



# VACATION WOES

## PART 3

*lecter38*  
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JULIA WOKE UP IN THE EARLY MORNING. SHE GROGGYLY BASKED IN THE WONDERFUL FEELING THAT RAN THROUGH HER BODY.

MMMMM



AS SHE SHOOK OFF THE SLEEPINESS, SHE STARTED TO REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT, AND IT SENT A NEW COURSE OF ENDORPHINS THROUGH HER BODY.

OH MAN, DID THAT REALLY HAPPEN?

THE TINGLING IN MY BODY SURE SAYS YES IT DID

SHE SUDDENLY NOTICED THAT THE  
TINGLING WASN'T ALL FROM LAST NIGHT.

WILL YOU LOOK  
AT THAT!





OH MY GOD!  
WITH HIS TINY LITTLE  
HEAD ON MY ARM,  
LATCHED TO MY BREAST.  
SO FUCKING CUTE.

**MMMM**

JULIA STAYED STILL FOR A WHILE, CONTENT TO JUST WATCH PRATT. A FEW MINUTES LATER HE STIRRED, SLOWLY OPENING HIS EYES.

AH, HEY JULES... GOOD MORNING.

HEY THERE LITTLE GUY, GOOD MORNING. SOME NIGHT YOU HAD HUH?

**GROAN**  
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, I FEEL LIKE I HAVE BEEN HIT BY A TRUCK.

AND I AM SO HUNGRY!!!

GREAT, I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU TO MUNCH ON.

JULIA GENTLY GUIDED PRATT DOWNWARDS BY THE HEAD TILL HE WAS BURIED IN HER NETHERS, SNUGGLED IN BETWEEN HER LEGS.

THERE YOU GO, GET IN THERE LITTLE FELLA. MAKE MOMMY HAPPY.

MFFF

PRATT FOUND HIMSELF IN AN ALL TOO FAMILIAR POSITION, SURROUNDED BY JULIA'S MAMMOTH THIGHS.

OH MY...

AH  
AH  
AH

A woman with blonde hair and blue eyes is lying on her back, resting her head on the chest of a very muscular man. She has a slight smile and is looking towards the camera. A thought bubble above her head contains the text "THIS IS THE FUCKING LIFE". The man's chest and arms are visible, showing his extreme musculature. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

THIS IS THE  
FUCKING LIFE

A FEW HOURS LATER, JULIE WAS OUT ON HER WAY TO MEET SCARLETT AT A GYM SHE FREQUENTED - ONE WHERE SUPPOSEDLY QUITE A FEW AMAZONS HUNG OUT. JULIA WAS IN SUCH A JOVIAL MOOD THAT SHE WAS ALMOST SKIPPING ALL THE WAY.





WELCOME  
TO CRO...

OH MY  
GOD!

THE RECEPTIONIST OF THE CROSSFIT QUEEN GYM LOOKED UP FROM HER COMPUTER SCREEN AS JULIA CAME IN, HER ATTENTION IMMEDIATELY DRAWN BY JULIA'S IMPOSSIBLY LARGE FRAME...



JULIA'S PRESENCE ALONE DEMANDED ATTENTION, AND MARY COULDN'T HELP BUT BE STRUCK BY HER EXTRAORDINARY HEIGHT. JULIA APPROACHED THE RECEPTION DESK, HER FOOTSTEPS SURPRISINGLY LIGHT, BELYING THE POWER CONTAINED WITHIN HER MUSCULAR FRAME.

HER RADIANT BLONDE MANE CASCADING AROUND HER WELL-DEFINED SHOULDERS, HER STATUESQUE FIGURE ADORNED WITH HUGE MUSCLES...

HEY THERE, I AM HERE TO MEET A FRIEND, SCARLETT.

DO I NEED TO REGISTER FOR THE GYM TO GET IN?

UM... I... I'M SORRY?!



MARY JUST STOOD THERE, STARING FOR ALMOST A MINUTE. JULIA BROKE THE SILENCE FIRST.

SHE IS SOO BIG!  
IS SHE TALLER THAN  
JACQUELINE

AH EXCUSE ME?

UH-UH?

COULD YOU  
PLEASE CHECK FOR  
ME?

UH-UH

**SIGH**



THAT AWKWARD EXCHANGE  
WAS MERCIFULLY INTERRUPTED  
BY SCARLETT'S APPEARANCE.

SCARLETT,  
THANK GOD!

HEY...

HOW HAVE YOU  
BEEN JULIA?

I GOT THIS  
MARY, DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT IT.

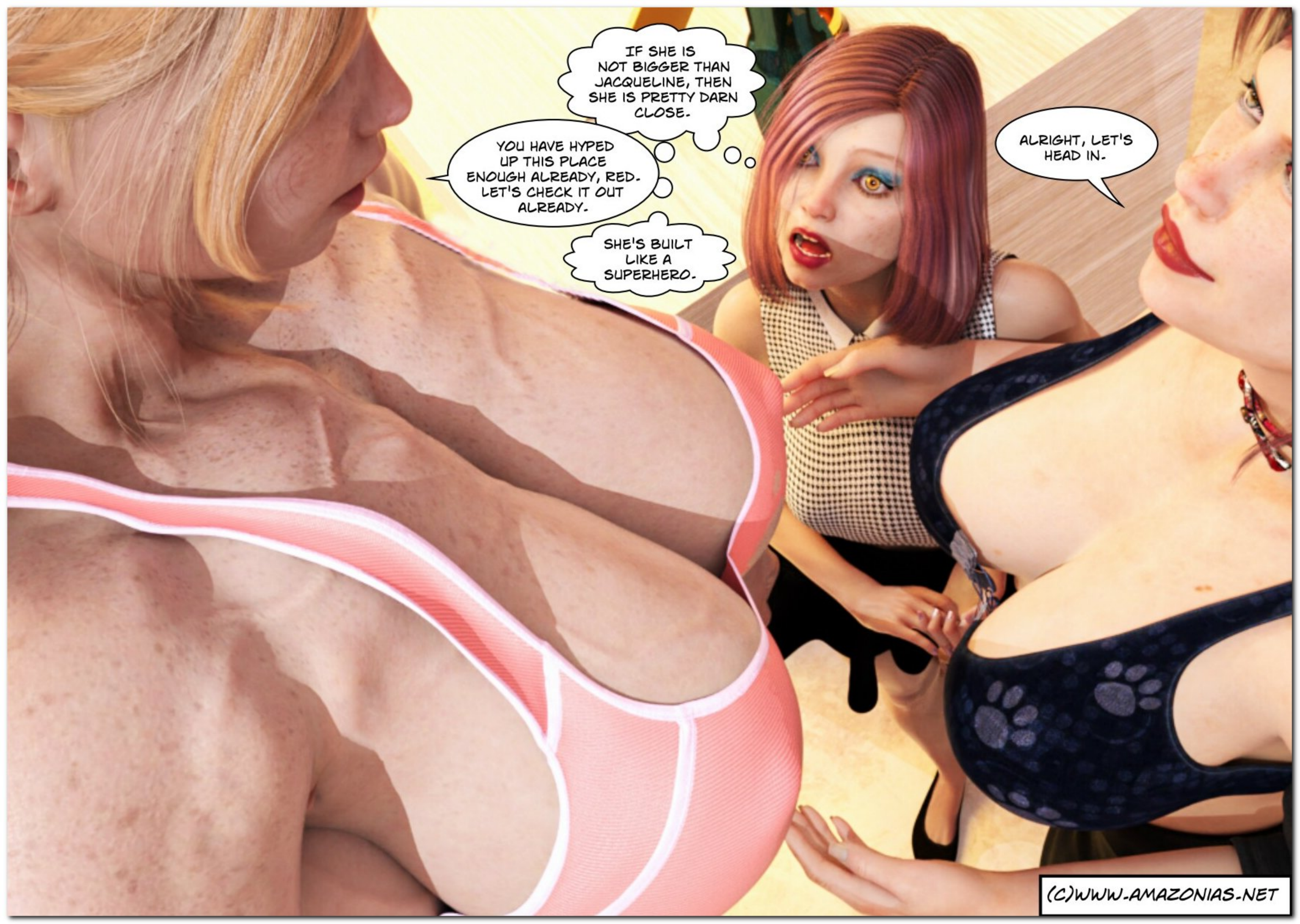
SO THIS IS THE PLACE?

HUNT?

YEAH, THE  
"CROSSFIT QUEEN" IS  
THE SPOT.

MOST OF THE  
MOST REMARKABLE  
GIRLS IN THE CITY  
WORKOUT AND HUNT  
HERE,

YUP, I HAVE  
FOUND MANY  
CLIENTS HERE!



IF SHE IS NOT BIGGER THAN JACQUELINE, THEN SHE IS PRETTY DARN CLOSE.

YOU HAVE HYPED UP THIS PLACE ENOUGH ALREADY, RED. LET'S CHECK IT OUT ALREADY.

SHE'S BUILT LIKE A SUPERHERO.

ALRIGHT, LET'S HEAD IN.

AHH, CRUSH  
IT IN THERE  
GUYS!

OH, SURE  
THING MARY. YOU  
UMM TOO!

THANKS MARY,  
NICE MEETING YOU

CRUSH IT?  
JUST KILL ME!

I WONDER IF  
SHE IS SINGLE!



THERE WE GO!  
THE FABLED CROSS  
FIT QUEEN!

WOW..  
IT'S HUGE!!!

THE GYM WAS LARGELY EMPTY, EXCEPT FOR A COUPLE OF GYM RATS IMMERSED IN THEIR WORKOUT.  
JULIA SCANNED THEM DISMISSIVELY. THEY WEREN'T THE TYPE OF CLIENTELE SHE EXPECTED TO SEE HERE, FROM SCARLETT'S DESCRIPTION.



