

# MUSCLE THERAPY

Part 4

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JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE, ERIC COATED ALL HIS WINDOWS WITH A FILM SO THAT THE GLASS WAS OPAQUE FROM THE OTHER SIDE. NO ONE WOULD EVER BE ABLE TO LOOK INSIDE... IT WAS BETTER TO BE SAFE THAN SORRY...



## SESSION 9

RIGHT AT THE BEGINNING OF THE NEXT SESSION, IT WAS CLEAR TO ERIC THAT ONCE MORE, SOME INCIDENT HAD HAPPENED. HE INVITED ELEONORE TO TELL HIM ABOUT IT...



MY MOM HAS BEEN NAGGING MY EARS OFF ABOUT TRYING OUT YOGA OR MEDITATION. SHE THINKS IT WOULD BE GOOD FOR MY "ISSUES". SO LAST WEEKEND I FINALLY WENT TO SEE SOMEBODY. A "TEACHER".



I THINK I JUST WENT SO THAT I WOULD BE ABLE TO TELL MY MOM THAT I TRIED IT AND IT DIDN'T DO ANYTHING FOR ME. AND THEN SHE'D HAVE NO MORE REASON TO BRING IT UP AGAIN AND AGAIN...





THE TEACHER WAS A GUY IN HIS LATE FIFTIES, I  
THINK. AND HE WAS VERY SHORT AND TINY.

H... HI... YOU MUST BE  
ELEONORE?

INDEED. MISTER  
ANANDA?





JUST... ANANDA. NO  
MISTER. PLEASE COME  
RIGHT IN...

THANK YOU...





FOLLOW ME TO MY  
MEDITATION ROOM....

EVER  
MEDITATED  
BEFORE?

AH, NO...  
NEVER...



HE LED ME OUTSIDE, TO SOME KIND OF HUT IN HIS GARDEN. I TOOK THE OPPORTUNITY TO TAKE OFF MY JACKET...





LOOKING DOWN AT HIM AS HE WALKED IN FRONT  
OF ME, I KNEW ALREADY RIGHT THEN THAT I MIGHT  
GET IN TROUBLE.... HE WAS JUST TOO SMALL TO  
NOT AT LEAST EXPERIMENT A BIT WITH...







SO THIS IS  
WHERE I TEACH  
WHEN THE WEATHER IS  
FINE. IT'S MEANT TO BE A  
RELAXING SPOT AND I  
BELIEVE THE ENERGY IN  
THE GARDEN IS  
VERY GOOD...

THAT'S  
NICE...





CAN I ASK YOU  
TO TAKE OFF YOUR  
SHOES?

CERTAINLY...

THE TOP OF HIS HEAD WAS AT THE LEVEL OF MY NIPPLES. WHEN I'M WITH SMALL MEN, I ALWAYS WONDER IF THEY ARE AS AWARE OF THE SIZE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US AS I AM.





I HAD TO REALLY STOP THINKING ABOUT THAT. I HAD TO BE ABLE TO STEER MY THOUGHTS IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION. AND THEN I REALIZED THAT WAS EXACTLY WHAT I WAS THERE FOR TO LEARN...



WHILE THE LITTLE MAN SAT DOWN, I  
STARTED TO TAKE OFF MY SHOES...





BUT THEN, SINCE IT WAS HOT  
OUTSIDE...



... I DECIDED TO ALSO TAKE OFF MY SWEATPANTS...





AS I TURNED MY ASS IN HIS DIRECTION I WAS  
WONDERING IF HE WAS WATCHING...



BUT WHEN I TURNED AROUND AGAIN HE WAS STILL SITTING THERE, ENTIRELY CONCENTRATED, LIKE A STATUE. AND I DAWNED ON ME THAT I WAS HEAVING HARDLY ANY IMPACT ON THIS MAN. HE SEEMED TO BE BEYOND THE SINS OF THE FLESH...

AND I FELT THAT... I JUST COULDN'T STAND THAT IDEA...


SO I SIT DOWN IN FRONT OF YOU?

YES PLEASE...





I HOPE YOU DON'T  
MIND I TOOK OFF MY  
PANTS. I WAS REALLY  
HOT, SO...



WHOA, YOU HAVE SOME  
REALLY BIG LEGS!



A muscular woman with brown hair, wearing a purple crop top with a graphic and white shorts, stands under a bridge. She is looking down at a bald man whose back is to the camera. The background is a blue sky with white clouds.

