



THE BOARDING SCHOOL

Chapter 4

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where the strong girls live

IT TAKES A LOT OF TIME TO MAKE
THESE STORIES. I'M AN
INDEPENDENT ARTIST, AND IT HURTS
MY BUSINESS WHEN PEOPLE BUY MY
COMICS AND THEN DISTRIBUTE THEM
FREELY ON FORUMS OR OTHER
WEBSITES. PLEASE DON'T DO THAT.

IF YOU FOUND THIS COMIC
SOMEWHERE WITHOUT PAYING FOR IT,
PLEASE LET ME KNOW. ALSO, I DO
MY BEST TO PROVIDE FREE STORIES
NOW AND THEN ON MY SITE, FOR
THOSE WHO ARE NOT ABLE OR
PREPARED TO PAY FOR THEM.

IT'S ONLY BY SUPPORTING MY WORK
THAT I CAN GOING ON DOING WHAT I
DO.

THANK YOU

JAMES

CHAPTER 4

THE POWER PARTY

EACH OF THE GUYS HAD ARRIVED PUNCTUALLY AT THE GIRLS' DORM ROOM, BUT THERE THEY HAD FOUND A NOTE ON THE DOOR, SAYING THE LOCATION OF THE PARTY HAD BEEN CHANGED TO THE TEACHER'S ROOM. NOW VERY CONFUSED ABOUT THE NATURE OF THE PARTY, THEY FOUND THE TEACHER'S ROOM AND STOOD BEFORE ITS DOORS...

SHOULD WE...
KNOCK?

I... THINK WE
BETTER...

JACOB, OF COURSE, WAS VERY EAGER TO SEE THE BLOND MUSCLEGODDESS MORGAINE AGAIN... HE JUST ADORED MUSCLE AND STRENGTH IN GIRLS AND COULDN'T BELIEVE HIS LUCK...

OK, HERE WE GO...

VINCENT WAS MAINLY CURIOUS. HE THOUGHT CAITLYN WAS DEFINITELY FREAKISH, BUT IT WOULD BE AWESOME IF SHE COULD TRAIN HIM. AND SHE WAS--- NICE.

PATRICK JUST WANTED TO GET THIS OVER WITH. AFTER WHAT HAD HAPPENED IN THE LIBRARY, HE FELT HE DIDN'T DARE IGNORE THE "INVITATION", BUT HE HOPED TONIGHT THERE WOULD BE SOME CLOSURE TO THIS WEIRD GAME THE MUSCLEGIRL, SUE-ANN, WAS PLAYING WITH HIM.

THE VOICE THAT SOUNDED FROM BEHIND THE DOOR WAS STRONG AND AUTHORITATIVE. NOT INVITING BUT COMMANDING...

WHO IS IT?
EH... VINCENT..
AND JACOB!
COME IN!



AS THEY GOT INSIDE, THE BOYS SAW SUE-ANN AND MORGAINE STANDING NEAR THE FIREPLACE, WITH A GLASS OF WINE IN THEIR HANDS. IT WAS AS IF THEY WERE IMPERSONATING SOME CLASSY ACTRESSES FROM A FIFTIES MOVIE. ONLY, THOSE WOMEN HADN'T HAD BODIES CHISELED OUT OF GRANITE, LIKE THESE YOUNG GIRLS HAD...

WELCOME BOYS.
CLOSE THE DOOR BEHIND
YOU...



THE BOYS WERE FLABBERGASTED. WAS THIS A COSTUME PARTY? NO ONE HAD TOLD THEM. THE GIRLS SEEMED TO BE DRESSED UP AS SOME KIND OF... WARRIORS? PATRICK THOUGHT IT WAS A LITTLE SCARY, WHILE JACOB FOUND IT QUITE... EXCITING...

SO IT IS JUST US AFTER ALL... BUT HOW DO THEY GET TO USE THE TEACHER'S ROOM FOR THIS?

