on me, and every time a fresh red streak marred my beautiful skin I felt a fresh tingle run through current-me.
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Everything was a little fuzzy at the time, but I remembered I wasn't paying as much attention to the video footage at this point. It was a combination of being lost in the act of pleasuring myself, as well as being able to listen to the commentators for once. It all seemed so fresh, which was odd considering I'd lived through it. It was even a *tables* match! I *love* table matches! I should do one of those again!
Shit. I was definitely out of it.
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I heard the sound of a spine cracking, which awakened something in the back of my mind. My eyes shot open, and I briefly lost control over the bottle I was holding onto at the sight of me pressing a guy's spine completely flat against my chest.

"I'm so fuckin' cool..." I thought to myself in a fit of giggles, before noticing all of the wine I had spilt on the floor from my brief moment of lucidity. Ughhhh, cleaning is so *annoying!*

But.

But... it gave me an idea.

One that didn't involve *cleaning.*



When most people relive their past they refer to it as a stroll down memory lane. Given my current state of mind it was probably more accurate to refer to it as a drunken gait. A clumsy trot punctuated by the occasional hiccup or stopping to regain my balance.

I should have been cleaning, but *fuck that*. No, I instead decided to drop some cushions onto the floor to soak up the alcohol, and crawled back into my bedroom. A minute later and I pulled out one of my old costumes. I'm not even sure if it's the same one from the video, but in my drunken mind it was close enough.

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I honestly don't know why I keep these old things. It seems like a waste of space, really. I'm not getting any smaller. The outfits themselves are too big to fit anyone else I've ever seen. And I'm sure there's probably enough DNA all over any of them to warrant being placed in evidence lockers.

But... at the same time. I can't help it. I'm just a sucker for nostalgia I guess.

After a bunch of fighting with the outfit I finally manage to get it on. Sort of. Both of my tits are unrestrained by the string of purple material, and it really looks more like a thin string of dental floss between my pussy lips at the moment.

What the fuck ever. I still look good in it.


I got a little distracted while putting it on, in all honesty. It was simultaneously kinda painful to have something squeeze *into* my pussy like this, but all the rubbing it took to get into that position that was exciting.
Or maybe I was just hammered.
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I didn't plan on just layin' around like this, though. Oh no no no no, I was gonna feel the suit out some more! But first I'd need to get out of this room and when everything is spinning that's a fairly difficult task to accomplish.

A lazy survey of the room told me that if I sat down on one end I could probably stretch my legs completely out until I touched the other. That would probably feel nice, right?


It turns out, no. It did not feel nice. Mostly because I had a hell of a time re-positioning myself so I could even come close to stretching. Once I got halfway into turning around I bumped my head against the ceiling, and started to question my life choices.
...For all of about five seconds. Because at the same time I started to really appreciate just how much I'd grown recently.
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I had a pretty clear memory of how this costume *used* to fit, and with the video playing I was able to get a clear vision in my head of just how big I was at the time. And now? I was so much fuckin' bigger.

If past-me were to get into the ring with current-me, then there's no way I could best me. I wouldn't stand a chance 'cause I'd definitely win. It would be no contest!

And if there was someone smaller in the ring with us at the time? I could pick smaller me up like a child and just drop myself onto someone who was 'normal' sized. Christ. Was I ever going to stop growing? Or would I one day be big enough to hold Erin in the palm of my hand?

What would life be like at that size?