BUT NO.  
NO PROBLEM.  
YOU COULD SIT HERE  
ALL NAKED FOR ALL I  
CARE. I HAVE BEEN  
ABSTAINING FROM THE  
BODILY PLEASURES  
FOR ABOUT FIFTEEN  
YEARS NOW...

YOU MEAN  
LIKE... NO SEX IN  
FIFTEEN YEARS?  
WHY?

FOR CLEANLINESS  
OF THE SPIRIT...




SITTING  
COMFORTABLY?

YES, I'M ALL  
SET...


FIFTEEN  
YEARS WITHOUT  
SEX!! WHAT THE  
FUCK!





SO SINCE YOU ARE  
AN ABSOLUTE  
BEGINNER, I WANT TO  
GIVE YOU SOME BASIC  
MEDIATION TECHNIQUES...  
I'M GONNA ASK YOU TO  
FOCUS ON YOUR BREATH  
THROUGHOUT THE  
SESSION...

SOUNDS  
GOOD...

A 3D rendered image of a muscular woman with brown hair tied up, wearing a pink tank top. She is standing outdoors next to a stone pillar. In the background, there is a wooden fence and a grassy area under a blue sky with clouds. A speech bubble is positioned to her right.


SO PLEASE, CLOSE  
YOUR EYES, AND START  
BREATHING IN AND OUT,  
DEEPLY, AND  
SLOWLY.

OKAY...





WE'RE  
GOING TO JUST  
WATCH OUR  
BREATHING, GOING IN  
AND OUT... THROUGH  
OUR NOSTRILS, OUR  
THROAT, OUR  
LUNGS...



YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE, I REALLY TRIED. BUT IT WAS SOOOOO BORING. SO ALREADY ONE MINUTE LATER, I OPENED MY RIGHT EYE JUST A TINY BIT...



I SAW ANANDA JUST SITTING THERE  
PEACEFULLY, MEDITATING, AND TEACHING,  
AND I... I JUST FELT MISCHIEVOUS...



SO JUST FOR FUN, I FLEXED MY BICEP RIGHT  
IN FRONT OF HIM. IT WASN'T THE SAME AS  
SEEING HIS AMAZEMENT, OF COURSE, BUT IT  
DID SOMETHING TO RELIEVE THE TENSION I  
FELT...



AFTER THAT, I GAVE THIS THING ANOTHER  
SERIOUS TRY...

WHENEVER  
THOUGHTS COME  
UP, JUST WATCH  
THEM. DON'T JUDGE  
THEM. WATCH THEM  
FLOATING BY, AS IF THEY  
ARE CLOUDS. YOU'RE  
NOT YOUR THOUGHTS.  
YOU'RE WATCHING  
THEM.



AND OF COURSE THERE WERE THOUGHTS.

LOTS OF THOUGHTS...

**SEXY** THOUGHTS...

THOSE LITTLE  
ARMS, OH MY GOD. I  
THINK MY ARMS ARE THREE  
OR FOUR TIMES AS  
WIDE...

I PROBABLY  
OUTWEIGH HIM BY MORE  
THAN A HUNDRED  
POUNDS...

MAYBE I'M TWICE HIS  
WEIGHT, EVEN...

REALLY. I TRIED. BUT WHY DID THE TEACHER HAVE TO BE SUCH A TINY MAN? I COULDN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT ALL THINGS I COULD DO TO HIM.. AND THEN... I HAD THIS ONE THOUGHT: HE HADN'T HAD SEX IN 15 YEARS. WHAT IF I COULD CHANGE THAT? SUDDENLY THE ONLY THING I WANTED WAS TO FORCE THIS GUY TO HAVE AN ORGASM. I WANTED TO SEE IF I COULD GIVE ONE TO SOMEONE WHO REALLY DIDN'T WANT ONE. IT SEEMED LIKE THAT WOULD BE A CLEAR DEMONSTRATION OF MY POWER...

HOW LONG WOULD IT TAKE, ONCE I START ON YOUR TINY BODY, MR ANANDA?

IT WAS TOO MUCH. SUDDENLY I LET OUT A  
MOAN OF PLEASURE, WHICH I HAD NO DOUBT  
SOUNDED ENTIRELY SEXUAL....

