



# THE MISTRESS

Part 11

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YES, READY!

HAHA, SO  
YOU THINK. YOU'RE  
NEVER GONNA BE REALLY  
READY FOR WHAT I'VE  
BECOME BABY!

BUT LET'S  
GO...

AS I MOVE HIM OVER MY HEAD, HE DROPS THE SYRINGE. IT'S OF NO USE ANYMORE, ALL THE POWER AND MUSCLE JUICE IS IN ME!

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C-CAREFUL PLEASE!

NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF MY SWEET 118, THIS IS REWARD TIME FOR YOU!



THEN I TAKE HIM INTO MY MOUTH---

OOHHH

I CAN HEAR HIM MOAN LOUDLY ABOVE ME.  
THIS IS HIS DREAM: A HUGE MUSCLEWOMAN  
IS GIVING HIM AN AERIAL BLOWJOB, LIFTING  
HIM ABOVE HER HEAD LIKE IT'S NOTHING---  
IT'S ENOUGH TO BLOW ANYONE'S LOAD -  
OR MIND!

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AAAAHHHH



OH GOD... I'M  
GONNA...

IT'S WONDERFUL FOR ME TOO. LIFTING  
SOMEONE OFF THE GROUND IS A INCREDIBLE  
WAY TO DOMINATE THEM. ESPECIALLY IF THEY  
CAN'T ESCAPE, LIKE 118 HERE. NOT THAT HE  
WANTS TO ESCAPE OF COURSE... BUT YOU  
GET THE IDEA. THE IDEA IS POWER.



IN THE FEW WORDS HE SAYS,  
I CAN HEAR HIM ASKING FOR  
PERMISSION TO COME. I  
GRUNT IN ENCOURAGEMENT:  
MY TINY IS ALLOWED.

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MM-MM



HE UNDERSTANDS, AND LETS GO...

PHANTOM

I MOVE HIS WET COCK OUT  
OF MY MOUTH...

HOW WAS THAT  
BABY?

THAT WAS  
JUST...

WAIT A SEC,  
LET ME GET YOU  
INTO A MORE  
COMFORTABLE  
POSITION.

I HOIST HIM BACK WHERE HE CAME FROM AND PUT HIM ON MY BICEP.

OH, I SEE MY SWEET LITTLE ONE IS TOTALLY SPENT? LET'S TAKE A MINUTE OR SO BEFORE WE CONTINUE...

T-THANKS...

I KEEP HIM LIKE THAT ON MY ARM, EFFORTLESS, FOR ALMOST TWO MINUTES. IT AMAZES ME HOW EASY EVERYTHING IS. I'M AN ABSOLUTE POWERHOUSE! AND I FEEL MY STRENGTH IS STILL GOING TO GROW...

ALL RIGHT, YOU READY?

EH... I DON-

YES YOU ARE. THIS TIME IT'S YOUR TURN... JERK OFF!

OBEDIENTLY, HE STARTS SPANKING HIS MONKEY. I REACH FOR MY CLIT...

LOOK AT YOU, JERKING OFF ON MY ARM... FOUR FEET IN THE AIR...

FAP  
FAP

WHILE I USE MY OTHER  
HAND ON MYSELF... OHHH  
FUCK...





THAT'S SO...  
HOT... AHH.

I COULD  
HOLD YOU...  
FOREVER LIKE  
THIS... AAAHH

FAP  
FAP

AAHHH

AAAAHHHH

!?

HHHHAAAAHHH



OH MY GOD YOU DIRTY LITTLE SCOUNDREL, YOU CAME RIGHT ON MY FACE!

I'M... SORRY... I COULDN'T----



I KNOW YOU  
COULDN'T HELP IT  
LITTLE ONE. NOT WHEN  
YOU'RE JERKING OFF WHILE  
SITTING ON MY BIG  
BICEP...

BUT YOU'RE GONNA  
LICK IT ALL UP LIKE A  
GOOD LITTLE PUP, AREN'T  
YOU?

EH... O-O-KAY...

I PULL HIM TOWARD ME WITH MY STRONG ARM...

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HERE  
BOY...



AND 118 DOES AS HE'S TOLD...

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GOOD  
PUPPY!



CLEAN IT ALL UP  
BABY. IT'S GOOD PROTEIN  
FOR YOU... I DON'T NEED  
IT...



THAT'S MY  
GOOD LITTLE  
BOY...

AAHHH

I MADE HIM CUM WHILE SITTING ON MY SHOULDER, HIGH IN THE AIR. NOW I'M MAKING HIM LICK HIS OWN CUM. IT'S JUST... OH GOD... IT'S SO AMAZING TO BE THIS POWERFUL...

NOW THAT I'M ALL SPIC AND SPAN AGAIN, SHALL WE LOOK FOR SOME STUFF TO REDECORATE THE HOUSE WITH?

S-SURE. WHATEVER YOU WANT...



MMM, SUCH  
A... GOOD...  
BOY...



I TELL HIM TO GO FETCH HIS LAPTOP,  
SO WE CAN USE HIS ACCOUNT, THEN PUT  
HIM BACK ON MY SHOULDER AND WE SIT  
IN A CHAIR...

ALL RIGHT,  
LET'S SEE...

I'M WONDERING HOW  
TO BEST USE THE  
SPACE...

YOU MEAN  
LIKE, WHICH  
MACHINES YOU  
WANT THERE?

WEIGHTS,  
MACHINES... WHAT  
CARDIO...

I WONDER IF I  
SHOULD GET SOMETHING  
LIKE THIS?



MAYBE I SHOULD GET SOMETHING YOU CAN USE TOO. IT'S YOUR HOUSE AFTER ALL...

IN THAT CASE GO EASY ON THE WEIGHTS...



OH BABY, I WAS KIDDING. ANYTHING YOU CAN USE IS NOT VERY USEFUL FOR ME, AND VICE VERSA...

