

# GROWING UP

*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.

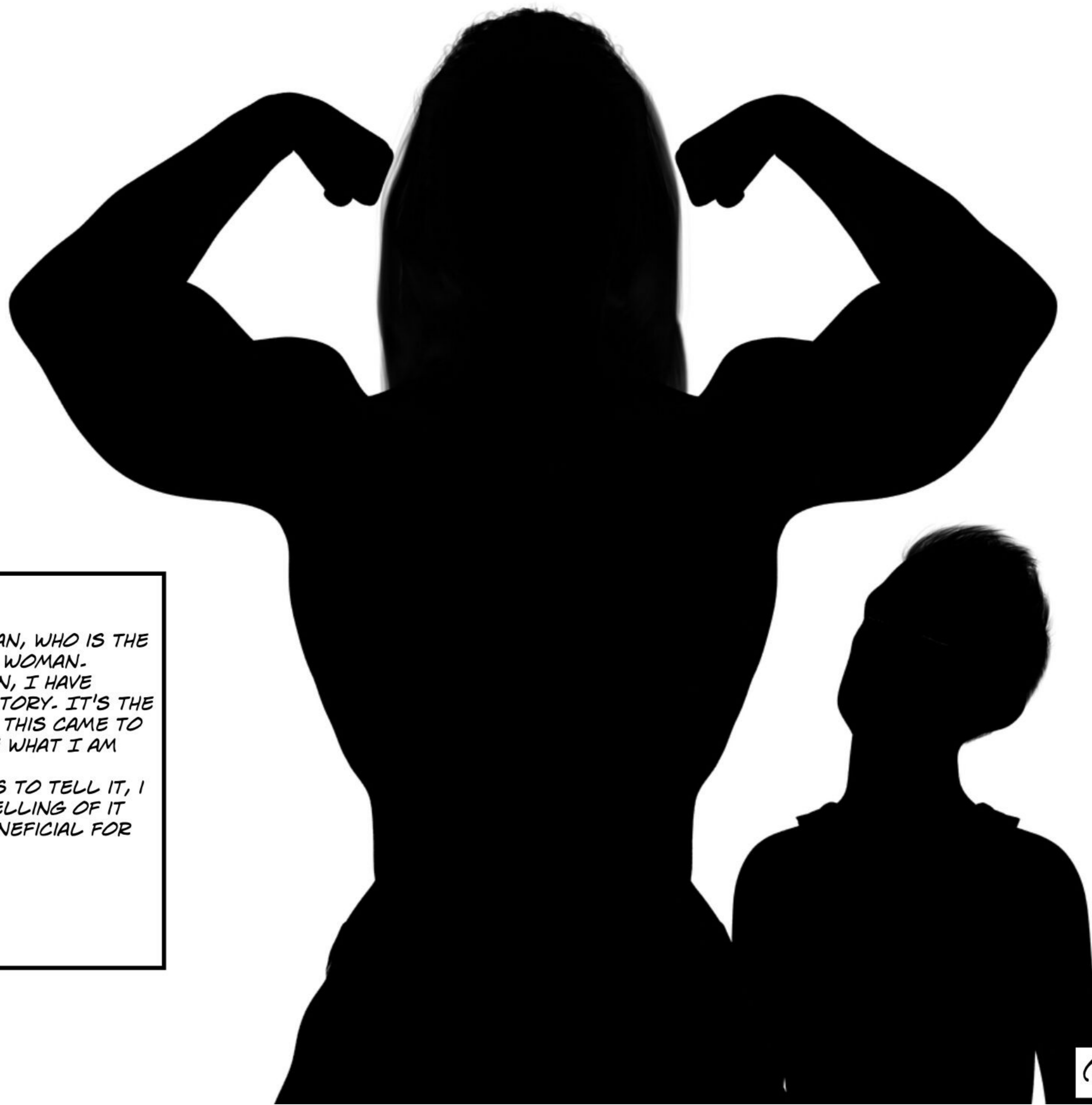
IT'S ONLY BY SUPPORTING MY WORK THAT I CAN GOING ON DOING WHAT I DO.

THANK YOU

JAMES

ALL CHARACTERS ARE 18+ WHEN THEY INDULGE IN ADULT ACTS.

(C) AMAZONIAS, J. STILTON.



DEAR READER...

I AM RICK, A SMALL MAN, WHO IS THE SLAVE OF A MUSCULAR WOMAN. AFTER MUCH HESITATION, I HAVE DECIDED TO TELL MY STORY. IT'S THE STORY OF HOW ALL OF THIS CAME TO BE AND HOW I BECAME WHAT I AM NOW. EMBARRASSING AS IT IS TO TELL IT, I HOPE THAT JUST THE TELLING OF IT WILL BE SOMEHOW BENEFICIAL FOR ME...

SO...

HERE WE GO...

*PART 1: GIRL ON A SWING*

*I WAS THIRTEEN,  
SHE WAS TWELVE.*

THIS HAPPENED DURING SUMMER. ME AND MY PARENTS WERE CAMPING ON A SITE A COUPLE OF HOURS AWAY FROM OUR HOME. I WAS KIND OF BORED THAT DAY, I REMEMBER, AND I GUESS I JUST WANTED TO SIT ON THE SWING FOR A BIT... BUT IT WAS TAKEN BY SOME GIRL WHO LOOKED MAYBE A YEAR OR TWO OLDER THAN ME.

HI...

HI YOURSELF. WHAT'S UP?



CAN I USE THE SWING FOR A BIT? YOU'VE BEEN THERE FOR A WHILE...



AH? HAVE YOU BEEN SPYING ON ME THEN?



EH, NO... I JUST...  
HAPPENED TO NOTICE...

SO... CAN I?



UNFORTUNATELY  
NOT...

HUH? WHY  
NOT?

COZ I'M JUST NOT  
DONE YET...

