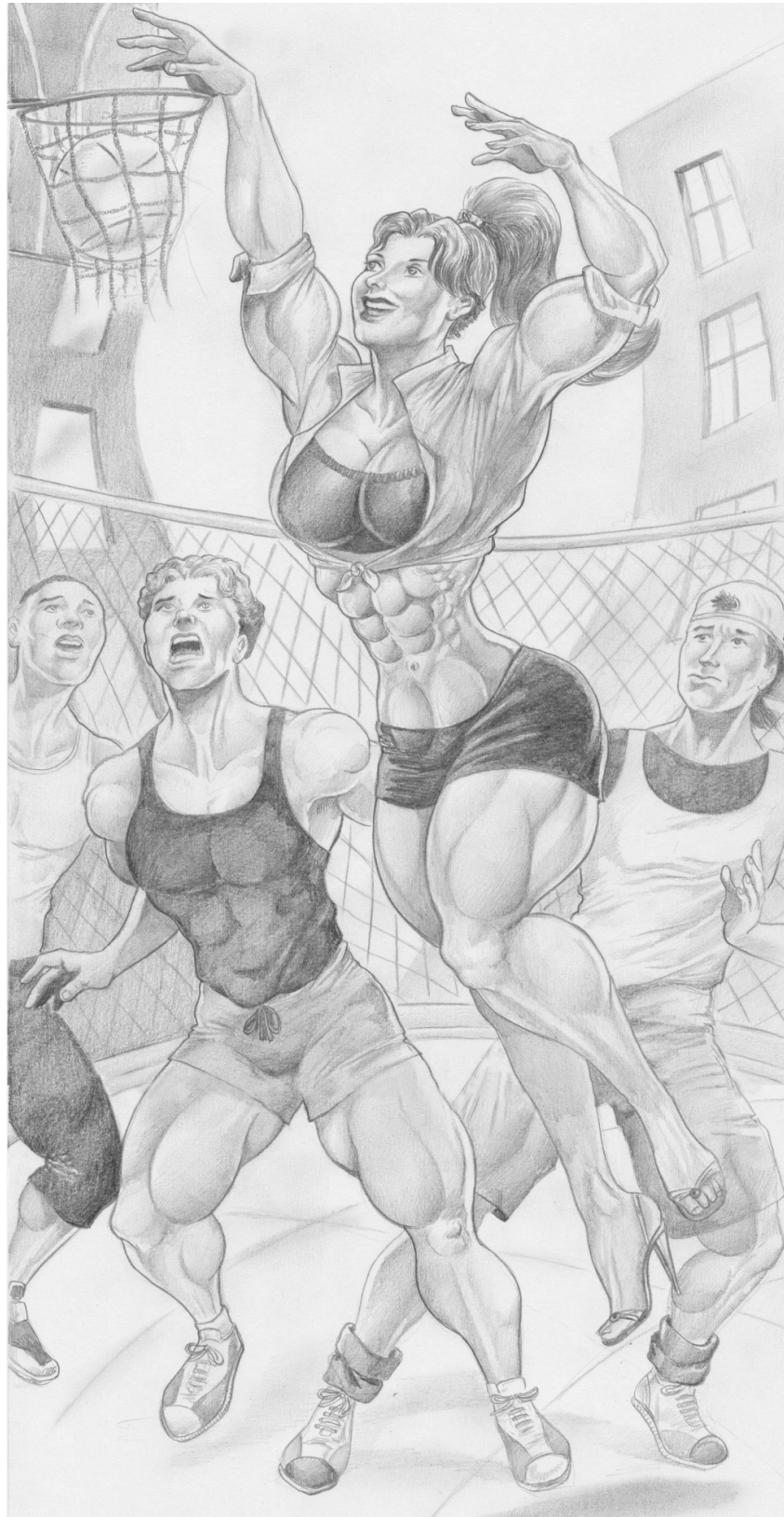


WHITE GALS CAN JUMP

(a Jack Straw Story)

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Sneering at their idiotic macho conceit, she started to squeeze the basketball between outstretched muscular hands held chest high. All of the muscles of her torso flexed awesomely; veins flooded with hot blood, and peaks of granite flesh exploded into relief. The ball suddenly seemed small in the presence of the immense bulges of her muscles and almost disappeared in the cleavage between her naked expanding mammaries. The overmatched ball became distorted, began to flatten, and with a loud pop, it burst....

The day was fading in the west and guys were heading home, but three remained, lazily shooting buckets. They were the hustlers, the winners. It had been a good day, the most money they'd ever won. They joked and taunted each other in ritual fashion, not ready to quit just yet. Behind them, they heard the clicking of her shoes and, glancing around, immediately fastened on the bright colors of her revealing outfit.

She was quite a sight, jauntily walking along the deserted walkway on her high-heeled shoes, her firm, jutting hips swaying side to side in a tightly stretched miniskirt, and her huge breasts majestically expanding the thin fabric of her elastic halter top. Her swinging arms were covered by a loose-fitting shirt that was tied across her midriff. Her muscular, sleek legs bunched and stretched sexily with each step. Her light brown hair was tied off in a ponytail that bounced with her gait.

