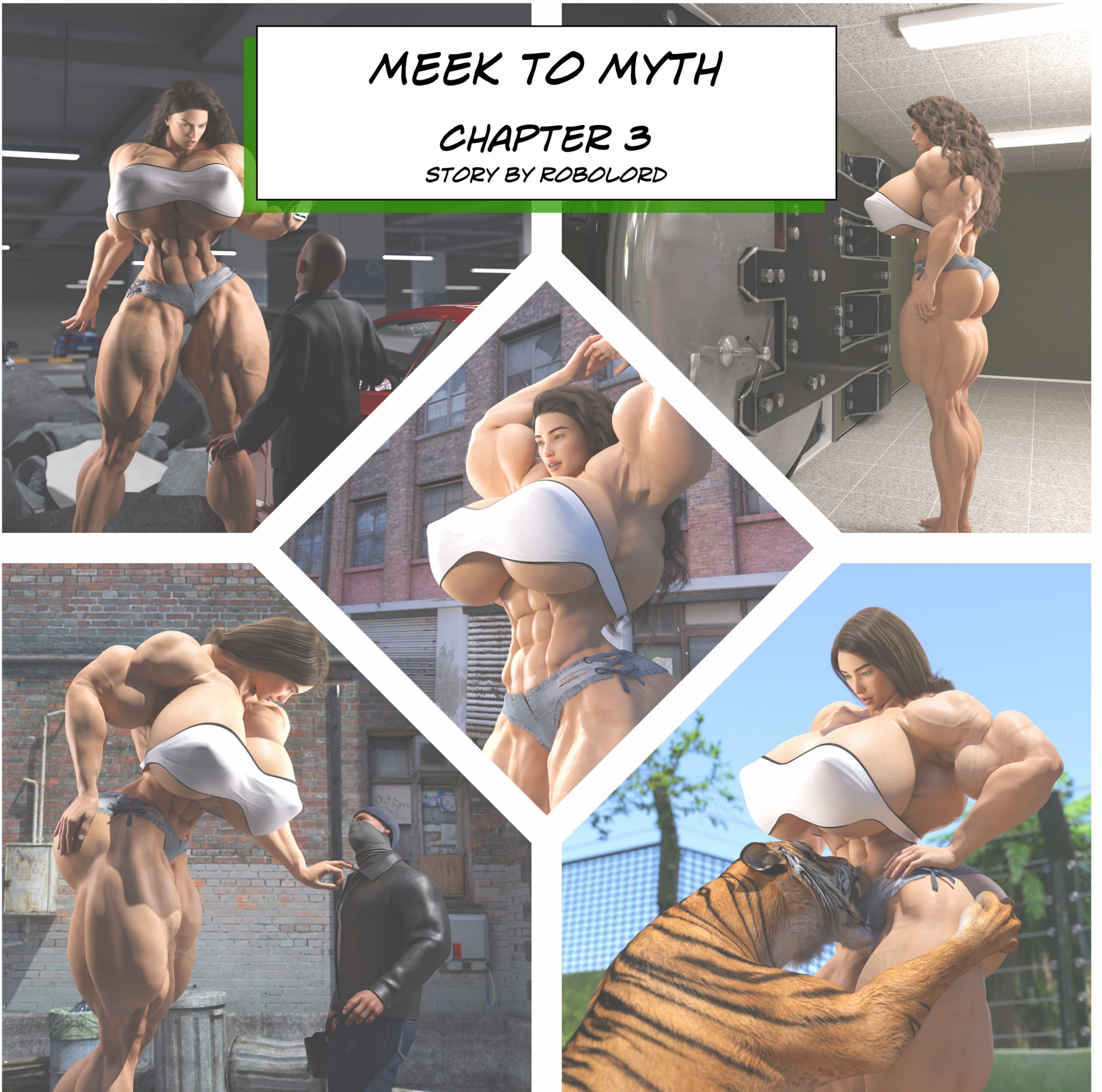


MEEK TO MYTH

CHAPTER 3

STORY BY ROBOLOORD



AFTER ABBIE'S COLLEGE ADVENTURE, SHE WAS CASUALLY FLOATING OVER THE CITY. SHE HAD RESOLVED TO BE NOTICED BY THE ENTIRE WORLD.



BUT THAT'S ALSO WHERE SHE DREW A BIT OF A BLANK. SO FAR, ALL THE ATTENTION SHE HAD GOTTEN CAME FROM SIMPLY APPEARING IN A ROOM, HER BEAUTY AND VAST SIZE COMMANDING THE ATTENTION OF ANYONE NEARBY. BUT HOW DOES SHE MAKE THE ENTIRE WORLD AWARE OF HER? SHE COULD HARDLY APPEAR IN FRONT OF EVERYONE, IT'D TAKE AGES. IT WAS NOT SO MUCH A LACK OF POWER, MORE A LACK OF CREATIVITY.



THE DARK THOUGHTS SHE HAD IN COLLEGE WHEN SHE WAS ANGRY WERE STILL IN THE BACK OF HER MIND. SHE DIDN'T WANT TO BE IN THE CENTER OF ATTENTION BECAUSE PEOPLE FEARED HER. IF SHE WANTED PUBLICITY, SHE WANTED IT TO BE POSITIVE, SO BY THAT LOGIC SHE JUST HAD TO DO POSITIVE STUFF WITH HER POWERS. AND WITH WHAT SHE COULD ONLY DESCRIBE AS SUPER HEARING AND SIGHT, IT WASN'T TOO HARD TO FIND SITUATIONS WHERE THAT WOULD BE POSSIBLE.



HELP! MY
PURSE!

AND WITH HER SUPER SPEED, IT WASN'T HARD TO GET WHERE SHE WAS NEEDED PROMPTLY.

