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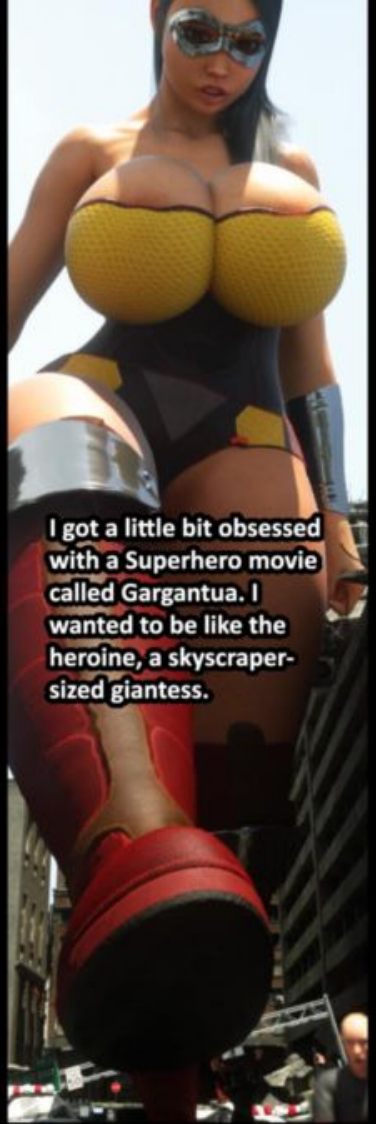
My name is Ann, and let's say I'm an... *underground* wrestler. *Very* underground. When your opponent is as big as I am, stepping into the ring is less of a competition and more of a death sentence. So I suppose it's a good thing there's no one as big as I am, huh?

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.

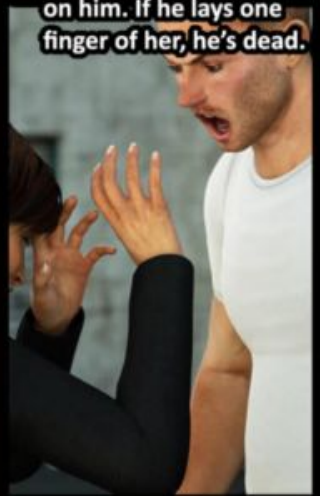
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I got a little bit obsessed with a Superhero movie called Gargantua. I wanted to be like the heroine, a skyscraper-sized giantess.

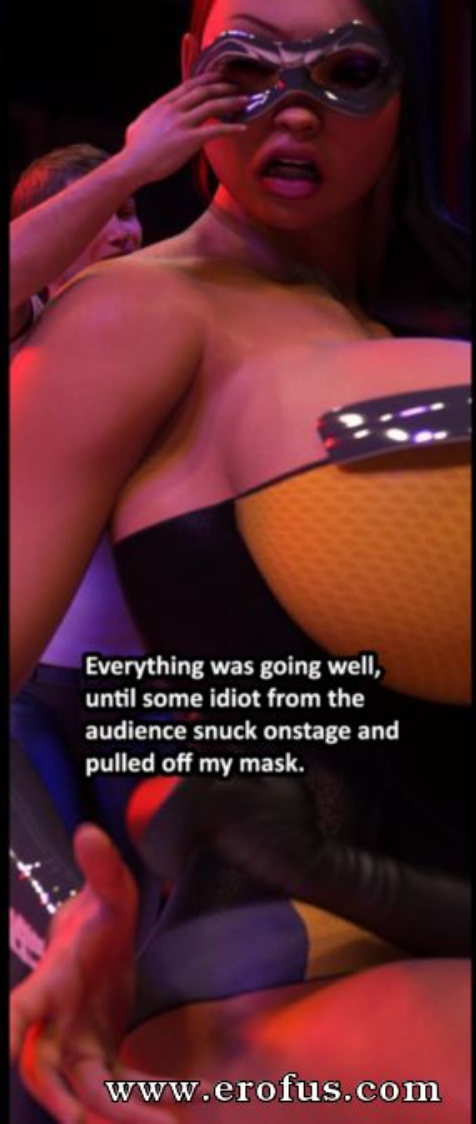

I can't make myself a hundred feet tall, so I set out to strength train, so I could get as strong as possible. To my surprise, I was able to bench-press a car on my first try! I think I've been growing faster too. Before long, I might be fifteen feet...


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


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




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


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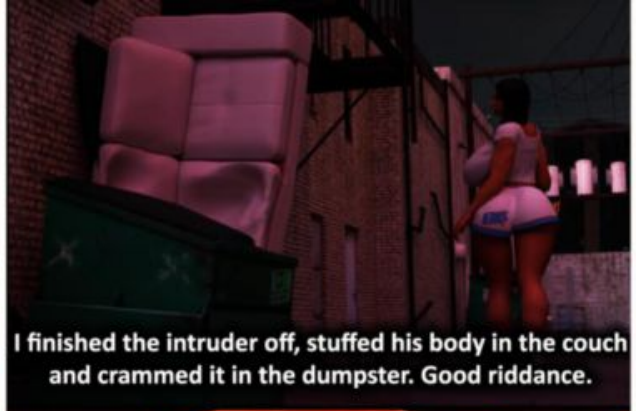

I didn't know how to respond to Erin's advances. I froze, which she took as a rejection.
I deal with my frustrations in the ring. Suffice to say, I got carried away, and it was sexy as hell.
When I came home, I immediately started watching the tapes from the match. But I was interrupted by a creep who 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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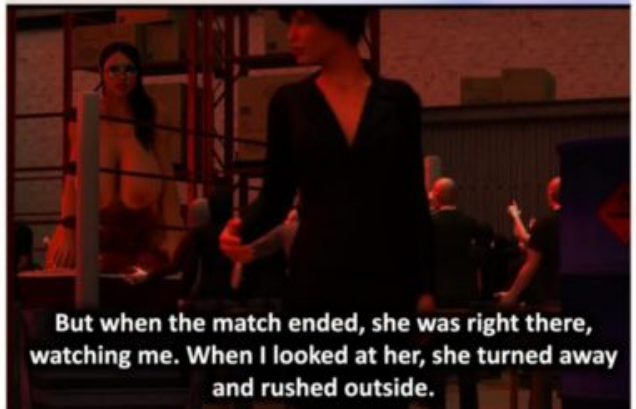




