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MUSCLEGIRL

PART 1

J. Stilton

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where the strong girls live

IT TAKES A LOT OF TIME TO MAKE THESE STORIES. I'M AN INDEPENDENT ARTIST, AND IT HURTS MY BUSINESS WHEN PEOPLE BUY MY COMICS AND THEN DISTRIBUTE THEM FREELY ON FORUMS OR OTHER WEBSITES. PLEASE DON'T DO THAT.

IF YOU FOUND THIS COMIC SOMEWHERE WITHOUT PAYING FOR IT, PLEASE LET ME KNOW. ALSO, I DO MY BEST TO PROVIDE FREE STORIES NOW AND THEN ON MY SITE, FOR THOSE WHO ARE NOT ABLE OR PREPARED TO PAY FOR THEM.

IT'S ONLY BY SUPPORTING MY WORK THAT I CAN GOING ON DOING WHAT I DO.

THANK YOU

JAMES

ALL CHARACTERS ARE AT LEAST 18 WHEN THEY ENGAGE IN SEXUAL ACTS.

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT IN EARLY MAY. THESE TWO ARE NORMAN AND RACHEL, BOTH ALMOST FINISHED WITH THEIR LAST YEAR OF HIGH SCHOOL IN A SMALL TOWN IN THE NORTHWEST OF THE US. THEY HAVE BEEN GOOD FRIENDS SINCE RACHEL HAD MOVED TO THE AREA WITH HER PARENTS, JUST ONE YEAR AGO...

...
AND THEN MY DAD STARTS COMPLAINING TO MY MOM THAT THEY'RE NEVER SEEING HIS FAMILY ANYMORE AND...

RIGHT...

RIGHT NOW, THEY'RE JUST CHITCHATTING...

BUT RACHEL'S MIND IS ON SOMETHING ELSE. THIS MORNING SHE HAD DECIDED THAT TODAY WAS GOING TO BE THE DAY...

ANYWAY, THEY'LL BE OK I GUESS...

OKAY, THIS IS IT...

RACHEL HAD FELT REALLY GOOD ABOUT NORMAN RIGHT FROM THE START, BUT IT WAS ONLY IN THE LAST FEW MONTHS THAT SHE HAD DEVELOPPED ACTUAL FEELINGS FOR HIM. TODAY SHE WAS GOING TO FIND OUT IF HE LIKED HER BACK THAT WAY...

VERY GENTLY AND SOFTLY, SO THAT THERE WAS NO MISTAKE ABOUT HER INTENTIONS AND IDEAS, SHE TOUCHED HIS HAND, TO TAKE IT INTO HERS...

BUT TO HER HORROR, HE MOVED HIS HAND AWAY...

OH SHIT...


HE DOESN'T...

FOR NORMAN, IT WAS A MOMENT HE HAD FEARED WAS COMING. HE HAD FELT RACHEL OPENING UP MORE AND MORE TO HIM, AND LATELY SHE HAD KEPT STARING INTO HIS EYES A LITTLE LONGER, NOW AND THEN.

BUT UNFORTUNATELY, HE WASN'T INTERESTED...

EHM... I...
EH...

IT'S THAT...



YOU... DON'T...
FEEL THE SAME?

I'M... I'M SO
SORRY RACHEL... I
LIKE YOU VERY MUCH
AS A FRIEND,
BUT...

OH SHIT...
WHAT IS IT? IS THERE
SOMEONE ELSE?


IS HE...
GAY?

NO... THAT'S NOT IT... I
EH... I GUESS YOU'RE...



YOU'RE JUST NOT... MY
TYPE, I GUESS...

PLEASE DON'T... TAKE IT
PERSONALLY...



NOT... YOUR
TYPE?


NORMAN HAD PLANNED TO BREAK HIS
OWN NEWS TONIGHT. SO THE POOR
GIRL WOULD HAVE TO SUFFER TWO
BLOWS AT ONCE... BUT IT COULDN'T
BE HELPED. MUCH AS HE HAD LOOKED
UP AGAINST TELLING HER, NOW A
CHANGE TO ANY SUBJECT
WHATSOEVER WAS MOST WELCOME...

AND
ALSO...

I'VE
BEEN
ACCEPTED IN
OXFORD...



WHAT? OH MY GOD... I
THOUGHT... I THOUGHT
YOU SAID YOU WERE
GOING TO TAKE A GAP
YEAR AS WELL?!



I KNOW, BUT... I JUST APPLIED,
MORE AS A KIND OF PRACTISE... I
THOUGHT THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY
CHANCE OF THEM ACCEPTING ME...
AND NOW, WELL, I'M EHM... VERY
EXCITED AND... I'VE GOTTA TAKE
THIS OPPORTUNITY...

OH MY GOD. I'M
REALLY SCREWED. THIS
IS LIKE...

I MEAN...
OH FUCK.

I'M... SO SORRY
RACHE...

ON THE WAY BACK TO THE CAR, THEY WERE MOSTLY SILENT, AND AS THE LIGHT OF THE SUN WAS SLOWLY DISAPPEARING, THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THEM WAS A LITTLE BIGGER THAN BEFORE...



