



Woman of Steel

Part 1



PORT DISTRICT, AN INDUSTRIAL SECTOR OF THE CITY WITH A VAST NUMBER OF ALLEYS AND WAREHOUSES, IS BUSY DURING THE DAY WITH ALL THE MERCHANDISE COMING IN AND OUT OF THE NEARBY PORT, HOWEVER DURING THE NIGHT THERE IS HARDLY ANYONE ON THE STREET.



THE SUCH WAREHOUSE IS UNCHARACTERISTICALLY BUSY. THE MEN WERE SWARMING ALL OVER THE LARGE, CANVAS-COVERED OBJECTS LIKE ANTS ON A MOUND AND A CENTRAL FIGURE OVERSEEING THE LOADING OF BUNDLES OF MATERIAL INTO CONVOY OF TRUCKS; THEIR ACTIVITY FILLED THE VAST WAREHOUSE WITH NOISE OF THEIR INDUSTRY.



PRESENTS:
WOMAN OF STEEL

STORY: WINTER
ART: KURT LOGAN

MAN IN CHARGE, CARLOS, WAS NERVOUS. IT WAS TAKING TOO LONG TO TRANSFER THE BUNDLES OF MATERIALS INTO THE TRUCKS; LONGER STILL TO GET THE MATERIAL ON ITS WAY.

CAREFUL WITH THAT!

IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO THAT, WE ARE ALL DEAD!

MEANWHILE, TWO HUGE SUITCASES FILLED WITH STACKS OF CASH SAT AT THE END OF THE TRUCK, WAITING. THEY HAD TO BE ON THEIR WAY. IF SOMETHING WENT WRONG, THE PERSON WHO HAD BANKROLLED THIS HEIST WAS GOING TO BE VERY, VERY ANGRY.

ERLOS PAUSED AND LOOKED OUT FROM THE LARGE LOADING
DOOR. OUTSIDE THE NIGHT WAS QUIET; STILL EVEN. BUT
HE FELT SOMETHING...SOMETHING WASN'T RIGHT.

HE DRAWS HIS 9MM PISTOL AND FINGERS THE
TRIGGER NERVOUSLY.



HAD A FEELING A FAST GETAWAY WAS GOING TO BE NECESSARY. HE LIT A CIGARETTE AND
WAITED AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE WAREHOUSE.



HE KEPT HIS EYES OPEN ON THE
ALLEY, TOWARDS THE MAIN STREET.

SUDDENLY HE THOUGHT HE SAW SOMETHING AT THE END OF
THE ALLEY. AT FIRST HE THOUGHT IT WAS A CAT OR A
MCCOON, BUT AS HE SQUINTED HIS EYES TO SEE BETTER...



HE COULD MAKE OUT THE FIGURE OF A PERSON WALKING
DOWN THE ALLEY TOWARDS THE WAREHOUSE.



DAMMIT!
THERE WASN'T
SUPPOSED TO BE
ANY SECURITY
TONIGHT.

AS THE FIGURE GOT CLOSER, HE
COULD SLOWLY MAKE OUT DETAILS.



THE PERSON WAS A WOMAN. AT FIRST
ALL HE COULD SEE WAS A
SILHOUETTE, AND HE COULD CLEARLY
SEE HER PERFECT HIPS, SMALL
WAIST, AND SUBSTANTIAL BREASTS.
FROM THE DISTANCE IT APPEARED AS
IF SHE WAS NAKED.




AS SHE GOT CLOSER HE
REALIZED SHE WAS WEARING
TINY CLOTHING THAT HID
NONE OF HER FEATURES. HE
IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZED
HER IMPOSSIBLY MUSCULAR
FIGURE, EXAGGERATED
FEMINE TRAITS AND
IMPOSING SIZE.



WHAT THE
HELL?

YOU
GOTTA
BE KIDDING
ME!


JULIAN!
ROBERT!
GET OVER
HERE.



Do you guys see what I'm seeing?

Looks like someone dressed as that super girl.

Go help her find her costume party.



Sure thing, boss.

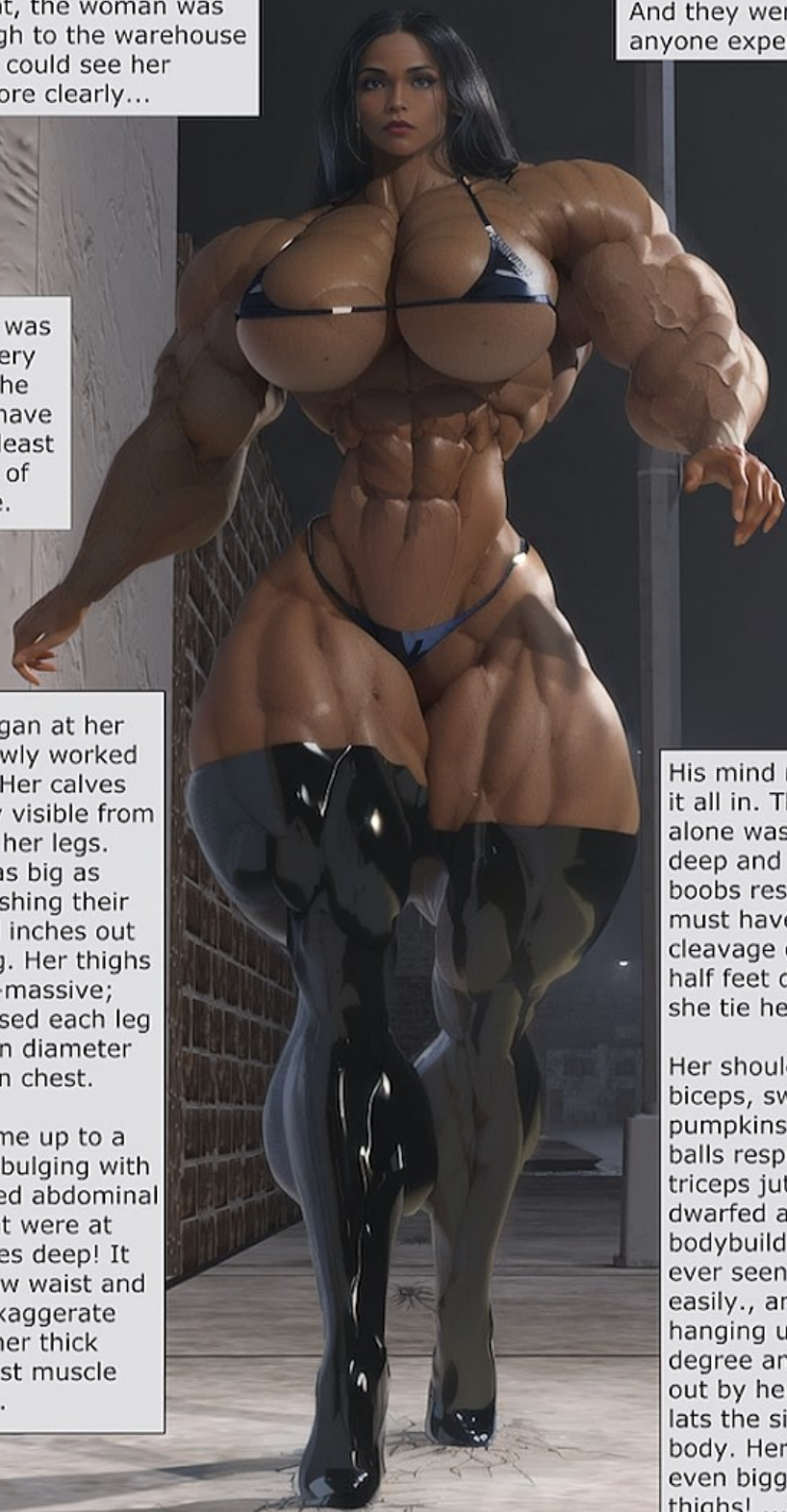
At this point, the woman was
close enough to the warehouse
that Carlos could see her
features more clearly...

The woman was
scular, very
scular. She
must have
weighed at least
pounds of
muscle.

His gaze began at her
feet and slowly worked
his way up. Her calves
were clearly visible from
the front of her legs.
They were as big as
baseballs pushing their
ends several inches out
from her leg. Her thighs
were hyper-massive;
Carlos guessed each leg
was larger in diameter
than his own chest.

