

STACIE'S TOYS

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Stacie was contemplating about just much she loved her perfect life. Everything just seemed so easy. High school was almost over and had been a breeze, being easily the most popular girl in school. Girls wanted to be like her, boys wanted to be with her and teachers wanted to be far away from her—Stacie could basically do whatever she wanted. Never had her parents received a note from a teacher. Not that they would have noticed, though, being abroad on business trips most of the time. Recently, her parents attempted to make up for their absence.

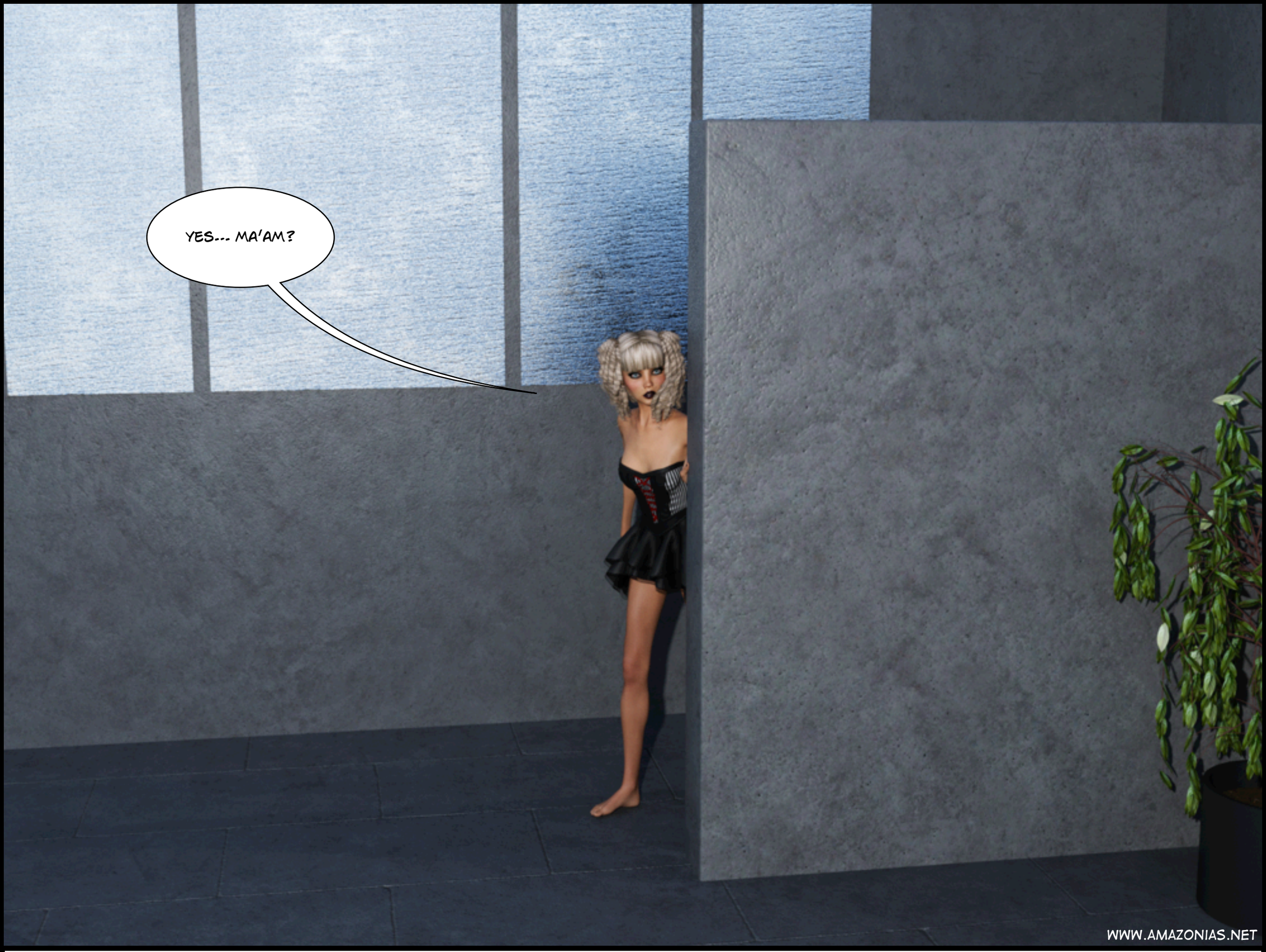
They hired not one, but two housekeepers. To Stacie it was a very successful attempt, up to the point that *housekeeper*s might not be the correct word anymore—they spent more time taking care of Stacie's personal needs than they spent *keeping the house*, making her life, yet again, even easier. Everything from cooking, cleaning and laundry to fetching her drinks, filling her bath and forging her parents' signatures was on their list of daily duties. Life as a teenager certainly is a lot easier if you're six and a half foot of stunning beauty and powerful muscles.

If she were to be completely honest, Stacie had to admit not thinking of her housekeepers as housekeepers. Even more, she doesn't even think of them as equal human beings. In her young mind, it's very simple: she is beautiful and strong and they are not. In comparison to her, she probably hardly even thinks of them as worthy human beings. And thus, she treats them as such. To her, they're more like servants. Smaller, weaker creatures that don't seem to have any other purpose in their little lives than to make hers better.

It's not that she's an evil girl or that she has malicious intentions, neither was she raised poorly in any way. It's just that, with the way things are, she doesn't really have a reason *not* to think like this. Despite her young age, she's physically so superior that it wouldn't do her incredible body justice being considered equal to them. And so, on the rare occasions that she's bored, her days are filled with (ab)using this superiority, enjoying herself by having them do more and more chores—each one even more degrading than the last. And now, it seems like she has a new plan.