BUT DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL GET REWARDED IN OTHER WAYS...



WITHOUT WARNING, I MOVE MY ARM UP WHILE HOLDING HIS WRIST IN MY HAND, AND MANEUVER HIS COCK TO MY MOUTH AGAIN. I LOVE THAT HE'S STILL HARD - OR HARD AGAIN---

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OOHHH



OOHHHHH

SEE HIS LITTLE FINGERS ON MY TRAPS? YES, A MAN CAN HOLD ON TO MY TRAPS! IMAGINE THAT!



I'M GONNA...



BUT I INTERRUPT HIM QUICKLY BY TAKING MY MOUTH OFF HIS COCK, RIGHT AS HE'S ABOUT TO COME FOR THE THIRD TIME...

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HMMM, LET'S FINISH OUR WORK FIRST



QUITE SOME THINGS WE HAVE TO ORDER HERE SO WE BETTER GET A MOVE ON...



*TWO DAYS LATER...*

MY GOD RON, HOW THE  
FUCK ARE YOU DOING  
THIS?



THAT'S LIKE... TWICE AS  
MANY AS TWO WEEKS  
AGO...

AARGHHH



OKAY SHOWOFF,  
THAT'S ENOUGH. YOU  
MAKE ME LOOK LIKE A  
TWELVE YEAR OLD...

JUST A FEW  
MORE...





SO WHEN ARE YOU  
GONNA LET ME IN,  
RON?

I TOLD YOU... THE DRUG IS  
EXPERIMENTAL. I HAD A HARD  
TIME MAKING HIM GIVE IT TO ME.  
HE DEFINITELY WOULDN'T WANT  
TO GIVE IT TO YET ANOTHER  
PERSON...

YOU'RE  
BULLSHITTING ME,  
RON---

FROM ALL YOU'VE  
TOLD ME, I GATHER YOU  
CALL ALL THE SHOTS IN  
THAT STRANGE  
HOUSEHOLD OF  
YOURS---

HEHE,  
IF YOU ONLY  
YOU KNEW---

I'LL THINK  
ABOUT IT EM... BE  
PATIENT---



OVER THE NEXT FEW WEEKS I SAW RHONDA WORK OUT LIKE CRAZY. BOTH IN THE GYM SHE STILL FREQUENTED, AS WELL AS IN HER HOME GYM. SHE OFTEN GOT TO IT RIGHT AFTER SCHOOL, AND ALL WEEKENDS...

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COMBINED WITH THE THIRD DOSE, I  
ALMOST SAW HER GROW IN FRONT  
OF MY EYES - AND GET STRONGER.

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SHE WASN'T MUCH HELP IN THE HOUSEHOLD - NOT LIKE LYNN HAD BEEN - BUT WHEN SHE WASN'T WORKING OUT AT LEAST WE HAD INCREDIBLE SEX, IN POSITIONS I HAD NO IDEA WERE POSSIBLE...

WE DID IT IN THE BEDROOM, IN THE LIVING ROOM, IN THE KITCHEN...

I'M FOLDING YOU LIKE A TACO BABY...



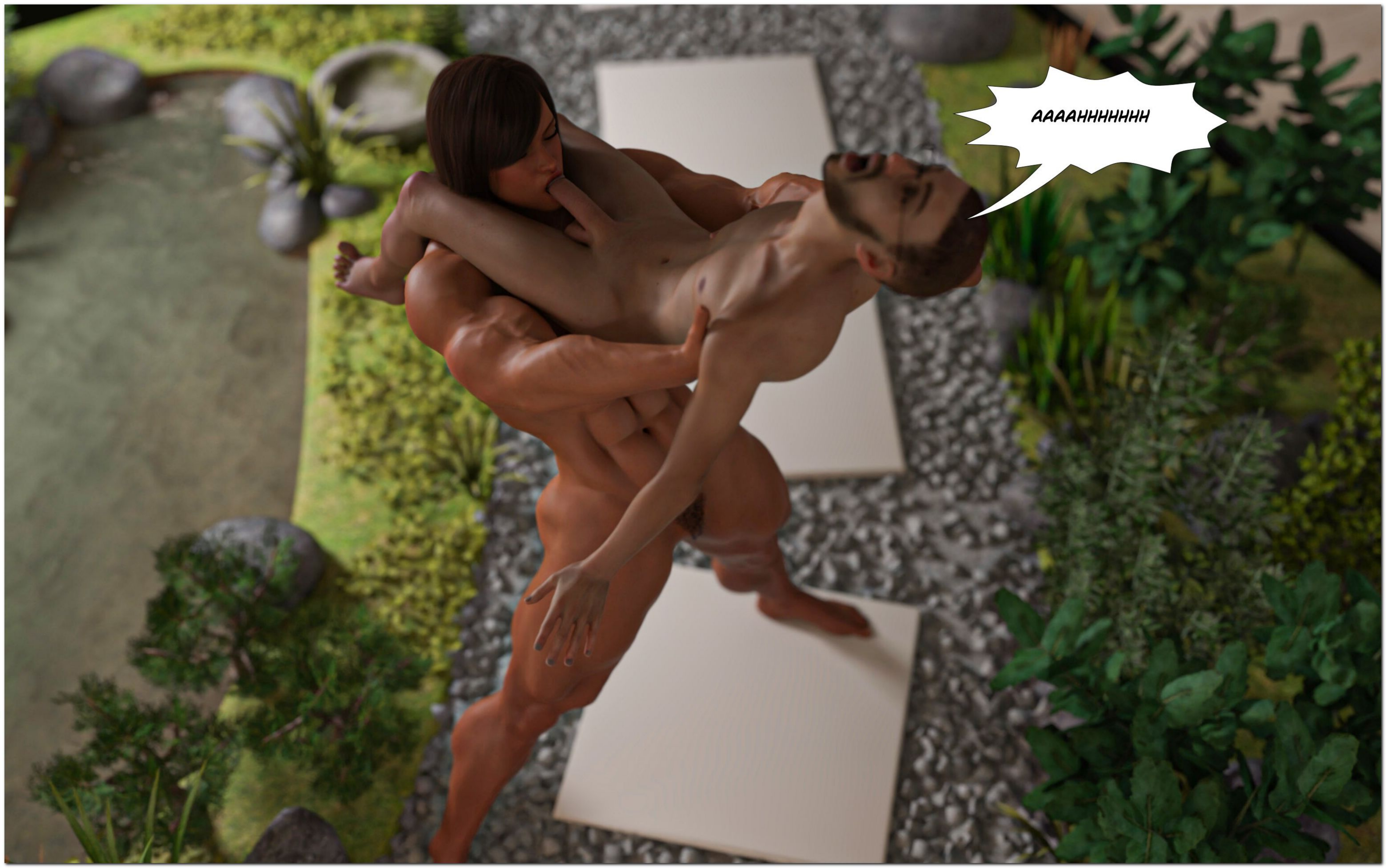
... IN THE BATHROOM AND OUTSIDE  
IN THE LITTLE GARDEN...

