

MUSCLE THERAPY

Part 7

J. Stilton

www.amazonias.net

SUDDENLY, THE BIG GIRL SPOKE IN A
VOICE LOUDER THAN BEFORE...

SALLY?
YOU CAN COME
IN NOW,
SALLY!

HUH?

ERIC HEARD THE DOOR OPEN AND
SALLY - WHOEVER THAT WAS -
STEPPED OUT OF THE WAITING
ROOM, INTO HIS OFFICE...

FINALLY!



YEAH SORRY,
TOOK A BIT LONGER
THAN EXPECTED.
LITTLE SHIT SHRINK, THIS
IS MY FRIEND SALLY.
SAY HI.

USHHH H-HI
PHALLY

TELL HIM
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING HERE,
SAL!

I'M HERE TO
LEARN...



EL TOLD ME THAT
THIS SESSION SHE'D
DOMINATE AND PUNISH THE
FUCK OUT OF YOU. FOR
MANIPULATING HER, YOU
KNOW

AND I SAID I HAD
NEVER DOMINATED A
MAN, AND SO SHE
INVITED ME...

I WAS IN THE
WAITING ROOM ALL
THIS TIME...

OKAY SAL, CAN YOU
HELP ME UNDESS HIM?
THAN WE CAN GET
STARTED...

SALLY LIFTED ERIC'S LEG, PULLED OF HIS SHOE, AND THEN TOOK OFF HIS PANTS...

GOD, HE'S REALLY PATHETICALLY TINY ISN'T HE? I MEAN YOU TOLD ME, BUT STILL....

GUHHHH

ALMOST TOO TINY TO BOTHER WITH..



SALLY THEN STARTED TO TAUNT ERIC VERBALLY... IT WAS THE FIRST TIME SHE EVER DID THIS WITH A MAN, SO IT WAS KIND OF AN EXPERIMENT FOR HER, BUT IT DEFINITELY FELT GOOD...

I MAY NOT BE AS BIG AS EL HERE, BUT I'M DEFINITELY A LOT BIGGER THAN YOU, LITTLE

TELL HER YOUR STATS, LITTLE FUCK...

I'M 5'2", 120 POUNDS...



GOD, THAT'S
REALLY ALMOST
MIDGET SIZE, ISN'T IT?
I'M SIX FEET, 175
POUNDS...

GOD, LOOK AT
THOSE TINY
MATCH-STICK LEGS!
AND LOOK AT MINE!

AND THE MOST
PATHETIC THING IS...
YOU **LOVE** TO BE SO
TINY, DON'T YOU, LITTLE
MAN. YOU **LOVE** TO BE
SO MUCH SMALLER
THAN THE GIRLS...

OH YEAH, HE
ADORES IT. I
TOLD YOU WHAT HE
MADE ME DO UNDER
HYPNOSIS... HE WANTS
TO BE WEAK AND
POWERLESS...

WHY DON'T YOU
SHOW HIM SOME MORE
OF YOUR BEAUTIFUL
BODY, SAL? SEE IF HE
CAN SHOOT HIS CUM
ON THE SPOT...

SALLY TOOK OFF HER CLOTHES AND
STARTED BY SHOWING OF HER BICEP TO
LITTLE ERIC, WHO WAS DESPERATELY
TRYING TO HIDE HIS BONER...


TELL ME WHAT YOU
THINK, MIDGET. NOW
THAT YOU CAN SPEAK
AGAIN...

B-BEAUTIFUL
MUSCLE...



YOU GOT THAT RIGHT
BABY. BIG, BEAUTIFUL,
POWERFUL! ISN'T THAT
RIGHT EL?

OH YEAH, SAL! LET'S
THROW OUR BOY A
LITTLE FEMALE
MUSCLEPARTY!

A comic book panel featuring three characters. On the left, a woman with long black hair and a black lace bikini top is shown from the side, looking towards the center. In the center, a man with short reddish-brown hair and a white t-shirt looks down with a nervous expression. On the right, a woman with long dark hair, wearing a black Amazonian-style helmet and a white bikini bottom, is shown from the side, looking at the man. She has a large, dark, circular tattoo on her upper left chest. Her right arm is raised, with a black gauntlet on her hand, and her index finger is pointing towards the man's forehead. Three speech bubbles are present: one from the woman on the left, one from the man, and one from the woman on the right.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND
HOW MUCH WE CAN HURT
YOU, LITTLE ERIC?

I DO...
PLEASE,
D-DON'T...

I THINK
BETWEEN ME
AND SAL, WE
CAN MAKE YOU
DISAPPEAR
ENTIRELY!



OH YES,
LET'S TRY
THAT...

"A PUBLIC SERVICE
ANNOUNCEMENT: A
THERAPIST FROM MANHATTAN
SEEMS TO HAVE VANISHED
INTO THIN AIR..."

"IT APPEARS HE WAS
LAST SEEN BETWEEN
TWO MASSIVE FEMALE
BODYBUILDERS..."


OKAY NOW I
WANNA SEE WHAT 120
POUNDS FEELS LIKE,
COME HERE LITTLE
SQUIRT...



