



# MUSCLE THERAPY

Part 2

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## *SESSION 6*

BY NOW, THE SESSIONS WITH ELEONORE WERE CONSISTENTLY THE HIGH POINT OF ERIC'S WEEK. HE HAD MANAGED TO MOVE THE PATIENT IN THE SLOT RIGHT AFTER HER, BECAUSE HE KNEW HE ALWAYS NEEDED SOME TIME TO RECOVER AFTER AN "ELEONORE SESSION". AND BESIDES, WHO KNEW IF EVER, FOR SOME REASON, SHE WOULD NEED TO STAY LONGER...

YOUR SEAT IS ALL READY FOR YOU...

THANK YOU. LET ME JUST TAKE OFF THIS JACKET...




AS ELEONORE TOOK OFF HER JACKET, ERIC'S EYES ALMOST FELL OUT OF THEIR SOCKETS AGAIN. ELEONORE'S BIG TITS WERE BARELY HELD BACK BY A SEXY SHORT HALTER SHIRT. BELOW THAT, THERE WERE GLORIOUS, VERY WELL DEFINED ABS. LOWER STILL, A SHORT SKIRT SHOWED OFF HER MASSIVE LEGS. SHE LOOKED ABSOLUTELY STUNNING TO ERIC, WHO FELT HIMSELF GETTING HARD INSTANTLY AGAIN---

SORRY AGAIN FOR MY CLOTHES. I'M GOING OUT FOR DRINKS WITH A FRIEND, RIGHT AFTER THE SESSION.

THAT'S... QUITE ALL RIGHT...





SO HOW ARE WE TODAY?

I'M GOOD... ACTUALLY,  
SOMETHING INTERESTING CAME  
BACK... SOMETHING I  
SUDDENLY REMEMBERED...

GOOD. OFTEN  
WHEN ONE IS IN  
THERAPY UNCONSCIOUS  
THINGS, MEMORIES,  
DREAMS... COME TO  
THE SURFACE MORE  
EASILY...



IT'S NOTHING  
SPECTACULAR  
THOUGH... JUST ONE  
OTHER INSTANCE OF...  
THIS RELATIONSHIP  
WITH MEN... OR  
BOYS...

I MUST HAVE BEEN...  
MAYBE THIRTEEN OR  
FOURTEEN YEARS OLD...  
THESE TWO OR THREE  
GUYS AT SCHOOL WERE  
FLEXING THEIR BICEPS  
AND COMPARING...



BY THAT TIME, I  
WAS ALREADY DOING  
DUMBELL CURLS EVERY  
NIGHT WITH SOME  
WEIGHTS I HAD FOUND  
IN THE ATTIC...

I'M SORRY... WHAT?  
CURLS?

DUMBELL CURLS. IT'S  
AN EXCERCISE FOR YOUR  
BICEP MUSCLES...



SO I HEARD WHAT  
THEY WERE TALKING  
ABOUT AND I GOT KIND  
OF EXCITED. I WENT TO  
STAND NEXT TO THEM  
AND TOOK OFF MY  
JACKET....



IN MY MEMORY,  
ONE OF THOSE GUYS  
CAME UP TO HERE... HE  
WAS SO TINY. AND I WAS  
ALREADY FAR ABOVE  
AVERAGE HEIGHT...



GIRLS ARE  
OFTEN TALLER THAN  
BOYS AT THAT AGE,  
REACHING PUBERTY  
EARLIER...

HAH, RIGHT,  
BUT THIS WAS  
DIFFERENT. I WAS JUST  
A LOT TALLER THAN HIM  
AND I REMEMBER  
THINKING IT WOULD  
ALWAYS BE LIKE  
THAT...



THAT I WOULD  
ALWAYS BE TALLER.  
THAT WAS SUCH A...  
AAAAH

AND AS ELEONORE MOVED HER ARMS  
BACKWARDS...



.... SHE STRETCHED HER SHIRT SO MUCH THAT IT ACCIDENTALLY BURST OPEN, SHOWING, FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME, HER BREASTS IN THEIR FULL, INCREDIBLE, MASSIVE GLORY...