OOOOOOHHHH



A close-up, 3D-rendered image of a man's face. He has a pale complexion, brown eyes, and a wide-eyed, open-mouthed expression of shock or surprise. He is wearing small hoop earrings in both ears. The background is slightly out of focus, showing a window with a view of a green landscape and a patterned cushion.

EVEN BEFORE THE LITTLE MAN HAD OPENED HIS EYES TO SEE WHAT WAS GOING ON, I HAD ALREADY...

... HIT A SOLID DOUBLE BICEPS POSE. I WAS  
LOOKING HIM STRAIGHT IN THE EYES...



AND I'M SURE THAT HE COULD SEE ON MY FACE  
THAT I HAD ALL KINDS OF WRONG STUFF IN  
MIND...





WHAT EH... IS  
HAPPENING?



I THINK THIS  
MEDITATING MAKES ME  
HORNY...

AH... EHM... THAT  
CAN BE ONE OF THE  
EFFECTS, YES. BUT WE  
ALWAYS DO THE SAME THING:  
TURN BACK TO OUR  
BREATHING, AND WATCH  
WHATEVER OCCURS INSIDE  
US, WITHOUT  
IDENTIFYING WITH  
IT...



WELL, YOU  
SEE... I ACTUALLY  
WANT TO IDENTIFY  
WITH IT... WITH THE  
HORNNINESS...

EH, OKAY, THAT'S FINE  
TOO. BUT KEEP YOUR  
POSITION...






I DON'T THINK SO. I  
USUALLY DON'T SIT  
STILL FOR MORE THAN A  
FEW MINUTES A DAY. I  
GOT KIND OF TIRED OF  
IT JUST NOW...

IT'S TIME FOR  
ANOTHER  
GAME...



A GAME YOU HAVEN'T  
PLAYED IN A LONG,  
LONG TIME...

A comic book panel featuring two characters in a 3D-rendered environment. On the left, a bald man with a pale, somewhat wrinkled face and a white t-shirt is looking towards the right with a nervous expression. On the right, a muscular woman with long brown hair in a braid, wearing a pink tank top and white shorts, is leaning over him. She has a determined or perhaps angry expression. The background shows a stone building with windows and a green lawn. Two speech bubbles contain dialogue.

EHM, ELEONORE,  
PLEASE... THIS IS NOT...  
APPROPRIATE...

YOU'RE RIGHT, IT'S  
NOT. BUT I'M NOT IN  
CONTROL OF MYSELF THE  
WAY YOU ARE, MISTER  
ANANDA...



IT WAS TRUE: I WAS REALLY OUT OF CONTROL.. I  
PUSHED HIS PUNY BODY TO THE GROUND, AND  
SLAMMED ONE BIG CALF OVER HIS NECK...

ARE YOU COMFY LIKE  
THIS, MISTER ANANDA?

WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING?? PLEASE! YOU  
CAN'T DO THIS!

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIM STRUGGLE UNDER  
THAT ONE BIG CALF OF MINE. HE ALMOST  
DISAPPEARED UNDER IT. IT WAS HEAVEN TO WATCH,  
AND IT DROVE ME PRETTY WILD...

PLEASE... YOUR LEG...  
IT'S HEAVY...



OF COURSE IT'S  
HEAVY. IT'S FULL OF  
MUSCLE. JUST LIKE  
THIS ARM...

WATCH  
THIS... ONE...  
TWO...



A 3D rendered image of a muscular woman with brown skin, seen from the back and side. She is flexing her right bicep, which is extremely large and well-defined. She is wearing a purple tank top with a pink trim. The background consists of a blue sky with white clouds, a green lawn, and a grey concrete pillar on the right. A speech bubble is located in the upper left area.

THREE!



YOU KNOW ALL  
THESE THOUGHTS I  
HAVE... THEY ARE JUST  
TOO YUMMY TO IGNORE,  
I'M AFRAID...


I HAVE A DIRTY  
MIND, MISTER  
ANANDA... AND I  
WOULDN'T WANT IT  
ANY OTHER WAY...



ONE OF THOSE  
THOUGHTS WAS: WHAT  
WOULD AN ORGASM  
LOOK LIKE AFTER  
FIFTEEN YEARS?


OH PLEASE! NO!  
I'VE TAKEN A VOW!





I'M AFRAID I DON'T  
CARE ABOUT YOUR VOWS,  
MISTER ANANDA. AND  
BESIDES, WASN'T THAT IN  
THE PAST AND DON'T YOU  
GUYS TEACH WE SHOULD  
LIVE IN THE HERE AND  
NOW?

