



A FORCED AFFAIR PART 1

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where the strong girls live



LITTLE JAMES HERE,
AND OTHER AMAZONIAS
ARTISTS... THEY PUT IN A
LOT OF EFFORT CREATING
THESE COMICS ABOUT US
AMAZONS. THEY'RE JAMES'
ONLY SOURCE OF
INCOME.

MOREOVER, IF YOU
CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY
COMICS, THERE'S ENOUGH
FREE COMICS ON
AMAZONIAS.NET

SO IF YOU UPLOAD A
COMIC ANYWHERE OR IF
YOU DOWNLOAD AN
ILLEGAL COPY, IT **HURTS**
HIS BUSINESS, IT HURTS
HIM, AND IT HURTS US,
AMAZONS.

THANKS FOR HELPING TO
KEEP JAMES IN BUSINESS
SO HE CAN PRODUCE MORE
COMICS FOR YOU!

DON'T DO IT, OKAY,
LITTLE ONE? IT'S NOT
THE WAY TO WORSHIP
US!

THIS NICE, PICTURE PERFECT HOME IN
THE SUBURBS? IT BELONGED TO...



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...STEVEN.

STEVEN DIDN'T JUST HAVE THAT HOUSE: HE
ALSO HAD A BEAUTIFUL WIFE, CALLED RACHEL.



AND HE HAD A GREAT JOB AS WELL. STEVEN WAS AN ASSOCIATE IN A FINANCIAL FIRM. HIS CAREER WAS ON THE RISE, HIS PAY CHECK SUBSTANTIAL. IT WILL SUFFICE TO SAY THAT STEVEN WAS IN A GOOD PLACE IN HIS LIFE. THE PERFECT TIME FOR THINGS TO FALL APART...



OUR STORY STARTS ONE MORNING,
WHEN HE NOTICED THE NEW OCCUPANT
OF THE OFFICE NEXT TO HIS.

THAT MUST BE
THE NEW HIRE. I
DIDN'T KNOW SHE
STARTED TODAY...



STEVEN DIDN'T GO RIGHT UP TO GREET HER. INSTEAD, HE FIRST CHECKED WITH ONE OF HIS COLLEAGUES TO SEE WHAT THE RUMORS WERE...

WORD IS, THIS WOMAN HAD TO LEAVE HER LAST PLACE OF EMPLOYMENT AFTER BREAKING A GUY'S HIP.

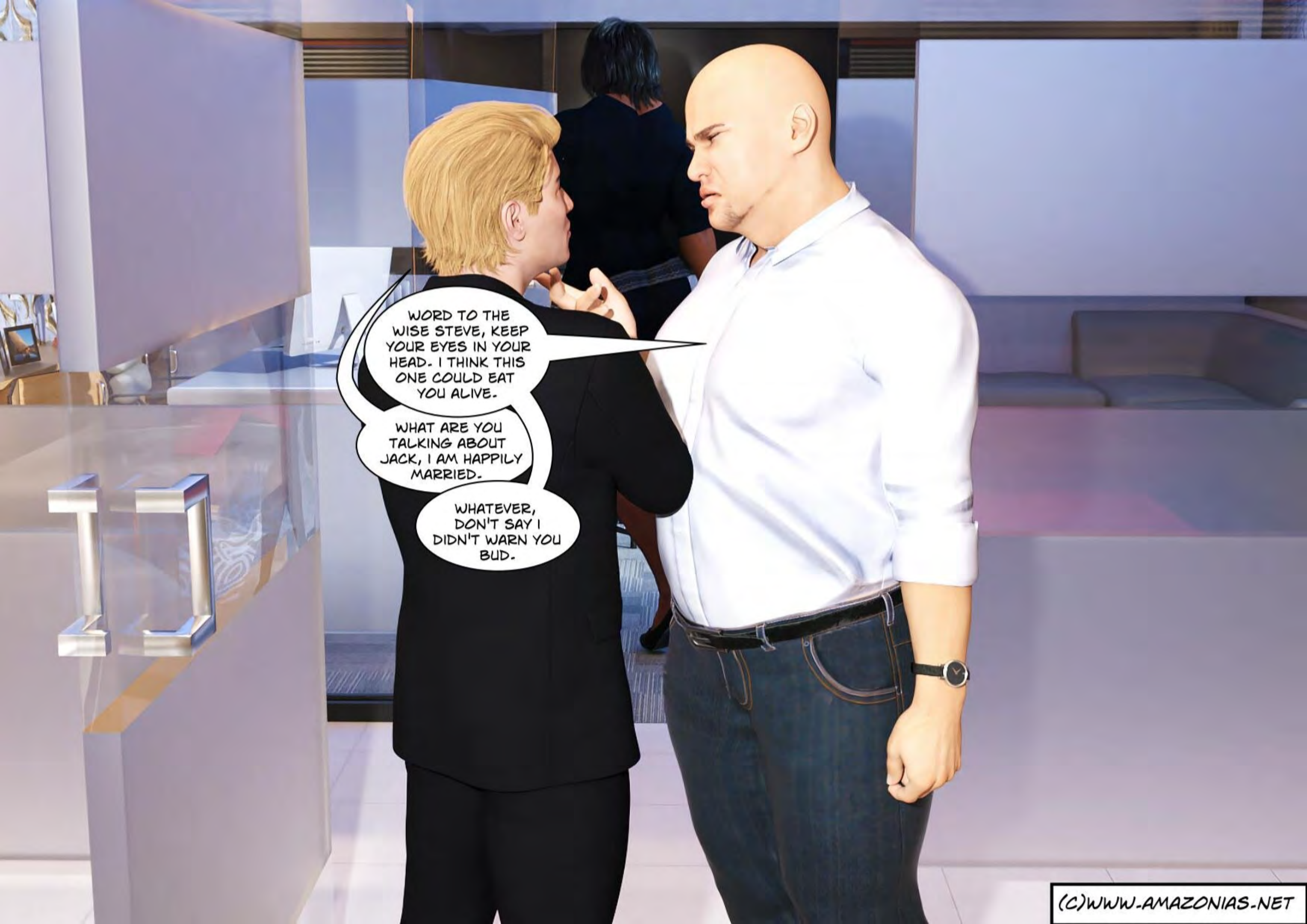
YOU MUST BE KIDDING!

