




# MASSIVE MATHILDA

1. Dark Valentine

A close-up, high-angle shot of a woman's face, focusing on her eyes and mouth. She has light blue eyes and is looking slightly to the right. Her mouth is open, showing her teeth. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of her face, containing the text "B-B-BUT... YOU'RE MY S-STEPSISTER!". The background is a soft, out-of-focus light blue.

B-B-BUT... YOU'RE MY  
S-STEPSISTER!

HE WAS ALREADY SHIVERING, OF COURSE. AS HE SHOULD. I HAD STORMED INTO HIS ROOM THAT MORNING, ASKING WHERE MY VALENTINE GIFT WAS.

OF COURSE HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY - I HAD COUNTED ON THAT. AND SO I HAD A REASON TO PUNISH HIM. AFTER ALL, IT HAD ALREADY BEEN FOUR DAYS SINCE HIS LAST PUNISHMENT!

I HAD TAKEN HIM IN A HOLD AND PULLED HIM OUT OF HIS ROOM, INTO MINE. I STOOD HIM IN FRONT OF MY DRESSING TABLE WHILE I WAS DOING MY MAKE-UP. THE GREAT NEW IDEA I HAD WAS THAT I WOULD PUNISH MY STEPBROTHER WITHOUT LOSING ANY TIME AT ALL!

VALENTINE'S ABOUT LOVE, FRED. YOU DO LOVE YOUR STEPSISTER, DON'T YOU?

YES BUT...



I SHOULD INTRODUCE MYSELF, SORRY! SOMETIMES I'M A BIT RUDE - BUT THEN AGAIN THERE IS NOT MUCH NEED FOR POLITENESS WHEN... YOU'RE ME!

MY NAME IS MATHILDA. IT'S A NAME THAT SUITS ME QUITE WELL, AS IT MEANS "STRONG IN BATTLE", IN SOME OLD LANGUAGE I CAN'T REMEMBER.

"STRONG" IS, I THINK, ONE OF THE FIRST WORDS THAT COME TO MIND FOR ANYONE WHO FIRST MEETS ME. WELL, THAT AND "BIG" OF COURSE. WHEN I'M WEARING A SKIRT AND SHORT SLEEVES - WHICH I DO AS OFTEN AS I CAN - I GUESS THE FIRST WORD TO COME UP IS MUSCULAR. AT SCHOOL THEY OFTEN CALL ME "MUSCLE MATHILDA", "MATHILDA MUSCLES", "MASSIVE MATHILDA", "MOUNTAIN MATHILDA"...



I'M SIXTEEN AND A HALF, AND I STARTED WORKING OUT WHEN I WAS ABOUT TWELVE. MAYBE I'LL TELL YOU LATER ABOUT HOW I GOT INTO THIS. I STARTED DOMINATING MY STEPBROTHER - WHO IS TWO YEARS OLDER - WHEN I WAS FOURTEEN. AGAIN, MAYBE I'LL TELL YOU LATER...


CONTROLLING FRED WITH ONE ARM WHILE I WAS DOING MY MAKE-UP WAS EVEN EASIER THAN I THOUGHT. I GUESS SMALLER GIRLS THAN ME COULD HOLD HIM DOWN. HE WAS PRETTY MUCH A LIGHTWEIGHT, AND TOTALLY NO MATCH FOR MY COLOSSAL BODY.

BUT THE THING WAS, BY NOW HE WAS SO AFRAID OF ME THAT HE WOULDN'T EVEN HAVE DARED TO RESIST IF HE COULD.

BUT WHAT, FRED?

I-IT'S JUST THAT... V-VALENTINE IS ABOUT R-R-ROMANTIC LOVE AND WE... WE'RE NOT... I MEAN...





THAT'S RIGHT, WE'RE  
NOT A COUPLE. BUT DIDN'T I  
TEACH YOU TO WORSHIP YOUR  
STEPSISTER? AND ISN'T THIS  
DAY AN EXCELLENT  
OPPORTUNITY FOR WORSHIP  
AND TRIBUTE, HMM?

YOU GUESS, HUH?  
WHY DON'T YOU START  
KISSING THIS BICEP, HMM?  
THAN WE AT LEAST HAVE  
THAT ALREADY...

EH... I GUESS  
IT IS...

HE OBEYED IMMEDIATELY,  
HOPING TO GET AWAY EASILY.