I'M NORMALLY A BIT OF A SHY BOY AND I AVOID CONFLICT, BUT HER ARROGANCE ANNOYED ME SO MUCH THAT I TOOK ACTION RIGHT AWAY...

HEY!

OKAY, THEN I'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE ROOM MYSELF...

BUT THE NEXT SECOND, SHE HAD HER LEGS ON BOTH SIDES OF MY WAIST AND HAD PUSHED ME A LITTLE BIT TO MY LEFT, SO THAT NOW I WAS RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER...

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

JUST... GUARDING MY SPOT!



NEXT, SHE TIGHTENED HER GRIP, AND I FELT HER LOWER LEGS PUSHING HARD AGAINST MY SIDES...

STOP THIS!  
YOU'RE...  
HURTING ME!

TRY TO GET  
OUT...





AARGHH---

I TRIED TO PULL AND PUSH HER LEGS OUTWARD, BUT I COULDN'T MOVE THEM AN INCH. IT WAS THEN THAT I NOTICED FOR THE FIRST TIME HOW THICK AND MUSCULAR THE GIRL'S LEGS WERE---

SHE BENT FORWARD, STILL CLASPING HER LEGS AROUND ME, AND NOW I SAW THAT SHE HAD THESE REALLY WIDE SHOULDERS AND A STRONG LOOKING CHEST...

YOU WANTED TO SWING, LITTLE BOY?

I'M NOT A LITTLE BOY!

OH YES YOU ARE. SEE...



SUDDENLY, I FELT MY FEET LEAVE THE GROUND! THE GRIP OF HER SHINS WAS SO TIGHT THAT SHE COULD ACTUALLY LIFT ME WITH HER LEGS!

WHAAA



SHE STARTED TO SWING BACKWARD AND FORWARD, AND I JUST WENT ALONG WITH HER...

STOP!

YOU WANTED TO SWING, SO WE'LL SWING!



IT WAS A LITTLE BIT SCARY, BUT MY EMBARRASSMENT WAS BIGGER THAN MY FEAR, AND SO I TRIED ONCE AGAIN TO PRY HER LEGS APART...

CAN YOU GET OUT, LITTLE BOY?

DON'T... CALL... ME THAT!

I PUSHED AND PULLED WHILE I WENT UP AND DOWN, BUT NOTHING WORKED. I THINK I WAS VERY CLOSE TO TEARS - REMEMBER THAT I WAS VERY YOUNG! AND THEN I JUST SHOUTED IN FRUSTRATION...

LET ME GOOO!!!





I'LL LET YOU  
GO...

LITTLE BOY...

OKAY THEN...

THE GIRL OPENED HER LEGS IN  
MID-SWING AND I JUST...





AAARGHH!!

... FELL TO THE GROUND, MY BUTT  
LANDING PAINFULLY ON THE HARD EARTH...

A SECOND LATER, SHE LANDED ON TOP OF ME, JUMPING STRAIGHT FROM THE SWING TO THE GROUND AND LANDING ELEGANTLY ON ALL FOURS...

DID YOU ENJOY THE RIDE, LITTLE BOY?

OH THAT'S RIGHT, YOU DON'T WANT TO BE CALLED THAT...



I PUSHED AGAINST HER CHEST IN AN ATTEMPT TO GET HER OFF ME, BUT AGAIN THERE WAS NO MOVEMENT. I REMEMBER FEELING HOW HARD HER CHEST WAS... SHE DIDN'T SEEM TO MAKE ANY EFFORT, BUT JUST KEPT ON TALKING...

SO WHAT'S YOUR NAME THEN? I'M ERIN...

GET... OFF ME!!!



SHE THEN TOOK MY WRISTS IN HER HANDS...

I ASKED YOUR NAME?

EH... RICK...

I TRIED TO RESIST, BUT SHE SEEMED TO HAVE NO DIFFICULTY WHATSOEVER TO PUSH MY ARMS DOWNWARD... SHE WAS SO STRONG!

OKAAAAY, LITTLE RICK...  
DOWN YOU GO...



SHE SKILFULLY PUT MY HANDS TOGETHER ABOVE MY HEAD...



(C)WWW-AMAZONIAS-NET

AND THEN HELD THEM AGAINST THE GROUND  
WITH JUST ONE HAND... BY NOW I HAD  
REALIZED RESISTING HER WAS NO USE, AND  
TO AVOID WORSE EMBARRASSMENT, I  
THOUGHT IT BETTER TO NOT EVEN TRY  
ANYMORE...  
AND NOW I WAS ALSO JUST... CURIOUS...  
WHY WAS THIS GIRL SO BIG AND STRONG?  
I'D NEVER MET A GIRL LIKE THAT BEFORE...





YOU'RE BEING HELD  
DOWN BY A GIRL,  
RICKIE...

A GIRL WITH BIG  
MUSCLES... LOOK  
HERE!

OH...

HER FLEXED BICEP WAS INDEED QUITE BIG! ALMOST AS BIG AS MY DAD'S, I THOUGHT!

NOW LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT I CAN DO WITH THEM...

THIS WAS GETTING A BIT SCARY... I JUST WANTED TO GO NOW...



IT'S... OKAY... YOU ARE STRONGER THAN ME... PLEASE LET ME GO NOW...

BUT SHE IGNORED ME AND THEN GRABBED MY CHIN WITH HER HAND...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

JUST A DEMONSTRATION...

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a pink tank top with a graphic, is leaning over a man who is lying on his back on the ground. The man has his eyes closed and his mouth slightly open. The woman's face is close to the man's, and she appears to be leaning in as if to spit. The background shows a tree trunk covered in ivy and some foliage.

I'M GONNA SPIT IN YOUR MOUTH---

SHE PUT A THUMB ON MY MOUTH AND PULLED A BIT, TO MAKE SURE THAT IT WOULD STAY OPEN---

DON'T!!! STOOOOP!!