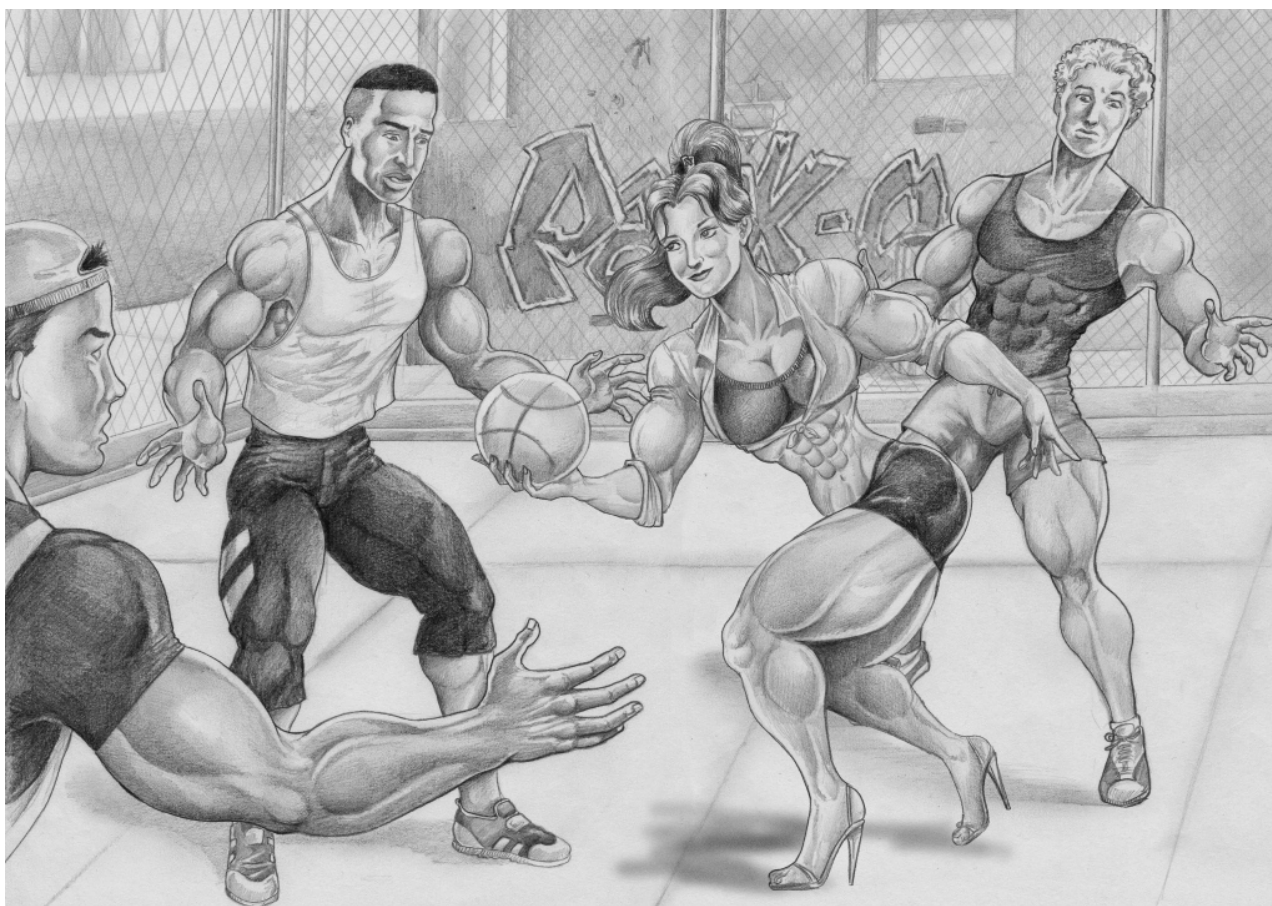


They gaped, startled to witness such a vision in that locale, especially at that time of day. This was a dead-end walkway that ended at the isolated basketball court. The only people who came here were basketball players and maybe their girlfriends. She was lost or asking for trouble. And her trouble would be their fun!

"Hey baby!" they hooted. "What's happening mama?" Expecting her to realize her mistake and try to escape, they moved to surround her. Up close they were struck by the exotic beauty of her face, emphasized by her carefully applied make-up. This chick was looking for sex! "Looking for some action, beautiful? How about a little basket-BALLING?"

She smiled indulgently, and, deliberating misunderstanding the last idiocy, she whisked the ball from the grasp of the one nearest her. "Sure, how about a game? It looks like you need another player."

They laughed uproariously. "You're not dressed for it, honey. Besides a girl just wouldn't be in our league. We really had something else in mind." The one from whom she had taken the ball lunged to take it back, but suddenly she wasn't there. Smiling mischievously, she had darted between them and raced toward the court, high heels flashing behind her and miniskirt riding up above her pistoning hips to reveal her lacy, white panties.



"So, she wants to play games! Fine! Oh, BABY, this chick is going to be fun!" Hot, silent, thoughts ran through their minds. She had them panting with lust, and, drawn to her like moths to a flame, they raced off in hot pursuit. But none of them could get close enough to get the ball back. They couldn't even corner her as she feinted and dribbled the ball through them from one end of the court to the other. Soon, they were gasping for breath. "Okay, the bitch can dribble! and run. still in high heels (?!)," they admitted. As if to answer the next question, she slowed down and shot a long, arching shot that dropped through the basket touching nothing but net, with a nice, ripping sound. Bent down, catching their breaths, the men blinked at each other: Which planet had they been beamed to?



With the expression of the cat with the canary, she twirled the ball as she strode toward them. One of the men, looking up, couldn't help confessing his admiration: "Where'd you learn to play like that?"

"Oh, here and there, you know. The things I like best are loving and basketball. Nothing gets me hotter than a man who can beat me at B-ball! How about it guys, any takers?" [There, that was direct enough! Let's see if these bozos rise to the bait!]

They couldn't wait for the chance. This was one, hot babe! A fantasy come to life. The fabric of her halter was stretched by her giant boobs to the point that threads were unravelling and her erect nipples protruded through the perspiration soaked fabric like erotic bullets. The bottom of her thin, elastic miniskirt had been forced up by the taut muscles of her thighs so that her crotch peeked at them through her delicate panties. And her legs! Oh, the chance to get between those long, sexy (and muscular!) stems! Just to stroke them almost would be enough! And her skin so flawlessly smooth and tanned evenly wherever it was revealed. She had them so hot they couldn't think straight. They jumped forward together, each clamouring to be first.

Inwardly, she exulted in their babbling. "Here, we'll decide it by the guy who makes it first from here. I'll go first." They were over thirty feet from the basket. She turned and effortlessly let the ball fly, without dribbling, without jumping; merely a slight bending of her knees, bunching out her calves deliciously, and a flick of her wrist. SWISH. Again they blinked.

The first two guys missed, sheepishly annoyed as the third one managed to have it drop through after it banged around the rim a couple of times.

She and this guy shot to decide who would get the ball first. Her shot missed but his sank.

"WAIT! Before we start, I've got to get rid of this." She dipped into her deep cleavage and held up a big wad of money. She unfolded and separated it enough that they saw that it is all very large bills. A girl shouldn't be carrying such money alone, especially not around here. They glanced at each other. A glimmering of nervous suspicion seeped through their sex-fogged brains. Were they being set up by someone who wanted them to stay there?

