



KATIE

Exclusively for Xabier Garcia (xabier12@gmail.com) Transaction: 102252

Part 21

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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.

HOLDING HER FATHER LIKE A LITTLE RAG DOLL, KATIE ASKED ANGELA TO REMOVE HIS PANTS...

YES, LET'S TAKE THESE OFF. HIS MATCHSTICK LEGS KINDA TURN ME ON. DO THEY HAVE THE SAME EFFECT ON YOU, K?

SHUT IT, ANGE. DON'T TAKE IT TOO FAR...



NOW LET'S SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT HERE... SHALL I REMOVE HIS UNDERPANTS, K?

YOU DO WHATEVER YOU WANT TO HIM ANGE I'M JUST HOLDING HIM HERE FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE...

ALL RIIGHT, LOOKS
LIKE IT'S REALLY
PLAYTIME,
HANKIE-PANKIE!

KATIE...
PLEASE...
STOP THIS...

SHUT UP,
YOU LITTLE
MAN!

HERE'S OUR CAGED
LITTLE BEAST. YOU
CAN PUT HIM DOWN NOW,
K... I CAN TAKE HIM
FROM HERE...

ALL
RIGHT...

KATIE DROPPED HER FATHER TO THE GROUND AND THE LITTLE MAN IMMEDIATELY TRIED TO COVER HIS PRIVATE PARTS WITH HIS HANDS. HE DIDN'T SEEM TO REALIZE THAT THINGS HAD ALREADY MOVED FAR BEYOND HIM HAVING TO BE ASHAMED OF HIS NUDITY...

OK K, WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO TO THIS MIDGET YOU CALL YOUR DAD?

WHY DON'T YOU JUST SHOW ME A THING OR TWO, MISS DOMINATRIX? MAYBE I CAN LEARN SOMETHING...

KATIE PLEASE...

QUIET, DAD. FINAL WARNING.



SURE THING
BABE!

LET ME SHOW YOU
HOW TO DRIVE A SUB
CRAZY IN TWO
MINUTES...

AS SHE ADDRESSED HANK, THE TONE OF ANGELA'S VOICE CHANGED AND BECAME MORE AUTHORITATIVE AND SOMEHOW... DARKER.

LITTLE ONE, WE'RE GOING TO SHOW YOUR DAUGHTER WHAT AN OBEDIENT AND WELL-BEHAVED SLAVE YOU ARE, RIGHT?

YES, MISTRESS...



WHAT A FUCKING
PATHETIC PIECE OF
SHIT...

WHY DON'T YOU
START BY TELLING YOUR
DAUGHTER WHAT HAPPENED
ON OUR FIRST NIGHT
TOGETHER? TELL HER IN
DETAIL...

EHM...I... EH...
YOU PUT... THE OTHER
GUY TO BED AND THEN...
CAME TO ME AT THE
POOL... DRESSED IN
LEATHER...



YES, I WORE MY
HIGH HEELED LEATHER
BOOTS AND TOWERED
OVER YOU... AND
THEN?

YOU MADE YOUR
B-B-BREASTS JUMP
OUT OF YOUR TOP AND
THEN... M-MADE ME GO
DOWN ON YOU...

THEN YOU
ASKED ME TO STAND
BEHIND YOU AND LOOK
AT YOUR BACK. AND
THEN I SPOKE OUT
OF TURN...



... AND YOU KICKED ME... AND I FLEW ACROSS THE LITTLE CART...

OH YES, THAT WAS A REALLY NICE KICK. I SURPRISED EVEN MYSELF. HOW DID THAT MAKE YOU FEEL, HANKIE?

VERY SMALL AND... EVEN MORE IN AWE OF YOU THAN BEFORE...

RIGHT. AND THEN?



YOU... TEASED ME...

BE MORE SPECIFIC, HANK. DON'T BE SHY...

YOU... GAVE ME A HAND JOB... OR ALMOST....

THAT'S BETTER. AND WHAT HAPPENED THEN?

YOU PUT... THE CAGE ON ME...



WITH INCREDIBLE SWIFTNESS, ANGELA TOOK A FEW OF HANK'S FINGERS, PULLED HIS ARM BEHIND HIS BACK AND THEN PULLED HIS FACE INTO HER BREASTS...

THAT'S RIGHT BABY. AND HERE WE ARE NOW. AND YOUR LITTLE THINGY HAS BEEN IN THAT CAGE ALL THIS TIME NOW, AND YOU'RE REALLY REALLY EXCITED...