NO IDEA... WE SHOULDN'T BE HERE AT ALL...

WE'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU BOYS...



WITH A FEW BIG STRIDES OF HER MIGHTY LEGS, SUE-ANN WAS NEAR THE DOOR AND LOCKED IT WITH A SET OF KEYS SHE HAD BEEN HOLDING IN HER HAND...

GOD! THE SIZE OF THIS GIRL. HER BACK IS AS BROAD AS TWO OF US COMBINED...

WHY ARE YOU LOCKING THE DOOR? IS NO ONE ELSE COMING?

YOU GOT THAT RIGHT SHORTY. WE WANT NO ONE ELSE HERE. IT'S JUST US...

SUITS ME JUST FINE!





AND YOU ARE...

I'M... VINCENT

...FIVE FEET FOUR?

EH... ABOUT RIGHT YES. I WAS INVITED BY CAITLYN. IS... SHE HERE?



AH, YOU'RE
CAITLYN'S BOY. SHE'S
RIGHT OVER THERE.
CAITLYN?

GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN VINCENT! THANKS FOR COMING!

MORGAINE, U COMING TO SAY HI?

MY PLEASURE. WERE... WERE WE SUPPOSED TO WEAR A COSTUME?

HAHA, NO WORRIES. THIS IS JUST A SURPRISE FROM OUR PART...

OH MY GOD. IS SHE EVEN BIGGER THAN MORGAINE? OH WELL, I PREFER BLONDES ANYWAY...

HI LITTLE JACOB.
DID YOU MISS ME?

H-HI
M-MORGAINE...
YES... AND YOU
LOOK... AWESOME!



WHAT DID YOU MISS
MOST, THESE TITS, OR
THESE BICEPS?

OH GOD... I... I DON'T
KNOW...



SO DO WE... HAVE
PERMISSION TO BE IN
THE TEACHER'S
ROOM?

OH SURE... I
CONVINCED MR.
ENGELS TO GIVE US
HIS KEYS...

H-HOW DID YOU DO
THAT?

YESTERDAY I WAS DOING A LATE NIGHT RUN. FROM AFAR, THROUGH THE WINDOWS, I SAW MR ENGELS, WALKING THROUGH THE DESERTED CORRIDORS... IT SEEMED LIKE A GOOD OPPORTUNITY TO... MAKE HIM MINE... SO I GOT IN, AND WAITED FOR HIM TO TURN A CORNER...



HE ALMOST BUMPED IN TO ME, THEN
ALMOST FELL OVER...

HI MR. ENGELS. I'M
SUE-ANN

GOD, YOU STARTLED
ME! WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?

OH MY GOD IT'S
ONE OF THEM...



I WALKED
INSIDE WHEN I SAW
YOU. JUST ENDED MY
RUN. ACTUALLY I STILL
NEED TO STRETCH
MY CALVES...


I MADE A POINT OF STANDING ON MY
TOES SO THAT I WAS AT MY BIGGEST...

YOU... WERE
LOOKING FOR ME?



YES, I
WANTED TO ASK YOU
SOMETHING. ME AND MY
FRIENDS, WE'RE HAVING A
SMALL PRIVATE PARTY
TOMORROW NIGHT. THE IDEA
WAS TO HAVE IT IN OUR ROOM,
BUT THEN I THOUGHT... WHY
NOT SOMETHING WITH
MORE CLASS?

SO THEN I
THOUGHT OF THE
TEACHER'S ROOM... WHICH
AS FAR AS I KNOW ISN'T
USED AT NIGHT
ANYWAY...



SO I WANTED
TO ASK YOU IF YOU
COULD BORROW ME
YOUR KEY SO THAT WE
CAN USE THE ROOM
TOMORROW...

A PARTY IN THE
TEACHER'S ROOM?
ARE YOU CR-
I MEAN... I'M SORRY
THAT ROOM IS EH...
OFF LIMITS FOR
STUDENTS...