THREE MONTHS LATER...

AT THE VERY LEAST, THEY HAD REMAINED FRIENDS, AND ANY EMBARRASSMENT HAD BEEN TALKED OVER AND SOLVED. NOTHING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN BETWEEN THEM, NO MATTER HOW MUCH RACHEL HAD WANTED IT. SHE HAD TO ACCEPT THAT IT WAS FRIENDSHIP ONLY - LIKE THIS MOVIE NIGHT IN HIS HOME, WHILE HIS PARENTS WERE OUT...



BUT APPARENTLY, EVEN THAT WAS ASKING TOO MUCH, BECAUSE SUDDENLY NORMAN'S CELLPHONE RANG...

WHAT? OH NO... I'M SO SORRY TED... EH... YES... I'LL COME RIGHT OVER...

OK, BYE.



I'M SORRY
RACHE... IT'S TED...
HIS DAD WAS IN AN
ACCIDENT. HE'S ALL
UPSET, YOU KNOW HIM.
I'M GOING THERE...

OH, OF
COURSE...
SOMETHING
SERIOUS?

I DON'T THINK SO.
I'LL BE BACK IN AN
HOUR MAYBE... YOU CAN
CONTINUE WATCHING IF
YOU WANT... I'LL
FINISH LATER...

RACHEL TRIED TO WATCH THE REST OF THE MOVIE, BUT SHE COULDN'T KEEP HER ATTENTION TO IT. IF ANYTHING, SHE HAD GROWN TO LIKE NORMAN EVEN MORE OVER THOSE LAST MONTHS. BUT NOW, IN JUST A FEW WEEKS, HE WOULD BE OFF TO ENGLAND, FOR THE START OF THE NEW ACADEMIC YEAR...



OKAY, THIS ISN'T WORKING... I CAN FINISH LATER WITH NORMAN...



RACHEL STOPPED THE MOVIE, AND THEN SHE HAD AN IDEA. A BAD IDEA...



IT WAS DEFINITELY A VERY WRONG THING TO DO, BUT SHE JUST COULDN'T HELP HERSELF. SHE WAS TOO CURIOUS...

LET'S SEE...

GOOGLE CHROME...

BROWSER HISTORY...





BIGSTRONGSEXY.COM

MUSCLECHICKS.NET

HER-BICEPS.COM

WHAT THE...

LET'S SEE
WHAT THESE ARE
ABOUT...

RACHEL CLICKED ON ONE OF THE URLS...

OH WOW...

THIS IS...
INTERESTING...



IT WAS PRETTY CLEAR WHAT ALL THESE SITES HAD IN COMMON: PICTURES AND VIDEOS OF STRONG, MUSCULAR WOMEN, OFTEN WRESTLING WITH MEN, LIFTING MEN, EVEN... DOMINATING MEN...



