



# MUSCLE THERAPY

Part 6

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THE DREAMS CONTINUED, ALWAYS  
WHERE THEY HAD LEFT OFF...  
ELEONORE HAD LIFTED HIM SO THAT  
HIS DICK WAS BETWEEN HER  
MASSIVE TITS

YOU ARE SO  
COMPLETELY IN MY  
POWER, LITTLE MAN.  
SAY IT!

I'M...  
COMPLETELY IN  
YOUR POWER...



THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, ERIC FELT  
HIMSELF BEING RAISED HIGHER  
STILL...

I COULD JUST SEND  
YOU UP ALL THE WAY  
AND YOU WOULD NEVER  
EVEN RETURN. I CAN  
WHISK YOU OUT OF  
EXISTENCE...

PLEASE!! LET ME  
COME BACK DOWN!  
DON'T DO THIS!



OOOOHHH

I GOTCHA LITTLE MAN,  
NO FEAR!



THE GIANTESS STARTED TO WHIP  
ERIC'S COCK WITH HER POWERFUL  
HAND. SHE WENT FASTER, AND  
FASTER...

COME NOW BABY.  
FEED ME. FEED MY  
STRENGTH. I'LL DRINK  
IT. DO IT...





THAT'S IT BABY. COME!  
COME NOW...





COME  
NOW---

AAAHHHH



TWO DAYS LATER, ELEONORE MET  
AGAIN WITH HER FRIEND SALLY,  
AT THEIR USUAL PLACE...

IT'S NOT FAIR  
EL! YOU WERE  
ALREADY SO BIG WHEN  
WE FIRST MET, BUT YOU  
STILL SEEM BIGGER  
EVERY TIME I SEE  
YOU!

HAHA BABE,  
WHAT CAN I  
SAY...





A digital illustration of a woman with long, dark, wavy hair, wearing a dark blue tank top. She is flexing her right bicep, which is very muscular. Her left hand is raised, with fingers spread. The background is a green patterned curtain. A framed picture of a windmill is visible on the right.

I GUESS I JUST  
LOVE TO GROW, YOU  
KNOW?

EVER BIGGER...

EVER STRONGER...





BODYBUILDING IS MY  
LIFE. AS LONG AS I CAN  
WORK OUT AND LIFT, I'M  
HAPPY...

GOOD TO HEAR. SO I  
GUESS YOU'RE NO  
LONGER SEEING THAT  
THERAPIST?






OH I AM. I HAVE TO,  
YOU KNOW... THE  
INCIDENT...

BUT ANYWAYS, IT'S  
KINDA FUN TOO. DID I  
TELL YOU HE'S REALLY  
REALLY TINY?

I'VE BEEN  
FANTASIZING ABOUT...  
TAKING HIM, YOU  
KNOW...




HAH, I KNOW YOUR  
LOVE FOR SMALL GUYS.  
WATCH OUT HE DOESN'T  
TAKE YOU FIRST THOUGH.  
THERE'S MANY CASES OF  
THERAPIST GUYS ABUSING  
WOMEN...

BUT WELL, NOT  
MUCH CHANCE OF  
BEING ABUSED BY LITTLE  
GUYS IN OUR CASE, IS  
THERE...?




A woman with long, dark, wavy hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a dark blue, low-cut top. She is looking slightly to her right. A speech bubble is positioned near her head.

HEHE, NOT REALLY.  
LITTLE TWAT DOESN'T  
EVEN REACH UP TO MY  
TITS...

A framed black and white photograph of a large ship, possibly a cargo or construction vessel, with several cranes on its deck. The ship's name 'BLOHM+VOSS DOCK' is partially visible. A speech bubble is positioned near the bottom of the frame.

ALTHOUGH OF COURSE...



... WHO KNOWS  
WHAT HE'S DOING TO ME  
WHEN I'M UNDER  
HYPNOSIS...

THAT SHIRT I  
RIPPED DURING  
THE SESSION... I  
STILL FIND IT  
KINDA WEIRD...



## *SESSION 13*

ELEONORE ARRIVED AT THE NEXT  
SESSION IN HIGH HEELS...