WAIT TILL YOU SEE HER MY MAN...

JUST THEN, THE NEW GIRL PASSED BY RIGHT BEHIND THEM...



OH MY
GOD!
WILL YOU LOOK
AT THAT?!



WORD TO THE
WISE STEVE, KEEP
YOUR EYES IN YOUR
HEAD. I THINK THIS
ONE COULD EAT
YOU ALIVE.

WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT
JACK, I AM HAPPILY
MARRIED.

WHATEVER,
DON'T SAY I
DIDN'T WARN YOU
BUD.

FOR SOME REASON, STEVEN
HESITATED TO GO UP TO THE WOMAN
AND INTRODUCE HIMSELF. IT WAS
ONLY LATER THAT DAY THAT SHE
CAME IN HERSELF...

HELLO THERE.
STEVEN, ISN'T IT? AM I
INTERRUPTING?

NOT AT
ALL, COME
IN.

WOW...
THOSE LEGS!

WE HAVEN'T BEEN
OFFICIALLY
INTRODUCED, MY NAME IS
MONA. MONA
ARMSTRONG.

AND I AM
STEVEN MORGEN,
BUT I GUESS YOU
ALREADY KNOW
THAT.

I DID. LISTEN EH,
STEVEN, I HATE THAT
OUR FIRST INTERACTION
WOULD BE LIKE THIS, BUT
I KINDA COULD USE
YOUR HELP WITH
SOMETHING

NO PROBLEM!
TELL ME WHAT YOU
NEED...

IT'S MY PC, IT
WOULD BE BEST IF
I JUST SHOWED
YOU.



ALL RIGHT,
LET'S TAKE A
LOOK---

THANK YOU
STEVEN. AFTER
YOU.

OH MY
GOD, SHE IS
EVEN BIGGER
UP CLOSE!



IT'S A BIT
EMBARRASSING. I
HOPE THIS IS NOT A
STUPID QUESTION.

THERE ARE
NO STUPID
QUESTIONS.
CERTAINLY NOT ON
YOUR FIRST
DAY...

HOW
TALL IS
SHE?

A comic book panel featuring a woman with dark hair and a black top standing behind a man with blonde hair who is sitting at a desk and typing on a keyboard. The background is a white wall with a repeating pattern of gold streamers. The man is looking up at the woman with a concerned expression. There are five speech bubbles containing their dialogue.

I WAS DOING
SOME TRANSACTIONS,
WHEN THE SOFTWARE
SUDDENLY GAVE ME THIS
ERROR MESSAGE.

YEAH, ITS A
PRETTY BUGGY
SYSTEM. WE ARE
TRYING TO
UPGRADE IT.

BUT LUCKY
FOR YOU I KNOW
JUST THE
WORKAROUND.

AM I GOING
TO LOSE ANY
DATA?

NOPE, DON'T
WORRY.

JUST GOING
TO TAKE ME A
COUPLE OF
MINUTES...

MONA LEANED FORWARD, PLACING HER HAND ON STEVEN'S SHOULDER. HE COULD FEEL ITS WEIGHT AND STRENGTH AS SHE VERY BRIEFLY RUBBED HIS NECK. STEVEN WAS SURPRISED BY THE FAMILIARITY SHE WAS SHOWING, JUST HAVING MET, BUT FOUND HIMSELF NOT MINDING AT ALL.

HER TOUCH FELT ELECTRIC, EVEN THROUGH THE FABRIC OF HIS JACKET. HE FOUND HIS PENIS STIRRING.

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
IS SHE FLIRTING
WITH ME?

I CAN'T THANK YOU
ENOUGH STEVEN. I
THINK YOU SPARED ME
QUITE A BIT OF
WORK!

DON'T
MENTION IT
MONA.

NO WAY
STEVEN. I AM
GONNA FIND A WAY
TO SHOW YOU MY
GRATITUDE.

AS HE WORKED, STEVEN WAS VERY AWARE OF MONA'S LARGE PRESENCE HOVERING OVER HIM. HER FRAGRANCE WAS OVERPOWERING, THE HEAT FROM HER BODY PALPABLE.

MY GOD...
LOOK AT THE
SIZE OF HER.

AAAAAND...
WE'RE DONE!

MONA SUDDENLY GRABBED HOLD OF THE CHAIR BY THE ARMS AND VIOLENTLY TURNED IT TO FACE HER, ALMOST GIVING STEVEN WHIPLASH IN THE PROCESS!

WOAH!!

HMMM, WE'RE NOT EXACTLY DONE, I THINK...