ESPECIALLY WHEN I TAKE CONTROL OF YOU WITH JUST A FEW FINGERS... AND PUSH YOU IN MY BIG BOOBS...


AND YOUR BIG BULGING DAUGHTER WATCHING YOU MAKES THE DOMINATION COMPLETE... ISN'T IT?

OOOHH



YOU COULD ALMOST EXPLODE WITH EXCITEMENT AT THIS POINT, ISN'T IT, LITTLE ONE?

OH GOD...



EVEN MORE SO
WHEN I **FLEX** THIS
BIG, MUSCULAR ARM
THAT GOT BIG THROUGH
WORKING OUT WITH
WEIGHTS MUCH
HEAVIER THAN YOUR
PUNY BODY...


LOOK AT IT!
LOOK AT THIS
MONSTER!

HANK COULDN'T SPEAK ANYMORE AT THIS POINT, ONLY STAMMER...

OGH... GHO...
PLE...

OH MY GOD...





SHE REALLY
CAN DRIVE HIM
CRAZY. LITERALLY!

I SEE YOU'VE GOT A
HAND FREE, HANKIE. PUT
IT ON THAT HUGE THIGH
OF MINE...

KATIE WATCHED AS HER DAD
NOW PUT HIS SMALL HAND ON
ANGELA'S ENORMOUS LEG...

THAT'S A GOOD BOY!
FEEL HOW BIG AND HARD
MISTRESS' THIGHS
ARE!

YOU SOOO
WANT TO COME
RIGHT NOW, DON'T
YOU, BABY?

OOOH...
YES...

OH I KNOW...
ISN'T THIS LIKE THE
BEST POSE
EVER?

WELL...
ACTUALLY I CAN
MAKE IT EVEN MORE
EXCITING...

ANGELA THEN PUT PUT HER KNEE FORWARD AND UNDER HANK'S GROIN, AND LIFTED HIM EASILY LIKE THAT. HANK'S LEGS WERE NOW FLOATING IN THE AIR. IF HE WERE STILL ABLE TO THINK, HE'D REALIZE HE'D HAVE A HARD TIME THINKING OF A A MORE EXCITING POSE...

WHAT DO YOU FIGURE, K? SHALL I TAKE IT TO THE NEXT LEVEL?

YES, BUT FIRST...



IT SEEMED TO ANGELA THAT HANK PUSHED HIMSELF DEEPER INTO HER BOSOM WHEN KATIE'S SPOKE HER NEXT WORDS...

I WANT TO HAVE A LITTLE GO AT HIM...

OOOOH, DO YOU HEAR THAT BABY? THAT COULD BE BAD NEWS...

ANG- MISTRESS... PLEASE... DON'T LET HER...




YOU HEAR THAT K?
NOW HE'S ASKING ME
TO PROTECT HIM FROM
YOU!

I HEARD THAT. EVEN
WHILE I FORBADE HIM
TO SPEAK... PUT HIM
DOWN AND MAKE HIM
FACE ME, ANGE.



I'M GOING TO LEAVE YOU FOR ANGELA TO PLAY WITH IN A MINUTE, DAD, BUT FIRST I WANTED TO MAKE **REALLY** SURE THAT WE ARE ENTIRELY **CLEAR** NOW...



YOU WILL **NEVER** LIE TO
ME AGAIN.
YOU WILL **NEVER** DISOBEY ME
AGAIN. AND YOU WILL **ALWAYS**
PAY ME RESPECT.

IN FACT, I WANT YOU
TO ADDRESS ME AS
MISTRESS K, FROM
NOW ON. AND I'LL JUST
CALL YOU HANK.

IS THAT
CLEAR,
HANK?

SHE'S DOING IT!
SHE'S REALLY
DOING IT NOW!

I SAID:
IS. THAT. CLEAR?

AARGH... YES!
MISTRESS K...

IT WAS INCREDIBLY WEIRD AND INCREDIBLY HUMILIATING FOR HANK TO CALL HIS OWN DAUGHTER "MISTRESS", BUT AT THE SAME TIME IT WAS ALSO INCREDIBLY EXCITING...

YOU OWN THIS LITTLE FUCK NOW, K!

"YES, MISTRESS K, I WILL NEVER LIE, DISOBEY OR DISRESPECT YOU AGAIN." SAY IT!

