



MUSCLE THERAPY

Part 8

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AFTER THE "COP" EPISODE, AS HE CALLED IT IN HIS HEAD, ERIC'S OBSESSION WITH ELEONORE DOUBLED. THE EXPERIENCE HAD BEEN FRIGHTENING, IT WAS TRUE, BUT THAT HAD ALSO BEEN PART OF THE EXCITEMENT. MORE THAN EVER, ERIC WAS EXCITED WITH THE FACT THAT ELEONORE COULD DO NO MATTER WHAT TO HIM: SUBJECT HIM, HURT HIM, HUMILIATE HIM, ENSLAVE HIM... AND THERE WAS NOTHING WHATSOEVER THAT HE COULD DO ABOUT IT...



SO ERIC SPENT A LOT OF TIME STARING (AND MORE THAN JUST STARING) AT THE ONE IMAGE HE HAD OF THE MASSIVE YOUNG BODYBUILDER. AND IN SPITE OF FEARING WHAT SHE WOULD DO TO HIM NEXT TIME, HE WAS ONLY COUNTING THE HOURS BEFORE HE WOULD SEE HER AGAIN...

The image shows a minimalist interior. On the left, a wooden daybed with a grey cushion is partially visible. The background is a light beige wall with large, soft, grey mountain-like silhouettes. In the center, a white rectangular box with a black border contains the text "SESSION 15".

SESSION 15

NORMALLY, AFTER ERIC HAD BUZZED HIS PATIENTS IN, THEY WAITED IN THE WAITING ROOM UNTIL HE CALLED THEM IN. BUT THIS TIME, THE DOOR TO HIS OFFICE WAS OPENED FROM THE OUTSIDE... ERIC JUST WATCHED WITH HIS MOUTH AGAPE...



ELEONORE CLOSED THE DOOR BEHIND HER AND JUST WALKED OVER TO ERIC'S DESK, WITHOUT GREETING HIM OR SAYING A WORD... THERE WAS JUST THAT FEROCIOUS, HORNY, DOMINATING LOOK IN HER EYES THAT DROVE OUR THERAPIST MAD WITH DESIRE...



H-HI ELEONORE...
H-HOW...

BUT STILL THE MUSCULAR GIANTESS SAID NOTHING. SHE MOVED CLOSER, LEANED OVER THE DESK, GRABBED ERIC BY THE COLLAR OF HIS SWEATER WITH ONE ARM, AND PULLED HIM OFF HIS FEET...

WHAT ARE YOU D-...
OOOH




AFTER ALL WHAT SHE HAD TOLD HIM AND ALL THAT HE HAD SEEN, ERIC STILL HAD A HARD TIME BELIEVING AND UNDERSTANDING JUST HOW STRONG THIS YOUNG GIRL WAS. HERE HE WAS, BEING LIFTED BY HER USING JUST ONE HAND. HE FELT, FOR THE UMPTEENTH TIME, THAT HE WAS GOING TO COME IN HIS PANTS.



FINALLY, SHE SPOKE...

SO, MY
LITTLE SHRINK, I
JUST THOUGHT IT BEST
TO MAKE IT CLEAR FROM
THE START WHO IS IN
CHARGE OF THESE
SESSIONS FROM
NOW ON...



EH... WHATEVER YOU
WANT, ELEONORE...

THAT'S RIGHT,
WHATEVER I
WANT...

TODAY'S
SESSION WILL BE
A BIT DIFFERENT.
WE'RE GONNA HAVE A
BIT MORE ROLE
REVERSING, SO TO
SPEAK....

I'M GONNA
SIT DOWN IN YOUR
SEAT, AND YOU'RE
GONNA TAKE YOUR
CLOTHES OFF. YOU CAN
KEEP YOUR
UNDERWEAR ON
FOR NOW.

ELEONORE WATCHED AS ERIC TOOK OFF HIS CLOTHES...

TODAY I'LL BE THE SHRINK, AND YOU'RE GONNA BE THE ONE TO TALK...

EH, OKAY... ARE YOU... ARE YOU NOT ANGRY WITH MY ANYMORE?