zb alexia2



zb alexia



zb sorrell2



zb happy easter



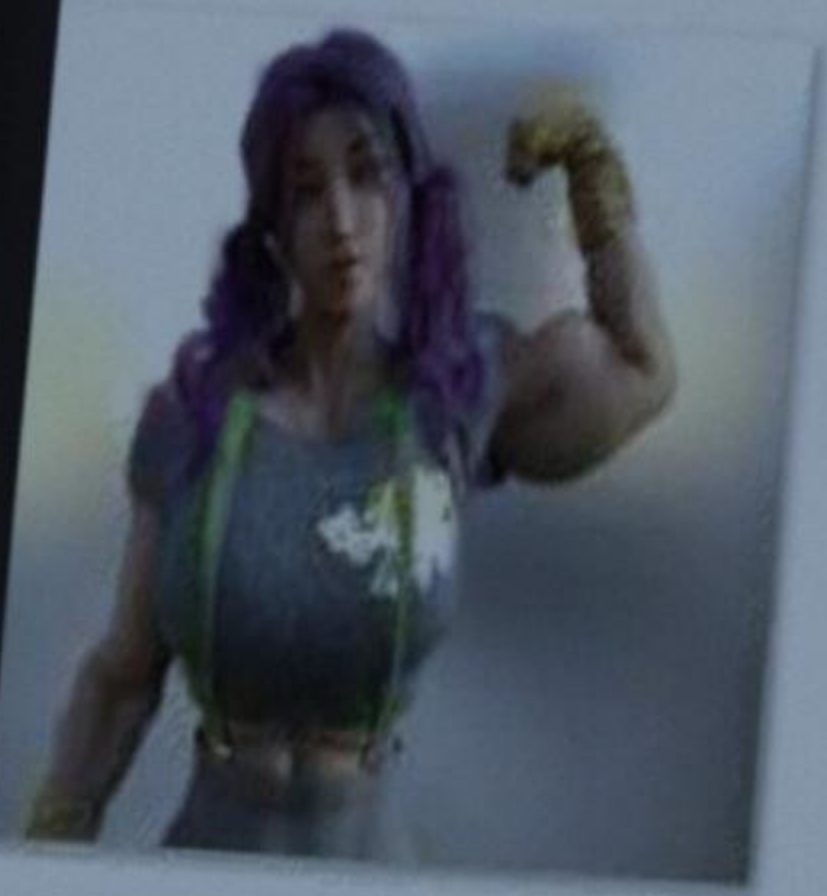
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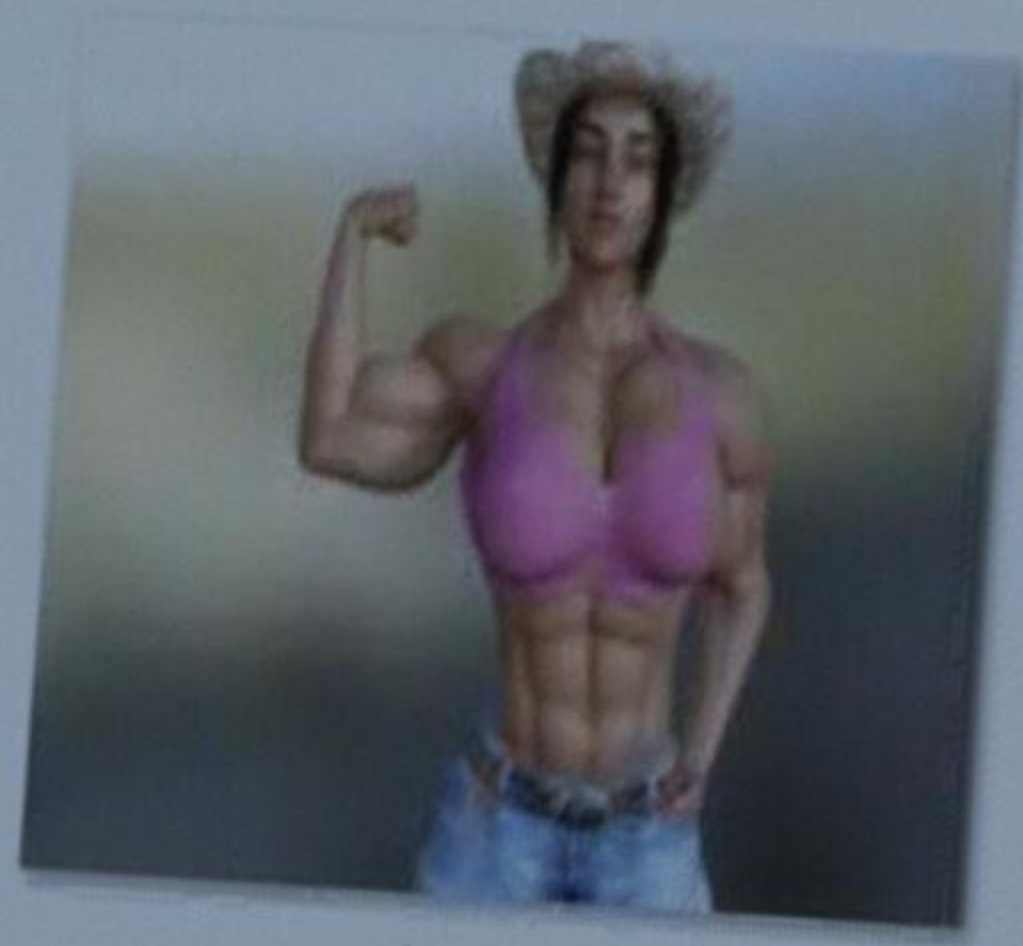
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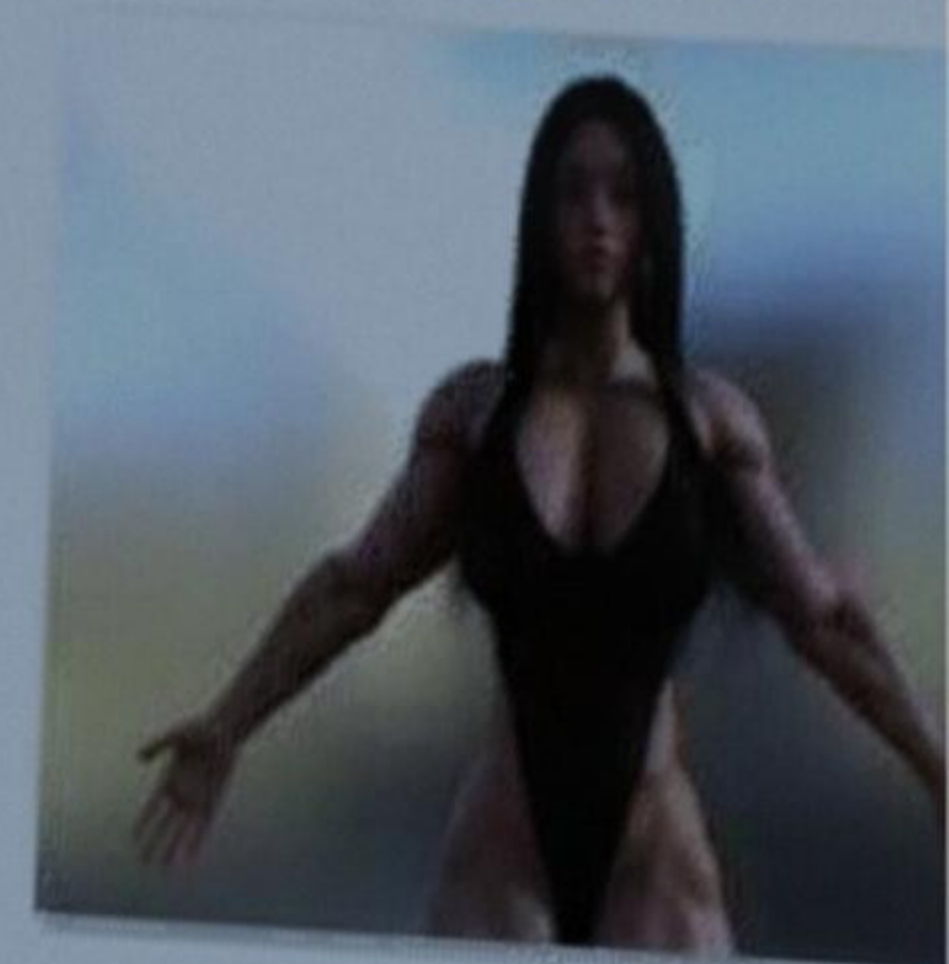
zb magna01