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OH MY GOD...



I'M CO-



AAAAHHHHHHH

*TWO WEEKS LATER...*

I'VE GOT A DAY OFF. RHONDA IS AT SCHOOL. I SLEPT IN TILL 10. I MAKE THE BED AND THEN LOOK AROUND, STILL NOT BELIEVING WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO MY LIFE... AND TO MY HOUSE.


MOST OF THE BEDROOM FLOOR IS NOW COVERED IN THICK EXERCISE MATS...

MY GODDESS DOES AS SHE PLEASES. WITH ME, WITH MY HOUSE...





DEAR GOD... SO  
FUCKING HOT TO HAVE THIS  
IN MY HOUSE...

A man with a beard and glasses, wearing black shorts, stands in a gym. He is looking at a barbell with weights on a rack. Two thought bubbles are present: one above his head and one below it. The background shows a rack of weights and a bench.

LOOK AT  
THESE THINGS...  
NO WONDER SHE'S  
GROWING LIKE  
CRAZY...

WELL,  
THERE'S THE  
DRUGS TOO OF  
COURSE...

I SIT DOWN ON THE BENCH. IT'S ARRANGED FOR HER HEIGHT AND MY FEET BARELY TOUCH THE GROUND... I PUT MY HANDS ON THE BAR. WRONG POSITION, I GUESS. THE BAR SHOULD PROBABLY BE IN FRONT OF ME? ITS NOT IMPORTANT, I JUST WANT TO FEEL ITS WEIGHT...

ALL RIGHT,  
ONE, TWO...

OF COURSE, I CAN'T FEEL IT MOVE EVEN  
A MILLIMETRE... I KNEW THAT BUT ITS  
STILL HOT TO EXPERIENCE IT...

THREE!  
AAARGHH

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I'VE SEEN HER LIFT THIS AGAIN AND AGAIN,  
REP AFTER REP, HER MUSCLES BULGING,  
SMILING AT ME AS SHE DOES IT...

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OH MY  
GODDESS, I'M SO  
TOTALLY YOURS...



I'M HOT AND HARD AS FUCK SO I START JERKING OFF... IT'S CRAZY HOW MUCH I'VE COME LATELY. IT'S LIKE I NEVER TIRE OF HER. IT'S SCARY... ON AVERAGE IT'S BEEN FOUR TIMES A DAY I THINK... HERE'S THE FIRST OF TODAY...

AHHHH

JUST AS I'M ABOUT TO COME, I HEAR  
THE DING OF MY PHONE FROM THE  
BEDROOM - IT'S RHONDA'S SOUND...

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**DING-DING**



TWO HOURS LATER I'M AT HER SCHOOL. RHONDA WROTE IN HER TEXT THAT SHE GOT IN TROUBLE AND NEEDS ME IN THE HEADMASTER'S OFFICE AT NOON SHARP. I TEXTED HER ASKING WHAT I HAD TO DO WITH THAT, BUT SHE DIDN'T ANSWER, SO... HERE I AM...

THIS IS  
DAMN  
WEIRD...

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THE  
HEADMASTER'S  
OFFICE?

AND WHY ME?  
WHY NOT HER  
FATHER?

WHAT DID SHE  
DO WRONG?



A TEACHER POINTS ME TO THE  
RIGHT PLACE. I KNOCK...

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Administrative  
Office

COME IN!



AS I OPEN THE DOOR I  
HEAR TWO WORDS I  
DIDN'T EXPECT...

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HI DAD...

THANKS FOR  
COMING...

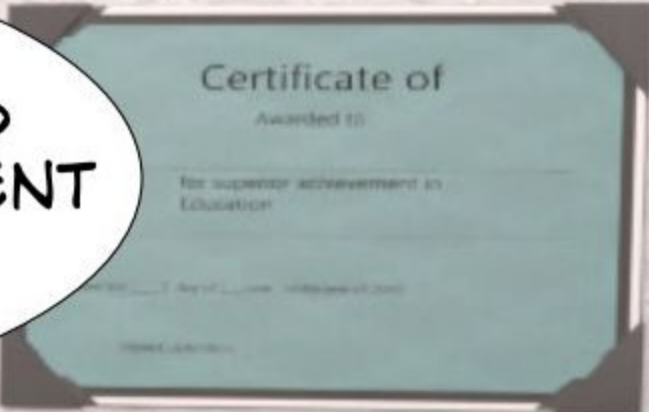


I'M FLABBERGASTED AT HER CALLING ME DAD, BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME NOT TO CONTRADICT RHONDA...

H-HI...



