



KATIE
Part 11

J. Stilton

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where the strong girls live

IT TAKES A LOT OF TIME AND EFFORT TO
MAKE STORIES LIKE THIS, AND SELLING
THEM IS MY ONLY SOURCE OF INCOME.
PLEASE BE FAIR AND DON'T ILLEGALLY
SHARE OR POST STORIES.

THANK YOU

JAMES STILTON

IT'S... NO ONE'S FAULT...
OR BOTH OF OURS... AND
ANYWAY, THERE'S NOTHING
DEFINITIVE. IT'S A TIME-OUT, NOTHING
MORE. WE EXPECT TO BE TOGETHER
AGAIN SOON. I JUST NEED SOME...
TIME TO THINK... OKAY? NOTHING
TO WORRY ABOUT...

WELL... THIS IS
GONNA BE STRANGE,
JUST ME AND DAD HERE
AND YOU SO FAR
AWAY...

I KNOW BABY. BUT
YOU CAN VISIT. IT WILL
BE OVER AND ALL WILL
BE BACK TO NORMAL
BEFORE YOU KNOW
IT...

OKAY THEN
MOM... IF YOU SAY
SO...

YOUR WORDS HERE...

FOUR DAYS LATER, ONE DAY BEFORE KATIE'S MOM WOULD LEAVE, TOM'S TRAINING WAS FINALLY FINISHED, AND THE FOURSOME MET AGAIN... KATIE HAD SUGGESTED ANGELA COME TRAIN IN HER BASEMENT. ANGELA HAD THOUGHT IT WOULD BE FUN IF THEY WERE JOINED BY THEIR LITTLE BOYFRIENDS...

HEY GUYS, HOW'S IT GOING?

WE'RE DOING GOOD K. AREN'T WE, TOMMIE?

YES, WE'RE GOOD!

AS BIG KATIE MOVED HER HAND TO TOM'S HEAD TO COMB THROUGH HIS HAIR WITH HER FINGERS, SHE NOTICED HOW HE JUMPED JUST A LITTLE BIT (WHICH SOMEHOW EXCITED KATIE, EVEN THOUGH SHE BARELY NOTICED IT HERSELF).



SO YOU'RE READY TO TRAIN WITH THE BIG GIRLS, TOMMIE?

HAHA, I GUESS THE LITTLE ONE HAS HAD ENOUGH "TRAINING" FOR A WHILE...

RIGHT, YOU'RE A TRAINED BOY NOW. I WANNA HEAR ALL ABOUT THAT...

I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT, K. OR SHOW YOU. BUT NOW LET'S HIT THE WEIGHTS, OKAY? MY MUSCLES ARE ACHING. TOMMIE, WHERE'S MY BAG?

OH! I LEFT IT IN THE CAR...

WELL WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR LITTLE MAN?

TOM'S IMMEDIATE OBEDIENCE WAS NOT LOST ON KATIE...



WOW, THAT'S IMPRESSIVE! HE'S REALLY WELL BEHAVED!

HAA, YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET. HE'S IN "FREE MODE" NOW...

FREE MODE?

YEAH, AS OPPOSED TO "WORSHIP MODE", WHEN I'M STRICTER WITH HIM AND HE'S BOUND TO MORE RULES... BUT I WANNA SEE YOUR GYM NOW!



WORSHIP MODE? WHAT THE FUCK!

KATIE LED THEM DOWNSTAIRS TO HER BASEMENT - THE BASEMENT SHE HAD CONQUERED FROM HER POWERLESS DAD A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO... EVEN NATHAN HAD NEVER SET FOOT HERE - AFTER ALL, KATIE HAD ONLY BEEN BACK FROM JAPAN FOR TWO WEEKS, AND BEFORE THAT THEY HAD HAD LITTLE TIME TOGETHER...



OH GOD K!
THIS IS A
DREAM!

LIKE IT? I WAS
ACTUALLY THINKING
ABOUT ORDERING AT
LEAST ONE NEW
MACHINE...

WOW!



WHAT DO YOU
THINK BABY? THIS IS
THE PLACE WHERE
YOUR GIRLFRIEND
BUILDS HER BIG
MUSCLES...

IT'S REALLY...
IMPRESSIVE. AND...
CONVENIENT, I
GUESS...

OKAY, LET ME GET IN
MY GYM CLOTHES...