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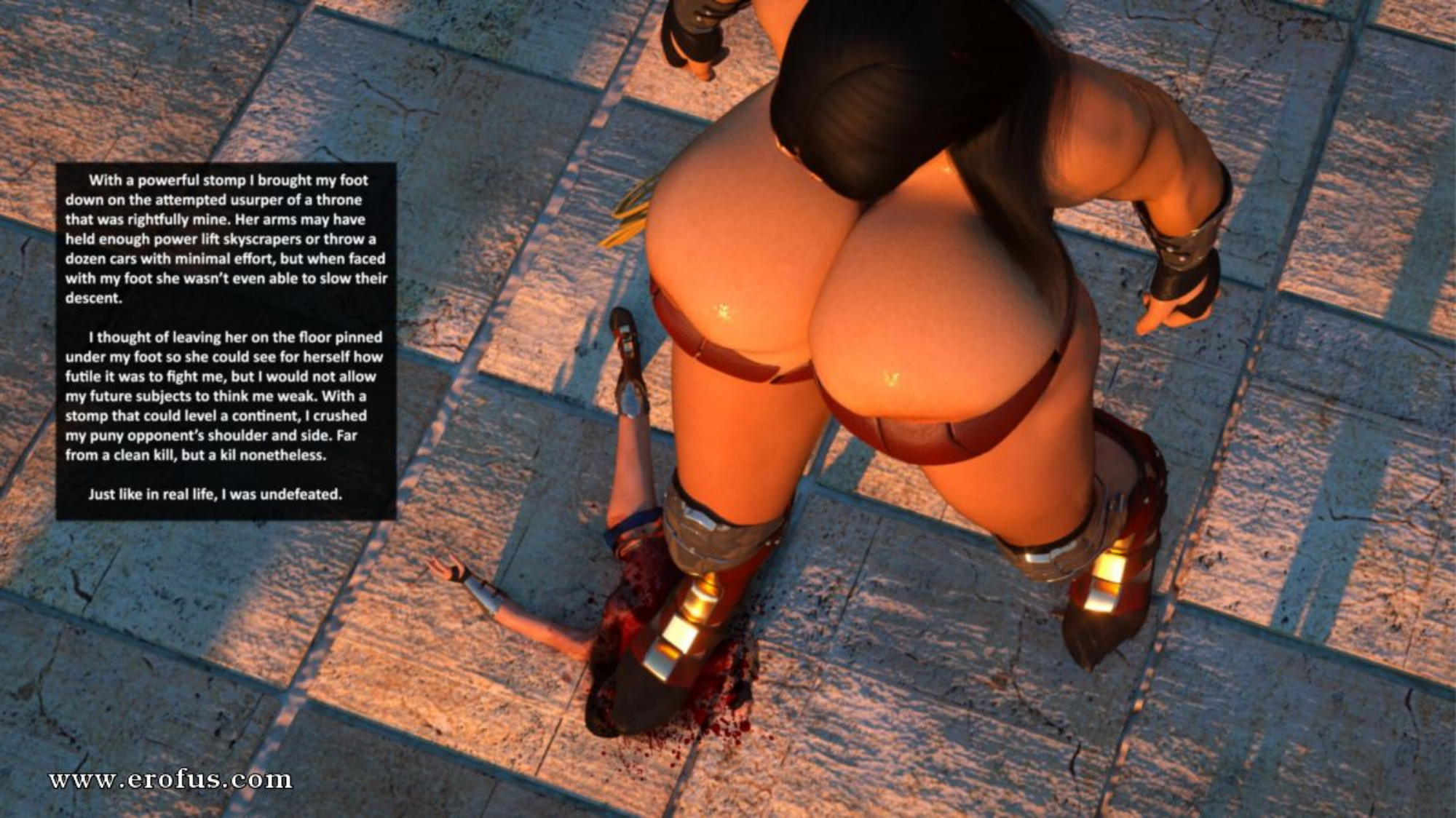





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And of course, I was right.
We got intimate for the first time. It was incredible, but after it was over it still felt like there was something between us... her boyfriend.
After a night of drinking I decided to take care of him. Squashed him flat between my ass and a brick wall. But I got careless, and I barely escaped the cops...


I'd consider myself somewhat prone to spacing out and daydreaming. I can't help it. Real life is just so boring sometimes. Especially for me. Hard to have fun when a most facilities can't handle someone as big as me. Despite that, the dreams I have when sleeping tend to be boring, and not really worth mentioning.
But... ever since I started visiting my therapist, I find myself more aware of what goes on in my dreams, and am even able to control them a bit. I think it was called lucid dreaming? Or something. Fuck if I know. I just knew I was experiencing one right now.
Gone was Ann, the giant wrestler with a body count too high to remember. In came Ann, the amazon princess, fighting for the throne she rightfully deserves.
My outfit may have been gaudy by modern standards, but it was classic superhero garb through and through. I was currently embroiled in a fierce battle for the throne against a woman who was dressed just as I was. Only she was a lot smaller, a lot thinner, and a lot more pale. Though that last one was probably out of fear.
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As is Amazon tradition, we were to engage in battle to determine who would become Queen of the land. Despite my opponent's miniature scale in comparison, she wielded tremendous power, far beyond those of any mortal man. If this were all real, she would have the power to crush me like a bug with both hands tied behind her back.
But this wasn't reality. In this dream I held all the same powers she did, but on a much, much larger scale. She was actually a little taller than my knee thanks to her amazonian physique, but it would do little good against my immeasurable might.
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With a powerful stomp I brought my foot down on the attempted usurper of a throne that was rightfully mine. Her arms may have held enough power lift skyscrapers or throw a dozen cars with minimal effort, but when faced with my foot she wasn't even able to slow their descent.
I thought of leaving her on the floor pinned under my foot so she could see for herself how futile it was to fight me, but I would not allow my future subjects to think me weak. With a stomp that could level a continent, I crushed my puny opponent's shoulder and side. Far from a clean kill, but a kil nonetheless.
Just like in real life, I was undefeated.
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Then, just as quickly as it had been attained, it was gone.
I tried to hang onto the dream. There were so many more places it could have gone! But with every passing second the battle-torn island faded into white, until I couldn't see anything. Just a bunch of white spots in my vision, which I guess was my wake up call for the day.
My eyes cracked open, and I noticed then that I was looking right into the sun. I'm really hoping that sleeping with my eyes pointed directly at the sun wouldn't lead to any lasting damage.


But that didn't begin to compare to the headache that formed a second later and crashed into me like a freight train. With clenched teeth I turned my head down and tried to fight through the pain. As I turned around I heard the suddenly-familiar sound of a bottle rolling.
Well, that explained the source of my headache. I tried to remember what happened last night, but it was all very murky and blurry in my memory. Judging from that bottle I can clearly remember at least one thing. I was "celebrating" the night I'd shared with Erin. And like the responsible adult I am I monitored my intake, I'm sure. So why was my head pounding so much. How much damage could like, one or two bottles possibly do?
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...Or maybe it was a whole lot more than I thought. Shit. Are all of these empty? And why I did I leave the TV on?
For a few moments I got distracted counting the bottles, until the picture on the screen changed to something that brought back a few fuzzy memories. Though my vision was still clearing up, I'd recognize the alley outside of my place anywhere.
"...remains of three bodies now found in this area recently. Police are asking the community to pass along any additional information viewers may have. The numerous tips already received are being worked through right now, and we'll keep you on top of the story as it develops. Now back to the station for the weather."
Well, it looks like I woke up at a really convenient time.
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Okay. Think. What did all of this mean? Well, there's at least three bodies. Did I kill three people last night?

I checked the bottom of my foot and confirmed the sticky sensation I'd been feeling was in fact a significant amount of dried blood. So, if nothing else, I probably stepped on someone last night. I mean, I guess. If you can even call that murder.

So that's one. The reporter said "recently" and not "last night", so I guess one of them might be the couch-job I did on that thief. And I've got a sneaking suspicion that...



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Not that any of this matters, really. I've probably been a little too careless recently. And now it's comin' back to bite me in the ass. My exploits have made it into the news, and the lady said the cops already have a lot of tips they're working through. She also said "remains". That probably means at least one of the corpses looks less like a corpse and more like a puddle. Hopefully without a big me-sized footprint in it.

Shit.

I guess I'll have to stop drinking, now. Too risky to get that wasted again. So it was decided.

Then there was a knock on the door.



Shit!

I rolled over to the front door as quickly as I could, and jammed my face against the peephole so quickly the entire door shook. Sure enough, there was a cop on the other side of the door. I thought about trying to pretend I wasn't home, when her expression suddenly changed.

Double shit!

I guess all my movement made quite a bit of noise just a second ago. And then the door shook when I mashed my face against it. And now it looked like she was squinting to try and look through the peep hole back at my eye.

Shit! Shit! Shit! I'm such a fuckin' idiot!

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intentionally failing to fully cover my tits as I did so.

"H-Hello." I said down to the woman. I wasn't afraid of a single cop, no. But if I fucked this up I might have to make an emergency retreat from this town, and I didn't want to do that. Not yet at least.

"Hello, are you Miss Julia… I'm sorry, I'm not sure how to pronounce this last name?

