

GRETHE SVENSSON IS A YOUNG SWEDISH WOMAN WHO JUST GRADUATED AS A MEDICAL DOCTOR IN THE US. SHE DREAMS OF SETTING UP HER OWN PRACTICE, BUT RIGHT NOW THAT'S JUST TOO EXPENSIVE. SO HER FIRST JOB IS AS AN IN-HOUSE MD IN A BIG COMPANY. HERE, SHE CHECKS ON THE HEALTH OF THE EMPLOYEES WHO COME OR ARE SENT TO HER...

NEXT!





MISTER
MOLINO?

INDEED

HAVE A
SEAT...

IN WALKED HER PATIENT, FRED MOLINO.
THE APPOINTMENT INFO SHOWED GRETHE
THAT HE WAS A LABOURER. A COMMON
MAN. SHE PREFERED THE MANAGERS TO
WALK IN HERE. SHE WAS A BIT CLASSIST
LIKE THAT...

SHE'S GOT A CUTE
FACE! PITY SHE'S SO
FAT...

MISTER MOLINO...
MY SYSTEM SHOWS ME
THAT YOU NEVER HAD
YOUR INITIAL CHECK-UP
WHEN YOU STARTED
WORKING HERE...

OH, REALLY?

YES, SO WE'LL
HAVE TO DO THAT
FIRST. PLEASE TAKE
OFF ALL YOUR CLOTHES
EXCEPT FOR YOUR
UNDERWEAR...



SERIOUSLY? WHY IS THAT NECESSARY?

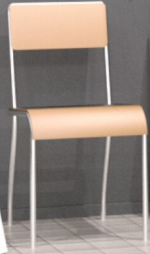
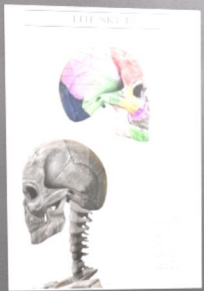


L4
L5
SACRU
COCC

FRED DID AS HE WAS TOLD. EVEN THOUGH THIS WAS ONE OF THE YOUNGEST DOCTORS HE HAD EVER SEEN, SHE SEEMED TO EMIT AN UNMISTAKABLE AIR OF AUTHORITY...



BE RIGHT WITH YOU...



OKAY...



WHEN THE YOUNG DOCTOR GOT UP, FRED SAW THAT NOT ONLY WAS SHE VERY TALL: LOOKING AT HER LEGS, HE COULD ALSO TELL SHE WAS NOT FAT, BUT... EXTREMELY MUSCULAR!

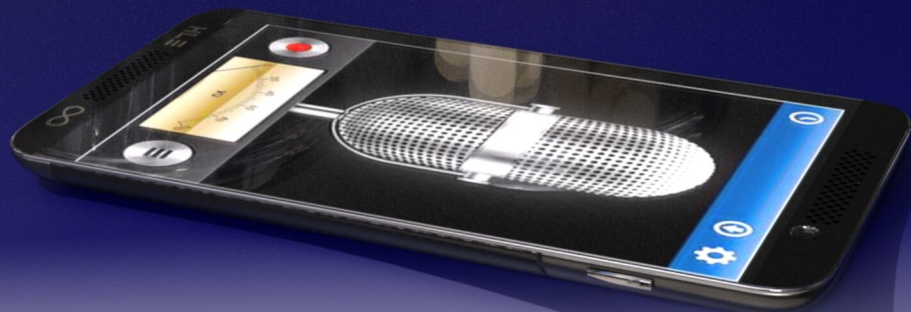
OKAY! HERE WE ARE. I'M USING MY PHONE TO RECORD NOTES THAT I'LL LATER PUT IN YOUR FILE, OKAY?

EH, SURE...



SO I'VE GOT
FRED MOLINO HERE.
EMPLOYED BY THE
COMPANY SINCE
DECEMBER 2014.
AGED 38, RIGHT?

THAT'S
RIGHT.




TO GRETHE'S DELIGHT, FRED MOLINO WAS EXACTLY THE TYPE SHE LIKED TO TEASE: MACHO, BUT SMALL.. WOULD SHE ALLOW HERSELF A LITTLE BIT OF FUN THIS TIME? THE JOB WAS SO BORING AND UNCREATIVE... SHE NEEDED IT...



INTO TATTOOS HUH?
DANGEROUS MAN!

EH...





BODY TYPE IS...
AVERAGE... OR MAYBE
RATHER BELOW AVERAGE
MUSCULARITY...

WHAT?



THAT'S NOT
RIGHT...

