



GROWING MUSCLES

PART 7

J. Stilton



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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

LIFE FOR RON AND CATHERINE CONTINUED. FOR RON, IT WOULD NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN AS IT WAS A MONTH OR SO AGO, BEFORE CATHERINE HAD SUDDENLY GROWN INTO A HUGE MUSCLEWOMAN FOR REASONS THAT ELUDED HIM. WHAT RON *DID* KNOW, HOWEVER, WAS THAT THE WOMAN HE HAD MARRIED A FEW YEARS AGO, WAS NOW HIS BOSS AND HE OBEYED HER EVERY COMMAND. CATHERINE DECIDED EVERYTHING. WHAT THEY WOULD EAT, WHAT TO WATCH ON TV, HOW MONEY WAS SPENT, BUT ALSO WHEN RON COULD GO OUT, WHOM HE COULD SEE, ETCETERA.

GOD, ANOTHER FEMALE BODYBUILDING COMPETITION ON THE SPORTS CHANNEL! HOW MANY OF THOSE DO I HAVE TO WATCH... AND IT'S ALL SO PREDICTABLE... SHE'S GONNA SAY...


LOOK AT HOW SMALL THESE WOMEN ARE!






I'M SO MUCH BIGGER
THAN THESE
PROFESSIONAL
BODYBUILDERS...

DO YOU REALIZE THAT
RON? DO YOU REALIZE HOW
SPECIAL YOUR WIFE IS?



YES CAT, I KNOW.
YOU'RE SO MUCH
BIGGER THAN THEM.
WAY BIGGER!



I LOVE HOW YOU HAVE
BECOME SUCH AN OBEDIENT
BOY RON! I KNOW THESE
MUSCLES STILL SCARE YOU,
BUT I THINK YOU'RE DOING
GREAT LATELY!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, SOMEONE WAS WATCHING THEM... IT WAS ELICANTA, THE QUEEN IN FAIRYLAND (OR RATHER, *A* QUEEN, FOR THERE ARE MANY) WHO HAD HAD ONE OF HER SERVANTS TURN CATHERINE - AND LATER JESSICA - INTO A GIANTESS. IT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH AN OLD FEUD THAT RON'S ANCESTORS WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR. THE QUEEN WANTED TO SEE RON HURT, BUT THE HOMELY, TAME SCENE SHE WAS NOW WITNESSING DISGUSTED HER.

THIS IS SO BORING. THIS IS NOT HOW IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE...

LOOK AT THEM. ALL
LOVE AND PEACE.
HORRIBLE...





I HAVE TO STIR UP
SOME THINGS SOON.
I'LL FIND A WAY...

UNFORTUNATELY FOR HER, ELICANTA HAD PICKED A CALM MOMENT. HAD SHE GAZED INTO HER DEVICE LATER THAT NIGHT, SHE WOULD HAVE WITNESSED A DIFFERENT SCENE. MORE IMPORTANTLY, WERE SHE ABLE TO LOOK INSIDE RON'S HEAD, SHE WOULD SEE HOW HUMILIATED AND DEGRADED HE FELT ALMOST CONSTANTLY... AS SHE DID EVERY NIGHT BEFORE GOING TO BED, CATHERINE USED RON FOR A BIT OF SHOWING OFF AND LIFTING. SHE PICKED HIM UP SINGLEHANDEDLY, AS IF HE WERE A LITTLE BIRD. RON LET IT HAPPEN, KNOWING FULL WELL BY NOW THAT RESISTANCE WAS ENTIRELY FUTILE...

GET UP HERE LITTLE MAN...



DID YOU LOSE
WEIGHT BABY? YOU
SEEM PARTICULARLY
LIGHT TONIGHT...

RON KNEW HIS ROLE. HE KNEW
WHAT ANSWERS TO GIVE TO
WHICH QUESTIONS. THEY WERE
ANSWERS MEANT TO PLEASE,
PACIFY OR TURN CATHERINE
ON...

I... DON'T KNOW...
MAYBE YOU'RE JUST
GETTING STRONGER
STILL?

THERE WAS NOTHING CATHERINE LIKED BETTER THAN TALKING ABOUT HER STRENGTH AND SIZE (EXCEPT MAYBE DEMONSTRATING THEM, OF COURSE). SO RON PLAYED ALONG, EMPHASIZING SEVERAL TIMES A DAY HOW INCREDIBLY HUGE AND POWERFUL SHE WAS...

