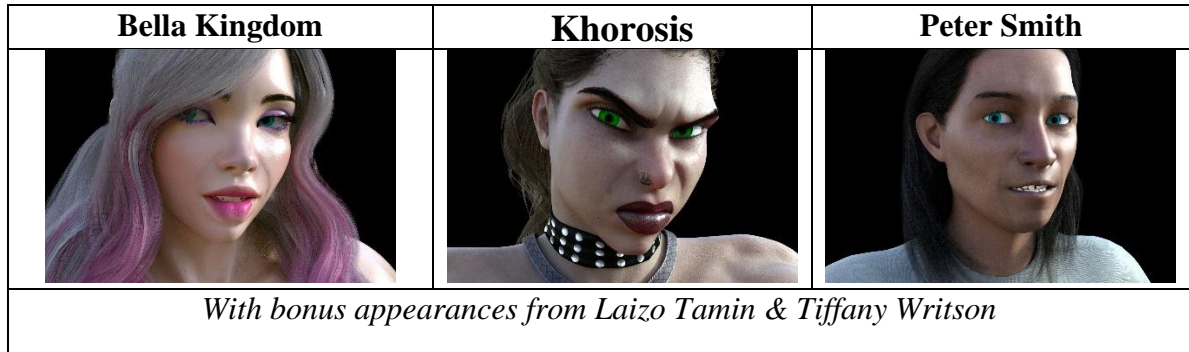


Chapter 6: **The Final Confrontation**

Starring:



Chapter 6: The Final Confrontation

Khorosis slowly approached the hospital doors, her wicked smile reflecting her malevolent intentions. Her fists clenched, and she muttered to herself, "This is going to be fun..."

However, before Khorosis could execute her nefarious plan, Bella appeared behind her, her presence a formidable force that could not be ignored. Bella's pink hair flowed with an ethereal quality as she glared at Khorosis with a mixture of disbelief and rage.

"You're actually going to attack him AGAIN... ...when he's IN HOSPITAL...?" Bella's voice dripped with incredulity. "WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?!"

Khorosis simply grinned, her eyes filled with malice. "I like to hurt people, and I like to own people. - You are stealing one of my possessions. Get your own punchbag, you wimp."

"That's the first agreeable thing I've heard you say, Khorosis. I will get my own punchbag; YOU." Bella scowled, calmly emptying her head of all rational thoughts, ensuring the possibility of absolute maximum damage as the two enormous women began to circle on another.



The confrontation began, a battle between good and evil, strength and malevolence. Bella, her muscles still aching from her earlier ordeal, squared off against the relentless Khorosis. It was a battle that would determine the fate of Peter who still lay heavily sedated from his injuries.

The two women clashed with a ferocity that shook the hospital's foundation. They employed items from the hospital car park as weapons, their blows causing car alarms to blare and sending bystanders fleeing in terror. The ground trembled beneath their mighty footsteps as they circled each other, muscles flexing and sweat pouring from their bodies.

The battle between Bella and Khorosis had reached a fever pitch, and the hospital's surroundings bore the brunt of their relentless assault. Amid the chaos, the two women found themselves locked in a brutal fistfight, their punches landing with thunderous impact.

With a titanic headbutt, Bella gripped her foe by the belt-buckle and issued a sharp bicycle kick into the stomach of Khorosis. With Bella's hand gripping her foe's pants tightly, the force of her foot tore Khorosis from her leather bottoms, as Bella dashed her opponent's shredded clothing to the floor. "...if Bella don't get pants, NO ONE gets pants." Bella laughed as Khorosis charged the Pink Paladin, enraged, only to be met by a strong fist to the jaw.

Bella's mighty fists clashed with Khorosis's malevolent blows, each strike resonating with power. Muscles strained and glistened with sweat as they exchanged punch after punch, the air filled with the sound of flesh meeting flesh.



In a surprising turn of events, Khorosis managed to land a series of blows that staggered Bella. The relentless barrage of punches struck Bella in the head, causing her to lose her balance. With a final, powerful punch, Khorosis sent the Pink Paladin crashing to the ground. The evil villainess tore her top from her body, it's underwiring beginning to irritate her skin, her gargantuan breasts booming into vision, bouncing with every colossal and panting breath she took.