She swiftly darted to a nearby boulder and placed her money under it. (It looked like she lifted it! with one hand! but the movement was so fast that they were sure it had been an illusion or maybe it was balanced funny.) "Okay, big guy, let's go! First one to get five buckets wins," she challenged, rocking back and forth lightly on her high-heeled shoes. Like the other two men, he was well over 6 feet tall, fast, and strong. She was tall for a woman but even in her four-inch heels, her eyes were not quite at his eye-level.

"What about your shoes, mama? You're going to wear those?"

"It'll be my handicap."

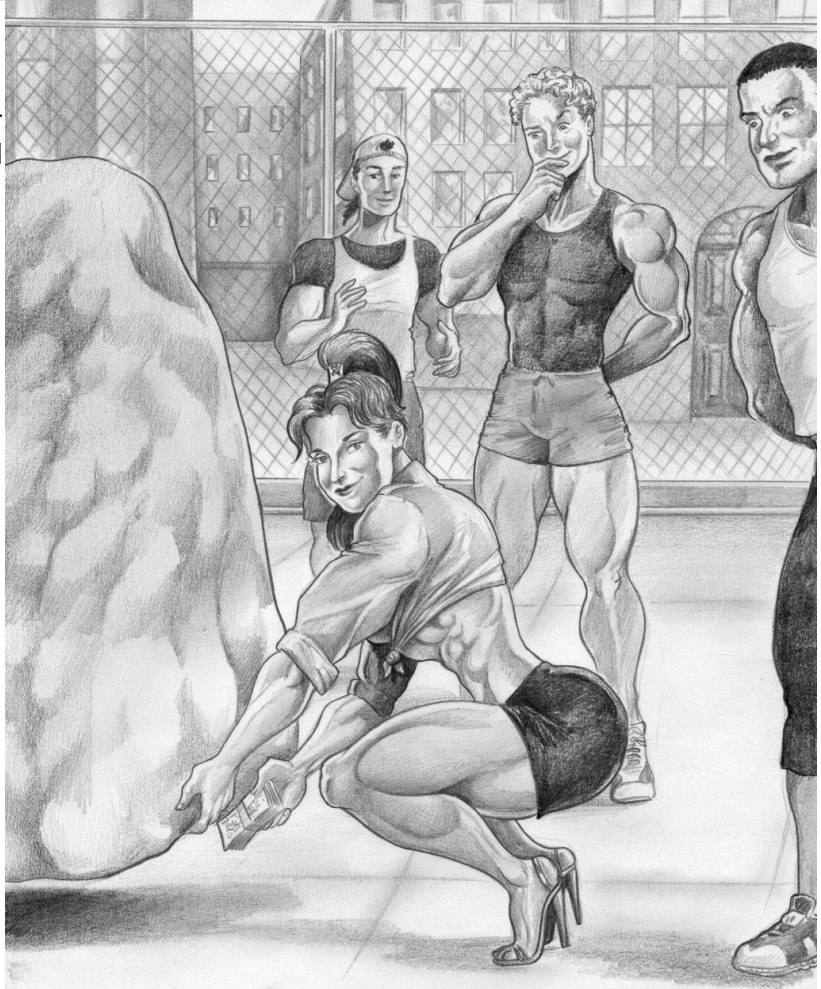
To his chagrin, he lost, and then each of his buddies lost when their turn came, even though each took out the ball first. And it only took about ten minutes altogether. After "losing" the shoot-off to decide who went first, she never missed. Mostly she took outside shots, but they couldn't block them. In the high heels she appeared clumsy at times, but amazingly quick when they swept over to take advantage. She was just not there where they thought she'd be. On defense she didn't try to block shots, but managed to steal the ball several times. It was as she had four hands. They each managed to score a couple of times in the beginning but, once she stole the ball, they never got it back. It happened so fast, and she was so mesmerizingly sexy and fun to watch, that their heads were spinning. In typical macho style they pretended that they hadn't been trying. (Secretly, each was glad that the others lost; they could still swagger and jive.)



Knowing that they wanted to believe and really DID believe that they hadn't been trying and knowing their instincts as hustlers, she now upped the ante. A couple of old men on an evening walk had stopped to watch. Talking loud enough for the old men to hear her, she challenged the hustlers to a game of 3 on 1. When they hesitated, she taunted them: "Are you guys afraid? You three, big guys against LITTLE ME, to ten baskets, for all the money under that rock." Suddenly, they were rapt in attention.

MONEY!

She darted to the boulder and withdrew the money. Standing close enough for them to see it, she counted it out. This was more money than they'd made in all their hustling days combined! "You do have the money to match that, right?"



They looked at each other and nodded, amusedly. What difference did that make? Even if they lost, they could take her money anyway. And, besides, how could they lose. Once they took the ball away from her, they'd win. There was no way she could get it back, defending against three guys. She wouldn't be able to rebound if they missed. They were still suspicious that someone was setting them up, but if they worked fast they could make off with the money and the chick before anyone showed up. Why not play along? Their addiction to gambling won out; they agreed.

"Okay, no need to show your money. I'll collect later." Damn, she was asking for it. Not only were they going to teach her a lesson on the court; there would be some more lessons later.

Again she deposited the money under the large boulder and again they had the impression that she has actually lifted it (rather high? with one hand?), but her back was to them, and they were distracted by watching her bend and stretch that incredibly sexy body.

A game to ten. They felt a little guilty, but she had insulted them with people looking on, and she obviously thought they had been trying in those meaningless games. It was her mistake, not theirs. Just get it over fast and see what else is in store or maybe get the hell out of there. This had to be a set-up.

Shadows lengthened as day was ending. They gave her the ball. She asked if they were ready.

At their signal, she began. She sped through them and DUNKED the ball! "one zip." They had been caught off guard, not taking her seriously and certainly not expecting her to be that fast. They looked to be sure she still had her high heels on. Yep. Sexy-looking but sturdy; still, she must worry that they'd break or she'd slip. Looking up from her shoes, their eyes could not help but stray to those lovely, sleek (but muscular!) legs revealed all the way to her crotch. This couldn't be a guy in drag.

"Come on, guys, give me some competition."

Now they were ready, but still not serious enough to coordinate their efforts. Again she left them flat-footed as she darted for the hoop.

"Two zip. Really, guys, this is boring. Still sure girls can't play?"

This time they bunched together preventing a drive to the basket, but she foiled them by feinting a drive, pulling up and nailing a jump shot.

Soon the score was 5-zip and they hadn't touched the ball yet. Angered and frustrated, they ganged up and charged against her as she started to move, but instead of falling she landed on her feet still dribbling the ball, spread them out and zipped through them. She was making them look like clumsy fools.

