



# MUSCLE THERAPY

Part 1

*J. Stilton*

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## *SESSION 0*



THIS IS ERIC HARPER. HE'S A PSYCHOLOGIST. RIGHT NOW, HE'S JUST FINISHING THE REPORT OF THE LAST SESSION - WHICH WAS WITH A CLIENT WITH A SEVERE PHOBIA OF OPEN SPACES.



WHAT HE SAID ABOUT BIRDS WAS INTERESTING. HAVE TO QUERY HIM ABOUT THAT NEXT TIME...





ALL  
RIGHT. LAST  
APPOINTMENT FOR  
TODAY. MISS KEAGAN,  
SHE'S NEW. I THINK  
SHE'S ALREADY IN  
THE WAITING  
ROOM...



HOPE TO  
BE ABLE TO  
CUT THIS SHORT  
AND GO HOME  
EARLY...







MISS KEAGAN?





YES! HI! RIGHT WITH  
YOU!



AS HE HELD OPEN THE DOOR, ERIC  
MOMENTARILY WONDERED ABOUT WHAT HE HAD  
WITNESSED. HE HAD ONLY SEEN ELEONORE  
KEAGAN IN AN INSTANT BUT... SHE HAD LOOKED  
SO... BIG?

THAT'S A  
HUGE COUCH  
AND SHE MADE IT  
LOOK... SMALL...  
MAYBE SHE...









TAKE A SEAT...

THANK YOU.

AND NOT JUST  
TALL BUT  
ALSO... BUILT!






SO, WE TALKED BRIEFLY  
ON THE PHONE. THIS IS AN  
INTRODUCTORY SESSION. AFTER  
THIS, YOU CAN STILL DECIDE  
WHETHER YOU WANT TO GO INTO  
THERAPY WITH ME OR NOT.  
OKAY?

YES. I HAVE  
DECIDED ALREADY  
THOUGH. I EH... I HAVE  
TO BE HERE,  
ACTUALLY...

WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN?





I EH... WELL... DO I  
HAVE TO TELL  
EVERYTHING RIGHT  
AWAY?

NO NO...  
EVERYTHING AT YOUR  
OWN PACE, WHENEVER  
YOU FEEL READY.

THOUGH IF THERE  
ARE SPECIAL  
CIRCUMSTANCES FOR YOU  
BEING HERE, THAT WOULD  
BE INTERESTING TO  
KNOW RIGHT AWAY,  
ACTUALLY.






ANYTHING YOU WANT  
TO TELL ME AT THIS  
POINT?

YES EHM... SO,  
THERE WAS AN INCIDENT  
AND... I WAS ORDERED...  
TO CHOOSE BETWEEN AN  
ANGER MANAGEMENT  
COURSE AND  
THERAPY...

I SEE,  
OKAY. THAT'S  
PERFECTLY FINE. I  
HAVE MORE PEOPLE WHO  
HAVE TO COME HERE. IT  
IS BENEFICIAL IF YOU  
ARE MOTIVATED  
YOURSELF TOO  
THOUGH...






I UNDERSTAND. I  
DEFINITELY AM.  
MOTIVATED, I MEAN. THERE  
ARE SOME... ISSUES I  
REALLY NEED TO WORK ON.  
THINGS THAT I WOULD...  
LIKE TO GET RID OF,  
MAYBE...


OKAY... GETTING  
RID OF STUFF IS NOT  
ALWAYS THAT EASY AND IT  
CAN TAKE A WHILE.  
SOMETIMES IT'S EASIER TO  
MANAGE THOSE THINGS  
RATHER THAN TRY TO  
ELIMINATE THEM...





SO, HOW LONG  
WOULD THIS TAKE? IS  
THIS LIKE A THING OF  
MANY YEARS?




A close-up of a young man with short, wavy brown hair and light blue eyes. He is looking slightly to his left with a neutral expression. He is wearing a white ribbed shirt with a dark blue collar. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. There are three speech bubbles: one at the top left, one at the bottom left, and one at the bottom right. A window is visible in the upper right background.

