



KATIE

Part 15

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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.

THE FOLLOWING DAY, SOMETIME IN THE LATE AFTERNOON, KATIE WAS SKYPING WITH HER MOM...

GOSH K,
SERIOUSLY? YOU
ARE ACTUALLY
WORKING OUT WHILE
TALKING OUT
TO ME?



I'M **ALWAYS** WORKING
OUT MOM!



A muscular woman with long, straight black hair is shown from the chest up, flexing her right bicep. She is wearing a yellow tank top with white trim. The background is a dark, solid color. Two speech bubbles are positioned to her right, containing text.

I WANNA BE THE
BIGGEST, STRONGEST
GIRL IN THE WORLD!

OH, AND I'M ACTUALLY
MEETING GEORGE
DROONEY TOMORROW NIGHT!
HE APPARENTLY LIKED ME AND
WANTS TO DISCUSS A MOVIE
WITH ME. SO I'M ALSO GONNA
BE THE MOST **FAMOUS**
MUSCLEGIRL IN THE
WORLD!



HAHAHA, THAT'S MY K!
YOU WERE ALWAYS SO
AMBITIOUS!

AAAAAH... I
MISS YOU
KATIE...



MMM, TRICEPS ARE
LOOKING REALLY
GOOD!

I MISS YOU TOO
MOM! TELL ME YOU'RE
COMING HOME! HAVEN'T
YOU BEEN GONE LONG
ENOUGH NOW?



IT'S... NOT
GONNA BE SOON
KATIE...

I THINK YOU AND DAD
SHOULD GET BACK
TOGETHER ASAP...

K, IT'S NOT THAT
SIMPLE... THERE ARE
THINGS YOU DON'T
KNOW...



WELL TELL ME
THEN! WHY ARE YOU
KEEPING THIS STUFF
FROM ME?

DON'T I HAVE A
RIGHT TO KNOW?
WHAT'S HAPPENING?

I... SUPPOSE YOU
DO... SO OKAY...
THIS IS HARD TO TALK
ABOUT BUT...

YOUR FATHER... WHEN
WE WERE IN JAPAN...
HE... HE WAS...
UNFAITHFUL TO ME.






WHAT?? HE
CHEATED ON YOU??
WHAT... HOW... I
MEAN... LIKE ONCE?
OR...

AN AFFAIR, KATIE...
I FOUND OUT SHORTLY
BEFORE WE RETURNED
HERE... IT HAD BEEN
GOING ON FOR MONTHS
BY THEN...



OH MY GOD! I'M
GONNA... I'M GOING
TO...

HE CAN'T GET
AWAY WITH THIS! I
WON'T LET HIM GET
AWAY WITH THIS!
I WILL...-

A woman with long black hair and a purple top is shown on a computer monitor. The monitor is placed on a white desk with a keyboard. The background behind the monitor is a stone wall. The woman has a concerned expression. Two speech bubbles are present: one in the top left and one in the top right of the monitor's frame.

KATIE NO... DON'T DO ANYTHING. DON'T EVEN LET HIM KNOW YOU KNOW...

... PLEASE!



**BUT MOM! HOW
CAN I... -**

THERE'S
STILL A CHANCE WE
CAN MAKE THINGS
RIGHT. YOU BEING ANGRY
WITH HIM WON'T HELP...
WE AGREED ON A
TIME-OUT... AS YOU
KNOW...

PLEASE K...
PROMISE ME YOU'LL
DO WHAT I ASK. PRETEND
YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW
THIS, OKAY?



OKAY MOM... BUT
ONLY BECAUSE YOU ASK.
IT WILL BE HARD TO BE
NICE TO HIM... KNOWING
THIS...

AND HARD NOT
TO USE MY
MUSCLES ON
HIM...



THANK YOU. NOW
TELL ME MORE ABOUT
THIS ACTING STUFF
THAT'S GOING ON...