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT. IT DOES FEEL LIKE I'M GETTING STRONGER AND STRONGER EVERY DAY, EVEN AFTER ALL THESE WEEKS...



ARE YOU HOT FOR ME
TONIGHT BABY?

HMM?
LITTLE
ONE?

I EH...

IT WOULD BE GOOD IF THIS POWER AND THESE MUSCLES TURNED YOU ON AS MUCH AS THEY DO ME, RON... YOU SHOULD WORK ON THAT...

EHM... I WILL...

OH, I KNOW THAT
LOOK... THERE IS
SOMETHING ON YOUR
MIND...

EH, YES...





I HAVE A EH...
REQUEST... A
QUESTION...

CATHERINE WAS ENJOYING THE FEAR IN RON'S EYES. EVERY TIME HE WANTED TO ASK HER SOMETHING HE WASN'T SURE SHE WOULD GRANT, THERE WAS THIS EXPRESSION OF TOTAL UNCERTAINTY AND INSECURITY ON HIS FACE. IT ENABLED HER TO FEEL AND SAVOR HER POWER ALL THE MORE, SO USUALLY SHE PLAYED A BIT WITH HIM IN THESE CASES AND TOOK HER TIME...

HMM, THIS SHOULD BE INTERESTING. LET'S SIT DOWN FOR A SEC...

OKAY...



THE GIANTESS PUT RON DOWN ON ONE GIGANTIC THIGHS, WHERE HIS SLIGHT BODY HARDLY EVEN MADE A DENT IN THE RECTUS FEMORIS MUSCLE SHE SO ADMIRERD IN HER UPPER LEG...

SO WHAT IS IT, MY LITTLE PUPPET?

IT'S... AT WORK... MY TEAM CAME IN FIRST IN SALES THIS MONTH...

AND... I GOT THIS PERK... A WELLNESS WEEKEND. IT'S FOR THE WHOLE TEAM. FIVE PEOPLE.






I'M EXPECTED TO GO... SO I WOULD HAVE TO BE AWAY THE WHOLE WEEKEND. IN TWO WEEKS.

I SEE... BUT YOU SAID YOU GOT THE WEEKEND, RIGHT?

EH YES... BUT I'M SUPPOSED TO INVITE THE TEAM WITH ME...

THE ONLY THING YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO DO IS TO LISTEN TO ME, BABY. SO TELL YOU WHAT, WE'RE GONNA USE THAT WELLNESS WEEKEND FOR OURSELVES, AND WE'RE GONNA INVITE JESSICA AND HER LITTLE BRAD...

EH... THAT'S REALLY NOT...



ARE YOU
PROTESTING, PUPPET?
YOU WANNA PROTEST
THESE ARMS?

NO NO NO...!




YOU ARE AWARE THAT YOU ARE COMPLETELY DEPENDENT UPON MY GOODWILL, ARE YOU NOT?

YES! YES I AM!




I DECIDE HOW
EASY OR HOW HARD
YOUR LIFE IS. HOW
PAINFUL OR HOW
PLEASANT...

YES YOU DO! I'M SORRY,
PLEASE DON'T...



BUT I UNDERSTAND
THIS IS A BIT OF A
DIFFICULT SITUATION FOR
YOU AT WORK. WOULD YOU
LIKE ME TO PAY A VISIT TO
YOUR BOSS?

NO! NO NO!



WILL YOU BE ABLE
TO EXPLAIN THE
SITUATION TO HIM
THEN?

YES! SURE! NO...
PROBLEM!

AND SO, TWO WEEKS LATER, JESSICA AND BRAD ARRIVED AT CATHERINE'S HOUSE - FOR IT WAS ENTIRELY HER HOUSE NOW - TO PICK THEM UP. JESSICA HAD INSISTED THEY DRIVE IN HER NEW CAR...




THEY'RE HERE PUPPET. YOU READY?

SO HERE WE ARE! YOU EXCITED ABOUT THE WEEKEND, LITTLE ONE?

YES, BIG MISTRESS.





WHAT THE FUCK
JESS! A PORSCHE? HOW
ON EARTH CAN YOU
AFFORD THAT?

GET IN
MUSCLECHIC. I'LL
EXPLAIN YOU ON
THE WAY...

OKAY! RON, PUT
THE SUITCASE IN
THE TRUNK AND GET
IN THE BACK.

HI BRAD...

HI...



WELL, AT LEAST I'LL GET TO RIDE IN AN AWESOME CAR...