I DIDN'T WANT TO WASTE TOO MUCH TIME ON THIS GUY, SO I JUST WALKED FORWARD, PUSHING MY CHEST AGAINST HIS SO THAT HE HAD TO RETREAT...

HMM, MR. ENGELS... I'M SURE YOU WANT TO MAKE AN EXCEPTION...

FOR STUDENTS WHO ARE A LOT BIGGER AND STRONGER THAN YOU?

I PUSHED HIM ALL THE WAY AGAINST
THE WALL, SO THAT HE HAD NO WAY
TO GO...

UNLESS YOU PREFER
TO BE SQUASHED LIKE
AN INSECT?

P-PLEASE...



YOU HAVE NO IDEA
WHAT I'M CAPABLE OF,
MR. ENGELS...

ACTUALLY... I
MIGHT... THEY TOLD
ME ABOUT... YOU. A
COLLEAGUE, FROM
DELASALLE HIGH, WHO TOLD
ME YOU'D BE COMING
FROM THERE...


AH...
INTERESTING...
AND WHAT DID THAT
COLLEAGUE
TELL YOU?

THAT YOU ARE...
NOT TO BE
MESSED WITH...




THAT'S GOOD INTEL
YOU GOT THERE. DID
THEY ALSO TELL YOU
I'M QUITE STRONG?

THEN I PUT MY HAND BETWEEN HIS
LEGS, CUPPED HIS CROTCH,
SQUEEZED LIGHTLY, AND LIFTED HIM
AGAINST THE WALL WITH ONE HAND.
HIS MOUTH FELL OPEN IN
AMAZEMENT...



SO MR. ENGELS... I'VE GOT ME A NICE STUDENT SLAVE ALREADY, BUT I'M STILL LOOKING FOR A SLAVE AMONGST THE STAFF...

AAAARGHHH...



CANDIDATE SHOULD HAVE A GOOD UNDERSTANDING OF THE POWER OF MY MUSCLES. ARE YOU THAT PERSON, MR. ENGELS?

AAARGH!
PLEASE! YES! ANYTHING YOU WANT, BUT STOP SQUEEZING!

SOUNDS GOOD!
NOW PROVE YOU'RE AN OBEDIENT BOY!



THANK YOU VERY
MUCH, MR. ENGELS.
I'LL HOLD ON TO THIS.
PLEASE MAKE
YOURSELF A NEW
SET.

SO THAT, LITTLE PATRICK, IS HOW I
SECURED THE LOCATION OF THIS
PARTY...

VINCENT, YOU CAN GO
WITH YOUR MISTRESS
NOW...

MY...
MISTRESS?



IT'S... JUST A PARTY, PATRICK. VERY PRIVATE, AS YOU CAN SEE. TO CELEBRATE THE BEGINNING OF THE SCHOOL YEAR...

WE'RE GONNA HAVE A LOTTA FUN TONIGHT, JACOB!

EH... LET'S GO SIT DOWN...



I EH... I ACTUALLY CAN'T
STAY VERY LONG...

I'M GLAD YOU CAME
PATRICK...

HAHA, YOU'RE
FUNNY! YOU'LL STAY
EXACTLY HOW LONG I
WANT YOU TO STAY, YOU
KNOW THAT VERY
WELL...

CAITLYN KNEW WHAT THE GUYS DIDN'T: THAT THE IDEA WAS THAT THIS WAS A "POWER PARTY", A CELEBRATION OF THE GIRLS' POWER. HENCE ALSO THE WARRIOR WOMEN COSTUMES.
SO CAITLYN, STILL WANTING TO BELONG, GOT RIGHT AHEAD AND IN ONE FELL SWOOP LIFTED VINCENT OVER HER SHOULDER.



HUH? WHAT ARE YOU DOING??

<WHISPERING>
I'LL PUT YOU DOWN
RIGHT A WAY, NO
WORRIES...