I WORK OUT
SEVERAL TIMES A
WEEK. I ALWAYS
DESCRIBE MYSELF AS
MUSCULAR.



OH... MACHO SENSITIVITY
MUCH?

IT'S NOT ABOUT SENSITIVITY, IT'S JUST... I MEAN... YOU SHOULD DESCRIBE ME CORRECTLY...


I SEE...





I'LL EXPLAIN THE
PROBLEM TO YOU,
MISTER MOLINO...

IF I HAVE TO DESCRIBE
YOU AS MUSCULAR...



THAT IS, IF WE USE
YOU AS A POINT OF
REFERENCE FOR
MUSCULARITY, AND SAY YOU
ARE *MUSCULAR*...

THE QUESTION
IS...





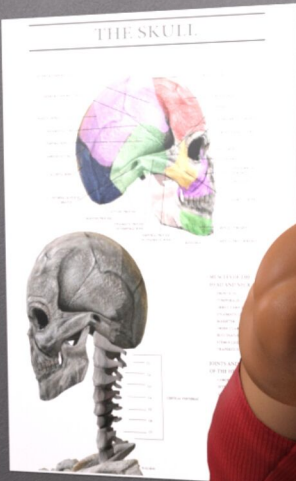
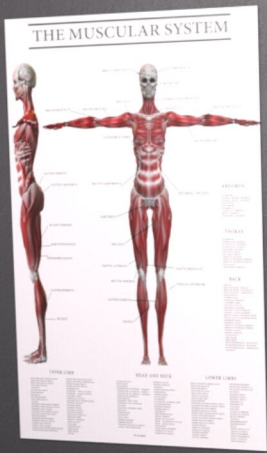
WHAT DO WE CALL...





...THIS?

HUH?



I THINK EVEN "EXTREMELY MUSCULAR" DOESN'T QUITE CUT IT, DON'T YOU THINK? WHICH IS WHY I'M DESCRIBING YOU AS BELOW AVERAGE.



THE AMAZON DOCTOR THEN SAT DOWN NEXT TO HER PATIENT AND FLEXED HER BIG BICEP...

LET'S COMPARE MUSCLES, FRED... SHOW ME YOUR BICEP...


EH, THAT'S OKAY. I'M CONVINCED...





I'M EXAMINING YOU
FRED! SHOW ME THAT
BICEP OF YOURS!

EH, OKAY
THEN...



SEE... I
WOULD HARDLY CALL
THAT A MUSCLE AT ALL.
YOU CAN'T BE
"MUSCULAR" IF YOU
DON'T HAVE
MUSCLES...

FRED FLEXED HIS BICEP AND ALMOST DIED
WITH EMBARRASSMENT WHEN HE SAW HIS
ARM NEXT TO THE YOUNG WOMAN'S. HERS
WAS... WHAT? THREE TIMES AS BIG? HE
COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HIS EYES...



THIS, ON THE OTHER HAND... IS QUITE A BIT ABOVE AVERAGE, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?



NOW, LEGS. STRETCH IT, FRED. NEXT TO MINE. COME ON!

FRED DID AS HE WAS ASKED AND THE RESULT WAS THE SAME. HER CALF WAS BIGGER THAN HIS THIGH. AND HER THIGH WAS... WELL... BEYOND DESCRIPTION. HER UPPER LEG WAS PACKED WITH HARD SLABS OF MUSCLE THAT LOOKED LIKE THEY WERE CARVED OUT OF GRANITE...





SEE WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT, FRED?

ANYWAY... LET'S CONTINUE...

THE MUSCLEGIRL STOOD UP AND HER BIG BODY SEEMED TO PUT HIM ENTIRELY IN THE SHADE---

SO, I NEED TO COMPLETE MY FILE ON YOU. NEXT IS WEIGHT.

MY WEIGHT'S---

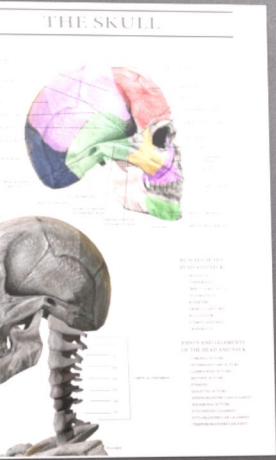




SHHHH, DON'T TELL ME-
I LIKE TO GUESS!