WHAT?!



I TOLD YOU I'D
SHOW YOU HOW
GRATEFUL I AM, DIDN'T
I?

EH...
PLEASE
FORGET IT...
M-MONA!

I INSIST...

I'M...
MARRIED!

WITH A FRUSTRATED SIGH, MONA BACKED OFF, GIVING STEVEN JUST ENOUGH ROOM TO SQUEEZE BY. STEVEN TOOK HIS CHANCE AND SCRAMBLED TO THE DOOR...

WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK! SHE'S CRAZY!

I'LL FIND A WAY TO THANK YOU...

STEVEN SPENT THE REST OF THE DAY
PONDERING WHAT HAD HAPPENED AND
AVOIDED SEEING MONA. WHEN HE GOT
HOME, HE STILL FOUND HIMSELF
THINKING ABOUT HER. AND HE NOTICED
SOMETHING ELSE...

MY GOD,
RACHEL IS
SO SMALL!



FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE HE HAD KNOWN HIS WIFE, HE WAS COMPARING HER TO ANOTHER WOMAN!



FOR A SECOND, HE EVEN FANTASIZED ABOUT MONA
BEING IN RACHEL'S PLACE...



AND AT NIGHT TOO, HE WAS STILL
THINKING OF... MONA.



NOW HE FANTASIZED ABOUT BEING HELD BY HIS
BIG NEW COLLEAGUE, ABOUT LYING IN HER LAP,
HER STRONG ARMS WRAPPED AROUND HIM,
HOLDING HIM TIGHT AGAINST HER HUGE CHEST...



THE NEXT DAY, STEVEN WAS BACK AT WORK. HIS MIND STILL PREOCCUPIED, HE SQUEEZED INTO THE CROWDED ELEVATOR.

OH MAN, I HARDLY GOT ANY SLEEP!

AND I'VE BACK TO BACK MEETINGS ALL DAY...

I DOUBT I'LL BE ABLE TO FOCUS...

SIGH
AND **SHE** WILL BE THERE. I'LL BE SITTING ACROSS FROM HER ALL DAY!

ELIFE
CONSISTENT
A HARMONY
TO
RIAL
ATE AND
OF LIFE
series of consciousness and purity. Each
is worth the effort.
able for you to make you a builder
the time.

COME ON
STEVE, YOU HAVE
TO GET A GRIP.
YOU'RE NOT SOME
TEENAGER
ANYMORE!



WHEN THE ELEVATOR MADE ANOTHER STOP,
THERE, JUST OUTSIDE, STOOD MONA. HER
ELEVATED STATURE PUT HER HEAD AND
SHOULDERS ABOVE NEARLY EVERYBODY ELSE.



STEVEN WATCHED AS MONA MADE HER WAY TO THE BACK OF THE ELEVATOR. AND WHERE HE HAD TO PUSH AND SHOVE, THE CROWD JUST PARTED FOR HER AND SHE TOOK HER PLACE NEXT TO HIM. STEVEN STARED UP AT HER IN WONDER. UP CLOSE, SHE WAS EVEN MORE INCREDIBLE THAN IN HIS FANTASIES.

HEY THERE
LITTLE STEVIE, FANCY
MEETING YOU HERE.

UHHH, HEY
MONA.

YOU LEFT PRETTY
FAST YESTERDAY...

YEAH, I HAD
SOMETHING
URGENT TO DO.

AND YOU
REALLY DON'T
HAVE TO DO ANYTHING
TO THANK ME. IT
REALLY WASN'T A
BIG DEAL

A comic book panel featuring a man in a red suit with long black hair and a white shirt, leaning over a man in a grey shirt. The man in the grey shirt is looking up at the man in the red suit. In the background, a man in a light blue shirt and a woman with dark hair are partially visible. The man in the red suit is speaking, and the man in the grey shirt responds with a speech bubble. The man in the red suit has a very large, muscular build.

YOU SHOULD
ALLOW PEOPLE
TO BE GRATEFUL
THOUGH, STEVEN.
PARTICULARLY IF
THEY'RE A LOT
BIGGER THAN
YOU...

EH...

... OH MY GOD!

THE ELEVATOR BUMPED TO A STOP, LIKE IT ALWAYS DID. IT WASN'T A BIG BUMP, BUT MONA SEEMED TO MOMENTARY LOSE HER BALANCE - OR PRETENDED THAT SHE DID. MONA'S LARGE BODY FELL ON TOP OF HIM, PINNING HIM BETWEEN THE ELEVATOR WALL AND A MOUNTAIN OF FLESH. HE TRIED IN VEIN TO EXTRICATE HIMSELF, BUT ONLY SUCCEEDED IN FONDLING MONA'S LARGE BREASTS.

OOPSY!

OH NAUGHTY
BOY, TAKING
ADVANTAGE OF
THE SITUATION.

MMM, GUESS I
SHOULD LET YOU
OUT FOR AIR.

MMMFFFF!

MONA FINALLY STEPPED BACK, RELEASING A NEARLY UNCONSCIOUS STEVEN. HE COULD HARDLY STAND AND SHE HELD HIM BY THE ARMS KEEPING HIM ON HIS FEET.

THERE YOU GO
LITTLE MAN.

BELIEVE IT OR
NOT, THIS WAS AN
ACCIDENT.

GASP
L... LET ME GO,
PLEASE!



NO, STEVEN. I
BETTER HOLD ON TO
YOU. KEEP YOU FROM
BEING TRAMPLED
AGAIN...