THANKS FOR COMING, SIR. I ASKED RHONDA TO SEE A PARENT BECAUSE THIS IS SERIOUS...  
HAVE A SEAT...



SO, MR. JACKSON, YOUR DAUGHTER SENT A BOY TO THE HOSPITAL THIS MORNING...

I TOLD YOU, HE-


THERE WAS SOMETHING SO HOT ABOUT ACTING SUBMISSIVELY FOR A MOMENT, WITH THESE TWO MEN THAT I KNEW I COULD OVERPOWER IN AN INSTANT...

PLEASE MS. JACKSON, BE QUIET FOR A MOMENT.

I'M SORRY SIR...

WHAT... HAPPENED?





MS. JACKSON CAN GIVE YOU HER VERSION OF THE FACTS AT HOME. RIGHT NOW, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT SHE'S GETTING A WRITTEN REPRIMAND...

EVEN IN THIS PRETTY SERIOUS SITUATION, I COULDN'T HELP BUT STARE AT RHONDA. HER SHAPE WAS JUST INCREDIBLE...

GOD, SHE LOOKS AMAZING...



MR. JACKSON? ARE YOU WITH ME?

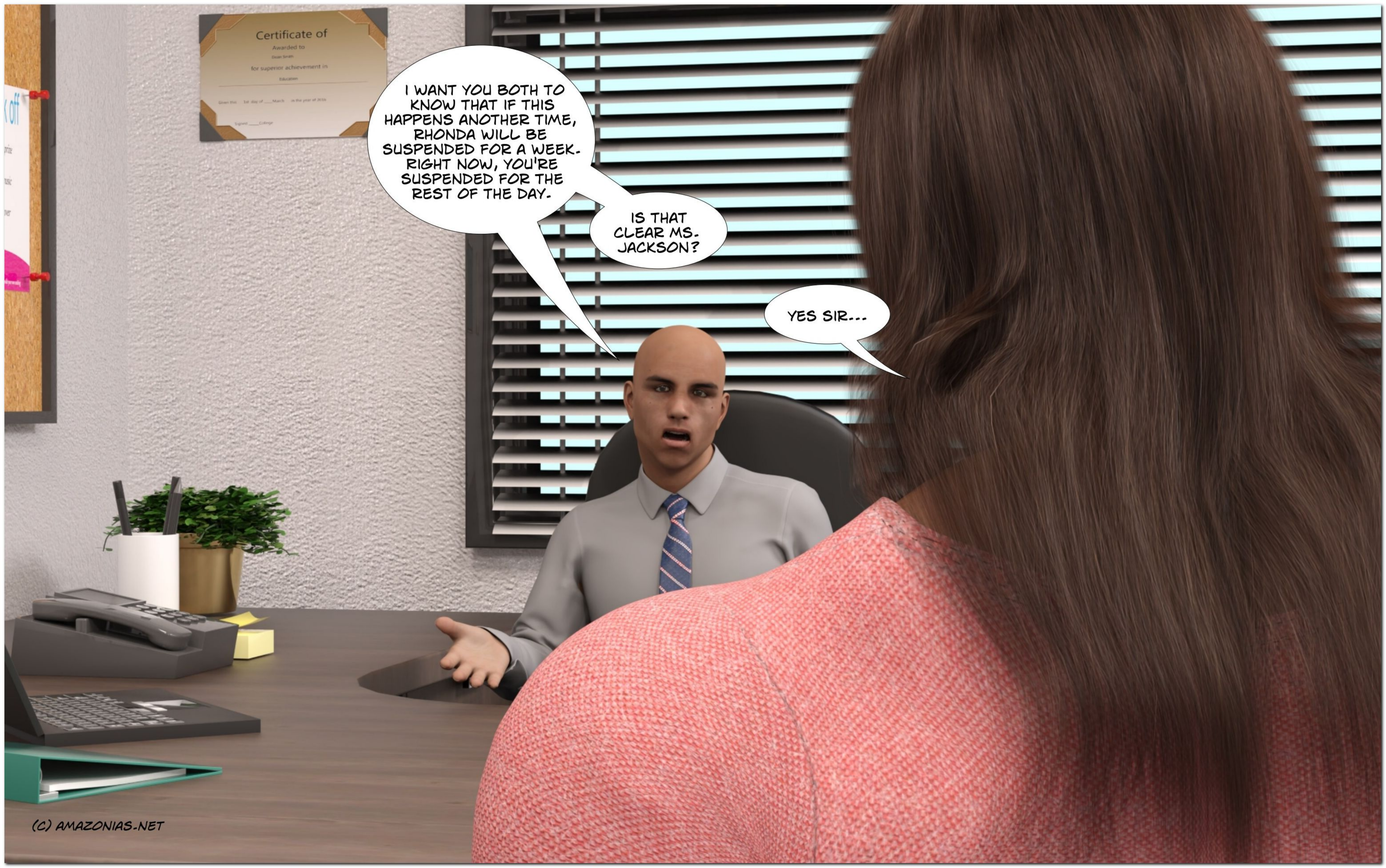
EH, YES...



I WANT YOU BOTH TO KNOW THAT IF THIS HAPPENS ANOTHER TIME, RHONDA WILL BE SUSPENDED FOR A WEEK. RIGHT NOW, YOU'RE SUSPENDED FOR THE REST OF THE DAY.

IS THAT CLEAR MS. JACKSON?

YES SIR...



I'M SURE NOTHING  
LIKE THIS WILL EVER  
HAPPEN AGAIN, WON'T IT,  
RHONDA?

OF COURSE NOT  
DAD. I'M VERY  
SORRY...

AND BY THE WAY MS. JACKSON, WHY ARE YOU NOT IN YOUR SCHOOL UNIFORM?

EHM... NONE OF THE SIZES FIT ME SIR. NOT EVEN XXL.