Her legs came up to a
narrow waist bulging with
unplated abdominal
muscles that were at
least 3 inches deep! It
was a narrow waist and
seemed to exaggerate
the size of her thick
masses of chest muscle
and breasts.

And they were not what
anyone expected.



His mind raced to take
it all in. The muscle
alone was over a foot
deep and the colossal
boobs resting on the
must have made her
cleavage over 2 and
half feet deep. How
she tie her shoes?!

Her shoulders and
biceps, swollen muscles
pumpkins and bowling
balls respectively and
triceps jutting back
dwarfed any male
bodybuilder Carlos had
ever seen before...
easily., and they were
hanging unflexed at
degree angles, pushed
out by her expansive
lats the sides of her
body. Her biceps were
even bigger than his
thighs! ...40?...50
inches?

back was colossal, with lats
er than most doorways and
orned with thick plates of solid
sle stacking on top of one
other in a perfect V shape...

which led the eye
to a glorious pair
glutes so muscular
and powerful, yet
round, feminine, &
absolutely beautif

Her glutes are so tight
and deliciously massiv
its a miracle they don
destroy the small stri
of her costume that
disappears between the





Holly crap man,
look at her size!
I think she is the real...

Boss, we
got it all
loaded.

Good,
everyone get
in the truck,
we leave in
5 min...







Carlos stopped in mid-sentence. He watched in shock as the woman slowly wrapped one of her small, feminine hands around Robert's neck and lifted him completely off the ground without shifting her stance.



What the fuck!!

Robert's feet flail out as he grabs the woman's hand to try and steady himself. She wraps her fingers off his neck.





Julian grabbed a beam of wood laying on the sidewalk...

and swung it as hard as he could at the netette's head.



The woman slowly turned her gaze from Robert to Julian.



With her free hand, she grabbed Julian by the face. Her simple grasp instantly smashes his nose and cracks his cheekbones with her fingers.



She effortlessly slammed him hard against the alley wall, painfully pinning his head against it leaving his feet dangling off the ground.



She did not ease the pressure on his head. Julian tried to scream but the woman's hand blocked all airflow. On the sound of bones cracking filled the quiet alley as Julian's head began to lapse.



Suddenly there was a wet pop, like a melon breaking violently in half and Carlos saw a spray of red liquid fly out from Julian's head.



he slowly turned her gaze and looked at Carlos.




...e woman continued to press on Julian's head until the
...ck wall gave way.

...e then grabbed Julian's
...p body by the chest
...d started to push it
...ough the six inch hole
...e had just created with
... hand. Carlos could
...ar the popping and
...cking of bones as she
...ced and crumpled the
...n's body through the
...y opening.
...bert who had stopped
...iving due to pure terror
...gan flailing for his life.

Blood began pouring out of
the small hole, and once she
had pushed almost her
entire arm through the wa
she finally stopped.





Don't
kill me, please
I beg...







headless
y flops
er feet.

Ugh!
ou got blood
n my boots.

he gracefully brings her foot back and...

Disgusting!

casually punts the headless body with unbelievable force bursting his
stomach and sending his body soaring through the air at blinding speed.

A man in a dark suit and tie is running through a doorway. He is holding a handgun in his right hand and a lit cigarette in his left. A speech bubble above him says "LOOK OUT!". In the background, another man in a dark hoodie and beanie stands near the doorway. To the right, a woman in a black dress is falling through a window, her body covered in blood. A car is visible through the window, with a license plate that reads "15321".

LOOK OUT!

One of the goons did not react fast enough, and he along with Robert slam into the wall hard enough to become embedded in it.

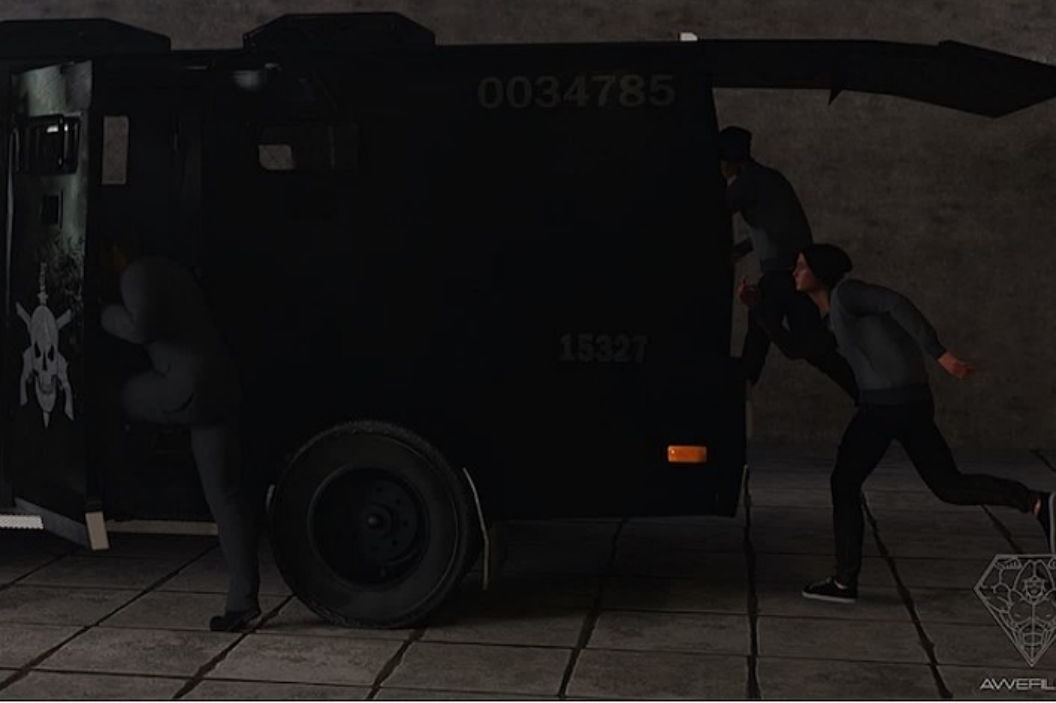
SPLAT!

A person wearing a black mask and outfit is lying on a grey floor. The floor is covered in numerous dark red blood splatters. The person's arms are outstretched, and their legs are also spread out. A white, rectangular object, possibly a piece of paper or a small box, is lying on the floor near their feet. The word "SPLAT!" is written in large, stylized, red letters with a white outline across the person's torso.



EVERYONE
IN THE TRUCK NOW!!
WE ARE LEAVING!

The image shows a man in a dark suit and tie pointing towards a large, dark-colored truck. The truck has a license plate that reads '15327'. Another person is running towards the truck. The scene is set in a dark, industrial environment.





Sitting behind the wheel of the massive reinforced vehicle gives Carlos a breath of determination.




She stomps on the accelerator and aims the vehicle at the Woman of Steel.




What happened?
Did we hit her?


I'm not sure.
I didn't feel an impact.
She is just gone.



The truck speeds through the city at top speed, running every red light in its path.



slow down man,
you're gonna get the
cops on us.