OH WOW, THIS IS
NOTHING. THE
SMALLEST SHRINK IN
THE WORLD!

I COULD BE FUN FUCKING
HIM LIKE THIS...

ISN'T HE THE MOST
ADORABLE LITTLE TOY?
BAD TOY, THOUGH.



I'M ENJOYING
DOMINATING YOU I
MUST SAY. DO YOU
UNDERSTAND THAT BEING
DOMINATED IS THE ONLY
THING A GUY LIKE YOU
IS SUITED FOR?

EH... I
DO...



AND DO YOU
UNDERSTAND THAT YOU
ARE COMPLETELY -
ENTIRELY - IN MY
POWER,

I DO...

WHAT THE
FUCK... YOU
LITTLE CUNT...

ELEONORE GRABBED ERIC'S HAIR
AND VIOLENTLY PULLED HIS HEAD
BACK...

IS THAT THE WAY YOU
SPEAK TO YOUR
SUPERIORS, BOY?

I'M SORRY
MISTRESS!!






APOLOGIZE TO
MISTRESS SALLY, OR
I'LL SIMULTANEOUSLY
CUT OFF YOUR AIR AND
YOUR ARM!

I'M
SORRY,
MISTRESS
SALLY!

THAT'S
BETTER!



SEE SAL, ONE OF
THE SECRETS OF
DOMINATION IS KNOWING
HOW TO HOLD THEM. IF YOU
CAN GIVE THEM THE FEELING
THEY CAN'T MOVE AN INCH,
YOU TAKE IT TO A
COMPLETELY DIFFERENT
LEVEL...

RIGHT,
MOTIONLESS! AS
IF... HYPNOTIZED...!

EXACTLY. LOOK HOW
I HAVE HIS LEG TRAPPED
BETWEEN MY
TREE TRUNKS...





OH GOD EL, THIS IS
WONDERFUL! I WANNA
HAVE ONE OF MY OWN!

I'M SURE
WE CAN FIND
YOU ONE...

BUT
LET'S TAKE
CARE OF THIS
ONE FIRST,
OKAY?

YOU CAN DO
WHATEVER YOU
WANT WITH HIM.
WHAT SHALL IT
BE?

THEY PUT ERIC BACK ON THE GROUND
AND SALLY TOOK A FEW SECONDS
TO THINK ABOUT HER NEXT MOVE...


OH! I KNOW!
SOMETHING I
ALWAYS WANTED
TO TRY!

LITTLE ONE, I
NEED YOU TO MOVE
THAT COUCH ABOUT
TWO FEET FROM THE
WALL.... CAN YOU
DO THAT?

EH... YES,
MISTRESS...

WHAT ARE YOU
GONNA DO WITH
HIM SAL?





YOU'LL SEE...
OH GOD, WATCH HIM
STRUGGLE...

OH YEAH, THAT'S
ALWAYS FUN. SEEING
MEN STRUGGLE WITH
THINGS THAT WE WOULD
DO IN OUR SLEEP...

THE COUCH WAS MASSIVE. WHEN ERIC HAD MANAGED TO PUSH IT OUT ENOUGH, HE MOVED BEHIND IT TO FIND LEVERAGE AGAINST THE WALL, SO HE COULD PUSH IT WITH HIS BACK. THE COUCH DIDN'T MOVE MUCH, HOWEVER...

OH SERIOUSLY?

OH MY LORD, THIS IS PRECIOUS! GIVE HIM A HAND, EL, OR WE'RE STILL WAITING TOMORROW...



WITH HER FOOT, ELEONORE PUSHED THE COUCH TO THE LEFT, MAKING ERIC ALMOST LOSE HIS BALANCE...

OKAY GOOD. LITTLE MAN, COME OVER HERE. AND GET YOUR BRIEFS BACK ON. I DON'T WANT YOUR PRECUM ALL OVER MY MUSCLES...

THERE, SEE WHAT A BIT OF MUSCLE CAN DO?



SALLY TOOK POSITION ON THE COUCH AND THEN IT BECAME CLEAR WHAT SHE WANTED TO DO...

ALWAYS WANTED TO BENCH A GUY, FOR REPS. CAN YOU LEAN OVER SO THAT YOU'RE ON MY HANDS?



WHEN ERIC DIDN'T MOVE FAST
ENOUGH, BIG, MASSIVE ELEONORE
PLUCKED THE LITTLE MAN OFF THE
GROUND



HERE YOU GO...
LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN, IT'S THE
FLYING SHRINK!

OOH!!

HOLD YOUR ARMS
BEHIND YOUR BACK,
TINY...



SEVEN,
EIGHT...

A woman with long black hair, wearing a white sports bra and black lace underwear, is lying on her back on a grey mat. Her legs are extended straight out, and a man's legs are resting on top of hers. She has her eyes closed and her mouth is open in an 'O' shape, indicating exertion. The man's torso and arms are visible on the right side of the frame, with his hands clasped over the woman's legs. The background is a dark wood floor.

OH GOD! OH BABY!
SOOOOO IN MY POWER!
MY LITTLE WORKOUT
WEIGHT!