MAYBE THAT'S A  
SIGN THAT THIS...  
HOBBY OF YOURS HAS  
GONE FAR ENOUGH  
NOW?

WITH ALL DUE  
RESPECT SIR, I  
DECIDE MYSELF WHEN  
I'M BIG ENOUGH...

THIS BIT I'M ONLY  
IMAGINING. BUT WHO  
KNOWS, MAYBE ONE DAY...

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OR DO YOU WANT A  
TASTE OF THEM MR.  
HEADMASTER?



TWO MINUTES LATER, WE'RE OUTSIDE, UNSCATHED. I'M WONDERING IF THE HEADMASTER IS AFRAID OF ME - I'VE HEARD OF CASES WHERE INJURIES FROM FIGHTS - ALWAYS AMONG BOYS - LEAD TO ONE WEEK SUSPENSIONS RIGHT AWAY...

THEN 118 SURPRISES ME. HE TALKS TO ME IN A LOW VOICE AS HE WALKS IN FRONT OF ME...

RHONDA, YOU... I MEAN YOU CAN'T MAKE ME IMPERSONATE YOUR DAD... IT'S... NOT RIGHT...

I CAN'T?



THEN HE TURNS AROUND AND I HOLD MY STEP  
SO AS NOT TO BULLDOZE INTO HIM...

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I CAN DO  
ANYTHING I WANT  
WITH YOU,  
DADDY...

RHONDA... I'M  
SERIOUS...

MIDDLE  
HIGH SCHOOL





ME TOO.

WE'LL TALK  
ABOUT THIS  
LATER...

FIVE MINUTES LATER, IN THE CAR, I  
PLAY BIG LITTLE GIRL AGAIN...

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ARE YOU ANGRY  
WITH ME DADDY?

OF COURSE NOT. BUT  
TELL ME WHAT  
HAPPENED? WHAT DID YOU  
DO TO THAT GUY?



A woman with dark hair, wearing a red, textured, short-sleeved top, is leaning over a man. The man is wearing a dark shirt and is looking towards the woman. A speech bubble is positioned above the woman's head, containing the text: "I'LL TELL YOU WHEN WE'RE HOME DADDY. IT WILL TURN YOU ON...".

I'LL TELL YOU WHEN  
WE'RE HOME DADDY. IT  
WILL TURN YOU ON...

A close-up of a man's face, showing his eyes and mouth. He has a surprised or shocked expression. A speech bubble is positioned above his head, containing the text: "WHA-".

WHA-

I CAN SEE HIM SWALLOW. HE'S TRYING HARD NOT TO SHOW HE'S ALREADY AROUSED AS FUCK...

ONCE HOME...

TELL ME...

OH DEAR, YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW, DON'T YOU?



OKAY SO ME  
AND THIS ANNOYING  
GIRL WERE ARGUING  
ABOUT SOMETHING  
YESTERDAY. I MAY HAVE  
CALLED HER SOME  
NAMES...

RIGHT...

AND THIS MORNING, HER  
BOYFRIEND COMES  
RUNNING UP TO ME.

HE'S THIS TALL,  
ATHLETIC JOCK...

NOT BIGGER THAN  
ME OF COURSE. NO  
ONE AT SCHOOL IS  
BIGGER THAN ME. DID I  
TELL YOU THAT BEFORE?  
I'M THE BIGGEST  
PERSON IN THE  
WHOLE SCHOOL.

THAT'S... SO  
HOT...



VERY. ANYWAY, HE  
CALLS ME A FREAK...

I CONSIDER THAT A  
COMPLIMENT, BUT OF  
COURSE HE DOESN'T  
MEAN IT AS SUCH AND  
SO...






I TAKE HIS  
HAND...

LIKE  
THIS...

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THEN I USE MAYBE  
20% OF MY  
STRENGTH...

I STOPPED  
WHEN I HEARD THE  
CRACKING...

I HEARD HIS HAND IS  
BROKEN IN SEVEN  
PLACES...

FUCK... YOU...  
GODDESS...

TSSS DADDY, YOU'RE  
FINDING THIS EXCITING?

I THINK I SHOULD BE  
PUNISHED!

I DROP MY SKIRT, PANTIES AND SHIRT...

ALL RIGHT DADDY...

I DESERVE A GOOD SPANKING FOR WHAT I DID. HIT ME... RIGHT THERE.

EH... OKAY...

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HE HITS ME AND I ENCOURAGE HIM FURTHER...

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MORE  
DADDY.  
HARDER!

WHAP!  
WHAP!



I'M... ONLY  
HURTING MY HAND...

OH DEAR.  
LET'S TRY  
SOMETHING ELSE  
THEN...



HIT ME IN THE STOMACH. AS HARD AS YOU CAN!

BUT...

COME ON DADDY!



YOU TICKLING ME  
DADDY?

COME ON!

**BAM!**



I CAN'T FEEL IT!  
MORE!

**BAM!**

ARGH, IT  
HURTS MY  
FISTS...