I SAW THE SPIT COMING DOWN AT ME AND I DIDN'T EVEN FIGHT ANYMORE. HER HAND CLASPED MY JAW SO TIGHT THAT I JUST COULDN'T MOVE, AND SHE HAD THE REST OF MY BODY UNDER CONTROL TOO... I DIDN'T EVEN SHOUT... I JUST... WANTED IT TO BE OVER WITH...



BUT IT WASN'T OVER!

NOW SWALLOW IT!

PLEASE...



SHE MOVED HER HAND FROM MY CHIN TO MY NECK AND PUSHED A LITTLE BIT...

I SAID SWALLOW!

O-OKAY...



A close-up, low-angle shot of a woman with long, dark, straight hair tied in a high ponytail with a pink hair tie. She is looking down and to the left with a slight smile. She is wearing a light pink sleeveless top. The background shows a large tree trunk on the left and green foliage against a clear blue sky. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of her head.

GOOD LITTLE RICKIE!  
THAT'S MY BOY

SHE CHECKED IF I HAD ACTUALLY SWALLOWED HER SPIT, AND THEN SLOWLY RELEASED THE GRIP OF BOTH HANDS...

ALL RIGHT...



MY ARMS WERE STIFF AND HURT, AND I HAD NEVER BEEN HUMILIATED LIKE THIS IN MY LIFE. YET STILL THIS CRUEL GIRL SEEMED TO WANT MORE FROM ME...

NOW GET UP...!



THERE WAS NO WAY TO REFUSE HER ANYTHING, SO I SLOWLY GOT UP, JUST STARING AT THE GROUND, NOT WANTING TO CONFRONT HER. I THOUGHT ABOUT RUNNING AWAY, BUT I WAS SURE SHE'D CATCH ME BEFORE I GOT ANYWHERE...

COME  
HERE...




I APPROACHED HER, AND SHE MADE ME  
LOOK AT HER...

ASK ME WHY I AM  
SO BIG AND  
STRONG!

EH...

ASK- IT!






WHY ARE YOU... SO  
B-BIG AND S-STRONG?

OH, I'M  
GLAD YOU  
NOTICED!

SHE THEN FLEXED BOTH ARMS RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME...

IT'S BECAUSE I'M A GYMNAST, RICKIE...





WHAT DO YOU THINK?  
NOT BAD FOR A TWELVE  
YEAR OLD, HUH?

SO SHE WAS YOUNGER THAN ME EVEN? I  
COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! IT MADE ALL OF  
THIS EVEN MORE EMBARRASSING!

YOU ARE...  
TWELVE?

SURE THING.  
YOU?

EH...  
THIRTEEN...





NO WORRIES,  
GIRLS AT THIS AGE  
ARE OFTEN BIGGER AND  
TALLER THAN BOYS.  
YOU'LL PROBABLY  
CATCH UP WITH ME IN  
A FEW YEARS...

NOW...  
TOUCH IT!

I HAD NEVER REALLY INTENTIONALLY TOUCHED ANY GIRL ANYWHERE. AS SCARY AND WEIRD AS THIS WAS, IT ALSO FELT... LIKE A SPECIAL MOMENT, AND I FELT A STRANGE STIRRING INSIDE ME...

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

IT'S... VERY HARD...



I REMEMBER STANDING THERE, FEELING UP  
HER BICEPS, FOR QUITE SOME TIME... FOR  
SOME REASON I JUST... DIDN'T STOP...





FEEL THE  
SHOULDER TOO...  
YES...

YOU... YOU GOT SO  
BIG FROM...  
GYMNASTICS?

AND SOME  
LIFTING TOO,  
YES...

AS IF TO ILLUSTRATE WHAT THE WORD MEANT, SHE BENT DOWN AND LIFTED ME WITH ONE HAND. IT GAVE ME A FEELING THAT I COULDN'T QUITE DESCRIBE, BUT SUFFICE IT TO SAY THAT IT WAS NOT ENTIRELY UNPLEASANT... SHE GRABBED MY RIGHT WRIST, AS IF WE WERE GOING TO DANCE IN THE WAY MY PARENTS SOMETIMES DID...


YOU'RE VERY LIGHT, YOU KNOW...






I REALLY ENJOY  
PLAYING WITH YOU,  
RICKIE..

EH...



I HAVE TO GO NOW,  
BUT WE'LL PLAY MORE  
TOMORROW. BE HERE  
AT 2PM!

I EH... I  
CAN'T...



CAN'T WHAT,  
LITTLE BOY? CAN'T  
OBEY ME?

EH...



YOU KNOW THAT'S  
NOT A GOOD IDEA,  
DON'T YOU?

ARGH...  
OKAY!  
I'LL BE HERE!


SHE APPLIED ENOUGH PRESSURE ON  
MY WRIST TO REMIND ME THAT  
CONTRADICTING HER WAS INDEED NOT  
A GOOD THING TO DO... AND SO I GAVE  
IN...

THEN SHE DROPPED ME ON THE GROUND AND I COULDN'T BELIEVE I WAS FREE TO GO!

HURRY UP TO MOMMY. BUT DON'T TELL HER ABOUT THE BIG BAD STRONG GIRL, OKAY?



AND DON'T BE  
LATE TOMORROW!



OR I'LL NEED TO  
GIVE YOU MORE  
DEMONSTRATIONS...

*PART 2: OH BOY!*

*I WAS FIFTEEN,  
SHE WAS FOURTEEN.*

IF YOU'RE CURIOUS ABOUT THE NEXT DAY, I HAVE TO DISAPPOINT YOU. I CHICKENED OUT. EVEN THOUGH PART OF THE EXPERIENCE HAD BEEN FASCINATING, I WAS TOO SCARED. I CONVINCED MY PARENTS THAT I WAS SICK AND THAT WE HAD TO GO HOME EARLY THE NEXT DAY, AND I DIDN'T SEE ERIN AGAIN...

