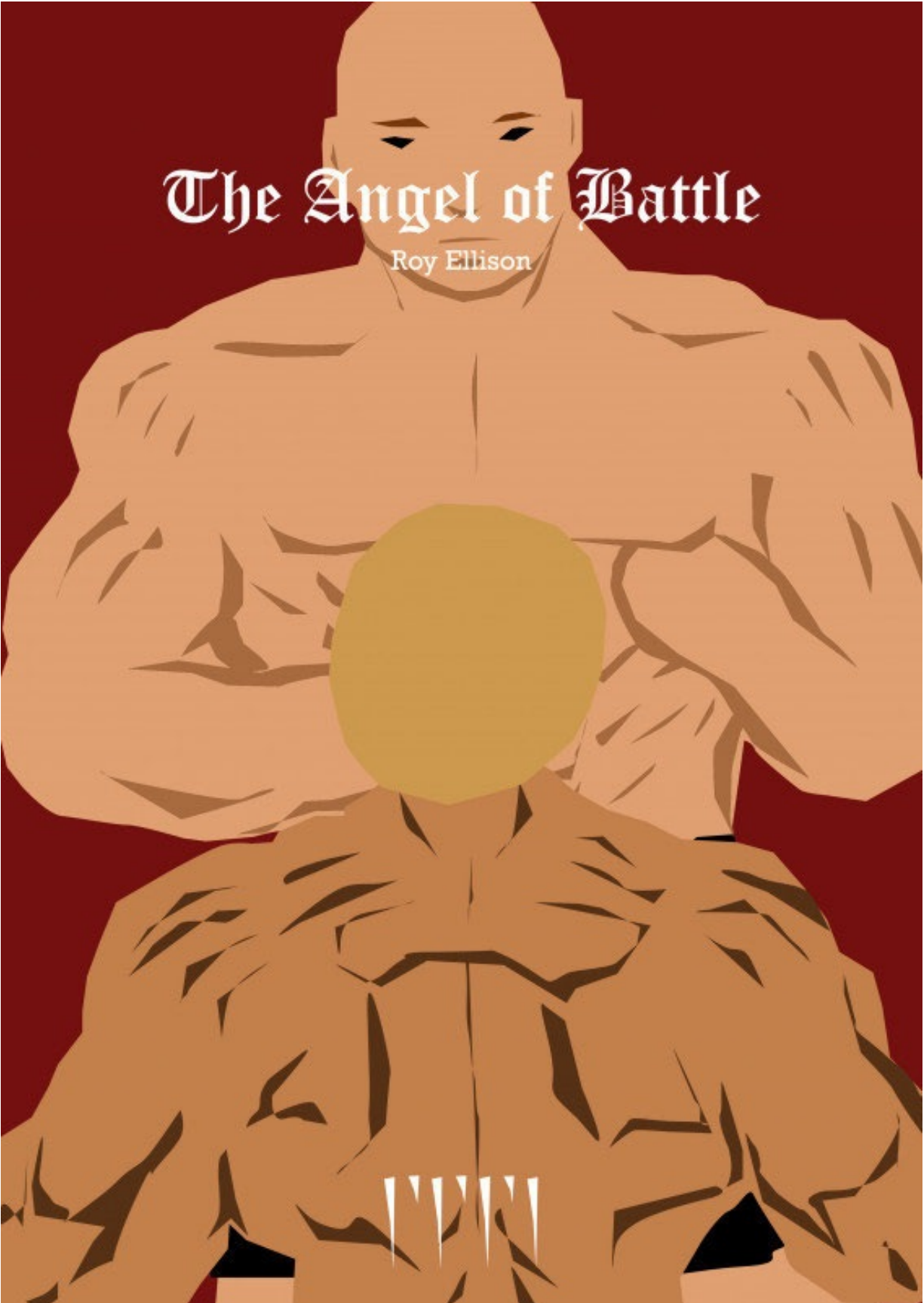


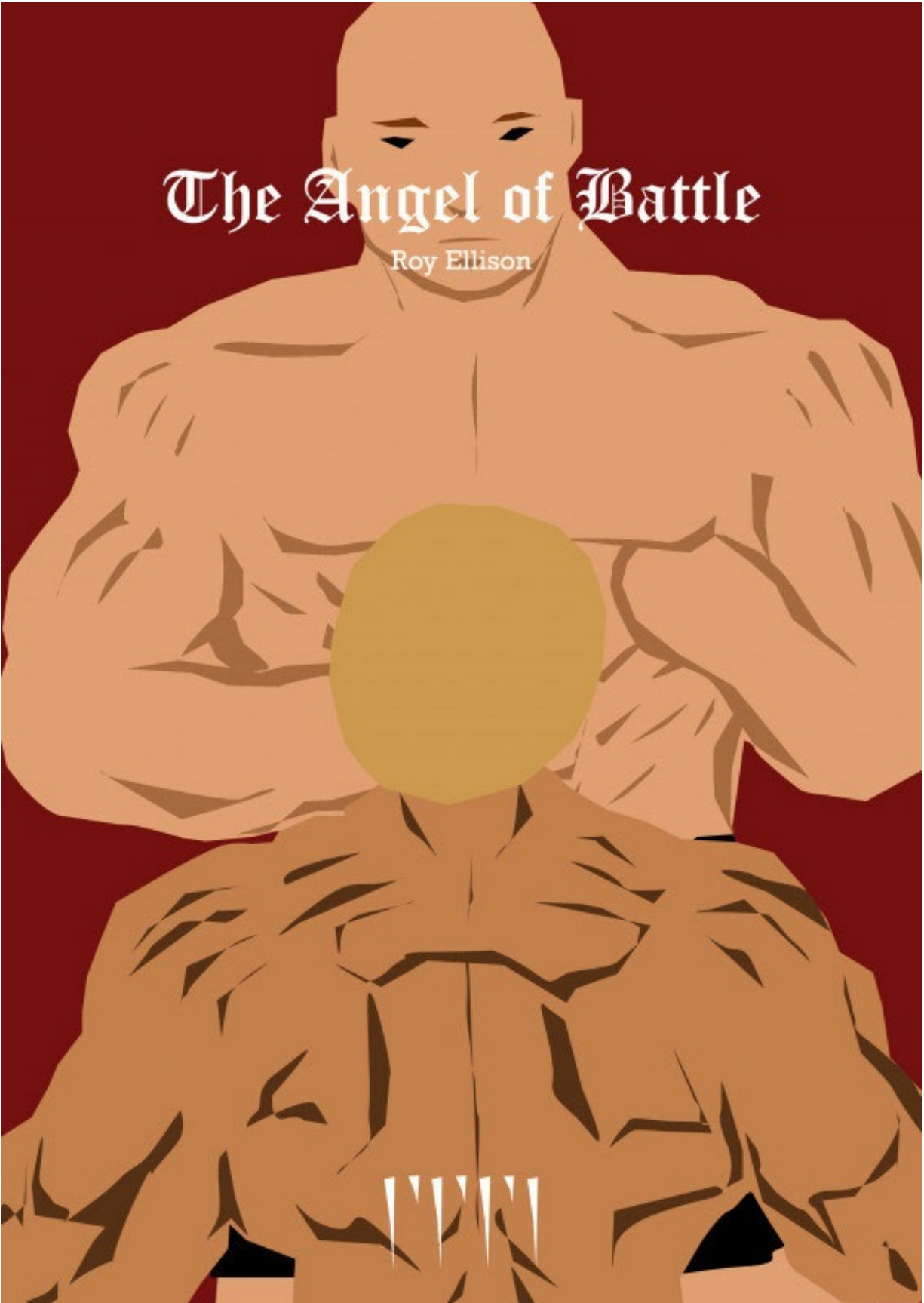
The Angel of Battle

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by Roy Ellison

Smashwords Edition

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“Anton! So glad to have you here!”

The fat man struggled a bit to climb up the stairs. His face was very red, though his hanging jowls were concealed by his full brown beard. He was wearing a suit that hid the worst of his bulk. Anton grinned and got up. He too was on the

heavy side, though in his case, the fat was being supported by a broad, powerful frame. Anton was older now, and it had been a long time since his time with the special forces, but he had kept a bit of his build. He smiled at Luke, his pearly white fake teeth glinting. After a few years in the field and a lot of martial arts, he had had to settle for some replacements.

“Thank you for having me! Quite the nice place you got here. It’s got that underground feel, but without the seediness.”

Luke, the fat man, was glad Anton liked it. After all, Anton was a big figure in the whole country’s underworld. If he managed to entertain him, to win him over as a regular guest, he could be certain of having plenty of regular visitors. Maybe his little club would even become legit in a certain scene. Wherever Anton went, a whole bunch of hangers-on and would-be celebrities would show up.

Even now, the man was in the company of two promising rappers which Luke was pretty sure he knew. Without hesitating, he greeted them too, then had the waitress serve them some whisky. As far as he knew, this was back as a taste as of now. He preferred energy drinks, but of course, the customer was always right.

Anton took a sip, obviously appreciated the taste, then asked:

“Tell me, Luke, who’s going to fight tonight?”

The fat man straightened up and sucked in his belly.