MOMENTS LATER, ANGELA HAD REMOVED HER TSHIRT AND SHIRT, NOT MINDING AT ALL THAT NATHAN WAS AROUND TO SEE EVERYTHING...

I HOPE YOU PACKED EVERYTHING I NEED, TOMMIE BOY...

I'M... PRETTY SURE I DID...

HEY K, I THINK I JUST CAUGHT YOUR BOYFRIEND STARING AT YOUR BEST FRIEND'S BIG BOOBS...

EH... I WASN'T... REALLY...



HAH! WELL, IF YOU ARE SHOWING YOURS TO MY BOYFRIEND...

... THEN I'M GONNA SHOW MINE TO YOUR LITTLE ONE...

A digital illustration of a woman with long, straight black hair and a very muscular physique. She is shirtless, showing her chest, abdominal muscles, and shoulders. She is wearing black shorts. The background is a gym with a brick wall, a wooden chair, a blue mat, and a poster of a woman. Two speech bubbles are present, one on the left and one on the right.

WHAT DO YOU THINK
TOMMIE?

AT LEAST AS BIG,
WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

LITTLE TOMMIE HARDLY DARED TO LOOK UP, BOTH BECAUSE HE WAS EMBARRASSED IN FRONT OF KATIE'S NUDITY - HE DIDN'T KNOW HER ALL THAT WELL YET - AND BECAUSE HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW ANGELA, HIS MISTRESS-GIRLFRIEND, WOULD REACT...

IT'S OKAY BABY, YOU CAN LOOK AT HER BOOBS...

BY THE WAY, I LOVE HIS OUTFIT! NATE, LET'S CHANGE TOO, OKAY?



A FEW MINUTES LATER, EVERYONE WAS IN THEIR GYM OUTFITS, READY TO PUMP...

I GOT TOMMIE SOME WEIGHTS... GO ON AND TAKE THEM FROM THE BAG TOMMIE... TIME TO HIT IT...

WEIGHTS...
HMM, GOOD IDEA.
MAYBE WE SHOULD GET YOU SOME TOO, BABE...



YOU LOOK AWESOME WITH THOSE TOMMIE. THEY WERE MADE FOR YOU! AND GREAT MATCH WITH YOUR PANTS!

OH GOD, THAT'S PRECIOUS!





LET'S SEE WHAT YOU
GOT HERE, K...


ANGELA CAME BACK FROM THE RACK CARRYING A 50 POUND DUMBBELL...

BIG WEIGHTS FOR BIG GIRLS, LIGHT WEIGHTS FOR LIGHT WEIGHTS, ISN'T THAT RIGHT, TOMMIE?

THAT'S... EXACTY RIGHT!

TURN AROUND BABY,
I WANNA PICK YOU
UP...

FITNESS



TOMMIE WILL
SHARE HIS WEIGHTS
WITH NATE K. IT SEEMS
YOU DON'T HAVE
ANYTHING SUITABLE
FOR HIM ...

OH THAT'S GREAT. YES,
NOTHING THAT HE COULD REALLY
DO ANYTHING ELSE WITH THAN
ROLL OVER THE FLOOR.

COME ON NATE, TIME TO
WORK!

THE TWO BODYBUILDERS INSTALLED THEMSELVES ON THE BENCH, EACH WITH A BOYFRIEND ON ONE KNEE...



SO YOU JUST HOLD YOUR DUMBBELL LIKE THIS, AND THEN MOVE YOUR ARM UP AND DOWN...

THAT'S IT NATE. HAVE YOU DONE THIS BEFORE?

I TRIED IT ONCE AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE...





REALLY? DID HE
HAVE WEIGHTS LIKE
THESE?

I GUESS NOT...
THOSE LOOK...
AWFULLY HEAVY...



FIT-NESS

WELL, FOR ME THEY'RE MORE LIKE A WARM-UP WEIGHT.
ARE YOU COMFY ON MY BIG THIGH, BABY?

YES... IT FEELS LIKE SITTING ON A ROCK...



SO THIS IS THE WAY
TO BUILD BICEPS LIKE
YOURS?

HAHAHAHA!!



YOU SILLY BOY. FEEL THIS!

HESITATINGLY, TOM FELT ANGELA'S HUGE BICEP (WHICH WASN'T EVEN PUMPED YET). HE STILL WAS MORE INTO THE DOMINATION THING THAN THE MUSCLE (MUCH THE REVERSE OF NATHAN), BUT SOMEHOW HE COULD APPRECIATE THIS GIGANTIC BODY, AND OF COURSE SAW IT AS SYMBOLIC OF THE POWER ANGELA COULD DOMINATE HIM WITH...

