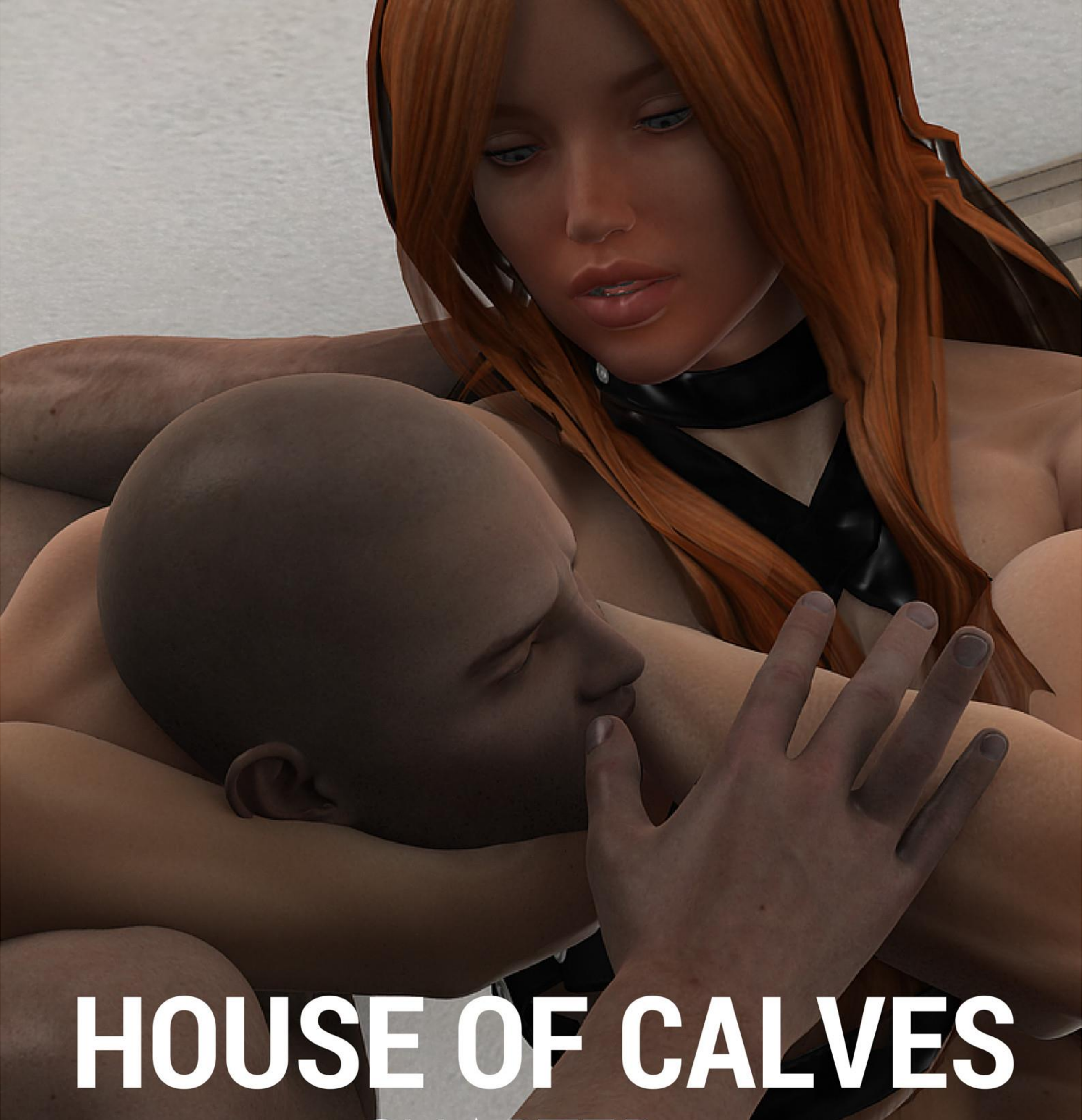

HOUSE OF CALVES
CHAPTER 6
J. Stilton
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where the strong girls live

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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

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AFTER SHE WAS SURE THAT LIPINISKY WAS AFRAID ENOUGH NOT TELL ANYTHING TO HIS BOSS OR TO THE POLICE, MARIANNE SENT HIM AWAY AND GOT TO WORK ON RESEARCHING MR. LOCH...

