



**KATIE**  
Part 14

*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.

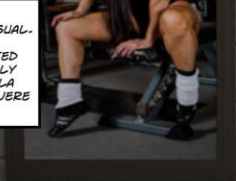
IF YOU FOUND THIS COMIC  
SOMEWHERE WITHOUT PAYING FOR IT,  
PLEASE LET ME KNOW. ALSO, I DO  
MY BEST TO PROVIDE FREE STORIES  
NOW AND THEN ON MY SITE, FOR  
THOSE WHO ARE NOT ABLE OR  
PREPARED TO PAY FOR THEM.

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

THANK YOU


JAMES

THE NEXT DAY, KATIE WAS TRAINING HEAVILY IN HER BASEMENT GYM, AS USUAL.. HER DESIRE TO GET BIGGER HAD NOT WANED. ON THE CONTRARY, SHE WANTED TO GET BIGGER THAN EVER, ESPECIALLY AFTER THE CONVERSATION WITH ANGELA LAST NIGHT... HER FRIEND'S WORDS WERE GOING THROUGH KATIE'S HEAD...



COULD I REALLY EVER CONSIDER... HAVING SOMEONE BESIDES NATHAN?





IT WOULD  
DEFINITELY BE...  
AWESOME TO HAVE  
SOMEONE TO **REALLY**  
DOMINATE...

SUPPOSE I'D  
GO FOR IT... DO I  
TALK TO NATHAN  
BEFOREHAND? AND IF I  
DO, DO I ASK HIS  
PERMISSION? OR DO I  
JUST TELL HIM?



BUT WE'VE  
BEEN TOGETHER  
ONLY FOR SUCH A SHORT  
TIME! HOW CAN I ALREADY  
BE LOOKING FOR... WELL,  
IT MUST MEAN THAT I  
**REALLY** NEED IT... I  
HAVE TO BE ABLE TO  
BE MYSELF...

AT THAT MOMENT, KATIE'S  
PHONE RANG...

**RRRING**




THIS IS KATIE. OH HI!  
YES! YES OF COURSE!

THE FILMING IS THE DAY  
AFTER TOMORROW? WOW,  
THAT'S UNEXPECTED... BUT  
YES, YES I'M AVAILABLE...  
OKAY...

OKAY...  
YES, I WAS TOLD  
YOU'D PROVIDE THE  
CLOTHES. YOU KNOW  
THAT THEY HAVE TO  
BE... PRETTY BIG,  
RIGHT?





OKAY, AWESOME!  
I'LL BE THERE AT  
THREE! CAN'T WAIT TO  
MEET MISTER  
DROONEY!

IT WAS THE CALL OUR MUSCLEGIRL HAD BEEN WAITING FOR FOR SO LONG. THE FINAL CONFIRMATION THAT SHE WAS ACTUALLY GOING TO BE IN A MOVIE! KATIE WAS OVER THE MOON. SHE GOT UP AND FLEXED FEROCIOUSLY IN THE MIRROR...

I HOPE YOU'RE READY FOR FEMALE **POOOOVERRRR** MISTER DROONEY!



THE NEXT NIGHT, NATHAN'S PARENTS WERE GONE AND HE WAS ABLE TO COME OVER TO SPEND THE NIGHT AT KATIE'S. THEY MANAGED TO SNEAK NATHAN IN AGAIN WITHOUT KATIE'S FATHER KNOWING, EVEN THOUGH, AS KATIE WAS THINKING, WHAT DID IT MATTER WHAT HER DAD SAW OR KNEW OR THOUGHT OR SAID?

AS SOON AS NATHAN WAS UP THEY GOT OUT OF THEIR CLOTHES...

READY FOR SOME FUN, LITTLE BOY?

VERY READY, BIG GIRL!

EVEN IF NATHAN DIDN'T WANT THE DOMINATION THAT KATIE WAS WANTING TO PRACTICE MORE AND MORE, HE WAS OF COURSE STILL A LOT OF FUN. SHE COULDN'T BEAT, STRANGLE, HUMILIATE OR SQUEEZE THE BOY THE WAY SHE WANTED, BUT JUST STANDING IN FRONT OF HIM, EXPERIENCING THE ENORMOUS SIZE DIFFERENCE, SHE FELT DOMINANT WITHOUT HAVING TO DO ANYTHING AT ALL...

ARE YOU HIDING BETWEEN MY BIG TITS AGAIN, LITTLE MAN? COME ON OUT!

MMM, I FEEL SO SAFE HERE...

AWWW, DOES MY  
LITTLE BOY NEED  
PROTECTION? ARE YO IN  
DANGER AGAIN? NEED  
HELP FROM THE BIG  
GIRL?

OOH... YES...  
PLEASE,  
PROTECT ME!

THE SUPERHEROINE AND RESCUE SCENARIOS THAT NATHAN LIKED TO PLAY WEREN'T EXACTLY KATIE'S CUP OF TEA, BUT NATHAN LOVED THEM, AND KATIE LOVED NATHAN, SO SHE HAD EVEN BOUGHT A SPECIAL COSTUME TO PLAY THE HEROINE IN...

YOU'RE SAFE NOW BABY. SAFE IN MY BIG STRONG ARMS...

AARGH...  
THANK...  
YOU...