OH ERIC, I WAS NEVER ANGRY, BUT I NEVER MISS AN OPPORTUNITY TO GIVE A GUY A GOOD PUNISHMENT. YOU ARE TOO SMALL AND INSIGNIFICANT TO BE ANGRY AT. IT WOULD BE LIKE BEING ANGRY AT AN ANT... WHAT'S THE POINT?

OH...



OKAY TINY MAN, NOW
TAKE YOUR SEAT...



SO WE KNOW BY
NOW THAT FEMALE
MUSCLE LIKE THIS
TURNS YOU ON,
DOESN'T IT?


OH GOD YES... SO
MUCH...



HAVE YOU BEEN
MASTURBATING AT
HOME, THINKING ABOUT
ME?

ONLY THE
TRUTH NOW,
ERIC.

EHM... YES.
MANY, MANY
TIMES...

A woman with long, dark brown hair and bangs is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a light brown, ribbed, sleeveless top. She is sitting in a blue upholstered chair. Her mouth is open as if she is speaking. The background is a simple room with a wooden shelf and a yellow wall.


IT ALMOST SOUNDS
LIKE AN OBSESSION, HUH?
SO WHAT I WANT TO FIND
OUT TODAY IS WHERE THAT
COMES FROM...

I DON'T HAVE THE
SKILL TO HYPNOTIZE
YOU, BUT I TRUST YOU'LL
DO YOUR BEST TO SEE
WHAT YOU CAN COME UP
WITH...



ACTUALLY I KNOW FOR
A FACT HOW IT ALL
STARTED...

SOMETHING IN MY
CHILDHOOD...



AH, THAT'S EASY THEN.
TELL ME EVERYTHING...

SO ERIC WENT BACK TO THAT MEMORY THAT WAS STILL THE INSPIRATION FOR MANY OF HIS JERKING OFF SESSIONS - AT LEAST BEFORE HE MET ELEONORE....

I THINK I WAS MAYBE
NINE YEARS OLD....

MY PARENTS SEPARATED WHEN I WAS FOUR. I SPENT MOST OF MY DAYS WITH MY MOM, BUT EVERY TWO WEEKS I WAS A FEW DAYS AT MY DAD'S. HE WAS A KIND OF FAMOUS PSYCHIATRIST WHO HAD WRITTEN SOME BOOKS. HE GOT MANY INVITATIONS TO SPEAK. ONE NIGHT - I THINK I WAS AROUND EIGHT OR NINE MAYBE - OUR BABYSIT WASN'T AVAILABLE, AND MY DAD HAD ORDERED ONE THROUGH A SERVICE HE HADN'T USED BEFORE. HOWEVER, HE REALLY HAD TO LEAVE AND SHE STILL WASN'T THERE. SO HE CALLED THE SERVICE...

WE JUST REACHED HER AND CAN CONFIRM SHE'LL BE THERE IN TEN MINUTES, SIR...

WELL THAT'S TOO LATE, I REALLY NEED TO GO RIGHT NOW... WE HAD AGREED SHE'D BE HERE AT 7.00...

VERY SORRY SIR. BUT SHE'S ON HER WAY...



HEY ERIC, I REALLY
NEED TO GO NOW, BUT
THE BABYSIT WILL BE
HERE REAL SOON,
OKAY?

SURE DAD... NO
PROBLEM...

I WAS WATCHING MY FAVORITE TV SHOW AND I JUST DIDN'T CARE ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD...

I'LL LEAVE YOU THE NUMBER OF THE THEATRE WHERE YOU CAN REACH ME IN CASE OF ANY PROBLEMS, OKAY?

OKAY...

TEN MINUTES LATER I OPENED THE DOOR FOR
THE BABYSIT...

HI... MY DAD IS
ALREADY
GONE...

THE MOMENT SHE WALKED IN, I HAD TO THINK OF THE CARTOON I HAD JUST BEEN WATCHING: "MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE". ALL THE HEROES IN THAT SHOW WERE EXTREMELY MUSCULAR (NOT THE WOMEN THOUGH). THIS GIRL'S BELLY AND LEGS LOOKED LIKE THE BELLY AND LEGS OF HE-MAN!



I'M ERIC!

HI BIG MAN! SO SORRY I AM LATE! NICE TO MEET YOU!