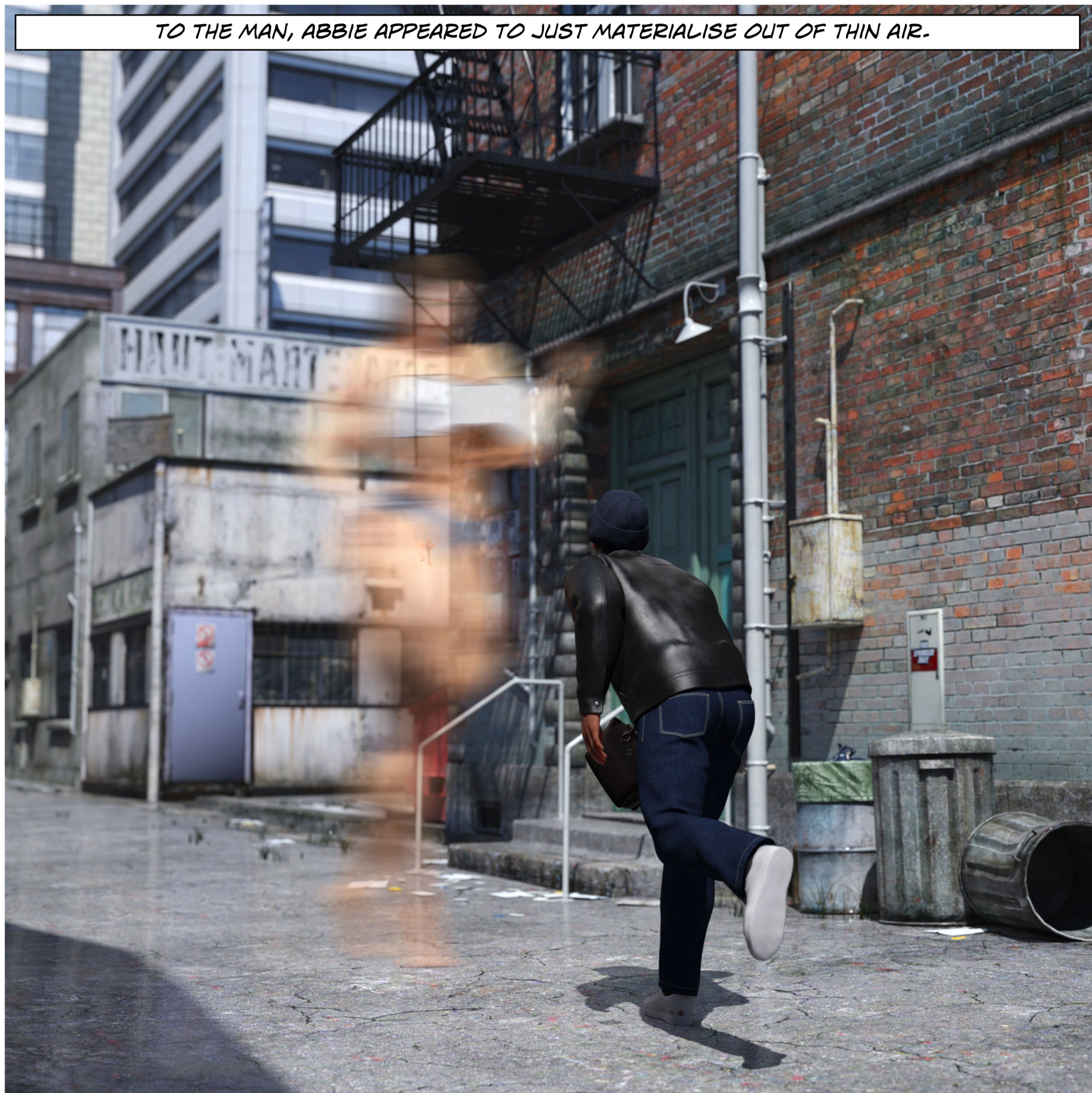




PLEASE!
ANYONE!

HE'S
STEALING MY
PURSE!

TO THE MAN, ABBIE APPEARED TO JUST MATERIALISE OUT OF THIN AIR.



TO HIM IT FELT AS IF HE RAN INTO A WARM, CONCRETE WALL. ABBIE HARDLY EVEN FELT THE IMPACT, HER BODY DIDN'T EVEN MOVE A FRACTION OF AN INCH AS HE SLAMMED INTO HER.

HI!

UUHMPF!





STEALING,
ARE WE?

H-HOW...
WHO...?

FIRE
SPRINKLER
INLET



WHAT ARE YOU?!

I'M NOT A WHAT.

ABBIE WAS FULLY AWARE THAT SHE HAD TO HOLD BACK. IF SHE'D HAVE FLICKED HER FINGER CARELESSLY, THE MAN WOULD'VE DISINTEGRATED INTO A RED MIST ON THE SPOT. BUT EVEN THE SLIGHTEST OF TAPS WAS ENOUGH TO SEND HIM FLYING.

AARGH!

I'M A WHO!





OH, MY
GOD.

OOH...



HERE YOU
GO.

TH-THANK
YOU!



WHO ARE YOU?

I'M ABBIE, REMEMBER THE NAME!

VERY DISTANTLY, THOUGH HEARD QUITE CLEARLY BY HER, ABBIE NOTICED TROUBLE AGAIN, OUTSIDE OF THE CITY. NOW THAT SHE WAS REALLY FOCUSING ON IT, SHE COULD ACTUALLY HEAR A LOT OF TROUBLE GOING ON, NOT JUST IN THE CITY, BUT AROUND THE COUNTRY, AND EVEN THE GLOBE.





I NEED TO GO! BYE!

OH, MY GOD!

WHOOOSH!

WITHIN A FRACTION OF A SECOND, SHE ARRIVED AT THE NEXT PROBLEM SHE NOTICED.

OH, MY.




THA
T'S NO
GOOD...





LET'S
FIRST GET RID
OF THIS LITTLE
TWIG.

A muscular woman with long brown hair, wearing a white bikini top and denim bikini bottoms, stands with her back to the camera. She is looking towards a blue car where a man in a plaid shirt is sitting in the driver's seat. The scene is outdoors with green trees in the background.

HEY, UHHM,
YOU OKAY?

AREN'T YOU
SUPPOSED TO LEAVE
CAR CRASH VICTIMS
WHERE THEY ARE?
CAUSE YOU MIGHT
MAKE IT WORSE?

OOH...

A muscular woman with extremely large breasts and a very low waistline, wearing a white bikini top and blue bikini bottoms, stands barefoot on a dirt path. She is looking at a blue pickup truck that has crashed into a tree. The truck's front end is crumpled, and the windshield is shattered. The scene is set in a lush, green forest with sunlight filtering through the trees. Two speech bubbles are present: one above the woman and one above the truck.