"Six-zip. I thought you guys said you could play. Look, why don't we play full court. At least you'll touch the ball."



She gave them the ball out of bounds and retreated with her sexiest gait to the other half of the court. They seethed in anger. Put down by a sexy number like that! No chick was going to get the best of them! She was really asking for it now; they were going to knock that cocky tomboy grin right down her throat!

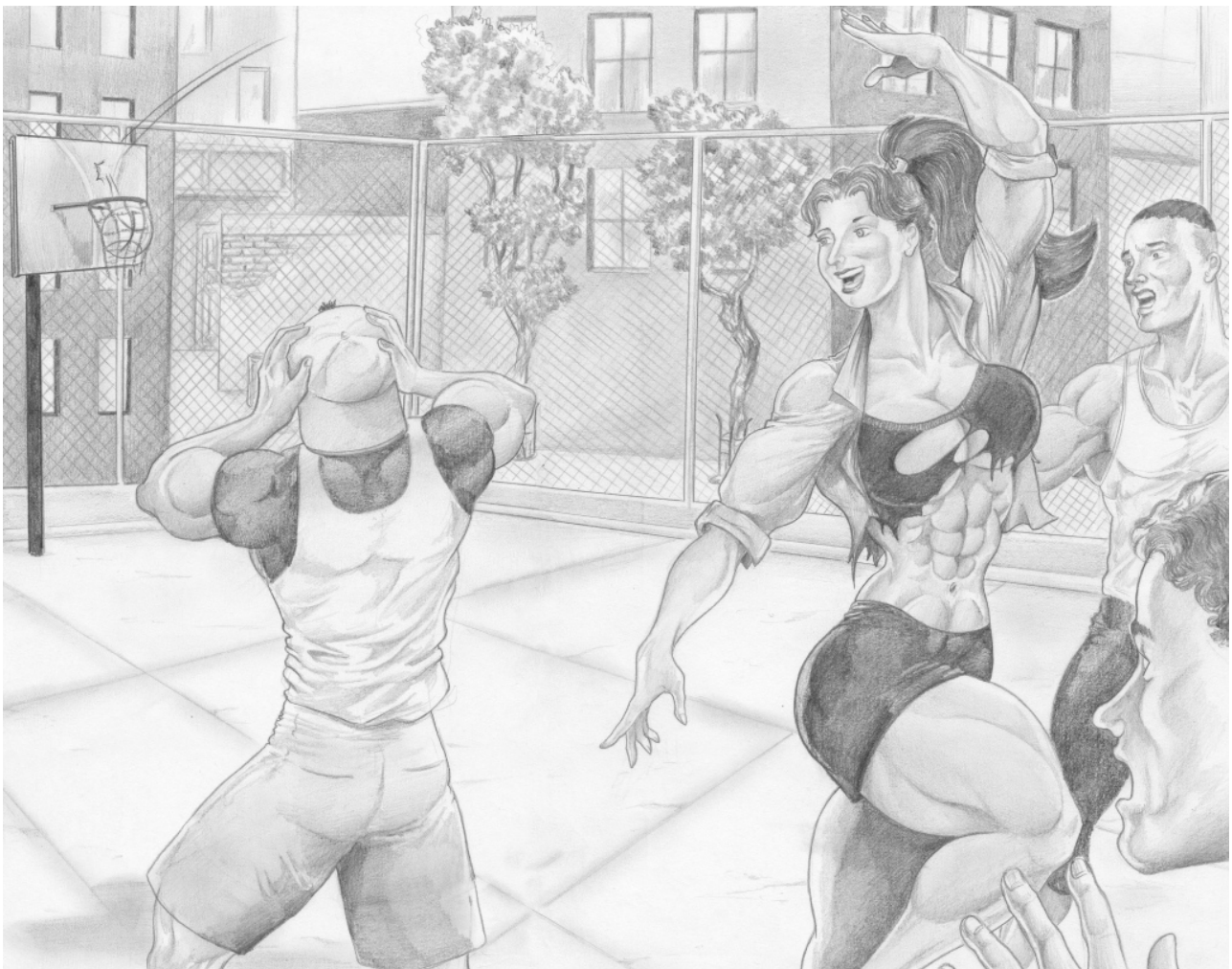
One of the men brought the ball up the court and, rejecting the chance to pass off to one of his open teammates, launched himself toward the basket for a power slam dunk "in her face". But like a cat she had been poised near the basket to strike. She leaped higher than he (both of their hands high above the rim) and ripped the basketball from his tight grasp, without touching him. His teammates gasped. Without skipping a beat she retrieved the ball, sprinted through her startled opponents and, high heels clicking lightly but rapidly behind her, she rammed down her own resounding slam dunk. And racing back up court she was in position before they even pick up the ball! The old men who had been watching, shook their heads in disbelief, and moved on their way. Now she was alone with them.



"SEVEN-zip. Really, guys, I think I ought to start playing one-handed." The three macho hustlers were dazed. How did she do that? First of all, how could she jump that high? For the first time they noticed how thickly muscled her legs were. (IS this a guy? No, the legs were too supple, smooth, just plain sexy, but strong! A lot of women's legs looked strong but they had never seen proof like this.) And still in high heels that emphasized the awesome ridges of her calves and thighs as the muscles alternately bulged and receded as she trotted into position. The heels also forced her broad hips to jut out deliciously under the miniskirt, which was riding higher and higher above those big thighs. Surely that was a woman's crotch that had been revealed on some of her higher leaps. And then of course there were her colossal boobs. The way they expanded the fabric of her top was so delectable. And the cleavage! So big, yet they jounced ever so slightly as she gracefully made her moves on the court. The large erect nipples now were even more clearly revealed through her now sweat-dampened top. Despite their exertion and humiliation, the men were perpetually semi-erect, and became more aroused when they rubbed against her in their so-far futile attempts to guard her. The sexual stimulation was almost painful.

Angered by their humiliation in front of the onlookers, the men began to play rough. They attempted hard screens, but as they charged toward her blind side aiming to send her onto her sexy derrière, she deftly leaped out of the way and THEY ended up falling flat on THEIR butts. They expected to be able to outmuscle her under the boards, but found themselves giving ground. Abandoning the idea of inside shots that she always blocked, they shot from outside. The first one fell and they are buoyed. But when the next missed, she emerged with the rebound with two men hanging onto each arm. Shrugging them off as if they were flies, she again launched herself down the court, leaving the third man on his face as he fouled her in an attempt to get the ball.

