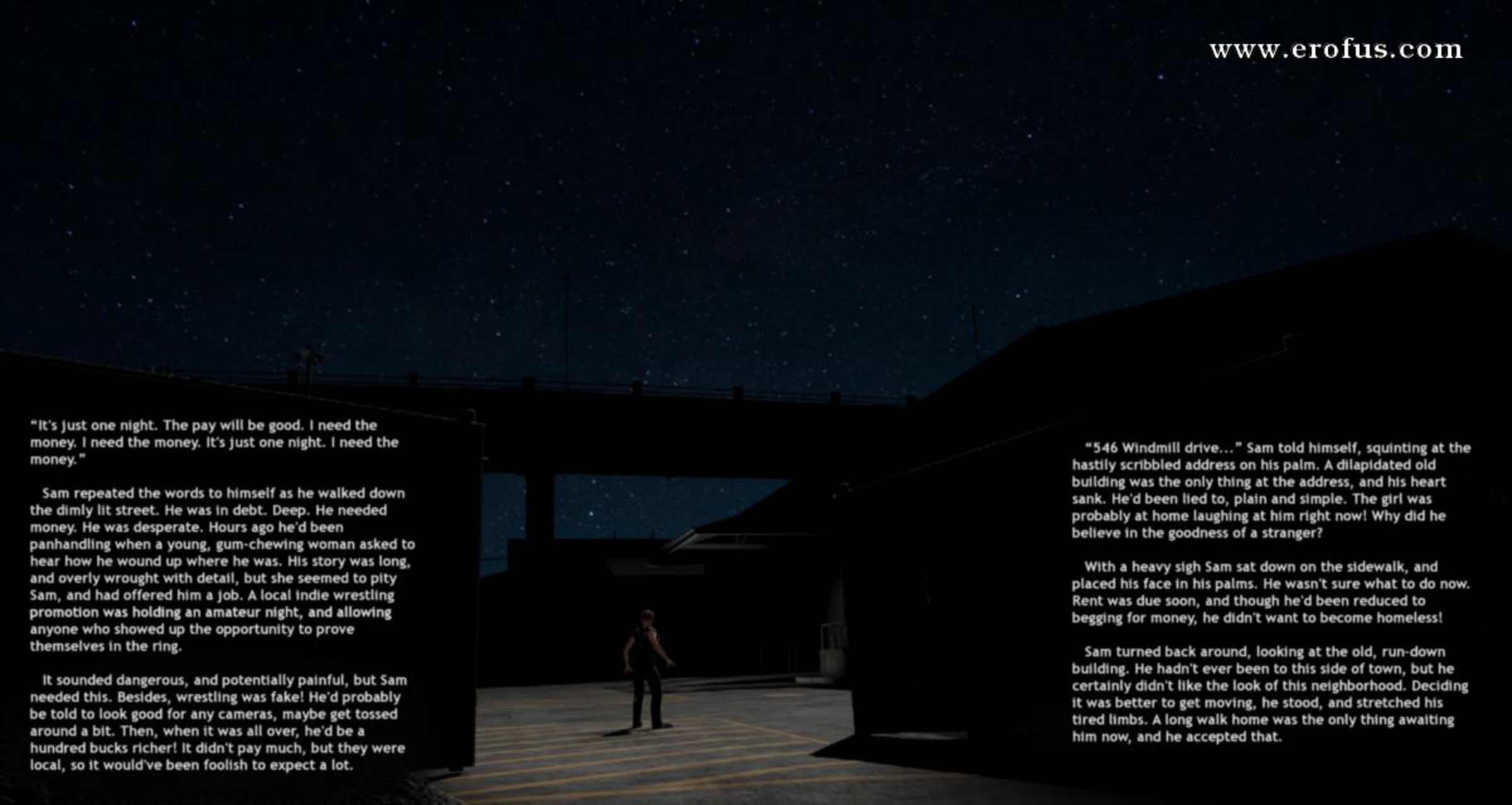
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SQUASH MATCH MAN EVENT

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Illustrations by Redfiredog
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Costume Design by Pogojo and Redfiredog





"It's just one night. The pay will be good. I need the money. I need the money. It's just one night. I need the money."

Sam repeated the words to himself as he walked down the dimly lit street. He was in debt. Deep. He needed money. He was desperate. Hours ago he'd been panhandling when a young, gum-chewing woman asked to hear how he wound up where he was. His story was long, and overly wrought with detail, but she seemed to pity Sam, and had offered him a job. A local indie wrestling promotion was holding an amateur night, and allowing anyone who showed up the opportunity to prove themselves in the ring.

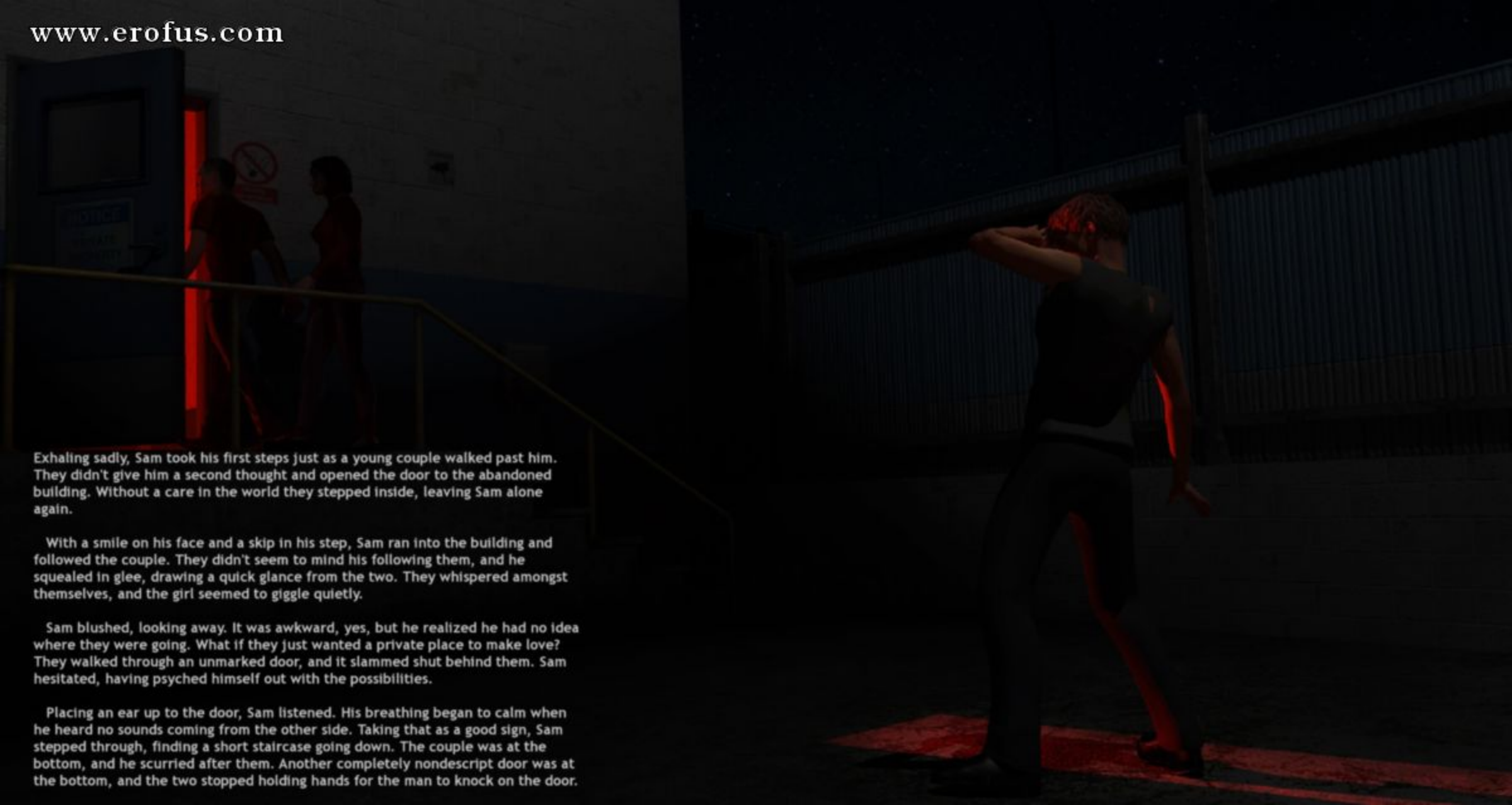
It sounded dangerous, and potentially painful, but Sam needed this. Besides, wrestling was fake! He'd probably be told to look good for any cameras, maybe get tossed around a bit. Then, when it was all over, he'd be a hundred bucks richer! It didn't pay much, but they were local, so it would've been foolish to expect a lot.