OOH, CRAP.
SMOKE.

THAT'S BAD,
RIGHT? I DON'T
KNOW...

WH-WHAT DO I
DO? IT SMELLS
REALLY BAD.



ABBIE WAVED HER HAND AT INCREDIBLE SPEED...

.....
SHOO! GO AWAY!

WHOOSH!



WITH THE OBVIOUS RESULT.

OOH, SHIT! NO,
NO, NO!

WHAT DO I
DO?!



I'VE GOT AN
IDEA!



OKAY,
GENTLE! I
DON'T WANT TO
HURT HIM!



BUT I DO
NEED TO BE
QUICK AS
WELL!



THANKFULLY, IT ONLY TOOK ABBIE A MERE SECOND TO FIND WHAT SHE WAS LOOKING FOR, AND ABOUT THE SAME TIME TO GET THERE.

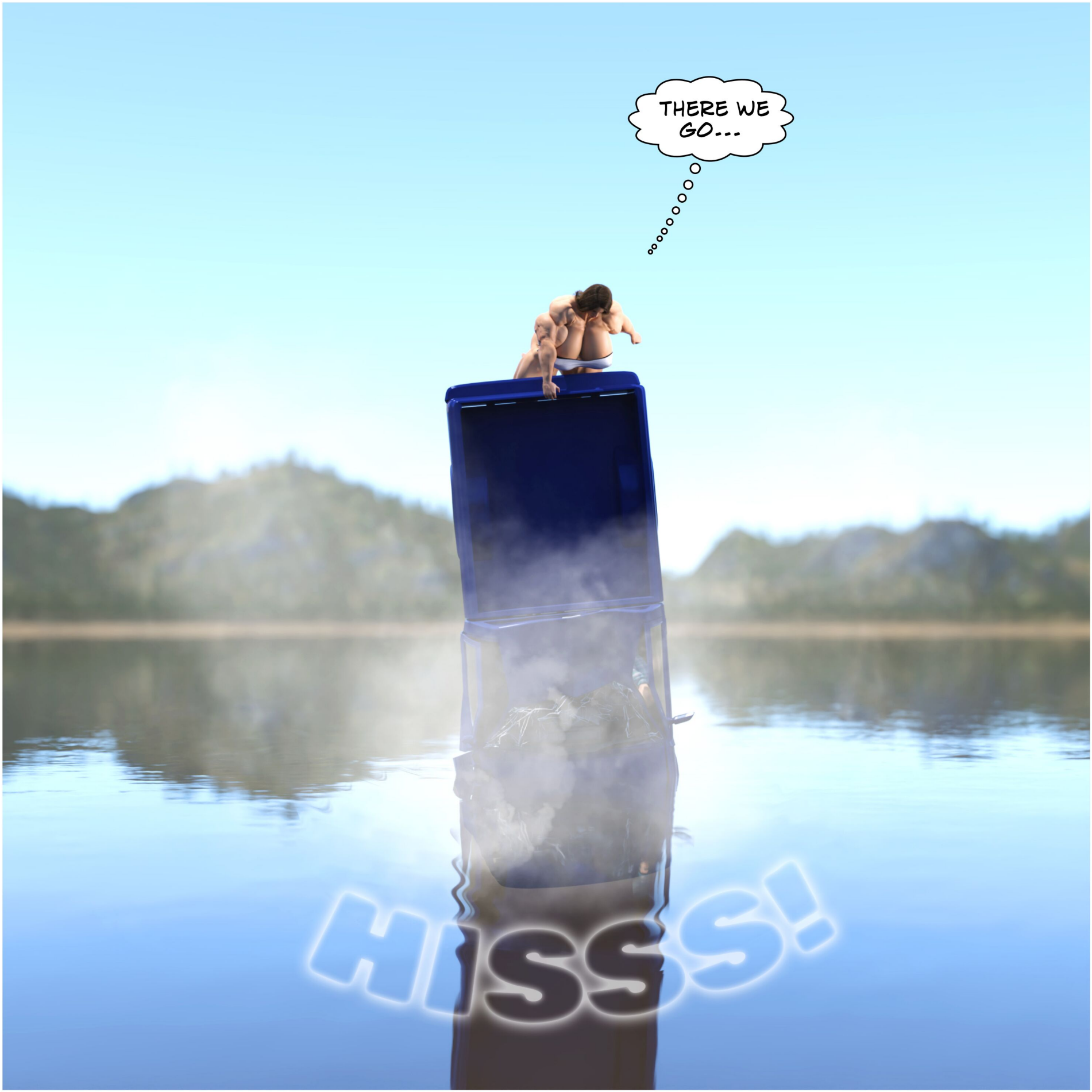


OK,
CAREFUL NOW.
JUST THE
HOOD.



THERE WE
GO...

HISS!



OKAY, ONE
CRISIS AVERTED. BUT
HE'S STILL HURT. I
DON'T KNOW ANY
MEDICAL STUFF!

WAIT...
THERE'S A COP
CAR DRIVING
THERE!





YOU, STOP!

POLICE



HE'S HURT! A
TREE TRUNK FELL
ON HIS CAR! HELP
HIM!

OH, MY
GOD.

ALWAYS
Turn On
Headlights
Through Tunnels

POLICE
DEDICATED TO YOUR SAFETY
EMERGENCY
CALL 911

DON'T
JUST STARE
AT ME, HELP
HIM!

YOU'RE
HUGE!

ALWAYS
TURN ON
Headlights
Through Tunnels

A

POLICE
RESPONDER



JEESH, I BETTER
JUST GET OUT OF HERE!
ONLY WAY TO STOP HIM
STARING AT ME
DUMBFOUNDED!

WOW...

WHOOSH!

ALWAYS
TURN ON
Headlights
Through Tunnel

MEANWHILE, AT THE CITY ZOO.

WH-WHAT?! THE TIGER
IS OUT?! THAT DOOR IS
SUPPOSED TO BE
CLOSED!



A man in a black wetsuit stands on a dirt path in a jungle, gesturing towards a tiger. The tiger is walking towards him. The scene is set in a lush, green environment with trees and a wooden structure in the background.

G-GOOD
KITTY! I'M NO
THREAT!

GRRR...



NO!

GRWAAAH!

NO!

JEESH...