THAT'S SOMETHING I CAN'T  
SAY MUCH ABOUT AT THIS  
MOMENT, WITHOUT HAVING  
TALKED MORE, I'M AFRAID.  
SOMETIMES THINGS GO FAST,  
OFTEN THEY TAKE QUITE  
SOME TIME...

SHE'S REALLY  
IMPOSSIBLY BIG BUT  
SHE'S ALSO VERY  
PRETTY...

OF COURSE IT ALSO  
DEPENDS ON THE  
FREQUENCY OF OUR  
SESSIONS. I WOULD  
SUGGEST TO START WITH ONCE  
A WEEK. PROBABLY THAT'S  
ALSO THE MINIMUM THAT  
WILL BE LEGALLY  
REQUIRED OF YOU...





YES, IT IS. I HAVE TO  
SEE YOU ONCE A WEEK  
AT LEAST...





THAT'S GOOD THEN.  
DO YOU HAVE ANY OTHER  
QUESTIONS?

JUST  
REGARDING...  
CONFIDENTIALITY.  
EVERYTHING I SAY  
HERE... YOU CAN'T  
PASS IT ON, RIGHT?

YES, UNLESS I  
SUSPECT YOU  
PRESENT A DANGER TO  
OTHERS. IN THAT CASE I  
SHOULD USE MY  
JUDGMENT TO NOTIFY  
THE AUTHORITIES...






HOW DO YOU  
FEEL ABOUT  
THAT?

IT'S...  
FINE. IT'S HOW  
I THOUGHT IT  
WAS...





OKAY, GREAT.  
LET'S SEE FOR A  
SUITABLE WEEKLY  
MOMENT THEN, OKAY? I  
HAVE A FREE SLOT ON  
TUESDAY NIGHT AND  
ONE ON FRIDAY  
MORNING.



TUESDAY NIGHT  
WOULD SUIT ME. MY  
GYM IS JUST NEXT DOOR  
AND THEN I COULD  
COMBINE IT...




AFTER THE PRACTICALITIES WERE SETTLED,  
ELEONORE STOOD UP TO GO.



SO I WILL BE BACK NEXT  
TUESDAY AT 7.

RIGHT. LET ME SEE YOU  
OUT...






THANK YOU, MR.  
HARPER, FOR WILLING  
TO HELP ME...

OH, AH... YOU'RE VERY  
WELCOME. IT'S MY  
JOB...

GOD... I  
THINK SHE'S  
CLOSE TO 7 FEET!





WILL I BE ON THAT  
COUCH, BY THE WAY?

NOT RIGHT AWAY.  
WE'LL DISCUSS THAT  
ANOTHER TIME...



OKAY. BYE MR  
HARPER

BYE. MIND THE  
HEAD!





MAYBE YOU SHOULD  
INSTALL A BIGGER  
DOOR...



WHEN ELEONORE WAS GONE, ERIC WAS BRIEFLY WONDERING IF HE HAD DREAMED THE WHOLE THING. SHE SEEMED SO TOTALLY UNREAL... A GIANTESS WITH AN ANGELIC FACE. AND THE THING WAS... HE HAD ALWAYS LIKED ATHLETIC WOMEN. AND THIS ONE SEEMED... SUPERATHLETIC...





A man with short brown hair, wearing a white and blue horizontally striped long-sleeved shirt and black trousers, stands in profile looking up at a tall, light-brown wooden door. The door is set into a light-colored wall. To the right of the man is a potted plant with green, feathery leaves. A speech bubble is positioned above the man's head, containing text. The floor is dark wood.


THIS DOOR IS  
DEFINITELY 6.5 FEET, OR  
MORE...



## *SESSION 1*



THE NEXT TUESDAY. ERIC HAD TO ADMIT THAT ELEONORE HAD BEEN A TINY BIT ON HIS MIND THAT DAY, AND HE HAD BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO HER FIRST SESSION... HE WAS PERFECTLY WELL AWARE OF HIS FEELINGS, AND HOW HE WOULD NEED TO WATCH THEM... SOMETHING TO TALK TO HIS THERAPIST ABOUT...




HI ELEONORE, COME IN PLEASE...