YES, MISTRESS K, I WILL NEVER LIE, DISOBEY OR EH... DISRESPECT YOU AGAIN.

KATIE LET GO OF HANK'S JAW AND DID A QUICK MOST MUSCULAR POSE RIGHT IN HIS FACE, WHILE MAKING A ROARING SOUND. THE LITTLE MAN SEEMED TO JUST SHRIVEL IN FRONT OF HER EYES...

RHAAAAAA



HE WAS LITERALLY AFRAID OF HIS OWN DAUGHTER, KNOWING SHE NOT ONLY OVERPOWERED HIM PHYSICALLY, BUT NOW ALSO ENTIRELY DOMINATED HIM MENTALLY. IT WAS AS IF HE HAD BEEN TAMED...

THAT'S RIGHT DAD!
YOU WILL RESPECT AND
OBEY THESE
MUSCLES!



THEN KATIE PUT HER BIG HAND ON HANK'S HEAD AND PULLED HIM TOWARDS HER, PRESSING HIS FACE AGAINST THE WALL OF MUSCLE THAT WERE HER ABS...

FEEL THEM!

**FEEEEEEEL
THEIR POWER!**

NGGGHHH

YOU'VE GOT
THIS K! TAKE IT
HOME NOW!



ENCOURAGED BY HER FRIEND, AND KNOWING THAT INDEED THIS WAS THE MOMENT WHEN SHE HAD TO REALLY DRIVE HOME TO MESSAGE TO HER DAD, KATIE PUT HER HANDS ON HANK'S SHOULDERS...

DOWN
LITTLE MAN!

... AND THEN, SPREADING HER LEGS,
LOCKED HIS HEAD IN BETWEEN HER
THIGHS...

OH YES K!
THAT'S CLASSIC!

ANY FORM OF FURTHER
DISOBEDIENCE OR
DISRESPECT, SHOULD IT
OCCUR...



KATIE MOVED HER MAMMOTH THIGHS CLOSER AND CLOSER TOGETHER AROUND HANK'S HEAD, UNTIL HE SHOUTED OUT...

STOP!!
PLEASE!!

... WILL BE
SEVERELY
PUNISHED...

THE MUSCLEGIRL RELAXED HER GRIP ONLY A TINY BIT, AND HELD IT LIKE THAT. THEN SHE FLEXED HER BIG ARMS, AND REPEATED THE WORDS THAT ANGELA HAD WHISPERED TO HER A FEW NIGHTS AGO, RIGHT BEFORE SHE'D HAD HER WAY WITH TOM...

I'M A
MUSCLEBITCH!

I'M POWERFUL!

I DOMINATE!



I RULE
WITH MY
MUSCLEPOWER

THAT'S IT K!
THAT'S MY BABY!



THE DARK HAired GIANTESS THEN BENT DOWN AND SLAMMED HER ARMS AROUND HER DAD...



AND THEN PULLED HIM UP AND OVER HER SHOULDER WITH INCREDIBLE EASE...

WONDERFUL MOVE K!

SEE HOW EASILY MISTRESS K CONTROLS YOU, HANK?

RIGHT NOW I CAN SO EASILY BREAK YOUR ARM...

MAYBE I SHOULD...



AS HANK WAS WRIGGLING ON KATIE'S BIG SHOULDER, ANGELA LOOKED STRAIGHT IN HIS EYES...

OOH, ISN'T THAT CUTE...



COMPARED TO THE ANGER HE FELT FROM HIS DAUGHTER, ANGELA'S FACE AND Demeanor FELT ALMOST WARM AND SWEET TO HANK, AND HE REACHED OUT TOWARDS HER WITH HIS EYES...





I THINK HE'S
PLEADING TO ME FOR
HELP BUT HE DOESN'T
DARE SPEAK...

YOU'VE TAMED HIM
K! MISTRESS K JUST
GRADUATED FROM
DOMINATION
UNIVERSITY!

ABOUT TIME!

NOW ANGE, TAKE HIM
FROM ME AGAIN. I'M
GONNA GET ME
SOMEONE I CAN
DOMINATE TO THE
END...

THE TINY MAN WAS PASSED FROM THE SHOULDER OF ONE AMAZON TO ANOTHER, AND KATIE WENT TO PICK UP HER PHONE AND, WHILE LOOKING AT HER FLEXED BICEP, WAITED FOR GEORGE DROONEY TO ANSWER HER CALL...