YOU GET IN THE FRONT CAT. THE LITTLE ONE WILL MOVE TO THE BACK...

GOOD, CAUSE I DON'T THINK I FIT IN THE BACK...



WAIT! SHOW YOUR NICE
DRESS TO CAT FIRST!

OKAY, BIG MISTRESS...

WHAT THE FUCK. LOOK AT YOU, ALL GIRLY!






IS HE BEING
PUNISHED, JESS?

NOT
PARTICULARLY NO.
IT'S JUST OUR WAY
OF SHOWING THE
WORLD HE'S MY
LITTLE BITCH...

HEY, OTHER
LITTLE BITCH,
GET IN THE CAR,
WILL YOU?





AT LEAST YOU'RE AN
INCH TALLER IN THOSE
HEELS. DO YOU LIKE
THAT, BRAD?

I LIKE WHATEVER
BIG MISTRESS
LIKES...

WOW JESS! HE'S
AMAZINGLY
WELL-TRAINED! I'M
IMPRESSED!

THIS IS GONNA BE SUCH
A FUN WEEKEND!!

EVEN THOUGH IT WAS HIS DREAM CAR, RON REALIZED THE RIDE WOULDN'T BE VERY COMFORTABLE. THE HUGE AMAZON NEEDED ALL THE SPACE SHE COULD GET, AND THE SEAT WAS PUSHED AS FAR TO THE BACK AS IT COULD GO, LEAVING LITTLE ROOM FOR RON.

YOU OKAY THERE RON?

EH... I'LL SURVIVE...

HA! THE RIDE, I'M SURE. BUT A WEEKEND WITH TWO MUSCLEGIRLS?





THIS CAR IS BEAUTIFUL, CAT, BUT IT WASN'T BUILT FOR WOMEN LIKE US. I MAY NEED TO BUY SOMETHING BIGGER...

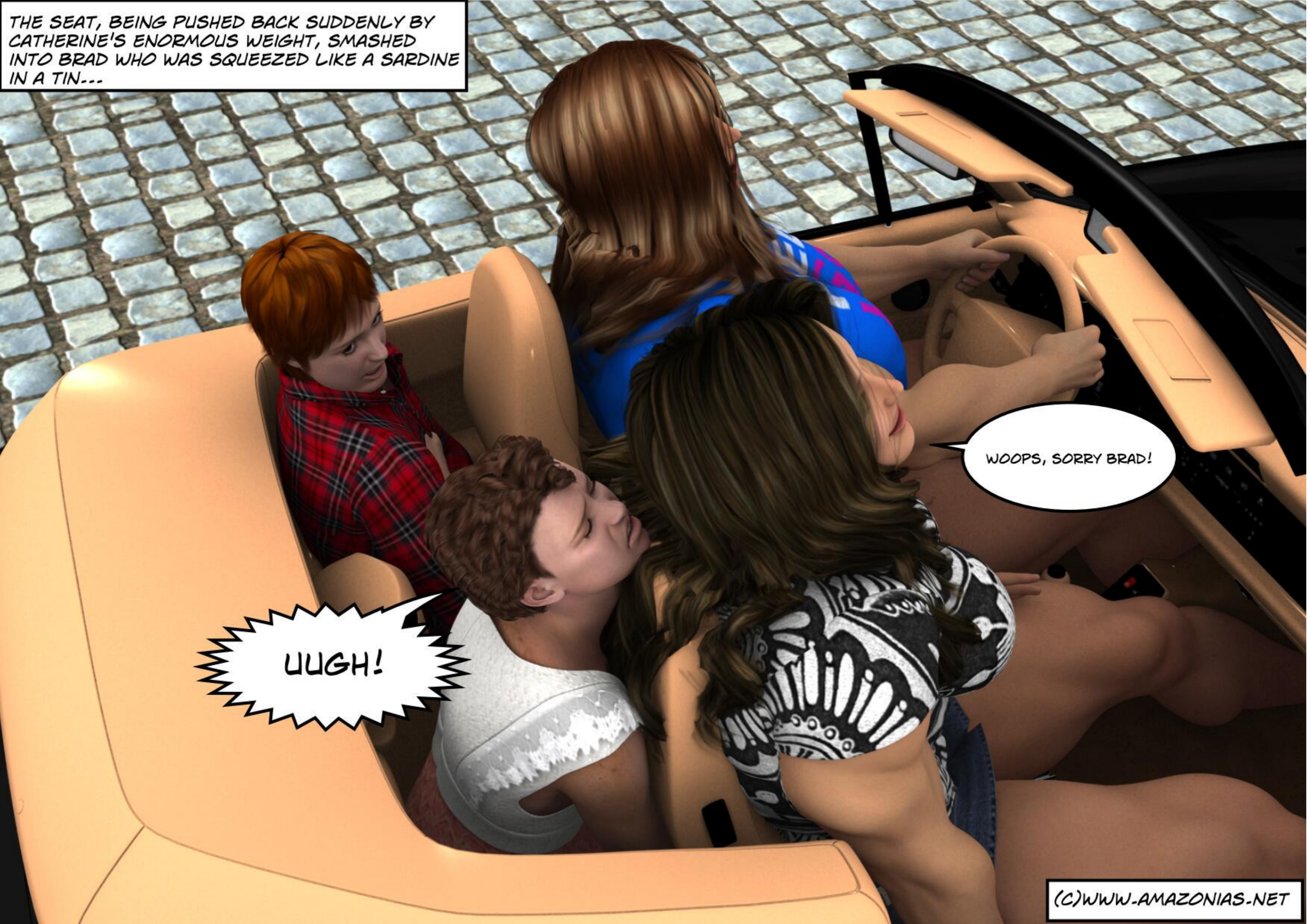
YEAH, IT LOOKS TINY. LET'S SEE...