AND SALLY BENCHED, SURPRISED AT
HOW EASY IT WAS, AND GETTING
MORE HORNY WITH EVERY REP...



DOING GREAT
BIG GAL!
ENJOYING IT?

OH SWEET
JESUS! THINGS
DON'T GET HOTTER
THAN THIS...

TWENTY ONE...



OH, I CAN DEFINITELY
MAKE IT HOTTER FOR YOU
STILL....

OOH EL! WHAT ARE
YOU.... WHAT ARE YOU
DOING....

ELEONORE GENTLY STROKED HER
SALLY'S CROTCH, CRANKING UP HER
FRIEND'S HORNINESS BY A FACTOR
TEN...

MAKING IT HOTTER
BABY...

NO SHIT!



YOU'RE
SOAKING WET DOWN
HERE!! I GUESS
DOMINATING PIPSQUEAK
REALLY TURNS YOU
ON, HUH?

AAAAAHHHHH

A woman with long black hair is lying on her back on a grey textured surface. Her arms are raised above her head, and her large breasts are prominently displayed in the foreground. Her eyes are closed, and her mouth is open in a wide, expressive manner, showing her tongue. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

EL, S-STOP IT... I
WANT... I WANT HIM
TO MAKE ME...
COME...



HUH,
WHAT?

I SAID I WANT HIM
TO DO IT... WITH HIS
MOUTH...

GOOD IDEA. GIVE
THE LITTLE FART TO
ME. I KNOW JUST WHAT
TO DO WITH HIM...
SEVENTY REPS IS
ENOUGH ANYWAY!

BIG ELEANORE PICKED UP ERIC WITH
HER STRONG ARMS AND GAVE HER
FRIEND A WELL DESERVED PAUSE...

WELL DONE
LITTLE SHRINK.
THAT MUST HAVE BEEN
PRETTY EXHAUSTING
FOR YOU...

Y-YES,
MISTRESS.
QUITE...

OH BOY!





BUT I'VE GOT
ONE MORE
EXERCISE FOR YOU. I'M
SURE YOU'LL DO YOUR
UTMOST BEST TO
PLEASE YOUR
MUSCLEMISTRESS,
WON'T YOU?

YES...
MISTRESS...



A comic panel featuring a muscular woman with a very large, exaggerated posterior wearing white briefs. She stands over a man lying on his back on a wooden couch with grey cushions. The man is shirtless and has a muscular build. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

YOU READY FOR HIS
LITTLE MOUTH, BIG
GAL?

ALL RIIGHT! LET'S
DO THIS!


OH YEAH,
ALL READY!
BRING HIM TO
ME!

THE POSITION ELEONORE HAD IN MIND TOOK SOME MANEUVERING, BUT SHE WAS QUITE PLEASED WITH IT IN THE END. SHE DRAPED ERIC'S LEGS OVER HER FOREARM, LETTING HIS BODY DANGLE LIKE THAT, BUT MAKING SURE HIS MOUTH WAS RIGHT WHERE IT HAD HAD TO BE...


SALLY WAS SOON SCREAMING WITH EXCITEMENT, AND ELEONORE TOO WAS GETTING QUITE TURNED ON FROM THE SCENE, AND FLEXED ONE OF HER MASSIVE ARMS TO UNDERLINE HER TOTAL CONTROL OF LITTLE ERIC....

THIS.IS.FEMALE.POWER!


OOH
GODDDDD!!!!

A close-up photograph of a woman with long dark hair, wearing a black leather outfit. She has a large, dark, textured shoulder guard on her right shoulder, which is raised. She is looking down and to the side with a slight smile. The lighting is soft, highlighting her skin and the texture of the leather.

MY MUSCLES
ALLOW ME TO DO
ANYTHING WITH MEN,
SAL. IT'S A MATTER OF
AUTHORITY AS WELL AS
PURE PHYSICAL
STRENGTH...



OUR MUSCLES
ARE NOT JUST
SYMBOLS OF OUR
AUTHORITY OVER THESE TINY
MALES. THEY ARE ALSO THE
INSTRUMENTS WITH WHICH WE
CONTROL, AND, IF
NECESSARY, PUNISH AND
TORTURE THEM...




IT'S PAVLOVIAN ALSO...
OUR SHRINK HERE WILL
UNDERSTAND THIS. AS SOON AS
A CONDITIONED MALE SEES
SOME SERIOUS FEMALE MUSCLE,
THEY WILL FEEL THE AUTHORITY
BEHIND IT, AND SUBMIT
WILLINGLY...

I DUNNO WHAT THE
FUCK YOU'RE SAYING
EL, BUT IT SOUNDS HOT
AS HELL...
OOOOOOHHH

OH, LITTLE ONE!
BEAT MY ABS WITH
YOUR FIST! I WANT YOU
TO FEEL THEIR POWER!
NOW!

LITTLE ERIC, FROM HIS IMPOSSIBLE POSITION FOUND SALLY'S INCREDIBLY DEFINED ABS AND BEAT THEM WITH HIS FIST, JUST LIKE MISTRESS HAD ASKED. THE POWER IN THEM WAS UNMISTAKABLE. AND ELEONORE, IN AS FAR AS HE HAD HEARD WHAT SHE'D BEEN SAYING, WAS CORRECT: THE EXPERIENCE OF FEMALE MUSCLE HAD AN INSTANTANEOUS EFFECT ON HIM. HE FELT THEIR POWER AND WANTED TO SUBMIT TO IT....