THAT LAST THING
WAS SO STRESSFULL!
HE WAS HURT, AND THE
FIRE!

I REALLY DIDN'T
LIKE THAT!

EEH?



AND IT'S NOT LIKE I'M
MAKING A REAL DIFFERENCE!
I'M JUST RUNNING FROM
PROBLEM TO PROBLEM! AND EVEN
RIGHT NOW I CAN HEAR 511 CAR
CRASHES IN JUST THIS COUNTRY.
IT'D BE A FULL-TIME JOB TO
SOLVE ALL OF THIS!

I'M
PROBABLY QUICK
ENOUGH TO DO IT, BUT I
DON'T WANT THAT
RESPONSIBILITY! I JUST WANT
ATTENTION. AND I'VE SPENT THE
PAST 15 MINUTES ON WHAT?
GETTING ATTENTION FROM ONE
GIRL I SAVED AND ONE COP
IGNORING AN UNCONSCIOUS
MAN CAUSE HE WAS
STARING AT ME.



ABBIE FINALLY TURNED HER ATTENTION TO THE APEX PREDATOR THAT WAS DESPERATELY TRYING TO HARM HER UTTERLY INVULNERABLE BODY. SHE HONESTLY HADN'T EVEN NOTICED HOW HARD IT WAS TRYING TO CLAW AND BITE HER, AS IT WAS ENTIRELY INEFFECTIVE.

THIS TIGER IS
GIVING ME MORE
ATTENTION THAN ALL OF
THEM COMBINED!

URGH, THIS WAS A
DUMB IDEA. I DON'T
WANT TO BE SOME
SUPERHERO.





YES, YES.
YOU'RE A CUTE
KITTY.

BUT YOU
CAN'T HARM
ME.



RAWR?

I DON'T THINK
ANYTHING CAN
HARM ME.

BUT THAT
DOESN'T GET ME
ATTENTION.

OH, MY
GOD.

YEAH, I'M
ABSOLUTELY DONE
WITH THIS WHOLE
SAVING PEOPLE.


I MEAN, MOST
PEOPLE DON'T SPEND
THEIR ENTIRE LIVES HELPING
PEOPLE, WHY SHOULD I? JUST
CAUSE I'M A LITTLE
STRONGER?



LOOK AT IT,
COMPLETELY
COWED---

IT'D BE EASY,
WOULDN'T IT? COWING
EVERYONE? FLY THROUGH A
FEW BUILDINGS, DESTROY
SOME CITIES. THAT'D
CERTAINLY GET ME ON THE
FRONT PAGE!



A woman in a white bikini is floating inside a vertical, transparent glass tube. The tube is positioned in a lush, green jungle environment with large rocks and dense foliage. A man in a dark suit stands on a dirt path at the bottom of the frame, looking up at the woman. The scene is set against a clear blue sky.

BUT THE WAY
THOSE PEOPLE IN
CLASS LOOKED AT
ME, IT WAS
SCARY.

THEY AVOIDED PAYING
ATTENTION TO ME. THEY'D
ALL FEEL FORCED TO. IT
WOULDN'T BE REAL, JUST FEAR.
AND I DON'T WANT TO HURT
PEOPLE....

THANK
YOU!

WIIHOOOSH!

COME ON,
ABBIE, EVERYONE
WHO LOOKS AT YOU
DOES SO IN AWE.
YOU'RE STRONGER,
FASTER AND MORE
POWERFUL THAN
ANYONE.

CERTAINLY I
CAN THINK OF A WAY
TO GET A LOT OF
PEOPLE TO PAY
ATTENTION TO ME AND
ADMIRE ME?!



HMM? WHAT'S
THAT? SOMEONE
TOOK A VIDEO OF ME
WITH THAT PURSE
THIEF?



OF COURSE!
WHY DIDN'T I THINK
OF THAT?!

SOCIAL MEDIA IS A
THING! IMAGINE IF I
MADE AN ACCOUNT, A LOT
OF PEOPLE WOULD FOLLOW
THAT, RIGHT? IF I JUST
SHOW OFF MY STRENGTH
AND STUFF!



YOU HAVE TO FORGIVE ABBIE FOR NOT INSTANTLY THINKING ABOUT SOCIAL MEDIA. PREVIOUSLY SHE HAD USED SOCIAL MEDIA TO TRY AND CONNECT WITH PEOPLE, BUT HONESTLY, THE SAME HAD HAPPENED AS IT HAS IN HER REAL LIFE. SHE HAD BEEN UTTERLY IGNORED, WITHOUT A SINGLE BIT OF ENGAGEMENT ON ANY OF HER POSTS OR COMMENTS.

OKAY, LET'S
SEE.



富燕仁仁



THOUGH SHE HAD A DISTINCT IMPRESSION THIS TIME WOULD BE DIFFERENT.

I NEED A
PROFILE PICTURE
FIRST.

SHOULD BE
EASY. BUT NOW THAT I
LOOK AT IT, WHY HAS
EVERY PART OF ME
CHANGED, EXCEPT FOR
MY HAIR?

SHOULD I GO TO
A HAIRDRESSER?
HOW WOULD THEY EVEN
CUT MY HAIR? I CAN FEEL
IT'S JUST AS
INVULNERABLE AS THE
REST OF ME...





WAIT,
MAYBE...

ABBIE'S CONTROL OF HER BODY DIDN'T JUST MEAN THAT SHE COULD SAFELY MOVE AND INTERACT WITH THE WORLD DESPITE HER TREMENDOUS STRENGTH AND POWER...



IT MEANT THAT SHE HAD INCREDIBLE CONTROL OVER THE VAST RESERVES OF ENERGY PRESENT IN HER BODY, AND IF SHE DIRECTED THAT ENERGY TOWARDS GROWING LONGER HAIR, IT SIMPLY COMPLIED.