ERIC HAD BEEN WONDERING IF IN HIS MIND HE HAD BEEN EXAGGERATING HER SIZE, OR MAYBE WAS REMEMBERING IT INCORRECTLY. BUT NOW THAT SHE STOOD IN FRONT OF HIM AGAIN, HE KNEW THAT NONE OF THAT WAS TRUE. ELEONORE WAS INDEED A HUGE GIRL AND HE NOTICED THAT THE TOP OF HIS HEAD ONLY REACHED UP TO THE BOTTOM OF HER HUGE BREASTS.







SO THE IDEA  
IS JUST TO TALK.  
WHATEVER COMES UP,  
WHATEVER YOU WANT TO  
TALK ABOUT, WHATEVER  
YOU THINK IS RELEVANT.  
HOW DOES THAT  
SOUND?


EH... I  
DON'T KNOW...  
DIFFICULT, I  
GUESS... I'M NOT  
SURE WHERE TO  
START.





NO WORRIES, TAKE  
YOUR TIME. ANYTHING IS  
GOOD.





OKAY...  
MAYBE... I'LL JUST  
START BY EXPLAINING  
WHY I HAVE TO BE  
HERE...

SOUNDS  
GOOD!



A woman with long, straight red hair is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a red long-sleeved shirt with a black and white paisley pattern. Underneath, a white turtleneck is visible. She is sitting in a grey upholstered chair. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

SO... I'M IN A  
FIGHT CLUB. WE  
PRACTICE MARTIAL  
ARTS. ONE DAY I WAS  
SPARRING WITH THIS  
GUY...

I WAS A LOT  
BIGGER THAN HIM.  
ACTUALLY... I'M 6.10  
AND 250 POUNDS, SO I'M  
BIGGER THAN VIRTUALLY  
EVERYONE, GUYS  
INCLUDED...





I'M ALSO PRETTY FAST,  
DESPITE MY SIZE, AND I'M  
A SKILLED FIGHTER. SO THE  
GUY DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE.  
NO ONE IN THE CLUB DOES.  
I GOT HIS ARM IN AN  
ARMBAR...

HE TAPPED OUT...

BUT FOR SOME  
REASON THIS TIME I  
DIDN'T LET GO...

... AND I BROKE HIS  
ARM...





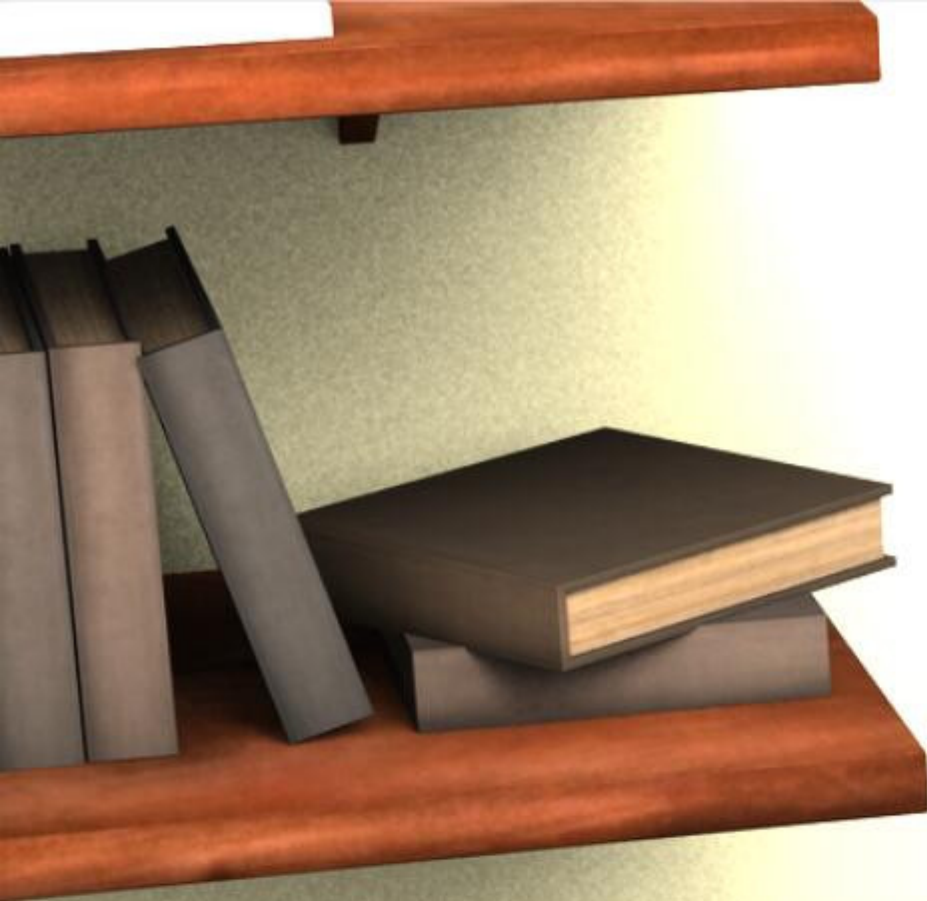
IT WAS... AN ACCIDENT?