TO GET ARMS LIKE THIS, YOU NEED GOOD GENES, WHICH YOU DON'T HAVE, AND YOU NEED TO PUMP WITH HEAVY WEIGHTS FOR HOURS AND HOURS...



HEY K,
SPEAKING OF
WHICH. I'M READY TO
HIT IT FOR REAL. I'D
JUST LIKE TO GET
SOME COLD WATER
FIRST. YOU HAVE IT
HERE?

HMM, ONLY
ENERGY DRINKS IN
THE FRIDGE HERE.
YOU CAN GO GET SOME
IN THE KITCHEN
UPSTAIRS
THOUGH...

DUTIFULLY, TOMMIE SUGGESTED HE'D GET IT FOR HER,
BUT ANGELA TOLD HIM TO KEEP PUMPING...

AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, WHEN ANGELA CAME UP FROM THE BASEMENT, KATIE'S DAD WAS IN THE KITCHEN, APPARENTLY REACHING FOR SOMETHING IN THE CUPBOARD...

GODDAMMIT! I KEEP TELLING THEM NOT TO PUT STUFF IN THE HIGH CUPBOARDS!



AS QUIETLY AS SHE COULD, ANGELA CREEPT UP BEHIND HANK, AND THEN SUDDENLY SPOKE...

IS IT THE CHOCOLATE YOU WANT?

HUH? EH... NO, THE CRACKERS...



AS HANK LOOKED BEHIND HIM, HE COULDN'T BELIEVE HIS EYES... HE KNEW KATIE HAD A FRIEND WHO HAD THE SAME CRAZY OBSESSION AS SHE HAD, BUT HE'D NEVER HAVE THOUGHT SHE'D BE AT LEAST AS BIG AS HIS HUGE DAUGHTER...

YOU... MUST BE... ANGELA?

EXACTLY! KATIE TOLD YOU ABOUT ME?

EH... SOME...



HERE YOU GO...
GUESS IT'S NOT
FAIR THE BIG GIRLS
OF THE HOUSE PUT
STUFF OUT OF YOUR
REACH. YOUR WIFE IS
TALL TOO, ISN'T
SHE?

EH, YES...
THANKS.

STANDING IN FRONT OF THIS LITTLE MAN, LOOKING STRAIGHT INTO HIS EYES, ANGELA GOT "THE SIGNAL": ALWAYS WHEN A MAN - MOSTLY THEY WERE SMALL - WAS TURNED ON BY HER SIZE, SHE NOTICED IT. THEY COULD TRY TO HIDE IT AS MUCH AS THEY WANTED, BUT IT WAS ALWAYS CLEAR AS DAY. ANGELA HAD A SORT OF SIXTH SENSE FOR IT...

BUT LOOKING AT YOU... I WOULDN'T BE SUPRISED IF YOU KINDA LIKE BIG GIRLS, HUH? AM I RIGHT?

HUH? WHAT?

OKAY, LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING...

SHOW ME WHAT?



WITHOUT WARNING, ANGELA, IN A SUDDEN EXPLOSION OF ENERGY AND POWER, FLEXED HER RIGHT ARM IN FRONT OF HANK AND PUT ON A SEDUCTIVE LOOK... HANK WAS SO SURPRISED AT THIS THAT HE DROPPED THE BOX OF CRACKERS...

THIS!



SHE WAS AMAZING. SHE WAS HUGE. SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL. SHE WAS SEXY. AND HANK THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO COME IN HIS PANTS. HE WANTED TO MOVE CLOSER AND JUST... WORSHIP THAT BICEP, JUST LIKE HE WORSHIPED THE POSTERS OF THE MUSCLEWOMEN IN KATIE'S BASEMENT WHENEVER SHE WAS AWAY...

YOUR EYES TELL ME YOU LIKE THIS... WHAT DO YOU SAY?

EH...





WHAT'S YOUR NAME AGAIN, KATIE-DAD?

HA...HANK...