AS I'M TELLING YOU ALL THIS, I  
REALIZE IT MUST BE DIFFICULT  
FOR YOU TO BELIEVE HOW A  
SIXTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL CAN  
ORDER HER OLDER BROTHER TO  
DO HUMILIATING THINGS LIKE  
THIS. SO I'M MAKING A MENTAL  
NOTE NOW TO REALLY TELL  
YOU HOW ALL THIS CAME ABOUT,  
NEXT TIME!

FOR NOW, JUST TAKE IT FROM  
ME: MY LITTLE STEPBROTHER  
DOES ABOUT ANYTHING I TELL  
HIM...

YES, THAT'S MY  
LITTLE BOY! HOW  
DO THEY FEEL  
TODAY?

B-BIG AND  
HARD...





BIG AND HARD  
WHO?

BIG AND HARD,  
MISTRESS MATHILDA!

WHILE I WENT ON WITH APPLYING MY MAKE UP, I QUIZZED HIM ABOUT MY STATS. AS EXPECTED, HE DIDN'T DARE TO MAKE ANY MISTAKE...

MY HEIGHT?

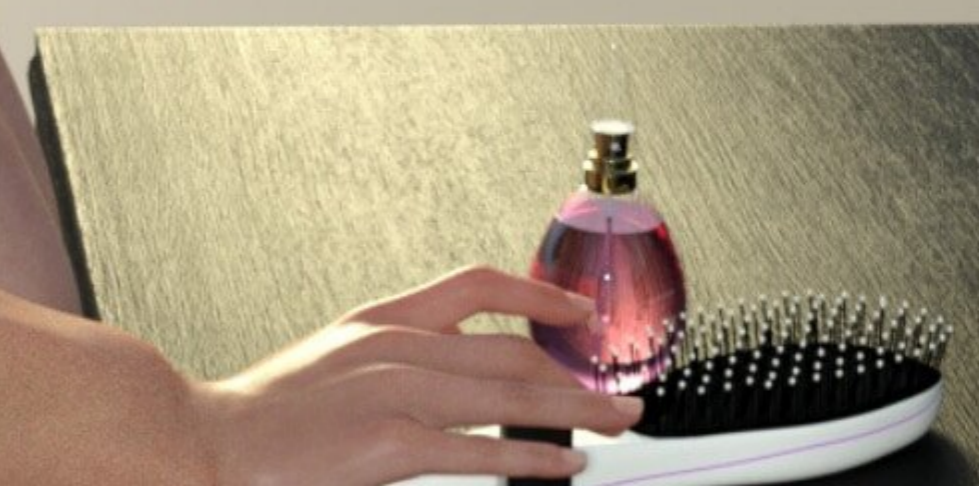
SIX FEET ONE

WEIGHT LAST WEEK?

212 POUNDS

BICEPS?

16.5





GOOD LITTLE FRED!  
I COULD LET YOU GO  
NOW...

BUT...

... I RATHER  
MAKE SURE THIS  
KIND OF DISRESPECT  
DOESN'T HAPPEN  
AGAIN...

LIKE SHAKESPEARE WROTE: "I MUST BE CRUEL ONLY TO BE KIND." WE'RE READING HAMLET IN CLASS NOW...

I INCREASED THE PRESSURE ON HIS ARM AND WITH MY TORSO PUSHED HIM DOWN TOWARDS THE TABLE...

DON'T YOU AGREE, FRED?

AARGH YES... MISTRESS MATHILDA...



I PUT MY FOREARM ON HIS NECK AND PUSHED HIM FURTHER STILL, NOTICING THAT HIS FOREHEAD WAS RIGHT ON MY BRUSH. I STOPPED RIGHT THERE...

ARGH... THE BRUSH... IT... HURTS...

I KNOW, BABY...



BUT WE HAVE TO MAKE SURE YOU LEARN YOUR LESSON, OKAY?


AAARG  
HH





VALENTINE IS A  
DAY TO...?

...WORSHIP MISTRESS  
MATHILDA AND PAY HER  
TRIBUTE!



GOOD! AND YOU PAY  
TRIBUTE TO MISTRESS  
MATHILDA  
BECAUSE...?

... BECAUSE SHE'S  
BIGGER, STRONGER!  
BECAUSE SHE'S MY  
BOSS!