... UNTIL THIS DAY, A FEW YEARS LATER. I WAS IN A NEIGHBORING TOWN, WITH MIKO, WHO WAS A FRIEND I JUST SAW NOW AND THEN. HE WAS DETERMINED TO TEACH ME A BIT OF BASEBALL, ON THIS EARLY SUMMER EVENING...

REALLY RICK, YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW THE RULES! YOU SPEND ALL YOUR TIME BEHIND YOUR COMPUTER! AND YOU STILL LOOK LIKE YOU'RE THIRTEEN OR SO. HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET A GIRL. WE GOTTA MAKE A MAN OUT OF YOU!


I GUESS I'M JUST... THE NERDY TYPE...



BUT YOU DO WANT A  
GIRLFRIEND, DON'T  
YOU?

THERE'S GIRLS  
THAT LIKE  
NERDS...

ZIMMERMAN HIGH SCHOOL  
VARSITY BASEBALL



THERE MIGHT BE  
SOME, YES. BUT IT  
WON'T EXACTLY  
INCREASE YOUR  
CHANCES...

HEY, LOOK THERE...  
MAYBE WE CAN ASK  
THEM!

EH... LET'S  
NOT...

TWO GIRLS WERE SITTING ON THE FIELD,  
ENJOYING THE LATE AFTERNOON SUMMER  
SUN. IT LOOKED LIKE THEY HAD JUST  
WORKED OUT. I WAS A BIT NERVOUS,  
AFRAID THAT MIKO, EVEN THOUGH HE WAS A  
GOOD SPORT, MIGHT SOMEHOW  
EMBARRASS ME WITH THOSE GIRLS...



A close-up, over-the-shoulder view of a man's head and neck in the foreground, looking towards a blurred background. In the background, two cheerleaders in red and white uniforms are sitting on a green field. A speech bubble above them contains the text "HEY GIRLS...".

HEY GIRLS...

BUT THEN AS WE GOT CLOSER, WE BOTH STOPPED IN OUR TRACKS...

WOW...

WHAT THE...

MIKO HAD NO IDEA, BUT I WASN'T JUST AMAZED AT THESE GIRLS' ATHLETIC SHAPES LIKE HE WAS: I HAD AN EXTRA REASON. I RECOGNIZED THE ONE ON THE LEFT RIGHT AWAY. HER HAIR WAS DIFFERENT, AND SHE WAS OLDER, AND BIGGER. BUT THERE WAS NO DOUBT...

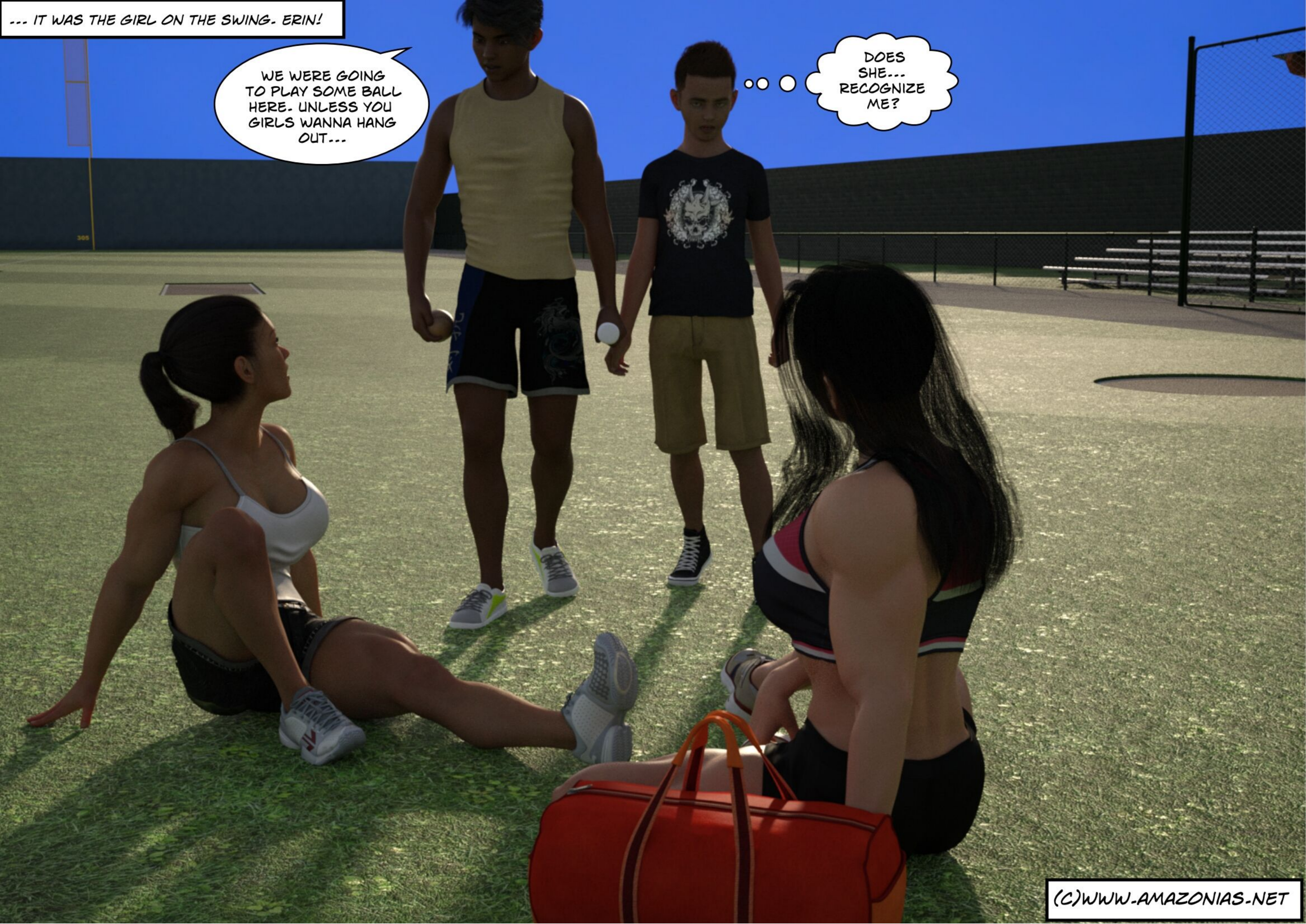
WHAT'S UP?