HEY GEORGE... I'M ALL PUMPED AND IN THE MOOD TO DOMINATE YOU. I WANT YOU TO GET YOUR ASS OVER HERE.

BE STILL BABY, OR YOU'LL FALL OFF, AND IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN...



GEORGE SOUNDED AS IF HE COULDN'T BELIEVE HIS LUCK. HE HAD UNDOUBTEDLY BEEN WAITING TO HEAR NEWS FROM HER AND NOW WAS OVERJOYED...

ARE YOU... SERIOUS?

I AM, GEORGE. IT'S ON MACARTHUR LANE. DON'T DALLY. BYE!

MY GOD K! THE
WAY YOU SPOKE TO
HIM! THE WAY YOU SPOKE
TO A WORLD FAMOUS
MOVIE STAR!

I'M SO PROUD
OF YOU!

I MUST BE LIVING
IN SOME KIND OF
SIMULATION...



OH YEAH BABY.
TONIGHT I'M GONNA
MAKE HIM COMPLETELY
MINE...



COULD YOU
INTRODUCE ME?

MAYBE, IF
THERE'S ANYTHING
LEFT WHEN I'M DONE
WITH HIM...

I'M GONNA TAKE A
SHOWER AND THEN
WAIT FOR HIM...

ALL
RIGHT K!

COULD YOU
GUYS MAYBE MOVE
UPSTAIRS? OTHERWISE IT
WILL BE A BIT WEIRD
FOR HIM WHEN HE
ARRIVES...

SURE THING!
HAVE FUN! I
KNOW I WILL!



ANGELA CARRIED HANK UPSTAIRS TO THE MASTER BEDROOM AND THREW HIM ON THE BED...

THERE YOU GO BABY
- WHEEEEEEE

OOOHH



ANGELA TOLD HANK TO LIE STILL ON THE BED WHILE SHE UNDRESSED, AND THEN CAME TO SIT DOWN NEXT TO THE LITTLE MAN...

IT HASN'T BEEN ALL THAT BAD FOR YOU SO FAR, HAS IT, HANK? I MEAN, YOU'VE BEEN THREATENED AND LIFTED AND BULLIED AND HELD BY BIG BEAUTIFUL GIRLS...

... AND ALL OF THAT EXCITES YOU ENDLESSLY...



A digital illustration of a woman with long, wavy red hair, rendered in a highly muscular physique. She is shown from the waist up, looking slightly to her right. Her skin is a light tan color, and her muscles are very defined, particularly in her chest, shoulders, and arms. She has large, prominent breasts. The background is a simple room with a blue wall on the left and a white wall on the right. A lamp with a pink shade is visible in the background. A speech bubble is positioned near her head.

SO THERE HASN'T
BEEN ANY REAL
PUNISHMENT YET, HAS
THERE?

WHILE ANGELA TOOK CARE OF HANK, KATIE SHOWERED AND GOT INTO SOME NEW CLOTHES SHE HAD RECENTLY BOUGHT. THE SCHOOLGIRL LOOK HAD BEEN ANGELA'S SUGGESTION, AND KATIE WAS GLAD SHE HAD FOLLOWED UP ON IT. THE GIRLISH CLOTHES AND THE INCREDIBLE MUSCLES MADE FOR A GREAT COMBINATION, SHE THOUGHT. SHE HOPED THEY WOULDN'T MISS THEIR EFFECT ON GEORGE DROONEY...

PUMPING THESE BICEPS TO THE MAX FOR YOU, LITTLE GEORGE...



THEN THE DOORBELL RANG...

THERE'S MY
LITTLE PREY...

AND I'M GOING TO
EAT HIM ALIVE...

EVER SINCE KATIE HAD LEFT HIS PLACE, GEORGE HAD BEEN MAD AND CRAZY WITH HOPE, DESPAIR AND DESIRE. HE HAD SENT HER A COUPLE OF TEXTS, BUT AFTER NOT RECEIVING ANY ANSWER, HAD BACKED OFF. HER LAST WORDS HAD BEEN THAT SHE WOULD CONSIDER WHAT HE HAD SUGGESTED: THAT SHE BE HIS MISTRESS. AND NOW, JUST HALF AN HOUR AGO, SHE TOLD HIM SHE WAS "IN THE MOOD TO DOMINATE HIM" (HER EXACT WORDS!) GEORGE HAD SHOWERED AS FAST AS HE COULD, JUMPED INTO A NEW SET OF CLOTHES AND BROKEN EVERY SPEED LIMIT WHILE DRIVING OVER HERE---