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SHE READ WHAT SHE COULD FIND ABOUT HIS HOUSE, HIS SECURITY, AND EVERYTHING ELSE THAT WAS AVAILABLE AND RELEVANT.

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BUT THEN THERE WAS SOMETHING UNEXPECTED... ON LOCH'S WIKIPEDIA PAGE, UNDER "CONTROVERSE", WAS INFORMATION ON A LAWSUIT AGAINST HIM, AS ONE OF HIS COMPANIES HAD ALLEGEDLY POLLUTED THE LAND AND WATERWAYS...

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--- EXACTLY IN THE AREA WHERE MARIANNE'S FATHER LIVED. THE ARTICLE SAID THAT THE POLLUTION HAD BEEN LINKED TO AN INCREASED NUMBER OF CANCERS IN THE AREA---

SON OF A BITCH---

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BY NIGHTTIME, IT WAS PRETTY CLEAR TO MARIANNE THAT THERE WAS MORE THAN A GOOD CHANCE THAT HER FATHER'S CANCER HAD ACTUALLY BEEN CAUSED BY LOCH'S IRRESPONSIBLE MANAGEMENT. NOW SHE HAD TWO REASONS TO PAY HIM A PERSONAL VISIT...

SO, MISTER LOCH...

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--- I THINK MY BABIES HERE ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO HAVING SOME FUN WITH YOU---

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HAVE YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES, CHARLES?

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TWO DAYS LATER, MARIANNE TOOK A FLIGHT TO HOUSTON, TEXAS, AND FROM THE AIRPORT RENTED A CAR THAT WAS BIG ENOUGH TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN. SHE USED ALL THE MONEY SHE HAD EARNED FROM HER WEBSITE IN THE LAST WEEKS. FROM THE AIRPORT, SHE DROVE TO LOCH'S HOME, WHICH WAS ABOUT HALF AN HOUR AWAY...

RANGER

MD-43

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MARIANNE RESTED A FEW HOURS IN HER CAR, UNTIL ABOUT THREE A.M. SHE THEN GOT CLOSER, PARKED THE CAR IN AN INCONSPICUOUS SPOT, AND CHECKED OUT THE SCENE FROM FAR AWAY. THERE WAS A MAN STANDING GUARD, WHICH WAS TO BE EXPECTED.



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MARIANNE CREPT CLOSER, AND ABOUT THIRTY YARDS TO THE GARD'S RIGHT, CLIMBED THE WALL AGAINST WHICH HE WAS LEANING.

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THEN, AS SILENTLY AS SHE COULD, SHE GOT TO RIGHT WHERE THE GUARD WAS, HOPING NO ONE ELSE COULD SEE HER.

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MARIANNE FELT AWESOME IN HER NINJA CLOTHES, WHICH SHE HOPED WOULD SUITABLY INTIMIDATE CHARLES LOCH. SHE HAD BOUGHT THE CLOTHES TO DISPLAY ON HER WEBCAM, AND HER BULGING MUSCLES HAD ALREADY RIPPED IT IN SEVERAL PLACES, ESPECIALLY AT THE CALVES.

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FROM HER VANTAGE POINT, SHE TOOK THE OPPORTUNITY TO SCAN THE SURROUNDINGS, AS WELL AS WHAT SHE COULD SEE OF THE INSIDE OF THE HOUSE. SHE SAW NO FURTHER MOVEMENT, AND DECIDED TO PROCEED...

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VERY SLOWLY AND QUIETLY, SHE LET HERSELF DOWN THE WALL, HOLDING HER WEIGHT BACK BY PUTTING HER FEET FIRMLY ON THE BRICKS...

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THEN... SHE LET HERSELF DROP, AIMING FOR THE GUARD'S NECK...

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WHAT THE FU...

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MARIANNE DRAGGED THE GUY WITH HER IN HER FALL, AND HAD HIM IN A FIRM HEADLOCK BEFORE THEY HIT THE GROUND...

WHAT... WHO ARE YOU?

SSSSHH, NO TALKING, ONLY ANSWERING QUESTIONS. UNLESS YOU WANT ME TO KILL YOU...

O... OKAY...

ANY OTHER GUARDS?

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HOW DO I GET IN?

UGH... THE KEY... IN MY POCKET...

ALARM SYSTEM?

CODE 7214, IMMEDIATELY WHEN YOU COME IN

GOOD MAN. I'M GONNA PUT YOU TO SLEEP NOW...

