

A detailed illustration of a muscular woman with brown hair in a bun, wearing a black one-piece swimsuit, performing a massage on the neck of a bald, muscular man. The man is wearing black boxer shorts with 'BS de BS' on the waistband. They are in a shower stall with blue and white tiled walls and a blue tiled floor. A red and white striped shower head is visible in the background.

MUSCLE THERAPY

Part 3

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ERIC COULDN'T GO TO BED THAT NIGHT. HE WAS JUST UNABLE TO SHAKE THE STILL FRESH MEMORY OF THAT INCREDIBLY TALL WOMAN, THAT IMPOSSIBLY HUGE MOUNTAIN OF MUSCLE THAT WAS ELEONORE... WHILE TRYING TO DISTRACT HIMSELF WITH SOME READING ON HIS TABLET, HE SUDDENLY HAD AN IDEA...

A VERY DANGEROUS ONE...

OH MY GOD.
OH MY GOD, IMAGINE!
I'VE GOT SOME READING
TO DO!



TWO HOURS LATER, STILL IN THE SAME POSITION, HIS IDEA AND WHAT HE COULD DO - AT GREAT RISK - BECAME CLEARER AND CLEARER IN HIS MIND...

OH MY...
I'M AN EVIL
GENIUS.

FINALLY, WHEN HE WAS SATISFIED, AND TIRED
ENOUGH TO GO TO BED, HE GOT UP AND...



FOR THE SECOND TIME THAT NIGHT, SAT IN FRONT OF THE PICTURE HAD SECRETLY TAKEN OF HIMSELF AND THE MUSCLEGODDESS, AND... DID HIS THING...

OH GOD YOU
BIG
BIG
BIG GIRL!

OOOOHHH



SESSION 8

AFTER A WEEK THAT SEEMED TO LAST FOREVER,
WERE BLOWING HIS LOAD WAS THE ONLY THING
ERIC COULD DO TO TURN HIS MIND TO OTHER
THINGS, SHE WAS FINALLY SITTING IN HIS SEAT
AGAIN, INCREDIBLE AS EVER...

I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU!
HOW'S IT GOING?

ACTUALLY...



NOT SO GOOD...

REALLY?



I'M LISTENING...

THERE WAS...
ANOTHER
INCIDENT...

AH?



IT WAS... THE DAY
BEFORE YESTERDAY... IN
THE POOL...



IT WAS NEAR CLOSING TIME, AND THE POOL WAS ALMOST EMPTY. I DON'T GO THERE OFTEN. ONLY ON THE RARE OCCASIONS THAT I FEEL LAZY BUT I STILL WANT SOME EXERCISE. THEN I SWIM LIKE FIFTY LAPS OR SO. IT'S GOOD FOR THE BACK TOO AND... - SORRY, YOU DON'T NEED TO KNOW ALL THIS...

ANYWAY, THERE WAS JUST THIS ONE GUY IN THERE DOING LAPS...



HE WAS SWIMMING FEROCIOUSLY, AND
I THINK HE DIDN'T SEE ME BEFORE I
PLUNGED IN...



BUT THEN WHEN WE CROSSED EACH
OTHER, I NOTICED HIM NOTICING ME.



A FEW MINUTES LATER, I SAW HIM FLEXING AND LOOKING AT HIS REFLECTION ON THE SHINY POOL WALL. I CAUGHT HIM LOOKING BEHIND HIM TO SEE IF I WAS WATCHING. HE WAS DOING THIS TO IMPRESS ME, NO DOUBT...



I NOTICED THAT HE WAS VERY MUSCULAR, BUT ALSO VERY SHORT... I KNEW THE TYPE FROM THE GYM: THEY'RE SHORT AND SOMETIMES ALSO HAVE A SMALL FRAME, AND THINK THEY CAN COMPENSATE BY BUILDING A LOT OF MUSCLES... I ALWAYS FOUND IT A BIT PATHETIC. AND COUNTERPRODUCTIVE: IF YOU'RE SHORT, HAVING BIG MUSCLES WILL ONLY EMPHASIZE THAT, I THINK. BUT THAT'S JUST MY OPINION...



ANYWAY, MY INTEREST
WAS PIQUED, AND I GOT
OUT TO TAKE A CLOSER
LOOK AT THE GUY...



GETTING CLOSER TO HIM, I SAW
THAT HE WAS REALLY SHORT
INDEED. BUT I HAD TO ADMIT, HIS
MUSCLES WEREN'T BAD AT ALL---

HE MUST HAVE HEARD ME COME
OUT OF THE WATER BEHIND HIM,
BUT HE KEPT FLEXING---




I THINK HE GOT THE
FIRST IDEA OF HOW I
LOOKED WHEN HE
SAW MY REFLECTION
BEHIND HIS ON THE
WALL....

SHOWING
OFF?

STILL, THE LOOK ON HIS FACE WHEN HE TURNED AROUND WAS GOLDEN. IT GAVE ME SUCH A KICK. EVERYTIME MEN SEE ME FOR THE FIRST TIME THEY ARE THUNDERSTRUCK, AND IT... WELL... I FIND IT... EXCITING WHEN I SEE THAT LOOK...

BODYBUILDING
COULDN'T MAKE
YOU TALLER
HUH?

OH MY GOD...
YOU'RE... BIG!




YES I AM. BIG.
AND YOU'RE SMALL.
MUSCLES CAN'T HIDE
THAT, YOU KNOW....

FIVE FOUR?

FIVE FIVE,
ACTUALLY....


STILL TINY....

NOW I ALWAYS LIKE TO TEASE MEN AND
POKE FUN OF THEM A BIT WHEN I CAN, BUT
IN THIS CASE, THERE WAS SOMETHING IN
THIS ONE'S EYES THAT MADE ME EXTRA...
NAUGHTY, I GUESS....

A comic book panel featuring a bald woman with a surprised expression looking up at a large, muscular arm. The arm is wearing a red gauntlet and is positioned over her. The background is a blue tiled wall.


SO EH... WHY WERE
YOU FLEXING? LOVE
LOOKING AT YOURSELF
SO MUCH THAT YOU
COULDN'T WAIT TILL
YOU GOT HOME?

EH...
SOMETHING
LIKE THAT...