AND OF COURSE, KATIE ALWAYS HAD THE POSSIBILITY TO IMAGINE SOMETHING... "EXTRA". WHICH SHE WAS NOW DOING...



ON YOUR KNEES, LITTLE SLAVE!

IN HER IMAGINATION, SHE COULD SAY AND DO ANYTHING TO HIM. ANYTHING SHE WANTED... THE ONLY PITY WAS THAT IT WASN'T REAL...

YOU ARE SO FUCKING TINY AND PATHETIC, NATHAN!

I OVERPOWER YOU  
I OUTMUSCLE YOU  
I OUTCLASS YOU IN EVERY WAY...



YES, THIS WAS WHAT KATIE WANTED... WHEN WOULD SHE GET IT?

AFTER A NIGHT IN WHICH NATHAN GOT EVERYTHING HE EVER DREAMED OF AND KATIE GOT SOME OF WHAT SHE WANTED, KATIE DROVE TO THE VENUE WHERE SHE WAS EXPECTED FOR THE FILMING. SHE WAS GREETED BY A PETITE, ENTHUSIASTIC WOMAN...

OH MY GOD, YOU'RE... YOU'RE INCREDIBLY HUGE! I MEAN I KNEW YOU WOULD BE BUT... YOU'RE EVEN BIGGER THAN...

FUCK! I'M BABBLING! I'M STACEY, NICE TO MEET YOU!

I'M THE ASSISTANT TO THE DIRECTOR...

NICE TO MEET YOU TOO, STACEY!

STACEY LED KATIE TO THE SET,  
WHERE THE REST OF THE TEAM -  
SMALLER THAN KATIE HAD EXPECTED  
- WAS WAITING...



WHAT THE...

OH WOW!

OH MY GOD!

HEY ALL!  
KATIE'S ARRIVED!


HELLO  
EVERYONE...

A 3D rendered scene set on a stone patio. In the center, a woman with long black hair, wearing a red dress and a denim jacket, stands with her back to the camera. To her left, a bald man in a brown vest and light blue shirt looks at her. To her right, another bald man in a white shirt and black tie looks on with a surprised expression. The background features a stone building with large windows and several lounge chairs under a large umbrella. Three speech bubbles contain text.

HI KATIE, I'M  
ROBERT, WE TALKED  
ON THE PHONE. GREAT  
TO MEET YOU!  
I MUST SAY YOU'RE...  
EVEN BIGGER THAN I  
EXPECTED...

OH... STACEY  
SAID THE SAME  
THING. NOT TOO  
BIG I HOPE?

THAT BACK IS  
THE SIZE OF A  
HELICOPTER  
LANDING PAD!



NO NO, NOT AT ALL!  
YOU LOOK ABSOLUTELY  
PERFECT FOR THIS.

OH GOOD!


WANNA JOIN  
ME UPSTAIRS SO I  
CAN FILL YOU IN ON  
SOME THINGS? MISTER  
DROONEY IS GETTING  
HIS MAKE UP ON...

SURE, OF  
COURSE...

ROBERT BROUGHT KATIE TO THE UPPER BALCONY AND TOOK OUT TWO BIG CHAIRS FROM INSIDE. THEY BOTH SAT DOWN AND ROBERT STARTED TO TALK...

I HAVEN'T EXPLAINED EVERYTHING TO YOU ON THE PHONE, KATIE. THIS IS A BIT OF AN UNUSUAL SITUATION. I NEED YOU TO KEEP THIS CONFIDENTIAL, OKAY?


EH... SURE!



OKAY, SO... ONE OF THE PRODUCERS OF THIS MOVIE IS A WOMAN, WHO... WELL, IN ORDER FOR HER TO SUPPORT THE MOVIE I HAD TO MAKE A CERTAIN PROMISE...

SHE THINKS GEORGE DROONEY IS LIKE THE ULTIMATE MACHO WOMANIZER AND SHE WANTED TO TEACH HIM A LESSON...


OKAY...



BASICALLY THIS  
LITTLE SCENE WE'RE  
GOING TO SHOOT... THAT  
WAS HER IDEA. THE GENERAL  
LINES. THE POINT IS THAT OUR  
MACHO DROONEY GETS  
UNEXPECTEDLY HUMILIATED  
BY A WOMAN WHO IS HIS  
SUPERIOR...

I SEE...  
INTERESTING... SO IT'S  
NOT REALLY A IMPORTANT  
PART OF THE PLOT, THIS  
SCENE...?

THAT'S RIGHT. I TOLD YOU  
IT'S A SMALL THING.  
OTHERWISE WE WOULD HAVE  
HAD AN AUDITION. BUT IN THIS  
CASE I HAD ENOUGH WITH YOUR  
PICS AND THE PHONECALL.  
WHAT'S IMPORTANT IS THAT  
YOU LOOK REALLY  
STRONG.



I DON'T JUST **LOOK**  
REALLY STRONG, I AM  
REALLY STRONG...

I HAVE NO PROBLEM  
BELIEVING THAT. WHAT'S THE  
MOST SPECTACULAR  
HUMILIATING THING YOU COULD  
DO TO GEORGE? NOTHING IS  
FIXED IN THE SCRIPT SO WE  
CAN STILL CHOOSE  
THAT...