... IT WAS THE GIRL ON THE SWING. ERIN!

WE WERE GOING TO PLAY SOME BALL HERE. UNLESS YOU GIRLS WANNA HANG OUT...

DOES SHE... RECOGNIZE ME?



A woman with dark hair, wearing a white tank top and denim shorts, is sitting on a baseball field. She is looking upwards and to the right. The background shows a green field, a brown dirt infield, and a blue sky. There are two speech bubbles above her. The first speech bubble contains the text: "OH, I'M SURE WE WOULDN'T MIND SOME COMPANY, WOULD WE, ERIN?". The second speech bubble contains the text: "OR DID YOU WANT TO RUN A COUPLE OF MORE ROUNDS?".

OH, I'M SURE WE  
WOULDN'T MIND SOME  
COMPANY, WOULD WE,  
ERIN?

OR DID YOU WANT TO  
RUN A COUPLE OF MORE  
ROUNDS?



I'M DONE RUNNING FOR  
TODAY ANDI.

MAN HIGH SCHOOL  
BASEBALL



THIS BOY HERE...  
DO WE KNOW EACH  
OTHER...?



YOU KNOW HER,  
RICK?

EH... I DON'T...

I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO RESPOND, BUT I WAS SURE OF ONE THING: I FELT THAT SAME OLD MIXTURE OF FEAR AND EXCITEMENT...  
OF COURSE I REMEMBERED DISOBEYING HER. DID SHE? WOULD SHE BE ANGRY BECAUSE OF THAT? I CONCLUDED THAT DENIAL WAS THE SAFEST AVENUE HERE...  
BUT THEN MIKO SAID MY NAME...

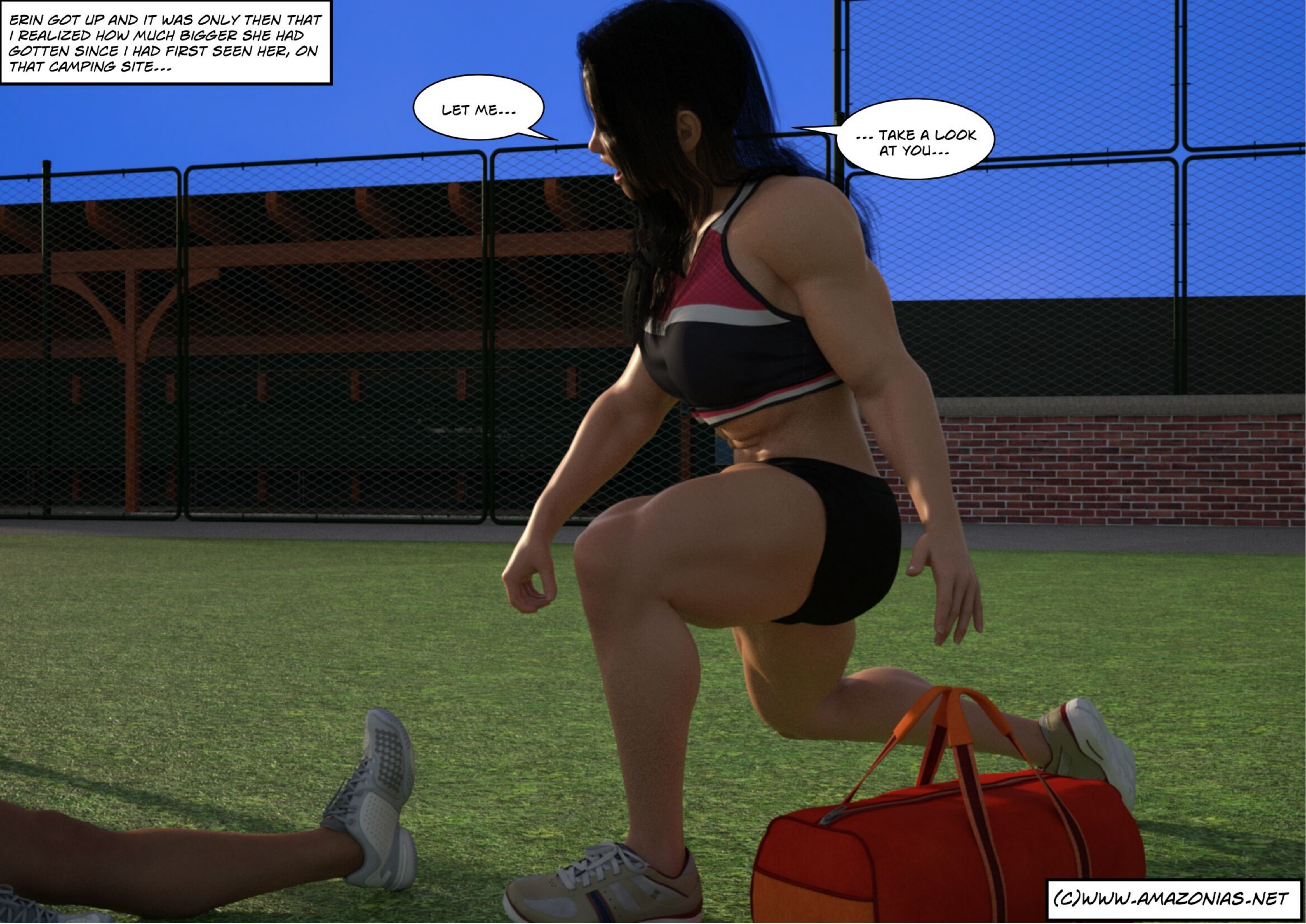
RICK! RICKIE! THAT'S IT! HOW COULD I FORGET!