OH SHIT!!

ELEONORE MOVED QUICKLY TO BUTTON HER SHIRT UP AGAIN, BUT OF COURSE ERIC, WHO NEVER TURNED HIS EYES WAY FROM HER FOR A LONG TIME ANYWAY, HAD SEEN THE WHOLE THING...

I'M SO... SORRY!

THAT'S...  
OKAY...





GOD, THIS IS SO  
EMBARRASSING! I...  
DON'T KNOW WHAT TO  
SAY...

REALLY,  
DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT IT. WE CAN  
DISCUSS IT SOMETIME IF  
YOU WANT. FOR NOW,  
JUST CONTINUE WHERE  
YOU LEFT OFF...



I JUST... FUCK, THIS  
HAS BECOME EVEN  
HARDER NOW...

OKAY, THIS IS PROBABLY A  
GOOD MOMENT TO USE THE  
COUCH. YOU WON'T SEE MY  
FACE, SO THE IDEA IS THAT  
YOU'LL BE LESS INHIBITED AS  
YOU WORRY LESS ABOUT MY  
REACTIONS...



IT SOUNDS AS IF... I'M  
BEING PUNISHED... I'M  
REALLY SORRY...



NO NO NO! NO PUNISHMENT AT ALL. THIS IS ONLY TO HELP YOU. IF IT DOESN'T WORK, WE'LL GO BACK TO SITTING DOWN.

OKAY?

OKAY...





THIS IS WEIRD  
TOO...

I KNOW,  
BUT YOU'LL GET  
USED TO IT. CLOSE  
YOUR EYES AND TAKE A  
COUPLE OF DEEP  
BREATHS TO COME TO  
THE NOW. THEN WE'LL  
CONTINUE...

OKAY... BETTER.  
SO I'LL JUST... GO ON  
THEN, RIGHT?

RIGHT...





SO I STOOD  
NEXT TO THESE THREE  
GUYS AND ASKED WHAT  
THE HECK THEY WERE  
DOING...

GOD, I WANT TO  
JUMP HER. OR  
RATHER, I WANT HER  
TO JUMP ME...

BEFORE HE EVEN KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING,  
ERIC GOT OUT OF HIS CHAIR, AS QUIETLY AS HE  
COULD, AND TIPTOED TOWARDS THE COUCH...

I JUST NEED TO SEE  
THEM FROM THIS  
ANGLE...

SO OF COURSE  
THEY SAID THEY WERE  
CHECKING WHO HAD THE  
BIGGEST BICEPS,  
BECAUSE ALL THREE OF  
THEM WERE INTO  
SPORTS...





OH MY LORD! I  
WANT TO PUT MY COCK  
BETWEEN THOSE FUCKING  
WATERMELONS!

SO I SAID: "I BET YOU  
MY BICEPS ARE BIGGER  
THAN ALL OF YOURS..."



NO ONE SAID ANYTHING, I  
THINK BECAUSE THEY  
REALIZED IT MIGHT VERY WELL  
BE TRUE. I WAS BY NO MEANS  
BIG YET, BUT I WAS SPORTY  
AND LIKE I SAID I DID THE  
CURLS FAITHFULLY EVERY  
NIGHT...