MY NAME IS MARJORIE.**.

** FOR THOSE WHO DON'T KNOW, MARJORIE IS FEATURED IN MANY OTHER STORIES ON AMAZONIAS, STARTING WITH "AMBER AND JULIAN".

(C)WWW.AMAZONIAS.NET

WHEN SHE TOOK OFF HER JACKET I NOTICED
HER ARMS WERE THOSE OF HE-MAN TOO!



SO WHAT WOULD YOU
LIKE TO DO TONIGHT?

OH, USUALLY I
JUST WATCH TV...

OKAY, GREAT.
THEN YOU DON'T
MIND I'LL DO SOME
EXERCISES IN THE
MEANTIME?

I DIDN'T MIND, BUT I WAS CURIOUS ABOUT THIS GIRL. SHE UNZIPPED THE SPORTS BAG THAT SHE HAD BROUGHT...

HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO WORKOUT TODAY, SO I TOOK MY STUFF WITH ME...



SHE TOOK OUT A WEIGHT THAT I
KNEW MEN USED TO BUILD
MUSCLES, AND STARTED LIFTING
IT UP AND DOWN...



THERE WAS NOTHING INTERESTING ON TV, SO I
VENTURED TO TALK TO MARJORIE...



HE-MAN FROM
MASTERS OF THE
UNIVERSE? HAH, I'LL
CONSIDER THAT A
COMPLIMENT...

YOU EH... YOU LOOK
LIKE HE-MAN!

I BET YOU'RE
NOT AS STRONG AS
HM THOUGH... HE CAN
LIFT PRINCESS TEELA
WITH ONE HAND, YOU
KNOW...

HMMM, I BET I CAN DO
THAT TOO. WANNA COME
OVER HERE?

SO I WALKED OVER TO THE COUCH...

WANNA SEE IF I'M AS
STRONG AS HE-MAN?

SURE...

OKAY,
STAND ON
THE COUNCH,
HERE NEXT
TO ME...



DON'T FALL OFF OKAY
BIG MAN?

I'M GOOD!

HE-MAN HAD LIFTED PRINCESS TEELA JUST TO HIS HIP, BUT WHAT MARJORIE DID WAS MORE IMPRESSIVE... SHE LIFTED ME ABOVE HER HEAD WITH ONE ARM...

MAYBE PRINCESS TEELA IS A BIT HEAVIER THAN YOU, BUT DO YOU THINK HE COULD DO THIS WITH HER?

OH WOW! YOU ARE STRONG!



I REMEMBER THAT, LOOKING DOWN, I SAW HOW SHE HAD FLEXED HER BICEP - THOUGH I'M NOT SURE I ALREADY KNEW THE WORD BICEP BACK THEN. IN ANY CASE, I WAS IMPRESSED, AND I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER A FEELING THAT I WOULD LATER IDENTIFY AS SEXUAL EXCITEMENT...

I'M GONNA DROP YOU AND CATCH YOU IN MY ARMS NOW. ARE YOU READY?

OH COOL! OKAY!

OKAY,
ONE...
TWO...

SHE DID EXACTLY THAT, AND I LANDED SAFELY
IN HER ARMS. IT WAS AN AWESOME FEELING!

...THREE!

WHOA!



UNFORTUNATELY, SHE THEN ASKED ME WHEN MY USUAL BEDTIME WAS. I DIDN'T WANT TO LIE AND I SAID IT WAS ALREADY PAST.

I'M GONNA PUT YOU TO BED THEN. WE DON'T WANT YOUR DADDY TO BE ANGRY WITH ME, DO WE?

I REMEMBER SHE ASKED ME TO OPEN THE DOOR WHILE SHE WAS HOLDING ME RIGHT IN FRONT OF IT...

THERE YOU GO!



THERE WAS ONE THING I HAD TO KNOW...

SO ARE YOU... ARE
YOU STRONGER THAN MY
DAD?

WELL... IS YOUR
DAD STRONGER THAN
HE-MAN?

RIGHT THERE AND THEN, JUST FOR ME ON THE BED, SHE FLEXED HER BIG BICEP, AND AGAIN I HAD THIS TINGLING OF EXCITEMENT...