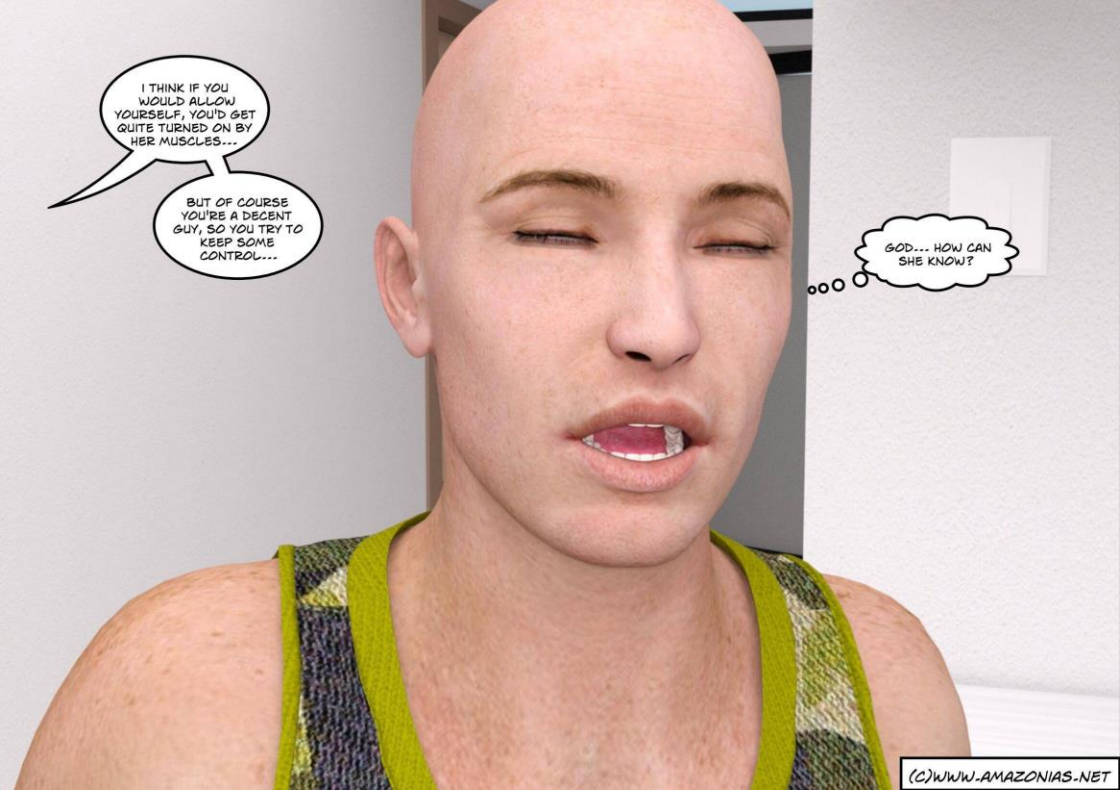
RIGHT. DO YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK, HA-HANK?

THE BIG GIRL WALKED OVER TO THE FRIDGE TO GET THE WATER SHE HAD COME FOR, FULLY AWARE THAT HANK'S EYES WEREN'T LEAVING HER BIG, MASSIVE BODY FOR ONE SECOND...

I THINK YOU LIKE BIG MUSCLEGIRLS...

... INCLUDING YOUR DAUGHTER...






I THINK IF YOU
WOULD ALLOW
YOURSELF, YOU'D GET
QUITE TURNED ON BY
HER MUSCLES...


BUT OF COURSE
YOU'RE A DECENT
GUY, SO YOU TRY TO
KEEP SOME
CONTROL...

GOD... HOW CAN
SHE KNOW?

A woman with long, vibrant red hair is shown in profile, drinking from a clear glass. She is wearing a white strap over her shoulder. In the background, a man with a shaved head, wearing a green and black patterned tank top and black pants, stands in a kitchen with a white countertop and black cabinets. The scene is lit with bright, even light.

BUT THEN,
IN WALKS ANOTHER
HUGE MUSCLEGIRL...
SHE'S JUST AS HOT...
JUST AS BIG...

AND YOU'RE
THINKING: "BUT THIS
ONE IS NOT MY
DAUGHTER." HENCE:
NOT OFF LIMITS...



HOW AM I DOING SO FAR, HANK?

EH...


STILL SPEECHLESS
HUH? SEE, THAT'S A PITY,
BECAUSE YOU AND I COULD
HAVE SOME GREAT FUN, I
THINK...

AND OF
COURSE... KATIE
DOESN'T NEED TO
KNOW...

WHAT THE FUCK IS
SHE DRIVING AT...
♀




THING IS, I NEED
TO HEAR YOU SAY IT
THOUGH...