NO... PLE...

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MARIANNE TURNED OFF HIS LIGHTS AND HOPED SHE HAD DONE IT RIGHT. THE MAN WAS STILL BREATHING, BUT SHE HOPED HE WOULDN'T WAKE UP AGAIN TOO SOON. IN ANY CASE, SHE WAS NOT A MURDERER AND DID NOT WANT TO KILL HIM... SHE REALIZED SHE SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF BRINGING ROPES...

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QUIETLY, SHE OPENED THE GATE, WHICH WAS UNLOCKED, AND ENTERED CHARLES LOCH'S PROPERTY...

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SHE DROPPED THE GUARD IN A CORNER, FRISKED HIM FOR THE KEYS...

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... AND THEN RAN TO THE HOUSE, TRYING TO STAY IN THE SHADE AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE, WHICH WAS HARD BECAUSE THERE SEEMED TO BE SPOTS EVERYWHERE...

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SHE OPENED THE FRONT DOOR WITH THE KEY...

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--- AND AFTER HAVING SHUT DOWN THE ALARM SYSTEM, WENT LOOKING FOR THE BEDROOM---

GOD,
THE LIGHTS ARE ON EVERYWHERE... BUT WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT FROM A CLIMATE CHANGE DENIER...

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SHE FOUND SEVERAL EMPTY BEDROOMS, AND ALSO THE LAST AND BIGGEST ONE SEEMED TO BE UNOCCUPIED...

WHERE THE FUCK DOES THAT BASTARD SLEEP?

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BACK IN THE CORRIDOR, MARIANNE OPENED SOME MORE DOORS BUT DIDN'T FIND ANY OTHER BEDROOM...

WHERE IS HE...?

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PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR, RIGHT NOW!

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TURN AROUND. VERY SLOWLY...

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WOW... IT'S YOU, ISN'T IT? FROM THE VIDEO, WITH EVANS...

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING IN MY HOUSE?

I... I DON'T WANT YOU TO USE THE RECORDING...

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OH REALLY? AND WHY IS THAT?

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IT WAS A MISTAKE. I DON'T WANT TO RUIN THAT MAN'S LIFE...

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AWW, HOW SWEET. BUT I WANT TO.

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AND YOUR IDEA WAS... TO COME OVER HERE AND TAKE THE RECORDING FROM ME? YOU THINK THERE'S ONLY ONE?

NAH... YOU WERE GOING TO THREATEN ME, ISN'T IT?

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WELL, LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT MORE MUSCLES THAN BRAINS... THAT WAS A REALLY BAD IDEA...

UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU I'M A BAD SLEEPER, AND I WAS WATCHING THROUGH MY WINDOW AS YOU RAN TOWARDS MY HOUSE...

DID YOU TAKE OUT WAYNE?

THE GUARD? YES... HE'LL BE OKAY...

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MY FATHER HAS... CANCER. FROM ONE OF YOUR FACTORIES... HE IS DYING...

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AWW. MY HEART BREAKS. ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE STORIES. I'M SORRY GIRL, I WASN'T BORN TO CARE ABOUT THAT KIND OF THING.

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ONE DOESN'T BUILD AN EMPIRE ON PITY AND SOFTNESS, YOU KNOW...

YOU'RE... DISGUSTING...

THANK YOU MY DEAR...

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I'M TERRIBLY SORRY SIR, SHE CAME OUT OF NOWHERE...

YEAH, SHE'S SO SMALL, ISN'T SHE, WAYNE? FETCH US SOME ROPE TO TIE HER UP...

WHAT ABOUT CALLING THE POLICE, SIR?

THE POLICE CAN WAIT. DO AS I TELL YOU WAYNE. THE ROPE

AND YOU, MUSCLEFREAK, IN THE BEDROOM.

MOVE!

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MY GOD... YOU LOOK EVEN BIGGER THAN ON THAT VIDEO. I MUST SAY I WAS FASCINATED...

DID YOU ENJOY PLAYING WITH OUR SENATOR LIKE THAT? YOU LOOKED LIKE YOU DID. I WATCHED THE WHOLE THING...

WHAT I ENJOY IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS...

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I'D WATCH MY MOUTH IF I WERE YOU, GIRL. I'M NOT AFRAID OF BURYING SOMEONE IN A DITCH...

I'M SURE YOU'RE NOT...