AND DOES YOUR DAD HAVE ARMS LIKE THESE?

EH, NO...



SO THEN... I
GUESS I'M STRONGER
THAN YOUR DAD. BUT
THAT'S OKAY. I'M
STRONGER THAN A LOT
OF PEOPLE, DON'T
WORRY...

OKAY...

ERIC, BEING ASLEEP IN HIS ROOM, WAS NOT PARTIAL TO EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED NEXT...

A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER, JEREMY, ERIC'S DAD, CAME HOME... ON THE TERRACE AT THE OTHER END OF THE ROOM HE SAW THE BABYSIT...



JEREMY WAS SWEATING AND QUICKLY TOOK OFF HIS SHIRT AND JACKET, AND THEN WALKED TOWARDS HER...



JEREMY HAD TO LOOK TWICE. HE HEARD THE VOICE AND SAW THE FACE OF A GIRL, BUT HER LEGS... AND HER ARMS... THEY WERE... THEY WERE... WOW.

I OPENED A BOTTLE OF WINE, I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND?





ERIC WAS TOO FLABBERGASTED TO RESPOND. NEXT TO HER WAS A MAGAZINE CALLED "FEMALE MUSCLEMAG". AT THE BOTTOM OF THE COUCH THERE WAS A WEIGHT THAT WAS HEAVIER THAN ANYTHING HE'D EVER USED DURING HIS TWO WEEK STINT AT THE GYM....

BUT THEN HE QUICKLY REGAINED HIS COMPOSURE AND REMEMBERED HE HAD BEEN VERY ANGRY BEFORE - HER HAVING TAKEN THE WINE WITHOUT ASKING WAS THE LEAST OF HIS ISSUES...

I HAD TO LEAVE MY SON BEFORE YOU ARRIVED. IT WAS VERY INCONVENIENT THAT YOU WERE LATE...

SO I'M GOING TO HOLD OFF THIRTY PERCENT OF YOUR PAY... I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND. NOW PLEASE GET YOUR STUFF AND LEAVE...

BUT MARJORIE JUST EXHALED DEEPLY,
SEEMING TO ENJOY THE MOMENT. OF COURSE
JEREMY COULDN'T KNOW THAT THIS WAS
EXACTLY THE KIND OF CHALLENGE THAT SHE
REGALED IN...

THIS IS REALLY AN
AWESOME PLACE YOU
GOT HERE, I'VE GOTTA
SAY...

AND THIS WINE IS NOT
BAD EITHER...



DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME? I
ASKED YOU TO GET UP
AND LEAVE...

AND BY THE WAY,
APART FROM YOU JUST
GRABBING MY WINE, HOW
OLD ARE YOU? YOU
SHOULDN'T BE DRINKING
AT ALL!



IT'S JEREMY, RIGHT?
THAT'S WHAT ERIC SAID
YOUR NAME WAS.


LISTEN,
JEREMY....






CAN YOU SEE THIS LEG
HERE?

WHAT? I DON'T
CARE ABOUT YOUR
GODDAMN LEG! I'M
ASKING YOU AGAIN TO
GO!



SO JEREMY... YOU
SEE THAT I'M A VERY
MUSCULAR GIRL.. THAT'S
ONE.. YOU CAN SEE THE
MUSCLEMAG.. THAT'S
TWO..



YOU NOTICED THE
BIG DUMBBELL AT MY
FEET, WHICH IS
THREE...




AND FROM
THAT, YOU CAN
DERIVE **FOUR** THAT I'M
A PRETTY STRONG
GIRL.

AND FINALLY **FIVE**...



YOU CAN SEE THAT I'M
A LOT BIGGER AND
TALLER THAN YOU...

IF THE GIRL WAS TRYING TO
INTIMIDATE HIM, IT WAS DEFINITELY
WORKING. JEREMY WAS REALLY
ANXIOUS TO GET HER OUT OF HIS
APPARTMENT NOW...



SO MY QUESTION IS,
NOTICING ALL THIS, WHY
DO YOU **STILL** BELIEVE YOU
CAN TELL ME WHAT TO DO AND
WHAT TO DRINK? WHY DO YOU
STILL BELIEVE YOU CAN
PUNISH ME FOR BEING
LATE?