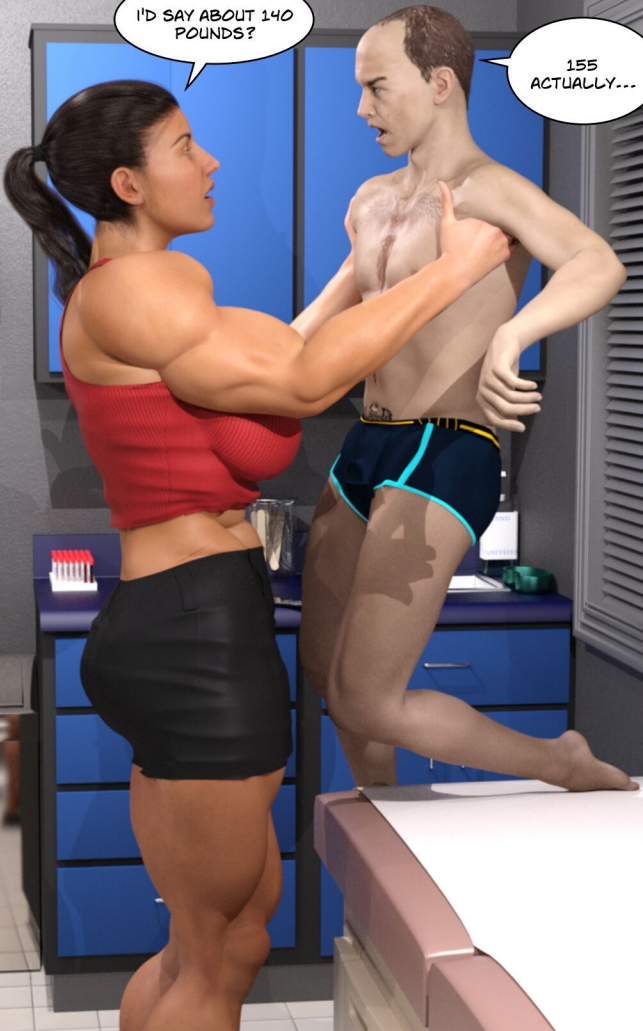
WHAT...?

WITHOUT ANY EFFORT, BIG YOUNG GRETHE LIFTED FRED OFF THE BENCH AND HELD HIM IN HER ARMS, FEELING HIS WEIGHT...



I'D SAY ABOUT 140 POUNDS?

155 ACTUALLY...





155, REALLY? YOU
FEEL LIGHTER THAN THAT
TO ME...



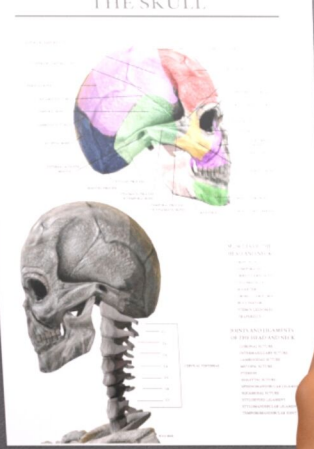
BUT OF COURSE
I'M STILL GETTING
STRONGER EVERY DAY,
SO THAT MIGHT BE
IT...


NOW, LET ME PUT YOU
DOWN SO WE CAN CHECK
YOUR HEIGHT...



I'M 6'8, AND YOU'RE NOSE TO NIPPLE, SO I'M THINKING YOU'RE ABOUT 5.4?


THAT'S CORRECT...



A woman with long dark hair, wearing a red ribbed top, is looking at a man from behind. The man has a large black skull tattoo on his back. The woman's hand is raised near the man's head. The scene is set in a room with a blue chair and a skeleton poster on the wall.


MMM, FRED... YOU'RE
A VERY SMALL MAN...
ANY PSYCHOLOGICAL
ISSUES AS A RESULT OF
THAT? INSECURITY,
MAYBE?

EH... NOT
REALLY...



REALLY? I MEAN,
LOOK AT THIS... HOW CAN
YOU **NOT** BE INSECURE
WITH TALLER PEOPLE.
ESPECIALLY WOMEN....
HUH?

I'M JUST...
NOT...

A muscular woman with dark hair, wearing a red ribbed bikini, is looking down at a man. The man is seen from the back, with a large black tattoo on his back. The scene is set in a room with a white door in the background.

I THINK I WANT TO MAKE SURE OF THAT, FRED. A FIRST GENERAL EXAMINATION IS VERY IMPORTANT AND IT HAS TO BE DONE THOROUGHLY...

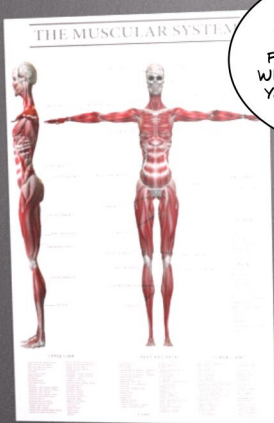
WHA...
WHA...