A comic panel showing a man with short brown hair lying on his back on a grey mat. He is positioned between the legs of a woman whose large, muscular thighs are spread wide around him. The man is looking up towards the woman's legs. The scene is set indoors on a wooden floor.


LET'S MAKE IT
BETTER FOR YOU
STILL, SAL.. WHY DON'T
YOU CLOSE YOUR THIGHS
ON HIS LITTLE HEAD?

OOOH YES. GREAT...
IDEA!

SALLY SQUEEZED ERIC'S HEAD WITH HER MIGHTY THIGHS AND ENJOYED THE MUFFLED MOANS HE WAS MAKING. NEXT, HE STARTED TO FURIOUSLY BEAT WITH HIS FIST ON WHATEVER MUSCULAR SURFACE HE COULD BLINDLY FIND...

GGMMMMGGGG

OH YEAH, THAT'S IT BABY! MAKE HIM FEEL YOUR POWER! SHOW HIM WHO'S BOSS!




HE'S YOURS BABE.
HE CAN FEEL IT. HE CAN
FEEL YOU CAN KILL HIM
NOW. HE'S DELIVERED UNTO
YOUR MERCY. HE CAN ONLY
WAIT TILL YOU THINK IT'S
BEEN ENOUGH. ISN'T THAT
AN INCREDIBLE
FEELING?

YOU'VE GOT HIS HEAD
LOCKED BETWEEN THOSE
TREE TRUNKS, AND HIS TONGUE
LOCKED ONTO YOUR PUSSY.
THIS IS IT BABY!


N666666!!!

SECONDS LATER, EVEN MORE
TURNED ON BY ELEONORE'S HORNY
TALK, SALLY ERUPTED IN A VIOLENT
ORGASM THAT SENT SPASMS ALL
THROUGH HER BODY AND MADE POOR
ERIC'S HEAD SHAKE ALONG WITH THE
SHOCKS THAT WENT THROUGH HER
THIGHS...

AAAAGHHHHH



ELEONORE, AT THAT SAME TIME,
WAS ALMOST HAVING AN ORGASM BY
PROXY, BEING PERFECTLY ABLE TO
IMAGINE HOW SALLY FELT,
DESTROYING THE LITTLE MAN WITH
HER OWN MUSCLEPOWER...



HOPE THAT WAS
AS GOOD AS IT
LOOKED SAL.. BUT NOW
YOU NEED TO LEAVE AND
LET ME TAKE CARE AND
PUNISH THE SHIT OF
THIS SHITHEAD...


OH REALLY? I
FEEL LIKE... I'LL BE
READY AGAIN IN
MINUTES...

SORRY BABY.
THERE'LL BE OTHER
OCCASIONS. NOW
IT'S BETWEEN HIM
AND ME...



SORRY BABY. IT WAS
FUN, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO
CONTINUE ANOTHER
TIME...

PLEASE DON'T
LEAVE! SHE'S
GONNA DESTROY
ME!



HAHA, WHAT DO
DO WITH YOU THEN, WITH
THESE BABIES? HUH?
YOU THINK I'D LEAVE
MUCH WHOLE OF
YOU?


PLEEEAASE!!

AS SOON AS SALLY WAS OUT OF THE DOOR, THE GIANTESS TURNED TOWARDS ERIC. SHE MADE HERSELF AS BIG AS POSSIBLE, AND TO HER DELIGHT SAW THAT HER POSE HAD THE DESIRED EFFECT: THE LITTLE SHRINK WAS RECOILING IN FEAR...

JUST ME AND MY THERAPIST NOW...

P-PLEASE! I'M SO SORRY! SO VERY SORRY!





A muscular woman in a police uniform, including a helmet and gloves, stands with her arms outstretched over a woman lying on a couch. The woman on the couch is wearing a white bikini bottom. The scene is set in an office with a desk, a chair, a potted plant, and a window showing a city skyline. A speech bubble from the woman on the couch reads: "PLEASE! I LEARNED MY LESSON! OF COURSE I WON'T DO THIS AGAIN..."

OH I KNOW YOU'RE
SORRY. BUT I'LL MAKE
YOU A LOT MORE SORRY.
AND I'LL MAKE SURE
YOU'LL NEVER DARE DO
THIS AGAIN TO
SOMEBODY...

PLEASE! I LEARNED
MY LESSON! OF COURSE
I WON'T DO THIS
AGAIN...

BIG ELEONORE WAS ALMOST HIGH WITH ANTICIPATION OF THE PUNISHMENT SHE WAS ABOUT TO INFLICT ON THE LITTLE GUY. THIS WOULD BE A DAY TO REMEMBER...

GET UP. GO STAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM.

RIGHT NOW.