"546 Windmill drive..." Sam told himself, squinting at the hastily scribbled address on his palm. A dilapidated old building was the only thing at the address, and his heart sank. He'd been lied to, plain and simple. The girl was probably at home laughing at him right now! Why did he believe in the goodness of a stranger?

With a heavy sigh Sam sat down on the sidewalk, and placed his face in his palms. He wasn't sure what to do now. Rent was due soon, and though he'd been reduced to begging for money, he didn't want to become homeless!

Sam turned back around, looking at the old, run-down building. He hadn't ever been to this side of town, but he certainly didn't like the look of this neighborhood. Deciding it was better to get moving, he stood, and stretched his tired limbs. A long walk home was the only thing awaiting him now, and he accepted that.

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Exhaling sadly, Sam took his first steps just as a young couple walked past him. They didn't give him a second thought and opened the door to the abandoned building. Without a care in the world they stepped inside, leaving Sam alone again.

With a smile on his face and a skip in his step, Sam ran into the building and followed the couple. They didn't seem to mind his following them, and he squealed in glee, drawing a quick glance from the two. They whispered amongst themselves, and the girl seemed to giggle quietly.

Sam blushed, looking away. It was awkward, yes, but he realized he had no idea where they were going. What if they just wanted a private place to make love? They walked through an unmarked door, and it slammed shut behind them. Sam hesitated, having psyched himself out with the possibilities.

Placing an ear up to the door, Sam listened. His breathing began to calm when he heard no sounds coming from the other side. Taking that as a good sign, Sam stepped through, finding a short staircase going down. The couple was at the bottom, and he scurried after them. Another completely nondescript door was at the bottom, and the two stopped holding hands for the man to knock on the door.

The door swung open, and an explosion of sound filled the dark stairway. The couple walked in, with Sam following closely behind. He caught a glimpse of a nuclear radiation symbol on the door, and figured it must have been an old bomb shelter. It certainly explained the rather extreme amounts of soundproofing that room must have had.

The door closed heavily behind Sam as he stepped in, startling him. A substantial crowd was standing and cheering. Much of his view was blocked by that same crowd, but he could make out a steel cage towering above everyone in the center of the room.

Sam began to have second thoughts. He did not know much about wrestling, but he did know that a cage match was significantly more brutal than a normal match. What would happen if he just walked out now?

"Your ticket, sir?"

It was her! The young woman he'd met earlier that day was sitting at a table loudly chewing a wad of gum. She was flanked on either side by an exceptionally large pair of men with hands folded over their chests. They judged Sam silently with their glares, waiting for him to produce a ticket.

He hadn't been expecting this. As soon as he'd seen that cage he began to have second thoughts, and considered the option of just taking a seat and enjoying the show. Precious, job-hunting hours would be lost, but at least he'd leave this place unscathed.

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"Sir?"

"I'm here for amateur night!" Sam squeaked, shocked back into reality by the woman's voice.

The woman raised an eyebrow, looking Sam up and down. She slowly blew a bubble as she examined him, shaking her head in disappointment. The security personnel on either side of her seemed to chuckle at the thought of Sam competing, and the comparatively tiny man shrank back.

"W-We met earlier today! You invited me to come here!" Sam said, suddenly afraid he'd be denied the easy cash.

"Oh?" She asked, searching her memory for a moment before a look of realization crossed her pretty face. "Now I remember you! You're not much to look at, are ya?" She asked, resuming her gum chewing. "Ah, well, I s'pose that Annie likes 'em that way anyway. You have any experience?"

"No." Sam said curtly.

“Good.” She said, smiling. “You're perfect for the job. You jus' gotta make our main star's moves look good, simple as that. If you can act, you can wrestle,” she added, blowing another bubble.

“Yes ma'am,” Sam said politely, his heart pounding in his chest.

“Good, just head down that way and you'll get to the locker room.” She directed, pointing at a doorway. “Just find some gear that fits and you'll be good to go. Someone will come for you in a few minutes, you got all that?”

“Yes ma'am. Thank you.” Sam said as politely as he could, visibly shaking as he stepped past the security and towards the double doors.

“Wait a second!” the woman called out.

“Y-Yes?” Sam asked, his voice squeaking as he completely failed to remain calm.

“How tall are you?” She asked, spinning her chair slightly to look him over again.

“Five three.” Sam answered, unable to take her penetrating stare.

“Nice and short.” She stated with a knowing smile. “That's all I needed. Go on now, I'll let Annie know she's got an opponent!”



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Unable to find any words, Sam nodded his head, and jogged into the nearby double doors. He breathed a sigh of relief as he stepped through, now out of sight from everyone's judging stares. It was too late to go back now though. He'd committed to this, so he might as well go through with it.

The cement floors quickly changed to tile, and Sam stepped into the place's locker room. A slim, metal pole was suspended above a row of benches, upon which dozens of garments were hung. He assumed this was the clothing available for use, and quickly set to work finding anything that looked like it'd fit his small, wiry frame. Preferably something brightly colored, that didn't contrast too much with his pale skin.

It was a long, arduous search, but it allowed him a few moments to think about everything that had, and was going to happen. It sounded like he would be fighting a girl, which seemed good, if a little insulting. Sure he was ghostly pale, thin as a rail, and admittedly very short, but did that really mean he wasn't good enough to fight a man? Maybe he was thinking on it too much. If the woman had any sort of muscularity she'd probably be able to overpower him, and his cheeks burned with embarrassment at the thought.

Still, at least a woman would probably go easier on him than some dumb meathead. It probably meant he'd be in less pain when this was finished, and maybe he could make this a regular thing? The thought of a regular, if unconventional job put his mind at ease.

Sam groaned as he reached the end of the outfits. The only article of clothing that seemed to fit his slight frame was a small pair of bright, shiny, golden wrestling trunks. He blanched when he'd first seen them, thinking them too gaudy to seriously consider, but after searching the entire rack and coming up with nothing else small enough, he knew what had to be done.





Making sure no one was around, he stripped out of his dirty, plain clothing and slipped into the gaudy, gold underwear. Only now realizing how chilly the locker room was, he sat down on a bench, rubbing his hands over his shivering arms to warm himself up. How they would be paying him afterward anyway. Would it be in cash? Or would they just cut him a check when it was all over? The woman in front hadn't asked for any information, so he assumed it'd be the former.

"Comin' through!"

Turning to the side, Sam watched as a beefy man walked through the locker room with another man slung over his shoulder. The two walked up to the bench Sam was sitting on, and the unconscious man was dropped onto it without any fanfare.

"Don't mind him." The muscled man offered as the unconscious man's bloodied face was displayed. "He bumped his head a little too hard. He'll be fine with a little bit of rest." he offered as an explanation before leaving the locker room.

Slowly scooching over to the side, Sam got a good look at the beaten man, and sighed in relief. All the blood on his face looked like it had been pouring from his nose. Chastising himself for forgetting that wrestling was staged, Sam stood, and began to stretch. He had to put on a good show, after all!

An explosion of sound from the main room echoed into the locker, and Sam nearly fell over in surprise. Something amazing must have happened to get a crowd cheering that loudly, and he could feel adrenaline start to course in his veins. He wasn't the strongest guy around by a long shot, but maybe he could pull off some sort of stunt to surprise his opponent

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"Hey! You the jobber?"

Shocked by the sudden voice, Sam turned and fidg[illegible] interrupted his stretches. What was she doing in the men's locker room? He tried to cover himself up in embarrassment, before realizing the futility of it all. He'd be out there in front of dozens of people in just a minute after all, so he might as well get used to his strange state of dress.

"Jobber?" He asked, willing his hands back to his sides.

The new woman sighed heavily, before explaining, "Are you here to lose?" She asked, with a small, disappointing shake of her head..

"Oh. Y-Yes ma'am." Sam answered politely as embarrassment crept into his expression.

The woman looked him over critically. A twinge of embarrassment hit Sam as she raised an eyebrow, clearly not impressed with what she saw. He tried to subtly flex his muscles, but it did little to enhance his physique.

"Yeah, well, you're up." She said, chewing her gum loudly as she glanced down at her clipboard. "You know what to do, right?" She asked, not turning her head up.

"Yes ma'am." Sam said, brimming with false confidence. "I just have to make my opponent look good."