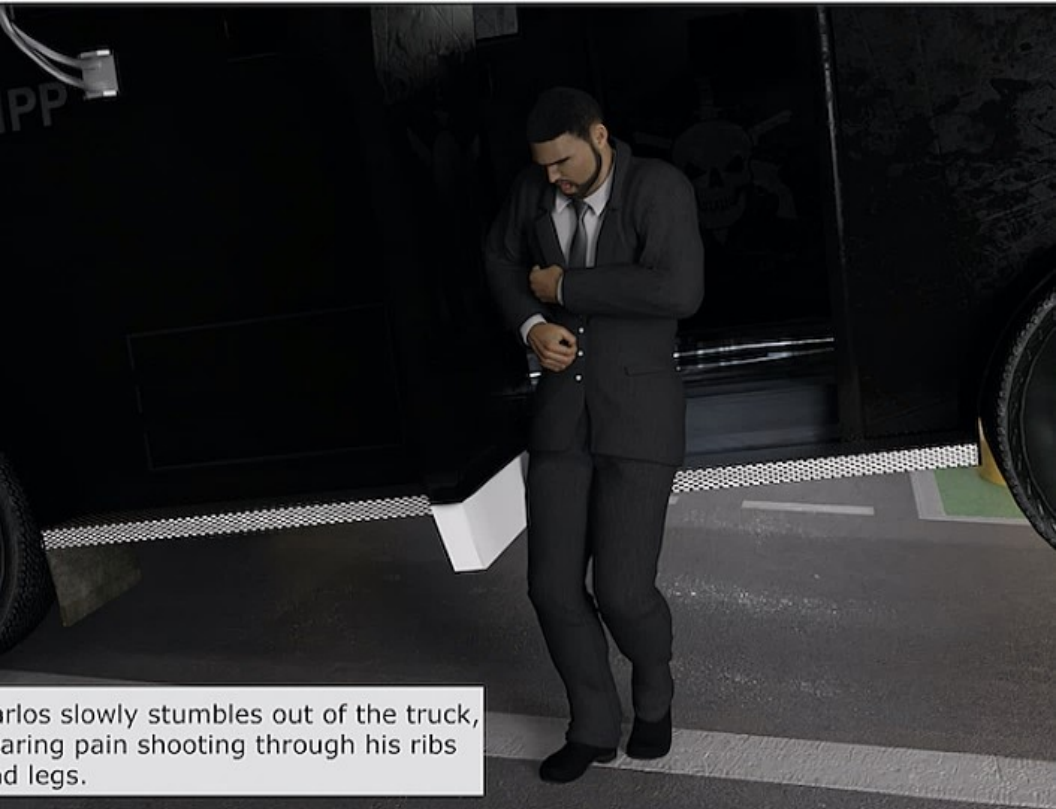
Suddenly the entire truck started shaking violently as if they were going through a field of 2 foot deep pot holes.

what the hell!
did we hit something?

I can't
control it!







Carlos slowly stumbles out of the truck, bearing pain shooting through his ribs and legs.



Trailing from the back of the truck he sees two deep grooves gouged into the pavement

The pain is too much for him and Carlos drops to the ground.



Looking up he's shocked by the sight before him



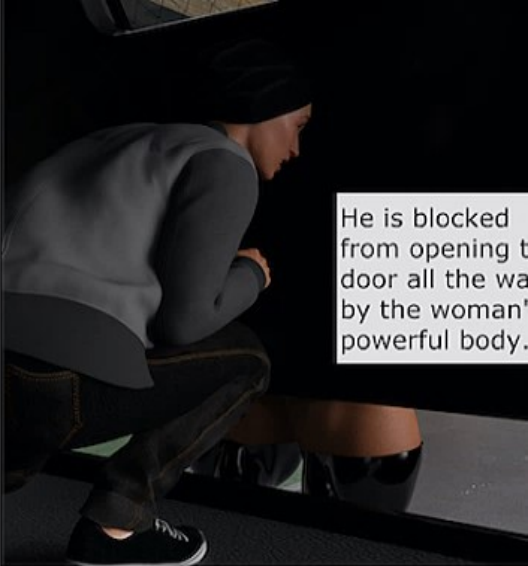
He drops the truck and a short moment later, the back door opens and one of the goons peeks out.



He realizes his predicament too late to react.



Hard in fact, the man's body becomes deflated on impact, splashing his remains the remaining terrified goons.



He is blocked from opening the door all the way by the woman's powerful body.

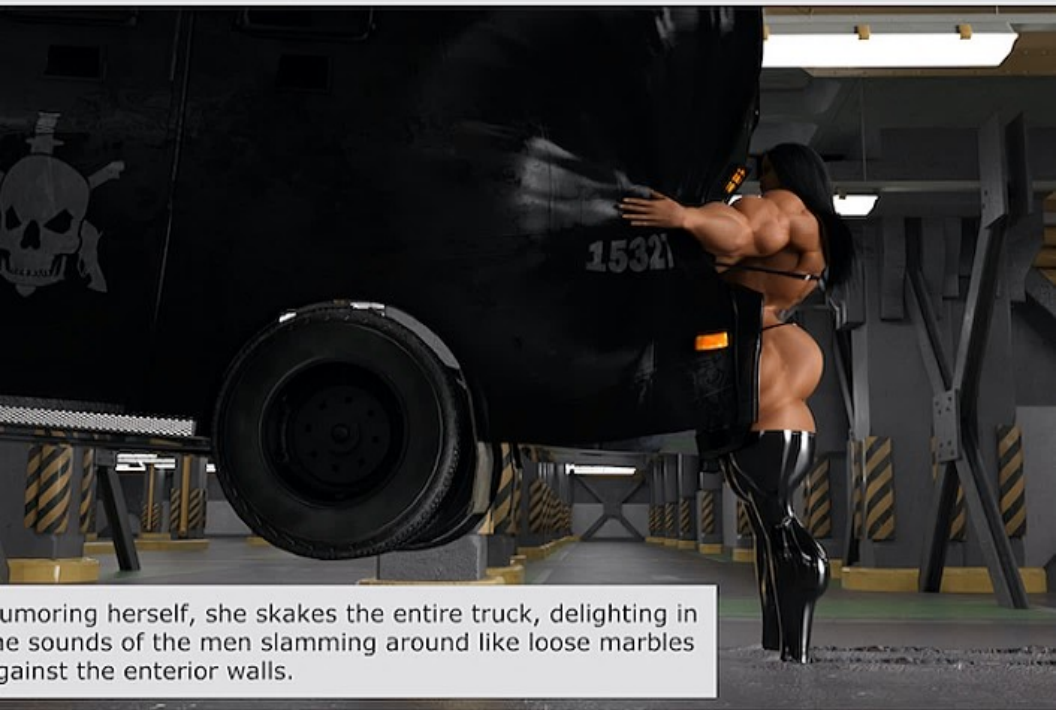
A casual flick of her finger slams the door shut with extreme force.



Gracefully squatting down, she spreads her massive arms across the back of the truck, casually lifting the 2 ton vehicle off the ground and starts pulling the sides together. Her massive arms swell with bulging sinews and pulsing vascularity easily crumpling the reinforced armored truck's frame as if it were the thinnest tin foil.



The panicked screams of the men and their desperate pounding on it's closing wall mix with the sounds of groaning metal.



Humoring herself, she shakes the entire truck, delighting in the sounds of the men slamming around like loose marbles against the exterior walls.

Then she steps forward using her indestructible body to press the truck against the concrete wall. The vehicle begins to buckle and bend like an accordion. The pathetic screams of the trapped men desperately crying for help as the walls close in on them.



os and his remaining men are transfixed by her display of superhuman strength. Her thigh and a
cles swelling to gigantic proportions as she relentlessly crushes the vehicle in on itself with each
al step. The pathetic screams of the men inside turn to wimpers of agony before suddenly stop
to be replaced with the sounds of crushing bone and torn flesh.



Soon all that remains
the men inside oozed
out from the back of
truck, collecting in a
deep red puddle at he
feet. She had squash
them flat like juice fr
an orange.

ore their shocked eyes this woman turned the massive
nored truck into a heap of twisted scrap, a small fraction
t's original size. Both terrorized and mesmerized all they
do is stare at this incredible woman's massive muscles.
los catches himself and realizes he is actually aroused by
grizzly display of cruelty and strength and wonders how
those amazing arms must be. To himself he guesses
impossible number and then...



I was reading
your mind and yes,
these are 60 inch
arms, so you
better...

...RUN!










SO YOU THINK
I'M HOT? YOU
HAVEN'T SEEN
ANYTHING
YET.



BUT YOU WILL

FROM HER CAPTIVATING BROWN EYES, TWO RAZOR-THIN BEAMS OF RED ENERGY EMERGED WITH PRECISION AND INTENSITY. THE BEAMS, SHARPER THAN ANY LASER KNOWN TO MAN, EXCEEDED A HEAT RIVALING TEN SUNS AT THEIR CORES. AS ONE OF THE FLEEING GOONS UNWITTINGLY FOUND HIMSELF IN THEIR TRAJECTORY, THE BEAMS, SO FINE AND ACUTE, MISSED HIS FLESH BUT TURNED THE IMMEDIATE AIR AROUND HIM INCANDESCENT. THE ENTIRE ROOM WAS INSTANTLY ENGULFED IN AN OPPRESSIVE, SAUNA-LIKE HEAT.

AAAAA!!!!