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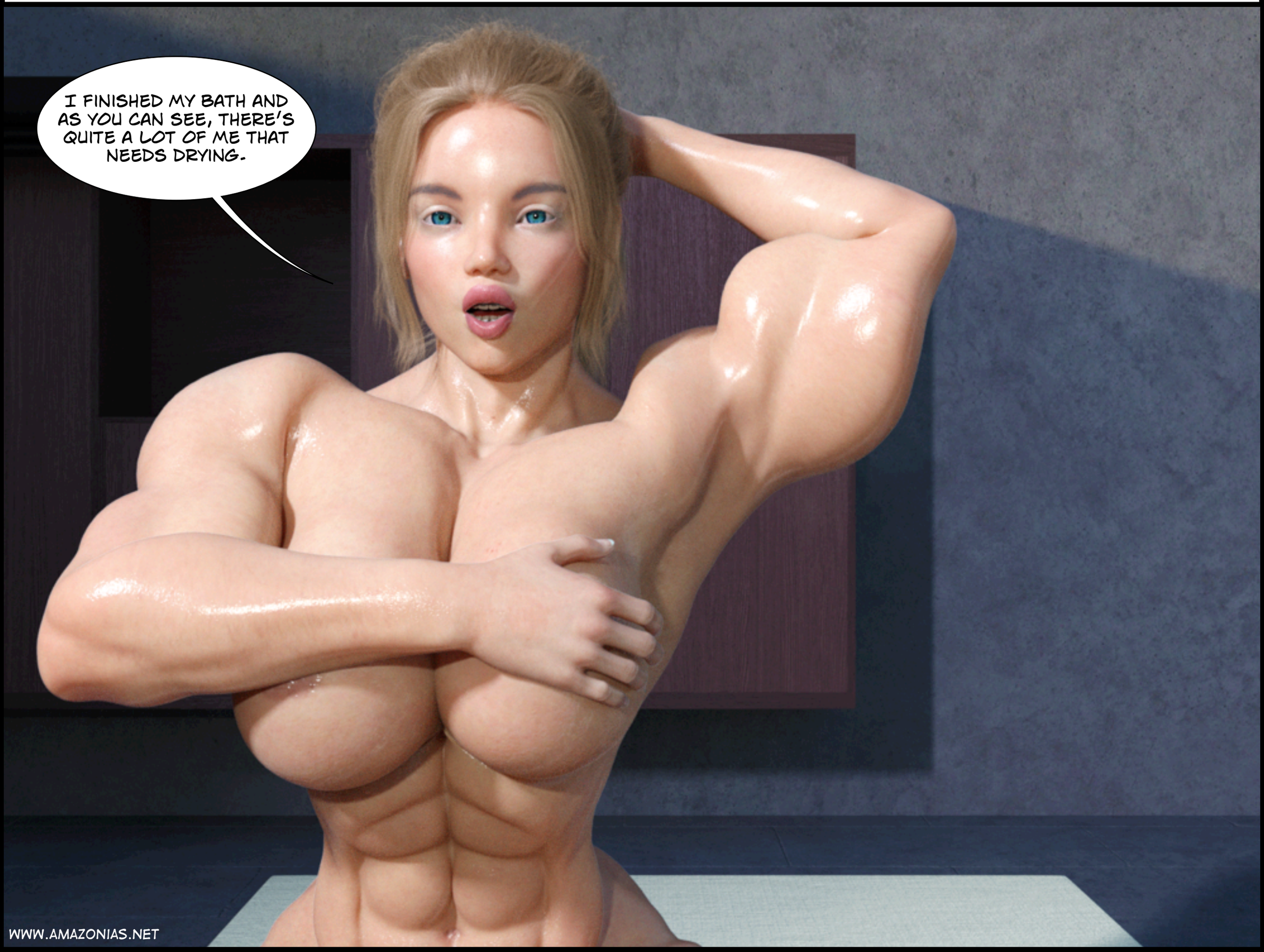


The nickname *doll* wasn't picked out of thin air. The small woman barely stood 4'10" tall, didn't weight an ounce over 80 pounds. Her uniform and haircut were only assigned later. She didn't really question Stacie's demands. From the first day doll arrived at her new job, she was mesmerised by the young girl living there. She had never seen such a tall woman or bulging muscles, let alone on a beautiful, blonde, teenage girl. And thus, whenever this incredible specimen of beauty and brawn started asking her to do chores, no questions were asked.

She wasn't really afraid of Stacie—she hadn't even seen her angry a single time. This just seemed to be the natural pecking order, blindly obeying was her defence mechanism. At first, it was mostly innocent stuff. "Do the dishes." "Get me an iced tea." Then came the uniform. With every new assignment, it seemed like Stacie wanted to take her unquestionable superiority over the small adult a step further. She was keen on figuring out just how far she could take this. How far could she take her demands before being met with an attempt at resistance?

Whenever Stacie heard the small, older woman call her *ma'am*, it sent a small shiver down her spine. She'd never had to actually *use* her body to establish authority. She'd never had to raise her voice or ask a question twice. Yet, the beautiful teen was now called *ma'am* by her adult housekeeper, who was wearing an actual maid's costume and executed her every command. She knew that it was simply the sight of her beyond perfect body that disabled these weak creatures from even daring to disobey her. **That** is true power.

True power that the young amazon loved to demonstrate. She was everything but shy about flexing her gargantuan biceps in front of inferior people, fully aware of the fact that they'd feel a similar shiver down their spines, albeit it for a different reason. For them, it was a combination of fear, admiration and curiosity. It was hard to wrap their little heads around just how massive this girls' muscles actually were and how strong they looked. For Stacie, it felt like a rush of power. And so, as the small woman was summoned, she flexed her bulging young bicep and spoke softly.



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Stacie didn't even bother *asking* what had to be done. She merely *expressed* it and relied on her little doll connecting the dots. The confused look on the adult woman's face stirred up a little laugh, the cobblestones that are her abs visibly contracting with each snicker. It's nothing out of the ordinary for a tiny woman not to know how to react if six and a half foot of glistening wet, powerful muscles are expecting you to rub them dry. After regaining her composure, she started shuffling, face down, towards the huge teen.

Even though the towel—and the small hands that carried it—was still a few feet from touching her body, this particular huge teen was enjoying every second of the situation. She loved how all it took to literally get a grown woman to do the most degrading things was to simply *imply* it. A flex of her colossal bicep and a glimpse of her majestic body did the rest. And now, that majestic body was waiting to be caressed by a pair of small hands, hands that were to finally explore just how powerful this young girl actually was.

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When she finally reached Stacie, the petite woman was closer to the amazonian teen's exposed body than she'd ever been before. The difference in size between them was downright comical. Almost mechanical, like a small and soft robot, the small woman started slowly rubbing a single thigh that was much bigger than her entire torso. Even trough the towel, she felt every larger than life muscle in the young girl's upper leg slowly coming to life as Stacie started flexing. She very well knew that the teen was just playing with her, yet, the experience was sufficiently shocking.

When the housekeeper's hands finally touched her leg, Stacie shuddered a bit. She didn't expect feeling the small hands caressing her huge thigh to be this exhilarating. It didn't just feel like being dried off, it felt like being worshipped. Her strong, young muscles being worshipped by a tiny, adult woman. Stacie looked at the busy housekeeper and couldn't help but almost feel a little pity for her. This feeling, of being mechanically obeyed yet still worshipped, was the simple reason why she hardly thought of these weak creatures as worthy human beings.

As the small woman slowly worked her towel, Stacie enjoyed the feeling of small fingers prying at her strong muscles. She knew that the thin fingers were trying to dent her burly legs, but, even in their relaxed state, they weren't able to. Years of pushing those long legs to the limit using hundreds of pounds of metal, day after day, made her young muscles not only frighteningly large, but also unbelievably strong. And indeed, the housekeeper hardly believed that she couldn't even slightly budge these massive muscles under the skin that she was supposed to be drying off. As for the drying, that didn't go too quickly.

Stacie had hoped that this would happen, that the small woman would be so mesmerised by her incredible body that she had trouble functioning properly. Rhythmically flexing her legs was only making it harder for the small woman to concentrate. Two deliciously small and weak hands worshipping her majestic muscles just wasn't enough, she needed more. It was time to move on to the next part of her plan. She looked at the petite housekeeper with a stern face and gave her next order. God, she was loving this power.



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With a simple flick of her wrist, Stacie almost sent the adult woman flying. Her small body offered virtually no resistance to the younger girl's strong arms. Stacie wasn't actually angry, it was just a role she was assuming. A role in which she might soon find losing herself. As the small woman stumbled away, from a slight push using a single arm, a hint of fear appeared in her surprised eyes. Stacie felt more powerful than ever. Never before had she actually *used* her power on her housekeepers, or anyone for that matter. Usually they, and the kids at school, just obeyed.