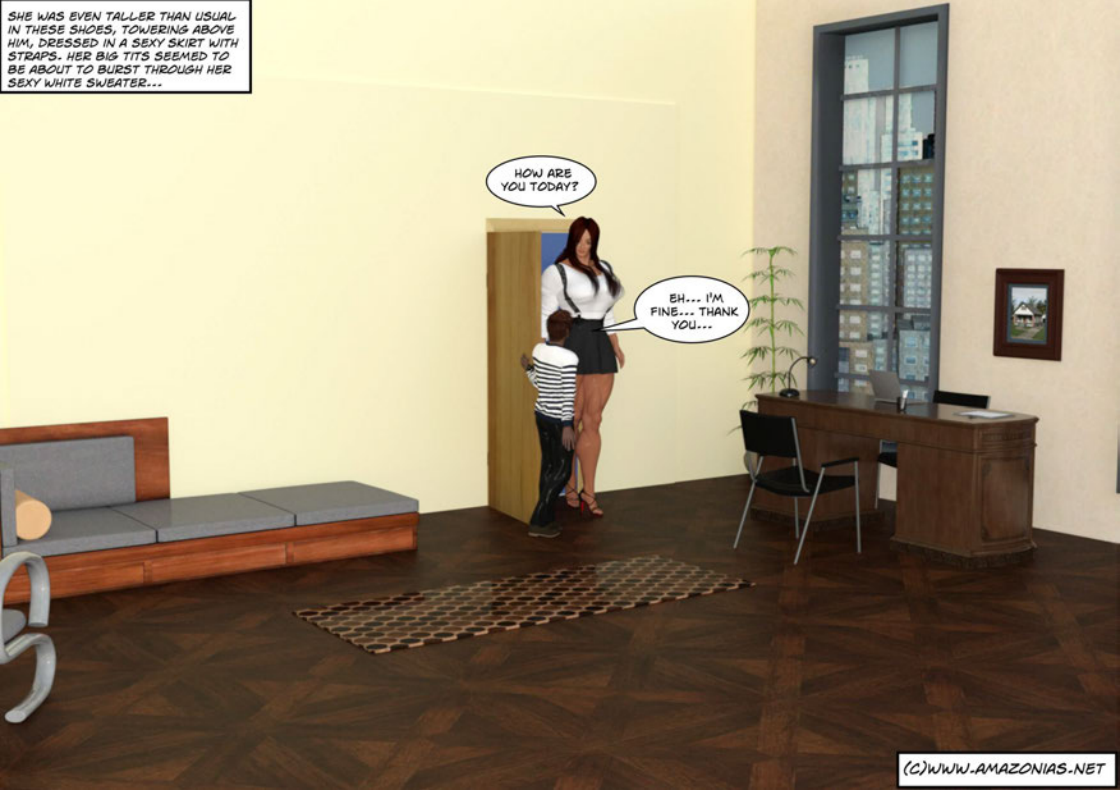
... AND FOR THE FIRST TIME, FOR  
SOME REASON, ADDRESSED HIM  
WITH HIS FIRST NAME...

HI ERIC!





SHE WAS EVEN TALLER THAN USUAL  
IN THESE SHOES, TOWERING ABOVE  
HIM, DRESSED IN A SEXY SKIRT WITH  
STRAPS. HER BIG TITS SEEMED TO  
BE ABOUT TO BURST THROUGH HER  
SEXY WHITE SWEATER...



HOW ARE  
YOU TODAY?

EH... I'M  
FINE... THANK  
YOU...

WAS IT JUST THAT SHE WAS TALLER AND THUS EVEN MORE IMPOSING THAN USUAL, OR HAD SOMETHING ELSE CHANGED? SOMEHOW THE BIG GIRL SEEMED DIFFERENT. MORE CONFIDENT. MORE... IN CONTROL? HER WHOLE ATTITUDE MADE ERIC KIND OF HESITANT AND INSECURE...

OH WOW, I'M REALLY A LOT TALLER THAN YOU IN THESE HEELS...

ANYWAY, SHALL WE LET MY SUBCONSCIOUS SPEAK AGAIN IN A NICE HYPNOSIS SESSION?

O-O-KAY...