JUST MOVE THE SEAT
TO THE BACK. LITTLE
ONE DOESN'T NEED
MUCH ROOM...

OKAY...

THE SEAT, BEING PUSHED BACK SUDDENLY BY CATHERINE'S ENORMOUS WEIGHT, SMASHED INTO BRAD WHO WAS SQUEEZED LIKE A SARDINE IN A TIN...



WOOPS, SORRY BRAD!

UUGH!

FINALLY, THEY WERE ON THE ROAD: TWO GIGANTIC WOMEN IN A CAR THAT WAS TOO SMALL FOR THEM, AND THEIR TWO BOYFRIENDS WITH HARDLY ANY WIGGLE ROOM IN THE BACK

SO TELL ME HOW YOU GOT THIS CAR...





WELL YOU KNOW, I
STARTED THIS LITTLE
BUSINESS... I HAVE A
WEBSITE, I DO
SESSIONS...

REALLY?
INTERESTING. BUT THAT
CAN'T ENABLE YOU TO BUY
A PORSCHE AFTER A FEW
WEEKS, CAN IT?

A close-up, high-resolution image of a woman's face, likely a digital character. She has long, wavy brown hair, light blue eyes, and is wearing red lipstick. Her mouth is slightly open, showing her teeth. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the right side of her face. The background is a blurred outdoor scene with green foliage and a grey path.

WELL IT CAN,
IF YOU CAN
PRESSURE SOME
REALLY RICH GUYS INTO
GETTING REALLY,
REALLY COMMITTED
TO YOU...

WHAT THE FUCK GIRL!
THAT'S AWESOME! WHAT
DOES BRAD THINK ABOUT
THAT?



BRAD LOVES IT. DON'T YOU BRAD?

I'M SORRY, BIG MISTRESS? DIDN'T HEAR WHAT YOU SAID...

I SAID YOU LIKE THE FACT THAT I HAVE ADMIRERS, AND DO SESSIONS ETC...

OH YES, I LOVE IT...



THING IS, CAT, I USED TO TAKE HIM TWO OR THREE TIMES A DAY. IT WAS QUITE EXHAUSTING FOR THE LITTLE ONE. NOW THAT I'M SEEING OTHERS, HE'S MORE AT EASE...

GOTTA SATISFY THIS BODY, YOU KNOW. HEY LITTLE ONE, WHY DON'T YOU LICK MY ARM?

OF COURSE, BIG MISTRESS

MY GOD! BRAD IS **TOTALLY** ENSLAVED! HOPE CAT DOESN'T TAKE TOO MUCH INSPIRATION FROM THIS MADWOMAN! SHE SCARES THE FUCKING THE SHIT OUT OF ME...



TONIGHT HE'LL DO MY
ARMPITS, AFTER A
WORKOUT...

KEEP LICKING
LITTLE ONE. I'LL
TELL YOU WHEN TO
STOP...



MY GOD JESS, I'M
GETTING FUCKING
HORNY.

HAHA, WANT ME TO
PULL OVER
SOMEWHERE?