"Soh-cheel. The 'T' is silent." I answered helpfully. "Yes, this is Julia Xochitl. How can I help you today, officer?" Past me is smarter than I give myself credit for. When using a fake name it's always good to pick one that's intimidating for people to read, much less pronounce on their first try. Reciting your own name back to a stranger inspires trust that you are who you say you are.

"Right, Miss… Julia, if you have the time I'd like to ask you some questions about things that have been going on around the neighborhood recently."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I'd love to, but you just caught me getting dressed and-"

"That's fine ma'am, I can give you a few minutes to make yourself decent."

"Do you have a warrant?" I didn't want to ask that question. There's nothing more suspicious to a cop than someone who knows they can't enter private property without a warrant, and it basically guarantees they'd be back later with one. Of course, the alternative was letting her into an apartment full of evidence. Or killing her, I guess. That would be fun, but I'm sure it'd cause even more problems.


"Well, no, ma'am, but-"
"Then I'm sorry, but I'm very busy right now officer, and I'm going to have to ask you to leave. I'll be back sometime tomorrow, and would love to help out any way I can." It was a flimsy excuse, but I hoped she'd buy it. At least enough to not have the building swarming with cops an hour from now.
"That's perfectly alright Miss Julia. We'll be back tomorrow, and I'm hoping we don't have to bring a warrant with us."
Shit. Fuckin' cops.
"Oh, I'll be here. Don't worry about that." The conversation was over, and the officer strode down the hallway, and out of sight. Well, so much for trying to get another nap in. I guess my day had officially started, and I might as well get my errands done.
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I kept replaying my brief interaction with the officer over and over as I got dressed and ready to pick up information for my next match. I could have handled that better, but I think being unable to hide my tits convinced her that I genuinely was about to leave for the day. So what am I going to do tomorrow? I ran through scenarios in my head as I stepped outside, and immediately got both of my eyes seared by the bright sun.

Nope. I was likely to pass out from pain if I tried to walk outside without protection. Adrenaline probably kept my hangover away while I was talking to the police officer, but now that the moment had passed the sun's rays nearly brought me to my knees. I had to turn right back around, go inside, and get look for a pair of my custom-made sunglasses before I walked to the old warehouse.

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Okay, so a cop visited me at home. That's probably normal, right? They'd be questioning everyone nearby for details, and I live nearby. There wasn't a warrant, so they couldn't come inside for now, but I'm almost certainly a person of interest.

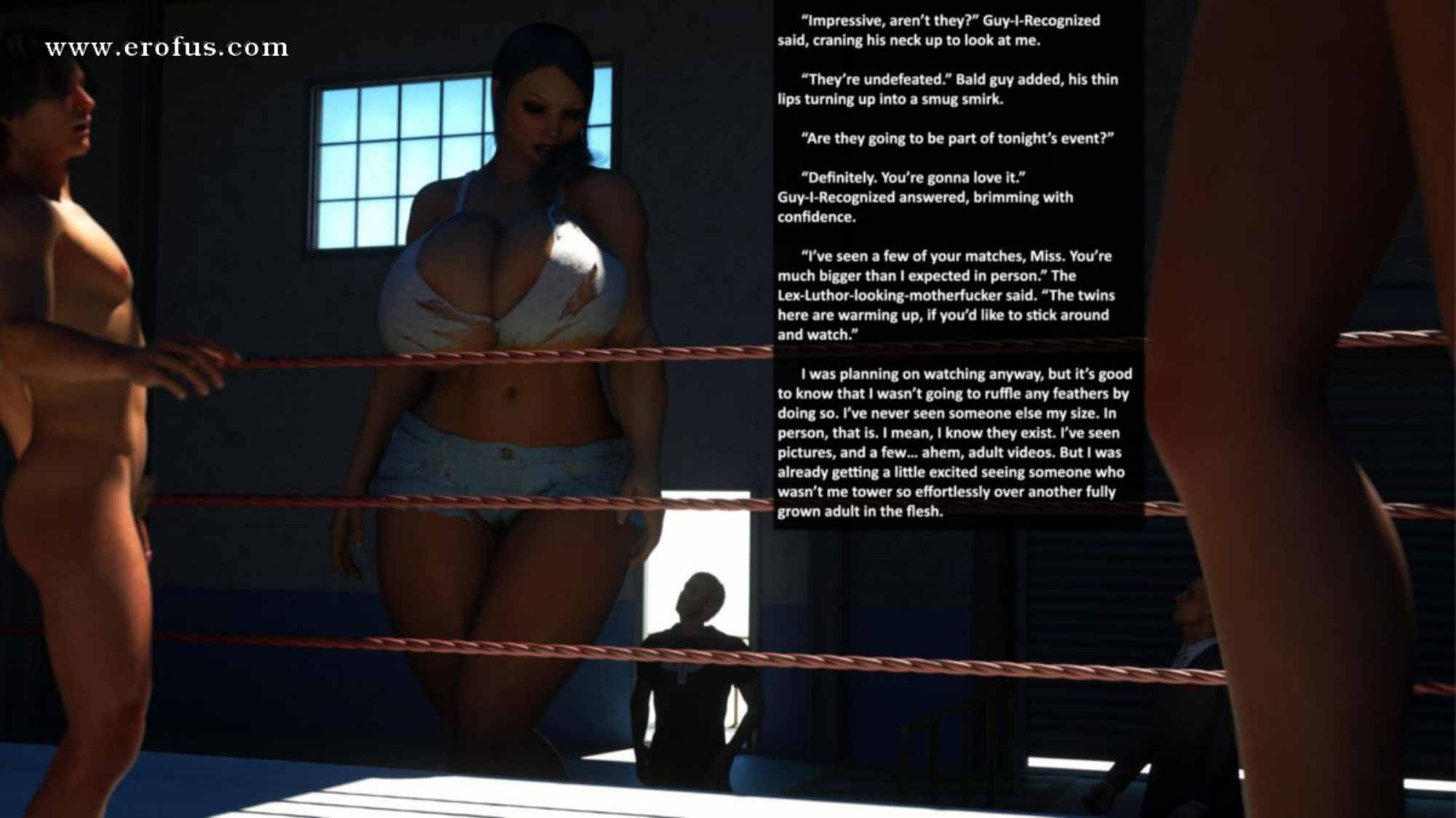
Lookin' more and more like I should have left when I first thought of it.

But, thanks to my adventure with Erin a couple days ago, I didn't actually quit my wrestling gig like I'd been planning to for the last few matches. So, my first errand of the day was visiting the warehouse to find out the details for what was probably going to be my actual final match. Assuming something doesn't happen at the end again to make me forget. I needed to be able to leave at a moment's notice if there was a possibility for cops coming after me, and I'd rather do that without a jilted employer coming for me because I stood them up.

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I wasn't expecting this errand to be interesting in any way. I've done it a dozen times now. Walk in, find out the schedule, find out where I'm performing (Main Event every time!) and leave with the address. Easy.
Things were immediately more interesting this time, though. For starters, there was a new guy standing next to...
Huh. You never stop to realize just how quirky this line of work is until you realize you've never learned the names of anyone who works in your building. Regardless, there's a sharply-dressed bald guy next to someone I recognize.
Oh. And there were two similar-looking nude women roughly my size in the ring with a little victim. At least I hoped he was a victim.
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"Impressive, aren't they?" Guy-I-Recognized said, craning his neck up to look at me.

"They're undefeated." Bald guy added, his thin lips turning up into a smug smirk.

"Are they going to be part of tonight's event?"

"Definitely. You're gonna love it." Guy-I-Recognized answered, brimming with confidence.

"I've seen a few of your matches, Miss. You're much bigger than I expected in person." The Lex-Luthor-looking-motherfucker said. "The twins here are warming up, if you'd like to stick around and watch."