THE GIANTESS PUT HER COP HAT ASIDE AND THEN TOOK POSITION RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER THERAPIST, KNOWING FULL WELL THE EFFECT THIS TITS-IN-THE-FACE POSE WOULD HAVE ON HIM...

YOU SAID YOU LEARNED YOUR LESSON, BUT I WONDER HOW THAT HAPPENED. ARE YOU GONNA DENY IT'S BEEN FUN SO FAR?

EH, UHM... I
EH...

THAT WAS A TOUGH QUESTION TO ANSWER. THE HONEST ANSWER WAS: YES, EVEN THOUGH THE PAST HALF HOUR HAD BEEN A BIT SCARY, IT HAD BEEN TREMENDOUSLY EXCITING.

HE ASSUMED, THOUGH, THAT SHE WAS ASKING THE QUESTION TO CONFIRM THAT SHE SHOULD INFLICT MORE PUNISHMENT. REAL PUNISHMENT. THINGS HE DID NOT LIKE...




JUST AS I THOUGHT.
SALLY'S JUST GETTING INTO
IT. SHE'LL BE A GOOD
DOMINATRIX SOON, BUT TODAY
SHE WAS EASY ON YOU. GOOD
THING THE FUN IS ONLY
JUST BEGINNING...

OH...

WITHOUT WARNING, THE GIANTESS
SLAMMED HER BIG LEG OVER ERIC'S
SHOULDER. THE LITTLE GUY ALMOST
SUCCUMBED TO THE WEIGHT, BUT
SOMEHOW WAS ABLE TO KEEP
STANDING.

SINCE YOU LIKE
THIS BODY SO MUCH,
YOU AND MY MUSCLES
ARE GONNA GET A BIT
MORE ACQUAINTED.
HOW'S THIS?

UGHHHHH



A comic book panel featuring two characters in a close embrace. The woman, on the left, is highly muscular with extremely large, prominent breasts and a very defined, rippled torso. She has long dark hair and is looking down at the man. The man, on the right, is seen from the back, showing a very large, rounded back and shoulder. He has short reddish-brown hair. They are positioned in front of a window with a grid pattern, through which a cityscape at night is visible. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the woman and one from the man.

THAT'S JUST THE
NATURAL WEIGHT OF ONE
LEG, BABY. I'M NOT
PRESSING OR ANYTHING. JUST
THE MERE WEIGHT OF MY ONE
VERY BIG, VERY WELL TRAINED
THIGH...
HOW SMALL DO YOU
FEEL?

V-VERY SMALL,
MISTRESS...



YOU KNOW I
HAVE THIS FANTASY
ABOUT BEING AN
INTERROGATOR... BUT I
NEVER PUT IT INTO
PRACTICE...

DO YOU KNOW
WHAT TECHNIQUE I
WOULD USE TO GET
SOMEONE TO
CONFESS?

TAKE A
GUESS!

ELEONORE LEANED FORWARD SO
THAT ERIC FELT HER FIRM TITS
PUSHING AGAINST HIS CHEEKS.

EH, MAYBE...
PEOPLE WOULD BE
SO AFRAID WHEN THEY
SAW YOU THAT YOU
WOULDN'T NEED ANY
TECHNIQUE....?



NICE TRY. BUT THE
ANSWER...

...IS STARING YOU
RIGHT IN THE FACE.
LITERALLY...

THE GIANTESS PUSHED ERIC'S HEAD
FIRMLY BETWEEN HER HUGE
MAMMARIES...

... AND THEN BENT BACK, PULLING THE SHRINK UP OVER HER RIGHT THIGH, AND GRABBING HIS TWO WRISTS WITH HER FREE ARM...

THERE YOU GO,
MY LITTLE
LIGHTWEIGHT... RIDING
THE THIGH OF A
COLLEGE GIRL!

MMMMMMMM



IT WAS APPARENT RIGHT AWAY TO ERIC
THAT HE WAS UNABLE TO BREATHE...

I CALL IT...
TITBOARDING

ERIC REMEMBERED WHAT ELEONORE HAD TAUGHT SALLY, ABOUT PUTTING HER VICTIM IN A POSITION THAT HE COULDN'T MOVE AT ALL. ELEONORE HAD DONE EXACTLY THAT RIGHT NOW. WITH ONE ARM, THE BODYBUILDER HELD HIS HEAD FIRMLY BETWEEN HER GIGANTIC BREASTS. WITH HER OTHER ARM, SHE HELD BACK ERIC'S TWO HANDS, WITHOUT ANY APPARENT EFFORT. HE WAS TRAPPED, ENTIRELY, AND DELIVERED UNTO HER MERCY.



THE QUESTION WAS: HOW FAR WOULD SHE GO? HOW CRAZY WAS SHE? TWENTY SECONDS LATER HE WAS URGENTLY IN NEED OF AIR, BUT AS ELEONORE MADE NO MOVE TO RELEASE HIM, HE DID THE ONLY THING HE COULD DO: HE KICKED HIS LEGS AROUND, AND WHEN HE FOUND THE BIG GIRL'S SHIN, HE KICKED IT REPEATEDLY...