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HERE'S THE ROPE SIR. DO YOU... WANT ME TO TIE HER UP?

IN A MINUTE, WAYNE. GO STAND NEXT TO HER...

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WOW, WAYNE. IT'S *REALLY* NOT YOUR DAY. YOU LOOK POSITIVELY SMALL. NOT A VERY GOOD THING FOR A BODYGUARD...

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I'M... VERY CURIOUS... TO SEE YOU TAKE HER ON, WAYNE... WHY DON'T YOU GET UNDRESSED... YOU CAN LEAVE ON YOUR UNDERPANTS...

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WHA... WHAT?

I'M GIVING YOU A CHANCE TO KEEP YOUR JOB, WAYNE, AFTER YOUR FUCKUP. YOU DID SAY THIS JOB WAS EXTREMELY IMPORTANT FOR YOU, WAS IT NOT?

EH... YES SIR... IT IS, BUT...

THEN DO WHAT I SAY WAYNE...

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FLEX YOUR BICEP, BOTH OF YOU! I WANT TO COMPARE...

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YOU'RE QUITE OUTMUSCLED, WAYNE. THIS GIRL'S BICEPS ARE TWICE AS BIG AS YOURS...

GET ON THE BED. BOTH OF YOU!

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OKAY WAYNE. MAKE HER SUBMIT, AND YOU KEEP YOUR JOB.
IF SHE BEATS YOU, SHE CAN WALK...

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MARIANNE HADN'T FOUGHT A BIG GUY IN QUITE SOME TIME. REALIZING WHAT WAS AT STAKE, SHE FLEXED HER GUNS TO INTIMIDATE HIM AND GET A PSYCHOLOGICAL ADVANTAGE...

READY, BOY?

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THIS IS GONNA BE INTERESTING... I'M NOT EVEN SURE WHO I'D PUT MY MONEY ON...

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WAYNE GRABBED MARIANNE'S WRISTS RIGHT FROM THE START. MARIANNE WAS SUPRISED BY HIS SPEED, BUT DIDN'T FEEL TOO MUCH POWER...

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THINK YOU GOT ME, BOY?

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WITHOUT HAVING TO USE EXCESSIVE STRENGTH, MARIANNE MOVED HER ARMS TOWARDS WAYNE'S FACE. HIS ATTEMPTS TO STOP HER WERE ENTIRELY FUTILE...

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SEEMS LIKE YOU'RE NOT GONNA WIN ON STRENGTH, WAYNE BABY...

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COME ON WAYNE... YOUR JOB IS ON THE LINE...

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THEN, AS QUICK AS SHE COULD, MARIANNE SLAMMED HER ARM AROUND WAYNE'S NECK...

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--- AND PULLED THE MAN DOWN AND TOWARDS HER---

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YOU KNOW WAYNE...

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MARIANNE TOOK HIM IN A LOCK AND WAYNE WAS WISE ENOUGH TO TAP OFF BEFORE SHE BROKE HIS NECK...

... I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT YOUR JOB...

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MY GOD... THAT WAS FAST...

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TOO FAST ACTUALLY. LET'S DO ANOTHER ROUND. FOR ANOTHER SHOT...

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THE RESULT WASN'T MUCH DIFFERENT. THANKS TO MARIANNE'S SUPERIOR WRESTLING SKILLS, SHE GOT WAYNE CRYING OUT IN HER SCISSORS IN NO TIME..
AS HE WASN'T TAPPING, SHE SLIGHTLY INCREASED THE PRESSURE...

PLAYING THE TOUGH GUY, HUH?

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TINY BIT MORE THEN, BIG BOY...

AAARGH!!! STOP!! I GIVE!

OKAY WAYNE, THAT'S DISAPPOINTING. STAND UP, BOTH OF YOU!

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GET THE ROPE, WAYNE, AND TIE HER TO THE BED.

WHAT? YOU SAID YOU'D LET ME GO IF I WON!

SORRY GIRL, YOU DIDN'T REALLY BELIEVE THAT, DID YOU?

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A FEW MINUTES LATER, MARIANNE WAS TIED TO THE BEDFRAME, AS PER LOCH'S INSTRUCTIONS...

YOU SURE THEY'RE TIGHT?

YES, SIR. NO WAY SHE CAN ESCAPE...

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YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS WAYNE, IF I EVER FIND YOU!