But this, this was something new. Stacie very well knew that she was stronger than virtually all people around her, she knew that most people feared her muscles once they got a look at them. But she never realised actually exercising that strength, actually using these muscles, would be this thrilling. Seeing the fear in that woman's eyes, fear of the brute strength that this young girl possessed, was an experience like no other. The conclusion was simple, she needed more of this feeling. She wanted to exercise her strength on people, not metal.

Not much later, they appeared. As the pitiful duo neared the giant teenager, she went into a double biceps pose—to emphasise the ridiculousness of the situation. Two massive mounds of muscle appeared on her already gargantuan arms. Each of her biceps seemed larger than the heads of the small people approaching. Stacie loved flexing her big muscles, especially in the vicinity of others. She kept her arms like that as they approached, trying to pump up her biceps even more. Seeing the small adults in front of her, her biceps seemed even larger than usual. Realising she'd soon be able to use them, a smile appeared on her youthful face.

The tiny housekeepers were shuffling, rather than walking. Seeing the beautiful amazon like that, flexing those huge, shining muscles, made their legs even weaker, as if they'd stop working at any moment. A smile appearing on her face, which was not a very good sign. Their gazes were quickly redirected at the ground, showing a mix of inferiority and dismay. The two of them realised very well that even together, they didn't stand a chance against the power that this teenager possessed. They realised very well that in front of them didn't sit no ordinary girl. In front of them sat a goddess.

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When the small housekeepers arrived, they didn't waste any time, hoping for this humiliating experience to be over as soon as possible. Seeing the young girl already made them feel inferior, but the whole situation was simply on another level. She had them, two adults, wearing gothic maid's dresses as uniform, each drying one of her massively muscular thighs. Feeling those thighs, their size and strength, made them feel even smaller. Feeling the hard muscles, the small man was wondering if together they'd be strong enough to handle just the leg he was scrubbing. He tried to rub a little harder, but couldn't dent her muscles even the slightest bit. No, they definitely wouldn't be strong enough.

Stacie watched him struggling against her strong legs and smiled. He looked so small and so weak. How did he ever get any work done with thin arms like that? She started flexing her own gargantuan arm and made some mental comparisons. It was hard figuring out how many times both of his small arms would fit in a single one of her massive arms. Easily two times. Probably three times. Maybe four times. Even his chest looked small compared to her arm. She really was huge—even more so compared to these small people. As the small man was almost finished with her thigh, she couldn't help but notice the humiliation in his eyes.

The small man started wondering if she'd actually have them dry her whole body. Hopefully, she'd get tired of it after they finished her massive legs and this cruel joke would be over soon. He glanced over at his colleague, who looked back at him. She was thinking the same thing and, for a brief moment, he actually felt connected to the pretty woman. Unfortunately, Stacie noticed their moment.

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When she noticed the humiliated housekeepers lovingly looking at each other, Stacie burst out laughing, her cobblestone abs flexing in the process. If any of her housekeepers delicate little fingers were to be between these rock hard bricks of muscle, they might have snapped. This day was just getting better and better by the minute. The little halflings had actually taken a liking for each other while obeying her. Maybe they thought that together, they'd get through this situation easier. Maybe it was the joint suffering that brought them together. Maybe it was just love. Stacie didn't know, but Stacie also didn't really care. They might not look like it, but they're adults, adults who can decide for themselves who they like. Apparently, they like weakness. To Stacie, that's what they are: weak. Weak little humans that she can control with her inhumanly strong body. Weak little humans that she can (ab)use to her liking. Right now, she was using them for a bit of innocent pleasure. If only she'd realised sooner how awesome the feeling was of having four small hands caress your titanic body and hard muscles. A feeling that the poor housekeepers will never get to experience. Stacie, on the other hand, will never get to experience the humiliation that the small people were going through right now. They didn't quite know how to react to the gigantic teen's maniacal laughter and the bulging of her muscles that came with it—other than silently agreeing that it was a sight to behold. As difficult as it was for the two adults, they tried focussing on each other and not on the young girl that they were made to serve. The young girl that up until now—at least in her opinion—had only been toying around with them, but was about to start toying *with* them.

Before they could react—not that it would have had much effect—she grabbed both of her victims, her large hands easily covering more than half of their little heads. Having established a good grip, she slowly but deliberately started pushing them towards each other. At first, they struggled a bit to cooperate, but soon realised that their struggles didn't have any effect. Her bulging arms and hands were just too strong for the small adults, biceps not even straining from the effort of controlling their weak bodies. When their faces were an inch from each other, she just held them there and enjoyed the view of the little people squirming in her big, strong hands. One of them put a small hand on her calf, not even able to cover a significant part of it. All of their four hands together would maybe be enough to completely encircle it—maybe. Stacie loved the feeling and the thought. She also loved that the doll's matchstick thigh rubbed against her other calf, which was significantly larger—about two or three times. What she loved the most, though, was watching the confused and scared looks on their faces. They didn't know how to react and what to do, and Stacie loved every second of their helplessness, all by the power of her invincible muscles. She noticed that each of her incredibly developed breasts were at least as large as their small heads and chuckled at the thought that even the weakest part of her trained body could be lethal to the squirming adults she was holding. Snapping back to what she was doing, it was time to continue playing with her little dolls. With some encouraging words—without her help they might not find the courage to do so—she brought them closer together until their small mouths touched.



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Stacie was in complete ecstasy. As soon as she brought the tiny heads together, they started kissing. Partly because they wanted it, partly because they didn't dare to object their titanic tormentress. Knowing that they like each other, but could only get together if she allowed them to, yielded an immense feeling of power. A feeling so incredible that it took her a great deal of willpower not to get carried away in it—she didn't want to face the consequences of letting her invincible muscles loose on the two frail housekeepers.

The moment their mouths touched and they started kissing, the amorous adults briefly forgot the situation they were in. For a moment, they didn't feel as if they were mere puppets controlled by a muscular puppeteer. For a moment, they even hardly registered her taunting words. They just felt another pair of small, soft lips touching their own and stopped minding the large hands holding their heads together. Unfortunately, as is often the case with brief moments of bliss, it wasn't meant to last long. A lot of glistening, wet muscles had yet to be dried off…

This time, each of Stacie's little helpers were assigned a different part of her body. She didn't want to grant a male—especially not such a pathetic one—the pleasure of touching her magnificent breasts, and so he was given the task of drying off her abs. But even this proved hard for the little man. Hard to focus, for one part, as he'd never seen such magnificent abdominal muscles in his life. Each of them was as large as his little hand and way too hard for him to budge. Even the slightest flex made his fingers get stuck in the deep ridges between granite blocks of muscle, literally making it hard to do his job.

As Stacie's chest also needed drying—quite a lot of it, actually—the doll's delicate hands were required to touch one of the largest breasts she had ever ever seen, let alone touch. Both of her small hands together didn't even come close to completely covering one of the teen's giant boobs. Feeling the soft but firm flesh, proudly held up by massive pec muscles, the older woman couldn't help but feeling a tiny bit of arousal. By no means was she a lesbian, but these breasts were simply out of this world. Stacie obviously noticed the reaction and marvelled at the effect of her amazonian young body on these little grownups.



While the pitiful duo continued working, Stacie watched them in amazement. As much as they were amazed at how big she was, the young girl was amazed at their tininess. She was used to her big body and being taller than everyone around her, but these two were something else. These two were really petite, not even breaking the five foot mark with their thin—almost bony—bodies. She wondered where her mom had found not one, but two of such little people. She also wondered if there were even more of them, and how much of them would be needed to take her on. Comparing her body with theirs; many.