SO KATIE SPEND THE REST OF THE CALL
TELLING HER MOM ABOUT THE SHOOT, AND
ABOUT HOW EXCITED SHE WAS TO MEET
GEORGE DROONEY TOMORROW AT HIS
HOME... DURING THE PHONE CALL, HE HAD
SUGGESTED HE'D SEND HIS CHAUFFEUR TO
PICK HER UP TOMORROW AT EIGHT AND BRING
HER TO HIS HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS...

AFTER THE SAID GOODBYE, KATIE STARED OUT OF HER BEDROOM WINDOW, THE AFTERNOON SUN SHINING ON HER FACE. SHE WAS IN A PENSIVE MOOD. IT DIDN'T FEEL RIGHT TO LET HER DAD'S CHEATING BEHAVIOR GO UNPUNISHED. BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, SHE DIDN'T WANT TO JEOPARDIZE HER PARENTS COMING TOGETHER AGAIN... EVEN THOUGH SHE WASN'T SURE IF HER FATHER DESERVED HER MOTHER...



A close-up, high-angle shot of a woman's face. She has long, dark hair and is looking slightly to the right. Her expression is thoughtful. Her hand is visible near her ear on the left side of the frame. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows on the right side of her face. Two thought bubbles are present: one on the left and one on the right.

WELL... IF I CAN'T
BEAT HIM UP OR EVEN
BE ANGRY AT HIM...

... MAYBE I COULD...
APPLY SOME MORE
SUBTLE METHODS OF
PUNISHMENT...

KATIE PONDERED THIS SOME MORE AND THEN MADE UP HER MIND. SHE WENT TO HER DRESSING CLOSET TO LOOK FOR THE ITEMS SHE WAS GOING TO WEAR TO GO HAVE A FRIENDLY CHAT WITH HER DAD...

SOMETHING THAT SHOWS AS MUCH MUSCLE AS POSSIBLE. AND CLEAVAGE WOULDN'T BE BAD EITHER...



SHE KNEW IT WAS BORDERLINE INDECENT TO WEAR JUST A SPORTS BRA AND PANTIES AROUND HER FATHER, BUT SHE DIDN'T CARE AT ALL. THE ONLY THING KATIE CARED ABOUT WAS THAT SHE LOOKED AT THE SAME TIME INCREDIBLY STRONG AND INCREDIBLY SEXY. SO MUCH SO THAT SHE GOT TURNED ON SEEING HERSELF IN THE MIRROR...





OH YES...

HOT HOT **HOT** STUFF,
K!

SHE THEN GRABBED HER DUMBBELL AND DESCENDED THE STAIRS TO THE LIVING ROOM, WHERE SHE KNEW HER FATHER WAS WATCHING TV...

OH, DAD! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE HOME...

WHAT THE FUCK...

KATIE WAS FULLY AWARE OF THE EFFECT SHE HAD TO BE HAVING ON HER DAD RIGHT NOW. AND IT WAS NOT JUST ABOUT THE BEAUTIFUL CLEAVAGE SHE WAS SHOWING. THE THING WAS: ANGELA HAD TOLD HER THAT SHE SUSPECTED THAT HANK WAS TURNED ON BY FEMALE MUSCLE (OF COURSE ANGELA MORE THAN SUSPECTED THIS: SHE *KNEW* IT, BUT SHE HADN'T TOLD KATIE THAT). KATIE HAD SENSED SOMETHING LIKE THIS FROM HER FATHER HERSELF, AND WAS NOW GOING TO PUT IT TO THE TEST. HER BODY WAS IN TOP SHAPE AND SHE WAS SHOWING AS MUCH SKIN AS POSSIBLE...

