



MASSIVE MATHILDA

1. Dark Valentine

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A close-up, high-resolution photograph 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 on the left side of her face.

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,
MISTRESS MATHILDA!

BIG AND HARD
WHO?

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...

DON'T YOU
AGREE, FRED?

AARGH
YES...
MISTRESS
MATHILDA...

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

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?

AAARRGH! 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.

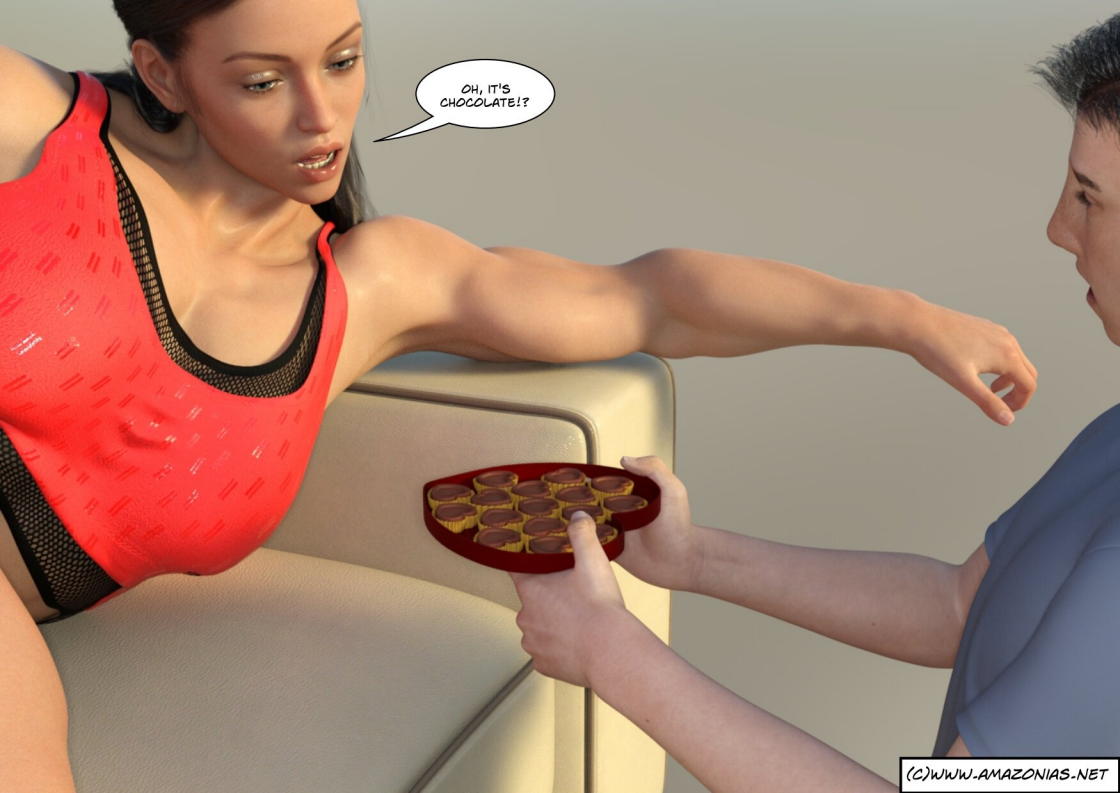
IF YOU THINK I'M A CRUEL PERSON THEN I HAVE TO SAY... YOU'RE RIGHT, I AM! AND I DON'T CARE. MAYBE SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH ME. MAYBE I'M A SADIST, OR A NARCISSIST OR SOMETHING. I DON'T CARE. MAYBE SOME DAY I'LL GO TOO FAR. BUT FOR NOW, EVERYTHING IS GOING EXACTLY MY WAY!

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

SO YOU HAVE...



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



OH, IT'S
CHOCOLATE!?

A close-up illustration of a hand reaching into a red tray filled with heart-shaped chocolates. The chocolates are in yellow paper liners. Another hand is holding the tray from the bottom right. 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...

A man in a blue t-shirt is looking at a woman's muscular arm. The woman's arm is flexed, showing a very large bicep. She is holding a gold coin in her hand. The man has a speech bubble above him. The woman has a speech bubble above her arm.

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
STEPBROTHER! I WANT YOU
TO KNOW MY DESIRES IN MY
MIND LIKE YOU KNOW THE
STATS OF MY BIG
BODY!

A close-up illustration of a woman with dark hair and blue eyes, wearing a red top with a black mesh detail. She is holding a heart-shaped chocolate candy with a gold scalloped edge. A large, bright, glowing light source is on the left side of the frame. Two speech bubbles are present: one in the upper left and one in the lower right.

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 woman with dark hair, wearing a red sports top with a black mesh back, is pointing her right index finger towards a man. The man has dark hair and is wearing a blue t-shirt. He has a slightly annoyed or questioning expression on his face. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. In the bottom left corner, there is a red heart-shaped tray containing several small, round, brown pastries or cookies.

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
TREE TRUNK 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...



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... 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!

MMMM

AND THEN: SQUEEZE - FEED - REPEAT...
WHEN ALL THE CHOCOLATES WERE GONE, I
PAUSED TO TAKE IN MY OWN POWER. I
BREADED 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?

BBBBWWWWW
YES... BBBHHHHH

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...