Stacie absolutely loved comparing herself to them. Even sitting down, she simply towered over the two adults. She noticed how her huge breasts were each at least as big as their heads—and a lot heavier. Comparing her arms with their limbs, they'd have to put all eight of them together to simply have any kind of comparison. Each of them could sit on one of her big shoulders and still have plenty of space left over. Her bulging young legs were much bigger than their torsos—probably containing more muscles than their whole lithe, little bodies. Stacie couldn't get enough of comparing and wanted more, and better.



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Luckily—for Stacie—her wide back still needed drying. She didn't know what to look forward to most: four little hands prying at her massively muscular back or the standing comparison between her glorious young, naked body and the two housekeepers obeying her every command. *Servants* is definitely a more accurate description. Stacie liked the sound of that, she liked the idea of being served. Without any sign, she started slowly standing up, the muscles in her legs bulging with every movement. Much to the servants surprise, her beautiful body kept and kept on rising, towering more over them with each second.

Stacie looked at them in turns, greatly enjoying the surprised looks on their scared little faces as she stood up. They were so deliciously small and she was so incredibly large. Still hunched over, her shoulders already rose above the tops of their heads. As her muscular arms passed in front of their faces, she flexed them, loving how the firm globes of bicep muscle grew to inhuman proportions right in front of their smaller heads. She was just a teen, yet these adults looked like starving little kids compared to her magnificent young body. A magnificent young body that was built to be worshipped.





When she reached her impressive height of six an a half feet, the tops of their heads barely reached the bottom of her ample bosom. Without saying a word, she stepped forward and crossed her arms, flexing an impressive set of lats right in front—yet slightly above—their amazed faces. Her amazonian form simply eclipsed the two small beings now standing behind her. She wasn't going to tell them what to do, as soon as they regained their composure—as far as that's possible—they'd know what to do. For now, Stacie just stood there, towering over them, enjoying the complete feeling of superiority over her little servants.

Servants who had a really hard time fully realising the sheer size of the teen standing in front of them. Her height alone was impressive, but in combination with her musculature it was almost too much to take in. They just stood there, mouths agape, staring at the widest back they had ever seen. A back that was waiting to be dried off by them, they soon realised, as they saw the impressive muscles, all of them clearly visible, still glistening with water. As soon as they came back to their senses and their small bodies started working again, the two housekeepers picked up the towels and vigorously started wiping.

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Given their height and short arms, reaching the higher parts of Stacie's incredible back was not an easy job. Enjoying their struggles too much, she didn't show any intention of lowering her body to make it easier for them. Even though she couldn't see them, hearing their puffing and feeling their weak bodies bump in to her as they tried reaching her shoulders was enough to make her feel surged with power.

Trying their best not to get too close to her, they couldn't help bumping into her from time to time. It felt like hitting a marble statue, her rock hard muscular body completely immovable, yet covered in silky smooth skin. Minutes earlier, each of her hands had covered a large part of their thin backs. Now, their small hands failed to cover a significant part of her back. They couldn't even properly count how many hands they would need to completely cover her broad back. Their hands felt like insects, crawling all over her body, not knowing where to run next.

By now, Stacie was in total ecstasy, starting to get a really hard time controlling herself. Only we would like to know what would happen if she completely lost control. Luckily for her twerps, she didn't. The only thing what was out of control was the sheer size of this young girl as she rhythmically flexed her massive muscles. Her thighs expanded, muscles popping out everywhere, the vastness of them clearly dwarfing the two little people trying to do their job. Her abs contracted as she shuddered from excitement—any fingers stuck between them would come out a lot more flexible than fingers are supposed to be. Even her biceps expanded, mashing those two perfect globes of soft breast tissue hard into each other—fingers, or even small heads, stuck in there wouldn't be met with an enjoyable fate. Unless, of course, you're into that kind of stuff. The only two people—we should still call em that—definitely are not into that kind of stuff. Right now, standing there, trying there best to dry off some amazonian teen's back, the only stuff they were into was getting this over with as soon as possible. Maybe then they could get to know each other for real, not under the control of some musclebound, slightly sadistic, blonde cupid wannabe. For Stacie, however, this could go on forever. She didn't think of herself as cupid, more like an Aphrodite: the goddess of love. Seeing a scene like this, there's no denying that she's a goddess amongst little people. A goddess whose upper back was starting to near the point of being acceptably dry, which meant they'd have to start on her lower back—and other lower regions. Yet again, for reasons, it was only Dolly who was allowed to touch the lower reasons, but even she was mesmerised by what she felt next.



The small woman was confronted by a rollercoaster of emotions. First, there was plain surprise; the young girl's impressive bottom was barely more than a foot away from her own face, about level with her tiny chest. Then, as she started rubbing, came admiration; even though the skin surrounding it was silky smooth, rock hard layers of muscle could be felt beneath it. Just these glutes probably had much more muscle mass in them than her own entire lower body. Next, came jealousy, as she realised that this teenager had a more beautifully shaped butt than she could ever dream of. She was jealous of its size, as even comparing the girl's individual buttocks to bowling balls wouldn't do them justice. Jealous of its firmness as, to the little Doll, it felt just as hard as bowling balls. Jealousy was followed by acceptance, as the adult woman accepted her fate was not to possess, but worship a butt as great as this one. And finally, acceptance quickly turned to honour, as it was definitely honourable, being allowed to touch these round orbs of muscular perfection. And so her delicate hands continued caressing the young girls giant gluteal muscles. Plenty of rubbing was required, given their impressive size, as opposed to the petite hands working the towel, both of which together couldn't even properly encompass just the upper part of one of the amazonian teen's sizeable glutes.





Stacie was ready for the grand finale. She was ready to truly show how incredibly superior she was to the little people she wittingly coaxed into being her servants, rather than housekeepers. Without saying a word, she moved her large hands to her sides and grabbed the top of their heads. Yeah, like actual grabbing—as in, grabbing melons from a fruit stand—made possible by her large hands easily encompassing their small heads. Having established a firm grip, she moved them outwards. Not knowing what was happening, the poor adults tried to resist. Obviously, all resistance their weak bodies tried to offer to the tall teen's massive arms was futile. To Stacie, they could have simply been mildly stubborn melons, and she would have hardly noticed the difference. When they were in position, about a foot from Stacie's sides, they figured out what was up next. Cocking their small head fully backwards, they both saw a large arm proudly flexing massive slabs of pumped bicep muscles right above them. The skin being strained by those muscles was still shining wet, and so the small housekeepers knew what they had to do.

Stretching their matchstick arms up as high as possible, they started their pathetic attempts of drying those glorious, muscular arms looming above them. The arms that had controlled them so incredibly easy moments earlier, arms that wouldn't shy away from a comparison to their bony chests, the arms that they obeyed, but most of all, arms that were too high for them to properly dry off. They tried jumping and finding a grip, but Stacie's steely muscles where way too hard for their small hands to grasp and dent. And so they had to keep on jumping, each time attempting to reach a new piece of skin.

Stacie had to admit to having anticipated this situation. She wanted the small people to have to jump to reach her arms, their small hands prying at her invincible arms. It was a beautiful, yet paradoxical sight, having them appear as if they were longing for the limbs that they so fear, that could destroy them in seconds.