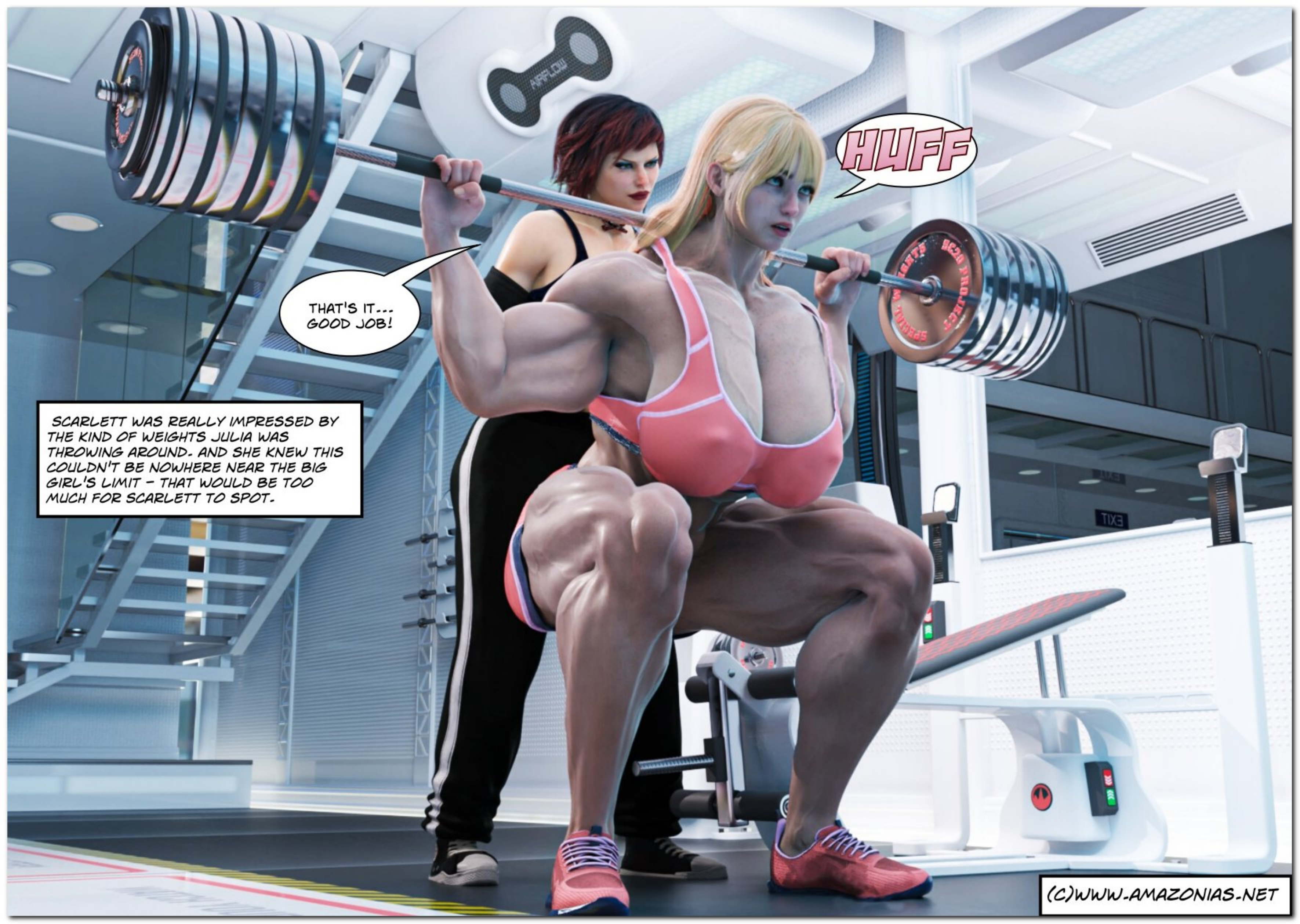
THE NEXT GUY SHE SAW WAS KIND OF ON POINT:  
SHORT, SLIM AND WORKING OUT BY HIMSELF. HE  
WAS NOT MUCH BIGGER THAN PRATT.



AFTER SOME LIGHT WARM UP, JULIA AND SCARLETT JUST DOVE RIGHT INTO IT.

COME ON JULES, ONE MORE REP.

GRUNT!



THAT'S IT...  
GOOD JOB!

HUFF

SCARLETT WAS REALLY IMPRESSED BY THE KIND OF WEIGHTS JULIA WAS THROWING AROUND. AND SHE KNEW THIS COULDN'T BE NOWHERE NEAR THE BIG GIRL'S LIMIT - THAT WOULD BE TOO MUCH FOR SCARLETT TO SPOT.

AT TIMES, SCARLETT COULD ONLY WATCH AS JULIA PUMPED INCREDIBLE AMOUNTS OF IRON OVER HER HEAD. AND SHE COULD ONLY CHEER FROM THE SIDE.

NHNGH

WOAH  
YOU ARE A **BEAST**  
JULES! YOU ARE  
REALLY **SHREDDING**  
IT!



AAAND THAT'S A FULL SET.

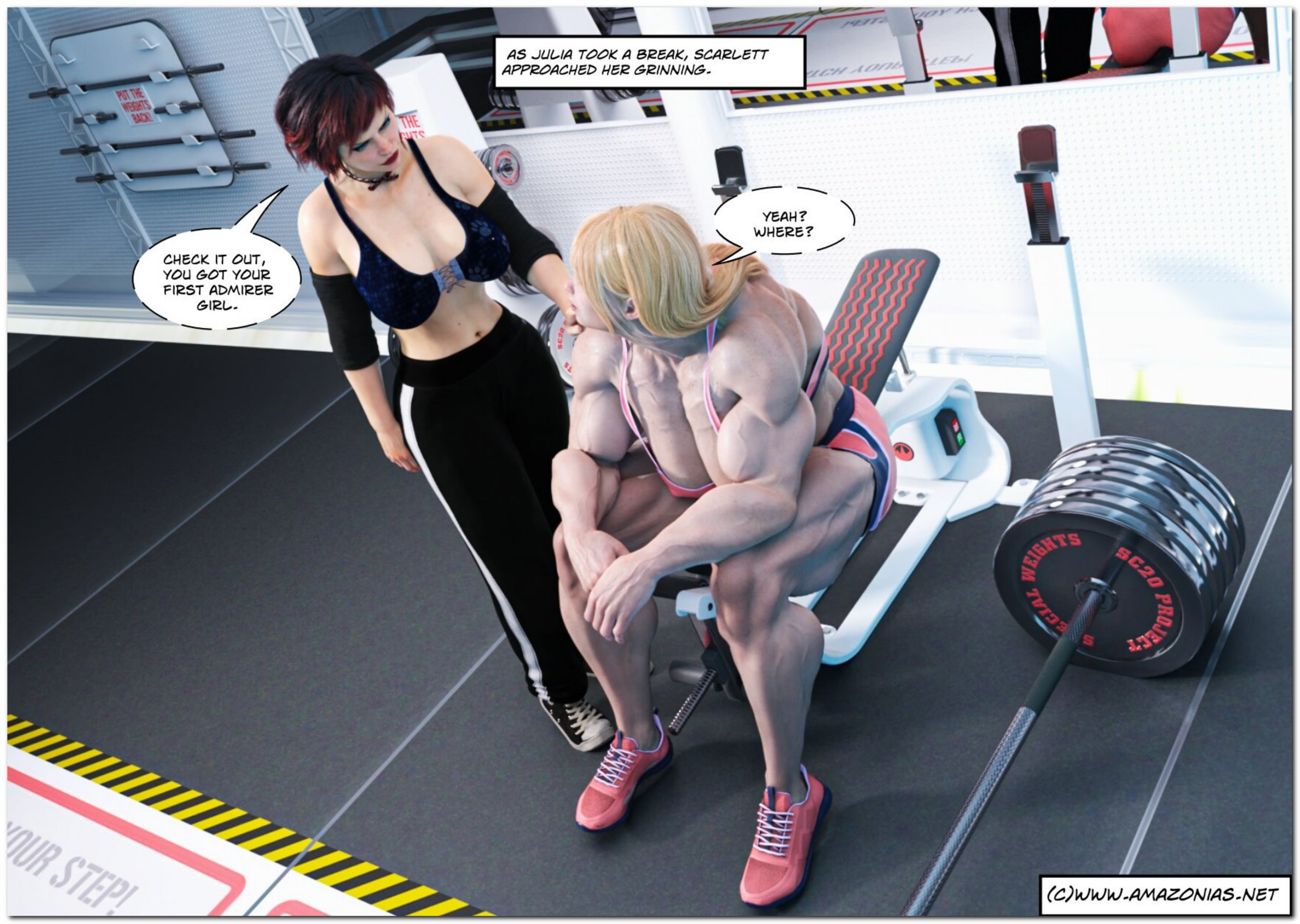
YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY INCREDIBLE

JUST LOOK AT THE PUMP ON THOSE ARMS AND DELTS.

AS JULIA TOOK A BREAK, SCARLETT APPROACHED HER GRINNING.


CHECK IT OUT,  
YOU GOT YOUR  
FIRST ADMIRER  
GIRL.

YEAH?  
WHERE?



ON YOUR LEFT,  
BE DESCRETE.

YEAH I SAW  
HIM EARLIER, HE IS  
CUTE.



SKIP WAS CAPTIVATED BY JULIA'S AWE-INSPIRING PHYSIQUE. HIS EYES TRACED THE CONTOURS OF HER MUSCULAR FORM, MESMERIZED BY THE IMPRESSIVE SIZE AND DEFINITION OF HER BICEPS, TRICEPS, AND SCULPTED SHOULDERS. EVERY RIPPLING MUSCLE SEEMED TO EMBODY POWER AND STRENGTH.

WOW, LOOK AT HOW MUCH IS LIFTING.

AND JUST LOOK AT THOSE ARMS, THEY ARE BIGGER AROUND THAN MY LEGS.

AND THOSE THIGHS...

HE IS A REGULAR  
HERE, WE CALL HIM  
SKIP. HE IS PRETTY  
HARMLESS.

YEAH?

HE LOOKS  
HARMLESS ENOUGH, I  
JUST HAVE THIS URGE TO  
MESS AROUND WITH  
HIM A LITTLE.

A man with dark hair, wearing a blue tank top with a green handprint graphic and blue shorts, is lying on a white gym machine. He is holding a barbell with both hands above his head. He has a nervous expression on his face, looking towards the left. The machine has a grey seat with red wavy patterns and a control panel with red and green buttons. A weight plate on the machine has the text "PROJECT" and "SPECIAL WEIGHS".

SKIP NOTICED THE GIRLS LOOKING HIS WAY.  
HE HURRIEDLY JUMPED UNDER THE WEIGHTS.  
TRYING TO LOOK BUSY.

OH SHIT,  
SCARLETT IS  
LOOKING AT ME.

IF SHE  
TELLS  
JACQUELINE, I AM  
IN DEEP SHIT.



**NGH**

OH, WHY DO I  
GET THE  
FEELING....

AS SKIP SLOWLY OPENED HIS EYES, HE WAS MET WITH A TANTALIZING SIGHT: MASSIVE THIGHS, INCREDIBLY IN BOTH SHEER SIZE AND DEFINITION.

HEY THERE LITTLE FELLA, NEED SOME HELP?



SKIP WAS SO STARTLED HE LOST HIS GRIP ON THE BAR. JULIA WAS QUICK ON THE DRAW AND JUST SNATCHED THE BAR MID AIR.

WOAH!  
EASY THERE LITTLE GUY!

**EEEP**



OH MY GOD!  
T-T-THANK YOU,  
YOU SAVED MY  
LIFE.

OH DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT IT.

BUT YOU  
REALLY SHOULD  
BE MORE  
CAREFUL.

YOU  
SHOULDN'T BE BY  
YOURSELF  
SPECIALLY IF YOU  
ARE USING UMM

**GIGGLE**

SUCH HEAVY  
WEIGHTS!



IS THAT REALLY HOW MUCH YOU BENCH?

I MEAN I WAS LIFTING MORE THAN THAT WHEN I WAS NINE YEARS OLD!