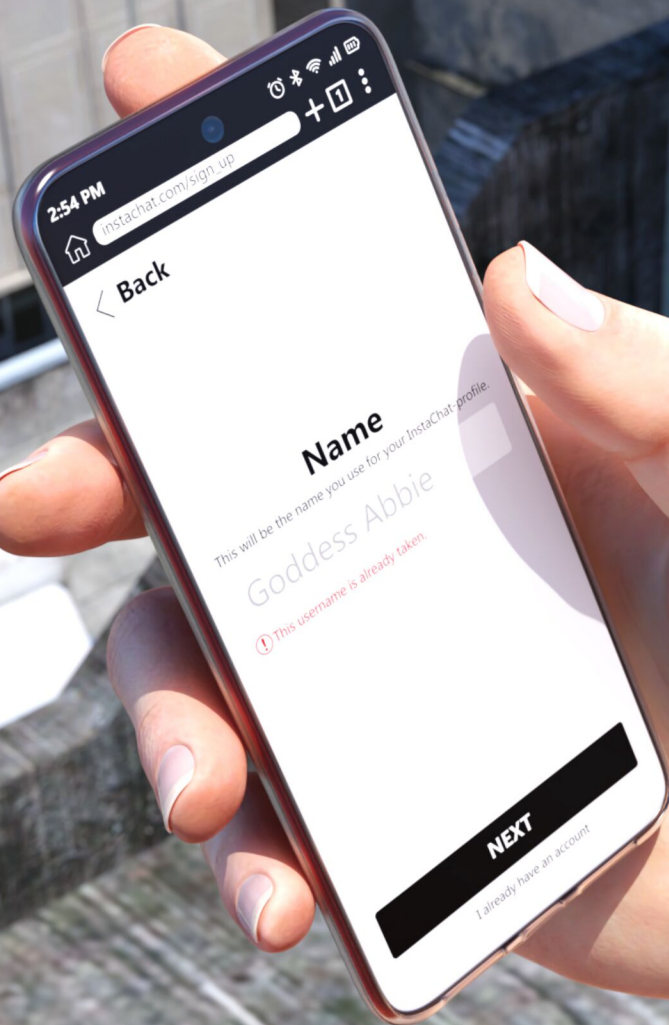
HA! WOW!
THAT'S GREAT!

I THOUGHT I
WAS JUST STRONG,
TOUGH AND FAST, BUT
SEEMS THERE'S MORE
TO IT!

THERE WE
GO! BEAUTIFUL
PICTURE!



NOW, THE NAME
IS OBVIOUS!
GODDESS ABBIE!



EEH?
USERNAME
TAKEN?

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN 'USERNAME
TAKEN'? THAT'S
NONSENSE! I WANT
THAT USERNAME!

THEY'RE ALREADY
STEALING MY FAME!
WHERE ARE THE OFFICES
OF THIS COMPANY? THEY
NEED TO GIVE ME MY
NAME!



ABBIE QUICKLY FOUND THE ADDRESS, AND EVEN FLYING CASUALLY, IT TOOK HER ONLY MERE SECONDS TO ARRIVE AT THE OFFICES OF INSTACHAT.



URGH,
ALL OF THIS
TAKES SO MUCH
TIME!

LET'S JUST SKIP
THE MIDDLE MAN AND
GO STRAIGHT TO THE
HEAD HONCHO.



LET'S SEE...
WHERE IS THE CEO OF
THIS COMPANY?



ABBIE FOCUSED INTENSELY, TRYING TO HEAR OR SEE ANY SIGN OF THE CEO...



AND SOON HERE GAZE WAS DRAWN DOWN, WHERE SHE FOUND EXACTLY WHO SHE WAS LOOKING FOR...



THOUGH IT TOOK HER A SECOND TO FIGURE OUT EXACTLY HOW SHE HAD DONE THAT...

WAIT, HE'S IN
THE PARKING
GARAGE?

HOW DID I...?
DID I JUST LOOK
THROUGH
CONCRETE?

THE SURPRISES
JUST DON'T END, DO
THEY?



CONCRETE AND STEEL STOOD LITTLE CHANCE AGAINST ABBIE'S INVULNERABLE BODY AS SHE PLUNGED DOWN. IT WASN'T EVEN THAT SHE CONSCIOUSLY DECIDED TO BREAK THROUGH THE ROOF OF THE PARKING GARAGE, IT WAS SIMPLY THAT SHE WANTED TO SPEAK TO THE CEO. COMPARED TO HER THOSE MATERIALS WERE SO WEAK THAT THEY DIDN'T EVEN FACTOR IN HER DECISION ON HOW TO GET THERE.



LET'S GO PAY HIM A VISIT!

CRACK!

BUT WHAT WAS SO CASUAL TO ABBIE, WAS OBVIOUSLY A RATHER LARGE SHOCK TO THOSE WHO WITNESSED IT.



OH, MY
GOD!

BOOM!

FOR A MOMENT THE MAN WAS TERRIFIED, A MASSIVE GIRL HAD JUST SLAMMED THROUGH METERS OF CONCRETE TO FLOAT EFFORTLESSLY IN FRONT OF HIM.



WH-... HOW-...
YOU-...



HI! CAN YOU
HELP ME,
PLEASE?

I'M TRYING TO
MAKE AN ACCOUNT,
BUT THE USERNAME I
WANT IS TAKEN.

WH-WHAT?

I CAN'T FIX
THAT!

ABBIE WAS NOT AN EVIL GIRL BY ANY MEANS. BUT HIS UNHELPFULNESS AND THE WAY HE SAID IT JUST ANNOYED HER. FRUSTRATION WAS BUBBLING TO THE SURFACE...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU CAN'T FIX THAT?

JUST DELETE THE ACCOUNT OR SOMETHING, SO I CAN USE IT.

WE CAN'T JUST DO THAT!



IT WAS A FRUSTRATION BORN FROM IMPATIENCE. SHE HAD THOROUGHLY ENJOYED THE ATTENTION THAT WAS GIVEN TO HER AT COLLEGE AND THE CONFIDENCE SHE GOT FROM IT. BUT SHE HADN'T GOTTEN ANY MORE ATTENTION SINCE THEN. HELL, SHE HADN'T EVEN MATCHED IT. SHE HAD THIS AMAZING POWER, SHE DESERVED THE ATTENTION, BUT EVERY LITTLE STEP SHE TOOK TOWARDS IT SO FAR WAS NOTHING BUT A SOURCE OF STRESS AND ANNOYANCE.

YOU'RE THE
FREAKING CEO!

EEH?



SHE WANTED RESULTS, AND SHE WANTED THEM SOON. AND IF THIS MAN WAS GOING TO BE DIFFICULT THEN A LITTLE TOUGH ENCOURAGEMENT WAS VERY JUSTIFIED.