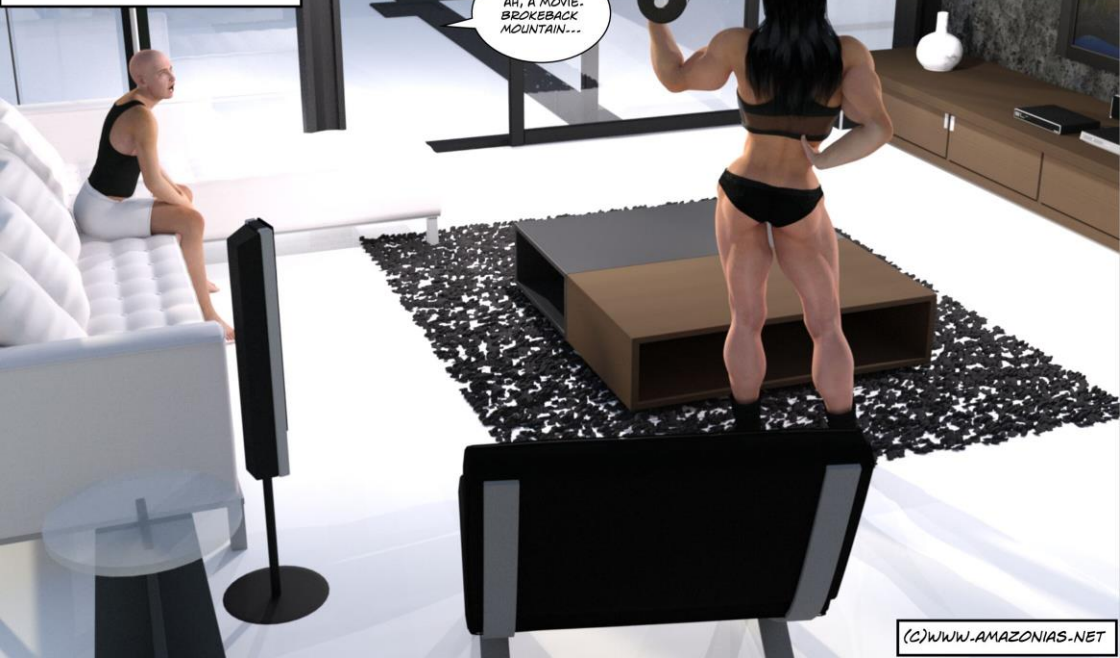
OH, DAD! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE HOME...



TO HIS EMBARRASSMENT - BUT NOT TO HIS SURPRISE - HANK FELT AN INSTANT SURGE OF EXCITEMENT IN HIS UNDERBELLY WHEN HE SAW HIS DAUGHTER COME DOWN THE STAIRS. HE HAD NEVER SEEN HER LOOK SO STUNNING BEFORE, BUT TRIED TO PRETEND NOTHING WAS WRONG. EVEN THOUGH HE WAS EXTREMELY HOT, HE HOPED HE WAS SOUNDING AND LOOKING COOL....

WHAT ARE YOU WATCHING?

AH, A MOVIE. BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN...



KATIE WAS FURIOUS WITH HER FATHER, BUT SHE WAS DETERMINED NOT TO LET THAT SHOW FOR A SECOND. HER PUNISHMENT OF HIM WAS GOING TO BE SLOW, SUBTLE AND SWEET. TODAY WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING...

OH, RIGHT!
I LOVE THIS ONE!

I WAS GOING TO WORKOUT IN MY BASEMENT BUT I MIGHT AS WELL WATCH FOR A FEW MINUTES FIRST...

I MEAN... IF YOU DON'T MIND?



HANK WAS FLABBERGASTED AND AT A LOSS FOR WORDS. HOW COULD HE KEEP HIS EYES OFF HER WHEN SHE LOOKED LIKE THIS? OF COURSE, TO MOST MEN SHE WOULD LOOK HORRIBLE, MUSCULAR AS SHE WAS. BUT TO HIM, WITH HIS NEWLY DISCOVERED FETISH FOR BODYBUILDER WOMEN... SHE WAS... WELL... WAY TOO ATTRACTIVE FOR A DAUGHTER...

EH... SURE...

THE BIG YOUNG GIRL SAT DOWN CLOSE ENOUGH TO HER FATHER AS TO BE INTIMIDATING, AND PUMPED HER BICEP WHILE WATCHING TV...