BUT YOU ARE THE
ONE WHO NEARLY
CRUSHED ME IN THE
FIRST PLACE!

THE REST OF THE DAY WAS A BLUR TO STEVEN. HE SPENT IT STEALING GLANCES AT MONA AND THINKING ABOUT HOW HER STRONG BODY FELT AGAINST HIS. OR ABOUT HIS HANDS ON HER LARGE BREASTS.



HE WATCHED HER INTERACT WITH THEIR COLLEAGUES AND NOTICED HOW SMALL SHE MADE EVERYONE LOOK. ESPECIALLY THE FEMALES.

DOES EVERYONE COME TO THAT PARTY?

AND IT'S AT SHAWN'S PLACE?

NEAT. I'LL BE THERE THEN!

YEAH, PRETTY MUCH. NO SPOUSES OR SIGNIFICANT OTHERS THOUGH. JUST MANAGEMENT STAFF.

HE LIKES TO HOST THESE THINGS EVERY SO MANY MONTHS. FOR MORALE, YOU KNOW...

GOD! HER THIGH IS BIGGER THAN ANGELA'S BODY!

OH RIGHT, THE PARTY. SHE'LL BE THERE TOO...

THE NEXT EVENING...
STEVEN KEPT TO HIMSELF, IN A SECLUDED SPOT, WATCHING FROM A
DISTANCE AS MONA SOCIALIZED WITH THEIR CO-WORKERS.



HE WAS IMPRESSED BY THE GRACE AND SELF ASSURANCE SHE CARRIED HERSELF WITH. SHE DIDN'T SHY AWAY FROM SHOWING OFF HER INCREDIBLE PHYSIQUE THAT DWARFED EVEN SHAWN WHO WAS A STRAPPING SIX FOOT MAN.

DESPITE HER SIZE, HER PROPORTIONS WERE PERFECT, AND ABSOLUTELY FEMININE. EVERYONE HAD THEIR EYES ON HER; SOME WITH ENVY, OTHERS WITH LUST.

AND SHE HAD QUITE THE
PARTY TRICKS.

THAT'S GODDAMN
INCREDIBLE MONA!

THERE YOU GO,
HOW IS THE AIR UP
THERE ANGIE?

GOD MONA!
HOW STRONG
ARE YOU!?

AND AS THE NIGHT WORE ON, INHIBITIONS
LOOSEMED AND THE PARTY GAMES GOT
MORE OUTRAGEOUS.

COME ON PETE!

GOD!
IT'S LIKE TRYING
TO BEND A STEEL
GIRDER.

COME ON
PETE, DON'T TELL
ME THIS IS ALL
YOU GOT!

YEAH MONA!
SHOW THEM
WHO'S BOSS!

STEVE WATCHED ALL OF IT FROM AFAR. HE WAS REALLY LONGING FOR HER ATTENTION, BUT WAS SCARED AT THE SAME TIME. HE DIDN'T WANT ANYONE - LEAST OF ALL MONA - TO NOTICE HE HAD A CRUSH ON THE NEW COLLEAGUE...



BUT THE MOMENT INEVITABLY CAME...

WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE ALL BY
YOURSELF STEVIE?

I, UMM, I AM JUST NOT
VERY COMFORTABLE IN
SOCIAL GATHERINGS...

OH, IS THAT IT?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE
SCARED OF ME OR
SOMETHING.



WHAT?
NO, I AM NOT.
WHY WOULD I
BE?

YOU ARE
KIDDING,
RIGHT?

MONA TOOK A STEP
CLOSER TO STEVEN.

MOST PEOPLE FIND ME
INTIMIDATING ON A GOOD
DAY, LITTLE MAN.

AND I DID
COME ON QUITE
STRONG TO YOU, I
THINK....

SO A LITTLE GUY
LIKE YOU?
DON'T TELL ME I DON'T
SCARE YOU!

FLUSTERED, STEVEN TOOK A LONG SWIG
FROM HIS GLASS.

GULP
I GUESS I MIGHT
BE A LITTLE
INTIMIDATED

SNICKERS

BUT, WHY
ME?

IT IS QUITE
SIMPLE; I SEE
SOMETHING I LIKE,
I GO FOR IT.

HUH?!

NOT THE SHARPEST
TOOL IN THE SHED, I
SEE. I LIKE YOU STEVIE.
I THINK YOU'RE HOT.

YOU...
BUT I ...

THEY WERE SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED BY SOME OF THEIR CO-WORKERS STOPPING BY. MONA COULDN'T HELP BUT DRAW EVERYONE IN WITH HER HUGE PERSONALITY.

I KNOW YOU ARE NEW TO TOWN, SO YOU SHOULD TOTALLY JOIN MY GYM.

I STILL HAVEN'T FOUND A DECENT ONE YET, I JUST MIGHT TAKE YOU UP ON THAT.

SHE LIKES ME?

THE STRING OF CO-WORKERS NEVER STOPPED. UNTIL ANGELA APPROACHED MONA AND STARTED TALKING TO HER IN HUSHED TONE.

WANT TO FOLLOW ME INSIDE THE HOUSE? I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU!



IS THERE
SOMETHING
WRONG MONA?

NOTHING THAT
SHOULD WORRY
YOU. I NEED TO FIND
THE BATHROOM.
EXCUSE ME.