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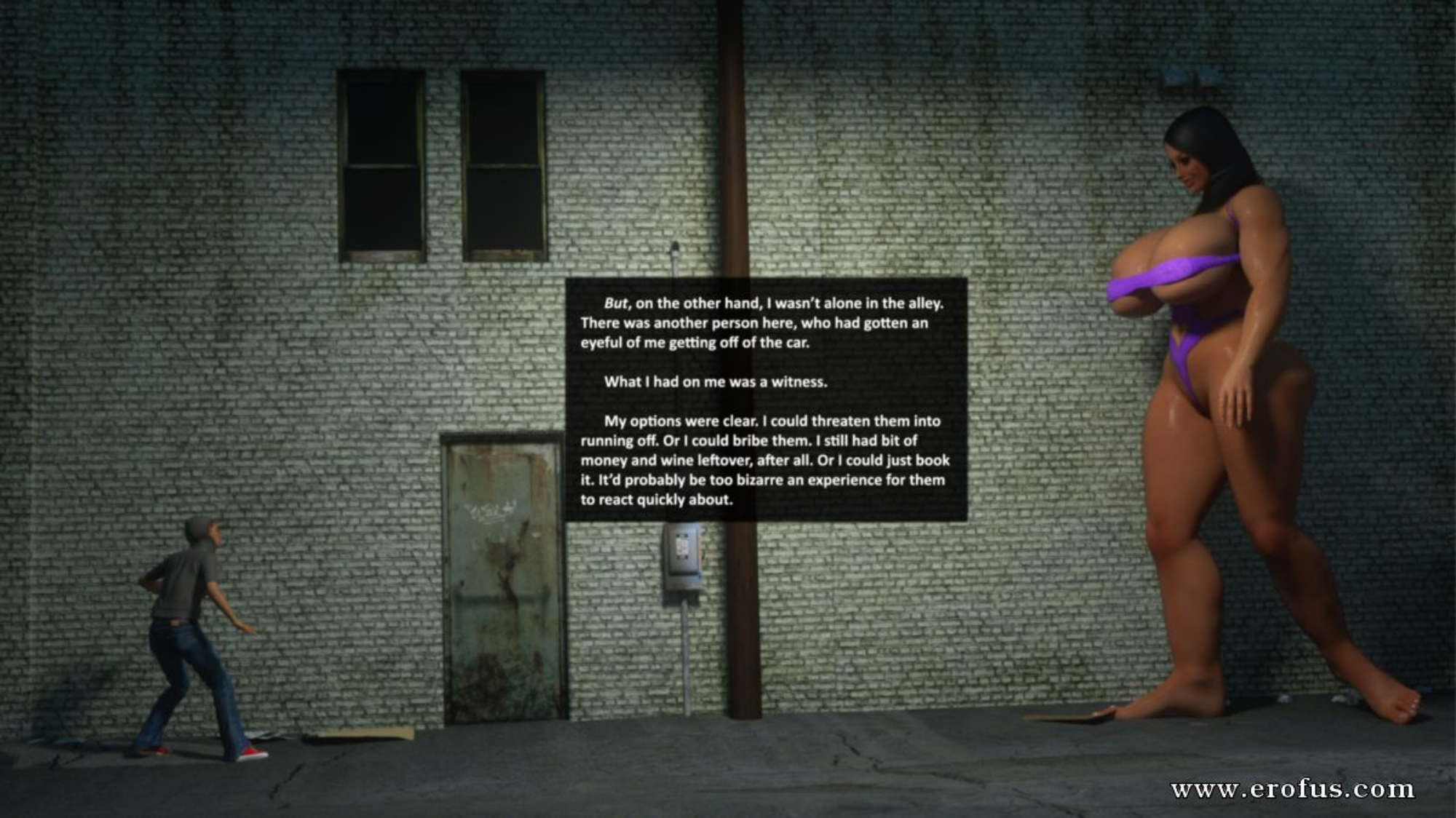

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I mean, those are more of the thoughts running through my head right now, as I write this.
At the time...? Erm, well. I had decided that maybe a solution to really stretch in this outfit would come to me if I walked outside. So I made my way outside, the only way that made sense.
Out the fucking window.


You'd never know it by looking at me, but it turns out that I'm actually pretty heavy. Too heavy for a flimsy fire escape. Soon as I settled all my weight onto the wrought iron beams I felt the entire thing bend sink, and knew I had fucked up.
I stood there for a moment, feeling the entire structure bend under my feet. I just had to wait for the fire escape to accept my standing weight, then I could try and make my way down slowly. Okay. Here I go!
It fuckin' didn't work.
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On the one hand, I had satisfied my urges to stretch my legs now. I had also made quite a bit of fuckin' noise in the process. Right now all I needed to do was go back inside, and sleep this off. I didn't feel like I was in any sort of pain from the fall. All in all, an ideal scenario.
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But, on the other hand, I wasn't alone in the alley. There was another person here, who had gotten an eyeful of me getting off of the car.
What I had on me was a witness.
My options were clear. I could threaten them into running off. Or I could bribe them. I still had bit of money and wine leftover, after all. Or I could just book it. It'd probably be too bizarre an experience for them to react quickly about.
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I didn't do any of that boring shit, though! I was out of my fuckin' mind at that point, and all those other *LAME* plans carried with them the chance of getting into trouble anyway. And, I mean, I could have paid for the damage to the car. Or an entirely new car, really. Cause there's no way that car is going to get reshaped into something usable after what I did to it.