I STILL NEEDED TO FINISH MY MAKE-UP AND I REALIZED THAT RIGHT NOW I WASN'T FOLLOWING UP ON MY IDEA TO NOT LOSE ANY TIME WHILE PUNISHING MY STEPBROTHER. I DIDN'T HAVE A FREE HAND THIS WAY, AND SO I SLAMMED MY LEG ON THE TABLE - I HAD DONE GYMNASTICS YEARS AGO, UNTIL I HAD BECOME TOO BIG FOR IT, BUT I WAS STILL QUITE FLEXIBLE...

ALL RIGHT, NOW YOU LISTEN TO ME...



THEN I PUT MY LOWER LEG OVER HIS HEAD, KEEPING IT FIRMLY DOWN OVER THE BRUSH. FINALLY I COULD FINISH MY LIPS!

I'M GOING OUT WITH CAITLYN FOR THE DAY, BUT TONIGHT, WHEN I'M BACK, YOU'LL BRING ME YOUR GIFT.

I WANT ONE OF THOSE HEART-SHAPED BOXES OF CHOCOLATE. UNDERSTOOD?

AAARGH! YES, UNDERSTOOD, M-MISTRESS MATHILDA!



I HAD A GREAT DAY WITH CAITLYN AND WAS  
LOOKING FORWARD TO THE NIGHT, WHEN I  
KNEW I'D BE PLAYING AROUND WITH FRED  
SOME MORE... THE BOY DIDN'T KNOW I  
ALREADY HAD A PLAN...

HE CAME IN LIKE A LAMB THAT WAS GOING TO SLAUGHTER. GOD I LOVED THAT LOOK IN HIS EYES! AND EVEN MORE, I LOVED TO KNOW THAT I WAS THE CAUSE OF IT, AND THAT I COULD MAKE HIM CRY AND SHIVER AT WILL.

IF YOU THINK I'M A CRUEL PERSON THEN I HAVE TO SAY... YOU'RE RIGHT, I AM! AND I DON'T CARE. MAYBE SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH ME. MAYBE I'M A SADIST, OR A NARCISSIST OR SOMETHING. I DON'T CARE. MAYBE SOME DAY I'LL GO TOO FAR. BUT FOR NOW, EVERYTHING IS GOING EXACTLY MY WAY!

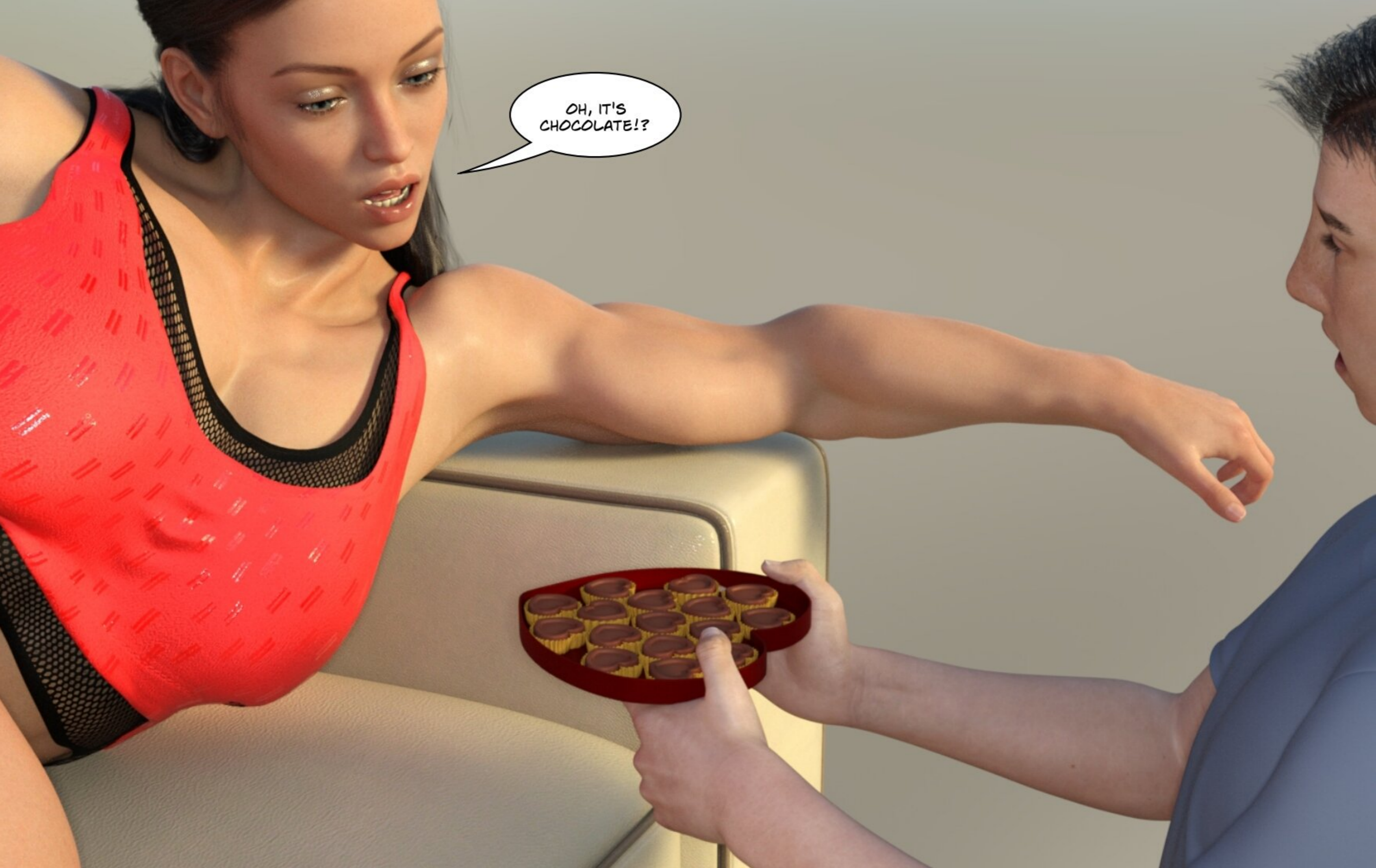
I... I BROUGHT YOUR GIFT, MISTRESS...