OKAY, LET'S
TAKE THE ROMANTIC
SPOT, BY THE
FIREPLACE, WHAT DO
YOU THINK?

COME ON JACOB. I
WANNA PLAY WITH YOUR
TINY BODY AGAIN...

A muscular woman with black hair, wearing leopard-print underwear and gloves, is carrying a man in a black suit on her back. They are in a living room with wood-paneled walls, a red tufted sofa, and a fireplace. The woman is holding a wine glass. Two speech bubbles are present, one from the man and one from the woman.

LOOK AT US,
PATRICK. DON'T YOU
THINK WE FIT REALLY
WELL TOGETHER?

I EH... I
DUNNO... SHOULDN'T
YOU BE WITH A BIG
GUY?



OH NO, MY
LITTLE ONE. BEAUTY
IS IN CONTRASTS. BIG
VERSUS SMALL.
STRONG VERSUS
WEAK.

LET'S SIT
DOWN, I'LL
SHOW YOU...

I'M TAKING OFF YOUR SHOES. YOU'LL BE MORE COMFORTABLE...

PLEASE NO, I HAVE TO GO SOON... JUST CAME TO SAY HELLO...

PATRICK DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS SAYING... WHY WAS HE PROTESTING AT ALL? HE KNEW THERE WAS NOTHING HE COULD DO AGAINST THIS COLOSSUS. HE SHOULD JUST PLAY ALONG AND BE HAPPY IF HE GOT OUT ALIVE. BUT SOMEHOW HE - OR HIS PRIDE - JUST COULDN'T EXCEPT ANYONE TREATING HIM AS AN OBJECT AND IGNORING HIS WISHES...



HUSH NOW,
LITTLE ONE. THE
PARTY HAS BEGUN. MY
MUSCLES WILL DO
WHAT THEY WANT
WITH YOU...

IS THAT
UNDERSTOOD?

YES, OKAY,
UNDERSTOOD!



SO EH... THIS IS
ONE WEIRD
"PARTY"... US GUYS
DIDN'T EVEN GET
DRINKS? WHAT'S
GOING ON?

I'M... NOT EXACTLY
SURE... THE ONLY
THING I KNOW WAS THAT
WE AGREED TO EACH
HAVE OUR OWN
BOYFRIEND BY
NOW

BUT SO...
PATRICK AND EH...
JACOB? THEY ARE YOUR
FRIENDS' **REAL**
BOYFRIENDS?



WELL EH... AT
MOST FOR A FEW
DAYS, AS THEY DIDN'T
KNOW THEM FROM
BEFORE...


SO HOW
REAL CAN THEY
BE, RIGHT?



ALTHOUGH... THAT
LOOKS PRETTY REAL,
OVER THERE...

YOU'RE SUCH
A CUTIE JACOB... I
STILL HAVE A HARD TIME
BELIEVING YOU'RE
EIGHTEEN. YOU LOOK
FOURTEEN...

BUT I THINK WE
ARE A GOOD MATCH.
YOU HAVE THE SAME
GOLDEN HAIR THAT I
HAVE...



AND BOTH OF US LOVE
MY BIG MUSCLES AND
BOOBS, ISN'T IT?

OH YES... YOUR
BODY IS SO
AWESOME...

LOOK AT THESE
BICEPS SWELL.. CAN
YOU IMAGINE HOW
EASILY I CAN CRUSH
YOU?

AND IN HOW MANY
WAYS I CAN CRUSH
YOU...?

LIKE WITH THIS BIG CALF...

UGH...
YOU'RE... CHOKING
ME... YOU... YOU
WON'T HURT ME,
WILL YOU?

OH BABY, I
CAN'T PROMISE
THAT. THE TIME IN THE
TOILETS WAS ABOUT
YOUR REWARD FOR
SNITCHING. THIS TIME,
IT'S ALL ABOUT MY
PLEASURE, LITTLE
ONE...