"Good boy." She said, still not turning her head up from the clipboard. "Just come through this door in about a minute."

With that, she walked away, and Sam's heart thumped in his chest like a caged beast attempting escape. He'd come this far, he'd committed to it, but he was still so nervous! Taking deep breaths, he closed his eyes, attempting to still his beating heart, before walking to the locker room's exit.

There wasn't much outside the locker room. Just another hallway with some more doors on the right, but the entire thing was unlit. To his left he could make out what looked like the entrance to the walkway, and climbed the short set of steps slowly. The woman from earlier was here, still chewing that gum loudly.

"Name?" She asked him.

"Sam."

The woman looked down at him over her glasses, as if this answer displeased her. A creeping sense of embarrassment filled the air before she sighed and jotted some notes down on her clipboard. With a loud yawn, she picked up a microphone resting on a table beside her, and turned to face Sam.

"You ready?"

"Yes." Sam said quietly while approaching her. It was his first real up-close look at the woman, and he could see she had a couple inches on Sam's slight frame. She was thin, just as he was, and he briefly considered the possibility that she was to be his opponent. They could probably put on a good match together! He'd probably get tossed around the ring all the same, but he was sure the two of them could make it look convincing.



"Go!" She said suddenly, nudging him through the thick curtains and following closely behind. A peal of laughter accompanied his stumbling entrance, but he puffed his chest up as best he could and powered through the long, steel walkway to the ring. Curiously he noticed that the walkway itself was caged just as the ring was, and that the cage was rather tall. Sam wasn't turning any heads with his height, but he couldn't help but noticed that the caging looked to be at least double his height. Did the crowd ever get so rowdy that this sort of thing was required? Or maybe it was to protect the crowd from an incensed wrestler?

"Ladies and Gentlemen stepping into the ring now is our local challenger!" The woman announced, taking a moment to pause after the crowd erupted into a chorus of boo's. "First up, entering the ring is local legend, Sensational Sammy!" She shouted into her microphone, before walking back behind the curtain.

More jeers followed, and Sam tried his best to ignore them. If he was the local contender then shouldn't he be the good guy in this scenario, all things considered? Maybe they were all just really big fans of his opponent.

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Stepping into a crowded of 40 people, Sam pace against the [illegible] appear from behind the curtain. For the first time his eyes began to wander, and he nearly leapt back when his gaze fell to the surface of the ring.

Nearly the entire ring's canvas was covered in faded, red streaks. That couldn't have been blood, could it? How much did someone have to bleed to paint the canvas so thoroughly? Maybe they just never cleaned the surface! Was that even sanitary!

Now worried that he'd catch some sort of terrible disease tonight, Sam missed the ring announcer stepping back out from the curtain. Bringing the mic to her lips, she amplified the wet sounds of her gum-chewing for just a moment, making Sam cringe as he turned his head up.

"And from parts unknown... is his opponent! That Colossal Cutie! The Titaness of Terror! The one, the only, Mashing Miranda!"

A deafening explosion of sound filled the room, forcing Sam to cover up his sensitive ears as the curtain opened up suddenly. The crowd never relented in its excitement, while he anxiously awaited his opponent's appearance.

Then, she showed up.

Dozens of people in the audience stood, raising their arms and cheering as a tall, beautiful woman stepped out from behind the curtain and onto the steel walkway. Doing a quick double take, and then another, Sam could feel his heart flutter at the thought that he'd be in the ring fighting against her.



She was simply gorgeous. Even with a small mask covering her face from the nose up, he could tell that she was the perfect female specimen. Her long, thick, black hair flowed past her shoulders, bouncing with every step she took. That was ignoring the much more obvious bouncing occurring at the same time.

Her outfit was, to put it simply, lewd. A deep v-cut in her singlet was enough for her twin mountains of tanned cleavage to spill from her top, overflowing on every side. The skimpy number was struggling to contain all of her incredible features, and he could feel something begin to stir between his legs as she began her slow, controlled descent down the walkway.

Shaking his head, he realized he hadn't even looked at the rest of her! His jaw only dropped further as he traced his eyes down the perfect contours of her body. Tight bands adorned with dangling streamers circled her biceps. Below her far-too distracting breasts was a heart-shaped window cut into the outfit. Her bellybutton was exposed through this window, and the bottom of the heart ended just above...

Sam shivered, repeating the word to himself. Lewd. And yet a deep, intense excitement ran through him. Her smooth, powerful legs were uncovered, ending in two bare, tanned feet. Everything about this woman excited him, and soon he'd be facing off in the ring against her. She'd be placing him into holds, and tossing him around with relative ease...

And he couldn't wait.



A slight rumble brought Sam out of his dark thoughts and a cold sweat immediately formed over him. She was nearer to the ring now, and he noticed something he hadn't earlier. Standing, she was nearly as tall as the walkway's steel enclosure! During his own walk he'd remembered only being about half as tall, but, she was...

The woman stepped up to the ring, raising her arms over her head, causing another pop from the excited crowd, and Sam could only watch her in terror now, realizing that she was almost as tall as the top rope while standing outside of the ring. A frightened glance to both sides confirmed that he, at his full height, was only just taller than the top rope. But he was standing in the ring, and was being

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Then she lifted one huge, wide foot, and slammed it onto the ring's apron. The entire structure shook from that one step, and Sam cowered visibly as she stepped over the ropes to enter. The same ropes that were almost equal to his height! Just how big was this woman?!

Stomping into the middle of the ring, she stood, and waited. Big, pretty eyes turned to him, and he gulped, before stepping in her direction. Her expression seemed to indicate she wanted him to stand in front of her, and he forcibly reminded himself over and over that it was all fake. She was giving him direction after all! They would both look good, and he'd leave this place richer, hopefully injury free, and with enough erotic memories to last him three lifetimes.

Standing chest to chest with the giantess brought a myriad of emotions to Sam. He was all at once scared, aroused, excited, anxious, and, well, scared. While standing he found the top of his head came just below her magnificent breasts, and only an inch below him was that heart-shaped window.

Lewd.

"Alright both of our contenders are in the ring! Close the cage!" the announcer shouted into her mic.

Sam quickly leaned to the side, only to realize it wasn't enough to see past this colossal woman! Taking an actual step, he watched as the entrance to the cage was closed, and someone official-looking attached a padlock to the door.

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A huge, strong hand gripped his shoulder, shoving him forcefully back in front of the woman, and he looked up fearfully. It looked like she'd only wanted to reposition him, but as soon as her hand left his shoulder, he could feel waves of pain radiate from where her hand was placed.
"Tonight's main event is going to be a steel cage death match between our two opponents!" The announcer shouted over an excited crowd.
Death match? Sam was scared. Was death match a normal term for a wrestling match? He wasn't sure, and found his eyes falling back to the canvas. Large portions of the blood stained canvas were covered by his opponent's oversized feet, and he watched those toes wiggle as he stared at them.
A loud, clear, dinging bell echoed in Sam's ears, and he immediately took a step back, not wanting to be any closer to his gigantic opponent than he needed to. He just had to make her look good, probably get tossed around a little bit, and then go home. Some of his own blood would probably be joining the canvas and her big, pretty feet, but it was a necessary sacrifice.
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He smiled as he'd figured it all out, and almost felt sorry for the giant woman. She should be fighting someone bigger, and more respectable than himself. Still, he'd do his best, for both of their sakes, and leaned forward slightly, lifting his arms up. Grunting in as intimidating a manner as he could, he spread is fingers out and held his hands up.

The girl seemed to take his signal, crouching every so slightly, and offering him more than an eyeful of cleavage as she slipped her huge fingers into the gaps between his. They just barely fit, given how thick, and huge her hands were in comparison to his own bony fingers, but this was the only wrestling maneuver he knew.

The test of strength.

Closing his spread hand against her own, Sam attempted to twist her arms to the side, and force her to submit, but found he couldn't budge her. Looking up for any sort of a signal, he found her looking down at him, licking her lips eagerly.

Then it all clicked. Wrestling was fake, and the fact that was a one-night only event was enough proof! Of course the crowds would never see him in the ring again, who knows where this seedy promotion would be going next week? He'd simply 'die' in the ring tonight to give his opponent some legitimacy, and give her character a harder edge.