YOU KNOW GEORGE IS  
REALLY SMALL, RIGHT? HE'S  
ONE OF THOSE CELEBS WHO  
ALWAYS TURNS UP IN THOSE "TEN  
CELEBS WHO ARE SHORTER THAN  
YOU THINK" OR WHATEVER BULLSHIT  
THEY WRITE...  
IT JUST DOESN'T SHOW ON THE  
SCREEN, OR HE ALWAYS HAS THE  
DIRECTOR AVOID  
SHOWING IT...




WELL, NO MATTER HOW SHORT HE IS, I COULD LIFT HIM OVERHEAD, LIKE THIS...

MY BICEPS WOULD SHOW VERY NICELY IN THAT CASE TOO... YOU SAID I'D BE WEARING A BIKINI, RIGHT?

WOW, YOU CAN REALLY LIFT GUYS OVER YOUR HEAD?

YES, WE HAVE A NICE DESIGN BIKINI FOR YOU. CAN I EH... SEE THOSE BICEPS?



YES, THESE ARMS  
CAN LIFT HEAVIER  
WEIGHTS THAN GEORGE  
DROONEY...

ONE SEC, LET  
ME TAKE OFF THIS  
JACKET...




OH MY GOD! THAT  
IS JUST BRILLIANT! I  
THINK YOU ARE EXACTLY  
WHAT WE WERE  
LOOKING FOR!



IF YOU'D LIKE  
THEM MORE PUMPED  
THAN THIS, I'VE GOT A  
DUMBBELL IN THE CAR  
THAT I COULD GET...

THEY LOOK...  
QUITE BIG  
ENOUGH... BUT  
THANKS...



BY THE WAY WHAT DOES MR. DROONEY THINK OF ALL THIS? WHAT ABOUT HIS EH... EGO AND STUFF?

GOD, I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW BIG YOU ARE...

OH, WELL, MR. DROONEY... THE ONLY THING HE KNOWS IS THAT A TALL WOMAN WILL PUSH HIM IN THE WATER...



MR DROONEY IS  
READY...

WE THOUGHT IT BEST THAT  
HIS SURPRISE WOULD BE  
ENTIRELY NATURAL AND  
GENUINE... YOU KNOW, IT'S  
IMPORTANT WE TAKE THIS  
SERIOUSLY, CAUSE I'M HOPING TO  
GET MORE MOVIES SPONSORED  
BY THAT WOMAN...

I UNDERSTAND.  
I'LL DO MY BEST TO  
REALLY SURPRISE HIM  
WITH THESE  
BABIES...



SO REMEMBER,  
TRACY, WE WANT MR.  
DROONEY TO SEE KATIE  
FOR THE FIRST TIME  
WHEN SHE LEAVES THE  
POOL, NOT  
BEFORE.

I GOT IT, BOSS!  
HE'S STILL INSIDE AND  
I'LL TAKE HIM OUTSIDE  
WHEN SHE'S IN THE  
WATER...

PERFECT,  
TRACY. AWESOME!  
YOU CAN TAKE KATIE  
TO THE DRESSING  
ROOM NOW...



WE'VE GOT A REAL  
NICE BIKINI FOR YOU  
KATIE. JUST HOPE IT  
WILL BE BIG  
ENOUGH...

CAN'T WAIT  
TO SEE IT...

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, AFTER HER MAKE-UP WAS DONE, KATIE DESCENDED THE STAIRS AND WAS ONCE AGAIN DELIGHTED TO BE STARED AT...

OH WOW...

HOLY SHIT...



THE BIKINI WAS TIGHT, BUT IT WORKED. KATIE FELT LIKE A GENUINE MOVIE STAR AT A MOVIE FESTIVAL. THE ONLY THING MISSING WERE THE PAPARAZZI...



SHE WAS ENTIRELY AWARE OF THE EFFECT SHE HAD ON THE GUYS WATCHING HER. THIS WAS A SIGHT THEY HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE. SHE KNEW SHE LOOKED AS IMPOSING AS EVER. IN FACT, AS SHE HAD LOOKED AT HERSELF IN THE MIRROR THIS MORNING, SHE HAD CONCLUDED HER BODY HAD NEVER LOOKED BETTER. AND NOW IT WOULD BE ON THE BIG SCREEN...

HI LITTLE ONES... I'M BIGGER AND STRONGER THAN ALL OF YOU... ISN'T THAT SOMETHING?






ALL READY FOR  
YOU...

YOU LOOK STUNNING,  
KATIE! THIS IS GONNA BE  
GREAT...

THAT BODY IS  
JUST... NOT OF THIS  
PLANET. AND THEN  
ROBERT TOLD ME SHE'S  
ALSO AN ADVANCED MARTIAL  
ARTIST? SHE CAN MAKE A  
REAL CAREER IN MOVIES,  
I'M SURE...

WHERE DID THEY  
FIND SOMEONE LIKE  
THAT? IS SHE EVEN A  
WOMAN?

WELL, ARE YOU  
ALL GONNA JUST  
STARE OR ARE YOU  
GOING TO GIVE ME  
INSTRUCTIONS?



HOW DO I  
LOOK? WILL YOUR  
PRODUCER BE PLEASED  
WITH ME TEACHING MR.  
DROONEY A LITTLE  
LESSON, YOU  
THINK?

I HAVE NOT A  
SHADOW OF A DOUBT...