ABOUT AN HOUR LATER THEY WERE AT THE COAST AND PULLED IN ON THE PARKING LOT OF THE RESORT... AS FAR AS RON HAD OVERHEARD, THE GIRLS HAD BEEN TALKING MUSCLE ALL THE TIME, OFTEN REFERRING TO THEIR HUSBANDS. RON HAD TRIED A COUPLE OF TIMES TO STRIKE UP A CONVERSATION WITH BRAD ABOUT RANDOM THINGS, BUT THE MAN HAD SEEMED QUITE UNWILLING TO COMMUNICATE, AS IF HE WAS SCARED TO TALK AT ALL...



WHOOAAA, THAT WAS A LONG RIDE... I NEED TO STRETCH A SEC...

SORRY BRAD, SEEMS LIKE THE SEAT IS STUCK. MAYBE I WAS A BIT TOO FORCEFUL WITH IT. LET ME HELP YOU OUT...

I CAN... GET OUT THE OTHER WAY...

NAH, IT'S NO TROUBLE...





ALL RIGHT, THEN I'LL TAKE YOU, LITTLE RON...

NOT EXACTLY A HEAVYWEIGHT, ARE YOU, MISS BRAD?

WHA - WHAT
THE FUCK??





GOOD AFTERNOON.
WE'VE GOT A BOOKING
UNDER RON
PETERSON...

I'M DREAMING.
OR DRUNK...

EH...
H-HELLO...

I NEED THE SIGNATURE OF EH... MR PETERSON... PLEASE...

JESS, CAN YOU GIVE RON A HAND?

CERTAINLY...





EHM... H-HERE YOU GO,
MR PETERSON...

EH... THANK... YOU...



FREE
HUGS

GUESS THAT MAKES
OUR BOY FEEL REALLY
IMPORTANT...

BOOK
EVENT
LOG
CASH

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WHAT THE FUCK
IS THIS? ARE THESE REAL
WOMEN? OR DRAG QUEENS?
AND WHY IS HE DRESSED UP
AS A GIRL?



THANK YOU,
MISTER
PETERSON...

I WISH YOU ALL
A PLEASANT
STAY...





TELL HIM WHY YOU ARE DRESSED UP AS A GIRL. I'M SURE HE'S CURIOUS...

WHAT? I MEAN, YES MISTRESS...



I'M DRESSED UP AS A GIRL BECAUSE MY MISTRESS WANTS IT TO BE CLEAR THAT I'M HER BITCH...

EEEEHHM... RIGHT. HAVE A GOOD STAY, PEOPLE...


RECEPTION



OH ONE MORE THING
SIR. WHERE'S THE GYM?

IT'S ON THIS FLOOR,
DOWN THE CORRIDOR,
TAKE A RIGHT, THEN
YOUR FIRST LEFT

AWESOME. CAT, I'D
JUST LIKE TO CHECK IT
OUT, OKAY?



OH SURE, I
WANNA SEE IT TOO.
WE'LL LEAVE THE BOYS
IN THE LOBBY FOR A
MINUTE...



SO HOW IS IT GOING
BRAD? IS SHE
TREATING YOU BAD?

SHHHHH!!
WAIT...
OKAY, THEY'RE GONE.
WOULDN'T WANT BIG
MISTRESS TO
OVERHEAR ME TALK
ABOUT HER...



DUDE! SHE'S GONE!
NO NEED FOR THIS BIG
MISTRESS SHIT...



ONCE BIG MISTRESS
OVERHEARD ME MENTION
HER ON THE PHONE. I
THOUGHT SHE WAS IN THE
OTHER ROOM. I DIDN'T CALL
HER BIG MISTRESS... SHE
BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF ME...
I'M NOT TAKING ANY
CHANCES...

BUT BASICALLY...
SHE'S TREATING ME
WORSE THAN SHIT. MY
LIFE IS FUCKING
HELL.



OH MY GOD... HAVE YOU... THOUGHT ABOUT LEAVING HER?

OF COURSE! IT'S THE ONLY THING I WANT. BUT I DON'T DARE. I TRIED IT RIGHT AWAY. THE DAY AFTER SHE... GREW, ON YOUR DECK. I GOT OUT OF THE HOUSE WITH A LOT OF STUFF WHILE SHE WAS AT THE GYM. I CHECKED INTO A HOTEL, BUT I FORGOT THINGS AND I TURNED BACK TO THE HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT...