GOD, THOSE LEGS! SO MUCH POWER IN THEM!

HEAR ME... SAY WHAT? I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT...



OKAY, IF YOU
WANNA PLAY DUMB,
NO PROBLEM...
ENOUGH FISH IN THE
SEA FOR ME...

LET ME JUST
STRETCH ON THIS
TABLE AND THEN I'LL
BE ON MY WAY DOWN
AGAIN...



EXACTLY THE RIGHT
HEIGHT FOR A GOOD
STRETCH OF MY BIG
QUADS....

WHAT'S YOUR
FAVORITE MUSCLE,
HANK?

EH... I NEVER GAVE
THAT ANY THOUGHT....


REALLY? AND THAT BULKY THING IN YOUR PANTS, THAT'S NOT BECAUSE YOU THINK MUSCLES ARE HOT, HUH?

HANK INDEED WAS PAINFULLY AWARE OF A HUGE ERECTION, AND HADN'T DARED TO LOOK DOWN TO SEE IF IT SHOWED. BUT OBVIOUSLY IT DID...

EH...

THERE SEEMED TO BE NO USE DENYING IT ANY LONGER. SUDDENLY, HANK CRACKED. IT WAS A STRANGE, UNIQUE MOMENT IN HIS LIFE. HE HAD NEVER TOLD THIS TO ANYONE BEFORE...

OKAY... IT'S...
TRUE...
I LIKE...
M-M-MUSCULAR
W-WOMEN...



AWW... AND IT
MUST BE HORRIBLE
TO HAVE ONE OF
THOSE IN THE HOUSE
THAT YOU CAN'T
TOUCH...

SHE'S MY
DAUGHTER!

THAT'S RIGHT. A VERY
BIG DAUGHTER. BIG
AND SEXY...



BUT THAT HORRIBLE SITUATION ENDS TODAY... COME HERE LITTLE HANK...

HUH...

THE GIANTESS LIFTED HANK BY HIS SHIRT WITH ONE HAND AND PULLED HIM TOWARDS HER, SO THAT HE WAS STANDING ON TIPTOE...





TODAY, ONE OF
THOSE MUCH COVETED
AMAZONS WALKED IN TO
YOUR DOOR, AND THE GOOD
NEWS IS, THIS TIME IT'S
ONE THAT YOU *CAN*
PLAY WITH...

HOW DOES THAT SOUND,
HANKIEPANKIE?



OOOH... IT SOUNDS...
GREAT...

IT DOES, DOESN'T
IT? I CAN SEE IT IN
YOUR EYES THAT
YOU'RE TOTALLY UP
FOR THIS...

THIS WAS, WITHOUT ANY DOUBT, THE MOST AROUSING, EXCITING, SEXY MOMENT IN HANK'S LIFE. THE GIANTESS WAS ENTIRELY RIGHT: HE WANTED TO GIVE HIMSELF TOTALLY, SUBJECT HIMSELF TO HER MUSCLES, WORSHIP THEM...

YOU'RE TOTALLY READY TO GIVE YOURSELF TO FEMALE MUSCLE, ISN'T IT?

OOOH... YES...



AWW. POOR
THING. I CAN SEE
HOW YOU'RE READY TO
EXPLODE. SAY IT TO
ME BABY!

I'M... READY TO...
EX...PLODE FOR YOUR
M-M-MUSCLES...

THE BIG GIRL BENT DOWN, AND PUT ONE BIG ARM UNDER HANK'S SHOULDER...

COME HERE BABY, ANGELA'S GONNA HELP YOU. A BIT.

OOOOHHH



AS ANGELA BENT BACK, HANK FELT HIS FEET LEAVE THE GROUND AND HE WAS AIRBORNE...

GOD, KATIE TOLD ME LIFTING HER DAD WAS LIKE LIFTING A LITTLE BOY, AND SHE'S RIGHT! YOU'RE SO LIGHT!



ANGELA PULLED HANK ALL THE WAY UP AND PUT HIM ON HER LEGS...

OH MY GOD... YOU'RE SO... S-STRONG!

IS THAT ANY SURPRISE?

NOT RALLY...

HOW DOES IT FEEL HANK? TO SIT ON THAT BIG, HUGE, TREE TRUNK OF A THIGH... OF A GIRL HALF YOUR AGE...



NOW, TAKE
OUT YOUR
CELLPHONE...

EH... W-WHY?
I MEAN OKAY!