FFFZZZZZZZ

HER CONTROL WAS IMPECCABLE; SHE SUSTAINED HER OCULAR ASSAULT FOR MERE SECONDS, KEENLY AWARE THAT ANY PROLONGED EMISSION WOULD TURN THE ENTIRE PARKING LOT INTO AN INFERNO AND SHE DIDN'T WANT HER FUN TO BE OVER SO QUICKLY. THE GOON RUNNING IN FRONT BORE THE FULL BRUNT OF HER POWER. IN AN INSTANT, HER BEAMS CLEAVED THROUGH HIS LEGS WITH IMPOSSIBLE EASE.

H...H... HELP...

OH
MY GOD,
LOU!

K



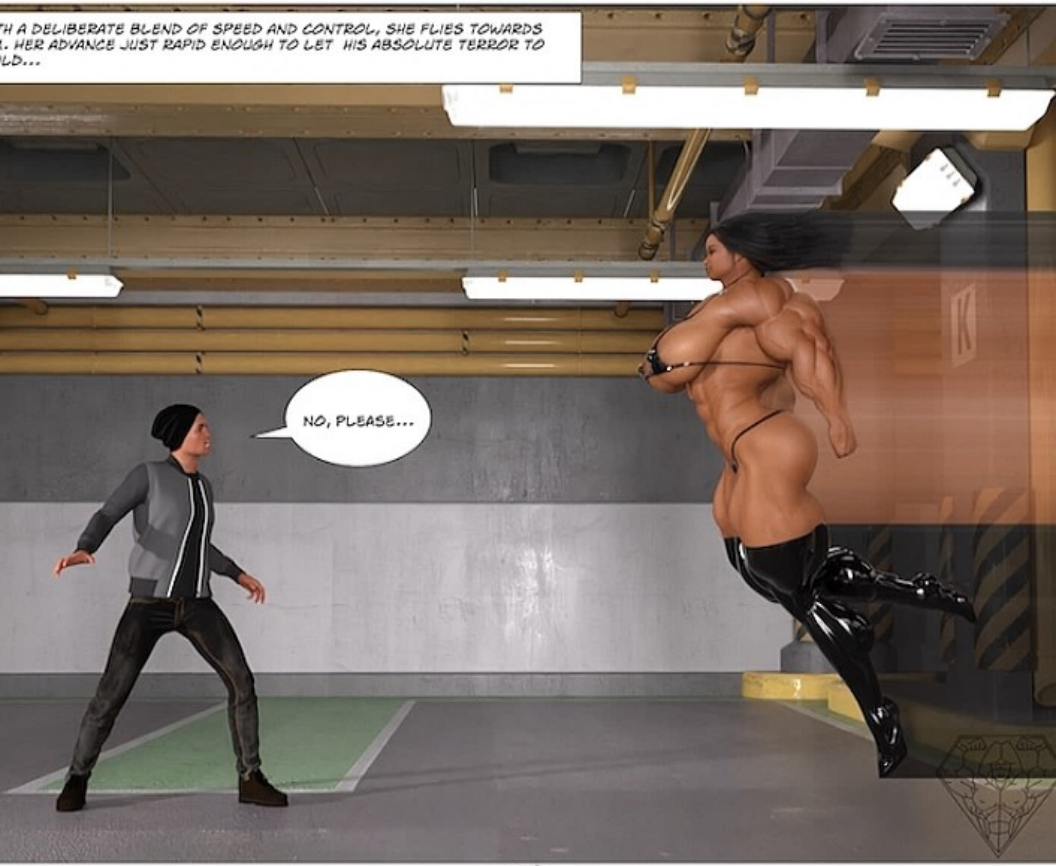
SHE JUST... THEN
THAT MEANS SHE
IS...

... OH MY...
NO...

... I'VE GOT TO
GET OUT OF
HERS!!!

READY
OR NOT, HERE
I COME!

WITH A DELIBERATE BLEND OF SPEED AND CONTROL, SHE FLIES TOWARDS
HIM. HER ADVANCE JUST RAPID ENOUGH TO LET HIS ABSOLUTE TERROR TO
BUILD...



NO, PLEASE...



... YET MEASURED ENOUGH TO AFFORD HIM FLEETING
... MOMENTS TO UTTER A FEW PLEAS...



... DON'T...



HER CLEAR GOAL, TO GIVE HIM TIME TO REALIZE HIS ULTIMATE
TE, TO PANIC, TO DESPAIR, AND LOSE ALL HOPE.

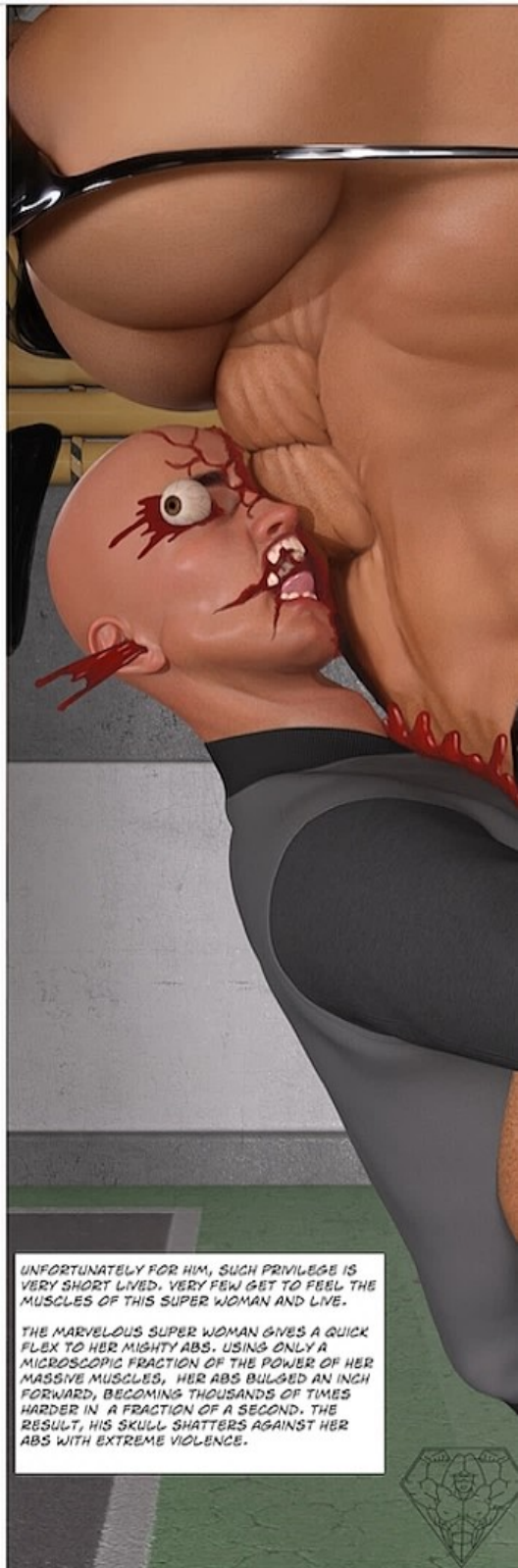
... KILL ...





CAN'T FINISH HIS PLEA BEFORE HER COLOSSAL, MUSCLE-BOUND FORM COLLIDING WITH HIS LIKE A TRUCK ON A EIGHT TRAIN. TO HER, HE'S NO MORE SIGNIFICANT THAN A FLY SPLATTERED AGAINST A TRUCK'S WINDSHIELD; HE BARELY REGISTERS TO HER. SHE COULD EFFORTLESSLY HAUL HIM ALONG INDEFINITELY IF SHE WISHED, BUT HER INTENTIONS ARE FAR MORE MERCILESS AND FINAL.

FOR A BRIEF MOMENT HE IS ONE OF THE VERY LUCKY FEW PEOPLE WHO HAVE HAD THE CHANCE TO EXPERIENCE THE SENSATION OF FEELING THE TITANIC MUSCLES OF THIS SUPER WOMAN AGAINST HIS FACE AND BODY.



UNFORTUNATELY FOR HIM, SUCH PRIVILEGE IS VERY SHORT LIVED. VERY FEW GET TO FEEL THE MUSCLES OF THIS SUPER WOMAN AND LIVE.