NORMALLY ERIC DIDN'T START A SESSION WITH HYPNOSIS, BUT NOW THAT ELEONORE HAD SUGGESTED IT HERSELF, HE DIDN'T OBJECT. THE MORE TIME HE SPENT WITH HER WHILE SHE WAS UNDER, THE HAPPIER HE WAS...




... NINE, AND TEN. THERE'S JUST THE HERE AND NOW. YOU WILL FORGET EVERYTHING WHAT COMES AFTER THIS... OKAY?

YES...

ONCE AGAIN HE GAPED AT HER. HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND THIS THIS INCREDIBLE COMBINATION OF BEAUTY AND RAW POWER: THIS BEAUTIFUL AND FEMININE FACE SET ON THIS AMAZING BODYBUILDER-BODY. IT BEGAN RIGHT BENEATH HER BEAUTIFULLY SHAPED JAW: THE THICK NECK, THE IMPOSSIBLY BROAD SHOULDERS... THEN THE BITS HE COULDN'T SEE: THE TITS OF COURSE, AND HER RIPPED STOMACH BELOW...





AND THEN, THOSE LEGS! THEY  
COMBINED MASS AND DEFINITION IN  
A WAY HE HAD NEVER SEEN  
BEFORE... THIGHS AS BROAD AS HIS  
WAIST, CALVES BIGGER THAN HIS  
THIGHS... OH GOD...

HE WAS ENJOYING EVERY SECOND,  
NOW LIGHTLY TOUCHING THOSE  
CALVES, FEELING THEIR  
HARDNESS...

DO YOU ENJOY BEING  
SO BIG AND STRONG,  
ELEANORE?

OH YES... I LOVE IT!




THIS WAS INTERESTING. ERIC  
REALIZED THAT HE COULD HAVE A  
VERY HOT CONVERSATION WITH  
ELEONORE UNDER HYPNOSIS...

I LOVE THAT YOU ARE  
SO BIG TOO. DO YOU  
LIKE THAT I'M SMALL?

OH YES! YOU'RE SO TINY  
IT DRIVES ME CRAZY!

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE  
TO DO WITH ME,  
ELEONORE?

A close-up, high-resolution image of a woman's face, focusing on her mouth and nose. She has a soft, seductive smile, showing her teeth slightly. Her lips are full and have a natural-looking pinkish-red color. Her eyes are dark and looking directly at the viewer. The skin is smooth and has a warm, golden-brown tone. The background is dark and out of focus.

OOOH... I  
WOULD LOVE TO  
SHOW YOU ALL MY  
MUSCLES. AND MY  
STRENGTH. I WANT TO  
MAKE YOU FEEL VERY  
SMALL....

AND I WANT TO  
DOMINATE YOU.  
OVERPOWER YOU. HURT  
YOU, MAYBE...



OOH... I WOULD  
LOVE ALL THAT. YOU  
WANT TO PLAY A  
LITTLE?

OH YES...

TAKE OFF THAT  
SWEATER. BUT KEEP THE  
STRAPS ON. THEY'RE  
SEXY...





TAKE IT OFF AND  
SHOW YOUR BIG, THICK,  
GARGANTUAN BICEPS TO  
ME, ELEONORE...

YESSSS...

AND TELL ME  
WHAT YOU'RE  
THINKING. SPEAK  
FREELY, DON'T JUST  
ANSWER MY  
QUESTIONS...

OKAY...  
I'M THINKING THAT  
MAYBE THIS IS WHAT I  
LOVE THE MOST IN LIFE:  
TO SHOW MY BIG  
MUSCLES TO SMALL  
MEN, AND ENJOY THEIR  
THEIR REACTION...

A 3D rendered image of a woman with long, dark red hair, extremely muscular, flexing both biceps. She is wearing a black and grey checkered strap top and black shorts. She is sitting in a grey office chair. In the background, there is a wall with framed certificates. One certificate is clearly visible and reads: "University of the South Pacific", "Department of the Faculty of Health Sciences", "Faculty of Health Sciences", "Bachelor of Science in Health Sciences", "Major in Health Sciences", "Minor in Health Sciences", "Awarded to: [Name]", "Date: [Date]", "Signature: [Signature]", "Title: [Title]".