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Before he could wonder why she was doing such a thing, he felt her fingers close tightly on his own, and he shouted in pain as she bent forward, her immeasurable strength forcing him to the ground. The crowd approved of this technique, and Sam's eyes went wide with apprehension, the woman now looking like a mountain as he lay on the ground.
"You're pressing too hard!" Sam mouthed from his position on the mat while he strained his puny muscles. Her expression softened a bit at his words, and she unclasped her fingers, standing back up to her full, impressive height.
Sam watched her standing above him, unmoving and uncaring as he rubbed his arms, trying to ease the stress she'd put on them. She watched him from above, biting her bottom lip as he recovered from her quick display of power.
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After sluggishly climbing back to his feet, Sam raised his arms in an attempt to look intimidating. His form was poor, and his posture was bad, but she raised her arms to block whatever feeble attack he was preparing to throw. While going on the offense wasn't his intent, he took the signal, reared one fist back, and slammed it into the girl's stomach.

His fist sank into the softness of her belly for what seemed like a full inch before it came to a stop. Gazing up at the woman fearfully, she shook her head in disapproval, and Sam pulled his fist away. He knew he couldn't punch very hard, but a step back, a flinch, anything would have been a good reaction!

Gritting his teeth, Sam stamped a foot on the canvas, and **launched an apocalyptic uppercut** at the woman! It hit her in the bottom of her right breast, and he smirked, confident that *this* would bring forth a reaction!

She simply continued to smile down at him, while the soft flesh of her breast absorbed the force of his blow entirely, before sinking back down around his fist.

She was now sliding her teeth against her bottom lip, and a small bead of sweat began to form at the top of her head. There was a clear look of excitement on her face, and Sam pulled his fist away, taking a step back as he did so.

Before he could get out of range though, she'd reached forward, and wrapped her fingers around the top of his head. Clenching the powerful digits tightly around his skull, her awkward smile grew just a bit longer as he reacted with an ear-piercing scream of pain. Wildly flailing arms tried and utterly failed to pry even one of her fingers loose.



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The audience cheered as she raised Sam up to her chest, her powerful arms effortlessly lifting the little man between her enormous breasts. At first, Sam could hardly believe his luck. Certainly he could do far worse, than to have his face pressed between such enormous, wonderful breasts. For a moment he savored it. His embarrassment faded to the back of his mind as he took in the incredible mix of sensations. This was the closest he'd been to a woman in a long, long time; he was going to make sure he enjoyed it while he could. But as she squeezed her arms tighter around him, Sam quickly found himself fighting for air.

"Hey, that's a little tight!" Sam yelled. "Hey... Mmph! Too tight! Mmph! I can't... breathe!" As she squeezed tighter, Sam's pleas became harder to make out.

"What's that, Sammy? Did you say you wanted me to squeeze you tighter?"

As she gripped Sam's head more tightly, her pillowly breasts enveloped the little man's face. Sam's face turned red as he fought frantically to free himself, flailing his limbs wildly in an attempt to squirm away. He gasped for air, sucking in what little oxygen he could from the small gap between her cleavage. But he knew it wasn't enough. Sam begged for mercy, but his screams for help were muffled and unintelligible.

Sam was effectively all but blind. The woman's enormous breasts now filled his entire field of vision, pressing softly against his eyes. Yet as he dug his nails into her arms, he knew that his attempts at fighting weren't having any effect on her. He could tell, somehow, that all through it she was smiling, amused by his feeble attempts to fight. Didn't she realize that he was suffocating? And worse, what if she did realize it, and just didn't care? Was there anything he could do to stop this enormous woman from smothering him? To hurt her, even slightly?

"Mmpphh.... Mmph--help! Let me mmphh!"

The giant woman smiled. "What's that? You really should speak up. You know, it's rude to mumble."




Holding him in place, she turned, and presented her magnificent bottom to the little man, only slightly lower than his own face. Was she going to hip-check him into the ropes? He moved his arms to his face, preparing to absorb the blow.
She was just a bit faster though, and like a speeding vehicle slammed his face deep into the soft skin of her butt. The world around him was muffled as he was pressed deep into her flesh, and he wildly slapped at her thighs for freedom. He was held firmly for a moment, and she rolled his head from side to side, grinding it into her skin. Minuscule hands changed course, now trying again to pry himself free but he was once again proven to be weaker than a single one of her hands when he made no progress.
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The small air bubble surrounding him began to grow stale, and Sam could feel blood rush to his head. A sudden explosion of sound filled his ears as his face was separated from the powerful ass, and he was able to see again. A small river of blood slid down the back of her smooth legs and he quickly moved his hands to his quivering lower lip, feeling a wetness there.
Looking up fearfully again, he only saw that same excited grin, and she placed both her hands on his shoulders. With a quick motion, she yanked her arms up and tossed Sam into the air.. His vision blurred as time seemed to slow. He could just make out those long, thick legs moving far below, but had no idea what she had planned. As his body rushed back down to meet the canvas he saw one of the legs start to swing forward again, like she was going to punt a football.
A sickening crack resounded in the small arena. Sam's cries of pain were immediately muted by the crowd popping up and cheering. As he'd fallen to the ground, Miranda had reared her right foot back and punted him directly in the abdomen. There was no doubt that the force of it had broken some of his ribs, and he was launched into the steel cage, only to rebound off and roll along the canvas.
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Opening his eyes slowly and weakly, Sam found himself face to face before one of his opponent's massive feet. It was just the one foot though, and he tilted his neck up as much he could with his broken chest, spotting the other foot hovering overhead. She stepped down, letting it come to rest on the side of Sam's head, and press into the canvas.

"P-Please!" Sam wheezed from under the overwhelming foot. "I think y-you really..." He coughed, worried when he saw some of his own blood stain the bottom of the huge foot. "H-Hurt me." Sam eked out shivering in pain.

The weight of the giant woman pressed down on the side of his face, and Sam whined in pain, struggling to take any breaths under the immense woman. What little air he was able to suck in was tainted by the presence of her hot foot, and he could feel beads of sweat form all over his forehead. She'd understood him, right? Did she have to keep putting on a show?! She was endangering his life!

"Please! Stop! M-Miranda!" Sam groaned, the sound muffled under the woman's foot. "I need... h-help!"

The foot removed itself from Sam's face, and the little man breathed a sigh of relief. He looked up at the woman with big, pleading eyes, wordlessly begging her to end the match so he could receive some much-needed medical attention.

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The woman crouched, spreading her thighs tantalizingly as she lowered herself to the level of her opponent. She gently ran one hand through Sam's short hair, and slid her fingers down the side of his face. Sam shivered in terror the entire time, wondering if her empathy was genuine as her oversized fingers ran along his cheek.

"It'll all be over soon." She cooed gently, pulling her hand back. She regarded him a moment, then, with a spread palm, slapped him powerfully on the cheek, knocking his head to the side. A huge welt instantly appeared in the shape of her palm, and Sam clutched his face in pain, groaning when the pain in his ribs set his chest on fire.

"By the way." She whispered, tracing her fingers along the outline of her palm print. "You can just call me Ann." She continued, lightly patting his cheek and smiling as he winced.

Standing back to her full height she raised both hands over her head as a sign of victory over her opponent. She wasn't even close to being done though, and dropped to the mat, sitting with her legs spread out past the little man's short, thin arms.

Sam's face blushed a deep, bright red at the sight presented to him. His tiny skull was nestled between those thick, towering thighs, and he could feel arousal build up inside of his flamboyant, gold trousers. Lowering his hands in an unnecessary attempt to hide his arousal brought that same, awkward grin to the giantess's lips, and she lifted a huge, powerful leg over his body.

Instincts telling him to move, Sam lifted his shoulder to the roll to the side, only to have sharp daggers of pain drive themselves into his torso. He coughed at once, whimpering in pain as the huge left leg settled onto his body, grinding against the broken bones of his ribcage.

Ann's right leg entered his field of view, and Sam sensed what was coming up. Bracing himself for the pain he made a second attempt to roll. He again lost the wind from his lungs, but he started to actually turn this time! At least, until Ann settled more of her mountainous weight onto his ribs, forcing him onto his back again, and allowing the other leg time to cross and rest on his injured chest.

"You doing alright Sammie?" Ann asked, her voice low, and throaty. It didn't sound anything like the sympathy he'd been hoping for. Shaking his head in response, Sam needed to let her know that she was seriously injuring him, and things weren't supposed to work like this!

"Nonono! A-Ann, I think you broke something when-"

Sam was cut off when Ann exhaled huskily, and more beads of excited sweat began to form on her face. He opened his mouth to speak again when the legs closed in on him, pressing his weak body into the mat, and the back of his head between her legs. A hoarse scream was the only sound he could make as pain flared up in his entire body.