“Well, we have a couple of warm-ups, obviously. Nothing special here, but a couple of young guys who want to get a shot ... I would recommend watching them attentively. The second fight should be interesting. We got Ahmedov and Eddie Nguyen facing off. Those guys are going to be big soon.”

Anton nodded slowly and one of the rappers grunted appreciatively.

“I heard good things about that Eddie Nguyen man. A real warrior.”

There were more nods.

“Then we have a couple of girls. This is really just for fun, but they take it seriously.”

The three men chuckled.

The other rapper added:

“The cool thing with girl fighters is that they keep on fighting. I recently saw Alicia Sanchez, she gets kicked right in the knee. The thing is busted. Anyone can see it. I mean, it’s facing the wrong way. Any dude would have given up. Does she give up? Nah. Just slaps the fucking knee back into place, gets back up and fucking demolishes the other woman. I ain’t never seen anything like it.”

Luke agreed:

“You’re going to love those two, then.”

Anton cracked his knuckles:

“And the main event?”

“Tiny.”

“Tiny? What kind of guy is that? That’s the stupidest nickname I’ve ever heard.”

“You’ll see, Anton. Guy’s a fucking legend. He fights three dudes at the same time.”

The old man laughed:

“Seriously? What the fuck? You’re not faking it, are you?”

Luke seemed almost a little shocked:

“Me, fake something? I’m not stupid, Anton. You get the best, the most real, the hardest fights on the coast.” Somewhat relaxed, he added: “I can’t afford to fix

things. Besides, wanna see the pictures of Tiny's last fight?"

The big man nodded and Luke showed him his phone. Anton stared at the screen. The two rappers joined in and almost jerked back as they saw what was happening. They both seemed rather pale all of a sudden. Anton nodded:

"Alright. I'm looking forward to seeing this Tiny character in action."

Luke nodded happily and said:

"You won't regret it. I'm going to get you some more drinks and then, let's get it on!"

Backstage, Tiny warmed up. Despite him being almost seven feet tall, he moved with surprising agility. He was doing rope skips at an amazing speed, the rope almost invisible as it flashed by. His trainer watched him attentively. The giant was a wonder of the modern world. Fast, strong, tall, with long arms and a surprising amount of intellect. Sure, he wasn't a big philosopher, but he was able to understand tactics and bring his power to bear in the best kind of way. He wasn't just a big lug that would randomly punch things and people. Any opponent had to be on his toes to even stand a chance.

Properly warmed up, Tiny caught the speeding rope and rolled it up on his gargantuan arm. He handed it to the trainer and went on to limber up his shoulders and arms.

He asked:

“Who am I up against tonight, Lee?”

“They found three guys that are willing to try.”

“Big guys?”

“Yup. I checked them out. A wrestler, a kickboxer and a regular boxer.”

“Whoo. I like that. Makes for a nice challenge.”

The trainer shrugged.

“Not sure. They’re only meeting now. I doubt they’ll be able to coordinate.”

Tiny seemed a tad disappointed.

“Bah. This Luke guy still won’t get me a challenge. Maybe grinding his guys down in a pulp will finally get me some opponent that’s worth it.”

“Hey, don’t hurt them too much ...”

The huge bald man laughed:

“Why not? Women and children in the audience?”

Lee shook his head. The women thing was their in-joke. The worst fans were the women. They would shriek for the fighters to kill each other and be utterly happy once the blood started to spray around. Women were insane.

“Seriously. I’ve heard that Anton Berdyaev is in the audience. If you manage to catch his attention ...”

“Lee, seriously. I don’t give a fuck.” The hulking man scowled at him, baring his teeth. There was a monstrous intensity to him ... “I just want to fight. I want to see those guys who dare oppose me suffer. Your Anton guy ... I don’t care.”

The trainer shrugged to suggest that he didn’t mind. For a moment, though, he was terrified. He had discovered Tiny as a fighting slave in some South Asian shithole. He had helped him become the kind of killing machine he was now. He was probably the only person in the world Tiny could even hope to consider a friend. And still, the big man was way too intense for him. He was like an attack dog that had been worked into a monster and which only didn’t devour its handler because he hadn’t yet outlived his usefulness.

Tiny grinned, examining his muscles.

“There you are. All warmed up. Let’s get out and fight.”

Lee nodded, glad that the intense moment had passed.

“Welcome to the main event!” The announcer’s voice boomed through the arena. Shrouded in darkness, it concealed the fact that Luke’s workers had built it into the carcass of a bunker built during the war. Everything could be disassembled and packed away to make sure that no authorities would ever discover it. The place was also useful to dispose of any fighters who happened to overestimate themselves and have ... accidents.