But Stacie's plan was not over yet. Much to the surprise of her little assistants, the colossal biceps were suddenly within reach. They weren't easy to reach, but with a little effort, the housekeepers managed to get their small hands around the top of these inhuman mounds of teenage girl muscle. Feeling the hardness and girth of this young girl's arms sent shivers trough the small adults spines. Not the kind of shivers Stacie was feeling, however. The kind of shivers you get when scared. Scared of something beyond your control, for example. Or scared of the sudden realisation of being completely under control.

Controlled by the powerful muscles of a blonde teenage girl. In their defence, those muscles would put most people's bodies to shame. But as the housekeepers were carefully selected to be no more than five feet tall—Stacie's mom knows how to spoil her daughter—the comparison was plain comical and the small people realised instantly that disobeying those muscles wouldn't benefit them. Being controlled is still a far better option than being crushed. And so they dutifully kept drying off those immense arms, locking their fingers around the steely flexed bicep that they were glad they could now reach. But not for long…





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As Stacie slowly stood on her tiptoes, two things happened. On one hand, her already bulging calves ballooned in size, diamond hard muscles the size of large melons stretching her soft skin to the limit. The vastness of them even dwarfing their thighs, which, hadn't the second thing occurred, would have been pretty close to them. But alas, no comparing thighs to calves, as the two light housekeepers' small feet slowly left the floor, lifted up in the air by only the power of a young girl's ankles and the flexing of her swollen, gargantuan biceps.





This was the moment Stacie had been anticipating. The two adults appointed to looking after her, were now literally dangling from her biceps. Their puny bodies hanging next to her massive one. Stacie loved everything about this moment. Not only the visual comparison of their physiques, the adults combined not even close to making any comparison worthwhile, but also the vast difference in strength. These people were nothing compared to her strong, young and still growing body. But from this moment on, they were her nothings. She knew that after this feat of strength, the poor halflings would be even more devoted to her. As much as they feared her strength, they'd be eager to witness it time after time. They'd be eager to watch it increase even more and they'd be eager to help her. And through their shared devotion to their new goddess, maybe something will bloom between the two meagre adults—that is, of course, if their goddess would allow such a thing. Stacie, with the two grownups hanging from her flexed biceps, did feel like a goddess. Because of the adrenaline rushing trough her pumped up, amazonian body, she almost didn't feel the little people hanging from her strong arms. This was the most amazing she'd ever felt in her life. A life that would only get better and better as she would continue using her power on her tiny servants—the worker little ants crawling around her house—obeying her six and a half foot of growing muscles. As she realised how great life could be, how great it could be to be tall, strong and beautiful, how vastly superior she was to the world around her, Stacie let out a one last primal scream.

"I'm a goddess!"


STACIE'S TOYS
PART 2
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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



A RELAXING DAY AT THE POOL—AT LAST. FOR THE LAST FEW WEEKS, THEY'VE ONLY HAD TIME FOR ONE THING; IMMEDIATELY CATERING TO *STACIE'S* EVERY SINGLE WISH. REGARDLESS OF HOW EASY SHE COULD HAVE DONE IT HERSELF, REGARDLESS OF HOW FUTILE, REGARDLESS OF HOW DEGRADING, THEY MADE SURE EVERY SINGLE ONE OF *STACIE'S* QUIRKY LITTLE DESIRES WERE FULFILLED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. STACIE IS THE TEEN THEY'D BEEN HIRED TO TAKE CARE OF IN ABSENCE OF HER PARENTS. STACIE IS ALSO A BLONDE, GORGEOUS, SIX AND A HALF FOOT TALL, INCREDIBLY MUSCULAR BODYBUILDER. ESPECIALLY COMPARED TO THEIR THIN BARELY FIVE FOOT BODIES, STACIE IS AN ABSOLUTE GODDESS. AND AS SUCH, OVER THE PAST WEEKS, WHENEVER THE GODDESS DESIRED SOMETHING, THE DIMINUTIVE HOUSEKEEPERS ALMOST ROBOTICALLY OBLIGED. BUT, ON THIS SUNNY DAY, WITHOUT STACIE AROUND, THEY FINALLY HAVE SOME TIME FOR THEMSELVES AND EACH OTHER—OR AT LEAST, UP UNTIL NOW.

HALF A DAY OF HEAVENLY RELAXATION PROMPTLY ENDED AS THEY SNAPPED BACK INTO REALITY UPON HEARING THE HEAVY CLICKS OF HIGH HEELS APPROACHING. THEY RECOGNISED THESE HIGH HEELS, WHICH WASN'T TOO SURPRISING—THEY ONLY KNEW ONE PERSON WHO COULD MAKE HEELS CLICK THIS LOUDLY. CLICKING THIS LOUDLY REQUIRES EITHER A LOT OF WEIGHT OR VERY STRONG LEGS—AND SURELY THEY KNOW ONE GIRL WHO CHECKS ALL OF THESE BOXES. TURNING THEIR HEADS, FULLY REALISING YET STILL AFRAID OF WHAT'S TO COME, THEY FOUND THEMSELVES YET AGAIN SHOCKED IN AMAZEMENT AT THE MARVEL OF A TEENAGE GIRL THAT WAS APPROACHING THEM.

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USUALLY, STACIE WAS QUITE HAPPY TO SEE HER TWO LITTLE SERVANTS. THEY WERE ALWAYS READY TO DO WHICHEVER BORDERLINE CRUEL ASSIGNMENT SHE CAME UP WITH FOR THEM. WHETHER IT WAS TRYING TO BRING HER WEIGHTS HEAVIER THAN THEM COMBINED, DRYING HER MAJESTIC BODY OR EVEN LICKING CLEAN THE KITCHEN FLOOR, NOTHING WAS MET WITH OPPOSITION. BUT NOW, AS SHE GRACEFULLY STRODE TOWARDS THE TINY COUPLE, SHE DIDN'T LOOK HAPPY TO SEE THEM. OF COURSE, THEY ALREADY KNEW WHY, HAVING BEEN GIVEN ONE DAY OFF ON THE SINGLE CONDITION THAT HER FOOD WOULD BE READY AT 6:30 PM SHARP. BUT A STATE OF TOTAL RELAXATION GOT THE BETTER HAND OF THEM AND THEY'D COMPLETELY LOST TRACK OF TIME. IT WAS CLOSING IN ON 6 PM AND THEY WERE NOWHERE TO BE FOUND NEAR THE KITCHEN. THEY WEREN'T ALREADY BUSY, LIKE TWO LITTLE WORKER ANTS, PREPARING POUNDS AND POUNDS OF PROTEIN RICH FOODS TO FEED THEIR QUEEN.

WELL WELL, WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE?

IN FRONT OF ME, NOW!

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TOO AFRAID TO SAY A WORD, THEY SCURRIED IN FRONT OF THE MAJESTIC TEEN. STACIE LOVED WATCHING THEIR SMALL BODIES CRAWLING AT HER COMMAND. SHE LOVED JUST STANDING THERE, LOOMING OVER THESE ADULTS, LIKE A STATUE OF A GREEK GODDESS BEING ADMIRED BY TWO TINY WORSHIPPERS.