OH GOOD. CAUSE
A GIRL MIGHT THINK
YOU WERE TRYING TO
IMPRES HER WITH YOUR
BIG MUSCLES, YOU
KNOW...

THAT WAS
EH... NOT MY
IDEA...

A comic book panel featuring a close-up of a muscular woman with dark skin and long black hair, wearing a grey leotard. She is looking towards a man whose back is to the camera. The man has a large, muscular build and is wearing a white shirt. The background shows a tiled floor and a glass wall.

WELL, IT *IS*
FUN TO DO THOUGH.
MAYBE I CAN IMPRESS
YOU WITH MY
MUSCLES?

EH, MAYBE...

A 3D rendered image of a woman's back, showing her skin texture and a long, dark brown braid hanging down the center. The braid is secured with a pink hair tie. The woman is wearing a dark blue or black strapless top. The background consists of light blue square tiles. A large, white speech bubble with a black outline is positioned on the left side of the back, containing the text "I'VE GOT A BACK THE SIZE OF A HELICOPTER LANDING PAD...".

I'VE GOT A BACK THE
SIZE OF A HELICOPTER
LANDING PAD...



GLUTES AND THIGHS
THAT CAN KILL...

The image shows three pairs of muscular legs from different individuals standing on a blue grid floor. The legs are positioned from left to right. A speech bubble is located between the first and second pair of legs. The floor is a light blue with a white grid pattern. The legs are dark brown and highly muscular, particularly the calves. The first pair of legs is on the left, the second pair is in the center, and the third pair is on the right. The speech bubble is white with a black outline and contains the text "CALVES TWICE AS WIDE AS YOURS...".

CALVES TWICE AS WIDE
AS YOURS...

I TREMENDOUSLY ENJOYED
DESCRIBING MY OWN MUSCLES LIKE
THAT AND SEEING THE BOY GROW
SMALLER AND SMALLER... HE
SEEMED TO JUST SHRINK RIGHT
BEFORE MY EYES...

... AND THE BICEPS
THAT SMALL
BODYBUILDERS LIKE
YOU DREAM OF...

AND THEN I HIT THE BIG
ONE... THE DOUBLE
BICEPS, MAKING MYSELF
AS BIG AS POSSIBLE...

SEE? *THIS* IS WHAT
BODYBUILDING IS ALL
ABOUT...

SO... ARE
YOU
IMPRESSED?

EH, EHM...
YES... I AM...

THE BOY HAD NICE MUSCLES, BUT
THEY WERE NOTHING COMPARED TO
MINE, AND I SO I FELT LIKE
RIDICULING HIM A BIT...


NOW IT'S YOUR TURN.
FLEX FOR ME,
MINIMUSCLEMAN!

EH... THAT'S OKAY. I
ACTUALLY HAVE TO GO...




OH, BABY... DO I
LOOK LIKE SOMEONE
YOU DISOBEY?

LOOK, LADY, THIS
WAS FUN, BUT IT'S
ENOUGH. HAVE A NICE
SWIM, OKAY...


A close-up, low-angle shot of a woman with dark skin and long, dark hair pulled back. She is wearing a black, low-cut swimsuit. She has a serious, slightly smug expression on her face. Her right hand is visible in the foreground, with her index finger pointing towards the viewer. The background is a tiled ceiling with a grid pattern and some recessed lighting. Two speech bubbles are present: one on the left and one on the right.

OH, YOU'RE
ACTUALLY REALLY
PROTESTING. THAT IS
SO ADORABLE...

UNFORTUNATELY FOR
YOU, THAT MEANS I NEED
TO TEACH YOU A LITTLE
LESSON...



AND
FORTUNATELY FOR ME,
THAT IS JUST MY
FAVORITE THING TO DO
IN THE WORLD....



LET'S SEE...
WHAT SHALL WE DO
WITH THE LITTLE
BODYBUILDER?

EH.. YOU WILL DO
NOTHING WITH ME! I'M
GOING!

I LOVED HOW HE
PROTESTED. IT MEANT I
NEEDED TO... EXPAND
ON THE LESSON...

GOD... YOU'RE SO
CUTE WHEN YOU'RE
ANGRY. NOW LET'S SEE
HOW MUCH YOU
WEIGH...


GET YOUR
HANDS OFF
ME!!

UUUUURGHH!

IT'S NOT MY
HANDZZZZ BABY... IT'S
JUST ONE HAND,
SINGULAR, OKAY?

BUT HOW CAN YOU LIFT
SOMEONE WITH JUST
ONE HAND?



A 3D rendered scene depicting a man in a shower. The man is bald, has a pale complexion, and is wearing a white towel around his waist. He is being choked from behind by a person whose hands are visible, one gripping his neck and the other resting on his shoulder. The man's face is contorted in pain, with his mouth wide open in a scream. The background consists of white square tiles. Two speech bubbles are present: one on the left containing a taunting question, and one in the center containing a desperate plea. A yellow text box on the right provides a narrative perspective from the person choking him. A small copyright notice is in the bottom right corner.

ARE YOU GOING
TO BE AN OBEDIENT
BOY NOW? OR SHALL I
SQUEEZE A BIT MORE?
THIS IS JUST TEN
PERCENT...

UURGGH!!
NO! STOP!
WHATEVER YOU WANT!


THAT WAS NO EXAGGERATION: I WAS
HARDLY SQUEEZING AT ALL. I
REMEMBER THINKING FOR JUST ONE
SECOND HOW EASY IT WOULD BE TO
KILL HIM LIKE THAT...



NOW... THERE'S A
WOMAN TWICE YOUR
SIZE, LIFTING YOU
SINGLE-HANDEDLY BY
THE THROAT. DESCRIBE
HOW THAT FEELS...

IT'S... UGH...
PAINFUL...

IN
DETAIL PLEASE!

A close-up, high-resolution digital illustration of a woman's face. She has light brown skin, large expressive blue eyes with long, dark, thick eyelashes, and full, slightly parted red lips. Her hair is dark brown and pulled back. She is wearing a black strap over her shoulder. The background is a swimming pool with blue tiled walls and a white tiled ceiling. A red and white lifebuoy is mounted on the wall to the left. A speech bubble originates from the top left, and a yellow text box is on the right. The overall style is realistic with a comic book influence.