FRED COULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT WAS HAPPENING AS THE BIG DOCTOR STARTED TO TAKE OFF HER SHIRT...

HE JUST STOOD THERE SPEECHLESS AS SHE CONTINUED TO REMOVE HER SKIRT AND THEN HER PANTIES. IN THE END, SHE WAS STANDING NAKED IN FRONT OF HIM EXCEPT FOR HER SHOES AND SOCKS. AND NOW SHE LOOKED EVEN HUGER THAN BEFORE, IF THAT WAS POSSIBLE AT ALL...

I WANT YOU TO TAKE A GOOD LOOK, FRED...



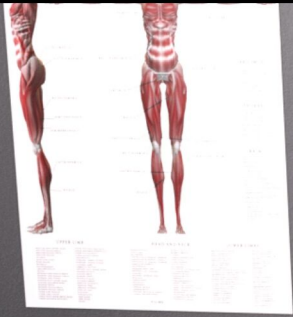


... AND TELL ME THAT YOU'RE NOT FEELING INSECURE, WITH A WOMAN TWICE YOUR SIZE STANDING IN FRONT OF YOU...

... AND TITS THE SIZE OF YOUR LITTLE HEAD...

WHA... WHAT IS THIS? THIS... CAN'T BE PART OF AN EXAMINATION...

THE GIANTESS MOVED CLOSER TOWARDS HIM, PUSHING HER BIG TITS IN HIS FACE...



SHUT UP FRED. IT'S ME WHO IS ASKING THE QUESTIONS HERE. WHEN YOU'RE IN THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE, THE DOCTOR IS THE BOSS...



IF YOU LIKE YOUR JOB, YOU'RE GONNA DO AS I SAY. DO YOU LIKE YOUR JOB, FRED?

YES, VERY MUCH!

WITHOUT ANY FURTHER WARNING, THE BIG GIRL PUT ONE HAND ON HIS THROAT AND, JUST AS IF HE WEIGHED NOTHING, LIFTED FRED OFF THE FLOOR...

NOT THAT I NEED MY JOB AUTHORITY TO MAKE YOU LISTEN TO ME, FRED... SEE, I CAN LIFT YOUR PUNY 155 POUNDS WITH JUST ONE HAND!


UGGGHHHH!!



A muscular man in black sneakers stands in a gym, looking at a woman whose legs are on a table. A red shirt lies on the floor nearby.

I'M GONNA ASK YOU
ONE MORE TIME, LITTLE
MAN: DO YOU FEEL
INSECURE?

UGHH...
YES!

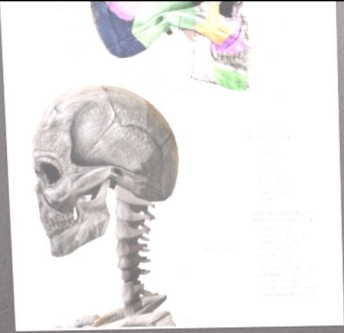
A close-up, rear view of a very muscular man's back and buttocks. He is wearing dark blue briefs with a yellow waistband and a light blue waistband. A woman's hands are placed on his waist. The background consists of horizontal grey slats, possibly a window blind. Three speech bubbles are present: one on the left, one in the upper middle, and one on the right.

HMMM. I THOUGHT SO.
MANY SMALL GUYS DO...

LET'S TAKE A
PEEK UNDER THE
HOOD, SHALL WE... I'M
GONNA PULL DOWN
THESE BOXERS OF
YOURS...

WHAT?
YOU CAN'T!!

BUT THE GIANTESS IGNORED ALL FRED'S OBJECTIONS, AND HE REALIZED THAT WHATEVER PROTESTATIONS HE MIGHT UTTER WERE ENTIRELY USELESS... FRED WAS TRAPPED HERE, IN THE OFFICE OF A HUGE AMAZON DOCTOR. WHAT THE FUCK!



LET'S SEE... OH, YOU GOT A NICE STIFFIE!


NO REASON FOR INSECURITY IN *THAT* DEPARTMENT, MY LITTLE MAN...





YOU THINK YOU'RE
TURNED ON BY MY BIG
TITTIES?

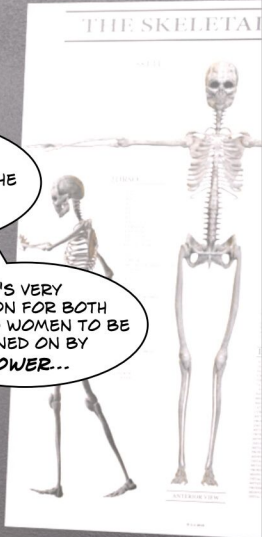
EH... I...