I EH...

STILL, INTIMIDATED THOUGH HE WAS, JEREMY WASN'T GOING TO SUBMIT TO HER THIS SOON, AND HE PULLED OUT HIS MOST AUTHORITATIVE ATTITUDE...

OKAY,
ENOUGH! I SAID GET
OUT OF MY HOUSE.
NOW!

LET ME JUST FINISH MY
WINE...

TOTALLY UNIMPRESSED WITH HIS
PERFORMANCE, MARJORIE SLOWLY PUT THE
EMPTY GLASS ON THE TABLE...

I THINK, JEREMY, THAT
YOU'RE A BIT OF A SLOW
LEARNER...

THEN SHE JUST WALKED TOWARDS HIM,
BUMPING IN TO HIM, BUT NOT STOPPING, SO
THAT JEREMY, COLLIDING WITH HER BIG BODY,
LOST HIS BALANCE...

OOFF

AND YOU MAY BE IN
NEED OF A BIT OF A
CLEARER DEMONSTRATION
OF THE UNBALANCE OF
POWER HERE...



JUST AS HE WAS GOING TO FALL, MARJORIE GRABBED HIS WRIST WITH HER STRONG ARM...


GOTCHA, LITTLE MAN,
NO WORRIES!



--- AND THEN, WITHOUT ANY PROBLEM
WHATSOEVER, LIFTED HIM HIGH ABOVE HER
HEAD---



OH, TO ANSWER YOUR
QUESTION, JEREMY...



I'M ALMOST 17
YEARS OLD. SO I
GUESS THAT INDEED, I
SHOULD **NOT** BE
DRINKING...

AS I SHOULD
NOT BE LIFTING
BIGSHOT PROFESSORS...
BUT ARE YOU GONNA
STOP ME?

P-PLEASE PUT ME
DOWN. I'LL PPAY YOU
THE AGREED AMOUNT.
BUT I... I REALLY NEED
TO GO TO BED NOW...
B-BUSY DAY
TOMORROW...

A comic book panel showing a woman from the waist down, standing on a rooftop at night. She is wearing a pink top, grey shorts, black leggings, and red socks. She is holding a man's legs, which are visible from the knees down, wearing black shoes. The background is a city skyline at night. To the left, there is a small table with a glass of wine and a pair of sneakers. A speech bubble from the man says "YOU FUNNY LITTLE MAN...". Another speech bubble from the woman says "WE'RE GONNA HAVE A LITTLE BIT OF FUN TOGETHER FIRST...".

YOU FUNNY
LITTLE MAN...

WE'RE GONNA HAVE A
LITTLE BIT OF FUN
TOGETHER FIRST...

MARJORIE SLAMMED JEREMY OVER HER BIG SHOULDER AND STARTED TO TAKE OFF HIS PANTS...

HUUU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING! YOU CAN'T...

I CAN DO ANYTHING I WANT, JEREMY. I CAN LIFT YOU, DRINK YOUR WINE, RUIN YOUR APPARTMENT... UNDRRESS YOU...

STILL HOLDING HIM IN THE AIR EASILY,
MARJORIE SLAPPED JEREMY'S BUTTOCKS A
COUPLE OF TIMES, NOT HARD, BUT NOT
EXACTLY SOFTLY EITHER...

I CAN SPANK YOU LIKE A
LITTLE BOY...

ALL BECAUSE I'M A
LOT BIGGER AND
STRONGER THAN
YOU...

AAAUWW!!



YOU MAY HAVE A
LOT OF DEGREES AND
ACCOLADES AND
WHATEVER, MISTER
PROFESSOR
PSYCHIATRIST....

BUT I'M THE **ALPHA**
HERE, AND YOU'RE
GONNA DO WHAT I
SAY...



LET'S TAKE OFF THIS
SHIRT TOO...

PLEASE...

BUT JEREMY'S STRUGGLING AND OBJECTING WAS COMPLETELY FUTILE. YOUNG MARJORIE TOOK OFF JEREMY'S SHIRT AND BRIEFLY LOOKED OVER HIS SMALL BODY...