OH YES, I REMEMBER THIS SCENE...



AS KATIE SEEMED REALLY FOCUSED ON THE TELEVISION, HANKED RISKED A FURTIVE GLANCE AT THE BIG BICEP THAT WAS MOVING RIGHT NEXT TO HIM - HE JUST COULDN'T RESIST...



KATIE, OF COURSE, HAD SEEN IT. SHE HAD EXPECTED IT. THIS WAS HER MOMENT TO START HITTING BACK...

WATCHA LOOKIN' AT, DAD?



THE NEXT WORDS FROM HIS DAUGHTER'S MOUTH COMPLETELY SURPRISED AND SHOCKED HANK...

MY BIG MUSCLES PERHAPS?


DO YOU GET TURNED ON BY BIG FEMALE MUSCLES, DAD?

YOU CAN TELL ME, YOU KNOW, I WON'T BE WEIRDED OUT...

WHA...-
KATIE, ARE YOU
CRAZY?

IT'S NOT CRAZY
DAD. LOTS OF MEN
ARE TURNED ON BY
FEMALE STRENGTH,
YOU KNOW...


KATIE JUST LOVED THE LOOK ON HER DAD'S
FACE WHEN SHE SPOKE THOSE WORDS.
HANK LOOKED LIKE HE WAS TRYING TO FIND
AN EXCUSE TO GET AWAY, BUT SOMEHOW
COULDN'T DIRECT HIS EYES TO ANYTHING
ELSE THAN TO KATIE'S BIG, SHINY,
THROBBING BICEP...



ESPECIALLY TINY, WEAK
MEN, LIKE YOU...

TELL ME I'M
WRONG, DAD...

KATIE, STOP IT.
YOU'RE WRONG!



I THINK YOU'RE
NOT SPEAKING THE
TRUTH DAD. I THINK YOU
WANT TO TOUCH THIS
BICEP REALLY BADLY.
ISN'T THAT TRUE?

IT'S NOT, KATIE. COME
ON! STOP IT!


A 3D rendered scene set in a modern, brightly lit living room. A woman with long black hair, wearing a black sports bra and white leggings, is sitting on a white sofa. She is lifting a large black dumbbell over her head with both hands. She has a determined expression. A bald man in a black tank top and white shorts is sitting on the sofa next to her, facing her. He has his hand on his hip. In the background, there is a dining table with white chairs and a kitchen area with white cabinets. The floor is white and reflective. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the woman and one from the man.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN
I MADE YOU TOUCH IT? I
THINK I WAS FIFTEEN OR
SOMETHING...

I... I
DON'T...



RIGHT, YOU DON'T
WANT TO REMEMBER. I
GRABBED YOUR FIST AND BUMPED
IT AGAINST MY STEEL HARD
BICEPS....



AFTERWARDS YOU
COMPLAINED ABOUT HOW I HAD HURT
YOUR HAND. YOUR LITTLE FIFTEEN YEAR OLD
DAUGHTER HAD ALMOST BROKEN YOUR WRIST. YOU
MUST HAVE BEEN AMAZED AT THE POWER YOU FELT
IN MY ARM... EVEN BACK THEN I COULD MAKE
YOU DO ANYTHING, DAD...



SO YEAH, YOU
ALREADY TOUCHED MY
BICEP BEFORE. SO WHY
DON'T YOU... FEEL IT A
LITTLE BIT CLOSER
NOW?

KATIE, ARE... ARE
YOU DRUNK OR
SOMETHING? WHAT'S
HAPPENING?!

KATIE GRABBED HER DAD BY THE NECK AND PUSHED HIS FACE ON HER BIG ARM. HANK TRIED TO RESIST BUT TO KATIE IT WAS LIKE PUSHING OVER A TODDLER...

COME HERE YOU. IT'S A BIT HARD, BUT IT WON'T HURT...