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"You're doing great." Ann said with a groan, tightening her huge, soft pillars of flesh around the little man's entire body. She couldn't believe just how small he was! A scissor hold like this was normally only enough to apply pressure to someone's neck, but his entire face was buried in the softness of her thighs while her legs stretched on past his crotch!

Rubbing her legs in place over the trapped man's head, Ann relished the screams of approval from the crowd. Lifting a leg slightly higher, she waved at the crowd with a bare foot, acknowledging them even in the middle of a hold. She couldn't do that against someone who wasn't so weak. Her heart fluttered in her chest again and she moved her expansive feet down to the shimmering gold trunks he wore.

Sam could feel tears leaving his eyes while trapped in the huge, fleshy vice of Ann's legs, and he rocked from side to side. She wasn't yet applying too much pressure, but she was doing a wonderful job of suffocating him slowly, only worsened by the fact that breathing at all was still intensely painful.

Worst of all though, he could feel a rise in his trunks at the situation this gorgeous giant woman had placed him in. Towering thighs of soft, tanned flesh wrapped around him sensually. While his brain told his arms to try and pry them off, his movements more closely resembled a massage, and sent a rush of blood between his legs. He couldn't see much of anything in his soft, fleshy prison, but he was sure his painfully hard arousal was clearly outlined for everyone else to see.



Ann frowned as she continued to gently massage the little man's head inside her thighs. There still wasn't any evidence it was affecting him though! Was he gay? That would explain the gold trunks, but not the fact that he was pitifully massaging her legs despite his position. Maybe he was racist, and didn't like her lovely caramel skin?

A sudden thought hit Ann's mind, and she pressed her huge moist feet against the trapped man's groin. His body exploded into action beneath her, followed by some muffled groans of pain, but she paid them no mind. Nobody should be able to resist her charms, and she took great offense to the fact that this man wasn't showing her the proper respect!

Rubbing around his covered crotch for a few seconds she quickly realized what exactly the problem was. With a small smirk, she turned her head up, looking at the crowd watching her movements intently. Quietly bringing a hand to her face, she pinched two fingers together, and mouthed the words,

'Tiny'.

Everyone present began to snicker as Ann brushed a stray strand of hair from her face. Her thick, groping toes felt around his groin, hoping what she'd felt was a mistake, but it definitely wasn't. It's not that he wasn't excited by her, quite the contrary, he seemed to be ecstatic! The real problem was that he was too small to be noticed through his trunks! A hard little nub, closer to a nipple than an erection was trapped in her toes, and she mauled it through the spandex.

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The frantic struggles slowed, and he began to breathe deeply and heavily all over the inside of her thighs, warming them up. Mischievously, she adjusted her outfit, and released her hold. Slipping a foot off of his body and underneath it, she flipped him over onto his front and pulled him up so his face was nestled right in between her legs. Quickly reapplying the hold she wrapped her legs around his shattered ribs, ruining any sense of arousal he'd built up so she could get herself off.

"Get to work." Ann whispered, lowering her head slightly and tightening the iron grip of her thighs. "...And I might go easy on you." She added, pressing his face into her crotch by the back of his head.

The crowd whooped in encouragement at Ann's latest move, but she wasn't paying them any attention. Her little toy was just so small! His tiny face rubbed against her sensitive parts wonderfully, and she could feel her face grow even hotter from the mind-numbing pleasure.

Leaning back, Ann tightened the grip she had on her victim's chest slowly. His desperate gasps for breath were instantly replaced by more screams that vibrated his tiny throat against herself quite nicely. She didn't ease up on the pressure this time though, feeling he'd had enough time to rest, and it was time to resume the actual fight.

Crossing her feet over his groin, she clasped her legs, each as thick as his torso, inward. His frail, flimsy body sensed the incoming danger, and fought back, failing to come even close to injuring her. She, though, was doing an impressive job on his chest as she mashed his broken chest between her powerful legs.

Running her fingers through Sam's hair, Ann pressed him violently against between the legs of her outfit. He still wasn't making any intentional effort to please her, but his screams were doing a wonderful job of it. She growled, low and lustily, tensing her legs.

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A sharp series of cracks echoed from between the giant woman's legs, and Ann gasped in pleasure, her mouth opening wide. She gulped open mouthed, running a hand through her thick, black hair with one hand and slamming his bloodied face against herself over and over with the other.

Then, climax struck her like a bomb. She closed her legs with all her strength, and a blood-curdling howl sounded from between her legs, muffled by their thickness. She cupped a hand under a huge breast, massaging it around inside of her outfit as she rode the rush of pleasure to the very end. Her little victim was in a torturous hell, and she released her hold, eager to hear more loudly his pathetic cries for mercy.



Sobbing moans were now the only sounds Sam could make, and even those were painful. He didn't know how much damage this woman's legs had done, but he did know it was near-impossible to breathe now, as he was only able to take small, short gasps. He rolled to his side, hugging his chest weakly after the legs freed him. A quiet, soft cough was flecked with blood, adding to the myriad of stains on the canvas next to his own fat tears. He was a pathetic sight, and was hoping he'd earn some sort of mercy because of it.

Five huge toes slipped underneath Sam, driving huge spikes of pain into his chest before flipping him onto his back again. Through bleary eyes he could make out Ann, his tormentor. She was still sitting, and looked to be breathing heavily, driving Sam further into despair. All his pain and near-death experiences and she hadn't the slightest bit of empathy! Not even that, she was getting off to it!

"P-P-Ple-Please." Sam groaned, finding it phenomenally difficult to speak. "L-Let me g-g-g-go!" he begged between sobs.

Ann stared down at him. Her face was flushed but her expression was pleased after what had just gone down in the ring. After a minute of sitting in silence she rose to her knees, and sat on her legs silently. The two stared each other down for a minute, predator and prey. Finally, Ann lowered her head to the mat, hovering her lips right next to one of Sam's injured ears.

"Let you go? But someone has to win first." She whispered, smiling as Sam shivered under the close proximity of her breath on his ear. She then placed one foot on the mat and stood back to her full, amazing height. The crowd was quiet, waiting for her next move.

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Lifting a huge, hot foot from the mat, Ann simply placed the appendage onto Sam's face. He groaned in discomfort as she rubbed the foot around him, using his face to wipe the sweat from her foot. Thick meaty toes grabbed at Sam's hair, pulling his head from side to side as she moved about.

Sam simply lay there and took it all. It was a humiliating situation to be in, but at least it was a break from the physical beatings. The air was thick, and humid with the scent of her feet, and Sam struggled to breathe a little more deeply despite the pain. Fresh tears wet his face and he waited for the foot on him to be removed so the match could end.

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As if his mind was being read Ann removed her foot, and crouched down over him. Her face flushed, she continued watching Sam, seemingly waiting for him to do something.

Taking the cue, Sam again begged her again to end the match. He cried, whined, and pleaded with her. He said if she had any sort of a heart she'd end the match now. He tried to, at least, finding it difficult to utter more than a few syllables at a time.

Ann looked to be deep in thought, considering his proposal. Sam prayed that she'd agree he was beyond beaten, and nothing further needed to be done.

"Haven't you ever heard of a death match, Sammie?" She suddenly asked, her voice low, and unheard by anyone outside of the ring.

Sam felt his heart freeze up. His eyes went wide with terror as realization dawned upon him, and Ann responded with a twisted smile of her own. She gently scooped up one of his hands, and wrapped her massive fingers around the tiny thing.

Pulling his arm up with one hand, Ann signaled for the crowd to be quiet with the other. Excited murmurs quieted down, and Ann responded by squeezing the tiny hand in her huge fist, eliciting a series of cracks and crunches leaving no doubt to the hand's condition behind those fingers. She licked her lips as she did so, enjoying the gurgling, high-pitched wails of pain from her tiny, downed victim.

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She then pressed the ruined hand against a bare leg, sliding it across gently. It didn't even feel particularly good, she just wanted to inflict some more torture on the broken little man. Ann occasionally shifted her fingers around, grinding the shattered hand further, and the near-silent crowd erupted in another explosion of cheers when blood began to drip from Ann's closed fist.

Offering everyone a slight grin, she opened her hand, revealing the gruesome sight to all. Catching a glimpse of the twisted hunk of flesh that used to be his hand, Sam's eyes went wide, and he finally, mercifully blacked out. Ann paid his lack of consciousness no mind, lifting his entire body up by the arm and proudly displaying the ruined appendage to the bloodthirsty crowd.