I was planning on watching anyway, but it's good to know that I wasn't going to ruffle any feathers by doing so. I've never seen someone else my size. In person, that is. I mean, I know they exist. I've seen pictures, and a few... ahem, adult videos. But I was already getting a little excited seeing someone who wasn't me tower so effortlessly over another fully grown adult in the flesh.



"They're twins?" I asked, making small talk. The pair in the ring didn't seem to mind my presence, and focused on the naked little man in the ring with them. He looked distraught, though I can't imagine why. Or maybe he wished he was in the ring with me right now. I probably had more on my chest than both of these girls combined, I thought, swelling with pride.

"They are. Scouted them out a couple years ago. Have a combined bodycount of over three-hundred." Suit-wearing-man said.

Three-hundred? Shit. I know I've run through... well, it has to at least be more than one-hundred by now. That's a shitload of people, though. The pride I'd felt just a second earlier began to deflate from such an impre[illegible]

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It's interesting how different the scene playing out before me was from the one I'm used to when I'm in the ring. The building was empty, and there was no excited cheering, or disgusted screaming. No announcers trying to talk over one another and do shitty commentary. Nothing. It was eerie, in a way.

I'm guessing the guy in the ring felt that same eeriness, as he seemed to be having second thoughts. He looked down at the bald guy, who didn't say a word in return. As he did the twins moved in on the guy from opposite angles, trapping him between the two of them.

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The one who had approached from behind made the first move. Her hands clasped around the guy's midsection, and he sprang into action like she'd pushed a secret button. Both his hands reached for the ropes, but there wasn't much he could do at this point.
And I was already enthralled.
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"I think you'll like this next move."

Bald guy wasn't wrong. The other twin moved in, and picked the other side of the guy up by his legs. And this is when I started thinking about all the possibilities that existed when there was two big teammates. When one held his legs and the other his arms means they didn't have to resort to tearing a man in two at the abdomen like I normally did. They could pull his limbs and stretch him apart. A fuckin' human-powered drawing and quartering. Holy shit!

Suddenly, being by myself seemed so... limiting. I wonder if one of them would ever consider teaming with me? I wonder what sorts of trouble we could get into together?

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The potential there was certainly interesting. All sorts of flashy moves ran through my head at the idea of having a partner my size. They all ended in violent, bloody deaths for our opponent, but I quickly settled on a favorite.

I grabbed a small man, and flung him into the air with all my might. Myself and one of the twins watched his trajectory for a moment, then moved into position. Once he stopped flying up and began his descent, we both moved.

With our backs turned to one another, we jumped backwards, and thrust our asses out. Our aim was true and the man's head was caught between us, where it exploded like a water balloon. I don't care how impossible or illogical it is, this is the kind of move I wanted to do and I hoped at least one of the two was open to teaming with me in the future.

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"Listen closely." John-Q-Baldman said, breaking me out of my dream. What a fuckin' asshole.

Well, it looks like I was right! They started to walk away from each other, still holding onto the guy's limbs. He looked up into the face of the twin who held him by the arms, and I think he was silently pleading with her to show mercy.

God I hope she doesn't oblige.

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Since the room was relatively empty at the time his scream seemed extra loud. It echoed around the walls as the twins continued to pull him apart. How far were they planning on taking this? Pulling someone apart like that would be fuckin' amazing to see, but would end with a big mess between them. Satisfying to pull off, but not particularly satisfying to watch.

Maybe I'm projecting too much of myself onto these two. If they really do have over three-hundred between the two of them then I'm sure they've got their own way of handling things.

The pair kept pulling him further and further apart, until I saw the familiar sight of bones separating at the joints. In the blink of an eye his screaming turned frantic, and he started shaking his neck from side to side as pain wracked his body.


"They call this move the accordion." Suit-man said.
What kind of a name was that? The accordion? Are they going to sing a song while they stretch this guy apart? Then again, maybe I'm not really one to talk. I don't even have a signature move. Maybe I should come up with one sometime.
Wait, they stopped pulling him apart. His knees and elbows are turning purple from the dislocating earlier, but they're going to leave him in one piece?
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Oh. I see now. They continued moving closer to one another, trapping him in a fleshy prison between them. I'm assuming this is called the accordion because they pull him apart first, then squeeze him together between. It's a clever name, but I'm not sure if the audience would understand it.

Still interesting, though. Their tits are nothing to write home about, but because of their sheer size in comparison to this guy they're still bigger than his head. And I've got a pretty great shot of the action where I'm standing.

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Then, they let go of him, but he doesn't fall to the canvas.

It's actually a lot more impressive than it looks. They can't use too much pressure, cause he'd undoubtedly crack and fall apart between the two of them if they did. But if they loosen up even slightly he's going to fall to the floor in a broken mess of body parts. And while I'd love to see that happen, I get the feeling they're probably going to be splattering him between them.



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The hug is complete and I feel a pang of jealousy hit me. I mean, I've got Erin, and she's adorable, but getting embraced by someone who's equal to your height is a privilege I haven't gotten in... shit. I don't even know how long. I was definitely still attending school, though.

Whatever. Their skinny little arms flare up with a little bit of definition as they continue to squeeze him. His own little arms come to life and start grabbing at their skin, but it's not doing much.

"Here comes the best part." Bald-man said, as if I wasn't already watching

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Their grips tightened on one another, and it looked like they were putting some serious effort into squeezing now. Little by little I lost sight of the guy, and heard the telltale chest collapsing between them. The ribs are always first to go, and come with that familiar sound of a man who's just realized he's staring down death. More ribs follow, then his arms reach straight out like he's trying and failing to comprehend the damage being inflicted upon him.

But his face comes next. Their slow embrace doesn't slow down one iota as his head gets absorbed between their bellies, and the hug continues to tighten inexorably.

Shit. Is this being taped? I fuckin' hope so. I'd love a copy for later.

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HOLY SHIT!

Now that takes skill! A bloody explosion between two people should be absorbed entirely by their bodies, but I guess they approached it at a specific angle to create a big, splashy fountain. Their torsos were thoroughly soaked, but there was no compromise in terms of explosion.

I mean, I can get results like that too. But, uh, only when stomping on someone. Definitely not with my belly, and especially not in a hug!

It felt like all the red stuff hung in the air for a second before sprinkling around their feet in a big splattery arc. Whew. I'm gonna need a moment after that one.



Then, they split up, showing off the deep red brush stroke painted down their chests. The guy was still intact and fell limply from between them as the separated. They didn't seem particularly pleased at the moment, though I'm not sure why. I mean, it looked like fun to me.

"Excellent work, ladies." Bald-guy said. "I trust all the other arrangements are in order?"