KATIE, STOP IT!
AAR-UGHNNB




HANK STRUGGLED AND GRUNTED, BUT HIS DAUGHTER HELD HIS HEAD TO HER BICEP EFFORTLESSLY WITH ONE HAND. HE KNEW THAT THERE WAS NO WAY HE COULD ESCAPE HER GRIP WITHOUT HER WANTING HIM TO...


KATIE THOROUGHLY ENJOYED FEELING THE FRUSTRATION COMING FROM HANK. HE MUST HAVE WANTED TO GET AWAY SO BAD, BUT WITH HIS FACE PRESSED AGAINST KATIE'S HUGE ARM HE COULDN'T EVEN TALK!

DON'T FIGHT IT DAD. I'M PROBABLY OVER THREE TIMES AS STRONG AS YOU BY NOW...

MMMNGGGG



I'VE BEEN STRONGER THAN YOU FOR A LONG TIME DAD. REMEMBER THAT EVENING WHEN YOUR BOSS ASKED ME TO DEMONSTRATE MY MARTIAL ARTS SKILLS ON YOU? OH BOY, I WAS PRETTY MEAN THEN. THAT MUST HAVE BEEN HUMILIATING. BUT AT LEAST IT RESULTED IN YOU *ALLOWING* ME MORE GYM TIME...



SO THAT SOON, YOU
DISCOVERED YOU COULDN'T
LIFT WHAT I WAS LIFTING. I
THINK YOU NEVER SET FOOT IN
THE GYM AGAIN AFTER THAT...
POOR YOU...

SPORTY

KATIE THEN REMOVED HER HAND FROM HER DAD'S NECK, AND INSTEAD LOCKED HIS NECK IN HER DUMBBELL-LOADED ARM, WHILE FLEXING HER OTHER ARM...
THE FIRST REASON FOR CHANGING POSITION LIKE THIS WAS THAT SHE WANTED TO CONTROL HER DAD WITH JUST ONE ARM. THE SECOND WAS THAT SHE WANTED TO HEAR HIM SPEAK. OR RATHER... SQUEAK.

SO YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY ILLUSIONS ABOUT STANDING UP TO ME THREE YEARS AND MORE THAN A HUNDRED EXTRA POUNDS AND A LOT OF MUSCLE LATER, DAD...




AS HANK'S THROAT WAS BEING SQUEEZED BETWEEN HIS DAUGHTER'S BICEP AND FOREARM, THE SOUND THAT CAME OUT OF HIS MOUTH WHEN HE SPOKE WAS A WEIRD CROSS BETWEEN A DONALD DUCK VOICE AND A DYING MAN'S RATTLE... IT WAS A TINY, WEAK VOICE AND IT WAS SO, SO EXCITING TO KATIE...

K...KATIE PLEASE...

OH DAD, LOOK, I'VE CAUGHT YOU IN MY BIG ARM AND NOW YOU CAN HARDLY SPEAK...





BUT WHY DOES ALL
OF THIS MAKE YOU SO
UPSET? THIS IS JUST LIKE
THE PLAYWRESTLING WE
DID WHEN I WAS A
KID...

KATIE...



THE ONLY DIFFERENCE
IS THAT I'M A BIT
OLDER...

A woman with long dark hair is sitting on a white, tufted sofa. She is wearing a black bikini top and bottom, and black leg warmers that cover her lower legs and feet. She is looking towards the right of the frame. The room has a modern aesthetic with white walls and a white floor. In the background, there is a white rectangular table with a black vertical object on top. A speech bubble is located in the upper left corner of the image.

... AND A BIT
BIGGER...

HANK'S VOICE STILL SOUNDED PATHETIC, AND KATIE WAS HUGEY TURNED ON BY THE IDEA THAT SHE COULD MAKE HIM SHUT UP ENTIRELY IF SHE WANTED TO. BY JUST PRESSING A TINY BIT MORE... BUT WELL... MAYBE ANOTHER DAY...

KATIE... I KNOW... YOU ARE... V-VERY... STRONG... NO NEED FOR A... DEMONSTRATION...