But I didn't wanna hafta go to the bank *AGAIN*. God! It was annoying me just thinkin' about it!

So I walked up to her, and raised my foot over the cute little thing. She panicked, cause she *probably* didn't expect to see someone big enough to raise their foot over her head at any point in her life.


Guess what bitch. I'm real as hell.
I think I said that line out loud. I'm not completely sure, though. The memory is kinda fuckin' hazy, so get off my case! I just know I felt my foot press into her face pretty quick-like. She started bending backwards like, immediately, so I just got a lot more space with which to lower my foot.
At some point she started makin' some screechy noises, and they echoed really nice in the alley. It's weirdly nostalgic. Like, it's a new voice every time, but the ways in which they scream are always similar, you know?
Shit, that's deep.
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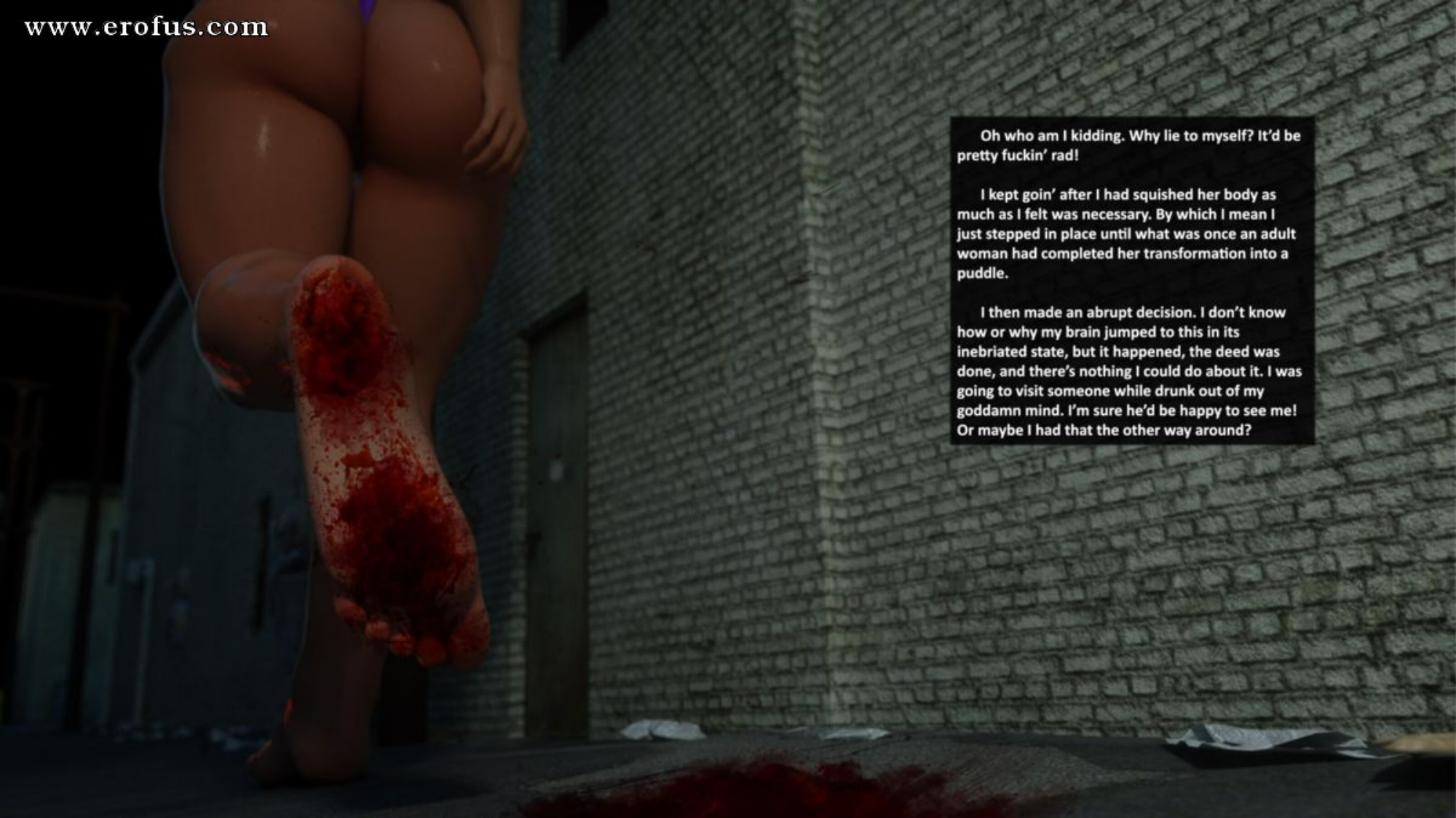