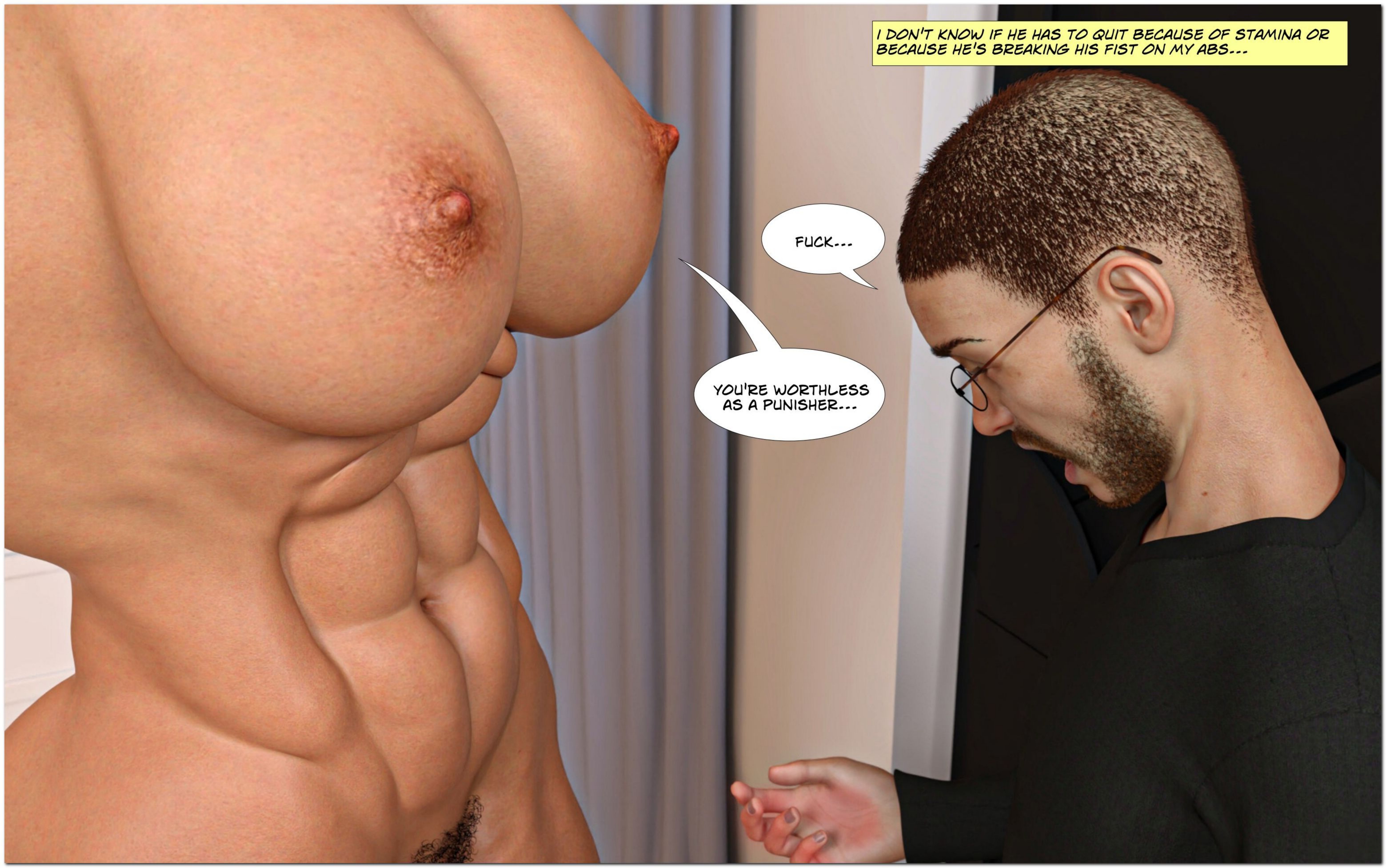
OH DADDY, THIS  
IS... PRETTY  
PATHETIC...

**BAM**

I DON'T KNOW IF HE HAS TO QUIT BECAUSE OF STAMINA OR BECAUSE HE'S BREAKING HIS FIST ON MY ABS...

FUCK...

YOU'RE WORTHLESS AS A PUNISHER...



COME  
HERE!

WHAT-



I DON'T WANT TO  
THINK ABOUT YOU AS A  
LOSER DADDY....





SO... I'M GONNA  
SHOW YOU HOW ITS  
DONE, OKAY?

EHM,  
OKAY...



I'M GONNA GET MY  
MINI-DADDY TO THE  
BEDROOM...

WHERE WE'RE  
GOING TO TAKE HIS  
LITTLE CLOTHES  
OFF...

ONE MINUTE LATER, HE'S NAKED, IN FRONT OF ME.

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LOOK AT US  
DADDY...

DADDY AND THE  
BEAST...



GOD, MY GROWTH IS INCREDIBLE DON'T YOU THINK?