A muscular woman with long, wavy red hair is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a white tank top with the word "FITNESS" printed in large, bold, black letters across the chest. Her expression is neutral as she looks slightly to the right. Another person's hands are visible on the left side of the frame, touching her arm and shoulder. The person's torso is partially visible, wearing a patterned top with green, purple, and grey geometric shapes. Two speech bubbles are present: one at the top left containing the text "NOW MAKE A NEW CONTACT: 'MISTRESS ANGELA'" and another below it containing "OOOH...".

NOW MAKE A NEW CONTACT: "MISTRESS ANGELA"

OOOH...




OR WOULD YOU
PREFER TO ENTER ME
THERE AS "MISTRESS
BICEPS"?

EH...



OR MAYBE "MISTRESS BOOBS"?

A comic book panel featuring a woman with a shaved head, wearing a green and black patterned tank top and black shorts, sitting on the floor and talking on a black mobile phone. A large, muscular man in a white tank top and black shorts is leaning over her, his hand on her shoulder. Three speech bubbles are present: one from the man, one from the woman, and one from the man again.

OR MISTRESS
EIGHT-PACK?
DON'T WORRY BABY,
YOU'LL GET TO PLAY
WITH ALL OF IT...

THE NUMBER IS
555-723-3217.
NOW CALL ME AND
HANG UP, SO THAT I
HAVE YOUR
NUMBER...

EH...
OKAY...

AFTER HANK HAD DONE WHAT ANGELA ASKED, SHE LOWERED HIM BACK ON THE FLOOR...



GOTTA GO BACK TO KATIE'S GYM NOW, BIG MAN...




TEXT ME WHEN
YOU'RE HOT AND
READY. OR I MAY TEXT
YOU... AND WE'LL
MEET, OKAY?

EHM... I... EH... I
DON'T... KNOW IF....



I GET IT BABY,
YOU'RE MARRIED. BUT
YOU'RE ON A BREAK,
NO?

EH.... YES BUT... IT'S
NOT.... THAT KIND OF
BREAK....




I SEE. MAYBE IT'S THE
I-CAN-BREAK
-YOUR-NECK-IF-YOU-DON'T
-OBEY-ME-BREAK?

EH...



YOU TINY, POOR,
WEAK MAN... YOU
DON'T WANT TO MISS
THIS UNIQUE
OPPORTUNITY TO
FULFILL ALL YOUR
SEXUAL FANTASIES,
DON'T YOU?



ALL THOSE FANTASIES THAT
SOMEHOW, SEEMED SO CLOSE...
ALL THOSE FANTASIES THAT WALKED
AROUND, INCARNATED, IN YOUR OWN
HOUSE, BUT WHICH YOU COULDN'T
INDULGE IN... HOW TERRIBLE THAT
MUST BE...

ANYWAY, UP TO
YOU. MAYBE.

GOODBYE FOR
NOW, LITTLE HANK.
THE WEIGHTS ARE
CALLING, THE MUSCLES
NEED TO BE
PUMPED...



HANK WANTED TO COME, TO SCREAM, TO EXPLODE...
HE WAS SO TERRIBLY FRUSTRATED IN HIS AROUSAL..
THE BEST THING HE COULD DO WAS TO CONTINUE TO
FANTASIZE...

OH MY GOD, THIS
WOMAN...

I WANT TO...
OOOH...




AND RIGHT THERE, RIGHT THEN, STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE KITCHEN, HANK THOUGHT ABOUT HOW IT COULD BE... HIS NAKED BODY PRESSED AGAINST THE MASSIVE, GIGANTIC TITS AND TORSO OF THAT YOUNG BODYBUILDER, BEST FRIEND OF HIS DAUGHTER...

WE'RE GONNA HAVE SO MUCH FUN BABY, I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME...

OH MY GOD...





I'M GONNA USE THESE
BIG MUSCLES, THIS
HUGE BODY, TO DOMINATE
THE FUCK OUT OF YOU,
LITTLE MAN...

OH YES...



COME HERE
HANKIEPANKIE, LET'S
PLAY...



LITTLE MEN LIKE
YOU MAKE ME SO
HORNY, HANK.
ESPECIALLY IF
THEY'RE OLDER...

OOOHHH



LET ME THAT THAT
LITTLE THING OF
YOURS IN
POSITION...



YOU'RE KIND OF
BEING RAPED, HANK.
WHAT DO YOU THINK
ABOUT THAT?