“We’ve got a special treat for you ... Three against one! Here are your challengers: At 6’ and 190 pounds, “Python” Garcia!”

The first man jumped into the ring. He was a hulking fighter, barrel-chested, with long, powerful arms. His hair was tied into a knot on the back of his head.

“Number two! 6’4”, 200 pounds and twice crowned the Absolute Impact Champion ... Johnny Pathan!”

A fighter, decked out in the traditional outfit of Muay Thai, climbed into the ring. He was tall and leggy, with hard, ripped muscles. Demonstrating his skills with a few quick kicks and punches, he stepped over to Garcia.

“And finally, number three, last but not least ... Weighing 240 pounds, with a

reach of 84 inches and a height of 6'2", "Bull King" Rashid!"

The third contestant quickly ran up to the ring, then stopped, showed off his strength and footwork, then got in. The trio greeted each other, traded fraternal slaps and punches and ...

"And here's their opponent. The man you've been waiting for. The man who leaves a trail of defeated foes in his wake. The fighter to end all fights ... At a height of seven feet and a weight of 400 pounds ... Tiny!"

The crowd erupted into raucous cheering, people clapped, stomped and howled as the curtains were drawn aside and the giant marched in. For a moment, flashes of fear passed over the men's faces. Then they braced themselves and got ready to fight!

Tiny easily jumped over the ropes, vaulting his heavy body on the canvas. The vibration shook the men's hearts as he straightened himself, towering over them. He laughed:

"Wow! Three at once! This must be my lucky day. You even look as if you could be a challenge!"

He cracked his knuckles. Python shouted back:

"Sounds like you're all talk and no business. I don't think I'll need those two to take you down. Bring it, big boy!"

“You sure about that?”

Tiny let his enormous muscles swell. He was a true giant, not just tall, but also incredibly muscular. His shaved scalp glinted in the lights. He made a sudden dash for the wrestler, then stopped. The other man instinctively twitched.

Tiny roared with laughter:

“Okay, little one, I’ll break you last. Gotta let you enjoy the show!”

The muay thai fighter interrupted:

“Enough with the banter. Let’s start!”

Outside the ring, the announcer declared:

“As you all can see, our fighters are ready to go! In our ring, there is no referee. Fights are to submission, knockout or ... death!”

People cheered, applauded and hooted.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, it’s time! Let’s go, and may the best win!”

A bell was rung and the fight was on!

To the audience’s amusement, Tiny hung back at first. He rested against the post of his corner and watched the trio gear up to fight him. The boxer made a sign at the others. Here was the thing: Tiny wasn’t stupid. People assumed he was dumb because he was big, but one wouldn’t get this far by being an idiot. He was no genius or anything, but he had a way of thinking tactically. So if his opponents planned something, he’d be prepared.

The Muay Thai fighter went in first, going in swinging with a quick strike to Tiny’s face. The big man saw him coming, obviously, and, to the surprise of his attacker, twitched back his giant upper body. The fighter’s leg swished by uselessly. Tiny went in now, his hand shooting forward and slamming into the man’s thigh.

The sudden blow sent him off-balance and tossed him through the ring. The two others, which had obviously planned to flank Tiny at the same time, stopped in their tracks. Tiny didn’t let them recuperate.

The boxer was their leader, so he would be Tiny’s first target.

Bull King backed off for a moment to regain his distance, but Tiny didn’t much care. Moving with surprising swiftness, he evaded the man’s blows, getting barely scraped by his powerful fists.

For a moment, Tiny could see a feeling of panic wash over Bull King's face. This didn't go as planned. At all.

He did his best to retreat, striking series of jabs to force the attacker back. The giant caught some of the blows with his crunched abs, dodged others, or simply blocked them with his enormous forearms. No blow even reached the monstrous man's face or chest.

Tiny could tell that the others were seizing the opportunity to flank him. It seemed rather coordinated. Very well.

He closed in on Bull King, still holding off his attacks and focusing on controlling his opponent. More attentive opponents might have spotted the trap. Those three did not.

The Muay Thai fighter struck first, launching himself at Tiny and letting his leg shoot out. Tiny heard the steps, he felt the sudden tension in the air, he knew what was happening. He twisted around, leaving the boxer dumbfounded, then his hand shot out. Johnny Pathan wanted to stop his attack, but it was too late.

Tiny's hand closed around his ankle and the big man turned around, slamming the attacker into the canvas. There was a loud crash as the fighter landed, rolled clumsily and struggled to get to his feet. The enormous warrior left him no moment to recover. He pushed himself forward, caught the struggling kickboxer around the waist, and before the other two could react, lifted the large man up before slamming him down in a German Supplex.

The crowd was elated. People got up from their seats, shouted, cheered, clapped.