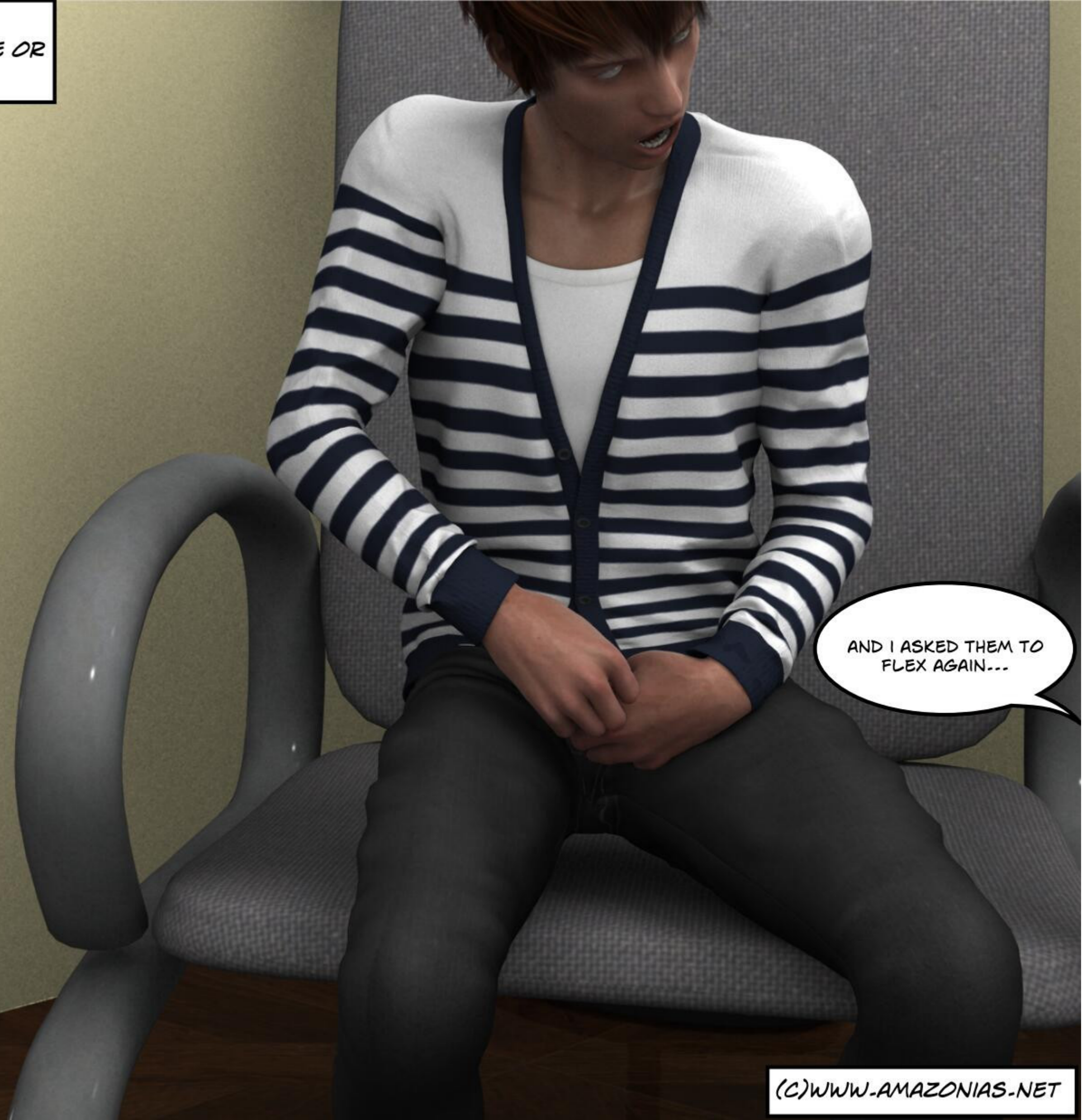
STILL VERY VERY QUIETLY, ERIC SNEAKED BACK AND TOOK HIS SEAT AGAIN...

SO I PULLED UP THE SLEEVE OF MY SHIRT AND I FLEXED...



...  
OKAY, IT'S  
OFFICIAL.... I CAN'T  
CONTAIN MYSELF ANY  
LONGER WITH THIS  
MUSCLECHICK...

SEEING HER BICEP, ERIC HAD TO DO  
SOMETHING IF HE DIDN'T WANT TO EXPLODE OR  
JUMP ON HER...



AND I ASKED THEM TO  
FLEX AGAIN...



OOOH

AND OF COURSE  
THEY SAW THAT MY  
BICEP WAS BIGGER  
AND... WHAT I ESPECIALLY  
REMEMBER WAS HOW I  
FELT SEEING THEIR  
FACES...