OKAY, OUT OF OPTIONS...

ERIN GOT UP AND IT WAS ONLY THEN THAT I REALIZED HOW MUCH BIGGER SHE HAD GOTTEN SINCE I HAD FIRST SEEN HER, ON THAT CAMPING SITE...

LET ME...

... TAKE A LOOK AT YOU...



SHE WAS JUST... HUGE! SHE WASN'T JUST A HEAD TALLER THAN ME, BUT SHE'D ALSO GROWN MUCH MORE MUSCULAR...

WOW... I REMEMBER SAYING YOU'D CATCH UP WITH ME...

WHAT THE...



... BUT THAT DIDN'T  
EXACTLY HAPPEN, DID  
IT?

W-WHERE DO YOU  
GUYS KNOW EACH OTHER  
FROM?



WE EH... MET A FEW  
YEARS AGO... ON A  
CAMPSITE...

YEAH, THAT WAS A  
LOT OF FUN...

EXCEPT...

...THAT YOU DIDN'T  
COME BACK LIKE I TOLD  
YOU. WHY WAS THAT?

OH.. HE  
DISOBEYED  
YOU, ERIN?

I EH... I GOT SICK  
AND WE H-HAD TO  
LEAVE...



DON'T LIE TO ME, YOU  
LITTLE DIPSHIT! I CAN'T  
STAND LIARS!

HEY! STOP  
THAT!

ANDI, CAN YOU  
TAKE CARE OF THE  
OTHER BOY?

HUH?

ANDI SLAMMED AN ARM AROUND MIKO'S NECK. MY FRIEND DROPPED THE BALL AS HE REACHED TO GRAB ANDI'S ARM, WHILE SHE WENT FOR THE BASEBALL BAT... I SAW ALL OF THIS JUST FROM THE CORNER OF MY EYE, AS I COULDN'T REALLY MOVE MY HEAD...

THANKS BABE!

MY PLEASURE!

AARGH, WHAT---



ANDI HAD MIKO IN A SKILFULL GRIP, WHILE ERIN WAS BACK TO INTIMIDATING ME...

ARE YOU CRAZY? LET ME GO!

CRAZY? JUST A LITTLE BIT...

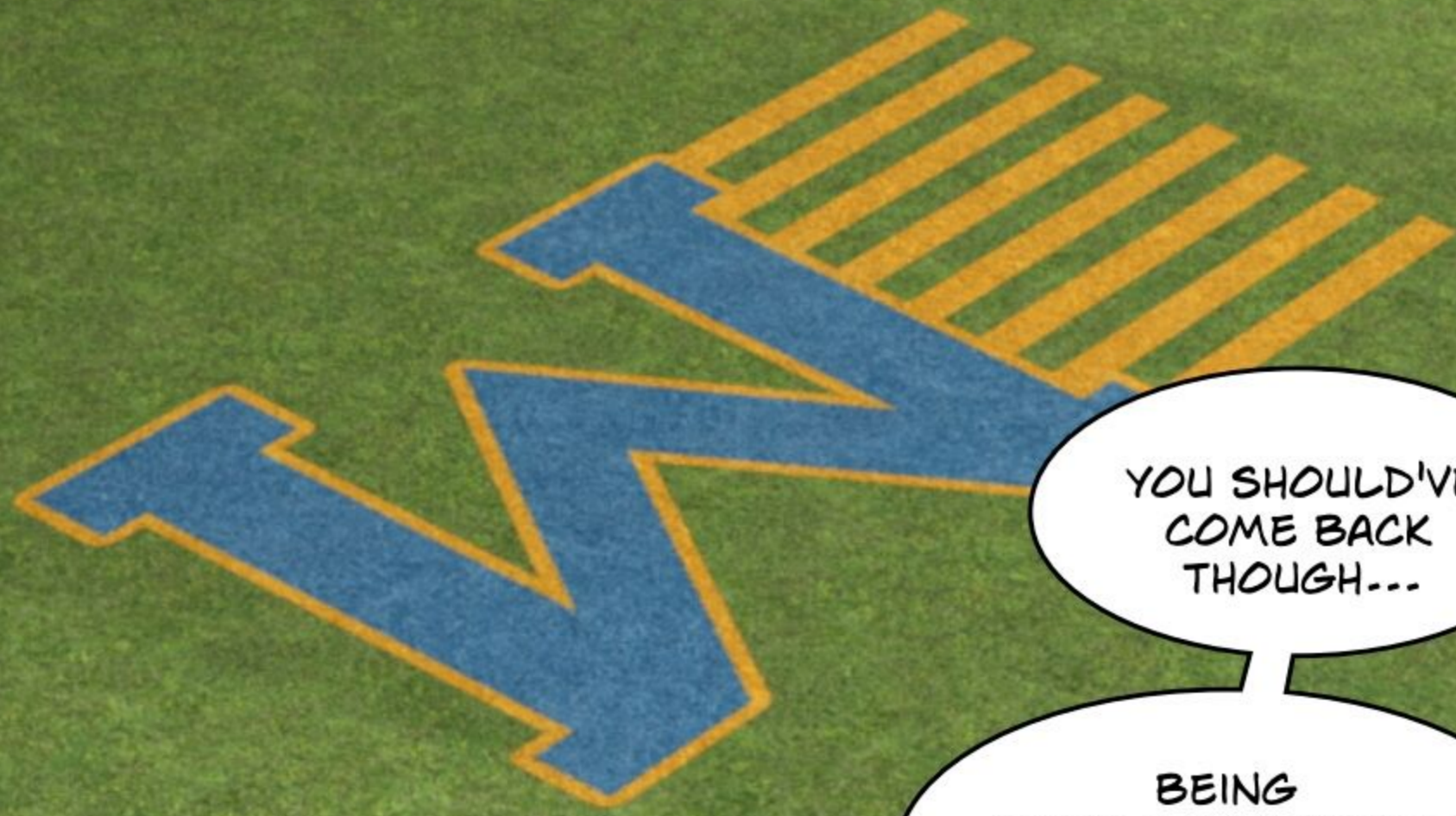




COME ON! TRY TO ESCAPE! TRY IT!