SO YOU HAVE...



A woman with long dark hair and blue eyes is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a red swimsuit with a black mesh back. She is looking slightly to the right of the camera with a neutral expression. A speech bubble is positioned to her left, containing text. The background is a plain light blue wall.

WHY DON'T YOU KNEEL  
DOWN HERE AND OPEN IT  
FOR ME, HMM?



OH, IT'S  
CHOCOLATE!?

A close-up photograph of a hand reaching into a red, heart-shaped tin filled with heart-shaped chocolates. The chocolates are dark brown with a heart-shaped indentation on top and are held in yellow, textured paper liners. Another hand is visible on the right side of the tin, holding it steady. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

SO, LITTLE  
FRED...

I TOOK OUT ONE CHOCOLATE AND SHOWED IT TO HIM, FLEXING MY BICEP IN THE MEANTIME...

... DO YOU THINK THIS IS A BODY THAT CONSUMES JUNK FOOD LIKE THIS, HMM?



B-B-BUT...



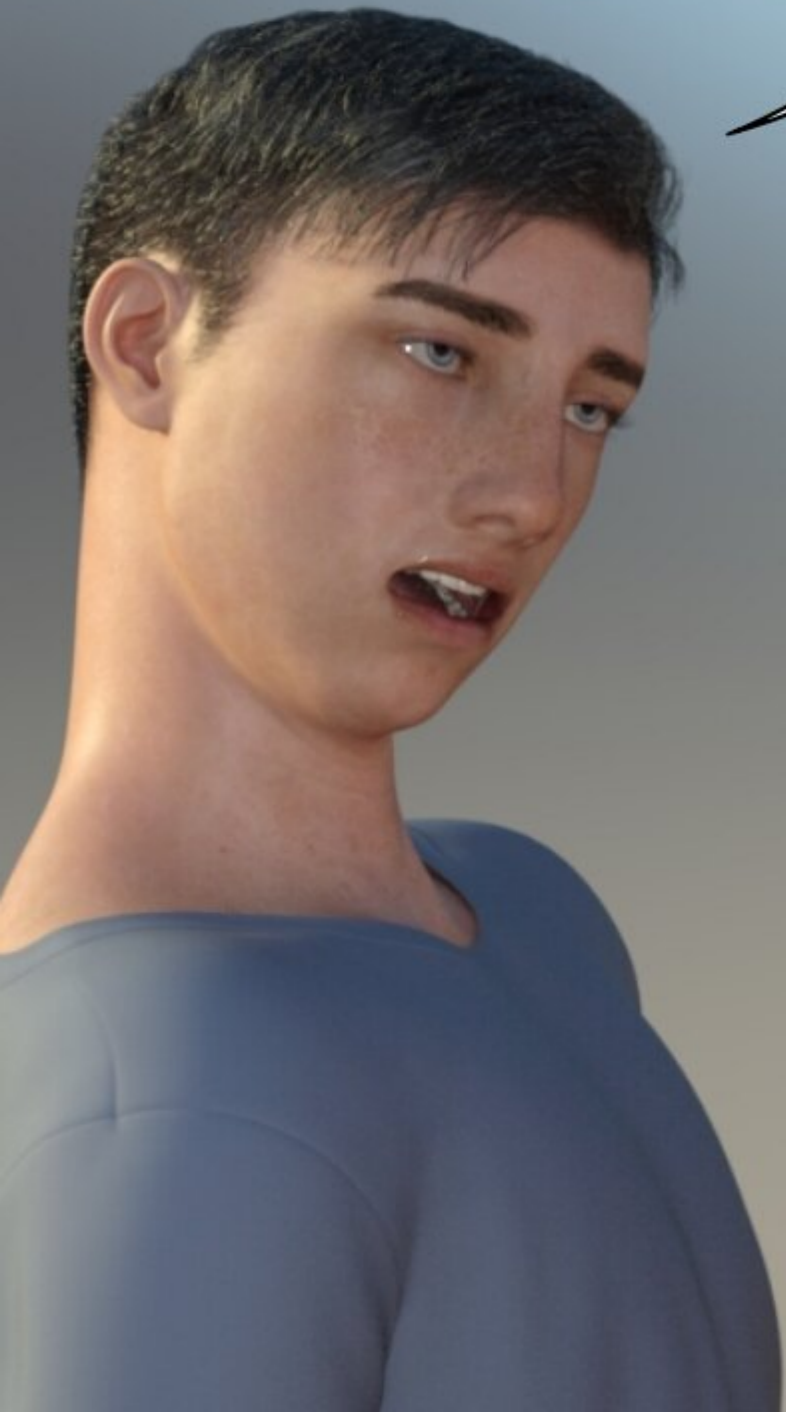
C-CHOCOLATE IS WHAT  
YOU ASKED FOR!

YOU THINK I DON'T  
REMEMBER WHAT I  
ASKED FOR? OF COURSE  
IT'S WHAT I ASKED  
FOR...

THE POOR BOY WAS ENTIRELY CONFUSED...