IT'S... VERY  
IMPORTANT TO  
ME... PLEASE!



HMM, AT LEAST A  
PART OF YOU SEEMS  
TO BE WILLING...  
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE NOT  
AS MUCH IN CONTROL  
AS I WOULD HAVE  
THOUGHT...




HOW LONG HAS IT  
BEEN SINCE YOU SAW A  
WOMAN'S TITS, MISTER  
ANANDA?



STOP IT!  
**PLEASE STOP IT!**  
I DON'T WANT TO SEE  
IT!






HMM, WELL...  
IT'S A BIT HARD **NOT**  
TO SEE THEM, ISN'T IT?  
THEY'RE KIND OF BIG, YA  
KNOW. LIKE MY  
MUSCLES...

OH... MY...

I CAN ONLY IMAGINE WHAT HUGE TITS LIKE MINE,  
WITH HARD NIPPLES, MUST HAVE LOOKED LIKE TO A  
MAN WHO HAD NOT SEEN ANY FOR ALL THOSE  
YEARS... I ALMOST PITIED THE GUY...

OH GOD, THE LOOK IN HIS EYES WAS JUST INCREDIBLE, AND I REMEMBERED THAT THAT WAS WHAT I DID IT FOR. THE GUY IN THE POOL HAD LOOKED AT ME THE SAME WAY WHEN I HAD HIM PINNED AGAINST THE WALL. IT WAS THE WAY ALL MEN HAD TO LOOK AT ME.

A muscular woman with a long brown braid tied with a pink hair tie is shown from the back, sitting on a grey stone ledge. She is flexing both of her biceps. She is wearing white underwear. In the background, there are yellow patterned cushions and a stone wall with a classical column. A man in a white tank top and black shorts is lying face down on the ledge in front of her.

IT FELT INCREDIBLE TO CONTROL THIS GUY WHO THOUGHT HE WAS SO IN CONTROL OF THINGS. BUT HIS YEARS OF MEDITATION TRAINING WERE ENTIRELY USELESS AGAINST ME AND MY MUSCLES. IN THIS FIGHT OF MIND AGAINST BODY, BODY WON. BIGTIME.

LOOK AT MY DOUBLE BICEPS POSE, MISTER ANANDA. YOU THINK YOU CAN IGNORE THESE BABIES, LIKE THE CLOUDS FLOATING BY?





OR WOULD YOU  
RATHER... GET  
INVOLVED?

A 3D-rendered scene featuring a very muscular woman with large breasts and a man lying on a couch. The woman is leaning over the man, who is wearing a white t-shirt and black pants. She is holding his waist. The background is a green lawn. There are three speech bubbles and a text box in the image.

LET'S SEE HOW  
LONG IT TAKES YOU TO  
BLOW FIFTEEN YEARS  
OF LOAD...

I STARTED TO WORK ON HIM AND RIGHT AWAY HIS  
PROTESTS BECAME INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM  
MOANS OF PLEASURE. HE WAS STILL STRUGGLING,  
BUT LESS. WHETHER IT WAS BECAUSE HE WAS  
ENJOYING IT, OR BECAUSE HE KNEW IT WAS ALL TO  
NO AVAIL, I DON'T KNOW.

NOOO -  
OOOOHHHH

HE CAME WITHIN THIRTY SECONDS...


OH YES! OH YES YOU  
BIG BOY! YOU CAN STILL  
DO IT!

AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

A 3D rendered image of a woman's face and upper body. She has a shocked or screaming expression, with her mouth wide open showing teeth and tongue. Her eyes are squeezed shut, and her eyebrows are furrowed. A hand is visible near her ear, with the index finger pointing towards it. She is wearing a small hoop earring. The background is a dark, textured grey. A speech bubble is in the top left, and a copyright notice is in the bottom right.


OH MY GOD!





THANKS FOR  
THE LESSON, MISTER  
ANANDA. I GUESS I'VE  
GIVEN YOU SOMETHING  
TO MEDITATE ON...


ERIC HAD BEEN GIVING THE STORY HIS FULL ATTENTION, AND ONCE AGAIN IT WAS QUITE DIFFICULT TO CONTAIN HIMSELF. WHENEVER ELEONORE REMINISCED, SHE DIDN'T MINCE HER WORDS AND JUST TOLD ALL HER THOUGHTS. AND LIKE SHE HAD SAID, THOSE THOUGHTS WERE PRETTY EXCITING...