OKAY, SO NOW, YOU GET IN  
THE POOL SO WE CAN FETCH  
GEORGE. YOU KNOW YOUR  
LINES, RIGHT? WE'LL DO A  
COUPLE OF TAKES BEFORE  
WE GET THIS PERFECT,  
I'M SURE...

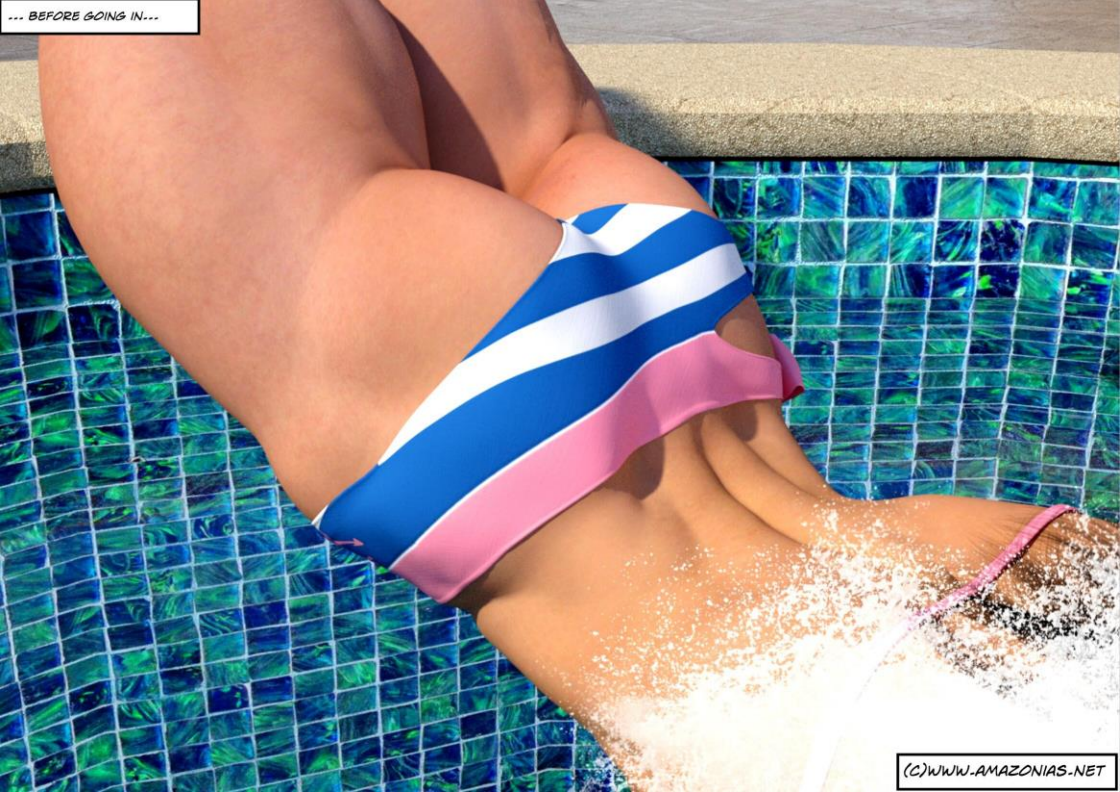
YES, I KNOW WHAT  
TO SAY, NO WORRIES  
ABOUT THAT. I HAVE A  
GOOD MEMORY.

KATIE WALKED TO THE FAR END OF THE POOL AND, JUST BECAUSE SHE WAS ENJOYING IMPRESSING HER AUDIENCE, MADE HER SELF BIG...

CAN YOU GO GET MR. DROONEY, STACEY?



... BEFORE GOING IN...



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... WITH AN ATHLETIC YET ELEGANT  
AND SMOOTH DIVE...

SOON AFTER, STACEY BROUGHT  
GEORGE TO THE SET...


ALL RIGHT  
GEORGE. YOU CAN  
JUST GO LIE DOWN ON  
YOUR LAZY ASS...  
READY?

ALWAYS  
READY BOB...





ALTHOUGH I MUST SAY  
I REALLY DON'T  
UNDERSTAND THIS  
SCENE AT ALL...




IT SEEMS SO RANDOM,  
YOU KNOW. I DON'T GET  
THE POINT.

WE'VE GONE  
OVER THIS, GEORGE.  
IT'S JUST PART OF THE  
SCRIPT AND IT'S STAYING  
IN THERE...

YEAH SURE.  
WHATEVER. AH,  
THERE'S THE GIRL. OKAY,  
SO I'LL LIE DOWN  
THERE?

YES, PLEASE.  
THIRD CHAIR. WE'LL  
WRAP THIS UP AS SOON  
AS POSSIBLE. SHORT  
DAY FOR ALL OF  
US...

A man with dark hair, wearing a dark grey polo shirt and dark shorts, is sitting on a white lounge chair. He is holding a glass of amber liquid in his right hand and looking towards a swimming pool. In the pool, a woman in a dark swimsuit is swimming. The pool has blue mosaic tiles and a concrete deck. The scene is outdoors in bright daylight.