zb country



zb minami



zb mymissy



VERY INTERESTING...

THEN SHE WENT FURTHER, LOOKING THROUGH THE COMPUTER TO SEE IF NORMAN HAD A LIBRARY WITH DOWNLOADED IMAGES OR VIDEOS...
AFTER SOME SEARCHING, NESTED IN OTHER FOLDERS, SHE FOUND SOMETHING...

STORIES,
HMMM. WORD
FILES...

"HER POWER".
WOW, I THINK HE
WRITES THESE
HIMSELF...

RACHEL OPENED ONE OF THE WORD FILES
AND STARTED TO READ...

"SHE WAS AT
LEAST A FOOT
TALLER THAN HIM, IF
NOT MORE..."





'''AS SHE FLEXED FOR HIM, A STUPID THOUGHT CROSSED HIS MIND: WHAT WAS THE HARDEST: HER BICEPS, OR HIS THROBBING MEMBER?''

WOW- WOW WOW WOW-

SO, NORMAN...
THAT'S YOUR TYPE,
HUH?

TALL, STRONG,
MUSCULAR GIRLS...
WHO WOULD HAVE
THOUGHT...

LATER THAT NIGHT, BACK AT HER PLACE,
RACHEL CONSIDERED AND TRIED TO
PROCESS WHAT SHE HAD LEARNED...

I WONDER
IF...

WHAT IF I...






I THINK I'VE GOT
SOME TALENT...
GOOD GENES...



ACTUALLY I
ALREADY AM BIGGER
THAN HIM...

A close-up, profile view of a woman's face, looking towards the left. She has long, straight, light brown hair. Her eyes are dark with heavy black eyeliner. She is wearing a purple flower-shaped accessory on her hair. Three thought bubbles are overlaid on the right side of her face, containing text.

BUT IT COULD BE
FUN TO BE A LOT
BIGGER...

AND
STRONGER...

AND THEN HE
WOULD...

AND SUDDENLY, SHE WAS DETERMINED...

I WILL **BE** YOUR TYPE, NORMAN.

JUST YOU WAIT AND SEE...

THAT VERY NIGHT, RACHEL STARTED STUDYING. SHE WAS A VERY BRIGHT GIRL, AND KNEW THAT THE BEST WAY TO GO AT THIS WAS TO FIRST COLLECT THE BEST INFORMATION OUT THERE. WHILE NORMAN WAS STILL HERE, SHE WOULD FOCUS ON THE THEORY. UNTIL DEEP INTO THE NIGHT, SHE LEARNED ABOUT ANATOMY...



SHE STUDIED EVERY NIGHT: BIOLOGY, CHEMISTRY AND NUTRITION, TO BUILD A FOUNDATION OF KNOWLEDGE.... LATER, SHE STARTED TO READ AND WATCH A LOT OF MOVIES ABOUT THE BEST EXERCISES TO BUILD STRENGTH AND MUSCLES...

ALL RIGHT...


THAT'S IT FOR STAGE ONE. TOMORROW, WHEN NORM IS GONE, I'LL GET MY HANDS DIRTY...

THE NEXT DAY, IT WAS TIME TO SAY GOODBYE...

I'LL MISS YOU, NORM...

I'LL MISS YOU TOO RACHE. BUT I'LL BE BACK...





WONDER IF YOU'LL
RECOGNIZE ME BY
THEN...

RACHEL WAS A GIRL OF ACTION. THE VERY SAME NIGHT, SHE ENROLLED AT A GYM. HER ABS WERE ALREADY QUITE DEFINED FROM REGULAR SITUPS SHE DID AT HOME, AND SHE HAD NATURALLY BROAD SHOULDERS. BUT ALL THE REST WOULD MEAN WORK. LOTS OF WORK.

HMM, THIS IS NOT ALL THAT HEAVY AT ALL...