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NOW YOU GO WAYNE. IF YOU WANT YOUR JOB, IT'LL BE HALF PAY FOR THE NEXT HALF YEAR. IF I'M IN A GOOD MOOD TOMORROW...

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I'LL LET YOU KNOW...

YES, SIR... HAVE A GOOD NIGHT THEN...

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YOU KNOW, MISS OLYMPIA... I FUCKED A LOT OF WOMEN... BUT I NEVER HAD A FEMALE BODYBUILDER...

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YOU ARE GOING TO SO FUCKING REGRET THIS...

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WHO KNOWS. BUT FIRST, I'M GOING TO *ENJOY* IT...

(c) www.amazonias.net

WHAT ARE YOU GOING...

SSSHHHH BABY, IT WILL BE OVER BEFORE YOU KNOW IT.

I THINK DOING A BODYBUILDER, WHEN SHE'S TIED HELPLESS TO MY BED, IS THE ULTIMATE POWER TRIP...

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MY GOD... THIS IS REALY SOMETHING, ISN'T IT... A GIANTESS... IMAGINE THAT...

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OUCH!
YOU FUCKING BITCH!

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ONE MORE MOVE AND I PUT A BULLET IN ONE OF THOSE THIGHS! UNDERSTOOD?

UNDERSTOOD?

YES!

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I'M GOING TO PUT MY DICK IN YOU GIRL, WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!

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LET'S TAKE OFF THIS NICE HARNESS OF YOURS...

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FUCK... YOU'RE JUST TOO BIG YOU FUCKING FREAK. I CAN'T REACH YOU...

HAVE TO CLIMB UP THEN...

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FEELING A LOT SMALLER NOW HUH, MUSCLECHICK?

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OH YES... YOU BELONG TO ME NOW... OH YES...

IT'S LIKE FUCKING TWO WOMEN AT ONCE... SO MUCH BODY...

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MARIANNE WAITED TILL LOCH WAS REACHING HIS CLIMAX. THEN, AS FAST AS SHE COULD, USING ALL THE POWER IN HER BODY, SHE SET HERSELF OFF AGAINST THE BED AND SLAMMED ONE LEG IN THE AIR...

OOOH GOOOOD

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... IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED BY THE OTHER. DURING THE SECOND THAT HER LEGS WERE IN THE AIR, SHE SLAMMED THEM AROUND LOCH...

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--- WHO HARDLY HAD TIME TO REALIZE WHAT WAS HAPPENING---

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--- AND BY THE TIME MARIANNE'S MIGHTY LEGS CAME BACK DOWN ON THE BED, LOCH WAS TRAPPED IN THEM---

WHAT THE **FUCK**, BITCH! LET ME GO!

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LOCH GRASPED FOR HIS GUN. MARIANNE HAD NOTICED HE HAD PUT IT ON THE BED, BUT WAS HOPING THAT IT WOULD BE JUST OUT OF REACH...

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TO HER RELIEF, SHE SAW SHE HAD NOT MISCALCULATED. LOCH COULDN'T GET TO IT...

FUCKING BITCH! YOU'RE HURTING ME!

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LOCH STARTED TO BEAT ON MARIANNE'S BIG BACK LIKE A MADMAN---

I'LL TEACH YOU TO DISOBEY ME, YOU FUCKING MONSTER!

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YOU KNOW, LOCH, YOU JUST RAPED A BODYBUILDER. CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT SHE WILL DO TO DO ONCE SHE GETS RID OF THESE ROPES?

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OH FUCK...

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WITH A RENEWED VIGOR, DRIVEN BY FEAR, LOCH DESPERATELY TRIED EVERYTHING TO MAKE MARIANNE LOOSEN HER GRIP...

I'LL GET YOU, YOU BITCH!

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MARIANNE BIT HER TEETH WHILE LOCH WAS TORTURING HER, BUT THEN---

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--- SUCCEEDED IN GETTING HER FOOT LOOSE AND SLAMMING IT ON LOCH'S CHIN----

AAAARGH!

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LOCH'S NEXT MOVE WAS TO PULL AT MARIANNE'S HAIR AS HARD AS HE COULD...

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BUT MARIANNE HELD STRONG AND KEPT THE LITTLE MAN IN THE IRON GRIP OF HER THIGHS AND CALVES AS LOCH HOWLED ABOVE HER IN FRUSTRATION...

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NOT MUCH LONGER, ASSWIPE...

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ONE MINUTE LATER...

YES!!