Almost as deep as my foot right now! From... pressing down on her! Yeah! I think it was a her, at least. I didn't get a great look earlier, and the only thing I'd see from looking down now is my foot. But the noises she was makin' were fairly high pitched, so I can only go with my guess!
Her legs started to bend backwards soon enough, and I wanted to stop what I was doing and stat masturbating right now. I hadn't stepped on someone for a while. And I'd never stepped on someone who was healthy. Someone who could stand, and try to fight back. They were always incapacitated first, and lying down.
But I just walked up to her and crumpled her under my foot like a tin can.
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But I can't just leave a pair of arms and legs there in the alley. Oh no no no no. No. I can't. That'd be bad. I think.
So I twisted my foot after she was flat. It didn't take much to convert the recognizable bits into a nice, red, protein shake spread across the ground. I kept goin' til my bloody toes could make out the gritty feeling of the road through her remains.
Shit, did I just refer to her as a protein shake? I mean, I guess that's not inaccurate. Like, she was certainly liquid enough, and a thick liquid at that. But a protein shake? Now I'm just hungry, and I don't like the idea of steppin' on someone making me hungry.
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Oh who am I kidding. Why lie to myself? It'd be pretty fuckin' rad!

I kept goin' after I had squished her body as much as I felt was necessary. By which I mean I just stepped in place until what was once an adult woman had completed her transformation into a puddle.

I then made an abrupt decision. I don't know how or why my brain jumped to this in its inebriated state, but it happened, the deed was done, and there's nothing I could do about it. I was going to visit someone while drunk out of my goddamn mind. I'm sure he'd be happy to see me! Or maybe I had that the other way around?

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Lucky for me, I mean. Not for him. I don't wanna know what the fuck I'd have done to get to him if I'd forgotten where he lived, or if I had to get ahold of someone on a higher floor. But since he lived on the first floor I could crawl into the door without any-

Hold up. He didn't lock his fuckin' door? Shit how am I just realizing this now? If I didn't get him someone else probably would have. He was a dead man anyway as far as I'm concerned.

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This guy must've been real fuckin' absorbed into what he was watching. It looked like some kind of porno, but still. I mean, I'd like to think if I was sittin' around watching' TV I'd notice when someone broke-

Wait a fuckin' second. I DO notice when someone breaks in! It fuckin' happened... I don't know. Not that long ago, though!

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Whatever. I'd had just about enough of this tactical espionage action. The time to strike had clearly fuckin' arrived and I made my move.

With lightning speed I thrust my hand forward, and grabbed his skull. Then I wrenched the entire thing the side, and cracked his fuckin' neck like it was made of crackers. It was more than he deserved, the piece of shit.

At least, that's how I was goin' to do it. But I guess the alcohol hadn't finished workin' through my system yet, so my initial punch wound up hittin' the back of his couch, which flung him forward and launched the entire piece of furniture forward at the same time.