A man with short blonde hair, wearing a light blue polo shirt and dark jeans, stands with his back to the camera. He is looking at a muscular woman with dark hair and glasses, who is wearing a black one-piece swimsuit. They are standing on a light-colored stone patio next to a swimming pool at night. The pool has blue mosaic tiles and is lit with underwater lights. In the background, there is a building with large windows and a palm tree.

DO YOU NEED
ME TO SHOW YOU
WHERE IT IS?
SHOULD I COME WITH
YOU?

NOPE,
DON'T WORRY.
I'LL FIND MY
WAY.



CURIOUS, STEVEN
FOLLOWED AFTER MONA
AS SHE MADE HER WAY
INTO THE HOUSE. HE
STAYED AT A SAFE
DISTANCE SO AS NOT TO
BE NOTICED.

HE OPENED THE DOOR TO THE
HOUSE SLOWLY AND POKED HIS
HEAD INSIDE.

OH...MY... GOD!

STEVEN STARED OPEN MOUTHED AT MONA HOLDING ANGELA ON HER LAP, THE TWO OF THEM KISSING PASSIONATELY.

MMMMMM!



THINGS WERE MOVING QUICKLY, AS MONA DEFTLY
UNDRESSED ANGELA. THEN, WITH GREAT EASE THE BIG GIRL
STOOD UP HOLDING THE PETITE WOMAN IN HER ARMS.

AHHHHHHH
OH MY GOD!
YOU ARE SO FUCKING
STRONG MONA.

MMMM
AND YOU TASTE
SO GOOD
ANGIE.



GIGGLE
THAT TICKLES,
MONA!

MMMFFF
I JUST LOVE YOUR
CUTE TITTIES. THEY ARE
JUST A MOUTHFUL.

STEVEN CREPT FORWARD, CAREFUL NOT TO MAKE A SOUND, HALF-HIDING BEHIND A CHAIR. HE HOPED THE TWO WERE TOO BUSY TO NOTICE HIM.

OH MY
GOD, IS THIS
REALLY
HAPPENING?

HE WATCHED FROM HIS HIDING
PLACE AS MONA HEAVED ANGIE
UPWARD LIKE A RAGDOLL.

FUUUCK!!!

LET ME GET A
TASTE OF THAT
PUSSY.

MMMMMM!

MMM... YOU ARE
ALREADY SO WET.
SMELLS AND
TASTE SO GOOD!

OH! OH!
AH!
YOUR TONGUE
FEELS AMAZING!

AH! AH! AH!

LICK!
LICK!
SUCK!

AH! AH! AH!

OH MY GOD!
I CAN'T TAKE IT!
THIS FEELS SO
FUCKING GOOD!

AAAAAAAAHHHH!

MONA GENTLY PARTED ANGIE'S CHEEKS AND, AFTER LIGHT TEASING AROUND HER BUTT HOLE, INSERTED HER LARGE THUMB SLOWLY. WHICH SENT ANGIE RIGHT OFF THE EDGE.



THEN IT WAS OVER, AND ANGIE
COLLAPSED IN MONA'S ARMS.
THE BIG GIRL HELD HER
GENTLY AND SECURELY.

THERE YOU GO,
THERE YOU GO.
THERE IS A GOOD
GIRL!

THAT WAS
FUCKING
INCREDIBLE.
YOU ARE FUCKING
INCREDIBLE, BIG
GIRL...



PLEASE TELL ME
WE'LL DO THIS AGAIN! I
CAN'T HAVE THIS TO BE
A ONE OFF!

WHAT? SNEAK OUT IN
THE MIDDLE OF A PARTY
AND HAVE SEX?
OF COURSE WE'LL DO
THAT AGAIN!



I AM GOING
TO GO GET DRESSED,
AND LEAVE FROM THE
OTHER SIDE.

GOOD IDEA,
LATER ANGIE.

CALL ME?

WILL DO.

A muscular woman with dark hair and glasses stands in a living room, wearing a black spaghetti-strap dress. She has her hands on her hips and is looking directly at the camera. The room features a light-colored wood-grain floor, a purple sectional sofa with teal pillows, and a large window in the background. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image.

SHE IS GONE.
YOU CAN COME OUT
NOW STEVEN...

STEVEN! I'M NOT
GONNA SAY IT AGAIN.
GET YOUR BUTT OUT
HERE **NOW!**

STEVEN HESITATED A SECOND, BUT THEN CAME OUT LEGS SHAKING. MONA WALKED UP TO HIM AND GRABBED HIM WITH BOTH HANDS...

ARE YOU REALLY THAT DUMB THAT YOU THINK I DIDN'T SEE YOU WATCH US?

WHA... I MEAN, I DIDN'T M....

DID YOU GET OFF ON THAT, YOU LITTLE PERV? DID YOUR LITTLE PECKER GET HARD?

THE GIANTESS RIPPED HIS SHIRT OPEN
AND THEN THREW HIM HARD AGAINST A
PILLAR...

WELL I DIDN'T GET OFF
BECAUSE OF YOU STANDING
THERE! AND NOW I'LL TAKE
IT OUT ON YOU!

OooFFFFF!

SLAM!



I AM SO FUCKING
HORNY RIGHT NOW!

WAIT... WHAT ARE
YOU DOING MONA?
STOP! PLEASE! I TOLD
YOU I'M MARRIED!

I WOULDN'T GIVE
A SHIT IF YOU WERE A
SULTAN MARRIED TO
A DOZEN WOMEN! I
TOLD YOU THAT I TAKE
WHAT I WANT. AND
RIGHT NOW, THAT'S
YOU!