AND I LIKE
HURTING LITTLE
BOYS... I LIKE TO
PUNISH THEM...

AND I BELIEVE
YOU HAVE NO
PUNISHMENT
WAIVERS, DO YOU?

UGGG



AND EH... OVER
THERE... THEY SEEM
PRETTY SERIOUS
TOO...



HMM, YOU HAVE SUCH
FULL LIPS. I WANT TO
KISS THEM...

BUT I...
DON'T...



I KNOW YOU DON'T
HONEY, BUT YOU WILL.
AND THIS HERE IS
WHY...

THE BIG MUSCLES
WITH WHICH I DOMINATE
YOU...

COMPLETELY...

EASILY...

PATRICK HAD NO IDEA WHY HE WAS STILL PROTESTING, BOTH VERBALLY AND PHYSICALLY. FIGHTING SUE-ANN WAS LIKE FIGHTING THE ELEMENTS, OR ANY FORCE OF NATURE: ABSOLUTELY FUTILE...

MMMMMMMMMMMM



CAITLYN HAD HEARD ABOUT HOW SUE-ANN'S "BOYFRIEND" HAD NEEDED A BIT OF PRESSURE, AND SHE HAD OF COURSE WITNESSED THE SCENE IN THE CORRIDOR. BUT THE SCENE IN FRONT OF HER SEEMED TO BE DEVELOPPING INTO SOMETHING ELSE STILL....

OH YES BABY! STRUGGLE!
FIGHT BACK! I LOVE THE
FEELING OF YOU TRYING TO
WRIGGLE YOUR WAY OUT OF
MY MUSCLES! GIVE ME YOUR
BEST!





HEY! CAITLYN! WHAT'S GOING ON THERE?



WHAT DOES SHE
MEAN?

I THINK WE MAY
NOT BE LOOKING...
GIRLFRIEND-BOYFRIEND
ENOUGH. WHAT ABOUT...
YOU COME SIT ON MY
LAP?

EHM... SURE...

I THINK I
BETTER DO SOME
FLEXING AND
STRUTTING MY POWER
TOO... JUST LIKE WHEN
WE MET, YOU
KNOW...





YOU KNOW IF EHM...
I MEAN... WE CAN KISS,
IF THAT MAKES IT MORE
CONVINCING...

OOH, THANK YOU! YES, IT
DEFINITELY WOULD!



PLEASHHH...S
T...OOOP...
YOU'RE H...
HURTING... ME

I KNOW! AND
I'M HAVING SO
MUCH FUN!

FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM,
SUE-ANN WAS WATCHING THE COUPLE
LIKE A HAWK, WHILE EASILY
SUPPRESSING PATRICK'S
STRUGGLING...



OKAY, LET'S TAKE
THIS UP A NOTCH AND
GET RID OF THESE
PANTS NOW...

N0000...--

UGGGGGHHH

HOLDING HER "BOYFRIEND" DOWN WITH ONE
MAGNIFICENT CALF, SUE-ANN UNBUTTONED HIS
JEANS AND THREW IT ON THE FLOOR...
PATRICK'S FACE, WHICH UP TO NOW HAD BEEN
RELATIVELY CALM, CLEARLY SHOWED FEAR AND
DISTRESS, AND IT MADE SUE-ANN ALL THE
HORNIER...



THE NINETEEN YEAR OLD BODYBUILDER SQUEEZED PATRICK'S SIDE WITH HER LEGS SO THAT THE BOY SCREAMED OUT IN PAIN. SUE-ANN LET OUT A DEMONIC LAUGH AND THEN FLEXED HER HUGE ARMS OVER PATRICK'S PUNY BODY...

FEEL THE POWER BABY!
JUST ONE LEG!



AAAAARGHH!