A 3D rendered character of a young man with short, wavy brown hair and green eyes. He is shown from the chest up, wearing a grey textured sweater over a dark blue shirt. He has a surprised expression, with his mouth slightly open and his eyes wide. The background is a simple indoor setting with a light green wall and a dark brown table. A speech bubble is positioned to his right, and a text box is in the top left corner.

WOW. AND YOU...  
LEFT HIM THERE LIKE  
THAT?



EH, YES... IT'S PRETTY  
BAD HUH?



I MEAN... HE  
COULD PRESS  
CHARGES, RIGHT? AND  
THEN YOU'D BE  
REALLY...





FUCKED, I  
KNOW!  
I KNOW! IT SEEMS  
TO BE GETTING WORSE  
BY THE WEEK. I'LL SOON  
BE RAPING PEOPLE IN  
THE STREET... YOU  
GOTTA HELP ME!



OKAY, LET'S  
NOT PANIC YET.  
WOULD YOU LIKE TO  
DO A HYPNOSIS SESSION  
NOW? I FEEL THAT MAY  
HELP US ADVANCE THE  
QUICKEST...

OH YES  
PLEASE!  
WHATEVER  
HELPS...

SO ONCE AGAIN, AND THIS TIME WITH A LOT OF TREPIDATION BECAUSE HE KNEW WHAT WAS COMING, ERIC HYPNOTIZED THE GIANTESS UNTIL - HE HOPED - SHE WAS ENTIRELY AT HIS COMMAND...

ERIC'S PLAN WAS TO FIRST SPEND A SHORT TIME ON ACTUAL QUESTIONS, SO THAT ELEONORE WOULD REMEMBER AT LEAST SOMETHING FROM THE SESSION. AFTER THAT, HE'D MAKE HER FORGET ABOUT ALL THE REST...

HMM, I DON'T KNOW... YOU MEAN MY FATHER, OR SOME UNCLE, RIGHT? MAYBE...

THIS YOGA TEACHER.... DID HE REMIND YOU OF SOMEONE?



WHAT DID YOU  
FEEL WHEN YOU  
WERE LEAVING  
HIM?

HMM... THAT I  
WANTED A LITTLE GUY  
LIKE HIM CLOSE TO ME,  
ALWAYS, SO THAT I COULD  
DO THAT KIND OF THING  
WHenever I FEEL LIKE  
IT...



IDEALLY, ERIC WOULD ASK SOME MORE QUESTIONS, BUT THE TRUTH WAS THAT HE JUST COULDN'T CONTAIN HIMSELF ANYMORE...



OKAY, ELEONORE...  
EVERYTHING THAT WILL  
HAPPEN, EVERYTHING THAT I  
WILL SAY, EVERYTHING YOU  
WILL FEEL AFTER THIS POINT,  
YOU WILL ENTIRELY FORGET  
WHEN YOU GET OUT OF THE  
HYPNOSIS.


NOW I WOULD  
LIKE YOU TO GET UP  
FROM YOUR CHAIR AND  
JUST STAND HERE,  
RIGHT IN FRONT OF  
ME...



NOT UNLIKE SOME SORT OF ROBOT, ELEONORE DID WHAT WAS ASKED OF HER. SHE DIDN'T TALK, DIDN'T SHOW ANY EMOTION, AND SEEMED PERFECTLY AT EASE.

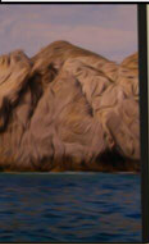
OH MY  
LORD... WHAT A  
WOMAN...

ERIC KNEW THAT HE WAS RIGHT NEXT TO THE POINT OF NO RETURN. IT WAS STILL NOT TOO LATE TO STOP ALL THIS, MAKE HER SIT DOWN AGAIN, AND CONTINUE THE THERAPY. BUT HER GLORIOUS BODY, HER MUSCLES, HER BEAUTY... HE COULDN'T SAY NO TO THOSE IF HE HAD A CHANCE OF EXPERIENCING THEM FROM UP CLOSE...



HERE WE GO...

OUR LITTLE SHRINK RAISED HIMSELF IN HIS TURN, AND TOOK POSITION RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE GIANTESS. HE WANTED TO COMPARE HIMSELF TO HER. NOT ONLY DID IT SEEM LIKE THE SAFEST WARM UP MOVE, BUT ALSO IT EXCITED HIM TREMENDOUSLY TO SEE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HIS PUNY BODY AND THIS FEMALE COLOSSUS.