AFTER HITTING THE WEIGHTS FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME, SHE RAN HERSELF INTO A GOOD SWEAT. CARDIO WAS EASY FOR HER. SHE KEPT IN GREAT SHAPE WITH RUNNING AND CYCLING, BUT STILL, SHE'D TRAIN HERSELF TO HAVE EVEN BETTER CONDITION.



A FEW DAYS LATER, THE SET OF WEIGHTS AND THE BENCH SHE HAD ORDERED WERE DELIVERED AT HER HOME. SHE WANTED TO BE ABLE TO DO USEFUL EXCERCISES AT ALL TIMES, AND A BENCH WAS A WORTHY INVESTMENT.



BEFORE SHE KNEW IT, SHE WAS HOOKED...

I'M ACTUALLY ENJOYING THIS...



SHE ALSO BECAME AN EXPERT AT MAKING PROTEIN-HEAVY SMOOTHIES TO MAKE HER MUSCLES GROW...



TWO MONTHS LATER, THE RESULTS WERE ALREADY QUITE VISIBLE. HER PECS STOOD OUT FROM HER CHEST, HER ARMS SPORTED RESPECTABLE BICEPS, AND HER ABS WERE A TRUE WASHBOARD NOW...

AND YET, TO RACHEL, SHE WASN'T GETTING BIG ENOUGH FAST ENOUGH...



SHE SCOURED THE WEB FOR THE BEST SUPPLEMENTS, AND FOUND A BIT OF A SKETCHY SITE THAT OFFERED A REVOLUTIONARY NEW PRODUCT. THEY WERE PILLS THAT WERE SUPPOSED TO MAKE YOUR MUSCLES GROW THREE TIMES AS FAST AS THE AVERAGE SUPPLEMENTS. SHE ORDERED THEM...



TWO DAYS LATER...

ALL RIGHT LITTLE
PILLS...




I NEED YOU TO
TURN ME INTO A
REALLY BIG GIRL,
OKAY?



RACHEL MONITORED HER OWN PROGRESS DAILY. AFTER A FEW WEEKS OF TAKING THE PILLS, SHE DID NOTICE THAT THE CHANGES WERE HAPPENING FASTER. THE SUPPLEMENTS WERE BY NO MEANS A REPLACEMENT FOR HER WORKOUTS, BUT WERE SUPPOSED TO INCREASE THE IMPACT OF ALL HER EXERCISES...

NOT BAD AT ALL...



LOOK AT THAT
ARM... THAT'S DEFINITELY
BIGGER THAN YOURS,
NORM...



AND I CAN FEEL
THE POWER IN
THERE... NOT SURE IF ITS
THE PILLS OR THE
WORKOUT, BUT WHO
CARES...



AND THIS IS JUST
THE BEGINNING...

RACHEL SKYPED WITH NORMAN EVERY SO MANY WEEKS, BUT HAD STOPPED USING THE COMPUTER FOR THAT. WITH THE PHONE, SHE COULD JUST HAVE THE CAMERA ZOOM IN ON HER FACE, SO THAT NORM WOULDN'T SEE THE REST OF HER QUICKLY GROWING BODY...

YEAH, I CAN IMAGINE IT'S FULL OF SUPERSMART KIDS OVER THERE. BUT YOU'LL DO FINE I'M SURE. YOU'RE AT LEAST AS SMART...



BUT SHE LOVED THE IDEA OF FLEXING
OFF-CAMERA WHILE SHE WAS TALKING TO
HIM...

NO, THE UK WOULDN'T
BE FOR ME... AFTER MY
GAP YEAR I THINK I'LL APPLY
MAINLY TO EAST COAST
COLLEGES...



SHE DID DROP A LITTLE HINT THOUGH, JUST TO SEE IF THERE'D BE ANY REACTION FROM HIS SIDE...

OH AND I REGISTERED FOR A GYM. I'M GOING QUITE OFTEN ACTUALLY. IT'S A LOT OF FUN...

NORMAN'S REACTION WAS TELLING, SHE THOUGHT... A JOKE AND A NERVOUS LITTLE LAUGH...

HAHA, BEFORE YOU KNOW IT YOU'LL LOOK LIKE ONE OF THEM FEMALE BODYBUILDERS, HAHAAH!

RIGHT, WHO KNOWS... I'M MAKING GOOD PROGRESS...

OH REALLY?

BUT RACHEL VOLUNTEERED NO MORE INFORMATION THAN THAT, ENJOYING THE IDEA THAT SHE HAD PIQUED NORM'S CURIOSITY...

RACHEL KEPT TAKING HER PILLS AT THE MAXIMUM RECOMMENDED DOSE, AND TRAINED SIX TIMES A WEEK FOR AT LEAST THREE HOURS...

TO HER ABSOLUTE DELIGHT, SHE HAD ALSO NOTICED THAT SHE WAS GROWING IN HEIGHT. AT EIGHTEEN, IT COULD BE A LATE GROWTH SPURT, BUT IT COULD ALSO BE A SIDE EFFECT OF THE PILLS...