IF I'M  
HONEST... NO.  
THAT'S THE THING. I WAS  
ACTUALLY VERY MUCH  
AWARE OF WHAT I  
WAS DOING...







I HEARD HIM  
TAP. I WENT ON  
INCREASING THE  
PRESSURE. THEN HE SAID  
"STOP". I LOOKED IN  
HIS EYES, AND I  
WENT ON...

I HEARD HIS ARM SNAP. HE  
CRIED IN PAIN. AFTERWARDS,  
HE SUED ME. WE REACHED A  
SETTLEMENT. I WAS FINED  
SOME AMOUNT OF MONEY, AND  
I HAD TO TAKE ANGER  
MANAGEMENT LESSONS OR  
THERAPY.









I... SEE... BUT...  
ANGER MANAGEMENT?  
WERE YOU ANGRY?






THAT'S WHAT I  
TOLD EVERYONE, SO  
THAT'S WHAT THEY WANT  
ME TO SOLVE. BUT IN  
REALITY... I DON'T  
KNOW...



A close-up, high-detail illustration of a woman's face, focusing on her eyes, nose, and mouth. She has long, vibrant red hair that frames her face. Her eyes are a striking green color with black pupils and long, dark, thick eyelashes. Her nose is straight and well-defined. Her lips are full and have a soft pinkish-red color. The skin is fair and has a subtle texture. In the bottom left corner, there is a white speech bubble with a black outline containing text. In the bottom right corner, there is a small black rectangular box with white text.

THIS GUY COULD  
GET ON MY NERVES,  
BUT IT WASN'T ANGER  
THAT MADE ME DO IT. IT  
WAS A DESIRE FOR  
CONTROL....



A close-up, high-contrast photograph of a woman's face, focusing on her mouth and nose. She has dark, glossy lips and is smiling slightly, showing her teeth. Her hair is dark and voluminous. A white speech bubble is positioned on the left side of the frame, containing text. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and shadows.

... IT WAS ABOUT  
BEING SO POWERFUL  
THAT I COULD DO  
THAT...






I'M SORRY, I GUESS I'M  
NOT MAKING MUCH  
SENSE?

NO NO, DON'T  
WORRY. THIS IS...  
ACTUALLY THIS IS  
ALREADY PLENTY! YOU'RE  
DIVING STRAIGHT INTO  
IT, THAT'S... GOOD.





MAN, I  
CAN'T SEE ANY  
SKIN BUT IT'S CLEAR  
AS DAY THAT SHE'S LIKE...  
HUGELY MUSCULAR. NO FAT  
AT ALL. JUST HUGENESS.  
NO WONDER NO ONE AT  
THAT CLUB CAN HAVE A  
GO AT HER...





SO HOW DO YOU FEEL  
NOW ABOUT WHAT  
HAPPENED?

WELL... THE  
PROBLEM IS... I KNOW  
SOMETHING LIKE THAT  
SHOULD NOT HAPPEN  
AGAIN...

BUT I FEEL IT MIGHT...



ERIC THOUGHT HE ALREADY KNEW THE ANSWER  
TO WHAT HE WAS ABOUT TO ASK NEXT...


WHY DO YOU FEEL IT  
MIGHT HAPPEN AGAIN?