THERE WAS AWE IN  
THEIR EYES. AND  
RESPECT. AND MAYBE A  
LITTLE FEAR. AND IT FELT  
SO, SO GREAT!



YOU BIG FUCKING  
BODYBUILDER, YOU  
MUSCLEBITCH!

AS ERIC BLEW HIS LOAD, HE WAS PRESENT  
ENOUGH TO NOT MAKE MUCH SOUND AT ALL....



I REMEMBER  
THAT AFTER THAT, I  
GOT A LOT MORE  
MOTIVATED STILL TO  
WORK OUT...

SO THAT'S IT...



EH... ERIC? I DON'T  
KNOW IF YOU ARE  
SUPPOSED TO RESPOND  
NOW?

NOT REALLY BUT... I  
THINK... OUR TIME IS  
UP...

ERIC SPREAD THE SEMEN OVER THE FLOOR  
WITH HIS FOOT SO THAT IT WOULD BE LESS  
NOTICEABLE...

AH,  
OKAY... IT'S  
ALWAYS  
FASTER THAN  
I THINK...

EH...  
RIGHT...






WELL, I GUESS  
THE COUCH CAN HELP,  
EVEN THOUGH I  
WOULDN'T LIKE TO DO  
IT EVERY SESSION...

SORRY AGAIN FOR THE  
INCIDENT...

NO WORRIES.  
MAYBE WE CAN  
DISCUSS HOW YOU FELT  
ANOTHER TIME. WHEN  
IT'S NOT SO FRESH...




FOR NOW, HAVE A  
GOOD NIGHT OUT!

THANKS, I WILL.  
GOOD NIGHT!




PHEEEWWWW...

WHAT THE FUCK DUDE!  
WHAT THE FUCKING  
FUCK!



I WONDER IF  
PEOPLE IN OTHER  
BUILDINGS COULD HAVE SEEN  
ME THROUGH THE WINDOW. I  
WAS REALLY OUT OF MY  
MIND...

BUT SHE'S SO...  
SO... SO... ○○○



OH BOY... I'M STILL HORNY.  
WHAT THE HELL AM I GOING TO  
DO ABOUT THIS?

AN HOUR OR SO LATER IN A BAR DOWNTOWN...  
ELEONORE HADN'T SEEN HER FRIEND SALLY,  
WHO WAS GOING TO COLLEGE IN ANOTHER  
TOWN A FEW HOURS AWAY, FOR QUITE SOME  
TIME...

SO... YOU'RE SEEING  
ANYONE THESE DAYS?


HAHA, YES, I'M  
SEEING A  
THERAPIST...

AH! YOU'RE IN THERAPY  
NOW?




HAVE TO. THAT  
AGRESSION INCIDENT I  
TOLD YOU ABOUT,  
REMEMBER?





AH RIGHT. YOU BROKE  
THAT GUY'S HAND...

TOLD YOU EL... YOU  
GOTTA BE CAREFUL WITH A  
BODY LIKE THAT. YOU'RE  
GONNA RUN INTO TROUBLE  
SOMETIME...



YEAH YEAH,  
ALREADY DID...


BUT SPEAKING OF  
BODIES... YOU DON'T  
LOOK SO BAD  
EITHER. MAN!

THANKS, BEEN  
STEPPING UP MY GAME  
AT THE GYM! I'LL SHOW  
YOU...



WOW BABY! LOOK AT THAT! THAT IS A FEROCIOUS BICEP!

YEAH, PRETTY PLEASED WITH THESE 16 INCHES...



OF COURSE, THESE  
ARE 18.5. A LITTLE BIT  
BIGGER STILL...

THEY'RE JUST AMAZING  
EL! ABSOLUTELY  
AMAZING!