EIGHT to one. As she went up for the next rebound, they grabbed her halter top and ripped it off. Still she continued, amid their astonished gaping. What a pair! Her shirt had come untied as well and they could see the muscle-ridged wall of her abdomen. The contrast between the narrow waist and the expanded chest when she breathed was mesmerizing! Smugly acknowledging their stares, she thrust out her chest toward them as she lofted a long hook shot with her back to the basket. NINE one.



The game was now secondary to the men. Whether they wanted to admit it or not, they were completely outclassed by a WOMAN, who so snubbed their ability that she played in clothes that were meant for a discotheque not a basketball court. And it was no contest! A total rout. Their only thought was to somehow regain the upper hand in what was becoming a humiliating battle of the sexes. The hell with basketball, they were going to ravish this chick! Two guys grabbed and ripped off her miniskirt as she stole the ball. Leaving them on the ground in her wake, she raced down court, feinted around the remaining defender, and, flexing those incredible leg muscles awesomely, she leaped, lifting the ball even with the top of the backboard and then slammed it home two handed.

The game was over! Not even breathing hard she turned to face them, one hand twirling the ball and the other hand pressed challengingly on a delectably curved hip. Despite their consternation, their juices were flowing. She was clad only in the loose, open shirt, her sexy heels, and a torn pair of panties that bared her unmistakably female sex.



The delicate, white fabric of the panties contrasted with the beautifully tanned skin tautly expanded over her delicious but undeniably ultramuscular hips, legs, and midriff.

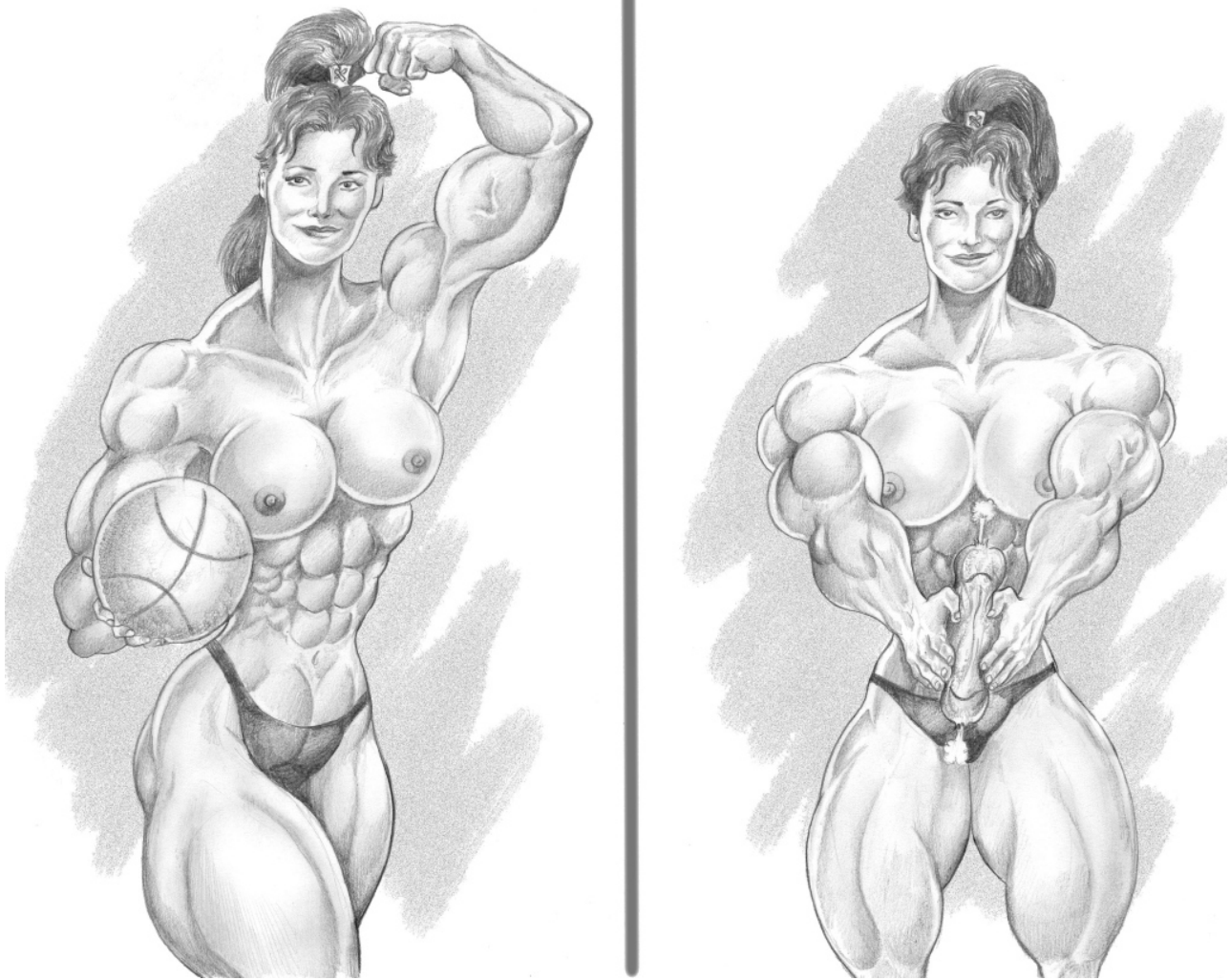
"Okay, guys. I won fair and square. I believe you owe me some cash, not to mention \$100 extra for some new clothes."

"Look, lady, you're in a bad position. Nobody's out here but us. You hardly have a stitch of clothing on. You may be hot shit in basketball, but your game's over. You don't know who you're dealing with. Nobody messes with us and comes out on top. Your only chance is to start running."

Calmly, she removed her shirt and they simultaneously sucked in their breaths, stupefied. She had been hiding the most muscular torso they had ever seen. They had not appreciated how broad the shoulders were; now they were revealed as huge, corded deltoids. And the arms! Huge bombs of biceps, triceps, and forearms welled up before their eyes.

Blinking, they gaped as she compared the sizes of first her breasts, thrust out on deep pectorals, to the basketball she held. They compared quite favorably in size, the men assented silently, their tongues hanging out. They longed to put her down and play with those globes of pleasure, but what she did next made them hesitate.