GEORGE DROONEY TOOK HIS POSITION AND THE CAMERA WAS ROLLING... FOLLOWING THE SCRIPT, HE WAS STARING ABSENT-MINDEDLY AT THE POOL. KATIE WAS GLIDING THROUGH THE WATER WITH LONG, POWERFUL STROKES, AND GEORGE COULDN'T HELP NOTICING THAT THE GIRL LOOKED QUITE... ATHLETIC?

GEORGE PLAYED JAY MASTERS, A JAMES BOND-LIKE ACTION HERO WHO AT THIS POINT WAS RELAXING AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE, AFTER A MISSION IN THE MIDDLE EAST. THE GIRL IN THE POOL WAS THE FRIEND'S BODYGUARD, BUT JAY MASTERS HAD NEVER MET HER... JUST LIKE GEORGE DROONEY HIMSELF, MASTERS WAS A NOTORIOUS WOMANIZER WITH A SENSE OF PROPRIETY ABOUT WOMEN...

HEY YOU...  
WANNA HAVE A DRINK  
TOGETHER? GOTTA TAKE  
A BREAK SOMETIME,  
RIGHT?



KATIE LIKED THE FACT THAT THE FIRST LINES SHE EVER SPOKE IN A MOVIE REFERRED TO HER ATHLETICISM...



OH, I CAN GO ON FOREVER, ACTUALLY...

AAAAH, COME ON BABE!

A woman with long, straight black hair and light-colored eyes is looking over a light-colored, textured ledge. She has a slightly open mouth and a concerned expression. The background consists of a wall of blue and green mosaic tiles.

PLEASE DON'T CALL  
ME "BABE", MISTER  
MASTERS...

AH, YOU  
KNOW MY NAME? I  
DON'T KNOW YOURS.  
WHICH IS WHY ALL CALL  
YOU "BABE". LIKE ALL  
PRETTY WOMEN...

HERE WE  
GO...

MY NAME IS  
GRETCHEN,  
MISTER  
MASTERS.



GRETCHEN... NICE  
NAME. STILL, I PREFER  
TO CALL YOU BABE...

OW-KAY... LET ME SEE  
IF I CAN CONVINCE YOU  
OTHERWISE...

KATIE JUMPED AND SLOWLY PULLED  
HER ENORMOUS BODY OUT OF THE  
WATER...



SHE WAS IMAGINING THAT IN THE FINISHED MOVIE, THERE WOULD NOW BE DRAMATIC MUSIC. MAYBE THIS BIT WOULD EVEN BE SHOWN IN SLOW MOTION... SHE KNEW HER MUSCLES WERE BULGING AND HER TITS WERE BOUNCING. SHE WAS PERFECTLY AWARE THAT MOST MOVIE-WATCHERS WOULD FIND HER BODY GROSS, BUT ANOTHER PART OF THEM WOULD LOVE IT, AND ALL WOULD FIND IT AT LEAST FASCINATING AND AWE-INSPIRING...



WHEN SHE LOOKED UP AT GEORGE  
DROONEY, WHO BY NOW GOT THE  
PICTURE, SHE WAS EXCITED TO SEE  
COMPLETE BAFFLEMENT WRITTEN  
ALL OVER HIS FACE. REAL, GENUINE  
BAFFLEMENT, LIKE ROBERT - AND  
PROBABLY THAT PRODUCER WOMAN -  
WANTED IT...



GEORGE WAS WAITING FOR THE "CUT!" FROM THE DIRECTOR BUT IT DIDN'T COME...



**GEORGE!**  
YOU'RE A  
PROFESSIONAL! YOU  
CAN DO THIS! GET  
YOURSELF  
TOGETHER!



OH YES! THAT'S  
JUST GOLDEN!

KATIE WRUNG OUT HER HAIR,  
LOOKING SEDUCTIVELY AT THE  
ACTOR IN FRONT OF HER, WHO WAS  
INDEED VERY, VERY SHORT...

MISTER  
MASTERS... TWO  
THINGS...



A woman with long black hair and light-colored eyes is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a blue and white horizontally striped bikini. She is leaning forward, holding a black hairbrush in her right hand. The background consists of a swimming pool with blue mosaic tiles and a concrete ledge. The lighting is bright, suggesting a sunny day.

ONE: YOU  
SHOULDN'T CALL  
WOMEN YOU DON'T KNOW  
"BABES", PRETTY OR  
NOT...

FINALLY, KATIE STOOD RIGHT IN FRONT OF GEORGE DROONEY. SHE HAD A HARD TIME CONCENTRATING AND STICKING TO THE SCRIPT, BECAUSE STANDING HER LIKE THIS, TOWERING OVER A GOODLOOKING, MALE, POWERFUL CELEBRITY THAT JUST REACHED TO HER SHOULDERS... MADE HER HORNY AS HELL...

TWO: WHEN A WOMAN IS MUCH BIGGER AND STRONGER THAN YOU, YOU SHOULD LISTEN TO THEM, NOT CONTRADICT THEM...

MY GOD, WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS... I CAN'T BE IN A MOVIE LIKE THIS!



GEORGE TOO HAD TROUBLE FOCUSING, BUT SOMEHOW MANAGED TO FIND THE WORDS HE WAS SUPPOSED TO SAY...

WELL IT EH...  
WORKED, DIDN'T IT?  
YOU'RE HERE, AFTER  
ALL!

MY GUESS IS IT'S  
NOT EXACTLY  
WORKING THE WAY YOU  
INTENDED, MISTER  
MASTERS...