IT FEELS LIKE...  
EACH TIME I FLEX, A NEW  
UNIVERSE IS CREATED  
SOMEWHERE... THAT'S THE  
KIND OF POWER I  
FEEL...

OOOH JESUS! YOU ARE  
A REAL GIANTESS! FROM  
A FAIRYTALE!

IT WAS ONCE MORE TOO MUCH FOR  
OUR LITTLE SHRINK, AND SO HE  
TOOK OFF HIS CLOTHES...

HOLD ON ELEONORE,  
KEEP THE FLEX...

YES, LIKE FOREVER...




THEN HE ASSUMED THE ONLY  
POSITION HE COULD ASSUME: HE  
KNELT...



I WANNA WORSHIP YOU  
ELEONORE. DO YOU LIKE  
THAT?

OH YES! IT'S THE ONLY  
THING YOU SHOULD  
DO...



DON'T MOVE AN INCH,  
OKAY? YOU'RE STILL  
UNDER HYPNOSIS,  
LISTENING TO ME...


YES.

ERIC MOVED ELEONORE'S BEAUTIFUL  
DARK HAIR ASIDE IN ORDER TO  
BETTER SEE HER MASSIVE TITS...

OOOH...  
YOUR TITS ARE \$000  
BIG. EVEN YOUR  
NIPPLES...

OF COURSE,  
EVERYTHING ABOUT  
ME IS BIG.





YES, EVEN YOUR  
ARMPITS. SO BIG THAT  
YOU COULD CRUSH ME  
IN THEM...

EASILY... I COULD  
SPLINTER YOUR SKULL IN  
MY PIT...



OH GOD  
ELEONORE... I COULD  
STAY LIKE THIS  
FOREVER... WHAT  
ABOUT YOU?

HMM, I DON'T  
KNOW... IT'S NICE, BUT  
I HAVE A LOT OF OTHER  
POSITIONS I'D LOVE TO  
TRY...

A digital illustration of two women with long, dark brown hair lying on a dark wooden floor. They are wearing black and grey patterned lingerie. One woman is on top of the other, with her arms around the other's neck. The woman on top is looking down at the other, while the woman on the bottom is looking up at her. The scene is dimly lit, with shadows on the floor.

OH GOD...  
OKAY, YOU'RE FREE TO  
DO WHAT YOU WANT,  
UNTIL I SAY "STOP".

GOOD...






SO I'M GONNA  
PLAY WITH YOU, AND  
PUNISH YOU... CAUSE I  
DON'T APPRECIATE BEING  
COMMANDED LIKE  
THIS...

WITHOUT WARNING, THE BODYBUILDER PINNED ERIC TO HER BODY, PUSHING HIS TORSO WITH HER CALF AND DRAWING HIM TOWARDS HER BY HIS ARM...

LET'S SEE HOW LONG YOU CAN HOLD YOUR BREATH IN THESE TITS, PIPSQUEAK!

OOGGHH



MMM, YOU CAN'T  
BELIEVE HOW AMAZING  
THIS FEELS...




ERIC WAS ALMOST SUFFOCATING,  
YET THE FEELING WAS TOO  
AWESOME TO STOP HER. HE WANTED  
A BIT MORE. JUST A LITTLE BIT  
MORE...

I HAVE TO WATCH  
OUT NOT TO PUSH YOU  
IN TOO DEEP OR I'LL  
NEVER FIND YOU  
AGAIN...

ERIC WAS ALMOST SUFFOCATING,  
YET THE FEELING WAS TOO  
AWESOME TO STOP HER. HE WANTED  
A BIT MORE. JUST A LITTLE BIT  
MORE...

I HAVE TO WATCH  
OUT NOT TO PUSH YOU  
IN TOO DEEP OR I'LL  
NEVER FIND YOU  
AGAIN...



STILL WITH ME, LITTLE  
MAN?

HHUUUHHHHHHH



JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO STOP  
HER, ELEONORE PULLED ERIC'S  
HEAD BACK BY HIS HAIR AND LET HIM  
SUCK IN AIR AGAIN...

OH YOU POOR  
LITTLE SHRINK!  
DOMINATED ALMOST TO  
DEATH BY A COLLEGE  
GIRL...