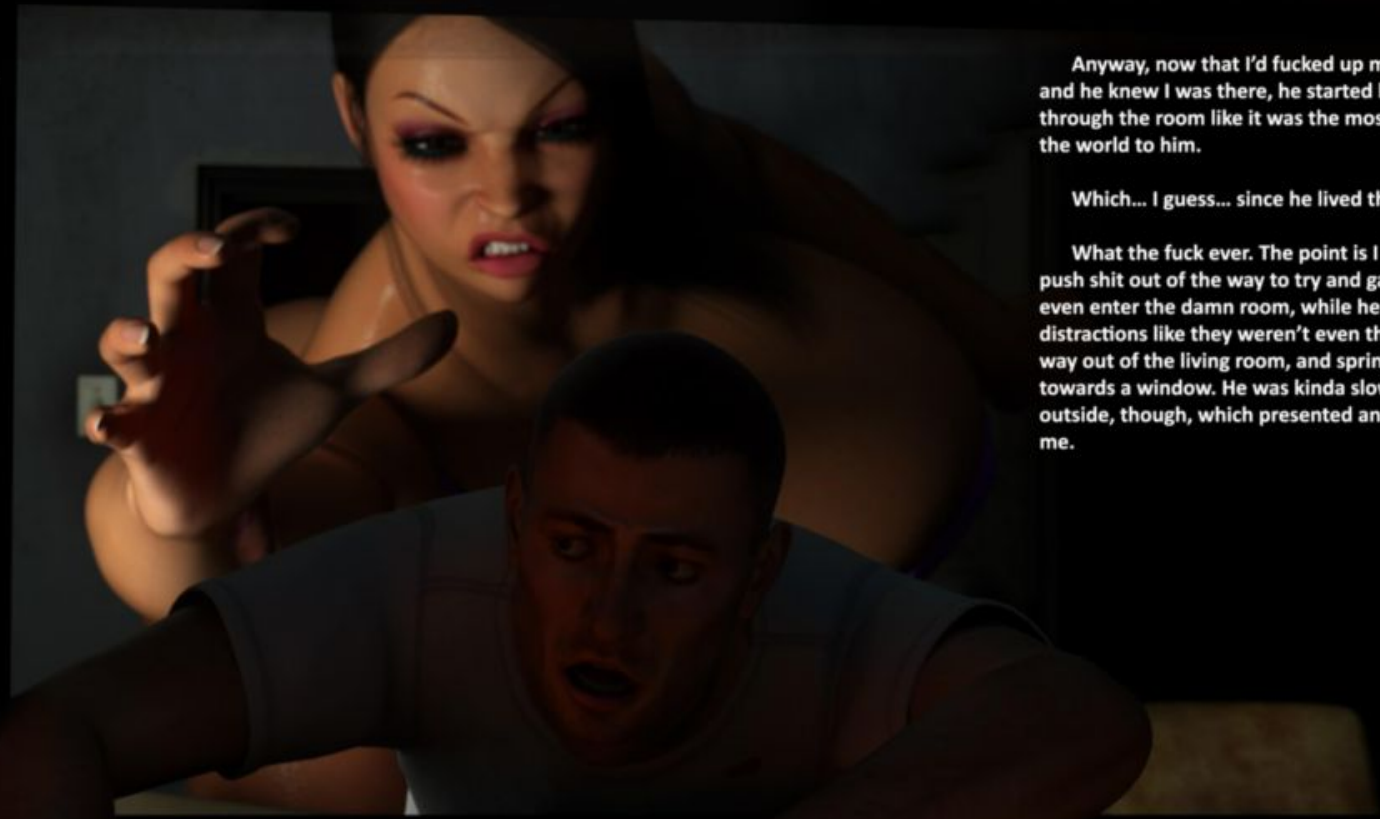
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Any hopes of this being clean and quick went away as soon he started shouting. He saw me, looming over his couch like the spectre of death, and started to... I wanna say scream, but it was really more of a shriek. I knew there were probably people around, so I had to think of a way to drown out his screams.

And cause I was drunk... I figured my own screams would do the job nicely. And they did. Nothing like a cacophony of noise to drown out something noisy.

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Anyway, now that I'd fucked up my sneak attack and he knew I was there, he started hauling ass through the room like it was the most familiar place in the world to him.

Which... I guess... since he lived there.

What the fuck ever. The point is I kept havin' to push shit out of the way to try and gain leverage to even enter the damn room, while he bounded over distractions like they weren't even there. He made his way out of the living room, and sprinted straight towards a window. He was kinda slow at climbing outside, though, which presented an opportunity for me.


Or it would have. I feel like I've been in this situation before... shit. When was that...?
I don't fuckin' remember. Point is my generous hips were trapped in a doorway. Probably again. Remembering is hard for me right now. And why are there bones in my fuckin' hips! Why can't they be as soft and pliable as my fuckin' tits?! It'd be so much easier to squeeze through doors if I didn't have to worry about shit like having a skeleton.
While I was getting angry at my body, he managed to finish climbing out of the window, and I could hear his sneakered feet start sprinting outside.
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Realistically, this was a good thing. Worst case scenario I could just crawl back outside, and run around the building to the other side to catch up with him. My legs are longer than most people are tall, after all. I may be pretty top heavy, but my stride alone means I can outrun most.

But. Um. You see...

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Have I mentioned how strong I am before? Cause I'm like, really strong. So while there were other, more conventional methods of catching up available to me, I took the most obvious one. The one that no one else would consider. Probably because it wasn't exactly smart.



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Because, as I just stated, he had a big headstart and easy access to a window. I crawled through the apartment at what I would call a brisk pace, but it was too late. The window was open, and my prey had escaped.
For the time.