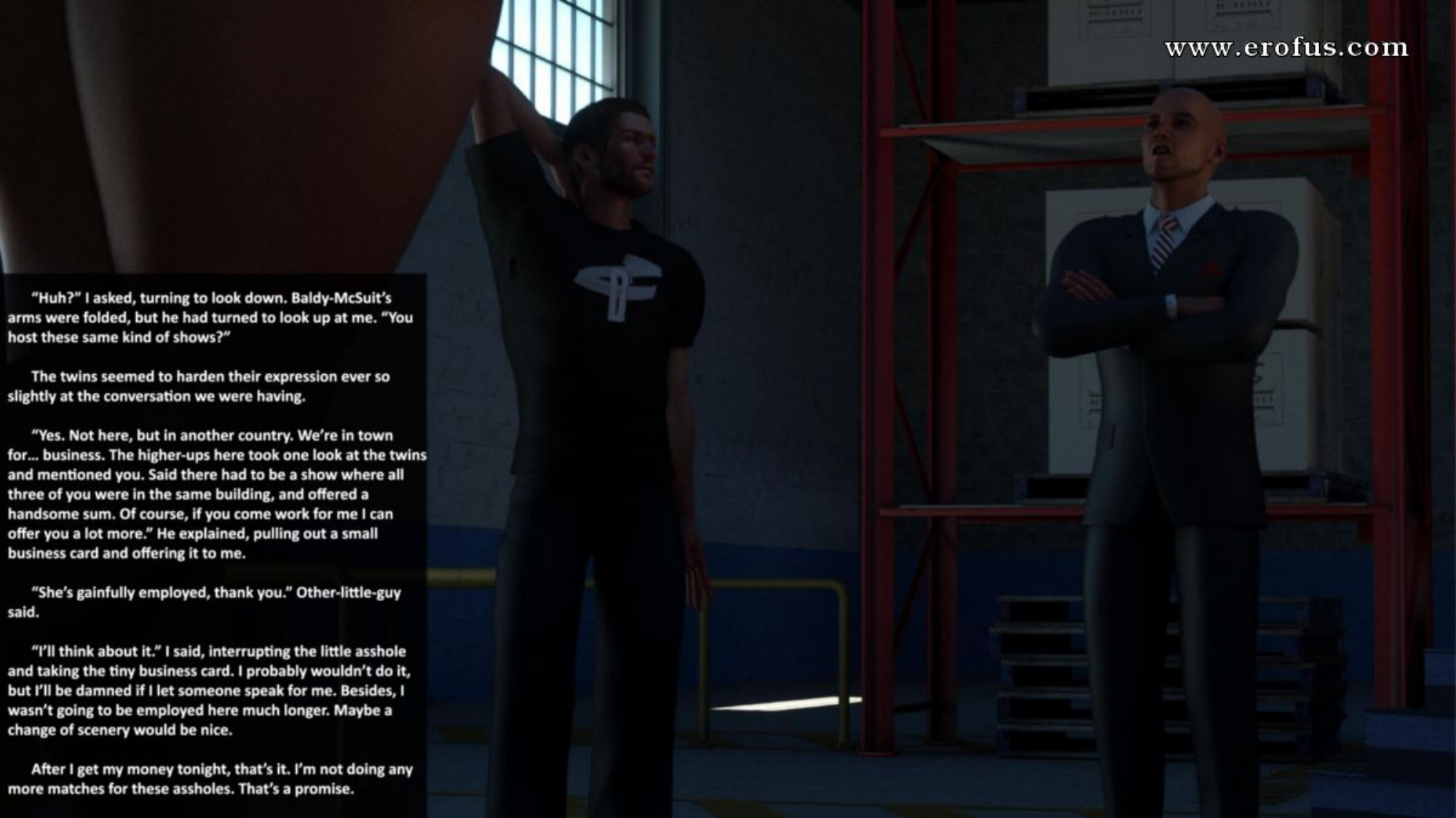
"Definitely." Guy-I-Recognized answered.

"And you said they're performing tonight? How many opponents?" I asked, admiring the way the man's viscera shined on their body.

"They've got a tag team match tonight. So do you." Guy-I-Recognize helpfully informed me. I don't know why they'd have two tag matches in one night. Seems like it'd dominate too much of the show, but whatever. It's not like this is being broadcast anyway. I'm probably the only person here who even thinks about that sort of thing.

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The twins hadn't said a word this entire time, so it was a little creepy when they both turned away from each other, and looked at me. I mean, it makes sense, considering I was the only one who was even comparable to them in the room, but it was still odd. They shared an odd, smoldering looking between them, and it felt like they were sizing me up.
I like to think they were just getting an eyeful of my assets in comparison to their own relatively skinny frames, but the silence made it more awkward than anything. I hope they didn't view me as a threat. I wanted to be in the ring with them on their side, not as an opponent!
"Think you'd be interested in performing for me sometime?
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"Huh?" I asked, turning to look down. Baldy-McSuit's arms were folded, but he had turned to look up at me. "You host these same kind of shows?"

The twins seemed to harden their expression ever so slightly at the conversation we were having.

"Yes. Not here, but in another country. We're in town for... business. The higher-ups here took one look at the twins and mentioned you. Said there had to be a show where all three of you were in the same building, and offered a handsome sum. Of course, if you come work for me I can offer you a lot more." He explained, pulling out a small business card and offering it to me.

"She's gainfully employed, thank you." Other-little-guy said.

"I'll think about it." I said, interrupting the little asshole and taking the tiny business card. I probably wouldn't do it, but I'll be damned if I let someone speak for me. Besides, I wasn't going to be employed here much longer. Maybe a change of scenery would be nice.

After I get my money tonight, that's it. I'm not doing any more matches for these assholes. That's a promise.



They didn't have much else to tell me after that. When I asked about doubling up on tag matches they told me that was the theme for the night. They were clearly lying, though. I can tell cause they fuckin' suck at it. They probably just didn't want to admit that they couldn't book for shit.

So I had a tag match tonight. Been a while since I had one. After that, and a whole lot of other nonsense the sun begins to set, and I figured that was as good a time as any to get a workout in.

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I'm doing squats with the car like I normally do, when I suddenly get the idea in me to test out just how strong I am anyway. It's really starting to feel more like the motion I get from squatting is the bulk of my current workout with this car anyway.
So, I try to dead lift it.
It's surprisingly easy. If the building I'm next to had a window on the second floor I could probably surprise them by throwing the car inside. But I'm not particularly content yet. No, this car is so light I bet I could do even better.
I take a deep breath, focus, crouch again, and...



Remove one hand fro the equation entirely.

It's actually not that heavy with one hand. The bigger challenge is probably balancing the entire thing without tipping it over. I mean, I'm pretty strong, but I don't know if I'm "car falls onto me and I am unscathed" strong.

...But I'm still pretty strong.

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I thought I would have to dig my fingers into the bottom of the car to get a good grip on it, but sometimes even I can surprise myself. The vehicle tilts dangerously to the side as I lift my arm up, but it doesn't fall. Of course, I'm still squatting. Do I have the strength and dexterity to keep it over my head while I stand up?
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Yes, obviously. I even manage to tilt the thing back into a much straighter angle. It feels great finally being able to do something like this. Ever since I was young I wanted to one day be strong enough to do superhero shit like lift cars and tear apart battleships.

The ship thing is probably not going to be happening, but lifting a car with one hand still feels like a big milestone.



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Under cover of night I went straight to the match location, instead of returning home. I don't know if cops already had me under surveillance, but I'd be willing to bet my place has a few extra officers posted at night now. So I went to the match early, and was ready to begin!

But some people can be so unprofessional. Everything about this show is going wrong. First my new costume wasn't ready. All they had for me to wear was a couple of nice shiny metallic bits and what amounted to little more than a thong for me below the belt.

Then they tell me my match is opening the show. I've been the main event for every show for as long as I've been doing this and its real annoying to rush through my preparations to go in the ring just so I can go on first. If I hadn't arrived early I'd have been late. Just like...

Sigh. I don't have anyone to compete against. The opposing team isn't here, so I need to stall in order to cover for them. At least my partner had the decency to show up on time, and is just the right size for some interesting audience distractions.



An average-sized woman is currently running away from me. Tag matches are typically treated as a way for me to get three crushes into a ring at a time and this certainly seems like no exception. It's gonna get real bad for her, but if my opponents take too long I may just have to improvise my way with some crowd "volunteers". That'd be a good way to burn bridges here before leaving.

The crowd erupts into cheers as I chase her, which is good. Just chasing after someone small is still enough to rouse the crowd's interest. I hope she has it in her long enough to wait for my shithead opponents to be located.

The canvas shakes under my feet, and I know what that means! My other playmates have arrived!

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Neither of them says a word as they come closer. My partner is just hanging out around waist height, perfectly vulnerable and here to be crushed. But they don't seem to care. They keep their eyes forward, which is a little unnerving, before I come to a sudden realization.
They're here to kill me.
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My partner somehow found herself in their path, and was completely ignored as the pair continued their march towards me. It's lucky for her, I suppose. I don't know exactly how strong these two are, but given their focus on me it's unlikely that the passive attack killed her.