WINDWOOSH!

FREAKING...


FLICK!





FIX IT!

JESUS,
CHRIST!

A muscular woman with extremely defined muscles, wearing a white sports bra and blue bikini bottoms, stands in a gym. She is looking at a man in a dark suit who is standing with his back to the camera, facing her. The gym has various pieces of equipment, including a red car-like machine in the background. The scene is lit with overhead gym lights.

AM I
CLEAR?

B-BUT WE CAN'T JUST
DELETE AN ACCOUNT UNLESS
THERE'S A VIOLATION OF OUR
TERMS OF SERVICE!
OTHERWISE IT REQUIRES
A---

A muscular woman with long dark hair, wearing a white bikini top and blue bikini bottom, stands in a dark room. She is looking down at a bald man in a dark suit who is looking up at her. The woman's physique is extremely muscular, with prominent muscles on her back, arms, and legs. She has a confident, slightly smug expression. The man is bald and is looking up at her with a slightly nervous or pleading expression. The background is dark with some blue light sources.

I'M GOING TO
FLICK YOUR HEAD
NEXT.

WAIT! WAIT! I CAN GIVE
YOU THE ADDRESS OF WHO
OWNS THE ACCOUNT! MAYBE
YOU CAN MAKE A DEAL WITH
THEM? BUY IT OR
SOMETHING?!

URRGH,
FINE!

AND SO ABBIE LEFT, SHE DIDN'T FEEL PARTICULARLY GUILTY OVER WHAT SHE HAD JUST DONE. HE HAD BEEN ANNOYING, AND IN HER MIND THE THREAT SHE MADE HADN'T BEEN SERIOUS. HER MIND WAS SIMPLY LOCKED IN ON STARTING HER SOCIAL MEDIA ACCOUNT AND GETTING THE ATTENTION SHE DESERVED. AND FOR ONCE THE WORLD WAS GOING TO GIVE WAY TO HER DESIRE RATHER THAN THE OTHER WAY AROUND.

NICE
SUGGESTION, TO
BUY THAT ACCOUNT,
BUT I'M FREAKING
BROKE.

WELL, WHERE DO
YOU GO WHEN YOU
NEED MONEY?



THE NEAREST BANK WAS QUIET, WITH ONLY A FEW PEOPLE WAITING IN LINE. IT WASN'T A BIG BANK, BUT HAD ITS OWN VAULT, WHICH WAS QUITE WELL FILLED. ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, THIS WOULD BE A GREAT BANK TO ROB, A LOBBY THAT WAS EASILY CONTROLLED. A WHILE AWAY FROM ANY POLICE STATION WITH GREAT GETAWAY ROUTES.



ALL OF THAT OBVIOUSLY DIDN'T MATTER IN THE SLIGHTEST TO A GIRL WHO COULD INTIMIDATE WITH A GLANCE, CASUALLY DISREGARD ANYTHING THE POLICE COULD THROW AT HER AND ESCAPE IN ANY DIRECTION WITH LITTLE REGARD OF ANY STRUCTURES IN THE WAY. AND IT MATTERED EVEN LESS AS THE PEOPLE IN THE BANK DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE ABBIE ENTERING DUE TO THE INCREDIBLE SPEED WITH WHICH SHE PASSED BY.





ZIP!

HERE WE GO!

A CAMERA?
THAT'S NO
GOOD!



ONLY WHEN ABBIE WAS SURE SHE COULDN'T BE SEEN DID SHE STOP MOVING AT SUPERSPEED.

NO PEEPING TOMS ALLOWED.

CRUNCH!





I'D SAY IT
LOOKS
STURDY...



BUT I
THINK---

TO NO ONE'S SURPRISE, THE THICK METAL WASN'T THE SLIGHTEST CHALLENGE TO ABBIE'S RAW STRENGTH.



THE STRONGEST INDUSTRIAL MACHINERY WOULDN'T EVEN REMOTELY COMPARE TO THE SHEER FORCE THAT ABBIE WAS EXERCISING ON THE HINGE OF THE VAULT DOOR WITH HER HAND ALONE.



A bodybuilder with extremely muscular physique, wearing a white bikini top and blue bikini bottom, stands in a room with a tiled floor and a drop ceiling. She is looking at a large, circular, metallic door that is slightly ajar. A speech bubble above her head contains the text "HUH, DOOR IS STILL IN THERE." The room has a green wall and a concrete pillar in the background.

HUH, DOOR
IS STILL IN
THERE.

ABBIE DIDN'T REALLY KNOW HOW VAULT DOORS WORKED OR HOW THEY WERE CONSTRUCTED. SHE DIDN'T PUT ANY THOUGHT INTO HOW TO OPEN IT EFFICIENTLY. THERE WAS NO NEED FOR HER TO BE EFFICIENT AT ANYTHING, ALL INEFFICIENCY WAS COMPENSATED FOR BY SHEER POWER. SHE SIMPLY PUSHED HER HAND INTO THE SOLID STEEL...



AND STARTED DEFORMING IT WITH THE EASE WITH WHICH A CHILD WOULD PLAY WITH SOFT CLAY.



SHE FORCED HER HANDS THROUGH THE HARD METAL. FEELING NO REAL RESISTANCE TO HER MOVEMENTS.



BREAK!

HERE'S
ABBIE!



A bodybuilder with extremely defined muscles stands in a vault filled with gold bars and stacks of money. She is wearing a white tube top and blue bikini bottoms. A large circular opening in the vault door is visible behind her. The vault walls are lined with small drawers, and the floor is covered with stacks of gold bars and coins. A speech bubble above her head contains the text: "WOW, THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY AND GOLD!".

WOW, THAT'S A
LOT OF MONEY
AND GOLD!

THIS SHOULD BE ENOUGH, RIGHT?


I COULD TAKE IT ALL, WEIGHS NOTHING.





BUT
WHAT WOULD
I NEED IT FOR?
IF I CAN STEAL
FROM A BANK,
THEN I CAN
STEAL
ANYTHING.

AAH,
JEESH, IT
REALLY IS
STEALING,
ISN'T IT?



I'M NOT TOO SURE ABOUT THIS ANYMORE. IMAGINE IF THIS GOT IN THE NEWSPAPERS, IS THAT WHAT I REALLY WANT TO BE KNOWN FOR? ROBBING A BANK?