I JUST WENT STRAIGHT TO MY OFFICE AND I WAS
EXTREMELY QUIET... I THOUGHT





THE LOST SON HAS
RETURNED...



A 3D rendered image of a very muscular woman with long brown hair, wearing black leather shorts, standing in a room. She has a speech bubble above her head. The room features a large window on the left showing a beach scene, a white door on the right, a light switch, and a modern white side table with a lamp. The floor is light-colored wood.


DID YOU THINK YOU
COULD ESCAPE FROM
ME, YOU FUCKING
LITTLE RAT?



JESS... PLEASE... I
DIDN'T... ESCAPE... I
WAS JUST...



SHUT UP YOU STUPID
WEASEL! YOU'RE
FUCKING PATHETIC.

A close-up, high-angle shot of a woman's face. She has long, straight blonde hair that falls over her forehead and eyes. Her eyes are looking downwards and to the right. The lighting is soft, highlighting her skin and the texture of her hair. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper right quadrant of the frame.

AND NOT ONLY DID
YOU TRY TO ESCAPE,
YOU'RE LYING ABOUT IT
TO ME TOO...

ARE YOU
REALLY SO FOOLISH
THAT YOU THINK YOU CAN
STAND UP TO *THIS*
BODY, BRAD?

NO... NO! I DIDN'T THINK
THAT AT ALL... I...



SHUT
THE FUCK
UP!





YOU'RE A
FOOL, BRAD!
A FUCKING
FOOL!



I'M THREE TIMES
AS BIG AS YOU AND
DESTROYING YOU
WOULDN'T EVEN MAKE
ME SWEAT...



BUT APPARENTLY
ALL OF THAT IS NOT
CLEAR ENOUGH TO YOU
YET...

NO! IT IS!
IT'S ALL VERY, VERY
CLEAR! PLEASE!




SO I'M AFRAID
YOU'LL NEED TO LEARN
THE HARD WAY... THE
PAINFUL WAY...

NO NO NO! PLEASE
DON'T HURT ME!

LIFTING YOU IS LIKE
LIFTING A BABY, BRAD...
SUCH A FOOL YOU
ARE...

SHE PICKED ME UP AND LOOKED ME STRAIGHT
IN THE EYES. I KNEW THERE WAS NO WAY TO
ESCAPE WHATEVER SHE HAD IN MIND FOR ME...





I'M NOT REALLY
GONNA HOLD BACK,
SO THIS MIGHT HURT A
LITTLE...

ONE

TWO...

WHAT ARE Y-




THREE!

AAARGH!

THE WAY YOU OR I COULD THROW A BASKETBALL... THAT WAY SHE COULD THROW ME. I GOT SMACKED AGAINST THE SHELF, MY HEAD AND MY BACK GETTING HIT HEAVILY BEFORE I FELL DOWN...





HOW DID THAT FEEL,
LITTLE ONE?

... STRAIGHT INTO THE BIG DRAWER THAT I HAD
FOUND EMPTY JUST MINUTES BEFORE...
FOR GOOD MEASURE, SHE HIT SOME FREAKISH
MUSCLE POSE, SHOWING ALL THAT SHE GOT,
AND GRINNED DOWN AT ME...




GIVE ME YOUR HAND
BRAD...

I THOUGHT SHE BELIEVED
SHE HAD PUNISHED ME
ENOUGH AND WANTED TO
HELP ME UP, SO I
REACHED OUT TO HER...



BUT SHE PULLED ME UP JUST A LITTLE BIT, AND HER GRIP WAS LIKE IRON...

AARGH, YOU'RE...



I'M GOING TO BREAK SOME
BONES IN YOUR WRIST NOW,
BRAD, AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW
THAT IF YOU **EVER** RUN FROM ME
AGAIN, I **WILL** CATCH YOU, AND I
WILL DO THE SAME THING TO THE
REST OF YOUR BODY...

NO!!
NOOOO!!!!




AAARGH!!



SHE... SHE ACTUALLY
BROKE YOUR WRIST?



YES, IT WAS
BROKEN IN THREE
PLACES. JUST GOT OUT
OF THE CAST A COUPLE
OF DAYS AGO...



I'M TERRIFIED OF HER,
RON. SO THAT'S WHY I DO
WHAT SHE ASKS, WHATEVER IT
IS. AND I DO IT RIGHT AWAY,
WITHOUT HESITATION, NO
MATTER HOW HUMILIATING IT
IS.