UHHH!  
OH MY GOD!!!



ALTHOUGH TO BE FAIR,  
EVEN AT NINE I WAS  
BIGGER THAN YOU!

THIS IS...  
I MEAN, YOU  
ARE...  
TWO FINGERS?!!

BEWARE OF MOVING PARTS

WATCH YOUR STEP!

WATCH



YOU SEEM IMPRESSED SKIP, I CAN CALL YOU SKIP, CAN'T I

YEAH I GUESS...

WELL I AM JULIA, SKIP. AND YOU HAVE SEEN THE WEIGHTS I HAVE BEEN THROWING AROUND.

THIS REALLY SHOULDN'T BE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!



BUT YOU  
KNOW WHAT?  
IF YOU THOUGHT THIS WAS  
IMPRESSIVE, THEN  
PREPARE TO HAVE YOUR  
MIND BLOWN



NOW SKIP, DO ME A FAVOUR?

ANYTHING!



HOLD ON TIGHT

**NINGH!**

SPECIAL WEIGHTS PROJECT

PLEASE WEAR BELT

SKIP FELT THE WORLD RUSH BY HIM AS HE SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF AIRBORN. JULIA WAS LIFTING THE WHOLE INCLINE BENCH IN THE AIR AND THE BOY ALMOST FELL OFF THE SIDE, QUICKLY GRABBING THE BENCH FOR SUPPORT.

HOLY... MY GOD!

UPSY DAISY.

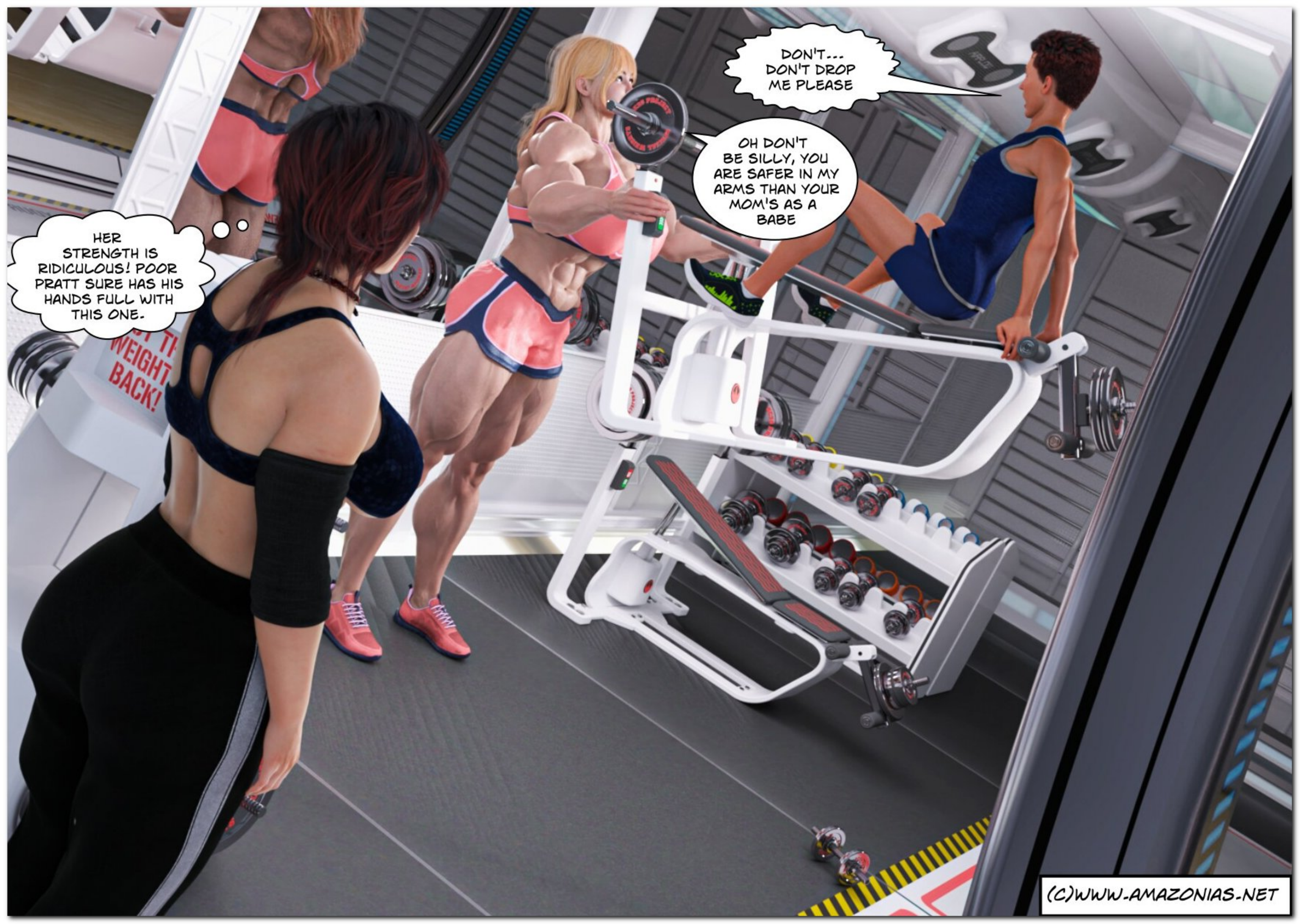




HOW ARE YOU DOING  
SKIP?  
MIND BLOWN YET?

OH MY GOD  
OH MY GOD  
OH MY GOD!

PUT THE  
WEIGHTS  
BACK!



HER STRENGTH IS RIDICULOUS! POOR PRATT SURE HAS HIS HANDS FULL WITH THIS ONE.

OH DON'T BE SILLY, YOU ARE SAFER IN MY ARMS THAN YOUR MOM'S AS A BABE

DON'T... DON'T DROP ME PLEASE




JULIA GENTLY LOWERED THE BENCH WITH SKIP SAFELY TO THE GROUND. SHE COULDN'T RESIST THE URGE TO SHOW OFF HER MUSCLES TO HIM.  
WITH A CONFIDENT SMILE, SHE BEGAN FLEXING HER ARMS, CAUSING HER BICEPS TO BULGE AND HER MUSCLES TO RIPPLE WITH POWER

PRETTY HUGE AREN'T THEY, THESE GUNS, UP CLOSE?

YOUR MUSCLES ARE ABSOLUTELY INCREDIBLE! IT'S LIKE THEY HAVE A LIFE OF THEIR OWN

**GIGGLE**  
SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT.

AND CHECK OUT THESE THIGHS! THEY'RE LIKE STEEL GIRDERS. SOMETIMES IT'S TOUGH JUST GETTING THEM INTO PANTS.

A muscular woman with blonde hair, wearing a pink bikini, is posing in a gym. She is flexing her right arm and pointing upwards with her left hand. The gym has a modern, futuristic aesthetic with white and blue tones. In the background, there are signs for 'AIRFLOW', 'EXIT', 'WEIGH IN', and 'RAC'.

WELL WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR LITTLE FELLA, COME UP HERE AND FEEL HOW HARD THEY ARE

\*NODDING\*  
YEAH LITTLE MAN,  
GO AHEAD.

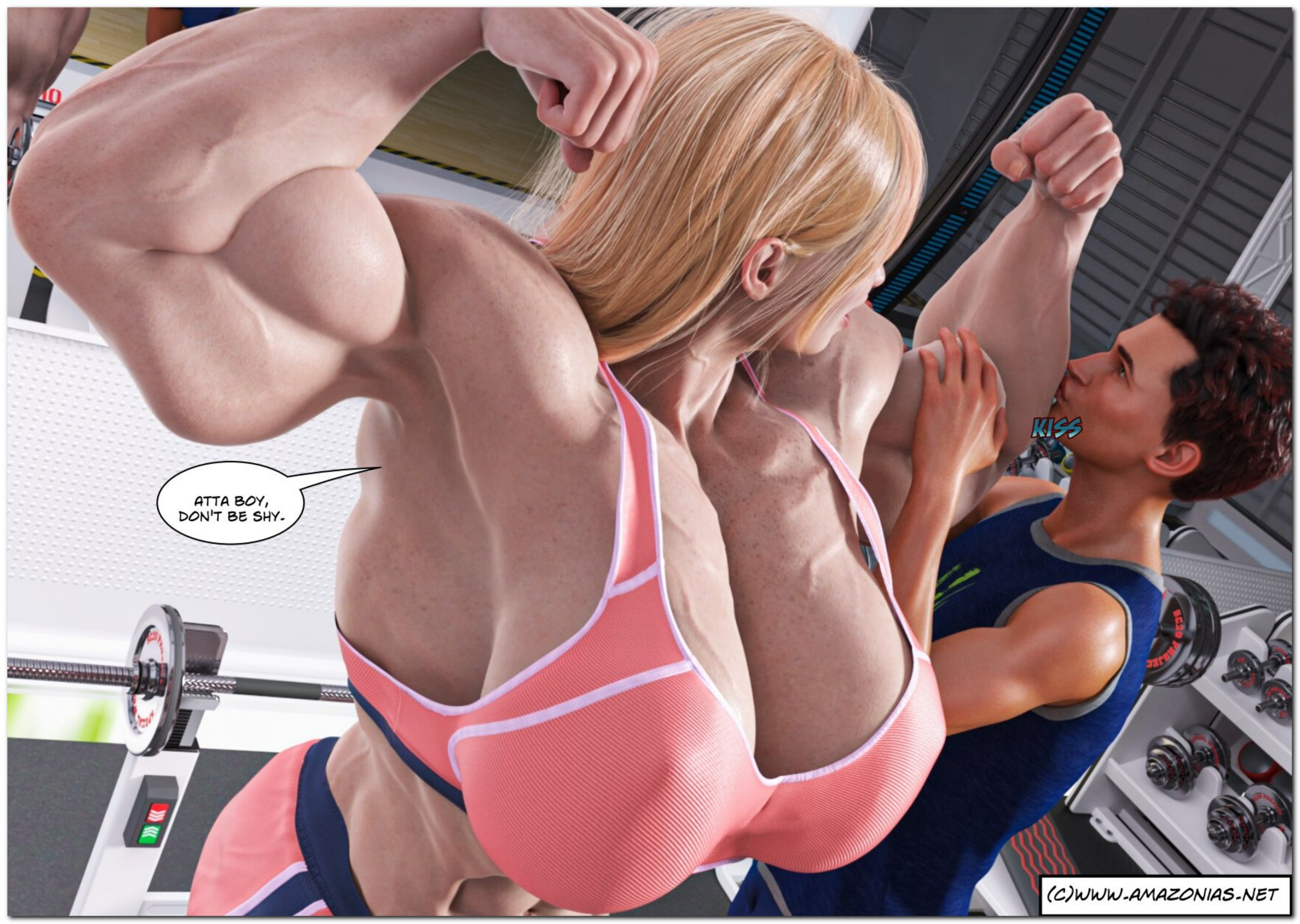
ARE YOU SURE? I  
WOULD WANT TO  
IMPOSE.