A woman with dark hair and blue eyes is looking at the back of a man's head and shoulder. She has a slight, confident smile. The man's back is in the foreground, showing his shoulder and part of his neck. The background is a grey wall with a poster titled "THE SKELETAL" and a blue chair.

OR MIGHT YOU
ACTUALLY BE TURNED
ON BY MY BIG MUSCLES,
HUH, FRED?

YOU WOULDN'T BE THE
FIRST, YOU KNOW.

IT'S VERY
COMMON FOR BOTH
MEN AND WOMEN TO BE
TURNED ON BY
POWER...




SHE'S RIGHT... IT
IS KIND OF EXCITING...
I NEVER KNEW...

SPEAKING OF
POWER, THAT'S THE
NEXT THING ON THE LIST
THAT WE'RE GONNA
TEST. I'LL PUT YOU
DOWN NOW...

GRETHE TOOK A FEW STEPS BACK AND IT WAS NOW EVEN EASIER TO SEE HOW IMPRESSIVE SHE WAS. SHE WAS SO BIG THAT SO FAR, HER BEING SO CLOSE TO HIM, FRED HAD ONLY BEEN ABLE TO SEE PARTS OF HER GIANTESS BODY. NOW HE WAS SEEING HER WHOLE, AND HE JUST COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HOW ANYONE COULD BE THIS BIG. OR MUSCULAR. OR... BEAUTIFUL....

COME OVER HERE FRED...





SO NORMALLY, TO MEASURE STRENGTH, A DOCTOR WILL ASK YOU TO GRASP THIS DEVICE AND CHECK WHAT PRESSURE YOU ARE EXERCISING UPON IT...

BUT THAT'S KINDA BORING, ISN'T IT?

I DUNNO...

I THINK IT'S BORING.
SO... I'M GONNA
MEASURE YOUR
STRENGTH BY HOW HARD
YOU CAN HIT ME IN
THESE ABS...

WHAT??
NO WAY!

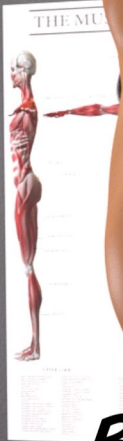
LISTEN TO YOUR DOCTOR, LITTLE ONE. OR DO YOU WANT **HER** TO GIVE **YOU** A DEMONSTRATION OF **HER** STRENGTH?

EH... NO...

THEN **HIT** THESE **ABS!**



RELUCTANTLY, FRED OBEYED, AND SLAMMED HIS LEFT FIST INTO THE AMAZON'S STOMACH...



BLAM

FUCKING BITCH IS CRAZY BUT IF THIS IS WHAT SHE WANTS...

TO FRED'S AMAZEMENT, THE BIG
GIRL DIDN'T MAKE A SOUND AND
DIDN'T MOVE AN INCH...



WHAT WAS
THAT, FRED?

I TOLD YOU TO
HIT ME, NOT TO
PET ME, RIGHT?



THIS IS **SERIOUS**. THESE TESTS TRANSLATE TO MARKS THAT END UP IN YOUR FILE, FRED.

DO YOUR FUCKING BEST!

EH... OKAY...

SO FRED HIT THE WALL OF MUSCLE AGAIN, AND THIS TIME A LOT HARDER - HE *HAD* HELD BACK BEFORE, FOR FEAR OF HURTING HER. BUT NOW HE WENT FULL FORCE...

BLAM





I DIDN'T FEEL THAT,
FRED ...

I... DID.

AGAIN THE GIANTESS HADN'T MOVED OR
MADE A PEEP. SHE JUST STARED AT HIM...
FRED, ON THE OTHER HAND, HAD SERIOUSLY
HURT HIS HAND, AS IF HE INDEED HAD HIT A
BRICK WALL...



I'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER STRENGTH TEST... YOU MAY JUST NOT BE VERY GOOD IN YOUR ARMS, SO HERE'S A SECOND CHANCE...

OR DO YOU NEED A DOCTOR TO SEE TO THAT HAND FIRST?

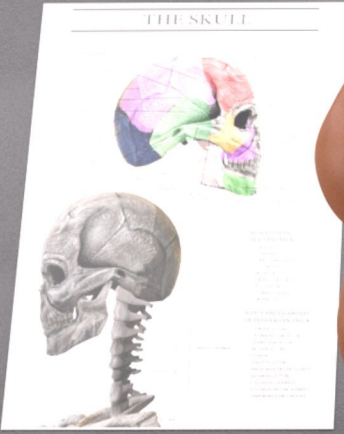
I'LL... BE OKAY...