MONA HAD STEVEN PINNED AGAINST THE WALL WITH ONE ARM. SHE BENT DOWN AND STARTED LICKING HIS NIPPLES AS SHE FONDLED HIS GENITALS WITH HER FREE HAND..

MOAN!

OH GOD!
PLEASE, STOP.
MONA, PLEASE!

LOOK AT THOSE
CUTE THINGS. THEY
LOOK JUST
DELECTABLE.

AND I CONFESS, THAT
THING BETWEEN YOUR
LEGS IS NOT SO LITTLE
AFTER ALL!

OFF WITH THE
PANTS. HOLD STILL
NOW, LET ME GET A
GOOD LOOK AT
THAT THING.

NOOO!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?
PLEASE STOP!



OH DON'T
LOOK SO SAD. I
PLAY FAIR. I GOT TO
SEE YOURS, SO I AM
GONNA SHOW YOU
MINE.

EXCEPT MINE
ARE **A LOT**
BIGGER.

MONA MOVED SLOWLY TOWARD STEVEN, PUSHING HIM BACKWARDS AND PRESSING HER BODY AGAINST HIS, SQUEEZING HIM AGAINST THE COLUMN. MESMERIZED BY HER NAKED BREASTS, STEVEN HARDLY NEEDED ANY NUDGING, AND LATCHED ON TO HER. MONA FORCED A LEG BETWEEN HIS AND GENTLY STARTED RUBBING HIS GENITALS.

AHHHHHH.
THOSE CUTE
LIPS OF YOURS
FEEL
AMAZING.

LICK

SUCK



GOD, YOU
LOOK ADORABLE
SUCKING ON MY
BREASTS. LIKE A
LITTLE BABY.

COME LITTLE
BABY, MAKE MOMMY
HAPPY AND DO THE
OTHER ONE!

AAAH... MONA...
PLEASE... THIS IS...
I CAN'T...



HUSH BOY!
JUST SUCK!

YES, THAT'S A
GOOD LITTLE
BOY!

MONA SUDDENLY PULLED HER BREASTS FROM STEVEN'S MOUTH. SHE BENT DOWN AND GOT HOLD OF HIS LEGS AT THE KNEES, LIFTING HIM OFF HIS FEET.

GASP
WH... WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?

ENOUGH
FOREPLAY, IT'S TIME
FOR THE MAIN EVENT,
LITTLE MAN.

HOLD ON
TIGHT, THIS RIDE
IS GONNA GET
BUMPY.



STEVEN FELT HER GRAB HIS PENIS AND GENTLY RUB IT AT HER VAGINA, BEFORE POSITIONING IT AT THE OPENING. HE WAS TOO OUT OF BREATH AND TOO HORNY TO OFFER MORE THAN A FAINT HEARTED PROTEST.

MONA THRUSTED FORWARD,
ENVELOPING STEVEN'S PENIS TO
THE HILT, AND SLAMMING HIM
INTO THE COLUMN IN THE
PROCESS.

MFFFFFF!

AHHHHHHH
YESSS, THAT'S IT
THAT'S IT!

SHE FOLLOWED THAT WITH A SERIES
OF POWERFUL THRUSTS, EACH HARDER
THAN THE ONE BEFORE.
STEVEN FELT LIKE A RAG DOLL. HE
WAS THROWN AROUND AND COULD
ONLY HANG ON FOR LIFE.

MONA GATHERED STEVEN IN A TIGHT BALL IN HER ARMS AND THEN STEPPED AWAY FROM THE COLUMN. STEVEN HAD NEVER FELT MORE HELPLESS IN HIS LIFE. MONA WAS PUMPING HIM IN AND OUT AS SHE HELD HIM IMMOBILIZED.

AH! AH! AH! AH!
THIS FEELS SO
FUCKING GOOD!

KISS!
LICK

MONA'S ORGASM WAS VOLCANIC.
SHE SCREAMED IN PURE PLEASURE
WITH STEVEN CHIMING IN WITH HIS
OWN RELEASE.

FUUUUUCK!!!

AAAAAAAAHHH!!!

THEN THE GIANTESS REPOSITIONED STEVEN TO HOLD HIM IN HER ARMS. SHE WALKED SLOWLY TOWARD A CHAIR.

THAT WAS...
MAGNIFICENT.
DID YOU HAVE FUN
LITTLE MAN?

I WILL TAKE
THAT AS A YES.

GROAN!

MONA PLACED HIM ON THE CHAIR,
WHERE HE CURLED UP IN A FETAL
POSITION.

WHAT THE
FUCK JUST
HAPPENED?!

I WILL TELL
EVERYONE YOU
AREN'T FEELING
TOO GOOD.

TAKE YOUR
TIME LITTLE
GUY. REST A BIT
AND GET
DRESSED.

STEVEN DIDN'T SLEEP THAT NIGHT. HE SPENT IT TOSSING AND TURNING. ON THE ONE HAND, THIS HAD BEEN THE SEXIEST, MOST INCREDIBLE THING TO EVER HAPPEN TO HIM.

ON THE OTHER, HE JUST GOT VIOLATED. THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY TO LOOK AT IT. HE JUST DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO FEEL ABOUT IT.