SKIP SCAMPERED UP ON THE BENCH, AND THE SMALL MAN HESITANTLY REACHED OUT, HIS FINGERTIPS MAKING CONTACT WITH THE FIRMNESS AND DENSITY OF JULIA'S MASSIVE MUSCLES.

CAN'T GET YOUR TINY HANDS AROUND THEM, CAN YOU?

GO AHEAD, GIVE EM A KISS. YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO.

WOW THEY ARE SO HARD. LIKE BOULDERS!



ATTA BOY,  
DON'T BE SHY.

KISS

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GYM, THREE MUSCLE HEADS - MITCH, CARL AND JOHN - WERE WATCHING JULIA AND SKIP.

WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK!

WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED TO THIS GYM BEING FOR DEDICATED FOLK WORKING OUT.

THIS IS A GYM FOR AMAZONS AND SHMOES BUD, WE TOLD YOU THAT.

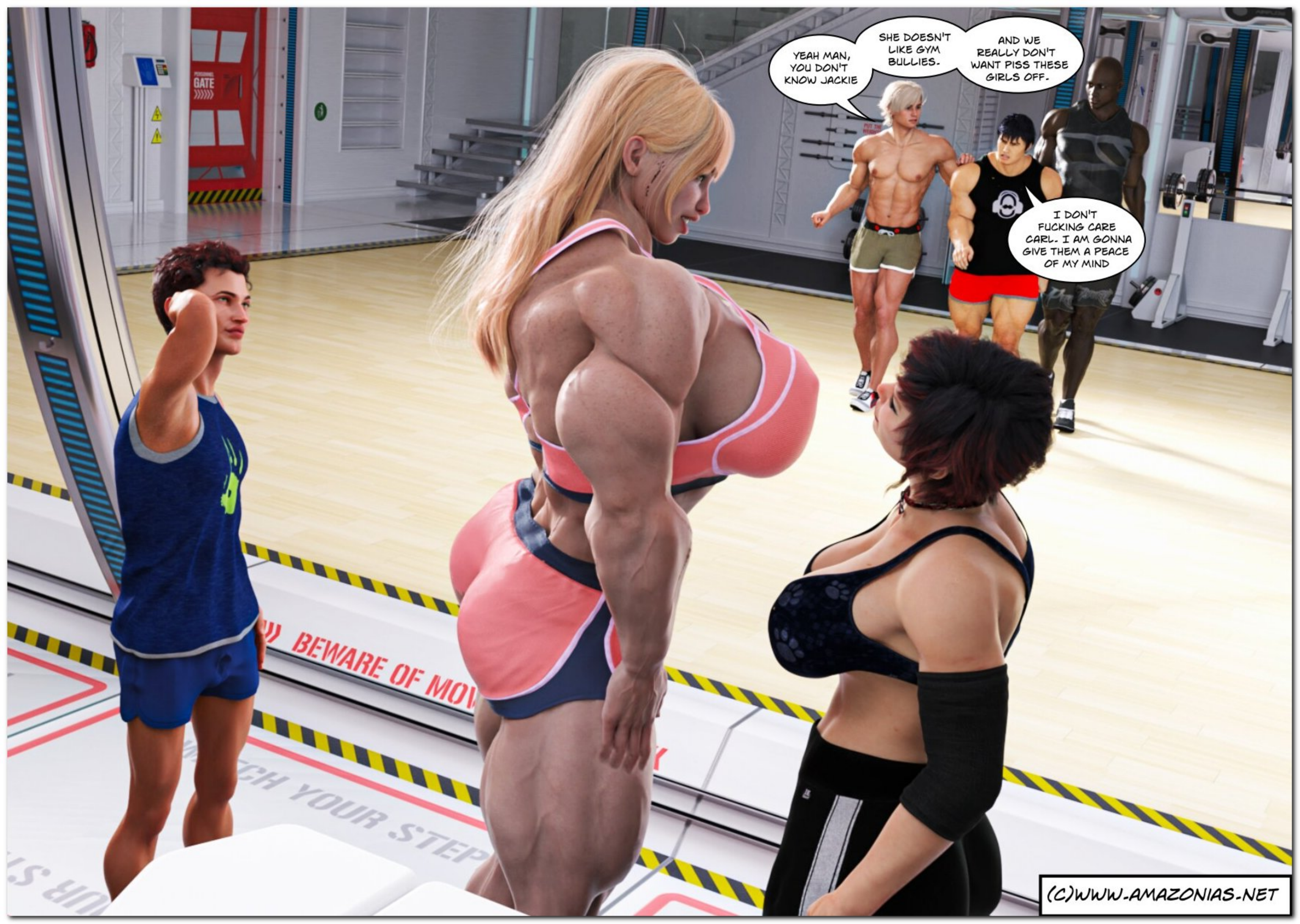
EASY THERE  
MITCH, CALM  
DOWN BUDDY.

I DON'T  
GIVE A FUCK,  
ALL THESE FAKE  
ATHLETES AND  
INFLUENCERS  
ARE RUINING

DUDE, I DON'T  
THINK SHE IS AN  
INFLUENCER MAN.

CARL  
ALREADY TOLD  
YOU, SO SHUT THE  
FUCK UP.

YOU ARE GOING  
TO GET US IN  
TROUBLE WITH  
THE OWNER.



YEAH MAN,  
YOU DON'T  
KNOW JACKIE

SHE DOESN'T  
LIKE GYM  
BULLIES.

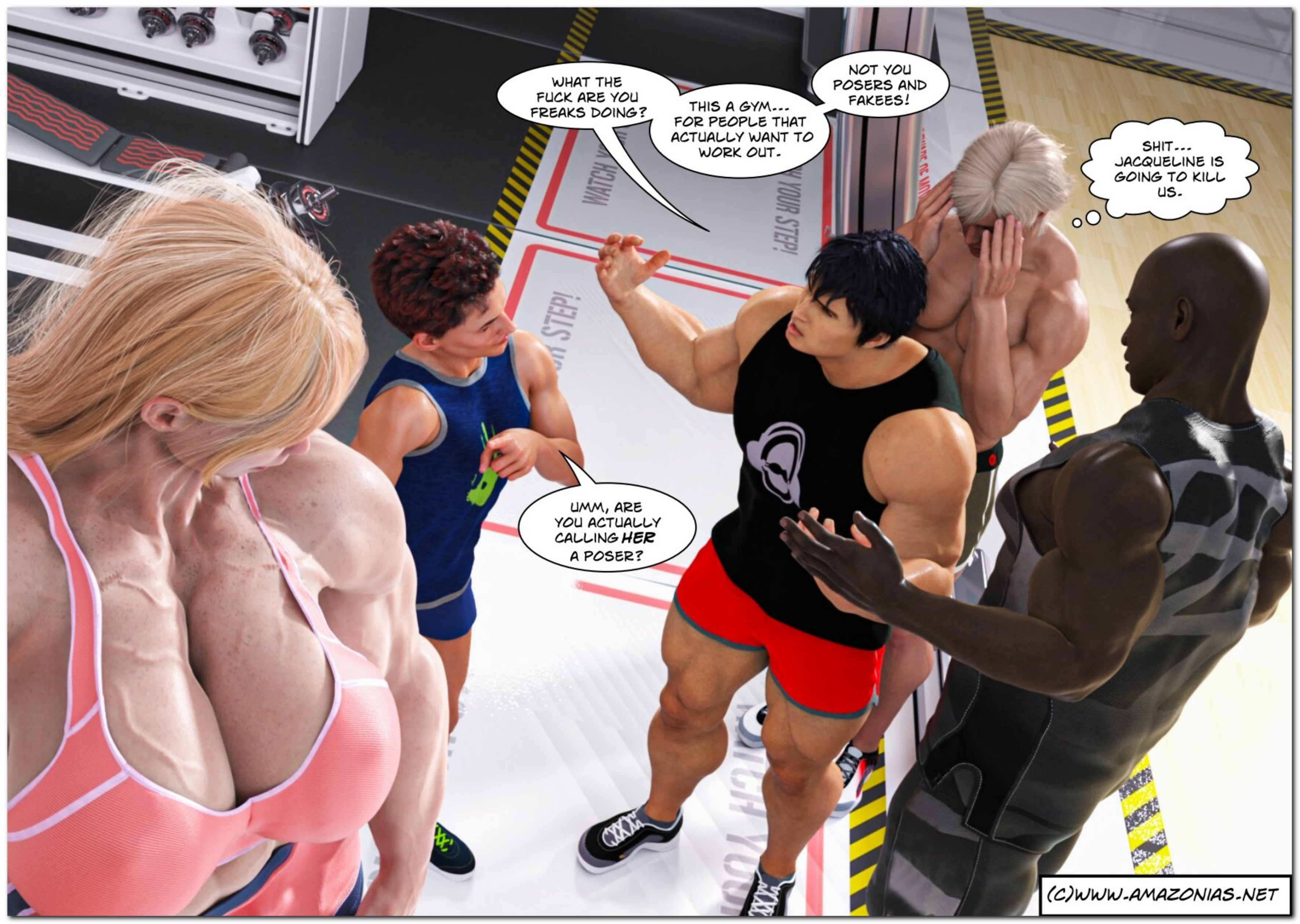
AND WE  
REALLY DON'T  
WANT PISS THESE  
GIRLS OFF.

I DON'T  
FUCKING CARE  
CARL. I AM GONNA  
GIVE THEM A PEACE  
OF MY MIND

PROHIBITED  
GATE  
»»»»

BEWARE OF MOVING

WATCH YOUR STEP



WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU FREAKS DOING?

THIS A GYM... FOR PEOPLE THAT ACTUALLY WANT TO WORK OUT.

NOT YOU POSERS AND FAKEES!

SHIT... JACQUELINE IS GOING TO KILL US.

UMM, ARE YOU ACTUALLY CALLING HER A POSER?



OH FUCK!

OH NO... ROID RAGE.

DON'T GET SMART WITH ME YOU PIPSQUEAK!


WARNING PA

WATCH YOUR STEP!

WATCH YOUR STEP!

A highly detailed, muscular man with short, light blonde hair is shown from the waist up. He is shirtless, revealing a very defined physique with prominent pectorals, abdominals, and arm muscles. He has a look of panic or urgency, with wide eyes and a slightly open mouth. His hands are held out in front of him, palms facing forward. The background is a modern gym with various pieces of equipment, including weight racks and treadmills. A sign on a rack in the background reads "PUT THE WEIGHTS BACK!".

SHIT SHIT SHIT  
ITS TOO LATE,  
JACQUELINE IS HERE.

A muscular redheaded woman with a very defined physique is walking in a hallway. She is wearing a camouflage bikini top and bottom, black gloves, and black shoes. She has a serious, intense expression. The hallway has a light-colored tiled floor with a yellow and black striped safety line. In the background, there are white walls with a fire extinguisher and a sign that says "GATE".

WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON HERE?

WHAT IS WITH ALL THE FUCKING RUCKUS.

A TALL, MUSCULAR REDHEAD APPEARED ALMOST OUT OF NOWHERE. HER PRESENCE ALONE SEEMED TO COMMAND ATTENTION, AND AN AIR OF INTIMIDATION ACCOMPANIED HER EVERY STEP. WITH EVERY STRIDE, THE SOUND OF HER POWERFUL FOOTSTEPS REVERBERATED THROUGH THE ROOM, ACCENTUATING THE SHEER MAGNITUDE OF HER PHYSICAL PRESENCE

EACH MUSCLE IN HER WELL-DEFINED PHYSIQUE RIPPLED WITH RAW POWER AND STRENGTH. THE WEIGHT OF HER MUSCULARITY WAS EVIDENT IN EVERY SINEW AND BULGE, AS IF HER PHYSIQUE HAD BEEN CARVED OUT OF GRANITE. HER BROAD SHOULDERS, SCULPTED ARMS, AND CHISELLED ABDOMINALS WERE BEYOND INTIMIDATING.



LET HIM GO, RIGHT NOW.

JACKIE, I SWEAR WE HAVE GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS.

WE TRIED TO STOP HIM, WE REALLY DID.

WE ARE SO SCREWED

THE BOYS WERE TRULY TERRIFIED, AND THEY HAD GOOD REASON TO. JACQUELINE LOOKED PISSED, AND SHE WAS THE LAST PERSON YOU WOULD WANT PISSED AT YOU.

YOU AND YOU! START TALKING, NOW. WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU GUYS DOING?



NOW WHO IS THAT BIG BITCH? ANOTHER OF YOU FREAKS?

DUDE, SHE IS THE OWNER OF THE GYM

YOU GOT TO CALM DOWN MAN, YOU DON'T WANT TO MAKE HER ANGRY.



I HEARD ENOUGH, YOU THREE ARE IN A WORLD OF TROUBLE.

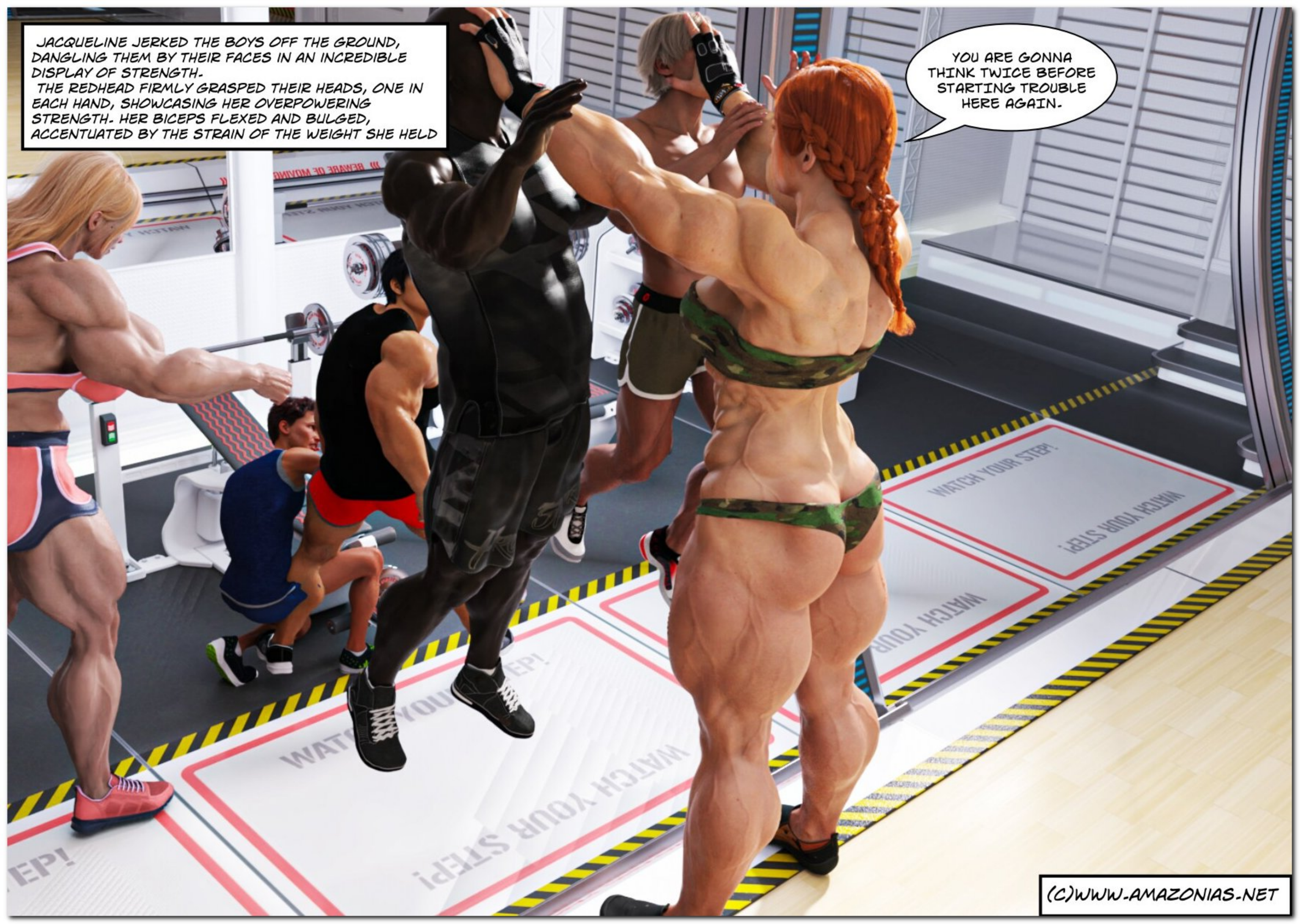
WHAT THE FUCK!

WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH THIS PLACE.

MMFFFF

JACQUELINE JERKED THE BOYS OFF THE GROUND, DANGLING THEM BY THEIR FACES IN AN INCREDIBLE DISPLAY OF STRENGTH. THE REDHEAD FIRMLY GRASPED THEIR HEADS, ONE IN EACH HAND, SHOWCASING HER OVERPOWERING STRENGTH. HER BICEPS FLEXED AND BULGED, ACCENTUATED BY THE STRAIN OF THE WEIGHT SHE HELD

YOU ARE GONNA THINK TWICE BEFORE STARTING TROUBLE HERE AGAIN.





JOHN AND CARL'S FEET KICKED THE AIR  
HELPLESSLY. DESPITE THEIR BEST EFFORTS,  
THEIR STRUGGLES WERE IN VAIN, AND THE  
REDHEAD'S OVERWHELMING POWER PROVED  
INSURMOUNTABLE.



I HAVE HAD  
ENOUGH OF YOU  
WIMP AND YOU HAREM  
OF FREAKS

HERE  
COMES THE  
PAIN

**GRAB**

HOLD IT RIGHT  
THERE YOU  
MEATHEAD.  
HOW ABOUT YOU PICK ON  
SOMEONE YOUR OWN  
SIZE!

**AGHH**

WHAT THE  
FUCK  
LET GO OF ME YOU  
BITCH



GATE  
03

MITCH'S REACTION WAS BLINDINGLY FAST AND CRANKED UP TO EXTREME. HE MIGHTILY TORE HIS ARM FROM JULIA'S GRIP AND TURNED ON HIS HEEL TO DELIVER A HAY MAKER PUNCH TO HER MIDRIFF.

OH YEAH?  
THEN HOW ABOUT  
A KNUCKLE  
SANDWICH

IS THIS ALL  
YOU GOT ?  
YOU BIG LUMP

A muscular man with dark hair, wearing a black tank top, is shown from the chest up. He is looking down at his hands, which are clasped together. He has a pained or surprised expression on his face. The background shows a gym setting with a wooden floor and some equipment. A speech bubble is next to him, and a text box is in the upper left corner.

MITCH FELT LIKE HE HAD PUNCHED  
CONCRETE. HIS HAND THROBBED  
WITH PAIN, WHICH SEEMED TO CLEAR  
HIS HEAD A LITTLE.

OH SHIT  
HOW IS THAT EVEN  
POSSIBLE?



MITCH LOOKED UP, WAY UP, TO LOOK AT JULIA'S ANGRY FACE. HE WAS SO SCARED THAT HE ACTUALLY COILED IN FEAR.

YOU HAD YOUR SHOT, SHORT ROUND. NOW IT'S MY TURN.

OH SHIT  
OH SHIT



WH  
WHAT ARE  
YOU  
DOING?

**GRAB**

JUST LOOK  
AT THAT FACE, YOU  
ARE PETRIFIED. TELL THE  
TRUTH HONEY, YOU ARE  
NOTHING BUT AN  
OVERGROWN BABY  
AREN'T YOU?

I CAN'T  
JUST HIT THIS BIG  
BABY!

COME HERE  
YOU.