YOUR SON TOLD ME I REMIND HIM OF HE-MAN, FROM MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE. HE SAID HE-MAN COULD LIFT PRINCESS TEELA WITH ONE HAND...

SORT OF WHAT I'M DOING WITH YOU NOW... PRINCESS JEREMY...

STILL HOLDING HIM, STILL FLEXING, MARJORIE
WADED THROUGH THE SHALLOW END OF THE
POOL...

WHAT DO YOU THINK,
MISTER PSYCHIATRIST?
HAVE YOU DIAGNOSED ME
YET? COME ON, TELL ME, I
KNOW YOU ALREADY HAVE
SOME IDEA... SOME BOX
YOU PUT ME INTO...

I EH... I... THINK YOU
ARE A CLASS APART...



I'M SURE MY DAD NEVER KNEW THAT AT THIS POINT I WOKE UP, HEARING THEM TALK, AND SLIGHTLY OPENED MY DOOR TO WATCH WHAT WAS HAPPENING... I WAS OF COURSE SURPRISED TO SEE MARJORIE STANDING IN THE POOL, LIFTING MY DAD WITHOUT CLOTHES, BUT I WASN'T AFRAID OR WORRIED, JUST FASCINATED...




A CLASS APART, I LIKE
THAT. AND IT'S VERY
TRUE...

NOW...



I'M THINKING ABOUT
HOW YOU AND I CAN HAVE
THE MOST FUN
TONIGHT...


WHAT... WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?



WE COULD
FUCK, OF COURSE,
BUT I DON'T WANT TO
GET YOU INTO TROUBLE,
ME BEING A MINOR
AND ALL

A VERY **BIG** MINOR,
OF COURSE, BUT STILL A
MINOR...

I EH... I HAVE NO
DESIRE TO DO ANYTHING
OF THAT KIND WITH
YOU...



OH I KNOW BABY.
BUT IT'S NOT REALLY
YOUR DECISION TO
MAKE, IS IT NOW?

ANYWAY, WE'RE
GONNA DO THE NEXT
BEST THING TO
FUCKING...

I SAW MARJORIE LEAVE THE POOL AND COME CLOSER TO WHERE I WAS HIDING. I CLOSED THE DOOR A BIT MORE SO AS NOT TO BE NOTICED....

WE'LL BE MORE COMFORTABLE ON THE CARPET, SO I GUESS I'LL MOVE THE TABLE TO THE SIDE...

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?



I SAW MARJORIE PUT MY DAD ON THE COUCH
AND THEN SHE PUSHED THE TABLE TO THE
WALL...

ARE YOU READY?

READY FOR
WHAT? WHY
DON'T YOU LEAVE
ME ALONE?

READY TO
WRESTLE!



MY DAD WAS UNABLE TO DO DISOBEY HER AND THEY BOTH ASSUMED SOME KIND OF FIGHTING POSITION... IT WAS EXCITING FOR ME TO WATCH... SOMEHOW I STILL COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT THIS BABYSIT WAS STRONGER THAN MY DAD, AND I GUESS THIS WAS THE MOMENT OF TRUTH...

I... I'VE NEVER WRESTLED IN MY LIFE. WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

JUST TRY TO PUSH ME TO THE GROUND. IF YOU CAN PIN ME TO THE FLOOR FOR THREE SECONDS, YOU WIN AND I'LL LEAVE RIGHT AWAY...

BUT IF YOU DON'T MOVE SOON ENOUGH...





... THEN I
WILL...

UGGGHHHH

AS SHE HELD MY DAD
WITH HER ONE ARM,
MARJORIE FLEXED HER
OTHER ONE. BY NOW I
REALLY LOVED TO SEE
THAT BIG ARM MUSCLE
OF HERS...

COME ON BABY, YOU
GOTTA FIGHT... BEFORE
YOU CAN'T ANYMORE...



UGGGHH

OH GOD YES,
THAT **LOOK!** THAT
LOOK! THAT
LOOK! THAT
LOOK IN YOUR EYES IS
WHAT I LIVE FOR, MISTER
PSYCHIATRIST. TELL ME
HOW CRAZY I AM!