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He kept wailing like a goddamn newborn, which meant it was pretty easy to keep track of him as I began the long trek around the building and to where he was. It also meant I could make out which direction he was heading without actually seeing him, and so I didn't have to come up on him from behind.

I know what you're thinking. "Why wouldn't you want to come up on him from behind?" It's a good question. I mean we all think that coming up on someone from behind is the best way to get them off guard, right?

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That's the difference between a regular person and someone in my line of work. See, just because someone can't see what's behind them, doesn't mean that it's always the best direction to assault from. Sometimes, coming up from behind is exactly what someone expects.

In this case, I knew he would expect me to come chasing after him. That meant he was probably watching his back the whole time. I'd be willing to bet he got fuckin' whiplash from looking over his shoulder so often and so fast in that period of time. Once I heard a vehicle door open and close I could just envision it. There he was, sitting in the driver's seat, looking over his shoulder again like a scared animal. He expected me to come running around the corner any second now.





That's why I took the only-slightly longer way around to surprise him from the front. That's what we call having a killer instinct. Which, as a phrase, I'd never really stopped to think about. Wow. What an apt name! I wish I was that fuckin' smart. Maybe we could instead start killing it a "killer's instinct", get that apostrophe S in there to really get the meaning across.

The point is, I was hungry for blood, and he had spent so much time looking over his shoulder he failed to see me coming right at him.

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I should've known he was a truck guy. He's pretty much exactly truck guy material. Mean, aggressive, and probably overcompensating for something between his-

Shit. He's not a truck guy at all. I fuckin' totaled his first car! So much for that theory. And so much for his new truck. All this chasing and all of his panic had put me... in a mood, to say. So I figured he could be used to relieve some of my base urges tonight. And that meant laying down on top of his truck, and mashing my tits against the windshield.

Sure, it was sexy as hell, but it also stopped the vehicle in its place. It can't exactly move with so much extra weight on it, you know?



And that's when I made my move. I punched straight through the glass of his side window, grabbed his little, fragile skull in my hands, and popped it like a grape.

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Nah. I'm kidding! Of course I didn't fuckin' do that shit. I mean, I tried to, of course. But it turns out the driver-side door had some excellent defensive maneuvers, and effortlessly blocked my hit. So instead of my fist colliding with a pane of glass I just wound up punching an enormous dent into the door itself. The glass cracked anyway, but it gave the shitty driver some time to get out of my reach. Not good.

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Luckily, I still had the advantage. Since I couldn't reach him anymore, I just started to crawl forward. After all, there was no way he could escape if the cab was getting crushed from above. My weight would be distributed evenly, and pancake him in his own, shitty truck.

And since it was red, no one would notice!

My reasoning while drunk was flawless as ever.

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It was an interesting sensation to feel the cab get crushed under my tits while crawling forward. I didn't think they were heavy enough to pull something like this off, yet. The thin metal sheet put up as good a fight as an inanimate object could be expected to, but it would ultimately lose against me, the *superior* organic being.

Oh, and uh. Erin's shitty ex was also in there. He wouldn't stop begging me to stop what I was doing, but I was in la-la-land at that point. I think he was trying to push my tits back up, but it wasn't making much of a difference. He was fucked.



Or so I thought. Turns out that I was enjoying the feeling of the cab settling underneath my breasts so much that I kind of just started to lean into it, and enjoy it like a fresh, clean surface to rest on. If there was some kind of support for my head in this position I'm sure I would have just fallen asleep in this position, which would have given him the time he needed to escape.

But I didn't have any head support, and once my tits couldn't press down any further it actually started to get uncomfortable, and that took me out of how nice and restful I was feeling.

And that was all the little fuckin' rat needed to escape.

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Oh I reached for him. Of course I reached for his little ass as soon as it was out of the goddamn door. But for the first time in my life I found that my arms weren't long enough to reach something I thought they should. I figure that in the act of settling down on the cab I wound up leaning too far to one side, and didn't stay in the center as I had initially planned.

Those extra few inches gave him a few extra seconds.