She held up the basketball next to one of her arms as she raised and flexed it. The arm suddenly exploded in mountainous ridges that also began to rival the basketball in size. Despite not being as tall as they, she suddenly looked immense.



Grinning at their confusion, she started to squeeze the basketball between outstretched hands held chest high. All of the muscles of her torso flexed awesomely; veins, flooded with hot blood, and muscular ridges exploded into relief through her velvety skin. The ball suddenly seemed small in the presence of her immense bulges of muscles and outthrust mammaries. It became distorted, began to flatten, and with a loud pop, the valve core burst and air whooshed out. Smirking at their shocked faces, she flipped the ball meaningfully at their feet, where it plopped lifelessly, and she shook her pumped up muscles to loosen them. They stared at the rapidly deflating ball and, when they lifted their gazes, she was advancing on them slowly, confidently, indeed, menacingly.

Completely discombobulated, they didn't know whether to run or attack. Suddenly, one of them dashed over to the rock where she had placed the money. Realizing what he had in mind, the others followed. Two men were struggling to lift the rock, as she tackled the third. She punched him viciously in the ribs, breaking a couple in the process, and then raised him in a reverse bear hug that crunched more ribs. She then grabbed a leg and broke it at the knee over her knee. He twitched and screamed in agony as she stalked over to the other two men. Groaning with hernia-inducing effort, they had managed to lift the rock a few inches off the ground but hadn't figured out how to keep it lifted while they reached under to retrieve the tantalizing money that they could see in the dark recesses underneath, all of their arms, shoulders, and straining legs were required just to hold the prodigious weight rock where they had it. Suddenly they noticed that the nearly nude amazon was silently watching, exulting in their inferiority, a huge, contemptuous smile on their face. It flashed through their minds they she HAD lifted the giant boulder, and HAD held it with one hand while the other hand deposited the money. She towered ominously, legs spread, the arching of her high-heeled feet enhancing the bulges in her calves and frighteningly huge thighs, hands on flaring hips, huge chest magnificently blotting out the rising moon, her muscles intimidating even in half-flexed state, and tattered panties seeming to mock their impotent male physiques.



"Run!" was their simultaneous thought. They dropped the rock and started in opposite directions. She leaped to grab one almost before he started and dragged him with one crushing hand while she raced after the other. The one being dragged was gouging a swath of uprooted grass and dirt, but slowed her not in the least. Rapidly she gained on the other and caught him in a one-arm tackle. The men were too frantic to recognize the outrageous strength and athleticism required in being able to do this. They were too busy grappling with her as she squeezed one to unconsciousness with arms while she crushed the other with her legs.

First she applied her bear hug and scissors across their ribs and, with a mighty flex of all her muscles at once, cut through their torsos like they were butter. Their eyes bulged out in terror as they felt her granite-hard muscles expand. With their arms trapped in the holds, they could only flail their legs uselessly, as the air exploded from their constricted diaphragms and ribs snapped like dry twigs. She shifted her holds so that one man was suffocated in the deep, fleshy cleft between her breasts and the other was smothered against her moist, hairy crotch.

She hefted the limp males onto her shoulders and deposited them in a heap, hidden from view in a dense grove of trees. After retrieving the third guy, who had been crawling painfully like a crippled bug in a futile effort to escape, she went through their equipment bags: "How nice of them to bring their wallets and keys."

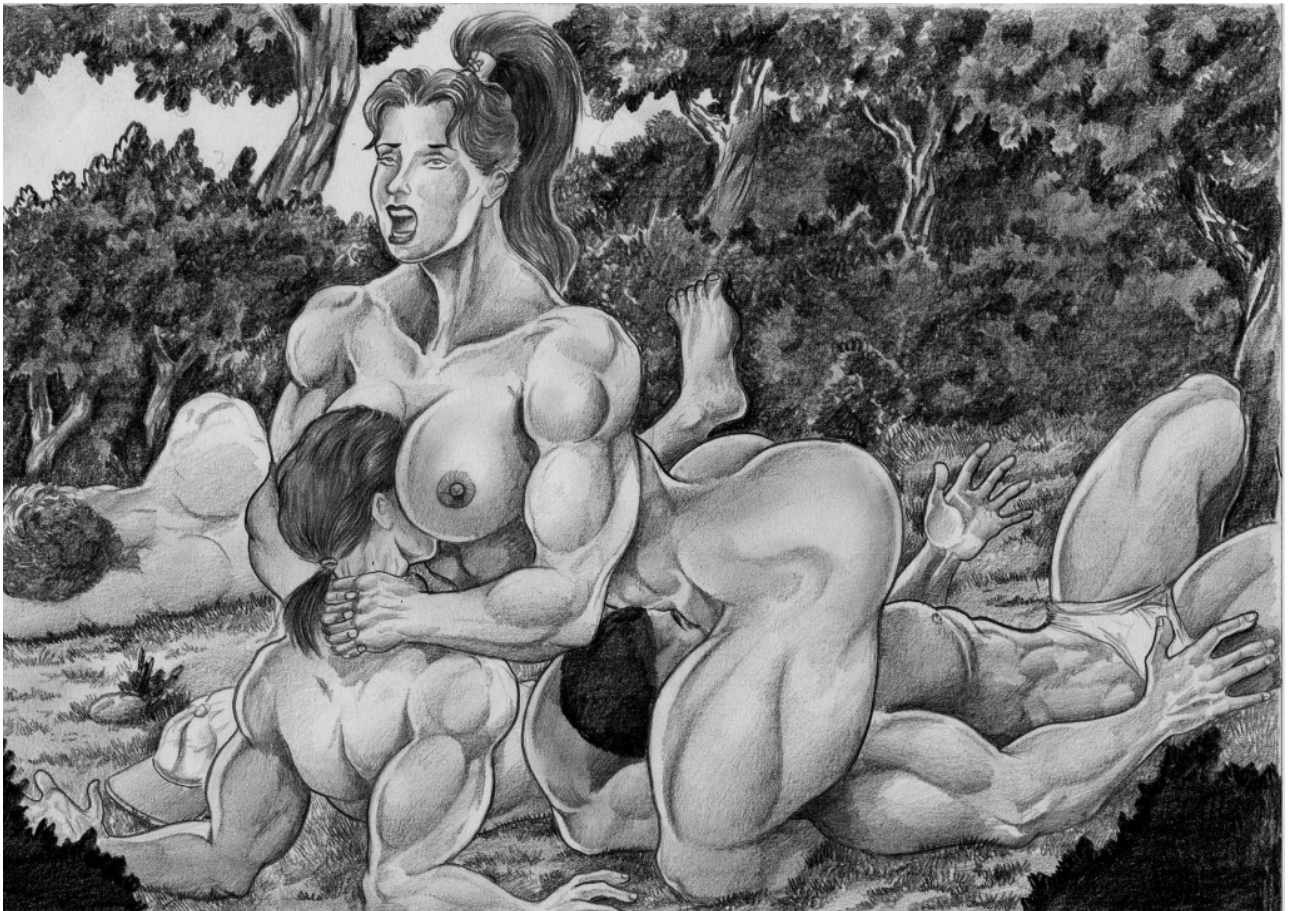
"You know, guys, there's not nearly enough in here." They had regained consciousness to find themselves completely denuded and stacked on each other like fallen dominoes. She was astride the neck of the first one, her thighs hugged the torso of the one below, and her feet were planted firmly on the most unfortunate wretch on the bottom, who was splayed out at a right angle to the others. They all wheezed in agony from the combined weights atop their broken ribs.