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THE FIRST THING MARIANNE DID WAS ROLL OVER, LOCH AND ALL, TOWARD THE GUN...

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I TOLD YOU I'D MAKE YOU FEEL SORRY, YOU PIECE OF SHIT!

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OFF THE BED WITH YOU! ON THE FLOOR, WHERE YOU BELONG!
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YOU'RE SUCH A PATHETIC LITTLE WIMP. EVEN WITH A GUN YOU CAN'T DOMINATE A GIRL WHO'S TIED UP. HOW SAD IS THAT?

PLEASE... DON'T...

SHUT THE FUCK UP!!

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LET'S TAKE A LITTLE WALK... YOU OPEN THE DOOR LOCH, I GOT MY HANDS FULL...

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SOME FRESH AIR WILL DO US GOOD...

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YOU KNOW, I COULD BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT WITH THIS GUN RIGHT NOW... BUT YOU SEE...

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GUNS ARE FOR GUYS WITHOUT MUSCLES...

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AND EVEN THEN THEY CAN'T PUT IT TO GOOD USE...

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ME, I DON'T NEED GUNS...

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--- CAUSE I HAVE MY OWN, YOU SEE--- TWO OF THEM---

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KNOW WHAT? LET ME SHOW YOU MY BODY IN ALL ITS GLORY... YOU SEEM TO LIKE IT ANYWAY, YOU DIRTY FUCK...

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PLEASE... PLEASE, I CAN GIVE YOU MONEY...

WHICH PART OF
SHUT UP
DO YOU NOT UNDERSTAND, DWARF?

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AND OF COURSE YOU WILL GIVE ME MONEY. BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I WON'T TORTURE YOU FIRST..., YOU FUCKING RAPIST...

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PLEASE DON'T DO...

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I SAID
SHUT
UP!!

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I'LL FUCKING DESTROY YOU, YOU PIECE OF PUKE!

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YIHAAAAA!!

BLAFF

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I FEEL LIKE JUST PUSHING UNTILL YOU CHOKE TO DEATH...

BUT I NEED SOME THINGS FROM YOU FIRST...

UUUGGHH

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NUMBER ONE:
YOU'RE GONNA TRIPPLE MY FEE FOR MESSING WITH SENATOR EVANS.
150.000$

O... OKAY!

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NUMBER TWO: YOU'RE GOING TO LEAVE SENATOR EVANS ALONE FOR THE REST OF YOUR DAYS!

OKAY!

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NUMBER THREE: YOU'LL MEET ALL GREENPEACE'S DEMANDS, AND YOU'RE CLOSING THE FACTORY THAT GAVE MY FATHER CANCER...

FINE! STOP, YOU'RE K... KILLING ME...

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GOOD! THREE OUT OF THREE. NOW LET'S HURT YOU SOME MORE!

BAFF

BAFF

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MARIANNE FINALLY STOPPED BEATING LOCH'S FACE WHEN HE ONLY LOOKED BARELY ALIVE...

UGHHHHHHHH

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WE'RE NOT DONE YET, YOU LITTLE CUNT!

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AND LET'S ALSO BREAK THIS ARM, FOR USING IT TO POINT A GUN AT MY HEAD...

CRACK

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AND MAYBE A COUPLE OF FINGERS, SO IT GETS MORE DIFFICULT TO MASTURBATE ...

AAAAAAA

CRACK

OKAY CHARLES, I THINK WE CAN LEAVE IT AT THAT. FOR NOW...

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GOODBYE CHARLES. I NEED THE MONEY BY TOMORROW. THE OTHER DEMANDS NEED TO BE MET BY THE END OF THE MONTH...

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AND IF EVER SOMETHING HAPPENS TO MR EVANS, OR IF EVER THAT RECORDING POPS UP SOMEWHERE, I'LL COME AFTER YOU AND I WON'T LEAVE A SINGLE BONE IN YOUR BODY WHOLE...

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MARIANNE DROVE BACK TO WITHIN SAFE DISTANCE FROM THE HOUSE, THEN PARKED THE CAR, AND SPENT THE REST OF THE NIGHT IN IT. THE FOLLOWING DAY, SHE FLEW BACK FROM TEXAS TO DC...

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LOOK WHO'S THERE...