Bella lay sprawled on the concrete, her vision blurred, and her head pounding from the relentless assault. She struggled to regain her senses, but Khorosis wasted no time. With a malevolent grin, she raised her foot, intending to stomp on Bella while she was down.

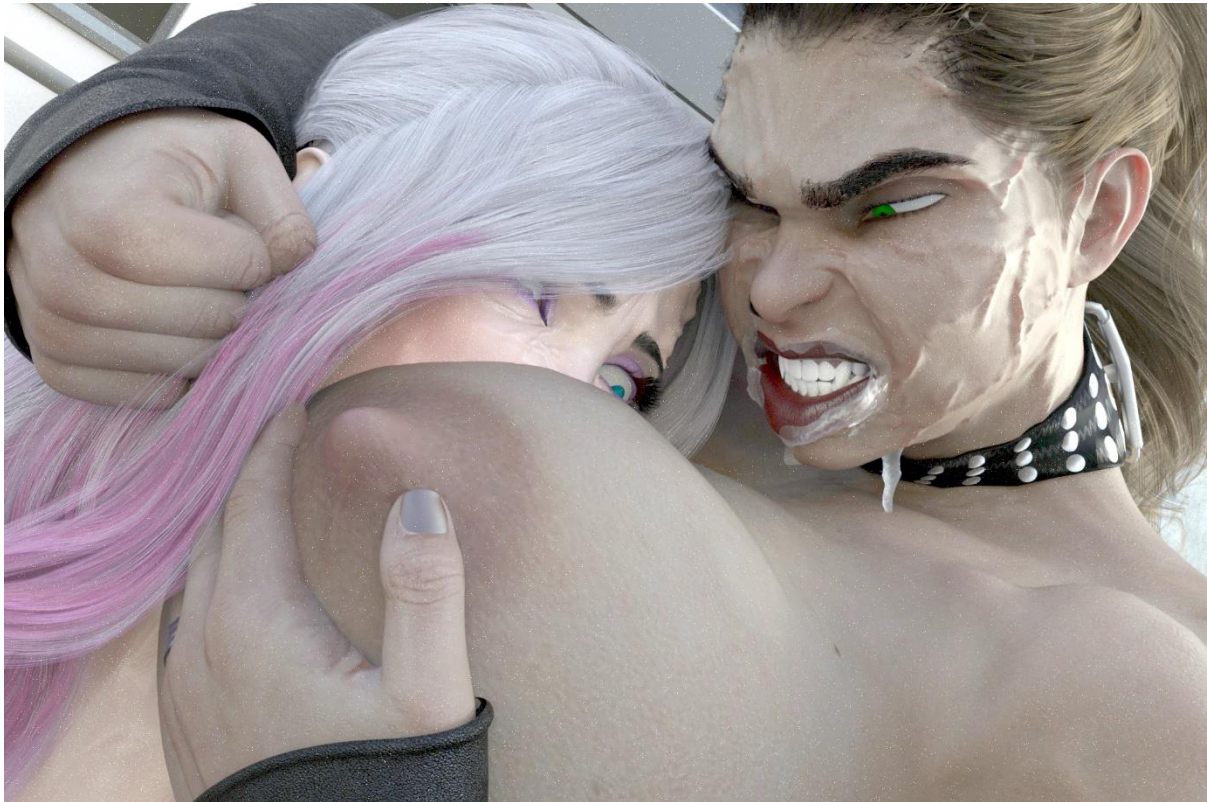
In a moment of sheer instinct, Bella's body responded. She rolled to the side just in time, narrowly avoiding Khorosis's deadly stomp. The ground trembled as Khorosis's foot struck the concrete with bone-crushing force.

Shaking her head to clear the cobwebs, Bella slowly pushed herself up from the ground. Her pink hair was dishevelled, and her face bore the marks of the relentless punches she had endured. Determination filled her eyes as she returned to her feet, refusing to back down.