She was showing them that she had rifled through their wallets. "I know where you live, now, so I'll be able to make you come across with the rest." Silently daring them to attack, she amused herself by bending their keys with large-veined muscular thumb and forefinger until they were folded over like paper matches. She held her forearms close to their faces so that they could see the steel-like bands of sinew ripple as she folded each key in half. She loved to do things like this in front of men; it really got their attention! The men were genuinely terrorized. What had seemed like a fantasy come true at first was now a nightmare. They wanted to ask why she was doing this, but found their mouths spasming soundlessly.

"I found this in one of your bags." She held up a box of condoms. "So you believe in safe sex?" She laughed almost evilly. "It gives me an idea of how to get my first payment of what you owe. You guys are going to please me. I hope you fight it because that would make it more fun, but, whether you fight or not, you're going to give me pleasure. I warn you--sex with me, is NOT safe. I have a big appetite, and I don't think you're quite up to it. But we'll see."

She bent down and kissed the one on top and ran her hands along the hairy torsos of the guys below. She was almost disappointed that they put up no resistance, but what chance had they? Anyway, why resist the chance to have sex with a creature as desirable as she? Despite their pain, they found her ministrations arousing. The kiss was incredible; her voluptuous lips pressed warmly on the trembling male lips, her tongue probing deeply, aggressively; the gentle suction was literally taking his breath away.

His member engorged with blood and started to rise. Soon, however, he was fighting for air and trying to disengage his mouth from hers, but she gripped his head in one of her hands, immobilizing it. He beat against her with his hands but it was like beating an iron sculpture; it hurt him but had no effect on the virago who was dominating him. Her lung capacity was immense, but his alas was no match. He swooned limply and she rolled him off the others with a plop to the ground.



"Gee guys, your friend sure isn't much of a kisser. Just when I was getting into it too!" The other two rolled their eyes anxiously. What was happening here? They had to get away from this crazy bitch! Despite their painful ribs they struggled to escape, but it merely seemed to get them in worse trouble. She maneuvered one so that his head was wedged high up between her legs. Panicked, he moved his head to and fro. "Ooh, yes! fight it! struggle!" She bit her lip from the pleasurable sensations.

The other conscious one found his head trapped against her breasts, held in place by one of her hands and superstrong arms. She was rubbing him against her turgid breasts, the nipples rigid with arousal. Twice he poked his sweat-streaked eyes against their bullet-like solidity. Nearly blind and fighting for breath, he too was stimulating her against his will. Finally he bit her but that only meant more pain for him as she squeezed with both hands against his neck. His mouth flew open and she plunged it down on one of her nipples. "Suck or I'll snap your neck." She increased the pressure and he sucked. "Lick" He licked. She went rigid with her first orgasm and clasp the men too tightly in their embraces, she smothered them unconscious as she spasmed in ecstasy.

Patiently, she waited for them to stir.

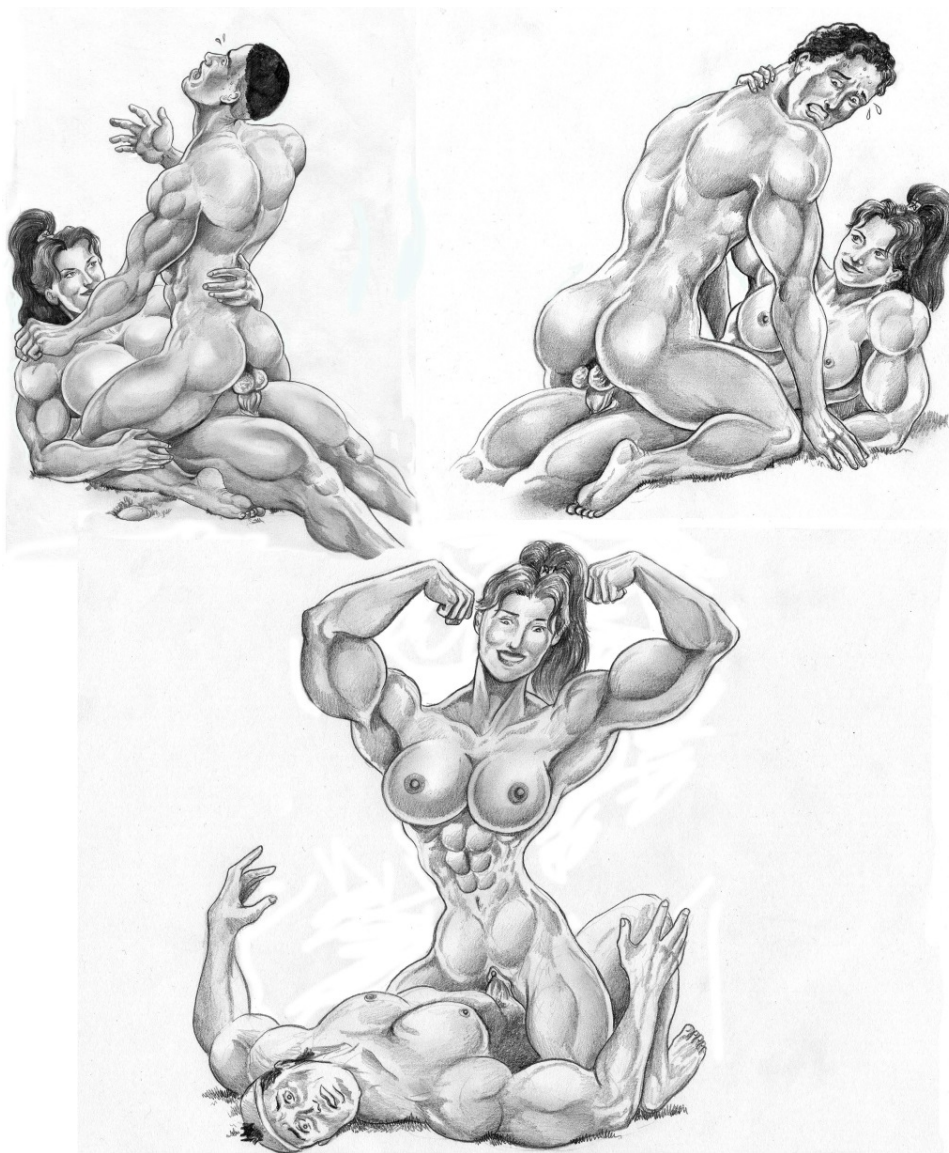
"Now a contest to see who will get to enter me! The winner is the longest to hold out without ejaculating. Who will be my stud?" She had them caress, stroke, massage her incredible curves. Lightly she touched them, excited them by rubbing her breasts lightly over faces, torsos, rigid cocks. She rubbed her thighs, calves, and hips teasingly close to their palpitating cocks. One was forced to suck her nether region while the others sucked her voluptuous