I THINK I NEED TO  
TEACH YOU A LITTLE  
LESSON...

OH YEAH?



"YEAH", MISTER MASTERS...

WHAT ARE YOU...-

KATIE HADN'T REALLY PRACTISED THE MOVE AT ALL, BUT IT WORKED: WITHOUT ANY COOPERATION FROM HIS SIDE AT ALL, KATIE LIFTED ALL OF HIM HIGH ABOVE HER HEAD...

WHAAAAA!!!

NOT SO TOUGH NOW, ARE WE, MISTER MASTERS?

OH MY GOD! THIS IS INSAAAAANE!!






I'M GONNA MAKE YOU FLY, LITTLE ONE!

PLEASE! PUT ME DOWN!

THE FEELING OF POWER NOW WAS ALMOST INTOLERABLE. KATIE WONDERED IF THE HORNINESS THAT SHE FELT WOULD BE VISIBLE ON THE SCREEN.

WHEN HE HAD READ THESE LINES IN THE SCRIPT, DROONEY HAD ASSUMED THE GIRL WOULD JUST LIFT HIM AN INCH OFF THE FLOOR NEAR THE WATER, AND THEN DROP HIM... IT TURNED OUT TO BE QUITE DIFFERENT...



KATIE TURNED SLIGHTLY SO THAT THE CAMERA COULD SHOOT HER BODY IN ALL ITS GLORY. SHE WANTED TO KEEP GEORGE IN THE AIR LIKE THIS FOR HOURS, BUT KNEW SHE HAD TO THROW HIM. THE SCENE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE VERY SHORT...

OKAY MISTER  
MASTERS...  
**ONE,  
TWO**

PLEASE  
DON'T!!

KATIE HAD THROWN NATHAN ON THE BED BEFORE, BUT NEVER FROM AN OVERHEAD POSITION - AND ALSO, NATHAN WAS LIGHTER THAN GEORGE. STILL, HOW EASY ALL THIS WAS ASTOUNDED EVEN HERSELF...

THREE!  
WHIIIIII!!!

WHAAAA!!!



A muscular woman with black hair, wearing a blue and white striped bikini top and a pink waistband with blue and white striped bottoms, is posing in front of a house. She has a very defined physique, showing her abdominal muscles, pectorals, and legs. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, and a large, dark, curly wig is in the foreground on the right side of the image.

LESSON  
LEARNT, MISTER  
MASTERS? OR SHOULD I  
SHOW YOU SOME  
MORE?



EH... LESSON  
LEARNT!

SORRY ABOUT THE  
"BABE", GRETCHEN...

THE DOUBLE BICEPS FLEX WAS NOT IN THE SCRIPT, BUT KATIE THREW IT IN FOR GOOD MEASURE...

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, MISTER MASTERS. HAVE A GOOD DAY!

AND CUT!




KATIE HAD THOUGHT THE "CUT" HAD SOUNDED BECAUSE OF HER GOING OFF-SCRIPT WITH THE FLEX, BUT APPARENTLY IT WAS JUST DONE...

GEORGE, IN THE MEANTIME, WAS HURRYING OUT OF THE POOL, COMPLETELY DUMBSTRUCK AND NOT KNOWING WHAT HAS JUST HAPPENED...

OH MY GOD! THAT WAS JUST PERFECT! IN ONE TAKE! UNBELIEVABLE!

HAH, GREAT! TOLD YOU I COULD LIFT HIM OVERHEAD!





SERIOUSLY  
KATIE, IT LOOKED  
SPECTACULAR. AND  
YOU'RE ACTING WAS  
VERY PASSABLE!

THANKS!

STACEY TOO CAME RUNNING TOWARD OUR GIANTESSES TO PAY HER RESPECTS....

OH MY GOD I JUST COULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT I WAS SEEING!

YEAH KATIE, I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT WE WOULD HAVE TO STAGE SUCH A THING, BUT YOU JUST DID IT. NO CGI, NO STUNTS, JUST REAL!



ROBERT TOOK KATIE TO THE CAMERA  
IN ORDER TO DOUBLECHECK IF THEY  
HAD EVERYTHING THEY NEEDED...

GONNA GET DRY.  
WATER'S FRIGGING  
COLD!

OH GOD! HOW  
AWESOME IS  
THAT!





I THINK WE'RE  
DONE, BOSS.  
FIRST TIME OFF!

WOW, I'M REALLY  
HUGE COMPARED TO HIM,  
LOOK AT THAT!

GOD, THIS IS  
FUCKING HOT! I  
WANT MY OWN  
COPY OF THAT!

YES, WE'RE  
DONE! GREAT  
WORK EVERYONE!

WOW, THAT'S  
IMPRESSIVE!

KATIE DIDN'T SEE GEORGE DROONEY ANYMORE BEFORE SHE LEFT, AND FIGURED HE WAS EMBARRASSED. SHE WAS A BIT DISAPPOINTED AT THAT, BUT STILL IT COULD NOT PUT A DUMPER ON HER FEELING OF SUCCESS.


AS SOON AS SHE WAS OUT ON THE STREET, WALKING TO HER CAR, SHE CALLED ANGELA...

ANGE! YOU FREE TO TALK?