VINCENT'S INTEREST IN CAITLYN HAD BEEN PURELY FROM A "BUSINESS" STANDPOINT SO FAR, BUT KISSING HER, HE REALIZED THAT HE ACTUALLY FELT QUITE ATTRACTED. THERE WAS SOMETHING... AROUSING, IT SUDDENLY SEEMED, ABOUT A GIRL MUCH BIGGER AND STRONGER THAN HIM.

THAT... ACTUALLY WASN'T SO BAD...


I EH... COULD GET USED TO THIS...



BUT THEN, THE COUPLE WAS PULLED
OUT OF THEIR ROMANTIC MOMENT BY A
LOUD SCREAM...

WHAAAAA!


WHAT THE...



MORGAINE, THE BLOND MUSCLECHICK, HAD IN THE MEANTIME APPARENTLY UNDRRESSED LITTLE JACOB, AND HAD DRAPED HIM ACROSS HER BROAD SHOULDERS IN A BACKBREAKER. JUDGING BY THE SCREAMS AND THE FRIGHTENED EXPRESSION ON THE BOY'S FACE, SHE WAS APPLYING A PAINFUL LEVEL OF PRESSURE...

P-PLEASE...
MORGAINE... THIS
H-HUUURTS A LOT...

I KNOW BABY. AND I
LOVE TO HEAR YOU SAY
IT. IT MAKES ME SO
WET!



WOULD YOU RATHER
WE WERE LIKE THEM,
JACOB? ALL CUDDLY AND
CHEESY? OR DO YOU WANT
A WOMAN WHO CAN TAKE
COMMAND, LIKE ME?



I COULD SNAP YOU
LIKE A TWIG- YOU KNOW
THAT, DON'T YOU?

I KNOW! AAARGH...
PLEASE... STOP...

THEN, ANOTHER SCREAM,
FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF
THE ROOM...

AAGGGHHH!!


SUE-ANN TOO HAD TAKEN OFF HER BOY'S CLOTHES. SHE HAD PUT HIM ON THE TABLE AND HAD POSITIONED HER BIG ASS RIGHT ON HIS FACE. THE BOY WAS SCREAMING FROM THE PRESSURE, BUT THE SOUNDS WERE MUFFLED...

YES!
STRUGGLE!
STRUGGLE
BENEATH MY BIG
MUSCLES!

MY GOD!
THEY'RE BOTH...
KILLING THEM!

UUGGGHHHHH





NO WAY TO GO
FOR YOU BUDDY. NO
WAY TO MOVE. NOT WITH
240 POUNDS OF
BODYBUILDER ON
TOP OF YOU...

NOW LICK!
LICK MY SWEATY ASS!
NOW!

UNGGHHH



I'VE GOT A
GREAT VIEW
HERE, SUE-ANN!
AWESOME JOB!

MMMM... I GOT A
GREAT VIEW TOO...
MAKES ME HORNY
SEEING ME!

POOR PATRICK, WHO HAD PLANNED TO MAKE A QUICK ESCAPE FROM THIS HORRIBLE "PARTY", NOW FOUND HIMSELF STUCK UNDER THE GIGANTIC ASS AND THIGHS OF THE BIGGEST GIRL HE HAD EVER SEEN IN HIS LIFE...

KEEP LICKING LITTLE ONE! CLEAN IT ALL UP! EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE NOT WORTHY OF EVEN THAT!



A muscular woman with dark hair in pigtails is flexing her biceps in a living room. She is wearing leopard-print gloves and is nude. The room has a wooden parquet floor and a red tufted sofa. A speech bubble is above her head, and another is below her right arm.

OOOH YESSSS!!!
THIS IS **POWER** LITTLE
ONE! IT'S A FEELING YOU'LL
NEVER HAVE IN YOUR
MISERABLE SHRIMP-LIFE!

PLE--- URGGH




THIS IS NOT...
A GAME, IS IT?
THESE GUYS ARE
GENUINELY
TERRIFIED!

CAN YOU
TAKE A LITTLE
MORE PRESSURE
WITHOUT YOUR
BACK SNAPPING,
JACOB?