THE ONLY DIFFERENCE ERIC'S STRUGGLING AND WRIGGLING MADE WAS THAT ELEONORE ONLY GOT MORE AND MORE TURNED ON. SHE COULD TASTE HER POWER AND HIS POWERLESSNESS, HER BIGNESS AND HIS SMALLNESS. SHE FELT AGAIN THIS MOST WONDERFUL OF FEELINGS: THE FEELING OF COMPLETE DOMINATION. AND SHE FELT HER VICTIM'S FEAR. SHE KNEW THAT HE WOULD BE PRAYING TO BE RELEASED BY NOW, HAVING REALIZED THERE WAS NOTHING HE COULD DO BUT HOPE FOR HIS MISTRESS' GRACE.

OOOH LITTLE ONE...
OOOOH... SO SMALL...
SO...



THE SECOND SHE NOTICED THE
LITTLE MAN STOPPED STRUGGLING,
SHE RELEASED HER ARM...



HIS LUNGS BARELY FILLED,
ELEONORE AGAIN PUSHED ERIC TO HER
CHEST. SHE REPEATED THE CYCLE
ANOTHER THREE TIMES...



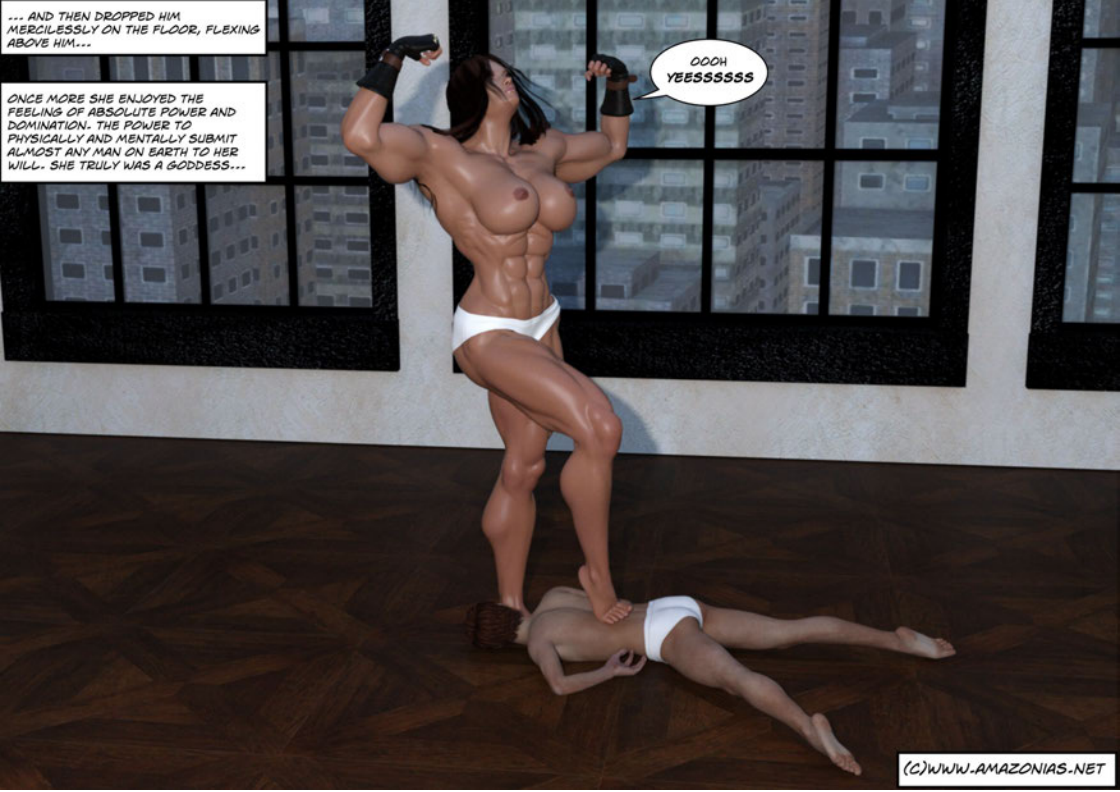
THE FINAL TIME, SHE HELD ON TO
HER DEFENSELESS VICTIM TILL HE
PASSED OUT...



... AND THEN DROPPED HIM
MERCILESSLY ON THE FLOOR, FLEXING
ABOVE HIM...

ONCE MORE SHE ENJOYED THE
FEELING OF ABSOLUTE POWER AND
DOMINATION. THE POWER TO
PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY SUBMIT
ALMOST ANY MAN ON EARTH TO HER
WILL. SHE TRULY WAS A GODDESS...

OOOH
YEESSSSSS



WHILE SHE WAITED FOR ERIC TO COME BACK TO THE WORLD, ELEONORE MOVED TOWARDS THE WINDOW, IMAGINING THAT PEOPLE WERE LOOKING AT HER FROM BEHIND EVERY WINDOW, AND THAT BY SNAPPING HER FINGER, SHE COULD MAKE THEM BOW FOR HER COLLECTIVELY...



OKAY SHRINKIE SHRINK,
YOU WOKEN UP YET?

ERIC NEEDED A COUPLE OF
SECONDS TO REMEMBER WHAT WAS
HAPPENING...