The battle was far from over, and Bella's return to consciousness signalled a resurgence of her indomitable spirit. She was ready to continue the fight, to protect Peter and put an end to Khorosis's reign of terror.

But suddenly, Khorosis crashed her enormous cleavage either side of the Pink Paladin's head, squeezing, crushing and suffocating the smaller-chested hero all at once. "I am FAR too much woman for you, you oversized CAKE" the villainess hissed, driving her knee into

Bella's fading body as her oxygen began rapidly depleting amid the mass of boobage, her meaty vein-throbbing palms gripping her foe's, desperately trying to break the hold.



Like a duo of factorial pistons, Bella began ramming her fists into her enemy's belly with rapid succession, with even the first strike strong enough to loosen the smothering attack, but Bella kept going. The evil amazon's grip loosened as she absorbed countless punches, her voice trying to yelp, but stammering and stuttering as her body vibrated with every strike, her gigantic boobs bouncing and jiggly either side of Bella's head – who was quite enjoying their presence without the added pressure and suffocating prospects.

But suddenly, Khorosis emitted a sharp sound of pain, fury and determination. She caught Bella in a vicious bearhug, her powerful arms squeezing with incredible force. Bella's ribs groaned, and for a moment, it seemed as though she might be defeated. However, Bella's indomitable spirit and sheer willpower surged forth.

With a monumental effort, Bella broke free from Khorosis's crushing grip, her muscles bulging as she pried herself loose. Khorosis staggered back, stunned by Bella's resilience.

In the midst of their fierce battle, Bella's determination burned brighter than ever. With a mighty roar, she charged at Khorosis, her massive frame barrelling toward her adversary like a runaway freight train. “Just... DIE...!” Khorosis growled in exasperation, as she defended another heavy strike, both women pausing for a moment staring eye to eye, strategizing there and then, like a silent understanding.

Exhausted and battered, Bella and Khorosis stood face to face in the hospital car park, their breathing heavy and laboured. Sweat dripped from their glistening bodies as they locked eyes, a simmering tension filling the air.

Bella's pink hair clung to her forehead as she sneered at her malevolent adversary. "Is that all you've got, Khorosis? I expected more from a big, tough bully like you."

Khorosis, her chest heaving, shot back with equal venom. "You're nothing but a weakling who thinks she can play hero. You'll regret crossing me, Bella."

The exchange of insults and mockery continued, their voices laced with bitterness and resentment. They circled each other, muscles flexing with every step, both refusing to back down.

"You're a coward, Khorosis," Bella taunted, her eyes narrowing. "Attacking an innocent man... ..while I don't see you picking on any of the BIG men, huh? Not the rude ones, not the nasty big assholes? Nah, you wanted a small, friendly, little one. You're a PUSSY, girl." Bella grinned, her own words bolstering her morale, reminding her of just how little she thought of this enemy.

Khorosis chuckled darkly. "And you're a self-righteous fool, thinking you can save everyone. Strength is to be ENJOYED. I'm here to make people SUFFER."

"Earn it." Bella smirked. "...you lazy little shit." She finished, hurling her body at Khorosis as they collided once again, their mighty bodies slamming together with earth-shaking force. Muscles bulged as they grappled and fought, sweat mingling as they strained against each other.

"PETER?!" Khorosis screamed out, with an agonized expression of horror on her face as she stared off towards the hospital. Bella turned immediately, terrified that her new friend had somehow been caught in their destruction again.

But no one was there. And a colossal punch to the back of Bella's head almost knocked the Pink Paladin's brains out of her own pretty eyeballs. Khorosis gripped her stunned foe, whose gigantic arms were momentarily dangling by her side. "...you stupid oversized MY LITTLE PONY!!" She hissed, before repeatedly slamming her fist into Bella stomach, capitalising in on her "look over there" tactics.



Bella's return moved like an old car restarting, as she lightly elbowed the foe grabbing her, then harder, then harder, as her brain slowly re-activated, and she fully re-engaged the combat, not only furious at the damage she'd sustained, but furious for the fact that her own compassion has been used against her for a cheap shot.

The battle raged on, the hospital car park becoming a battleground of sweat, strength, and unyielding determination.