THE MARVELOUS SUPER WOMAN GIVES A QUICK FLEX TO HER MIGHTY ABS, USING ONLY A MICROSCOPIC FRACTION OF THE POWER OF HER MASSIVE MUSCLES, HER ABS BULGED AN INCH FORWARD, BECOMING THOUSANDS OF TIMES HARDER IN A FRACTION OF A SECOND. THE RESULT, HIS SKULL SHATTERS AGAINST HER ABS WITH EXTREME VIOLENCE.



A SUBTLE SMILE ADORNS HER LIPS AS SHE FEELS HER PREY'S HEAD TURN TO LIQUID. SHE GLIBBERFULLY TIGHTENS HER ABDOMEN AND THIGHS WITH A LITTLE MORE POWER AND THE RESULT IS A GORY MESS AS HIS BODY EXPLODES VIOLENTLY AGAINST THE SUPER WOMAN'S MUSCULAR BODY.

HIS FLESH AND ORGANS ARE LIQUEFIED AND SPLASHED IN ALL DIRECTIONS. HIS BONES ARE SHATTERED TO PIECES NO LARGER THAN GRAINS OF RICE.

SPLAT



THE MEGA MUSCLED SHE-DEMON CONTINUES TO FLY FORWARD, THE AIR SWIRLING AROUND HER BLASTING THE BLOOD AND GORE OFF HER STEEL HARD BODY.

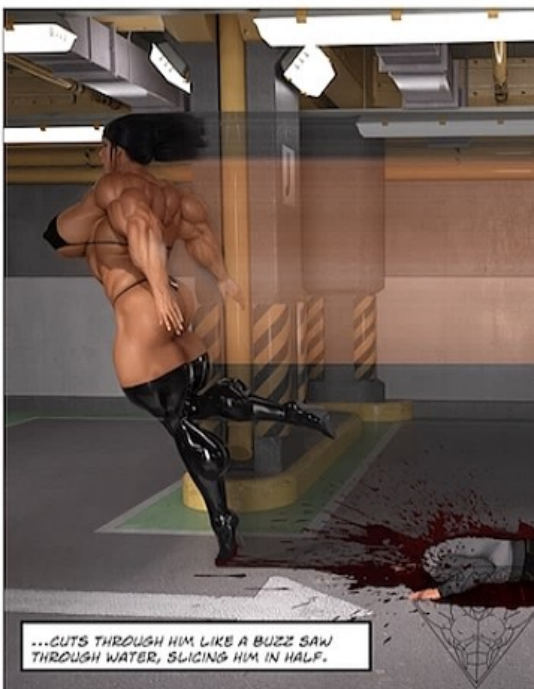


PLEASE,
HAVE...

AS THE TIP OF HER SHINY BOOT...



... MERG...
AAAAA!!!!

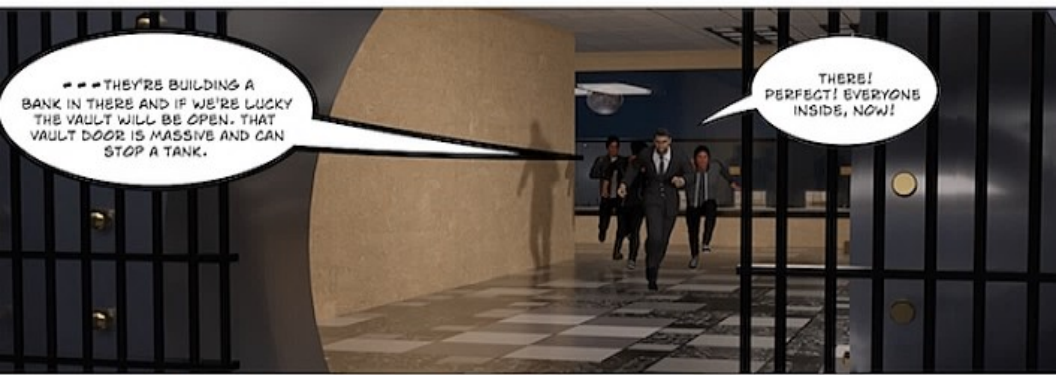


...CUTS THROUGH HIM LIKE A BUZZ SAW
THROUGH WATER, SLICING HIM IN HALF.



WHERE DO WE GO NOW, BOSS?

THAT MALL UNDER CONSTRUCTION UP AHEAD...



... THEY'RE BUILDING A BANK IN THERE AND IF WE'RE LUCKY THE VAULT WILL BE OPEN. THAT VAULT DOOR IS MASSIVE AND CAN STOP A TANK.

THERE! PERFECT! EVERYONE INSIDE, NOW!



WAIT, WHERE'S MACK, LOU, AND BILL?





I'M COMING, PLEASE WAIT!



HURRY UP, FOOL!


WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS!



SHE'S HERE! CLOSE IT BEFORE SHE KILLS US ALL!!!

OH GOD!



A man in a grey jacket and black pants stands in a vault, looking up at a pair of enormous, muscular legs wearing black high-heeled shoes. The legs are positioned as if they are about to step on him. The vault has a circular door with a golden handle and a keyhole. The floor is checkered with a patterned rug.

THEY
LEFT ME A TOY
TO PLAY WITH.




...KED OUT OF THE VAULT THE LONE GUY
...WERS AGAINST THE COLD STEEL AS HE
...TCHES THE MOST INCREDIBLE AND DEADLY
...MAN THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN
...PRAOCHING. LIKE A PREDATOR SHE STEPS
...OSER AND CLOSER TO HER TREMBLING
...EY.

STAND BACK!
DON'T COME ANY
CLOSER!!

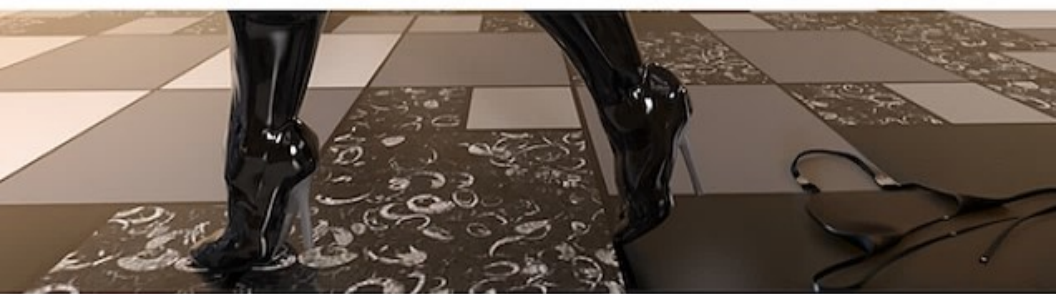
PLEASE!






HELLO THERE
LITTLE FELLA.

REMAND
ME TO THANK YOUR
FRIENDS FOR LEAVING
YOU FOR ME TO PLAY
WITH.








YOU BUGS NEED HELP FOR EVERYTHING.

DON'T WORRY. I'LL HELP YOU.




SMALL FLEX OF HER PECTORAL MUSCLES PUSHES HER TIGHT TEAT HARD AGAINST THE MAN'S MOUTH. HER MASSIVE BREAST SLAMS AGAINST HIS FACE WITH REMENDOUS FORCE.

ALL HIS TEETH SHATTER AND ARE SHOVED DOWN HIS THROAT ALONG WITH HIS TONGUE WHICH IS RIPPED OFF BY HER DIAMOND-HARD NIPPLE. HIS JAW DISLOCATES AND HIS NOSE IS CRUSHED TO A PULP.

MEANWHILE INSIDE THE VAULT.

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON? WHO THE FUCK IS THAT?





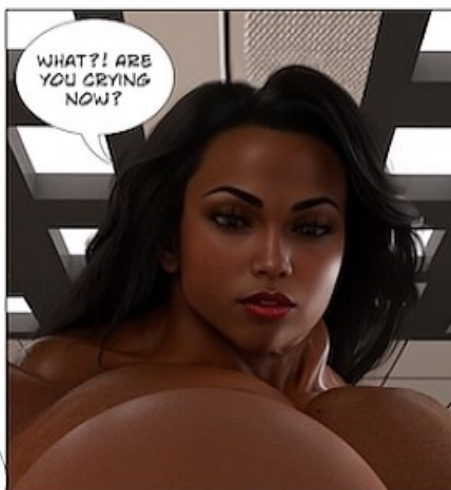
MUCH BETTER. NOW LICK ON MY NIPPLE AS IF YOUR LIFE DEPENDED ON IT..