A comic panel showing two muscular women sitting at a round table in a restaurant. The woman on the left has long brown hair and is wearing a black bikini top and blue shorts. She is flexing her right bicep. The woman on the right has dark hair tied back with a pink bow and is wearing a red dress. She is also flexing her right bicep. On the table are two glasses of red wine and a bottle of wine labeled 'GRAND RIVERHOUSE'. In the background, there is a large window with a view of a harbor filled with cranes and ships. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the woman in black asking 'YOU JEALOUS BABY?' and another from the woman in red replying 'YOU BET. BUT I ONLY GOT STARTED A YEAR AGO...'.

YOU JEALOUS  
BABY?

YOU BET. BUT I ONLY  
GOT STARTED A YEAR  
AGO...



FUCKING  
DISGUSTING!

WHAT THE  
FUCK!

I DON'T THINK  
HE WAS TALKING  
ABOUT US, EL...



I BETTER GO  
MAKE SURE...

EL...  
DON'T...



HELLO  
THERE...

ONE SEC...




DO YOU THINK WE'RE  
DISGUSTING?

HUH? WHAT?

YOU SAID  
"DISGUSTING"... DO  
YOU THINK MUSCULAR  
WOMEN ARE  
DISGUSTING?

EH... I NEVER GAVE  
THAT ANY THOUGHT... I  
WAS TALKING ABOUT THIS  
YOUTUBE VIDEO I WAS  
JUST WATCHING...




SHOW ME...

IT'S OF A  
MAN PUKING ON  
HIS GIRLFRIEND...  
WENT VIRAL...



I SEE... YES,  
THAT IS  
DISGUSTING...

WHAT THE  
FUCK MAN. SHE'S  
ALL TITS AND  
MUSCLE!



SO YOU'RE SURE YOU  
WEREN'T TALKING ABOUT  
US, HUH?

NO, NO... OF COURSE  
NOT...



EL... TOLD YOU. COME  
BACK HERE...



ALWAYS GOTTA  
MAKE SURE. I'M  
TAKING NO MORE SHIT,  
SAL...

## *SESSION 7*



SO HOW DID YOU  
FEEL WHEN YOU WERE  
STANDING THERE NEXT  
TO HIM? WAS IT THAT  
SAME FEELING?


EH... YES... A  
FEELING OF BEING  
SO... FREAKING  
POWERFUL...

LET'S TRY TO GET  
A LITTLE CLOSER TO  
IT. CLOSE YOUR EYES  
AND SEE IF YOU CAN  
FEEL IT AGAIN, AND  
DESCRIBE IT MORE  
CONCRETELY...




HMMM...  
POWER...

THIS IS HARD... IT'S LIKE  
I CAN'T ENTIRELY TOUCH  
THAT FEELING...



RIGHT. I HAVE A  
SUGGESTION. IT'S  
VERY IMPORTANT THAT  
WE GET TO YOUR  
FEELINGS AS CLOSELY  
AS POSSIBLE...



