



Kitty?

Help! Let  
me out  
of here...



AND SO A FEW DAYS LATER...

Linda, something is happening at the diner, you have to come see this!

I'm so happy that you didn't turn out to be a bad guy! That whole thing about hurting my leg... That's all in the past! You're such a great fighter and everything...

(smile)

And I've heard that you're a fellow Shotokan practitioner... I never properly thanked you for saving my son back then...

(smile)

If you haven't noticed, she's sort of the strong silent type...







Its not  
mating  
season yet  
you fools!

Stupid  
cat...



Oh yeah... Don't  
stop! Don't EVER  
STOP...





So we gathered for our final effort, an assault against the building where the Emperor and the Dominatrix had taken residence. While the front of the building was busy with hordes of protesters, we would strike the back door which was defended by the Dominatrix's own platoon of elite amazon guards. Joining us for the assault, Quadzilla! A 27' tall powerhouse of a monster, pretty much impervious to small ballistics and to whom swords and even explosions were but a minor annoyance... Unfortunately, despite the impressive lineup of our team we were still fated to lose and to add to the sum of our problems: we realized that the whole time... we were the ones who were the bad guys. A monster, a mad scientist, a brawler motivated only by vengeance an over enthusiastic abusive sister and well... A douchebag...







The Emperor LOVED some of the improvements of course... I mean, when you've got a chick with boobs like that at home, you're probably sporting a partial all day!







Who am I kidding he loved ALL the improvements! Redunkulous booty included. And that's were he saw that Andrea did have a compelling case, and he agreed to include changes for the female condition in his social reforms.

Women's lib, women's vote, Jane Fonda... Aerobics, Tae-bo... Spinning classes and even Cross-fit! All of them were planned incentives marketed to women to empower themselves.