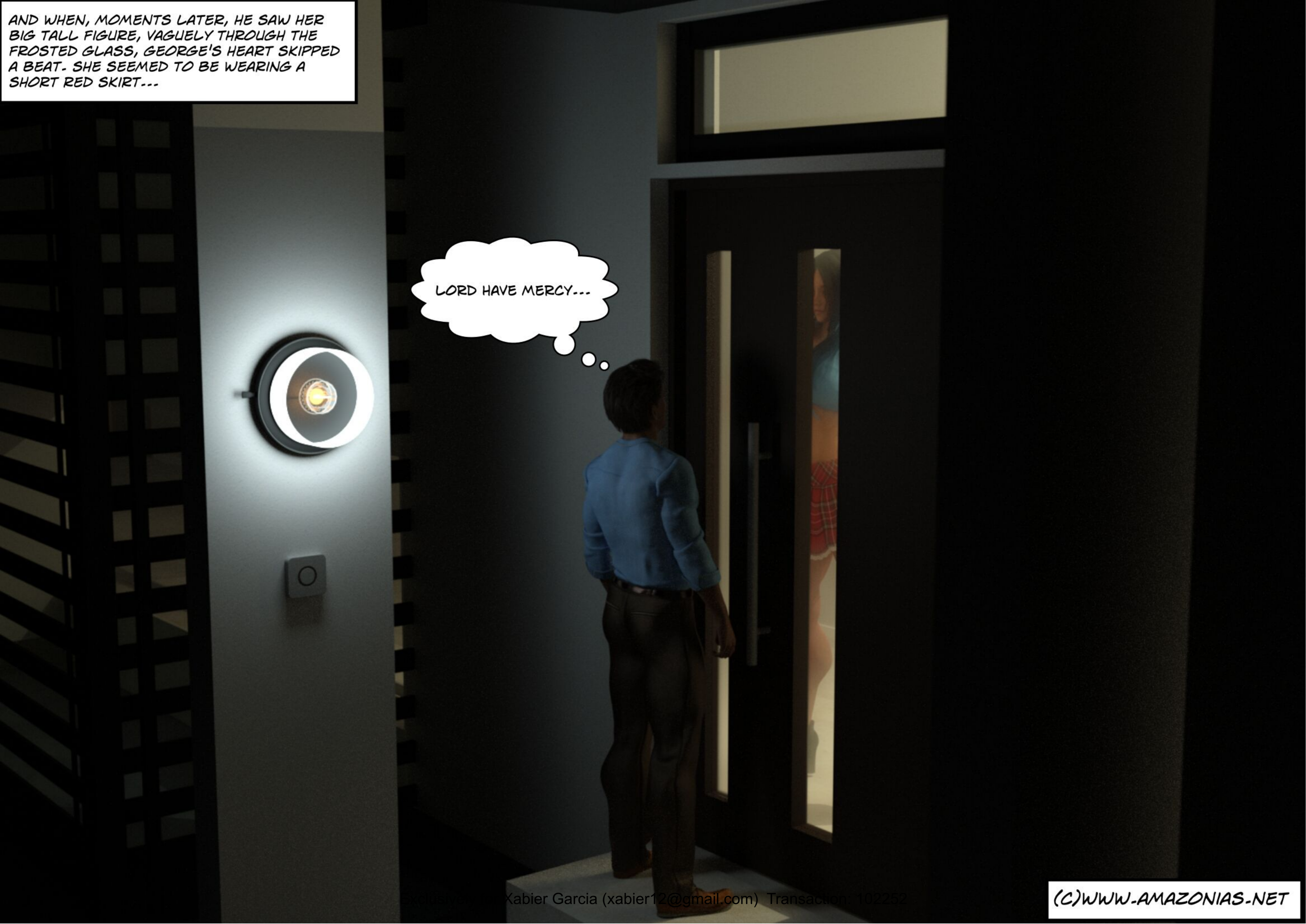


AFTER WHAT SEEMED LIKE AN ETERNITY,
GEORGE HEARD FOOTSTEPS (HIGH HEELS!)
COMING FROM BEHIND THE DOOR...
GEORGE WAS IMPATIENT TO GET INSIDE,
NOT JUST TO SEE KATIE, BUT ALSO
BECAUSE HE WANTED TO AVOID ANYONE IN
THE NEIGHBORHOOD SPOTTING HIM... HE'D
BE IN ALL THE GOSSIP PAPERS THE NEXT
DAY...