THEN... I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND...

THE POINT IS,  
YOU SHOULD HAVE  
KNOWN IT'S NOT WHAT I  
**REALLY** WANTED...



OH I LOVED FUCKING WITH HIS MIND...

I WANT YOU TO KNOW  
YOUR STEPSISTER  
REALLY WELL, BABY  
STEBROTHER! I WANT YOU  
TO KNOW MY DESIRES IN MY  
MIND LIKE YOU KNOW THE  
STATS OF MY BIG  
BODY!



SO... THIS BODY IS  
POWERED BY POWER FOOD  
ALONE... BUT LET'S NOT  
LET THESE DELICACIES GO TO  
WASTE, I KNOW THE BRAND  
AND I KNOW HOW MUCH  
THESE COST...

HERE, OPEN  
YOUR MOUTH...

HE MOVED HIS LITTLE HANDS TO REMOVE  
THE WRAPPING BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT I  
WANTED...

AH-AH! PAPER  
AND ALL!



I PUSHED THE CHOCOLATE INTO HIS MOUTH...

I'M NOT THE WORST MISTRESS, AM I? FEEDING CHOCOLATE TO MY LITTLE ONE...



OH GOD. I WAS ABLE TO MAKE SOMEONE EAT PAPER! WITHOUT EVEN PHYSICALLY TOUCHING THEM! JUST BY MERE INTIMIDATION...

TASTY HUH...



IT TOOK HIM SOME TIME TO SWALLOW IT ENTIRELY. WHEN HE WAS FINALLY DONE, I WAS READY WITH MORE...

GOOD BOY! HERE, MISTRESS GIVES YOU ANOTHER ONE...





AND HERE  
COMES ANOTHER  
ONE...

IT WAS ONLY AFTER THE FOURTH ONE THAT  
HE DARED TO PROTEST...

P-PLEASE,  
MISTRESS... I...  
CAN'T...