Bella tackled Khorosis to the ground, her immense strength evident as she grabbed Khorosis's ankles. With a mighty heave, Bella swung her adversary around, using her as a makeshift weapon. Khorosis, helpless in Bella's grasp, crashed into various objects in the hospital car park.

Metallic clangs and shattering glass filled the air as Khorosis slammed into cars, sending them spinning and crumpling. Bella swung her around with astonishing force, making her collide with concrete barriers, sending sparks flying.

But Bella wasn't finished. With one final, titanic effort, she released her grip on Khorosis, sending her hurtling through the air like a projectile. Khorosis's body crashed into a city bus with a deafening crash, the impact causing the bus to topple onto its side.

The bus crashed onto the pavement, its windows shattering and its metal frame groaning in protest. Bella stood there, her chest heaving with exertion, as she watched the wreckage unfold.

Amid the twisted metal and broken glass, Khorosis emerged in a daze, her malevolent laughter replaced by a bewildered expression. She shook her head, attempting to clear her thoughts, but her anger surged.

With a roar of pure rage, Khorosis charged back at Bella, her muscles tensed, and her eyes filled with hatred. The bout was far from over, each woman unleashing her arsenal of wrestling moves with devastating effects. They exchanged blows and grappled with the intensity of a tempest, leaving destruction in their wake. The hospital's exterior bore witness to their epic clash, windows shattered, and concrete cracked.

Exhausted and locked in a bitter battle of wills, Bella and Khorosis were drenched in sweat, their muscles bulging from the relentless confrontation. Each movement was an agonizing effort, but neither was willing to yield.

With one final, monumental effort, Bella summoned every ounce of her remaining strength. She grabbed Khorosis by the waist, her powerful arms wrapping around her adversary's midsection like a vice. Khorosis struggled, her muscles trembling from fatigue, but Bella's determination was unwavering.



Bella hoisted Khorosis into the air, her immense strength on full display. Khorosis's body hung helplessly, suspended above the unforgiving concrete. Bella's pink hair flowed wildly around her face as she prepared to deliver an almighty powerbomb.

With a deafening crash, Bella slammed Khorosis's back into the concrete, the impact reverberating through the car park. Khorosis gasped in agony, her body wracked with pain. Her agonized moan laced by sheer torment and sudden agony.

Despite the excruciating pain, Khorosis mustered the last vestiges of her strength to resist, reaching forward, trying to stop the Pink Paladin from lifting her a second time.

But Bella had clearly had enough of this woman, and in a shockingly electric surge of temper, began beating her foe's enormous breasts with an unbridled mercy, pounding and battering them like a pair of drums until they burst with milk, throbbing with violation and arousal as the Pink Paladin demolished the mighty bust one strike at a time – their owner rapidly losing consciousness, barely able to comprehend the malevolent force that dwelled within the typically good-natured Bella Kingdom.



“Guess we know why they call them FUN BAGS.” Bella huffed, finally spitting on her enemy's beaten and leaking bust as Khorosis lay almost completely lifeless, partially unconscious from the sheer brutalization of her chest, and with a second mighty heave, Bella resumed her initial goal – as she lifted Khorosis once more from the ground.

Sweat poured from Bella's brow as she delivered a second, even stronger powerbomb. Khorosis's body was driven into the concrete with even greater force than before, making the ground quake beneath them, with Khorosis too beaten to even whine as her big tits oozed more milk from their battered state.

Every last muscle had failed the hulking villainess, but Bella was far from satisfied. The presence of such a malevolent strongwoman felt like a personal insult to the Pink Paladin, and she was determined to give her enemy a long hospital stay to mull over all of her evildoings.

With every muscle in her body flexing, Bella hoisted Khorosis into the air one last time. Khorosis's eyes were filled with nothingness, emptiness, the void – a set of irises empty of all thought and all knowledge, almost disconnected from her own brain from the savagery that had subdued her. This she-fortress of muscle dangled, with not a single monkey left at the controls.

In a cataclysmic climax, Bella delivered the third and most brutal powerbomb.