It was enough to throw her to the floor and completely take her out of the match, though. Great, it's a two on one match now. She wasn't going to be any help offensively, but I probably could have thrown her at them as a surprise attack or something.

I was running out of options real fast. I didn't want to just slug one of 'em, though. What if this was all part of some act? Shit. Fuck these guys. Fuck this place. Fuck the people who are paying me. Fuck this "Let's change the show at the last minute" bullshit. I should've [illegible] deal with this shit.

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Well, at least I got an answer to one of my questions.
As soon as the two were in range, they raised their arms as if they were going to try and grapple me. I took wrestling in high school and actually learned a thing or two, but accounting for two opponents isn't much a part of the traditional wrestling experience. I would have to dip my toe into the much more exciting waters of professional wrestling to handle this.
And right now the one on the right looks off-center. An opening is an opening!
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This woman is strong. Very, very strong. I aimed a punch square for her jaw, but she caught my hand. It's not a sensation I'm used to. Normally my fist would plow straight through the arm and ultimately hit its target anyway. I could tell that I still had the upper hand in terms of raw power, but the difference wasn't big enough for me to deal with a foot to the midsection.

It's been a long, long time since I felt any sort of pain that wasn't self inflicted. Dozens of matches hadn't amounted to a single instance of discomfort on my end, but here I was feeling real pain from a fierce kick to the stomach.

It did confirm three things for me, though. One, if I tried to take them both on at once I was fuckin' doomed. Two, I still had the upper hand in a one-on-one scenario.

And three? There was no way I was gonna fuckin' let these pieces of shit win.


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Right now the only thing going through my mind is how movies may have literally saved my life. If not for those scenes of Gargantua destroying civilization being so exciting I probably would not have stepped up my fitness regimen. But thanks to that sexy, cheesy movie I decided I just wasn't satisfied with where I was, and that making the difference right now.
The twin holding my arm seemed to notice that I was stronger than her very quickly. So she jerked her hand up. I'd expected a contest of strength so she surprised me with that one, and before I could recover from the new, significantly more vulnerable position I'd been forced into, she rammed her shoulder into my ribs. It hurt, but it wasn't enough to knock me from my feet, which I think caught both of them off guard.
Good. Time to fuckin' retaliate.



I don't know how much this woman weighed. I just know it felt like she was heavier than the car. There was probably a whole bunch of boring equations about equilibrium or other such nonsense that made her seem this way, but I couldn't tell you any of it.

All I know was it took a lot more strength than I expected to throw her over my shoulder and down to the floor, where she managed to mostly break her fall. In the process I caught sight of my miniature partner, who seemed to spring to life now that she was in significantly more danger than earlier.

Whatever. None of that mattered. The twin I'd thrown had managed to catch herself, yes, but I was lining a haymaker right at her skull. If I was lucky, it'd explode on contact and turn this match into a singles event. If I was unlucky, it'd knock her out and I'd have a short period of time to finish the other off before she woke up. Either way, I came out on top!

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Turns out both of my guesses were wrong. For someone so big and strong she's surprisingly flexible, and she instead delivered a devastating kick to the bottom of my jaw. I could feel my teeth clack against one another and rattle my entire head from that one. And her partner still hadn't even joined in!

Shit. Maybe my confidence was misplaced. This is already basically a one-on-one and I'm the one taking all the hits.



While my vision was still rattling the twin who'd delivered the kick tackled me, which had just enough momentum to knock me down. I clenched my teeth to try and fight through the pain, when I felt a pair of hands wrap around my biceps, and hold me down.

I know I can overcome this, but I need to gather my wits first. And in order to do that, this fucking room needed to stop shaking!

Think, Ann. Think. The pair of hands likely belonged to the only twin who's been attacking me so far. The squeaky crying next to me was probably my partner. I don't know what sort of damage she'd taken so far, but frankly I'm just surprised she's even still around. That was the situation. I could handle this. I just needed to concentrate!

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A second to catch my breath and I pulled my arms up and shot my eyes open.

Shit, I forgot about the other twin.

One angry face stared down at me as she poured strength into her arms to try and keep me from getting up. Unfortunately, despite my strength advantage, she had a little thing called leverage on her side that I was having a difficult time overcoming.

Then I felt the other twin's fingers brush against the sides of my head. Fuck!

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The fingers returned to the side of my head, and I could feel them part my hair to search for the band that secured my mask to my face. They were going to unmask me in front of the crowd as a symbol of their dominance. And then...? Shit.

But... their teeth were clenched! That means they were probably putting ALL their effort into what they were doing! You don't clench your teeth that hard unless you're really, REALLY straining! And though they were holding me down together, it was clear they thought I would be able to break free if they lightened up even a little bit.

The side of my mask was located, and I had to act now or lose my mask. I took in as much oxygen as I could with a forearm on my windpipe. You can't breathe out unless you first breathe in, and you should always lift weights while breathing out.

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With an explosion of strength I screamed again. Not out of pain, though. This time it was out of determination. I managed to raise an arm, and grabbed the elbow of the of the twin who had mounted me. At the same time I heard a tiny squeal to my side, but my partner's fate was the furthest thing from my mind right now.

Slowly but surely I managed to pull the twin's arms up, loosening her grip on me. My knee came up from behind, and hooked the leg of the woman mounting me. And that was it. I was in position to turn this around.

So it was just a bonus that the other twin loosened her grip for a moment, surprised at my reversal of fortune.

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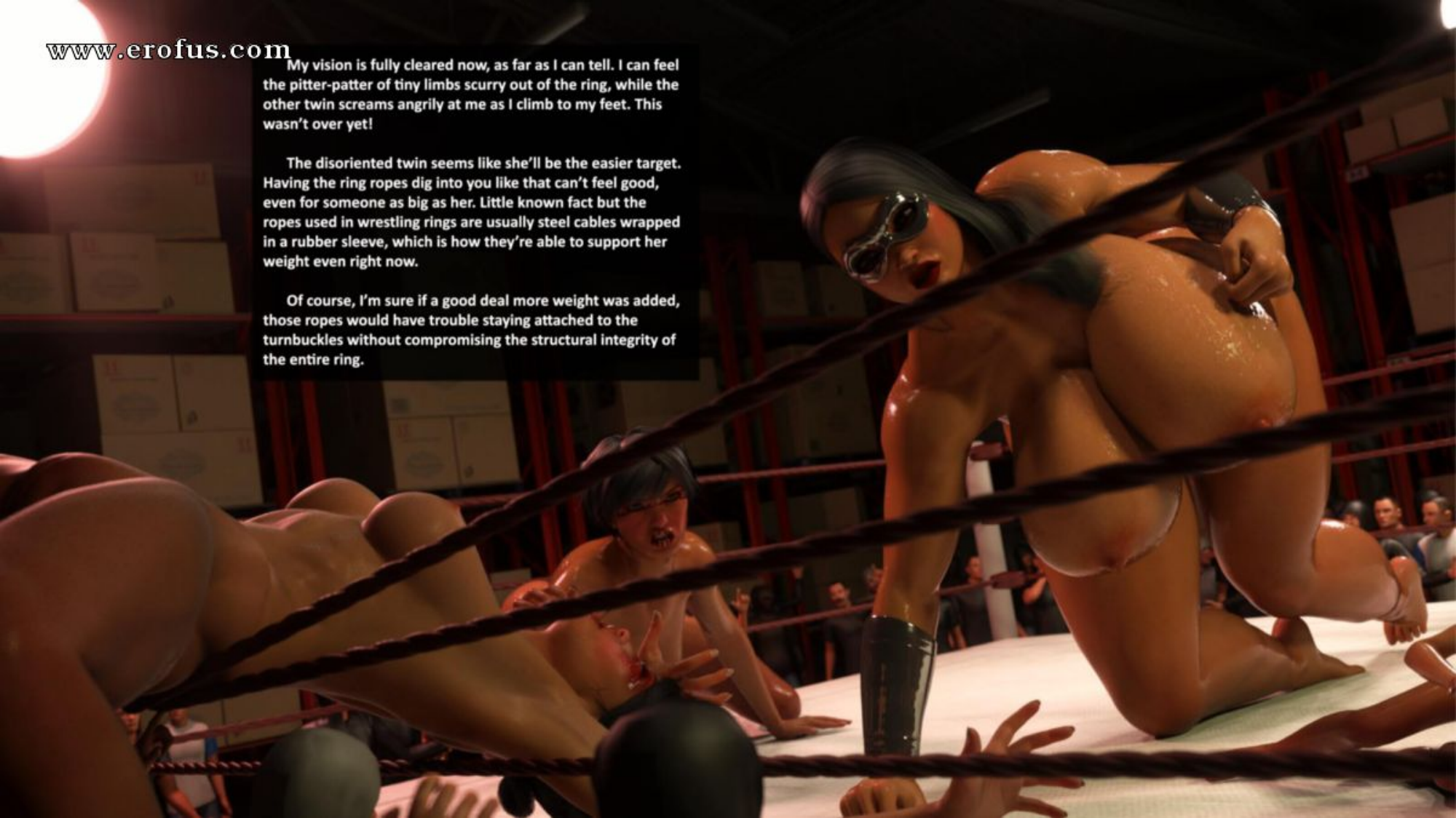
Had the conditions been ideal I could have killed the mounted-twin. I'm sure of it. But you do what you can based on the situation you're in.