THE VERY NEXT MORNING, THE FULL IMPACT OF THE NIGHT'S ACTIVITIES HIT HIM HARD. HE COULD HARDLY GET OUT OF BED. HE THOUGHT TO JUST STAY IN BUT A TEXT MESSAGE FROM HIS BOSS PROMPTED HIM TO SIT UP. HE WAS NEEDED AT THE OFFICE.

DAMMIT.
I DON'T THINK
I CAN FACE
THAT WOMAN
AGAIN...

STEVEN LIMPED INTO THE OFFICE.
LEANING ON A CANE, HE WALKED
GINGERLY HEADING TO SHAWN'S
OFFICE.

HE COULD FEEL EVERYONE'S EYES ON
HIM - ALTHOUGH HE KNEW IT WAS ALL
IN HIS MIND- HE FELT LIKE THEY KNEW
WHAT HAD HAPPENED AND JUDGED HIM.



HEY THERE
STEVEN. I HEARD YOU
WEREN'T FEELING THAT
WELL. BUT DAMN, IF I
HAD KNOWN...

DON'T
WORRY ABOUT IT
SIR, IT'S JUST A
MINOR SPRAIN.
I AM IN GOOD
SHAPE.

GREAT, CAUSE
I NEED MY TOP
EMPLOYEES ON
THEIR BEST.

TAKE A
SEAT!

...
FUCK, WHY IS
SHE HERE?



THAT NEW
POTENTIAL CLIENT
WE TALKED ABOUT...
THEY'RE CONFIRMED
NOW.

AND THEY ARE
IN THE MIDST OF A
NEW ACQUISITION.

THAT'S GREAT
NEWS SIR. I
PROMISE YOU, I
WILL....



HOLD THAT
THOUGHT STEVEN.

THEY WANT US TO
GO OVER THE BOOKS
AND MAKE SURE
EVERYTHING GOES
SMOOTHLY....

THERE'S A LOT
RIDING ON THIS, SO
I ASKED MONA TO
SUPPORT YOU WITH
THIS...

EXCUSE
ME, SIR. YOU
ARE NEEDED IN THE
CONFERENCE
ROOM.

CAN'T IT WAIT
ANGELA? I AM IN THE
MIDDLE OF
SOMETHING RIGHT
NOW.

I AM SORRY SIR,
BUT IT'S URGENT.

SIGH
ARIGHT, YOU GO
AHEAD. I WILL BE
RIGHT BEHIND
YOU.

SHAWN EXCUSED HIMSELF AND
SUDDENLY STEVEN FOUND HIMSELF
ALONE WITH MONA. THE HAIR ON THE
BACK OF HIS NECK STOOD UP AS HE
WATCHED HER SMILING MISCHIEVOUSLY
AT HIM.

HEY THERE
LITTLE GUY.

H-HI
MONA...

I GOT TO
GIVE IT TO YOU
STEVIE,

I DIDN'T THINK
YOU WERE GOING
TO SHOW UP AFTER
LAST NIGHT...



NOW ENOUGH
WITH THE
PLEASANTRIES. I WANT
YOU BETWEEN MY
LEGS, RIGHT NOW.

WHAT?!

I WANT
YOUR FACE
BETWEEN MY LEGS,
AND YOUR TONGUE IN
MY CUNT.
NOW!

A man with light brown hair and blue eyes, wearing a blue button-down shirt and dark jeans, is sitting in a black office chair at a light-colored wooden desk. He has his hands clasped together and is looking slightly to his left with a concerned expression. He is wearing a black watch with a green face on his left wrist. In the background, there is a red armchair and a white wall. Two speech bubbles are present: one above his head and one to his left.

HUH...
LISTEN, MONA, THIS
HAS GONE WAY TOO
FAR. LAST NIGHT WAS
A ONE TIME
MISTAKE.

I AM HAPPILY
MARRIED MAN. SO
JUST LEAVE ME
ALONE PLEASE.



IN SECONDS, MONA WAS IN FRONT OF STEVEN AND WITH ONE LARGE HAND AROUND HIS THROAT WHISKED HIM OFF HIS CHAIR, SO THAT HE WAS ON THE TIPS OF HIS TOES. STEVEN STRUGGLED WEAKLY BUT HE COULDN'T BUDGE HER HAND AT ALL.

YOU LISTEN YOU LITTLE PIPSQUEAK. YOU CUT THE BULLSHIT, OR I SWEAR I'LL TAKE YOU OUTSIDE AND GIVE YOU THE SPANKING OF YOUR LIFE IN FRONT OF EVERYONE!

AAGGGHH!



I WANT
YOU ON ALL
FOURS, RIGHT
NOW!



GROAN!



GET ON WITH IT!

COUGH
MONA... PLEASE,
WE ARE IN THE
OFFICE. PEOPLE
WILL SEE US.

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE.
WORRY ABOUT ME. I AM
NOT A PATIENT WOMAN,
GET TO IT.

STEVEN REALIZED THAT RESISTANCE WAS FUTILE, AND WAS AFRAID SHE COULD DO EVEN WORSE TO HIM. AS SOON AS HE GOT IN POSITION, THE GIANTESS LOCKED HER THIGHS AROUND HIS HEAD, SQUEEZING HIM TIGHTLY AS SHE MOANED WITH PLEASURE.

AAAHH... THAT'S IT. GET YOUR LITTLE LICKER DEEP IN THERE.

LICK.
SLICK

STEVEN WIGGLED HIS HANDS
BETWEEN HER THIGHS, TRYING TO
PART THEM AND GIVE HIMSELF
SOME BREATHING ROOM.