Even Anton found himself amused. Speed, strength, a certain finesse ... This Tiny character was less ridiculous than his nickname would suggest.

Luke nodded to himself. Yes. This was working. If Anton was having fun, his whole project might actually be a success.

Meanwhile, Tiny had released the Muay Thai fighter, who was lying on the canvas, completely dazed. Python chose the opportunity to attack. After all, the giant was on the ground and he could hope to get a good hold on him. He went in, and managed to wrap his arm around the big man's neck, getting ready to choke him. His muscles bulged against Tiny's neck. This was a good position ...

Until it wasn't. Tiny didn't much bother to free himself. Instead, he just got up in one mighty kip up, using his mountainous muscles to get him back to his feet.

Python found himself suddenly dangling from the giant's neck. He did his best to regain his footing but the big man used the confusion and chaos to grab him now. He pulled Python up until he got him on his shoulders, then he lifted him up further, holding him high above his head.

The wrestler panicked. He was helpless now, far above the canvas. He struggled, but realized he couldn't do anything.

Then he went down.

Tiny dropped him.

Python crashed on the giant's knee. There was a disgusting crunch and he lay there, barely moving.

Without pausing, Tiny turned to face the boxer. The man was transfixed by the absurd display of power he had just witnessed. Suddenly understanding that he was now alone with this monster, he screamed in panic.

Tiny didn't care. He went for the terrified man, who tried to get out of the ring.

King Bull ended up entangling himself in the ropes. To his horror, the crowd booed him as he tried to extricate himself. Then Tiny caught up with him. He felt the colossus' arms wrap themselves around him and pull him away. Clawing at the canvas, he desperately tried to save himself.

Up above, Anton frowned.

“Luke, my friend, are you sure those three were really fighters? That was a sad performance, don't you think?”

The fat man was a little shocked by the insinuation.

“But ... what could they do?”

The old man suddenly grinned, then broke out into laughter:

“Ha, relax. I’m messing with you. I’m sure they actually knew what they were doing! But as far as entertainment goes ...”

There was a disgusting crackling as Tiny broke the poor man’s arms, destroying his shoulders in the process. Somehow, the Muay Thai fighter had managed to get back to his feet, but now, he found himself caught by the giant’s arms again.

Anton declared:

“If you want my amateur opinion ... Next time, let the three boys fight someone else to build up the hype. Show that they’re really dangerous. This? This only makes them look weak. Sad even.”

“But did you like it?”

“Like it? It was amazing! This Tiny ... He’s great! I mean, he could probably be shown off better, but he’s an incredible fighter. Be sure to tell me when his next encounter is going to be.”

Luke was grinning up to his ears now. This was perfect!

“I’ll make sure you’ll be the first to hear. I’ll just have to find some appropriate opponents for a man like him.”

Below, on the canvas, the announcer struggled to raise Tiny’s arm.

“And the winner, Ladies and Gentlemen, defeating three enemies by incapacitation, is ... Tiny!”

The spectators stomped and clapped and Tiny basked in their admiration. He gave them a mind-boggling double-biceps flex and posed some more, showing off his gargantuan physique.

The men he had defeated were discreetly being moved away so as not to disturb the celebration.

Far above, Leah hesitated for a moment. Hidden in the rafters of the factory roof, she had listened to Anton Berdyaev over the directional microphone. Wonderful. If she managed to get closer to him ...

She had been stalking the man for a while now. Berdyaev was well-feared in the underworld, the kingpin of dozens of sex-slavery rings. She had only become aware of him during her research after avenging her sister. This was the man who had enslaved many of the women that her sister’s murderer had killed.

She couldn’t just leave things like that.

Now if she got a shot at him ...

The man was absurdly well-guarded and had plenty of law enforcement officers in his pocket. At the same time, his pressure on his underlings was such that his operation would probably collapse if he was taken out of the equation.

She looked down at the canvas.

Well, she'd have to show off her skills against this Tiny man. She snorted.

Alright. That was doable.

The huge man let the audience cheer him. He walked around the ring, giving high-fives, embracing the women, claspings with the men and generally celebrating his victory. He seemed to be glowing, incredibly happy about his success.

Just as he turned to walk to the exit, giving the spectators one more fist-thrust and a smile, he noticed there was someone in the way. Surprised, he stopped. There was a ... person standing there, broad-shouldered and wearing a thick tracksuit. He hesitated. Why was there a fat slob standing in the exit?

Grumbling, he moved closer, expecting the guy to get out of the way. That didn't work out. The intruder just stood there, immobile. Tiny's eyes narrowed. Was this some extra show Luke had come up with?