THE WEIGHTS SHE WAS LIFTING WERE
GETTING HEAVIER AND HEAVIER...




... AND THE MUSCLES, ALL OVER HER BODY, WERE GETTING BIGGER AND BIGGER... IT WAS ADDICTIVE!



AS SHE QUICKLY GREW IN STRENGTH,
HEIGHT AND SIZE, HOWEVER, RACHEL MADE
SURE SHE REMAINED FEMININE AND
SEXY...

THAT'S ONE
STRONG AND SEXY
CHICK...





WOW, EVEN MY
BOOBS HAVE
GROWN...

I WONDER WHERE
THE LIMIT IS...

I HOPE THERE ARE NONE...



THESE BICEPS CAN GROW FOREVER...

I REALLY LOVE MY SHAPE AND MY DEFINITION. NOW I NEED SOME MORE VOLUME...



HI BIG GIRL IN THE MIRROR...





I THINK BY THE TIME YOU'RE DONE, THAT LITTLE BOY OF YOURS WILL BE DYING TO BE YOUR BOYFRIEND...

THAT SAME WEEK AT THE GYM, THERE WAS THIS TINY "INCIDENT"...

A GUY APPROACHED THE SHOULDER PRESS THAT RACHEL HAD JUST BEEN USING, AND AFTER TRYING THE LOADED WEIGHT, HE GOT UP TO CHANGE IT. RACHEL LOOKED ON TO SEE WHAT EXACTLY HE DID, AND SURE AS HELL, HE *DECREASED* THE WEIGHT BY QUITE A BIT...



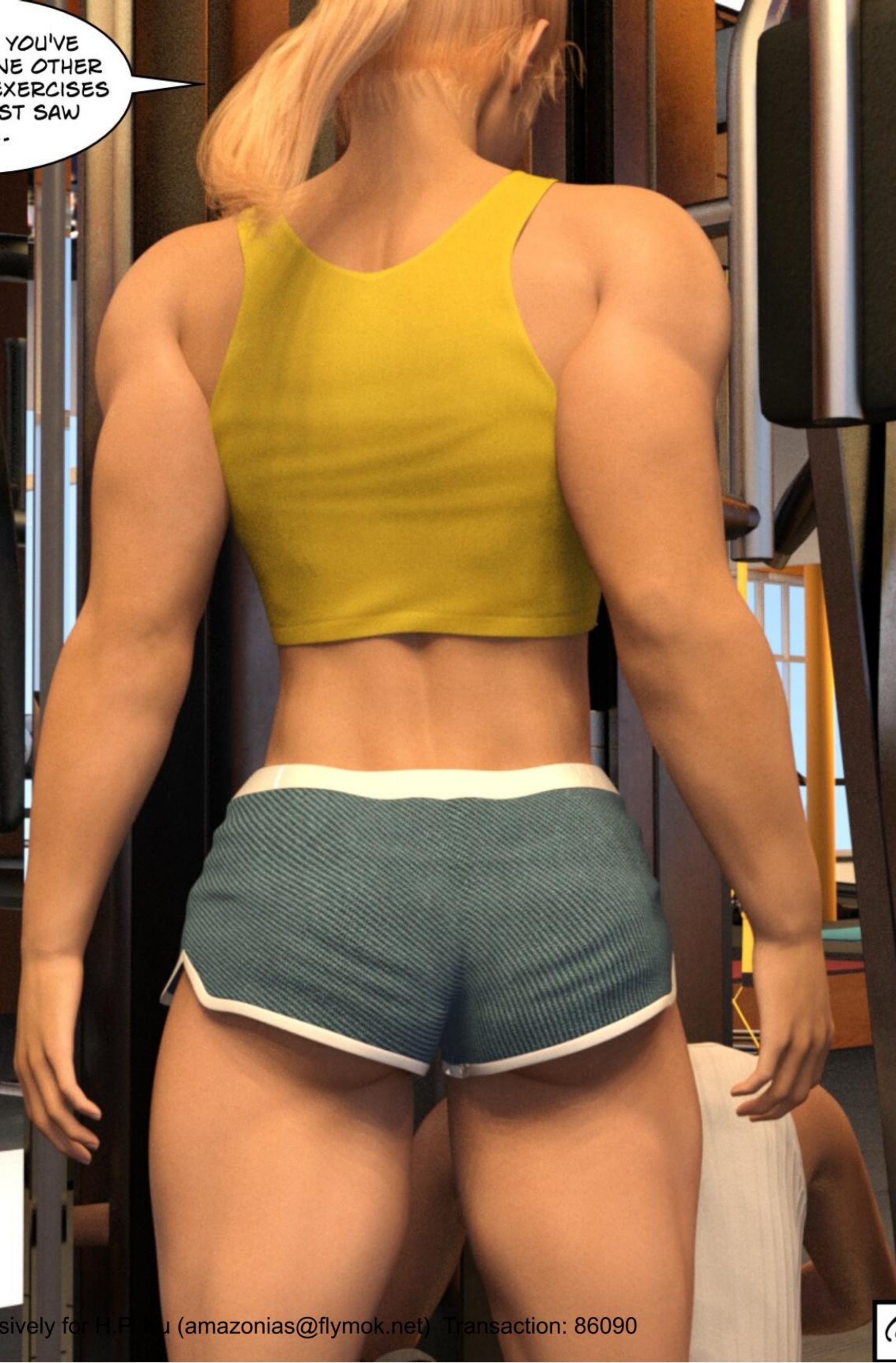
SOMEHOW SHE COULDN'T RESIST: THE WORDS WERE OUT OF HER MOUTH BEFORE SHE KNEW IT...