HUUUUUUUU

THE GIANTESS WAS STILL EXERTING  
A LOT OF PRESSURE ON HIS TORSO,  
AND AGAIN ERIC WAS ABOUT TO  
TELL HER TO STOP...



... WHEN SUDDENLY SHE RELEASED HIM FROM THE IRON GRIP OF HER LEGS AND LIFTED HIM OFF THE GROUND LIKE A BABY...

THAT WAS JUST A SMALL TASTE OF THE PUNISHMENT I'M GOING TO INFLICT ON YOU, MY LITTLE SHRINK...





YOU KNOW YOU'VE  
BEEN DOING VERY BAD,  
UNETHICAL THINGS,  
DON'T YOU?

YES... I'M...  
SORRY...

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU  
ARE. AND I DON'T CARE  
ABOUT UNETHICAL  
ANYWAY...



BUT WHAT I CARE ABOUT IS THAT YOU CONTROLLED ME, FUCKER. NO ONE CONTROLS ME!

ERIC WAS STILL BEYOND EXCITED, BUT THE LOOK SHE GAVE HIM RIGHT THEN FRIGHTENED HIM, SO EVEN THOUGH HE WANTED TO GO ON...

... HE THOUGHT IT SAFER TO SPEAK  
THE WORD...

STOP!

... HE THOUGHT IT SAFER TO SPEAK  
THE WORD...

HE REALIZED HE WAS IN A POSITION VERY MUCH LIKE IN THE DREAM, AND NOW ASKED ELEONORE TO AIM HIS COCK BETWEEN HER TITS AND MOVE HIM BACK AND FORTH. SHE CONTINUED TO HOLD HIM AS IF HE WERE A BABY, AND HE FELT HER BIG ARMS WHILE SHE DID.

OOOOH GOD! TELL ME HOW STRONG YOU ARE...

I WOULD, BUT IT'S REALLY HARD TO PUT INTO WORDS... I'M A LOT STRONGER THAN YOU COULD EVER IMAGINE. MAYBE FOUR OR FIVE TIMES AS STRONG AS YOU...

I COULD LITERALLY DO ANYTHING I WANT WITH YOU...


University of Pennsylvania

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF THE SEALS OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA HAVE BEEN  
HEREunto set at Philadelphia  
this 10th day of October  
1862





AT THAT POINT, WITHOUT HAVING  
WANTED IT BUT UNABLE TO DO  
ANYTHING ELSE, ERIC CAME, AS  
HARD AND AS DEEP AND AS  
INTENSELY AS HE HAD EVER COME...

A photograph of a man and a woman in a playful, intimate pose. The man is standing, facing away from the camera, with his back to the woman. He is shirtless and wearing dark shorts. The woman is sitting on a grey chair, leaning back against the man. She has long, dark brown hair and is wearing a black strapless top. She is looking down at the man's back with a playful expression. A speech bubble is positioned near her head, containing the text: "OOOH, YOU NASTY BOY, LOOK WHAT YOU DID! ALL OVER MY TITS!". The background is a plain, light-colored wall. To the left, there is a wooden shelf with some books. The overall tone is humorous and suggestive.

OOOH, YOU NASTY BOY,  
LOOK WHAT YOU DID! ALL  
OVER MY TITS!

ERIC CLEANED HER UP AS WELL AS HE COULD, AND EVEN SPRINKLED SOME DEODORANT ON HER TO MAKE SURE SHE WOULDN'T SMELL ANYTHING.

THEN, WHEN HE WAS SATISFIED EVERYTHING WAS CLEAN, HE BROUGHT ELEONORE BACK, AND CLOSED THE SESSION...



## *SESSION 14*



DURING THE NEXT SESSION, THE CONFIDENCE ELEANORE HAD SHOWN BEFORE, SEEMED TO BE GONE AGAIN. WHEN SHE WALKED IN, SHE SEEMED NERVOUS. ERIC SOON HEARD WHY: THERE HAD BEEN ANOTHER "INCIDENT".

YOU WANT TO EH...  
MAYBE... TELL IT UNDER  
HYPNOSIS?

IT WAS... PRETTY  
BAD...

ERIC OBVIOUSLY WANTED TO GET HER UNDER AGAIN, BUT APPARENTLY ELEANORE HAD A DIFFERENT IDEA, WHICH ALSO SOUNDED GOOD TO HIM...