He turned his head to face the organizer, but the fat man was still busy talking to his business partner. He took a deep breath, his muscles spreading. The shorter person in front of him didn't budge. Tiny rolled his shoulders. People were starting to notice. If he didn't get out of here soon, the audience would start doubting his power. He couldn't have that.

Narrowing his eyes, he hissed:

“Is this some kind of extra show?”

The figure in front of him replied with a confident voice:

“I think it is.”

The giant was surprised. That voice sounded, well, not soft, but still rather feminine. What was going on?

“Who are you?”

“Oh, just a wandering challenger for you to fight.”

Now the spectators' curiosity was piqued. Were they up for a second serving?

Luke noticed something was happening too. He stared. What was that about? That wasn't planned. He did his best to hide his confusion from Victor, who didn't much care right now, and was instead regaling him with more details on what kind of guys he would recommend as opponents for Tiny.

Tiny frowned:

“Then you should get in line. I'm done for today, and those three guys were hardly a challenge.”

“Okay. But I am in line, and I am first, so fight me, big boy.”

The huge man was starting to feel annoyed. He wanted to be done with this. He had busted up those three idiots, and now, he wanted to relax and tell Luke to get him some girls to fuck. Not that this was difficult. The girls loved his muscles and his size. Sure, his cock was way too large for most of them, but they would usually stretch. And if they didn't ... He didn't much care.

Now, he needed to get this fucker to move.

Since Tiny decided that the guy had overstayed his welcome and should have gotten the hint, he gave him a firm push. His target didn't move an inch.

Leah felt the big man's hands on her pecs. Yeah, nice. Not too impressive, though.

She sighed:

“That all you got?”

The man chuckled:

“So you really want to do this?”

“Sure. I wouldn’t have come if I didn’t.”

By now, Luke had managed to climb down the ranks and approach them.

“What’s going on?”

Tiny grunted:

“This little dude wants to fight me.”

Luke raised his eyebrow.

“You sure about that? Our champion just really beat up three guys bigger than

you.”

Leah almost laughed:

“Oh, I don’t think he did.”

Now it was Luke’s turn to smirk:

“He most certainly did. They’re carrying them away right now.”

He pointed vaguely in their direction.

Leah shook her head.

“That’s not what I meant. I meant that these guys were not bigger than me.”

This was met with two amused grins. Leah decided it was time. She pushed back the hood. Her face got into view. Her long blond hair was tied into a tight bun. Tiny was surprised, Luke was shocked. The organizer stared at her:

“You’re a woman?”

She snorted:

“Yeah. You’re good at noticing things, you should go into management.”

Tiny laughed out loud. He grinned, his white teeth flashing.

“Milady, please be aware that I don’t fight women.”

“Milady? Wow, you’re even more pathetic than I thought.” She pulled down the zipper of her hoodie and threw it off. The audience, which was staring at the exchange now, stared at the reveal.

As Leah dropped the jacket, her ultra-dense, massive muscles came into view. There was a wave of mumbles spreading through the auditorium. Luke’s jaw dropped, while Tiny managed to somewhat hide his surprise.

She stretched, letting her vast muscles swell and ebb as she flexed them. Her basketball shoulders tensed, the tight net of her abs and obliques tightened and unfolded as she twisted her waist. Tiny tried to assess her power. She was easily as broad as he was, and it was all compressed into a rather short body. As far as he could tell, all this mass was actually useful. This wasn’t just water or synthol. This was all pure grade-A beef. The woman’s movements were practiced and fluid. There was no jerking around and no lack of stability. She knew what she was doing, and she had the tension and the energy needed to fight.

As far as he could tell, this was more than a worthy opponent.

A big grin spread on his face. Finally, a challenge.

He cocked his head and declared:

“Okay. Ma’am, this looks more like it. I’m game for a little match if you are. But you have to know: I won’t hold back.”

Leah grinned:

“I would feel insulted if you did, big boy.”

Luke hesitated. This was quickly spiraling out of control.

“Ma’am, you can’t be serious. This man is a killer.”

Tiny nodded. She shrugged her mighty shoulders.

“I guess. I don’t care. He doesn’t look all that tough.”

She cracked her neck, then took off her shirt too. Tiny stared for a moment. She was extremely ripped. There was not an ounce of fat on her and her pecs were

thick as armor plates. No wonder he hadn't managed to make her budge. She then took off her track pants and revealed a set of equally impressive massive thighs and calves. He wondered how many hours a day this woman spent at the gym to look this way. He knew how much work he put in, and if he was perfectly honest, she did outsize him.

The spectators, on the other hand, liked what they saw. Seeing that there wasn't much he could do, Luke nodded.