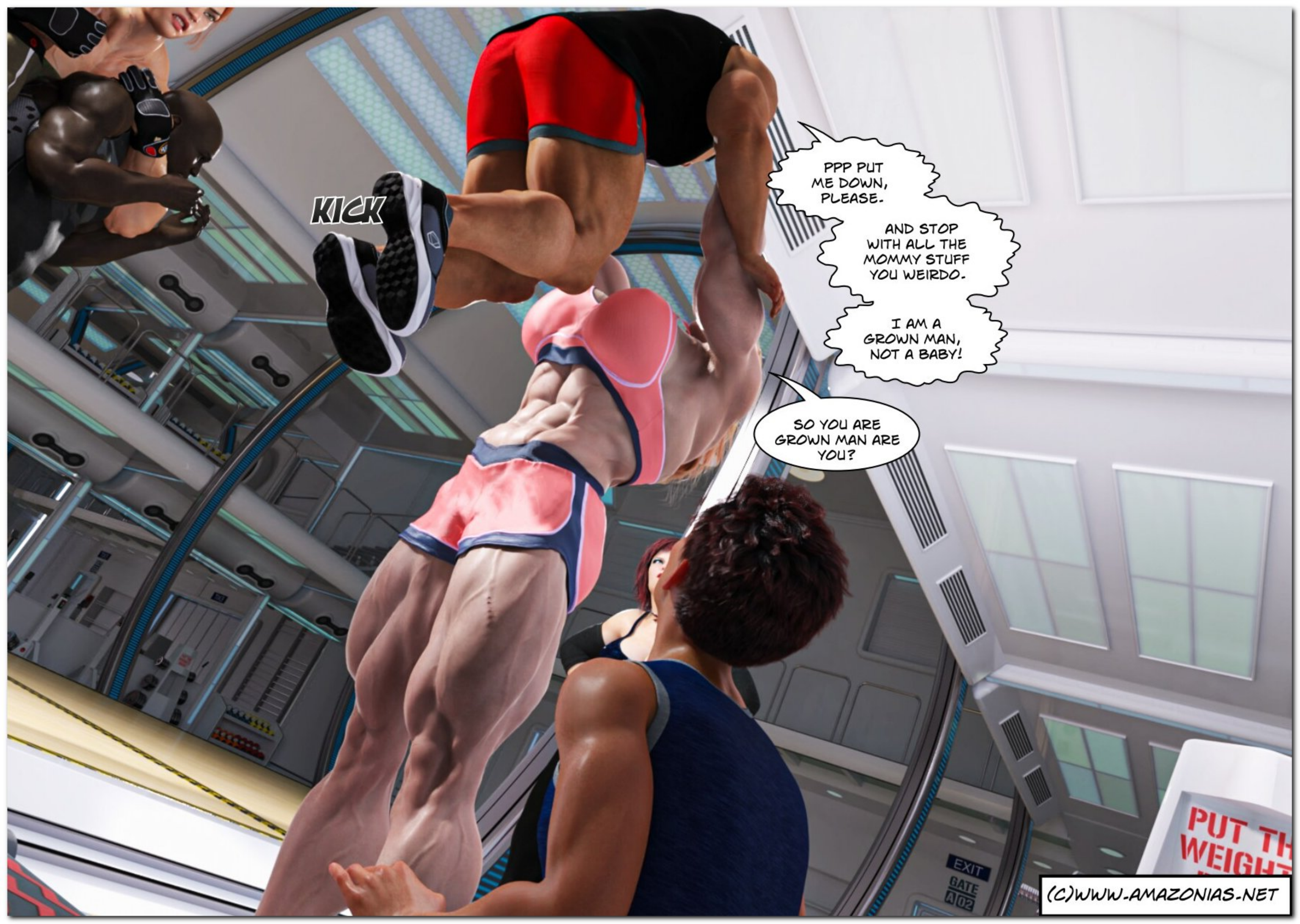


WOAH!  
OH MY GOD, SHE  
LIFTS MY 250 POUNDS  
LIKE I WEIGH  
NOTHING.

UP YOU GO.

LOOK AT MY  
BABY  
SO HIGH UP IN  
THE AIR.

GO AHEAD, KICK  
YOUR LEGS FOR  
MOMMY.



**KICK**

PPP PUT ME DOWN, PLEASE.

AND STOP WITH ALL THE MOMMY STUFF YOU WEIRDO.

I AM A GROWN MAN, NOT A BABY!

SO YOU ARE GROWN MAN ARE YOU?

PUT THE WEIGHT

EXIT GATE A102

JULIA STARTED SHAKING MITCH VIOLENTLY, RAG DOLLING HIM FROM SIDE TO SIDE.

WOAH

SHAKE

SHAKE

YOU REALLY DON'T WANT ME TO TREAT LIKE A GROWN MAN.

IF I DID, I WOULD BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF YOU FOR WHAT YOU DID.

GIGGLE

OH MY GOD THIS IS PRICELESS.

PUT THE WEIGHTS BACK!

BEWARE OF MOVING PARTS

YOUR STEP!

STANDING TO THE SIDE, WAS JACQUELINE, STILL RESTRAINING JOHN AND CARL. DESPITE BOTH OF THEM BEING STRONG, WELL MUSCLED MEN, THEY WERE LIKE CHILDREN IN HER ARMS.

**AGHK**  
EASE UP... PLEASE. CAN BARELY BREATHE!

**WHEEZE**  
JACKIE, PLEASE!. YOU ARE BREAKING MY RIBS!



JACQUELINE HAD JOHN IN A HEADLOCK WITH ONE ARM. HE WEAKLY CLAWED AT HER ARM NOTICING IN TERROR THAT WAS ALMOST THE SIZE OF HIS HEAD.

NOW NOW BOYS, DON'T MAKE A FUSS. TAKE YOUR PUNISHMENT LIKE MEN.

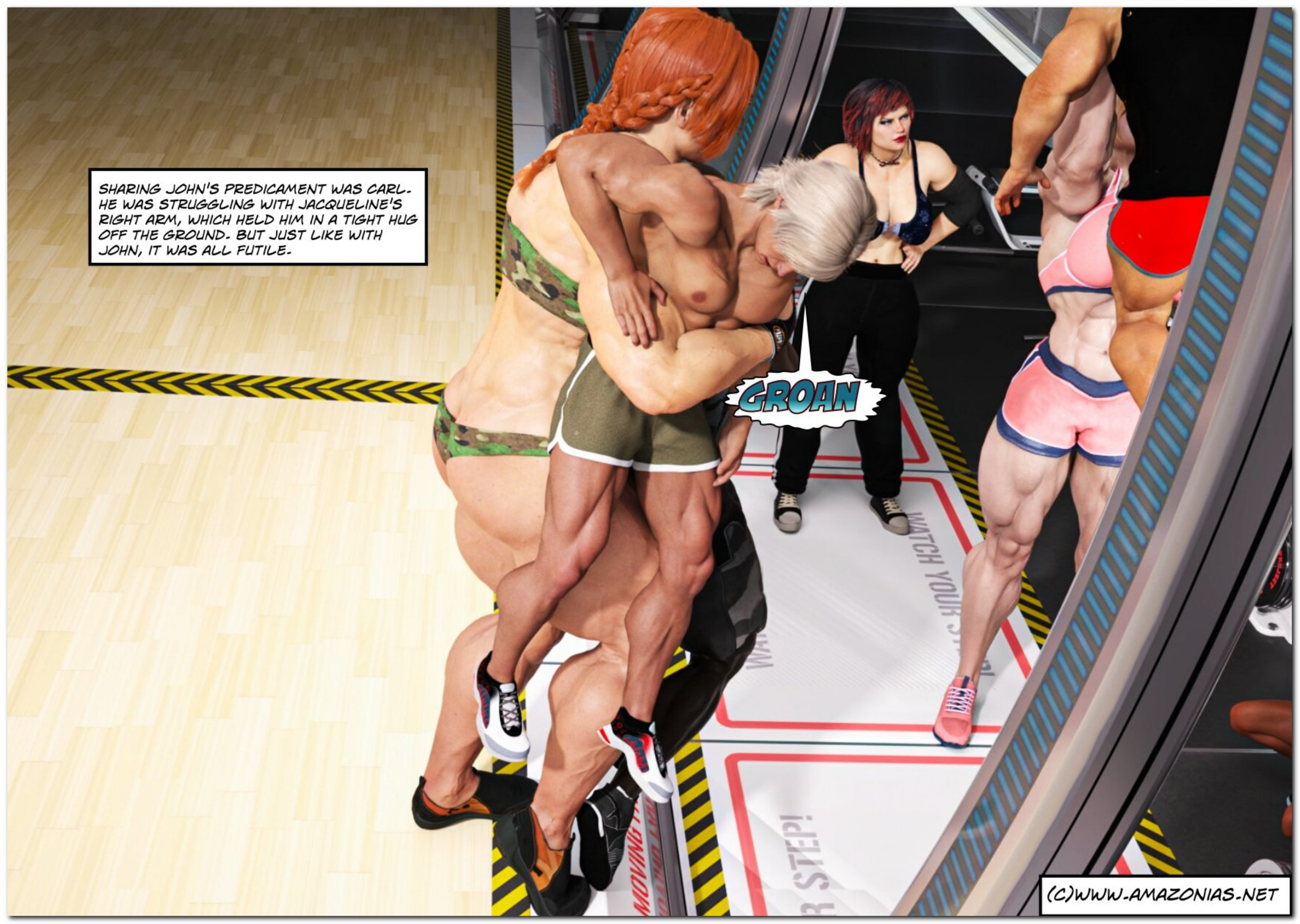
JUST SHUT IT AND LET'S WATCH THIS GIRL AT WORK.

SHE IS BREAKING DOWN THAT MAN LIKE AN ARTIST.

AHHH MY HEAD FEELS LIKE IT'S GONNA POP.

SHARING JOHN'S PREDICAMENT WAS CARL. HE WAS STRUGGLING WITH JACQUELINE'S RIGHT ARM, WHICH HELD HIM IN A TIGHT HUG OFF THE GROUND. BUT JUST LIKE WITH JOHN, IT WAS ALL FUTILE.

GROAN



SO WHAT ARE YOU A BABY, OR A MAN?

I AM A BABY... A BABY!!!

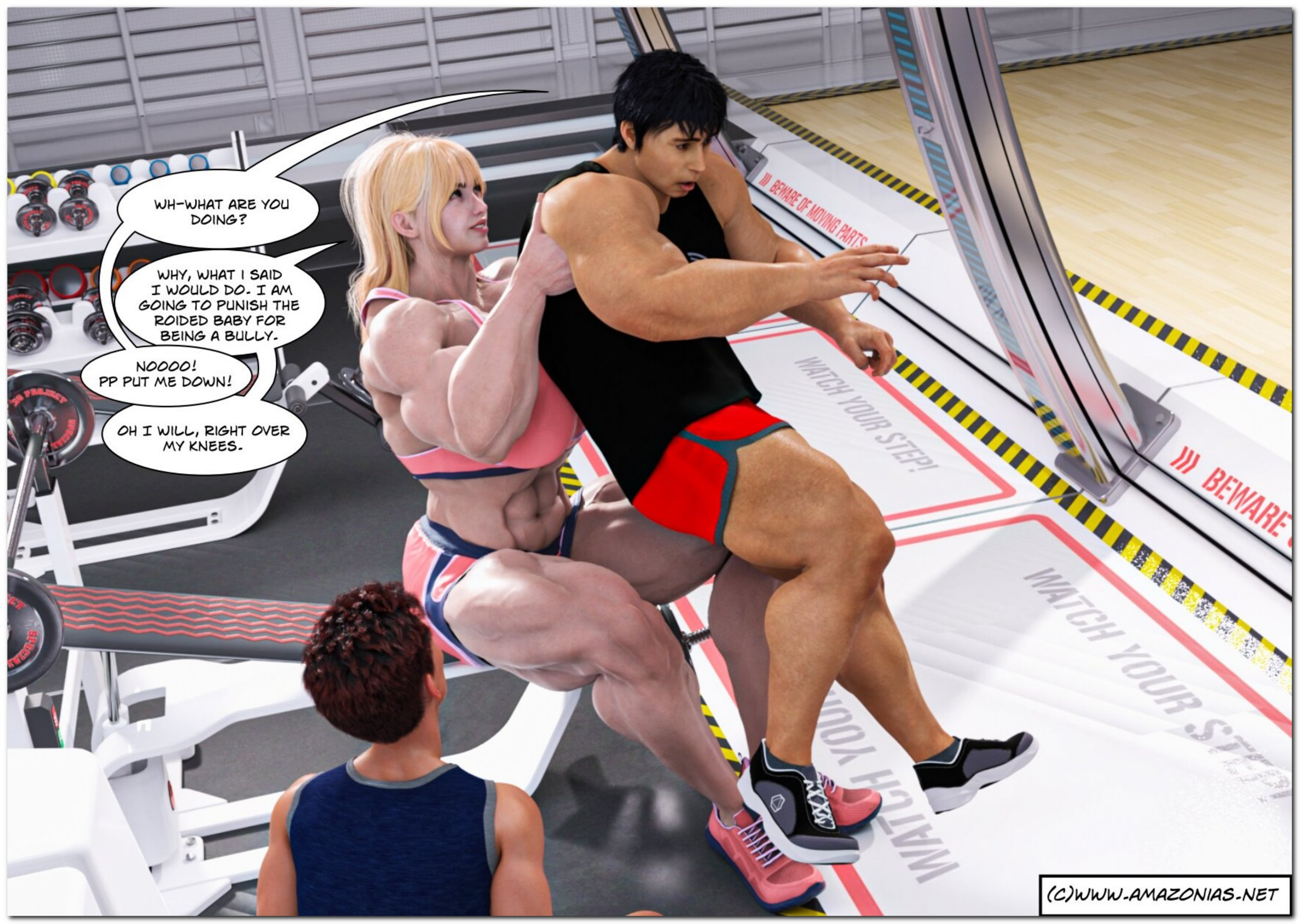
OH YES YOU ARE, A BIG HAIRY BABY.