breasts, licked her abdomen, arms, shoulders, legs. They were servicing her simultaneously as she reclined regally against a hillock in the grove. At first she had held them physically in place as they struggled to escape (this madwoman!), but as they were forced to please her they found themselves becoming excited as well and fell under a sexual spell that bound them to her in slavish devotion. Their only thought was to have more contact, more pleasure. They each wanted to be the privileged stud. The four of them were racked with ragged breathing, building to a crescendo.

Without her ever having touched their members or allowing them to do so either, they soon climaxed in gushing fountains of hot semen one after another, and then found themselves riding a raging mare as she climaxed volcanically, crunching their overmatched bodies in painful embraces. She exulted in knowing that they could control themselves no longer than a few minutes and had erupted without touching their members. They are utterly within her power!

She anointed the winner by threading on a condom and commanded him to plunge into her to the hilt. The other two were forced to lick up the profuse semen that had spurted onto her body. Their slavish tongues provided her immense pleasure as she forced them to cover every inch of her voluptuous body. She recalled the arrogant jocks that they had been earlier in the evening. How the falsely crowned had fallen!



The one who had been allowed to enter her began to doubt his prowess as she demands "harder, deeper!" and finds his member being pulverized by the squeezing of her love muscles. The constriction of first legs and then just her hot, moist, powerful cunt caused him to strain his utmost to move at all. He was covered in sweat and gasping for breath. Soon he slumped in exhaustion. "Some he-man. And I thought you basketball jocks were supposed to have such stamina!"

"Come on, one of you others! I've got to have it! Replace this dud!" But the same happened to each of them in turn. It was one of her favorite tricks. A man humbled in this way could not doubt that her rightful place was on top, as if they ever had a choice!

So she mounted the last one, still hugely erect as he sagged limply on top of the others heaped below. She pumped viciously, crushing his balls. In panic he felt his penis ripped to and fro. She came and, despite the abuse of his member, he did too. And still she continued to pump. It was so painful that he feared she had done permanent damage to this member. And still she pumped. He babbled like a baby and finally passed out. The others were treated the same.

Finally satiated, she put on her long shirt, and rose to leave. She felt invigorated; they were flaccid in complete exhaustion. They reminded her of the deflated basketball she had ruined on the court: worthless, empty carcasses. She revelled in her superiority; it was the kick that kept her building a more and more perfect physique - to vanquish men at any activity. Alas, it was almost too easy any more. Even these THREE "tough" males were no match at all.

Suddenly, she smiled mischievously; she would give them one last demonstration to remember her by. Emerging from the bushes that have hidden them, she strode toward the large boulder where her money lay. After stashing the money in her shirt, she hefted the boulder aloft and carried it to the fallen men.

Lowering it to the ground and removing her shirt once again, she faced the men, who watched her with apprehensive, leaden eyes. Now what? She hefted the boulder to chest level and, then for their benefit, slowly pressed it skyward. Every muscle was etched in the golden silhouette created by the moonlight, and as she continued to pump the weight up and down, the muscles expanded even further to terrifying dimensions. Had she still been wearing her halter top, it would have ripped apart from the expansion of her chest.

"Remember how TWO of you wimps could barely budge this little rock? What do you think about girls now? A little too much muscle for ya, huh?" Gloriously nude, she was a picture of RAW ANIMAL POWER, and at the same time, her feet arched in the delicate shoes bespoke of raw sexual attraction.

Sure enough, the men were sporting erections, pathetically feeble and rubbery after the abuse they had suffered. Menacingly, she advanced on them; they impotently screamed and attempted to crawl out of her way.

She lowered the weight to the ground and laughed uproariously at their final humiliation. They knew that she could end their lives without the slightest exertion. They were as helpless as worms, and, due to her overpowering vitality, they were at that moment as limp as worms. Gone was any trace of their former macho swaggering.



She shredded their clothes as they watched, timorously pressed against tree trunks. She removed their money and drivers' licenses. "Now, I expect that money and I'll be COLLECTING!" She threw their keys in a heap and dropped the boulder roughly over them. In her mind's eye, she could picture their pathetic struggles to lift it or even roll it. Naked and tortured with the pain of their broken bones, they would be forced to give up. She doubted they would even make it out of the park before the sun rose and they were forced to explain their humiliating condition?

Wrapping her shirt loosely around her, she sauntered majestically away, the image of sexual perfection, matchless grace, and ultra-powerful physique. She was an AMAZON, invincible to mere men. Man's only role was to serve her--if she deigned to allow him the privilege--and to amuse her with his fervent, but oh so pathetic, efforts to best her at ANY endeavor and then grovel in her wake as she left in triumph.

THE END

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