I'M NOT EVEN REACHING HER TITS!

CAN YOU LOOK AT ME, ELEONORE?








GREAT. NOW CAN  
YOU... EH... UNBUTTON  
YOUR SHIRT?

SO MUCH  
FOR A SAFE  
WARM UP MOVE...  
BUT GOD, THOSE  
TITS, I GOTTA SEE  
THEM!

ERIC KNEW OF COURSE THAT EVEN UNDER HYPNOSIS, PEOPLE DON'T DO ANYTHING THEY NORMALLY WOULDN'T WANT TO DO. SO THE FACT THAT ELEONORE DIDN'T HESITATE TO OPEN HER SHIRT WAS VERY GOOD NEWS. ON SOME LEVEL, CONSCIOUSLY OR SUBCONSCIOUSLY (AND HEARING HER STORIES HE BELIEVED IT WAS ENTIRELY CONSCIOUSLY) SHE WANTED THIS.



OH GOD...



I'M GOING TO TOUCH  
YOU NOW. IS THAT OKAY  
WITH YOU?

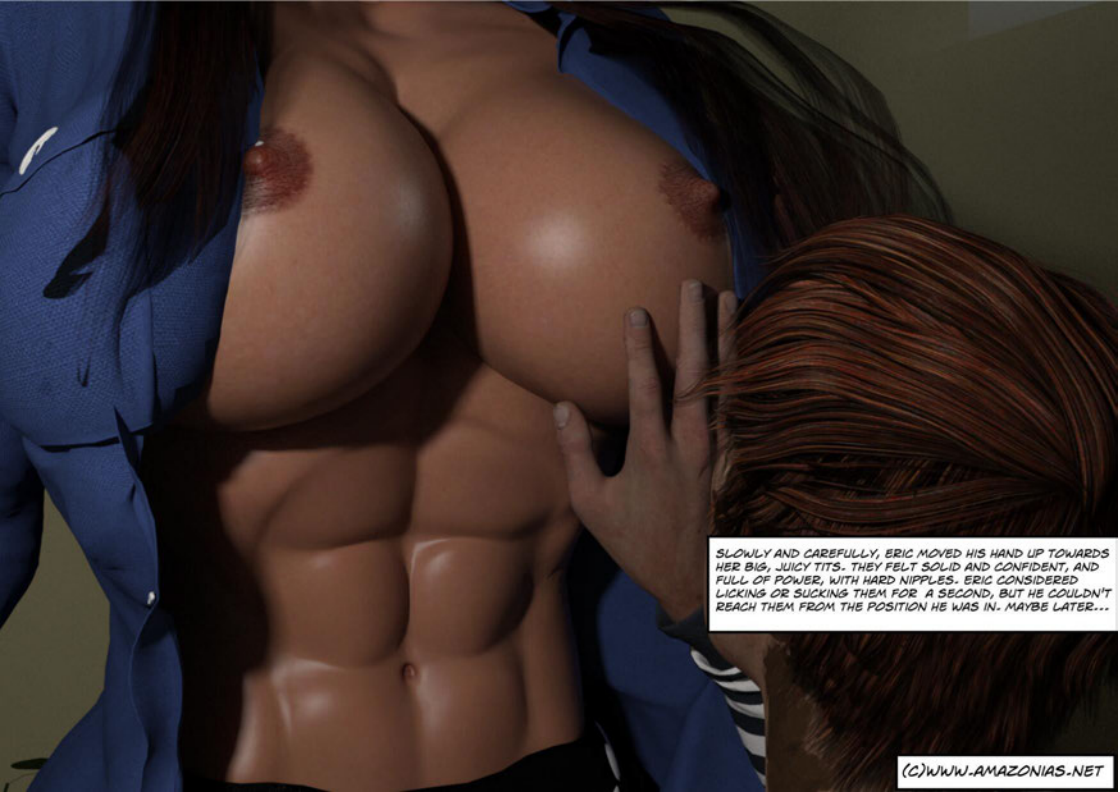
YES.