The impact was bone-shattering, the concrete beneath them cracking and crumbling. Khorosis's body went more than limp, and she lay motionless on the ground in a pool of her own leaking milk, her consciousness fading into darkness. Bella, her chest heaving and her body glistening with sweat, finally felt done with her malevolent adversary, stomping the ribs for good measure, barely able to contain her temper.

Smiling at the thought of what she might be doing if she was that little bit angrier, Bella slid her hand along one of her fallen foe's huge leaking nipples, licking her finger to enjoy the taste. "...I better order some tit-pumps. Just in case I see you again."

Bella briefly stood in silence, lost in her own rude and erotic thoughts, wondering whose boobs were stronger, Khorosis or her dear friend Emma's, before shaking her head and returning to reality.

Still slightly gasping for breath and covered in sweat and bruises, Bella sank to the ground, her legs trembling with exhaustion. She looked down at her defeated foe, partially laughing about what a big, muscular lunatic Khorosis is.

As she caught her breath, the sound of approaching sirens grew louder. The police were on their way, responding to the chaos that had unfolded in the hospital car park. Bella knew it was time to ensure Khorosis faced justice.

"You won't be hurting anyone else," Bella muttered, her voice filled with a mixture of relief and exhaustion.

Just as the police arrived, Bella bound Khorosis's unconscious body in countless loops of big, heavy chains she had found nearby. The chains coiled around Khorosis's limbs, rendering her powerless and immobilized.

A police officer approached, awe in their eyes as they surveyed the scene. "Thank you, ma'am," they said to Bella. "You've saved the city from this menace."

Bella nodded, her muscles still trembling from the battle. "It was a pleasure. See those tits? I got to punch them," she replied, rolling her eyes with a giggle in self-deprecation.



The officers quickly took custody of Khorosis, who remained unconscious and unable to resist. They profusely thanked Bella for her heroism, knowing that her incredible strength had made all the difference.

As the police drove away with Khorosis in custody, Bella's attention shifted back to the hospital. She needed to check on Peter and ensure he was recovering. With heavy steps, she made her way back inside the hospital, the chaos of the battle left behind in the car park.

Inside the hospital room, Peter slowly began to wake up, groggy and disoriented. His injuries were being tended to by the medical staff, but his eyes widened in surprise as he saw Bella standing there.

Bella offered him a warm smile and a wink. "Hey there, tough guy," she said softly. "They tell me you're going to be just fine. Just had a building dropped on you, is all – are you sure I'M the tough one, here?" She laughed.

Peter managed a weak smile in return, gratitude in his eyes. "Bella, I... I don't know how to thank you."

Bella brushed a strand of pink hair from her face. "You don't have to, Peter. But you can promise me something."

Peter furrowed his brow in confusion. "...promise what?"

Bella leaned in closer, her eyes locked onto his. "Promise me you won't be afraid to take chances, even if they involve big, strong women like me...?"

Peter chuckled weakly, a hint of a blush on his cheeks. "I promise, Bella. But they have to have big, strong personalities, too."



Bella grinned, her heart filled with warmth. "That's the spirit. Now get some rest, and I'll see you at the gym when you're back on your feet."

As Bella turned to leave the room, Peter called out to her. "Bella, will you still be my friend?"

Bella pauses, placing her hands on her meaty bikini-clad body, shaking her head in disbelief at the question as she turned to face Peter.

"It makes me sad that you think you've got to ask. I don't turn down good humans. Get some rest, Peter. Come back to the gym when you're feeling better – I'll give you a wrestling match." Bella winked, flexing one last time for her new friend before leaving.

A dozen doctors and nurses charged into the room, wildly panicking as Peter's heart monitor slowly began going berserk – but the team quickly pauses, noticing the tentpole in Peter's sheets, caused by the remarks and vision of the Pink Paladin's mighty form. – The professionals collectively looked at Bella, some scowling, some deeply amused.

"My bad." She whispered, before sliding out the door to quite titters and chuckles of laughter, Peter eager to recover, excited to enjoy his new life in Harper City without the dark cloud of Khorosis looming over him, and with the bright like of the Pink Paladin shining over his new home.

LBYSSITORY