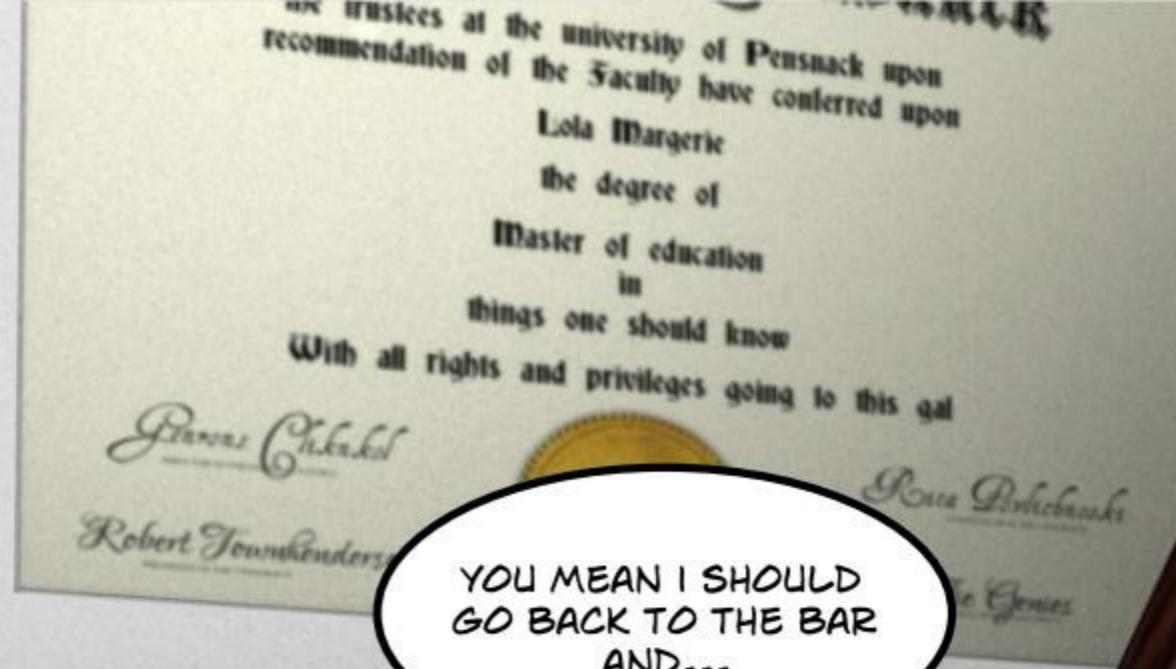
FEELINGS AND  
EMOTIONS WILL GIVE  
US THE BEST CLUES  
ABOUT WHAT IS GOING  
ON AND HOW WE CAN  
CHANGE STUFF, IF  
NECESSARY...

OKAY... I'M  
REALLY TRYING  
THOUGH...



I KNOW YOU ARE. BUT  
WE HAVE SEVERAL  
TECHNIQUES AND METHODS  
TO HELP PATIENTS GET MORE  
IN TOUCH WITH THEIR  
FEELINGS IN A CERTAIN  
SITUATION.

ONE OF THEM IS  
RE-ENACTMENT. IT'S ABOUT  
IMITATING THE SITUATION AS  
WELL AS POSSIBLE AND  
KIND OF RELIVING IT...



YOU MEAN I SHOULD  
GO BACK TO THE BAR  
AND...

NO NO, I'M  
TALKING ABOUT THE  
THERAPY SESSIONS  
HERE... WE RECREATE  
THE ENCOUNTER  
HERE...



LIKE... LET'S  
LOOK AT THE  
SITUATION... THE GUY  
WAS SITTING ON A BAR  
STOOL?

YES...



A CHAIR OF ABOUT THIS  
HIGH...

GOOD...



SO IF I WERE TO SIT  
ON MY DESK... LET'S  
TRY THIS...



SO THE  
THING IS WE TRY  
TO CREATE THE SAME  
KIND OF ATMOSPHERE  
TO BRING YOU BACK, AS  
IT WERE...

WHAT DO YOU THINK?  
LOOKS ABOUT  
RIGHT?

EH... YES, I  
GUESS...



MY EH... MY CLOTHES...

WHAT ABOUT YOUR CLOTHES?

I WASN'T WEARING A SWEATER. SHOULD I TAKE IT OFF?

EH... IF YOU THINK IT HELPS YOU TO GET IN THE VIBE, YOU CAN...



OKAY, ONE SECOND...



IT'S NOT  
EXACTLY THE SAME  
AS WHAT I WAS  
WEARING THAT NIGHT. I  
WAS... - OH SHIT, RIGHT,  
YOU REMEMBER...  
THAT... UNSTABLE  
TOP...

HAHA, RIGHT, I  
REMEMBER. SO  
NOW, CLOSE YOUR  
EYES FOR HALF A  
MINUTE AND TRY TO GO  
BACK TO THAT  
MOMENT...



OKAY...

SHE'S A FUCKING  
FORTRESS. WITH HUGE  
RAMPARTS...



NOW CLOSE YOUR  
EYES, AND KEEP THEM  
CLOSED... IT WILL  
HELP YOU...

OKAY...

RE-ENACT  
THE SCENE.  
DO WHAT YOU  
DID THEN...