SHE WAS STILL LOOKING AT HIM, WITH HER PIERCING EYES, SAYING NOTHING. IT WAS WEIRD, UNCANNY, BUT INCREDIBLY EXCITING. ERIC FELT LIKE WHIPPING OUT HIS COCK AND JERKING OFF RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW, BUT HE DECIDED TO SAVOR THE MOMENT AND POSTPONE GRATIFICATION A BIT...





SLOWLY AND CAREFULLY, ERIC MOVED HIS HAND UP TOWARDS HER BIG, JUICY TITS. THEY FELT SOLID AND CONFIDENT, AND FULL OF POWER, WITH HARD NIPPLES. ERIC CONSIDERED LICKING OR SUCKING THEM FOR A SECOND, BUT HE COULDN'T REACH THEM FROM THE POSITION HE WAS IN. MAYBE LATER...


HE THEN ASKED ELEONORE TO SIT DOWN SO THAT HE  
COULD TAKE OFF HER BOOTS. IT WAS WONDERFUL TO BE  
ON HIS KNEES BEFORE THIS GODDESS, AS IF HE WAS  
SERVING HER.  
HE REALIZED THAT ONE KICK OF THOSE MIGHTY LEGS COULD  
SEND HIM ACROSS THE ROOM...



NEXT, HE COULDN'T RESIST PUTTING HIS FEET CLOSE TO ELEONORE'S BIG BOOTS. HE REALIZED THAT COMPARED TO THIS GIANTESS, HE WAS NO MORE THAN KID-SIZED...







COULD YOU EH... TAKE  
OFF THOSE PANTS?



OH FUCK ME,  
ELEONORE, WHAT  
DOES A PERSON HAVE  
TO DO TO GET THIGHS  
LIKE THIS? THEY'RE  
LIKE GREEK  
COLUMNS...

LOOK AT THOSE  
STRIATIONS IN YOUR  
THIGHS... I WANNA  
COMPARE... IF YOU  
DON'T MIND...



AS ERIC GOT MORE AND MORE EXCITED, HE GOT MORE AND MORE BOLD, NO LONGER MINDING IF THERE WAS ANY CHANCE THAT ELEONORE MIGHT REMEMBER ANYTHING OF ALL THIS AFTERWARDS... HE JUST WANTED TO FOLLOW HIS EXCITEMENT RIGHT NOW, AND ALL THE REST BE DAMNED...

OH LORD... YOUR CALF IS A LOT BIGGER THAN MY THIGH! SHIT!

OUR SHRINK STOOD RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIS GIANTESS CLIENT, AND ASKED IF SHE COULD MOVE HER LEG FORWARD. NOW HIS TINY LEGS WERE STRADDLING ELEONORE'S MASSIVE THIGH. HE PUT HIS HANDS ON IT AND FELT THE BULGING MUSCLES. HIS COCK WAS HARD AS A ROCK AND HE WAS CONSIDERING TRYING TO FUCK HER LEG, BUT THEN HAD AN EVEN BETTER IDEA...

COULD YOU... LIFT  
YOUR LEG LEG THIS? I  
WONDER IF YOU...








... CAN DO THAT.  
O MY GOD! YOU MUST  
BE THE STRONGEST  
WOMAN IN THE  
WORLD!

TELL ME WHAT  
YOU FEEL NOW,  
ELEONORE? WHAT'S  
GOING THROUGH YOUR  
HEAD?



I FEEL LIKE  
COMPLETELY  
SQUISHING YOUR BODY  
WITH MY BIG MUSCLES... I  
WANT TO MAKE YOU  
DISAPPEAR BETWEEN MY  
LEGS... BETWEEN MY  
TITS...


OH MY  
GOD... YES.  
ARE YOU  
EXCITED RIGHT  
NOW?



OH YES! YOU'RE  
SO SMALL! SO, SO  
SMALL! I COULD DO  
ANYTHING I WANT WITH  
YOU...

University of Pennsack





DO YOU WANT TO... LIFT  
ME HIGHER?

OH YES! LET ME  
SHOW YOU MY  
STRENGTH!



AND WITHOUT ANY PROBLEM AT ALL, THE MASSIVE  
MUSCLE-COLOSSUS LIFTED HER TINY PSYCHIATRIST HIGH  
ABOVE HER HEAD...



ERIC'S THROBBING MEMBER PUSHED AGAINST THE HUGE TITS OF THE GIANTESS, AND HE WONDERED IF HE HAD EVER BEEN THIS EXCITED IN HIS LIFE...

OH GOD ELEONORE! YOU ARE HEAVEN!