AND I KNOW JUST WHAT TO DO WITH NAUGHTY BABIES.

SHAKE

SHAKE

THIS IS JUST PRICELESS.



WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WHY, WHAT I SAID I WOULD DO. I AM GOING TO PUNISH THE ROIDED BABY FOR BEING A BULLY.

NOOOO! PP PUT ME DOWN!

OH I WILL, RIGHT OVER MY KNEES.

MOVING FAST, JULIA HAD MITCH DRAPED OVER HER KNEE RESTRAINING HIM WITH A HAMMER LOCK.

AWW WHAT A CUTE LITTLE TUSH YOU HAVE.

AND IT IS SO TIGHT TOO, IT'S SUCH A SHAME I HAVE TO BREAK IT.

NO NO NO

JULES DEFTLY PULLED DOWN HIS SHORTS AND BRIEFS AND THEN THE SPANKING STARTED.

ДАННН

STOP!



DUDE, PLEASE.  
TELL HER TO STOP. I  
AM SORRY, I AM SO  
SORRY!

SORRY, THERE IS  
NOTHING I CAN DO FOR  
YOU HERE, MAN.



OH WHAT IS GOING ON THERE NOW?

A muscular woman with a green bikini is holding a man by his arms. The man is looking up at her with a pained expression. The background is a futuristic airport terminal with signs for 'GATE A101', 'EXIT', and 'PERSONAL GATE'.

IF CARL THOUGHT THE HEADLOCK WAS A VICE, HE HAD NO WORDS FOR THE NEW POSITION HE NOW FINDS HIMSELF IN.

JACQUELINE'S HEADSCISSORS WERE LITERALLY REARRANGING THE BONES IN HIS SKULL! HE WAS SLOWLY LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS AND BY NOW IT WAS ALL HE COULD TO JUST HANG TO HER HUMONGOUS LEGS.



CARL, ON THE OTHER HAND FOUND HIMSELF  
IN A MORE FAVOURABLE POSITION.

SO REMIND ME AGAIN  
CARL, WHAT DID I SAY  
ABOUT HANGING WITH  
MUSCLE HEADS?

I SWEAR, I  
WAS JUST WORKING  
OUT WITH JOHN, YOU  
KNOW JOHN, IS COOL.  
THEN HIS FRIEND JUST  
SHOWED UP.

SUDDENLY CARL'S POSITION TURNED UNFAVOURABLE AS SCARLETT'S SQUEEZED HIM INTO A TIGHT BALL IN HER ARMS.

THAT'S NO EXCUSE, AND I CAN'T JUST LET YOU GET AWAY UNSCATHED.

**SQUEEZE**

AND THIS IS JUST A TASTE.

SCARLETT KEPT UP THE PRESSURE, OCCASIONALLY TENSING HER MUSCLES IN A RHYTHMIC PULSATING MANNER, EACH FLEX PUNCHING INTO CARL'S OUTCLASSED BODY.

THESE ARE JUST LOVE SQUEEZES CARL, THE REAL PUNISHMENT WE WILL GET TO LATER.

AW AW AW JACKIE, PLEASE! EASE UP.

IT HURTS SO MUCH.

JULIA'S SPANKS RAINED DOWN ON MITCH'S BACKSIDE. GROWING HARDER AND LOUDER WITH EACH SUBSEQUENT ONE. MITCH WENT FROM BEGGING TO JUST SOBBING IN PAIN.

AND THAT'S 30

I THINK YOU HAVE HAD ENOUGH.

SMACK

THANK GOD THIS IS NOT ME!

MAN, DID SHE LAY IT INTO HIM.

SOB SOB

NOW, DID YOU LEARN YOUR LESSON LITTLE GUY?

OR AM I GOING TO HAVE TO HAMMER IT IN HARDER?

**SOB**  
NOOO I LEARNED MY LESSON.  
**SNIFF**



RUN BOY, RUN!  
OR I AM COMING FOR  
YOU.

OH MAN,  
SURE THE GUY  
WAS A JERK, BUT  
THAT'S ROUGH.

JULIA TURNED TOWARDS SKIP, AND SUDDENLY HER Demeanour TURNED TO SWEET AGAIN.

ARE YOU OK LITTLE MAN?

YEAH, THANKS TO YOU

YOU SAVED ME RIGHT IN TIME.



YOU ARE THE VERITABLE KNIGHT IN SHINNING ARMOUR JULES.

AND THE WAY YOU HANDLED HIM, WOW

MAYBE I SHOULD BE THE ONE TAKING NOTES FROM YOU.



AWWW, YOU GUYS ARE TOO KIND. I JUST ACTED ON INSTINCT. I REALLY HATE BULLIES.



I THINK YOU BOYS HAVE HAD ENOUGH.

HOW ABOUT WE GO AND MEET THIS NEW GIRL.

**GULP**  
YEAH SURE.

**ZZZZZZZ!**

JULIA, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS, HAD TO LOOK UP TO LOOK JACQUELINE IN THE EYES. AND IN AN EVEN RARER OCCURRENCE, SHE WAS ACTUALLY INTIMIDATED.

HEY SUGAR. I AM JACQUELINE, YOU CAN CALL ME JACKIE. I AM THE OWNER OF THIS GYM

HEY JACKIE, I AM JULIA. SCARLETT TOLD ME SO MUCH ABOUT YOU.

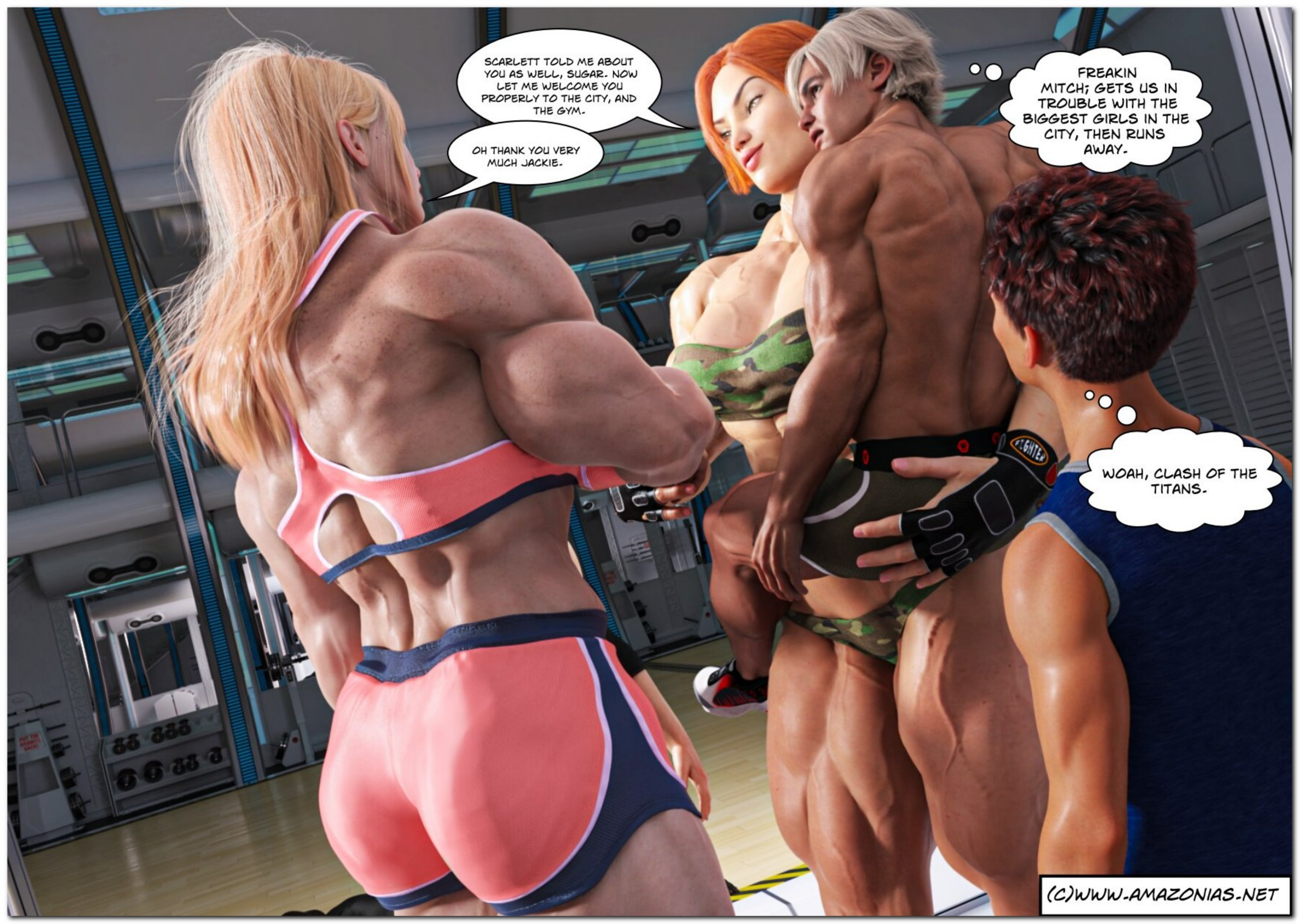
BUT I HAVE TO SAY, MEETING YOU IN PERSON IS SOMETHING ELSE ENTIRELY.

AWW THAT'S SWEET DEAR. AND I GOT TO SAY, THE WAY YOU HANDLED MITCH AS JUST GREAT.

YOU ARE A NATURAL BORN DISCIPLINARIAN DEAR.

HOW THE HELL DID I THINK JULIA MIGHT BE BIGGER THAN JACKIE?!

JACKIE IS JUST INHUMAN. EVERYTHING ABOUT HER IS JUST... MASSIVE.



SCARLETT TOLD ME ABOUT YOU AS WELL, SUGAR. NOW LET ME WELCOME YOU PROPERLY TO THE CITY, AND THE GYM.