TELL ME HOW
SMALL, HOW
POWERLESS, HOW
HUMILIATED YOU FEEL...
BE EXPLICIT...

IT REALLY TURNS
ME ON TO... HEAR IT
FROM THEM...

A 3D rendered comic book panel depicting a tense moment in a swimming pool. On the left, a man with a shaved head is shown in profile, his mouth wide open in a scream or shout. He is being choked from behind by a woman with long dark hair and large, dramatic eyelashes. She is wearing a grey tank top and has her hands firmly around the man's neck. The background features a pool with blue and white tiled walls and a red and white striped lifeguard stand. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the man pleading for release and another from the woman making a chilling statement.

PL-PLEASE JUST...
LET ME... GO...
PLEASE!

HMM... I THINK YOU
MAY HAVE A DEATH
WISH...



I WANT NOTHING
TO COME OUT OF THIS
MOUTH EXCEPT FOR
ANSWERS TO
QUESTIONS. IS THAT
UNDERSTOOD?

MMMM!



YOU'RE
ALMOST BEING
SWALLOWED BY MY
BIG MUSCLES, LITTLE
MAN. THAT MEANS YOU
SHOULD OBEY ME AT
ALL TIMES...





NEXT TIME I'LL PUT
IT IN THERE TILL YOU
ALMOST CHOKE. AND
THEN I'LL FINISH
CHOKING YOU WITH MY
BARE HANDS

SO NO MORE
CRYING OR BEGGING
OR WHATEVER,
CLEAR?

YES...



SO LET'S TEST
THIS... I'M REMOVING
YOUR PANTS...
HOPEFULLY WE WON'T
HEAR A PEEP...

TO MY EXCITEMENT, HE DIDN'T DARE TO PROTEST AS I LET HIS PANTS DROP ON THE FLOOR. THEN I PUSHED HIM AGAINST THE WALL WITH MY WHOLE BODY. I WASN'T HOLDING HIM WITH MY HAND ANYMORE. THERE WAS JUST THE WEIGHT OF MY TORSO AND UPPER LEGS STICKING HIM TO THE WALL---

I HIT A DOUBLE BICEPS AGAIN, AND NOW THE BOY WAS REALLY QUIET. HE WASN'T EVEN WHIMPERING OR MOANING ANYMORE. I SAID NOTHING EITHER AND JUST LOOKED DEEP INTO HIS EYES. AND AT THAT MOMENT I SAW HE UNDERSTOOD. HE UNDERSTOOD OUR RELATIONSHIP.

WHAT...
RELATIONSHIP
IS THAT?

I MEAN THAT HE... UNDERSTOOD
HOW A SMALL MAN AND A BIG
STRONG WOMAN RELATE TO EACH
OTHER. A RELATIONSHIP OF
DOMINATION, FROM MY PART.



I LET HIM FLOAT THERE, AND STILL I SAID NOTHING, GIVING HIM EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO REALLY **FEEL**, IN THE FIBER OF HIS BEING, WHAT THIS WAS ALL ABOUT... AND I SAW IT WAS REALLY REGISTERING... AND IT WAS FUNNY HOW HE DIDN'T DARE TO SPEAK AT ALL...



I WAS TREMENDOUSLY ENJOYING THIS MOMENT, PRESSING THE KID AGAINST THE WALL AND FEELING I HAD TAMED HIM IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES. BUT I WANTED MORE. I THINK I WANTED... TO MAKE HIM CRY. NOT FROM PHYSICAL PAIN BUT FROM... I DON'T KNOW... EMBARRASSMENT? FRUSTRATION? FEAR? I DECIDED TO EVOKE DIFFERENT EMOTIONS IN HIM, TO SEE HOW THEY WOULD FEEL FOR ME...

WHAT IF JUST...
SQUASHED YOU AGAINST
THE WALL, LIKE A
LITTLE FLY?



OH MY LITTLE
BOY... ARE YOU SAD
THAT YOU DON'T HAVE
BICEPS LIKE THESE,
HUH?

I WAS ENJOYING MY
OVERWHELMING
SENSE OF POWER
AND WAS ONLY JUST
GETTING STARTED,
WHEN ALL OF A
SUDDEN THE BOY
SHOUTED FOR HELP. I
REALIZED SOMEONE
HAD ENTERED THE
POOL

HELP!!!





WHAT THE...



CLOSE THE DOOR AND
LEAVE!

I SHOUTED IN MY MOST DOMINATING
AND COMMAND VOICE, WHICH I KNOW
CAN BE VERY AUTHORITATIVE, HOPING
THE FATSO WOULD HEAR AND SEE
FROM AFAR THAT THIS WAS NOT A
SITUATION IN WHICH HE WANTED TO
MEDDLE.




SHOUTING THIS COMMAND TO HIM
ACTUALLY GAVE ME AN EXTREME
FEELING OF AROUSAL. I GUESS IT
MADE ME FEEL AS IF I WAS
BOSSING AROUND TWO MEN AT THE
SAME TIME, AND THAT THE TWO OF
THEM TOGETHER STILL WOULDN'T
STAND A CHANCE AGAINST ME...
AND THAT WAS HOT...


BUT BOSS OR NOT, THERE WAS NO DENYING THAT THE LITTLE TWERP HAD DISOBEYED ME AGAIN AND I NOTICED THAT I WAS FURIOUS FOR THAT. I LIFTED HIM HIGHER AND SMACKED HIM WITH HIS BACK AGAINST THE WALL. TO HIS CREDIT, HE DIDN'T AS MUCH AS CRY OUT.

HIS FEET WERE NOW DANGLING AS MUCH AS TWO FEET ABOVE THE FLOOR, AND I FELT STRONGER AND ANGRIER THAN EVER...





I'LL TEACH YOU FOR
DISOBEYING ME, YOU
LITTLE BIT OF
NOTHING....

A muscular woman with dark skin, wearing a black one-piece swimsuit, stands in a tiled room. She is holding a muscular man with light skin, who is wearing a red and white life preserver around his neck. The man is standing on his toes, and the woman is holding him from behind. The room has white tiles on the upper half of the walls and blue tiles on the lower half. The floor is also blue-tiled. A speech bubble is visible above the woman's head.