WELL I HAD THIS IDEA OF DOING THE EHM... THE ACTING THING...

RE-ENACTMENT? SURE, WE CAN DO THAT...



THE THING IS THAT IT  
WOULD INVOLVE... EH...  
SOME PHYSICAL  
CONTACT...

AND I DON'T  
KNOW IF THAT IS...  
YOU KNOW...  
APPROPRIATE IN THIS  
SITUATION...



HMMM, WELL...  
THERE'S USUALLY  
LITTLE OR NO CONTACT  
IN A THERAPIST/CLIENT  
RELATIONSHIP...

BUT GIVEN THE  
URGENCY OF YOUR  
SITUATION, I THINK IT  
MAY BE WORTH IT...

YOU FUCKING  
HYPOCRITE, CAN  
YOU BELIEVE  
YOURSELF?



A close-up shot of a person's legs from the knees down. They are wearing dark stockings with large white polka dots and brown, suede-like boots. The person is sitting on a white, modern-style chair. On the dark wooden floor next to the chair is a blue, textured duffel bag with black straps and a white label. A speech bubble is positioned above the bag.

I ACTUALLY HAVE... I  
HAVE THE CLOTHES WITH  
ME THAT I WAS WEARING  
THEN...



IT WAS A  
COSTUME PARTY... SO  
IF YOU AGREE, I CAN  
CHANGE IN THE WAITING  
ROOM...


SURE, GO  
AHEAD...

THE IDEA OF SEEING HER DRESSED UP IN WHATEVER SHE HAD BEEN DRESSING UP AT A COSTUME PARTY EXCITED HIM. A SUPERHERO PERHAPS? A JUNGLE GIRL?



OKAY GREAT.  
I'LL JUST BE A  
COUPLE OF  
MINUTES...

NO WORRIES,  
TAKE YOUR  
TIME...

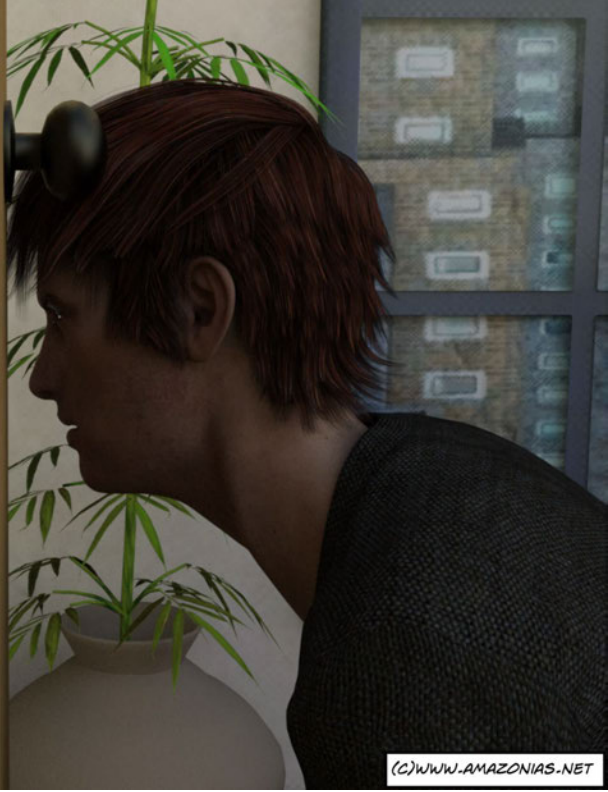


SO FUCKING HUGE.  
SO SEXY. SO BEAUTIFUL.  
PLEASE BE IN THERAPY  
WITH ME FOR THE NEXT  
TWENTY YEARS...



ERIC COULDN'T RESIST. HE HAD  
SEEN QUITE A LOT OF ELEONORE'S  
BODY, BUT IT WAS AS IF EVERY TIME  
WAS THE FIRST TIME...

MMMMMMMM



BY NOW, THE BODYBUILDER HAD  
UNDRESSED AND WAS IN HER  
UNDERWEAR. SHE WAS JUST ABOUT  
TO TAKE HER NEW CLOTHES WHEN  
ERIC ACCIDENTALLY MADE A TINY  
NOISE BY BUMPING HIS HEAD  
AGAINST THE DOOR...