... AND THAT NOW, I WIN -



OKAY DAD, LET'S GET
UP... I NEED TO EXPLAIN
YOU SOMETHING...

KATIE EFFORTLESSLY PULLED HER FATHER UP FROM THE COUCH WITH HER AS SHE STOOD UP. THEN, SHE POSITIONED HIM RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER, SO THAT HE HAD TO LOOK UP TO FACE HER...

LOOK DAD... THERE IS INDEED NO NEED FOR A DEMONSTRATION, AS YOU SAY.



HANK WAS SPEECHLESS. IT WASN'T JUST THAT HE FELT A TOTAL LOSS OF CONTROL AND AN INABILITY TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT HIS PRESENT SITUATION. IT WAS ALSO THAT HE WAS INCREDIBLY IMPRESSED NOT ONLY WITH HIS DAUGHTER'S PHYSIQUE, BUT ALSO WITH HER PERSONALITY AND SELF-CONFIDENCE. SHE WAS SO INCREDIBLY DOMINATING AND AUTHORITATIVE RIGHT NOW, AND IT WAS FRANKLY... IMMENSELY EXCITING...

BUT IT'S
NOT BECAUSE I
DON'T **NEED** TO
DEMONSTRATE MY
POWER, THAT I DON'T
LIKE TO DO IT, JUST
NOW AND THEN...


YOU UNDERSTAND?

EH... Y-YES...

KATIE WAS FEELING IT NOW: SHE WAS ENTIRELY IN THE DOMINATION VIBE. ANGELA'S LESSONS HAD ONLY HELPED AWAKEN SOMETHING THAT WAS ENTIRELY NATURAL TO HER. SHE WANTED TO BE THE BOSS. AND RIGHT NOW, SHE *WAS* THE BOSS. HER FATHER'S BOSS. SHE HAD SUBMITTED HIM. AND, INCREDIBLY, HER DAD WAS COMPLYING. MAYBE NOT JUST BECAUSE HE HAD NO CHOICE, BUT ALSO BECAUSE HE *WANTED* TO...


SO WHEN I FEEL LIKE IT, I WILL GIVE A LITTLE DEMONSTRATION. GOT IT?

EH... YES...



YOU WILL LOSE EVERY TIME, OF COURSE, BUT THERE'S NO SHAME IN THAT. FOR A MERE MORTAL, THERE'S NO SHAME IN BEING BEATEN BY SHE-HULK, IS THERE, DAD?

I... GUESS NOT...



THAT'S ALL
VERY GOOD, DAD. I
BELIEVE FROM NOW ON,
WE'LL GET ALONG MUCH
BETTER. DON'T YOU
THINK SO?

EH... YES...
I DO...

KATIE THEN PICKED UP HER HEAVY DUMBBELL FROM THE COUCH AND WALKED TOWARDS THE STAIRS, TO GO BACK TO HER ROOM. SHE SAW HOW HANK WAS STANDING THERE MOTIONLESS, AS IF NAILED TO THE FLOOR.

ENJOY THE REST OF THE MOVIE DAD...



IF HE HAD HAD A CLEAR MIND TO THINK ABOUT IT, HANK WOULD REALIZE THAT HE HAD NEVER FELT SO MANY DIFFERENT EMOTIONS AT THE SAME TIME. HE FELT FEAR, EXCITEMENT, PUZZLEMENT, CURIOSITY, HUMILIATION, ANXIETY, ADMIRATION, MISERY.... AND ABOVE ALL: FRUSTRATION...

WHAT THE FUCK JUST HAPPENED?!

KATIE HAD OF COURSE NEVER PLANNED TO GO TO HER BASEMENT GYM, BUT EVEN IF SHE SHE HAD, SHE COULDN'T. SHE JUST WANTED TO BE IN HER ROOM. BECAUSE SHE WAS SO... DAMN...

HORNY...