Like a rocket taking off my knee shot straight up and nailed her right in the ribs. The extra height she gained from being forced up like this released me from her grip entirely, but I managed to grab hold of an arm. I tried to do the same with the other twin, but had to settle for just shoving her away.

Beneath it all, I heard the sound of my partner catch her breath, and try to scurry away. What a trooper.


Fun fact, before getting into wrestling I was taking Judo. I didn't think it'd be very useful anymore given how big I am, but this is the second time I got to flip someone using it in this match! Using my foot like a fulcrum I threw the woman back and sent her flying right onto the ring's ropes, which bent further than I've ever seen them to support her weight.
The other twin was pissed. She made an angry noise, but still hadn't said any actual words. That's commitment to a character if I've ever seen it.
Of course, if I want to keep this upper hand, I'm going to have to start hurting one of these two. A lot.
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My vision is fully cleared now, as far as I can tell. I can feel the pitter-patter of tiny limbs scurry out of the ring, while the other twin screams angrily at me as I climb to my feet. This wasn't over yet!

The disoriented twin seems like she'll be the easier target. Having the ring ropes dig into you like that can't feel good, even for someone as big as her. Little known fact but the ropes used in wrestling rings are usually steel cables wrapped in a rubber sleeve, which is how they're able to support her weight even right now.

Of course, I'm sure if a good deal more weight was added, those ropes would have trouble staying attached to the turnbuckles without compromising the structural integrity of the entire ring.



"NO!"

Well what do you know? She can speak! Or at least, the one behind me can. She's probably figured out what I'm setting up for and is angry she's not able to stop it.

The twin who's upside-down though? She has no idea what's going on, and is probably surprised when the entire ring starts pounding from me stamping in her direction. My arms spread apart, wrap around her waist, and she gets fuckin' tackled.

But when you're in a high intensity situation like that, you sometimes overestimate, y'know? I was going to tackle her through the ropes, tearing them free from the ring so I could use them as a weapon. Instead, I wound up moving just a bit too far, and the two of us went sailing over the ropes.

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The crowd definitely didn't think something like this would be happening. The both of us went flying over the ring, and crashed into the audience like we were expecting them to catch us for a healthy bout of crowd surfing.
Even with another body between me and the unseen victims, I could feel multiple bodies get caught in the crossfire, and crumple as our combined weight was far, far too much to handle.
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With an earth-shaking thud we landed. A few unlucky audience members were crushed under us, but they didn't do much to break the fall. I'll admit, even I was seeing stars from that move, and I was going to need a second to catch my breath.
I assumed the crowd was going to reconvene around us and try to get a free squeeze in, but the bunch of fuckin' cowards just turned tail and ran, hoping to put as much distance as possible between the two of us and them. If the situations were different I would have loved to go after them and make an example of one so they learned to toughen up.
But first I'd need the entire world to stop spinning.
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I don't know the status of the twin I'd sent flying. The floor was hard concrete, which, with her weight, could have made this nasty little tumble fatal. But then there was the improvised human cushion between us and them. They were definitely gone. I had no doubt about that, but it probably meant the twin was still breathing even after she so graciously accepted my weight.

Taking a deep breath, I started to push myself up. The spinning room was gradually beginning to slow, so I was almost ready to continue this match.

Thank goodness that my opponent was in considerably worse shape. It meant I had all the time I'd need.


I rose to my hands and knees, when I heard movement behind me.
Shit. For a second I forgot that this was two-on-one.
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If this was an action movie I'd have turned around just in time to catch her in midair, and punch the shit out of her. But this is the real world, and I wasn't able to turn even a little before I felt the twin's huge body jump onto my back, and wrap around me like a rabid animal.

I wobbled shakily on my feet from the sudden impact, and her wild movements certainly made it more difficult to keep my balance.

But I managed to stop myself from falling over. And that's where I really turned this match around.

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Whoever that bigger one was, she was twins, but I'm definitely a lot heavier, and as such, a hell of a lot more difficult to knock off my feet. If I'd fallen who knows how this could have turned out

I didn't, though, and spun around with the angry woman clawing at me from behind. I had to act fast so she didn't panic upon realizing she no longer was in control. I felt her grip loosen around my shoulders in a bid to land on her own feet, so I jumped backwards into one of the doors in this place.

The sound it made was horrible, but not organic. Nope. Without the power of gravity I probably wasn't going to be dealing many bone crunching blows against these two.

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There's plenty of ways to injure someone without breaking their bones, though. The impact knocked the woman's arms completely free, and I managed to grab hold of them from where I was. Sort of. It wasn't a particularly good grip, but my opponent's health wasn't exactly my concern .

She was definitely a fighter. Two judo moves in a match and I think she could see another one coming from our position. But with her own arms in my hands, and the rest of her pinned between me and the door, she couldn't do much more than hiss and snarl into my ear.



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I tried to make a pile of twins with this latest attack, but my aim was off. Like I said, the situation wasn't ideal. It was still very much a two-on-one fight, even if I held all the advantages right now.

...Wait, what the fuck am I saying? I take a couple big hits and suddenly I want to fight conservatively? Fuck that. This is probably going to be my last match anyway. If it wasn't before, then the sudden unexpected deaths of a few audience members are probably the last straw. I was essentially a free agent now, and if I had to bring this entire place down to take these two out then I would do exactly that.

Or I'd die trying.



I have two targets laying in front of me. Logic would dictate that I use my current advantage to take out the one who's slowly rising to her feet, since I would have nothing to fear from the other.

But logic isn't steering this ship anymore, baby!

I might get interrupted doing this, but I also might be able to take out the unconscious one for good if I start attacking her right now. So, with my target selected, I take a deep breath, and raise my foot. The other twin doesn't seem to notice what's going on yet, and I doubt I'll have much time when she does.

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The hit wasn't perfect, but it did the job. My heel came down like a bolt of lightning and crashed into the side of this woman's face. The sudden impact jolted her awake, but she hadn't been able to defend it in any way so I don't think she'd be awake for much longer.
It felt absolutely incredible holding this much power over one of these oversized bitches. It's been a long, long time since I was dominating someone who was anywhere close to my size, and the impact hadn't diminished one iota.
From under the ball of my foot I could feel pained groans, but I kept my heel in place for a little longer. This was going to last as long as I wanted it to.
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The other twin came crawling at me, seemingly not fully recovered from the throw earlier. She wasn't a threat at the moment, so I kept twisting my foot into the face of her partner. I'm sure she was watching my foot intently out of distress, but I prefer to think of it as her coming to appreciate the power I held over both of them right now.