AND EVEN IF I USE THIS MONEY OR GOLD TO BUY THAT ACCOUNT, IF THEY FIND OUT WHERE THE MONEY CAME FROM, THEY'LL JUST TAKE IT BACK!

SO I WON'T ONLY BE A THIEF, I'D BE AN UNRELIABLE ONE! THERE NEEDS TO BE A BETTER PLACE TO GET MONEY FOR THIS...

ABBIE QUICKLY REALISED THAT SHE HAD TO GET THE MONEY SOMEWHERE WHERE IT WOULDN'T BE REPORTED MISSING. WITH PEOPLE WHO DIDN'T HAVE THE MEANS TO REALLY SEARCH FOR IT. AND SO SHE QUICKLY FOUND THE NEAREST UNSAVORY ELEMENTS OF SOCIETY...



IT'S ALL THERE, AN ENTIRE CRATE.

IT BETTER BE.



HI!

YOU'RE BUYING
DRUGS, RIGHT? SO THAT
MEANS THAT SUITCASE IS
FULL OF MONEY!

EEH?

PLEASE GIVE IT
TO ME, I'VE GOT A
FAR BETTER USE
FOR IT!

OH, MY
GOD.



FUCK OFF,
BITCH!

EEH?

BANG!



JEESH,
AGGRESSIVE!

ZIP



IT'S STILL
CRAZY HOW FAST I AM.
THAT BULLET JUST SEEMS
FROZEN IN MID-AIR FOR
ME!

.....



HMM, LET'S
SEE.



THEY
PROBABLY CAN'T
EVEN SEE ME
RIGHT NOW.

AND IT'S HARD TO
INTIMIDATE THEM INTO
GIVING ME MY MONEY WHEN
THEY DON'T EVEN REALISE
WHAT'S HAPPENING 'CAUSE
THEY'RE SO SLOW!




BUT THESE
BULLETS ARE AS
SOFT AS TISSUES
TO ME...

SO I THINK
THE BEST WAY
TO INTIMIDATE
THEM...

CREAK!





WOULD BE TO
SHOW THEM THEY
CAN'T DO ANYTHING
TO ME!

ABBIE RELAXED HER SENSES AND STOPPED MOVING AT SUPERSPEED. THE MACHINE GUN RATTLED. ABBIE FELT LITTLE MORE THAN A TICKLE AGAINST HER BELLY AS EVERY BULLET RICOCHETED OFF HER IMPENETRABLE ABS.





CUTE!

WHAT THE
FUCK?!

HOW....?

A digital illustration of a woman with extremely exaggerated, hyper-muscular physique. She has long, dark hair and striking green eyes. She is flexing her right arm, showcasing her massive bicep and shoulder muscles. She wears a white, strapless tube top and grey lace-up briefs. The scene is set in an urban courtyard with a multi-story brick building in the background. A speech bubble is positioned to her left.

NOW IT'S MY
TURN!



THE MERE FLEXING OF HER ABS SENT THE MAN FLYING. IF ANYTHING, SHE WAS HOLDING BACK, CONVINCED THAT IF SHE TRULY TRIED SHE'D SHATTER EVERY BONE IN HIS BODY.



I ASKED NICELY,
DIDN'T I? JUST GIVE
ME THE MONEY AND
I'LL BE GONE!

WH-WHAT ARE
YOU?





I'M NOT A
WHAT...

EEH?

SP09 SJRS

A digital illustration of a highly muscular woman with dark hair and green eyes, wearing a white bikini top and denim bottoms. She is holding a wooden baseball bat across her chest. She is looking at a man in a black leather jacket and blue jeans who is looking back at her. The scene is set outdoors in an industrial area with a brick building and a large tank in the background. A speech bubble above the woman says "I'M ABBIE!".

I'M ABBIE!



AND A
BAT?

REALLY?

CRACK!



S-SCREW
THIS! I'M OUT
OF HERE!