LOOK AT THIS DUO, WITH THESE HEELS, THE TOP OF THEIR HEADS DOESN'T EVEN NEARLY REACH MY BOOBS, PATHETIC!

AND THEIR BODIES, SO TINY! NOT AN OUNCE OF MUSCLE!

TIME TO HAVE SOME FUN!

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NOTHING TO SAY FOR YOURSELVES, LITTLE ONES?

NOT THAT IT MATTERS, ANYWAY. YOU'VE HAD YOUR LITTLE DAY OF FUN, NOW IT'S MY TURN AGAIN.

MOVE OVER!

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BUT STACIE DIDN'T WAIT UNTIL THEY MOVED OVER. SHE'D GET MUCH, MUCH MORE ENJOYMENT FROM JUST WALKING TROUGH THEM, AS IF THEY WEREN'T EVEN THERE. THEIR SMALL BODIES COLLIDING WITH AND BOUNCING OFF HER MUCH LARGER AND STRONGER LEGS.

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SHE WASN'T JUST STRIDING TROUGH THEM FOR THE PLEASURE OF FEELING THEIR WEAKNESS AGAINST HER STRONG LEGS, STACIE JUST WANTED TO TAKE A SEAT. WHILE DOING SO, SHE *ACCIDENTALLY* STUCK HER GLORIOUS BUTT OUT A LITTLE TOO AGGRESSIVELY, LAUNCHING THE TWO ADULTS FLYING INTO THE POOL ON IMPACT. HER STRONG BODY SHUDDERED FROM THE INCREDIBLE FEELING OF SENDING THEM FLYING *THAT* EASILY. CONTAINING HERSELF WOULD NOT BE EASY.

AAAHHHH!

OOPS!

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AS STACIE POSITIONED HERSELF ON THE BEACH CHAIR, HER TREE TRUNK LEGS SPREAD OUT TO THE SIDES, THE TWO SMALL ADULTS TRIED TO RECOVER. THEY'D BEEN SURPRISED BY STACIE'S SUDDEN AND AGGRESSIVE MOVE, BUT THEY WERE ASTONISHED BY THE FORCE AT WHICH IT HAPPENED. THE BLONDE BOMBSHELL HAD JUST MOVED HER ASS A BIT BACKWARDS, BUT—AS BIG AS IT WAS—THEY DIDN'T EXPECT TO BE CATAPULTED AWAY THAT EASILY. FROM THE BEMUSED LOOK ON HER FACE, THEY COULD INFER THAT SHE WAS LOVING THE STRENGTH SHE POSSESSED. WHY WOULDN'T SHE? GENETICS ASIDE, THE YOUNG GIRL HAD WORKED HARD TO GET TO THIS POINT OF MUSCULAR PERFECTION. THAT, AND THE FACT THAT IT ALLOWED HER TO DO THINGS LIKE THIS. THINGS LIKE ASS-BUMPING TWO *ADULTS* INTO THE POOL WITHOUT VISIBLE EFFORT.



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JUST STAND RIGHT BETWEEN THESE BIG LEGS

AND HURRY!

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WHEN I SAID WE'RE GOING TO PLAY A GAME, I OBVIOUSLY MEANT ME AND THESE BIG BICEPS OF MINE--

AND WE---

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IT WAS ONLY WHEN THE BLONDE SUPERGIRL SPOKE THESE WORDS, THAT THE LITTLE MAN ACTUALLY BECAME AFRAID OF WHAT SHE WAS ABOUT TO DO. WITH ONE BIG HAND WRAPPING AROUND HIS FRAIL NECK, ALMOST COMPLETELY ENCIRCLING IT, AND THE OTHER CUPPING HIS CROTCH, ALARMS WENT OFF IN HIS LITTLE HEAD. SHE.. SHE WASN'T GONNA..? WELL, WHATEVER SHE WAS *GONNA*, THERE WAS NOTHING HIS WEAK BODY COULD DO TO STOP HER. AND AS SOON AS THAT FINAL THOUGH DAWNED UPON HIM, HE SLOWLY FELT HIS FEET LEAVE THE AIR.

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THIS IS A LITTLE GAME I LIKE TO CALL *MIDGETBALL*. FOR SOME REASON THE KIDS AT SCHOOL AREN'T TOO FOND OF IT, BUT I DEFINITELY LOVE IT

IT REALLY MAKES MY BICEPS BULGE, YOU SEE, REALLY GIVES THEM A GOOD PUMP

ALSO, I THINK YOU'LL BE REALLY GOOD AT IT, BEING AERODYNAMIC AND ALL!

HIS FACE MIGHT HAVE GIVEN IT AWAY, BUT THE LITTLE MAN WAS NOW OFFICIALLY IN PAIN. UNFORTUNATELY FOR HIM, STACIE WAS ENJOYING THIS TOO MUCH TO NOTICE HOW MUCH PRESSURE HER STRONG MUSCLES WERE PUTTING ON HIM. SHE WAS IN AMAZONIAN ECSTASY, LOVING EVERYTHING FROM THE INCREDIBLE SIZE OF HER PUMPED UP BICEPS—GETTING CLOSE TO THE SIZE OF HIS WAIST—TO HOW GREAT IT FELT TO HANDLE AN ADULT MAN LIKE A RAG DOLL WITH SUCH EASE TO WHAT SHE WAS ABOUT TO DO NEXT. YES, SHE DEFINITELY WAS GONNA.

AND JUST LIKE THAT, MUCH TO EVERYONE'S—YES, ALSO THAT GUY IN THE BACK—DISBELIEF, THE SMALL MAN WAS SENT FLYING. JUST FROM THE RAW STRENGTH OF A TEENAGE GIRL'S ARMS. A TEENAGE GIRL'S MASSIVELY MUSCULAR AND ALMOST INHUMANLY STRONG ARMS.

AAAHHHH

FLY, LITTLE BIRD, FLY! MAKE A GIRL PROUD!

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SEEING HER COLLEAGUE SOAR THROUGH THE AIR AND BARELY MISSING THE RING, THE PETITE WOMAN KNEW SHE WAS UP NEXT. THE THOUGH MADE HER GO THROUGH A ROLLERCOASTER OF EMOTIONS. FIRST, THERE WAS THE DISHEARTENING REALISATION THAT THIS YOUNG GIRL WAS LITERALLY USING THEM AS TOYS—DOLLS THAT SHE COULD PICK UP, PLAY WITH AND THROW AWAY. NEXT, THERE WAS THE FEAR OF ANY UPCOMING PAIN. SHE HAD SEEN HIS FACE WHEN STACIE WAS LIFTING HIM HIGH OVER HER HEAD, SHE'D SEEN THE PAIN IN HIS EYES. SHE'D SEEN HOW STACIE'S LONG FINGERS ALMOST COMPLETELY REACHED AROUND HIS NECK, AND HOW HE COULD HARDLY BREATHE TROUGH HER GRIP. LAST, BUT NOT LEAST, SHE'D SEEN HOW THE BLONDE AMAZON MOMENTARILY DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE THAT SHE WAS *NOT* JUST HOLDING A DOLL OVER HER HEAD, BUT AN ACTUAL LIVING PERSON. A PERSON THAT SHE WAS UNAWARE OF HOW MUCH SHE WAS HURTING HIM. IN THE LIGHT OF WHAT WAS PROBABLY ABOUT TO COME, THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE SCARIEST THOUGHT OF THEM ALL.