MONA,
EASE UP
PLEASE. MY
SKULL IS GOING TO
EXPLODE. AND I
CAN HARDLY
BREATHE!

MONA GRABBED HIM BY THE HAIR AND BURIED HIS HIS FACE DEEP IN HER VAGINA. STEVEN'S EFFORTS AMOUNTED TO ZERO DIFFERENCE AGAINST MONA'S PHENOMENAL STRENGTH.

GET THE
FUCK BACK IN
THERE. YOU ARE
NOT COMING OUT
TILL I CUM.

WHETHER YOU'LL
REMAIN CONSCIOUS
OR NOT IS TOTALLY UP
TO YOU.

STEVEN RESIGNED HIMSELF TO HIS FATE. HE CONCENTRATED ON HIS TASK HOPING TO GET MONA OFF FAST. HE USED WHATEVER SKILLS IN CUNNILINGUS HE HAD...

AAAAHHHH
THAT'S A GOOD BOY.
THAT FEELS, HMMM,
AMAZING!



GASP
OH MY!

HOW
MUCH
LONGER
BABE?

AHHHH
IF YOU CAN KEEP
HIM BUSY FOR FIVE
MORE MINUTES
BABY DOLL?

THANKS SO
MUCH!

AFTER SHE'D COME, MONA
PULLED A RED FACED STEVEN
FROM BETWEEN HER LEGS. HE
COULD HARDLY STAND, AND HUNG
ON TO HER FOR BALANCE. SHE
GRABBED HIM UNDER HIS ARMS
AND LIFTED HIM IN THE AIR IN
FRONT OF HER.

YOU GET AN
A FOR EFFORT
LITTLE MAN.

AND JUST IN TIME!
YOU WOULDN'T HAVE
LASTED MUCH LONGER
IN THERE.



MMMM
YOU SMELL AND
TASTE LIKE ME...
DELICIOUS!

HOW CAN I
EVEN HOPE TO
EVER FIGHT HER
OFF. IF SHE CAN
JUST DO THIS TO
ME AT WORK!



AWWW YOU
ARE ALL
TUCKERED OUT.
POOR BABY.

COME ON
STEVIE POO, GET IT
TOGETHER BEFORE
SHAWN IS BACK.

SNIFF
I ... I AM
JUST... I
CAN'T...

SHAWN SUDDENLY ENTERED THE ROOM, WALKING BRISKLY TO HIS DESK.

COME ON STEVEN, DON'T FALL ASLEEP ON ME BUDDY!

I WASN'T ASLEEP SIR, I WAS JU...

SAVE IT MAN, I KNOW LAST NIGHT WAS ROUGH, BUT I WANT YOU CONCENTRATING RIGHT NOW.

SNICKER!



AS I WAS SAYING
BEFORE I WAS
INTERRUPTED. THIS IS A
TWO MAN - OR
WOMAN- JOB.

AND YOU
TWO WILL BE
WORKING
TOGETHER ON
THIS.

YOU'LL
PROBABLY BE
WORKING AFTER
HOURS, SO I'M PRE
APPROVING ANY
OVERTIME.

I KNOW THIS IS
SHORT NOTICE, BUT
I'D LIKE A QUICK FIRST
ANALYSIS OF OUR
CLIENT'S POSITION BY
TOMORROW...



IT WILL BE
TIGHT, SHAWN,
BUT WE CAN DO
IT.

BUT I HAVE A
SUGGESTION.
SINCE STEVEN IS
STILL TIRED. WE
COULD WORK FROM
HIS HOME.

WAIT...
WHAT?
MY HO...
NO WE CAN'T
I...

THAT'S A
GREAT IDEA!
AND YOU WILL GET
TO MEET RACHEL,
YOU WILL LOVE
HER.

I AM SURE I
WILL. SHALL I BE
THERE AT SEVEN,
STEVEN?



GREAT! SO I
CAN EXPECT THE
ANALYSIS ON MY DESK
BY TOMORROW
MORNING?

WHAT THE
FUCK JUST
HAPPENED?

(EO) INC

WELL, THAT
WENT GREAT. SEE
YOU IN A WHILE
STEVIE.

OF COURSE I
AM, YOU HEARD
SHAWN.

WAIT, MONA.
YOU ARE NOT
REALLY PLANNING
ON COMING ?

I MEAN YOU
CAN'T. MY WIFE
WILL BE HOME. YOU
JUST CAN'T!

MONA STOPPED ABRUPTLY,
SWIRLED TOWARD STEVEN. WITH A
HAND ON HIS CHEST, SHE SHOVED
AND PINNED HIM AGAINST THE
WALL.

I CAN'T?
DID YOU LEARN
NOTHING FROM WHAT
HAPPENED IN THE PAST
24 HOURS?

I CAN'T?
THERE IS NOTHING...
AND I MEAN **NOTHING**
THAT I CAN'T DO.



SO GET THIS IN
YOUR TINY HEAD: I DO
WHAT I WANT, WHEN I
WANT.
AND I AM COMING TO
YOUR HOUSE
TONIGHT.

AND FROM NOW ON,
YOU CALL ME
MISTRESS MONA.
GOT THAT LITTLE
MAN?

WHAT? I
MEAN... YES,
M-MISTRESS
MONA

HMMM. GOOD.
I JUST CAN'T
WAIT FOR
TONIGHT!

OH MY GOD!