BECAUSE...  
WHEN I DID IT... WHEN  
I BROKE HIS ARM... THE  
FEELING I HAD... IT WAS  
JUST... AWESOME...






EH... AH... I SEE...  
WE EH... IT'S TIME. I  
WILL SEE YOU NEXT  
WEEK, OKAY?



## *SESSION 2*






ERIC HAD BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THE SECOND SESSION EVEN MORE THAN THE FIRST TIME. IN FACT, IT WAS GETTING HARD TO PUT ELEONORE OUT OF HIS HEAD. HE WAS ENTIRELY FASCINATED WITH HER BODY, MORE SO NOW, AFTER SHE HAD ENTERED WITH A VERY LOW CUT SWEATER...

ELEONORE TALKED ABOUT HER CHILDHOOD, BUT ERIC COULDN'T REALLY CONCENTRATE...

MY MOM WAS A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESSWOMAN AND MY DAD DID THE HOUSEKEEPING





STOP FUCKING  
STARING, YOU FOOL.  
YOU'RE A PROFESSIONAL!





IS HE STARING AT  
MY TITS?



WHEN SHE WAS GONE AGAIN, ERIC STARED IN FRONT OF HIM FOR A LONG TIME, WORRYING ABOUT HIS GROWING INTEREST IN THIS GIRL, KNOWING THAT IT WASN'T GOOD AT ALL. BUT SHE LOOKED SO INCREDIBLE. SO TALL, SO STRONG... AND PRETTY. HE REALIZED HE WANTED TO BE MORE THAN JUST HER SHRINK...

THE RIGHT THING TO DO WOULD BE TO REFER HER TO SOMEONE ELSE. SAY YOU CAN'T DO THIS, FOR SOME REASON...







A FEW MORE SESSIONS WENT BY, DURING WHICH ELEONORE TALKED ABOUT HER BACKGROUND, HER PASSIONS HER STUDIES... AND WITH EVERY SESSION SHE SEEMED TO GET MORE BEAUTIFUL IN ERIC'S EYES...

MY BROTHER IS TWO YEARS OLDER THAN ME...

HOW IS YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH HIM?

HMM, TODAY IT'S OKAY. BUT IN THE PAST... WE USED TO FIGHT A LOT. I WOULD KIND OF... GET ANGRY WHEN HE DIDN'T DO AS I WANTED...



HE DESPERATELY WANTED TO SEE  
SOME SKIN THOUGH, BUT SHE WAS  
ALWAYS ENTIRELY DRESSED, THOUGH  
IN SESSION FOUR HE COULD SEE  
SOME FIRM ABS BENEATH HER  
JACKET...

I HAD THIS  
INCIDENT TODAY  
WHERE I GOT REALLY  
FURIOUS AND JUST  
SCREAMED AT A RED  
LIGHT ON THE TOP OF  
MY LUNGS...

SO THERE DEFINITELY  
\*IS\* QUITE A BIT OF  
ANGER IN ME TOO...






THAT VERY TUESDAY NIGHT, ERIC DREAMED OF HER FOR THE FIRST TIME. IT WAS A VERY WEIRD, VERY LIVELY AND REAL DREAM. THE SETTING WAS RATHER FRIGHTENING...



HUH?





WHERE... AM I?





WHAT IS THIS PLACE?





HI ERIC...

ELEONORE? WHERE  
AM I? THAT'S... MY  
CHAIR... I RECOGNIZE  
IT...





WHERE DOES IT LOOK  
LIKE YOU ARE, ERIC?

IT LOOKS LIKE... A  
PRISON...

THAT'S EXACTLY  
RIGHT. AND DO YOU  
KNOW WHO I AM?

YOU'RE ELEONORE... MY  
CLIENT...



I AM INDEED.  
BUT I'M MORE THAN  
THAT. I'M ALSO THE  
PRISON WARDEN. AND  
I OWN YOU.

WHAT... ARE  
YOU DOING?

JUST TOYING  
WITH YOU A  
LITTLE...

GIVING  
MR TINY HERE  
A LITTLE  
MASSAGE...



WHEN ERIC WOKE UP EARLY THAT MORNING, HIS UNDERBELLY WAS COVERED WITH HIS CUM...