HURTS LIKE A MOTHERFUCKER THOUGH!

THE GIANTESSE AGAIN MOVED
CLOSER, AND SPREAD HER ARMS...

OKAY, SECOND TEST.
TRY TO LIFT ME OFF THE
GROUND... CAN YOU DO
THAT?

I THINK SO...



SO FRED BEND DOWN AND PUT HIS ARMS AROUND THE AMAZON DOCTOR'S ENORMOUS THIGHS. IT WAS LIKE TRYING TO LIFT AN ELEPHANT: NOT JUST HEAVY BUT TOO CLUNKY IN SIZE TO GET A GOOD GRIP ON...

NNNGGGG

I'M 280 POUNDS OF SWEDISH MUSCLE, BY THE WAY...

COME ON FRED!
GIVE IT ALL YOU GOT!
THERE'S NOT GONNA BE
A THIRD STRENGTH
TEST!

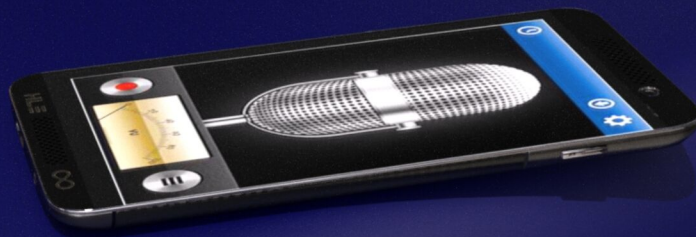
AAARGH....

TRY AS HE MIGHT, FRED COULDN'T EVEN GET HER HALF AN INCH OFF THE FLOOR. SHE WAS DEAD WEIGHT, AND HE WAS SIMPLY NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO HANDLE HER...

IT'S JUST... NOT...
UGGGHHH... I GIVE
UP...



*PHYSICAL STRENGTH:
WEAK TO VERY WEAK.*



THEN, BEFORE FRED COULD LET GO OF HIS WEAK GRIP, GRETHE BENT DOWN AND PUT HER ARMS UNDER HIS TORSO...

LET ME SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE, FRED...



THIS IS WHAT A REAL
HEALTHY BODY CAN DO...

GOD YOU'RE SMALL,
I HAVE TO MAKE SURE I
DON'T KILL YOU IN THE
PROCESS!

THE BODYBUILDER LOCKED HER ARMS
AROUND FRED'S STOMACH AND...

... GOT UP AS IF SHE WASN'T CARRYING ANY WEIGHT AT ALL...

I'D LIKE TO GET AN IDEA OF HOW YOU DEAL WITH **PRESSURE** AT WORK, FRED.

AARGH! WHAT ARE YOU DOING! PUT ME DOWN!



THE BODYBUILDER WAS TIGHTENING HER GRIP ON FRED'S STOMACH JUST A LITTLE BIT. JUST ENOUGH TO MAKE HIM NERVOUS, SHE THOUGHT... AT MAYBE 5% OF HER STRENGTH...

I MEAN MENTAL PRESSURE, OF COURSE...

LET'S SEE HOW YOU DEAL WITH PRESSURE ON YOUR HEAD...

GRETHE PULLED OUT HER CHAIR FROM BENEATH THE DESK AND SAT DOWN, STILL CLASPING HER HANDS AROUND FRED'S BELLY, AND NOW INSERTING HIS HEAD BETWEEN HER MASSIVE THIGHS...

I'M GONNA CLOSE THESE BIG LEGS OF MINE A BIT AND WE'LL SEE HOW YOU DEAL WITH IT, OKAY FRED?

BEING ABLE TO HANDLE STRESS IS REALLY IMPORTANT IN THIS COMPANY. IT'S ONE OF THE PRIME CRITERIA I HAVE TO CHECK...

PLEASE!
DON'T HURT ME!



SLOWLY, GRETHE MOVED THOSE MUSCLE-PACKED THIGHS CLOSER TOGETHER. SHE KNEW SHE COULD ONLY DO SO JUST A TINY LITTLE BIT OR SHE WOULD BREAK THE PATIENT'S SKULL, WHICH WAS NOT EXACTLY THE IDEA...

ARE WE STILL GOOD, FRED?



AAAARGHHH

AS THE SCREAMS GOT A BIT TOO LOUD, GRETHE RELEASED HER GRIP. SHE HAD AT LEAST ENJOYED A BIT OF THE PLEASURE THAT FOR HER ALWAYS CAME TOGETHER WITH PUTTING HER BIG LEGS TO GOOD USE ON SMALL MEN...

OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH. WELL DONE, MY LITTLE MAN...