OH MY GOD MAN! I
GUESS COMPARED TO
YOU I GOT KINDA
LUCKY---

YOU BET YOUR---

OH, THEY'RE BACK. BE
QUIET.



COME ON BOYS,
TAKE THE LUGGAGE AND
LET'S CHECK IN OUR
ROOMS!

MINUTES LATER, BOTH COUPLES HAD CHECKED INTO THEIR ROOMS AND CATHERINE AND RON WERE ON THEIR BIG DECK, LOOKING OUT AT THE SEA AND THE BEACH---

NOT BAD EH BABY? I'M GLAD WE'RE HERE...

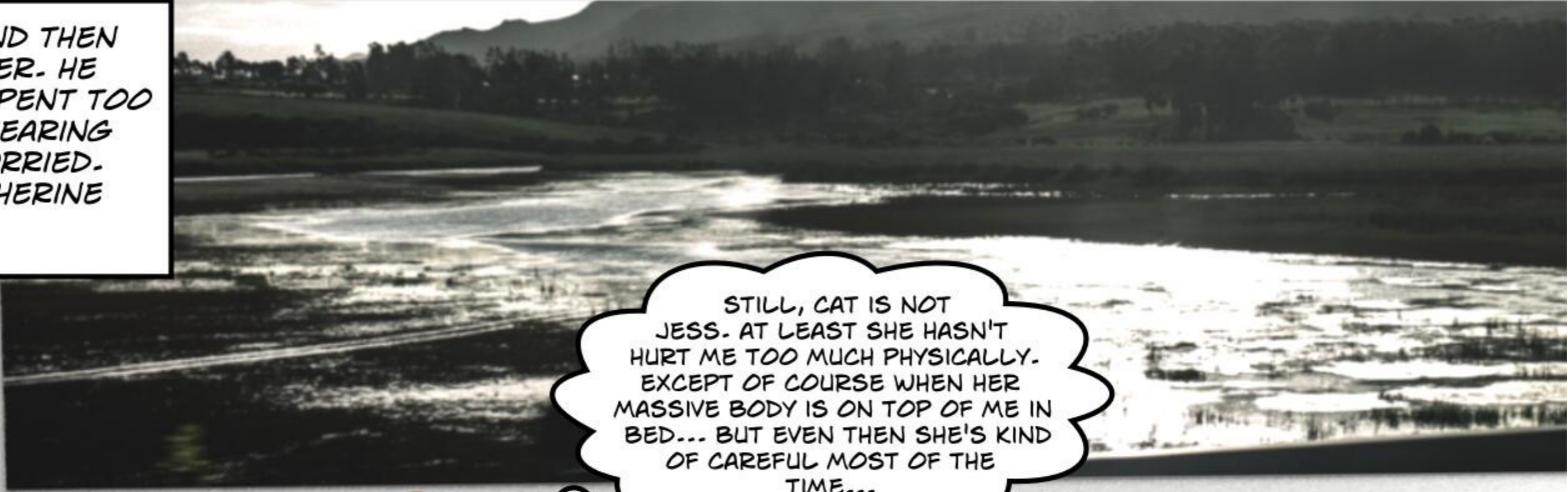


LET'S PLAY A
LITTLE BIT BEFORE
DINNER, OKAY? WHY
DON'T YOU GET
UNDRESSED. I'LL SWITCH
INTO SOMETHING
ELSE...

EH...
OKAY...



RON UNDRRESSED, GOT ON THE BED, AND THEN WAITED, LETTING HIS THOUGHTS WANDER. HE HADN'T LIKED IT BEFORE, WHEN CAT SPENT TOO MUCH TIME WITH JESSICA, AND AFTER HEARING BRAD'S STORY HE WAS EVEN MORE WORRIED. JESSICA ALWAYS SEEMED TO GIVE CATHERINE UNPLEASANT NEW IDEAS...



STILL, CAT IS NOT JESS. AT LEAST SHE HASN'T HURT ME TOO MUCH PHYSICALLY. EXCEPT OF COURSE WHEN HER MASSIVE BODY IS ON TOP OF ME IN BED... BUT EVEN THEN SHE'S KIND OF CAREFUL MOST OF THE TIME...





POOR BRAD. HE'S SO SCARED.
AND FOR GOOD REASON. SHE'S A
LUNATIC! GOD FORBID SHE EVER
GETS HER HANDS ON ME...

RON WAS WOKEN OUT OF HIS
REVERIE BY CAT'S VOICE...