WHAT THE...? OH YES, THE DREAM...



## *SESSION 5*




THE NEXT TUESDAY...

PLEASE COME IN  
ELE-...








OH. MY.  
GOD. FINALLY!





I'M VERY SORRY ERIC, I  
LOST TRACK OF TIME AT THE  
GYM AND I JUST RUSHED HERE  
WHEN I NOTICED I WAS LATE. I  
DIDN'T EVEN SHOWER. I JUST  
DIDN'T WANT TO BE LATE...

OH, THAT'S  
OKAY... P-PLEASE  
HAVE A SEAT...










THAT  
ASS! OH MY  
GOD, I WANT  
HER!





I'M STILL HOT  
FROM THE WORKOUT,  
SO I HOPE YOU DON'T  
MIND IF I TAKE OFF  
THIS JACKET...





EH... MAKE YOURSELF  
COMFORTABLE...

THOSE  
CALVES ARE  
DEFINITELY BIGGER  
THAN MY THIGHS!





MARY MOTHER OF  
GOD, HELP ME!



SORRY ABOUT  
THIS AGAIN. I KNOW  
THIS IS NOT REALLY...  
BECOMING... BUT I JUST  
HATE BEING LATE  
AND...





ERIC DIDN'T DARE LOOK IN HER EYES, AFRAID  
THAT HIS EXCITEMENT WOULD SHOW...

D-DON'T W-WORRY  
ABOUT IT...

SO YOU AH... WORK OUT  
A LOT?








YES I DO. DOES IT  
SHOW? HEHE





IT EH... I'VE  
NEVER SEEN  
MUSCLES LIKE THAT...  
ON A MAN OR A WOMAN.  
IS THIS EH... ABOUT  
POWER TOO?

YES... IT'S ALWAYS  
BEEN VERY IMPORTANT  
TO ME TO BE REALLY  
STRONG...

BEING STRONG GIVES  
YOU A SENSE OF  
CONTROL?

YES...

SINCE WHEN HAVE YOU  
FELT THIS DESIRE FOR  
POWER AND CONTROL?





I DON'T KNOW...  
MY FIRST MEMORY OF  
LIKING IT... I THINK IT  
WAS WHEN I WAS EIGHT  
OR NINE...

THERE WAS THIS BOY, A  
CLASSMATE. HE WAS TINY. I  
WAS ALREADY MORE THAN A  
FOOT TALLER THAN HIM. ONE DAY  
I GUESS HE TEASED ME OR  
SOMETHING, AND I PICKED HIM  
UP IN MY ARMS, LIKE A  
BABY.

I SAID I WAS GOING TO CARRY  
HIM TO HIS FRIENDS LIKE THAT,  
AND HE STARTED CRYING. HE  
WAS... BEGGING ME TO PUT  
HIM DOWN...

DID YOU?






I DIDN'T PUT HIM  
DOWN, NO. I SHOWED  
HIM TO HIS CLASSMATES  
LIKE THAT.

AFTER THAT, I COULD  
ASK HIM WHATEVER I  
WANTED AND HE WOULD  
DO IT.



A woman with long, wavy red hair and large breasts is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a blue, strapless, form-fitting top. She has a surprised or contemplative expression on her face, with her mouth slightly open. She is sitting in a grey, textured armchair. The background is a light yellow wall with a framed picture on the left. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of her head.

I THINK THAT WAS  
THE FIRST TIME I  
REALIZED I ENJOYED  
HAVING POWER OVER  
BOYS...






I SEE...

ARE YOU  
OKAY, ERIC? YOU  
LOOK A BIT  
PALE...

YES... I JUST...  
HAVE A HEADACHE.  
DIDN'T HAVE MUCH  
SLEEP LAST  
NIGHT...





OH, I'M SORRY  
TO HEAR THAT. IF  
YOU WANT WE CAN JUST  
END THIS NOW AND GO  
ON NEXT TIME. I DON'T  
MIND, YOU KNOW...

THAT MIGHT  
ACTUALLY NOT BE  
A BAD IDEA...





ARE YOU SURE  
YOU DON'T MIND?  
OBVIOUSLY I WILL NOT  
CHARGE FOR THIS  
SESSION...