TOO HEAVY FOR YOU
HUH?



EEH... NOT REALLY.
JUST NEED TO GET
WARMED UP...

NONSENSE. YOU'VE
ALREADY DONE OTHER
UPPER BODY EXERCISES
TODAY. I JUST SAW
YOU...



OKAY FINE, SO I
CAN'T LIFT WHAT YOU
LIFT. THAT'S NOTHING TO
BE ASHAMED ABOUT, I
THINK!

OF COURSE
NOT...

I'M QUITE A
BIT BIGGER
THAN YOU...

IT'S KINDA
NORMAL THAT I
TRAIN WITH
HEAVIER
WEIGHTS...

RACHEL WAS RUBBING IT IN. SHE DIDN'T
KNOW WHY, BUT TO SPEAK THESE WORDS
AND EMBARRASS THE BOY A BIT WAS...
EXCITING. MORE THAN THAT: TO HER
SURPRISE, SHE DISCOVERED THAT IT WAS
ACTUALLY AROUSING!

I'VE BEEN TRAINING A LOT FOR LIKE THREE MONTHS AND I'M STILL SEEING NO RESULTS. COULD YOU MAYBE HELP ME... GET BIGGER?

GET BIGGER HUH?



LET ME SEE...

HMM... NOT MUCH THERE...



I'M SORRY LITTLE
MAN... I DON'T THINK
YOU'LL EVER EVEN BE
AS BIG AS I AM...

AND I JUST GOT
STARTED...

CRAP RACHE!
WHY DO YOU HAVE
TO BE SO MEAN TO
THE POOR GUY!
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH YOU?

AND THEN SHE TOOK IT HOME...

HEY, CHECK THIS OUT...

WOW. THAT'S... IMPRESSIVE...

I COULD... PAY YOU TO
BE MY PERSONAL
TRAINER...

NO TIME LITTLE
MAN. GOTTA WORK OUT
AND BUILD THIS BODY,
YOU KNOW...

FUCK ME, I'M
SO HORNY NOW!
WHERE IS ALL THIS
COMING FROM?

RACHEL INITIALLY FORGOT ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED. A FEW WEEKS - AND QUITE SOME GAINS - LATER, HOWEVER, WHILE WORKING OUT AT HOME DURING THE NIGHT, SHE HAD A SIMILAR EXPERIENCE...

OH GOD... I'M GETTING SO HOT AGAIN...





IS IT THE
WEIGHTLIFTING THAT
DOES THIS TO ME?

OR THE PILLS,
PERHAPS?

RACHEL PUT ONE WEIGHT ASIDE AND USED HER FREE HAND TO SOFTLY STROKE HERSELF... THEN SHE STARTED TO FANTASIZE...



OH GOD...
I WANT... I WANT
TO...

MMM...
NORMAN...

RACHEL WILFULLY BROUGHT TO MIND ONE OF THE STORIES BY NORMAN THAT SHE HAD READ (THAT NIGHT FROM HIS LAPTOP, SHE HAD EMAILED HERSELF MAYBE A HUNDRED WORD FILES WITH STORIES, TO READ LATER).

THIS ONE FANTASY WAS ABOUT A SMALL GUY SPOTTING A FEMALE BODYBUILDER IN A PARK AND HAVING THE COURAGE TO TALK TO HER. THE BODYBUILDER - THE STORY WENT - WAS CHARMED AND GAVE HIM A SHORT DEMONSTRATION OF HER STRENGTH BY EASILY PICKING HIM UP...

WOW! YOU CAN LIFT ME UP WITH ONE ARM!

OH, I CAN DO A LOT OF THINGS WITH YOU BABY...



REALLY? LIKE
WHAT?

HMM, THOUSANDS OF
THINGS. LET ME SEE...

IN THE STORY - AND NOW IN RACHEL'S FANTASY, THE BODYBUILDER PROGRESSED TO FIRST FORCIBLY KISSING THE BOY WHILE LIFTING HIM...

YOU KNOW, YOU'RE A CUTE LITTLE THING...

I JUST THINK YOU HAVE A BIT TOO MANY CLOTHES ON...

OH...

SOMEHOW, RACHEL REMEMBERED THE NEXT LINES OF THE STORY MORE OR LESS VERBATIM...

"WHILE SHE HAD HIM LIFTED ONE FOOT ABOVE THE FLOOR WITH ONE ARM..."

AAAAHHH

"... SHE UNBUTTONED AND REMOVED HIS PANTS WITH THE OTHER."