THE LAST THING SHE WANTED, HOWEVER, WAS TO ANGER STACIE EVEN MORE, AND SO THE TINY WOMAN SUPPRESSED HER FEAR, TRIED TO SHUT DOWN HER BRAIN AND BLINDLY OBEYED THE MASSIVE TEEN. IT WAS HER USUAL REACTION WHEN BEING ASKED TO DO SOMETHING HUMILIATING, BUT COULD ALSO COME IN HANDY FOR POTENTIALLY HURTFUL OCCASIONS, LIKE BEING USED AS A LIVING BALL.

OH, DEAR, LOOK A AT YOU, DID YOU GET EVEN THINNER?

LET'S PUT THAT SKIN AND BONES BODY OF YOURS TO GOOD USE

BUT I WANT TO TRY SOMETHING DIFFERENT THIS TIME. JUST PLACE THAT TINY LITTLE BUTT OF YOURS ON THIS BIG HAND, IT SHOULD FIT COMFORTABLY ENOUGH

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IT DID FIT, COMFORTABLY, AND EVEN THOUGHT THE SLIGHT WOMAN PLACED HER FULL WEIGHT ON STACIE'S HAND, IT DIDN'T BUDGE A FRACTION OF AN INCH.

OH, GOOD LORD, SHE'S SO LIGHT...

THERE YOU GO, GOOD GIRL!

YOU COMFY?

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-- BECAUSE UP YOU GO --

-- AND YOU BETTER BALL UP --

AND JUST LIKE THAT, TWO LITTLE FEET LEFT THE GROUND. NO HELP FROM A SECOND ARM WAS REQUIRED TO GET THE SMALL WOMAN AIRBORNE.

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'CUZ YOU'RE GOING EVEN HIGHER!

SEEING THE CURLED UP WOMAN SITTING ON HER HAND, STACIE WAS QUITE PROUD OF HER HANDYWORK. BUT SHE WAS THE MOST PROUD OF THE GARGANTUAN BICEP THAT MADE IT POSSIBLE. SHE CURLED HER HUMAN BALL UP AND DOWN A FEW TIMES, UNTIL THE VEINS IN HER ARMS WERE THREATENING TO BURST OUT OF HER SKIN. LOOKING AT HER OWN BICEP, SEEING THE MUSCLES MOVE AND THE VEINS THROB, HAD A HYPNOTISING EFFECT ON THE YOUNG GIRL. SHE COULDN'T GET ENOUGH OF HER OWN MUSCLES AND THE FEATS OF STRENGTH SHE COULD PERFORM WITH THEM. AND JUST LIKE THAT, SHE SNAPPED BACK TO THE CURRENT, INCREDIBLE THING SHE WAS DOING.

OH, RIGHT, ENOUGH SHOWING OFF..

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-- BACK TO MIDGETBALL!

HOPE YOU'RE AS READY AS I AM, BECAUSE THIS TIME I AIN'T MISSING THAT HOOP!

THERE WAS NO GOING BACK, BUT FEAR GOT THE BETTER HAND OF THE SMALL WOMAN THAT WAS PERCHED ATOP THE BLONDE GODDESS' HAND AND SHE LET OUT A SMALL SCREAM. FOR STACIE, THIS ONLY MADE IT MORE AWESOME WHAT SHE WAS DOING.

NO.
-
NO!

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OH

FUCKING

YES!

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THIS TIME, IT WAS A HIT. THE SMALL WOMAN SOARED THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A SMALL, LIVING BALL AND TUMBLED STRAIGHT INTO THE RUBBER BAND. THAT'S ONE HELL OF A THROWING ARM ON A TEEN GIRL. A THROWING ARM THAT WAS STILL BULGING WITH STRONG MUSCLES AND COVERED IN THICK, PULSATING VEINS FROM THE EFFORT OF HURLING HER HOUSEKEEPER SEVERAL FEET INTO THE POOL, STRAIGHT INTO HER TARGET.

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RAAWWRRR

I'M THE BEST!

I'M A GODDESS!

NOW GET BACK OVER HERE, SHRIMPS, AND BRING THAT WATER DONUT. IT'S TIME FOR THE GRAND FINALE!

AND HURRY!

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KEEPING HER GIGANTIC BICEPS FLEXED AS HER TWO WET TOYS APPROACHED AGAIN, STACIE WAS COMPLETELY DRUNK ON HER OWN POWER. SUBTLE REFERENCES TO HER SUPERIORITY BECAME FULL ON VERBAL TAUNTING.

SEE THIS, MIDGETS? THIS IS POWER. EACH OF THESE ARMS CONTAINS MORE POWER THAN BOTH OF YOU TOGETHER COULD EVER HOPE TO UNDERSTAND!

DO YOU GET IT? THOSE PATHETIC WEAK BODIES OF YOU NOW BELONG TO THESE ARMS. THEY *OWN* YOU!

NOW, GET CLOSER!

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AS THE TERRIFIED HOUSEKEEPERS SLOWLY SHUFFLED TOWARDS HER, THE BLONDE GODDESS GATHERED HER TREE TRUNK LEGS AROUND, READY FOR HER NEXT MOVE.

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THE YOUNG AMAZON STARTED SLOWLY RISING—ALMOST SUSPICIOUSLY SLOWLY, EVEN. MOSTLY BECAUSE SHE LOVED HAVING HER MASSIVE BODY CLOSE TO THEIR PUNY ONES. SHE LOVED THE COMPARISON IT CREATED AND HOW INVINCIBLE THAT MADE HER FEEL. SHE WANTED TO ENJOY EVERY SINGLE SECOND OF WATCHING THE UTTER AMAZEMENT IN THEIR EYES UNFOLD AS HER MAMMOTH BREASTS GOT CLOSER TO THEIR SMALL HEADS. IT LOOKED AS IF THEIR EYES COULD POP OUT OF THEIR SOCKETS ANY MOMENT NOW. THE SMALL ADULTS WERE COMPLETELY DUMBFOUNDED BY THE SHEER SIZE OF THE GIRL IN FRONT OF THEM. SHE WAS FOUR TIMES YOUNGER THAN THEM COMBINED, BUT SHE LOOKED FOUR TIMES MORE VOLUMINOUS. SHE LOOKED AS IF SOMEONE TOOK A REGULAR BLONDE, BIMBO PROM QUEEN, ADDED A FOOT IN HEIGHT AND THEN STUFFED THAT SILKY SMOOTH SKIN WITH BOWLING BALLS. SHOULDERS, BREASTS, BICEPS, EVERYTHING ABOUT HER WAS BOWLING-BALL-BIG. BUT THERE WERE NO BOWLING BALLS, THERE WERE ONLY MUSCLES. ROCK HARD, IMPOSSIBLY STRONG MUSCLES. MUSCLES THAT WERE SLOWLY RISING UP IN FRONT OF THE TREMBLING HOUSEKEEPERS.

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AS STACIE'S BIGGER THAN LIFE BREASTS SLOWLY PASSED THEIR HEADS, SHE MOMENTARILY STOPPED RISING. SHE WANTED THEM TO FULLY REALISE HOW EVEN THE WEAKEST PART OF HER BODY WAS JUST ***BIG*** COMPARED TO THEM..