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I was closing in on him like... uh. Like a cat chasing a mouse, or something. I suppose. Only I wasn't gonna eat him. Even though that was an interesting proposition. He would probably taste like shit, and if there's one thing I'm not in the business of eating it's shit.
Every shaky, uneven step I took brought me closer. I was practically salivating at the thought of what I was gonna do once I was finally caught up.
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But I probably wasn't gonna eat him. Probably. I mean, I was drunk. If a sufficiently good opportunity presented itself I might have actually considered it. But it turned out that he wound up presenting himself for me to use at my leisure.
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I think his plan was to climb up onto this trash can, jump to a fire escape, and climb to the roof to get away. He was neither quick nor limber enough to get past that first step, though. And I finally caught up to him just as he'd climbed on top of the trash can and was stretching his fingers as far as he possibly could.
It wouldn't have worked anyway. I was tall enough hat if he'd made it onto the fire escape I could still reach him, and he'd have to ascend an extra floor to get out of my reach.
And if he were somehow fast enough to do that too? I would have had no issue ripping that entire thing down, bringing him with it.
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So it wasn't the best of plans, but this was an extraordinary circumstance. And I let him know that face to face. He moved both of his arms to the side in a sign of submission.
"Hi." I told him as best I could. The words kinda slurred together and it sounded more like I was telling him that I was shy. If that's what he thought I said, then he was probably really confused at what came next.
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All of this chasing, and screaming, and wanton destruction had lit a fire in my loins, and I figured that the nicest thing I could do for the guy is to let him have a look at what his girlfriend left him for.

A real, real close look.

Though they were held back by a thin strip of fabric, I still managed to completely bury this guy in an avalanche of breast flesh. He didn't appreciate it much, though.



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If I wanted, I probably could have pressed thrust my hips forward, made a dent in the wall, and cracked his skull like an egg all at once. And if I wasn't more interested in getting off than spilling blood, I may very well have.
But for as long as I had enough control over my fine motor skills to do this, then I would.
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Just standing over him put him in the shadow of my tits. So what little light there was in this alleyway was already being choked under a roof of breasts, but as I continued to close in the rest of my body smothered every last bit of light he had access too.

It was just me and him now. He was at just the right height too, so I pressed my pussy against face. I'd like to say the rest of his senses sharpened as the lights went out, thus enhancing the experience on his end, but I'd be lying if I did.



I can sure as hell imagine it, though. The heat and moisture radiating off my skin had to be scalding. The air around my pussy was dense, and it choked him with its thickness. And he trapped between a rock and a hard place, as I kept him locked into a position that served only me, and cared little for him.

Eventually I had to step away though. I was getting too worked up as it was, and I didn't want to crush him against the wall...

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There are innumerable upsides to crushing someone with your ass, and about half of them are, “it feels great!”. But one of the few downsides is you kind of just have to eyeball the spacing in terms of hitting your target. I thought I was getting a good angle on this motherfucker, but I felt my ankle brush against the bottom of the trash can he was standing on!

I may have been drunk, but I didn’t want to waste this chance, so I pressed my ass against the wall as quickly as I could manage. My aim was true, and I managed to smother him between twin globes of flesh almost as big around as his entire body, keeping him suspended in prime crushing position.

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"You fuckin..." I said. I don't know if he could hear me, so deep inside my ass. I also don't know how I was going to finish that sentence.

The only thing I knew for sure, was that it was time to press down more. His limbs straightened out, as he tried to lessen the amount of pressure I was inflicting on his body. I don't know if he was smart for knowing that this would actually work, if only for a limited amount of time, or if me pushing against him was just forcing him to spread further on its own.

Like so many other questions I find myself asking right before I crush someone, the answer is unknown. It died with them.


Then he starts with the screaming. There's no way anyone will hear him, though. The sound has to travel through a couple hundred pounds of my backside before it can penetrate the outside world. It does a nice job of making his throat vibrate though, and provides a mild amount of stimulation.
Besides. If all the cacophony of noise I'd made that night hadn't alerted anyone else, I think I'm probably pretty safe. Safe as fuck, even.
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I decide to let him know this the only way I really can in this situation. By wiggling my ass on top of him. His hands alternate between forming into fists and beating my rear end, and grabbing wildly at the unyielding brick wall behind him to try and pull free.

But I really, really don't appreciate him hitting me. It doesn't hurt even a little, and I wouldn't have known if I hadn't heard the sounds it was making, but it triggered something inside of me. It made me think of Erin, and... I mean. I don't even know if he ever did actually hit her, but the way he'd yelled at her that day. He was a piece of shit either way, right?



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Because that's about how long it took for me to suddenly lose my balance. What would have been a self-contained bloodstained fairly high up on the wall turned into a rather large, red brush stroke painted upon the wall. At the same time, it meant every part of him that had found its way under my ass was basically steamrolled and scraped against the bricks.