“Okay. Let's do this, then.” He snapped his finger at the announcer. “Get to work.”

Not much later, amidst a full auditorium, Leah climbed into the ring. The announcer crowed:

“As a surprise bonus fight, you will now witness the battle between the reigning champion, Tiny!” There were stomps and clapping. “... and his challenger, at five feet ten and 380 pounds ... Leah!”

There were some cheers, but nowhere as many as for Tiny.

The fight immediately started. There was no further preamble. The big man went in hard and fast. He decided that getting this over with quickly would be the best strategy. Using his superior range, he moved in on her, striking at her with a low direct blow to the abs. Normally, this wasn't too efficient, but he assumed that he would surprise her and use his incredible punching power to knock the air out of her.

A solid first strike would put him ahead.

The fist roared at Leah's midsection. The young woman was ready. She tightened her prepared abs even further. The blow went in and connected. Tiny had half-expected her to move away and somehow try to dodge him, which would even have led to a hit in the obliques.

To his surprise, it didn't work at all.

Leah took the attack head-on. He hit her at full force and it did absolutely nothing. The woman barely grunted. The power of the blow dissipated in a loud crack as his knuckles protested, but it was as if he had struck a concrete wall.

He didn't hesitate.

Instead, he carried on, immediately following up with a quick jab. He had expected her to flinch or at least to parry, but she hadn't even raised her arms yet. This was not a lack of readiness.

She simply didn't care.

Tiny immediately reacted and moved back, now expecting some kind of counterstrike.

It didn't come. The audience was impressed by her cockiness.

Okay. Tiny focused on her. Feinting with a quick series of punches, he moved in again, trying to go sideways. Leah let him have his fun. She moved slowly to face him, leaving him time to get his attack together. She was pretty confident she knew what was going to happen next.

And here it came. After a bit of more involuntary shadowboxing, the kick came. Normally, fighters his size didn't kick. It just wasn't worth it and it was too slow, but since he saw no way to break whatever defense that was, he resorted to a good kick to the head.

He snapped it out, his lower leg racing towards Leah's head. Those in the audience that understood what was going to happen closed their eyes. A kick like this, unstoppable, against the head ... This would be gruesome.

Just then, Leah's arm shot up and she blocked his blow with her forearm.

The resulting discharge rocked through Tiny's leg. The giant shivered as he realized that it had been in vain.

And now, he was open ...

Leah didn't hesitate for one moment. Her instinct kicked in, telling her to finish this quickly, but then, she realized where she was. If she brought Tiny down too quickly, it wouldn't be a show and it would spoil her chances.

So, instead of a bone-shattering blow to the jaw, she uncoiled her arm into a quick jab at his chest, sending the giant staggering back. The audience was clearly impressed by her punching power, because there was a wave of cheers erupting as she went in hard, staying close to the big man. She followed up the attack with a flurry of further jabs. The big man stumbled back further. Every single blow left strange, cratering marks on his chest. They buffed back out after a moment, but to Tiny, this was terrifying. These were no powerful all-out blows, but just quick little strikes to move him. He struggled to remain standing as the pain registered in his mind.

How could this be?

He retreated, desperate to get his guard back up.

Graciously, Leah let him. Not that it mattered to her. She was pretty confident that a well-placed direct would go through his block like a freight train. Poor guy was big, but next to her, he was weak.

As soon as he recovered, he tried to keep her at a distance. Smart move, Leah thought.

Tiny fell back, hammering at her defense. If he couldn't break her, maybe he could frustrate her. It felt wrong. He hadn't been in a situation like this in years. Back when he had started, he had been tall and scrawny, and this had sometimes worked, but over the last years, he had always won by dominating his opponents.

Maybe he could still win this.

He hunkered down, doing his best to protect his face and chest.

Leah was having fun. Sure, the situation was dead serious and if she didn't succeed, the world would be a worse place, but still, fighting this man was entertaining. He honestly resisted and he did his best to survive. This wasn't just some oversized idiot, but actually an interesting opponent. She could respect that.

Moving with a quickness her massive muscles should not have allowed, she went under his strikes, staying close. This way, Tiny could not exploit his reach. Then she went on to lay on him, trying to dominate him by hammering at his sides with a series of hooks.

To her surprise, he bobbed and weaved. This enormous man was quick on his feet and managed to evade her attacks mostly. She grinned. This was shaping up to be a splendid fight.

She stayed close anyway.

The spectators were cheering them loudly now. This was an amazing fight. Anton was clinging to the seat in front of him, his knuckles white. This fighter might be a woman, but she fought like a lioness. He couldn't take his eyes off her. Luke was slowly starting to breathe again. The unplanned interruption had turned into a godsend.