SP09

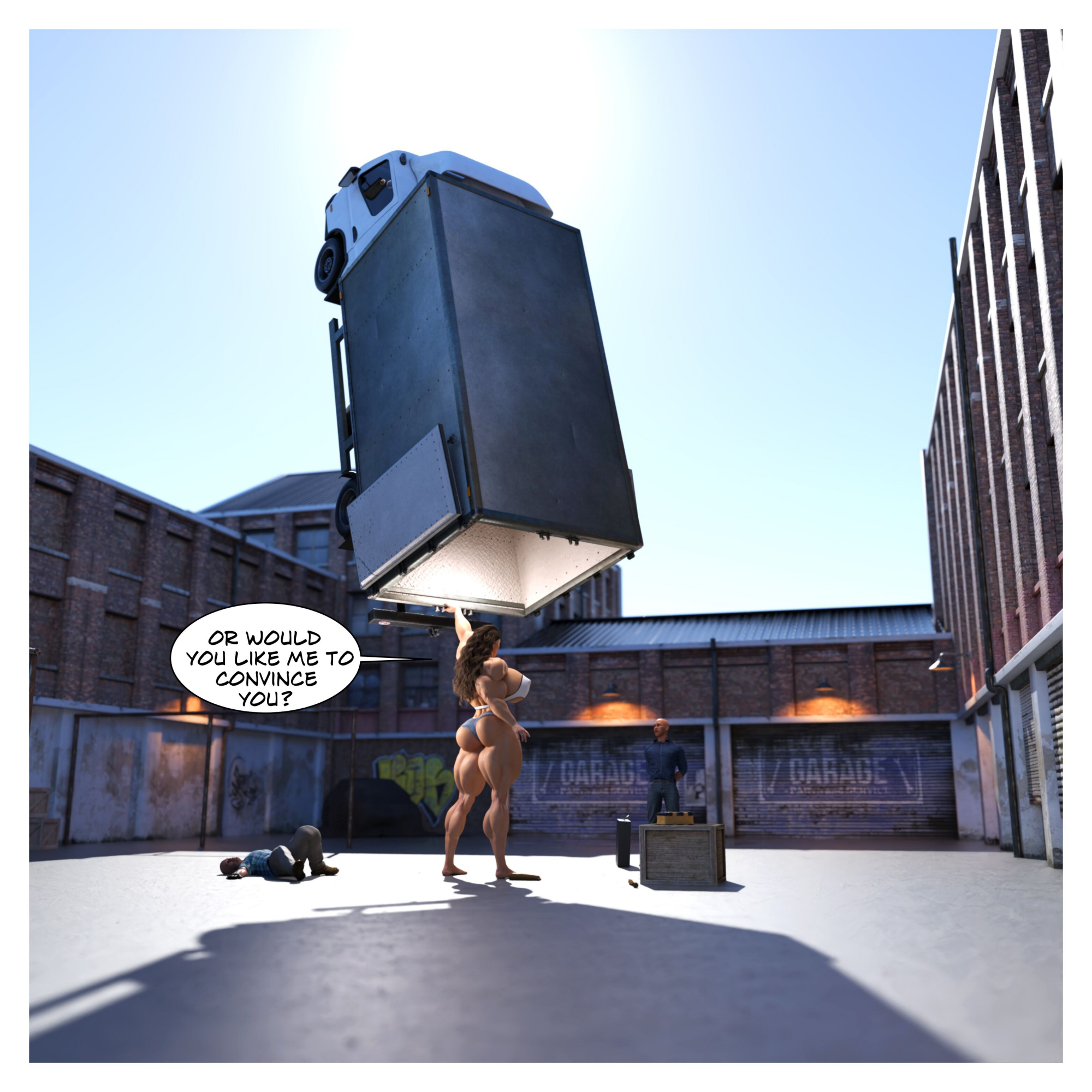


AND WHAT ABOUT YOU?

SP09 SJRS

WILL YOU
GIVE ME THE
MONEY?




A woman with extremely muscular physique, wearing a white bikini top and blue bikini bottom, stands in a parking garage. She is lifting a large white truck by its front bumper with her right hand. The truck is suspended in the air, tilted vertically. In the background, a man in a blue shirt and dark pants stands near a wooden crate. Another man is lying face down on the floor to the left. The scene is set in a parking garage with brick walls and graffiti. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of the woman.

OR WOULD
YOU LIKE ME TO
CONVINCE
YOU?




H-HERE,
TAKE IT!

SMART.

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a black bikini and carrying a black bag, is floating in the air above a modern, two-story house. The house has white siding, large windows, and a balcony. The scene is set in a suburban neighborhood with other houses and trees visible in the background. The sky is clear and blue.

OKAY, THIS IS
WHERE HE
SHOULD LIVE.

NOW CAN I PLEASE
JUST GET THE
USERNAME I WANT
WITHOUT ANY MORE
NONSENSE?!

A muscular woman with long dark hair, wearing a white bikini top and blue bikini bottoms, is captured mid-air, jumping over a stone patio. She is holding a black rectangular object. The background features a modern house with a covered patio, a wooden fence, and a green lawn. The scene is set at dusk or dawn, with soft lighting.

THOUGH,
DESPITE HOW
ANNOYING IT ALL IS. I
HAVE TO ADMIT IT WAS
KIND OF FUN TO SHOW
OFF MY POWERS AS
WELL.


AND SOON I
CAN DO THAT
FOR A BIGGER
AUDIENCE!



OH, MY
GOD! YOU'RE
REAL! YOU'RE
ABBIE!

EEH?

YOU'RE
FLYING! THIS IS
AMAZING!

A woman with extreme muscle definition, wearing a white bikini top and denim shorts, is floating in the air. She is looking towards a man who is standing on a stone patio. The man is wearing a dark blue sweater, brown pants, and grey sneakers. He is looking up at the woman with a surprised expression. The background shows a modern house with a white facade and a wooden fence. There is a swimming pool to the left of the woman.

I THOUGHT THOSE
VIDEOS AND PICTURES
OF YOU WERE ALL AI
GENERATED OR
SOMETHING! I'M NOT
DREAMING, AM I?
YOU'RE ACTUALLY
REAL?!

YEAH, I'M
REAL!

THIS IS THE
MOST EXCITING
THING EVER! THIS IS
CRAZY! I... CAN I
TOUCH YOU?
PLEASE?!

A 3D rendered scene depicting a muscular woman in a white bikini top and grey bikini bottom, carrying a man in a dark suit and white briefs. The woman is standing on a paved area, and the man is being held in her arms. The background shows a suburban neighborhood with houses, trees, and a clear blue sky. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the woman and one from the man.

YEAH, I
GUESS!

IT'S SO HARD! IT'S
SO BIG! YOU'RE A
GODDESS! AN ACTUAL
GODDESS! THIS IS
UNBELIEVABLE!



BUT I WAS ACTUALLY
HERE BECAUSE I WANTED THE
USERNAME GODDESS_ABBIE ON
INSTACHAT, AND YOU HAVE THAT
ACCOUNT! I WANTED TO
BUY-

YOU'RE MAKING A
SOCIAL MEDIA
ACCOUNT?! YOU MEAN
YOU'RE GOING TO BE
POSTING PICTURES AND
VIDEOS?!

YOU CAN HAVE IT,
OF COURSE! I JUST
MADE IT FOR FUN
AFTER I FOUND OUT
YOUR NAME WAS ABBIE
FROM THAT ONE
VIDEO!

OOH, THIS IS SO
EXCITING!



REALLY, I
CAN JUST HAVE
IT?

THAT'S SWEET,
BUT HERE, HAVE THIS
MONEY THEN. I DON'T
NEED IT.

I... THANK
YOU! YOU'RE SO
AMAZING!

THE FACT THAT ABBIE HAD JUST WASTED A LOT OF TIME AND EFFORT ON GETTING MONEY, WHEN SHE COULD'VE JUST ASKED, HARDLY REGISTERED AS SHE FLEW OFF. THE MAN'S EXCITEMENT MADE IT ALL FADE AWAY. IFILLING HER WITH A WARMTH AND HAPPINESS SHE HAD NEVER KNOWN. HE LOOKED UP TO HER, ADMIRED HER, EVEN ADORED HER- AND NOW SHE HAD THE MEANS TO REACH MILLIONS. THE MERE ANTICIPATION OF IT WAS BLISS.



FINALLY!

WORLD, HERE I
COME! I WILL
FINALLY BE THE
CENTER OF
ATTENTION!

PLEASE
COME BACK
SOME TIME!

THE END!