COME ON...

AND WHEN, MOMENTS LATER, HE SAW HER BIG TALL FIGURE, VAGUELY THROUGH THE FROSTED GLASS, GEORGE'S HEART SKIPPED A BEAT. SHE SEEMED TO BE WEARING A SHORT RED SKIRT...

LORD HAVE MERCY...



AND THE NEXT MOMENT, AS KATIE OPENED THE DOOR AND STEPPED FORWARD AND ALMOST PRESSED HER BOOBS IN GEORGE'S FACE, HIS FIRST THOUGHT WAS: SHE'S EVEN MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN I REMEMBER...

WELL LOOK WHO'S HERE...

H-HI KATIE...

IT'S OUR LITTLE CELEBRITY...

APPARENTLY, THE GIANTESS FELT THE NEED TO TEASE HIM A BIT...

SO WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE, LITTLE ONE?

EH... KATIE, WOULD YOU MIND IF WE GO INSIDE? IT'S BEST IF-




KATIE WAS DAMNED IF ANOTHER MAN WAS GOING TO CALL THE SHOTS. SHE DIDN'T LET HIM FINISH...



YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME WHAT TO DO, LITTLE MAN?

EH...



JUST SO THAT WE'RE
CLEAR: WHEN YOU'RE
WITH ME, YOU'RE NOT A
SUPERSTAR. YOU'RE JUST
A **TOY.** A TOY THAT I
USE AS I WISH.

IS THAT
UNDERSTOOD?

I SAID:
IS THAT
UNDERSTOOD?

GEORGE KNEW KATIE WAS DELIBERATELY RAISING HER VOICE, TO SHOW THAT SHE DIDN'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT HIS DESIRE FOR PRIVACY. IT WAS HER FIRST SHOW OF DOMINATION AND SUPERIORITY. SHE WAS SHOWING HIM WHO WAS THE BOSS. ALL GEORGE'S CONCERNS MADE WAY FOR A TREMENDOUS FEELING OF EXCITEMENT, AND AS HE ANSWERED, HIS VOICE QUIVERED...

UNDERSTOOD,
MISTRESS!

GOOD. NOW
LET'S GET YOU
INSIDE...

THE AMAZON BENT DOWN, THREW THE ACTOR OVER HER SHOULDER LIKE A SACK OF POTATOES, AND THEN WALKED IN AND SHUT THE DOOR BEHIND HER...



WALKING THROUGH THE CORRIDOR, SHE ADMIRED HER REFLECTION IN THE GLASS...

DID YOU LOSE WEIGHT SINCE I THREW YOU IN THE POOL, GEORGE?

EH NO, WHY?





I DUNNO, YOU JUST
FEEL... EVEN LIGHTER
TO ME RIGHT NOW...

OH...

KATIE WAS SATISFIED TO SEE THAT ANGELA AND HANK WERE NO LONGER IN THE LIVING ROOM, AND THEN WENT STRAIGHT TO THE BASEMENT. SHE WAS TAKING HER PREY TO HER LAIR...

THIS IS WHERE THESE MUSCLES ARE MADE...

WOULD YOU LIKE A LITTLE TOUR?

EH, SURE, MISTRESS...



THE BIG GIRL INTRODUCED THE MOVIE STAR TO SOME OF HER MUSCLEBUILDING MACHINES...

SO THIS IS MY TRUSTED PUNCHING BAG. IT HAS HAD TO ENDURE AN INFINITE AMOUNT OF REALLY POWERFUL KICKS...

... EACH ONE OF WHICH WOULD HAVE THROWN YOU ACROSS THE ROOM...



WHEN I STARTED
OUT HERE, I PUT SOME
OF MY IDOLS ON THE
WALL, TO INSPIRE ME TO
GET AS BIG AS
THEM...

AND NOW I'VE
OUTMUSCLED MOST
OF THEM...



FROM THE PUNCHING BAG, KATIE STROLLED TO THE MAT---

AND THIS IS MY MAT---

WHY DON'T YOU CHECK IT OUT?



GEORGE HIT THE FLOOR WITH A SATISFYING SMACK, AND KATIE FLEXED OVER HIM....

I'M GONNA DOMINATE THE FUCK OUT OF YOU, LITTLE GEORGE....