GRETHE HAD NOW TURNED FRED AROUND AND PUT HIM BETWEEN HER THIGHS AGAIN, SO THAT HIS HEAD WAS RIGHT IN HER PUSSY...

YES, FOR STAMINA, YOU WILL LICK ME DOWN THERE, HARD, FAST AND DEEP, AND WITHOUT STOPPING UNTIL I COME. GOT THAT?

OH MY GOD...



GRETHE PUSHED FRED'S HEAD A LITTLE BIT FURTHER INTO HER WETNESS, CLOSED HER THIGHS JUST ENOUGH TO KEEP THE MAN IN PLACE AND TOLD HIM TO GET TO WORK.

FRED DUG IN, LICKING AS IF HIS LIFE DEPENDED ON IT. IT WASN'T EXACTLY A COMFORTABLE POSITION, SO HE WANTED TO BE OUT AS FAST AS POSSIBLE...

AS A DOCTOR IT'S MY JOB TO EDUCATE MY PATIENTS ABOUT HEALTH, FRED...

I HOPE BY NOW IT'S CLEAR WHAT KIND OF BENEFITS HAVING A FIT AND HEALTHY BODY BRINGS...



GRETHER TRIED TO LAST A BIT LONGER, JUST TO TEASE FRED SOME MORE, BUT SHE WAS JUST TOO EXCITED, AND THIRTY SECONDS LATER SHE CAME...

YES
YES
YESSSS

OOOHHHH
MY GOD!





THAT WAS VERY
WELL DONE, FRED! AT
LEAST ONE THING YOU
DIDN'T FLUNK!

LET ME GIVE YOU A
TINY TASTE OF A
REWARD...

JUST FOR A MOMENT, AS A TEASER,
GRETHE TOOK FRED'S MEMBER INTO HER
MOUTH AND SUCKED ON IT... IT MADE HIM
MOAN IN PLEASURE...

MMM. HOWSHTHISH,
FRED?

OOOOH GOD!!

THIS WAS ANOTHER THING THE YOUNG AMAZON GREATLY ENJOYED: THE ABILITY TO GIVE PLEASURE, AND TO TAKE IT AWAY AT ANY MOMENT... SHE SUCKED FOR MAYBE TWENTY SECONDS AND THEN...



OOOOHHHHH

... BEFORE FRED COULD COME, SHE TOOK HIM OUT OF HER MOUTH AGAIN AND ROLLED HER CHAIR CLOSER TO THE DESK. SHE JUST WENT ON ACTING LIKE A DOCTOR AS IF NOTHING HAD HAPPENED. SHE KNOW HOW THIS TORTURED HIM...

AND SHE KNEW THAT HE COULD DO NOTHING, BECAUSE HE DIDN'T HAVE MUSCLES, HE DIDN'T HAVE POWER. SHE HAD. AND EVEN AFTER COMING, THESE THOUGHTS EXCITED HER BEYOND BELIEF...

OKAY... THERE ARE SIMPLY TOO MANY ISSUES WITH YOU, FRED. I'M GONNA NEED TO SEE YOU AGAIN...





ACTUALLY, LET'S MAKE
THIS A REGULAR WEEKLY
APPOINTMENT...

WE'RE GONNA SEE
EACH OTHER EVERY
TUESDAY AT 4 PM.

WHAT? BUT I
CAN'T...

A muscular man with dark hair is sitting in a blue office chair, facing a mannequin. He is leaning forward, talking to the mannequin. The mannequin is standing behind a desk with a computer. The computer monitor shows a blue screen. The mannequin has a tattoo on its chest. The man has a tattoo on his left arm. There are three speech bubbles in the image.

LET ME JUST CONFIRM
THIS IN MY SYSTEM
HERE...

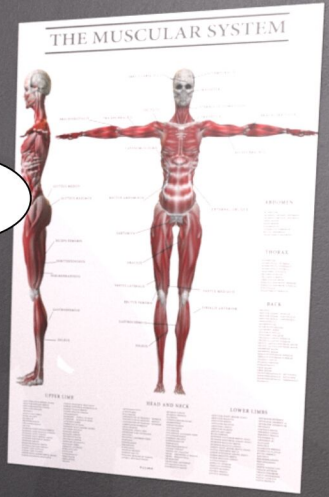
WHY, YOU ASK?
THE **OFFICIAL** REASON
IS THAT I HAVE TO MAKE SURE
YOU REMAIN AN ASSET TO THIS
COMPANY... AND IN ORDER FOR
THAT, YOU NEED TO BE
HEALTHY. AND YOU'RE
NOT...