The crowd began to chant Ann's stage name and she felt another surge of warmth run through her body. She was never more excited than when she was taking someone smaller apart, and this was certainly no exception. Ann gave her own ass a firm slap, showboating for the crowd before bringing that same hand up to the unconscious Sam's face.

The first slap was light. She always preferred her victims to be awake when she was breaking them, and considered it a waste to break them while unconscious. When he didn't awaken she hugged him to her chest with one hand, feeling the ruined shards of his ribs beneath her fingers. Brimming with excitement, she slapped the weak boy's face again.

No response.

She smiled, pulled her arm back, and delivered another, more powerful slap to his face.

No response, though a sizable palm print was beginning to form on his cheek.

Ann slapped his face again. There's no way he was dead yet. She was well versed on the limits of the human body, and had left herself plenty of leeway.

This time, he seemed to stir. Sam grit his teeth as he tried to open his eyes, finding the overbearing pain difficult to handle.

Ann noticed he was coming to, and with a predatory grin, raised her arm again. Without the slightest hint of mercy her open palm crashed into the side of his face again, forcing a spurt of blood from between Sam's parted lips.

Grinning, Ann listened to the loud, clear howls of pain. Sighing with contentment, she closed her eyes, luxuriating in her own incredible power over the little man. His melodious cries quickly turned into frantic begs for mercy, and Ann opened her eyes again, angry over his refusal to accept his fate.

Rearing her hand back once more, she closed her fingers into a fist bigger than Sam's entire head. Turning her lips up into a sadistic grin she launched a devastating punch directly into the soft, squishy mass of Sam's face. She held back quite a bit, but knew from the small explosion of blood around her fist that it was far from ineffective.

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Fresh cries were muted by Ann's fingers, and she removed her fist from Sam's face. His nose was broken, both lips were busted, and she couldn't see it, but could tell from the blood pooling in his mouth that she'd knocked at least one tooth out. With a satisfied sigh she admired the blood painting her fist, and gave it a quick lick to please the excited crowd.

Releasing him from her hold she watched him drop to the canvas with a heavy thud. His legs immediately began to kick as his good hand went up to his face in an attempt to lessen the pain. Ann watched his pain-filled movements with glee, knowing she was responsible for everything he'd gone through, as well as everything he would be going through.

Bending over, she picked him up by the shoulder, and set the injured, bleeding man on his feet. His balance seemed shot, as nearly fell back down immediately after, but Ann quickly caught him, holding him upright. The size difference between the two had been astounding before the fight had begun, but the scene now was almost poetic.

On one end, the broken, beaten man. He struggled to stand, had blood dripping from every orifice on his face, and a completely ruined hand. On the other, the mighty, unscratched woman. With nothing more than a light sheen of sweat staining her body, she was the clear superior specimen in the ring, and right now she intended to prove it.

"HIT ME!" Ann shouted at her tiny opponent, causing him to flinch. The crowd roared its approval at her order and she stood with her hands on her hips, watching the expression on the little man change. It was clear that he didn't want to hit her, for fear of retaliation.

So he stood his ground, unmoving in the presence of the giant woman.

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Without missing a beat Ann wrapped her huge fingers around his neck, giving it a light squeeze. A pained gasp escaped Sam's lips before he tried to remove the fingers that were suffocating him.

"Hit. Me." Ann whispered.

Seeing no other choice, Sam swung his fist at the arm currently choking him. It was a weak hit, but he was being choked when he threw it. Still, the tiny fist hitting Ann's huge arm with the feeblest of efforts was enough for her to release him, and he coughed, clutching his chest again.

"Make it look good for the crowd." Ann ordered, placing both her hands back on her hips again.

Looking up at his tormentress with eyes full of fear, Sam did as ordered, throwing another punch directly into one of the tree trunk thick thighs in front of him. The flesh rippled outward a tiny bit from the hit, but she otherwise made no move in response.

With anger flaring up in his broken body, Sam aimed upward, slamming his good fist over and over into the soft belly of his opponent. His fist sank in a bit, and he knew he wasn't even close to causing this giantess any sort of discomfort, much less hurting her. He'd been given an order though, and felt his life was on the line, so he quickly threw another, and another, his arm getting tired as he did so.

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"That feels wonderful." Ann groaned as he continued to pound use[illegible] "Keep going, Sam. Don't stop her."

Unsure whether he should follow the order or keep doing what he was doing, Sam hesitated. In that moment, Ann's eyes narrowed, and she quickly grabbed hold of Sam's broken, ruined hand, and punched herself in the abdomen with it.

Sam's eyes went wide and he opened his mouth to scream in pain when Ann's tremendous fingers clamped down over his mouth. She held him there, shaking his head from side the side while tears streamed from his eyes over the pain emanating from his hand.

"Now aim higher. Do you think you could do that?" She asked, nodding his head along as an answer. "Yes I can Ann. I will do as you say." She whispered in a falsetto before releasing him.

A quiet, high pitched cry came from Sam's throat when he was released but there was no hesitation this time. He aimed higher, and slammed his fist into the soft, heaviness of Ann's breasts. They weren't even remotely lifted by his strength, but he seemed to be doing a good job. Her back was arched now, pressing them out further and allowing Sam a better angle to punch them at, useless as it may have been in actually damaging her.

"Now go lower."

Narrowing his eyes, Sam reared his fist back and launched what felt to him like a powerful strike directly between her legs. Immediately his face turned red at the sensation of his fist touching her there, and he quickly pulled his fist back. Embarrassment burned in his cheeks when he suddenly felt two huge hands grab him by the shoulders and shove him to the ground.

Landing on his back painfully, he watched as Ann pretended to be in pain from his attack. She wasn't much of an actor, he thought to himself, when she seemed to trip over her own feet and fall on him.

Time crawled to a stop as Sam realized what was coming. How was he supposed to get out of this situation? Could he get out of this one? Worry began to gnaw at him as she continued her descent. What if he tried to stop it? He played the scenario out in his head.

Ann flopped down onto the little man effortlessly. She'd felt a slight bit of resistance just before making contact with his tiny body, but with a rather loud crack, the resistance vanished and her body sank down onto his. She didn't have to see him to know what had happened, as she'd had quite a bit of experience with it.

Sitting up, she rest all of her considerable mass on his tiny waist, and focused on his broken arm. Halfway between the elbow and the palm it bent in a completely unnatural direction, and he was gasping for air on the mat. He didn't seem aware of what had happened yet, and she couldn't help but grin wickedly.

"Oh, that's no good." Ann taunted, lifting his ruined arm up with one hand and holding his shoulder with the other. "Looks like we'll have to amputate, or you could get a deadly infection." She taunted, before tensing her arms up.

The sound of flesh ripping and cracking bones filled the quiet air as Sam quickly lost all feeling in his arm. She'd just up and torn it off completely! How was that even possible?! How could someone be so cruel?!

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Sam snapped out of his nightmare, noticing that she was about to make contact with him now. Gritting his teeth and clenching his hands into fists he awaited the impact.

The entire ring shook as Ann's body crashed onto the tiny man. The audience made it clear that they loved the move by erupting into applause. Ann acknowledged them with a quick nod of the head, but decided she'd rest on the little man just a bit more.


Sam was trapped. An exceedingly heavy nine-foot-tall woman was laying on top of him. His crushed ribs made it difficult to breathe, but the hundreds of pounds of woman resting on him certainly didn't help any. She sank down a little further, cutting off a bit more air as his body was seemingly absorbed into hers.
Still, he had to take the good with the bad. The way she'd landed on him had squeezed his small head directly between those massively round melons on her chest. His face was bright red from a combination of his location and a lack of breathable air, but he could still feel an overall calming effect on his body. Their pillowy softness seemed to ease the pain from his broken body away, and he coughed a tiny streak of red on them.
Ann lay there for a minute, clearly able to sense the man beginning to expire beneath her form. He wouldn't last much longer, but she'd taken that into account as well.
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Reaching her arms up she pressed her tremendous breasts together, smothering his head between them. He didn't deserve this bit of happiness, and she'd have been much happier depriving him of it. But the rush of blood to his lower body would mean the rest of him could take just the slightest bit more punishment, and that was what she lived for in the ring.
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Releasing the hold on his head, Ann rose, and sat on her knees. She felt that minuscule bump beneath her bottom rub against herself and grinned viciously. Pain was beginning to return to his face after the briefest moments of nirvana, and she reached down, grabbing Sam's left leg in her right arm and standing up.