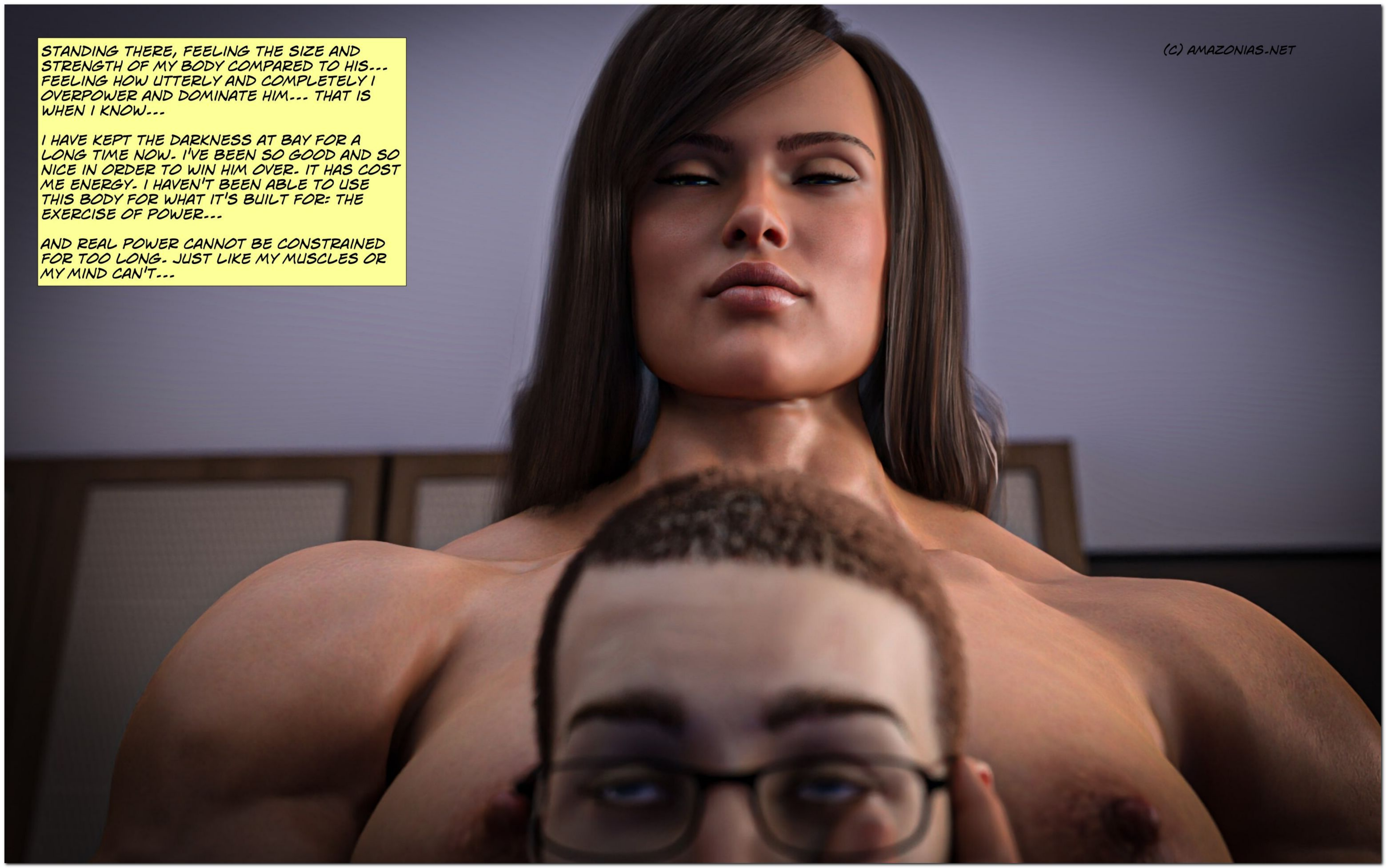
I HAVE NO WORDS...



STANDING THERE, FEELING THE SIZE AND STRENGTH OF MY BODY COMPARED TO HIS... FEELING HOW UTTERLY AND COMPLETELY I OVERPOWER AND DOMINATE HIM... THAT IS WHEN I KNOW...

I HAVE KEPT THE DARKNESS AT BAY FOR A LONG TIME NOW. I'VE BEEN SO GOOD AND SO NICE IN ORDER TO WIN HIM OVER. IT HAS COST ME ENERGY. I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO USE THIS BODY FOR WHAT IT'S BUILT FOR: THE EXERCISE OF POWER...

AND REAL POWER CANNOT BE CONSTRAINED FOR TOO LONG. JUST LIKE MY MUSCLES OR MY MIND CAN'T...