GET UP AND COME
OVER HERE. I'M NOT
DONE WITH YOU.

I SAID:
GET UP.



VERY SLOWLY - WHICH WAS AS FAST
AS HE COULD MANAGE - ERIC
WALKED TOWARDS HIS MISTRESS...



I'M WAITING,
PIPSQUEAK. HOW
LONG IS IT GOING TO
TAKE YOU?

I...

BUT THEN, OUT OF DESPERATION,
EXHAUSTION, AND A SENSE THAT
MAYBE THIS WAS WHAT SHE WANTED,
ERIC SANK DOWN ON HIS KNEES AND
BOWED HIS HEAD FOR THE
GIANTESS...

PLEASE...
MISTRESS... I'VE
LEARNED...
THIS WAS... REALLY
SCARY. PLEASE DON'T
HURT ME ANYMORE.

GET UP YOU ASSWIPE!
I DIDN'T TELL YOU TO SIT
DOWN!

AS ERIC WAS TOO SLOW TO
RESPOND, THE BODYBUILDER
SLAMMED ONE FOOT IN HIS BELLY,
MAKING THE LITTLE MAN CRY OUT IN
PAIN.

DO YOU THINK **NOT**
LISTENING TO ME IS
GOING TO APPEASE ME
SOMEHOW, YOU
FUCKING MORON?

AAAAARGHHH



FINALLY, HE WAS UPRIGHT AGAIN,
BEGGING THE BIG GIRL...

PLEASE...
DON'T HURT ME

"PLEASE.
DON'T. HURT.
ME..."

A comic book panel featuring a close-up of a muscular woman with dark hair, wearing a white bikini top. She is looking down with a slight blush. A speech bubble from her says "... MISTRESS!!". The background is a blurred cityscape.

... MISTRESS!!

ONE KICK OF THE BODYBUILDER,
WHO HAD MANY YEARS OF MARTIAL
ARTS TRAINING UNDER HER BELT,
SENT ERIC TO THE FLOOR AGAIN.

YOU'RE STILL FUCKING
DISOBEDIENT. **STILL!**



THEN, LIKE THE WILD ANIMAL THAT SHE WAS, ELEONORE JUMPED ON THE PATHETIC LITTLE BODY THAT WAS LYING ON THE GROUND, BEATEN SINCE A LONG TIME AGO...

YIAAAAAAAHHH!!



THE BODYBUILDER TOOK HER HAPLESS, ALMOST STUNNED VICTIM IN A TIGHT HOLD, PUTTING A LOT OF PRESSURE ON HIS HEAD. ERIC MADE SOME PATHETIC MOVES BUT KNEW THAT THEY WERE ENTIRELY USELESS AGAINST THE MOUNTAIN OF POWER THAT WAS CONTROLLING HIM...




YOU'VE GOTTEN ME PRETTY FURIOUS, LITTLE ONE. YOU BETTER START SHUTTING UP AND BEHAVING...

Y-YES UGGH M-MISTRESS, I WILL!



I THINK I COULD RIP
HIS LITTLE HEAD OFF
RIGHT NOW.. BUT I'VE GOT
A BETTER IDEA...

OH MY GOD... HOW AM
I GOING TO GET OUT OF
THIS ALIVE?



I THINK AT THIS
POINT, YOU'LL NEVER
EVER MESS WITH ANY
PATIENT AGAIN. BUT I
JUST GOTTA MAKE
SURE...

WE'RE GONNA
GO TO THE COUCH
FOR THE NEXT PART
OF YOUR
PUNISHMENT...
TAKE OFF YOUR
BRIEFS!

THE GIANTESS TOOK OFF HER PANTIES, AND THEN ARRANGED THE COUCH PILLOW SO THAT SHE COULD SIT ON IT. HER THIGHS WERE NOW PARALLEL TO THE GROUND...

YES,
MISTRESS...

WHAT THE
FUCK IS SHE
GOING TO DO TO
ME NOW?!

SIT DOWN ON MY
LAP NOW. FACING
THE WINDOW.



WITH HIS MISTRESS STILL FLEXING
HER UNNATURALLY BIG GUNS, ERIC
TOOK PLACE ON HER HUMONGOUS
THIGHS...

YES BABY. SIT
ON MOMMY'S BIG
LAP, THAT'S IT...



SITTING ON HER BIG THIGHS, ERIC'S FEET DIDN'T EVEN REACH THE GROUND, AND BOTH WERE AWARE ONCE MORE OF THE INCREDIBLE SIZE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM. ERIC WAS AMAZED AT IT, AND ELEONORE REVELED IN IT...

OOH LITTLE ONE.
YOU PATHETIC, WEAK,
TINY, POWERLESS
CREATURE...

I'M GONNA
SPREAD MY LEGS
NOW, AND I WANT YOU
TO STAY ON POSITION ON
THOSE THIGHS. IF YOU
FALL OFF, I'LL KILL
YOU.



THE MUSCLEGIRL SPREAD HER LEGS FURTHER APART, AND IT WAS ONLY BECAUSE ERIC WAS RATHER FLEXIBLE THAT HE WAS ABLE TO KEEP SITTING IN THE SAME POSITION.