With any luck she would just give up, and start worshiping me right here as penance for daring to try to fight back.

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I guess she took umbrage to me twisting my foot out on her sibling's face like it was a cigarette, and she jumped at me with a burst of adrenaline. It was a wild, angry movement, and her hands were reaching for my throat again.

But I'm bigger than she is, so, naturally, I have a longer reach.


My fingers wrap around her neck faster than her hands can clasp my throat. She tried to choke me anyway, but a quick squeeze from my fingers signaled to her that I meant business, and both her hands shot up towards my arm.
She didn't weigh as much as the car did when we were both standing, so as a bit of extra intimidation I lifted her with one hand. Her eyes went wide, and she tried to reach me again to strike, but it was useless. The reach difference put her just out of my arm's length, and she could only wait, and hope I was feeling merciful.
And there was nothing I wanted to do more right now than kill one of these two.
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But, I had an easier target who was awaiting her execution. With the other twin safely in my grasp, I could finish the job I'd started with that earth-shaking stomp earlier. The twin lying on the floor seemed to be able to move her limbs again, and raised her hands in a feeble attempt to stop me.

If I were in a generous mood I'd leave her there, and wait til she got up so this could be a fair fight. But I also just really want to feel her facial features mash into my sole again, so...



I stomped again. It's still not as hard as I could have stomped, because I thought she might try to block it and that would ruin the impact. She did, but it was a feeble, pointless attempt. Neither hand was in my path, and she kind of just accepted my foot gracefully, like it was a gift being bestowed upon her.

Her twin was panicking now. I think maybe I was putting a bit to much pressure on her throat or something, so I loosened the hold. She wasn't going to die of something simple, like asphyxiation. She was going to die like her twin, lying down in defeat, and begging for it all to end.

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I pressed down a little more, hoping to eke a bit more life out of my plaything, but she didn't seem particularly coordinated at the moment. Maybe she just couldn't see with a face full of foot, or maybe she had taken a few too many head stomps to be in the right set of mind.
I wanted for her to grab hold of my calf, and try to lift me off so she could see how futile it all was, but maybe I was expecting too much of her. What a disappointment.

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My foot moved lower, and I drummed my toes against her neck. One good hard stomp there and it'd snap like a twig, I was sure of it. The threat was implied well enough, and it seemed to spark some activity in the woman. She was gradually getting her bearings straight, and her arms were starting to rub against my calf

And that's it. This fight is over.

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Both my opponents were alive, but neither could do a thing to stop me, and I could take things at my own speed. I wasn't playing by their pace anymore, but I was setting my own.

And I wanted to have fun with this.

The look on the twin's face as my lips curled up into a smile was absolutely a delightful. Fierce determination melted into fear and pleading. Her tight grip on my forearm loosened until her hands were resting on my arm. She was just as aware of this match being over as I was.

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But one competitor hadn't gotten the memo yet. A pair of hands were rubbing around my knee, I guess in an attempt to reach up and hit me. I could feel a wetness begin to form between my legs at the thought of throwing both of them aside, and making them worship me in exchange for sparing their lives.

This was my last show though! I was going straight after this, so the memories of this show are going to have to last me the rest of my life. Better to go out with as much fuckin' violence as possible!

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I pressed down harder on my foot, and got to wondering what this must have looked like from my living carpet's point of view. We were nearly equals when standing on two feet, but now she was lying down, and I towered far above her like a monolith. Of course, anything from an angle that low would look big, so I carried with me a point of reference.

Still dangling above the floor and clasping my wrist was her identical tag team partner. Even standing she was helpless, and a light dew was forming on my pussy, glistening in the bright lights of the warehouse.



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The twin on the floor seemed to sense my intent when I raised my foot again. She was going to help me get off by getting her skull crushed into paste under my foot. I'd never stepped on a head this big before, and my feet were hungry to taste the sensation of hr skull caving in.

Her hand brushed against my toes. She wasn't going to stop me though. The bottom of my foot was going to be the last thing she ever sees, and she should be proud of that fact. A lot of people have had that be their final vision, and I've had no complaints yet!



CRUNCH

My hand slipped between my legs when the raised arms fell to the floor lifelessly, and a pool of blood began spreading out from my foot. The other twin screamed next to me, fueling the furnace between my legs even hotter, as my finger gently explored the outer lips of my pussy.

God. It was so fuckin' intense crushing someone who was comparable to your own size. Other people start to feel kind of like cracking an egg after awhile, but I felt every bit of her skull give beneath my foot.

She was gone, now. This was officially a one-on-one fight. My partner had long since vanished, and probably escaped the entire arena by now. But that's okay. I didn't need her.

I could get off perfectly fine with the other twin alone.

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The surviving twin didn't go limp like I expected. Instead she simply powered down, and her movements became feeble and impotent. She was probably still holding onto some hope that her partner was still alive. Injured beyond belief and would probably live the rest of her life with complications, but alive.
I knew better, but to be fair she didn't have her toes around in her sister's gray matter like I did.
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But why leave her any doubt? You can't say I never showed any mercy after this one. Why let her cling to some hope that the woman was still breathing down there. The final move needed to be grand, and explosive. One that erased all doubt and cemented her sibling's fate under my foot once and for all.

It was awkward, but I angled her face downward so she could see my foot hanging over the other twin's head on the floor. My pussy felt like it could melt steel it was so hot right now, and it was every bit as eager to step down as my living opponent was.

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It's hard to describe the sound the remains of her head made from this stomp. I had caved in enough of it earlier that it seemed to be mostly crunched out, but a lot of the skull mashed together to make some weird slightly squishy slightly popping sound that I can't really place a finger on.

Visually though it was a big explosion. Blood splattered out in every direction away from the bottom of my foot, and the twin I still held went limp in my hand. Everyone else in that room probably thought I'd just choked her out, and they were looking at two dead competitors in the same instant.

It would fuckin' rule to have that much control and precision in my destruction, but, sadly, asphyxiation isn't exactly my forte. No, she was going unresponsive from shock, and I could still feel her breathing through my fingers.




But now that the standings were crystal clear, I had in my hands a unique opportunity. A woman who was almost as big as I was, but at my mercy. Her body was big, and strong. But not quite as big and strong as mine was. Fucking people half my size or less was always fun, but this was a rare opportunity. I was horny as hell, and she was thoroughly to unable stop whatever fucked up thoughts could come into my head.
And there were a lot of fucked up thoughts running through my head.
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She hit the ground with a thud, and looked down at the headless corpse next to her. Her face turned up into a mask of terror, and she whipped her head back up to look at me. I felt a pang of regret as she did. I think she realized she wasn't going to survive this match, and was scared of meeting the same fate as her partner.

I didn't want to kill the other woman, truthfully. I was looking forward to working with the twins in the future, and maybe sharing a bedroom with them a few times. But it was kill or be killed in that ring, and I did what had to be done. And in order to win this match I'd have to kill her too.

Then, something clicked inside of me.

I was still in my employed mindset, even though I had no intention of staying after today. Not after this. Why should I kill her anyway? Because I was told to? Fuck that. I was my own woman now, and I had a plaything looking up at me with eyes full of fear. If she died tonight it was going to be cause I fucked her too hard.


I picked her up and groped a handful of tit as I held her up. This match was over. I won. And now I was going to claim my prize, and fuck her in the middle of that ring for as long as I wanted.
Fuck the rules. This match just went into overtime.
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TO BE CONTINUED...

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DELETED AND ALTERNATE IMAGES




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