ELEONORE HAD HEARD IT AND  
LOOKED STRAIGHT IN ERIC'S  
DIRECTION...



AS QUIETLY AS HE COULD, ERIC  
TIPTOED TO HIS DESK...

BE PATIENT,  
IDIOT, YOU GET ALL  
THE TIME YOU WANT  
WITH HER...



ERIC HEARD SOUNDS OF METAL CLINGING AND RINGING - WAS IT JEWELRY? - AS HE WAS COUNTING THE SECONDS TILL THE BODYBUILDER WOULD APPEAR AGAIN...





FINALLY, SHE DID...

OH!





SO WHAT DO  
YOU THINK?

EH... IT'S EH...  
NICE.



NO WORRIES, THE  
GUN IS PLASTIC.

SO, I'LL EXPLAIN THE  
SITUATION TO YOU,  
OKAY?

ELEONORE HAD ALWAYS LOOKED INCREDIBLE TO HIM, BUT NEVER MORE INCREDIBLE THAN NOW. THE COMBINATION OF HER MUSCLES WITH THE SEXY POLICE UNIFORM AND ATTRIBUTES, MADE FOR AN IMAGE OF UNDENIABLE AUTHORITY. ERIC THOUGHT HE HAD NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SEXIER IN HIS WHOLE LIFE. THIS WHOLE THING WAS JUST GETTING BETTER AND BETTER...

SO YOU EH... YOU NEED TO CUFF ME OR SOMETHING? CAUSE THAT'S AH...

HAHA, NO, I WON'T USE THE CUFFS. I DON'T NEED THEM.







A comic book panel featuring a close-up of a woman's buttocks in a blue bikini bottom. A man stands to the right, looking down at the buttocks. The woman's hand, wearing a black fingerless glove, is visible near her buttocks. Three speech bubbles contain dialogue.

I'VE GOT MY OWN  
NATURAL PHYSICAL  
ATTRIBUTES, YOU  
KNOW...


OH, COULD YOU  
MAYBE JUST TAKE OF  
THAT CARDIGAN? THAT  
WOULD BE MORE  
APPROPRIATE...

SURE...




SO THIS PARTY, IT  
WAS IN A BIG HOUSE,  
FULL OF COSTUMED  
PEOPLE. A FRIEND OF A  
FRIEND HAD  
ORGANIZED IT...

OKAY...



AND ONE OF  
THE PEOPLE  
WALKING AROUND  
THERE WAS A GUY, A BIT  
TALLER THAN YOU,  
DRESSED UP AS A  
BURGLAR...



SO YOU  
UNDERSTAND, GIVEN  
OUR COSTUMES, THERE  
WAS THIS NATURAL KIND  
OF RELATIONSHIP  
BETWEEN US...

WE KIND OF  
PLAYED OUR PARTS, HE  
ON THE RUN FOR ME, ME  
CHASING HIM JUST A LITTLE  
BIT, NOW AND THEN.  
WHENEVER I MET HIM, WE'D  
EXCHANGE SOME WORDS,  
AND THEN HE'D KIND OF  
RUN AWAY AND  
"ESCAPE" ME...





AT ONE POINT  
HE TOLD ME THAT HE  
FELT HE WOULDN'T BE  
ABLE TO OVERPOWER ME  
EVEN IF HE HAD MY GUN  
AND MY BAT...

WHICH MADE ME KIND  
OF SUSPECT HE WAS  
INTO BIG STRONG  
WOMEN LIKE ME...



KIND OF LIKE MANY  
LITTLE MEN ARE...



SO THEN AT  
SOME MOMENT I MET  
HIM AGAIN IN AN  
OTHERWISE EMPTY  
ROOM. I SUSPECTED HE  
WAS WAITING THERE  
FOR ME.

SO I'VE WRITTEN  
DOWN YOUR LINES AND  
INSTRUCTIONS, SO WE  
CAN DO IT AS NATURALLY  
AS POSSIBLE...MAYBE  
YOU CAN READ THIS AND  
KIND OF MEMORIZE  
IT?

EH...  
OKAY...