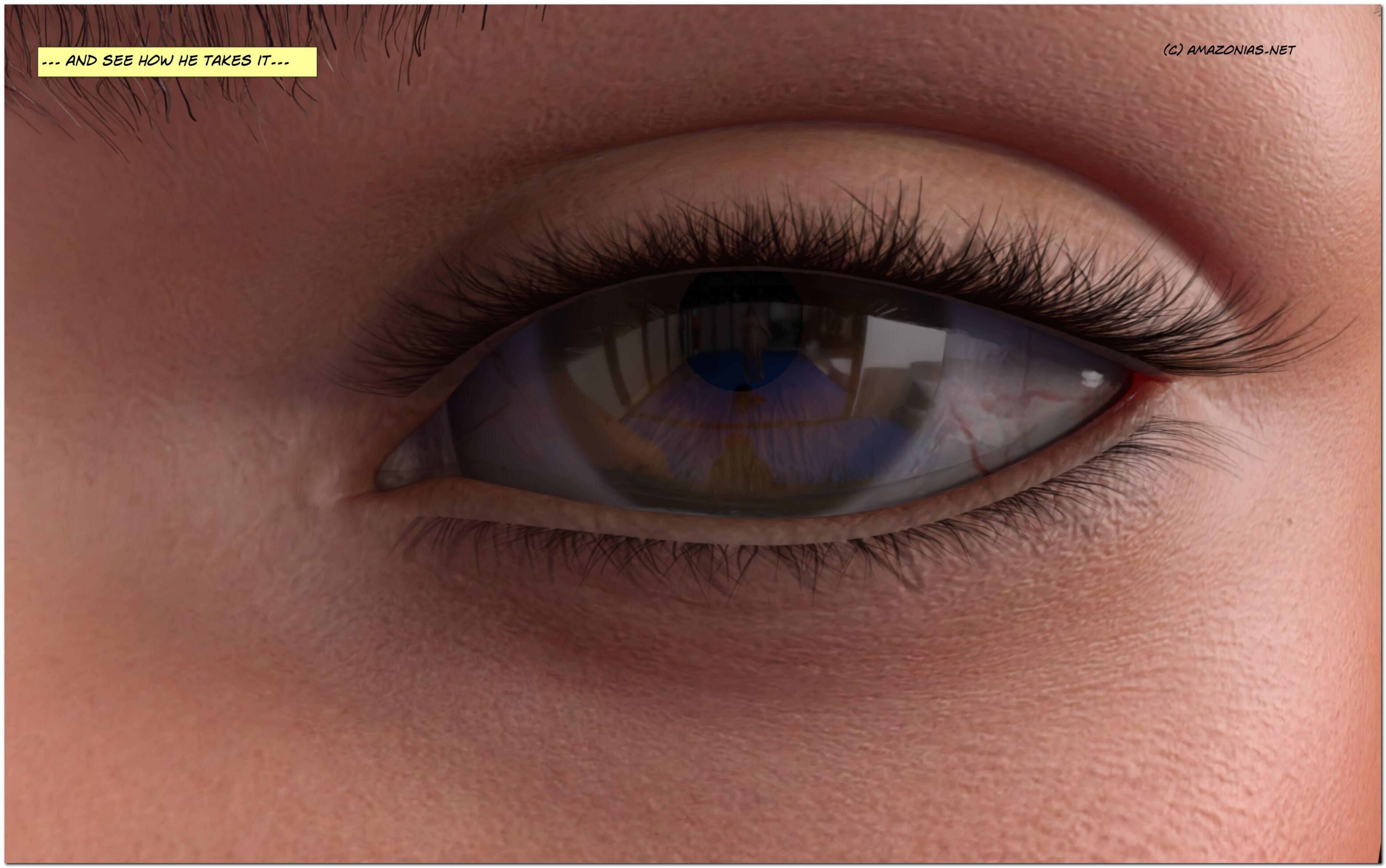
THIS IS THE MOMENT WHERE  
I'M GOING TO CROSS  
ANOTHER LINE WITH HIM---

(C) AM...



... AND SEE HOW HE TAKES IT...

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WITHOUT WARNING, I HOIST HIM OVER ONE LEG...

WHAT... ARE YOU DOING?

TOLD YOU... I'M GONNA SHOW YOU...



---HOW ITS  
DONE!



I DON'T HOLD BACK...  
I MEAN, OF COURSE I HOLD BACK... HE WOULDN'T  
SURVIVE OTHERWISE. BUT MY SLAPS ARE NOT LIGHT  
PATS. THEY ARE MEANT TO HURT THIS TIME...

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ONE!

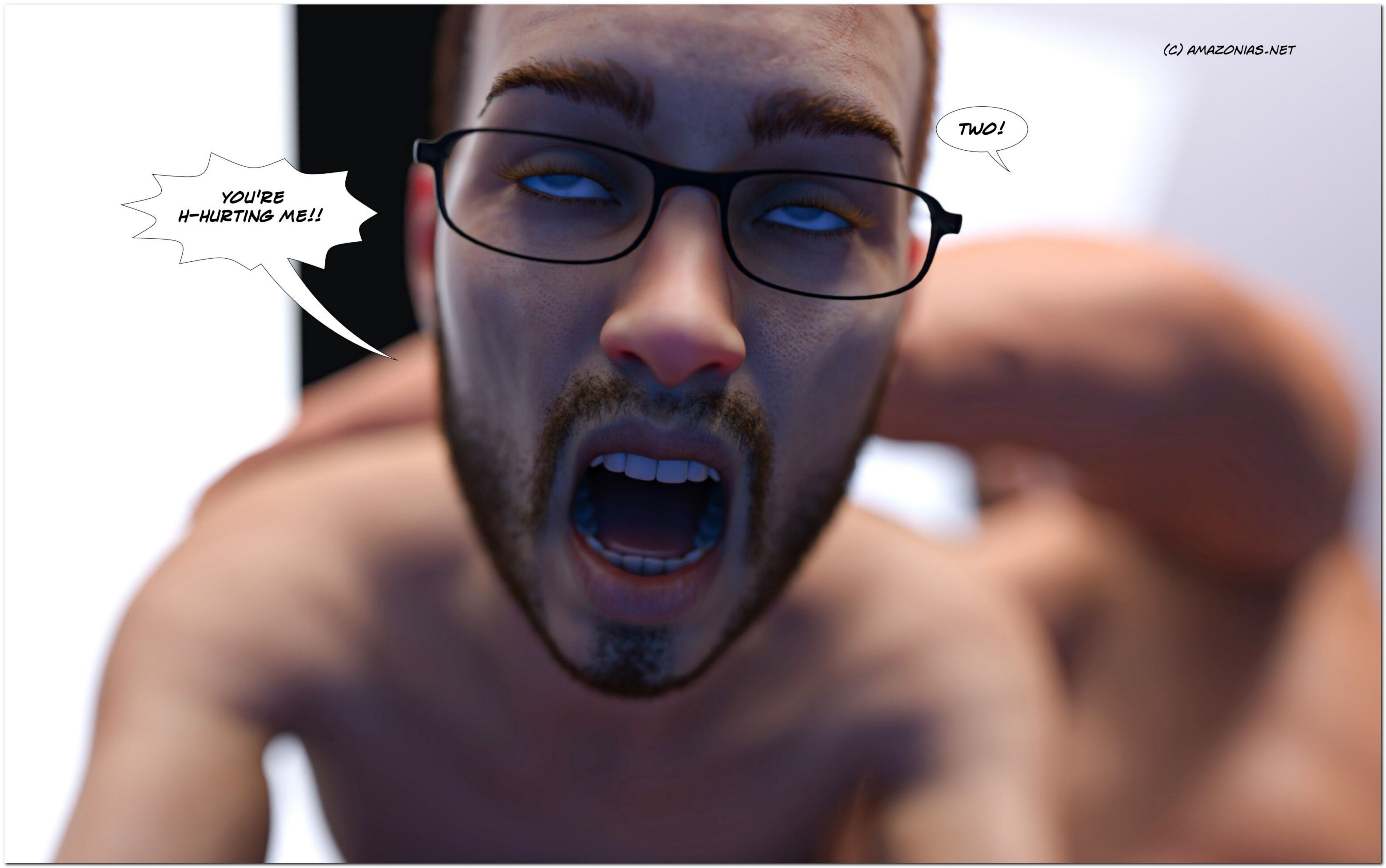
**WHAM!**

**AAAAAAH!**



**YOU'RE  
H-HURTING ME!!**

**TWO!**



OH DON'T YOU CRY NOW  
LITTLE BOY. DON'T YOU  
DARE CRY!

MOMMY'S MUSCLES  
ARE JUST GETTING  
WARMED UP!