OOH... I LOVE IT!



MISTRESS ANGELA
IS IN CHARGE NOW.
LITTLE HANK IS HER
TOY...



OOOH MY GOD!

YES BABY! THIS IS
WHAT YOU'VE ALWAYS
WANTED ISN'T IT? FEMALE
MUSCLE TO DOMINATE YOU
AND MAKE YOU FEEL
SMALL...



YES...

DAD?

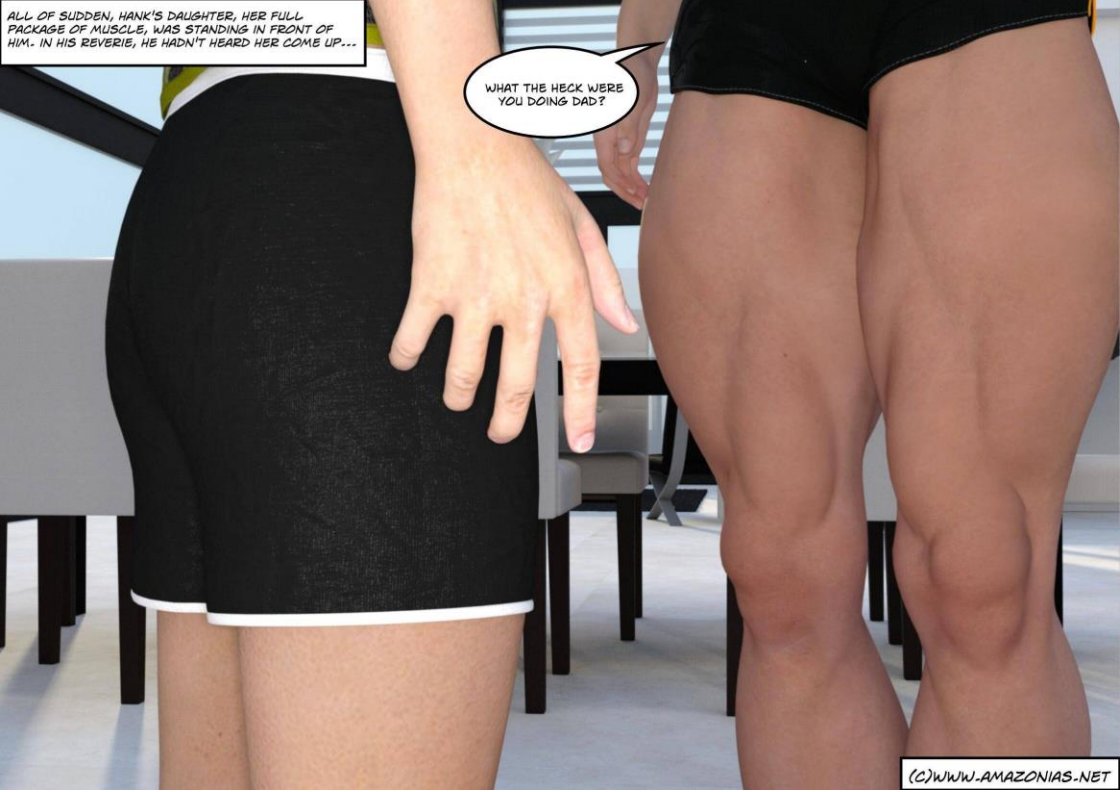
DAD!



HUH? WHAT?

ALL OF SUDDEN, HANK'S DAUGHTER, HER FULL PACKAGE OF MUSCLE, WAS STANDING IN FRONT OF HIM. IN HIS REVERIE, HE HADN'T HEARD HER COME UP...

WHAT THE HECK WERE YOU DOING DAD?





EH... KATIE... YOU...
KIND OF STARTLED
ME.

I GUESS I WAS JUST...
DAYDREAMING...

WHAT... DO YOU
WANT?



NOTHING, I JUST CAME UP
TO GO THE BATHROOM.
WE'RE WORKING OUT, ANGELA
AND ME AND THE BOYS. SHE
TOLD ME YOU TALKED...

YES SHE'S
HO... I MEAN,
NICE...

GLAD YOU LIKE HER.
SHE LOVES MY GYM SO
YOU MIGHT SEE MORE
OF HER.

SURE... NO
PROBLEM...

TAKE YOUR CHANCE AT WINNING ONE
OF THE 15 € STORE COUPONS I HAND
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POSITIVE ONES :-)

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