A FEW DAYS LATER, SHE HAD HER SECOND DATE WITH SENATOR EVANS. IF HE HADN'T CONTACTED HER, SHE WOULD HAVE ASKED HIM. SHE HAD SOME STUFF TO TELL HIM... THEY MET IN A DIFFERENT HOTEL, LATE ONE NIGHT...

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IT'S MISTER INCOGNITO!

AT LEAST ADMIT THAT I'M ALREADY LESS INCOGNITO THAN LAST TIME...

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YOU'RE PERFECTLY FINE IN ANY CLOTHES, MY LITTLE SENATOR...

BUT YOU'RE BETTER STILL WITHOUT THEM. LET'S TAKE THIS FANCY SUIT OFF, SHALL WE?

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DID YOU MISS ME, MIKEY?

YOU HAVE NO IDEA... YOU WERE ALL I COULD THINK OFF THE PAST FEW DAYS...

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GLAD TO HEAR THAT... BUT BEFORE WE PLAY, I'VE GOT SOMETHING SERIOUS TO DISCUSS...

UH-OH...

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LET'S SIT DOWN...

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THIS IS HARD TO TELL AND TO LISTEN TO, BUT I WANT YOU TO HEAR ME OUT...

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ARE YOU COMFORTABLE, MIKE?

EH, MORE OR LESS...

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SO, IT'S THIS: I WAS HIRED BY MR CHARLES LOCH TO SEDUCE YOU, AND HIS PEOPLE HAVE RECORDED ALL OF OUR TIME TOGETHER...

WHAT?!

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I'M NOT KIDDING YOU, MIKE. BUT I SET THINGS RIGHT. LET ME EXPLAIN...

SOMEHOW, THEY FOUND OUT ABOUT YOUR... PREFERENCE... SO THEY FOUND YOU A GIRL - ME - THAT YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO RESIST.

I WOULD NEVER HAVE DONE THIS, BUT I TOOK THE MONEY TO PAY FOR MY FATHER'S CANCER TREATMENT...

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THE NEXT DAY I CURSED MYSELF, BECAUSE I REALISED THIS WOULD RUIN YOUR LIFE, AND YOU LOOKED LIKE A GOOD PERSON...

SO I MET WITH LOCH'S MAN, SQUEEZED THE TRUTH OUT OF HIM, AND THEN A FEW DAYS AGO WENT TO PAY LOCH A VISIT. I HAD ALSO FOUND OUT THAT HE MAY VERY WELL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR MY FATHER'S CANCER, COINCIDENTALLY...

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THERE WERE SOME... COMPLICATIONS, BUT IN THE END I GOT TO HIM, AND MADE HIM PROMISE TO LEAVE YOU ALONE AND TO NEVER EVER SPREAD THAT RECORDING...

I'M SO, SO SORRY MIKE. I KNOW YOU HATE ME NOW. I JUST HOPE YOU... UNDERSTAND MY REASONS, MAYBE...

OH MY GOD... THIS IS... INCREDIBLE...

NO, I DON'T... HATE YOU...

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YOU DON'T?

NO... I UNDERSTAND YOU DID WHAT YOU THOUGHT WAS BEST IN THE SITUATION...

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BUT DO YOU THINK... LOCH WILL REALLY... KEEP HIS WORD? WHAT DID YOU...

I PUT THE FEAR OF THE GODDESS INTO HIM. AND BROKE SEVERAL BONES IN HIS BODY... I'M VERY SURE HE'S SCARED ENOUGH TO NEVER BOTHER YOU AGAIN...

WELL IF THAT'S TRUE... YOU'VE DONE ME A SERVICE, CAUSE HE HAD BOTHERED ME QUITE A BIT ALREADY IN THE PAST...

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OH MIKE.. YOU'RE SO KIND... I'M STILL VERY SORRY...

YOU... YOU... OOH...

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I... CAN'T HELP MYSELF MIKE...

NO... NEED TO...

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OH MIKE... I... I WANT TO SEE MORE OF YOU...

I... WANT TO BE WITH YOU MARIANNE...

REALLY? AREN'T YOU STILL AFRAID TO BE SEEN WITH ME?

FUCK THAT...

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WE CAN SAY THAT YOU'RE MY BODYGUARD...

YOUR BODYGUARD! WHAT A GREAT AND SEXY IDEA! IT WOULD ALSO BE TRUE! I'LL KEEP YOU SAFE, MIKEY!

I KNOW YOU WILL... MY... MUSCLEGIRL...

THE END (FOR NOW)

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