REMEMBER HOW I MADE YOU SWALLOW MY SPIT, LITTLE RICKIE?

SO MUCH FUN. I WAS A LITTLE GIRL THEN...



YOU SHOULD'VE  
COME BACK  
THOUGH...

BEING  
UNCOLLABORATIVE IS  
*NOT* SMART, RICKIE...

AND IN THE  
MEANTIME, I GOT A  
LOT BIGGER AND  
STRONGER...





LOOK AT  
YOUR FRIEND  
HERE...

HE'S A BIT OF A  
JOCK. A LOT  
BIGGER THAN  
YOU...

AND YET MY GIRL  
ANDI HERE... ENTIRELY  
CONTROLS HIM. DON'T  
YOU, ANDI?

EASILY...

THEN ERIN GRABBED MY NECK AND PUSHED MY HEAD DOWN...

LET'S HAVE A LITTLE BIT OF FUN HERE BEFORE I GO TO MY MARTIAL ARTS CLASS...



ERIN MANEUVERED MY HEAD BETWEEN HER BIG LEGS, AND ONCE AGAIN I WAS TRAPPED...

YOU'RE... HURTING ME...

BE STILL BABY. I'M TALKING TO YOUR FRIEND NOW.

A. ZIMMERMAN HIGH SCHOOL  
VARSITY BASEBALL

THE BIG GIRL MADE HERSELF EVEN BIGGER BY STANDING ON TIPTOE...

HI THERE, BIG BOY... WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

I'M... M-MIKO...



NICE TO MEET YOU,  
MIKO. YOU DO A LITTLE  
BIT OF SPORTS  
YOURSELF, YES?

JUST SOME  
T-TRACK AND  
FIELD...





W-WHY ARE YOU  
GIRLS... DOING THIS TO  
US?

YOU DON'T GET TO  
ASK QUESTIONS, BOY!  
UNLESS YOU WANT ME TO  
BREAK ONE OF YOUR  
ARMS...



IT'S OKAY ANDI... I  
LOVE TO ANSWER THAT  
QUESTION...

SHORT ANSWER IS:  
BECAUSE WE **LOVE** IT  
AND BECAUSE WE  
**CAN**...

A woman with long black hair, wearing a red and black sports top, is flexing her right bicep. She is looking towards a man whose profile is visible on the right side of the frame. The background is a blue sky with a chain-link fence. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image.

THESE BIG  
MUSCLES OF OURS  
ALLOW US TO DO PRETTY  
MUCH ANYTHING WITH  
BOYS...

BUT I THINK A  
DEMONSTRATION IS  
ALWAYS MORE  
CONVINCING THAN  
MERE WORDS...

RICKIE...



I'D LIKE YOU TO PULL  
DOWN YOUR FRIEND'S  
PANTS.

WHA-  
AAAAARGHHH

AS SHE PRESSED HER BIG LEGS HARD ON MY HEAD, I COULD NOT BUT OBEY...

OBEY ME,  
LITTLE RICKIE!

S-SORRY  
MIKO!

HIGH SCHOOL  
M



MIKO FORGIVES YOU, RICKIE. HE'S FULLY AWARE THAT YOU HAVE NO OPTIONS... ISN'T THAT TRUE, MIKO?

ANSWER HER, BOY!

AARGH!  
YES...

AS SOON AS I HAD FINALLY MANAGED TO PULL DOWN MIKO'S PANTS, ERIN LET ME GO. I COULD JUST WATCH WHAT WAS HAPPENING AND DIDN'T DARE TO INTERFERE...

LOOK AT THAT...  
ANDI, YOU ENJOYING THIS  
AS MUCH AS I AM?

YOU BETCHA, ERIN!  
NOTHING BEATS  
BEATING BOYS WITH  
OUR MUSCLES!





NOW MIKO, MY  
NEW FRIEND... I'D LOVE  
TO PLAY WITH YOU A BIT  
LONGER, BUT I'VE  
GOTTA RUN...

I'M SURE YOU'LL HAVE  
A LOT OF FUN WITH ANDI.  
SHE'S AWESOME.

AND  
SUPERSTRONG...

AARGHH

OH YES,  
IT'S GONNA  
BE A LOT OF  
FUN!

MMERMAN HIGH SO  
SITY BASEBALL

THEN, TO MY ASTONISHMENT, ANDI PICKED UP MY FRIEND MIKO AS IF HE WERE A BABY, AND TURNED AROUND...

HIGH SCHOOL  
BALL **M**

ALL RIGHT, SHE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIM...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

HUSH BABY

MY GOD, THIS IS... THIS IS...



GET UP YOU

W-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?

WE'RE JUST GONNA ACT OUT A LITTLE FANTASY OF MINE

JUST IMAGINE WITH ME  
THAT THE STADIUM IS  
FULL, OKAY?

WHAT?  
WHY?

BECAUSE THAT'S MY  
FANTASY, DUMB ASS!

M DAVID A. ZIMMERMAN  
VARSITY BASEBALL

THE VERY NEXT SECOND, MIKO WAS EXTREMELY RELIEVED THAT THE STADIUM WAS \*NOT\* FULL. THIS GIRL CARRYING HIM AND SHOUTING AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS WAS EMBARRASSING ENOUGH...