Shocked back into reality Sam waved frantically at Ann, ignoring the mind-numbing injuries he'd suffered so far. His frenzied movements were ignored, and Ann jerked his leg to the side making him lay on his chest again. His other leg kicked frantically at the massive woman, hoping to be set free, but his heart began to sink in his chest when he found himself having no effect.

"Please, let me go!" Sam cried, clawing at the mat his good hand in an effort to get away. "There's been a mistake! I didn't sign up for this!" he whined, glancing back at the amused grin on his tormentor. Fear filled his very soul as the huge hand tightened its grip on his ankle, and one of her huge, pretty feet slammed into his back.

Ann never grew tired of comparing her size to the rest of the tiny world she lived in. Her foot was comparable to the width of his body, and she twisted her heel on his back. His screams were becoming less whiny and more hoarse as she pulled the leg she held straight up.

With that, Sam snapped.

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"Please! Leave me alone!" He screeched like a banshee, clawing like a rabid animal at the mat. Every part of him hurt, but he didn't want to think about what was about to happen, what he was going through, or what the hold she on his leg seemed to imply. His other, tiny foot kicked uselessly at the amazon holding him up while he screamed for mercy.

Digging her toes into the little man's back, Ann pulled his leg up with an incredible amount of force. For the first time since the bell had rung she seemed to be exerting herself as she pulled his tiny leg, seemingly trying to detach the entire thing from his waist.

"Don't! Someone help! Please!" Sam screamed while a river of tears flowed down his cheeks. The pain in his leg was surreal, and he twisted it from side to side in an effort to escape. All his struggles paled in comparison to Ann's might though, and she only pulled his leg higher as the tan foot pressed deeper into his back.

"Don't worry Sammie, this will only hurt a second." Ann said loudly, before wrenching his leg with all her might. A small snap could be heard and Sam went into shock. In the span of a second she'd dislocated his leg from his hip, stepped off of his back, and tossed the tiny, broken man aside.

Sam could hear the blood rushing through his body. The pain melted away and he began to feel cold. So very cold. He shivered as the ring shook beneath him. Immediately he knew. He knew it wasn't over and when one of those huge, deadly feet filled his vision, he gasped. The air around him grew hotter, and he found himself being thankful for the foot's warmth and its close proximity. The vague sounds of the crowd entered his ears, but they sounded strange, and muffled, like he was at the bottom of the ocean.


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Ann dropped to her bottom again, shaking the entire ring.
The crowd was loving how this one-sided match was going, and she positioned the little man's head between her legs. Quiet begs for mercy were silenced when she mashed his tiny head into her crotch, and arched her back suddenly.


Something wasn't right. Sam was being forced between Ann's legs again, but she was handling him too carelessly! His head was being forced upwards in an awkward angle, and it was putting an extreme amount of pressure on his neck!
The rest of the world was blocked out to Ann. She felt a small hand grab at the material of her wrestling outfit, and start to pull at it. Her toy was trying to break free, so she pushed him against her harder, smothering him against her pussy as his head was forced back at an angle it wasn't meant to bend at.
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Ann's movements were getting animalistic, and savage. She ground the little man's face between her legs powerfully. While his one good hand did what little it could to try and stop it, he continued to be contorted into increasingly dangerous positions. The crowd watched the horrific act in awed silence, as this giantess of a woman savagely raped her male opponent.
It happened suddenly. Ann's rate of breathing increased. Her fingers palmed Sam's tiny head and rubbed his face so hard against herself that all air was cut off. Sam screamed as his neck was bent into an unnatural position before...
A sickening crack echoed in the silence. Ann released Sam's head, and it fell uselessly between her towering thighs. Pain rushed through his head, and he felt the rest of his body go numb as his face bounced off the canvas. He could smell her in this close proximity, and she stood up, replacing the sight of her thighs with her feet. The scent invaded Sam's nostrils, and he decided to try and push himself away.
Sam's lips quivered suddenly. He couldn't move. He couldn't feel anything below the waist. What had happened? Pain made his mind blurry as his eyes darted from side to side. Had she broken his back? Was he paralyzed?


The feet directly in Sam's view moved, and he watched helplessly as his body was rolled over onto his back. He was scared now. Fear had gripped him the moment he realized the woman's intentions to actually injure him, but this went far beyond that. He couldn't have defended himself against her even when his body was working, but now... Now he was like a newborn. Smaller, weaker, and utterly defenseless.
Ann stepped over Sam's unmoving body and bent forward slightly, allowing him to see her face past those round melons on her chest. She offered her little paralyzed victim a wicked smile, before pursing her lips slightly.
Frothy foam began to gather between her lips, and Sam could only watch helplessly as his killer spit on him. Her face shone with contempt for the little man, and her right foot suddenly appeared over his face, massaging the spit into it. Sam clenched his eyes shut, deathly afraid of this woman as she rubbed her saliva all over his face with her sweaty foot.
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The foot rem[illegible] teeth. His eyes [illegible] entered it during that moment, and he could hear a murmur from the crowd. Ann ignored him for a moment, raising both arms above her head, ensuring that everyone in the crowd was watching her every movement.

Sam simply lie on the ground. He couldn't move. His face was covered in sweat and spit. His eyes stung. It was more difficult than ever to breathe, and he began to see stars as his accumulated injuries seemed to be choosing now to affect him.

Ann returned into his view, and the pair locked eyes again. Sam's eyes were small, scared. They begged for mercy that he knew deep in his heart he'd never receive. Ann's eyes were narrow slits, eager even now to cause damage to the little man in his near-death state.

A huge, tanned foot lifted from the canvas. It shone with sweat under the bright stage lights as Ann moved her foot over little Sam's head. She pressed her sole into his face, rolling it around underfoot. Her right foot looked ridiculous resting on the tiny man's face, and her toes wiggled in his hair. The rest of his face was buried under her arch, while the toes continued to pull and grasp his hair.

"Give my foot a kiss for the crowd." Ann ordered.

Sam was through fighting it. The smell and feel of those huge feet were almost comforting given all that had happened to him. He pressed his lips into the skin, feeling the taste of her foot invade his mouth. He groaned in pain as the foot twisted on his face in response. He pressed his lips into the foot again, praying that his final acts of subservience would earn him a less torturous end.

Ann pushed the little head to the side, and pressed her sole lightly against his cheek. The crowd erupted into applause with many standing to cheer at her latest move. She slowly increased the pressure, feeling the softness of her foot briefly mold to the outline of his skull. Then the rest of her weight caught up, and began to press the head down. She was stepping on Sam's head, and she, the crowd, and Sam himself knew what that meant.



Sam grit his teeth, no longer able to find in himself the strength to weep. His jaws were forced apart by the pressure, and his tongue lolled out from outstretched mouth. The hot skin of Ann's foot rubbed against his tongue, and Sam wailed in pain as he tasted it.

A muffled snap vibrated against Ann's foot, and Sam felt his jaw drop further than it should have. The weight continued to increase as the giantess tread on his cranium, and he could feel the bones making up his skull begin to creak with the pressure. She was taking her time, and it felt like she intended to crush his skull beneath her foot.

Ann bit her bottom lip, and visibly pushed down with her foot, feeling more of the skull crack beneath her weight. Blood began to steadily leak from beneath her foot as she stepped down, and her toes gripped at his skin, trying to keep a firm grip.

Everything was dark for Sam now. He could feel his tenuous grip on life leaving him as his entire world became Ann's foot. It was all he could feel, taste, smell, hear, and now see, as the huge foot blocked his view. New parts of him were breaking every second, but he still somehow kept his consciousness through it all.

Ann released her foot suddenly.

Bright lights bore down on Sam's face, and his mangled head was made visible for the audience to see. He was too far gone, too delirious to appreciate the amount of pain he should be feeling though, and simply watched Ann's movements in slow motion.



Like a meteor Ann's foot came down onto Sam's skull again, crushing it flat and effectively snuffing out the little man like a candle in a flood. Ann twisted the toes of her foot down into his cracked open head, imagining she was replacing all of his life's memories, and accomplishments with her feet. He had been taken from this world prematurely, and she and her selfish feet were to blame.

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Stepping off the man, Ann walked over to the ring ropes as the steel cage's door was unlocked and opened. The grotesque, broken, dead man lay on the ring's surface, ignored as the giant woman strode out. She left a bloody footprint every time she stepped down with her right foot. The crowd was milling about now, some stepping closer to the cage to admire the results of the fight while others simply made their way out to go home.