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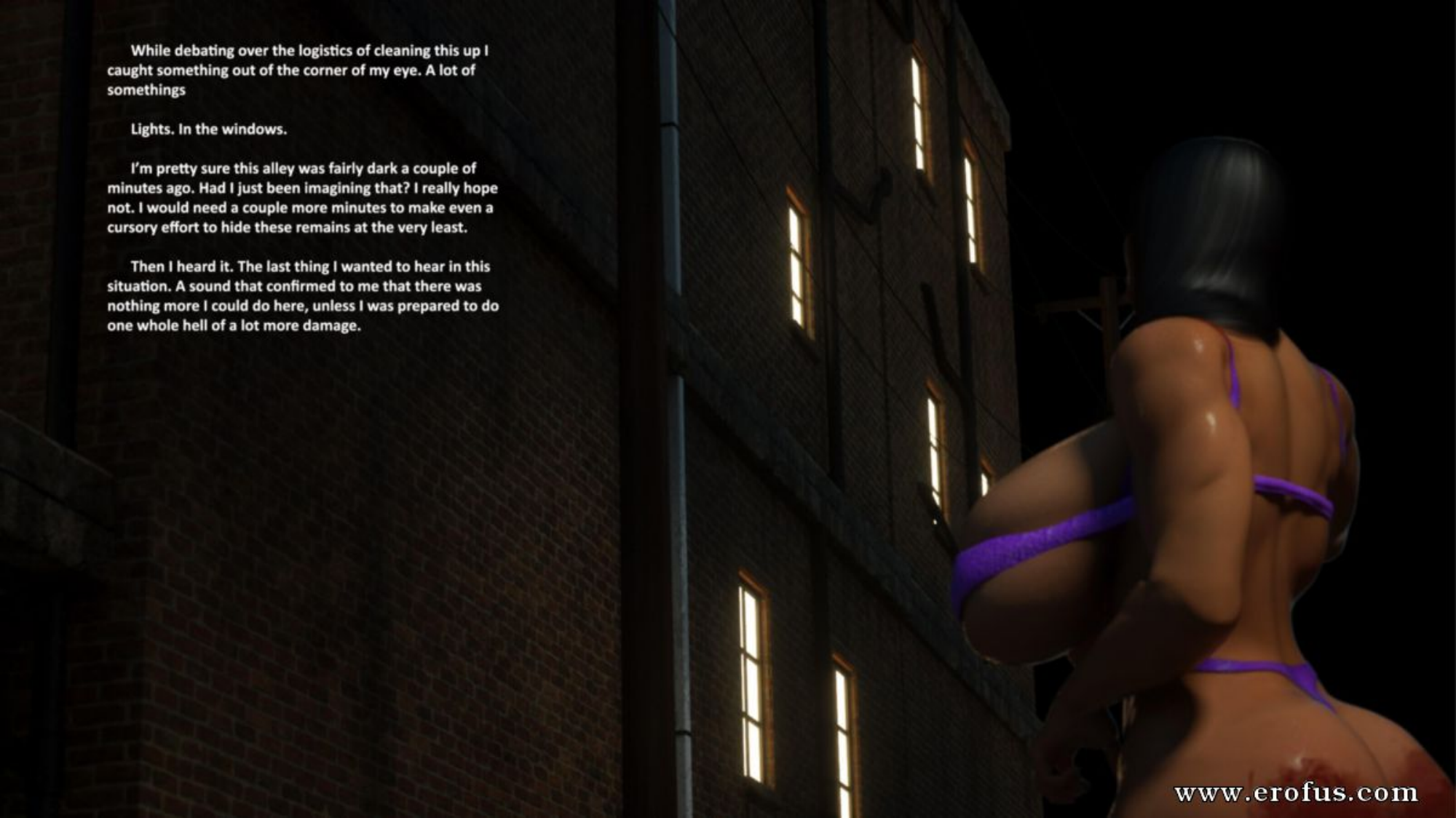


While debating over the logistics of cleaning this up I caught something out of the corner of my eye. A lot of somethings

Lights. In the windows.

I'm pretty sure this alley was fairly dark a couple of minutes ago. Had I just been imagining that? I really hope not. I would need a couple more minutes to make even a cursory effort to hide these remains at the very least.

Then I heard it. The last thing I wanted to hear in this situation. A sound that confirmed to me that there was nothing more I could do here, unless I was prepared to do one whole hell of a lot more damage.



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