ERIC READ THE WORDS, FEELING  
HIMSELF GETTING MORE AND MORE  
EXCITED...








SO ARE YOU...  
COMFORTABLE WITH  
THIS?

OH AH...  
SURE. IT'S  
BASICALLY JUST A  
ROLE-PLAY. IT'S A  
COMMON  
THERAPEUTIC  
PRACTICE..



WELL IN ANY CASE I  
PROMISE YOU WON'T GET  
HURT...

SO LET'S START  
THEN. HE WAS SITTING  
ON A LOW CHAIR SO  
MAYBE IF YOU COULD SIT  
ON THE COUCH?

IT SEEMED ELEONORE HAD THE  
SITUATION ENTIRELY UNDER HER  
CONTROL AND IT TURNED ERIC ON  
IMMENSELY...

YEAH, RIGHT THERE, AT  
THE TIP.





SOOOOO, MY LITTLE  
BURGLAR! I FINALLY  
FOUND YOU AGAIN...

OW SHIT! I'M GOING TO  
JAIL, AREN'T I?






YEAH, I GUESS...

THOUGH NOT BEFORE  
I'VE HAD MY WAY WITH  
YOU FIRST...



HUH? WHAT ARE YOU  
GOING TO DO TO ME?

A comic book panel featuring a close-up of a person's muscular legs. The skin is a light tan color, and the muscles are highly defined, particularly the quadriceps and hamstrings. The lighting creates soft highlights and shadows, emphasizing the contours of the muscles. In the background, a window with a black frame looks out onto a cityscape with grey buildings. A white speech bubble with a black outline is positioned in the upper right corner of the panel.

HOW ABOUT ANYTHING I  
FUCKING WANT?

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE SCRIPT,  
THIS WAS ERIC'S CUE TO MAKE A  
FEEBLE ATTEMPT AT ESCAPE...

FUCK THAT!






THE GIANTESS HELD HIM BACK BY  
HIS SHIRT...

NOT TOO FAST, LITTLE  
MAN! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE  
ME THIS TIME!






YOU'VE  
COMMITTED CRIMES,  
AND YOU WILL BE  
PUNISHED FOR THEM.  
I'LL SEE TO THAT  
PERSONALLY!

LET ME GO!



THE ONLY QUESTION  
IS: *HOW* SHALL I  
PUNISH YOU?

PLEASE DON'T  
HURT ME!



WELL, YOU HURT A  
LOT OF PEOPLE BY  
STEALING THEIR  
PROPERTY...


SO WHY SHOULDN'T I  
HURT YOU?



WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN ERIC FELT THE HARD, SOLID PLASTIC OF THE BAT BELOW HIS NECK, HE WAS SUDDENLY NO LONGER AT EASE WITH THE SITUATION...


SO YOU SHOULD EH... TELL ME WHAT YOU FELT LIKE AT THE MOMENT...

RELAX, WE CAN DO THAT LATER. LET'S JUST FOLLOW THE SCRIPT NOW, OKAY?



I EH... FORGOT WHAT  
ELSE IT SAID...

YOU'RE JUST  
SUPPOSED TO KEEP  
BEGGING AND BE AFRAID  
FROM NOW ON...



DO YOU THINK  
CRIMINALS SHOULD BE  
PUNISHED?

PLEASE... THEY WERE  
JUST A FEW PETTY  
THEFTS...



ARE YOU  
CLAIMING YOUR  
INNOCENT?

NO, BUT...


IF YOU  
ARE NOT  
INNOCENT YOU  
ARE GUILTY AND  
YOU  
WILL  
BE...



... PUNISHED!

OKAY STOP! THIS IS  
GOING TOO FAR. PUT ME  
DOWN!





HOW DOES IT FEEL  
TO BE CONTROLLED  
LIKE THIS ERIC? I BET AT  
LEAST PART OF YOU  
LIKES IT.





I RECORDED OUR  
PREVIOUS SESSION ON  
MY PHONE...

OH MY GOD!  
I'M SORRY! I'M  
SORRY!



POOR MAN. DON'T  
STRUGGLE NOW. IT'S  
ABSOLUTELY OF NO  
USE...

NOW IT'S MY TURN TO  
CONTROL YOU...