...BECAUSE IT DOES.

ARE YOU ACTUALLY TRYING TO PUSH ME BACK. HOW SILLY...AND PATHETIC.



WHAT?! ARE YOU CRYING NOW?




SUCH A TURN OFF.





SHE TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND HER MASSIVE CHEST EXPANDS EVEN MORE SURROUNDING HIM IN BREAST AND PEC MUSCLE HARDER THAN TITANIUM. SLOWLY HER MASSIVE TITS SMASHES HIM INTO PASTE AS THEY EXPAND AND PRESS INTO THE VAULT, PRESSING DEEPLY INTO THE SOLID STEEL AS IF IT WERE SOFT CLAY.





I MIGHT NOT
KNOW MUCH
ABOUT ART...



AWE FILMS

BUT I KNOW A
MASTERPIECE WHEN
I SEE ONE.





NOW LETS PLAY
WITH THE OTHER
FOUR.

I'LL KNOCK ON
THEIR LITTLE DOOR
FIRST.



LETS BE GENTLE
AND VERY LADY
LIKE.


HER FINGER TAPS ON THE VAULT DOOR SO
HARD, THE HARDENED METAL DOOR CAVES IN.

HER LIGHT TOUCH SHAKES THE ENTIRE BUILDING
PLENTELY, TOSSING THE MEN INTO THE AIR AND
HAMMING THEM HARD AGAINST THE VAULT'S BACK
ALL.





I MUST SAY,
THIS HAS BEEN
PARTICULARLY
ENTERTAINING



IT'S BEEN
A WHILE SINCE
ANYONE GAVE ME
THIS GOOD OF A
CHASE.

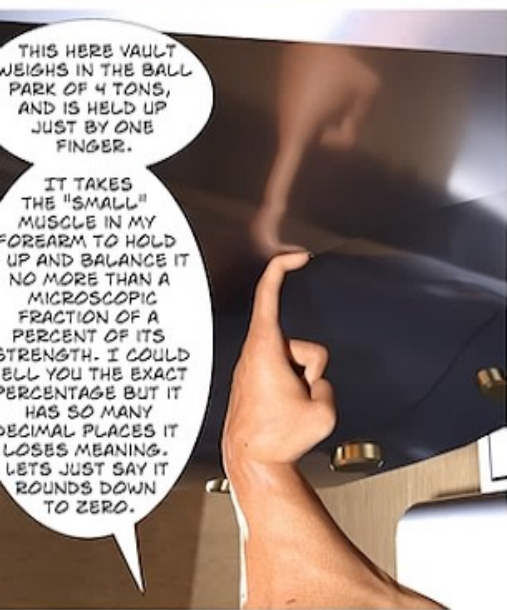




YOU BOYS DON'T SEEM TO GRASP THE LEVEL OF POWER YOU ARE DEALING WITH.



SINCE I'M A GOOD SUPER HERO, I SHALL EDUCATE YOU.




THIS HERE VAULT WEIGHS IN THE BALL PARK OF 4 TONS, AND IS HELD UP JUST BY ONE FINGER.

IT TAKES THE "SMALL" MUSCLE IN MY FOREARM TO HOLD UP AND BALANCE IT NO MORE THAN A MICROSCOPIC FRACTION OF A PERCENT OF ITS STRENGTH. I COULD TELL YOU THE EXACT PERCENTAGE BUT IT HAS SO MANY DECIMAL PLACES IT LOSES MEANING. LETS JUST SAY IT ROUNDS DOWN TO ZERO.




AND WHEN I APPLY JUST A LITTLE BIT OF STRENGTH, AGAIN TOO SMALL TO MEASURE, I CAN FLICK IT LIKE A MOTIF OF DUST.



THE HARDEST PART
IS TO KEEP IT INSIDE
THE ROOM AND NOT
THROW IT INTO
ORBIT.

TO ME, THE
DIFFERENCE IN
EFFORT IS
MICROSCOPIC.




I HOPE YOU
GBOYS ARE
STARTING TO
REALIZE...

KROOOOM



IT IS FUNNY
HOW YOU ALWAYS
THINK YOU CAN
ESCAPE OR HIDE
FROM ME. NOTHING
CAN STOP ME.

*CROUCHING DOWN
TO ENTER THE
VAULT SHE RISES,
BENDING THE
FRAME UP AS
EASILY AS IF IT
WERE BUBBLE GUM*

A bodybuilder with extremely large muscles is posing in a gym. She is wearing a black bikini top and black leggings. She is flexing her arms and legs. The gym has a checkered floor and a circular opening in the background. There are speech bubbles on the right side of the image.

...I HAVE THE
STRENGTH OF
TRILLIONS.

IF YOU ADD THE
STRENGTH OF EVERY
LIVING CREATURE
ALIVE...

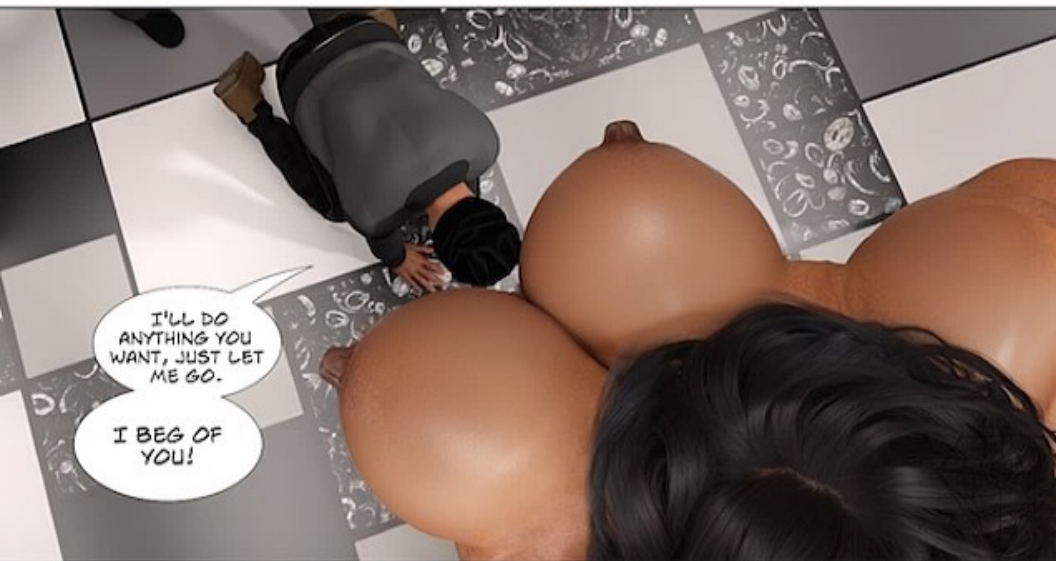
...AND ALL THOSE
WHO HAVE LIVED IN
THIS WORLD
THROUGHOUT ITS
ENTIRE HISTORY...

...YOU STILL
WOULDN'T HAVE
GOTTEN EVEN CLOS
TO POSE EVEN THE
SMALLEST
CHALLENGE TO MY
STRENGTH.

SO, WHICH OF
YOU WANTS TO BE
THE FIRST TO
EXPERIENCE WHAT MY
MUSCLES CAN DO TO
YOUR INSIGNIFICANT
BODIES?