Just then, Tiny actually managed to recover. He had evaded the barrage of attacks Leah had launched at him and now, there was an opening. The moment had come. He dove forward, slipping down over the ground, getting his shoulder between her legs and in the process grabbing her wrist.

Then he pulled, lifting her up.

Leah was a little surprised by this move and didn't immediately react. Instead, for the first time in years, she found herself hoisted in the air. The poor man below her struggled, but he prevailed. Her massive body was so heavy that he had to summon all his strength to lift her up and straighten his back.

Just as he was trying to stabilize himself, she locked her legs and squeezed on his arm. It was still there, of course it was, it had to if he wanted to make this move, but now, it was caught in a vise.

She hardened her muscles as they clamped around his forearm and elbow. The force she exerted increased within moments. Tiny suddenly started to panic. He tried to extricate his arm, but it was to no avail. It wasn't a trap he had walked into, it was just a stupid accident, born from muscle memory and tricks he couldn't hope to apply to someone Leah's size.

He felt her leg muscles swell against his arm, engulfing it like a blob of hyperdense death.

He screamed, trying to get her off him. The already unstable giant tipped over, unable to hold Leah's bulk in balance.

She landed hard on the canvas, and Tiny could hear the bones in his arm shatter into fragments.

The audience applauded and the colossus whimpered as the pain roared through his system.

The thing was, he could have tapped out right then.

He could probably have escaped. Walked away from this.

Sure, his career was over. There was no chance in hell a fracture like this one would ever heal.

But his pride took over.

So, instead of getting out, he stuck to his guns and doomed himself.

For a moment, it did look as if he could still win. Or at least not lose.

Leah groaned. She had landed hard and rolled over her massive shoulders. Now she was lying on her back, her head supported by the inch-thick traps that almost engulfed her ears. With a flex of her abs, she sat back up, shaking her head to clear it.

She faced her opponent, prepared to continue the fight. The big man didn't wait for her to recover. His arm dangling limp from his shoulder, he charged at her, then jumped and smashed into her feet first. Leah managed to raise her arms and block it, but the sheer power of the blow sent her on her back again. He landed on her, wrapped his legs around her neck and squeezed.

For a fraction of a moment, Leah was worried. The pressure was intense. She was in the dark, the warmth of his skin all around her face. She tried to get her arms up to free herself, but she was pinned under Tiny's large body. Meanwhile, the huge man did his best to prevent her from freeing herself. He was struggling, but he was certain that if he could maintain the crush, he could actually defeat her.

Again, the audience broke into applause and whoops. The show was heating up even more!

Leah tensed her neck muscles. The big man's grip around her neck was intense, holding her hard. She took a breath through the dark tightness of his legs, then flexed her traps hard. She didn't have much time. The man would choke her if it went on like this.

Once more.

And once more!

The musclemember let her bullneck swell and grow, forcing his legs apart. She

heard him produce a muffled squeal in surprise as she broke his hold with the sheer power of her neck muscles alone.

The moment he lost control, she got her arms in and tore out of his grip.

Tiny shouted in panic as she got out. She tossed him aside like a ragdoll and got up quickly. Her face was a deep crimson and her over-pumped neck was covered in impressions of his muscles, but other than that, she was ready.

Now he tried to get away. He finally understood that there was nothing he could do to break this juggernaut of a woman. She caught him by his legs and pulled. Tiny landed on his destroyed arm, almost blacking out. The brutal woman turned around now and swung the giant in a half-circle before releasing him.

He shot forward, smashing into the ropes. He hung there for a second before she was upon him. She knelt onto his calves and took his head into a lock.

Outside, the announcer panicked. Luke made cutting gestures above and insisted the fight should be over.

Leah got close to Tiny's ear and hissed:

“Gotcha.”

The man tried to turn to her and bite her, so she headbutted his nose. There was a

cracking sound as she stretched his neck and blood poured from his nose.

She held the man tight and increased the tension on his back and neck.

The announcer clambered in the ring and shouted:

“Stop! Stop! The fight is over! You won.”

Leah released the big man slowly, who just flowed from her strong arms as if liquefied. Tiny seemed to pool on the canvas, limp and completely defeated. Then she got up, slightly bruised, but otherwise unhurt and raised her fist.

The spectators howled and stamped.

She grinned at Anton, who was completely enraptured. Raising an eyebrow, she smiled at him, licking her lips.

She was rather sure she would get an invitation to his private party. And then, things would heat up ...

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Roy Ellison writes weirdo erotic fiction. Despite evidence to the contrary, he

insists it is about the characters and the plot.

He thanks you deeply for your trust and support.

Commissions are available at El_Roy_1999@gmx.de. Rates upon request.