I WAS GETTING WORRIED THAT THE BABYSIT MIGHT ACTUALLY HURT MY DAD, BUT THEN SHE LET GO AND GAVE HIM ANOTHER CHANCE...

OH GOD, MY
THROAT...

COME ON BABY, NOW IS
YOUR CHANCE!



COME ON!

THEY LOOKED LIKE HE-MAN AND TEELA, ONLY REVERSED: MY DAD WAS A SMALL TEELA NEXT TO MARJORIE'S BIG FEMALE VERSION OF HE-MAN. I WAS AWE-STRUCK!

MY DAD GRABBED MARJORIE'S WRISTS AND SHE
PRETENDED TO BE IMPRESSED...

OH NO! HE'S GOT
ME! HE'S GOT MY
WRISTS IN AN IRON
GRIP!



BUT THEN, SHE STARTED TO MOVE HER ARMS OUTWARD, AND I SAW MY DAD USE ALL HIS STRENGTH TO TRY TO KEEP CONTROLLING HER...

WHAT'S HAPPENING, LITTLE MAN?

AAARGHH




SHE GOT HER ARMS LOOSE WITHOUT A PROBLEM, AND THEN SLAMMED ONE OF THEM AROUND MY DAD'S NECK...

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

NOT VERY USEFUL, ARE THEY, THOSE TOOTHPICK ARMS OF YOURS, AGAINST A MUSCLEGIRL?



I'M TAKING YOU DOWN
BABY. DOWN YOU GO!



THIS IS
CALLED HON GESA
GETAME. A JUDO HOLD.
DID YOU KNOW I'M ALSO
REALLY HEAVILY INTO
MARTIAL ARTS?

AND STILL I HAVE ONE
ARM FREE TO FLEX
WITH... SEE?

UGH, YOU'RE
SUFFOCATING
ME!



EASY BUDDY,
NOBODY'S GETTING
SUFFOCATED HERE! WE'RE
JUST HAVING FUN, OKAY?
YOU AND THE SEVENTEEN
YEAR OLD GIRL...

NOW JEREMY,
GIVE ME YOUR BEST
OFFER OF WHAT YOU WILL
PAY ME FOR BABYSITTING
YOUR SON TONIGHT...
REGULAR FEE TIMES...
WHAT?

EH... TIMES
THREE?

HMM, TRY
AGAIN...



OH HI ERIC, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I HEARD NOISES. WHAT ARE YOU GUYS DOING?

ERIC, GO BACK TO BED! WE ARE JUST... PLAYING A GAME!

I DON'T REMEMBER WHY I CAME CLOSER. I'D LIKE TO THINK IT WAS BECAUSE I WAS WORRIED ABOUT MY DAD, BUT I'M AFRAID IT WAS BECAUSE SINCE MARJORIE HAD WRESTLED MY DAD DOWN, I COULDN'T SEE THEM VERY WELL ANYMORE, AND I DIDN'T WANT TO MISS PART OF THE ACTION...




YOUR DADDY
DIDN'T BELIEVE I WAS
STRONGER THAN HIM, SO
I'M JUST SHOWING
HIM, SEE?

OH SHE'S DEFINITELY
STRONGER THAN YOU
DAD! SHE'S AS STRONG
AS HE-MAN!



SHE'S JUST KIDDING
ERIC! DADDY IS SHOWING
HER HOW TO FIGHT...

<WHISPERS>
PLEASE, LET ME GO... I
DON'T WANT MY SON TO
SEE THIS...



SEE ERIC, HE
DOESN'T BELIEVE
ME STILL. SO I'M JUST
GONNA TELL HIM TO GET
LOOSE THEN, BEFORE I
INCREASE THE
PRESSURE TOO
MUCH...

MY DAD GRUNTED AND STARTED TO KICK HIS
LEGS AND HIS ONE FREE ARM AROUND, BUT IT
WAS CLEAR THAT HE COULDN'T ESCAPE, AND
THAT NO ONE WAS PRETENDING HERE...



SEE ERIC, HE JUST CAN'T
ESCAPE...


I'M SURE HE
CAN'T. THAT'S OKAY
DAD. YOU WOULDN'T BE
ABLE TO ESCAPE FROM
HE-MAN'S HOLD
EITHER... IT'S
NORMAL...