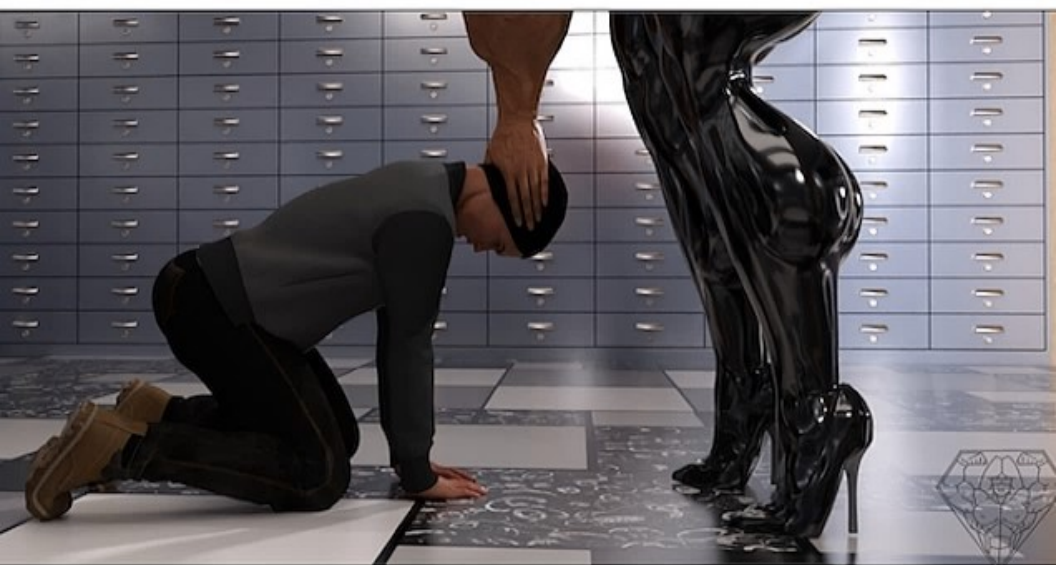


PLEASE,
PLEASE DON'T
KILL ME.



I'LL DO
ANYTHING YOU
WANT, JUST LET
ME GO.

I BEG OF
YOU!



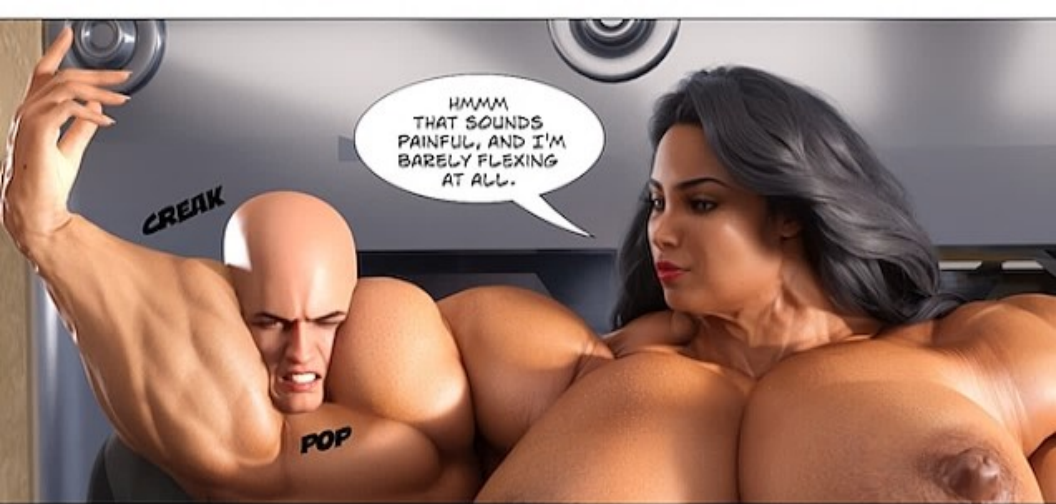


HOW PATHETIC.



IS BODY DANGLED HELPLESSLY WITH HIS HEAD TIGHTLY WEDGED BETWEEN HER MASSIVE BICEPS AND FOREARM







THAT WAS FUN.

WHO WANTS
TO GO NEXT?

NO
VOLUNTEERS?
THEN I GUESS I'LL
HAVE TO JUST
PICK ONE.







BEFORE THE MAN CAN REACT, THE SUPER WOMAN MOVES AHEAD OF HIM WITH SUCH SPEED HIS EYES CAN'T SEE EVEN A BLUR. TO HIM, SHE JUST DISAPPEARS IN FRONT OF HIM.



HAS NO TIME TO REACT BEFORE
RAMMING FACE FIRST ONTO HER
ASSIVE, ULTRA HARD ASS...

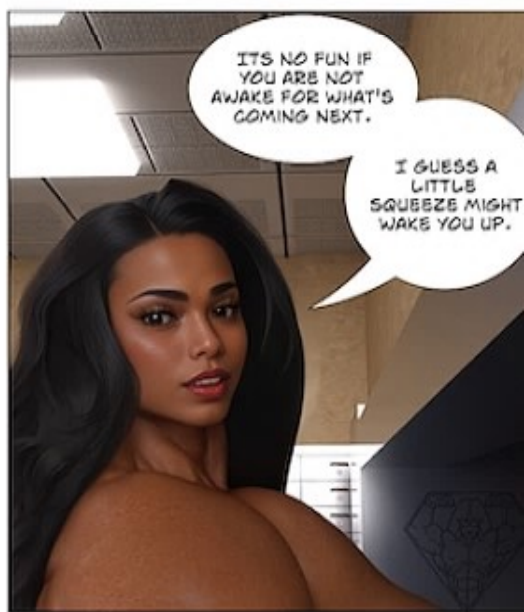
...FRACTURING HIS CHEEK
BONES AND KNOCKING OUT
ALL HIS FRONT TEETH ON
IMPACT. EVEN SO, IT COULD
HAVE BEEN A LOT HARDER IF
HER MASSIVE BUTT MUSCLES
WERE ACTUALLY FLEXED. HE
FAILED FRANTICLY BUT HIS
FACE WAS WEDGED TIGHT
BETWEEN HER HUGE
MUSCULAR GLOBES.


THEN, SHE EVER SO
SLIGHTLY TIGHTENS UP HER
ASS MUSCLES, JUST ENOUGH
TO GRAB HOLD OF HIS FACE
IN AN INTENSELY PAINFUL
GRIP WITHOUT ACTUALLY
BREAKING ANY MORE OF HIS
FRAGILE BONES BUT JUST
ENOUGH TO CUT OFF HIS
BREATHING. HIS MUFFLED
SCREAMS DO NOTHING BUT
TICKLE HER.

OH, THAT
TICKLES IN ALL
THE RIGHT
PLACES!!

MMMMM!!!!









...GENTLY SHE
BEGINS FLEXING
HER MAGNIFICENT
ASS CHEEKS.
SLOWLY, SLOWLY,
EVER SO SLOWLY...

...WITH JUST A TRILLIONTH OF A
PERCENT OF THE STRENGTH OF JUST A
SINGLE MUSCLE FIBERS IN HER BUTT,
SHE MERCILESSLY CRUSHES HIS JAW,
NOSE AND ALL HIS TEETH.



OH GOOD,
YOU ARE AWAKE.

TELL ME,
NOW THAT
YOU'VE GOTTEN SO
CLOSE TO MY
BUTT...



... WOULD
YOU LIKE TO
MEET MY THICK
MUSCULAR
LEGS?

DO YOU THINK
THEY ARE
BEAUTIFUL?

WMMMM!!!



WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER? CAT CATCH YOUR TONGUE?

OH, RIGHT, YOU DON'T HAVE A TONGUE ANYMORE.

AS SHE STEPS FORWARD, THE MAN IS SUDDENLY WEDGED BETWEEN THE SUPER WOMAN'S TITANIC MUSCULAR THIGHS.

LIKE TWO MASSIVE STEAMROLLERS SLIDING AGAINST ONE ANOTHER, THEY LEAVE NO SPACE BETWEEN THEM AND AS THEY BEGIN TO SQUEEZE THE MAN'S BODY, HIS BONES AND FLESH ARE CRUSHED FLAT AND REDUCED TO PULP WITH FRIGHTENING EASE.



IN LESS THAN A SECOND HIS ENTIRE UPPER BODY IS SPLATTERED LIKE A WATER BALLON HIT BY A WRECKING BALL. GUTS, BLOOD, AND BONE ARE SPLASHED EVERYWHERE IN A GRUESOME SPRAY.



AND THEN THERE
WERE TWO.

NO, NO STAY
BACK!





WITH INSIGNIFICANT EFFORT SHE LIFTS HIM UP OFF THE GROUND USING ONLY HER INDEX FINGER AND THUMB UNDER HIS CHIN.

I'LL TELL YOU A LITTLE SECRET...



SOMETIMES I KEEP ONES LIKE YOU AROUND TO PLEASE ME...

SHE TAKES HER HAND OFF HIS CHIN AND HOLDS HIM UP, PINNED AGAINST THE WALL BY HER MASSIVE RIGHT BREAST AGAINST HIS STOMACH.






DECISIONS,
DECISIONS.
WHAT SHALL
I DO?