"You got him good!"

"Can I have your autograph!"

"How tall are you!"

All these questions after every match. I get that they want to know these things, but I'm tired of answering them. So, I've just learned to ignore them. I know it disappoints some people, but whatever, I'm not doing this for them. I'm not doing it for the money either, I'm doing it for the thrill.

That sick perverse thrill of crushing someone's skull with your body. There's nothing like it. The warm, sticky blood of that poor boy whose life I just ended is still on my foot, and I can feel it stick to the metal with every step. It's a nice feeling. Like stepping in a bowl of warm spaghetti, or a bunch of pudding. It probably didn't taste as good as either one though.

"Could you step on me sometime?"

"Take off your top!"

"What did that guy ever do to-"

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I could probably figure out what the rest of that guy's question was, but I didn't hear it. At that moment I stepped past the curtains, and was in the small, cramped, backstage area. Announcer-Girl was there, chewing her gum as always, while a couple of janitorial workers scurried past me. They were probably going to clean up what was left of that boy, and always asked afterwards if I wanted any souvenirs, the sick fucks.

"Hey Ann, over here!"

Just who I was looking for! Camera-Guy!

"Hey!" I say trying to keep the tone casual. I feel bad for not knowing his name even though he addressed me by mine. "Did you get all that?" I ask, feeling a giddiness bubble up inside of me. He's got a little station set up with three small monitors, and the images of the janitors cleaning up were sharp and crisp.

"You know it! I've gotta say, you did a great job out there!" He says, with extra emphasis on the great.

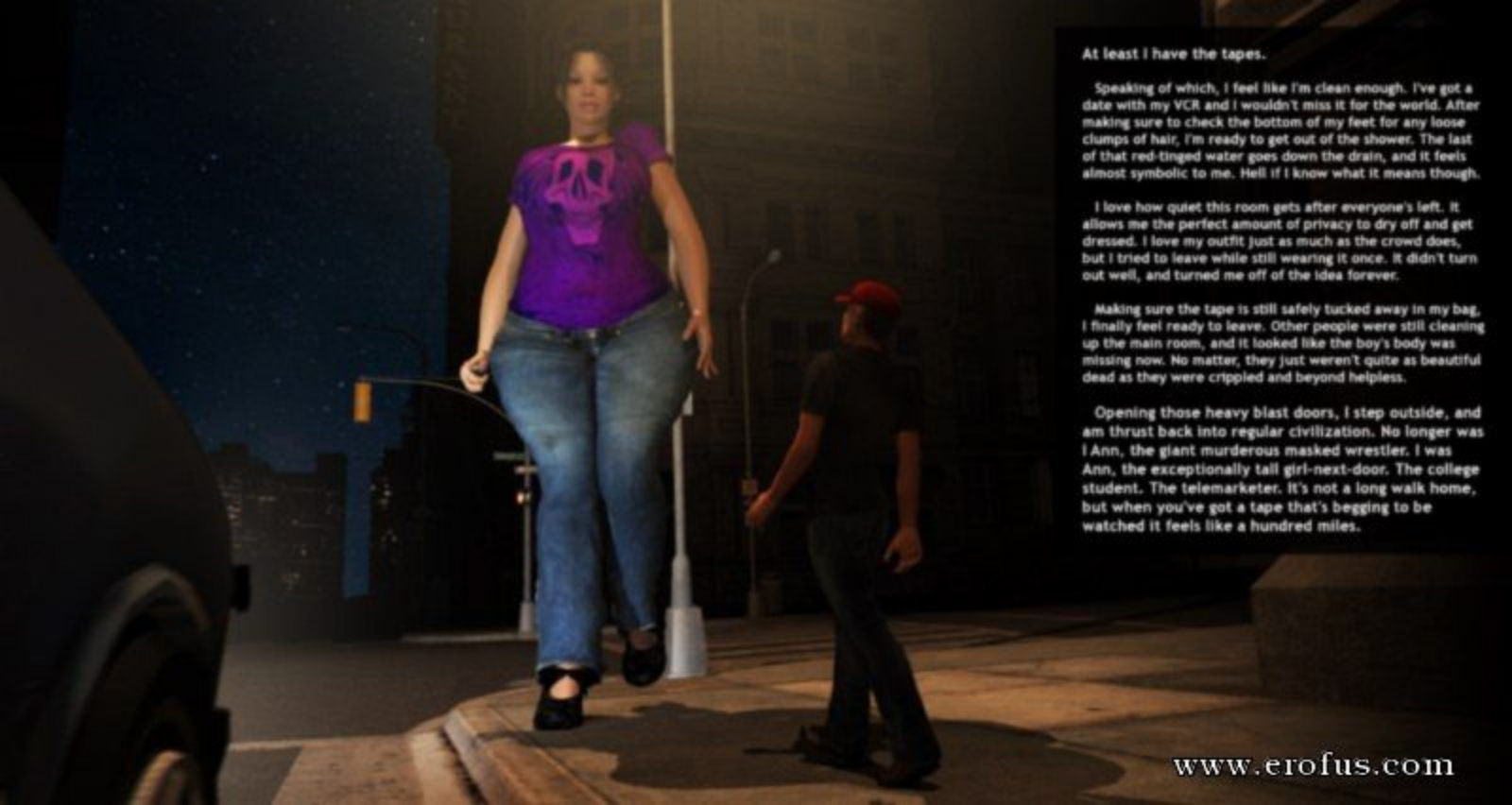
Great. Every time. I love Camera-Guy for what he does, but he's got a bit of a crush on me, and does an awfully poor job of hiding it. I've had to turn him down every time, but he still seems to think he'll have a chance. If not for his excellent work I'd consider trying to get him in the ring with me sometime.

"Thanks. You don't think my ass looked too big, do you?" I asked. I was only humoring him, wanting to speed this process along so I can get back home myself. Of course my ass didn't look too big. My ass is perfect.

"Maybe a little." He says in a tone I'm sure he thinks is teasing. It's not. "But sure thing, they're all already saved onto the ol' hard drive, so you can keep the masters." he says, ejecting a VHS from his working station.

"Cool. I've gotta get goin' now, so I'll uh. I'll see you later." I tell him, walking away the entire time. I don't want to talk to him anymore. He annoys me. I think he said something to me as I walked away, but I didn't catch it. I needed to take a shower, and get cleaned up before I go home.


There was no one else backstage. Good. That means I can use all the hot water for myself! Doing a quick double check, I silently stash the tape into my gym bag, and head over to the shower. Those hot streams always feel nice, and I love to watch the water pooling around my feet turn red as I'm cleaned.
It's not often I get a victim that good. He was perfect. Small, blonde, pale, and male. Could there have been a bigger contrast between opponents? I'm going to need to give Ticket-Girl a pat on the back for that choice. He also seemed healthy, despite his size, and that made breaking him so much more satisfying!
Now he was gone, like so many before him. Like so many would probably go after him, but most would probably pale in comparison. Killing someone big, and powerful was satisfying sure, but I just couldn't toy with them like I had that guy. He was everything I ever wished for, and in a sick, twisted way, I wish I hadn't killed him.
'Cause then I'd get to experience it all over again. The very beginning where I played along, letting him think it was all a set up. Punting him in the ribs, and feeling them break against my foot. His cute squeals of pain. God it was so perfect! I needed to relive it!
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At least I have the tapes.

Speaking of which, I feel like I'm clean enough. I've got a date with my VCR and I wouldn't miss it for the world. After making sure to check the bottom of my feet for any loose clumps of hair, I'm ready to get out of the shower. The last of that red-tinged water goes down the drain, and it feels almost symbolic to me. Hell if I know what it means though.

I love how quiet this room gets after everyone's left. It allows me the perfect amount of privacy to dry off and get dressed. I love my outfit just as much as the crowd does, but I tried to leave while still wearing it once. It didn't turn out well, and turned me off of the idea forever.

Making sure the tape is still safely tucked away in my bag, I finally feel ready to leave. Other people were still cleaning up the main room, and it looked like the boy's body was missing now. No matter, they just weren't quite as beautiful dead as they were crippled and beyond helpless.

Opening those heavy blast doors, I step outside, and am thrust back into regular civilization. No longer was I Ann, the giant murderous masked wrestler. I was Ann, the exceptionally tall girl-next-door. The college student. The telemarketer. It's not a long walk home, but when you've got a tape that's begging to be watched it feels like a hundred miles.

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The End
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