THE PAPER... IT'S NOT  
GOOD TO EAT...



I COULD HAVE LEFT IT AT THAT, BUT MY DARK  
SIDE DIDN'T REALLY APPRECIATE HIM TRYING  
TO DISOBEY... I COULDN'T ALLOW THAT.

I LOOKED AT HIM FOR HALF A MINUTE,  
LEAVING HIM ALL TENSE...



A close-up, side-profile shot of a woman on the left and a man on the right. The woman, wearing a red top with a black mesh detail, is pointing her right index finger towards the man's chest. The man, wearing a blue t-shirt, has a slightly annoyed or confrontational expression. A white speech bubble with a black outline is positioned above the woman's head, containing the text "COME HERE BOY...". The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

COME HERE  
BOY...

I PULLED HIM TOWARD ME AND THEN LIFTED MY LEG...  
I KNOW THAT IF I WANTED HIM TO EAT THE REST OF THE  
CHOCOLATES, I HAD TO BE A BIT MORE FORCEFUL. HE  
WAS ENTIRELY OBEIDENT, BUT I ASSUMED HE WOULD  
JUST BE PHYSICALLY UNABLE TO DO WHAT I ASKED  
WITHOUT ENOUGH "PRESSURE"...

GET IN  
BETWEEN MY  
LEGS!



HE MOVED IN, AND I PUT MY LEG OVER HIS WAIST. IT WASN'T APPLYING PRESSURE AS YET, BUT I KNEW HE FELT THE WEIGHT OF MY THIGH ALONE...

YOU KNOW MASSIVE MATHILDA DOESN'T LIKE TO BE DISOBEYED, DON'T YOU?



YES, I KNOW BUT...



ONE MORE "BUT"  
AND I'LL SQUASH YOU  
TO A PULP WITH MY  
TREETRUNK THIGHS,  
UNDERSTOOD?

YES...

HE KNEW I WASN'T KIDDING. HE KNEW FROM  
PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE.



HERE'S ONE FOR  
MY BICEPS...

I KEPT FEEDING HIM. ONE FOR MY THIGHS,  
ONE FOR MY ABS, ONE FOR MY CALVES...  
WHEN ONLY THREE CHOCOLATES WERE  
LEFT, HE SEEMED TO BE UNABLE TO  
SWALLOW ANYTHING ELSE...



AND SO I SQUEEZED - PRETTY HARD...



... AND WHEN HE CRIED I PUT IN ONE MORE CHOCOLATE...

AAAARGHH



THEN I MADE SURE HE COULDN'T SPIT IT OUT, AND I KEPT THE PRESSURE ON WITH MY LEGS UNTIL HE HAD SWALLOWED...

GOOD BOY! SUCH A GOOD BOY! I'M PROUD OF YOU, FRED!

MMMMM



AND THEN: SQUEEZE - FEED - REPEAT...  
WHEN ALL THE CHOCOLATES WERE GONE, I  
PAUSED TO TAKE IN MY OWN POWER. I  
BREATHED IT IN, BATHED IN IT, FELT IT, LET  
IT CARRY ME TO NIRVANA...



I HAD MY FILL, AND THEN PUSHED HIM OUT OF THE COUCH, KNOWING HE WAS CLOSE TO EXPLODING...

ALL RIGHT, I'M GONNA WORK OUT...





THAT WAS A LOT OF  
FUN, WASN'T IT, LITTLE  
ONE?

BBBBWWWW  
YES... BBBHHHH

I NOTICED HE COULDN'T REALLY TALK AND  
WAS TRYING HARD TO KEEP HIMSELF FROM  
PUKING...



GOOD! ALWAYS  
BETTER TO HAVE FUN  
WHILE WE'RE  
LEARNING...

AS I WALKED AWAY, I HEARD GAGGING  
SOUNDS BEHIND ME...

MAKE SURE THAT MOM  
AND DAD DON'T NOTICE  
ANY PUKE OKAY?



I'M SURE YOU'RE SHOCKED AT HEARING  
THIS TALE. YES, IT'S TRUE: I'M CRUEL.  
BUT I DON'T CARE.

I CAN BE WHOEVER I WANT AND DO  
WHATEVER I WANT.

CAUSE I'M MASSIVE.

MASSIVE MATHILDA.

AND YOU KNOW  
WHAT?

I HAVEN'T EVEN  
STARTED...