AND MAYBE THIS IS A FALSE MEMORY, BUT I
REMEMBER SEEING A BULGE IN MY DAD'S
UNDERWEAR, THOUGH I'M SURE DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT THAT MEANT BACK THEN...



AT THIS POINT ELEONORE INTERRUPTED HIM
LOUDLY AND ENTHUSIASTICALLY...

OH MY GOD! ALL THIS
HAPPENED WHEN YOU
WERE EIGHT? YOU MIGHT AS
WELL HAVE BEEN BORN WITH
AN OBSESSION FOR
STRONG GIRLS IN YOUR
GENES!



I KNOW... IT'S BEEN THERE
EVER SINCE. I JUST... FOR
MANY YEARS SINCE THEN I FELT
WEIRD, AND DIFFERENT, AND I
ACTUALLY THOUGHT I'D GO TO
HELL BECAUSE I WAS NOT
LIKE THE OTHERS...

I WAS AFRAID TO
NEVER HAVE A
GIRLFRIEND BECAUSE I
KNEW I WOULDN'T BE ABLE
TO GET EXCITED ABOUT ANY
NORMAL GIRL. FORTUNATELY
I LATER DISCOVERED ON THE
INTERNET THAT THERE
WERE MORE PEOPLE
LIKE ME.

I HOPE THAT THIS MAY
EXPLAIN... I MEAN, NOT
EXCUSE, BUT EXPLAIN...
WHAT I DID TO YOU... I'M
REALLY SORRY...



OH YOU POOR BABY!
I HAD NO IDEA! OH MY GOD. WAIT,
HOLD ON!

ERIC DIDN'T CARE IF SHE PITIED
HIM OR ACTUALLY CARED FOR
HIM, BUT THE GIANT
BODYBUILDER STARTED TO TAKE
OFF HER CLOTHES...


... ORDERED HIM TO TAKE OFF HIS UNDERWEAR,
CARRIED HIM TO THE DESK AND PUT HIM
DOWN...

YOU POOR LITTLE
MAN! I BET THERE'S A
LOT OF LOST TIME TO
MAKE UP FOR!



GOOD THING THAT I
WALKED INTO YOUR OFFICE
A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO,
ISN'T IT? WHAT WERE YOU
THINKING BACK THEN?

I ACTUALLY COULDN'T
BELIEVE I WASN'T
DREAMING...

A comic book panel featuring a woman with long, dark hair and very large, prominent breasts. She is shown from the chest up, embracing a man whose head and shoulders are visible in the foreground. The man has short, dark hair. The woman has a soft expression and is looking down at the man. The background shows a room with a window on the left and a framed picture of a landscape on the wall. Two speech bubbles contain dialogue.

WELL, YOU'RE
DEFINITELY NOT
DREAMING BABY...

I'M SORRY I WAS SO
HARD ON YOU. I HAD NO
IDEA!



OH... DON'T WORRY, IT
WAS ALL... VERY
EXCITING...

HAPPY TO HEAR THAT
BABY. NOW, LET'S MAKE
IT MORE EXCITING
STILL...

ERIC HAD NO IDEA WHAT WAS HAPPENING. AFTER
FINDING OUT HE HAD ABUSED HER UNDER
HYPNOSIS, THE GIANTESS WAS ALL OF A
SUDDEN SO SWEET AND UNDERSTANDING. WAS
THIS FOR REAL?

THE BODYBUILDER LIFTED THE SMALL SHRINK
AND INSERTED HIM INTO HER...

OOOH...

OH MY GOD...!






THIS MORE OR
LESS WHAT YOU'VE
BEEN DREAMING ABOUT
ALL THESE YEARS
BABY?

OH MY GOD... IT'S...
BEYOND... MY WILDEST
...OOOOOH...
IMAGINATION...

MOMENTS LATER, THE
BIG GIRL AND THE
SMALL MAN CAME AT
EXACTLY THE SAME
TIME...

OOOOOH!!!



I BELIEVE WE'RE
IN AGREEMENT THAT
YOU ARE ENTIRELY, ONE
HUNDRED PERCENT
MINE NOW?

OH YES. YES WE
ARE...