OH THANK YOU VERY MUCH JACKIE.

FREAKIN MITCH; GETS US IN TROUBLE WITH THE BIGGEST GIRLS IN THE CITY, THEN RUNS AWAY.

WOAH, CLASH OF THE TITANS.

WITHOUT ANY WARNING, SKIP  
SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF FACING  
THE TWO GIANTESSES.

OH LET'S NOT  
FORGET THE  
ORIGINAL  
TROUBLEMAKER.

WHAT? ME?  
WHY... WHAT DID I  
DO?





TELL ME JULIA, WHEN ALL THIS STARTED, YOU WERE CONFRONTING SKIP BECAUSE HE WAS STARING, WASN'T HE?

YUP, PRETTY MUCH SO.

WAIT, WAIT. JACKIE, I SWEAR IT WAS JUST A MISUNDERSTANDING.



NO WHAT TO DO WITH  
THIS LITTLE VOYEUR,  
JACKIE?

OH I KNOW  
**EXACTLY** WHAT TO  
DO WITH HIM.  
BUT IT IS GOING TO  
REQUIRE A MORE  
PRIVATE SETTING.

I AM AFRAID  
YOU ARE COMING  
HOME WITH ME  
LITTLE SKIPPY.

**SLAM**

WHAT WAS THAT?



OH MY GOD!

I GOTTA GET OUT  
OF HERE,

THESE BITCHES  
ARE CRAZY!!!



WHAT HAS  
GOTTEN INTO THAT  
GUY?

AND WHAT THE  
HELL HAPPENED IN  
THERE?


BACK AT HOME, PRATT HAD WASHED UP AND RECOVERED FROM THE MORNING DALLIANCES. BUT HE WAS CONCERNED BY THE WAY THINGS WERE HEADING. AND THEY WERE GOING FAST.

I GOT TO PUT DOWN SOME RULES.

SHOW HER SHE CAN'T JUST COME INTO MY LIFE AND TAKE IT OVER.

I HAVE WORKED HARD FOR IT, TO JUST HAND OVER THE REIGNS TO HER.

YEAH... I JUST HAVE TO CONFRONT HER AS SOON AS SHE COMES IN.

A man with a beard and short brown hair, wearing a grey t-shirt with black sleeves, stands in a kitchen. He is looking towards a doorway on the right. The kitchen has wooden cabinets, a grey tiled backsplash, and a countertop with a fruit basket and some bottles. A woman with blonde hair, wearing a pink bikini, is standing in the doorway. A speech bubble from her says "HELLOOOO I AM HOOOME". A thought bubble from the man says "THERE SHE IS, NOW IS MY CHANGE!".

THERE SHE IS, NOW  
IS MY CHANGE!

HELLOOOO  
I AM HOOOME



JULIA, WE NEED TO TALK.

OH, THAT'S NOT QUITE THE WELCOME I EXPECTED.

THIS IS SERIOUS JULES, IT CAN'T WAIT.

JULIA STRETCHED TO HER FULL HEIGHT, AND LOOKING DOWN ON PRATT, PUT A LITTLE MENACE IN HER TALK.

REALLY?  
WHAT SERIOUS  
MATTER REQUIRES YOU  
TO ACCOST ME AT THE  
DOOR LIKE THIS?

WHAT?  
NO, THAT'S NOT  
WHAT I...

**HUFF**  
THERE HAVE TO  
BE RULES. YOU  
CAN'T JUST...  
I MEAN, IT'S MY  
LIFE.



WOW THAT WAS VERY ELOQUENT. BUT DON'T WORRY I UNDERSTAND COMPLETELY.

YOU DO?

YEAH OF COURSE, WE DO NEED PLENTY OF RULES.

HERE, LET'S SIT DOWN ON THE COUCH, LET'S TALK THIS OVER.

OH OKAY I GUESS!



IT REALLY IS MY FAULT YOU KNOW?

IT IS? I MEAN IT IS.

YEAH, THE FRIENDS I MADE AT THE GYM TAUGHT ME HOW BOYS NEED DISCIPLINE.

WHAT? NOOO THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT.



NO NO, IT'S ALL  
RIGHT PRATT, JULIA  
KNOWS BEST.

WH WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING?

GETTING YOU  
COMFORTABLE LITTLE  
MAN. NOW ABOUT  
THOSE RULES.



RULE#1: NO CLOTHES IN THE HOUSE FOR MY MUNCHKIN.

NO THAT'S NOT FAIR.

THIS IS MY HOME, YOU CAN'T JUST...

**ZIP**

**GIGGLE**

OH SWEETY! YES,  
YES I CAN.



YOU SEE, YOU  
HAVE BEEN BEGGING  
ME TO DO THIS FOR THE  
LONGEST TIME,  
BRAT.

I JUST DIDN'T SEE IT  
RIGHT AWAY.

AND DON'T WORRY  
YOU WON'T BE  
COMPLETELY NAKED, I  
GOT YOU SOMETHING.



YOU GOT ME  
SOMETHING?

YEAH, WHY  
DON'T YOU BRING  
MOMMY THE BAG,  
SNOOKUMS?



WONDER WHAT  
MOMMY BROUGHT HER  
LITTLE PRATT?

**VOILA!**

WHAT IS...  
THAT?

OH THIS IS  
WHAT YOU WILL BE  
WEARING IN THE  
HOUSE FROM NOW  
ON

AND WHEN YOU  
GO OUT, YOU WILL  
BE WEARING IT  
BENEATH YOUR  
CLOTHES.

AND I GOT  
YOU A WHOLE  
BUNCH OF THEM. I  
WILL TELL YOU  
WHICH TO WEAR  
EVERYDAY.



BUT...  
NO I DON'T WANT  
TO

SHHH BABY.  
LET'S NOT PLAY THIS  
GAME.

YOU KNOW  
THAT WILL  
EVENTUALLY DO IT,  
SINCE I CAN MAKE  
YOU.

SO LET'S JUST  
SKIP THE THREATS.

AND PUT THIS  
ON!

**SIGH**


THAT'S A GOOD BOY.



**GASP**

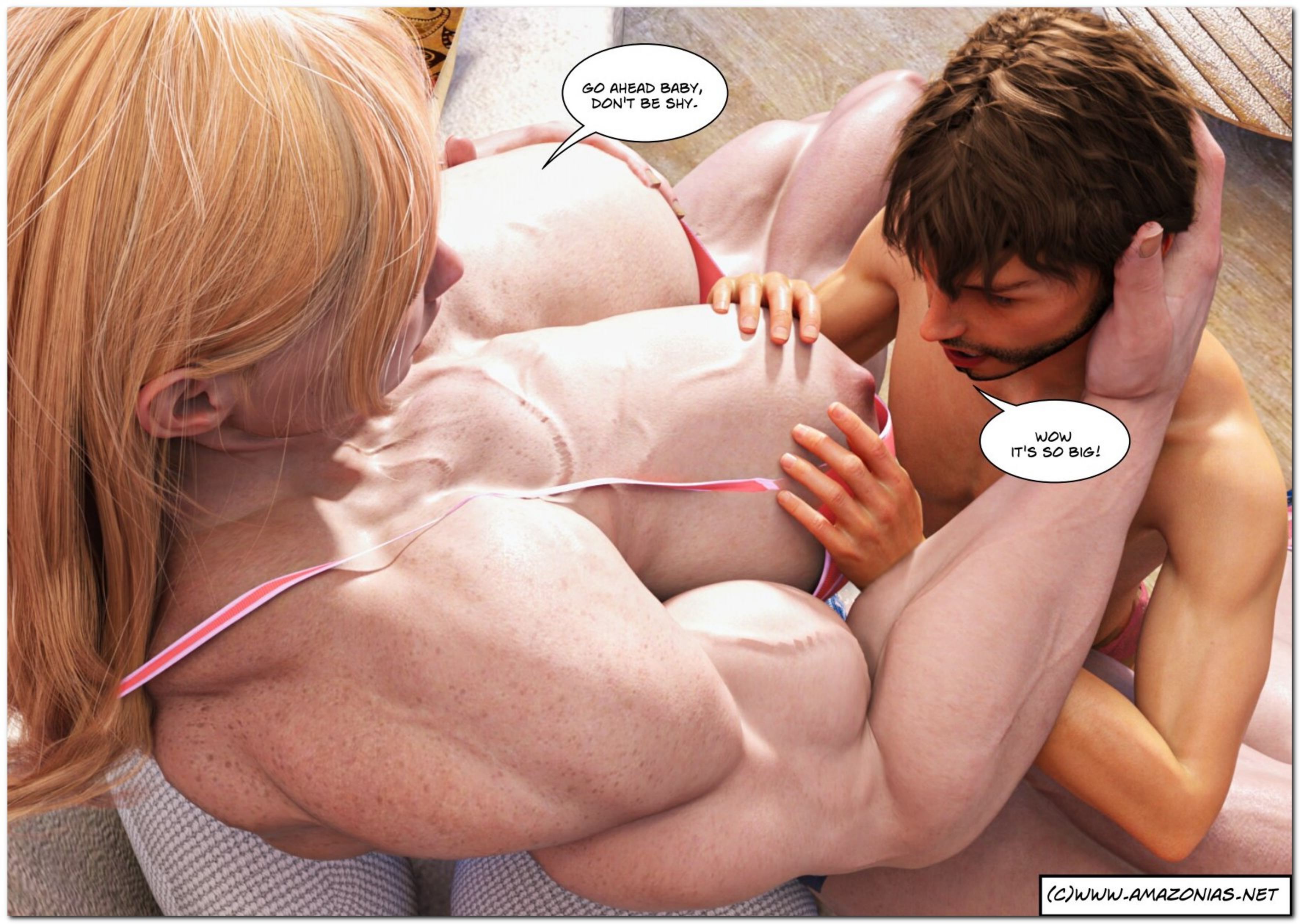
OH MY GOD  
YOU ARE SO CUTE.  
THIS IS JUST SO  
ADORABLE.





BABYKINS, YOU  
HAVE BEEN SUCH A  
GOOD BOY SO FAR THAT  
I FEEL YOU DESERVE  
A REWARD.

WE WILL GET TO  
THE REST OF THE  
RULES LATER.



GO AHEAD BABY,  
DON'T BE SHY.

WOW  
IT'S SO BIG!

IT'S JUST THE RIGHT  
SIZE FOR MOMMY'S BIG  
BABY.

**AHHHH**

**MMMM**



OH LOOK AT YOU GO, MAKING MOMMY SO HAPPY.

SUCH A TROOPER.



I FORGOT TO  
TELL YOU BABY, I AM  
PLANNING TO THROW A  
PARTY FOR A FEW GIRLS  
FROM THE GYM.

A PARTY?

YEAH  
AND I NEED TO FIND  
SOMETHING FOR YOU TO  
WEAR AT THE PARTY.

THIS IS GOING  
TO BE SO MUCH  
FUN.