LOOK AT YOU!
YOU THINK YOU CAN
DEFY ME? YOU FANCY
YOURSELF AS SOME KIND
OF DAVID AGAINST THIS
GOLIATH?

I LIFTED HIM HIGHER SO THAT PART
OF HIS WEIGHT RESTED ON MY
SHOULDER...



... AND FROM THERE I PUSHED HIM UP OVERHEAD. IT WAS THE FIRST TIME THAT I EVER HELD A MAN LIKE THIS AND THE RUSH OF POWER WAS INCREDIBLE! WHAT EXCITED ME TOO WAS THAT I NOW NOTICED HE WAS EXCITED BY ALL THIS TOO... OR AT LEAST PART OF HIM WAS...



OOH...

LIKING THIS A BIT MORE THAN YOU WOULD LIKE, HUH?

SO YOU... ACTUALLY LIFTED A BODYBUILDER OVER YOUR HEAD? HE WASN'T LIGHT, I PRESUME?

WELL... I MEAN, A LOT HEAVIER THAN YOU... BUT TO ME STILL LIGHT, YES...



UNFORTUNATELY, I WAS AWARE THAT I BETTER FINISH THIS "SESSION" QUICKLY. I COULDN'T COUNT ON THE FATSO NOT TO GET THE POLICE OR ANYTHING. I WAS NOT EXACTLY ON PAROLE, BUT I DEFINITELY SHOULDN'T RUN INTO MORE TROUBLE. SO I STARTED TO WRAP UP...

DO YOU UNDERSTAND THAT YOU SHOULDN'T TALK ABOUT THIS INCIDENT TO ANYONE?

YES!! I WON'T! I SWEAR!

CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT I WILL DO TO YOU IF I FIND OUT YOU TALKED TO SOMEONE?

I WON'T!

A muscular woman in a black swimsuit is holding a muscular man in a tiled room. The man is holding a red and white life preserver. The woman is looking at the man with a serious expression. The man is looking at the life preserver with a surprised expression. The room has white tiled walls and a blue tiled floor. A life preserver is mounted on the wall. A pair of shoes is on the floor.

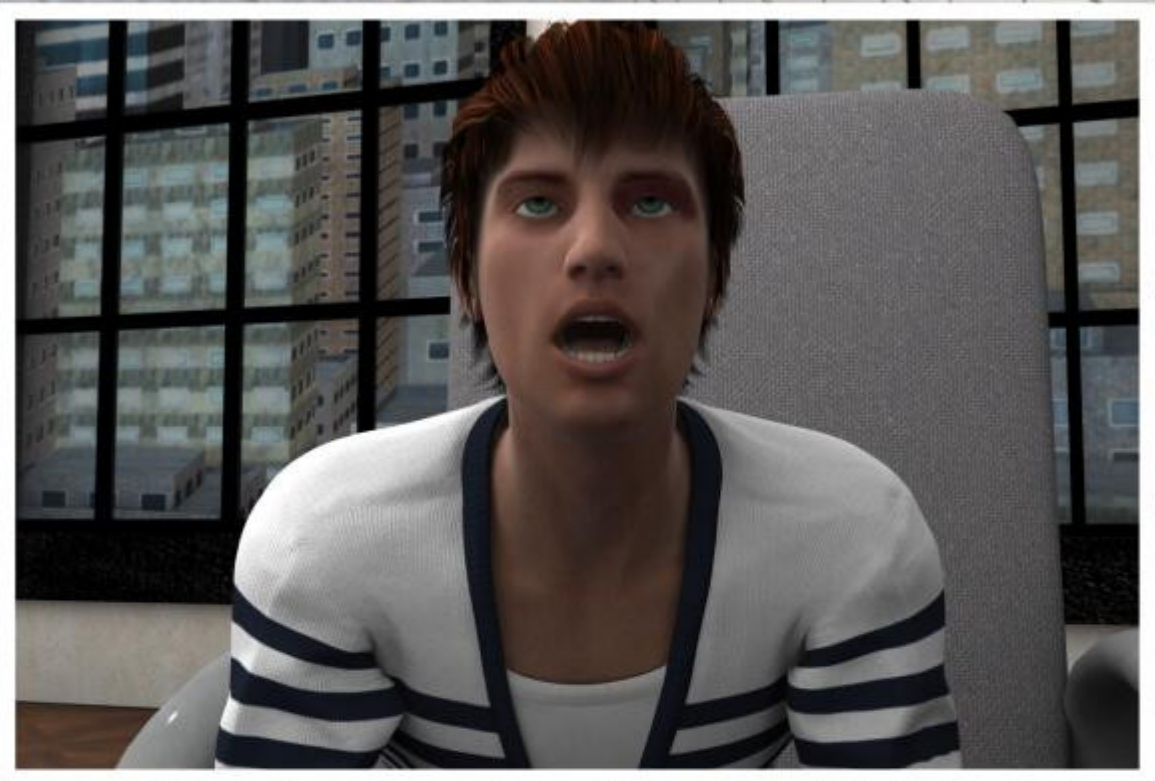
IF YOU TALK,
WHAT HAPPENED
TODAY WILL SEEM LIKE A
PICNIC IN THE PARK,
CLEAR?

CLEAR!



NOOOO! DON'T!
PLEASE! PLEASE!
THAT'S TOO FAR...