THEN THE BODYBUILDER REACHED FOR THE BAT, WHICH HE HAD PUT ON THE COUCH...

GOOD BOY!
ONE SECOND...





REMEMBER THIS,
ERIC? NORMALLY I DON'T
NEED ANY TOOLS, BUT IT
WAS FUN TO CUT OFF YOUR
AIR WITH IT, IN MY COP
UNIFORM...

I REMEMBER,
MISTRESS. PLEASE...
MISTRESS... IF YOU DO
THAT AGAIN, I DON'T
THINK I WILL SURVIVE
IT... MISTRESS...



HUSH, LITTLE BOY. I
HAVE SOMETHING ELSE IN
MIND FOR IT.


HOW FAR IN DO
YOU THINK IT
WILL GO?

WHAT?
OH NO!
OH NO, PLEASE
DON'T!



POOR BABY. YOU
DON'T LIKE THE IDEA DO
YOU? IT'S REAL
PUNISHMENT, ISN'T
IT?

I'M SCARED.
PLEASE MISTRESS,
DON'T DO THIS... I
BEG YOU...



I'LL MAKE IT A TINY
BIT LESS DIFFICULT
FOR YOU BY LUBRICATING
THIS BIG SHAFT A
LITTLE BIT...

OH MY
GOD!



NOW TRY TO RELAX, IT
WILL BE EASIER LIKE
THAT...

HERE WE
GO...

OOOHHHHH

SLOWLY BUT SURELY, ELEONORE PUSHED THE BAT
INSIDE THE THERAPIST. I WILL SAVE YOU, DEAR
READER, A DESCRIPTION OF HIS REACTION, BUT LET'S
JUST SAY THAT THIS WAS NOT SOMETHING HE WAS
ABLE TO ENJOY...

AAAAAARGHHH!!


OH I KNOW...
I KNOW...
BUT THESE ARE THE
CONSEQUENCES OF YOUR
REALLY BAD BAD **BAD**
BEHAVIOR!

THE BODYBUILDER THEN STOOD UP
AND LIFTED ERIC WITHOUT ANY
EFFORT, STILL WITH THE BAT INSIDE
HIM

JUST A BIT
MORE...

OH GOD,
PLEASE STOP!





ALL RIGHT MY
LITTLE MAN. THAT'S IT
FOR NOW. LET MOMMY
PULL IT BACK OUT...


ELEONORE PUT HER VICTIM ON THE COUCH, WHERE HE WAS SOFTLY CRYING, IN SHAME, IN PAIN, WHO KNEW...

NOW ONE LAST LITTLE
FANTASY BEFORE I
GO...

STAND ON THE COUCH.
NOW!

ERIC DID AS HE WAS TOLD, OF
COURSE, EVEN THOUGH HE WAS
BARELY ABLE TO STAND...

WORSHIP MY TITS!
SUCK!



YES... SERVE THOSE
BIG, BIG BREASTS,
LITTLE ONE

ERIC CHOSE A NIPPLE AND GOT TO
WORK. HIS ASSHOLE WAS STILL
HURTING LIKE HELL, BUT AT LEAST
THIS WAS PLEASANT. WAS IT THIS
THAT SHE WANTED, OR...



NOW SAY GOODNIGHT TO
THESE BIG TITTIES.

HUH? WHA...-?
I MEAN... GOOD NIGHT,
BIG TITTIES...

ELEONORE TURNED HER TORSO
ENTIRELY TO THE LEFT AND...



TAAAAAAAKE...

... THEN TURNED RIGHT AND
SLAMMED HER RIGHT MAMMARY
STRAIGHT IN ERIC'S FACE

THAT!



THE SHOT WAS PERFECTLY AIMED,
AND THE IMPACT OF ELEONORE'S
FIRM BREAST, WITH ALL THE POWER
OF HER AWESOME BODY BEHIND IT,
WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE ERIC, WHO
WAS NOT MORE THAN THIRTY
PERCENT OF ELEONORE'S
BODYWEIGHT, LOSE HIS BALANCE...



UUUPMF

... AND HE TUMBLED DOWN TO THE
FLOOR...

OOOH YEAH!



OH MY GOD!
HE'S OUT! I PUT HIS
LIGHTS OUT FIRST BY
TITBOARDING, AND THEN
BY TITSLAMMING!

LIFE IS EVEN BETTER
THAN FANTASY!



ELEONORE GOT TO HER KNEES AND
KISSED ERIC ON THE CHEST,
CHECKING AT THE SAME TIME IF HE
WAS OKAY.

MY SWEET, FOOLISH
SHRINKIE. YOU'LL BE ALL
RIGHT, WON'T YOU?

I'LL BE BACK FOR OUR
NEXT APPOINTMENT AND
MORE FUN. NO TRICKS,
OKAY? I'VE GOT YOU ON
TAPE, REMEMBER...



FINALLY, THE GIANTESS GOT DRESSED AND SAID GOODBYE TO ERIC, WHO WAS STILL HARDLY ABLE TO MOVE...



WE WON'T BE SEPARATED LONG. SEE YOU SOON, LITTLE MAN!