HEY BABE! SURE! JUST TEACHING MY TOY HOW TO FLEX. WE'RE BOTH STANDING IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR. IT'S FUCKING **HILARIOUS**! CAN YOU IMAGINE FLEXING WHEN THERE IS NOTHING TO FLEX? HAHHAHA!!

HANDS ON THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD, LIKE THIS...



THAT SOUNDS  
REALLY FUN. SO,  
ANGE, I DID THE THING  
WITH GEORGE  
DROONEY...

OH RIGHT, THAT  
WAS NOW. HOW DID  
IT GO?

IT WAS JUST  
**AWESOME!** LIFTED  
HIM OVERHEAD AND  
THREW HIM IN THE  
POOL!



OH MY GOD K! I'M  
**SO JEALOUS!** WHAT  
WERE YOU WEARING? DID  
YOU GET TO SHOW OFF  
THAT BIG SEXY BOOTY  
OF YOURS?

OH YEAH! I  
HAD THIS REALLY  
BEAUTIFUL BIKINI  
THAT WASN'T ABLE  
TO HIDE ALL THAT  
MUCH...

ARM UP AND  
FLEX, BABY...



SO IS  
DROONEY  
REALLY THAT  
SMALL?

OH YEAH! I'D  
SAY HE'S NOSE  
TO NIPPLE...

HMM, HARD TO  
COMPARE, LET  
ME LIFT YOU UP  
BABY...




NOSE TO NIPPLE,  
WOW. ABOUT HALF YOUR  
WEIGHT?




SOMETHING  
LIKE THAT. OH ANGE,  
I FELT **SO FUCKING**  
**POWERFUL** DOING THIS TO  
HIM. I MEAN, I'M AN EIGHTEEN  
YEAR OLD GIRL, **OVERPOWERING,**  
**SCARING, HUMILIATING, LIFTING**  
**A WORLD-FAMOUS ACTOR!** THE  
KICK, ANGE! THE **FUCKING**  
**KICK!**

A muscular woman with a very large, athletic build is shown from the back, wearing black underwear with a pink trim. She is standing in a modern bathroom with blue walls and a wooden vanity. Her legs are extremely muscular and well-defined. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, containing text. In the background, a person's legs are visible sitting on the vanity.


I KNOW  
RIGHT... BEING SO  
MUCH BIGGER AND  
STRONGER THAN THE  
BOYS... THAT'S HOT  
AS FUCK!

A close-up, high-resolution image of a woman with long, straight black hair. She is looking down and to the left, holding a mobile phone to her ear with her right hand. Her expression is somewhat somber or reflective. The background is a bright, outdoor setting with trees and a clear sky. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of her face, containing text.

YEAH... I JUST  
WISH... I COULD HAVE  
DONE MORE WITH HIM,  
YOU KNOW... THESE WERE  
SOME OF THE MOST  
EXCITING MINUTES OF MY  
LIFE, BUT THEY WENT  
BY SO FAST...



WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE  
LIKED TO DO TO HIM K?



OH, SO MANY THINGS. BUT SEEING HIS HEAD BETWEEN MY TREETRUNKS WOULD BE A NICE START...



HEY ANGE... CAN  
TOM HEAR US? I DON'T  
WANT HIM TO BLAB WHAT  
HE HEARS TO MY  
NATE....

HAHA, YOU  
STILL CAN'T  
IMAGINE HOW WELL I  
TRAINED HIM, CAN YOU?  
MY SLAVES DON'T TALK  
TO ANYONE ABOUT  
ANYTHING WITHOUT MY  
PERMISSION, K....

SURE, BUT STILL...  
COULD YOU HUMOR ME  
AND SEND HIM AWAY?

ANGELA USED HER BIG TITS TO COVER TOM'S EARS. THE LITTLE BOY WAS ECSTATIC ABOUT THE IDEA OF BEING CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO BREASTS AND STARTED TO MOAN SOFTLY...


OKAY BABE, HE CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING NOW...

IS HE GONE OR DID YOU PUT HIM BETWEEN YOUR BIG THIGHS AGAIN?


SOMETHING LIKE THAT...

SO I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT OUR CONVERSATION OF THE OTHER NIGHT...





AH, GOOD. YOU KNOW  
I'M RIGHT, RIGHT? YOU'VE  
GOT TO ACCEPT YOUR  
NATURE AND IF NATHAN  
DOESN'T...-



YES, NATHAN  
DOESN'T WANT TO BE  
DOMINATED. I KNOW  
THAT NOW. SO...

YOU'RE RIGHT  
ANGE. I CAN LOVE  
AND PLEASURE NATHAN,  
BUT I'M ALSO GOING TO  
LOOK FOR SOMETHING  
ON THE SIDE...




THAT'S IT K!  
WE'RE ALPHA FEMALES  
AFTER ALL. WE DO WHAT  
WE WANT. I'M REALLY  
HAPPY TO HEAR THAT  
K!

OOOHH...

TOM GOT SO EXCITED THAT HE FORGOT HIMSELF. HE HAD BEEN TRAINED TO WANT TO PLEASE HIS MISTRESS, BUT ALWAYS AWAITED HER COMMANDS. THIS TIME, HOWEVER, THE URGE TO PLEASE HER WAS SO BIG THAT HE BROUGHT HIS HAND TO ANGELA'S CROTCH AND STARTED TO FINGER HER THROUGH HER PANTIES...