SHE HUGS HIM
TIGHT AGAINST
HER BREAST,
KNOCKING ALL
THE AIR OUT
OF HIS LUNGS.



IT'LL DEPEND ON
HOW USEFUL YOU
ARE TO ME.

SHE BEGAN RUBBIN
HIS BODY AGAINST
HER ENORMOUS
BREAST AS SHE
MASSAGES AND
PINCHES HER
NIPPLE, CAUSING
BOTH TO BECOME
ERECT, GROWING
OUT TO OVER 6
INCHES OF THICK,
HARD NIPPLE,
DIGGING INTO HIS
CHEST.



IT'S OFTEN
HARD TO FIND
ANYONE WORTH
THE EFFORT.

AND SADLY YOU
AIN'T IT.

SHE BRINGS HIM TO
THE FRONT OF HER
MAGNIFICENT
BREAST, WHICH IS AS
WIDE AS HIS CHEST,
AND PULLS HIM IN
TIGHTER. HER
DIAMOND-HARD
NIPPLE DIGS INTO
HIS CHEST.

WITH ALL HIS
STRENGTH HE TRIES
TO PUSH AWAY FROM
HER CHEST BUT IS
HELPLESSLY PINNED
BETWEEN HER
MASSIVE TIT AND
ARM.



HER POWERFUL FOREARM, LIKE A HYDRAULIC PRESS, WAS SLOWLY DRAWING THE MAN HARDER AGAINST HER NIPPLE. HIS FRAGILE BODY OFFERED NO RESISTANCE TO SUCH RAW POWER AND HIS CHEST IS IMPAIRED BY THE WOMAN'S LONG NIPPLE.

JEEZI! YOU ARE JUST SO WEAK AND FRAGILE.



HE CONTINUES TO SLOWLY COMPRESS HIM MERCILESSLY AGAINST HER CHEST. HIS CHEST WAVES IN, MOLDING AROUND HER ENORMOUS TIT.



LET'S GIVE YOUR BOSS A PREVIEW OF WHAT'S COMING TO HIM.

THE SOUNDS OF RIBS CRACKING AND TENDONS SNAPPING ECHO THROUGHOUT THE VAULT AS SHE CRUSHES THE LIFE FROM HIM.

SQUEEZING FURTHER UNTIL HIS UPPER BODY IS FLATTENED AROUND HER MASSIVE TIT.



AWWW, YOU DEAD ALREADY?

HIS HEAD FALLS LIMP ON HER GIGANTIC PECTORAL AS SHE SQUEEZES HIM TIGHTER ONE LAST TIME, CAUSING HER NIPPLE TO PLOW THROUGH HIS CHEST.



LETTING GO OF HIS MASHED
BODY, IT REMAINS
PLASTERED TO HER,
DANGLING SUSPENDED FROM
HER BREAST.

YOUR TURN, BIG
BOY.



STRIDING FORWARD, HER BOUNCING BOOBS TOSS THE FLATTENED, CRUMPLED REMAINS TO THE FLOOR...



...SHE CARELESSLY STEPS ON HIS HEAD, EXPLODING HIS SKULL UNDER THE INCREDIBLE WEIGHT OF HER MUSCLE MASS.



CARLOS'S MIND RACES WILDLY AS SHE DRAWS NEARER. HE CAN FEEL THE HEAT RADIATING OFF HER BODY AND THE SCENT OF RAW POWER, DOMINANCE AND SEX.



IN A FINAL, FUTILE ATTEMPT AT SURVIVAL, HE DRAWS THE GUN TUCKED BEHIND HIM AND POINTS IT AT HER FACE. HE TRIES TO SHOUT SOMETHING MENACING AT HER, BUT HIS MIND IS BLANK. HE JUST STANDS THERE, SHAKING AND STARING AS DEATH APPROACHES.



SERIOUSLY DUDE?

AFTER EVERYTHING YOU'VE SEEN?



RATTLED BY HER COMMAND THAT NEARLY BLEW OUT HIS EAR DRUMS, CARLOS PULLS THE TRIGGER.

THE GUN RECOILS AS THE BULLET HARMLESSLY BOUNCES OFF HER HEAD.

BLAM

LET ME PLAY WITH THAT.

HE TAKES HIS WRIST, CAREFUL NOT TO CRUSH THE BONES TO POWDER, AND GUIDES HIS HAND AND GUN TO HER MOUTH WRAPPING HER LIPS AROUND IT AND SEDUCTIVELY STARTED SUCKING.

CARLOS AGAIN FINDS HIMSELF STRANGELY AROUSED BY HER, HIS COCK RAGING HARDER THEN EVER BEFORE... HE PULLS THE TRIGGER AND HEARS--NOTHING! NOTHING BUT THE MUFFLED SOUND OF THE GUN GOING OFF AS HER BEAUTIFUL CHEEKS PUFF OUT.



HE PAUSES FOR A MOMENT, LOOKING INTO HER EYES AND THEN PARTS HER LIPS AND BLOWES A WARM STREAM OF GUN SMOKE IN HER FACE.



SHE BEGINS TO GIGGLE GIRLISHLY WHILE LOOKING AT HIS GUN. HE FOLLOWS HER EYES AND THEN SEES TO HIS AMAZEMENT THAT HALF THE BARREL WAS MISSING. SHE HAD BITTEN THE BARREL CLEAN IN HALF, HER TEETH MARKS CLEARLY VISIBLE WHERE SHE SO EASILY SEVERED THE METAL.



NICE, LOOKS LIKE I'M HAVING THE RIGHT EFFECT ON YOU.



I LIKE MY MEN HARD.



SHE RAISES HER HAND AND GENTLY TOUCHES HIS CHEEK. HE'S SURPRISED AT HOW SOFT AND GENTLE HER FINGERS FEEL.



UNABLE TO RESIST, HE PLACES HIS HAND ON HER MASSIVE ARM. THE SKIN FEELS SOFT AND SILKY UNDER HIS HAND BUT HE CAN ALSO FEEL THE MUSCLES UNDERNEATH CONTRACTING AND MOVING LIKE STEEL FIBERS AND NO MATTER HOW HARD HE SQUEEZES HE CAN'T EVEN DENT THE SURFACE.




IS TREMBLING HAND MAKES ITS WAY UP TO HER BICEP. HIS ENTIRE HAND CAN BARELY COVER THE PEAK. HE FEELS HIMSELF BECOMING OVERWHELMED WITH AROUSAL AS HE FEELS THE MUSCLES OF THE MOST POWERFUL BEING ON THE PLANET.



HE SEEMS TO ENJOY THIS AND HE RAISES HER ARM AND FLEXES HER BICEP FULLY. SHE DOES THIS SLOWLY AS NOT TO SPLATTER HIS HANDS TO OBLIVION BY HER POWERFUL EXPANDING MUSCLES. HE PLACES BOTH HANDS ON HER BICEP AND PUSHES DOWN BUT IT'S UNMOVABLE AND FEELS LIKE A STEEL SUPPORT BEAM.




HE PLACES BOTH HANDS ON EITHER SIDE OF HER ARM AND BEGINS TO USE HIS ENTIRE BODY WEIGHT IN AN ATTEMPT TO JULL HER ARM DOWN UNTIL HE WAS HANGING FROM HER ARM. THE WHOLE TIME HE DOES NOT MOVE SINGLE INCH.

A man in a dark suit and tie stands in a locker room, looking at a woman who is extremely muscular. She is wearing a black bikini top and black leggings. She is leaning forward, her back to the camera, with her hands on the man's shoulders. The background consists of rows of grey lockers.


WELL,
BETTER I DIE
HERE THAN MY
BOSS GETTING A
HOLD
OF ME.

HE CLOSES HIS EYES AWAITING
THE INEVITABLE, THEN...

THIS IS IT.



A BOSS? SO
THERE'RE MORE
OF YOU?



GA-GAG...YEAH
YEAH,
THERE'S...
THERE'S A WHOLE
BUILDING OF GUYS
JUST LIKE ME I CAN
TAKE YOU TO...
MORE KILLING
THAN
YOU COULD
IMAGINE.

I
THINK I LIKE
YOU...

...AND
JUDGING BY
YOUR RASING
HARD-ON I KNOW
YOU LIKE ME.
TAKE ME TO MEET
THIS BOSS OF
YOURS.