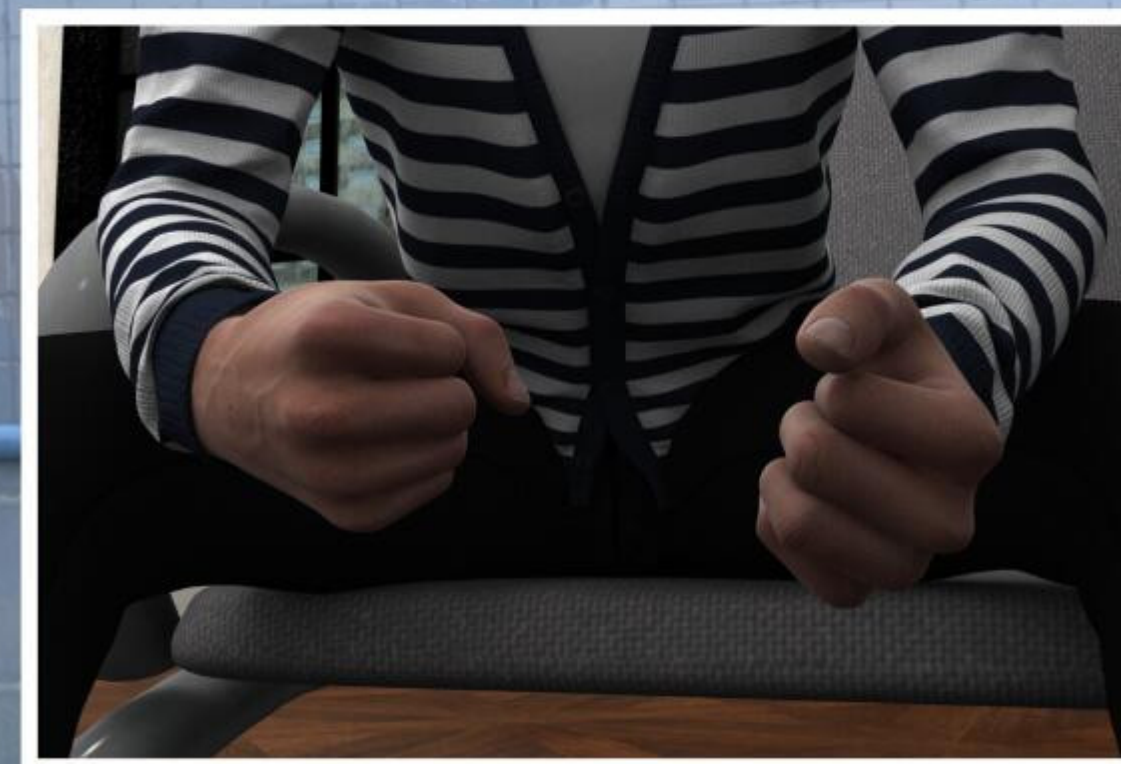
SO WHAT I'LL DO
IS I'LL TRY TO THROW
YOU FROM HERE INTO
THE WATER. I'M NOT
SURE IF YOU'LL MAKE
IT. YOU BETTER PRAY
I'M STRONG
ENOUGH...



THIS WAS A RISK. I HAD NEVER THROWN ANYTHING LIKE HIS WEIGHT, FROM AN OVERHEAD POSITION, SO I FELT IT COULD GO EITHER WAY. HE COULD LAND IN THE WATER, OR GET REALLY HURT ON THE STONE FLOOR. I THINK I WASN'T THINKING ENTIRELY STRAIGHT...



NOOOOOOOOO



IT WAS A VERY LONG SECOND, BUT ALSO AN EXCITING ONE. IT FELT AWESOME KNOWING THAT I COULD DECIDE OVER A MAN'S FATE LIKE THIS, MAKING HIM SURVIVE, OR... BREAKING HIM...



HE MADE IT. OR RATHER, MY
INCREDIBLE POWER HELPED HIM
MAKE IT. HE WAS WHIMPERING WHEN
HIS HEAD POPPED OUT OF THE
WATER...



I WAS EUPHORIC, AND FROM ON HIGH, FLEXED DOWN AT HIM, MAKING HIM SUCK IN THE SIGHT OF MY MASSIVE MUSCLES ONE MORE TIME..

RRRRRRROOOOAAAARRR



SEE YOU LATER
LITTLE MAN! AND TRAIN
WELL...


AND WITH THAT, I RELUCTANTLY LEFT. I IMAGINED THAT AS I WALKED OUT, HE WAS STARING IN FEAR AT MY GIGANTIC BACK, THIGHS AND CALVES... AT THE BIG MUSCLES THAT HE KNEW HE WOULD NEVER HAVE...

I WANNA HAVE SOME CHALLENGE WHEN WE MEET NEXT TIME...




A close-up, high-resolution digital illustration of a woman's face. She has long, dark brown wavy hair, light brown eyes with long, dark eyelashes, and a soft smile. She is wearing a dark red or maroon turtleneck sweater. A white speech bubble with a black outline is positioned to the left of her face, containing the text "SO THAT'S... THE INCIDENT...". The background is slightly blurred, showing a yellow wall and a grey textured surface.

SO THAT'S... THE
INCIDENT...



WOW... THAT'S...
QUITE A STORY...

OH. MY. FUCKING. GOD.
I WAS AFRAID OF COMING
IN MY PANTS...



SO EHM... LET'S
SEE... AH... TELLING
ALL THIS TO ME, HOW
DOES THAT FEEL?

HOW IT
FEELS TO
TELL IT
AGAIN?

YES, WHAT
KIND OF
EMOTIONS ARE
YOU FEELING
RIGHT NOW...

IT'S... VERY
MIXED. ON THE ONE
HAND IT WAS... A
VERY... EXCITING
INCIDENT, AND TELLING
ABOUT ALSO IS KIND
OF... EXCITING...

BE MORE
SPECIFIC. WHAT
EXACTLY DO YOU
MEAN WHEN YOU
SAY "EXCITING"?



I MEAN... SEXUALLY
AROUSING, OF
COURSE...



OKAY... AND... WHAT
ELSE? YOU SAID YOUR
FEELINGS ARE
MIXED...


YES, ALSO A
BIT... AFRAID OF
WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN...
AND... ANXIOUS FOR THE
THERAPY TO... BRING
SOME SOLUTIONS...



IT'S LIKE... I DON'T
KNOW IF... I MEAN...
SOMETIMES I FEEL...

I UNDERSTAND. YOU
WANT TO GO FASTER.
TYPICAL PSYCHOTHERAPY
IS NOT THAT FAST. BUT...
THERE IS SOMETHING THAT
I COULD OFFER AND
THAT WE COULD
TRY...

WHAT IS IT?



WELL, THERE ARE NO
GUARANTEES BUT WE
COULD TRY
HYPNOSIS...

University of Pensnack

lects at the university of Pensnack upon
tation of the Faculty have conferred upon
Lola Margerie
the degree of
Master of education
in
things one should know
rights and privileges going to this old


HYPNOSIS? REALLY?
YOU PEOPLE ACTUALLY
USE THAT?

AND CAN'T IT BE
DANGEROUS?



NO IT'S NOT
DANGEROUS. AND I
HAVE QUITE SOME
EXPERIENCE WITH
IT...