OH FUCK, SHE'S REALLY CRAZY!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! BEHOLD THE **STRONGEST** GIRL IN THE WORLD

AND HER WEAK LITTLE SLAVE!



LIKE I SAID,  
LITTLE RICKY, I'VE  
GOTTA GO TO JIU JITSU  
NOW... I DON'T MISS IT  
FOR THE WORLD. NOT  
EVEN FOR YOU...

JIU-JITSU? MY  
GOD...



I'LL MEET YOU HERE TOMORROW AT 2 PM.

AND OF COURSE YOU HAVE THE OPTION OF NOT SHOWING UP AGAIN...

SEE HOW I LIFT HIM UP, LIKE A LITTLE PUPPET!



BUT IF YOU  
DON'T, WE'LL RUN  
INTO EACH OTHER AGAIN.  
EVEN IF IT COULD BE A  
FEW YEARS...



AND IN THAT TIME, MY  
MUSCLES WILL HAVE  
GROWN AGAIN.

SAME FOR MY  
FIGHTING SKILLS

AND SAME FOR YOUR  
PUNISHMENT FOR  
DISOBEYING ME...



SO IT'S UP TO YOU  
BABY...

TOMORROW, OR  
ANOTHER DAY.

JUST DON'T THINK YOU  
CAN RUN AWAY FROM  
**DESTINY...**

BOYS LIKE YOU  
ARE **MEANT TO**  
SERVE AND OBEY GIRLS  
LIKE ME. IT'S  
UNAVOIDABLE...

AND WITH THAT, SHE PICKED UP HER BAG AND LEFT THE FIELD...

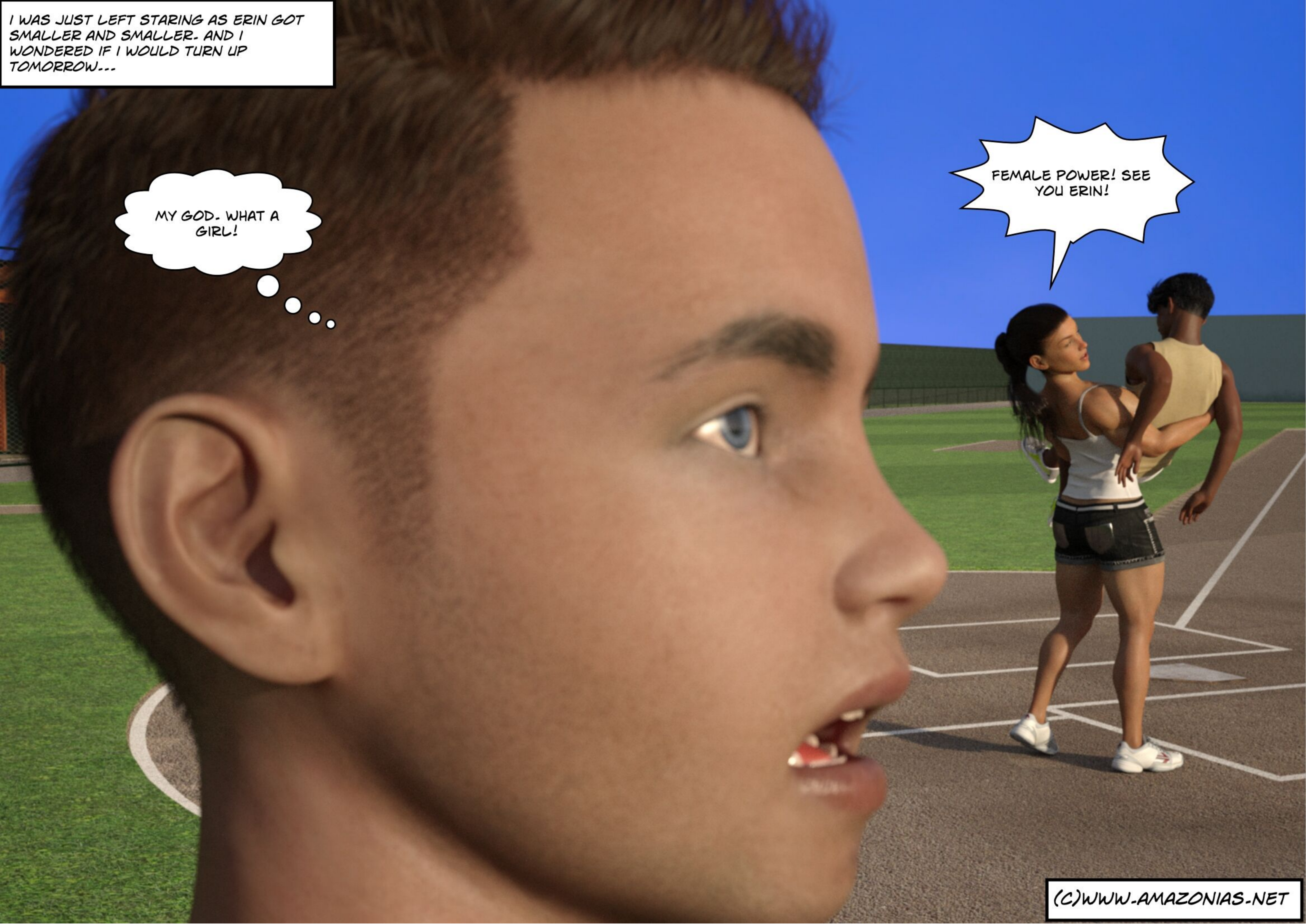
BYE GIRL! FEMALE POWER!



I WAS JUST LEFT STARING AS ERIN GOT SMALLER AND SMALLER. AND I WONDERED IF I WOULD TURN UP TOMORROW...

MY GOD. WHAT A GIRL!

FEMALE POWER! SEE YOU ERIN!



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