THE
UNOFFICIAL
REASON IS THAT YOU
HAVE MANY USES FOR
ME, FRED...

IN ANOTHER INCREDIBLE SHOW OF STRENGTH, THE AMAZON SUDDENLY LIFTED FRED IN THE AIR, AND LOWERED AND RAISED HIM A COUPLE OF TIMES...

A LITTLE LIGHT, PERHAPS, BUT YOU'LL DO...

HUH, DO WHAT?





YOU'LL DO AS AN
EXERCISE WEIGHT FOR
ME, IS WHAT I MEAN...

TUESDAY IS THE
ONLY DAY I CAN'T GO
TO THE GYM, BECAUSE I
HAVE CLASSES AFTER
WORK. SO YOU'LL BE
MY TRAINING WEIGHT
EVERY TUESDAY...

AND OF COURSE... MY
LITTLE SEX TOY...


YOUR WHAT ??



I JUST STARTED
HERE FRED, AND I
DON'T HAVE AN
IN-COMPANY SLAVE
YET---

OOH...





I THINK YOU WILL DO
VERY NICELY... IF YOU'RE
A GOOD BOY, MAYBE I'LL
EVEN LET YOU CUM NOW
AND THEN...

NOW BEFORE YOU
GO, SUCK MY NIPPLE,
LIKE A GOOD LITTLE
FELLOW...

GRETHE SLIGHTLY LOWERED FRED SO THAT HIS MOUTH WAS RIGHT AT THE LEVEL OF HER NIPPLES. PAUL OBEYED. BY NOW, HE GOT TURNED ON DOING THIS...

YES, THAT'S IT, VERY GOOD...

NOW I'M GONNA PUT YOU DOWN, SO YOU CAN GET INTO THOSE MINI CLOTHES OF YOURS...

AS GRETHE PUT FRED ON THE GROUND AGAIN, SHE JUST CAME BACK TO HER OLD QUESTION ONE MORE TIME...

LOOK AT THIS BIG BICEP, FRED. TELL ME HOW IT MAKES YOU FEEL....

EH... VERY INSECURE...

YESSS... VERY GOOD!





KISS IT FRED! KISS
THAT BIG MOTHERFUCKER
SO YOU REMAIN IN GOOD
STANDING WITH IT!

THEN, A SUDDEN EMAIL
NOTIFICATION SOUND MADE
GRETHE LOOK AT HER SCREEN...

OH... WOULD YOU
LOOK AT THAT... THE
FUCKING CEO JUST
TOLD ME TO GO SEE HIM
TOMORROW... THAT'S
INTERESTING...

GRETHE NOTICED HOW FRED'S MEMBER WAS STILL HARD AND THROBBING, AND STOOD UP TO FACE HIM...

LOOK AT THAT FRED... LOOKS LIKE YOU KINDA LIKE ME HUH? ARE YOU LOOKING FORWARD TO MEETING AGAIN ON TUESDAY,

YES, BUT... ACTUALLY I CAN'T...

YOU CAN'T WHAT, FRED?





HUSH, LITTLE MAN.
NO BUTS! I TOLD YOU I
NEEDED A SLAVE. SLAVES
DON'T CONTRADICT THEIR
MISTRESS. IS THAT
CLEAR?

EH...
YES...


I HAVE ALL KINDS OF
POWER OVER YOU, FRED. I
COULD GIVE YOU A NEGATIVE
HEALTH REPORT, IN WHICH CASE
YOU COULD GET FIRED FROM
THE COMPANY...

AND WITH THIS BIG
BODY OF MINE I COULD
HUMILIATE AND DESTROY
YOU IN THE BLINK OF
AN EYE...

OH...
PLEASE,
NO!

THE SKELET


MUSCULAR S



BUT IF YOU'RE A
GOOD BOY, WE CAN
MAKE IT ALL VERY CIVIL
AND FUN AND FRIENDLY.
UNDERSTOOD?

EH...
YES...

GOOD. THEN
GET IN YOUR CLOTHES
AND LEAVE NOW. I'M
SEEING MY NEXT
PATIENT IN FIVE
MINUTES...



SEE YOU TUESDAY,
FRED... DON'T FORGET
TO EAT HEALTHY!

EH...
BYE...

AS FRED DISAPPEARED, GRETHE STARED AT THE DOOR, AWARE OF HER POWER, HER STATURE, HER MIGHT... LIFE WAS GOOD... SHE LET OUT A BIG SIGH OF CONTENTMENT AND EXCITEMENT...



OH MY GOD. HOW AWESOME IT IS IT TO BE A BIG MUSCULAR AMAZON BITCH!