...
YOU FUCKING
LIAR. YOU REALLY
JUST LEARNED
SOMETHING ABOUT IT ON
YOUR TABLET LAST
WEEK...



THE ONLY THING
IS THAT NOT
EVERYONE IS
SUGGESTIBLE TO
HYPNOSIS. SO IF YOU
WANT WE CAN CHECK
FOR THAT NOW, AND
REALLY TRY IT THE
NEXT TIME...

EH, OKAY...
I'M UP FOR
IT...

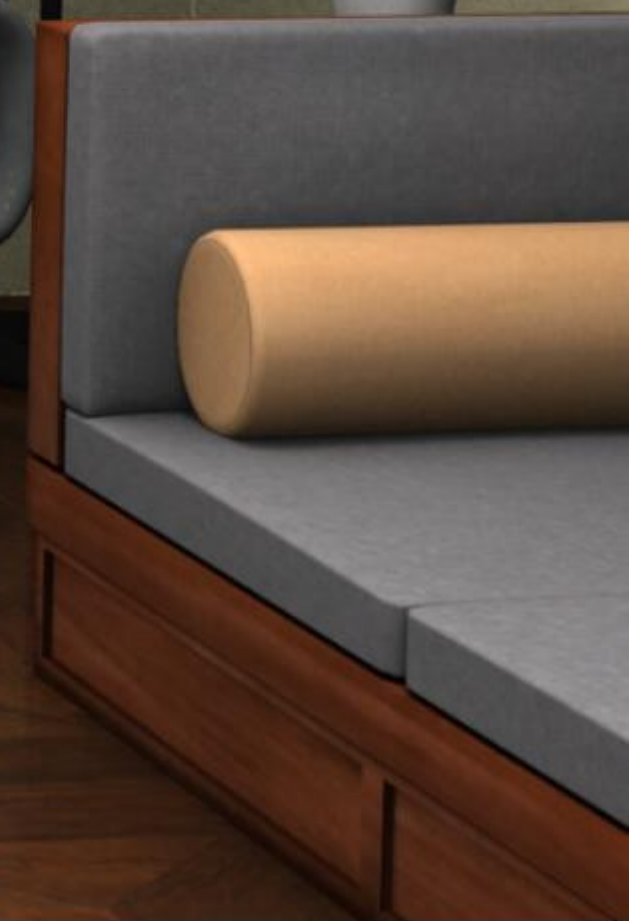


SO... DO I
NEED TO LIE
DOWN...?

NO, I WANT YOU
TO SIT STRAIGHT, BUT
VERY RELAXED, AND I'M
GOING TO MOVE A BIT
CLOSER TO YOU AND
START TALKING TO YOU.
HOW DOES THAT
SOUND?

OKAY...


GOOD, MOVE
YOUR CHAIR A BIT
TOO SO IT'S RIGHT IN
FRONT OF MINE. AND I'M
GOING TO DIM THE
LIGHTS A LITTLE.




SO CLOSE YOUR EYES.
GOOD. ARE YOU
COMFORTABLE?

YES...





LET YOUR BODY SINK
NATURALLY DOWN AS
YOUR MUSCLES RELAX.
LISTEN TO YOUR BODY
AND MY VOICE AS YOU
BEGIN TO FEEL CALM.




I WANT YOU TO
BREATHE IN AND OUT
DEEPLY. WITH EVERY
BREATH, YOU WILL FEEL
MORE RELAXED....

MY GOD, LOOK AT
THOSE LEGS... SO
AWESOME TO SEE
THOSE MUSCLES FROM
CLOSEBY...



IT WAS THE FIRST TIME ERIC WAS ABLE TO
LOOK UNINHIBITEDLY, AND THAT, OF COURSE
HAD BEEN HIS INTENTION. HE HADN'T
IMAGINED TRYING OUT HYPNOSIS ALREADY, SO
SOON AFTER READING ABOUT IT, BUT SINCE
ELEONORE WANTED TO SPEED UP THE THERAPY,
IT HAD SEEMED LIKE THE IDEAL MOMENT TO
SUGGEST IT...

A man with short brown hair, wearing a white and navy blue striped long-sleeved shirt, is leaning over a woman. He is looking down at her with a focused expression. The woman is lying down, and her hands are clasped together in her lap. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.


YOU CAN FEEL
YOURSELF RELAXING NOW.
YOU CAN FEEL A HEAVY,
RELAXED FEELING COMING OVER
YOU. AND AS I CONTINUE TO
TALK, THAT HEAVY RELAXED
FEELING WILL GET STRONGER
AND STRONGER, UNTIL IT
CARRIES YOU INTO A DEEP,
PEACEFUL STATE OF
RELAXATION.

YOU WILL NOW DESCEND A
STAIRCASE WITH TEN STEPS. I
WILL COUNT DOWN. WHEN YOU
REACH THE BOTTOM OF THE
STAIRCASE, YOU WILL BE FEELING
EXTREMELY RELAXED AND
PEACEFUL UNDER THE
HYPNOSIS...

10, 9, 8...

EVERYTHING SEEMED TO GO FINE AND ERIC SUSPECTED ELEONORE WAS NOW UNDER A STATE OF HYPNOSIS. JUST TO BE SURE, ERIC DID THE TESTS HE HAD READ ABOUT. THE BREATHING LOOKED GOOD, AND ELEONORE GAVE LITERAL RESPONSES TO QUESTIONS.

... 3, 2... AND 1.



REMEMBER THIS IS
JUST A TEST. I WANT TO
TAKE YOU BACK TO... THE
FIRST TIME YOU... HAD THIS
FEELING OF WANTING TO BE
STRONG AND DOMINATING.
WHAT ARE YOU THINKING
ABOUT?

I THINK I AM...
TWELVE... AND I AM
STANDING BEFORE MY
COUSIN. HE'S FOURTEEN,
BUT I'M A LOT TALLER
THAN HIM...





OK. GOOD.

OH MY GOD, THIS IS
TORTURE... I...

SUDDENLY, ERIC HAD A NAUGHTY THOUGHT. INITIALLY HE HAD JUST IMAGINED THAT DURING HYPNOSIS, WHILE ELEONORE'S EYES WERE CLOSED, HE'D JUST GET A GOOD, CLOSE UP VIEW OF HER MUSCLES. BUT... WHY WOULD IT HAVE TO... STOP THERE?