OH LITTLE ONE, WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING?

A close-up, high-resolution image of a woman with long, dark hair, looking slightly to the left with a surprised expression. She is holding a black smartphone to her ear. The image is overlaid with comic-style speech bubbles. The background shows a blurred outdoor setting with trees and a clear sky.

HUH, WHAT?

SORRY, WAS  
TALKING TO THE  
BOY. HE TOUCHED  
ME WITHOUT  
ASKING...

OH. LITTLE  
DEVIL!



GOTTA GO KATIE. I  
ALWAYS LIKE TO HAVE  
THE PUNISHMENT  
IMMEDIATELY FOLLOW  
THE MISDEMEANOR

I'LL GET YOUR  
UPDATE LATER,  
OKAY? BYE!

THAT NIGHT, KATIE FOUND HERSELF UNABLE TO CONCENTRATE ON ANYTHING EXCEPT FOR THE EVENTS OF THE DAY... SHE WAS STILL EXCESSIVELY HORNY AND WAS CONSIDERING TO GO UP TO HER ROOM AND PLEASURE HERSELF WHEN...



... HER DAD ENTERED THE LIVING ROOM...

HEY K, I HAD PLANNED TO WATCH A GAME. DO YOU MIND?



SEVERAL THOUGHTS ENTERED KATIE'S HEAD. SHE DIDN'T WANT TO WATCH TV ANYWAY, BUT IT WOULD BE FUN TO SHOW HER DAD THAT WHEN IT WAS BETWEEN HIM AND HER, SHE WAS PRIORITY... SHE DECIDED TO EXPERIMENT A LITTLE: SHE JUST LOOKED AT HER DAD, DEFYINGLY, BUT SAYING NOTHING...

STILL HAVEN'T LEARNED, HAVE YOU, LITTLE MAN?

THEN SHE STROKED HER ARM, LETTING HER FINGERS SLIDE FROM HER SHOULDER DOWN TO HER BICEP, WHICH WAS BIG EVEN IN UNFLEXED CONDITION... IN THE MEANTIME, SHE KEPT HER EYES ON HIM...

YOU STILL DON'T REALIZE THAT YOUR TEEN DAUGHTER HAS HUGE MUSCLES AND THAT YOU SHOULDN'T CROSS HER IN ANYTHING...



HANK, ON HIS PART, DIDN'T SPEAK EITHER, BUT IN HIS CASE IT WAS DUE TO BEING ENTIRELY DUMBSTRUCK... AND A BIT AFRAID, IF HE WAS HONEST...

WHAT THE FUCK IS SHE DOING...  
WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S HOT AS HELL...

KATIE, OF COURSE, WAS NOT TRYING TO SEDUCE HER FATHER - UNLIKE ANGELA, SHE DIDN'T KNOW YET THAT HE GOT AROUSED BY FEMALE MUSCLEPOWER. RATHER, SHE WAS TRYING TO SCARE AND INTIMIDATE HIM ONCE MORE BY SHOWING OFF...



FINALLY, AND STILL WITHOUT WORDS, SHE PUT HER ARM IN THE AIR... SHE TWISTED HER FOREARM A COUPLE OF TIMES, MAKING HER BICEP DANCE WITHOUT YET FLEXING IT...

HERE COMES THE FINISHING TOUCH... ONE, TWO...



... AND THEN SUDDENLY CLASPED ALL THE MUSCLES IN HER ARM, NEVER LOSING SIGHT OF HER DAD'S EYES. AS SHE SHOWED OFF HER GIGANTIC BICEP...

...THREE AND FLEX!




... HANK JUST LEFT WITHOUT SAYING  
A WORD...



IT TURNED KATIE ON EVEN MORE. NOT THAT SHE HAD ANY SEXUAL FANTASIES ABOUT DOING ANYTHING WITH HER DAD - GOD FORBID - BUT THE MERE FACT THAT SHE HAD BEEN ABLE TO CHANGE HIS MIND AND CHASE HIM AWAY WITHOUT WORDS, BY JUST SHOWING HER MUSCLES AND LOOKING AT HIM... OH GOD, THAT WAS JUST...

KATIE WAS TORN BETWEEN RUNNING AFTER HIM AND POSING SOME MORE, OR GOING UP TO HER ROOM. THE DILEMMA WAS SOLVED BY THE THE RINGING OF THE PHONE...

**RRRING**

A digital illustration of a woman with long, straight black hair, wearing a black, shiny, form-fitting top. She is shown from the chest up, sitting on a white chair and holding a black mobile phone to her ear with her right hand. Her expression is neutral as she looks slightly to the right. The background is a dark, minimalist interior with some white architectural elements.

THIS IS KATIE...

KATIE, HI...



THIS IS GEORGE  
DROONEY... I HOPE  
THIS IS NOT TOO  
LATE A TIME TO  
CALL YOU?

OH MY  
FUCKING  
GOD!

OH... HI  
MISTER  
DROONEY! NO  
NO, I WAS JUST...  
WATCHING TV...

I GOT YOUR  
NUMBER FROM  
ROBERT KATIE. I  
EH... WANTED TO  
DISCUSS A PROJECT  
WITH YOU, IF YOU'RE  
INTERESTED...

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