"THEN SHE LIFTED HIM HIGHER AND SET HIS TWO KNEES ON HER BIG THIGH. HIS HARD COCK WAS NOW EXACTLY AT THE HEIGHT OF HER BIG BOOBS, AND SHE PUSHED IT IN BETWEEN THEM...."

OOOH GOD!



I'M GONNA COUNT
TILL TEN, AND ON TEN,
YOU'RE GONNA COME
BETWEEN MY BIG BOOBS.
CAN YOU DO THAT?

OOH... I HOPE I CAN...
LAST... THAT LONG...



RACHEL DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO REMOVE HER PANTIES... SHE CAME HARD AND LOUD, ON THE COUNT OF TEN, AND IT WAS JUST INCREDIBLE...

MORE WEEKS BECAME MORE MONTHS, AND RACHEL'S WORKING OUT CONTINUED. BY NOW SHE WAS ALMOST A HEAD TALLER THAN HER DAD (THE ONLY OTHER PERSON WHO LIVED IN THE HOUSE, SINCE HER DAD'S DIVORCE FROM HER MOM).

HAD A GOOD NIGHT BABY?

NIGHT? THAT'S A LONG TIME AGO. I GOT UP AT 5 FOR A RUN, AND THEN WORKED OUT. NOW I'M READY FOR MY SECOND BREAKFAST...

RACHEL USED EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO WORK OUT AND DID SO EVEN WHILE WATCHING THE NEWS WITH HER DAD AT NIGHT...

HEY BABY, WHEN DO YOU THINK YOU'LL BE BIG ENOUGH?

GETTING ALMOST SCARED OF MY LITTLE GIRL, YOU KNOW...

HAHA...



I'M NOT SURE
DAD. NOT FOR A
WHILE...



NOT THAT I MIND,
YOU KNOW. JUST AS
LONG AS IT'S NOT
BECOMING... SOME KIND
OF... UNHEALTHY
OBSESSION, YOU
KNOW...

OTHERWISE...
WHATEVER MAKES
YOU HAPPY...!



IT IS KIND OF
AN OBSESSION
DAD...

BUT IT'S A
HEALTHY ONE...

AND IT MAKES
ME VERY
HAPPY...

NIGHT DAD!

SWEET
DREAMS BABY!

A MONTH OR SO LATER AGAIN...

RACHEL IS STILL WORKING HER WAY THROUGH NORMAN'S STORY COLLECTION. NOT ONLY DID SHE WANT TO HAVE A PERFECT UNDERSTANDING OF HIS FANTASIES. SHE WAS ALSO TRYING TO GET AN IDEA OF HIS IDEAL WOMAN, BOTH MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY...

MMM, LET'S TAKE "THE BABYSIT" TONIGHT...

"HE HAD NEVER SEEN THIS ONE BEFORE. SHE WAS NEW. BEFORE LEAVING THE HOUSE, HE QUICKLY LOOKED HER OVER, AND THEN WISHED HE DIDN'T HAVE TO GO..."



"SHE LITERALLY DWARFED HIM. HE ESTIMATED HER TO BE OVER SIX FEET SIX IN HEIGHT..."

SIX ONE NOW... HOPEFULLY I'VE A FEW MORE INCHES IN ME....





"SHE SPORTED
BICEPS THAT WERE AT
LEAST SEVENTEEN
INCHES..."

STILL ROOM TO
GROW THERE..."

"HER BIG THIGHS, WHICH HAD CAUGHT A QUICK GLANCE OF UNDER HER SHORT SKIRT, LOOKED AS IF THEY COULD CRACK HIS HEAD WITH NO TROUBLE AT ALL..."

HMM, THAT HAS BEEN TRUE SINCE A LONG TIME... I'VE ALWAYS HAD REALLY STRONG LEGS...

EVEN THOUGH THIS IS OF COURSE AN ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT LEVEL...

"HER BOOBS WERE AS BIG AS THE REST OF HER. BOUNCY AND BIG, AND RIDING ON A BIG, STURDY CHEST..."

BIG BOOBS:
CHECK
SOME WORK TO DO ON
THE CHEST. MENTAL
NOTE: WORK
PECTORALIS MAJOR!

"BELOW THOSE BOOBS WAS A
ROCKHARD-LOOKING SIXPACK -
UNDOUBTEDLY THE RESULT OF
THOUSANDS OF SIT-UPS..."

MMM, SIXPACK,
CHECK!

A close-up, high-angle shot of a woman's face, focusing on her eyes and lips. Her eyes are closed, and her lips are slightly parted. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on her skin and deep shadows. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image. The first is in the upper left, and the second is in the lower right.

I'M GETTING CLOSER,
NORM...

I'M LITERALLY GOING
TO MAKE YOUR
FANTASIES COME
TRUE!

AFTER FINISHING THE STORY, RACHEL
TURNED OFF THE LIGHTS, AND STRETCHED
OUT IN THE COUCH. FOR THE FIRST BUT NOT
THE LAST TIME, SHE USED THE DUMBBELL
FOR SOMETHING ELSE THAN WHAT IT WAS
MEANT FOR...

OOH
NORMAN...

I'M GETTING SO
INCREDIBLY BIG
AND STRONG FOR
YOU...

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