I WANT MORE...
I CAN HAVE MORE...

DUDE, YOU CAN'T BE
SERIOUS. HAVEN'T YOU
BROKEN THE ETHICAL CODE
ENOUGH AS IT IS?



HOWEVER, WITH THIS BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN OF MUSCLE JUST SITTING INCHES AWAY FROM HIM, ERIC COULDN'T CONTAIN HIMSELF, AND WENT AHEAD. THERE WAS NOT MUCH TIME LEFT IN THE SESSION, SO THIS WOULD ONLY BE ONE MORE TEST...

OKAY, GOOD. NOW, EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS, OR THAT YOU HEAR OR THINK OR EXPERIENCE AFTER THIS SENTENCE, YOU WILL ENTIRELY FORGET. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

YES.



ERIC'S MIND WAS RACING. TO TEST IF SHE WOULD REALLY FORGET EVERYTHING THAT HE TOLD HER TO FORGET, HE WOULD DO TWO THINGS. THE FIRST WAS TO MAKE HER SAY SOMETHING EMBARRASSING. HE WOULD SURELY NOTICE AFTER THE SESSION IF SHE REMEMBERED THAT...

SO DURING THESE SESSIONS, WHAT'S THE MOST EMBARRASSING THOUGHT YOU'VE HAD SO FAR?


WHILE I WAS LYING ON THE COUCH AND I TOLD YOU THE STORY ABOUT THOSE GUYS, YEARS AGO... I FELT LIKE MASTURBATING....



A close-up of a woman with long, dark, wavy hair. She is wearing a bright pink, short-sleeved top. Her eyes are closed, and her mouth is slightly open, as if she is in a state of arousal or remembering something. She is sitting in a chair with a grey fabric backrest. To her left, there is a brown, textured lampshade. Two speech bubbles are present: one on the left containing a question and one on the right containing an affirmative response.

REMEMBERING
THAT SCENE WAS
AROUSING AND YOU
WANTED TO PUT YOUR
HANDS IN YOUR
PANTS?

OOOOOH
YES...




AND YOU WERE
EMBARRASSED
ABOUT THAT?

YES, VERY...

OKAY, I'M
GOING TO
COUNT FROM TEN
TO ONE AND AT ONE
YOU'LL BE BACK IN
THE HERE AND
NOW.

NOW IT COMES...



ERIC'S SECOND TEST WAS TO SUBTLY TOUCH HER. IF SHE'D MAKE A COMMENT AFTERWARD, HE COULD INVENT SOME EXCUSE. IF SHE DIDN'T, HE WOULD ASSUME SHE HAD ENTIRELY FORGOTTEN... IN ANY CASE, RIGHT NOW ELEONORE DIDN'T GIVE A PEEP.

JUST LIGHTLY STROKING THAT BIG CALF WITH HIS FINGER WAS TREMENDOUSLY EXCITING. ERIC KNEW HE HAD CROSSED A CERTAIN BRIDGE NOW, BUT DIDN'T CARE AT ALL...



... 4, 3, 2, 1.
YOU CAN SLOWLY OPEN
YOUR EYES...

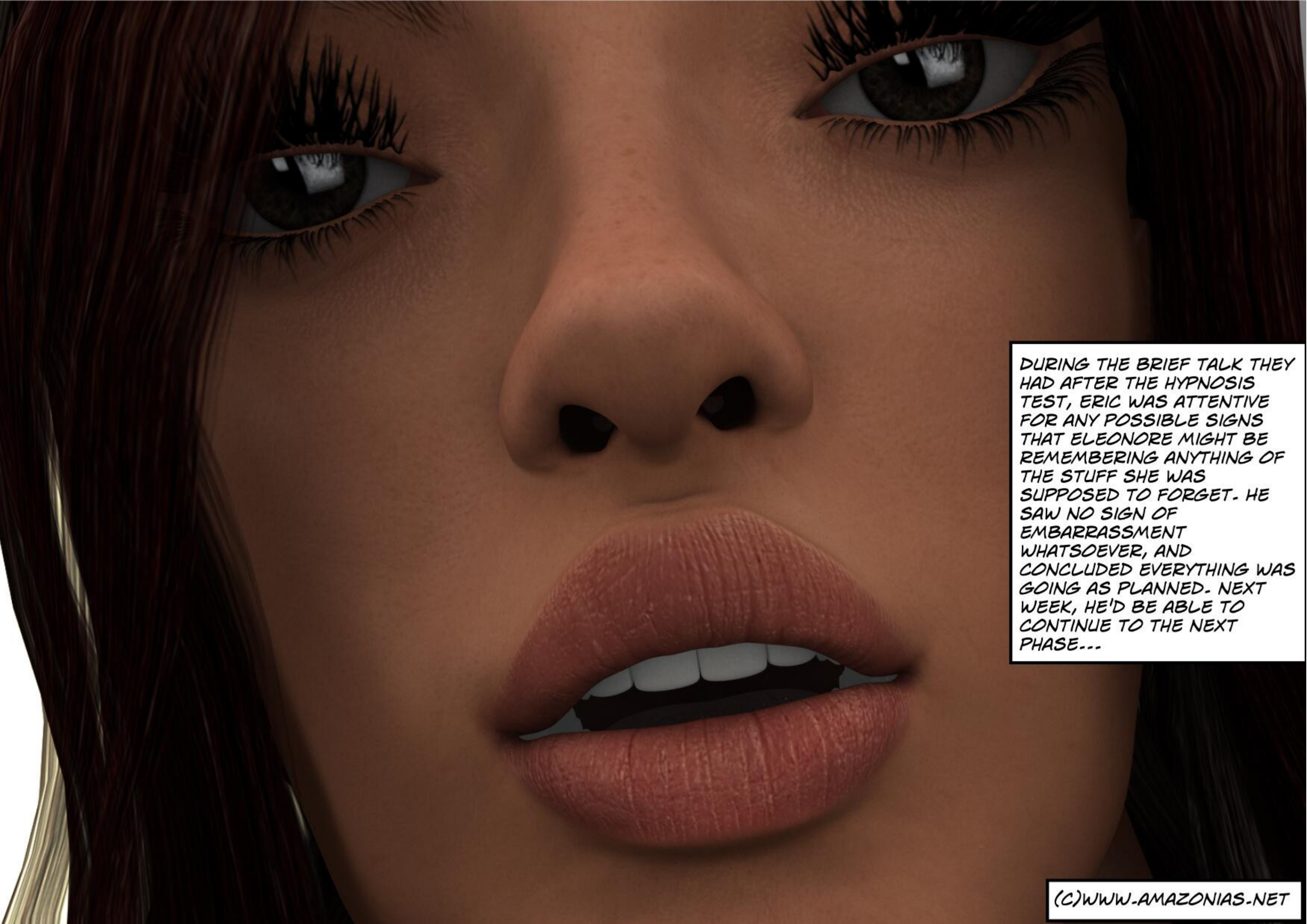




IS EVERYTHING
OKAY? HOW DO YOU
FEEL?