READY BABY!




YOU KNOW,
BEING THIS BIG IS
FUCKING AWESOME, BUT
THERE ARE A FEW
DISADVANTAGES
TOO...

FIRST TIME I'M
USING THESE
STOCKINGS AND THEY'RE
ALREADY RIPPED IN SO
MANY PLACES...

WHAT'S THE FUN OF
THOSE IF I CAN'T EVEN
FLEX IN THEM?





SO I WAS THINKING WHAT
I WANTED TO DO...



COME HERE LITTLE
MAN. I WANNA SEE HOW
BIG I AM...

AND HOW SMALL YOU
ARE...



REMEMBER THE DAYS
WHEN YOU MADE FUN OF
MY MUSCLES?

I... APOLOGIZED SO
MANY TIMES FOR
THAT...



AND LOOK AT US
NOW... I COULD JUST
EAT YOU...

YOU KNOW,
YOU'RE SO SMALL...
AND MY TITS ARE SO
BIG... THAT I COULD
KEEP YOU DRY FROM
THE RAIN WITH
THEM...





SEE? DO YOU FEEL
SAFE WITH ME, MY
PUPPET?


YES... I
DO...

AT LEAST
COMPARED TO HOW
BRAD MUST FEEL WITH
THAT CRAZYWOMAN...

LICK MY ROCK HARD
ABS, BABY...



OOOH YES... FEEL
HOW THEY ARE LIKE
GRANITE...



OH GOD, THIS IS
SO HOT, YOU ALMOST
BEING DEVoured BY MY
TITS AND MUSCLES...



NOW STAND ON YOUR TOES AND LICK THESE BIG BOUNCY HOOTERS OF MINE, PUPPET!



YES... GOOD BOY!
GOOD, GOOD BOY!

AND NOW I WANT YOU
TO LICK MY NIPPLES.
LET ME HELP YOU...

RON FELT CATHERINE'S BIG, MIGHTY LEG MOVE BETWEEN HIS LEGS AND FELT HIMSELF BEING RAISED OF THE FLOOR...





YESSS... LICK THOSE
BIG HARD NIPPLES
BABY...

MMMMM, YOU'RE
LICKING ME WHILE I'M
CARRYING YOU. THAT'S
SO, SO SEXY...

TELL ME HOW
POWERFUL I AM RON!



I THINK YOU MIGHT VERY WELL BE THE STRONGEST AND MOST MUSCULAR BEING ON THE PLANET, CAT...

YEAH BABY. ME AND JESS BOTH...



SUDDENLY, THERE WAS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR...

**KNOCK
KNOCK**

ONE SEC,
JESS


EH... OKAY...

WE'VE
GOT A LITTLE
SURPRISED
PLANNED FOR
YOU GUYS...





JESS AND I
DECIDED TO DO A
PARTNER SWITCH FOR
THE REST OF THE
WEEKEND...



SO BRAD WILL BE
MINE, AND YOU'LL
BELONG TO JESS TILL
WE RETURN...



YOU
CAN COME
IN NOW,
JESS!

NOOOOO!!
PLEASE, CATHERINE!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS! I
BEG YOU! I'LL DO
ANYTHING YOU WANT!

SORRY PUPPET, IT'S A
DECISION. I'M SURE IT
WILL BE FUN!

WHAT'S UP HERE CAT?

OH, BABY'S HAVING A BIT OF A HARD TIME LEAVING HIS MOMMY...

AWWW, HOW SWEET. IT'S GONNA BE FUN THOUGH WITH AUNT JESS! HER MUSCLES ARE JUST AS BIG AS MOMMY'S!

PLEASE CAT, PLEASE...

LET ME TAKE THE BOY...

COME ON PUPPET, BE A BIG BOY NOW...





CAT PLEASE... SHE'S CRAZY. DON'T DO THIS TO ME, PLEASE!

OH PLEASE YOURSELF! DON'T BE SUCH A DRAMA QUEEN, RON! BE A MAN!

BESIDES, WE AGREED NOT TO DO ANY DAMAGE TO EACH OTHER'S BOYS...

POOR BASTARD. BUT WELL, GIVEN THAT I OWE THIS SITUATION TO MY RELATIONSHIP WITH HIM... IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT HE EXPERIENCE THIS TORTURE TOO...

NO PERMANENT
DAMAGE, IS WHAT WE
AGREED ON. HERE, TAKE
MY BOY...



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