NOOOO!!!!

A close-up, high-resolution digital illustration of a young woman's face. She has fair skin with numerous freckles, light green eyes, and reddish-brown hair styled in braids. Her expression is one of surprise or concern, with wide eyes and slightly parted lips. The background consists of dark wood paneling.

WERE YOU... ARE
YOU... GOING TO... DO
SOMETHING LIKE THAT
TO ME?



OF COURSE NOT! THESE
GIRLS ARE CRAZY!

I THOUGHT YOU
KNEW THEM?

ONLY SINCE A
COUPLE OF
MONTHS...

SHOULD WE...
STOP THEM?

THE THING IS,
THESE TWO ARE THICK
AS THIEVES... THEY STICK
TOGETHER. WE CAN'T
WIN...



BUT... WE ARE...
YOU PLUS THREE
GUYS...

I MIGHT BE ABLE
TO TAKE ONE OF THEM,
BUT YOU THREE CAN'T
TAKE ON THE OTHER,
TRUST ME.

SERIOUSLY?

LET ME PUT IT THIS
WAY: WE'RE EVEN
STRONGER THAN WE
LOOK. PLUS, THESE GIRLS
HAVE INCREDIBLE FIGHTING
SKILLS. I'M TALKING
BLACK BELTS AND
STUFF...

SHIT,
SUE-ANN IS
COMING OVER
HERE...



OOOHH,
DOES THAT
HURT, JACOB? THE
PRESSURE OF MY
LEGS ON YOUR
LOWER RIBS?

STOOOOOPP!!!!

HOW ARE YOU
GUYS DOING?

DID YOU
NOTICE HOW
MUCH FUN
MORGAINE IS
HAVING WITH HER
BOY?

YOU *ARE* HAVING
FUN, ISN'T IT,
MORGAINE?

OH GOD, ARE YOU
KIDDING ME? HELL
YEAH!



THIS LITTLE MAN
MOANS AND GROANS
AND CRIES AT ALL THE
RIGHT MOMENTS. HE'S
JUST PERFECT!

SEE? MORGAINE
KNOWS WHAT OUR
LITTLE POWER PARTY IS
ABOUT...

WITH YOU GUYS,
ON THE OTHER HAND,
THE ACTION SEEMS
QUITE SOFT. I'M AFRAID
OUR RESPECTED GUEST
VINCENT MIGHT GET
REALLY BORED...

OH NO... I'M AH...
QUITE ENJOYING
MYSELF... NO
W-WORRIES...

YEAH WELL, EVEN IF
THAT WERE TRUE, I JUST
HAVE TO WAIT TILL MY BOY
REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS -
MY ASS WAS A BIT TOO
MUCH FOR HIM I'M
AFRAID...

SO YOU
UNDERSTAND, THE
THING IS... I AM A BIT
BORED NOW...

BUT SINCE WE
AGREED THAT WE WERE
GOING TO SHARE OUR BOYS
AMONG OURSELVES...
CAITLYN, WANNA HAND HIM
OVER SO I CAN HAVE HIM
FOR A BIT?



EH... I'M ACTUALLY
NOT QUITE READY WITH
HIM, SUE-ANN...

HMM,
CAITLYN...
CAITLYN, CAITLYN...
YOU SHOULD STICK BY
THE RULES... YOU'VE HAD
HIM LONG ENOUGH
NOW. AND YOU'LL GET
HIM BACK SOON
ENOUGH.




I'LL BE GENTLE WITH
HIM, I PROMISE!



... EHM...

IT'S... OKAY.
JUST... COME TO
MY RESCUE IF...
SHE WOULD HURT
ME



GREAT, HERE WE GO. I ASSUME HE'S ANOTHER LIGHTWEIGHT. SURE LOOKS LIKE ONE...



OKAY VINCE-BUDDY,
LET'S GET YOU SOME
REAL ACTION!

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