A woman with long, dark, wavy hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a red spaghetti-strap top. She has her eyes closed and a slightly open mouth, as if in a state of shock or listening intently. Five speech bubbles of varying sizes are positioned to her right, containing text. The background is a plain, light-colored wall with a wooden door visible on the right side.

SO HE  
WAS  
HOLDING HIS  
CELLPHONE  
---

TALK TO ME AS IF I  
WAS HIM. "YOU WERE  
HOLDING YOUR  
CELLPHONE..."

OKAY. YOU WERE  
HOLDING YOUR  
CELLPHONE...

AND I TOOK  
YOUR HAND AND  
TURNED THE PHONE  
TOWARDS ME TO  
LOOK AT IT...

OKAY, DO THAT...  
NOW...

ERIC DIDN'T MIND HE WAS BREACHING WITH ALL THE PSYCHOLOGICAL AXIOMS HE HAD BEEN TAUGHT - LIKE NEVER TOUCH THE PATIENT OR LET THEM TOUCH YOU. HE WAS MAKING THIS RE-ENACTMENT THERAPY UP ON THE FLY. AND IT SEEMED TO WORK BRILLIANTLY. HE WAS FULLY AWARE OF WHAT HE WAS DOING, BUT HE SEEMED NOT TO HAVE ANY CHOICE AT ALL....

LET ME SEE THAT...


GOOD. TELL ME WHAT YOU FEEL....

FOR THE FIRST TIME HE FELT HER SKIN ON HIS AND IT FELT SO WONDERFUL. AND AS THE BODYBUILDER TURNED HIS HAND, ERIC FELT A TINGLING IN HIS ENTIRE BODY...



WHAT I FELT THEN,  
OR WHAT I FEEL  
NOW?

IT DOESN'T MATTER.  
WHATEVER COMES EASIEST,  
THE MEMORIES OR THE  
PRESENT THOUGHTS AND  
FEELINGS. BUT KEEP YOUR  
EYES CLOSED...



I WAS THINKING  
HOW HIS HANDS WERE  
SO SMALL, SO MUCH  
SMALLER THAN MINE,  
AND THAT I...

I'M THINKING I  
COULD...



... CRUSH YOUR HAND  
SO EASILY...



I'M... I'M...  
ENJOYING HOW MY HAND  
CAN COMPLETELY  
ENVELOP... YOURS

... AND HOW I  
COULD... HOW I  
COULD...



... HURT HIM... YOU...  
SO EASILY, IF I  
WANTED...

EH... OKAY. VERY  
GOOD. KEEP YOUR  
EYES CLOSED... AND  
KEEPING GOING. JUST  
LET IT COME,  
WHATEVER YOU FEEL  
OR THINK...

OMYGOD OMYGOD  
OMYGOD...



SHE'S SO  
BEAUTIFUL.... SO SEXY...  
WHAT WILL I DO WHEN SHE  
WALKS OUT OF HERE AGAIN FOR  
A FUCKING **WEEK**...

I NEED...


WHAT IF...

SLOWLY AND QUIETLY,  
ERIC MOVED HIS HAND  
TOWARDS HIS POCKET AND  
TOOK HIS CELLPHONE  
OUT...



HE WAS **VERY**  
SMALL... LIKE THE GUY  
IN MARTIAL ARTS CLASS.  
LIKE EVERYONE. LIKE...  
YOU...





I FEEL LIKE I NEED  
TO... PUNISH GUYS  
LIKE... HIM. I'M NOT  
SURE WHY...

GOOD. VERY  
GOOD. OPEN YOUR  
EYES ON THREE. WE'RE  
GOING TO CLOSE NOW.  
IT'S INTENSIVE.  
ONE... TWO...



THREE!  
HOW WAS  
THAT?

IT WAS...  
INTERESTING...

GOOD! YOU  
CAN LET GO OF  
MY HAND  
NOW...



WOOPS! SORRY!

NO  
PROBLEM...  
WE CAN CONTINUE  
THIS NEXT  
SESSION...