YES, FINE...
THAT WAS...
INTERESTING...

THAT MEMORY OF
STANDING IN FRONT
OF MY COUSIN... I HAD
COMPLETELY
FORGOTTEN THAT...



DURING THE BRIEF TALK THEY HAD AFTER THE HYPNOSIS TEST, ERIC WAS ATTENTIVE FOR ANY POSSIBLE SIGNS THAT ELEONORE MIGHT BE REMEMBERING ANYTHING OF THE STUFF SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO FORGET. HE SAW NO SIGN OF EMBARRASSMENT WHATSOEVER, AND CONCLUDED EVERYTHING WAS GOING AS PLANNED. NEXT WEEK, HE'D BE ABLE TO CONTINUE TO THE NEXT PHASE...

AS THEIR TIME WAS UP AND THE NEXT CLIENT WOULD BE WAITING, ERIC FINISHED THE SESSION. BUT THERE WAS ONE MORE SUGGESTION HE WANTED TO MAKE...

ONE OTHER THING... IF YOU WANT TO SPEED UP THE PROCESS... I HAVE ANOTHER SLOT FREE ON MONDAY NIGHTS, FROM NOW ON... IN CASE YOU WOULD LIKE TO COME TWICE A WEEK...

OH, REALLY?







GREAT, THAT'S
SETTLED THEN. THEN
I'LL SEE YOU ON
MONDAY, 7 PM.


GREAT.
OH, BY THE
WAY...

YES?

ELEONORE GOT CLOSER TO HIM, TOWERING OVER ERIC LIKE A BEAUTIFUL OGRE OVER A HOBBIT. LATER, ERIC WOULD WONDER IF SHE GOT CLOSER ON PURPOSE, IN ORDER TO SLIGHTLY INTIMIDATE HIM WHEN SHE ASKED THE QUESTION...

WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT.. THE SWIMMING POOL INCIDENT... THAT'S NO REASON TO... TALK TO THE AUTHORITIES, RIGHT?





OH NO, OF COURSE
NOT. DON'T WORRY
ABOUT THAT. WE ONLY
DO THAT IN CASE OF
ACUTE RISKS...

OH GOOD.
CAUSE I...
WOULDN'T LIKE
THAT...

THE TRUTH WAS, ERIC COULD
HARDLY IMAGINE ANY
CIRCUMSTANCE UNDER WHICH HE
WOULD REPORT ELEONORE TO
THE POLICE. HE DIDN'T WANT TO
LOSE HER AS A CLIENT FOR
ANYTHING IN THE WORLD...

... DEFINITELY NOT NOW THAT HE
WAS SO CLOSE...


THAT NIGHT, THE DREAM CAME AGAIN... AND AGAIN SHE WAS THERE, IN ALL HER GLORY... THIS TIME THOUGH SHE WASN'T WEARING HER JACKET... BUT IT WAS ESPECIALLY HER WORDS THAT AMAZED HIM...

SO... HYPNOSIS HUH?



YOU POOR
LITTLE BOY... YOU
THINK YOU'RE GONNA USE
ME LIKE A PUPPET
MASTER?





N-NO, OF COURSE
NOT... IT'S ONLY TO
H-HELP YOU...

SHUT UP, MIDGET!
LET'S SEE WHO THE
REAL PUPPET MASTER
IS HERE...

AND WITH THAT, SHE POINTED
HER FINGER AT HIM AND ERIC
FELT A VERY STRANGE
SENSATION RUNNING THROUGH
HIS WHOLE BODY... AND
THEN...

--- WITHOUT ERIC BEING
ABLE TO CONTROL IT, HIS
LIMBS ROSE UP IN THE AIR,
AS IF PULLED BY SOME
INVISIBLE FORCE---

WHA... WHA...



WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO
ME??



JUST SHOWING YOU
WHO'S THE BOSS
BABY...

FLOATING LIKE THIS IN MID AIR IN FRONT OF
THE AMAZON DIDN'T EXACTLY HURT, BUT IT
WAS QUITE SCARY. ERIC'S MIND COULDN'T
FOCUS ON ANYTHING, BUT HE KNEW THAT SHE
WAS CONTROLLING HIM TOTALLY...



LET'S RAISE THAT
LITTLE THING TOO...

INSTANTLY, FROM THE SECOND SHE POINTED
AT IT, ERIC'S DICK BECAME ROCK HARD...


GOOD, AND NOW LET'S
GET YOU A BIT HIGHER
STILL...

ERIC'S HELPLESS BODY WAS PULLED ROSE
SOME MORE, AND MOVED CLOSER TO THE
GIANTESS, SO THAT IN THE END, HIS DICK
ENDED UP BETWEEN HER ENORMOUS TITS...

YES, THAT IS EXACTLY
WHERE I WANT YOU...

AND NOW...





I WANT YOU TO...



CUM. FOR. ME.

NOW!

OOOOOOHHH

AND AGAIN, HIS BODY OBEYED THE BIG WOMAN INSTANTLY, AS IF ERIC DIDN'T HAVE ANY WILL OF HIS OWN. IT'S WAS JUST AN INSTANT REFLEX, A FOLLOWING UP OF A COMMAND WITHOUT QUESTION OR PAUSE. ULTIMATE OBEDIENCE. ULTIMATE POWER OF HER OVER HIM.

NOW!

UUUUUUUA
AAAAHHHHHHH