THAT'S WHAT YOU WANTED, ISN'T IT?

OH YES, MISTRESS....



A muscular woman with dark hair, wearing a blue short-sleeved crop top and a red plaid skirt with a white lace hem, is flexing her biceps. She is standing in a gym or locker room. To her left are blue lockers. Behind her is a wooden door and a black exercise machine. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, one on each side of her torso.

THAT'S WHAT I
THOUGHT. LET'S JUST
HOPE YOU DON'T GET
MORE OF IT THAN YOU
CAN HANDLE...

NONO, STAY DOWN.
I'LL HELP YOU UP...

YOU SEE GEORGE,
YOU'RE SOOO TINY...



A GIRL LIKE ME...

A young man with dark hair, wearing a light blue polo shirt, is shown in a close-up, looking slightly to the right with a surprised or intense expression. His mouth is slightly open. In the background, another person in a blue shirt is visible, but they are out of focus. A speech bubble is positioned above the man's head.

--- CAN LITERALLY
DO ALMOST
ANYTHING WITH
YOU---

TAKE OFF YOUR SHIRT, GEORGE.





GOOD BOY.
OBEYING THESE BIG
MUSCLES STRAIGHT AWAY
IS **ALWAYS** YOUR
SAFEST BET.

YOU KNOW
THAT, DON'T
YOU?

YES,
MISTRESS...

AS SOON AS GEORGE HAD UNBUTTONED HIS SHIRT AND DROPPED IT TO THE FLOOR, KATIE PULLED THE LITTLE MAN HIGHER.

OOOH
GEORGE... I'M SO
FUCKING STRONG...
LOOK AT THIS BIG
BICEP. LOOK!





CAN YOU BELIEVE THE POWER IN THESE ARMS GEORGE? CAN YOU BELIEVE I CAN SINGLEHANDEDLY PULL YOU UP LIKE THIS?

YOU ARE... SO INCREDIBLY STRONG... MISTRESS...



WOOPS, BRACE FOR
IMPACT!

AAAHHHH

THERE WAS ANOTHER WONDERFUL THUD AS GEORGE HIT THE MAT. KATIE WASTED NO TIME THIS TIME...

TAKE OFF YOUR PANTS, SOCKS AND SHOES, AND THEN STAND IN FRONT OF ME!



GOT A LITTLE
HARD ON THERE,
GEORGE?

YES...
MISTRESS...





EXCITING, ISN'T IT?
TO SEE ME TOWERING
ABOVE YOU LIKE
THIS?

EXTREMELY...
MISTRESS.