THE LAST THING HANK SAW OF KATIE THAT NIGHT WERE HER MUSCULAR ASS AND THIGHS AS SHE SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY MOVED UP THE STAIRS. HOW WAS IT POSSIBLE THAT THE BIGGEST AND HOTTEST HUMAN BEING HE HAD EVER SEEN, LIVED IN HIS OWN HOUSE... AND WAS HIS OWN DAUGHTER - SO IMPOSSIBLY OUT OF REACH FOREVER...?



KATIE REMEMBERED HAVING FELT VERY EXCITED AFTER THE LAST ENCOUNTER WITH HER DAD - WHEN SHE HAD ASKED HIM TO INVESTIGATE THE IMAGINARY BUMP ON HER BACK - BUT WHAT SHE FELT NOW WAS ON A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT LEVEL...

OH GOD... OH DEAR JESUS... SO HOT...



KATIE NOW REALIZED THAT SHE HAD PROBABLY FRUSTRATED HERSELF NO LESS THAN SHE HAD FRUSTRATED HER DAD. SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HERSELF RIGHT NOW. SHE KNEW SHE WANTED TO DOMINATE SOMEONE, BUT... THERE WAS NO ONE TO DOMINATE. SHE COULDN'T GO FURTHER WITH HER DAD THAN SHE HAD GONE - DIDN'T EVEN WANT TO, UGSHH! AND NATHAN WAS NOT INTO IT. SHE HAD TO FIND SOMEONE FAST. THIS WAS GETTING REALLY URGENT...

THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO RIGHT NOW,
EXCEPT FOR WHAT SHE HAD ALWAYS BEEN
DOING WHEN HORNY: TO ADMIRE HERSELF
AND PLAY WITH HERSELF. SHE STARTED TO
TAKE OFF HER CLOTHES...

LET'S TAKE A
CLOSER LOOK AT
THIS BODY THEN...



KATIE WALKED OVER TO THE MIRROR AND LOOKED AT HER REFLECTION...

NOT TOO SHABBY EH, GIRL?





MIRROR MIRROR ON THE WALL, WHO'S THE BIGGEST OF THEM ALL?

KATIE IMAGINED HER MIRROR TALKING BACK TO HER...

IT'S YOU KATIE. YOU'RE BIGGER THAN ALL OF THEM. SO MUCH BIGGER THAN YOUR DAD. SO MUCH BIGGER THAN NATHAN, OR TOM, OR ANY OF YOUR FRIENDS...



THEN THE BIG MUSCLEGIRL WALKED TO HER BED IN A FEW POWERFUL STRIDES AND THREW HERSELF ON IT...



YESSSS... BIGGER THAN ALL OF THEM... AND TALLER. STRONGER... SUPERIOR...

WITH ONE HAND, SHE WENT OVER HER BREAST, AND CARESSED HER NIPPLE WITH HER FINGER. THE OTHER HAND WENT DOWN TO HER PUSSY...



AND I'M GETTING STRONGER AND BIGGER STILL. EVERY DAY... I HAVE TWO MORE DECADES TO GET BIGGER AND STRONG... OH GOD...

A close-up, high-angle shot of a woman's face. She has dark hair, light skin, and striking white eyes with dark pupils. Her mouth is slightly open, and her expression is intense. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of her face.

EVERYONE WILL OBEY
ME...
YES, YOU TOO...

HER FINGER WAS GOING IN DEEPER AND MOVING FASTER AND FASTER. IN UNDER A MINUTE...

AAAAHHHH...



... KATIE BROUGHT HERSELF TO A VIOLENT
ORGASM, THINKING OF THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN HER AND ANY MALES SHE KNEW...



IN THE MEANTIME, HANK HAD MOVED TO HIS ROOM AND WAS NO LESS HORNY. HE HAD TO DO SOMETHING. INTERESTINGLY, HE ACTUALLY HAD MORE OPTIONS THAN KATIE...

COME ON YOU COWARD... WILL YOU DO IT OR NOT? IF NOT NOW, WHEN?



AND THEN HE DID IT...



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