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JUST REALLY, REALLY BIG COMPARED TO THEM. EACH OF THOSE PERFECTLY ROUND ORBS WAS EASILY BIGGER THAN THEIR HEAD. HER BACK WAS WIDER THAN THEM COMBINED. STANDING HERE LIKE THIS, STACIE FELT BIGGER THAN EVER BEFORE.

AND FOR THE LAST FEW INCHES, SHE COULDN'T KEEP IT IN ANY LONGER. FULLY STANDING UP, EXTENDING HER ARMS AND FLEXING THOSE GIANT BICEPS, ANOTHER PRIMAL SCREAM ESCAPED HER EXCITED BODY.

RAAAAAWWR

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HAND ME THE DONUT, LITTLE GIRL, YOUR GODDESS IS READY TO PLAY WITH HER TOYS AGAIN.

AND THIS TIME, SHE'S READY FOR A SERIOUS DEMONSTRATION OF STRENGTH!

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THERE YOU GO, WHAT A PERFECT FIT! IT'S A GOOD THING YOU'RE SUCH LITTLE TWERPS, OTHERWISE THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN A LOT MORE PAINFUL!

CAREFUL NOW--

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AFTER THOSE WORDS, THE FIRST THING THEY FELT WAS A LITTLE MORE PRESSURE ON THE RUBBER RING. THEN A LOT MORE PRESSURE, AS THEIR SMALL BODIES WERE COMPRESSED INTO EACH OTHER BY THE YOUNG GIRLS INCREDIBLE STRENGTH. FINALLY, THEIR FEET SLOWLY BUT SURELY LEFT THE FLOOR, LITTLE LEGS DANGLING IN THE AIR. WHAT THEY DIDN'T SEE WERE STACIE'S THIGHS AND CALVES FLEXING, BALLOONING INTO UNREAL PROPORTIONS. EACH OF THOSE FLEXED CALVES WAS BIGGER THAN TWO OF THEIR THIGHS COMBINED. WHAT STACIE DIDN'T SEE, WAS THE OLDER COUPLE HOLDING HANDS BENEATH THE RUBBER BAND. AS CRAZY AS IT GOT, TOGETHER, THEY'D GET TROUGH IT.

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THERE WE GO! NICE TIGHTLY PACKED TOGETHER AND ALL UP IN THE AIR, ALL BY THE POWER OF A TEENAGE GIRL. ISN'T THAT INCREDIBLE?

AIN'T *I* INCREDIBLE?

NOW HOLD ON TIGHT, THE BEST HAS YET TO COME!

AS ALMOST EVERY MUSCLE IN THAT AMAZING BODY FLEXED, TOYING AROUND WITH THE HOUSEKEEPERS SUSPENDED FROM HER STRONG ARMS, STACIE SPOKE TO THEM. BUT THEY WERE NOT REASSURING WORDS, ON THE CONTRARY. IF THEY'D BEEN SCARED BEFORE, NOW THEY WERE ABSOLUTELY PETRIFIED. THEIR SQUIRMING LITTLE BODIES STARTED TREMBLING AND THEIR LEGS SHAKING. OBVIOUSLY, TO NO AVAIL. IT WAS EXACTLY REACTIONS LIKE THESE THAT MADE STACIE THRILL WITH EXCITEMENT EVEN MORE. IT MADE HER READY FOR THE NEXT MOVE OF POWER.

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UP WE GO!

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WITH THE TWO SCREAMING ADULTS HIGH UP IN THE AIR IN HER STRONG ARMS, STACIE PAUSED FOR A MOMENT, PURELY FOR TAKING IN AND COMPLIMENTING HERSELF ON HER HANDYWORK. LET'S JUST DO THE SAME.

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SCREAM ALL YOU WANT, IT ONLY MAKES ME ENJOY THIS MORE. DO YOU KNOW WHY? IT SIGNIFIES POWER. THE POWER TO DO ANYTHING I COULD EVER WANT TO LITTLE SHITS LIKE YOU. THE ONLY POWER YOU'LL EVER HAVE IS THE POWER TO MAKE ME FEEL EVEN MORE POWERFUL..

-- AND WITH THOSE PARTING WORDS..

GOODBYE!

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WITH A FINAL GRUNT, THE YOUNG AMAZON FLUNG HER MIDGET SANDWICH INTO THE POOL. AND THEY FLEW HIGH, FAR AND SCREAMING FROM THE TOP OF THEIR LUNGS.

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EEEEIIIIIIKKKKKK

--- MAYBE, THEY EVEN FLEW A LITTLE BIT TOO HIGH AND A LITTLE BIT TOO FAR ---

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GASP

.. REALLY, TOO FAR! SEEING HOW FAR THEY FLEW, EVEN STACIE WAS GETTING A BIT WORRIED. SHE WANTED TO SCARE THEM, TAUNT THEM, HUMILIATE THEM AND SHOW THEM HOW INCREDIBLY SUPERIOR SHE WAS TO THEM IN EVERY WAY. BUT SHE DEFINITELY DIDN'T WANT TO *KILL* THEM. EVEN THOUGH SHE'D NEVER ADMIT PUBLICLY IT, DEEP DOWN, STACIE CARED A BIT FOR *HER* LITTLE SHITS. AND SHE MIGHT BE ALMOST SUPER HUMAN IN MANY RESPECTS, EVEN ALL THOSE MUSCLES COULDN'T STOP HER IN LETTING OUT AN AUDIBLE GASP.

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TAKING CARE OF ALL OF THE GIANT TEENAGER'S QUIRKY NEEDS MUST HAVE GRANTED THE SMALL HOUSEKEEPERS A LOT OF GOOD KARMA. A FEW MORE INCHES AND THE DAMAGE TO THEIR LITTLE SKULLS MIGHT HAVE BEEN FATAL. LUCKILY, HOWEVER, THEY GOT OFF WITH NOTHING A SCARE.

AS DISASTER WAS AVOIDED, A WAVE OF RELIEF ROLLED OVER THE MUSCULAR TEEN. FROM NOW ON, SHE'D GO A LITTLE EASIER ON THEM. FOR A LITTLE WHILE, AT LEAST. THAT DIDN'T MEAN SHE WOULD STOP TRYING TO BECOME EVEN BIGGER AND STRONGER—EVEN MORE OF A GODDESS. BUT AT LEAST SHE'D BE A BENEVOLENT DEITY TO THE LITTLE THINGS, AS LONG AS THEY FULFULLED THEIR REGULAR DUTIES.

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AND JUST LIKE THAT, AS GRACEFULLY AS SHE'D ENTERED, SHE TURNED AROUND AND LEFT. AT LEAST, AS GRACEFUL AS WAS HUMANLY POSSIBLE WITH ALL THOSE PUMPED UP MUSCLES BULGING EVERYWHERE OUT OF HER AMAZING BODY. STILL WORKED AND SURPRISINGLY AROUSED FROM PLAYING WITH HER LIVING DOLLS AND EXERTING HER IMMENSE POWER OVER THEM, SHE NEEDED TO LET OFF SOME STEAM. TIME TO HIT THE GYM, TIME TO BECOME EVEN MORE POWERFUL. IF ONLY THAT BODES WELL FOR THE FUTURE.

GET OUT AND DRESS YOURSELVES, LITTLE ONES.

I STILL EXPECT DINNER IN AN HOUR.

THE END

(OR IS IT?)

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where the strong girls live