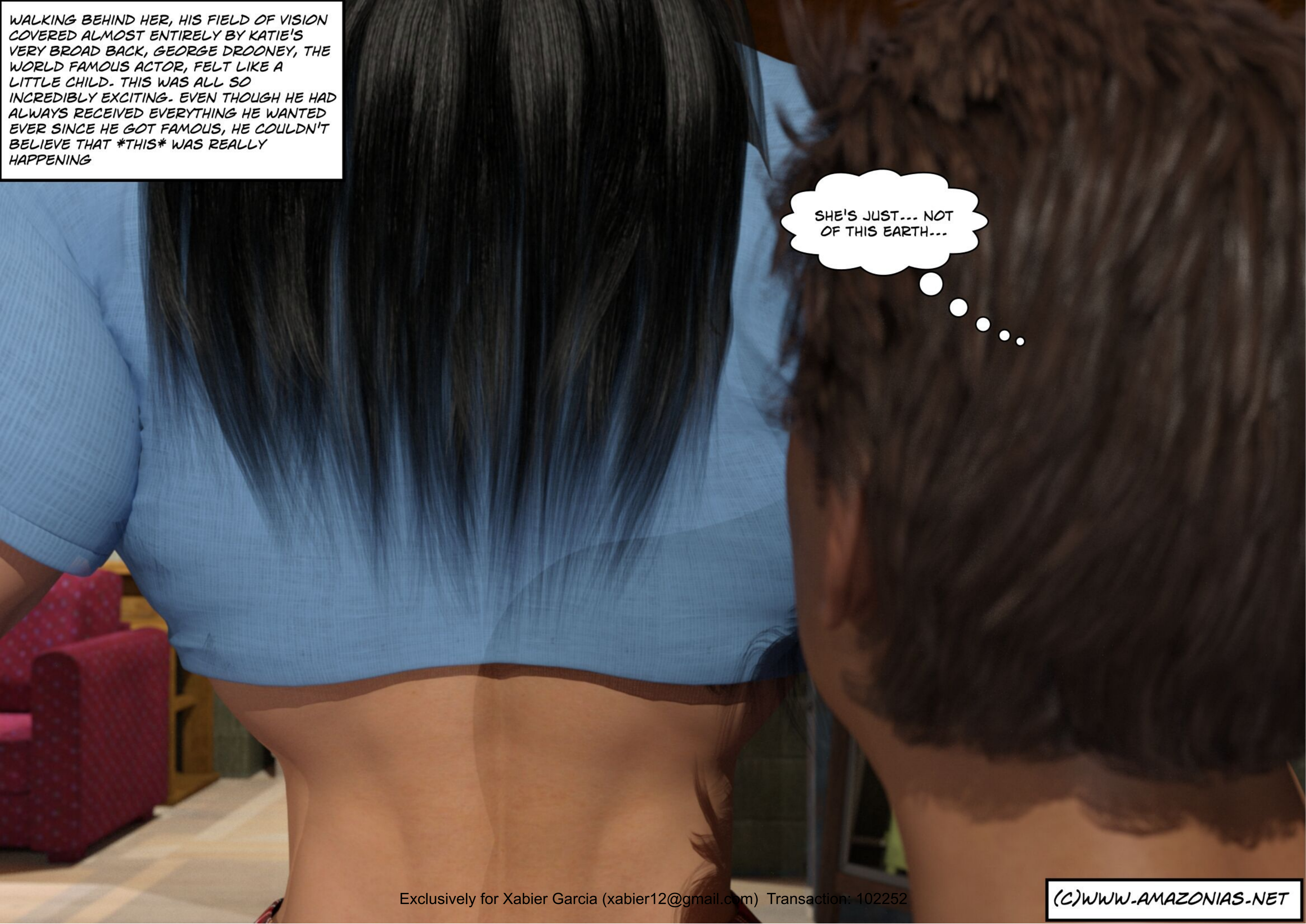
INDEED. I LOVE TO
COMPARE MYSELF WITH
TINY MEN LIKE YOU.

LET'S TAKE A
CLOSER LOOK SO WE
CAN APPRECIATE THE
DIFFERENCE EVEN
MORE...



WALKING BEHIND HER, HIS FIELD OF VISION COVERED ALMOST ENTIRELY BY KATIE'S VERY BROAD BACK, GEORGE DROONEY, THE WORLD FAMOUS ACTOR, FELT LIKE A LITTLE CHILD. THIS WAS ALL SO INCREDIBLY EXCITING. EVEN THOUGH HE HAD ALWAYS RECEIVED EVERYTHING HE WANTED EVER SINCE HE GOT FAMOUS, HE COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT *THIS* WAS REALLY HAPPENING

SHE'S JUST... NOT OF THIS EARTH...



LOOK AT US, LITTLE
MAN... LOOK AT YOU AND
YOUR MISTRESS...





YOUR LITTLE MUSCLES
ARE ACTUALLY KINDA
CUTE...


YOU'RE MUCH FITTER
THAN MY BOYFRIEND, I
GOTTA SAY...

NOT THAT IT WILL
MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE
FOR YOU...

GEORGE WAS SURPRISED AT WHAT KATIE HAD JUST SAID AND RISKED TALKING OUT OF TURN...




EH... MISTRESS... HAS... A BOYFRIEND?



YES SHE HAS.
A BOY I LOVE, BUT
WHO'S NOT INTO
DOMINATION... I COULD
DO WHAT I WANT WITH
HIM, OBVIOUSLY, BUT I
DON'T WANT TO DO
THAT...

HENCE MY NEED
FOR A LITTLE
GEORGE...

DON'T BE
JEALOUS GEORGE.
JUST CONSIDER
YOURSELF VERY VERY
LUCKY...



LUCKY THAT YOU
CAN BE MY LITTLE
FUCKTOY...



EVEN THOUGH I
MIGHT TAKE MORE
FUCKTOYS IN THE
FUTURE...

YOU, ON THE OTHER
HAND, SHOULDN'T EVEN
LOOK AT ANOTHER
WOMAN, OBVIOUSLY.

BECAUSE MISTRISS
CAN GET VERY
JEALOUS...

AND YOU DON'T
WANT TO MAKE HER
ANGRY...

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