NO PROBLEM AT  
ALL! I GUESS WE'RE  
IN THIS FOR THE LONG  
TERM ANYWAY.  
PLENTY OF TIME TO  
TALK...





WILL YOU BE  
ALRIGHT? YOU LOOK A  
BIT PALE...

YES, THANKS, I THINK I  
WILL JUST LIE DOWN  
FOR A BIT.



A 3D rendered image of a woman with long, straight red hair and large, prominent breasts. She is wearing a blue, ribbed, V-neck crop top. Her expression is neutral, and she is looking directly at the viewer. The background is a simple, light-colored wall with a grey triangular shape on the left. A speech bubble is located in the upper right corner, and a copyright notice is in the bottom right corner.

OKAY, SEE YOU  
NEXT WEEK  
THEN...



ERIC WASN'T HAVING A HEADACHE AT ALL. HAVE YOU EVER FELT SO HORNY THAT YOU HAD TO REMOVE YOURSELF FROM A SITUATION? THAT WAS WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH ERIC. A MINUTE LONGER AND HE WAS SURE HE WOULD HAVE JUMPED ON HER...

HOLY FUCKING SHIT OH MY GOD OH MY...





AAAAAAAAAAAAHH



AFTER COMING, ERIC LIED DOWN ON THE  
COUCH, EXHAUSTED. HE FELL ASLEEP IN  
MINUTES...





--- AND WAS BACK IN THE DREAM, APPARENTLY  
WHERE IT HAD LEFT OFF THE LAST TIME---

AM I... \*YOUR\*  
PRISONER, THEN?

IT WOULD SEEM  
SO, ERIC...






LOOK HOW  
SMAAAAALLL YOU  
ARE... BUT YOU DON'T  
MIND THAT, DO YOU,  
ERIC?

YOU DON'T MIND BEING  
SMALLER THAN GIRLS,  
DO YOU?

**MUCH**  
SMALLER





IN THE SAME WAY  
THAT I DON'T MIND  
BEING BIGGER THAN  
THE BOYS...

MUCH  
BIGGER





YOU WANNA SEE HOW  
MUCH BIGGER?

YES...  
PLEASE...



WHAT DO YOU  
THINK, HUH? HMM, I  
GUESS YOU CAN'T  
REALLY SEE VERY WELL  
FROM DOWN  
THERE....





YOU KNOW WHAT'S  
FUNNY? WE'RE IN A  
PRISON, RIGHT? WITH  
WALLS AND FENCES  
AND BARBED WIRE...


THERE... TAKE  
A CLOSER  
LOOK...



BUT I DON'T NEED ANY  
OF THAT TO KEEP YOU  
LOCKED UP...

OOOH...






YOU SEE? I JUST  
LOCK YOU IN MY  
MUSCLE PRISON...

OH MY GOD... YOU'RE  
SO BIG, AND SO  
STRONG...



A man and a woman are shown from the chest up, facing each other in a close embrace. The man is on the left, with short brown hair, looking towards the woman. The woman is on the right, with long, wavy red hair, looking back at him. They are in an outdoor setting at dusk or dawn, with a chain-link fence and a street lamp visible in the background. The image has a comic book style with speech bubbles.

THERE IS NO  
ESCAPE FOR YOU ERIC.  
NOT EVER. CAN YOU FEEL  
YOUR FEET DANGLING  
IN THE AIR?

IT ALL TURNS YOU  
ON SO MUCH,  
DOESN'T IT?

YES...

YOU WANNA CUM  
NOW, DON'T YOU  
LITTLE MAN? YOU  
REALLY REALLY  
WANNA CUM...

OH YES...  
YES...

YOU CAN, YOU KNOW...  
YOU CAN COME NOW,  
LITTLE ONE...





HERE'S MY BICEP  
BABY... CLOSE TO  
YOU... YOUR FEET ARE  
DANGLING IN THE AIR,  
AND I PRESS YOU  
AGAINST MY HUGE  
TITS WITH ONE  
ARM





CUM FOR ME BABY...  
CUM IN YOUR MUSCLE  
PRISON...



CUM FOR  
ME...

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHG